

# THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

## "APRILLE."

She walked across the fields, ice-bound,  
Like some shy, sunny hint of spring,  
An April day, she found  
A violet—a dainty thing,  
Which shined the chilly light of day,  
Until sweet "Aprille" came that way.

They knew each other, girl and flower;  
There was some subtle bond between;  
And I had walked, that very hour,  
The fields, and had no violet seen;  
For me the winter landscape lay  
All blossomless and black and gray.

They knew me not, blue flower, blue eyes  
She, careless, passed me when we met;  
The tender glance which I would prize  
Above all things, the violet  
Received; and I went on my way,  
Companioned with the cheerless day.

From wintry days blue violets shrink;  
From wintry lives blue eyes will turn;  
And yet if she, I sometimes think,  
Could smile on me with sweet concern,  
One life so like this wintry day,  
Would sprime-time be for eye and ear.  
—T. H. Robertson, in Harper's Magazine.

## MY WEDDING TOUR.

I was only seventeen when Charlie married me, and I wrote myself for the first time Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., and saw the initials of the same blazoned on my new Saratoga trunk, when we started on our wedding journey. My wedding journey! I can speak of it calmly now, but the time was when it harrowed up my inmost soul. To this day, Charlie becomes wrath when it is mentioned, and says it is my "confounded imagination!" but he knows, and I know well, that that is only one of those convenient little loopholes through which big masculinity can crawl on emergency; and the facts remaining unchanged and indisputable, I shall defy Charlie and state them to the world.

Imagine then, reader or listener, whoever you may be, that the last silken train has swept itself out of Trinity Chapel, and the last note of the inevitable "Wedding March" shuddered itself out of the big groaning organ, and that Charlie and I are married. Also, that the kissing and crying over is achieved, and the voices of my husband's sisters and my maiden aunts, hailing down blessings on our heads, are happily lost in the distance—that the only sound we hear is the rattle and roar of an express train thundering eastward, and I am looking out into the golden noonday watching the fields and roads and villages and woodlands race past, and sweep back into a room like running water. There we sat, two blissful young fools—but it isn't of our bliss or our foolishness either, that I am going to tell you—only of the single adventure of our wedding tour.

Charlie hadn't told me where we were to go, and I rather liked being left in ignorance, knowing no more than that we were being swept away to some little Paradise of our own—it might be an island of the Hesperides, or Cruse's kingdom or Eden itself. We stopped at a good many stations by the way that looked anything but paradisaical; but I saw everything through a glass, rosily, as I sat there demure and mute, by Charlie's side. The shadows were growing short, and it was just noon, when we stopped at some "ville" or other, whose long, low, straggling buildings, crowding close upon the track, and the broad, dusty village street, branching off at right angles, are photographed upon my memory. Not for anything intrinsically remarkable; there were only a good many teams and farm wagons, and open carriages, and light carryalls, standing about, with the lazy horses rubbing against old worn-out posts, under the row of drooping green trees, and plenty of people on the platform, crowding together for greeting and good-byes; it was a commonplace every-day picture enough, and not even a pretty one, except in fragments. There was a general exodus from the car, and a rush dinnerward, as we supposed, toward the swinging sign of some "House" or other down the lazy little country street; and Charlie, looking at his watch, said it was twelve o'clock—and didn't I want some lunch?

Of course I didn't, but of course he said I must have it, and immediately started up. He wouldn't be five minutes, he said, and I mustn't move till he came back. I was to guard our two seats and let no one come nigh them, and above all, I was to sit still and not be led astray by any possible warning to change cars. "We're going through," Charlie remarked, "so just keep the seats, and don't pay any attention." I nodded obedience, and Mr. Vail marched out of the car, leaving me to peer after him in the crowd and catch the last glimpse of his straw hat vanishing down the street.

I watched the crowd, when Charlie was out of sight, and mused and wondered over the faces, and built up all sorts of dreamy speculations upon them, as one does in a crowd when they have nothing better to think of. Presently the door banged open, and the voice of some unseen functionary shouted, "Change cars for Bos—ton!"

Everybody began to scramble their bags, and bundles and canes together, and there was a rush among the few who remained my fellow passengers. I watched them go without emotion, and merely settled myself more comfortably for the solitary journey through which Charlie had indicated—wondering a little where its terminus might be, but in no wise disturbed thereat. I stared out at the people for five minutes longer—at least so said the fat-faced clock in the "ladies" room opposite my window, though I made it fifty at least by mental calculation, and then the door swung open

again. This time a head projected itself into the car, roared "All out!"—evidently at me—and vanished again. "I won't get out," I replied, defying the empty air. "Charlie told me to sit still, and I'm going to. Oh, Charlie! why in the world don't you come back!"

But no Charlie came to answer me, and I began to stare out in the crowd with rather more anxious eyes, and to grow a little hot and uneasy, and to think, with certain unpleasant thrills running down my back, what would become of me if the train should start and Charlie shouldn't come back at all! At this awful point in my meditations, the locomotive gave vent to an unearthly screech, which I took for a premonitory symptom of departure, and was so terrified that I started up from my seat just as the little door swung back for the third time to admit of a last warning, like that of Friar Bacon's brazen head. This time the face reappeared on a big shaggy suit of clothes some six feet high, and was a grim, not to say irate, visage.

"Change cars, miss," said the person, gruffly. "I told you so twice before!"

"I'm to sit still, I replied, meekly. "I'm going through." I thought this was the right thing to say, because Charlie had said it; but it didn't have the right effect.

"Change cars, then—there's the Boston train over there. This car runs back to New York."

I simply stared at the person in a dogged way that he seemed to take very ill.

"Come!" he exclaimed, waxing impatient. "You can't sit here all day, you know. Where do you want to go?"

"I—I—don't know," I stammered. "I was told to sit still, and I—I must wait till the person comes back."

The person stared back at me now with interest. "Where's your ticket?" said he, extending a dirty hand.

"I haven't got it," I answered, in a meek and conciliating tone. "My—Char—at least the gentleman who is with me has got them both."

"The gentleman! Pretty fellow he must be! Told you to sit still, did he?"

I made no reply to this unwarrantable lack of respect in referring to my absent lord, but drew myself up and looked severely out of the window.

"Well, you can't go back to New York," observed my tormentor, summarily. "The best thing for you to do is to get out and look for your gentleman, Miss." Saying which he jerked my bag down the rack, turned the opposite seat, which Charlie had inverted, back into its place, and, by a species of moral suasion, caused me to pick up my shawls, parasols, etc., and follow him in abject submission to the door.

"Now where did the gentleman go?" he demanded, as he handed me out on the platform.

"He went to get me some lunch," I replied, almost ready at this moment to disgrace my pride and cry.

"And told you to sit still, did he? Well, you stand right here and keep a look out for him. There's the Boston train over there, goes in fifteen minutes, and he can't get into it without your seeing him, if he ain't inside of it already; and my advice to you is, stick fast to him if you find him, for he must need looking after!"

With which remarkable words he set down my bag, and winked at a bystander.

"What's the row?" inquired the person thus invited to participate in the enjoyment of my woes. Then they whispered—about me, I suppose—and everybody turned and stared at me.

Poor little bride! There I stood, holding fast my parasol, with a shawl on one arm, my own smaller satchel on the other, and Charlie's bigger one at my feet, feeling like a very "lone, lorn critter," indeed.

There stood three men in a knot, contemplating me, and any quantity of the same species coming and going, who all looked at me as they passed, and then turned round and stared again—and there was no Charlie visible in all the range of surrounding country. Dire thoughts began to be born within me, and to turn me cold and damp with extreme terror, the nightmare of my infancy—"being lost"—came back upon me, and crushed my seventeen years and the new dignity of Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., with a fell swoop. What was to become of me? Supposing there had been an accident, and Charlie knocked down and awfully mangled, or that he had just vanished away, as one occasionally hears of respectable gentlemen having done, and never would appear again, or be heard of at all; supposing I were just to stand there waiting, the trains shrieking away in the distance, and night coming on, and all these strange men staring and whispering? Pretty soon I should begin to cry, for I couldn't stand it much longer; and here I began to feel for my pocket handkerchief, and that reminded me of my pocket-book as a slight resource. I dived to the utmost corner of my pocket before I remembered that I had confided it to Charlie, with wifely duty, at the outset of our wedding trip.

At this alarming discovery, a cold moisture broke out upon my entire frame. A night passed under the lee of the depot, crouched among my little possessions, now loomed before me—unless I could deposit the same possessions, or pawn my diamond ring and my gold bracelets for a night's lodging and a ticket back to New York. I suppose the horror depicted on my countenance was a sufficient challenge for inquiry. I don't know what an extreme it must have reached, but somebody appeared to find it moving, for a benevolent voice presently saluted my ears.

"Are you waiting here for anybody, Miss?" I turned around with a gasp of

alarm, which subsided, however, when I met an elderly face, spectacled and benign in the extreme.

"Excuse me, Miss," said the old gentleman, in a sympathizing tone, "are you waiting for anyone?"

"I—I—yes, sir,—I'm waiting for—"

I came to a dead stop. For Charlie should I say! "My husband" was a step which was beyond utterance just now. I only turned very red, choked and twisted the handle of my bag in silence.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I—don't know—where to go!" I burst out. "They told me to change cars, and I didn't expect to, and I don't know what to do."

My new friend looked bewildered, and then came a step nearer, as he inquired, in a solemnly-lowered voice—

"Are you alone?"

"No, no," I said very quickly, under my breath.

"Who is with you?" said he, with a kind of confidential compassion that a little confused me. I did not understand it.

"My—a—gentleman," I faltered out. "He went out to get me something, and he told me to sit still and not move; and a man came and made me change cars—and I don't know which car we were to take—and I—don't see him anywhere."

Here I choked, bit my lips, and winked my two eyes hard, to wink the tears down.

"A gentleman!" repeated my friend, solemnly. By this time two more men had drawn near to listen. "Your father?"

"No."

"Your brother, then?" very mysteriously.

"N-no."

I began to get very red and uncomfortable, and to wish they wouldn't stare so.

"Where are you going, my dear?" inquired the first Samaritan, after a solemn pause of some minutes.

"I don't know," I answered, faintly. "He didn't tell me; he just said, when he went to get me some lunch, that I wasn't to move if the man said to change cars, for we were going through; and I told the man so, but he made me change."

"That train is a-going back to New York," said one of the last arrivals, grinning. "Going through to Boston, was you?"

"I—I—don't know where I was going," I answered, very shortly.

"Let me see your ticket," said the old gentleman, feelingly.

He had a compassionate way of looking at me over his spectacles; and he looked queerer still when I answered, faintly:

"He's got it—and—my money—and—oh, why don't he come?"

Here I cast loose all ceremony, and burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry now," said the old gentleman, soothingly. "Don't now! It'll be all right—you'll be taken care of. Where did the—your friend—where did he go?—which way?"

"I don't know," I sobbed from behind my handkerchief.

"Went to get some lunch, did he say? Well, now, can't you tell me what sort of a looking person he was, and perhaps we can find him? Was he old or young?"

"Young," I murmured, still behind a barrier of cambric. "W—with a yellow mustache, and grey clothes, and a straw hat."

"Pretty bad business!" one of the men muttered aside to another. "Sharp fellow!" dryly responded a second. And then there were some antipathies of "What's the matter?" "It's a shame!" "Left her did he?" from a small crowd that had by this time started up around me.

"Well, now, just come in here and sit down," said my old gentleman, paternally gathering up my bag, "and compose yourself, my dear, and we'll see what can be done. Don't cry! It'll only flurry you, and won't do any good, you know. There, that's right!"

I wiped my eyes with the remnant of a sob, pulled my veil down, and was turning to follow him, when, behold! as I swept the landscape o'er with one last look of desperation, there appeared Charlie—grey clothes, and straw hat and yellow mustache—coming in the distance, with a brown paper parcel under each arm.

"There he is!" I shrieked, dropping bag and parasol in my ecstasy, and rushing down the platform with extended arms. "There he is! Oh, call him, somebody—tell him I'm here! Make him look this way!"

"Where? Which? Where is he?" cried half a dozen men, quite excitedly.

"Him in the straw hat, with the bundles? Hulloa, sir! Hulloa! Stop him!" and three small boys and one man started in pursuit.

Poor Charlie! There he came, hurrying along in our direction, rather swiftly, it is true, but quite at his ease, and with a smiling face, when my four champions gave chase. And just as they uplifted their voices, and just as Charlie's eyes sweeping the surrounding scene, appeared to light upon them—just then did the locomotive behind which we had been sitting fifteen minutes before, and which had been backing and snorting, advancing and backing again, after the manner of trains, choose its time to set up a shriek and a violent ringing of the bell, and to go puffing on its way back to New York. And Charlie first stared wildly, and then turned around and chased the locomotive, and the three small boys and the man chased him, sending the air with shouts of "Stop him!"

But Charlie couldn't keep up with the train very long and the impotency of his efforts seemed to break upon him suddenly, after he had run himself very hot and damp, and shed all the hot fumes

from his brown paper parcel for twenty yards along the track. He turned and faced his pursuers like a man at bay, and, figuratively speaking, they fell upon him.

"Stop there!" where are you going?"

"Come back after your young lady, you scamp!" "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" shouted the small boy in ecstasy. "Wanted to run away, did you? Didn't do it that time, old feller!"

"What the deuce do you want?" said Charlie, fiercely. "Where's Sarah? Where's my wife?"

"There she is!" roared a dozen voices, with appropriate action of as many unwashed hands. "Ain't got rid of her so easy yet!"

I will draw a decorous veil over the embrace that followed, and the profanities with which Charlie punctuated it, and the compliments exchanged by the populace, who evinced the wildest joy at what was supposed to be the discomfiture of villainy. I will merely observe that the whistle of the Boston train cut short our little scene, and that I was hauled up on the last car amid the cheers of the bystanders, greatly multiplied since Charlie's appearance on the scene, and speeded on my way by a parting roar from one benevolent personage to "Keep a tight eye on my young man, for he warn't to be trusted as far as you could see him!"

Also that Charlie shed bank notes as well as buns in the excitement of the chase, and that my fine parasol, with an agate handle, the wedding gift of my beloved Arabella, is probably marching around Blankville at this very hour, poised in the Lisle-thread hand of some village belle.

## Children Drugged by Nurses.

Recently a correspondent of the *Sun* called attention to a practice in which some coachmen have been detected in saving themselves trouble by dosing spirited horses with narcotics. A reputable physician, with whom a reporter conversed on the subject, said: "When a child is cross, peevish, fretful, restless and troublesome, it is not an unusual thing for a physician to be called, who prescribes a 'quieting powder.' The nurse is sent to the drug store with the prescription, is told how to administer it, and in a short time, instead of having a very wearisome and irritating duty to perform, the nurse finds out that all she has to do is to sit by and watch a drowsy child. The child is not forgotten by the nurse. She is known at the drug store; she knows the number of the prescription, she knows that she can buy it for a few cents, and she therefore possesses herself of the sleeping powder, to be used whenever she wants to have an easy job."

"Wealthy parents think they can shift their duties and responsibilities by hiring servants to perform them. It looks so easy, and seems such a perfect method of avoiding the annoyance, the sleepless nights, the wear and tear of the system which is almost inseparable from faithful attendance upon the healthiest child."

"But there are very many nurses now who know how to make paregoric, laudanum, hydrate of chloral, or morphine do the work of patient watching and assiduous care. The result is that children grow up stupefied under the influence of drugs, with their mental faculties impaired, and with a taste for stimulants that often leads them to drunkards' graves. No children are so fortunate as those of the moderately well-off persons who have means sufficient to aid them in the drudgery of household cares, but who give to their children that personal care, that thoughtful supervision, and that conscientious devotion to duty that can never be bought with money, but are fondly forthcoming from affection. There are also many mothers who do not scruple to lighten their cares by substituting drugs for duty. The drug stores do a lively trade in various nostrums with fancy names which are simply well-known narcotics in a disguised form. Opium is the commonest ingredient. The amount of this stuff that is sold is absolutely frightful. It is bought and administered by parents and nurses utterly ignorant of its deleterious effects. It produces disorders of the digestive organs, constipation, and a long train of successive ills."

"What is the remedy? Intelligent parents must not either use these pernicious drugs nor permit them to be used with their children. Strict watch must be kept for symptoms that will betray the surreptitious use of the drugs. Thus only can a growing abuse be stopped which threatens to inflict serious damage on the rising generation. If a child which is generally noisy, boisterous, and lively suddenly becomes drowsy, dull, and stupid, it is at least a fair subject for inquiry whether the cause may not be found in the neighboring drug store."

"The fact is that there ought to be some way of preventing the use of old prescriptions. At present, when a prescription has been once filled at a drug store, there is no trouble in getting it renewed without the orders of a physician. There is also a very loose method of selling narcotics in most of our drug stores, which is a crying evil. Physicians are made responsible for much evil that occurs from the amateur practice of medicine. Parents are too often in the habit of using old prescriptions when the symptoms of a disease resemble that for which the prescription was originally given. This is playing with fire with a vengeance."

—N. Y. Sun.

—A hen flew into a house near Rockcastle, Pa., the other day, and knocked down a rifle that was hanging on the wall, which was discharged, killing a preacher that was visiting the family.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Heine's grave at Montmartre is described as being in the most forlorn state. The weather-worn and leafless remains of a laurel wreath are all the decorations it possesses.

—The London *Athenaeum* calls Bret Harte "one of the most popular of living writers of English," and also says that "within his limits there is no living writer who can improve on him."

—Of the making of books there is no end even if "finis" is put at the last of each of them. Within the past fifteen years the Congressional Library has doubled itself three times. It is expected that the library will soon contain 1,000,000 volumes.

—Ivan Turgeneff, the novelist, is a persistent traveler, and has made studies for his books all over Europe. Paris he prefers for a home. He is now sixty-two years old. He is tall, erect and symmetrical. His beard and his long locks are white and his expression is one of kindness and wisdom.

—Mrs. Arnold, the wife of the author of "The Light of Asia," and grand-niece of Dr. Channing, is mentioned as an architect of distinction. She is superintending the making in London of the memorial window to be placed by the Channing family in the Channing Memorial Church at Newport.

—Millet sold his picture of "The Angels" to a dealer for \$200. The dealer sold it for \$1,000, and when next sold it brought \$7,200. At a sale at the Hotel Druot, Paris, recently this same picture brought \$32,000. Twenty-five years have made this difference in the painter's fame, but it is no longer of any use to him.

—Gordon L. Ford, the New York *Tribune's* business manager, has the richest autograph collection in the country. It contains not less than 25,000 bound volumes, 60,000 pamphlets, 50,000 steel-plate portraits, and 75,000 autograph letters and documents. There are two rooms in which the visitor can scarcely pick up a book or piece of paper that is not a treasure. One room contains only town and local histories; of these there are 2,500. Another room is devoted wholly to autographs and steel portraits, and it is packed full on shelves and tables.

—Not a single paper, political or otherwise, is published in the Irish Celtic tongue. Yet this, says the *Gaelic Union*, is the spoken language of some hundreds of thousands of persons in Ireland. Hence the establishment of a Gaelic newspaper is one of the cherished objects of this society, which, since its recent establishment, has developed a remarkable degree of activity. The real difficulty seems to be that the people cannot read the language which they speak with grammatical accuracy. There are not even any class-books; and Celtic literature, so interesting to Continental philologists, exists only in the form of some thousands of manuscripts.

## HUMOROUS.

—Ohio is said to be excited because the son of a Baptist minister has married the daughter of a Jewish rabbi. Anything that tends to retard the consumption of pork is certain to create an excitement in Ohio. —*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

—Chicago is now going into training schools for cookery on a grand scale. They are nice places for ladies to drop into and pinch dough and eat raisins, and imagine that they can go right home and cook a beefsteak. One old grandmother is worth twenty such schools. —*Detroit Free Press*.

—A French mother took her little daughter, who promised to be very good, to make a call with her. Conversation turns upon various people. Says the mother: "Yes, my cousin is not handsome, but she has the prettiest teeth in the world." Child: "But mamma yours are much, much prettier; they've got gold all round 'em."

—A writer in *Appleton's Journal* occupies several pages of that publication in an effort to prove that there is no such thing as womanly intuition. Some night when this gentleman comes home about thirteen o'clock and tries to sneak into bed without having his breath smell he will discover the fallacy of his theory. —*Chicago Tribune*.

—He came in to say that he attended a meeting last evening. "I made an address," he said; "but please don't use my name. I ask it as a favor. If you should, however, be careful to spell it with a final e, and say that I do business at the old stand, where I have always on hand a full assortment of—" etc., etc., etc. We shall respect Mr. —'s feelings and say nothing about him. —*Boston Transcript*.

—The farmer's oldest boy now puts on his heaviest boots, gets a grip on the plow handles, and, with the "lines" around his neck, yells and shouts and swears because the span don't "haw" and "gee" just right in turning corners. You'd never suspect that he was the same fellow who has been raising havoc among the girls all winter with his stunning plaid neckties and stand-up paper collars. —*New Haven Register*.

—When the maiden isn't hugging, of her fellow,  
Of her fellow,  
When her fancy doesn't lightly turn to bangs,  
Turn to bangs,  
It is ten to one that she is getting yellow,  
Getting yellow,  
And all broken up by jealousy's wild pangs,  
Ousy's wild pangs.

When you never see her eating the fried oyster,  
The fried oyster,  
And she doesn't seem to care for Easter clothes,  
Easter clothes,  
Don't forget that she's preparing for the cloister,  
For the cloister,  
And will ne'er again invest in striped hose,  
Striped hose.

—*Cleveland Leader*.