THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TWO WOMEN.

A grandma sits in her great armchair;
Balmy sweet is the soft spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane;

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress
As it flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long—
Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"

Up from the orchard's flowery bloom
Floats fragrance faint to the darkening room

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace
And a softer light steal into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,
And twining roses in her hair.

Once again, blithe as the lark above,
She is only a girl, and a girl in love!

The years drop from her their weary pain;
She is clasped in her lover's arms again!

The last faint glimmers of daylight die;
Stars tremble out of the purple sky;

Ere Dora flits up the garden path,
Sadly afraid of grandma's wrath;

With rose-red cheeks and flying hair
She nestles down by the old armchair.

"Grandma, Dick says may we—may I—"
The faltering voice grows strangely shy;

But grandma presses the little hand:
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!

"He may have you, darling!" Not all in vain
Did grandma dream she was young again!

She gently twists a shining curl;
"Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl!

"Take the world's treasures—its noblest, best—
And love will outweigh all the rest!"

And through the casement the moonlight cold
Streams on two heads—one gray, one gold.
—*Washington Post.*

THE VICTIM OF A VIRTUE.

I am one of those persons, envied for three months in the year and pitied for nine, who "live a little way" out of London. In the summer our residence is a charming one; the garden especially is delightful and attracts troops of London friends. They are not only always willing to dine with us, but drop in of their own motion and stay for the last train to town. The vague observation "any fine day," or the more evasive phrase "some fine day," used in complimentary invitations, are then very dangerous for us to employ, for we are taken at our word, just as though we meant it. This would be very gratifying, however expensive, if it only happened all the year round. But from October to June nobody comes near us.

In reply to our modest invitations we then receive such expressions of tender regret as would convince the most sceptical: "a previous engagement," "indisposition of our youngest born," "the horses ill," some catastrophe or other, always prevents our friends from enjoying another evening with us "like that charming one they spent last July." They hope, however, to be given the same happy chance again, "when the weather is a little less inclement," by which they mean next summer. As for coming to dine with us in winter, they will see us further first—by which they mean nearer first. Sometimes at their own boards we hear this stated, though of course without any intentional application. Some guests will observe to us, *a propos* of dinners: "It is most extraordinary how people who live half a dozen miles out of town will attempt to ignore the seasons and expect you to go and dine with them just as if it was August, through four feet of snow. It does really seem—as Jones, our excellent host, was saying the other day—the very height of personal conceit."

As we have occupied our present residence for some years, we have long had the conceit taken out of us; but we have still our feelings. Our social toes are not absolutely frost-bitten, and when thus trodden upon we are aware of the circumstances. It grieves us to know what Jones has thought (and said) of us, and my wife drops a quiet tear or two during our drive home in the brougham. I am bound to confess it is rather a long ride. I find myself dropping asleep before we have left brick and mortar behind us, and as we cross the great common near our home I feel a considerable change in the temperature. It is a beautiful breezy spot, with a lovely view in summer time; the playground of the butterfly and the place of business of the bee; but in winter it is cold and lonely enough.

In the daytime there is nobody there at all. In the evening, at uncertain intervals, there is the patrol. In old times it used to be a favorite haunt of the Knights of the Road; during whose epoch, by the by, I should fancy that those who lived in the locality found it even more difficult to collect their friends around them than now. It has still a bad name for tramps and vagabonds, which makes my wife a little nervous when the days begin to "draw in" and our visitors to draw off. She insists upon my going over the house before retiring to rest every night and making a report of "All's well." Being myself not much over five feet high in my boots, and considerably less in my slippers (in which I am wont to make these peregrinations), it has often suggested itself to my mind that it would be more judicious to leave the burglars to do their worst, as regards the plate and things, and not risk what is (to me) much more valuable. Of course I could "hold the lives of half a dozen men in my hand"—a quotation from my favorite author—by merely arming myself with a loaded revolver; but the simple fact is, I am so unskilled in the use of any weapon (unless the umbrella can be called such), that I should be just as likely to begin with shooting number one (that is myself), as number two, the "first ruffian." "Never, willingly, my dear," say I to Julia, "will I shed the life-blood of any human being, and least of all my own." On the other hand, as I believe in the force of imagination, I always carry on these expeditions, in the pocket of my dressing-gown, a child's pistol—belonging to our infant, Edward John—which looks like a real one, and would, I am persuaded, have all the effects of a real one in my hands without the element of personal peril. "Miserable ruffians," I had made up my mind to say, when coming upon the gang, "your lives are in my power" (here I exhibit the pistol's butt), "but out of perhaps a mistaken clemency I will only shoot one of you, the one that is the last to leave my house. I shall count six" (or sixteen, according to the number of the gang), "and then fire" Upon which they would, I calculated, all skedaddle helter-pelter to the door they got in at, which I should lock and double-lock after them. You may ask, Why double-lock? but you will get no satisfactory reply. I know no more what to "double-lock" means than you do, but my favorite novelist—a sensational one—always uses it, and I conclude he ought to know. It was the beginning of a misty October, when the leaves had fallen off early, and our friends had followed their example, and I had been sitting up alone into the small hours resolute to read my favorite author to the bitter end—his third volume, wherein all the chief characters (except the comic ones) are slain, save one, who is left sound in wind and limb, but with an hereditary disposition to commit suicide. Somewhat depressed by its perusal and exceedingly sleepy, I went about my usual task of seeing all was right in a somewhat careless and perfunctory manner. All was right apparently in the drawing-room, all right certainly in the study (where I had myself been sitting), and till right—no, not quite all right in our little back hall or vestibule, where, upon the round table, the very largest and thickest pair of navvy's boots I ever saw were standing between my wife's neat little umbrella and a pair of her gardening gloves. Even in that awful moment I remember the sense of contrast and incongruity struck me almost as forcibly as the presence of the boots themselves, and they astonished and alarmed me as much as the sight of the famous footprints did Robinson Crusoe, and for precisely the same reason. The boot and the print were nothing in themselves, but my intelligence, now fully awakened, at once flew to the conclusion that somebody must have been there to have left them, and was probably in the neighborhood, and indeed under my roof, at that very moment. If you give Prof. Owen a foot of any creature (just as of less scientific persons we say: Give them an inch, they will take an ell), he will build up the whole animal out of his own head; and something of the Professor's marvellous instinct was on this occasion mine. I pictured to myself (and as it turned out, correctly) a monster more than six feet high, broad in the shoulders, heavy in the jowl, with legs like stone balustrades, and hands, but too often clenched, of the size of pumpkins. The vestibule led into the pantry, where no doubt this giant, with his one idea, or half a one, would conclude the chief part of our plate to be, whereas it was lying—unless he had already taken it; a terrible thought that flashed through my mind, followed by a cluster of others, like a comet with its tail—under our bed.

Of course I could have gone to the pantry at once, but I felt averse to be precipitate; perhaps (upon finding nothing to steal) this poor wretch would feel remorse for what he had done and go away. It would be a wicked thing to deprive him of the opportunity of repentance. Moreover, it struck me that he might not be a thelf after all, but only a cousin (considerably "removed") of one of the maid servants. It would have been very wrong of her to let him into the house at such an hour, but it was just possible that she had done so, and that he was at that moment supping in the kitchen upon certain cold grouse which I knew were in the larder. Such a state of things, I repeat, would have been reprehensible, but I most sincerly hoped that it had occured. A clandestine attachment, however misplaced, is better than burglary with possible violence. Coughing rather loudly, to give the gentleman notice that I was about, and to suggest that he had better take himself off in my temporary absence, I went up to the attics to make inquiries.

And here I am tempted to a digression concerning the excessive somnolency of female domestics. As regards our own, at least, they remind me, except in number, of the Seven Sleepers. I knocked at their door about a quarter of an hour before attracting their attention, and it took me another to convince them (through the keyhole) that it was not fire. If it had been, they must all have been burnt in their beds. Relieved on this point, they were scarcely less excited and "put out" by the communication I was compelled to make to them, though conveyed with the utmost delicacy and refinement of which language is capable. I asked them whether by acident one of them chanced to have a male relative who wore exceptionally thick highlows; and if he was likely to have called recently—that very evening, for example.

They all replied in indignant chorus that they had never heard of such a thing—by which they meant the suggestion; and that no cousin of theirs ever did wear highlows, being all females without exception.

Satisfied as to this (and greatly disappointed), I felt that it was now incumbent upon me to pursue my researches. Candle in hand and pistol in pocket, I therefore explore the pantry. To my great relief, it was empty. Was it possible that the thief had departed? If so, he had gone without his highlows, for there they stood on the vestibule table as large as life, and, from the necessity of the case, a size or two larger. Their build and bulk, indeed impressed me more than ever. Was it possible that only one burglar had come in those boots?

I entered the kitchen: not a mouse was stirring; on the other hand, there was a legion of black beetles, who scuttled away in all directions except one. They avoided the dresser—beneath which lay the gentleman I was looking for, curled up in a space much too small for him, but affecting to be asleep. Indeed, though previously I had not even heard him breathe, no sooner did the light from my candle fall upon him than he began to snore stentoriously. I felt at once that this was to give me the idea of the slumber that follows honest toil. I knew before he spoke that he was going to tell me how, tired and exhausted, he had taken shelter under my roof, with no other object (however suspicious might be the circumstances of his position) than a night's rest, of which he stood in urgent need.

"Don't shoot, sir," he said, for I took care to let the handle of Edward John's pistol protrude from my dressing-gown. "I am poor, but honest; I only came in here for the warmth and to have a snooze."

"How did you get in?" I inquired, sternly.

"I just prized up the wash'us' winder," was his plaintive reply, "and laid down 'ere."

"Then you put out your boots in the back hall to be cleaned in the morning, I suppose?"

At this he grinned a dreadful grin. It seemed to say: "As you have the whip-hand of me, you may be as humorous as you please; but if it was not for that pistol, my fine friend, you would be laughing on the other side of your mouth, I reckon."

"Come, march," said I. "Put on your boots."

He got up as a wild beast rises from his lair, and slouched before me into the hall.

Though he looked exceedingly wicked, I felt grateful to him for going so peaceably, and was moved to compassion.

"Were you really in want, that you came here?" I said. "Are you hungry?"

"Not now," he answered, with a leer.

Of course he was intimating that he had supped at my expense, and at the time I thought it frank of him to acknowledge it. If I had known then, as I learnt afterward, that he had eaten a grouse and a half, and the whole contents of a large jar of Devonshire cream which we had just received as a present, I should have thought mere impudence. I did think it rather impudent when he said, as he stood at the front door, which I had opened for his exit:

"Won't you give me half-a-crown, sir, to put me in an honest way of business?" But, nevertheless, thinking it better to part good friends, I gave him what he asked for. He spit upon the coin "for luck," as he was good enough to explain, and also, perhaps, as a substitute for thanks, since he omitted to give me any, and slouched down the gravel sweep and out of the gate.

It was three o'clock; the mist had began to clear, and the moon and stars were shining. A sort of holy calm began to pervade me. I felt that I had done a good action and also got rid of a very dangerous individual, and that it was high time that I should go to bed in peace with all men. My wife, however, who had been roused by the servants, was on the tip-toe of expectation to hear all that had taken place, and of course I had to tell her all. I described each thrilling incident with such dramatic force that she averred that nothing would ever induce her in my absence to sleep in the house again. This was perhaps but the just punishment for a trifle of exaggeration in the narrative with which I had here and there indulged myself, but it was very unfortunate. Now and then I find myself detained in town, after dining at the club, by circumstances over which I have no control (such as a rubber at whist, which sometimes stretch like India rubber), and hitherto I had only to telegraph in the afternoon to express my regret that there was a possibility of my non-return. Here was an end to all this, unless I could reassure her. I therefore began to dwell upon the unlikelihood of a second burglar ever visiting the house, which I compared with that famous hole made by a cannon-ball, said to be a place of security from cannon-balls for evermore.

"Oh, don't tell me," cried my wife, with just a truce of impatient irritation in her voice. "Hark!" goodness gracious, what is that coming along the road!"

She thought it was a burglar on horseback, whereas, if I may so express it, it was the very contrary, the horse-patrol.

"Knock at the window; call him in. I insist upon your seeing him," she exclaimed. I had no alternative, since she said "insist" (as any married man will understand), but to accede to her wishes; so I went out and told the patrol what had happened.

"How long ago was the fellow here, sir?" he inquired.

"More than an hour. It is quite out of the question you can overtake him. And beside, I really think he is repentant, and means for the future to lead an honest life."

"You do, do you?" said the patrol, in that sort of compassionate tone of voice in which the visitor of a lunatic asylum addresses an inmate warranted harmless. "Well, as I am here, I'll just go over the house and make sure there is no more of them. It is not impossible, you see, he may have left a pal behind him."

"There was only one pair of boots," said I confidently; "of that I am certain."

Nevertheless, as I felt it would be a satisfaction to my wife, I acceded to his request. He tied his horse to the scraper, and came in with his lantern, and looked about him. There was nobody in the front hall, of course, for I had just come through it; in the drawing-room nobody, in the vestibule nobody—but on the table where they had stood before stood a pair of gigantic navvy's boots.

"What d'ye think of that?" whispered the patrol, pointing to one of them.

"They're the same," I answered in hushed amazement, "they're the very same. I could swear to them among a thousand. What can it mean?"

"Well, it means that the gentleman who was going to lead a new life," he answered dryly, "has thought better of it and has come back again."

And so he had. We found him lying in the very same place under the dresser, awaiting, I suppose, events.

"O lor', is that you, Mr. Policeman?" he said, complainingly. "Then it's all up."

If he had had to deal with me alone, he expected, perhaps, to have got another half-crown out of me. But the great probability was, he had doubtless argued, that all suspicion of burglars, for that night at least, would have died out, and that he would have had undisputed range of the house. It was a bold game, but one in which all the chances seemed to be on his side.

I helped to fasten a strong strap to his wrist, which was already attached to that of the horse patrol's. "And now," said the latter, coolly, "we will go and put on our boots."

For the second time that night I saw that operation accomplished by my burglar; for the second time saw him walk off, though on this occasion a captive to his mounted companion. I did not wish, as the judges say when they put on the black cap, to add poignancy to the feelings of this unhappy man (he was on ticket-of-leave, and presently got five years' penal servitude), but I could not help saying:

"I think you ought to have been content with your supper and half-crown, and not come *here* again, at all events, in search of plunder."

This argument had no sort of weight with him, gratitude was unknown to that savage breast. Like many more civilized individuals, he attributed his misfortunes to his own virtue.

"No, sir, it ain't that," he answered, scornfully. "I'm the wictim of Perseverance."—*Belgravia.*

Eating Too Much.

Ten persons die prematurely of too much food where one dies of too much drink. Thousands eat themselves into fever, bowel diseases, dyspepsial throat affections, and other maladies.

Some years ago, the residents of a German city were one morning wild with excitement. Everybody was poisoned. The doctors were flying in every direction. Water was the only thing they had swallowed in common. The reservoir was examined. In one corner a paper of poison was found.

The stomach is the reservoir which supplies the whole body. A fever, an inflammation or some other malady appears. There you will find the source of the disease.

I am acquainted with the table habits of a large number of persons. They have all eaten too much food. Nearly all, too much in quantity, but all have eaten food too highly concentrated. Yesterday I saw a dyspeptic friend eating pears at a fruit stand. He said with a smile "I go a few Bartletts half a dozen times a day." Certain dietetic reformers seem to thing if they eat coarse bread and ripe fruits, a peck is all right. Fine flour bread, pies and cakes are great evils.

A friend who has decayed teeth, dyspepsia, and a disagreeable eruption, all produced by excessive eating of improper food, declared in response to my remonstrance, "But I never eat more than I want." Every person *wants* the quantity he has been in the habit of eating. If he could digest well two pounds a day but eat four pounds, he *wants* the latter quantity. A man may *want* a glass of spirits on rising. He is in the habit of drinking at that time.

The body is strengthened by what it can digest and assimilate. Every ounce more than this is mischievous. The man who eats just enough, suffers little from hunger.

Pardon a word of my own experience. During many years of practice at my profession, I had but little muscular exercise. I ate enormously. An hour's postponement of my dinner was painful. Now I can omit a dinner altogether without inconvenience. I have lost twenty pounds in weight but feel a great deal younger. (More than half the thin people would gain flesh by eating less.) I have only one dietetic rule from which I never depart, this rule, kind reader, I commend to you. *Always take on your plate, before you begin, everything you are to eat.* Thus you avoid the dessert, and are pretty sure not to eat too much. This simple rule has been worth thousands to me.

Yes, I think there are persons who eat to little; but where there is one such, there are hundreds who eat too much.—*Dr. Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—New York City inflicts the country with 50,000 drummers or commercial travelers. Boston sends out 20,000 and Philadelphia 15,000.

—Large beds of carboniferous iron, Dr. M. S. Meunier contends, are contained in the interior of the earth, and these deposits at high temperatures coming in contact with water yield hydrocarbons, which, upon subsequent combustion, send up exhalations of carbonic acid from the earth. This is his method of indicating the source of that acid in the atmosphere.

—The *Iron Age* says: The cotton seed oil mills that are rapidly being put in operation in the South are creating no litt e stir and discussion as to their effect upon the agricultural interests of the country. This is a comparatively new industry, and we already find that no less than 120,000 tons of oil cake, or cotton seed meal, has but recently been shipped abroad, not counting the supply sold and consumed in non-cotton-producing sections of our own country.

—The newly-established postal-card factory at Castleton, in Rensselaer County, N. Y., employs about 130 men and women, who assisted by the machinery, dispose of 18,000 pounds of paper and manufacture 3,250,000 postals every twenty-four hours. The contract calls for 2,000,000,000 cards in four years, and was awarded the Fort Orange Paper Company. To manufacture the requisite pasteboards, 12,500,000 pounds of paper will be used. The mill runs day and night. The paper-machine, which is the largest and most complete in the United States, has proved its capability by turning out a web of over twelve miles in length without a break.

—It is not generally known that the Government has already appropriated $225,000 for the construction of seven reservoirs covering 1,100 square miles and to hold ten feet of water on the average, at the headwaters of the Mississippi. One result of this inland sea will be to secure navigation seven months in the year in a vast area 600 miles long; the only breaks in which will be at St. Anthony, Pokegama and Little Falls. The water will be stored by the proposed dams from November to April, and then gradually let out. It will greatly help to float lumber. Inundations will be prevented. The cost of maintenance will be $7,500 per year. The Chippewa Reservation will be somewhat interfered with, and several villages will be destroyed and paid for.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A bad fix—Repairing a broken window with an old hat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The man who toes the mark—The old man who reaches out for Jane Ann's feller at two o'clock a. m.—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

—In reply to the question: "Will the coming man be bald?" the Norristown *Herald* affirms that "he generally is when he first comes."

—Rebecca—Yes, blind men may be perfectly sane, although you do believe in the saying: "Out of sight out of mind."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Fogg says that his friend Pingrey is so slow that he never catches cold, and couldn't get within hailing distance of the slowest of slow fevers.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A musical young friend of ours, wishing to bespeak his mistress' attention to the suppliant posture he had taken up at her feet, sang with thrilling effect this, his earliest exercise: "Dora, me for solace see do."—*Fun.*

—There is no season of the year when the press is not looking out for the safety and welfare of some class of citizens. Just now red-headed men are warned not to climb trees as there is a great deal of squirrel shooting going on, and mistakes are apt to occur.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Bill Arp suggests a Georgia Colonel's day at the Exposition. William should bear in mind that Atlanta has made no arrangements to entertain every male citizen in the State at one time. But if they will come in squads of ten or seventy-five thousand they can be accommodated.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Banjo Becoming Fashionable.

There is good reason for believing that the heretofore despised banjo is to be elevated to the first rank as a musical instrument. Some one has discovered that it is of very ancient origin, and of course that is very much in its favor, as many persons delight in anything that is associated with antiquity. A relic-hunter in Egypt found, or says that he found, in the tomb of a royal family, in one of the oldest pyramids, a banjo of the exact form of those played by plantation darkies. In his opinion the ancient Pharaohs delighted in the sweet sounds produced by the banjo, which constituted the favorite music of the country which has been called the cradle of civilization. It is easy to account for the introduction of the banjo into this country. It was brought by the negroes from Egypt by the way of Ethiopia. Many people will now admire the banjo who despised it when it was thought to be the invention of some negro barbarian. Indeed, it is stated that many aristocratic people, as well as many accomplished musicians, have long been pleased with the banjo, and that the latter have played it "on the sly." Lord Dunraven, of England, is said to be an accomplished banjo-player. Thalberg, the great pianist; Miss Nilsson and Clara Louise Kellogg, the opera singers, are also enthusiastic lovers of the ancient Egyptian instrument. A London musical instrument maker states that he cannot supply the demand for the fashionable rival of the piano.—*Chicago Times.*