

HIS FEEBLE MUSTACHE.

I have watched and waited with patience
For the growth of each baby hair.
I have scanned with a longing eagerness
The strength of the latest pair.
And after painful years of waiting
For its size to be manly and strong,
Have made up my mind it's useless to try,
There is visibly something wrong.
I have let it grow for six months—yes, more;
And e'en then it can hardly be seen.
I have watered it, vaselined it, trimmed it
With care,
Yet still it remains naked and lean;
And at last worn out with impatience,
Half sick with the care of that lip,
I have stricken it off and am waiting
For some one to give me the tip.
I have followed afar with a jealous gaze
The men with more than his share.
I have looked in anger at kids with their
growth
As though I didn't care,
But though to you I may seem contented,
As if I'd nothing to trouble or fear,
Don't be deceived by my satisfied look,
At times I'm kicking like a stor.
I have read the brilliant advertisements,
Some offering a large reward,
While other claim they have the stuff
To bring hair out on a board.
I have tried them all with an eager hope,
But each hope has proved forlorn;
And here at twenty-six my face is as bare
As it was when I was born.
—Hy Tyde.

A SNOW-FLAKE.

A wandering snow-flake fell on a high-born
lady's hand,
And a moment lay near a diamond ray, that
flashed from a golden band;
Before the tinted white of her tapering fingers
seemed
Unearthly fair, with the jewels rare, and the
circling gold that gleamed.
But all their beauty fled, when that snow-waft
downward flew,
And lay so bright that her finger white seemed
turned to a yellow hue.
Ah, thus the proud of earth, though in grand
attire arrayed,
Lose all their pride when they stand beside
the beauty which God hath made.

A SILVER FORK.

Who can imagine a more delightful
bustle of preparation than that for an
approaching wedding? Not the kind
where everything is given into the
hands of the caterer and the florist,
to be arranged as these worthies con-
sider most proper, but another sort,
where loving hands accomplish every-
thing needed for the gala occasion.
Where mysterious concoctions of cake
are made, weeks beforehand, and set
away to absorb a weekly drink of good
old brandy; where the whitest of
bride's cake, and the clearest jellies,
and all sorts of toothsome delicacies
come into existence in the mysterious
precincts of the home kitchen; where
dear friends are looked for, and in-
cluded among the delights of the happy
time, where the house is newly swept
and garnished, and running
over with flowers.

All this charming confusion was
taking place in the home of the Le-
lands. Adelaide, the eldest daughter,
was to be married the following even-
ing to Harold Fitzgerald, who might
have passed for one of the old Saxon
Kings, with his fair hair and eyes of
blue. Adelaide sometimes called him
"My King," and Milly, Adelaide's
younger sister, dubbed him "Harold,
the Saxon." And so it had come
about that the younger members of
the family spoke of their new brother
as "King."

Millicent was in high feather, for she
was to be one of the bridesmaids.
The cousins, Marion and Amy, had
arrived, and the three girls had been
kept busy all day in unpacking num-
bers of parcels and boxes addressed to
the bride. At last everything was ar-
ranged to their satisfaction, for this
was a home wedding, where all the
friends were to enjoy seeing the evi-
dence of esteem and favor shown the
young people.

"How many strange and rare things!
It seems that Adelaide's friends,
knowing her love for the beautiful,
have sought especially for the curious
and elegant," said Amy.

"Tell us about this queer, heavy
fork in the velvet case; you said it had
a history, didn't you Milly?" ques-
tioned Marion.

"Yes, indeed! King values that as
one of his choicest treasures," an-
swered Millicent.

"Let us sit down and rest; there is
time now to listen to the story," said
Amy.

"Well," began Millicent, "I don't
know where to begin, at the other end
of this end, or, in fact, I don't know
the beginning or ending at all—just a
piece, a hundred years or so, in the
middle!"

"Why, how mysterious you are!"
said the listeners, with one voice.

"No, not mysterious; but I some-
times wonder if there really is a be-
ginning or end to anything!"

"Verse and worse!" cried Marion.
"Go on with the story. Don't stray
off into such an alarmingly large
field."

"I suppose," said Milly, thoughtfully,
"that I'd better tell you first about
King's mother, for she it is, who makes
him the gift. You have seen her,
haven't you, girls? You know, then,
what a lovely, high-bred old lady she
is. The day she brought the case here,
she told me its history, and said she
had always kept it for her eldest son,
and hoped he would pass it down to
posterity in like manner. Mrs. Fitz-
gerald said that her early years were
spent in a small country town, and that
as she grew older she became ambi-
tious for more of an education than
she could get at home. At last it was
decided, after many consultations as
to ways and means, that she should go
to an Eastern boarding school. The
school catalogue called for the usual
provision of table articles, fork, spoon,
ring, and so on. An old uncle of Mrs.
Fitzgerald chanced to call one even-
ing, when these wants were discussed.
The next morning Uncle John, as she

called him, came in, and brought with
him this fork. It had been packed
away with other silver of the same
kind in an old chest for years. Uncle
John said, 'Now Mary, I want you to
keep this fork, for it is very ancient
and has passed through many strange
experiences and troublous times.
Years ago, when a young man, I was
in business in the South, spending a
good deal of time in New Orleans. I
had no family, so took lodging in a
good house, owned by one of the old
Creole families, who were obliged to
let furnished rooms to add to their in-
come.'

"I wonder if they were the kind Dr.
Sevier lived among?" interrupted
Amy.

"They must have been the 'poor and
proud' kind, direct descendants of the
early Spanish settlers; but where was
I in my story?"

"Uncle John, lodging in a Creole
family," suggested Amy.

"Oh, yes! He was not the only
lodger, however. His neighbors on
the same floor were new-comers from
Santa Domingo, the eastern part of
the island of Hayti. He described
them as young married people, with
several little children. The elders of
the family wore a great look of sad-
ness and dejection. Uncle John could
not talk with them at all, for they
spoke only in the Spanish language;
but he became greatly interested in
them, especially in the pretty black-
eyed children. He kept his pockets
filled with sugar-plums for their
especial delectation. By and by he
discovered that every two or three
days something of the household be-
longings disappeared. Then he knew
that the family were in sore straits,
and he asked the landlady for infor-
mation. She said that they were
refugees from Santa Domingo; their
father had owned an extensive coffee
plantation, but had lost his life in one
of the many negro insurrections in
that distracted and unhappy island.
These young people escaped to the
United States bringing with them such
portable property as they could gather
up. The landlady said that they were
anxious to dispose of some of their
silver, and that if he were willing to
buy it of them at its real value, it
would be a favor. By these means
Uncle John came into possession of
these old Spanish spoons and forks.

Afterward the landlady told him that
the young Spaniard said he hoped the
American would keep the silver in his
family. He said that it was of great
antiquity and had been in his own
family for many years. One of his
ancestors belonged to the Spanish no-
bility and lived at Seville, in Spain.
The times were hard, with constant
wars and insurrections on every hand.
The nobility were much richer in
aristocracy than ducats, and many of
them were tempted by the tales of the
wonderful gold mine, in the Spanish
possessions in Hayti, which yielded a
half million dollars annually to the
Spanish crown, to try their fortunes in
the New World."

"Do you know their names?" asked
Marion.

"No, I do not; and that makes it
hard for me to tell the story. I will
call the New Orleans Spaniard, Don
Carlos, and that will help me a little.
Don Carlos' great grandfather, a
Spanish nobleman, was among the
earliest settlers of Santa Domingo."

"Give the g. g. a name! Call him
Don Juan!" said Marion.

"All right! Don Juan it is."

"How romantic the story is get-
ting," said Marion with interest.

"Just imagine far away Spain, and
the Spanish 'veiled ladies' that we
read about, and the 'grave majestic
men' serenading their lady loves in
the balconies above!"

"And the bull fights! Probably old
Don Juan used to hup! hup! hurrah! in
Spanish when a bull gored some poor
Christian to death," said Amy.

"At any rate, this is true," contin-
ued Milly. "Don Carlos told Uncle
John, that it was a part of history in
their family that their table ware was
made of silver taken from the famous
mine on Guadal Canal, the one that
Pliny, the historian, tells about.
Hannibal opened it, and it yielded
him 300 pounds of silver ore daily.
What do you think of that for a min-
ing enterprise? It would make our
California and Colorado millionaires
green with envy, wouldn't it?"

"I don't wonder that King thinks
much of that fork," said Amy.

"Now, see here; I'll count on my
fingers. The thumb can be Hanni-
bal's silver mine; the first finger, Don
Juan, the nobleman, taking his wife
and spoons and going to Santa Dom-
ingo, to better his fortunes—here's a
big jump in the story."

"Oh, no, that's all right," said
Milly. "We don't need the whole
family history. The next link in the
chain is the grandson, the coffee
planter."

"Call him 'Ferdinand.' That's a
Spanish name, isn't it?" suggested
Marion.

"The second finger, then, is Ferdi-
nand, who, together with his wife, Isa-
bella, lost his life in a negro insurrec-
tion in Santa Domingo. The third is
Don Carlos and family, fleeing to New
Orleans and carrying the precious sil-
ver; the fourth is Mrs. Fitzgerald's
Uncle John, buying spoons, packing in
chest, and finally giving fork to niece
going to boarding-school; the fifth is
Mary, the niece; calmly eating Nine-
teenth Century dinners with an his-
toric fork; then Mary, now Mrs. Fitz-
gerald, disposes of it as a wedding
present to her son Harold. There you
have it; centuries of history in a nut-
shell."

"Now then," said Milly, "I think
the story is worth quite as much as the

fork, and I'm going to ask Mrs. Fitz-
gerald to write it out; otherwise, all
the fine points of possession will not
be appreciated."

"That's a good idea," replied Amy,
"we have spent a long time in history
and imagination, when we ought to
have been up and doing. Oh, King!
I'm glad you've come!" was the next
exclamation, as the young man with
Adelaide entered the room.

"What a transition from a dark-
eyed Spanish grandee to a fair-faced
Saxon King!" said Amy.

"What do you mean?" asked King,
surprised.

"We have been reveling in antiquity
and discussing history, conjured into
existence by your Spanish fork," ex-
plained Marion.

"Yes—as I not right when I said
the history had no end? For here is
King waiting for his fate, looking
out into the future with 'love-lit'
eyes," said Milly.

"Oh, Milly, you are entirely too
sentimental! exclaimed Adelaide.

"No, my dear, she has the right of
it. If I did not look into the future
with 'love-lit eyes' this world would
be dark, indeed. Love is all, is every-
thing," said King, so solemnly that
the girls were awed in spite of their
gayety, and Adelaide drew closer to
the manly form, who was soon to be
more to her than all the world beside.

"How sober we are!" said Amy.
"The fork! The fork! It has given us
history, and now it shall prophesy.
Listen! 'Long life, health, happiness,
with love ever increasing, until death
do you part!' said Amy in a mock
heroic manner.

"You could not have wished us
more, or better, dear Amy, in spite of
your fun," said King.

"Milly, you can make this prophecy
a part of history."—A. L. O'Brien.

Soil-Water as a Cause of Cholera.
That too much as well as too little
water in the soil is unfavorable to
cholera is vouched for by a large mass
of facts. As I watched the cholera in
Bavaria during 1854 I was surprised to
find that the marshy districts, where,
as a rule, the poorest dwell, were
exempt from epidemics. The great
Donau bog, which lies between
Neuburg and Ingolstadt, was sur-
rounded by the epidemic, but the dis-
ease did not enter the villages on the
fen. On the Freisinger moors an epi-
demic occurred at Halbermoos. On
going thither the affected houses were
found to stand on a tongue of land
composed of quartz, which tongue
reached inward on the moor. Rein-
hard had proved the same thing for
Saxony. The northern part of Saxony,
which lies on the Spree, is a highly
malarious district. For the eleventh
time that cholera visited Saxony it
shunned this region of fever. I will
not say that cholera can not be epi-
demic on a fen, but I do believe that
when such an occurrence takes place
we ought to ask ourselves what rela-
tion it may have with the state of
moisture of the soil. The theory on
the soil and subsoil waters requires
that a knowledge should be obtained
of what takes place in and over the soil
on the outbreak and on the cessation
of cholera. It requires, as Port has
said, a continuous record of facts.
That cholera should very seldom be
met with in the neighborhood of and
on the mountains is in harmony with
the disposition of cholera in respect of
time; so that, as the frequency of cholera
in these regions diminishes, the
rainfall increases; and the weather and
cholera are equally capricious. Towns
among mountains which are refuges
for fugitives from cholera are but
seldom situated on a soil which in and
of itself would exclude cholera. Salz-
burg and Innsbruck have, for example,
never yet been visited by cholera.
Further, in 1866 these towns escaped,
although a considerable influx took
place from the seat of war where
cholera raged. Salzburg, but still
more Innsbruck, stands on the alluvial
soil of the Salzbaeh and the Inn, as
Munich stands on the Isar; but the
first-named towns have about 50 per
cent. more rainfall than Munich. I
can only imagine that the necessary
degree of dryness for the development
of cholera would be attained but very
rarely in Salzburg and Innsbruck, just
as occurred partially at Lyons in 1864,
and in June, 1859, at Bombay, where
cholera prevailed during the moun-
soons, which, as a rule, drive cholera
away.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Not Sufficient Preparation.
A man of middle age entered the
office of an evening paper yesterday
to seek employment.

"What can you do?" asked the city
editor.

"Write leading articles."

"Next room, please," and the city
man resumed work on a pile of copy.

"What can you do?" asked the edi-
tor-in-chief.

"Write leading articles."

"Did you ever work on a news-
paper before?"

"No," said the applicant contemptu-
ously, "but sure I'm readin' 'em since
I was the height of your knee!"

"I'm wearing boots since I was four
and can't make a pair!" said the edi-
tor.

Applicant disappears.—*New York
Tribune.*

Some people read a book like others
travel. They don't care a bazoo about
the beauties along the way. All they
want is to get over the ground as
lively as possible, and fetch up at the
end of the road with the utmost ob-
tainable celerity.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Ladies traveling on the ocean are obliged to
register their ages.

General Jubal Early.

Old Jubal Early is a character in
Virginia. He is drawn up into a hard
knot with rheumatism, and has a face
like a hickory nut. His voice is pitched
on a very high key, and he is a com-
pound of shrewdness and sarcasm in
equal parts. He was strongly opposed
to secession at the beginning of the
war, although he fought gallantly
when fighting was inevitable. In the
Virginia convention of 1861 he attacked
the conduct of South Carolina bitterly.
After the war had actually begun he
had in his brigade a South Carolina
regiment. It was observed that old Ju-
bal was always sure to put that regi-
ment in the most ticklish place when
the brigade was under fire. During
one of the battles around Richmond
Early's brigade was ordered to the
front, and, as usual, Early made the
South Carolina fellows head the column
squeaking out at the top of his voice as
he rode up to them: "Yes, I'll send
you to the front and keep you there too.
You got us into this, and, d—n you,
you've got to get us out!"

During the war he went to church only
once, and his experience then was not
such as to encourage him to go again.
It was in the winter of 1864, when the
Southern States were agitating the ex-
pediency of a conscription. General
Early was one of the most ardent ad-
vocates of it. He talked of conscription
in season and out of season, and wanted
to conscript everything. One Sunday
morning, to the amazement of his staff,
he proposed that they should ride over
to a neighboring church and hear the
sermon. The officers were nearly paralyzed
at the proposition, but, of course,
consented promptly. The country con-
gregation were astonished at seeing
General Early and his entire staff march
solemnly into the church and take their
seats in the front pews. As soon as old
Jubal settled himself he laid his head
back and relapsed into a comfortable
nap. The clergyman took for his subject
the testimony of the truths of Christian-
ity. After preaching an hour or two
he asked: "What would you say, my
brethren, if the dead of all times and
nations and ages should pass in solemn
review before you? What would your
feelings at seeing this vast and coun-
tless multitude from the grave? What
would you do with this army of men of
all trades, all grades, all professions,
all of every kind before you? I repeat,
with a whack on the desk, 'what would
you do?'"

"Do?" bawled Jubal, suddenly
aroused from his nap. "I'd conscript
every one—every one of them!"

A roar went up from the congrega-
tion, and Jubal made a bee line for the
door.

Lincoln's Farewell.

On the morning of Feb 11, 1861, the
citizens of Springfield, Ill., began to
assemble at the depot, and by eight
o'clock a large number had assembled.
The day was gloomy, the sky dark, and
rain was falling. At precisely five min-
utes before eight o'clock Mr. Lincoln
and a single attendant emerged from a
private room and walked slowly to the
car, the people falling back and as many
as could shaking his hand. From the
platform of the car, after removing his
hat and drawing himself up to his full
height, he stood in profound silence for
several seconds surveying the faces of
his friends and neighbors. An account
says there was an unusual quiver on his
lip and a still more unusual tear on his
shriveled cheek. His solemn manner
and long silence were as full of melan-
choly eloquence as any words he could
have uttered. The crowd stood un-
covered, with unmistakable sympathy.
Beginning slowly and in a husky voice he
spoke as follows:

"Friends no one who has never been
placed in a like position can understand
my feelings at this hour, nor the oppres-
sive sadness I feel at this parting. For
more than a quarter of a century I have
lived among you and during all that
time I have received nothing but kind-
ness at your hands. Here I have lived
from my youth, until now I am an old
man. Here the most sacred ties of
earth were assumed. Here all my
children were born and here one of them
lies buried. To you, dear friends, I
owe all that I have, all that I am. All
the strange, checkered past seems to
crowd now upon my mind. To-day I
leave you. I go to assume a task more
difficult than that which devolved upon
Washington. Unless the great God
who assisted him shall be with me and
aid me I must fail, but if the same om-
niscient mind and almighty arm that
directed and protected him guides and
supports me, I shall not fail—I shall
succeed. Let us pray that the God of
our fathers may not forsake us now.
To him I commend you all. Permit me
to ask that with equal sincerity and
faith you invoke his wisdom and guid-
ance for me. With these few words I
must leave you, for how long I know
not. Friends, one and all, I bid you
an affectionate farewell."

Mr. Lincoln had never appeared so
affected before, and his simple eloquence
moved his listeners deeply. The train
moved out, and his friends, with few
exceptions, never saw him after. When
a little more than four years have passed
his remains were brought back to the
same place for burial.—*Correspondence
of the Philadelphia Times.*

Virginia punishes her State prison
convicts by withholding their rations of
tobacco, and being deprived of the weed
for two days, it is said, will bring the
most obstinate to time.

WE, TOO, HAVE TESTED IT.

To The Public:

In view of the harmful results which
so frequently attend the use of so-called
patent or proprietary cough syrups con-
taining morphia, opium and other
equally dangerous drugs, the under-
signed, physicians of Maryland, take
pleasure in endorsing the official opin-
ions expressed by the Commissioner of
Health of Baltimore; Dr. Samuel K.
Cox, analytical chemist, of Washington,
and other authorities to the effect that
the RED STAR COUGH CURE is not only
a perfectly harmless, but at the same
time an original and most effective rem-
edy, and that it commends itself alike
for being entirely vegetable—free from
opiates, poisons and narcotics—and for
its prompt efficacy, as demonstrated by
practical tests.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 11, 1885.

C. FAWCETT, M. D.,

For thirty-three years Resident Physi-
cian Union Protestant Infirmary.

J. J. GROSS, M. D.,

St. Vincent's Hospital.

J. D. FISKE, M. D.,

Port Physician.

S. R. MORSE, M. D.,

Marine Hospital.

CHAS. W. FILLER, M. D.,

Physician to Fire Department.

JAMES GORE, M. D.,

Baltimore County, Maryland.

JOHN J. CALDWELL, M. D.,

Author of "Electro-Therapeutics," &c.,
and Member of Medical Societies of
New York, Brooklyn and Baltimore.

For centuries it has been contended that a
cough medicine to be effective must contain
morphia, opium, or some other equally dan-
gerous drug, and to-day nearly every cough
mixture in the market has for its base some
one of these deadly poisons. A purely vege-
table and at the same time efficacious cough
cure has been considered an impossibility.
The harmful and at times fatal results attend-
ing the use of morphia and opium cough mix-
tures are of common occurrence everywhere,
and in every part of the Union deaths have,
according to the testimony of physicians and
coroners, resulted from the use of these dan-
gerous preparations. It is for this reason that
medical authorities and leading public men
speak so enthusiastically of the importance
and value of the discovery of Red Star Cough
Cure. Governor Melane and Attorney Gen-
eral Roberts, of Maryland; Mayor Latrobe and
Postmaster Adreon, of Baltimore, and other
well-known officials of Federal, State and mu-
nicipal governments have publicly certified to
the harmlessness and marked efficacy of Red
Star Cough Cure. Every one will find it a
safe, sure cure. It is entirely free from
opiates, narcotics, emetics and poisons. It
leaves no bad effects. It does not derange the
system. It is pure, pleasant, prompt. Sold
by druggists and dealers in medicine through-
out the United States at fifty cent a bottle. THE
CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Propri-
etors, Baltimore, Maryland.

The Young Man Who is 'Fresh.'

You ask what is meant by fresh-
ness. I will tell you.

When a young man has inordinate
love and respect for his parents, or real
hearty affection for his brothers and
sisters, or especial fondness for a young
lady, and does not think it expedient to
hide his emotion behind a mask, then, is
that young man very fresh.

That young man is fresh, also, who is
so deeply interested in his chosen pro-
fession, and so determined to excel in it,
that he can only talk shop. When the
topic of conversation rises to the dignity
of horse racing, base ball and shabby,
he is as dumb as an oyster.

And very fresh, likewise, is the young
man who believes there are such things
as honor among men and purity among
women.

He, too, is fresh, who is willing to
admit that it is barely possible that peo-
ple who have lived a great many years
longer than he, and who have conse-
quently seen much more of the world,
may know a trifle more upon some sub-
jects than himself.

The young man who would take the
advice of his father or mother in prefer-
ence to the opinion of Tom Tossopot
or Harry Harebrain, everybody must
admit, is jolly fresh.

The young man is called fresh, and
of course, very properly, who prefers
wearing old clothes to getting trusted
for new ones with no intention of ever
paying his tailor.

Very fresh is the young man who can
have any respect for a young woman
who has not a pretty face, who does not
dress in the height of fashion, and who
cannot talk slang as glibly as a bar-
room loafer, but who wastes her time
in useful occupations and can only talk
plain common sense.

The young man is frightfully fresh
who would have the respect and esteem
of the learned and reputable ninnies of
creation rather than the approbation of
the great ones of the earth who frequent
the saloon and other occult resorts.

In a word, the fresh young man is he
who is guided by well-grounded princi-
ples, who is earnest in whatever he un-
dertakes, and who does not think that
the sum of earthly wisdom is contained
within his own cuticle.—*Boston Tran-
script.*