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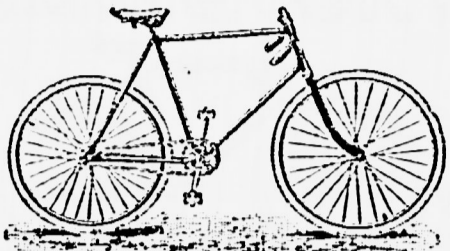
ELLICOTT CITY, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1895.

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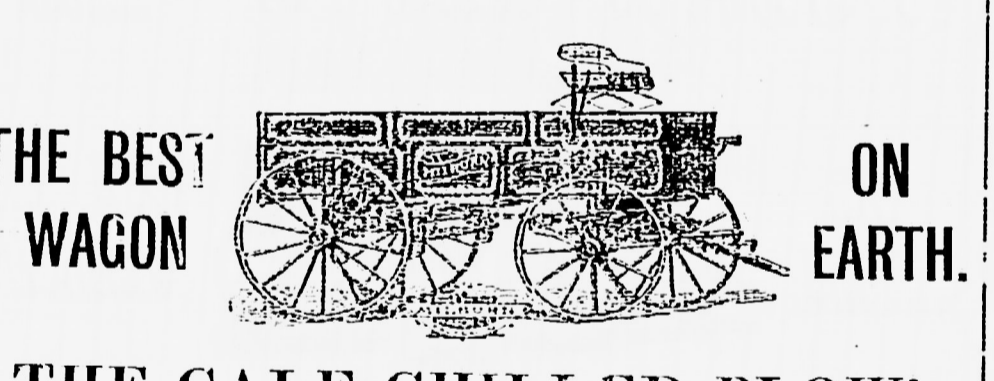


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IN FEE SIMPLE.

The kings of earth have golden crowns To light with jewels rare; I have no crown, but then I have Your smile and beauty fair; I have no crown of high renown, But, O my love, how I would love To wear the crown that you will give me, That I have you?

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The soldier wins a dying wreath To light with jewels rare; I have no crown, but then I have Your smile and beauty fair; I have no crown of high renown, But, O my love, how I would love To wear the crown that you will give me, That I have you?

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THAT MISS BENTON.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

HAVE some had news for you, girls. Don't call me an eavesdropper—unless it is the news of the evening. I am in the evening, for my usual host, Mr. Tuttle, persists in holding his domestic conference beneath my window. In the tone he uses to her, on a subject intimately related to my peace and welfare, I consider myself justified in listening.

When she had made this speech Lou Saxo dropped on the bed, heavily occupied by Bertha Lewis and Jennie Foster, in an attitude of mock despair.

"What has happened?" asked Priss Armstrong, whose room they were in. She was at the bureau, where she was flickering flame of a small lamp.

"Some one is coming to-night to take the corner room," answered Lou. "She is an invalid—at least, Mr. Tuttle said she was 'coming for the quiet,' and nobody but a sick person wants to be quiet of course."

"Ah!" remarked Priss, after an ominous pause.

"This means," went on Lou, "that we must give up our evening kettle-drum in your room, for when the invalid goes to bed she will want to go to her home from a very early hour, and dance down the corridor after we have gathered here for midnight ghost stories, because an invalid can hear every whisper."

"It is too bad that she should come here to die!" Lou said, "but Priss, indignantly, "sick people should stay at home!"

"I know all about the way a person who has nervous prostration behaves, because my Aunt Kathleen had it," went on Lou.

"Would you believe it, girls, she had to hear to see the dog wag his tail, and she had to hear to hear his ears if he threatened to bark. She did not like to have any one cut toast, because the crunching affected her nerves; and if I sat down in front of her in a rocking-chair, she would beg me to stop rocking, for the motion made her so nervous!"

"Mere affliction!" exclaimed Priss. "If people let such notions take possession of them, there is no knowing to what extremes they may be led. The men in the Middle Ages, who had no medical science, used to think of an epidemic of harking. I really think we have a mission work to perform, girls, in the midst of our good times."

"Aunt Kathleen didn't like clocks, either," pursued Lou. "Her power of hearing then tick was simply super-human. Her room was at the top of the house, but she could hear the clock in the dining-room. She said she should like to emigrate to the village in South America that Darwin tells about, where there was not a single clock or watch, but the hours were guessed at by an old man who had no clock in his house."

"It is clearly our duty to keep our neighbor from developing into a hypochondriac, like your amiable relative," said Priss, decisively. "She should not come to a summer hotel for quiet. We are here to have a good time, and not to look after invalids!"

The going sounded, and the girls scattered to their rooms. Later they gathered on the piazza to watch the arrivals.

"That is she!" whispered Lou, as a round-faced, dark-eyed young woman came up the steps.

"But she doesn't look like an invalid," demurred Jennie.

"They never do! Nervous invalids always look the picture of health," returned Lou. "That is one way you can tell them. Another way is by their hair. It is always combed in little pellets, or a tangle of coffee-brown curls, or a tress on how to cure nervousness, according to the mental endowments or dis-endowments of the owner."

Miss Benton—as the name of the new guest read simply on the register—rested as the light gleaming beneath her door showed that she was still awake when the girls assembled in Priss's room to exchange their gossip. Priss had dragged the rocking-chair from the other apartments into her own chamber, and they began their discussion of their new neighbor by a series of thumps. The door was left open; a small round clock having wonderful ticking powers was placed in the entry.

If the four girls, after this, could appear at the breakfast table looking as fresh as the high they had gone to bed with the same such was not the case with their neighbor; Miss Benton's heavy eyes and languid manner bore witness to a disturbed night.

The people in the smaller dining-room, having come early in the season, had fallen into the pleasant habit of sitting at the pleasant table together in a summer hotel are sufficient. Miss Benton made no attempt to join in the merry, desultory chatter which was, indeed, skillfully directed by Priss to the end of excluding her. What had begun in a mere spirit of frolic and a passing recent development, as the days went on, into scarcely concealed dislike, the reason for which none could have told. There was certainly no apparent reason, for Miss Benton was well-bred and attractive in appearance.

Even gentle Mrs. Forsythe, who had hitherto welcomed so kindly any solitary stranger, was swept along by the current, and save for a stately ignoring of her head and a formal greeting ignored Miss Benton. She was very fond of her niece, Lou Saxo, and "A summer hotel was not a hospital," she said.

So in the picnic at the Rapids, during the long, bright day spent at the Shaker settlement, and at the club up Sandlot, Miss Benton was ignored. She was not invited to join in the evening games, in which even the elders participated, nor did any one suggest that she was included in the bidding to the hop at a neighboring village by the summer residents.

The next festivity was a "Levee party," given by an enterprising youth in the near neighborhood, who, in the hope of remuneration, had showered his rustic attentions upon which he was ever ready to drink the brack of a great dark pool, that had been named by the girls the Styx. Mark Mudgett was his name; and "Mark" was an abbreviation of "Marquis de Lafayette," a given name originating in the French, and under the impression that the French people were a Christian name. The girls politely called him "the Marquis."

Ice cream was to be sold at his lawn party, and boats were to be let on the Styx. The girls had enlisted the interest of the other hotels and the Marquis's fate was a great success.

The girls all enjoyed it much, but the crowning festivity, the last frolic of the season, had been reserved for the following day. There was to be a twenty-mile drive to the lake, a sail around the moonlight drive home.

Early on the morning following the Marquis's lawn party, Lou entered Priss's room to find her friend, with a ghastly face, seated upon the side of the bed.

"It was the ice cream!" Priss gasped. "Oh, dear! Is this the way it feels to be sick?"

Poor Priss! the bedpost with both hands, though she could, thereby to stop the dizzy whirl in her ringing head. The other girls came in and suggested various unsuitable remedies.

"I'd rather die!" Lou said, "I'd rather die than feel like this. I don't care if I die!"

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GOLD IN THE SEA.

VAST MINES OF THE PRECIOUS METAL IN THE OCEAN.

Millions of Tons Said to Be Held in Solution in the Form of Iodine—How It May Be Garnered.

Forty-four years ago Malaguti and Brecher started the world by announcing that the ocean contained silver, but in such small proportions that it would hardly prove profitable to attempt to gather it, says the Philadelphia Times. The more important and far-reaching discovery has now been made that the annual output could be more than tripled if science finds a way of extracting the precious metal.

It is no reason to believe that in the future more gold will be extracted from the salt waters of the ocean than from the mines now worked in the richest part of the world's gold regions. The vast size of the oceans make the field practically inexhaustible, and while the mines of the land are yielding their thousands of tons the sea will produce their millions.

Even though the gold is found in small quantities the aggregate yield will be enormous. Professor Ramsey, one of the best gold experts and mineralogists in this country, has given considerable attention to the subject, and in speaking about it he gave some interesting facts.

"It seems almost like reviving the dreams of the alchemists in predicting that gold will soon be produced abundantly by ocean miners," he said. "Nevertheless, there is sufficient scientific data to justify this speculation. It is no new thing to discover either silver or gold in salt water, but recent researches have directed more interest toward the subject by proving that the quantity is larger than was formerly supposed. The exact quantity depends upon the water conditions, and varies all the way from one-twelfth to one-quarter of a grain. Even much higher proportions of gold may be found in portions of the ocean that have not yet been investigated. The temperature of the water, the amount of gold held in solution, the warmer the water the less a amount of gold will be held in solution, and the colder the temperature the more that will be held in solution."

The water in warm climates—on the coast of the United States—contains one-twelfth of a grain of gold in each gallon of water, and what probable yield of gold would one find? Why, it would be an enormous quantity. One ton of water would contain one-tenth of a grain of gold, and a cubic mile of water would contain one-tenth of a grain of gold. In this vast area about 1,877,930,272,000 millions tons of water are deposited—an amount that is hardly conceivable when expressed in figures. Well, if we take the lowest quantity of gold in solution, the whole yield of the ocean would be about 10,250 million tons of gold.

"Compare the amount of gold in the ocean with the total quantity that has been taken from the gold mines of the world during the last four centuries. The total amount of gold held in solution by the iodine which is obtained from the iodate of calcium. If you mix gold with solutions of iodine it can very readily be reduced to a soluble state, and in this condition it can be prevented from dropping through of water to the bottom of the sea. Possibly the lower salinity water contains certain considerable quantities of precipitated gold that has never yet been reached by deep soundings. We know that it is frequently released and dropped by the bottom of the sea, and is absorbed by the sea weeds and plants growing on the ocean. Along the coasts of Great Britain, France and Sweden the "kelp" or sea weed is gathered and dried, and then from the ashes iodine is extracted. This iodine in its soluble form in the water, before being absorbed by the plant, holds the gold of the ocean in solution."

"Every time this iodine liberates the gold it probably drops to the bottom of the ocean to form beads of gold for future generations. Should the ocean ever recede from the Saragasso Sea great veins of gold would be found there, for the vast forests of seaweed are continually absorbing the iodine and releasing the soluble gold. Unrecovered by other deposits of iodine the released gold would rain down upon the bottom of the sea for miles and miles."

"The question of obtaining this gold from the ocean is the most important that concerns us to-day. If these vast reservoirs of gold could be opened up to commerce the world would be deluged with yellow metal. No one could wish that the yield would be too large, for the demand for the metal would be so great that it would be actually benefited by it. Besides, the money centres of the world would be shaken to their foundations. Gold and currency of all kind would be altered in value that no man could tell right or wrong, and the Government would be bankrupt, and everybody who had their fortune in currency and gold would suffer."

"But, of course, no matter how successful the ocean mining may prove, it is not to be taken into account as a throw upon the world's markets. The whole ocean could not be raked over in thousands of years, and the discovery of the new sources of supply would result only in satisfying people that gold is plentiful enough in the land and ocean to supply all future generations with it. The fear of a famine could no longer be entertained."

"The soluble gold can be readily precipitated from the iodine, and the rate of one-tenth of a grain to the ton would pay for the cost of the water up enormous rates to receive the water of the ocean."

Two Hundred Miss An Hours.

After a half-dozen years of experimenting, A. B. Crell of Tonin, Michigan, has perfected a model of a postal car which will attain a speed of 200 miles an hour, and is designed by the inventor to carry mail between the principal cities of the country. This car is to be thirty-three feet long and run on a solid elevated track eighteen feet above the ground, and it is estimated that the road will cost \$10,000 a mile. The car is provided with an apparatus for picking up and throwing off mail, so arranged that it will work automatically. The model is provided with thirty-four apartments, and carrying out the details of the model the bog in to be dropped in each place will be capable of holding 10,000 letters. Under the patentee's idea power houses can be supplied at intervals of 200 miles, and the electric current taken from the overhead wires between New York and Chicago would be generated from the waste power at Niagara Falls. It is so arranged that the operator in the central electric station will always know the location of the car. Ex-Postmaster-General Hoke Smith has been shown a working model of the device, and he says it is, in his opinion, the most practical and safe, as have many scientists. Mr. Crell's model weighs nearly 1500 pounds. —Chicago Record.

Vogue of War Pictures in Japan.

The war with China has given a great vogue to war pictures in Japan. A large number of these have been sent to this country by Banko Matsuki, a young Japanese art dealer of Boston and Salem, who has made a visit to his native country with his American wife. These pictures are remarkably spirited color prints from wood blocks, and combine the effect of Oriental realism with the principles of peculiarly Japanese art in a way that, while often marked with much crudeness, is not infrequently remarkably powerful and at times impressively poetic. "One of the strongest of these pictures," says the Boston Herald, "is that of a Japanese General mounted on a splendid horse, standing on high ground and watching the progress of the battle. He is a beautiful piece of drawing and military pose, and would be worthy of a Regault. Such a picture would make the reputation of a painter in the Western world." —New York Advertiser.

Floral Decorations at the White House.

Of all the flowers used on state occasions at the Executive mansion, orchids are considered the most beautiful and effective, and generally grace the highest of the President's social functions. For instance, in determining upon the floral display for a diplomatic dinner, Mrs. Cleveland is informed as to the best of the orchids, and she decides upon the flower to be used (as the decorations are generally all of one kind). Mrs. Cleveland expresses her preference to the head gardener, who thereupon holds a consultation with the florists, and the orchids are placed in the room. The orchids are single flowers, and are provided in a basket for each gentleman. —Demorest's Magazine.

A Mechanical Wonder.

One of the most extraordinary mechanical wonders of the world is a clock built by a Russian Polak named Gohlfather. It was at work upon it 2300 days. The clock is a railway station, with all its appointments and details carefully carried out. On the central tower is a dial which shows the time at New York, London, Warsaw and Pekin. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to bustle, telegraph operators click their machines, the stationers and their assistants appear, porters bustle about with luggage, and a miniature train dashes out of a tunnel on one side of the platform. All the routine of a railway station is gone through, after which the train disappears into another tunnel, to reappear at the next quarter of an hour. —New Orleans Picayune.

Superstition in Germany.

Superstition is still very strong in some parts of Germany. A few days ago a balloon, sent up by the Army Balloon Battalion near Metz, in which two aeronauts of that corps were studying atmospheric conditions at an altitude of 6000 feet, happened to pass the district of Tueloh, inhabited by people of the aboriginal Slav race. They took the balloon—a thing never seen before by the Slav (or miles), intending to slay it wherever it should happen to alight. Fortunately for the aeronauts they passed the region safely and the bullets fired at their balloon did not reach it. Otherwise they would have fared badly. —Chicago Record.

The Insurance Agent's Pairs.

Some of the life insurance agents travel in pairs. In these combinations one of the two is an inexperienced man who has a wide acquaintance and the other is an experienced solicitor. The man with friends simply takes the solicitor along and sets him on, as it were. He sits by while the other man does the talking. For this he gets good pay as long as his friends hold out and the returns justify. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Why Locomotive Engineers Like Rain.

Locomotive engineers like to have the tracks watered occasionally by good heavy rain, as they get glossy after a long period of dry weather, and the wheels will not take hold, just as the knife grinder's wheel will not take hold unless it is kept wet. —Chicago Times-Herald.

A Trick of the Waiters.

Waiters at restaurants where it is the custom to give tips invariably lay your check on the table face down, while in places where tips are unknown your check is usually thrown down face up. The philosophy of the

Doesn't Like to Move.

A most curious and sluggish creature is the fatwata, a nine-inch lizard whose home is in New Zealand. This little imitation scorpion has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to survive