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## CONDEMNED BY A CLOCK.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

On a summer evening, years ago, a man was found murdered in a field near a certain town, in the west of England. The name of the field was "Parion's Piece."

The man was a small carpenter and builder in the town who bore an indifferent character. On the evening in question a distant relative of his, employed as farm bailiff by a gentleman in the neighborhood, happened to be passing a stile which led from the field into the road, and saw a gentleman leaving the field by way of this stile rather in a hurry. He recognized the gentleman (whom he knew by sight only) as Mr. Dubourg.

They passed each other on the road in opposite directions. After a certain lapse of time—estimated as being a half hour—the farm bailiff had occasion to pass back along the same road. On reaching the stile he heard an alarm raised and entered the field to see what was the matter. He found several persons running from the further side of Parion's Piece toward a boy standing at the back of a cattle shed, in a remote part of the enclosure, screaming with terror. At the boy's feet lay, face downward, the dead body of a man with his head horribly beaten in. His watch was under his coat, and he was in his pocket by the chain. It had stopped—evidently in consequence of the concussion of its owner's fall on it—at 8:30. The body was still warm. All the other valuables, like the watch, was left on it. The farm bailiff instantly recognized the man as the carpenter and builder mentioned above.

At the preliminary inquiry, the stoppage of the watch at 8:30 was taken as offering good circumstantial evidence that the blow which had killed the man had been struck at that time.

The next question was, if any one had been near the body at 8:30? The farm bailiff declared that he had met Mr. Dubourg hastily leaving the field by the stile at that very time. Asked if he had looked at his watch, he answered that he had not done so. Certain previous circumstances, which he mentioned as having impressed themselves on his memory, enabled him to feel sure of the truth of this assertion without having consulted his watch. He was pressed on this important point, but he held to his declaration. At 8:30 he had seen Mr. Dubourg hurrying toward the field. At 8:30 the watch of the murdered man had stopped.

It is any other person been observed in or near the field at that time? No witness had been discovered who had seen anybody else near the plain. Had the watchman turned up with which the blow had been struck? It had not been found. Was any one known (robbery having plainly not been the motive of the crime) to have entertained a grudge against the murdered man? It was no secret that he associated with doubtful characters, male and female; but suspicion failed to point to any one of them in particular.

In this state of things there was no alternative but to request Mr. Dubourg—well known in and out of the town as a young gentleman of independent fortune, bearing an excellent character—to give some account of himself.

He immediately admitted that he had passed through the field. But, in contradiction to the farm bailiff, he declared that he had looked at his watch at that moment before he crossed the stile, and that the time by it was exactly 8:15. Five minutes later, that is to say, ten minutes before the murder had been committed, on the evidence of the dead man's watch—he had paid a visit to a lady living near the stile, and who remained with her until his watch, consulted once more on leaving the lady's house, informed him that it was 8:45.

Here was what the defence called an "alibi." It entirely satisfied Mr. Dubourg's friends. A judicial justice also it was necessary to call the lady as a witness. In the meantime another purely formal question was put to Mr. Dubourg. Did he know anything of the murdered man?

With some appearance of confusion, Mr. Dubourg admitted that he had been induced by a friend to employ the man on some work. Further interrogation extracted from him the following statement of facts: That the work had been very badly done; that an exorbitant price had been charged for it; that the man, on being remonstrated with, had behaved in a grossly impertinent manner; that an altercation had taken place between them; that Mr. Dubourg had seized the man by the collar of his coat, and had turned him out of the house; that he had called the man an inferior scoundrel (being in a passion at the time) and threatened to "thrust him within an inch of his life" (or words to that effect); if he ever presumed to come near the house again; that he had sincerely regretted his own violence the moment he recovered his self-possession; and lastly, that, on his oath (the altercation having occurred six weeks ago), he had never spoken to the man, or set eyes on the man since.

As the matter there stood, these circumstances were considered as being unfortunate circumstances for Mr. Dubourg—nothing more. He had his "alibi" to appeal to, and his character to appeal to; and nobody doubted the result. The lady appeared as witness. Confronted with Mr. Dubourg by the question of time, and forced to answer, she absolutely contradicted him, on the testimony of the clock on her own mantelpiece. In substance, her evidence was simply this: She looked at her clock when Dubourg entered the room, thinking it rather a late hour for a visitor to call on her. The clock (regulated by the maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clock-maker proved that he kept the clock, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock

and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock was vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before terminating in an assault and a threat on his side, and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to commit him to take his trial at the assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Parion's Piece.

The trial occupied two days. No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken in the preliminary examinations—with the exception only that it was more carefully sifted. Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister of the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position, and eager for proof of his innocence, by the fact that the first part of the evidence had told against him with such irresistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the minds of the people in the court: "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon, and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the people was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defence.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of the new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and barrister on either side, the court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as housemaid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the housemaid then narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress's clock:

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantelpiece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, and had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once begun to do this she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offence, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to mend the clock as best she could.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, and she had to get on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she managed to lift the clock, and to drop it on the mantelpiece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obstacle. There was a difficulty in getting the glass case, which she had just opened, to close again. After useless searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel. With this she opened the case—after accidentally moving the hands back to the right time. She was furried at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had over-estimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. In fact, she had set it exactly a quarter of an hour too fast.

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again, had occurred until the last thing at night. She had moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed, as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight. Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn that the prisoner's twin brother had not found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew anything about the clock, and had not insisted (hearing what she had to tell) on her taking the journey with him to the Cornish village.

disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried everybody with his incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the housemaid after the trial had begun and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted every body: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me anything about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his deathbed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances. Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel, and an absence at the moment of witness—these were all that really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy.

### A Patient Father.

After we left Vincennes this afternoon, writes Bob Burdette in the Burlington Hawkeye, a man got on with his wife and two children. One of the little ones, a boy three years or over, was fretful and weeping, and the father did his best, and in the tenderest, patientest manner, to quiet the child and put him to sleep. How the little fellow did cry and kick, and throw things around, and he had been crying that way, the man said, all day long, and he couldn't imagine what ailed him. He "allowed he might have the scarache." The passengers were full of sympathy for which, as the father strove to express it in various ways, the father appeared unspokeably grateful for, and the boy indignantly repelled. One man gave him an orange; the boy hurled it spitefully into the face of his baby sister, sleeping in the mother's lap, and the terrified young lady added her wail of fright and pain to the general chorus. A lady gave him her handkerchief, and she dashed it on the floor, and howled more fiercely than ever. I handed the poor little innocent my pocket knife; saw it went out of the car window, and the mother more indignantly than ever. All the time the father never got cross or grew impatient, but "allowed he could hush him off to sleep by a bit."

And by-and-by, sure enough, the pain in the child yielded to the father's patient soothing, the little head dropped over on the father's shoulder, the broken sobs became less and less frequent, and finally died away, and the poor little fellow just began to forget his troubles in sleep as the train slowed up to a station, when suddenly the father, walking up and down the aisle with him, darted a glance out of the window, stooped down and looked again, and shouted: "What's the matter with that man?"

"Hello!" he shouted. "Here, Emily, take him—watch him here! I can't wait! Don't let him roll off! Watch him!"

With a hasty motion he tossed the baby into the seat behind his wife, getting him just about half way on. He gave a hurried jab at the boy with his extended finger, and then, looking at the seat, but missed him and darted off to the door of the car, shot out of it, and was down on the platform in a flash. The mother quickly put down the baby and turned to attend to the boy, two or three passengers at the same time sprang forward with the same purpose; but it was late; before the father was well out of the door, the boy toppled off the seat, came to the floor with a thump and a howl of real pain and fright, and when the father, looking sheepish and cheap, came back into the car, the poor little fellow, wide awake to all his old miseries and the one crowning, insulted new one, was screaming away at a rate that fairly made the windows rattle, and kept it up until we got to Terre Haute, and I don't know how long after that. And all this time nobody else had been able to see anything to excite the father to such a remarkable degree, and he saw our wonder in our countenances.

"The man was a coal-miner," he explained, as he took the screaming boy, "and I reckon he'd been loadin' a car of coal, and got his face blacked." Our amazement looked out of our eyes greater than ever.

"An' I thought," continued the father, nervously patting the boy's back, and seeing that some further explanation was necessary and expected, "I thought his eye was blacked, an' I 'lowed maybe there'd been a fight."

### Chrysal's "Xylophones."

On thymes—The gardener's foot. A pedestrian's wages—Gait money. The earliest spring on record—The bullfrog's.

Never on hand when wanted—A diamond ring. There is a wide difference between a pupil and a pup ill.

A lamp-host—The landlady who lights you up to your room.

Is man well bred, when he is "raised by an editor's boot?"

No matter what rank vegetables may attain, the cabbage will always be a head.

An assembly composed of paragraphs would probably be called an O. p. n. meeting.

A man with a pair of creaky boots always has music in his sole, and is not likely to forget it, either.

A man may be full weight, yet dishonest; he may be large, but lazy; and yet we generally judge of men by his eyes.

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Fashion. A New York paper says: Everything now worn in several colors—ribbons, embroideries, and even the straw of which bonnets are made. Underclothing and table linen are embroidered in many colors. Handkerchiefs have monograms worked in cotton or silk in as many as seven different hues, and are often adorned with plaid designs and borders striped in all colors. There are scarcely any more suits made in two shades of the same color. They are now trimmed with "peaks" or Scotch plaid goods in altogether different colors from the bodies of the dresses. Tissues are made of satin cashmere, for bonnets and neckties and to trim suits.

Pekin continues in fashion. A new kind has just been manufactured for spring wear and will serve for many combinations. It is woven pekin with narrow satin stripes. These stripes alternate, one being plaid and in a natural shade, and the other having small branches in bright colors on a plain ground, which is in a different color from the plaid. Another novelty in pekin is called "Ananias," which means immovable. It is a pretty gray material. Foulards will be more worn than ever, as also such "corah des Indes," and "Louisine," which is handsome even than such. It is as soft as satin, and always comes in light shades. In these materials there are Scotch plaids in large designs and very pale shades, with which are combined small bunches of many colored fine flowers. These flowers are marked on cashmere. The new color of plain goods is called "chardron." It is copper-brass color, or rather a kind of golden brown. Among the knovings which are to be in fashion this spring are red, straw-color and beige. Old-gold color will still be worn, but not so much as formerly; that is, the color is not exactly the same. Gold and silver are likely to be mixed with different tissues and combined with embroideries. Materials shot with gold and silver are now much used for the draperies and trimmings of ball dresses and for the trimmings of the new color. The most novel combined with flower trimmings.

The chief question at present in respect to the make of dresses is the draping of the paniers. Some modistes try to make their spring suits somewhat like the styles of the winter, and adopt it; others make tight-fitting dresses, with very long peplum points on the side, which lie perfectly flat and are trimmed on the ends with tassel.

The princess apron forms the upper part of the peplum point, and the plaited border of the apron is the top, becoming broad toward the lower border of the skirt. The plaiting is bordered on either side with the peplum trimming. This Grecian style has great advantages; it is admirably suited to small figures, to which it gives a taller and slenderer appearance. The most suitable material for these dresses is silk. A dress made in this style, and worn at one of the latest Parisian fetes, has a double-colored faille skirt, trimmed with double ruchings of faille and crepe and a *Eposative* is narrow at the neck, and is square both front and back. The dress is cut from the waist down in a large peplum point, which ends on the lower trimming of the skirt. The lemon-colored plush train is taken back in revers, and bordered with a band of blue plush. The apron is plaited in a color contrasting with the remainder of the toilet; for instance, over a pink faille or satin dress the train may be of ruby-colored plush.

To return to the paniers. Those persons who follow the latest fashion arrange them in the following way: The panier is taken from the side and falls among the folds of the train, or falls a tunder. Some paniers are made very short, and fastened to the waist like a puffed boquer. An evening toilet may be of this kind, and the panier may be embroidered gauze. The train skirt is plaited. The white satin apron is covered with small embroidered gauze flounces. Down the sides of the apron is a trimming consisting of blue and pink double-faced ribbon. On the lower border of the apron is blue-plaited flounce. Down the back of the skirt are puffed draperies, drawn in by the middle of the train by means of many large ribbon loops. Large ribbon loops fall in cascades over the draperies, starting from the right side of the waist. The train is plaited all the way down, back and front. The upper part of the waist is opened and trimmed with a ruffle of embroidered gauze and ribbon loops. The neck trimming is completed with a crepe tulle and lace collarette, with a blue ribbon through the centre.

Over the arm-sizes is a roll of crepe de Chine. The sleeves, which reach to the elbow, are of white net, worked with beads. On the left shoulder, falling down the back, are long loops of the double-faced ribbon. The belts is of pink ribbon.

### Hair Dressing.

Many have sooty looks—for them, far from forbidding borrowed ones, I enjoy them. Many have hair so heavy that it really needs elaborate fastenings. Some have bald patches, caused by the dragging of too much false hair or by injudicious tying; to these I recommend some dainty head-gear for disguise sake—and how few know the improvement that some form of ornament can be to the hair. A little cap of antique lace or a gracefully-managed ribbon of good color, or a thick gold chain twisted among the plaits, will give height and importance to the figure, by drawing the eye, through color, to the top of the head. The generality of women have neither dark enough nor light enough to be conspicuous *per se*. To all of these some headress is a great improvement. One of the prettiest modes of doing up the hair is that affected greatly by the artistic world. The hair is cut in a fringe over the forehead, and the fringe is stimulated by the ends of the hair brought over the head to the front and bound to the head by narrow straps of ribbon, gold, or black velvet. Between these straps the hair is loosened and raised, which gives an undulating line. This is a rival of the old medieval fashion. It is absolutely necessary to yourself before you dress your hair; your height, your build, the shape of head and face must be considered if you aim at being pleasant to the artistic eye. If the forehead is narrow, while your cheeks are rather wide, roll the hair over pads at the temples or friz it out; if your forehead be too large for your face, any form of fringe may be cultivated. If you lack height, dress the hair high, break off the brow, and wear a flower or jewel as high as possible. Should the head be depressed or flat at top, plaits across diadem-wise will be a great addition; or the hair may be brushed over a cushion.—Mrs. Haines.

## MILLIONS OF MONEY.

Mrs. Hummel's Vest Inheritance—A New Yorker's Wife Falls Heir to \$200,000. Out in Betts street Hospital, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, lies an old lady seventy-seven years of age, a confirmed invalid for twenty years, unable to care for herself. She lives on Bond street, in a little dingy brick building, a new store in front and tenement in the rear, is an old man of sixty, her husband, with a passage-ticket for London in his pocket, and his wife's good-bye kiss upon his lips, about to sail for Europe to obtain possession of an immense fortune, estimated at \$200,000, to which his wife has suddenly found herself entitled. Joseph Hummel is his name; German his nation, and for the past fifteen years he has been in the employ of Davy's Bluff rendered him unable to sit upon the tailor's bench, the vending of newspapers and periodicals has been his means of obtaining a livelihood. Now he finds himself suddenly a millionaire, through an inheritance of his wife, with whom he plighted his vows in the fatherland long years ago.

It is a strange story—strange even in these times of sudden fortunes and reverses. Joseph Hummel is a native of Germany, and there he married his wife, a widow, seventeen years older than himself. In 1848 they came to America to seek their fortune, they landed in New York, remained there two years, and in 1850 went to Boston, where Joseph learned the tailor trade, and spent seventeen years steadily devoted to the goose. Then he entered in Uncle Sam's army, went South, was wounded and discharged, and finally with his wife went to Cincinnati. Unable by reason of his wound to sit upon the tailor's bench, he began peddling pictures, books, church papers and periodicals. In this occupation he made a scanty living, living in obscurity and comparative poverty. His wife, meantime, had been a confirmed invalid; and gathering together a few dollars, he invested it in a little stock of papers, books and sacred pictures, and for years past has given his time to these and the care of his aged and helpless wife, hoping for nothing more than a comfortable living and a life in conformity with the requirements of the church of Rome, of which he is a devout member. Two years ago, however, his wife, in looking over a newspaper, chanced to notice an advertisement seeking for the whereabouts of the heirs of Caspar Weiss, formerly an admiral in the English navy, deceased since 1804. "Caspar Weiss," she said, "was the name of my grandfather. Can it be that this is in relation to him and his heirs? He was, too, an admiral, and died about the year mentioned. Can it be that I am the one wanted to lay claim to his inheritance?" Her husband gave the matter little thought or attention at first, but finding her positive in her statement of family history, decided to write to the address mentioned, giving the facts. The result was a letter of inquiry from a lawyer named Weber, in London, stating that Caspar Weiss, an admiral, died in London in 1804, leaving a fortune of £1,000,000 invested in four per cent securities. The arrangements for the inheritance were not claimed had ever appeared for the fortune; that it had by the natural process of interest-bearing greatly increased since that time; and that he was desirous, if possible, of finding the rightful owners. The claims of Mrs. Hummel seemed, to the lawyer, well established, but he asked for further information, with documentary evidence of her identity. Then followed more correspondence, in which the family history and records were thoroughly searched and verified, and the result was that several months ago Mr. Hummel received the information that there was no longer any doubt as to her identity, and that she was the long-sought-for descendant, and entitled to at least a large portion of the funds in question, which could be obtained by herself or her representative upon complying with the necessary legal forms. There was, however, a serious obstacle to remove, and that was the lack of funds. Mr. Hummel, the husband, was very poor, being enabled by his very scanty income to little more than furnish the necessities of life for himself and his invalid wife. Finally, however, he succeeded in interesting his friends in the society of which he was a member to a sufficient extent, and they becoming convinced that the claim was probably valid, consented to advance sufficient funds to enable him to make the journey to London and claim for his wife, who is unable by reason of her age and infirmities to travel, the fortune.

### Catching Cold.

"Colds" are among the unsolved medical problems. They used to be thought due to the oppression of the excretions of the skin; but this takes place whenever the surface is exposed to cold, and often without harm; and colds are sometimes taken when only a few square inches of surface are exposed. It is a fact, too, that men and animals may be vaccinated without producing the symptoms of a cold.

Still, the ordinary medical view is that the passing off of effete matter from the skin being checked, the blood is altered in character. The corrupted blood then in its turn affects the heat-regulating apparatus. A cold is a slight fever. It begins with a chilly sensation, followed by heat. The fever runs its course in a day or two. Like other fevers, however, it may have various complications. Hence, rheumatic pain, headache, nasal catarrh, sore throat, catarrh of the intestines, herpes labialis (eruptions around the mouth). Sweating, whether by medicines administered internally or otherwise, is the main reliance for hastening a cure. But the pores should be kept somewhat open by warm clothing, or the heat of a warm room for several days, during which there should be no exposure.—Youth's Companion.

The common council of Racine, Wis., have adopted what may be considered a peculiarly discriminating liquor law. It prohibits all liquor dealers in the city from giving or selling liquor to a lawyer of the place who used to be a lawyer of the State bar, but is now a drunkard.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A man of pink—The fowl-stripper. Every baker's shop has the stomach cake. This is the walking year, the next will be leap year. The chief necessity of the season—Headkerchiefs. The average size of the farms in the United States is 153 acres. In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. "Mischief, thou art a foot!" exclaimed the man of many corns. Diphtheria is regarded as the most fatal of all the diseases of children. Your professional pedestrian may be said to be a man who profits by his extraneousities. Dancing has been introduced into the army. Probably you have heard of its squad-drills. Some malignant slanderer says: "Woman needs no eulogist, for she speaks for herself."

As a rule leather men are no better than other people though they have both inner and outer soles. There is a very suggestive proverb which declares that "There are a great many asses with short ears. Which is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? pig because he's killed first and cured afterwards. It may be healthy to take a walk on an empty stomach, but we pity that man who has to furnish the stomach.

The origin of electing members by ballot came from the Grecians. When a member was to be elected, each member threw a small crumb of bread into a basket, carried by a servant on his head, and whoever differed, flattened the pellet at one side. Of Mr. Shelley, a nephew of the poet, Mr. Conway tells an interesting story: This gentleman, while searching for adventures in Africa, got among the tribes whom he found very poor for want of a little knowledge about cattle breeding, agriculture and other things which he was competent to give. He remained with them for a while, taught them what they most needed, and as matters began to improve the Africans tested to worsen their lot as a god descended among them. Mr. Shelley's only trouble was that they so loaded him with their favors that he could not get away. The one thing he would not bear of was his leaving. It having become necessary that he should return to England, he was forced to have recourse to stratagem. He proposed to go on an expedition with a mounted company, and, carrying these with him to a point not far from an English colony, he got up silently in the night and rode off furiously, making good his escape.

Curses Originally. The word curse factually meant a receptacle for arms, and was not invented to mean simply a place of safety for money. Gloves were introduced into England in the tenth century, but were only used by the wealthy people, and were considered very valuable. As New Year's gifts they were quite popular, or sometimes "glove-money" in place of them. "Pin-money" originated in somewhat the same manner. Pins were so costly that money spent or laid aside for them was called "pin-money," and it became so important that it grew into the name of dowry which was settled upon the lady at her marriage.

Attar of roses was discovered by accident. The wife of an Eastern mogul had a small canal of rose-water, and as she was walking one day upon its banks, she noticed that it grew into the water, which proved to be an oil made by the heat of the sun. The Egyptians were very famous in the manufacture of perfumes, and at the museum in Alwick there is some ointment preserved in an alabaster vase which still has a very powerful odor, notwithstanding it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old. The word hermit comes from a Greek word meaning a desert place, because deserts were generally sought in order to avoid persecution.

Sandwiches were named from Lord Sandwich. It is related of him, that one day in a gambling-house, being very much fascinated by play, for twenty-five hours he was unconscious of fatigue and hunger, when suddenly, becoming so importunate that it grew into some food to be brought, which proved to be some beef and two slices of bread. Placing them together he ate them. His friends gave them the name of sandwiches, and in his memoir he declares that to be the most important one of his administrations.

Fortnight comes from the Anglo-Saxons, who counted time by night, and means fourteen nights. The Medical Ice-Bat. Dr. Richardson believed that by icing blood that went through the carotids to the brain, and blood that came back through the jugulars, we should directly lower the temperature of the brain itself, and probably it may have been done experimentally, but in practice it was not found easy to do. It was difficult to keep any kind of cravat or collar that was tried, filled with ice, round the neck of the patient; it slipped off, and the old India rubber bag or ice helmet, so well known in lunatic asylums, had to be resorted to. After a time Mr. Thornton combined a particular form of cap which answers the purpose extremely well. A pall of water above the head of the patient, and the stream of ice water runs through the cap, which is formed of a coil of India rubber tubing lined with linen. That is placed upon the patient's head, and is made of different sizes and shapes to fit the patient; the other extremity of the tube is put into second pall at the side of the bed, and by this means the head is iced. The effect in lowering temperature is very marked, the thermometer in almost all instances indicating a fall of temperature within an hour; if the temperature be rising it is checked, and if very high it can be lowered, and so time is gained for the recovery of the patient.—Scientific American.