The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Heart and Hand.

I loved her in the early spring,
When bluebirds mate and robins sing;
My heart cried haste! oh, speak! make haste!
My head made answer, haste is waste!

I dropped the corn, I sowed the wheat,
The summer came with blossoms sweet;
And all the time my heart cried haste,
And head made answer, haste is waste!

I stacked the grain, I sheared the sheep,
I reasoned that my love would keep;
My heart's loud cry of haste, oh, haste!
Was silenced still by haste makes waste!

The ground is covered over with snow,
Another wed her weeks ago! —
My mocking heart cries haste, make haste!
And mocking head, oh, haste makes waste!

Jennie E. T. Dove in the Century.

Story of Princess M'Tse.

In a volume entitled, "Central Africa—Naked Truths of Naked People," there appears the following:

On the 3d of August (1874), while preparing to destroy the little baggage that King M'Tse had caused to be restored to me, a messenger arrived from the King bringing with him a M'Tongoli, who had orders to procure me boats resembling those in which we had navigated the Lake Victoria N'Yanza, that I might the more easily descend the river. The M'Tongoli advanced toward me, and in the name of King M'Tse presented me with eight beautiful young girls varying from ten to twenty years of age. One of them, the daughter of the King, a beautiful child of ten years, had been sent me as a special mark of his royal favor. The little Princess was the living image of her father both in form and face. She was subsequently placed in school at Cairo (Convent of the Bon Pasteur), where she now is. The King had sent me also a boy of twelve and two beautiful little chestnut-colored infants, scarcely able to walk. It was an embarrassing dilemma. To refuse was to wound African etiquette, and more, brave the wrath of a man to whose hospitality and kindness I owed my life. It could not be thought of, therefore I accepted and sent to M'Tse a message of grateful acknowledgments.

I had quitted Uganda on the morning of the 13th of July to return by the river which left the Victoria N'Yanza in the North, and which, unexplored and unnavigated, still was the unknown link in the great problem of "Where are the great sources of the Nile?" I had arrived in Rubaga, the capital of Uganda, one month before, on the 20th of June, and had been received as a *Mhugwa*, or white Prince, by 10,000 prostrate subjects of M'Tse, who contained their fear of the white man until mounted upon a horse, which, unseen till now, was a still greater phenomenon. I dismounted, when they fled to the jungle, horrified at the disjunction of horse and man, for till then they had taken me for a centaur! I had suffered the horrible honor of having thirty people choked, decapitated or hewn to pieces in my presence, all for my honor, and that the stranger might be impressed with the power of the King.

M'Tse and M'Toki (names I had given the girl and boy (M'Toki, signifying banana, was the name given the latter on account of his peculiar greediness in devoring bananas) were charmed with the idea of making the first voyage of their lives with us, and laughed and chatted together in their beautiful Uganda language, as if with every bend of the river they were not leaving behind them, forever, perhaps, the dense banana forest which had been their home, exchanging a life of almost perfect repose for toil and care in the land to the northward. It is sufficient to say that we escaped miraculously the threatened death by starvation, the lance and the arrow of the enemy, and successfully arrived at the military outpost of Foueira. A year later, having concluded other important expeditions, I was on my way to Khartoum, en route to Cairo, under orders from Gordon to assume command of the expedition which was to cooperate with him by opening an equatorial road from the Indian Ocean to the interior.

M'Tse was among the many singular types in my train gathered for ethnological study, or for presentation to the Khedive as representatives of the races which had lately become his subjects. The little Princess was amazed at the steamer which took us from Gondokoro to Khartoum; in this latter place she saw for the first time a house, at Berber a camel, and finally, in Cairo, the City of the Victorious, the El-Kahirah of the Caliph. How shall I picture her delight and expressions of amazement? The ethnological collection was turned over to the Khedive, but M'Tse, in pursuance of the idea which had decided me to bring her to Cairo, I determined should be educated. With this object in view I went to see Sister Agatha, of the Convent of the Bon Pasteur, who readily entered into my plans and undertook her education, and a sufficient sum was placed at her disposal to meet the projected metamorphosis. An interval of several years went by, during which I was frequently absent in command of expeditions engaged in distant explorations.

I was in Cairo after my return from the Indian Ocean. Sister Agatha brought to see me a tall, magnificent-looking woman of the Abyssinian type, dressed in the extreme fashion, and *tout a fait a la Parisienne*, to which were added a pair of somewhat ultra fashioned pink silk shoes with heels Louis XIV. I did not recognize the Sister nor her protege until the strange likeness to the Queen of Sheba had seized my hand, and in accents which recalled the little creature in the jungle cried Moalima! (my master). It was M'Tse! I stared, and was dumb with amazement, and was in no wise recovered from it when the good Sister presented me a modiste's bill which showed that the vanity of the newly fledged Christain was fully as great as when nude she had decked herself with every vari-colored ribbon she could put her hands upon. Sister Agatha informed me that it was quite time to place M'Tse in some home where she might become useful; and, in view of the modiste's bill, I was quite of the same opinion. She had been baptized, and bore the name of Marie. Marie, nee Princess M'Tse, entered the family of a kind Greek lady, and with what results will hereafter appear.

Six years had gone by and a deluge of fire and blood had swept over Egypt. During the interregnum of insurrection and disorder what had become of the Uganda Princess? Pagan and Christian she was now a Moslem.

One day in August, '83, I was in Alexandria, an advocate for my clients whowere seeking indemnity for the fires which, lit by the insurgents, had burned them out of their houses and homes. I was seated at the table d'hote of the Hotel Canal de Suez, when I was attracted by a romantic story told by my Arab neighbor, whom I knew to be Achmet Bey, for he was thus addressed by his companion, who was an eager listener to the story.

He spoke of a beautiful woman, the daughter of a King, who had been brought to Cairo from far-off Ethiopia; of her education, her charms, and how finally, after the white man had confided her to a Greek family, she had been sold into slavery and had married her master, a Mussulman Bey like himself, but a drunken fellow who misused her; that a short time before she had escaped, and, seeking protection at his harem, had been introduced by his eunuchs to his favorite wife, with whom she now was. It was M'Tse. I startled Achmet Bey when I laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder and said: "Ye Bey. Ana el moalim fi bint." (Oh, Bey, I am the master of her of whom you speak.)

I told him her story in a few words, and of the promise given me some time before by Tewfik Khedive that when the rebellion in the Soudan had been crushed and the opportunity offered an officer of rank should espouse the Princess and be sent as Embassador to the Court of her father. The ostensible reason given the Khedive was that such an act would be an exceptional opportunity to confirm the treaty which I had made with King M'Tse years before in behalf of Egypt, and by which he recognized himself as a vassal. I had another object unexpressed, which was that the Christian child, rejoined to her kindred, might convert her father, and perhaps her people, to the Christian faith.

Achmet Bey was a man of kindly heart. He promised me, and even swore by the beard of the Prophet and by his religion, that he would be responsible for M'Tse, keep her at his house as the companion of his wife, and when the time should come that she should be returned he would pay for her fantasia and marriage fete.

The Mahdi has drawn a line tightly across the country which separates her from her father; a little while longer and the occasion may offer to accomplish the plans here detailed. If so, history may yet relate how the little waif, given in Court etiquette into the hands of a stranger guest, returned in after years—as bread upon the water—to regenerate her people, and who may be known hereafter as Christian Princess M'Tse the First.

How Business Is.

With the theatrical agent it is "booming."

With the acrobat it is "getting lively."

With the baby it is "rattling."

With the professor of astronomy it is "looking up."

With the newsdealer it is "stationary."

With the convalescent it is improving.

With the sneak-thief it is "picking up."—*Rambler.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

To Remove a Mote from the Eye.

Take a horsehair and double it, leaving a loop. If the mote can be seen by the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object cannot be seen raise the lid of the eye as high as possible and place the loop as far as you can, close the eye and roll the ball around a few times, draw out the hair, and the substance which caused the pain will be sure to come with it. This method is practiced by axmakers and other workers in steel. *Medical Times.*

Treatment of Nervousness.

Exercise is of service, especially if taken early in the day. Sleep—that is, rest of brain—is essential. Every nervous patient should have at least seven hours; eight is a preferable number. During repose repair of the nervous system is in excess of the waste; hence its value. With regard to the therapeutic treatment of nervousness, the subject is so essentially scientific that no patient whose ailment is anyway advanced should do well to attempt self-cure. In trifling or incipient cases, all that is required is an abandonment of the producing conditions, and, even when the disorder has made some progress, a general attention to dietetics—that is, proper food, drink, exercise, sleep and bathing—will generally result in the re-establishment of health.

Abuse of the Muscles of Baby Eyes.

The two muscles—a set for each eye—act in perfect correlation, and enable the organ in an instant of time to cover an infinite range of vision. No fine adjustment of the telescope, no system of lenses and prisms can accomplish this feat in an instant of time.

The utmost caution is therefore imperatively demanded of every person to whom is consigned the care of the young child from infancy to perhaps the third year of life. It is during this time that damage to the muscular apparatus of the eye may be done. The mother or nurse is eager to have baby see everything from a nursery window, or from a carriage or car. How many tired heads, languid eyes, and disordered tempers result from this mistake! How often is loss of accommodative power, or enlarged pupil, or cross eye the consequence! Worms, "inward bits," sour stomach, flea bites, and bad temper are some of the morbid and moral posers which the mother and the family doctor ponder over.

An indication of the delicate and undeveloped muscular apparatus of the eyeball within the first two months of life is found in the ease with which some infants look cross eyed. It is well known that in sleep the eyes are turned upward under the brows, and inward, and that a true crossed condition of the optical axes occurs during this state.

An occasional temporary crossing of the eyes of an infant above two months of age should be carefully investigated. The child should be handled lightly; it should not be played with too much; it ought to lie or roll on its back in preference to sitting on the lap or in a chair. Any unequal size of the pupils should be carefully noted. It may be either the sign of some internal trouble or a simple local affection of the muscular tissue controlling the pupil.—*Babyhood.*

McClellan's Farewell to the Army.

Taking leave of the Army of the Potomac in November, 1862, General McClellan with his staff rode rapidly along the front of the army drawn up in line to greet their commander for the last time. As the brilliant group swept by the regimental colors of the Fifteenth Massachusetts caught his attention. They had been out in many a shower of lead, and had suffered especially at Antietam. Only a few rags fluttered from the shattered staff, which was patched with a band of tin rudely nailed on where it had been broken by a shot. No other color, in that part of the line at least, was so badly torn. Riding rapidly, McClellan had passed the regiment before he could check his horse, but then he wheeled, returned, and halted, saluted the color, pathetic symbol of valor and sacrifice, by slowly raising his cap. The thunder of cheers that acknowledged this act of gracious courtesy revealed one of the secrets of McClellan's popularity with his army. —*Worcester Spy.*

Protection Against Falsehood.

"Madam," observed the dry goods clerk, "these goods are warranted all wool."

"I have heard that they are half cotton."

"You must not believe everything you hear, madam," returned the clerk.

"I do not, sir," replied the lady. "I have been married twice."—*New York Graphic.*

THE PROPER WAY TO LIVE

A Noted Minister's Views on the Subject of Eating.

The Gastronomic Tastes and Preferences of Rev. Robert Collyer.

The Rev Dr. Robert Collyer was busily engaged on some manuscript when a representative of the *Cook* called upon him, but he laid aside his work when told that his views on the proper mode of living were desired, and, seating himself in an easy rocking-chair, he lighted a fresh cigar and told the reporter to "pitch in."

In response to the questions asked him Dr. Collyer said: "I think the American people, taken them all in all, are the best livers of any people in the world. I don't find any fault with the method of living here; in fact, I was only too glad when I got to a land where I could live twice as well as I could in my native country. It may be different in England at this day from what it was before I left, but in my time a workingman in that country would no more think of having a turkey on his table than he would of having the American bird of freedom. All of the workingmen whom I have met in this country and I have known thousands of them—live much better than the workingmen of England.

"As for myself, I try to live like a Christian and a white man. I like plain food well cooked, and I do not care for any kind of messes. I like chicken-pie; but as for compounds of pastry and fruit or vegetables known as 'pies' in this country, I sometimes eat them, but can get along without them. We have a roast sucking-pig served up once a year when I can get my folks to cook it. I like roast pig for Charles Lamb's sake. We also have a roast goose once or twice a year, for my own sake and my boyhood's sake. I like seed loaf and tea-cake for my mother's sake.

"On the Sabbath I eat four meals. We have breakfast at eight o'clock, and regularly every week as the day of rest comes around we have fish-cakes for breakfast. I should hardly know how to keep the Sabbath if I was deprived of fish-balls. Supplemented with a mutton-chop and a good cup of coffee, they are an excellent thing to preach a sermon on. The meal of the day is served at one o'clock, and we usually have roast meat with the necessary accompaniments, and always have one or two friends in to help us to eat it. The Sabbath should be especially a day of hospitality, and it gives zest to a good dinner when you have one or two friends to partake of it with you.

"After dinner I go to Sunday-school, and about six o'clock drink some tea and eat a little bread and butter. After the evening service I partake of a bowl of soup with crackers or bread, and find that my slumbers are never disturbed because of this late meal. The English people for the most part have four meals a day—that is, I mean, the better class; and they are usually a healthy looking people. I don't believe much, however, in late suppers. On my birthday I always have a big dish of oatmeal and cream; not that I am particularly partial to oatmeal, for as a boy I became so accustomed to it that it has palled on my taste. However, I made up my mind years ago that if I ever could afford it I would have oatmeal and cream not blue milk on my birthday every year."

When asked if he believed that the brain was developed by the use of particular kinds of food, Dr. Collyer said: "I think most of the talk on this subject is nonsense of the worst kind. Shakspere certainly did not have much chance to get fish food at Stratford on Avon; and other prominent men of our own time have been born and brought up where they probably did not get any fish food from one year to another. My idea is that if a man lives soberly and rationally the nourishment he receives will be distributed to all parts of his system, supply all needs, and keep up his mental and physical structure."

New York Cook.

Took his Breath Away.

Young Smythe was passionately enamored of Miss Browne, and was squirming in his chair preparatory to a proposal, when the young lady said:

"Mr. Smythe, you pass Mr. Thinplate, the jeweler's, on your way home; do you not?"

"Yes," he said, huskily.

"Well, would you mind doing me a little favor?"

"Mind! dear Miss Browne," he replied, with a look of unutterable reproach; "you have but to name it."

"Thanks! Will you kindly ask Mr Thinplate if he has tightened the setting of my engagement ring which Mr. George Simpson left with him yesterday."

The Eskimo's Appetite.

The Eskimo seem to have a convenient appetite; they can go without food for long periods, or eat five or six times a day, just as they happen to have it. They are improvident of food and do not begin to lay in their winter supply ofttimes until it is too late, when they suffer from lack of it and appeal to the Governor, who obliges them to give him a tithing, which is left in reserve. It is said that were it not for this supervision during severe winters, the natives would soon become extinct from starvation. I have never seen a native eat more than what I estimated as five pounds of seal meat and blubber at a meal, though I have read of ten or fifteen pounds being a not unusual consumption at one sitting. They eat but twice a day as a regular habit, before going to bed and almost as soon as they awake. From my limited observation, I would say that an adult consumes about eight pounds of solid food a day, subject to variations, according to the amount of exercise and the external temperature. The small quantities of tea, coffee and flour consumed at a meal scarcely require mention as factors in the food supply. The natives live in a temperature with a yearly average closely bordering on zero Fahrenheit. Their food is almost wholly animal. They are provided with small skin boats or kyaks, which are very light, but of great strength, and can be transported with great facility over the ice to open water. These boats have the javelin or spear as part of the outfit, and the Eskimo from early youth is trained to manage the kyak and throw the spear, so that they become exceedingly expert, and it is seldom that the hunter goes out in season without returning with his game. The Eskimo, on seeing a seal come to the surface for air, will, with a few strokes of the paddle, approach as near as possible; when the seal disappears beneath the surface a few quiet, rapid strokes put the kyak directly over the spot, then with his javelin poised he waits for the seal to reappear; should the head show itself above water within a distance of ten or fifteen feet, their aim is almost unerring. After the seal is struck, the head of the javelin is slipped off, and to it are attached about six fathoms of line, on to which a large bladder float is tied. The line and bladder are immediately cast into the water, and the seal carries them off until he is exhausted, then the line is hauled in and the seal at the end quietly dispatched with a small knife; not always quietly, however, for a large seal when wounded will often show fight, and wreck the kyak. The loss of life attending the hunt is quite considerable, as the frail skin boats are ofttimes cut through by the ice or swamped in rough water; the hands of the hunter are necessarily exposed, and many of them suffer from their being frozen during severe weather. They procure their fish by dexterously using a short line and attaching a small ivory hook to it. They fish this up and down through a hole in the ice, and the unsuspecting fish that bite are thrown out on the ice; they have no system of netting.—*Dr. E. R. Green in Medical News.*

An Ingenious Metal Cutter.

An account is given of the introduction into England, by Mme. De Long, of her metal cutting machinery, which has for some time been in successful use in France. She has now, it appears, perfected some ingenious machinery, worked by steam power, which cuts with the utmost precision the hardest and softest metals in any design, so that by it can be produced a gold lace pin or a steel castle portcullis from the solid metal, without any molding or filing. This unique industry is divided into four general branches. The first is the production of gates, doors, balcony fronts, and other architectural metal work without casting—plates of brass a foot thick being thus cut into lattice work at a single operation. A second branch is the making of lattice metal work filled in with glass, to supersede the ordinary leaden frames for church and other ornamental windows. The third branch comprises the inlaying of plush and ebony jewel cases, cabinets, etc., with red and yellow copper steel and other metals; and a fourth for the working of picture frames, baskets, crests, etc., out of the solid metal, fully finished.

What He Gave the Society.

Bagley—We are about to hold a meeting to organize a soup society this winter.

Bolgerton—An excellent project—excellent.

"I thought you would be in favor of it. I am canvassing in aid of the society. I know you will give something."

"With the greatest of pleasure. You may put me down for a speech at the meeting."—*Cali.*

A CZAR'S WINTER PALACE.

A Building Which Shelters 7000 People.

How an Emperor and an Empress Died Alone in the Great Attraction.

The palaces and churches of Russia make the rest of Europe seem very poor; still, I do not think the winter palace in very good taste, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It is a vast quadrangle of courts, halls, throne rooms and galleries, all jumbled together, with no especial plan (save in its interior), and so immense that they should build a narrow gauge railroad for sight-seers. It gives constant shelter to some 7,000 people, yet you may pass through the whole of it and not see one.

It was not its splendor which interested me the most. We had wandered for hours, until utterly wearied with the grandeur and glitter of its splendid rooms we were ushered into a small apartment, so poor and simple in its appointments that I thought it, with its camp bed and wooden table, a guard room. On the table lay a few maps, across the bed an army cloak and simple "cocked hat," no curtain at the window, no chair save a camp stool. On the table lay folded a pocket handkerchief, and bending down I saw, now faded and nearly gone, the name "Nicholas." In an instant all weariness had vanished and interest most intense took its place, for I knew I was in the room where the great Emperor's heart had broken, and where, though he ruled all Russia, he died utterly alone.

They tell the story of his death in St. Petersburg as the world does not know it. Broken-hearted over the reverses in the Crimea and unwilling to live if he must lose aught of his grandeur he summoned to him an obscure physician and ordered him to give the Czar of Russia a potion that would "end life quickly and painlessly." The man, astounded and affrighted, refused utterly, but was told that after such a request from such a source he must obey or lose his own life. That settled it. He was paid heavily and sent out of the kingdom. The next morning the great Czar Nicholas lay upon his camp bed, wrapped in his cloak dead. And following soon after the physician was found murdered in his bed in Heidelberg. They say the howling of the wolves from across the Nava could be distinctly heard the night Nicholas died. How the comic and tragedie tread close upon each other in this life.

We were taken from Nicholas's room to that of the late Empress. She had been in Italy for several winters, battling with that enemy of her family, consumption; weary with her banishment, she begged to go home, and the Czar was told that if there was a room especially prepared and kept at the same temperature constantly she might live for some years even in Russia. The room was prepared, and she came home only to suffer most horridly, and begged constantly to die. Finally his Majesty asked her physician how long she would live if the windows were opened and the cold let in. "Twenty minutes" was the reply. "Then open the windows," and as they did so all left the room, and she, Empress of so many millions, was left to cross the dark waters alone. Not even her daughter stayed to hold her hand. These are some of the shadows of the winter palace.

Education.

We talk of education now. Are we more educated than were the ancient Greeks? Do we know anything about education, physical, intellectual, æsthetic (religious education in our sense of the word, of course they had none), of which they have not taught us at least the rudiments? Are there not some branches of education which they perfected once and forever, leaving us Northern barbarians to follow their example? To produce health, that is, harmony and sympathy, proportion and grace, in every faculty of mind and body, that was their notion of education! Ah! the waste of health and strength in the young! The waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them! How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of nature which are the will of God about the welfare of our bodies, and which, therefore, we are as much bound to know and to obey as we are bound to know and to obey the spiritual laws whereon depend the welfare of our souls.—*Charles Kingsley.*

A Limit to Patience.

Waitress (to Dr. Pullem, the dentist, who is greatly annoyed by her constant use of his title in addressing him): "Tomatoes, doctor?"

Dr. Pullem: "Thanks, no."

Waitress: "Corn, Doctor?"

Doctor: "No! *Dentist!*"

He Wants the Earth.

A little will content, is much
To him who of no care is conscious;
Who takes it as the Good Book says
And thinks it plainly meant
Most men, with nothing, have
That for which he is pleasant
Rather would desire an endless
With those who have the treasure.
But is it true? Experience shows
That in the world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

He cares little for what the earth;
His thoughts are far above it;
The soft air comes to rest of bed
He sighs for a more ethereal
A very little money he wants;
Enough to build a palace,
He says right a man should ask,
And think the Lord's giving.
But is it true? We see it by
The truth you'll have to borrow;
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

Of wealth a fortune all he asks,
With smallest exception
Set out in our back yard
A large thousand-acre
The Rockies—the sunset and the gorge
Go in for nothing
Dream he needs, but not for prayer
Because he can see on his knees.
But is it true? Yes, I believe it
For, in the world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

A smart thing—a mustard plaster.

It doesn't require a tailor to take some men's measure.

Go west and blow away with the country—is the latest idea.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

"Is life worth living?" asks George Hastings. That depends largely on the liver.

"I follow suit," as the tailor said while pursuing a tramp who has raided his sample.

"The most important thing in connection with a house is the haul," remarked the burglar.

Because a man is ridden on a rail by his fellow citizens it does not follow that he is a popular railroad man.

A robust blacksmith is needed to shoe a horse, but it requires the delicate and tender hand of a woman to shoe a hoss.

Very inquisitive small boy (fond of asking questions)—"Kate, if I like bones so well, why don't he go and eat his teeth sometimes?"

"I beg pardon—but aren't you married?" courteously said a gentleman to a pretty shop girl with whom he was dealing. "I am a miss, but—yet taken, sir," she replied, with a bright blush and drooping eyes.

Dainty Darling—"Melinda, how did you like my sermon last night?" Melinda—"I didn't like your position." "My position? My attitude, you mean?" "No, your position. You weren't far enough away from me not to hear you and—oh, you weren't close enough for me to smell you."

Quaint Advertising.

Thirty years ago Albert Smith's lecture, "Ascent of Mont Blanc," the delight of London audiences, was a novel combination of fun and panorama, and "drew" for a hundred nights.

Smith, the showman and lecturer, was a quaint, genial, literary Bohemian, who told a story well, cracked a joke, and made his audience wish that the entertainment was twice as long as it was. Mr Barnum once said that to write a show bill was a work of genius. Smith had a genius for advertising. Even the most prosaic of conservatives would stop to read Smith's advertising placards.

When he started on the European tour which culminated in the ascent of Mont Blanc, he had, as one of his band, an amiable gentleman named Joseph Langford. Smith caused several thousand show bills to be printed, with the strange words,—

"Who cut Joe Langford's hair?"

One morning in Baden Baden, then the great gambling and watering-place of Europe, everyone was surprised to see posts, columns, walls, and tree trunks covered with placards asking the portentous question, "Who cut Joe Langford's hair?"

The Baden police were stirred to an unusual activity. Feeling sure that the mysterious words were a signal for the rallying of the revolutionary party, they searched printing-offices and visited houses to discover when and where the rally would take place. Spies were sent out, guards placed in public buildings, and even learned philologists were asked if these awful words, "Who cut Joe Langford's hair?" had any connection with the system of Republicanism.

Smith gave no entertainment at Baden Baden, but the quaint joke leaked out and advertised him and his show all over the country.