The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON.
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Wind Gardens.

Midway between earth and sky,
There the wild wind gardens lie,
Breezy gardens, scent flowers,
Full of songs and tufted flowers,
Waiting down to us below
Such a fragrance as we know
Never yet had lily or rose
That our fairest garden knows.

Oh, those gardens, dear and far,
Where the wild wind fairies are
Though we [illegible] not, we can be then
To them when the young skies darken,
Singing clearly, singing purely,
Songs of far off Elfland, surely,
And they pluck the wild wind posies,
Lilies, violets and roses.

Each [illegible] the sweet buds flinging,
[illegible] them and singing,
The sweet scent, like angels' [illegible],
Finds us even in the city.
Where we, toiling, seek as [illegible]
Dull earth's [illegible] pleasures.
Oh, the [illegible] with wind flowers laden,
Flowers that no mortal maiden,
In her breast shall ever wear!
Flowers to wreath Titania's hair,
And to strew her happy way with
When she marries some wind fay with!
Oh, wind gardens, where such songs are,
And of flowers such happy thrones are,
Though your paths I may not see,
Well I know how fair they be.
—*Philip Bourke Marston, in Manhattan.*

Dame Ursula's Treasure.

If unkept walks, trailing, neglected creepers, and a heavy overgrowth of ivy are the essentials of the picturesque, Clovis Court presented them all. There were box trees that had formerly represented pyramids, garden seats and lively crowing cocks; but the hands that pruned them were gone, and the spectator now only saw ragged and untidy foliage. The bowling green, once like velvet, had added nettles and thistles to its own rank crop. Could one of the beauties who, a century ago bowled there, have seen it, she would have picked up her dainty skirts and fled.

A beauty of a century later stands among the desolation. What a picture is the auburn-haired maiden, leaning against an old, weather-beaten sun-dial! Simply clad in a dark gray dress, a bunch of pale yellow chrysanthemums carelessly fixed near the throat, her white little hands clasped before her, Ursula Baring looked sadly over the waste.

True loveliness seldom rests long unseen, and a large rift in the brick displayed our heroine to the gaze of a young man who was riding slowly past. It was but a minute's work to dismount, secure the bridle to a convenient tree and scale the broken wall. With heightened color and quick steps, which caused the fair maiden to turn with a startled blush, Guy Norman reached the sun-dial.

"Mr. Norman! why are you here?"

"Because you are here," replied the young man, coolly, and at the same time only securing one of the little white hands.

"But," demurred Ursula, feebly trying to repossess herself of her hand, "we are forbidden to meet. Your uncle—"

"Is an old reptile. Ursie, be sensible. They keep us apart, Heaven knows, cleverly enough. Let us be happy, my darling, while we have the chance."

The girl's face told she trembled and looked down.

"Guy, I love you—oh, indeed, I love you! but my mother trusts me. She said your uncle had told her he could not hear of anything between us; and we are very proud, Guy."

The young man dropped her hand hastily.

"You don't love as I do, or uncles and mothers would be nothing to you," he said, haughtily.

Ursula looked up with her lovely, tremulous gaze of love.

"Uncles, perhaps not; but mother—Guy! What are girls good for who do not love and honor mothers like mine?"

A handsome, winning face stooped to her own, and begged forgiveness. They had been plighted lovers a week, and the break which prudent counsels had made was so recent, I will beg you to forgive my Ursula who yielded her lovely lips to kiss those waiting for them. It was brief bliss, though, for she heard a voice calling her.

"Good-by, my darling," murmured the lover, "we will surmount our troubles yet."

"Oh, for Dame Ursula's treasure!" sighed the modern Ursula, as, half laughing, she sped away to the cottage across the road.

For to live in Clovis Court without a retinue of servants and a huge bill for repairs were impossibilities; so the widowed Mrs. Baring, her lovely Ursula and a younger daughter, helpless through spinal disease, lived with one old servant in a little cottage which overlooked their ruined inheritance.

Tea was over and Ursula knelt by the invalid's sofa. "Nora, darling, it is so hard, so hard!" she sobbed, leaning her head against her sister's hand. How tenderly that gentle hand caressed her!

"Take heart, my dearest, something will happen yet to help you!"

Ursula raised her tearful face with an attempt at a smile.

"Do you mean Dame Ursula's treasure?" at which Nora laughed softly, for nothing seemed further off than that. Now, some fifty years before this date, Clovis Court was the dwelling place of the rich Dame Ursula Baring. She amassed riches year by year for her only child, a son, who had gone abroad, and she meant to make him wealthy and prosperous on his return. One sad day Dame Ursula had tidings that her son was dead. She immediately became demented and lived in a wild sort of dream for a year, and then died suddenly. Then news came that the son had left a wife and little boy to mourn him, and search was made for the property. Previous to her death the old dame had converted all she could into money, and now not a penny piece could be found for her rightful heirs.

The excitement became great, and certain dishonest and adventurous persons had surreptitiously raised and opened Dame Ursula's coffin, thinking she had tried to take her wealth with her—all in vain. In queer writing, done with her diamond ring on a window in her bedroom—the ring was missing now—were the words, "Time will show where my treasure lies."

At the end of fifty years her lovely great granddaughter, Ursula, could not wed the man she loved because he depended on the will of an uncle, and she had nothing. The widowed mother had allowed as many excavations to be made at Clovis Court as could happen without bringing down the walls. Then she devoted herself with great thrift to living on the next to nothing she had, and interested herself in poultry, pigs and repairing linen. She did not moan over her fortunes, and tried to make her girls cheerful and happy, succeeding admirably until that terrible fellow, "Love," appeared.

Guy Norman was packed off to the Continent just as the dull winter days set in. Ursula could not bear to think of Christmas, and hated helping to make plum puddings with a sore heart. She was so pitiful in appearance one day, that Nora begged her to go for a walk, and not make the pudding salt with tears.

Glad to escape, Ursula hurried out into the wintry road. Everything looked cold and gray, and the girl after walking briskly for a time, turned by a side path into the garden of the deserted court. She wandered past the stately windows; then, with a natural inclination for everything as dismal as herself, she resolved to explore the old house. Fetching a key, she let herself in and paused a moment, startled by the echo of her own footfall in the weird silence; then she passed boldly on, determined to see old Dame Ursula's room. A quaint, low-roofed place, with lattice windows—and old four-poster still stood there with faded, damp hangings of blue. Our Ursula was earnestly gazing on the lines engraved on the window, "Time will show where my treasure lies," when she saw a herd of cattle getting into the garden through the broken wall. There was not much to spoil, truly, but a sense of order made Ursula resolve to try and disperse the intruders.

Quickly she ran out into the passage and sped down-stairs; seizing her umbrella she valiantly waved it as she appeared in the garden, and great consternation occurred. The cattle ran hither and thither, and none turned toward the gap in the wall. They ran against each other and everything else, but finally they were induced to go, and Ursula, looking over the debris of a battlefield where she had come off victorious, found that the old sun-dial was broken down.

In real sorrow—for this had been a trysting spot where Guy and she had passed many a pleasant "greeting fair"—she ran toward it, then stopped and turned pale with excitement. There was a large hollow beneath where the sun-dial had stood, and in it were moldy-looking bags and boxes.

It was getting dusk now, and Ursula ran swiftly home.

"Mother—Nora—leave your puddings! Come, mother, to the court, for the—the—treasure is found!"

The speech ended in sobs and laughter. Mrs. Baring and Nora thought she was demented, and looked solemnly at each other. Only the old servant shrewdly asked:

"And where is it, Miss Ursula, dear?"

"Under the sun-dial; some cows knocked it down."

"'Time,'" cried Nora, excitedly, "'time will show,' the old dame said. Oh, mother, Martha, go at once."

And they went—and found such riches as they had never dreamed of. All the country called at the cottage, the cruel uncle recalled the luckless lover, a marriage took place while the mistletoe boughs were hanging still green, and now Guy and Ursula have settled to a country life, and Ursula takes personal delight in her dairy. Her husband declares she is in danger of actually worshipping the cow, in Oriental fashion, so great is her gratitude for the discovery of Dame Ursula's Treasure.

The Red Sunsets Still Visible.

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, the lecturer on astronomy, and Secretary of the American Astronomical Society, says people generally have no idea what surprising phenomena these red sunsets or sun glows really are. Even yet they may be seen in clear weather, though less distinctly than last winter. There is an accompanying phenomenon which you may behold any fair day surrounding the sun. When the sun goes behind a small cloud or the edge of a building you will see a whitish halo around it, which is often bordered with pink or salmon color. It is a mistake to assume, as many persons do, that either the red sunsets or this halo around the sun are common appearances which have always existed in the sky. They made their first appearance in these latitudes about a year ago, and, as Prof. Archibald has pointed out, while the sunset glows have diminished in intensity, the halos have remained unchanged and are just as distinct to-day as they were ten or twelve months ago. Moreover, they have been seen all over the world, and it of course becomes necessary, in attempting to account for them, to find some cause capable of affecting the atmosphere of the whole earth. At the Montreal meeting of the British association, a report was made in behalf of a committee in England, which has been gathering evidence from every quarter of the earth about the red sunsets. This report showed that those phenomena were not visible before the Krakatoa eruption, and that they were first seen in the neighborhood of that island, from which they seemed to spread in all directions until the morning and evening skies over the whole earth were aflame with the marvellous light. The inference is that fine dust thrown from the Krakatoa volcano into the higher regions of the atmosphere was borne by air currents around the whole planet, and that the reflection of the sun's rays from this dust caused the glowing skies and other strange phenomena that were subsequently witnessed in every country of the globe. But men of science are not entirely satisfied with this theory.—*Boston Herald.*

The Home Angel.

A man, says Robert J. Burdette, is among men all day long, hears politics, club stories, slang of the street, base black repartee, and junior clerk smartness, the ways and sayings and doings of men until he wearies of it all, and when he comes home in the evening he wants to see a home angel, with home light in her face and lovelight in her eyes, deliciously womanly in dress and manner, with a voice as soft as the war of the street is harsh; a voice that is made for coaxing and petting; a face that is dimpled and beautiful browed, so that his heart doth safely trust in her knowing that "she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life," "strength and honor in her clothing," wisdom in her mouth, and "in her tongue the law of kindness," with the beautiful hands that are stretched out to the poor and reached forth to the needy; whose works praise her in the gates, so that her husband also who is known in the gates and sitteth among the elders of the land, he praiseth her, because he knows that he owes nine-tenths of his success to such a wife. "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain," but the brighter qualities of womanhood are fadeless and are even "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Better be Saving of Water.

Richard A. Proctor says that the age of the earth is placed by some at 500,000,000 years, and still others of later time, among them the Duke of Argyle, place it at 10,000,000 years. Newton placed it lower than 10,000,000, knowing what processes have been gone through. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct. As the earth keeps cooling it will become porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress so that the water diminishes at the rate of the thickness of a sheet of writing paper a year. At this rate in 9,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 years every trace of water will have disappeared from the face of the globe.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

QUEERLY NAMED PLACES.

What is Shown in a Postal Directory.

Old Names that are Found in Various Parts of the Country.

This great country has now over 53,000 post-offices for its over 50,000,000 people, or about one for each 1,000 persons. There are some curious facts connected with the administration of so large an institution as this. The employes of the department number over a hundred thousand. Of course the sum required to run so large an establishment is something enormous. The salaries of postmasters alone amount to nearly $1[illegible],000,000, and the sum paid for transportation of mails $25,000,000. The number of post-offices is increasing steadily at the rate of over 2,000 a year. The task of the fellow who fixes names for all these is a pretty serious one. Of course the people of the section where the offices are to be located are allowed to fix a name so far as possible, but in many cases they select a name already given to some office in the State, and of course it cannot be used. Then they are permitted to make some other selection, and so on almost indefinitely. It often happens, however, that the postoffice officials are finally compelled to select, or that, in their despair, the citizens who have the selecting of the name, by having frequently chosen some name already in use in the State, jump at some ridiculous name altogether unheard of before, or select one suggested by some peculiar surroundings.

Some of the odd names are as follows: Dismal, Tomato, Daybook, Bad Ax, Calico, Rocks, Windfall, Rara Avis, Seven Stars, Leap Year, Hophazard, Boy, Odd, Rawhide, Dutchhill, Baby Mine, Bean Blossom, Yankee, Pay Up, Hard Money, Happy Home, Wide Awake, Alligator, Needy, Moon, Padlock, Goatville, [illegible], Cloudland, Butterfly, Zib, [illegible], Romance, Scrub, Fly, Pucker, Burnt, Sweetwater, [illegible], Zulu, Sopchoppy, Zero, [illegible], Marrowbone, Shakaway, Negro Foot, Jump You Bet, Greenhorn, Tenderfoot, Sunshine, Muck, Shoofly, [illegible], Oil Trough, Nine Times, Blowout, Gunpowder, [illegible], Last Chance, Clear Grit, Greasy, [illegible], Mary Esther, Way Not, Samper, Veto, Round Bottom, King of Prussia, Go Joy, Haystork, Picnic, Land of Promise, Spunk, [illegible], Mouse Tail, Peanut, Port Wine, Side View, Good Luck, Bug Hill, Due West, Fair Play, Coon, Coil, Fire, [illegible], Hurt, Sleepy Eye, Drone, Bird Song, Black Bear, Paradise, Buttercup, Unique, Sunflower, Wormwood. The South and West have the much greater number of unique names, although many may be found in New England and the Middle States. In Texas is an office named "Bob," the familiar cognomen of a citizen in the community. "Bald Hornet," an office in Tennessee, is the suggestive nickname of a gentleman residing in the county. Chicago's mayor, Hon. Carter Harrison, is honored in Kansas with an office called "Our Carter." "Best," "Sandy," "[illegible]," "Dull" and "Fortune" are other offices bearing names of individuals.

Initial letters sometimes form the name of an office, like that of "E. B." in Maryland. When the first house in the place was erected these initials were found on a stone near by, and were probably those of a very early settler and owner. "[illegible] Z." in Colorado, is taken from a brand used for marking cattle, and "O. K." in South Carolina, from the humorous suggestions of an interested gentleman. The people of Sugar Grove, in Tennessee, refused to suggest other names after their own had been rejected, and the department established the office under the initials "A. B. C." There is a "Buss" in Michigan to match "Sweet Lips" in Tennessee, but there is a "Maiden" in North Carolina, a "Bachelor" in Mississippi, and "Widows" may be found in Alabama. There is "Comfort" in North Carolina and also in Texas, and "Tribulation" in Tennessee. The tribulation was in selecting a name acceptable to the department, and they ended their tribulation by making it "Tribulation." "Charity" is found in North Carolina and Tennessee, and "Hope" is also known, as well as "Adversity." There are "Wells" in several States, but only one "Cistern" in Texas. They have a "Concert" in Iowa, and Louisiana contributes a "Violin," Minnesota a "Cornet," Iowa a "Horn," Pennsylvania "Drums," and Ohio and Virginia "Fifes." There is a "Dark Corner" in Georgia, but "Dawn" appears in Michigan and Ohio, followed by "Day" in Michigan and New York.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

In the [illegible] convict prisons there are no less than 5,864 persons condemned to penal servitude for life.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Choking.

If a person be choking, give him a smart whack with the open hand between the shoulders. In nine cases out of ten the sudden compression of the air in the chest will shoot the substance out of the mouth, but if not, look into the throat and see if there is anything you can reach with your finger and thumb, or with a large blunt-pointed pair of scissors, and pull it out. If you do not succeed in this, take a silver or pewter tablespoon, bend it a little, and holding the bowl securely in the hand, push the handle down the throat. If you keep it quite to the back of the throat you will do no harm. This is a case which admits of no delay, and the life hangs upon your coolness and quickness of action. If it be only a small substance in the throat, and the person can swallow at all, give plenty of bread and potato, and a draught of water after it. Swallow the whites of one or two raw eggs, and then a large mouthful of crumbs of new bread. This will generally carry down any such substances as fish bones, pins, etc. If this is not sufficient, give a teaspoonful of mustard and water, *warm*, or any other emetic you have at hand, and after the person has vomited you will usually find it all right.

Headache.

A sick headache is oftentimes called a bilious headache, but this is incorrect; for a bilious headache there is a copious secretion of bile with yellow skin and [illegible], and when this is absent even if there be vomiting it is not a bilious headache. Sick headaches results from imperfect digestion and arise either in the stomach or intestines from the irritation of the nervous apparatus of the alimentary canal by the resulting depraved secretion. The nerves of the stomach are derived from an important nerve, the pneumogastric, which originating in the brain passes downward and is distributed to the lungs and stomach, and any irritation of the latter organ may produce headache by sympathetic action.

The mucous membrane of the stomach in a healthy condition is of a pale color when at rest, but when food comes in contact with it the mechanical action induced by the friction and motion causes the blood vessels to dilate and the surface to become red. The secretion of gastric juice is effected by the state of the nervous system, and sudden mental emotion is able to stop it entirely. This it does through the pneumogastric nerve, for this controls the secretion of the gastric juice. Unwholesome food which disturbs digestion will cause acute dyspepsia in some persons who are extremely prone to sick headaches; pain and uneasiness in the stomach, faintness, depression of spirits, lassitude and feverishness are the indications of an approaching sick headache.

An oppressive frontal headache succeeds with nausea, dread of light and noise; vomiting often gives immediate relief. Sick headache may come in a few hours after eating, or the patient may go to bed comfortable and wake up unrefreshed with a heavy feeling across the forehead, and the headache soon sets in. This form of headache can be traced to some error in diet. With the advance of years they become less acute but more exhaustive and tedious in their recovery. Rest in bed, cold applications, with an occasional dose of nux vomica, will relieve the acute symptoms, but the radical cure is to be found only in strict attention to the diet.—*Practical Farmer.*

"The Voodoo Doctor."

It was during slave time "the voodoo doctor" flourished. He did a thriving business among runaway negroes who were promised immunity from punishment in case of recapture for a small sum.

One of the voodoo doctor's methods of operating is to secure a black chicken and two pieces of silver from a dupe. He then procures a skillet, which he half fills with water, placing the pieces of silver in the skillet opposite each other. He then requests his dupe to mentally name one of the pieces after the enemy whom he desires to circumvent. When the water begins to boil he drops an occasional feather from the black chicken into the skillet, mumbling something which is unintelligible. As soon as the water boils the pieces of money begin to rise and fall, as they naturally would do, and by a skilful manipulation of the skillet he brings one of the pieces on top of the other—the one beneath always being the one named after the enemy of his dupe. For this the dupe is expected to pay according to his means—from $1 up to $10.—*Washington Post.*

CEREALS VERSUS MEAT.

Talk With the Great Canal Projector.

Delesseps Considers the Former much the more Valuable for Food.

A Paris correspondent of the Kansas City *Journal* writes: England is a meat eater, while France is a cereal eater or an eater of bread and oil. Yesterday I had a long talk with Le Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps in regard to the cereals for food. M. de Lesseps worked thousands of Italians, Turks and Frenchmen on the Suez canal.

"Do you really think the cereals are stronger than meat?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "One pound of dry wheat or flour is worth as much as three pounds of roast beef. Scald the pound of flour and see. You have a gallon of mush. You could not eat it in three days. If you feed the cereals to cattle as they do in England, it takes eight pounds of grain to make a pound of meat. So, why feed the grain to animal tramps? Why not eat it ourselves and do away with a surplus population of [illegible] cattle, hogs and sheep—animal tramps? England is supporting, perhaps, [illegible] cattle, sheep and hogs, and [illegible] people, or rather she supports her cattle and buys bread from America to feed her people. France supports [illegible] people and about [illegible] cattle, hogs and sheep."

"Then you believe in raising more grain and less cattle and hogs?" I asked.

"Certainly. One acre of cereals in France will support one man, while it would take two acres of grass to support one steer, and in the end, one man would eat the steer. The advantage of cereals over meat is as five to one. So you see the steer is an unnecessary tramp. The Englishman," continued Mr. Lesseps, "insists on roast beef, every pound of which costs eight pounds of cereals. The Frenchman eats the cereals himself. He buys millions of gallons of cotton seed oil in America at thirty cents per gallon. This he eats on his salad, in his soup and in his bread and pot roast. The Frenchman refines several millions gallons of American cotton-seed oil, sends it back to America and sells it for $2 or $3 a gallon. Cotton-seed oil is superseding peanut oil, and olive oil is almost a thing of the past. For years the peanut crop of Tennessee and North Carolina has been sent to Marseilles and made into an olive oil. Cotton-seed oil has been found by the French to be better and cheaper than peanut oil. To-day all Spain, Southern France, Italy, Turkey and Austria are living on American cotton-seed oil. All an Italian gentleman or laborer wants is oil, macaroni, bread, sugar, and coffee. Cotton-seed oil takes the place of meat. It is strange that your southern states have been for years throwing away millions of barrels of beautiful cotton seed oil and buying unhealthy pork and lard in its place. Corn meal, cooked like macaroni with oil and cheese, is delicious food."

The Count is right, but he forgets that in France, where nothing is wasted, [illegible] steers will go as far as [illegible] steers in England, or [illegible] in profligate America. There is never a mouthful of meat or grease thrown away in France. France can support a population of [illegible] better than England can support a population of [illegible].

The Sacred Pipes of the Omahas.

During the meeting of the American Science association in Philadelphia, Mr. Frank La Flesche read a paper on "The Sacred Pipes of Friendship." Mr. La Flesche is an Omaha Indian, and he stated that the two pipes exhibited were the first which had ever left his tribe. The pipes are [illegible] constructed of a bowl of ash, feathers, skins of animals, etc. They are considered as very sacred by the Indians, and gray hairs, mottled skin and sores are supposed to be the penalties attached to their misuse. The care of these pipes in one family and the ties formed by them sometimes transcend the ties of blood. According to papers by Miss Alice Fletcher the pipes were in the care of a special gens called the Hunga. Another gens has the right of filling the pipe, still another of passing it around. When a man takes a pipe to another a sacred bond is formed. The one taking it is called father, and the one receiving it, son. That the sacredness does not reside in any particular pipe but in the symbols, Miss Fletcher proved by the statement of an old Indian who said that even if the pipes were made of corn husks the same respect would be shown them. Among other interesting things the fact was mentioned that seven is the sacred number, this fact being illustrated in the make-up of the pipes.

Inconstancy

The [illegible] of a distant land
[illegible] the blood of the slain
And the [illegible]
Shone [illegible] over the plain.

[illegible]

—[illegible] A. G[illegible]

HUMOROUS.

[illegible] about [illegible]—the hair.

A long race—The human race.

A [illegible]strap—The professional baseballist's hands.

The favorite flower for most ladies—Marry-gold.

The musician misses the notes when out—the misses.

If a turkey is a gobbler, is a young turkey a goblet?

A young lady may be lounged all day long and yet not feel brow-beaten.

A teacher of music is necessarily a good teacher because he is a sound instructor.

"Everything is fair in war" says the adage, and the worst thing about war is the fare.

Berlin has a monthly paper devoted to cremation. It publishes some burning truths.

"One must creep before he can walk," as the small boy said when he crawled under a circus tent.

"Poetry is the sister of sorrow," writes Mr. Austin, who has evidently been having a sorrowful visit from a [illegible].

A distinguished author says: "There is no elevation without toil." Remember this when the hotel clerk assigns you to a room on the ninth floor.

At a college examination, a professor asked: "Does my question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student, "not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer to it that bothers me."

"Do any of your children ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired the school teacher. "Yes!" replied several voices in chorus. "Where?" continued the teacher. "On the elephant's back," was the rejoinder.

One of the Japanese students, while out for a stroll, was accosted by a sophomore with the inquiry, "What's your name?" The gentleman from Japan answered politely, giving his surname. "Oh," rejoined the questioner, "you heathens don't have but one name, I see." "What was the first name of Moses?" was the reply.

An intelligent little boy at school gave a novel reason for decorating soldiers' graves, which at least had an element of truth. "Why," asked the teacher, "do they decorate the graves of soldiers and not yours and mine?" The child thought for a moment or two, and then said: "Please, ma'am, I think it's because they are dead and we ain't." The proposition was unanswerable.

Queer Railroad Departments.

The Missouri Pacific has an official who is in charge of a queer department, says the *Railway Register.* He looks after those people who wish their friends transported from one point to another and yet are afraid to trust them with the money. For instance, a dissipated man is stranded in Texas. His friends in the East are willing to pay his way back, but don't want to send him any funds, for fear that he will squander them; in such a case the money is paid to the company, and this agent looks after the matter and the conductors alone handle the tickets. So with sick people who are without money, the company receives pay from their friends and brings them home. Children are also cared for and transported long distances. It is surprising to learn how often the services of this official is required, and he is kept busy all the time in answering inquiries and perfecting arrangements.

The advantages are obvious. A person is at one end of the country, say in Texas, penniless or untrustworthy. His family in Boston go to the agent of the Missouri Pacific and there pay in advance enough to cover the cost of a ticket, meals and berth in a sleeping car. The receipt of the money is reported by telegraph to the home office and the distant wanderer is returned to his friends in safety.