Sierra County Advocate.

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HE STAID UNTIL HE DIED.

By a little country stream,
Where the purling waters gleam,
Where the grass was wild and rank,
Growing on the sheltered bank,
Sat a man with rod in hand,
Singing in a manner bland:
"O, I wonder why the fish
Do not bite as I would wish?
But I'll catch one with this fly,
Or I'll stay here till I die."

Summer buds were sere and dead,
And the roses all had fled,
And the grasses on the bank
All were dead and wild and rank;
But the man was sitting there—
Sitting with a ghostly stare;
All his locks were white and gray,
Saving some had dropped away;
Still he sat as age stole on,
Singing in an undertone,
As the years went rolling by:
"I shall catch a fish or die."

Years had slowly passed away—
Youths were men now old and gray;
Maidens now were matrons grown,
Babes and children of their own;
But an old and wrinkled sage,
Hoary with the frosts of age,
Bent beneath his many years,
Sad with floods of briny tears,
Sat besides a purling brook
With a willow rod and hook,
Gasping in a feeble sigh:
"I shall catch a fish or die!"

Onward flew the silent years—
Years of anguish and of tears;
Centuries had passed away
Since that man went forth one day
To the streamlet's mossy bank,
Where the grass was wild and dank,
And a stranger, wending down
On the stream that led from town,
Found, beside a heap of stones,
A lone pile of human bones;
Though no clothing served to drape,
Still they had the mortal shape,
In the fleshless hand the pole
Still was held, as though the soul
Would obey the mortal wish,
And attempt to catch a fish;
On the skull a Derby hat
Was by tempest beaten flat;
And upon the pulseless breast,
Which for ages was at rest,
There was strapped a wooden sign,
Bearing but a lonely line,
Which must catch the stranger's eye:
"I shall catch a fish or die!"

—*Walt Mason, in St. Louis Whip.*

AN "IMPREGNABLE" MAN.

How a British Customs Official Refused a "Tip."

In the center companion way of most Atlantic steamers there is framed a public notice which attracts a good deal of attention from the passengers on the way over. It is published by the British Government, and is to the effect that any person offering a bribe to one of Her Majesty's customs officials will be heavily fined. The amount of this fine is mentioned, either £40 of £100 or something of that sort. The contemplation of this notice for nine or ten days every time a person goes up the center companion way is calculated to give that person a very great respect for the unbribability of the Liverpool customs officer. The American Government has no such notices posted up anywhere that I ever saw. Whether it is because it is so well known that the American customs officer never under any circumstances accepts a bribe, or whether the Government fears that the public would regard the posting of such a notice as a joke, I have not been able to ascertain.

I have never met any one yet who would bribe a Liverpool customs officer. The penalty which has stared him in the face during the voyage is apt to discourage all such attempts. However, there are few things which a person could take into England on which duty is exacted. I believe the customs officers have a prejudice against dynamite, against pirated reprints of English books, against tobacco and some things of that sort, but, as a general thing, the American traveler carries nothing with him on which duty could be charged.

Our big steamship reached Liverpool late one evening last summer. The customs authorities penned us all up in the several rooms of a building on the landing. Here there was a good deal of fuss and shoving through a passage way that was very narrow, and the hand baggage was examined as we passed out. This was a very slow and tedious arrangement, and it was nearly eleven o'clock at night before we were through with it, and even at that time the trunks had not been looked at. We were then passed up into a room which we reached by a long incline. On climbing up this incline we entered a large building seemingly containing only one immense room. It was well lighted, and the scene was one which once looked upon a person would not forget in a hurry. On the right-hand side were piled trunks, bags, valises, hand satchels and baggage of every description. On the left ran a long, low counter on which trunks were being examined by the uniformed custom house officers, while, bending over their open baggage were the owners, generally talking rapidly to the imperturbable officers. All over the room were some one hundred excited passengers running wildly hither and thither trying to collect their luggage. Trunks that were marked with names were arranged in alphabetical order. The sections of the building were lettered with the alphabet painted large and conspicuous along the right-hand side, but, as the great majority of the trunks had no name, the owners had to run about in quest of them. Porters were there with their short jackets and numbered caps, dragging the trunks about under the owner's directions, and as soon as one trunk had been examined it was taken away by a stalwart porter who called a cab, and its place was filled by another trunk slammed down by another stalwart porter. It was a scene of bewildering confusion. As I always travel as light as possible, endeavoring to compress my belongings into a satchel that can be carried by hand if necessary, my troubles were soon over, and so I strolled along with comparative indifference, enjoying the strange and bustling appearance of the place. I was able to give some assistance here and there to companions of the voyage, and rather put on airs as being an old traveler with some experience of that sort of thing, don't you know, and plumed myself on having my baggage examined long ago.

At the further end of the room were a couple of ladies who were traveling alone. One of them had a large trunk and the trunk had a new-fangled lock, the latest of American patents. A custom officer was vainly trying to unlock this trunk, and the owner was looking on with much concern at his ineffectual attempts. She had tried herself, it seemed, and had been unable to open it.

"You are not doing it rightly," said the second young lady. "You have to push this clasp that way, then turn the key half way around, push the clasp back and give the key another turn and then it will unlock."

The officer looked up, smiled and shook his jarred finger, and I said:

"Let me try the unlocking."

I followed the directions as well as I could and nearly broke my fingers, but the key wouldn't turn. I am afraid the magic words I said were not the "open sesame" that was required.

"I am very sorry, ladies," said the officer, "but I shall have to break the lock."

The ladies were very sorry too, but they made no objection and the officer departed and returned with a hatchet. This he placed under the obnoxious catch and tried to pry it open. But the lock was built very strongly and it wouldn't give way. The hatchet slipped and the officer cut his finger.

Can't you stretch the law a little," said I, "and let the trunk pass. The ladies are not going to stay in England, but are going directly to France. I am sure you would find nothing dutiable in the trunk or they would have made some objection to your breaking the lock."

It was now after twelve o'clock. Most of the people had claimed their baggage, had it examined and departed for their hotels.

"Well," said the officer, "I ought not to do it, you know, but I will chance it," and with that he put on the requisite mark that would enable it to pass out. The owner was very grateful indeed, and while he was stamping the trunk she said to me.

"I would like very much to give him something. How much do you think I should offer him?"

"Well," I replied, "as a general thing in England it's safe enough to give a tip where a service is done, but the penalty here seems to be very high. I don't think I would risk it. Yet I don't suppose he would object to a shilling if it could be given him so that no one could see it."

"I will give him half a crown," she said, "if he will take it."

"All right," I cautioned, "but don't do it very publicly."

The lady approached and said in her kindest voice:

"I am very sorry you have hurt your finger."

"Oh," said the officer, "it don't matter in the least, I assure you; a mere scratch."

"Well, I am very much obliged indeed," she whispered, "I hope you will let me give you this, not as a compensation, you know."

"Ah! miss," he returned, smiling and bowing very low to her, "glad to have been of any service to you, but, really, we are not allowed to take any thing; it is against the rules," and he waved his hands up and down as he said this.

"But," persisted the lady, "it is only a very little and don't at all come under the head of a bribe."

"I assure you, miss," he said, "you are not indebted to me for any thing, and, as I said before, I am only too happy to have been of any service. You see, miss," he said, as we walked away after the porter who had shouldered the trunk, "officers of the customs are never allowed to take any thing, no matter how small, under any circumstances whatever." And with that he again bowed very low to us and I walked with the ladies out to their carriage.

"Well," said I, "it is refreshing to see a customs officer that will not take a bribe."

The young lady laughed merrily.

"I am glad to hear you say so," she said, "for I know now we did it very cleverly."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you gave him the money?"

She held up her hands. They were empty.

"I slipped half a crown into his hand the first time I spoke to him, and he concealed it with a deftness that convinced me he had done the like before."

"Then you urged him to take it after he had it in his hand, and he refused it with such a Chesterfieldian air while he was really in possession of it!"

"Exactly," she said. "Wasn't it neatly done on both sides?"

"Neatly done? Well, I should say so. But what a pair of hypocrites both of you are!"—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

—One of the Pullman sleepers destroyed by fire in the Erie railroad yards recently at Jersey City, was the Jay Gould, which was built a few years ago at a cost of $60,000, and was considered one of the finest drawing-room cars in the country.

PHYSIC-TIPPLERS.

A Plea for Temperance in the Use of Medicinal Preparations.

One of the most interesting of the papers read before the State Sanitary Convention was in the form of a warning against intemperance in the use of drugs. The writer, Dr. Frank Woodbury, of this city, has permitted the publication of this noteworthy contribution to popular knowledge in advance of the annual report of the convention, and it is certainly worthy of careful study. The habit of taking into the system drugs of whose ultimate effects the partaker is either ignorant or supremely careless has grown very common of late among a large class of people who are usually credited with more than ordinary intelligence. Dr. Woodbury's experience leads him to the conclusion that it has attained to such considerable proportions as to command attention and consideration from all medical practitioners. He finds the physic-tippler and medicine-bibber everywhere—not the solicitous and over-anxious citizen, who, with every slight cold or sore joint, rushes off to a doctor for a course of constitutional treatment, nor altogether the devotees of narcotic and stimulant drugs, but a great mass of people who use almost every description of real or pretended medicament without knowledge and without stint. Even the comparatively harmless and innocuous soda water fountain has been diverted to the use of the physic-tippler, for upon inquiry Dr. Woodbury found that powerful tinctures, extracts and elixirs, as well as potassium and sodium bromide, soda mint, sodium bicarbonate, acid phosphate and aromatic spirits of ammonia, were regularly served out to patrons of soda-water fountains in the drug stores. Probably very few of these customers could give a logical or pathological reason for this form of indulgence in extemporized mixtures, which might or might not prove harmless, but which, in any case, could not be classed as remedial agents. For over-medication is a danger against which the physician guards no less carefully than against the earlier stages of an acute disease. He knows when to administer and when to withhold. But the slave of a habit of drugging often persists until an enfeebled digestion and a collapsed nervous system sound imperative notes of warning.

In the immense increase noted of late years in the preparation of narcotic and alkaline drugs, as well as in the continuous accessions to the amount of money invested in making patent medicines, Dr. Woodbury finds reasons for believing that the practice of medicine-bibbing is more than keeping pace with the growth of wealth and population. Especially has there been increase in the demand for those drugs that act specifically upon the nervous system. But few years ago the bromides were little known or used; at the present time it is estimated that over two hundred tons are annually used in this country. Chloral hydrate has been in use but fifteen years, yet its consumption in Europe and America now amounts to many hundreds of tons each year, while of the opium products, of ether, chloroform and the iodides, there is a constant flow from a severely-taxed yet apparently exhaustless source of supply. Dr. Woodbury tells of a formula for a mixture containing chloral which he saw conspicuously posted behind a druggist's counter. It was found on inquiry that the posting was merely a matter of convenience, since the calls for the mixture were exceedingly frequent. Alcoholic mixtures he learned were similarly redemanded, often for months after the occasion for their use had passed away. Intemperance in drugs and medicines, it appears, is no less common than are other forms of self-indulgence.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Statistics of Blindness.

The world's blind are computed to number about 1,000,000, or about one sightless person to every 1,400 inhabitants. In Austria, one person in every 1,785 is blind; in Sweden, one in every 1,418; in France, one in every 1,191; in Prussia, one in every 1,111; in England, one in every 1,037. The proportion is greatest in Egypt, where, in Cairo, there is one blind person to every twenty inhabitants; while in New Zealand it falls to one in every 3,550 inhabitants. Germany has the greatest number of institutions for the blind, thirty-five; England has sixteen; France, thirteen; Austria-Hungary, ten; Italy, nine; Belgium, six; Australia, two, while America, Asia and Africa together are said to possess only six.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Just About Right.

"Say, young feller, is this the road to Boilbug?" said a traveler to a Hoosier whom he met at the cross roads digging for angle worms.

"You're 'bout right," replied the man, without looking up.

"Fine day for fishing?" continued the traveler.

"You're 'bout right."

"Good many fish around these parts?"

"You're 'bout right."

"You like to fish?"

"You're 'bout right."

"You galoot, any one would think I had no sense the way you answer me."

"You're 'bout right."—*National Weekly.*

PICTURESQUE JAPAN.

An Empire Which in Spring and Summer Seems One Huge Garden.

The spring and summer in Japan is full of picturesque beauty, and yields an atmosphere of delightful comfort. The skies drop gladness, and the earth teems with loveliness. Its garden pictures are changing as a kaleidoscope. The terraced hill-sides, rank with verdure, vie with wheat fields bending 'neath their load of grain; some just cut and supplanted by rice, in fields flooded with water, while others, green with the tender shoots, are ready for transplanting. When the seasons are unusually dry nothing is left to suffer. The reservoirs are so large, and the irrigating system so complete, that Japan's wondrous garden smiles on beneath scorching rays.

The trees of Japan are a wonder. Here is the "mockungi," with its purple, bell-shaped flowers; also the magnolia, with its rich white and purple clusters. Queen among the trees towers the camellia. Some of these are sixty feet high, and are covered with blossoms from January to May, of many varieties, from the large pure white, resembling a double rose, to various shades of pink and pink. The cherry and plum trees are cultivated solely for their blossoms, and are trees of rare beauty. The former grows thirty feet high and as many broad, its branches covered with red and white blossoms, two inches in diameter and perfuming the air at a great distance. Its petals of snow and cream, falling in showers, spread many a carpet for the feet on the stone-paths leading to the temples, verifying the native poet when he says: "There are snow showers which do not descend from the skies." The plum tree is par excellence the poet's tree. Often it is seen standing leafless in the snow, yet adorned with blossoms like a bride. The tree bursts into soft clouds of bloom and fragrance in February, but without leaves.

Along the hill-sides maples and pines are covered with vines of exquisite loveliness, trailing and intertwining with bewildering intricacy; among these are the wistaria and thunbergia, with their purple stars and tufts. From the verdant valleys to the tops of the mountains are seen lilies, pinks and roses of endless variety. The grass is studded and flowers spring even from the quaint, artistic thatched roofs of the tea-houses, asking leave only to draw and bless the light. The tea-houses seem idyllic. They are a national institution, for they are everywhere, as the people are everywhere—along the city streets, by the roadside, in the groves, woods, parks, alleys and up the mountain-side.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

FRENCH PAWN-SHOPS.

The "Monts de Piete" Established Many Years Ago in France.

Outside of the national institution pawn-broking is prohibited in France. A man was recently caught who carried on a successful business by buying up pawn tickets, and he will in due course be punished.

The pawnshop is an ancient institution. As early as 1198 one was established at Liege.

In the year 1409 several establishments called Monti di Pieta were started in Italy under the care and protection of the church, in opposition to the Jews, who even at this remote period seem to have embarked in the old clothes and money-lending business.

All the early Monti di Pieta were connected with churches or hospitals, and were a species of charitable banks which charged no interest.

In 1539 the Lombards began to run pawnshops in opposition to the Jews, in Lombardy and in Holland; but from the presence of the Jew and the three brass balls in the same house it would seem that the two had amalgamated at some period in their history.

The Monte di Pieta was long of being established in France, chiefly owing to the oppression of M. De La Reynie, chief of the police in Paris. Numerous projects were put forward during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but they fell through, though Colbert and other prominent statesmen favored them. In 1705 the Council of Finance declared it would be to the "Glory of God, the service of the state and the public interest" were Monts de Piete established. Necker took the same view, and protested against the conduct of avaricious Jews and others who practiced on the cupidity of the public and successfully fleeced them.

It was not until December, 1777, that Louis XIV. sanctioned the Monts de Piete. Soon after this the first was opened at Paris. It was under the charge of the chief of police and four administrators of the general hospital. The rate of interest charged was 3½ and 4½ per cent. The concern was a tremendous success. In the year 1788 there were 500,000 different articles pawned.

At the time of the revolution the Mont de Piete was suppressed on the ground that it was a monopoly, and immediately the Jews and the Lombards stepped in and carried on a flourishing business.

The republic, considering the condition of things "intolerable," re-established the Mont de Piete after five years, and with slight changes now and then in the administration, it has continued ever since with increasing success.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The recent unmarried girl in Philadelphia is Miss Helen M. Serrill. She is young, attractive and owns $5,000,000.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The most modest girl in the world resides at Syracuse. It is said of her that when a pupil at Vassar she refused to work on improper fractions.—*N. Y. World.*

—The prodigal son of a Minneapolis man was recently invited to reconciliation by a telegram from his father, saying: "The veal spread is ready when you are."

—Mr. Crosby of Fort Ann, N. Y., was very mad over his daughter's elopement, but he says it would have been all right "if she had not ruined two hills of potatoes by jumping out of the window."—*N. Y. Times.*

—George Story, aged eighty-six years, of San Francisco, hasn't a gray hair on his head. His hair is luxuriant growth and is nearly jet black. He has been a resident of San Francisco since 1849."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A reunion of the descendants of Philip Jones, who went to Maryland in 1720, was held the other day at the homestead near Baltimore. Over two hundred Joneses were present, representing four generations.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—Mark Twain is said to have met with disastrous failure in a recent effort to ride a bicycle. The machine threw him with the promptness and intelligence of an unbroken bronco, and the spectators thought its performance even more amusing than the jumping frog in "Innocents Abroad."

—Larkin street, in San Francisco, says the *Alta*, was named after the first, last and only Consul of the United States to the Port of Monterey. Thomas Larkin was that Consul, and had more to do with our acquisition of California than Fremont had, although his name is lost sight of in that connection.

—Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Zouaves, whose tragic death made such a sensation early in the war, was a native of Mechanicville, a few miles south of Saratoga. His war-horse has grazed in the beautiful pasture adjacent to that busy village until recently, when he died at the ripe old equine age of thirty-three years.—*Troy Times.*

—There are people in Exeter, N. H., who are incapable of imagining the existence of any thing outside of that city. An example of their overpowering ignorance is shown in the story of an old man who had never left the borders of the town and believed that Exeter comprised the better part of creation. One day he was induced to go to Hampton Beach, and there, going out boating, lost his oars and floated over to the Isle of Shoals. When the hotel proprietor kindly assisted him to land and inquired where he hailed from, he innocently replied: "I came from America, sir," supposing, of course, that was sufficent to indicate Exeter.—*Boston Transcript.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The man who gets hold of news and won't give it up to a reporter is probably restrained by feelings of professional jealousy. He is an item miser himself.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The Major (rocking Nelly on his knee for Aunt Mary's sake)—"I suppose this is what you like, Nelly?" "Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a real donkey yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"What a good thing it would be if men were angels!" said one young lady to another. "Well, my dear, all those who made love to me were." "How so?" eagerly asked the former. "Why, because they have all flown!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"My Thousand-Dollar Smile" is the title of a poem in an exchange. Some drunks are pretty expensive, that's a fact. The poet must have borrowed the money to pay for the destruction he caused after absorbing his smile."—*Norristown Herald.*

—Bagley—"I notice that you frequently speak of things that happen at two a. m. and so on. Are you a newspaper man?" De Baggs—"No, but I frequently walk the streets all night." "Insomnia?" "No. My wife locks the door at ten p. m."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish dealer. "Throw them?" queried the dealer. "Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A chestnut: Miss Jenny—"I will always esteem and respect you as a friend, Mr. Old Boy, but——" Mr. Old Boy—"Very well; I know the rest by heart. You women are all alike; no originality. You are the fifteenth one who has said the same thing."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The latest fashionable freak in floriculture is the cultivation of the Scotch thistle. A Newport florist has a parterre of this picturesque plant which is greatly admired. The other day a New York dude at Newport took a Boston dude to see this parterre of thistles, and the two stood in an attitude of genuine admiration. Finally the Boston dude said: "Aw, there's something so cheerful and—aw—fwagwant about those thistles; something—aw—quite appetizing about them, don't you know!" "Weally, so there is," said the New York dude; "and, bah Jove, how cleverly you expweas it!"—*Boston Record.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Four hundred foreign-born women keep saloons in New York City.

—It is stated on good authority that a mortgage on a house weighs twice as much as an iron roof.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The funniest sight that a San Francisco man saw the other day was a building being moved which had over the door the sign "Stationary Store."

—The San Francisco mint employs at present three hundred hands. It is the largest in the world, having a coinage capacity twice that of Philadelphia and thrice that of the English mint.

—The church bells in Oakland, Cal., are rung at nine o'clock each evening, and children found on the street after the bells are quiet are arrested. This wouldn't be a bad plan for other cities to adopt.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Cents are not wanted in British Columbia, says the *British Columbian.* "Five-cent pieces are in circulation, and we hope that no smaller change will ever find its way into this province. This is not a land of coppers."

—Johnny Lattimore, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., was asked by a canal-boat driver to hit one of his horses that was shirking. The lad struck the horse, and quick as a flash the horse struck back, and the result of the kick was a compound fracture of the jaw and a ruined face.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The oldest seaworthy yacht in Boston waters, and probably in American waters, is said to be the Fairy, owned by Edmund J. Baker, of Dorchester Lower Mills. She was built in Boston fifty-six years ago, and Mr. Baker has owned her fifty-five years and has used her every summer.—*Boston Journal.*

—The surprising growth of the florists' trade in this country is illustrated by the increase in New York. On New Year's Day in New York in 1844 $200 worth of cut flowers were sold. On the first of last January at that place $100,000 worth were sold. During the year the sales in New York reached $3,000,000.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Policeman Heaney, of Nanticoke, Pa., was recently arrested on a charge of assault and battery preferred by H. Herskovicz, a banker of that place. He was held in three hundred dollars bail, which he found it hard to get, and was about to be locked up, when the plaintiff himself came to his rescue and became his surety.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—German photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight, and some of these photographs show the head of condensed air which precedes every shot. It is said to be this "head" which prevents even skilful riflemen from hitting an empty egg shell when hung on a long thread. The air blows the shell out of the way of the bullet.

—Of late there have been harrowing reports of famine and hunger in Labrador, but a traveler who has just returned from that country says there is plenty of fish and soap grease there, and that the inhabitants are as fat and saucy as usual. The Labradorians live in a cold and cheerless climate, but they do not intend to get left on the destitution for revenue only business.

—"It is probable that a great change will soon be made in the way of dressing the hair. French hairdressers are gradually taking the hair off the forehead, which will abolish crimps, curls, etc.," says the New York *Times.* "As this fashion is different from any thing ladies have been accustomed to seeing for some years, it will naturally take a short time for the style to become general."

—Nineteen years ago a man in Du Bois, Pa., lost his voice so that he could speak only in a whisper. A year ago he hurt his arm, and since then had occasionally found relief from the pain by placing it on a large driving belt that generated considerable electricity. Recently while doing so his voice suddenly and completely returned and has since been good.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—"Let her go, Gallagher," is a New Orleans product, and is gotten off on drivers of street cars, who are called "Gallagher." Visitors to the late exhibition in the creole city were struck with the number of that family engaged in driving street cars. There is a legend to the effect that the driver of the first street car run in New Orleans was named Gallagher, which probably accounts for the origin of the gag.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—At the recent convention of homeopathic physicians at Saratoga, a doctor from Springfield, Mass., telling of his success with diphtheria, is reported to have said: "I have cured hundreds of cases with sulpho-carbolate of soda, and never lost one, while my neighbor, a high dilutionist, has lost every case he had.' "Name him! Name him!" cried the delegates, and the doctor did name him, and now there are two Springfield physicians that are bitter enemies.—*Troy Times.*

—Henry Donnelly, of New Haven, neard cries for help coming from Mill river, Pa., ran quite a distance at full speed, reached the water in time to see a small boy sink for the third time, plunged in, breathless as he was, without removing even his shoes, failed to get the boy at the first attempt, dived again, and just managed to bear the apparently lifeless body ashore, when his strength gave out. Donnelly was dragged out fainting, the boy was resuscitated, and so was his mother, who had in the meantime arrived and fainted.—*Hartford Post.*