The Fairfield News and Herald.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1884.

Forsaken.

With jeweled fingers clasped as if in prayer
A woman stands with white face wan and set,
And looks into the sky, dry-eyed and dumb,
She holds a letter crumpled in her hand,
The tell-tale message of a broken faith,
And all is dark where all before was light.
All things are changed; the world is at an end;
And life is lost, for Love has come and gone.
There is a grief in life all desert-dry,
Where sorrow's raining tear-drops never fall;
Where God himself is powerless to help,
And naught is left to live for but the grave.
The gathering dust of crumbling years may come
And settle on her brow in lines of gray,
But time can never heal this wound—her fate
To die in youth and yet be doomed to live
And walk the world in darkness, seeking death
Oh! ye whose feet have trod this weary path
Whose wrecked and ruined lives line thick the way
Up Love's steep eminence—I pray you tell
Is not what mortals call our life a death
When Love betrays us with a Judas kiss?

—Ernest McGoffey in the Current.

WEED BLADES.

Young Henry Hayloid experienced much difficulty in finding, in his somewhat contracted sphere of operations, a vocation which would yield a pleasurable, not to say remunerative return. One day, after having experimented with quite a number of "callings," including a mild attempt in the pulpit, he heard that a school teacher was greatly needed in a far removed district, known as "Panter Walk." He had begun the study of veterinary surgery, but not being very much taken with the profession, he decided to go at once to "Panter Walk" and begin the much needed course of instruction. Arriving, he found a small log school house sparsely supplied with benches. The farmers whom he consulted, agreed that a school was the very thing they needed, but that no one could expect much "of a showin' till arter the crops was laid by." This was certainly discouraging, but as young Hayloid had nothing else in view, he decided to stay and take his chances. When school opened, only two "scholars" made their appearance, the family property of old Jim Socklaster. One was a "gangling" boy, whose awkward form and recklessness of gait had won him the appellation of "Windin' Blades." The girl, tall and with a disposition to romp, was rather good-looking, and wore around her hair a blue ribbon—silken streak of civilization.

"And what is your name?" asked the teacher.

"They call me Weed, sir," she said.

"Why did they give you such a name?"

"Cause she growed so fast," interposed Windin' Blades.

As no other pupils came, Hayloid decided to go ahead regardless of numbers. It was with some trouble that the two students could be classified. Windin' Blades had only one book, a tattered copy of "Paradise Lost," of which he could not read a line, and Weed had brought a work treating of agriculture among the ancient Egyptians.

"Where did you get these books?" asked the teacher.

"A tramp give 'em to us for a jug of buttermilk," replied Windin' Blades.

"Can your father read?"

"He can read little books, but he can't read one as big as this one."

"Your mother can doubtless read?" turning to the girl.

"She can't read now, but she uster could."

"Why can't she read now?"

"Because the book she learned to read is dun lost. Here comes pap."

Old man Socklaster entered, nodded and said:

"Mornin' to you, mornin', sir. Got sorter slim prospeck."

"Yes, the children don't appear to be coming very fast."

Old Socklaster was not disappointed at the "slim prospeck." In fact he was rather pleased to note what encouragement, beyond his neighbors, he was giving to the cause of education.

"I reckin' you're goin' to go right on with the undertakin' jes' the same as if you had a whole passel of scholars?"

"Yes," said Hayloid. "I came here to teach, and so long as I can secure the attendance of a single pupil, I shall continue to make my efforts in behalf of learning."

"Glad to know it. You're the only right sort of a teacher we've had in this community for some time."

"By the way, Mr. Socklaster, these books which your children have been provided with are by no means appropriate."

"What's the matter with 'em."

"One treats of agriculture several thousand years ago, telling of wooden plows and ox threshing machines, the other is a book which only advanced students can read and understand."

"Wall, the feller we got 'em of said they was good books, and he's an older man than you are. Better let 'em worry along with them books awhile, an' arter they've dun learnt all there is in 'em, w'y then I'll git some better ones. Good day. Wush you mighty well with your undertakin'."

Fortunately Hayloid had brought a few books for beginners. He had no trouble in effecting an exchange, for the bright pictures at once settled the question of their worth. Windin' Blade and Weed had scarcely explored the mysteries of the alphabet, but they proved to be attentive, and evinced such a desire to learn that Hayloid did not regret having commenced with "such slim prospecks."

The teacher boarded in a quiet family, where the sunlight that a little child brings is unknown, where a deaf old man and a knitting old woman sat down nightly to the exploration of their own thoughts. All that Hayloid could get out of the old man was "hah" —with one hand behind his ear—and as the old lady seemed to drop a stitch every time he addressed her, she was allowed to pursue an uninterrupted course of self investigation.

Windin' Blades and Weed, day by day, continued to be the only pupils. Corn was "laid by," and farmers' boys had no particular work to perform, yet the census of the school remained the same. To watch the development of Weed's mind was an interesting study. She was remarkably bright, and learned with a readiness which surprised Hayloid. Windin' Blades was, after all inclined to be idle. He had a passion for carrying grasshoppers in his pockets. These insects occupied his entire time on the playground, and at last, after much experiment, he succeeded in harnessing them to a diminutive wagon which he had constructed. The teacher remonstrated with him concerning this useless absorption, and once he spoke to his father, but the old man instead of being displeased smiled until the tobacco juice ran out of the corners of his mouth.

"Let him go," he replied. "I was sorter o' that turn myself when I was a boy, an' daddy allowed I wouldn't amount to nothin', but arter a while I turned out to be the best plow hand in the country.

Winter came, and still no other pupils appeared. By the bright log fire, while the snowstorm raged outside, Hayloid found himself better contented than he had ever been before, and his interest, instead of growing less, became greater. The teacher had at first decided that he would not beg for pupils, and on no occasion did he ask the farmers to send their children. He was treated politely, yet he could see that the people of the neighborhood cared nothing for his society, but as this indifference was mutual he spent very little time in regret.

One day Windin' Blades failed to come, but Weed, with her face all aglow with healthful exercise, came as usual. When she had hung up her homespun cloak, and shaken the snow from the bright hair, Hayloid asked:

"Where is your brother?"

"He ain't here."

"I see he's not here, but where is he?"

"At home."

"Why didn't he come?"

"Had to go to mill."

"Weed, don't you think you are learning very rapidly?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think I ever saw anyone make such progress. You have a fine order of mind, and I hope, that after I leave the neighborhood you will pursue your studies still."

"You are not thinking about leaving are you?" looking up with eyes in which there lurked shadows of sadness.

"I shall not leave immediately, but in justice to myself I cannot remain here much longer."

She twisted the flax home-made button on her dress, and gazed fixedly into the roaring fire.

"Do you want me to stay here?" he asked.

"Yes," twisting the button.

"But you know I cannot stay here always."

"No," she replied with brightening eyes, "we cannot stay anywhere always. We have to die sometime."

"Why, Weed, you are running ahead of your studies. You have jumped from the fourth reader to an advanced book of philosophy."

She did not thoroughly comprehend his meaning, but she laughed and bestowed on him a glance which forever remained a pleasant memory.

"Do you, so fresh and vigorous, with such bloom of perfect life, ever think of dying?"

"Yes," she replied sadly, "my little sister was the picture of health, with more bloom than I have and with a face so bright that everybody wanted to kiss it, but she died. When they said that she could not get well I did not believe them, but one morning, when I went to the bed and found the bloom all gone, I knew they had told me the truth. Now I know that anybody can die and that the bloom does not mean life, but many times means death."

He looked at her in surprise. He had taken great pains to correct her language, and had from day to day noted her advancement; yet he was not prepared for the expression of such views, common enough with older people, but rare with one so young.

"You are right, Weed. The rose may be bright to-day, but to-night a frost may kill it; but we have wandered from our subject. What was I trying to tell you, anyway?"

"About your going to leave."

"Oh, yes. You know that I can not remain here much longer. Very few men would have staid this long, but I, have nothing to do—"

"And did you stay here because you had nothing to do?"

"I don't exactly mean that. I mean that I could not have remained had other business engagements pressed me."

"But you would not have come here had other engagements pressed you."

"You are developing tact as well as philosophy. Now, to tell you the truth, after staying here three days no business could have called me away. Only one person could have influenced me to leave."

"Who?"

"You, and you alone."

"How could I have had any influence?"

"You possess an unconscious influence that is stronger than iron. If you had said you did not want me to remain I should have gone away. I have studied your face closely, and I have ever seen, or fancied that I saw, kindness and welcome in your eyes."

"Isn't it time to take in school, Mr. Hayloid?"

"No, there is time for nothing but to tell you of my deep love for you. Weed, you are the cause of my remaining here, I love you with a heart that was never before moved."

She had twisted off the button and sat changing it from one hand to the other.

"No woman, no matter how cultivated, could win my love from you."

"Do you know why I learned so fast?" she asked, dropping the button and clasping her hands.

"Because you have a bright mind."

"No, because I love you."

He caught her in his arms and was pressing her lip when Windin' Blades burst into the room.

"Thar now," he said, stopping in amazement. "Thar now, Mr. Hayloid. Don't say nothin' more to me 'bout kitchin' grasshoppers. I'd rather be kotch puttin' gear on grasshoppers than to be kotch puttin' my arms 'round a gal. Whoop!" and Windin' Blades, in celebration of his conquest, seized a bench leg and belabored the writing table.

"I'm goin' to tell pa on you, sir," said the girl.

"I'm goin' to tell him on you," again whooping and striking the table.

"I don't see how anybody can study when you're keeping up such a noise."

"Study, har yah, whoop!" and he raised a deafening din. "Wall," when he had sufficiently commemorated his discovery, "believe I'll go home of thar ain't goin' to be no school," and before a protest could be made, Windin' Blades had leaped from the door and disappeared.

"That was unfortunate," said Hayloid, "and I would give almost anything if it could be recalled."

"Are you sorry that you told me?"

"Oh, no."

"Then you are sorry that—that you tried to kiss me?"

"No; for if some one had stepped in and shot me I should not have regretted my action."

"And you do love me as truly as you say you do?"

"Deeper than I can express, and I want you to be my wife."

"Don't you think that I am too much of a child?"

"No, you are quite a woman. We can study together, and your bright mind can blossom into a flower of brilliance and beauty."

They were standing in front of the fire.

"I will be your wife."

He took her in his arms, and was in the act of kissing her when old man Socklaster stepped into the room.

"Hello!" Wall, by jinks, this is a funny sort o' school."

Hayloid stammered an unintelligible reply.

"Sort o' kissin' school, an' I must say that if Weed has larnt as fast in that ar branch as she has in her books, she's a might ap' scholard. Can't you sorter 'splain yourse'f, mister!"

"There is not much of an explanation to make, old gentleman," replied the teacher. "I love your daughter and she loves me. I have asked her to be my wife, and she has—"

"Told him that I am too young," interposed the blushing girl.

"Wall," said the old man in expletive, for he could really say nothing, and only said "wall" to gain time. "Wall," I reckon that a gal what takes so nachul to kissin' ain't much too young to get married."

"Did you meet Windin' Blades." asked the girl.

"No, I hain't seed him senso he left home. Here he is, now."

"Pap, what you reckon?"

"I reckon a good deal."

"Wall, Mr. Hayloid has been er kissin' of Weed."

"He's got a right to kiss Weed. He's goin' ter be yer brother."

"How?"

"By marryin' Weed. Wall, I reckin the school 'ud better break up fer terday. Come an' we'll all go home. Mur will be glad ter hear o' the 'gagement, for she's mightily pleased with Weed's larnin'. A woman can go through life er larnin', but airter a boy gets to be bout 21 he thinks he knows it all an' don't larn no more."

The old lady was indeed pleased to hear of the engagement, and she "tuck such a likin' ter the young man" that she opened the pear preserves which which she had been saving for the preacher.

At night, while in contented half circle they sat by the fire, Hayloid remarked:

"It has ever been a mystery to me why I did not have more pupils. I was told that the people of this neighborhood wanted a school."

The old man laughed.

"Day after day," continued the teacher, "I expected to receive additional encouragement, but as you know I was disappointed. What kind of people have you in this country, anyhow?"

"Fust-rate folks."

"They evidently do not care to see their children educated."

"Oh, yas, they're mighty keen fur edycation."

"Then they certainly have a poor opinion of my ability as a teacher."

"Ah, no; they think you're a mighty smart man."

"Well then, confound it, why didn't they send their children to school."

"I'm soon ter be yer daddy-in-law, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"An' yer won't think hard o' the ole man if he tells yer a joke."

"Of course not."

"Well, when it was knowed that yer was comin' here, I went 'roun' an' told all the folks that yer owed me money an' wan't goin' to teach no chillun but mine. They would er sent off an' got another teacher, but you see I rented the school-house fur a year. Now," and the old man laughed heartily, "I'll go roun' an' explain. I'm pretty well fixed, thank yer, an' what I've got is yourn."

Henry and Weed now conduct one of the most flourishing schools in Arkansaw, and old man Socklaster, it is said, has learned to write his own name.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Bismarck's Unvarying Principle.

We must find room for one more anecdote which shows how rigorously in his private life Bismarck applies the principle which has been the mainspring of his statecraft since he undertook to shape the fortunes of Prussia, the maxin, *Aide toi. Dieu t'aidera.* One day, so runs the story, he went out snipe-shooting with a friend. They had to traverse a quagmire, into which his companion, a short, stout, ponderous gentleman, sank up to the armpits. After struggling in vain to extricate himself, he yelled for help to draw him out of the vile bog-hole, the muck of which was fast rising to his mouth and nose. "My beloved friend," answered Bismarck, with the utmost calm, "you will never be able to scramble out of that hole, and it is quite impossible to save you. But, I'll tell you what, my boy! I'll spare you a filthy and protracted death agony by shooting you through the head." "Are you beside yourself?" screamed the other, making frantic efforts to wriggle out of the swamp. "I don't want either to suffocate or to be shot."

Raising his gun to his shoulder and taking careful aim, Bismarck replied in mournful accents: "Keep still for one second. It will soon be over. Farewell dear friend. I will tell your wife of your last moments." Stimulated to superhuman exertions by the danger threatening him, the unlucky sportsman tried to wrench himself out of the mud, and crawled on all fours to terra firma. As soon as he felt himself safe, he burst, of course, into a torrent of violent reproaches. Bismarck, smiling, listened to him awhile, then simply remarking, "You see I was right, everyone for himself," turned his back on his infuriated companion, and strolled off to look for more snipe.—*Moritz Busch's "Our Chancellor."*

The Utility of Pain.

The utility of pain is seen in the membrane which sweeps the surface of the eye, for instance, in several animals, whenever any irritant particle is brought into contact with these delicate structures. The pain caused by the foreign body sets up reflexly a muscular contraction in this membrane, and thus it is brought across the eye, sweeping the surface, and so the offending matter is removed. When the foreign body is too fixed to be so removed, disorganization of the eye follows, and amid a general destruction of the organ the irritant matter is got rid of. Destruction of the eye in these animals would be a common occurrence if it were not for this muscular arrangement, and pain is the excitant; it is, as it were, the finger which pulls the trigger, and so the machinery already provided and prepared is set in action thereby. In man the suffering caused by a foreign body in the eye calls the attention to the part and leads to its removal. If it were not for the pain so produced irremediable mischief would often be permitted to go on unchecked, because unnoticed. Not only does pain so defend the eye from the injurious effects of foreign bodies, it often serves to protect the delicate organ from overwork; and where pain is so produced rest is given to the part, and recovery is instituted.

Life in the White House.

The mansion has beautiful points outside, and the taste of its present occupant has made it very handsome within. But it is not suitable for a private residence and a public office at the same time. It would admirably meet the purpose of either; it can hardly serve the uses of both. Few know how little available space there is in it. The rooms are large, some of vast size, but there are not many of them The halls are wide, the corridors long, the vestibules spacious. Four large apartments are allotted to the necessary secretaries, clerks, administrative functionaries of the government, telegraph operators and so forth. The grand reception room occupies the entire east wing on the first floor; the smaller reception room leads from it; the state banqueting hall is an enormous apartment. This leaves but limited space below for private needs, dining room and parlor. Upstairs, beside the rooms for government work, already mentioned, there is an apartment devoted to the meetings of the cabinet, the library, and a state chamber. There remain but five chambers for the use of the family, which, if it happens to be large, may overflow its accommodations, and must be very small to allow a suitable entertainment of guests, who cannot be received in any number.

But these things, though bad enough, are not the worst, by any means. The victim in the White House has no private life, to speak of. He belongs to the Nation; he has been placed there by the choice of the people, and they assume the right to see him as often as they feel inclined, which may be at any hour in the day. The demand for his presence and service is incessant. It is forgotten, apparently, that the man has a personal as well as an official side, that he must be a gentleman now and then, that he cannot be president all the time, that he is not the property of the community at large, that he must have his special friends, that he must enjoy the human privilege of refusing the visits of strangers, that he is excusable for guarding against intrusion, and has no more responsibility outside of his official duties than the ordinary citizen has, who is let alone at his home, and is at liberty to put the affairs of his shop behind him, when business is over. This is no fancied grievance. The president is a very busy man, full of cares, and needing quiet, rest in the society of family or friends, more than most, together with social amenities of a various kind. Especially he needs to be for a part of each day taken out of the associations of his office, and placed where his mind can be refreshed by other concerns than those of the public. He will work better, more heartily, more cheerfully, more effectually, for such a respite.

There are two ways of bringing about this most desirable change: either the present edifice might be given over wholly to business, for which it is admirably adapted, and even now is none too large, in which case the president's house might be situated wherever convenience prompted, at a distance from the building that contained the office, where, by appointment, he would find himself certain hours out of the twenty-four, or the business might be carried to another part of the town, and the White House be assigned to the president for his private residence. The former plan is preferable for several reasons. In the first place, the mansion is designed for a public purpose. No private dwelling offers such facilities for receptions and dinners, which must be given on a grand scale. In the next place, the increasing business of the country will be furthered by the aid to concentration that so large a mansion affords. Then the habits of the multitude who flock to the house on practical errands will not be interrupted. Experience shows the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of breaking up such habits, and the removal of the president's private house would render the effort to break them up unnecessary. The present amphibious arrangement, besides being a public disgrace, is a singular piece of foolishness in a community that prides itself on its good sense in getting out of the people it employs the utmost they are capable of performing. The actual president is crippled in his working faculty by the annoyances to which he is now subjected. A thick-skinned person may not complain of this ceaseless notoriety,—nay, may like it; but a sensitive man must feel it keenly. Even to a casual observer the invasion of individual privilege is exceedingly unpleasant to the eye.—*O. B. Frothingham in June Atlantic.*

Garden of Eden Rocks.

Since the days of the "forty acres and a mule" dodge, if a month has passed away without some ridiculous fraud being practiced upon the colored people here, your correspondent fails to remember it. The latest and most absurd was brought to light to-day, when a colored man, with his eyes dancing with delight, came in to show me a treasure that he had just bought in the shape of "a rock from the Garden of Eden."

It looked like a small piece of slate, was highly perfumed with musk and packed in a small paste-board box. He had bought it from a white woman, who told him that she was from the Garden of Eden, and was the only living agent for the sale of the rocks. She had thousands of them put up in similar paper boxes, and sold them through the country at 25 cents each. She has sold several hundred in Columbia. The *Times-Star* correspondent tried to buy the colored man's rock, but he resolutely refused ten times its price. A big revival is in progress among the colored Methodists of this city, and the aforesaid white woman is reaping a rich harvest in the sale of her "Garden of Eden rocks" among the ignorant enthusiasts.—*Columbia (S. C.) Cor.. Cincinnati Times-Star.*

It was in a country church, and the vicar, before morning service, told the curate to give out a notice about baptisms and another about some new hymn-books. In reading the notices the curate revised their order and gave them as follows: "For the future, 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' will be used in this church." "There will be a baptism of infants held in this church on Sunday next." "All parents wishing to have their children baptized must send in the names to the vicar before Wednesday." The vicar, who was sowewhat deaf, heard the curate's voice cease, but did not observe that the order of the notices had been reversed, so he rose and said, "And I should further like to mention that those who wish to procure some of the latter can obtain them, on applying at the vicarage, for one shilling, or with extra strong backs for eighteen pence."—*Tropical Times.*

An Amateur Carpenter.

In my opinion every professional man should keep a chest of carpenters' tools in his barn or shop and busy himself at odd hours with them in constructing the varied articles that are always needed about the house. There is a great deal of pleasure in feeling your own independence of other trades, and most especially of the carpenter. Every now and then your wife will want a bracket put up in some corner or other, and with your new, bright saw and glittering hammer you can put up one upon which she can hang a cast-iron horse-blanket lambrequin, with inflexible water lilies sewed in it.

A man will, if he tries, readily learn to do a great many such little things and his wife will brag on him to other ladies, and they will make invidious comparisons between their husbands, who can't do anything of that kind whatever, and you are "so handy."

Firstly, you buy a set of amateur tools. You do not need to say that you are an amateur. The dealer will find that out when you ask him for an easy running broad axe or a green-gage plumb line. He will sell you a set of amateur's tools that will be made of old sheet-iron with basswood handles, and the saw will double up like a piece of stove pipe.

After you have nailed a board on the fence successfully, you will very naturally desire to do something much better, more difficult. You will probably try to erect a parlor table or a rustic settee.

I made a very handsome bracket last week, and I was naturally proud of it. In fastening it together, if I hadn't inadvertently nailed it to the barn floor, I guess I could have used it very well, but in tearing it loose from the barn, so that the two could be used separately, I ruined a bracket that was intended to serve as the base, as it were, of a lambrequin which cost $9, aside from the time expended on it.

During the month of March I built an ice-chest for this summer. It was not handsome, but it was roomy, and would be very nice for the season of 1884, I thought. It worked pretty well through March and April, but as the weather begins to warm up that ice-chest is about the warmest place around the house. There is actually a glow of heat around that ice-chest that I don't notice elsewhere. I've shown it to several personal friends. They seem to think it is not built tightly enough for an ice-chest. My brother looked at it yesterday, and said that his idea of an ice-chest was that it ought to be tight enough at least to hold the larger chunks of ice so that they could not escape through the pores of the ice-box. He said that he never built one, but that it stood to reason that a refrigerator like that ought to be constructed so that it would keep the cows out. You don't want a refrigerator that the cattle can get through the cracks and eat up your strawberries on ice, he says.

A neighbor of mine who once built a hen resort of laths, and now wears a thick thumb-nail that looks like a Brazil nut as a memento of that pullet corral, says my ice-chest is all right enough, only that it is not suited to this climate. He thinks that along Behring's Strait during the holidays, my ice-chest would work like a charm. And even here, he thought, if I could keep the fever out of my chest, there would be less pain.

I have made several other little articles of vertu this spring, to the construction of which I have contributed a good deal of time and two finger nails. I have also sawed into my leg several times. The leg, of course, will get well, but the pantaloons will not. Parties wishing to meet me in my studio during the morning hour will turn into the alley between Eighth and Ninth streets, enter the third stable door on the left, pass around my Gothic horse and give the countersign and three kicks on the door in an ordinary tone of voice.—*Bill Nye in Denver Opinion.*

Two Anecdotes of Peter Cartwright.

Peter Cartwright was the name of a well-known Methodist pioneer. He was a sort of peregrinating pigeon, who flew over the hills and swamps upon his apostolic wings. He feared nothing, and was as strong as he was brave. At a certain camp-meeting he got into trouble with a set of roughs who had tried to break up the services. Maj. L., who was a prominent citizen, though a great "sinner," identified himself with the roughs, and, flying into a desperate rage, said if he thought Cartwright would fight him a duel he would challenge him.

"Major," the preacher answered, "if you challenge me I will accept it."

"Well, sir, I dare you to mortal combat."

"All right, sir, I'll fight you. And, sir, according to the laws of honor I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight."

"Certainly," the Major replied.

"Well then, we will step over here into this lot and get a couple of cornstalks. I think I can finish you with one."

The Major waxed hotter. He clenched his fists and foamed with rage, saying: "If I thought I could whip you I would smite you in a minute."

"Yes, yes, Major," the militant minister asserted; but, thank God, you can't whip me; only don't you attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in all your life." That ended it.

Another bully threatened to whip the Rev. Cartwright, who answered, "Sir, I never like to live in dread. If you really intend to whip me, come and do it now."

The bully continued his curses and threats, and the minister jumped off his horse, and going to him, said, "Look here, you will have to whip me as you threatened, or you will have to stop that cursing, or I will put you in the river and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him."

The bully repented, and afterwards became one of the preacher's best friends.

First western desperado—Well, did you kill old Col. Rich? Second desperado—Yes, I fotched him. "How did you do it?" "I found him riding on his horse along a lonely road, and had plenty of time to aim." "But where is his horse?" "I did not touch that." "Did you take the horse?" "Certainly not. In this section they will hang a man for stealing a horse."

A cowboy, who was married the other day, made the following speech after the ceremony, and before the clergyman could take off his surplice: "Now's the time to s'lute the bride. Step up, gentlemen; step up and help yourselves. This is yer last chance. Ther' ain't nothin' mean about me. I kin spar' a few, seein' as how I'm to hev the hull crap, after the first pickin'."

Militia and Mobs.

In most riots the neglect of a few simple principles by both civil and military authorities has caused most of the bloodshed. The militia should be assembled promptly. If this is delayed, their armories may be surrounded and their assemblage prevented. Besides, the knowledge that troops are in readiness strengthens the police and intimidates the mob. They should not be paraded until the last moment. The bayonet and rifle are deadly weapons, and not suited for mere police work. But as soon as there is danger of the police being overpowered the militia should march to their aid, and then all sentimentality should be dispensed with. A mob is a gang of law-breakers, with the criminal class coming to the top as it gains power; and the very existence of society depends upon its being promptly put down. Half-way measures are cruelty. Any militia officer who permits his men to be shot or stoned without resistance deserves a court-martial. A mob never appreciates forbearance. Blank cartridges simply inspire them to fresh assaults. Firing in the air has the same effect, besides killing innocent people at a distance. Volleys are seldom necessary. To detail a few sharp-shooters to pick off the leading aggressors is far preferable. If the thrower of the first brick is shot, as a rule no more will be thrown. Four shots at Cincinnati which killed four leaders dispersed the mob that attacked Powell's gun-store. The same number fired with like effect would have scattered that which attacked the jail, if they had been the first which had been fired by the troops. It must be remembered that no troops will stand being stoned or being shot at without firing in return. If the officers wait too long (as was the case in the Orange riots in New York), some one is sure to fire without orders, bringing on a general fire which unnecessarily destroys many lives. The troops should not allow themselves to be besieged. Strong detachments should traverse the streets, aiding the police in dispersing all crowds and in clearing the streets. The mob, when once broken, will never again collect. If the militia are strong and well disciplined, and it is understood distinctly that they will permit no trifling, their mere appearance is usually sufficient. If their condition is such that the mob do not fear them, many lives have to be sacrificed before peace can be restored.—*"Topics of the Time," in the June Century.*

A Snake in a Sleeping-Car.

"The liveliest time I ever had on the road," said the sleeping-car conductor, "was one night when a snake got loose in my car. We were coming east from St. Louis, and out at Effingham, Ill., we took on a family of Pittsburghers bound for home. There was a boy of 10 in the party, who carried a little wicker cage in his hand, partly wrapped up. I thought, of course, he had a bird in it, and allowed him to take it with him into the car. That night at Dayton, which we reached at half-past 9 o'clock, a pretty young lady was put aboard and took a berth at the end of the car, near the ladies' dressing-room. About 10 o'clock I was at the other end of the car, looking at the porter blacking the boots, when suddenly there came from the dressing-room some of the shrillest screaming you ever heard —so keen that we heard it over the noise of the train. I rushed through the car, followed by the porter, and found the little lady who had got on at Dayton perched on tip-toes on the wash-stand, frightened out of her wits, and pointing at something on the floor. She was so excited that I couldn't make out what she was saying, but I looked down, and there was a nasty little green snake coiled up in the middle of the floor and moving his head about from side to side, evidently ready for a fight. I wasn't exactly afraid of the thing, but it did give me a creepy sort of feeling to see it in my car, and I was just about to kill it, when I heard somebody behind me yelling: 'It's my snake! Don't kill it! Don't kill it!' and the boy who brought the cage into the car rushed in and took the snake up in his hands. But when the boy had put the snake back into his cage I settled matters by dropping the cage, snake and all, out of the window. I felt like dropping the boy out, too. The boy had put the cage under the berth on the floor, and when the porter was fishing out the boots he must have upset it and let the snake out."

Reigning Sovereigns.

The following table of royal sovereigns is taken from the Gotha Court Calendar, the most accurate authority on such matters. The list gives the years of their accessions and their age at the present time:

	Accession.	Age.
Don Pedro II., Brazil	1831	58
William, Brunswick	1831	78
Victoria, Great Britain	1837	65
Ernest II., Saxe Coburg	1844	65
George, Waldeck	1845	53
Francis Joseph I., Austria	1848	53
William III., the Netherlands	1849	67
Frederick, Baden	1852	57
Peter, Odenburg	1853	56
Charles Alexander, Saxe-Weimar	1853	66
Ernest, Saxe-Altenburg	1853	58
Charles III., Monaco	1856	66
John II., Leichtenstein	1858	44
Heinrich XXII., Reuss Greiz	1859	32
Nicholas, Montenegro	1860	43
Frederick William, Strelitz	1860	64
Adolph, Schaumburg	1860	67
William I., Prussia	1861	87
Louis I., Portugal	1861	45
George I., Greece	1863	38
Christian XI., Denmark	1863	66
Louis II., Bavaria	1864	39
Charles I., Wurtemburg	1864	61
Leopold II., Belgium	1865	49
Charles, Roumania	1866	45
George II., Saxe-Meiningen	1866	58
Henry XIV., Reuss-Schleiz	1867	51
Milan I., Servia	1868	29
GeorgeSchwazburg-Rudolphstadt	1869	45
William, Germany	1871	87
Friedrich, Anhalt	1871	53
Oscar II., Sweden	1872	56
Albert, Saxony	1873	5
Alfonzo XII., Spain	1874	26
Woldemar, Lippe-Detmold	1875	59
Adbul Hamid, Turkey	1876	41
Ludwig IX., Hesse	1877	46
Hubert I., Italy	1878	40
Leo XIII., Pope	1878	74
Charles, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen	1880	54
Alexander III., Russia	1881	39
Frederick Francis III., Schwerin	1883	8

Fifty years ago or so the commanding officer in Mariazell had to send a report to his superior. He summons for this purpose a subaltern. "Have you pen, ink and, paper?" "Yes, your Honor." "Good. Now write, Mariazell, the 13th; got that down?" "Yes, your Honor." "What have you got?" Mariazell, the 13th." "Good; go on; October—got that down?" "Yes, your honor." "What have you got?" "October." "Good; now read it all." "Mariazell, the 13th October." "Proceed; 1813—got that down?" "Yes, your Honor." "What have you got?" "1813." "Good; now read it all together." "Mariazell, the 13th October, 1813." Well, now, let's rest an hour or so."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"Pa, what are 'puts' and 'calls' on State street?" "Well, a man puts his money in a broker's hands and when he calls for it it is all gone."

Earthquake Phenomena.

The causes of earthquakes have long been the subject of many conjectures. The numerous investigations of late years have contributed much to define their characters; and several data recently acquired tend further to make their mechanism clear. It is known that the shocks are by no means distributed at haphazard over the surface of the globe. The countries where the strata have preserved their original horizontal position, like the North of France, a part of Belgium, and the most of Russia, are privileged with tranquillity. Violent commotions are manifested particularly in regions that have suffered considerable mechanical accidents, and have acquired their last relief at a recent epoch, like the region of the Alps, Italy and Sicily.

The tracts that are simultaneously distributed by the same shock most frequently comprise arcs of from five to fifteen degrees, or from 300 to 1,500. They rarely include a much more considerable fraction of the globe; although the celebrated catastrophe at Lisbon on the 1st of November, 1755, extended over seventeen or eighteen degrees into Africa and the two Americas, or over a surface equal to about four times that of Europe.

The detailed examination of many earthquakes has enabled us to determine the center of the shocks as well as the contours of the disturbed areas. From the manner in which the latter surfaces agree with lines of pre-existing disclocations, several of the most distinguished geologists, including Mr. Dana, M. Suess and Albert Heim, have considered the shocks in question as connected with the formation of chains of mountains of which they may be a kind of continuation.

In fact, the crust of the earth everywhere shows the enormous effects exercised by the lateral pressures that have been in operation at all epochs. The strata, bent and bent over again through thousands of meters of thickness, as well as the great fractures that traverse them, are the eloquent witnesses of these mechanical actions. Notwithstanding the apparent tranquillity now reigning on the surface of the globe, equilibrium does not exist in the earth, and commotions have not been arrested in its depths. The proof of this is found not only in earthquakes, but also in the slow movements of the soil, of elevation and depression—a kind of warping, which has continued to manifest itself within historical times in all parts of the globe.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

How Gun-Barrels are Made.

The beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures on the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals, iron and steel, are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars or ribbons of steel and iron are alternately arranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long flat bar, which is next coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel, after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandril, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun-barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are thoroughly closed. The last, or finishing, operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings and weldings and hammerings, the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke-bore is one that is a little smaller at the muzzle than at the breech end. There are various ways of "choking" gun-barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force.—There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gunmakers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard and laminated steel; the Damascus barrels are generally considered the best.—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas for June.*

The Perils of Railway Crossings.

The *Saturday Review*, commenting on the railway statistics in the United States census report, says:

The number of killed and injured is alarmingly large. In the course of the twelve months 2,541 persons lost their lives, 5,674 were more or less seriously injured on the railways of the United States. The companies, indeed, affirm that only 364 were killed and 1,438 injured through causes beyond their control. A closer examination of the figures shows that what are almost exclusively known as "railway accidents" in this country caused the smallest part of this terrible "butcher's bill." The number of passengers killed was 143, that of employes 923; while 1,475 "others" neither passengers nor railway servants—were killed on the lines. No one who has traveled on American railroads will be at a loss to understand the meaning of those figures. Collisions are not more frequent than in this country; probably on the whole, much less so; while accidents through the fall of bridges, defective rails and engines are of course more common, American railways being much more lightly constructed, and the trains traveling, on an average, at perhaps half the English rate. But lines running without fence or protection, not only through woods, prairies and farms, but through the streets of villages, and even of cities, are a source of peril to the community at large such as in this crowded country could not be tolerated for a moment. It is a significant fact that, while the total number of injured is more than double the number of killed, while nearly four passengers and employes are injured for each one slain outright, the number of "others" killed and injured respectively is exactly equal. Naturally half, at least, of the men, women, or children run over are mortally hurt.

Bob Swan, of Ottumwa, Iowa, who served as captain in the Thirteenth Indiana Infantry, applied for a pension, which was granted, with $5.280 back pay. To complete the proof his discharge papers were wanted, but after a diligent search in the records they could not be found, which reminded Bob that at the time his company was mustered out he was on detailed duty elsewhere and was evidently forgotten. Inasmuch as he was never mustered out he will draw $65,000 as captain's pay up to date.

WIT AND HUMOR.

All men are born free and equal, but do not remain so. Some descend into the maelstrom of politics, and others ascend into the upper air of journalism.

It is a foolish girl who will ask her lover which he likes best, beauty or brains. No matter which way he answers she is sure to get mad.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Minister Sargent used to be a printer, and it is said that the cause of his Berlin difficulty was on account of his once having set up Bismarck with a small "b."

An old lady was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whisky. She replied: "I would make it into starch to stiffen the backbone of the temperance people."

A Buffalo minister announces that "many pulpits are now filled with dudes." This may be, but there are very few dudes in the pews. They stand outside waiting for the pretty girls to pass.

The late Mr. Maxwell, a wealtay Milwaukee brewer, left $500,000 "toward the solution of the problem of aerial navigation." This is what we call riches taking to themselves wings. —*Lowell Courier.*

A Lewiston (Me.) man had been in prison ten years, and the first thing he did on being set free, was to return a borrowed umbrella. He was immediately sent to an insane asylum.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"And 'ow about the performers for my lady's concert Wednesday next?" "O it's all right, Sir Gorgius! I've got you six *first* violins, four *second* violins, and——" "*Second* violins be hanged! I'll 'ave none but *first* fiddles performing in *my* 'ouse!"—*London Punch.*

Isn't it curious to think that the same citizen who may be heard on club nights bellowing forth the bacchanalian ditty, "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl," can softly croon his youngest to sleep with the seductive melody, "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber?"

If you don't believe this is the most prosperous country in the world, just notice carefully the marvelous and cheering increase of veterans of the Mexican war. We have an impression that not less than half a hundred of them land from every arriving emigrant ship.

It is estimated from a statistical point of view that loss of appetite among young people on account of love annually saves to the country $100,000,000. Perhaps so; but the expense of extra light and fuel and caramels and ice-cream, on the same account, it is estimated, more than balances this amount.

In Siam the women are agitating the question of their rights. They have gone so far as to petition the King that their husbands shall not pledge them for gambling debts. The spectacle of lovely woman being swept away in the maelstrom of a jack-pot or exposed to the vicissitude of a four flush is indeed a sad one.

"I want to present Augustus with a cane," said a young New York lady, "but I don't know what size he wears." "What do you mean by size?" was the question; "are canes of different sizes?" "Oh, yes, and one has to be careful in selecting them. I shouldn't like to send dear Augustus a cane with a head big enough to choke him."

Some one has been selling the London *Truth*, which publishes the following paragraph: "In New York the latest foolish freak is for bald men to paint their heads as a part of their full dress. At a recent entertainment one individual's scalp was covered with a carefully-painted battle piece, another with a group of fish and shells, while a third displayed a copy of one of Mr. Vanderbilt's Meissoniers."

In French Algeria the work of exterminating wild beasts is making rapid progress. The number killed, for which rewards were paid by the government, rose from 647 only in 1881 to 1,656 in the following year. Among these the jackals figure for by far the larger proportion, numbering on the total of the two years 1,969 out of 2,303. Besides these there were four lions, six lionesses, 110 panthers and 196 hyenas.

"Mrs. Caroline Dall, authoress, has her Winter home at Georgetown, D. C."—*Boston Globe.* And Julia Moore, the poetess, is in Oshkosh; and Mary Walker, the lawyeress, is in Washington; Eliza Pinkney, the advertiseress, is dead; and Susan B. Anthony, the workeress, is abroad, and we only have a singeress, a couple of painteresses, a rideress, and several walkeresses to make things cheerful for us at home.—*Life.*

Mabel—"It does make me sick to hear people speak of dresses being cut 'in princesse style.'" Edith—"That is strange. You must certainly have heard the term very often abroad as well as at home." Mabel—"Yes, and I thought it all right until I became familiar with Europe; but now I know it is all nonsense." Edith—"Why so?" Mabel—"Because princesses haven't any style."

"What has become of our wonderful crimson sunsets, I wonder?" said Tom. "Why," replied Laura, thoughtfully, looking up from the *Bazar*, "I suppose they have all gone out of style. Everything is very quiet and elegant this spring. I knew those winter sunsets were too high-colored to last long. They might do for the evening," she said presently, in a reflective mood, "but they were too loud for the street." And, bending over the description of a new walking suit, she did not see Tom, fallen from his chair, staring wildly at her and painfully gasping for breath.

"Oh, the wickedness of them play-actors!" said a country aunt in town on a visit, and at that moment boiling with indignation. "They make a laughing-stock of marriage by getting married on the stage; they make believe murder and shoot, and set fire to houses, and now if there ain't one of them actually advertising for people to come and see him die on the stage. O no; I ain't mistaken. I read it with my own eyes, 'Last night and farewell appearance of John McCullough.' I suppose the doctors gave him up, and he wants to make a heap of money the last thing."

An old and skilled New York physician, when interviewed on the hot water craze, said: "It has long been used. It is an internal wash; nothing more or less. As such it is excellent. An old trainer of prize-fighters used to tell me about it before I had even heard of it elsewhere. He said he had cured everything from toothache to rheumatism with it. My lady patients often beg me to prescribe it for them, and I very often do so; sometimes because I think it likely to do good, and sometimes because I don't think it will do any harm."