

HUNTING THE DEER

The Chase Furnishes Dr. Talma a Timely Theme.

REFUGE IN GOD'S WORD.

For Those Pursued by Trials and Misfortunes. The Gospel as a Refreshment Graphically Set Forth.

The gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talma under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains; text, Psalm xiii, 1, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks..."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water in the Bible, for the deer is called among the animals, for the deer, the snow, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaac compares the righteousness of the restored cripple of millennial time to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as a deer." Solomon expresses his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven and setting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clamor startles him, and those who are after him. Then there is a crackling in the brushwood and the loud breathing of some rushing wood of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize it plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harrier.

David said to himself: "Aha! That is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without numbers after me, I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there!" says David, "That hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool water and washes its weary flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer is being slain by the score. One while they are talking with a hunter I thought I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer I said to the hunter in rough corduroy, "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister. You see, they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for Raquette or Loon or Saranac, and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the runway with rifle loaded ready to blaze away." My friend, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much. Its allusions are so true to nature. Its parables are real parables, its ostriches, its lions, its tigers, its reindeer, real reindeer. It is a splendid appearance, that a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When 20 miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pads and, with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see 30 lakes, and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between lake and lake is a river, the streams thereof shall make glad the city of God. "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against antler. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it shells its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say, "A man who ventures his money on risky enterprises has brought down the stag's horns, and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune, to go and find where

the deer shed his horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pining into your pursuers. Be as wise as next spring will be the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans it were asked that all who had been badly treated should raise both their hands, and all who were satisfied to make their pursuers present, I say many of you would decline. "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignance or invalidism or mischance, is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the fiercer and the more elegant its protractor and the more beautiful its protractor the more anxious are the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur or broken hoof and an obliterated eye and a limping gait the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! Don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides disclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of hills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defines the jack shooting lantern and the rifles, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their necks in the rapid. So if there were no noble stuff in your make up, if you were frustrated and nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed, but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are a splendid game and worth capturing.

Therefore sarcasm drawn on you is your finest bait; therefore the world goes gunning for you with his best Winchester breechloader. Highest compliment to you is to your talent, or your virtue or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievement. The best and the mightiest Being the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarian messiah. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a blemish, four spikes and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn, at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again?
So would not I.
One tear of memory given
Onward I'll live.
Life's dark wave foisted o'er
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home or sign?
If you might, would you row
Ereace your way,
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faith and glory?
Night's gloomy watches bed,
Morn'g's dawn, if you would
Hoop smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

Yes, for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stair's hounds and the Duke of Rutland's hounds, but all of them put together do not equal, in number or speed or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chapter if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of the lake lakes—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge and with the breath of the dog on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon lake and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of water, as try to meet a stag which has a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When 20 miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pads and, with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

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For him I thirst, for his grace I beg, on his promise I build my life. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my fields of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down some day in kindred and some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help I should be wretched and terror struck. But I

want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can cry out, "The hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you—as in time of earthquake, when an old Christian woman, asked whether she was scared, answered, "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant, asked if he did not fear he would break, answered, "Yes; I shall break when the Fifth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' O Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and persecutions, and hounded by the world, whether it still hunt for a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to sink out of sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one long, tremendous plunge into big Tappan lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliating yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed and ashamed will all you appear from outside the gate of heaven, or as when your master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow you to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs." I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old waterdogs who are the constabulary of the houses in solitary places and for years have been the only protection of the citizen, some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flock from going too near the precipice and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal would not find me snuffing them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon's feet, as the surgeon was about to cut the neck of the poor woman who the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we carried in our childhood days, or that in later life lay down on the rug in sympathetic when our homes were desolated.

I say if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world—yes, all that now bite or worry or tear at pieces with their sharp teeth, "without are dogs." No place there for harsh or backbiters or despisers of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice fires and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, found out where he had lived and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were discharged, and banquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to meet you, and the bells are rung, and the banquets spread, and the rescuer loaded with presents, will you not think the prayer in Solomon's Song where he compared Christ to a reindeer in the night would make an exquisitely appropriate penetration to my sermon. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."

A Meteoric Shower.
As if the nights of the 14th and 15th of November shall be clear or perhaps both of them will reveal a splendid spectacle. Astronomers have calculated that at that time the earth will pass through a meteoric belt, and that a shower of aerolites will be seen where conditions are favorable. There are several theories of meteors and their fall. One, which we find in the Atlanta Journal, is that they are fragments of comets which have been wrecked off. They shoot through space at a speed of about twenty-five miles a second, and this great velocity causes them to ignite, as they are not beyond the volume of air which surrounds the earth. Meteors frequently fall to the earth, in rare instances in solid mass, but usually in a fine powder which is left from combustion in the air. There is always an abundance of meteors in our atmosphere, the number which traverse it being millions every day. But on November 14 and 15 the meteoric procession will be far thicker than usual, and if the astronomers have predicted correctly we shall see multitudes of them rushing and blazing above us. This is the season for meteors and on any fair night half a dozen or more may be seen by the hose who have the patience to watch for them. But next month we will have a gorgeous display in the heavens, and nobody should forget the dates set for it.

House for a Giantess.
Ella Ewing, the giantess, has had built for herself a new residence near Gorin, Mo. The house was constructed on a scale proportionate to Miss Ewing's size. The doors are of mahogany, and the ceilings and windows look like those of fabled giants' castles. The propriety of this establishment is now 8 feet 4 inches tall, and is still growing.

Louisville is already laying plans for the entertainment of their veterans on the occasion of their annual gathering, which next year will be held in that city. The committee has named May 16, 17 and 18, 1900 as the time for the assembling of the veterans there. From the plans already under consideration by the committee, some unique and interesting features are promised.

"I have used your 'Lifo for the Liver and Kidneys' with great benefit, and for Dyspepsia or any derangement of the Liver or Kidneys I regard it as being without an equal." James J. Osborne, Attorney at Law, Bolington, Henderson Co., N. C.

An Unusual Death.
A Pennsylvania farmer died in an unusual manner the other day. He fell from an apple tree and two of his ribs were broken. A splinter from one of the ribs pierced his heart, and was found there by the doctors, who performed an autopsy.

Farmers, sow plenty of oats and wheat.

RACE TROUBLE.

Armed Negroes Threaten to Burn a Georgia Town.

MILITIA IS CALLED OUT.

The Trouble is Over for the Present, But It May Break Out Afresh at Any Minute.

A special dispatch from Barnesville, Ga., to the Atlanta Journal says armed Negroes mobbed together and threatened to burn that place at nine o'clock on Tuesday night of last week. The Negroes were well armed and very boisterous, although it is now believed they were more bluffing than brave. All night the soldiers were on the streets of the town, and every road leading into Barnesville, was held by an outpost of soldiers, making it impossible for any one to enter the city without being detected. As soon as the soldiers remained upon the scene the Negroes dispersed and nothing more has been threatened by them, although today there is little confidence expressed and the feeling between the white people and the Negroes is very bitter.

The trouble grew primarily out of the recent milk strike, when the question of Negro labor served to agitate the citizens of this place. Only on the surface has the matter been smoothed over, as the feeling between the races has continued to exist and been displayed in various ways. There has been considerable talking among the Negroes here, talking that did not bode well for some of the white persons. On Saturday night some of these threats and remarks of the Negroes reached the ears of some of the white people of the town. Shortly after dark one of the Negroes was given a whipping. It is understood that several other Negroes were similarly dealt with.

Feeling between the races here has been approaching nearer blood heat ever since, and Tuesday night the culmination came. As early as 4 o'clock suggestive remarks could be heard that the night promised to be an unusually interesting one. Negroes could be seen in various parts of the town talking with each other in an apparently absorbing manner, and the matter was fully discussed by those white persons who remained on the streets. Veiled threats were heard, and in several instances the stores keeping arms and ammunition were visited, and some of the Negroes were seen on the streets with arms, while others are practically known to have carried arms concealed. No one can be found who saw or heard of any lawlessness or molestation on the part of the whites. Many remained in town either at their work or out of curiosity.

The culmination of the matter came shortly after 9 o'clock. At about this hour on the outskirts of the town in the neighborhood of one of the factories setting volley of shots was heard. This set the people to wondering. Soon after a number of the white people who live in this vicinity came into the public square and said the Negroes were over in that section from whence the firing came. They said they were making an attempt to enter the factory. The mayor was notified of the state of affairs and ordered the local militia and placed the town under military rule. He then telephoned Governor Chandler his action and received the governor's endorsement. The Barnesville Blues (the local military company) were then picketed about the town and no one could come in or go out until fully investigated. The mayor then looked fully into the matter and left the governing of the city to the discretion of the captain of the militia.

The militia remained on guard until 2 o'clock a. m., when the men were dispersed. The town, while normal outwardly this morning, beneath the surface is thoroughly stirred over the affair. It is not known what the outcome will be, but there are those who predict the affair is not ended yet. The strict vigilance will be exercised by the city authorities, and if necessary, the mayor has expressed his determination to offer a reward for the apprehension of the offenders.

Hanna's Appeal.
Senator Hanna has issued an appeal to the Republicans of Ohio to vote for Major Jones, of Toledo, for governor. He tells them that any defection in the Republican vote there this fall will cast reflection upon President McKinley, and will be taken up by the Democratic press all over the country. Mr. Hanna's appeal cannot be construed in any other light than as showing Republican weakness in Ohio, but it is McLean and not Jones that Mr. Hanna fears.

The Old Confeds.
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HOW TO GET OUR US JOBS.

The Requirements, Work and Pay According to the Law.

LIUET. HEPENSTALL WHO HUNG MEN FROM HIS OWN NECK.

This Notorious Individual Was an Apothecary in Dublin—A Man of Splendid Physique, Six Feet and Two Inches Tall—Died in 1804.

Among the examples and records of British history during the terrible year of 1788 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieut. Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "The Walking Gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained the rank of lieutenant in 1785. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir John Barrington, in his "Memoria," states:

"I know him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold-blooded and execrable an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

"At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial law about to be put in force, Lieut. Hepenstall hit upon the expedient of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomies he considered characteristic of sedition. At the present day the story seems most incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of the period, that when rebels either suspected or caught red-handed, were brought him, Hepenstall would order the cord of a gallows to be taken off, and then rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victim had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

"The 'Walking Gallows' was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so good as that of the gallows. Lieut. Hepenstall's own silk cravat, being so long and of a fine color, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant would frequently administer an anesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words he would knock him out with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had a unusually powerful victim to do with Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body he would bring his hand down on the neck of his victim, and then, when both were cheek to cheek with his burden like a jolting cart horse, until the rebel had no further solace than to groan and groan after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's Green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "The Walking Gallows." He was invited with by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross-examination, admitted all the forementioned details of his method of execution, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty, and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous and efficient officer.

Lieut. Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities were obliged to bury his body in a secret place, and his tombstone should be removed to a private house, where it would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lies the bones of Hepenstall, Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.—Baltimore Sun.

A Japanese Sword Trick
"I had a little party of Jap jugglers on the road in '91," said an ex-theatrical manager, "and got on to a good many of their tricks. Most of them were surprisingly simple in reality, but I don't remember ever having seen explained was the feat of walking bare-footed up a ladder of sharp swords. The swords were of the native straight-bladed shape and were so keen that they would easily slice a handkerchief in two in half an hour. Before sticking them through the uprights to form the ladder the head Jap always passed his thumb along the edge of each sword to see if it was sharp. Last drew out a narrow steel tap, which was coiled on a spring in the handle. The tap had a hole in the end, which caught on the point and held it in place, and it completely shielded the edge. After the tapping was over it was quietly released, as the swords were being taken out, and flew up into the handle again. The weapon could then be passed around for inspection. Most people supposed that the tap was made of some metal to toughen his skin, but the truth was as I have stated."

She Knew Something
The beautiful girl had parted forever from the only man she ever really loved, and she was even sadder than was usual with her upon such occasions.

"There are always good fish left in the sea!" they urged.

"Yes; but when you catch them they turn out to be lobsters!" she retorted, bitterly, thereby showing that after all a person's hair may curl naturally without rendering a person entirely devoid of sense.—Detroit Free Press.

Leaders of Men.
Lord Wolsey, Commander-in-Chief of the English army, whose rating of Lee as the greatest commander of the civil war made some admirers of Grant unhappy, has continued his studies of the war with an essay on Stonewall Jackson, of whom he speaks with almost equal enthusiasm. Few men, he concludes, have been more fitted by natural instincts, by study and by self-discipline to become leaders of men.

A Senators Pull.
There isn't a word to be said, any political pulls in army appointments these days, but the son of Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, has pulled a captaincy in the regular army just resigned by a son of Senator Quay. Senators' sons must be provided for, even if it does make army men fracture the decalogue.

"If you want the world you will never find a remedy equal to One Minute Cough Cure," says Editor Fackler of the Micanopy, Fla., "Hustler." It cured his family of LaGrippe and saved thousands from pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles.

Out of Date.
To a Philadelphia newspaper man who tried to interview him the other day, ex-Speaker Reed said: "There is nothing I could talk about except the constitution, and that isn't popular." The remark has been construed into an important expression of Mr. Reed's views on the Philippine question.

Burned to Death.
At St. Ann, Miss., Thursday Mrs. J. H. Gambrell and four children lost their lives in a fire that destroyed their residence.

A WALKING GALLOW'S

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In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant would frequently administer an anesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words he would knock him out with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had a unusually powerful victim to do with Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body he would bring his hand down on the neck of his victim, and then, when both were cheek to cheek with his burden like a jolting cart horse, until the rebel had no further solace than to groan and groan after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's Green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "The Walking Gallows." He was invited with by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross-examination, admitted all the forementioned details of his method of execution, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty, and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous and efficient officer.

Lieut. Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities were obliged to bury his body in a secret place, and his tombstone should be removed to a private house, where it would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lies the bones of Hepenstall, Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.—Baltimore Sun.

A Japanese Sword Trick
"I had a little party of Jap jugglers on the road in '91," said an ex-theatrical manager, "and got on to a good many of their tricks. Most of them were surprisingly simple in reality, but I don't remember ever having seen explained was the feat of walking bare-footed up a ladder of sharp swords. The swords were of the native straight-bladed shape and were so keen that they would easily slice a handkerchief in two in half an hour. Before sticking them through the uprights to form the ladder the head Jap always passed his thumb along the edge of each sword to see if it was sharp. Last drew out a narrow steel tap, which was coiled on a spring in the handle. The tap had a hole in the end, which caught on the point and held it in place, and it completely shielded the edge. After the tapping was over it was quietly released, as the swords were being taken out, and flew up into the handle again. The weapon could then be passed around for inspection. Most people supposed that the tap was made of some metal to toughen his skin, but the truth was as I have stated."

She Knew Something
The beautiful girl had parted forever from the only man she ever really loved, and she was even sadder than was usual with her upon such occasions.

"There are always good fish left in the sea!" they urged.

"Yes; but when you catch them they turn out to be lobsters!" she retorted, bitterly, thereby showing that after all a person's hair may curl naturally without rendering a person entirely devoid of sense.—Detroit Free Press.

Leaders of Men.
Lord Wolsey, Commander-in-Chief of the English army, whose rating of Lee as the greatest commander of the civil war made some admirers of Grant unhappy, has continued his studies of the war with an essay on Stonewall Jackson, of whom he speaks with almost equal enthusiasm. Few men, he concludes, have been more fitted by natural instincts, by study and by self-discipline to become leaders of men.

A Senators Pull.
There isn't a word to be said, any political pulls in army appointments these days, but the son of Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, has pulled a captaincy in the regular army just resigned by a son of Senator Quay. Senators' sons must be provided for, even if it does make army men fracture the decalogue.

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