# Lincoln County Advocate.

*"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May."*

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### THE CLOSING SCENE.

[The following is pronounced by the *Westminster Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written:]

Within the sober realm of leaden twilight
The meek year breathed the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper, in his hurried care,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther and streams sang low;
As in dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embalmed forests, crewhile armed with gold,
The banner bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On somber wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock up in the hillside crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warden blew
His allen horn, and then was heard no more.

Whereover the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And when the oriole swung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like censer swung.

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east—
And now was silent, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the peasant, strumming in the vale,
Made echo his the distance to the cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
No spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiselessly out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the moor with its invested torch.

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous mien
Sat like fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom
Her country summoned, and she gave all;
And twice was bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire the country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;
And loving neighbors smooth her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

—*T. B. Read.*

### THE RECOVERED TREASURE.

"Must you go out again, dearest?"

Helen Tracy's wistful blue eyes were lifted to her husband's face as he came into the sitting-room with his overcoat on. He was a tall, stately-looking man, with a high forehead and clear brown eyes, and the pleasantest of smiling mouths; but Helen's face had a something in its blonde, oval beauty that reminded you of the hunted fawn or the wild bird stricken down by the sportsman's shot. She was fair as a lily, with hair of bright, rippled gold, and large, violet eyes—such a one as you might fancy Saxon Rowena to have been, in short.

"Yes, but I shall soon be home, Nell, so don't worry yourself about me. Harry is asleep, I see."

As he spoke he glanced toward a velvet-cushioned chair, where a beautiful child of scarcely three summers lay nestling in the flushed, lovely sleep of infancy, with his dark curls thrown back from the dimpled cheeks and one hand underneath the head.

"Yes; he has been in the garden all the afternoon, and fell asleep almost the minute his nurse brought him in."

Dr. Tracy stood a moment looking down upon the child.

"How pretty he grows. Ah, Nelly, we have the most precious treasure Heaven ever gave to his children in this boy."

"Oh, Henry, if I only had my little Bertha, too!"

"Still brooding on your lost one, Helen! My dearest, I had hoped that time was healing up that wound in your heart. Is it wise, is it discreet, thus to forget the bounties Heaven has given you in the one gift he has withdrawn?"

"If I could only be certain that she was indeed lost, Henry," sobbed the fair-haired woman. "I could have planted daisies above her grave and counted her growing years in heaven—but I cannot. She may be in want—she may be ill or suffering, and I so powerless to aid her."

"There can be no doubt that she is dead, Helen," soothed the husband. "Were it otherwise, your brother-in-law would long since have communicated with you."

"If I could only believe it—if I could only ease this aching of my heart," reiterated Helen. "Do not think me ungrateful, Henry, but indeed I cannot forget my little lost Bertha."

At this moment Harry sat up on the sofa, loudly claiming his mother's attention; and Dr. Tracy went away with the pleasant recollection that Helen was smiling back to her boy's smiles. Ah! where was there ever magnetism like the touch of a child's hand to soothe the ache of heart or head?

The flaming crimson belt of the late sunset glowed suddenly above the leafless October woods; the tall trees that skirted the lonely road on either side seemed to stand like gaunt sentinels. Dr. Tracy buttoned his overcoat one or two buttons higher as he drove along the solitary highway, and felt the raw, piercing chill of the evening air; and all the time he was thinking of Helen's words.

She was a widow when he married her, this fair Saxon beauty—a widow whom the death of her handsome foreign swindler of a husband had set free from a bondage almost worse than slavery. Francesco Petroni died, but Paolo Petroni, his brother, lived, a dark, designing man. Bertha, their infant child, had been consigned, by Francesco's desire, to his brother's care, during the illness that proved fatal to him. All the widow's subsequent efforts to regain possession of her little one were futile.

"My dear sister-in-law," said the Italian to her one day, when her appeals and entreaties had been most persistent, "there is one way, and but one way, for you to receive child Bertha."

"And that is——"

"To receive me also—as your husband!"

Paolo Petroni never forgot nor forgave the recoiling movement, the look of horror with which the English widow received his unwelcome proposal.

"You will compel him to give my little one to me, Henry," the poor young mother had said, on the day that made her, for the second time a wife. But when Henry Tracy, armed with all the force of the law, went to Milan to demand possession of his little step-daughter, lo! Paolo Petroni had utterly disappeared, and Bertha with him.

Search, inquiry, investigation, proved equally vain; and from that day to this—a period of full six years—neither Dr. Tracy nor his wife have ever heard one word of the little Italian infant whose smile had been the first gleam of light that had fallen across the troubled tide of poor Helen Petroni's foreign life.

It was one of those strange, inexplicable romances of real life that we sometimes encounter amid the most prosaic and common-place surroundings—and supplied Dr. Tracy with ample materials for thought as he drove through the wild and desolate part of the country.

"Not a particularly pleasant spot this at twilight," soliloquized the doctor, leaning forward to catch a glimpse of a single ray of yellow light that streamed from the window of a cottage a few rods further on. "They've lighted their candles, I see, and it's high time they did, too."

He sprang from his phaeton and entered the cottage without knocking.

It presented no very inviting scene. A ruinous floor, treacherous and uncertain to the unwary footstep; walls where masses of plaster had fallen away, leaving the rough laths exposed; and a fireplace where a few damp logs sputtered and smoked, and did everything but blaze up cheerfully. A hard featured old crone, who was dozing on a stool by the hearth, started up, and began to courtesy as the doctor entered.

"Well, Mrs. Hopper, and how is the patient?"

"Quiet, sir—quiet, quiet."

"And the child?"

"As peaceful as a lamb, bless its little heart!"

Dr. Tracy took up the candle and strode across the room to a low bedstead in the most distant corner, where a human figure was dimly outlined beneath a torn and tattered counterpane. Close beside it, with a shower of fleecy, flaxen ringlets mingled with the black, disheveled locks of the prostrate woman, nestled a child who looked up into the doctor's eyes as he approached, with innocent, wondering looks.

"I give her the drops at 4 o'clock," whined the old woman, "and she hain't made no fuss since. I wouldn't disturb her, 'cause there's nothin' so refreshin' for sick folks as sleep."

"Sleep!" echoed Dr. Tracy, bending to examine the averted face; "my good soul, she's dead!"

"Dead!" shrieked the old woman, rushing across the floor—"dead! Come away, child, quick."

The little creature slid to the ground with a composure strangely at variance with her age, and stood alternately eyeing her two companions.

"I hope, doctor, you'll see I don't lose nothin' by the expense I've been to," whined Mrs. Hopper. "I'm a lone widder woman, and——"

"And the biggest harpy in the country!" added Dr. Tracy; "I knew that when I had this poor creature brought here when I found her dying by the roadside the night before last, but I couldn't very well help myself. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Hopper, you shall not be a sufferer! But about this little girl—I really don't know what to do."

He hesitated an instant, mechanically smoothing the fleecy, yellow curls of the little girl.

"I suppose," he said, nodding toward the bed, "she left no money nor valuables of any kind?"

"Not a bit of it, sir, for——"

But the child stepped forward, a fragile bit of a thing, but erect and resolute.

"What did you do with that little bag you took off nurse Nina's neck!" she asked.

"Bag!" stammered the confounded woman.

"Yes; you took it off her neck last night when you thought I was asleep!"

"The child is dreaming," said Mrs. Hopper, turning red and white.

"But I do not think she is," said the doctor, quietly but firmly. "Give her the bag, Mrs. Hopper.

"I never see no bag, as sure as I live and breathe!" asserted the woman; but Dr. Tracy's quick eye followed the direction of her wandering glance. He stepped across the room and removed the cushion of the stool; beneath it lay a small red leather bag drawn up by a tarnished gilt cord.

"That is my bag," said the child, holding out her small hand.

"Yes; but had I not better keep it for you? And, little one, perhaps I shall take you home with me to-night. It is not well that you should stay in the house with death."

"I am not afraid of death," said the child, gravely. "I saw my uncle Paolo die."

"Who?" demanded Dr. Tracy, turning suddenly around.

"My uncle Paolo."

"And what is your name?"

"Bertha Petroni."

Dr. Tracy's heart seemed to stand still.

"Come here, my child," he said, in a tremulous voice. "Who was this woman that lies dead here?"

"My nurse, Nina."

"And how did she come here?"

A puzzled expression came over the grave little face.

"I don't know, sir; she came to look for some one—I don't know who."

"How old are you, Bertha?"

"I am eight years old."

Dr. Tracy opened the little leather bag; it contained a yellow letter, worn through all the edges, and signed "Helen Petroni," a slender chain of gold and a tiny ring set with turquoises. He closed it again, feeling like one who had unexpectedly encountered some rare, long-lost treasure.

"Come, little Bertha, I shall take you home with me," said he, rising.

She put her hand in his with a simple trust that brought the involuntary tears to his eyes, and they drove away, leaving Mrs. Hopper muttering and groaning on the threshold.

"Child," he said, breaking the long, oppressive silence, when they were about half-way home, "you are an orphan?"

"Yes," said little Bertha, simply.

"Do you remember nothing of your mamma?"

"Mamma," repeated the child, vaguely. "My mamma—no; I never had a mamma!"

"Wouldn't you like to have one?"

"I—don't—know," hesitated Bertha. "I don't know how it would seem to have one."

It was intensely dark when they drove up to the doctor's house, but the lights shone like cheerful beacons, and Helen was in the hall to greet him.

"My love," he said, standing on the threshold, "I have brought you a little daughter to love and cherish—some one to fill the lost Bertha's place."

As he led the fair-haired child forward, Helen gazed wildly at her for a moment, and then burst into a wild, glad cry.

"Bertha! my own little Bertha!"

The mother's instinct had triumphed over all these long, long years of separation; and in the tender embrace that enfolded her tiny form, poor little Bertha Petroni first learned "how it would seem" to have a mother.

"Well," said Dr. Tracy, smiling through a dimness in his sight, "if I were an infidel I might say fate had done this. As I am not, I'll venture to assert that the hand of Providence has led us most miraculously through this long labyrinth of years.

### Reminiscences for the Centennial.

The following facts respecting the personality of the illustrious men who imperilled their property, their liberty, and their lives by attaching their signatures to that instrument which established our national independence will be read with interest at the Centennial anniversary of the day which witnessed the act draws near:

The thirteen States then comprising the American colonies were represented in the assemblage that passed the measure by fifty-one members. Thirty-seven enjoyed the benefits of collegiate training, twenty were lawyers, four were physicians, five were clergymen, three were farmers, and the remainder were engaged in various mercantile pursuits, except Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, and Benjamin Franklin, who boasted of being a printer, yet was a statesman and a philosopher. Benjamin Franklin was the oldest among the members and Edward Rutledge the youngest. Robert Morris was the most opulent, and was the financier of the administration, negotiating extensive loans for the use of the Government upon his personal credit. He died in prison, having been incarcerated for debt; a beautiful commentary on those laws that made no discrimination between the honest but unfortunate debtor and the convicted felon. Daniel Adams was the most needy, his impoverished condition being well known. The management of his pecuniary affairs made it necessary for him to seek a burial at the public expense. Josiah Bartlett was the first to vote for the measure, and first after President Hancock to sign the document. Two of the number, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, were subsequently Presidents. It is a remarkable fact that these two men, having been Presidents, associated on the committee that framed the Declaration of Independence, and the first recognized leaders of two great political factions of our country, died on the same day, the 4th of July, 1826—the fiftieth anniversary of the day upon which they had contributed so much to the welfare of their countrymen. Charles Carroll was the only member that added his place of residence, and the reason of its being done in this instance is somewhat peculiar. The patriots that formed that convention knew full well that by their action on that day they hazarded their lives. When Carroll was signing some one near him remarked, "He will get off; there are so many Carrolls they will not know which to take." "Not so," replied he, and immediately added "of Carrollton." He lived to see all the memorable men with whom he acted on that eventful day pass away, and enjoyed the prosperity of his country until 1832, when he died in his ninety-fifth year.—*Boston Journal.*

### A Slight Mistake.

A slim gentlemen of rather seedy appearance, with a bag in his hand, called at a Danbury bank on Saturday, and asked to see the cashier. The boy took a good look at the party, whom he saw to be a traveling agent of some kind, and then went into the back room with information. He returned and said the cashier was very busy just now. The stranger set his bag down, and, leaning against the wall, prepared to wait.

"He'll have a good time if he waits till Mr. C—— comes out here," whispered the boy to the teller.

"You bet," replied the teller with a jocular wink.

But the man waited. Years of experience, perhaps, had taught him the wonderful sublimity of waiting. Once the cashier appeared in the door, but seeing the bore still there he precipitately retreated. Shortly after he fled over to the other bank to tell the cashier of the way he had outwitted the book fiend. He had been there but a minute or two when the slim man appeared and asked for the cashier. The official of that bank was obliged to admit his presence.

"I want to make a deposit of $5,000," said the slim man. "I was going to take it to the other bank, but I got tired waiting for the cashier to come in."

The cashier for whom he had waited shot back to his own institution, and when he got hold of that boy he gave him a clearer idea of singing sounds than he ever had before or will, perhaps, ever have again.—*Danbury News.*

DR. S. WELLS WILLIAMS, of Peking, has just published the concluding portions of his syllabic dictionary of the Chinese language, an immense work, on which he has been engaged for forty years.

A RELIGIOUS paper published in Tennessee says: "Those of our subscribers who pay promptly are marked as Christians."

### AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

**The Struggle Over Edward Everett's Nomination as Minister to Great Britain.**

The contest in the Senate of the United States over the confirmation of Mr. Dana as Minister to Great Britain recalls the very bitter struggle in 1841, when Edward Everett had been nominated for the same place. Harrison had been elected President, receiving 234 electoral votes against sixty for Van Buren, and he was inaugurated on the 4th of March. But he died on the 4th of April following, and John Tyler became President, retaining Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, and nominating, when Congress met in extra session, Mr. Everett as Minister to England, as had been agreed upon before the death of Gen. Harrison. Mr. Everett had always been very "conservative," but he had, when a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts, expressed the opinion, in answer to a letter, that Congress had the power to abolish slavery in this district. This was made the pretext by the Democrats to defeat the nomination, and thus retain Andrew Stevenson (father of the present Senator from Kentucky) at the Court of St. James. The Whig party had a majority, but the Democrats thought that, if they could brand Mr. Everett as an abolitionist, no Southern Whig would dare to vote for him.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations—a majority of which were Whigs—reported in favor of Mr. Everett's confirmation, but Senator William R. King, who was a member of the committee, made a minority report, in which he took the ground that it would be dangerous to the "peculiar institution" to have the country represented by an abolitionist, when there was already a strong anti-slavery feeling. The nomination was placed on the calendar with the adverse minority report. That night Senator Morehead, of Kentucky, confidentially informed Thurlow Weed, of the Albany *Journal*, then here as a correspondent for his paper, what was going on in executive session, and said that even Mr. Clay, while he advocated the confirmation, would only give a silent vote for it. Mr. Weed declared that this would never do, and at once set about checkmating the opposition to Mr. Everett by communications in the Baltimore *Patriot*, which came back here in season, and by personal appeals to Mr. Clay. Rufus Choate, then a Senator from Massachusetts, was also very active among the Whig Senators, and before the nomination was reached for action, the Southern Whigs saw that it would be suicidal for them to be made tools of by the Democrats. Archer of Virginia and Preston of South Carolina alone persisted in their opposition.

When the nomination came up in the Senate, James Buchanan took the lead in opposing Mr. Everett, and was followed by Mr. King, who repeated the arguments used in his minority report, and concluded his bitter remarks by saying that, if a gentleman holding views so opposite to the interests of the South, and so destructive to its institutions was confirmed, for this important position, the Union must and would be dissolved! Henry Clay, who had walked up and down the space behind the chair of the presiding officer, listened attentively to Mr. King's phillippic, sprang to his desk at its conclusion, and added, pointing his index-finger at Mr. King: "And I tell you, Mr. President, that if a gentleman, so pre-eminently qualified for the post of Minister, should be rejected by this Senate, and for the reasons given by the Senator from Alabama, *that this Union is dissolved already!*" A somewhat heated debate ensued, which was closed by Mr. Clay, who, after having reviewed the arguments against Mr. Everett, said, in his imperial way: "These arguments, Mr. President, all verge to one center, which is that Mr. Everett is opposed to the system of negro slavery on principle. So are all the best men of New England. So are many of the best men at the South. So am I, Mr. President, although I am an owner of slaves!"

When a vote was reached, the nomination of Mr. Everett was confirmed by a vote of twenty-three yeas against nineteen nays. Messrs. Clayton of Delaware, and Merrick of Maryland, Rives of Virginia, Mangum and Graham of North Carolina, Berrien of Georgia, and Clay and Moorhead of Kentucky, all Southern Whigs, voted aye with the Northern Whigs; Archer of Virginia, and Preston of South Carolina, Southern Whigs, voted nay, while Bayard of Delaware, Kerr of Maryland, Barrow of Louisiana, and Henderson of Mississippi, also Southern Whigs, dodged in deference to Southern opinion. Not a Democratic vote was cast for Mr. Everett, and there were six Democratic absentees, one of them Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, and another Judge Nicholson of Tennessee, who died last week. There cannot be over three or four who were then in the Senate still alive. One of these is ex-Gov. William Allen of Ohio, and another Robert J. Walker of Mississippi.—*Washington Cor. Boston Journal.*

### The Supreme Court.

The United States Supreme court has decided to adjourn on the second Monday in May, and no arguments will be heard after Friday, April 28. The court is still running largely behind, being unable to dispose of the business already on hand. This will be larger at the adjournment than ever before. The McCreery bill to relieve the court by increasing the money limit involved, and by establishing a court of appeals, which passed the House several months ago, is still in the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, where it seems likely to remain.

### The Timber Supply.

The forests of Europe are estimated as being 500,000,000 acres in extent. In North America 1,460,000,000 acres are covered with trees, of which area 900,000,000 are in British North America. In South America forests occupy 700,000,000 acres. The proportion of forest land to the whole area of Europe is computed at twenty per cent.; in America twenty-one. Supposing, therefore, twenty per cent. to be the proportion in Asia, Africa and Australia, the grand total of the forests of the world cover a space of 7,734,000 geographical miles.

### The Home Doctor.

CATARRH.

We have known some severe cases of nasal catarrh cured by the daily use of a pinch of snuff, made by scraping to a fine powder castile soap, and drawing it up the nose with great force.

SCARLET FEVER.

An eminent physician of Chicago says he cures ninety-nine out of every 100 cases of scarlet fever by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. A cloth wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool.

PUMPKIN AS A POULTICE.

A correspondent of the New York Farmers' Club gives an instance in which a woman's arm was swelled to an enormous size and painfully inflamed. A poultice was made of stewed pumpkin, which was renewed every fifteen minutes, and in a short time produced a pertect cure. The fever drawn out by the poultices made them extremely offensive as they were taken off.

INFANTILE THUMB-SUCKING.

The *British Medical Journal* publishes an article by Dr. Horace Dobells, in which that distinguished physician states that he has observed that a peculiar and rather common deformity of the chest is caused by the habit of sucking the thumb in infancy and early childhood. He says that the weight of the arm on the thorax of the child, during sleep, produces depression of the ribs in the line occupied by the arm when the thumb is placed in the mouth. The doctor thinks this is a very important effect of the habit of thumb-sucking—one which has never been pointed out—and he regards it of sufficient consequence to be put on record for the benefit of other observers.

CONSTIPATION.

Many feeble people and invalids who are troubled by constipation of the bowels may be permanently benefited by using a very little of the common tincture of *nux vomica*. A druggist will give you half an ounce for five cents; then put two drops into about a half an ounce of cold water, and keep it for use. Each day when it is needed, put one drop into a part of a tumbler of cold water and drink it all, several times during the day. Do not take any more than this in one day; but it may be continued each day until permanently cured. Graham bread and a vegetable diet are a great help for this trouble; but they are not agreeable to some people's tastes, and are not easily obtained by many who know that they might be benefited by them.

SHORT HINTS CONCERNING SICKNESS.

Don't whisper in the sick room.

When the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough.

When you are sitting up nights with a patient, be sure to have something to eat, if you wish to save yourself unnecessary exhaustion.

Remember that sick persons are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them that their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they may need.

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one of which she is so tired.

Don't have needless conversation with the doctor outside of the sick room. Nothing will excite and irritate a nervous patient sooner. If you do have such conversations, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

In lifting the sick, do not take them by the shoulders and drag them up on to the pillows, but get some one to help you. Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite, then join hands under the shoulders and hips, and lift steadily and promptly together. This method is easy for those who lift and does not distub the one who is lifted.

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or, perhaps, going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.—*Scribner.*

### On the Battlefield.

A recent writer truly says: I believe no two good soldiers will widely disagree as to their sensations during a battle. I take it to be a piece of bravado in any man to assert that he had no fear during the progress of a long and severe engagement. A battle is a veritable hell upon earth; not to be in serious apprehension while it lasts is to be either drunk, crazy, or insensible. The highest type of bravery is that of the man who realizes the full extent of the peril, but sticks resolutely to his duty. It was my experience, and that of all those about me, repeated a dozen times, that shell firing is not ordinarily nearly so demoralizing as that of musketry. It is not often that shell are thrown so that their fragments scatter death and wounds, and their loud humming overhead does not cause that nervous tingling which always follows the sharp zip of the rifle bullet. The peculiar cutting of the air made by half a dozen of these at once is apt to give the soldier the idea that the whole air is filled with them, and that he is certain to be struck by one of them.

JIM CROW, an old man, and Turk Turner, were found killed by gunshot wounds, the other day in Lee county, Texas. Turner was covered by a fresh beef hide. Two heifers had been killed; part of the carcass of each was found in a wagon in which Crow and Turner were supposed to be riding at the time of the tragedy.

### JAPANESE CARPENTERS.

**Their Work on the Centennial Grounds at Philadelphia.**

The Japanese carpenters at work on the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia draw crowds of curiosity-hunters. Mr. Stillson, of the *World*, has been to see them and tell us what he saw:

To keep all at a distance a guard-fence has been set around the Japanese building. An old boss Philadelphia carpenter, whom Mr. Stillson saw leaning over the fence Thursday afternoon, said in answer to a question whether any one could go inside, "Oh, no. They had to put up this concern to keep out just such men as me. They've got tools in there that American carpenters can't hold a candle to; and they found out that some folks around here wasn't above stealing. But the tools ain't half as ingenious as their ways of handlin' 'em. I've watched that fellow up there now for half a day, and I never seen him use a rule or a measuring rod. Blessed if he don't measure everything with his eye. See him now—see him saw off that connection between them two posts; see how quick he saws it in two with that little fine tool of his. Now look at him put it up. There—it fits to a hair's breadth, and yet he did it with his eye Now notice the other little cuss yonder. He's fixin' one dove-tail to fit into another; he hain't touched anything in the shape of a rule since he began, and you'll see that he'll make them two joints set as if they were melted into each other. Hi! didn't I tell you so? You can't get your finger-nail in the crack." The wood they use is mostly a kind of red cedar, straighter, whiter and coarser-grained than ours; not so red, and without the odor of American cedar. Another kind of wood is as fine as box-wood, but harder, and has a large, broad, ornamental grain. The roof-tiles are made of a clay mixture of their own. Each tile weighs about as much as one of our bricks. These tiles are of peculiar construction—convoluted on one side, the other side slightly convoluted, lapping under and into the convolution of its neighbor, so that the tiles are jointed sidewise by the device of their own construction. The correspondent did not see that they were knitted together up and down the roof by any joint or catch, but they overlapped one another, as American shingles do, and were fastened to the roof by a deep underlaying of water-proof cement. He remarked to the old carpenter that such a roof must be very heavy. "Heavy! Yes, indeed. That there roof must weigh nigh onto two tons. But just see how beautifully they contrive to support it without letting it seem to be heavy, and without seeming to make any fuss. See how light all the timber-gear is; yet how well the uprights are distributed, and how well placed the slender braces are. If I didn't tell you, you'd never think that roof was so heavy. When they get the building finished and painted you'll think of the roof as the lightest part of it, and the whole thing'll seem as if you could take it up on your back and carry it away."

### Death of an Unfortunate Sovereign.

Leo XIII., ex-King of Armenia, has just died in a state of wretched poverty in a hospital at Milan. This King was stripped of his earthly possessions and banished from his kingdom by the Czar of Russia, who was, at first, charitable enough to pay him a small pension. For some time past, however, the pension was cut off, the Czar having reached the conclusion that it was best to let his Majesty shift for himself in the struggle of existence. Of course, the only shifting the poor, unacclimated outcast could do was to pawn all the little trinkets of past royalty remaining to him, and this he did in behalf of bread. Finally, he had nothing more to pawn, and died, leaving a widow and several very interesting young Armenian ex-subjects. A collection has been taken up for them by the hospital authorities. Yet this poor sovereign was of very high and noble lineage, having numbered among his ancestors no less than twenty-five kings who wore crowns; five were emperors of the East, three kings of Jerusalem, and seventeen kings of Cyprus.

### On Contract.

A long, slim colored man rested on his snow-shovel in front of a house on Miami avenue and mused:

"James, you is a fool! What fur? Why, for contractin' to keep dis walk cl'ar of snow for de season for $5.00."

He threw up a few more loads, warmed his fingers, and went on:

"You thought you had a soft thing on de contract business when all de snow what fell in 'Cember, January and February didn't take three hours' work to cl'ar off. Oh! you is mighty peart, you is! Here's half a day's work and snow comin' down by de cart-load."

He dug about three feet further, and then suddenly uttered a yell and called out:

"James, you is all right—your head am de leveleet kind o' level! It was five dollars for de winter season, while heah de sun has crossed de line a whole week ago, and dis snow haint your business at all! You isn't no fool, James—you shoulder dat snow-plow and walk right home?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Life in Sponge.

Recent investigations have shown this curious fact about sponges: that no matter how long it may have been used kept dry, its life is apparently restored when it is wet. The sponge being wet with warm water and placed in a warm room, the extremities of the sponge, after a little while, appear to be alive, and reach out like so many snakes—the longer they are the greater the motion. Nearly half of all the slender points seem to come to life, but after they become dry the motion ceases. All sorts of dust may be put upon the sponge, so that they should be under the same circumstances as the pores of the sponge, but nothing but the pores show any motion. These moving parts, when caught with pliers, would pull out a portion of the sponge. When there is much water in the sponge they seem minded; but it is as the sponge is drying gradually that evidences of life are exhibited, the fact being discovered with an instrument which magnifies only forty-two diameters.

### THE DEAREST FRIEND STORY.

Idly she sat in her rocking chair,
A woman of forty years and more;
There were streaks of gray in her scant, light hair
On her brow deep furrows of care and pain.

Needle and thread from her hands had dropped.
The hands that nervously clasped and clung,
As with voice that faltered and often stopped
She spoke of the days when she was young.

"Yes, six happy years since I saw him last—
Twenty years since we said 'good-bye.'
I've heard folks say time goes so fast—
They couldn't have kept track, jes' as I.

"Twenty years! I remember yet
Just how he spoke and looked and stood
When he said, 'Now, Mary, you mustn't forget
All you have promised'—as if I could!

"'There'll be many to tempt you away from me,
Never heed them, whatever they say;
Wait for me, Mary, wait patiently,
And think of me always, by night and by day.

"'Never mind if the years are long,
I shall write when I've time to spend;
I shall be true, and you must be strong,
And look to the end, Mary, look to the end

"'One thing more, Mary, give it due heed,'
Bear your joys and your sorrows alone;
Then when I come I shall feel indeed
You have been always and truly my own.'

"So he left me—'twas hard to bear
My lonely life with never a friend.
But he wrote, as he said, when he'd time to spare,
And I treasured his words and looked to the end.

"I thought of him always, by night or by day,
Just as he bade me—his will was my law;
And I asked no help on my weary way,
Though often my heart was sad and sore.

"Waiting thus for the years to pass
I never counted them as they rolled;
Perhaps if I'd cared to look in the glass
I might have seen I was growing old.

"And so, when fifteen years had gone,
He came for a visit from over the sea;
Ah! when I met him, I might have known,
If I had been wise, what the end would be.

"By the very next mail a letter came—
Not his—he couldn't be so unkind,
But his sister wrote and he signed his name,
To tell me that 'John had changed his mind.'

"'You see,' she said, 'you are old and plain,
Too old for John's wife, to tell the truth'—
I laid down the letter and cried with pain,
For hadn't I given *him* all my youth?

"Well, there was nothing to do or to say;
John had a right to change his mind;
I just went on in the same old way,
Only—I left my hopes behind.

"There were some that tried to comfort me then,
Saying, 'Best be rid of a fickle heart,'
And 'John was no better than other men,
But that never seemed to ease the smart.'

So she ended her simple tale,
'Twas an old, old story, told oft before,
For one heart will trust and one will fail
Until time and change shall be no more.

### Pith and Point.

To do so no more is the truest independence.

SCRUB races generally scour the track for the sweepstakes.

MOLINE, Ill., is pleased to call itself "the Lowell of the West."

THE man who had a project on foot went to a corn-doctor.

IF men would set good examples, they might hatch better habits.

YOU should not stone your neighbor, but you may rock his baby.

DRIED apples are becoming a fashionable dessert for swell parties.

THE man who does not set himself up too high will not get hurt when he falls.

THE pugilists Allen and Coburn are daring each other to fight again. Headquarters at St. Louis.

NEW YORK has 5,000 criminals and tramps in the city institutions doing nothing.

CAN a man dining in a new suit of clothes be said to have a rag-out for dinner?"

"The horse bit his master;
How came it to pass?
He heard the good pastor
Say, 'All flesh is grass.'"

A PHYSICIAN boarded at dinner that he cured his own hams, when one of his guests remarked: "Doctor, I'd sooner be your ham than your patient."

A LADY of rank complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied: "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

SCHOOLMISTRESS—"Johnny, I'm ashamed of you! When I was your age I could read as well as I can now." Johnny—"Aw, but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

A MAN who contracted a debt of $1,143 promised to pay it in two installments. Last week he forwarded $11, and promised to send the other $43 as soon as the times get better.—*Norristown Herald.*

WILLIAM KATON, near Mercer, Pa., committed suicide by taking corrosive sublimate. His sufferings were so great that he expressed regret in not having resorted to throat-cutting instead of poison.

"AH, my good fellow, where have you been for a week back?" "For a weak back! I have not been troubled with a weak back, I thank you." "No, no; where have you been long back?" "Long back! Don't you call me long back, you inquisitive fellow."

HUGO ARNOT, while one day panting with asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window. "The extravagant rascal!" said Hugo, "he has wasted as much breath as would have served me a month."

THAT rascally "comp." who substituted Eve for eora in a description of a lady's dress at a reception in Washington, making it read "Miss Blank wore a dress of Eve silk," had evidently been reading Hans Breitmann's poem of "the maiden mit nodings on."

TWO BRUNEER hunters in Nevada saw a Chinaman washing gold dust in a creek, and made a target of him with their rifles. One fired and missed. "You always ought to aim above the mark when it's so far off," said the other. "See how I do it." He was correct in his theory, and successful in his illustration. The Chinaman fell, mortally wounded.

A THREADBARE tatterdemalion applied at a low inn in Paris for a night's lodging. When asked to register his name he wrote, "The King of Spain." The police were at once notified, and when they came they asked him: "Do you pretend to be King of Spain?" "Not I." "Why, then, do you so register your name?" "Because I wish to travel incognito."

### Trade With Cuba.

How many persons in the United States appreciate the real relation Cuba bears to the revenue by which this nation is sustained, and to the few ships which bear our flag upon the sea.

For the fiscal year ending in 1875, the total value of our imports from Cuba was $96,745,557, and our exports to Cuba, $16,502,659.

In respect to our imports and the money we get therefrom to pay the interest on our debt and keep our ships above water, Cuba is second, and second only, to Great Britain. These are the figures:

[illegible]

In the matter of tonnage employed, the proportions of [illegible] are nearly half per cent. of all the tonnage employed in our foreign trade.—*New York World.*