Lincoln County Advocate.

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CANTON, - - DAKOTA TER.

A HEALTH TO THE PAST.

Oh, the dear old Past!
That is dead in its grave,
How young we were once!
And how gay and how brave!
We are glad of it now;
We will sigh for it never,
We will cherish our Past,
We will love it forever.

November is gray,
But all June was rose red;
And love grows by help
Of the times, it is said.
If we had not been gay,
We should rue it forever.
We have had our brave Past,
We will sigh for it never.

Oh, the dear old Past,
That is dead now, and still!
We drink to its health,
With a will, with a will.
Chink the glasses, in sign
That we sigh for it never.
What! a tear in the wine?
Comrade, hide it forever!

A STORY OF THE WAR.

The writer hereof has been the willing recorder of many truthful and remarkable adventures that occurred within his own knowledge during the great rebellion, but the reader may be assured that none more truthful was ever put in print than that of the gallant "Color Corporal," which I am now about to relate. He would not thank me to give his real name, and I shall speak of him merely as "the corporal." Thousands of just such experiences remain untold, and will never be told; but it is only from individual examples of the kind that the public are to gauge the merits of the volunteers in the late war, and to reach any appreciation, however inadequate, of the bravery, devotion, and suffering of "that grand figure in our history—the American private soldier."

The adventure of the corporal was at Port Hudson, in June, 1863. Our army invested that formidable stronghold, hardly second in strength to Vicksburg above, and three weeks of bombarding passed and found us still outside the citadel, suffering from intense heat and disease. Then followed the disastrous Sunday assault of the 14th, in which, from daylight to dark, half the army, in two columns, struggled to penetrate the defenses, and was hurled back with a loss of hundreds in killed and wounded. After that, almost a whole month of mining, cannonading, sharpshooting and starving was required to bring the gallant defenders to capitulation; and surely there was not a soldier in our own sadly-thinned army left to witness the surrender who did not experience what Sir Walter Scott calls—

"——the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

The corporal was a brave, sturdy boy of 20, short and stubby in figure, but with boldness and resolution enough inside of him for three of his stature. "Tall soldiers for the color-guard," was the requirement when we first entered the service; but some months of active service, with the ravages of disease and the bullet, had weeded out the ranks, and our giants of six feet four, five, and six were few enough. So the Colonel began to act on the principle "the best soldiers for the color-guard;" and none better were to be found than this corporal. He had been in the color-guard three months at the time of this dreadful assault, and was with it all through that historic day. Hard enough did the brave color-guard fare in that fight. The battalions in front of us were urged one after another up against the almost-perpendicular fortification, where they melted away beneath the rifles of the defenders like the mists of that morning before the sun that was just rising. Our turn came, and we, too, surged forward with a clamor of shouts and yells, right up the rocky face of the hill, over the stumps and rocks, and into the ditch. The colors were flaunted in the very faces of the enemy, and carried as far as the foot of man could reach beneath the enfilading fire of round balls and buckshot that withered away our battalion. I was borne from that angle of death quite early in the day with a shot through the body, but the impression of the battle-scene that photographed itself in my mind will describe the whole day's work. It was a continual rush of our blue-clad boys, with bayonets fixed and yells of encouragement, up against that impassable wall; a continual spurt of flashes through the gray mist from the works, and the incessant cracking report of muskets, and the sharp hissing of deadly missiles, the ditch filled and the ground in front strewn and encumbered with dead, dying, and wounded—and thus the bloody and useless work went on till night, when our columns were withdrawn—"all that was left of them"—and the ill-starred assault was over.

Merely to show that the incident I am about to relate was not an exceptional one in the experiences of that day of accumulated horrors, I quote from an article which appeared in the *Galaxy* of Sept. 15, 1866:

There was no bravery more conspicuous, nor were any sufferings more fearful, nor any endurance stouter, during and after this assault, than those of Brig. Gen. Halbert E. Paine (late Representative in Congress from the Milwaukee District of Wisconsin), who led his brigade in a charge across a field at another point of attack. Struck down by a minie-ball which shattered his leg, he lay on the field after his command was compelled to fall back, for fourteen hours, most of the time in the blistering sun, exposed to a continual fire from the works, and enduring such torments from thirst, heat, and swarms of insects, as can scarcely be comprehended. A full dozen of the brave fellows of this brigade were killed or wounded while trying to bring him water, and, finally, after nightfall, he was carried from the field more dead than alive. His leg was afterward amputated. It would be hard to conceive of more acute tortures than the wounded in this assault endured, who were compelled to lie where they fell until darkness shielded the succoring parties sent from our lines. Death on the battle-field in such a situation is sternly stripped of all its romantic glories, and tenfold horrors are superadded.

The necessity of such minor annals as these to preserve for posterity the practical and interesting details of the war will be at once seen when we learn that the comprehensive histories dismiss this bloody and ineffectual day's work with a few brief lines. Thus "Harper's History of the Great Rebellion" (p. 474) has only to say of it:

After several days' bombardment a second assault was made on Port Hudson. The chief point of attack was the northeasterly corner of the enemy's line of intrenchments. The result of the assault was a nearer approach to the works, and on the left, while Grover and Weitzel made the more palpable attack on the right, Gen. Dwight succeeded in carrying and holding an eminence which commanded a vital point in the defense known as the Citidal. But what had been thus gained had cost 700 more men, and no subsequent assaults were made. Among the wounded was Gen. Paine

The magnitude of the whole subject makes this brevity unavoidable in the historian, but such examples as this will give us a better understanding of a familiar anecdote of Napoleon. After his first Italian campaign, when his renown already filled all Europe, some civilian was congratulating him that whatever might happen in the future his place in history was secure. "Pshaw," was the impatient response, "all this is nothing. If I should die to morrow all that I have done would be compressed into two pages of history."

To return to our story. The muster of the next morning showed that every one of the color-guard was killed, wounded, or missing. The color-bearer was shot dead as soon as he came under fire; the corporal who took the flag from his dead hand was badly wounded, and in succession every man of the six was struck down, and the flag was rescued from the very muzzles of the Confederate muskets by a gallant private, who dashed up through the storm of fire and seized it from the ground where it lay, with corpses piled all about and upon it. Three of the wounded color-guard were brought from the field; two others were known to be dead, and it was not doubted at the time that our corporal was also killed. He had been seen to fall as he caught up the flag and waved it over his head with a cry of encouragement; the staff had passed to other hands, which he never would have permitted unless badly hurt, and nothing had been seen nor heard of him since. A truce was agreed upon the second day after the fight, and three hundred odd bodies, blackened beyond recognition by the fierce sun of that latitude, were buried together in the soldier's grave. The missing were all supposed to be among them, and the corporal was reported dead, with many others who were never recognized.

But the siege dragged its slow length along, and the capitulation came at last on the 9th of July. And, much to the surprise and delight of his comrades, the corporal was found alive and well in the hands of the enemy, and was released by the surrender, with a few others. He at once recounted his adventures, which I will present in the third person. The ball that prostrated him before the works had merely cut the scalp along the top of his head, producing a plentiful effusion of blood, and knocking him senseless, but causing no injury beyond this. He lay unconscious for a time, and awoke to find himself lying flat on his back, his face burned to a blister by the sun, and the air all about him still ringing with the noises of battle. He heard the voices of the officers rallying the men in the hollow below, out of sight, and presently several companies charging up the hill, and again the musketry opened hotly from the works. He had not dared to stir lest he should be observed by some watchful Confederate and shot; but, as the advancing troops rushed over him with shout and cry, an officer threw up his arms and fell directly upon the wounded sufferer, his life-blood spouting in his face. The assault failed, as did every other during the day, and the little column fell back to the protection of the hollow, leaving a large proportion of dead on the field.

Lying on his back, his face shielded from the sun by the body that had fallen upon him, the corporal passed several hours of terrible suffering. He knew that he had the strength to walk or crawl out of the range of the fire from the works, but since he had lain thus he had seen the wounded who had tried to escape from the ground shot dead. It was neither merciful nor humane; but with men's blood raging at fever heat on the field of battle mercy and humanity are apt to be slighted. His thirst was almost intolerable; his tonge and mouth were parched and dry; he was stiff and sore from long continuing in one posture, and form the dreadful weight of the corpse that lay like lead upon him; but he dared not shake it off, lest the movement should draw the ready bullets of the enemy to him. And it was well for him that he did not! Once during the day a volley of Confederate bullets directed at some of our men who were rallying in one of the hollows passed directly over him. One of the balls cut his sleeve; two, in rapid succession, struck the dead body above him with a dull *thud*. It was death protecting life from death!

A piece of bark, peeled from a stump by a bullet, lay near his head. By slow and cautious advances he moved his hand to it, grasped it, and carried it to his mouth. Tormented by thirst as he was, his caution was necessarily so great in this that it occupied half an hour. "I know it was as much as half an hour," he said in relating this story; "but if I judged by my feelings all that horrible time, I should say it was half a day." He chewed the bark eagerly, and the excitement of the salivary glands greatly mitigated his acute thirst. A cup of cold water to this poor sufferer would have been a boon more precious than anything else in the whole world; and he was but one of the hundreds who lay enduring these indescribable agonies all over that field. But such is war.

The long summer day ended at last, and the shattered regiments of the assaulting columns were withdrawn beyond musket range. The corporal patiently waited until darkness had settled upon the scene of blood, and then he ventured to relieve himself of the dead weight that held him down. He sat up and stretched his arms with that feeling of relief which only the man knows who is released from the chains that have long bound him. Still fearful that he might be observed, he would not rise to his feet, but crawled stealthily down toward the hollow. A figure holding a musket suddenly appeared before him. He knew it could not be any of our men, for all who were able to move had been withdrawn some hours. Suspecting the character and employment of this man, he turned and cautiously made off at right angles with the line of his first movement. A few yards in that direction brought him to another picket—for such they were. The Confederates had thrown out a chain of soldiers to make certain that the assault had been abandoned for the day, and the corporal was inside their lines. Lying silent and motionless, he heard another Confederate, apparently a non-commissioned officer, come up with orders for the pickets to return to the works. The soldier thus relieved took three steps, and tumbled over the prostrate body of the corporal. As he fell, his hand passed over the latter's face, and its warmth instantly told him that the man was alive.

"Ho! Yank," he exclaimed. "Git up here. Can you walk?"

The corporal realized that this was no time for artifice or stratagem, and at once decided to surrender, for fear of worse consequences than capture should he be detected in any deceit.

"Yes," he said, "I surrender. I can walk; I ain't much hurt; but I'm mad with thirst. For God's sake give me some water!"

"I spoke from my heart, then, if I ever did in my life; and the appeal moved my captor at once. He unslung his canteen from his shoulder as he marched me over the dead bodies of my comrades, through the ditch, and up into the stronghold; and eagerly seizing it from his hand, I drank its blessed contents—more than a quart of pure, cold water, without once stopping to take breath. It seemed as though life, strength, hope, everything came back to me in that draught. I never knew so happy a moment in my life." Such were his words.

Inside the Confederate works the corporal was allowed the liberty of certain bounds, on giving his parole not to attempt to escape, and, with the exception of the novelty and inconvenience of mule meat and dried peas for subsistence, with scanty rations at that, he met with no further adventure till the capitulation released him, as described.

ARTIFICIAL TOBACCO.

Tobacco leaves for the manufacture of Havana cigars are now being produced in New York, thanks to the industry of some of her citizens, aided by the progress of chemical science. The material used is a kind of brown wrapping paper, made of straw especially for this purpose. The paper, after coming from the mill, is saturated with the juice pressed from tobacco stems and other offal; then the sheets are rolled through a machine, which gives them the perfect appearance of the tobacco leaf, and the peculiar spots are printed on them as on calico. The paper thus prepared is especially adapted for wrappers around the cigars, and is such an improvement on the natural tobacco leaf (being much stronger, more economical and easy of manipulation) that the Havana cigar makers desire no other wrapping for cigars, and import it largely from New York; and no Havana steamer leaves here at present without taking out quantities of it. These figure up, according to some authorities, to 5,000 reams in one cargo, and occasionally as much as 30,000 reams of this artificial tobacco leaf has been exported.

It is stated that this tobacco-flavored straw paper makes also a filling superior to the genuine leaf; and it is impossible to detect the delicate film of paper interlapped with some broken leaves of real tobacco in the finished cigar, which the paper so very neatly holds in form. Besides this, the paper leaves no residuum other than a pure light gray or nearly white ash, just like that of the best quality of tobacco.—*Scientific American.*

MRS. KEARNEY'S MISTAKE.

Torrence Kearney, of Kansas City, was unkind to his wife, and she said that she would kill herself. He retorted, "Kill and be blowed," and left the house. Mrs. Kearney had no suicidal intention, but she wished to scare her husband into good behavior. She suspended a rope, stood on a chair, and adjusted a noose around her neck, so that she might jump off when she heard him coming. She calculated he would cut her down before she had choked much, and he would believe her effort genuine. All seemed to work well. She heard his steps in the hall, and made ready to leap. She heard his hand on the door-knob and kicked the chair away. She heard him turn back and go out of the house, and about that time she was strangled to unconsciousness. Her struggles, however, alarmed somebody in an adjoining room, and several physicians spent the night in reviving her.

CALIFORNIA has more sheep than it can pasture.

FARM AND HOME.

Two Pictures.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door, with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! if I could only trace once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

Farm Rakings.

EVERY farmer should gather a quantity of road-dust during the summer weather, which will be found very useful for the fowls to dust themselves in during the winter to rid themselves of vermin, also for applying to cattle when troubled that way.

PROF. JOHNSON says from 95 to 99 per cent. of agricultural plants derive their entire mass (weight) directly or indirectly from the atmosphere.

ONE of the very best things to remember in the accomplishment of road-work is the fence corners. Too often the sides of the road become the nursery for the vilest of weeds, and far better than turning over the rail to no purpose is the removal of these miserable pests.

CANARY seed, worth $6 to $6.50 per bushel, it is suggested can be profitably grown—at least enough for home use. Sow the seed early in rich soil, as it is liable to injury by summer drought.—*Massachusetts Plowman.*

THE growing of sweet potatoes is becoming quite general among farmers hereabout, and we may expect very soon to have new varieties better suited to the climate than the old kinds now used. A writer in *The Prairie Farmer* recommends Pimento and White Brazilian.—*Detroit Tribune.*

NINE hours' work in the field, now that we have so many labor-saving implements, is enough for horse or man. Two hours' rest at noon will be well for the horses, giving them time to eat, and opportunity to digest their food. The tenth of the time thus taken from work will be more than regained in the better health of the animals, and their ability to work the other nine hours.

THE following directions are given for keeping meat in good condition through the summer months: "Pack the beef well in a barrel, and for every ten pounds of beef take one pound of rock salt, add nitre at the rate of three ounces to 100 pounds beef. Boil in five gallons water (or enough to cover the beef) and skim off well. Pour the pickle over the beef boiling hot."

WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.—Touch the warts every day for a week with nitric, nitro-muriatic, or pyroligneous acid, being careful not to get the acid on any part except the warts. We have been uniformly successful by using a sharp pointed stick dipped into nitric acid, and then transferring the adhering drop to the wart. It has never failed in removing warts from the hands of children or other persons. It does not cause a sore or leave a scar.

A FARMER writes: "The apples kept through the winter for family use should be barreled and headed, kept in a cool place, say between 35 degrees and 40 degrees, and not handled or picked over at all, except as they are wanted for use. I have tried both ways, and find the more apples are disturbed and picked over the faster they will rot. By putting up good, sound apples carefully in barrels and letting them alone, I have had apples until apples came again, which I am confident could not have been done if they had been mussed over every few weeks."

EVERY boy residing in the country should be taught how to bud, graft, and propagate plants from seeds and cuttings, as well as receive a few lessons in vegetable physiology; at least enough to enable him to determine the principal organs of reproduction, in order that he may know how the different varieties of corn become mixed when planted near together, as well as many other kinds of cultivated plants. Five dollars' worth of books and a course of six lectures given in the country school-house or elsewhere by some one who knows how to explain such things in simple, easily-understood language would, in nine cases out of ten, make a boy believe that the farm was, as it is, the best place in the world for amusing and instructive study.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Domestic Economy.

PIE CRUST.—Four cups of flour, one of lard, one of butter, one of ice-water, one teaspoonful of salt; mix with a knife, and handle as little as possible. Bake in a quick oven.

IN a well-appointed house a convenient kitchen is all-important. A good stove or range with a strong draught and regulator, and above all, a steady, clear fire, well attended to and kept up, no good management will overlook. Great annoyances can be overcome by the help of a steady fire, and many a nice dinner has been spoiled for the want of it.

SOFT BREAKFAST WAFFLES.—One quart of milk, one pound of flour, half pound of butter, five eggs, two tablespoons of yeast. Mix them over night and bake in the morning.

LIQUID OR SOFT SAUCE.—One cup and a half of sugar, one half cup of butter, and yolk of one egg beaten together; add the well-beaten white of the egg with a teaspoonful of boiling water.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—G. C. B. asks how hair in the back of the neck can be permanently cured without pain or disfiguring the person. So far as at present can be ascertained, the information he desires must be classed with "the unknowable." The razor and depilatory powders furnish only temporary relief from the malady, and the use of the latter, persisted in, is very injurious to the skin.

DISSOLVE two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of the spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture, with an equal quantity of tepid water applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, arrests decay, induces a healthy action of the gums, and makes the teeth pearly white.

TO CLEAN BRUSHES.—Hair brushes, or any other brushes which become oily, dirty or greasy, may be cleansed in a few minutes by washing in moderately warm water into which a few drops of spirits of ammonia have been dropped. After washing, shake out the water, and leave the brush in the sun to dry. The ammonia is not only very cleansing, but the bristles will not be softened as when washed in soap and water.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The Population Equals that of the United States—Remarkable Recent Increase.

[From the London Economist.]

The German Statistical Office has just published an abstract of the results of the census of 1875. This document shows a large increase in the population, if we compare it to the foregoing census. On the 31st of December, 1875, the total of the population amounted to 42,757,812 inhabitants. On the 1st of December, 1871, 41,058,792 inhabitants were accounted, including, of course, the troops then stationed in France. According to these figures, there has been an increase of 1,699,020 inhabitants within four years, or as much as 1.01 per cent. a year. Within the years 1867–71, the population had increased by 951,617, or only 0.58 per cent. (average) a year. (In the latter figures Alsace and Lorraine have been included.) Within the last census period, the population therefore increased by 700,000 inhabitants, or 0.73 per cent. more than within the foregoing period of four years. Only a part of this difference may be ascribed to the war between Germany and France. The principal reasons of the increase lie in a reduction of emigration and a strong over-balance of births against deaths. If we look at the figures of each separate country we find that the population of Prussia alone increased by 1,082,215 inhabitants, while its average yearly increase has amounted to 1.07 per cent., against 0.69 of the foregoing period of four years. The increase was, however, greatest in Saxony, where the population of two millions and a half increased by 200,000 inhabitants—that is, 1.92 per cent. a year, against 1.3 per cent. in the foregoing census period. In Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hesse and Baden, the growth of the population has not been as strong as in Prussia and Saxony. Of the other twenty States, only Mecklenburg, Lubeck-Waldeck and Alsace-Lorraine have suffered such a reduction in the number of their inhabitants. The reduction is, however, very much less important than it had been in the foregoing period of four years, and the sole cause was emigration, which in these States took place on a larger scale—in Alsace-Lorraine on account of political reasons, in the other states on account of the slow state of industrial progress.

DANIEL DREW'S LOSSES.

"UNCLE DAN'L" Drew has had to tell how it all happened to the attorney of his assignee. His "fust losses was in eighteen hunder seventy-three on the corner of Nor-west." He lost "about a million." "The next large loss was in Way-bosh—Waybosh 'n' Can'da Sethern, at least a million." The next big loss was fifteen or sixteen months ago. He was "very short of Waybosh," and "they bought it all in." He lost "about twel' hundred thousan' there." Then he lost on Lake Shore "mor'n three or four hunder thousan' dollars; an' Canton, he lost three or four hunderd thousan' there." The trouble was largely his brokers, who would sell Lake Shore and Canton, although they had margins. It all came from "speckerlation." And, as he held large sums in trust for his grandchildren and failed to secure them, they lost their property; while the Madison and Wesleyan Universities, which he undertook to endow, not with endowments but by paying an annual sum of interest on endowments, are sadly "out" of funds. He did "his business diffrunt from anybody else—depended upon the men to be honest." The worst things about his "misfortin" is that he "didn't do right when he could of done it," and his grandchildren are stripped of their fortune. He was evidently not a very shrewd or sharp old man, but blundered into a large fortune by speculating in stocks, which, as it was not won by any great foresight or sagacity, even the sagacity of Wall street, was easily lost, and the bottom of everything fell out. One of his queer streaks is his apparently-earnest piety. He took a prominent part in singing, praying and exhorting whenever opportunity offered, and evidently believed that he could and ought to sustain theological institutions by running them with the profits of his gambling.

"I HOPE you understand, sir, that I'm not leaving because I've any fault to find with the place or with the other servants, or with my mistress or yourself. Far from that—I should be most happy, at any time, to give the place a character!"—*Punch.*

BOYS and girls under 10 years of age are not hereafter permitted to work in the factories of Massachusetts. The law passed by the Legislature on the subject has gone into effect.

A CURIOUS WAGER.

The following anecdote illustrates the truth of the proverb anent the slips between the cup and the lips: A few years before his death, the Emperor Nicholas of Russia sent a looking-glass of rare size and beauty, with an embassy, to the Empress of China. The looking-glass had to be carried all the way from St. Petersburg to Pekin by human hands. Despite the immense distance, which had to be performed in this manner, the looking-glass safely reached China; but, in the meantime, difficulties had broken out between Russia and China. The Son of Heaven neither admitted the embassy nor did he accept the present. A courier was dispatched to St. Petersburg, who asked the Emperor what was to be done with the looking-glass. The Emperor replied that it should be carried back by the same route and in the same manner. When he gave this order the Grand Duke Michael happened to be present, and offered to lay a wager with the Emperor to the effect that the looking-glass would be broken on the way back to St. Petersburg. The Emperor accepted the wager, and the bearers of the looking-glass received stringent orders to be as careful as possible. If they should break it on the road they would be severely punished, but if they should bring it back safely they would receive a handsome reward. They carried it back with the most incredible care, forty men carrying it by turns, and safely reached St. Isaac's palace in St. Petersburg with it, where the Emperor stood with his brothers at the window of the palace, and laughed at having won the bet. But on the staircase of the palace one of the carriers slipped his foot and fell down, dragging several of his companions after him, and the precious looking-glass was broken into a thousand pieces. The Grand Duke, therefore, won his bet.

CHARACTER READING.

An old chap, as broad between the shoulders as a door is wide, and the dust on his boots proving that he had entered the city by the highway, took a seat in the Grand Circus Park yesterday. There were half a dozen young fellows on the benches around him, and one of them offered to wager with another that he could read the stranger's character correctly by looking into his face. Preliminaries being settled he commenced:

"He was educated for the pulpit, I should say, but, having such big feet, he turned his attention to mashing hills. He is not a bad man, yet he loves whisky, and won't pay his honest debts. I should say that he thrashed his wife, dead-headed hotels, and had rather eat than work."

The stranger didn't seem to hear, but, waiting until the young man had finished, he walked over to him, lifted him up by the hair, flopped him over the bench, and sat down with the remark:

"If there is anything else peculiar about my looks let's have it."

If there was the young man didn't say so.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NEW WEAPON.

The *Times of India* says: "A pistol that can kill at 500 yards has been patented by Capt. Burton. The butt is that of an ordinary pistol; the barrel is that of a good rifle, cut short, but leaving sufficient 'turn' to send the bullet on its errand with the proper spin. The chief object is to send a rifle bullet at an enemy or at game without having to use the shoulder, especially when on horseback. To accomplish this the barrel is fitted with a steel handle to be grasped by the left hand, while the arm is extended as in archery. The recoil is scarcely felt; it does not affect the firer so much as the kick to the shoulder would do. The pistol can also be used with one hand like an ordinary pistol. The inventor has also provided a patent safety bullet which will explode as a shell when it crashes against the bones of large game, but will pass through brushwood or through the skin of a wild animal like an ordinary ball. It will not explode if let fall upon its apex, but if fired into a box of ammunition t will blow up everything."

BRAIN-WEIGHT.

Dr. Robert Lawson, in the *Lancet*, gives the brain-weights of some lunatics who have died in the West Riding Asylum. Six range from fifty-eight to sixty-one ounces, four of them over fifty-eight, which was the weight of Daniel Webster's brain, so often spoken of. The lunatic of sixty-one ounce avoirdupois was 71 years of age, and his brain must have weighed sixty-four when he was 45 years old, and this was the weight of the biggest head on record—the great Cuvier. This, the *Popular Science Monthly* thinks, proves that brain-weight is not an index of mental power. It would be, if it was certain that these asylum patients did not get there from the very fact of an overdose of brains. A powerful nervous organism often wears out the body, and the reaction is mental death. If it hadn't been for his stomach, how easy it would have been to have made a lunatic of Daniel Webster! They used to say it was politically uncertain whether he wasn't one, anyway.

TOO SHEEPISH.

Sheep-raising as an industry is overworked in the southern part of California. A party of capitalists propose to erect an establishment near Fresno, in that State, for the purpose of butchering sheep and placing the various portions of the animal in a marketable condition. The pelts will be saved; the horns and hoofs made into glue; the tallow rendered from the carcass and the residue made into soap. The country is overstocked, and it is with difficulty that wool or sheep can be parted with at any price.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Through storm and calm the years have led
Our nation on from stage to stage
A century's space, until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see there, o'er our pathway swept,
A torrent stream of blood and fire;
And thank the ruling power who kept
Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh! checkered train of years, farewell,
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears;
But with us let thy memories dwell,
To warn and lead the coming years.

And thou, the new-beginning age,
Warned by the past and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page
The record of thy happier reign.

PLEASANTRIES.

A MAN of miens—The physiognomist.

ADVICE to fishmongers in warm weather—"Deal gently with the herring."

THE comedian Hackett's widow, says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, is something of a Hackettress.

A DISCONSOLATE widower had inscribed on his wife's tombstone: "Tears can not restore her, therefore I weep."

HOW MELANCHOLY the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and gets reduced to its last quarter.

AN exchange pawnders on the Eastern troubles and lucidly remarks: "Turkey is redeemed. At least the Sultan took it from his uncle."

HARRIET HOSMER is coming to the Centennial. She is worthy of a niche in the temple of fame; she has never been called Hattie.

HELMBOLD went insane, and now Dr. Ayer is a lunatic. It is too much strain on a man's nerve tissues, trying to cure everything for a dollar.

Oh! could I stand where Adam stood,
And with the tempter grapple,
Not Satan's wiles nor woman's smiles
Could make me bite that apple.

A SCOTCHMAN asked an Irishman: "Why were half farthings coined in England?" Pat's answer was: "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

THE editor of the Hartford *Times* says: "We'll keep ahead." Glad to hear it. Don't see how he's got along without one as long as he has.—*Rochester Democrat.*

AN Illinois Judge has decided that a washing bill cannot be collected, and any experienced washerwoman will tell him that he is right six times out of ten, which is probably better than the average of his decisions.

EVERY journalist (says Catlin, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*) has his own opinion of another journalist who attempts suicide and fails, thus destroying the point of an item.

"MORNING, James, I see your gals ha' got a new guv'ness; What sort of a pusson is she?" "Well, hi can't 'zackly say, as hi don't 'ave much to do with 'er class, but hour ladies down stairs don't think much of 'er!"

AN old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up."

A PROVIDENCE girl's expressive description of the Centennial show, from the *Press*: "Philadelphia, June, 1876. —Dear Mother—Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Oh!!!!!! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-h!!!!!!!! Your affectionate daughter, MARY.

AT a young ladies' seminary recently, during an examination in history, one of the not most promising pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

LAST news from the spirit world—Medium: "The spirit of the late Mr. Jones is present." Jones' widow (with emotion): "I hope you are happy, Jones." Jones (raps out): "Far happier than I ever was on earth." Jones' widow: "Oh, Jones, then you must be in heaven." Jones: "On the contrary ——."

SARAH BERNHARDT, the famous French actress, is almost supernaturally ethereal—or, to state the truth plainly, thin. It is reported that Alexandre Dumas, when he saw the picture in the salon representing the actress with her great Russian greyhound lying at her feet, remarked thoughtfully: "Ah, yes, I see—a dog keeping guard over a bone."

INGRATITUDE.

While much that is good can be confidently expected in Detroit boys; there are, alas! a few who have no memory for deeds of kindness. Such a one was seated in the shade of the postoffice yesterday, devouring a banana, when a boy acquaintance came along and wanted a taste.

"Hain't 'nuff for only me," was the reply.

"Come, now, Jack, gin a feller a small bite. You know I've allus bin good to you."

"You never doné nuthin' for me zI knows on," replied the eater.

"I hain't, eh! Hain't I saved ye from lickings? Hain't I lied for ye?"

"That was yer dooty," 'mumbled the boy with the banana.

"See here, Jack," continued the other, rising to his feet, "d'ye 'member the time when you was small and sick and had a sore heel; I was going by the house one day, an' you looked so sad and poor that I let you wet me all over with the penstock hose to cheer you up. Was that my dooty? Is there any other boy in Detroit who will do that for ye?"

It was a powerful appeal, but just as it was finished, the last of the banana was crowded into the ungrateful boy's throat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GYPSY tents may be seen near the Centennial; also tipsy gents.—*Worcester Press.*