The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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MEN OF NERVE.

By CHARLES B. LEWIS.

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During the war of the rebellion there were perhaps a hundred spies regularly employed on the union side, but a good half of them were civilians, and of the others few were ever sent into the confederate camps. It was the soldier at the front, detailed for the hazardous work, who secured the information wanted by the army commanders. The man who fought a battle had even chances of escaping death, and if taken prisoner he would be duly exchanged. A scout might be captured on the outskirts of the enemy's camp, but being in uniform he must be treated as a prisoner of war. It was the spy above all others who took perilous risks and exhibited nerve to call for official commendation. It was estimated that a federal soldier who set out in disguise to visit the confederate lines stood only one chance in fifty of returning, but there were always plenty to take the risk.

Now and then a lieutenant volunteered to act as a spy, but in most cases they were noncommissioned officers or privates. After a year or so only privates were used. It was necessary in most cases to assume the dress of a civilian. The noncommissioned officer, paying more attention to his carriage than the private soldier, gave himself away by his military bearing. The man looked for was one who had not been long at the front. It was not that he looked smart or cunning, but rather the reverse. The man who talked too much would be passed over for the one having a reputation for glumness. Middle-aged men were preferred to younger ones, and the point of make-up was always considered.

If Gen. Sheridan, for instance, had no spy and wanted information which could only be gathered within the enemy's lines, the right man was searched for through regimental and company commanders. A colonel would call upon his captains and ask who could recommend the man wanted. A score of men might go up to headquarters to be rejected. When the right man had been found he would be asked if he was willing to undertake the work. There was no compulsion used. The perils of the trip were laid before him, and if not willing to assume them he suffered no loss of prestige. If willing, details were gone into and settled. Explicit instructions were given him and his disguise planned. He was then regularly detailed, so that if he never returned the rolls of his company would show that he died in the line of duty.

Most federal spies assumed the disguise of peddlers, and carried valuable packs with them. They would claim a residence in Washington, Alexandria or Baltimore, and were often provided with forged certificates of character. Each and every one expected to be arrested and put through the mill, and were prepared with a story. A month before the battle of Winchester, Sheridan sent a spy into Early's lines to discover the strength of his artillery. The soldier had been an exhorter at home, and his sanctimonious look and humility of spirit had been much ridiculed by his comrades. He bluntly informed Sheridan that he would not tell a lie to save his neck, but yet would return with the information wanted. He got into Winchester with a peddler's pack, and he met with singular good luck. He was at once recognized by the officer at a picket as Rev. Charles Davis, of Charlestown, and later on his identity was established by others. That he closely resembled the man could not be doubted, but that men should have claimed to have sat in his congregation a dozen times over was curious indeed. He was offered shelter in a private house, and for three or four days he wandered about at will. Then an officer whom he reproved for cursing raised a doubt of his identity, and he was arrested and taken before Gen. Early for examination. Before half a dozen questions had been asked, the general was called away and the prisoner was sent to the guardhouse. There were only three or four soldiers in the place, and after a couple of hours the officer of the day came along and ordered them to their commands, as heavy skirmishing was going on and an attack in force was expected. The "reverend" was turned out with the rest, and having accomplished his errand he made his way through the lines with his information. If this perhaps the safest bit of spy work undertaken during the war, but what proved the man's safety in the first instance brought about his death in the second. After Winchester, and before Early made his famous dash, the spy was sent out again. In getting into the enemy's lines he was arrested, and to clear himself he sent for the men who had before identified him as the Charlestown preacher. Either because he was somewhat differently dressed or they saw him under other circumstances, not a man was sure of his identity. An examination resulted in bringing forward relatives of the man he represented himself to be, and he was convicted as a spy and paid the penalty.

Before the campaign which ended in the battle of Antietam the federal camps were overrun with confederate spies. They had a far better show to get in and out than our spies did, as every federal camp had its hangers-on, and peddlers, milkmen and farmers were given passes. One day there came into the second brigade a civilian peddler of postage stamps and stationery who did a thriving trade until he got into a dispute with a customer. As he lost his temper he made use of certain expressions which aroused suspicion, and he was charged with being a spy and placed under arrest. When called up for examination the general found him a hard nut to crack. He claimed a residence in Washington, and told his story so glibly that he was sent to that city to be further investigated. It was found that he had occupied a room at the place stated. He claimed to be an engraver out of work, and when tools were placed in his hands he knew how to use them. He said he had done certain work in Baltimore, and his statement was found to be correct. There were lame spots in his story, however, and when he was sent to the Old Capitol prison a southern refugee was placed in the cell with him to gain his confidence. When nothing came of this after four weeks the man was turned loose and released from espionage. One day, a week later, he was at the office of the provost-marshal for a pass to renew his peddling excursions, when an escaped negro slave who had reached the city only an hour before caught sight of him and called out a greeting. The negro had been the slave of the spy's brother in Virginia. He explicitly identified him, and later on it was proved that the man had been engaged for a year in sending information from Washington and the front. He was sentenced to death, but before the day of execution he committed suicide in his cell.

"WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE COUSINS."

The escape of a man named Garretson, a member of an Ohio regiment, from the fate of a spy was as curious a case as you will ever find in print. Having volunteered in the spring of 1863 to penetrate Lee's comp, he took the role of an escaped confederate prisoner. He dressed in an old suit of butternut, committed his programme to memory, and then boldly set out for the enemy's lines. There had been half a dozen skirmishes along the front during the past month, with a number of confederates captured, and Garretson was posted as to regiments and officers. He had decided to become a member of the Fifth Alabama, and he took the name of a prisoner captured from that regiment. He did not at all resemble the man in looks or build, and there was a difference of five years in their ages, but he depended on cheek to pull him through. On reaching the picketa he set forth his claim, and was passed on to report to the provost-marshal and be sent to his regiment. So far as Garretson knew, that regiment might be the very one which received him. He soon learned, however, that it was stationed some miles away. His story was unquestioned at first, but as he was ready to be forwarded the colonel of a Georgia regiment sent for him to ask about men in his command who had been captured at the same time. As the spy was not posted about them he fell under suspicion. When taken to brigade headquarters for examination he made a better showing, but was held that his regiment might be communicated with. Then some very remarkable things happened. The colonel at once declared Garretson all right, and he was released and passed on. When he reported to his company he was received without protest, and it was a couple of days before his identity as a confederate was questioned.

Garretson had the advantage in the fact that the man he represented was a new recruit, who had been captured within four or five days of his joining. He put a bold face on the matter, but was placed under arrest and subjected to an examination lasting all day. This was before the colonel. It seemed that five recruits had come down together, and while they lived within fifteen miles of one another at home they were not previously acquainted. Two of these men were positive that Garretson was all right, while the other two emphatically declared him an impostor. He was asked about the town he came from—the streets, the people and the buildings, and his answers were fairly satisfactory. He made several blunders, however, as to the incidents of the journey in reaching the front, and when the examination closed he felt that his case was serious. The next day he was sent to brigade headquarters to be questioned anew, and several lucky guesses rather strengthened his case. There was a disposition to give him a fair show, and at the end of the second examination letters were sent off to the people whom Garretson claimed to have known for years asking for particulars. The answers corroborated many of his statements. In their description of him no two agreed, and that was as much in his favor as against him. The case was hanging fire when a soldier came forth from another regiment who said he was a cousin of the man represented by Garretson, and the two had been brought up together. He surely could identify or denounce him. They worked a rather slick game on the spy in making the test. He was turned loose, and it was so arranged that the cousin should approach him at a camp-fire. Garretson saw the man coming and felt that something was up, and he was the first to step out and hold out his hand.

"My name is Thomas White," whispered the stranger, as they shook hands, "and we are supposed to be cousins, and to have lived together at Opelika."

Before he could say more he was ordered back, but he had said enough. The spy claimed him for his cousin gave his name, correctly, and the examination was ended. He had been in the confederate lines twelve days, and he soon discovered that while he was free from arrest, his movements were closely watched. He simply had to turn to and do duty, and it was six weeks before he made his escape. After the war Garretson made a long hunt for the man who had given him the tip which probably saved his life. He could not find him, as he had been killed in battle, but he found relatives at Tuscumbia, Ala., who could explain how it came about. The alleged "cousin" was a union man at heart who had been forced into the ranks, and his action had been guided by sentiment.

EPITHETS IN AN ARGUMENT.

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He had been looking at a dictionary in a book store for a long hour, when the proprietor came forward and kindly said:

"You seem to have trouble in finding what you want. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"No, I don't find what I want," replied the other, as he removed his spectacles and passed his hand over the few remaining hairs on his pate. "This morning, during an argument, my opponent characterized me as a 'parsimonious bilberry.' I am not exactly clear as to what he meant."

"Parsimonious means mean and stingy," explained the book store man, "and bilberry is a corruption of blueberry or whortleberry. We generally pronounce it 'huckleberry,' you know."

"Then the idea was to call me a mean and stingy old huckleberry, was it?"

"I—I should say it was."

"Um! During the same argument the same person referred to me as a 'carbunculated bigot.' I have a fair idea of the meaning, but am not sure. What would you say was meant?"

"Why, carbunculated must refer to carbuncles. You know what a carbuncle is—something ten times worse than a boil. A bigot—well, of course you know that."

"And it was an expression of derision and contempt?" asked the man with the spectacles.

"It was probably meant for that."

"There is another. As the argument grew more heated my opponent referred to me as a cantankerous imbecile and a senile prevaricator. I didn't pay much attention at the time but I have concluded that they were expressions of contempt. How would you explain them?"

"Well," said the book store man without losing his smile, "the word 'cantankerous' signifies petulancy, obstinacy, disputatiousness, etc. A cantankerous man is always ready to dispute and quarrel. An imbecile is a fool, you know."

"And the rest?"

"'Senile' means old—pertaining to old age—and prevaricator is one who lies. Instead of calling you a liar your opponent used a smoother expression."

"But the idea was to call me an aged liar?"

"I think it was. Politics leads to heated discussions, and for that reason I never have anything to say on that subject."

"There was no politics about this," said the man, as he got up and pocketed his glasses. "She asked me for five dollars at the breakfast table, and I asked her what she wanted to do with it, and that started the row."

"She—she—she?" stammered the book store man.

"Exactly—my second wife, you know. Yes, sir; she called me all those things and a 'multitudinous old reprobate' besides, and I thought I'd drop in here and see just exactly what she meant. If you had time——"

"But please excuse me, as I'm very busy."

"Of course. Well, never mind. She meant to hurt my feelings as much as she could, and I'll take it that way and not hand over a shilling until she has begged my pardon and been deadbroke for a month."

The Future of Travel.

"What is rapid transit, Uncle Chris?"

"Rapid transit? Why, it is electric cars which have to run so fast that they never stop to take on passengers."—Detroit Free Press.

Remarkably Popular.

Perry Patetic—Wot is a popular loan, anyway?

Wayworn Watson—The price of a drink.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MAKES A FORTUNE AS PILOT.

A Seattle Man Who Steers Boats Through the Dangerous White Horse Rapids.

A pilot who receives $200 for 40 minutes' work is not seen every day, but such a one arrived in Seattle the other day. He came in on the Utopia, having just made the trip from White Horse rapids, where he has been steering boats through that dangerous passage. His name is W. L. Foster.

Foster received $200 from the Canadian national bank of Victoria for taking the steamer Bellingham through the extremely dangerous channel of water. Foster did the work in only 40 minutes, and exhibited a check which he received from the bank officials for his work.

After navigation opened up Foster immediately went to work as a pilot, and up to the time he left he had piloted over 200 boats through. For this work he received nearly $12,000, and he thinks that he succeeded in earning as much money in the same length of time as any man in Alaska. Foster ran a street car at Astoria before he went to Alaska, and he is now thinking of buying a few shares of stock in the company of which he was once a humble employe. In an interview Foster said:

"I left Seattle for Alaska last August and finally reached Dawson. I prospected some in the Klondike, but my provisions commenced to run short and I thought it would be advisable for me to leave, as I was not one of the Klondike miners and did not locate a claim worth thousands of dollars. I accordingly left Dawson on February 28, and for the past two months I have been at the White Horse rapids and Tagish post. As I previously stated, I engaged in the business of piloting boats through the White Horse rapids, and up to the time I left, on June 12, I acted as pilot for 217, including a few steamers. I was well paid for my work, the average price ranging from $25 to $125. In one instance I received $200 from the Canadian Commercial bank of Victoria for taking the steamer Bellingham through the rapids. The Bellingham was the first steamer to go through, and she carried only the crew and the representatives of the banking company. Aboard the boat were safes, and in fact everything else necessary to establish a bank. The bank is to be located at Dawson, while the steamer is to ply on the Stewart river. I commenced to act as pilot on May 22, just four days after the ice broke, and up to the time I left, on June 12, 9,000 boats had passed, 300 of which were swamped while shooting the rapids and going through the canyon. The number of lives lost up to date as a result of failure in attempting to shoot the rapids is about ten, and that was largely due to incompetency on the part of men who made pretensions of being first-class pilots. Sergt. Richards, of the mounted police, finally gave strict orders prohibiting men who were not at the White Horse rapids during the season of low water from acting as pilots, as they were not acquainted with the deadly passages and were not able to locate the extremely dangerous points. Since this edict not a life was lost.

"The mounted police estimate that nearly 17,000 boats have yet to pass through the rapids, and most of them are now at Lake Bennett or Lake Lindeman. This estimate may seem high, but I assure you that there are more people in Alaska than are generally believed. The number of people carried in each boat varies. I have seen boats with only two passengers, while again others have carried as high as 20, so it is almost impossible to estimate the number of people who have already gone down the river or the number who expect to go down."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

IRONCLADS AS PESTS.

Certain Prominent Englishmen Express Strong Disapproval of Increasing the Number of Them.

The Spanish-American war has plainly revealed to us the formidable power of ironclad ships. The only limit to it, so far as the sea and the seaboard are concerned, appears to be the necessity of coaling. If a fleet of ironclads has coaling stations everywhere, there is no assignable limit to its power. Seaboard cities, unless they can be fortified, at enormous expense, will henceforth be always insecure. The nation which has many of them, or to which they are of vital importance, will live always in fear of attack. The range of a ship's guns and the destructiveness of projectiles are such that it would seem no ordinary coast defenses, such as forts or mines, would avail. The fort is at a disadvantage because the vessel is not at rest. The only thing, saving torpedoes, to which the ironclad ship appears to be vulnerable is vertical fire, striking her unarmored deck, to which she can very seldom be exposed. Accordingly, all nations are competing with each other in multiplication of these ships.

It was said that at the jubilee review there was a line of men-of-war 30 miles long; this, besides all the ships at the out stations. Yet, Lord Charles Beresford is crying out that the nation is defenseless and demanding the construction of more ironclads. More ironclads, no doubt, would be built; the other nations will vie in the race, and so it will go on till an indefinite amount of the products of labor is wasted in these engines of destruction. Between jingoism and ironclads the civilized world seems in danger of relapsing into barbarism armed by the skill of a scientific civilization. If any man of science could invent an easy and certain method of destroying these pests, so as to rid us of the dangers from them, and the temptation to war which the possession of them brings with it, he would be not the least among the benefactors of mankind.—Cor. Toronto (Ont.) Sun.

Demanded the Impossible.

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four)—Put your tongue out, dear.

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

"No, no; put it right out."

The little fellow shock his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes: "I can't doctor; it's fastened on to me."—Modern Society.

The Making of a Needle.

The needle passes through 830 operations in its manufacture.

SEASICK PEOPLE.

Some of the Odd Whims That Seize Upon Travelers on Ocean Steamers.

The captain of a big liner says that he should consider himself a rich man if he had as many sovereigns as there were cures for sea sickness. Every person who sails with him knows just how to act when the "go-round-and-round sort of feeling" begins to assert itself, and there are so many certain remedies that mal de mer ought long ago to have lost its terrors.

During a very rough trip across the Atlantic a well-dressed gentleman sat down in the center of the wave-washed deck, produced a photograph and stared hard at it for hours. Passengers who were in a condition to notice his strange conduct thought he was gazing upon the face of his best girl, and winked knowingly at one another; but their surmise was an erroneous one. The photograph was really a representation of the gentleman's worst enemy, and he firmly believed that, if he glared at it long enough, the bitter thoughts aroused in his mind by the sight of it would ward off sea sickness. "Fix your mind upon some one you hate," he explained, "and you will never be ill when at sea."

There was a wild commotion on board another vessel one morning, for the captain found that some thief had broken into his cabin in the night and stolen his best uniform. A hue and cry was at once raised and the rough sailors, secretly enjoying the joke, questioned everyone on board, not even sparing the first-class passengers.

At last, however, the missing uniform walked unsteadily from the cook's galley, and the person inside it made a bee line for the bulwarks. "I always thought the togs captains wore were a preventive of sea sickness," he stuttered, "but I'm afraid I've been laboring under a delusion. Tell the skipper I'll let him have 'em back in half a minute—they're no good to me!"

One of the sailors on a vessel outward bound for India rushed on deck with a livid face and startled the captain by stating that seven passengers had been found dead in their berths. Instantly assuming that there had been foul play the captain aroused the doctor, and they went together to visit the stricken sleeping places. To all appearance the frightened sailor had spoken the truth, for the passengers lay white and still, not a sign betraying that life still remained to them.

The doctor examined them and then went away with a frown on his face, returning shortly with a dapper little Frenchman, who had made himself a favorite with everyone.

"This gentleman will be able to set your mind at rest, captain," remarked the doctor, and the Frenchman, with a careless smile, rapidly proceeded to rouse all the quiescent passengers. It seemed that he was a professional hypnotist, and that for a fee of one guinea he agreed to send anyone who feared to undergo the pangs of sea sickness into a sound mesmeric sleep. But for the doctor's interference, he said, his patients would have slumbered until the shores of India were sighted.—Tit-Bits.

TO UTILIZE MARSH GRASS.

A Company Has Been Formed to Manufacture from It Twine, Rope and Matting.

The tendency so characteristic of the present age to put to practical use what has heretofore been considered largely waste or useless material has found fresh exemplification in a new enterprise at the head of which is ex-Senator Warner Miller, of New York.

Throughout Wisconsin, southern Michigan and Minnesota are thousands of acres of marsh land upon which grows tall, rank, coarse grass, which is practically without any commercial value. Some of the finer varieties are utilized as hay, although without any pronounced edible or nourishing qualities, and occasionally some of the coarser varieties are used as bedding for stock, but as a rule only an exceedingly small portion of the millions of tons which grow every year finds and use whatever.

All this, by the aid of ingenious machinery, can be readily converted into a number of cheap and useful articles of commerce, such as binding twine, rope, cotton bagging, matting, and a substitute for carpet paper, and promises to develop into an industry in which thousands of people will find employment.

The enterprise is called a new one, although it has been in successful operation for over a year, but it is only recently that plans have been perfected for pushing it on an extensive scale. Within the last few weeks the large plant of the Northwestern Cordage company of St. Paul has been purchased by the new company, and is being put in shape for handling its product, while contracts have already been made for 15,000 or 20,000 tons of marsh grass for use during the coming season.

The grass which will be mostly used is what is known as "wire" grass, which has a tough, hard, round stem, and is absolutely without any value as a food product. This can be made into a binding twine which is said to be fully equal to that made from Manila hemp, and at a cost of at least one-third less than the latter. Certain kinds of rope will also be made from this grass, especial attention to be given to that kind which is used for the purpose of tying up hides. It is the purpose to use the coarsest varieties of grass in the manufacture of roughly woven cotton bagging, of which an immense amount is used in the south. It will make, it is claimed, strong, durable and cheap bagging. The finer grass will be woven into matting, which is said to make an excellent substitute for Japanese matting. It takes dyes readily, and makes a floor covering as durable as it is attractive. Another use to which it is claimed it can be put to excellent advantage is that of a lining for carpets, and a decided superiority is claimed for it over the paper lining now used for that purpose.—Chicago Tribune.

So That He Won't Hear.

"Yes, sir; he's the most considerate chaplain in the army."

"How is that?"

"Why, when things begin to go wrong with his regiment he puts cotton in his ears so that the boys may feel free to talk."—Chicago Post.

WAR HADN'T TOUCHED THEM.

Backwoods People in Pennsylvania Who Had Their Doubts That War Existed.

A traveling man who visits many of the out-of-the-way mountainous districts of east Pennsylvania says:

"I was surprised to meet so many people who are absolutely indifferent about the war. They know very little, if anything, about the trouble with Spain. Some doubt whether there is really a war at all. I spoke to a farmer who has a good estate under high cultivation. He had just finished putting away about thirty tons of good hay. Said he: 'I stopped reading war news some time ago. I made up my mind there was no war. I read one thing one day which was contradicted the next, so I stopped reading any paper and have been making hay ever since. No, I am not a bit interested. I know of no one who has enlisted from our section, and if the United States is fighting Spain for Cuba I know nothing of it. I'll wait awhile and see.'

"I told the old man all the latest news from Santiago de Cuba, but he simply replied: 'Well, the next feller that gets along this way may tell me something entirely different.'

"At another place I asked whether anyone from their region had enlisted. The reply was: 'Bless you, no. A few of the young fellows went to town to enlist. But they had to wait so long and almost beg to be taken that they came home saying they'd be hanged if they'd be 'listed like that. So they didn't go. Maybe nobody went. People take very little interest in the war. They did at first, but not now. It's too far away. We have to wait too long and then we ain't sure.'

"At another crossroad, where several farmers were talking about a new harvester, I asked whether they had heard anything new from the seat of war. They looked in doubt and answered they had not. One of them asked, 'What war?' Finally the oldest of the trio said: 'We can't talk much about war with strangers. Them names down in Cuba are stickers. The other day I talked to an agent about Commodore Shelly and he told me it was Sly, not Shelly, and he showed me the name was spelled Schley. We can't remember them Cuban names at all, and them Spanish ships that Dewey sunk, and that Cervera has, and that Camara took to Suez; they are botherations. No, no one 'listed from this district.'

"At a carpet weaver's humble dwelling on the outskirts of a mountain village, the housewife at the fence hailed me, asking, 'Say, is it true that there's war?' I said yes. 'Look,' she answered. 'Henry Boyer's boy was along here yesterday and he allowed he had heard that the war had broke out again.' I explained to the woman what this war was, when she answered: 'We are getting a paper, but, indeed, we have been so very busy the past few months that we haven't had time to take the wrappers off yet. Flour has gone up some, but they say wheat has gone down. Flour is always last to fall when anything goes on. My father sold his mules at a good price. They said the war caused mules to go up.'

"Another old mountainside farmer said: 'I don't believe there's a war and will not believe it until I see a uniform. I remember when the war of '61 was first reported. I would not believe it. At last I saw Jimmy Becker, who used to go on sprees very much, coming down the road in a blue uniform. He was rolling drunk, and said he had 'listed. Well, he went off, and stayed off, and then I began to realize there was a war. I have not seen any uniforms for the Spanish war. Yes, I read the papers, but I would like to see for myself whether the army is called out. None of our neighbor boys have 'listed yet. There is no draft, and no demand for soldiers about here.'

"In the days of '61 newspapers were publicly read at the blacksmith shops, shoemaker shops, country stores, etc., before a whole crowd, and people in the back country districts were excited. It is not the case now. It may become more exciting as time passes, but there is very little said about it thus far among the back country farmers. Not that they are not shrewd and intelligent and of good common sense. Only the first ripples of the war wave had hardly awakened them to the full realization that the United States was really at war with Spain."—N. Y. Sun.

The Great Samoan Hurricane.

In the harbor at Apia were anchored the United States steamers Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic, the British war vessel Calliope, and the German men-of-war Olga, Adler and Eber, with quite a number of merchant vessels. Of all these, the Calliope was the only one to escape uninjured, and she was saved only by her powerful engines, which enabled her, when she "slipped her cables," as a desperate resort after hanging for awhile in terrible suspense, to slowly force her way out of the harbor into the open sea, in the teeth of the gale, followed by the ringing cheers of the Trenton's men. Even in their dire extremity, with the generosity characteristic of the sailor at all times, they found time to applaud this plucky attempt. The Adler was capsized on the reef, and the little Eber completely disappeared, only one man, a young midshipman, being saved. Of our own ships, the Trenton and Vandalia were sunk, and the gallant captain of the latter and 45 men and officers were lost. As the ill-fated Vandalia was forced on the cruel reefs, and her crew clung, dazed and worn out, in the rigging, the band of the Trenton—even while the latter was drifting to destruction—strove to cheer and encourage the poor unfortunates by playing the national anthem, an act of heroism, under the circumstances, in keeping with the well-known courage of American tars.—Lieut. Charles McCartney, in St. Nicholas.

Distinctly Marked.

"Were there any marks about him by which you would know him again?" asked the policeman, who had arrived at the scene too late to be of any service.

"Yes, sir," said the indignant young woman, whose pocketbook had been wrenched out of her hand by the daring scoundrel. "I left two long finger nail marks on his face. I'd know him all right enough."—Chicago Tribune.

PTOMAINE POISONING.

Products of Decomposition in Tainted Food Which Threaten Human Life.

In these days, when preserved provisions are being so largely manufactured to meet the equally large demand for such articles of diet, and when, by the aid of the refrigerator, we are supplied with meat all the way from the antipodes, we find that we have a new danger to face. This is the liability, owing to accident or neglect during the preserving process or during transit, of the food changing for the worse, or, as we say, "going bad." Unfortunately, such tainted food is not readily detected, and the unconscious consumer is, therefore, open to the risk of being unawares seriously or fatally poisoned.

Tainted food contains the products of decomposition which are technically known as ptomaines. Beyond the fact that some of these ptomaines are highly poisonous, very little else is known about them. They are still the subject of investigation, and so far we are only able to gather that ptomaines are alkaloidal in character, and are the active principles of animal tissue in the same way as such alkaloids as quinine and other similar drugs are the active principles of the cinchona and other plants.

The symptoms of ptomaine poisoning may be acute, or they may be vague and undefined. When acute, the symptoms usually set in a few hours after partaking of the tainted food. The patient complains of nausea, or feels faint. Headache usually accompanies the nausea, which terminates in a fit or fits of vomiting. This sickness is often very violent and uncontrollable. The patient complains of great pain in the abdomen, and nothing appears to relieve this distressing symptom. Meantime the temperature and pulse rise, and all the symptoms increase in intensity. Distressing retching takes the place of sickness, and not infrequently the patient's aspect is that of one in great agony. But every one of these symptoms may differ in quality and intensity in different cases, so that it is only the experienced eye that can, from a survey of the whole symptoms, recognize the case as one of evident ptomaine poisoning.

Sometimes this poisoning is slow, the symptoms are not violent; the patient complains of lassitude and weakness. There is also loss of appetite, and in consequence the patient gets rapidly weaker. In a few days a rash may break out over the body. The character of this rash varies, and is usually a source of much indecision as to the real cause of the illness. Often boils break out on the face and neck, and this in an adult ought to indicate probable poisoning of some sort. Not infrequently ptomaine poisoning from the outset shows no other symptom than that of loss of strength, followed slowly by loss of consciousness, delirium and death. As a rule, the real cause of such slower cases is not recognized. They occur among the poor, and especially among those given to intemperance and loafing. Such individuals are not overcareful what they eat to satisfy the craving for hunger, and therefore frequently fall victims to this poison. Very little care is taken to discover, or, rather to trace, the cause of illness in such people. It is not unnaturally put down to the victim's bad habits and intemperate living.—Household Words.

AUTUMN WRAPS.

Many Dressy Models Are at Hand—Shoulder Capes Are Among the Novelties.

On the subject of autumn modes a word may be said in regard to wraps; the spring and summer wraps have prepared us for a decided change in the form of capes, but those of the autumn promise to be even more radical. A smart model of black satin-faced cloth reaches half way to the knees and is cut tight over the shoulders, but to flare considerably toward the bottom. The cape suggests a series of circles; the high collar is cut with rounded edges, and the revers end in a round in place of a point. These revers slope away to a rounded corner at the bottom of the cape. There is some braid embroidery outlining the seams of the wrap, and the collar and revers are faced with black and white silk cut on the bias.

Fashionable adjuncts to these long wraps are the long scarfs of lace or fancy net; these fasten in a butterfly under the chin, and the trimmed ends are as long as the garment. Some of the autumn wraps are completed by a shaped piece, too scant to be termed a shaped ruffle, that lengthens the garment and is carried up the sides. A wrap of this sort is generally made with a shoulder cape, but sufficiently short to define the shape of the shoulders.

For a dressy cape here is a model of tan velvet, trimmed with ecru lace and an Arabian embroidery in soft shades of green and rose. The lace and embroidery finish the garment for a space of ten inches and make a pointed yoke behind. The high collar is faced with tucked green satin, and forms stole ends that are much longer than the garment; these ends are finished with lace and embroidery and fall perhaps to the knees. This model is cut much longer behind than in front, and a plait is taken in the middle of the back to draw it to the waist line.

Tailors are making new smart little Norfolk jackets of ecru cloth; a plaid ribbon forms the belt, a scarf at the throat and the band on the sailor hat. A sleeveless reefer is another novelty of the summer; it is cut with loose, double-breasted front, wide revers and wings at the shoulders, but no sleeves.—N. Y. Ledger.

Pickled Peaches.

Allow four pounds of light brown sugar one pint of best cider vinegar, one teaspoonful of ground cloves and four teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon (the latter tied in small cheesecloth bags) to seven pounds of peeled peaches. When the sirup comes to a boil add the peaches and cook slowly until tender. Use a porcelain kettle for pickling when possible. Two-quart glass jars are best for pickling peaches, and the sirup should entirely cover the fruit. Some housekeepers throw away the first sirup in which they are cooked and make a fresh one to pour over, but this is unnecessary.—Home Magazine.

GLADSTONE IN PARLIAMENT.

He Was Always Excited and Nervous Until the Time Came to Address the House.

Gladstone's manner in parliament is thus described by Henry W. Lucy, the stenographer who took down nearly every great speech the Grand Old Man made for the last 20 years:

"The particular occasion referred to by Mr. Lucy was in 1873, when things were going wrong. The premier came in from behind the speaker's chair with hurried pace. As usual when contemplating the delivery of an important speech, he had a flower in his button-hole, and was dressed with unusual care. Striding swiftly past his colleagues on the treasury bench, he dropped into the seat kept vacant for him. Then, turning with a sudden bound of his whole body to the right, he entered into animated conversation with a colleague, his pale face working with excitement, his eyes glistening and his right hand vehemently beating the open palm of his left hand, as if he were literally pulverizing an adversary. Tossing himself back with equally rapid gesture, he lay passive for the space of 80 seconds. Then, with another swift movement of the body, he turned to the colleague on his left, dashed his hand into his side pocket as if he had suddenly become conscious of a live coal secreted there, pulled out a letter, opened it with violent flick and earnestly discoursed thereon.

"Rising presently to answer a question put to him as first lord of the treasury, he instantly changed his whole bearing. His full, rich voice was attuned to a conversational tone. The intense, eager restlessness of manner had disappeared. He spoke with exceeding deliberation, and with no other gesture than a slight outward wave of the right hand and a courteous bending of the body in recognition of his interlocutor. No matter how perturbed his manner before rising, once on his feet before the house, and his self-command was master of his actions; he became calm, dignified, stately. But, warming to his work, the premier often proceeded through a series of gymnastic exercises that would have left an ordinary man of half his years pale and breathless. Sometimes with both hands raised rigid above his head; often with left elbow leaning on the table, and right hand, with closed fist, shaken at the head of some inoffensive country gentleman on the back benches opposite; anon standing half a step from the table, with the left hand hanging at his side and the right uplifted so that he might with thumbnail lightly touch the shining top of his head, he trampled his way through the arguments of his adversary as an elephant in an hour of aggravation rages through a jungle."—Chicago Chronicle.

GAINS OF STREET PLAYERS.

Lots of Copper and Silver Coins Are Gathered in by Strolling Italian Musicians.

When an Italian "goes broke," which isn't very often, by the way, he does not run to the selectmen with a long tale of poverty and woe; neither does he land at the poorhouse and settle down for the rest of his days. Not at all. The unfortunate son of the land of sunny skies, penniless though he may be, always has three good standbys which will put him on his feet and turn the tide his way—bananas, peanuts and pianos.

There are six street pianos in daily use in New Haven. Four of these are owned by an Italian saloonkeeper on Union street and the others by the individuals who operate them. The first mentioned rents pianos to his countrymen, who call for them every morning and return them at night. The men who drag the piano about the streets all day divide their receipts with the owner every evening on returning. When the money taken in during the day is less than five dollars the trip is considered poor. On the other hand, receipts average about six or seven dollars per day, and sometimes go as high as nine or ten dollars. Routes where this harvest is gathered are carefully watched and cultivated and kept as secret as possible from competitors in the field.

One of these pianos costs $250 in New York, and they are made most substantially in order to stand the wear and tear of street service. The owners each year contract for a new "barrel" of tunes, ten in number, which is supplied by the dealer at a cost of $35. So, following the original investment, this is the only yearly expense.

A bright Italian maid on Fair street told a Register reporter that she and her father "went out" occasionally, and always played to good houses, so to speak. The last trip they took was up the Housatonic valley, starting from Bridgeport and going as far as Pittsfield, Mass. Then they crossed over to Albany and Troy, followed the Hudson down to the metropolis, and returned home. She smiled when asked about the daily receipts, and was rather noncommunicative, but finally admitted that she often gathered ten dollars in her tambourine in one day, and "sometimes much more." Country cities, she says, always pay best, and summer resorts, where rich people spend their vacations, are cherished treasure spots.—New Haven (Conn.) Register.

Devious Definitions.

Junction—A place where two roads separate.

Conceit—Often the true term for exaggerated humility.

Expert—A man who doesn't get confused when cross-examined.

Villager—People who wear abbreviated clothing in comic operas.

Miserly—People who don't spend their money as we think they should.

Clock—A treadmill on which Father Time toils 24 hours daily.

Nervous—The sensitive state of some people induced by the nerve of others.

Love—The thing that makes a girl think as much of a man as she does of herself.

Repartee—The bright things we always think of after the occasion for saying them is past.—Chicago Evening News.

An Outsider.

Emma—He asked Miss Passay what was the exact difference between pretty and handsome.

Era—I suppose he wanted to get a disinterested authority.—[illegible]