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SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN.

An Old-Time Story.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction!"

The words were uttered in a loud and angry tone by a military-looking personage in a saloon frequented by opulent merchants, country squires, bankers and lords, with a sprinkling of naval and military gentlemen.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction!" So saying, and buttoning up his military surtout with the air of a man who has determined on some desperate course, the offended hero vanished out of the room He was immediately observed to mount a handsome phaeton, drawn by a pair of smart grays. His tiger leaped up behind, and the equipage drove off with a furious clatter up St. James street.

"Satisfaction!" of course every one within hearing knows the meaning of the words, when uttered by a "man of honor and a gentleman." In fashionable circles "satisfaction" means the chance of projecting an ounce of lead in the shape of a bullet in some offending friend's body; but the man of wounded honor is equally "satisfied" if his friend sends the bullet into his own head; and if his head resists it, then he may thank the thickness of his skull, rather than the soundness of his brains. Two men of honor fall out about the most trifling matter—perhaps inflamed with wine, begin to talk angrily—and one of them uses an offensive word; instantly the other calls for "satisfaction." The two "friends"—call them fools rather—come out in the cool gray of the next morning with two other "friends" equally foolish, and then, in some chalk-pit or ravine, each sets himself up as a target for the other. Two bullets instantly speed upon their fool's errand. They miss. Well! the two seconds step up—"interfere to prevent further hostilities"—declaring that their friends "honor is satisfied"—and they march off to breakfast, thinking they have done some valliant feat; or, the balls hit their mark; one, if not both, lie on the grass; a bullet has lodged in the spine of one, and another bullet in the shoulder joint of the other. Forth steps a wiry man with a box of implements, devised for the cutting out, extracting, or wrenching away of the little bullets from flesh and bone. Ah! with one of them it is too late; he lies on the ground breathless, his lips apart, his eyes glazed; he is dead; he has his desire—"satisfaction of a gentleman." The other, after submitting to the tortues of bullet extraction, is borne from the field on a litter, "satisfied;" he has "killed his man." Such is "honor" in the mouths of fools.

But we must return to our story. Scarcely had the gentleman of wounded honor rushed out of the house, ere the friends of the other assembled round him to ask "What is the matter? And how did you fall out?"

"The matter," said the offending gentleman, who sat somewhat stupefied at the abrupt and threatening exit of his military friend; "why, the fellow is as irascible as a turky cock. We fell into a dispute about politics, about which he knows positively nothing. He became more and more insolent, and his arguments were at length so absurd, that I could not help bursting out laughing and telling him he was a bullet-headed fool."

"Is that all?" said a city merchant; "why, every body knew that long ago."

"Ay, but to tell him of it," said another; "I fear mischief will come of it."

A considerable damp seemed to have been thrown on the spirits of all the company, and the circle gradually broke up. The gentleman who had been the cause of the explosion, at length rose and went home, not over-free from anxiety. He now regretted the use of the offensive word, and yet he felt that it had not been undeserved. Not being a military man—for he was a banker in good business, and with extensive connections—he could scarcely define what the other would do in reference to the "satisfaction" which he had spoken of; yet he had some unpleasant misgivings about the issue.

The banker was not left long in doubt. Next morning, after an anxious night, a thundering rat-tat came to his door. Immediately thereafter a gentleman was admitted. The banker rose up to meet him, and recognized him for a military gentleman—in fact, the major of the other's corps.

"I have the honor," said he, "of waiting upon you at the instance of my friend, the Honorable Captain Sir Eustace Fitz Giles; this letter will explain to you the object of my visit."

The banker opened the missive. It was written in a thunder-and-lightning hand, and smelt frightfully of gunpowder; in fact, there was no misunderstanding it.

"I will call upon the captain," said the banker. "I will do so at once."

"The usual mode in such matters, as you are aware, is to refer me to your friend."

"In good time, sir," answered the banker; "but first I would see the captain himself."

"Very well," said the major; "but the usual course is such matters.—"

"Yes, yes!" said the banker; "I know; but I wish to see the captain himself."

"He will refer you to me," said the major.

"Very well! then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again;" and he bowed the major politely out.

The banker went straightway to the choleric captain. "Sir," said he to him, "I am not at all ashamed to confess myself in the wrong in having used words to you the expression which has given you offense. I beg to withdraw it, and I apologize for it with all my heart."

"Too late, sir, by Jove! too late," said the captain, twirling his mustache. "You must meet me, sir; nothing short of that will do. Had I knocked you down on the spot, an apology might have been accepted; but I did not knock you down, and your apology comes too late. I refer you to my friend, who is authorized by me to settle all necessary preliminaries. Name to him your time and place, and go home and settle your affairs."

The banker was thunderstruck. He considered with himself for awhile. "Well, sir!" said at be length, "if it must be so, meet me to-morrow at two o'clock, in the large field north of Lodge, in the Road, with your friend and a pair of pistols."

"Enough, sir," said the brusque captain; and they parted.

The parties were on the ground at the time appointed. The captain was accompanied by his friend, the major. The banker was attended by a gentleman in a suitable black—a very unmilitary and most civil-looking personage. As they approached, the major suddenly stepped before his principal, and addressing the banker's second, said—"It was perfectly understood, sir, that pistols were to be the weapons employed on this occasion; but here, sir, if I mistake not, you bring a blunderbuss under your arm."

"I beg your pardon," said the other, drawing the instrument forth; "it is not a blunderbuss, but a telescope."

"And what, in heaven's name, is the meaning of this? I hope it is not meant as an additional insult to my principal?"

"Oh! by no means," said the banker, who proceeded to inform the major of his previous and present readiness to apologize, assuring him that he had intended no offense to his friend, the captain, and that he was now anxious to explain. The apology was declined as before, and an explanation was demanded.

"In the first place," said the banker, "I earnestly beg that you, captain, will look through this telescope."

"What, sir, I?—Look through a telescope! By heavens, sir, what foolery is this?"

The banker's second claimed to be heard. "I insist," said he, "that this is most serious and important to my client—to my friend."

"It is such a breach of all the customary forms," said the captain. "Such a proposal is quiet intolerable."

"I regret," said the banker to the major, "that I should have to urge this request; but it is to me a most necessary preliminary. Will you, major, do me the favor to apply your eye to the telescope? I put it to you as a gentleman and officer, whether there is any offense in the request?"

"Nay, sir," said the major, "I do not say that; but it seems to me so absurd—so contrary to the established rules in such cases."

"Here, sir, said the banker, holding up the telescope, "place your eye to it for but one moment—there, in that direction!"

"Where?" said the major, carelessly aplying his eye to the telescope. He looked for an instant. "Egad!" said he, "I see a very fine woman walking about on a grass-plat, with a little trot of a child in one hand, and two others prancing around her. But what, I should like to know, has this to do with the matter in hand?"

"Everything," said the banker, with a serious face: "that lady, sir, is my wife. Those children are mine and hers; and we are all mutually attaced."

"Pshaw!" said the captain, "what is that to me? You should thought of this before."

"I know that it is nothing to you, sir," said the banker, "as you have no wife or children. I believe I am correct in saying that you have no wife or children. Now then, I ask, do we meet on equal terms?"

"Why, no, certainly not," said the major; "but it is too late to think of this on the very ground; it is quite informal—this discussion; it is really, quite, quite—" and hereupon the major took a huge pinch of snuff to fill up his simile.

"I warned you to settle all your affairs," broke in the captain, as if a sudden bright thought had occurred to him.

"True," said the banker, pointing to the distant family group, "but I could not settle them. I have settled everything else." The banker's second now ventured to observe, that as the captain's second had admitted the parties about to contend were not on equal terms, they should be made equal, or as near as possibly so, before the actual commencement of hostilities; and he appealed to them to do this as "men of honor and gentlemen."

"Well, there is certainly a show of reason, and that sort of thing, in what you say," observed the major. "But how, in the name of goodness, is that to be effected?"

"Nothing easier," exclaimed the gentleman in black. "Your friend the captain has an independent income of fifteen hundred per annum, and no family; whereas the income of my fried—though he has some little property—mainly depends upon his own exertions; and he has a wife and three children. Now, if the captain should shoot him, he ought to make over five hundred to his family, and thus the parties would be upon equal terms."

"Putting affection out of the question," added the banker.

"I would only be puitting down your handsome phaeton and pair," rejoined the banker's second, calmly.

"Oh, sir! ah! yes, indeed!" ejaculated the captain, reddening up to the ears.

"But supposing I accede to this most irregular proceeding," said the major, "there is no time for it now, as I cannot consent to withdraw my principal from the field without a change of shots."

"That is not at all necessary," said the banker. "This gentleman is my attorney." Whereat, on the instant, the little man in black whipped from beneath his coat a sheet on parchment, ready filled up, and wanting nothing but the attachment of the signatures.

The captain and the major exchanged looks of black rage. They saw that, in common parlance, it was "a sell," and they began to storm.

"A most absurd proceeding!—mercenary proposal!" ejaculated the captain. "Put down my phaeton, indeed? Why, sir, this is beyond a joke."

"It is, indeed, a most serious matter, sirs," said the banker. "Do you think, sir, whether I would not be justified in considering it as something more than an 'absurd proceeding' and a pretty 'joke' to be put down dead here, and leave my wife and children to penury? I know very well, sir, you are a rare shot, and can snuff a candle with a pistol bullet. That dexterity I can't pretend to, so in my case I run the greatest risk. Yet I am ready to pit my life against your phaeton and pair."

The major looked more perplexed than ever. The captain more foolish and puzzled.

"Again, gentlemen, if I should be killed, my wife and children will absolutely need the money; but if I kill the captain, his property is absolutely of no sort of use to him after his funeral expenses are paid. Nor is my proposal without precedent. Upon such occasions, men of refined honor and high courage have thought they could never do enough. When Best shot Lord Cameford, his lordship, on his deathbed, left his antagonist, who was in very poor circumstances, a handsome income, rejoicing, no doubt, that he had lived long enough to do such an act of magnanimity and finished honor. I never fired at a man as a mark in my life; I am sure to be shot. So you see my proposal is only a fair one; and as I make it to men of honor, I expect it to be acceded to."

"Oh, but!—yes, but!—you, sir!" exclaimed the captain. "Really," interrupted the major, biting his lips, "I really think, that as men of finished honor, we must accede to the proposal."

The banker now flatly refused to fight on any other terms, putting it directly to the major as the most refined point of dueling honor that could be manifested on the occasion, till the two officers, though excessively provoked and annoyed, could no longer refuse their consent. The parchment was handed to them by the attorney, who saw it properly signed, and then the principals took their stand at fifteen paces distance.

The banker had the first fire. Not wishing to be banished from his country, or get into prison, or be tried for manslaughter or murder, he took very good care to fire wide of his mark, and away flew his innocent ball, like a humming bird, across the fields.

Then came the captain's turn. "Now," whispered the major, "aim low; keep steady—now—you've got him."

"Got him!" stammered the captain, his face turning blue, and his jaws falling. "Got him! put down my pha—, pay five hundred a year for being called a bullet-headed fool, and so prove it. Will you pay the money if I hit him?"

Away sped the bullet; but of course it did not hit the banker, though it whistled rather too close past the lawyer's ear, who had forgotten to have a similar agreement for himself in case of accidents.

The antagonists then shook hands. The major withdrew the Honorable Captain Eustace Fitz-Giles from the field, declaring that "his honor was satisfied;" and the banker went home to his wife and children.

But it is not always that those "meetings of honor" so end.

The Housewife.

What has this woman been doing,
So long since morning began?
Look! before she can remember
One-half of the work she has done.
Dressing the dear little baby,
Combing up its soft silken hair;
Putting him back in the cradle
To sleep and grow healthy and fair.
Doing the work in the kitchen,
Just what it happens to be,
Covering books for the school room,
Ready for callers at three.
Mending and making and chattering,
Two or three children to teach,
If not the primer's first lesson,
Methods no other can preach.
That's what this woman's been doing,
Yet ere the day 'tis the same;
Angels, O watch and defend her—
"Mother"—for this is her name.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he do not cheat his neighbor or himself. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.

SENSIBLE.

A very sensible change in opinion as well as profession is indicated in the letter of a young man, a graduate of Dartmouth, and noted as a law student having had the misfortune to lose his hearing and having settled on a farm, writes thus of the occupation he has choosen: "There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good sure living. You are your own master; you can't starve, or be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned, in these days of horsepower, a man needn't kill himself farming any more than any other business. It is brains that win on a farm as everywhere else, and the smart man is going to ride while the stupid one goes on foot in the corn-field as well as in the bar or pulpit. I should like to have my hearing again, but I wouldn't leave farm again if I had it."

HISTORY OF NEOSHO GRANGE NO. 523 P. OF H.

BY RETTA HURLBURT.

Read at the Anniversary Picnic and published by vote of the meeting.

We celebrate to-day the fifth anniversary of the founding of Neosho Grange, though five years ago to-day Neosho Grange was undreamed of. It was on the fifth of September, 1873, that the report was circulated through this neighborhood that an agent of the Patrons of Husbandry would lecture at the stone school house that evening. Beyond slight knowledge gathered from the newspapers, the Order was unknown to us. The writer was at a neighborhood gathering of ladies that day, and well remembers the surprised query of "What for?" that met the remark of some one that if there was a chance she "intended to join the Grange." Her reply was, "Well, it is something to benefit the farmers, and I want to know what it is."

There were many more of the same mind, that evening, after hearing Deputy W. S. Hanna explain the new movement, and the next morning the following named persons met for organization: Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Doile, Messrs. David and A. W. Plumb, J. W. and E. Roberts, A. C. Abraham, J. W. Cooper, R. Howell, D. W. Rhodes, W. McCreary, A. Hurlburt, W. T. Cooney, and Misses M. and R. Roberts, L. Hollingsworth and R. Hurlburt. Not one of these will soon forget that long day's work. We met at 8 o'clock in the morning, and when we went home, at 5 o'clock p. m., Neosho Grange was duly organized, with a full set of officers, Wm. Hollingsworth being Master.

Your historian meets with a difficulty in the outset of her task. The true history of Neosho Grange can never be told, partly because it is a secret organization and the routine of form must occupy much time; partly because its story is a part of the neighborhood history. It has become a part of the neighborhood life, and its affairs, like family affairs, are not to be told to the chance listener. The minutes on the Secretary's book give few hints of the life and fun that have pervaded the hundred and thirty-three sessions that stretch back, marking the last five years with milestones of social enjoyment. Nothing but actual storm hinders our coming together. "Too busy to go to Grange," is not a fashionable excuse among us.

We have met and conquered many prejudices; our patient endeavors have been crowned with success in a large degree. At first the titles of the Order fitted oddly our plain farmer Jack and farmer Gill; and we had scarcely a member who could rise and, decorously addressing our familiar "Uncle Billy" as Worthy Master, quietly wait to be recognized before making a motion. The regalia and other insignia were to be provided, the phrases and ceremonies of the ritual were to be mastered, and during the first six months we found enough to do to occupy one night every week. In April, 1874, the meetings were changed to once a fortnight, and so continue to this day. During the next six months there was a large increase of membership not only here but all over the county, and on the 4th of July the Patrons managed the largest celebration ever held in this county, Neosho Grange taking a leading part and attracting much attention by her fine display.

About this time we received several accessions by the consolidation of Forest Hill Grange. We next talked fire-insurance, life-insurance, milling, manufacturing, elevating, store-keeping, reaching out and experimenting in various ways, feeling sure that we could better ourselves, but not quite certain in which direction to work.

January 6th, 1875, Perry Edwards left the Master's chair, which he had held during the previous year, for the Treasurer's desk, and A. W. Plumb took the vacant place. This was the "aid winter," and we took strong ground against receiving from the East that which we were able to supply ourselves with. In August of the same year we adopted a resolution looking to the better protection of birds by law, and had the same largely published in the newspapers. Our demands were loudly seconded from other parts of the State, and the next Legislature gave us our present game law.

During the next fall and winter we held a series of very successful fairs. One of these was held at Central school house, in conjunction with Fremont Grange, and was open to all comers. The others were held at our regular sessions, and limited to our own membership. The most notable one of these was the one of which bread and butter and potatoes formed the staple exhibits. One of the brothers brought down a small stove and set it up in the anteroom of the school house. The potatoes were boiled with their jackets on, and never were potatoes better cooked, nor more fun let loose around a dish of "pertatiesand salt."

In May, 1876, we began to deal with Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago. We sent them several orders in the course of the next twelve months. Since that time the decline in prices has enabled us to do as well at home.

In the summer of 1876 we sent to Pitsburg and bought a washing machine. Many of the ladies tested it, and at one of our sessions they rehearsed their various experiences, and the same were written up and appeared in the Spirit of Kansas. The machine was sold to the highest bidder, a fate lately followed by a corn-sheller in which the brothers had invested.

In the course of the next winter, one of our pet ideas took successful shape in the form of the Patrons' co-operative store, in Emporia, in which this Grange and its members hold a large share of stock.

During this winter we had many literary exercises, in the form of speeches, discussions, essays, and a paper which was for a long time a regular and interesting feature of our sessions.

On February 14th, 1877, two members were received by demit, being, with a single exception, the first addition for almost two years. Since that time twenty-eight new members have been received.

In August, 1877, we met a loss of property deposited in the school house, and you all know how that affair was brought into court and ventilated before the law, where the tedious case still hangs, enduring slow delay.

On the 1st of September we celebrated our fourth anniversary by a fair and picnic, and were favored with an address by State Master Sims. The week after that we entered into competition for premiums offered by the County Fair Association. Our success was not quite equal to our ambition, but the committee consoled us with the thought that they had done pretty well for green hands, and their experience in winning the second premium would help win the first next time.

At present our membership stretches from the eastern limits of Emporia to Badger creek, and from Fremont Hill to Forest Hill. Whole number of persons connected with the grange, 93, representing 50 families. We have lost two by death, brothers J. W. McCreary and George Roberts, and twenty-five by removals and withdrawals, leaving us now a membership of 66. John M. Hyde has been Master for the last year and a half.

The educational influence of the Order is strongly manifest on all our members. They are trained to express their ideas clearly, and without embarrassment. Business is carried on in parliamentary style. The information of one becomes the property of all. A mutual respect and liking springs up where not even acquaintance would be possible over the wide distances, and engrossing cares of farm life. Other classes of men combine to advance their own interests, and when the farmer does the same shall he be accused of communism and railroad strikes? Because beef on foot is worth three cents a pound here while steak is thirty cents a pound in Boston; because united we may do something to lessen the burdens of the producer and consumer, therefore we exist.

A band of thinking, working men and women, adding their mite to the work of the day, socially, morally, financially, educationally—this is Neosho Grange.

A UNITED STATES SENATOR.

New York Politicians Bowing Before a Distinguished Western Senator.

In the winter of 1869 several members of the New York legislature were seated in a palace car on the way to Albany. Mr. Chris. O'Connor, Neil Bryant and James O'Neil were passengers on the same train. They were going to Montreal to attend a billiard match. Matt. Carpenter had just been elected United States Senator from Wisconsin. Old Judge William W. Campbell, then member of assembly from Otsego, and Nicholas L. LaBau of Warren, were moving up and down the aisles of the car, conversing about the new Senator. Col. Michael C. Murphy was sitting near them, talking to Assemblyman Lamoree, of Sullivan. He overhearing the conversation between the Judge and Commodore Vanderbilt's son-in-law. Touching the judge on the arm, he said: "Do you know there is a distinguished personage on this train?"

"Who is it?" inquired the Judge.

"Matt. Carpenter, the new senator from Wisconsin," responded the Colonel.

"Is it possible?" said the judge, in a piping voice; "I'd like to see him."

"It will afford me great pleasure to introduce you," said the Colonel. "I am intimately acquainted with him."

The Colonel then went to a private compartment, and quickly returned, accompanied by the Senator. The latter was a jowl-cheeked, tallow-faced young man, with yellow hair and a sandy moustache. He was stout and broad-shouldered, and wore a slouched hat and plain clothes.

"Senator Carpenter," said the Colonel, "permit me to introduce you to Judge Campbell, who is many years your senior, and desires the honor of your acquaintance."

They clasped hands, and showered mutual congratulations upon each other. The Judge introduced the Senator to Assemblyman La Bau, of Warren. As the three gentlemen were of the same political faith, the conversation turned upon national party matters. Senator Carpenter felt his way like an experienced diplomat. At first he was reserved but as the conversation grew warm he unfolded a fund of political information that astonished his hearers. He surveyed the great field in the West, called Wisconsin a Gibraltar of Republicanism, sent Grant up into the seventh heaven of eulogy, and scattered gems of political wisdom over the carpets of the car. Meantime, Col. Murphy brought up George M. Gleason of St. Lawrence, Isaac V. Baker, jr., of Washington, James Husted, then an unfledged eagle from Westchester, James Stevens, Mayor of Rome, Moses Summers of Syracuse, and several other Republican Assemblymen, and introduced them to the Senator. They formed a ring around him, and basked in the radiance of his intellectual effulgence. Their deep interest and evident admiration attracted the attention of a few Democratic members, who anxiously asked Colonel Murphy what was going on. He told them that the pivot of interest was Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin. One after another he took them up and introduced them. Moses Y. Tilden, a brother of Samuel J., James B. Pearsall of Queens, John L. Flagg of Troy, old Judge Suffern of Rockland, Clarkson Ferris of Westchester, and Timothy J. Campbell and Harry Woltman of New York, were among those introduced. All were delighted, and especially Campbell and Woltman, who laughed uproariously at the Senator's lively sallies. Probably no one man ever created such an interest in a car.

The Hon. Henry C. Murphy was playing casino with a friend in an adjoining compartment. The Colonel said to him, "Senator, a very distinguished gentleman from the board wishes the courtesy of an introduction."

"Who is it?" inquired the Senator.

"Mr. Carpenter, who has recently been elected United States Senator from Wisconsin," returned the Colonel.

Senator Murphy himself had been a candidate for similar honors, but had been defeated by Gov. Fenton. Turning to his friend, he laid down his cards, saying: "Pardon me, I will return in a few moments."

He went out and joined Senator Carpenter's levee. The two distinguished gentlemen shook hands, and the young Republican chieftain emptied a bucket of compliments upon the venerable head of the blushing Nestor of Brooklyn. Senator Murphy was more than flattered. He was delighted. Learning that Senator Carpenter was on a visit to friends in central New York, he pressed him to be his guest on his return to Albany. The invitation was graciously accepted. The Brooklyn statesman was so charmed by the Senator's tongue that he quite forgot his friend in the compartment.

Ten minutes later Senator Carpenter arose. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for the courteous manner in which you have received me, a comparative stranger among you, and shall be delighted to entertain you all at my home in Wisconsin at some future time; but my friends in another part of the car have missed me and I must rejoin them."

He politely bowed himself away, but the glamour of his tongue remained. Senator Murphy rejoined his friend at casino, and the others scattered, leaving Judge Campbell and Mr. La Bau in a seat near the water cooler. A minute afterward the Hon. James M. Richmond entered the car and sat down beside them. Soon afterward Senator Carpenter emerged from his compartment with an empty brandy bottle, which he filled at the cooler. Judge Campbell, turning to Richmond, remarked: "Senator Carpenter is a very young man to have attained a position so exalted and honorable."

"Where's Senator Carpenter?" asked Mr. Richmond.

"Why, there, he's just passed with a bottle in his hand," said the Judge, pointing to him.

"What!" exclaimed Richmond, in a loud tone, "Senator Carpenter be hanged! That's Nell Bryant, the nigger singer."

Imagine the result when the whole thing became known.

Discontent.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree:
One was in love with the harbor;
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The wind of late outbore,
But held the other, longing,
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
With wistful eyes look ever
To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow,
Through sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet
Of the moss-grown shaded shore;
One sighs that it may enter
That harbor nevermore.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the sea's rage and wail;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us
There's naught so true as this:
The winds of fate blow ever,
But ever blow amiss.

HOW TO KEEP A PIANO.

The Advice of one Who Knows all About that Everlasting Instrument.

Otto Brunning in Journal de Musique.

The piano is constructed almost exclusively of various kinds of woods and metals; cloth, skin, and felt also being used in the mechanical portion. From this reason atmospheric changes have a great effect on the quality and durability of the instrument, and it is necessary to protect it from all external influence which might effect the materials of which it is composed. It must be shaded from the sun, kept out of the draught, and, above all, guarded against sudden changes of temperature. The latter is a most frequent cause of the piano getting out of tune, and the instrument should be kept in a temperature not lower than fifty-four degrees, and not higher than eighty-six Fahrenheit; when too cold, the wood, cloth and skin swell, and the mechanism works badly; when too warm these materials shrink, and produce clicking, squeaking, and other disagreeable sounds. Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against. In a very short time damp will destroy every good point about the instrument. The tone becomes dull and flat, the wires rusty and easily broken, the joints of the mechanism stiff, and the hammers do not strike with precision, and if these symptoms are not attended to at once, the piano is irretrievably spoiled. Therefore, do not put your piano in a damp, ground floor room, or between two windows, or between the door and the window where there is a through draught. Never leave the piano open when not in use, and above all when the room is being cleaned. Do not put it near a stove, chimney or hot air pipes. Always wipe the keys after playing. Never pile books, music, or other heavy things on the top. Be careful when using the soft pedal, do not thump the notes. Do not allow five-note or other exercise of small compass on a piano you have any regard for. A leather cover should be kept on the instrument when not in use, and removed every day for the purpose of dusting. A cushion of wadding or a strip of flannel laid on the keys will help to keep them white and preserve the polish. Never leave the piano open after a musical evening or dance. If you are obliged to have it in a damp room, do not place it against the wall, and raise it from the floor by means of insulators, and always cover it after playing. Employ the best tuner you can get, and if a new instrument, let it be tuned every two months during the first year, and at least three times a year afterward. Always have it tuned after a soiree if the room has been very hot.

In the bright morn from out the little bay
We slowly drifted, and at noon the wind,
O'ercome with heat, had flagged and dropped behind.
Under the tyrannous sunshine all the day
We moved so lazily one scarce could say
We moved at all. Upon the deck at night,
Beside the moon-blanched sail, beneath the
High-hung, great stars, with open eyes we lay;
Slept for a moment in utter hush.
Then waked again to hear the sudden rush
Of swift flowing water, as we made our way
Slowly at first, due to the east, and coming o'er the sea
Saw the young morn, that with slow, sweet delay
Began to draw her veil of mystery.

OTHER SEX.

A lady writing from one of the fashionable watering places declares that the low necked dress is an abomination into which it is the duty of the press to look.

A little Brooklyn girl being reproved the other day by her elder sister for using a slang expression, sharply retorted, "Well, if you went into society more you would hear slang."

A seaside belle left her bathing shoes outside of her hotel window to dry, and the next day the local papers announced "that such a hotel had put up new awnings of an unique design."

Lady (giving an apple to a little boy): "Give this apple to the one of us three here whom you think the handsomest." The boy looked for a moment at all three ladies, took the apple and ate it.

An old lady in Middlebury, Wisconsin, crossed over a bridge marked "dangerous" without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side, she instantly turned in great alarm and recrossed it.

When Major Nepeau came home to England from Madras and was about to smoke in Mrs. Nepeau's boudoir, his wife objected. "Ma," said her little son, "you used to let Mr. Woolley smoke here." The boy was put to bed.

Said an aristocratic little miss, "Ma, if I were to die and go to Heaven, should I wear my moire antique dress?" "No, dear, in the next world we shall not wear the attire of this." "Then, ma, how would the Lord know I belonged to the best society?"

"Sonney," remarked a mother to her young hopeful, "if boys were half as patient in their attention to their studies as they are in learning how to skate on ponds, they would be perfect angels." "That's so, ma," said the boy, "but they wouldn't have near so much fun."

A girl in Trenton, N. J. married a Hungarian nobleman, and now she takes in washing six days in the week instead of two, as formerly, in order to support her new title with sufficient style. Promotion in the social scale always brings increased responsibilities with it.

Young women should not be too ready to physically distinguish themselves. The enterprising young woman of Baltimore who stepped upon a man's knee and thus stood above all the others of a party who had climbed the white mountains, has been put in the Police Gazette, with an immense exhibit of stockings.

A little three-year-old girl, who volunteered to say grace at the table, did so as follows: "Oh, Lord, bless the things we eat; bless mamma and papa, and grammas and grampa,"—and here, casting up her eyes to her gradfather in the next seat, and discovering that he was smiling, the little one closed her prayer by saying: "Behave yourself grandpa,—for Christ's sake. Amen.

Little Gracie was dressed one day in the whitest of dresses when, being left alone, she began to investigate a coal-hod, getting inside, and as black as possible. When her mother came back, she, seeing her look of amazement, dropped on her knees, put her little chubby hands together before her face and said: "O, Lord, give us patience,"—and He did. At least Gracie got off easily that time.

At Paris matrimonial agency: "We have just the thing you want—an orphan of 20 next grass." "Pretty?" "N-no, not exactly?" "Worth—" "Half a million francs in governments. Then she is consumptive." "Consumptive, eh? Well, that's always something. Perhaps, however, you are only exciting my hopes to—" "Sir, the house always guarantees its goods to be as represented."

NEWS SUMMARY.

SEPTEMBER 3.—The National Greenback party, of New Hampshire met in convention at Manchester. Warren G. Brown was nominated for governor.... Returns from the Vermont elections indicate a republican majority of from 18,000 to 20,000....The executive council of the national board of trade held a session at Portland, Maine....A dispach from Tucson, Arizona, reports that J. H. Adams and Cornelius Finley were murdered at David's canyon last Monday by Mexican bands....The horse car men at New York on the Sixth and Third avenue lines struck this morning....Adam Badeau, consul-geneal at London, has been restored to the list of retired officers as captain....Greece has notified the porte she will invoke a meditation of the powers if she does not receive a reply to the memorandum of Friday.... It is said that France and Italy jointly notified the porte they will not permit a bombardment of the Greek coast in the event of war between Greece and Turkey Turkish troops are reported encroaching upon Greek territory.... Gen. Phillipovich announces that a band of 1,000 insurgents was defeated on the 4th inst. near Kadenasclas, and thirty killed.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Six hundred employees of the leather firm, at Newark, N. J., denounce Dennis Kearney in speeches and resolutions....At Harrisburg, Pa., the board of pardons this forenoon refused to recommend a commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment in the case of Jack Kebo, a Mollie Maguire....Chauncey R. Filley, postmaster at St. Louis, was removed today and Samuel Hays appointed....The loss in the Princess Alice disaster on the Thames is now reported at 650 persons. ....Orville Grant, the ex-President's brother, was this morning sent to the insane asylum at Morristown, N. J.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life—by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual, for it can teach us to bear them with resignation.

The Worchester, (Mass.) Gazette gives further particulars of the mysterious sickness in the curled hair factory at Readville. The hair received at the factory is far from clean, and the operatives insist that a large quantity of this comes from diseased animals, and they believe that it contains the germs of a terrible disease, which results in sure and agonizing death to those who become its victims. A physacian who attended some of the afflicted gives the following description of the disease:

A malady among horses peculiar to Siberia and Poland has sometimes been known to kill as many as 800 horses per year in a single province. The hair, principally the tails and manes, is taken off the bodies of the animals dying from the plague, and is shipped to this country. The operatives who handle it are liable to receive the poison into the system, either by breathing the germs of the disease into the lungs, or by its inoculation through a scratch or abrasure in the skin. The internal malady is almost always incurable, and manifests itself in a swelling of the throat and head, sometime to double the natural size. A high fever accompanies it, and delirium soon sets in, followed by a painful death. If inoculated in the blood through the skin, a small pimple appears, which rapidly spreads and increases in size, and if the proper remedies are administered the patient dies in convulsions or delirium. Dr. Stone said he had treated twenty-five such cases when the factory of Glover & Wilcomb was located in Walpole, and of these fourteen had resulted fatally. The usual proportion of deaths is about fifty-five per cent. The proper name of the disease is charbon fever.

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

The recent advance of freight charges by the Union and Central Pacific railroads has called forth emphatic dissent from almost every quarter. The San Francisco merchants, who are chiefly affected, as is natural object most strenuously, but there is nothing for them to do but submit. In this fast age, as the local journals say, it is impossible to wait for goods shipped around the Horn, and, as it is believed the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are in the ring, there remains no alternative. The facts of the situation, as it seems to us, are ably discussed in a late communication to the Philadelphia Evening Telegram, from which we extract a few paragraphs as follows:

"The Secretary of the Interior, in his recent report gives the following official information about the financial condition of the Pacific railroads, viz: They have earned from their completion up to October 31, 1877, in an average of eight years, the very handsome sum of $190,000,000, during which time they have expended for operating expenses $62,000,000, leaving $99,000,000 to their credit as net earnings, or a clear profit of a sum much larger than their total Government liability, both principal and interest, which up to the same date is computed as $81,895,784.

"Last year the gross earnings of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads amounted to $31,666,945, and the net profits to $17,714,869, and while these railroads constitute but the 1-30th part of the railroad mileage of the United States, they are enabled from the advantage of their position and the entire freedom from any healthy competition, to carry off the 1-9th of the total net earnings of American railroads.

"A passenger is now carried from New York to Omaha at 2-37 cts per mile, at the rate of 24.5 miles per hour, including all stoppages. From Omaha west to San Francisco he is obliged to pay 5.22 per mile, or over double fare, and travel at the slow rate of 18.5 miles per hour. The charges for freight through the west average 1.6 cents per ton per mile, and between Chicago and New York, Philadelphia and Boston less than one cent per ton per mile. The Pacific railroad freight charges were three times as great and they have recently been doubled. Extend the same time table and rate of fare which now exists between N. York and Fort Worth, Texas, and a passenger will be transported to the Pacific coast in two day's less time, and for one fourth less money. Apply the passenger rate from New York to Omaha to the transcontinental trip, and instead of having to pay $185 for a ticket, transportation could be furnished for $78, or $77 clear saving to the emigrant or tourist.

"This uncalled for advance of rates must be viewed with grave concern by the intelligent mercantile classes of the country. It stands as an instance of corporate greed, antagonizing the best interests of the community that fostered and created it, and as such is without parallel in the annals of railway rapacity. Already nine-tenths of the valuable trade and travel of the Orient, which should be welcomed and encouraged to traverse our territory, has been banished by the extravagant cost of our transcontinental service, and driven to seek a more circuitous Suez route, which the English and French governments find it to their interests to sustain by liberal advances of money amounting to about $5,000,000 per annum.

WESTERN WANDERINGS

NUMBER II.

FORT YUMA, Aug., 1878.—There is a story told of Fort Yuma, which, like a good many western stories, is rather unreasonable; but as we cannot prove that it is not true we will allow the reader to form his own opinion. A soldier who had for a long time been posted at Fort Yuma, died. He had led such a notoriously wicked life that, according to the orthodox belief, there could be no possible doubt as to where he had gone. His spirit come back and annoyed his companions so that they employed a medium to see what the defunct soldier wanted. The medium interviewed the troubled spirit and reported that he said he could not stand the change and begged to borrow a pair of blankets until he got accustomed to the climate.

It is uphill business to leave Pueblo in any direction except going east. Two trains stand at the platform on the Denver and Rio Grande road, one bound for Denver and one for the south. A sign on the platform directs us to the southern bound train. We enter the latter coach and are surprised to find it double seated the entire length. Nobody appears crowded except an old lady with an ancient carpet sack and seven or eight bundles, who occupies two full seats. The neat little train of mail car, baggage car and two well filled coaches starts out and as Pueblo gave us such a warm reception we bid her a welcome good bye. The little engine toils up around the hill out of Pueblo, and as the speed rapidly increases, we are pleasantly disappointed to find it unnecessary to hold on to the seat. We are riding as easy as any one could wish. From the motion of the train any one could easily imagine we were going twelve or fifteen miles per hour; but the reckless manner in which the telegraph poles whisk by, indicates a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles per hour. Have you ever considered a narrow gauge railway a one horse affair? If so, could you but look out the door of the rear coach and see the three foot track spinning out from under you at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and note for a moment the easy, gentle swing of the coach, you would certainly change your mind.

The Spanish peaks look so plain you cannot think they are more than ten miles ahead, but when you have traveled sixty miles toward them, they will still be fifteen miles away. The country is very dry and apparently almost barren. You wonder what on earth the numerous herds of cattle have found to fatten them so. The dry, short grass of Southern Colorado is among the best pasture in the west. It is an old story in the east that cattle do not need feeding through the winter, in some of our western States. In Colorado it is actually true. We stop occasionally at a water tank, but towns have gone out of fashion entirely. The mountains look a little higher but no nearer. Now and then a tall bunch of cactus covered with splendid scarlet bloom, is in striking contrast with the parched appearance of everything else. Fifty miles south of Pueblo we stop at Cuchara, and our train transfers a cart load or two of mail and baggage to the train bound for El Moro, 35 miles south. El Moro is the southern terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande Road. When we leave Cuchara our train turns west toward the mountains, and soon we are going up grade very fast. There are numerous Mexican farms along the creek we follow. The average possessions of a Mexican farmer are half an acre of wheat, one