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AN OLD KENTUCKY TEAM.

BY FRANCIS T. PUTTON.

'Ill the long day at Creedmoor he heard the rifles crack
Hard fortune if the Irish team may win the honors back.
The western sun, red with its heat, below the meadow drops,
And leaves behind the early moon hung in the cedar tops.
The grounds are all deserted, the shadows deeper grow,
And the three ranks of targets like deep embrasures show.
Alone one worn attendant in the barracks seeks repose.
His weary limbs are with sleep before his eyelids close.
In the pale light, a pleasant dream rests on the sleeper's face;
In fancy now he leads the score and holds the victor's place.
Hark! Have the plaudits roused him? He wakes in sudden fear.
Half-conscious of strange noises that he hears or seems to hear.
He rises, scarcely yet awake, and slowly opes the door—
A massive rifle tumbles in and rings upon the floor!
Half doubting, as he backward shrinks, he sees with rounded eyes
In the dim light, a tall, gaunt form—so tall, it seems to rise.
Long leather leggings laced with thongs come up below the knee;
A cap of fur upon its head it's resting jauntily;
The game-bag slung across is back is made of otter's hide;
A powder-horn nigh two feet long is fitted to its side.
And all about it where it stands, in the pale moonlight seen,
Loose jointed and stout sinewed, of grave and solemn mien,
A score of hunters muster, and in dead silence all
Rest grimly with their hands up-clasped upon their rifles tall.
Still grew they on the wakened lad; his eye among them ran,
And everywhere he seemed to count a rifle and a man.
Sudden they start; their ringing blast some distant hunter warns,
And from the woods a shout comes back as hollow as their horns.
The shadows open as they look; a stalwart man appears;
Stately his stride, has well becomes his venerable years.
His beard gleams white; the shadows gray close darkly on his back;
His rifle trailing in his hand is long and grim and black.
No sound of welcome breaks the spell until his steps are stayed
Beneath a spreading pine, just where the moonlight meets the shade.
"Boys," said the old man, slowly, as a merry twinkle shone—
(The frightened youngster gained new heart to hear the kindly tone)—
"We cant git down to tussle with our rifles on the ground
And there bean't no peaky varmints in all the country round;
But we'll show 'em some plain shootin'—(here his eyes sent 'erith a gleam)—
Without any modern fixin's, by an old Kentucky team."
He spoke, and through the waiting group a hollow chuckle ran.
And every rifle leaped up to the shoulder of a man.
No crouching on the greensward to aim betwixt their toes;
Each flint sent out its blaze of sparks, in seeming, as it rose,
Then turning to where stood the lad, the old man spoke again:
"To-morrow, when ye see the team and all the riflemen,
Give them our compliments, and say, when they come here to shoot,
Ye've seen old Daniel Boone, come back to show 'em how to do't."
At this, as at a signal, a shout went up whose sound
Seemed like a distant echo from the Dark and Bloody Ground.
It bounded back from wood to hill, and when it fell away
Only the shadows of the trees upon the greensward lay.
The poor lad watched in terror until the gray of morn,
Doubting all moonlight hunters and their freaks of merry scorn;
But when the cheerful streaks of gray shot up along the sky,
He ventured to the targets, which he scanned with careful eye.
New thrills of terror, as he looked, ran inward to his soul—
Exactly in the centre each had a bullet hole!
He turned—the trees look gravely down; the sky is cold and strange;
The shadows linger on the slopes that gird about the range;
The sun himself, as half in doubt, just for a moment stops,
Then dances lightly down the hill, across the clover tops.

—New York Graphic.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY MARK TWAIN.

VII.

Leaving Port—Racing—Shortening of the River by Cut-Offs—A Steamboat's Ghost—"Stephen's" Plan of "Resumption."

It was always the custom for the boats to leave New Orleans between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. From three o'clock onward they would be burning rosin and pitch pine (the sign of preparation), and so one had the picturesque spectacle of a rank, some two or three miles long, of tall, ascending columns of coal-black smoke; a colonnade which supported a sable roof of the same smoke blended together and spreading abroad over the city. Every outward-bound boat had its flag flying at the jack-staff, and sometimes a duplicate on the verge staff astern. Two or three miles of mates were commanding and swearing with more than usual emphasis; countless processions of freight barrels and boxes were spinning down the slant of the levee and flying aboard the stage planks; belated passengers were dodging and skipping among these frantic things, hoping to reach the forecastle companionway alive, but having their doubts about it; women with reticules and bandboxes were trying to keep up with husbands freighted with carpetsacks and crying babies, and making a failure of it by losing their heads in the whirl and roar and general distraction; drays and baggage vans were clattering hither and thither in a wild hurry, every now and then getting blocked and jammed together, and then during ten seconds one could not see them for the profanity, except vaguely and dimly; every windlass connected with every fore-hatch, from one end of that long array of steamboats to the other, was keeping up a deafening whiz and whir, lowering freight into the hold, and the half-naked crews of perspiring negroes that worked them were roaring such things as De Las' Sack! De Las' Sack!—inspired to unimaginable exaltation by the chaos of turmoil and racket that was driving everybody else mad. By this time the hurricane and boiler decks of the steamers would be packed and black with passengers. The "last bells" would begin to clang, all down the line, and then the pow-wow seemed to double; in a moment or two the final warning came—a simultaneous din of Chinese gongs, with the cry, "All dat ain't goin', please to git ashore!"—and behold, the pow-wow quadrupled! People came swarming ashore, overturning excited stragglers that were trying to swarm aboard. One more moment later a long array of stage-planks was being hauled in, each with its customary latest passenger clinging to the end of it with teeth, nails and everything else, and the customary latest procrastinor making a wild spring shoreward over his head.

Now a number of the boats slide backward into the stream, leaving wide gaps in the serried rank of steamers. Citizens crowd the decks of boats that are not to go, in order to see the sight. Steamer after steamer straightens herself up, gathers all her strength, and presently comes swinging by, under a tremendous head of steam, with flag flying, black smoke rolling and her entire crew of firemen and deckhands (usually swarthy negroes) massed together on the forecastle, the best "voice" in the lot towering from the midst (being mounted on the capstan), waving his hat or a flag, and all roaring a mighty chorus, while the parting cannons boom and the multitudinous spectators swing their hats and huzza! Steamer after steamer falls into line, and the stately procession goes winging its way up the river.

In the old times, whenever two fast boats started out on a race, with a big crowd of people looking on, it was inspiring to hear the crews sing, especially if the time were nightfall and the forecastle lit up with the red glare of the torch baskets. Racing was royal fun. The public always had an idea that racing was dangerous; whereas the very opposite was the case—that is, after the laws were passed which restricted each boat to just so many pounds of steam to the square inch. No engineer was ever sleepy or careless when his heart was in a race. He was constantly on the alert, trying gauge-cocks and watching things. The dangerous place was on slow, popular boats, where the engineers drowsed around and allowed chips to get into the "doctor" and shut off the water supply from the boilers.

In the "flush times" of steamboating, a race between two notoriously fleet steamers was an event of vast importance. The date was set for it several weeks in advance, and from that time forward, the whole Mississippi Valley was in a state of consuming excitement. Politics and the weather were dropped, and people talked only of the coming race. As the time approached, the two steamers "stripped" and got ready. Every incumbrance that added weight, or exposed a resisting surface to wind or water, was removed, if the boat could possibly do without it. The "spars," and sometimes even their supporting derricks, were sent ashore, and no means left to set the boat afloat in case she got aground. When the Eclipse and the A. L. Shotwell ran their great race twenty-two years ago, it was said that pains were taken to scrape the gilding off the fanciful device which hung between the Eclipse's chimneys, and that for that one trip the captain left off his kid gloves and had his head shaved. But I always doubted these things.

If the boat was known to make her best speed when drawing five and a half feet forward and five feet aft, she was carefully loaded to that exact figure—she wouldn't enter a dose of homœopathic pills on her manifest after that. Hardly any passengers were taken, because they not only add weight but they never will "trim boat." They always run to the side when there is anything to see, whereas a conscientious and experienced steamboatman would stick to the centre of the boat and part his hair in the middle with a spirit level.

No way freights and no way passengers were allowed, for the racers would stop only at the largest towns, and then it would be only "touch and go." Coal flats and wood flats were contracted for beforehand, and these were kept ready to hitch on to the flying steamers at a moment's warning. Double crews were carried, so that all work could be quickly done.

The chosen date being come, and all things in readiness, the two great steamers back into the stream and lie there jockeying a moment, and apparently watching each other's slightest movement, like sentient creatures; flags drooping, the pent steam shrieking through safety valves, the black smoke rolling and tumbling from the chimneys and darkening all the air. People, people everywhere; the shores, the house tops, the steamboats, the ships are packed with them, and you know that the borders of the broad Mississippi are going to be fringed with humanity, thence northward 1200 miles, to welcome these racers.

Presently tall columns of steam burst from the 'scape pipes of both steamers, two guns boom a good-by, two red-shirted heroes mounted on capstans wave their small flags above the massed crews on the forecastles, two plaintive solos linger on the air a few waiting seconds, two mighty choruses burst forth—and here they come! Brass bands bray "Hail Columbia," huzza after huzza thunders from the shores, and the stately creatures go whistling by like the wind.

Those boats will never halt a moment between New Orleans and St. Louis, except for a second or two at large towns, or to hitch thirty cord wood boats alongside. You should be on board when they take a couple of those wood boats in tow and turn a swarm of men into each; by the time you have wiped your glasses and put them on, you will be wondering what has become of that wood.

Two nicely matched steamers will stay in sight of each other day after day. They might even stay side by side, but for the fact that pilots are not all alike, and the smartest pilots will win the race. If one of the boats has a "lightning" pilot, whose "partner" is a trifle inferior, you can tell which one is on watch by noting whether that boat has gained ground or lost some during each four hour stretch. The shrewdest pilot can delay a boat if he has not a fine genius for steering. Steering is a very high art. One must not keep a rudder dragging across a boat's stern if he wants to get up the river fast.

There is a marvelous difference in boats, of course. For a long time I was on a boat that was so slow we used to forget what year it was we left port in. But of course this was at rare intervals. Ferryboats used to lose valuable trips because their passengers grew old and died, waiting for us to get by. This was at still rarer intervals. I had the documents for these occurrences, but through carelessness they have been mislaid. This boat, the John J. Roe, was so slow that when she finally sunk in Madrid Bend it was five years before the owners heard of it. That was always a confusing fact to me, but it is according to the record, any way. She was dismally slow; still, we often had pretty exciting times racing with islands, and rafts, and such things. One trip, however, we did rather well. We went to St. Louis in sixteen days. But even at this rattling gait I think we changed watches three times in Fort Adams reach, which is five miles long. A "reach" is a piece of straight river, and, of course, the current drives through such a place in a pretty lively way.

That trip we went to Grand Gulf, from New Orleans, in four days (340 miles); the Eclipse and Shotwell did it in one. We were nine days out, in the chute of 63 (700 miles); the Eclipse and Shotwell went there in two days.

Just about a generation ago, a boat called the J. M. White went from New Orleans to Cairo in three days, six hours and forty-four minutes. Twenty-two years ago the Eclipse made the same trip in three days, three hours and twenty minutes. About five years ago the superb R. E. Lee did it in three days and one hour. This last is called the fastest trip on record. I will try to show that it was not. For this reason: The distance between New Orleans and Cairo, when the J. M. White ran it, was about 1106 miles; consequently her average speed was a trifle over fourteen miles per hour. In the Eclipse's day the distance between the two ports had become reduced to 1080 miles; consequently her average speed was a shade under fourteen and three-eighths miles per hour. In the R. E. Lee's time the distance had diminished to about 1030 miles; consequently her average was about fourteen and one-eighth miles per hour. Therefore, the Eclipse's was conspicuously the fastest time that has ever been made.

These dry details are of importance in one particular. They give me an opportunity of introducing one of the Mississippi's oddest peculiarities—that of shortening its length from time to time. If you will throw a long, pliant apple paring over your shoulder, it will pretty fairly shape itself into an average section of the Mississippi river; that is, 900 or 1000 miles stretching from Cairo, Illinois, southward to New Orleans, the same being wonderfully crooked, with a brief straight here and there at wide intervals. The 200 mile stretch from Cairo northward to St. Louis is by no means so crooked, that being a rocky country which the river can not cut much.

The water cuts the alluvial banks of the "lower" river into deep horseshoe curves; so deep, indeed, that in some places if you were to get ashore at one extremity of the horseshoe and walk across the neck, half or three-quarters of a mile, you could sit down and rest a couple of hours while your steamer was coming around the long elbow, at a speed of ten miles an hour, to take you aboard again. When the river is rising fast, some scoundrel whose plantation is back in the country, and therefore of inferior value, has only to watch his chance, cut a little gutter across the narrow neck of land some dark night, and turn the water into it, and in a wonderfully short time a miracle has happened; to wit, the whole Mississippi has taken possession of that little ditch, and placed the countryman's plantation on its bank (quadrupling its value), and that other party's formerly valuable plantation finds itself away out yonder on a big island; the old water-course around it will soon shoal up, boats can not approach within ten miles of it, and down goes its value to a fourth of its former worth. Watches are kept on those narrow necks, at needful times, and if a man happens to be caught cutting a ditch across them, the chances are all against his ever having another opportunity to cut a ditch.

Pray observe some of the effects of this ditching business. Once there was a neck opposite Port Hudson, Louisiana, which was only half a mile across, in its narrowest place. You could walk across there in fifteen minutes; but if you made the journey around the cape on a raft, you traveled thirty-five miles to accomplish the same thing. In 1722 the river darted through that neck, deserted its old bed, and thus shortened itself thirty-five miles. In the same way it shortened itself twenty-five miles at Black Hawk Point, in 1699. Below Red river landing, Raccourci cut-off was made (thirty or forty years ago, I think). This shortened the river twenty-eight miles. In our day, if you travel by the river from the southermost of these three cut-offs to the northermost, you go only seventy miles. To do the same thing 176 years ago, one had to go 158 miles!—a shortening of eighty-nine miles in that trifling distance. At some forgotten time in the past, cut-offs were made above Vidalia, Louisiana; at island 92; at island 84; and at Hale's Point. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, seventy-seven miles.

Since my own day on the Mississippi, I am informed that cut-offs have been made at Hurricane Island; at island 100; at Napoleon, Arkansas; at Walnut Bend; and at Council Bend. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, sixty-seven miles. In my own time a cut-off was made at American Bend, which shortened the river ten miles or more.

Therefore the Mississippi between Cairo and New Orleans was 1215 miles long 176 years ago. It was 1180 after the cut-off of 1722. It was 1040 after the American Bend cut-off (some sixteen or seventeen years ago). It has lost sixty-seven miles since. Consequently its length is only 973 miles at present.

Now, if I wanted to be one of those ponderous scientific people, and "let on" to prove what had occurred in the remote past by what had occurred in a given time in the recent past, or what will occur in the far future by what has occurred in late years, what an opportunity is here! Geology never had such a chance, nor such exact data to argue from! Nor "development of species," either! Glacial epochs are great things, but they are vague—vague. Please observe:

In the space of one hundred and seventy-six years the Lower Mississippi has shortened itself two hundred and forty two miles. This is an average of a trifle over one mile and a third per year. Therefore, any calm person, who is not blind or idiotic, can see that in the Old Oolitic Silurian Period, just a million years ago next November, the Lower Mississippi river was upwards of one million three hundred thousand miles long, and stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing-rod. And by the same token any person can see that seven hundred and forty-two years from now the Lower Mississippi will be only a mile and three-quarters long, and Cairo and New Orleans will have joined their streets together, and be plodding comfortably along under a single mayor and a mutual board of aldermen. There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesale returns of conjecture out of such a trifling investment of fact.

When the water begins to flow through one of those ditches I have been speaking of, it is time for the people thereabouts to move. The water cleaves the banks away like a knife. By the time the ditch has become twelve or fifteen feet wide, the calamity is as good as accomplished, for no power on earth can stop it now. When the width has reached a hundred yards, the banks begin to peel off in slices half an acre wide. The current flowing around the bend traveled formerly only five miles an hour; now it is tremendously increased by the shortening of the distance. I was on board the first boat that tried to go through the cut-off at American Bend, but we did not get through. It was toward midnight, and a wild night it was—thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain. It was estimated that the current in the cut-off was making about fifteen or twenty miles an hour; twelve or thirteen was the best our boat could do, even in tolerably slack water, therefore perhaps we were foolish to try the cut-off. However, Mr. X. was ambitious, and he kept on trying. The eddy running up the bank, under the "point," was about as swift as the current out in the middle; so we would go flying up the shore like a lightning express train, get on a big head steam, and "stand by for a surge" when we struck the current that was whirling by the point. But all our preparations were useless. The instant the current hit us it spun us around like a top, the water deluged the forecastle, and the boat careened so far over that one could hardly keep his feet. The next instant we were away down the river, clawing with might and main to keep out of the woods. We tried the experiment four times. I stood on the forecastle companion way to see. It was astonishing to observe how suddenly the boat would spin around and turn tail the moment she emerged from the eddy and the current struck her nose. The sounding concussion and the quivering would have been about the same if she had come full speed against a sand-bank. Under the lightning flashes one could see the plantation cabins and the goodly acres tumble into the river; and the crash they made was not a bad effort at thunder. Once, when we spun around, we only missed a house about twenty feet, that had a light burning in the window; and in the same instant that house went overboard. Nobody could stay on our forecastle; the water swept across it in a torrent every time we plunged athwart the current. At the end of our fourth effort we brought up in the woods two miles below the cut-off; all the country there was overflowed, of course. A day or two later the cut-off was three-quarters of a mile wide, and boats passed up through it without much difficulty, and so saved ten miles.

The old Raccourci cut-off reduced the river's length twenty-eight miles. There used to be a tradition connected with it. It was said that a boat came along there in the night and went around the enormous elbow the usual way, the pilots not knowing that the cut-off had been made. It was a grisly, hideous night, and all shapes were vague and distorted. The old bend had already begun to fill up, and the boat got to running away from mysterious reefs, and occasionally hitting one. The perplexed pilots fell to swearing, and finally uttered the entirely unnecessary wish that they might never get out of that place. As always happens in such cases, that particular prayer was answered, and the others neglected. So to this day that phantom steamer is still butting around in that deserted river, trying to find her way out. More than one grave watchman has sworn to me that on drizzly, dismal nights, he has glanced fearfully down that forgotten river as he passed the head of the island, and seen the faint glow of the spectre steamer's lights drifting through the distant gloom, and heard the muffled cough of her 'scape-pipes and the plaintive cry of her leadsmen.

In the absence of further statistics, I beg to close this series of Old Mississippi articles with one more reminiscence of wayward, careless, ingenious "Stephen," whom I described in a former paper.

Most of the captains and pilots hold Stephen's note for borrowed sums ranging from $250 upward. Stephen never paid one of these notes, but he was very prompt and very zealous about renewing them every twelvemonth.

Of course there came a time, at last, when Stephen could no longer borrow of his ancient creditors; so he was obliged to lie in wait for new men who did not know him. Such a victim was good-hearted, simple-natured young Yates (I use a fictitious name, but the real name began, as this one does, with a Y). Young Yates graduated as a pilot, got a berth, and when the month was ended and he stepped up to the clerk's office and received his $250 in crisp new bills, Stephen was there! His silver tongue began to wag, and in a very little while Yates' $250 had changed hands. The fact was soon known at pilot headquarters, and the amusement and satisfaction of the old creditors were large and generous. But innocent Yates never suspected that Stephen's promise to pay promptly at the end of the week was a worthless one. Yates called for his money at the stipulated time; Stephen sweetened him up and put him off a week. He called then, according to agreement, and came away sugar-coated again, but suffering under another postponement. So the thing went on. Yates haunted Stephen week after week, to no purpose, and at last gave it up. And then straightway Stephen began to haunt Yates! Wherever Yates appeared, there was the inevitable Stephen. And not only there, but beaming with affection, and gushing with apologies for not being able to pay. By and by, whenever poor Yates saw him coming, he would turn and fly, and drag his company with him, if he had company; but it was of no use; his debtor would run him down and corner him. Panting and red-faced, Stephen would come, with outstretched hands and eager eyes, invade the conversation, shake both of Yates's arms loose in their sockets, and begin:

"My, what a race I've had! I saw you didn't see me, and so I clapped on all steam for fear I'd miss you entirely. And here you are! there, just stand so, and let me look at you! Just the same old noble countenance." [To Yates' friend:] "Just look at him! *Look* at him! Ain't it just *good* to look at him! *Ain't* it now? Ain't he just a picture! *Some* call him a picture; *I* call him a panorama! That's what he is—an entire panorama. And now I'm reminded! How I do wish I could have seen you an hour earlier! For twenty-four hours I've been saving up that $250 for you; been looking for you everywhere. I waited at the Planter's from six yesterday evening till two o'clock this morning, without rest or food; my wife says, 'Where have you been all night?' I said, 'This debt lies heavy on my mind.' She says, 'In all my days I never saw a man take a debt to heart the way you do.' I said, 'It's my nature; how can I change it?' She says, 'Well, do go to bed and get some rest.' I said, 'Not till that poor, noble young man has got his money.' So I sat up all night, and this morning out I shot, and the first man I struck told me you had shipped on the Grand Turk and gone to New Orleans. Well, sir, I had to lean up against a building and cry. So help me goodness, I couldn't help it. The man that owned the place come out cleaning up with a rag, and said he didn't like to have people cry against his building, and then it seemed to me that the whole world had turned against me, and it wasn't any use to live any more; and coming along an hour ago, suffering no man knows what agony, I met Jim Wilson and paid him $250 on account; and to think that here you are, now, and I haven't got a cent! But as sure as I am standing here on this ground on this particular brick—there, I've scratched a mark on the brick to remember it by—I'll borrow that money and pay it over to you at twelve o'clock sharp, to-morrow! Now, stand so; let me look at you just once more."

And so on. Yates' life became a burden to him. He could not escape his debtor and his debtor's awful sufferings on account of not being able to pay. He dreaded to show himself in the street, lest he should find Stephen lying in wait for him at the corner.

Bogart's billiard saloon was a great resort for pilots in those days. They met there about as much to exchange river news as to play. One morning Yates was there; Stephen was there, too, but kept out of sight. By and by, when all the pilots had arrived who were in town, Stephen suddenly appeared in the midst, and rushed for Yates as for a long lost brother.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! Oh my my soul, the sight of you is such a comfort to my eyes! Gentlemen, I owe all of you money, among you I owe probably $40,000. I want to pay it; I intend to pay it—every cent of it. You all know without my telling you, what sorrow it has cost me to remain so long under such deep obligations to such generous friends; but the sharpest pang I suffer—by far the sharpest—is from the debt I owe to this noble young man here; and I have come to this place this morning especially to make the announcement that I have at last found a method whereby I can pay off all my debts! And most especially I wanted him to be here when I announced it. Yes, my faithful friend—my benefactor, I've found the method! I've found the method to pay off all my debts, and you'll get your money!" Hope dawned in Yates' eye; then Stephen, beaming benignantly, and placing his hand upon Yates' head, added, "I am going to pay them off in alphabetical order!"

Then he turned and disappeared. The full significance of Stephen's "method" did not dawn upon the perplexed and musing crowd for some two minutes; and then Yates murmured with a sigh:

"Well, the Y's stand a gaudy chance. He won't get any further than the C's in this world, and I reckon that after a good deal of eternity has wasted away in the next one, I'll still be referred to up there as 'that poor, ragged pilot that came here from St. Louis in the early days.'"—*Atlantic.*

How to Cure Sunstroke.

Many deaths occur from sunstroke in New York and other Northern cities every year. Once in a great while a death occurs from the same cause in this city. Upon the subject of its treatment, Dr. E. D. Babbitt, M. D., writes the following letter in the New York *Graphic:*

I believe sunstroke and apoplexy can be cured almost surely if taken in any kind of time.

1. Rub powerfully on the back head and neck, making horizontal and downward movements. This draws blood away from the front brain, and vitalizes the involuntary nerves.

2. While rubbing call for cold water immediately, which apply to the face and to the hair on the top and side head.

3. Call for a bucket of water as hot as can be borne, and pour it by dipperfuls on the back head and neck for several minutes. The effect will be wonderful for vitalizing the medulla oblongata; it vitalizes the whole body, and the patient will generally start up into full conscious life in a very short time.

Last summer I was called in to see a man on Fourth avenue. I found him in a state of coma, and his wife was agonizing over him, supposing him to be dead. He had lain thus for about three hours. I had him brought out where he could get the air, jerked off his clothes, rubbed his back, head and neck powerfully, slapped his back, legs and feet briskly, and called for iced water, which I applied to his front and upper head. I then had a bucket of hot water brought, which I poured on his back head and neck. Before doing this I had noticed some signs of life on applying the cold water in front, but after pouring a few minutes he started up, vomited, and exclaimed, "All right!" I spent in all about twenty minutes in thus resuscitating him.

He rose up, put on his clothes with a little help, and did not lose an hour more from his business.

Persons of large, active brains and weak bodies will be more liable to sunstroke or apoplexy, and should wear light-colored, cool hats in summer, wet the hair occasionally, and if they feel a brain pressure coming on, should rub briskly on the back neck, and put cold water on the front and top head. These remarks, if heeded, will prevent great danger and great suffering as I have never known this method to fail.

"WE HAVE DRANK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN."

BY MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship, and ties of flowers.
And true lovers knots, I ween;
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss,
But there is never a bond, old friend, like this:
"We have drank from the same canteen!"

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, soft as silk,
But whatever the tipple has been,
We have shared it together, in bane or in bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this:
"We have drank from the same canteen!"

We have shared our blanket and tent together:
Have marched and have fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and cold we have been;
Hard days of battle, and days of bliss;
But I warm to you, friend, when I think of this:
"We have drank from the same canteen!"

For when wounded, I lay on the outer slope,
My blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean,
Ah! then I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!

Shylock.

Shylock was a Jew who kept a second-hand clothing store in Venice. By buying low and selling for all he could get, doing his own cooking by a gas stove, having no washing done and never spending a cent, he had accumulated numerous ducats, which he wasn't averse to lending on collaterals, provided the borrower had no conscientious scruples against paying twenty per cent a month, or such a matter for the accommodation.

Antonio was a merchant of Venice, who had speculated a good deal and owned canal boats. He had a bosom friend Bassanio, who was in love with a rich widow, Portia, but having lived a fast life he hadn't the ready cash whereby to compete with his more wealthy rivals.

His father, tired of putting up for him, refused him any more money. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" said the stern parent. He did; he went to Antonio and besought him to ante for him. Now, Antonio, in anticipation of the grasshoppers, had invested all he had in wheat, and as soon as his boats that were laden with it should arrive, he expected to sell at a great advance and be fixed. But being anxious that his friend should have a stake, he agreed to borrow some ducats for him if his credit would permit.

The next day he met Shylock on the Rialto (which differs from the alto heard at concert saloons, not having so much rye with it), he asked a loan of 3000 ducats. Shylock bore no love to Antonio, nor to any of his tribe, on account of the scorn they had heaped upon him and his race. He dissembled, however, upon this occasion, pretending he hadn't the money by him—would have to see his brother-in-law. He at length agreed to provide the 3000 ducats for three months, facetiously stipulating that Antonio should sign a bond (it was such a joke!) agreeing to forfeit a pound of flesh (the Jew could hardly tell it for laughing), to be cut off wherever he (the Jew) decided, provided the money was not paid when due—"so hellup me gracious!" Antonio, fully believing in the success of his wheat speculation, and having heard that his boats were on the way, accepted the conditions and signed the bond.

Bassanio took the ducats and proceeded to lay siege to the heart—and purse—of the rich young widow. He was most assiduous in his attentions. He brought her chewing gum, peppermint drops, etc., whenever he came, took her out buggy riding and escorted her to the gardens Sunday nights. In the swift delirium of love the days and ducats sped swiftly away.

Bassanio became the accepted suitor of Portia, notwithstanding his rivals were opulent, one owning stock in a grasshopper exterminator, and the other being street car conductor on a line that had not yet introduced the patent bell stamp, and was improving his opportunities. In the midst of his felicitations he received a letter from Antonio, informing him that his boats had been lost during a fearful gale on the Miami canal and he reduced to beggary, although he was not one that would beg-ary time. He had forfeited his bond to the Jew, and was only waiting to know what portion of his body Shylock would prefer to have his pound of steak from. He urged Bassanio to try and be present at the funeral, which would be held at the house. Bassanio took the first train for Venice filled with remorse.

The temper of Shylock had not been improved any by his daughter Jessica running away with a negro minstrel named Lorenzo, particularly as they carried away a stocking full of ducats, jewels and Southern railroad bonds. He caused the arrest of Antonio, positively refusing to receive anything but the pound of flesh that had been forfeited. The case was brought before a Venetian justice of the peace for adjudication. Bassanio had made a lucky hit at bunko the night before, and offered to pay Shylock 6000 ducats instead of 3000, if he would retire from the meat business and let Antonio go. The Jew was obdurate; nothing but a pound of Antonio's flesh, and an outside piece at that, would satisfy him. He produced a butcher knife in court, and began to whet it on the stove hearth, to show he meant business. The 'Squire had sent to Padua for a learned doctor of laws (and the laws needed doctoring pretty badly if they allowed a man to take it out of a debtor that way) to determine the case, which was one of considerable interest, especially to Antonio. The learned doctor pleaded illness, and sent another doctor more learned than himself, and better doctored, whom he recommended. This latter, on his arrival, was admitted to the court, and on account of his exceedingly youthful appearance was derided by a lot of shysters from the police court, who filled the best seats.

The case was a plain one. The bond was produced in court, and told its own story. Antonio confessed to it, and it was evident that he was liable to leave that courtroom lighter by a pound. The learned doctor told Shylock that he must be merciful, but Shylock said he didn't have to. Then the doctor reminded him that the quality of mercy was not strained, no strainer having been invented at that time for anything but new milk. He said that Antonio must pay the forfeit if the Jew refused mercy—no power in Venice could alter the decree. Shylock cried out in the very ecstacy of joy. "A Daniel come to judgment!—yea, a very Daniel!" on account of the striking resemblance between the learned doctor and Daniel Rice.

The doctor told Antonio he must bare his breast. Shylock brandished his knife fiendishly, eager to carve. He even had a pair of scales in the pocket of his linen duster to weigh the flesh with, so perfect were his arrangements for making the affair a success. He acknowledged that he had neglected to have a surgeon ready to stop the bleeding, because it wasn't "so nominated in the bond."

Antonio had lost all his money, and having seen enough to realize that life without ducats would be unendurable, he calmly prepared for his obsequies. Exposing his woolen undershirt, he bade the Jew proceed with his carving. He was about to do so when the learned doctor reminded him that the bond did not give him one jot of blood. If, in securing his pound of steak, he shed one drop of Cher-r-r-istian gore his lands and goods were confiscated to the State. Then, too, if he cut less or more than sixteen ounces exact, his life and second hand clothes were forfeited.

Shylock, seeing that Antonio wasn't his meat, offered to take the principal of the debt and say no more about it, but was reminded by the learned doctor that, as he had already refused it in open court, he must take the forfeiture or nothing.

Shylock's goods were divided on the spot, one-half going to Antonio, whose life was conspired against, and the other half going toward the extinguishment of the national debt, which helped materially in making out the July estimate. Antonio did not keep his share; he turned it over to the Jew's daughter, who married the negro minstrel, enabling him to retire from the profession with a handsome farewell benefit, and set himself up in the saloon business.

The learned doctor turned out to be the charming Widow Portia, for whom Bassanio had a mania—*mania Portia*—who had assumed a part to save her lover's friend and benefactor. Her success greatly emboldened the champions of women's rights, and intensified their demand that the learned professions be thrown open to the sex. She was wedded to Bassanio, and lived long and happy, often being overheard by the neighbors settling knotty points in domestic law out in the back yard. Of Shylock, only rare and faint glimpses have been obtained until he met with such a masterly reproduction in Lawrence Barrett.—*Fat Contributor.*

The South and the National Conventions.

Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats of the South will claim a place on the national tickets of their respective parties to be put in nomination in 1876. This is conceded by the best authority, although there is some inclination on the part of a certain clique of Southern Republicans to insist that the second place on the ticket shall be given to some such person as Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina. These aspirations, however, will no doubt be abandoned in due time for satisfactory reasons, which will include the necessity of preserving harmony in the party deliberations. The voting strength of the Southern element in both conventions will nevertheless be efficient in framing the platforms and in virtually dictating the nominations. It is true that the operation of the two-thirds rule will place the Southerners in a helpless minority, if they stand by and of themselves, but such a contingency is hardly probable. Of the seven hundred and thirty-odd delegates they will have 270, in round numbers, or a little more than one-third—a sufficient number, well and discreetly handled, to hold the balance of power. These figures will at once suggest arguments in support of the truth of our repeated assertions that, anomalous as it may seem, the lately rebellious section of the country will really have it in its power to shape the tone of our administrative policy for the ensuing four years. Exactly how this will be done, with what temper, and with what regard for the past as well as the future, is yet a matter of conjecture. There are so many disturbing elements which serve to produce divisions and subdivisions of sentiment, so to speak, within the ranks of the two parties that it is impossible to make any definitive prediction of the result. There is, in fact, only one question regarding which the people of the country are arrayed in direct and uncompromising antagonism. That question is the supremacy of the general government over the State governments. As collateral issues to this there arise other questions relating to cheap transportation, inter-State communication and internal improvements; but they may be regarded as matters of temporary policy in support of which the Republican party has made a fair record of promises, and opposed to which the Democratic party has made a lasting record of deeds.

While such Republican leaders as General Butler and possibly Senator Morton may be induced by their belief in "cheap money" to take sides against the overwhelming drift of Republican sentiment in favor of a harder currency, it must be remembered that the Democrats are afflicted in a similar way. At present it is apparent that the latter have succumbed to the control of Pendleton and his followers. So long as this influence has its sway it will not be unfair to assume that the masses of the two parties will be divided, the Democrats in favor of soft and the Republicans of hard money. It is true there is an inclination in the South, stronger than in the North, owing to the pernicious influence of the credit system, in both parties to follow Pendleton, but so far as the Republicans are concerned all ideas regarding this question will be overshadowed by the paramount importance of the State rights problem. But if, as is probable, the Democrats are defeated in Ohio next October, the hard money element of that party will assert its strength and make a struggle for supremacy in the national convention. We repeat, then, that as regards many questions, and particularly as regards the finances, it is unsafe at this juncture to make any prediction as to the character of the platforms of 1876. The probabilities are, however, that the Republicans will stand by the action of the last Congress in preparing the way for specie resumption, while the Democrats will be torn with dissensions, prolonged squabbles in committee, and possibly with votes in the convention itself on the question of inflation.

At the same time, as we have said, there will be no serious division of opinion in either convention on the question of the rights of States. The Democrats will resort to platitudes, will moisten their plank on this subject with conciliatory tears, and, no doubt, succeed in restraining the unreconstructed Southern fire-eaters from the expression of their honest opinions, while they denounce the Republicans or Radicals for alleged cruel tyranny over the Southern States. This deceptive balderdash will be so worded as to form the basis of appeals on the stump to the magnanimity of a generous, forgiving and conquering North. But at the dictation of the Southern delegates, the Southern State governments, as administered under so-called carpet-