MY SOLID GIRL.

Yes, I remember well the eve I asked her to be mine,
And how I prayed the graces that my wish she'd not decline.
I think no other mortal ever loved a maid so well:
I hadn't half enough of words my constancy to tell.
With her my own the future years with sunshine would be bright.
Without her life would be to me a dreary, starless night.
So my heart went wildly beating and my brain was in a whirl
When she placed her hand in mine and said, "I'll be your solid girl."
She was a fragile creature then of fairy-like design,
I little dreamed that now her weight would double that of mine;
That the clinging little woman all so delicate and wan
Would in the after years become a sealwart amazon.
But, still it sometimes happens that such changes do occur,
And now that she's the *more* to me I can't think *less* of her.
Did I not love her dearly I should think myself a churl.
She kept her promise faithfully—she's still my solid girl. —Chicago Herald.

A BRILLIANT CONQUEST.

How the Original States Acquired the Ohio Valley.

Interesting and Concise Account of a Most Remarkable and Successful Campaign—The Brave and Heroic Leader Long Since Forgotten.

The cruel warfare waged by Brant and Butler, so damaging to the New York frontier settlements and so fatal to the Six Nations, was part of a desultory conflict which raged at intervals from north to south along our whole western border, and resulted in the total overthrow of British authority beyond the Alleghenies.

The vast region betwen these mountains and the Mississippi river—a territory more than twice as large as the German Empire—was at that time almost an unbroken wilderness. A few British posts at Natchez, Kaskaskia and Cahokia, on the Mississippi river, at Vincennes, on the Wabash and at Detroit, sufficed to represent the sovereignty of George III., and to exercise a doubtful control over the wild tribes that roamed through these primeval solitudes.

When the thirteen colonies declared themselves independent of the British crown, the ownership of this Western territory was for the moment left undecided. Portions of it were claimed by Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, on the strength of the old charters which had granted to these colonies lands stretching westward to the Pacific ocean. Little respect, however, was paid to the quaint terminology of such charters, framed in an age when almost nothing was known of American geography, and it was virtually left for circumstances to determine to whom the western country should belong.

It was now very fortunate for the United States that the policy of Pitt and the generalship of Washington had wrested this all-important territory from the French. For to conquer from the British enemy so remote a region was easy, but to have sought to obtain it from a power with which we were forming an alliance would have been difficult indeed.

The commanding approach to this territory was by the town and fortress of Pittsburgh, the "gateway of the West," from which, through the Ohio river and its tributary streams, an army might penetrate with ease to any part of the vast Mississippi Valley. The possession of this gateway had for some years been a subject of dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia. In 1780 the question was amicably settled in favor of Pennsylvania, but, for the present, Virginia, which had the longest arm, kept its hold upon this citadel.

To Virginia its possession was a matter of importance, for her population had already begun to overflow its mountain barriers, and pressing down the Ohio Valley, had made the beginnings of the State of Kentucky.

Virginia and North Carolina, lying further westward than any of the other old States, were naturally the first to send colonies across the Alleghenies. Shortly before the beginning of the war, Daniel Boone had explored the Kentucky river, and Virginia surveyors had gone down the Ohio as far as the site of Louisville.

Conflicts ensued with the Indians, so fierce and deadly that this region was long known as the "Dark and Bloody Ground." The massacre of the whole family of the friendly sachem, Logan, and the pathetic speech of the bereaved chieftain have afforded a favorite theme of romance.

In 1775 Richard Henderson, of North Carolina, purchased from the Cherokees the tract between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, and, at the same time, Boonesborough and Harrodsburg were founded by Daniel Boone and James Harrod. As a party of these bold backwoodsmen were encamping near the sources of the southern fork of the Licking, they heard the news of the victory which ushered in the War of Independence, and forthwith gave the name of Lexington to the place of their encampment, on which a thriving city now stands.

The new settlements were not long in organizing themselves into a State, which they called "Transylvania." Courts were instituted, laws enacted and a militia enrolled, and a delegate was sent to the Continental Congress, but finding that Virginia still claimed their allegiance, they yielded their pretentions to autonomy, and were organized as a county of their mother State.

The so-called "county" of Kentucky, comprising the whole of the present State of that name, with an area one-fourth larger than that of Scotland, was, indeed, of formidable dimensions for a county.

The settlement of Tennessee was going on at the same time. In 1768 James Robertson, of North Carolina, crossing the Great Smoky range, began planting colonies by the waters of the Holston and the French Broad, in the midst of the most magnificent scenery east of the Rocky Mountains. Here they came into conflict with the most powerful tribes of southern Indians.

The Cherokees, like the Iroquois at the North, had fought on the English side in the Seven Years' War, and had rendered valuable service at the capture of Fort Duquesne. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, fierce feuds with the encroaching settlers led them to take the part of the Crown, and, in company with Tory guerillas, they carried on the work of butchery for more than a year, until at last they were crushed by John Sevier, the "lion of the border." With their villages and crops destroyed, they were starved into submission, and by a treaty in 1777 they renounced all claim to the territory between the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers.

Such were the beginnings of Kentucky and Tennessee, and such was the progress already made to the west of the mountains, when, in the spring of 1778, it was discovered that Colonel Hamilton, the British commander at Detroit, was engaged in stirring up the western Indians to make a concerted attack along the entire frontier.

Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, considering the matter, soon made up his mind that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. A bold adventurer, eager to carry the war into the enemy's country, was ready at hand.

George Rogers Clark, a youth of twenty-five years, had already proposed to Thomas Jefferson the conquest of the northwestern territory, and the plan had been favorably considered. Accordingly, having collected boats and a few pieces of light artillery, Clark started from Pittsburgh with one hundred and eighty picked riflemen, and rowed swiftly down the Ohio river a thousand miles, to its junction with the Mississippi. The British garrison at Kaskaskia had been removed to strengthen the posts at Detroit and Niagara, and the town was an easy prey.

Hiding his boats in a creek, Clark marched across the prairie and seized the place without resistance. The French inhabitants were quite well disposed toward the change, especially when they heard the new alliance betwen the United States and Louis XVI.

Cahokia and two other neighboring villages readily submitted for the same reason, and all the inhabitants took an oath of allegiance to the State of Virginia. A Catholic priest volunteered to carry Clark's proposals to Vincennes on the Wabash, and this important post likewise submitted without delay. As the Spanish commandant at St. Louis was friendly to Clark, he felt secure from molestation for the present, and sent a party home to Virginia with the news of the bloodless conquest.

The territory north of the Ohio was thus annexed to Virginia as the "county" of Illinois, and a force of five hundred men was raised for its defense.

When these proceedings came to the ears of Colonel Hamilton at Detroit, he started out with a force of about five hundred men, regulars, Tories and Indians, and, after a march of seventy days through the primeval forest, reached Vincennes and took possession of it. He spent the winter intriguing with the Indian tribes, and threatened the Spanish governor at St. Louis with dire vengence if he should lend aid or countenance to the nefarious proceedings of the American "rebels."

While he thus intrigued and blustered, the crafty young Virginian was preparing a catastrophe for him. Sending a few boats, with light artillery and provisions, to ascend the Ohio and the Wabash, Clark started overland from Kaskaskia with one hundred and seventy men, and, after an arduous winter march of sixteen days across what is now the State of Illinois, he appeared before Vincennes in time to pick up his boats and cannon.

In the evening of February 23d the town surrendered, and the towns-people gladly assisted in the assault upon the fort. After a brisk cannonade and musket-fire for twenty hours, Colonel Hamilton surrendered at discretion, and British authority in this region was forever at an end.

An expedition descending from Pittsburgh in boats had already captured Natchez and ousted the British from the Lower Mississippi. Shortly after, the Cherokees and other Indians whom Hamilton had incited to take the warpath were overwhelmed by Colonel Shelby, and on the upper Ohio and Alleghany the Indian country was so thoroughly devastated by Colonel Brodhead that all along the frontier there reigned a profound peace, instead of the carnival of burning and scalping which the British commander had contemplated.

The stream of immigration now began to flow steadily. Fort Jefferson was established on the Mississippi river to guard the mouth of the Ohio. Another fortress higher up on the beautiful river which La Salle had discovered and Clark had conqured became the site of Louisville, so named in honor of the French king with whom we were newly allied.

James Robertson again appeared on the scene, and became the founder of Western Tennessee, as he had already led the colonization of the eastern part of that great State. On a bold bluff on the southern bank of the Cumberland river Robertson founded a city which took its name from the gallant General Nash, who fell in the battle of Germantown, and among the cities of the fair South there is to-day none more beautiful or thriving than Nashville.

Thus, owing to a combination of circumstances hardly paralleled in human history, was this noble territory overcome and conquered in a single campaign by a handful of Virginian backwoodsmen, with a loss of not more than three-score lives.

It was in consequence of the prowess of George Rogers Clark that, in the treaty of 1783, all this rich domain was secured to the United States. Like many other great men, he was neglected by his ungrateful fellow-countrymen when they no longer needed his services. His last years were spent alone and in poverty, in a rude cabin on Corn Island, until his sister took him to her home at Locust Grove, near Louisville, where he died in 1818.

His grave is in Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville, marked by a little headstone with the letters "G. R. C." It is said there are not half a dozen people in the United States who know where to look for it.—John Fiske, in Youth's Companion.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The largest collection of coins, 125,000 in number, is in the cabinet of antiquities, Vienna.

—At the mayoralty of Berthecourt, France, babies are now baptized in the name of the republic, and so duly registered.

—The Empress of Germany is said to wear on her shoulder at court fetes a magnificent agraffe in diamonds which belonged to Napoleon I. and which was attached to his hat at Waterloo.

—A census of farm animals has recently been taken by the Italian Government, and it appears that there is a very large increase in all kinds excepting pigs, which have diminished considerably in numbers.

—The Switzerland Department of Agriculture has made the treatment of grape mildew obligatory. For each offense of negligence the owner will be subject to a fine of from two to eighteen dollars.

—The French servant girl is no better than the American, and the French Countess has her troubles with them the same as Mrs. John Smith. One of the nobility of France was hauled into court and fined seven dollars the other day for losing her temper and boxing a servant girl's ears

—Lake Assal, in East Africa, has long been noted for its salt deposits, and has been believed to be without inlet. This has been disproved by the recent discoveries of Mr. Audon. He found that three little streams supplied the lake, which, strange to say, are salt. The lake is salter than the Dead Sea.

—A native of India residing in London expressed a wish lately to send by parcel post to India the ashes of his cremated brother, to be dropped into the sacred Ganges. He was informed that unless he could limit the weight of the parcel to eleven pounds the post-office could offer him no facilities, and he sadly withdrew.

—Although a telegraph system has been in operation in England for so many years, it is only recently that facilities for telegraphing money have been afforded the country. Now in eighteen of the largest cities a money-order can be telegraphed from or paid at the post-office, but already there are complaints that no saving is effected by the new system. Telegraphing is such slow work in the old country, and the mail service is so exceptionally rapid, that a letter often beats a telegram in a fair race.

—The folk lore of Southern Russia can be partially imagined from a case which came before a judge at Odessa. A man applied for a writ to compel his daughter to leave the house, because when she saluted her parents she did not bow to them. He said he would withdraw his application if she would ask pardon and make the regular obeisance. The girl agreed. She asked pardon; but when she bowed the father cried: "Lower. Down with your head; down below the girdle?" She replied: "I won't bend as low as that, not if I have to leave the house." The judge therefore ordered her to leave, but she gave in finally and bowed her head to the girdle.

GEOLOGICAL WONDERS.

When Hot-House Conditions Prevailed in All Parts of Our Globe.

All through the primary and secondary epochs of geology, it is now pretty certain, hot-house conditions practically prevailed almost without a break over the whole world from pole to pole. It may be true, indeed, as Dr. Croll believes (and his reasoning on the point, I confess, is fairly convincing), that from time to time glacial periods in one or other hemisphere broke in for awhile upon the genial warmth that characterized the greater part of those vast and immeasurable primeval eons. But even if that were so—if at long intervals the world for some hours in its cosmical year was chilled and frozen in an insignificant cap at either extremity—these casual episodes in a long story do not interfere with the general truth of the principle that life as a whole during the greater portion of its antique existence has been carried on under essentially tropical conditions. No matter what geological formation we examine, we find everywhere the same tale unfolded in plain inscriptions before our eyes. Take, for example, the giant club-mosses and luxuriant tree-ferns nature-printed on shales of the coal age in Britain, and we see in the wild undergrowth of those paleozoic forests ample evidence of a warm and almost West Indian climate among the low basking islets of our northern carboniferous seas. Or take once more the oolitic epoch in England, lithographed on its own mud, with its puzzle monkeys and its sago palms, its crocodiles and its deinosaurs, its winged pterodactyls and its whale-like lizards. All these huge creatures and these broad-leaved trees plainly indicate the existence of a temperature over the whole of Northern Europe almost as warm as that of the Malay Archipelago in our own day. The weather report for all the earlier ages stands almost uninterruptedly at set fair. Roughly speaking, indeed, one may say that through the long series of primary and secondary formations hardly a trace can be found of the ice or snow, autumn or winter, leafless boughs or pinched and starved deciduous vegetation. Every thing is powerful, luxuriant, vivid. Life, as Comus feared, was strangled with its waste fertility. Once indeed, in the Permian age, all over the temperate regions, north and south, we get passing indications of what seem very like a glacial epoch, partially comparable to that great glaciation on whose last fringe we still abide to-day. But the ice age of the Permian, if such there were, passed away entirely, leaving the world once more warm and fruitful up to the very poles, under conditions which we would now describe as essentially tropical. It was with the tertiary period—perhaps, indeed, only with the middle subdivision of that period—that the gradual cooling of polar and intermediate regions began. We know from the deposits of the chalk epoch in Greenland that late in secondary times ferns, magnolias, myrtles and sago palms—an Indian or Mexican flora—flourished exceedingly in what is now the dreariest and most ice-clad region of the northean hemisphere. Later still, in the eocene days, though the plants of Greenland had grown slightly more temperate in type, we still find among the fossils not only oaks, planes, vines and walnuts, but also wellingtonias like the big trees of California, Spanish chestnuts, quaint Southern salisburias, broad-leaved liquidambars and American sassafras. Nay, even in glacier-clad Spitzbergen itself, where the character of the flora already begins to show signs of incipient chilling, we nevertheless see among the eocene types such plants as the swamp cyprus of the Carolinas and the wellingtonias of the far West, together with a rich forest vegetation of poplars, birches, oaks, planes, hazels, walnuts, water lilies and irises. As a whole this vegetation still bespeaks a climate considerably more genial, mild and equable than that of modern England.—Murray's Magazine.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

The Bee-Maidens of France and the Good Work Done by Them.

Every one of my readers who lives in the country, and probably every one who lives in the city, knows that the reason the bees bury themselves in the flowers is that they may extract the nectar of which they make their delicious honey. But perhaps there are not many of either country or city readers who know that the honeymakers, besides helping themselves, also help the flowers they visit.

Sometimes, indeed, if it were not for the visits of the bees, the flowers would not live at all; for some flowers are what is called imperfect, and need to be powdered with what is known as pollen before they can make any seeds. And the bees carry the pollen from a perfect flower to an imperfect flower, and leave it there while they are thinking only of getting nectar. If you will catch a bee which has been gathering nectar, you will notice that it is covered with a fine dust. That dust is the pollen which has clung to the fine hairs on its body. And if you should by chance not know what pollen is, you have only to put a buttercup to baby's little chin to "find out if he loves butter," and you will see the golden pollen-dust all over the white skin.

It often happens with highly cultivated strawberries that they have imperfect flowers, and would not bear a single berry were they not planted near to some other variety that has perfect flowers. Occasionally it happens to an apple-tree that it bears only imperfect flowers, and then it must either depend upon the nectar-hunting bees or upon some other agency for the pollen.

Near the little town of La Ferte, in France—I think it is La Ferte—there is an apple-tree which bears only imperfect blossoms; and the fact having long ago been discovered, has given rise to a very beautiful custom among the maidens of the village. When spring-time comes, and the apple-tree hails the joyous time with a glad burst of blossom, the maidens of the village arm themselves with gay ribbons and perfect blossoms from their favorite trees, and go singing to the lonely tree which has produced only the imperfect blossoms. Each girl then kisses a cluster of the imperfect blossoms, and in so doing dusts the former with the pollen from the latter. She then ties a distinguishing ribbon near to the cluster she has dusted.

The tree looks very gay when thus decorated, with the pink blossoms smiling up at heaven and the dainty ribbons fluttering in the perfume-laden air; but the best of it is when the leaves drop like summer snow and the little apples begin to take shape. Then the maidens pluck off all but the best fruit, and let that take all the strength of the tree, so that the apples grow famously and come to perfection. And now is seen the strange part of the affair. The apples, instead of being all of one kind, are as different as the blossoms that kissed their blossoms, the fact being that the apple is exactly like the apple on the tree from which the pollen-bearing blossom was taken.

So on this one tree will be seen round, rosy-cheeked apples, long yellow apples, juicy apples, mealy apples, dainty little apples, and "monstrous big" apples. Each maiden has the apple she wished most to have.—Harper's Young People.

THE WEDDING-RING.

It Finds a Tongue and Deals Out Some Sage Advice.

For want of a little thought, many a wedding-ring has cut, as it were, the wearer's finger to the bone. Many a wedding-ring has been heavier than a ton of lead. Men must make allowances for women, *as women*, if they want to be happy themselves, and to make their wives happy, and women must make allowances for men, and for men *as men*. They each have their own troubles and their own needs, and very often the one does not understand, and can not understand, the needs of the other. Men have their own troubles and worries, and women have theirs; let each be assured of that as regards the other, and act accordingly. It will be appreciated — don't be afraid of that. Beware of naggledom, my dear. The man that will stand being nagged at is a saint, and saints are not as plentiful as blackberries in the world. There's male nagging, my dear, as well as female—male grumbling and never being pleased; and folks who expect to come out as "duck" at the end of one hundred and twenty years would, after eighty or ninety years nagging, make a poor figure in a matrimonial poultry show. If the man had been grumbling and the woman nagging all that time, they'd look like two moulting birds, and not like two well-established healthy fowl. Each to be the other's help, each the other's blessing; each to hope to be with the other for ever and ever, and so to live here that they may be fit for being together there.—Quiver.

MR. BEECHER'S OCTOROON.

How He Assisted a Beautiful Slave Girl to Obtain Freedom.

It may not be out of place in connection with the history of the late Henry Ward Beecher to mention an affecting incident in his life which may have faded from the remembrance of some of our elder citizens. In 1860 or 1861 a beautiful octoroon girl, raised, and owned by a prominent citizen of this county, Mr. John Churchman, attempted to make her escape North. She was arrested and brought back. Her master then determined to sell her, and found a ready purchaser in another citizen, Mr. Fred Scheffer. Shortly after this the late owner was impressed with the belief that the girl intended to make another effort to go North the first opportunity that presented. To meet the emergency and save trouble Mr. Scheffer proposed to Sarah that she should go North and raise enough money from the Abolitionists to purchase herself. This proposition she eagerly accepted, and, being furnished with means by Mrs. Scheffer to pay her fare, she started. A few days after her arrival in New York she was taken to Mr. Beecher, and on the following Sunday morning was escorted to his pulpit in Brooklyn. She was a woman of commanding presence, rounded features and winning face and long, jet-black hair, and of course, under the circumstances, attracted most eager attention and interest from the large and wealthy congregation assembled. She was requested to loosen her hair, and as she did so it fell in glistening waves over her shoulders and below her waist. Robed in spotless white, her face crimsoned, and form heaving under the excitement of the occasion, she stood in that august presence a very Venus in form and feature. For a moment Mr. Beecher remained by her side without uttering a word, until the audience was brought up to a high pitch of curiosity and excitement. And then in his impressive way he related her story and her mission. Before he concluded his pathetic recital the vast audience was a sea of commotion. Tears ran down cheeks unused to the melting mood, eager curiosity and excitement pervaded the whole congregation, and, as the pastor announced that he wanted $2,000 for the girl before him to redeem her promise to pay for her freedom, costly jewelry and trinkets and notes and specie piled in in such rapid succession that in less time than it takes to write this down enough and much more was contributed than was necessary to meet the call that had been made.

After she was free the ladies of the church wrote a little book, in which a full occount of her life was given. With the money that was obtained from the sale of this they bought a little place for her at Peekskill, where she raised fowls and sold eggs and butter for a living. She is living there still, and is now about fifty years of age She never married. She is never tired of talking about how good Mr. Beecher and his family have been to her. For some time she worked for Mrs. Scoville, Mr. Beecher's daughter, at Stamford, Conn. — Staunton Virginian.

LOOK AFTER IT.

Treat a Cold Promptly and with Some Simple Remedies.

A neglected cold is so often fatal that prompt treatment is always advisable. Although there are obstinate people in the world who will have none of your remedies, and say they would rather cough it out, we will take the tractable patient, who is, perhaps, without chill or fever, but simply hoarse, and if neglected may have congestion of the lungs. Begin by putting the feet in hot water in which a tablespoonful of mustard has been thrown; keep them in five minutes or longer; in the meantime prepare some volatile liniment by putting in a small tin cup a tablespoonful of sweet oil and placing on the stove until hot, then stir in a half teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia; it will foam and be unpleasantly pungent, but while it is in that state direct the patient to hold his or her nose, to avoid strangulation, and rub the liniment thoroughly on the chest, and just as hot as can be borne; also have ready a brown paper cut to fit around the throat and cover the chest; grease this with the remainder and apply it hot, placing over it two thicknesses of hot flannel. Internally give the homeopathic preparation of phosphorus, or two drops in one teaspoonful of soft water, or on a bit of sugar, once in from two to four hours until the hoarseness is better. It will generally be followed by a loose cough. This is admirable treatment for children. In case of a cold beginning with chills and fever, aconite and bryonia may be given alternately after the patient has had the feet in hot water and gone to bed; if there is pain in the lungs apply a mustard plaster or dried horseradish leaves which have been moistened in hot water. With children it is frequently advisable to put onion draughts to the feet. If this home treatment does not promptly help the patient, call the doctor, lest there be something serious impending.—Good Housekeeping.

Ancient Tortures Revived.

Brown—It is disheartening to see the tortures of the middle ages revived.

Smith—I haven't heard of it. In what way?

"You knew that Jones had made an assignment?"

"Yes I heard about it. Do you know the cause."

"Playing roulette."

"But what has that got to do with the revival of the tortures of the middle ages?"

"Broken at the wheel."—Texas Siftings.

—The State Horticultural Society of California has decided that the fig culture promises the most of all the branches of fruit planting in the country. It recommends also the more extensive cultivation of apricots and prunes. The grafting of the Japan plum has produced remarkable results in California.

SWAPPING WIVES.

A Community in North Carolina Where Women Are Traded Like Horses.

The writer, while riding across the State some months since, stopped at the cabin of one of those settlers on a small creek at the foot of Big Smoky mountain. The head of the family was a light-haired, heavily-bearded man of fifty or sixty, dressed in a pair of linen trousers, and a shirt of the same material, both of home manufacture. The woman of the house was a tall, raw-boned, dark-visaged female of forty or more. There were eleven children of all ages, all of whom were clad in a course shirt and pantaloons except the smaller ones, who wore nature's garb from crown to toe. None of the family wore either boots or shoes.

Simpson—that was the name of the host—in reply to the professional querry, "Is there any thing new going?" replied:

"Nuthin' ever happens hyer, stranger, 'ceptin' it's the Mormins or a swappin' match."

"What do you mean by a swapping match?"

"Wal, ef that don't beat all. Say, Nance," turning to his wife, "he un don' know wot a swappin' match is."

"Humph!" ejaculated the woman. "He un don' know much. Why, stranger, a swappin' match is where folks swap hosses, muels, wives and sich."

"Wives! You don't mean to say that you people trade wives, do you?"

"Thet's jes wot I mean," replied the man, "an' there's goin' to be a big swap over to Bill Suggs' to-morrer."

A ride of about two hours over the mountains brought us to the residence of the Suggs. It was, like that of Simpson's and every other habitation I saw in that locality, a log structure, but, unlike Simpson's, it had two rooms instead of one. In the yard and under the trees there were about a dozen horses and mules, two coons, and about ten or twenty sheep and a number of hounds.

There were eight men and seven women, all clad in course, homespun linen. Such women as wore any headdress at all wore long poke or sun-bonnets. One or two of the women were fairly good looking, but the rest of them, like the men, were coarse, raw-boned, and any thing but handsome.

We had not arrived a moment too soon to hear the preliminaries of the business for which the appointment had been made. Bill Suggs, the proprietor of the house, was the first to broach the subject, which he did in the following language:

"We uns hev met here to swap an' trade. I hev been tryin' to swap wimmin with Jake Long here fur some time. I hev got my woman here, an' so hez Jake, an' I'm ready to trade. What d'ye say, Jake?"

Jake, a big, gawky young fellow, said: "There's my gal, Bill," pointing to a raw-boned, dark-eyed woman of forty-five. "She can dig more 'seng, chop more wood, an' ken beat any thin' shootin' on the creek. I'll take yer woman an' yer old mare to boot."

Suggs had led his wife—or woman—up to that of Long. The women seemed to be almost utterly indifferent, or if they did object they spoke no word or made no sign.

"That's morn' I'll give, Long; that woman," pointing to his wife, "is a good cook, and kin hoe as much corn as any woman in the neighborhood, an' she's val'ble. I'll trade even up and no boot."

There was considerable talk and a dozen propositions, which finally ended in Suggs swapping for Long's woman and giving a red cow with one horn and one sheep as a premium or boot.

This settled, two others, a middle-aged, red-whiskered fellow, with a rather good looking young woman for a wife, traded with a younger man for a woman who was old enough to be his mother, but looked as though she could perform almost any manual labor. The young man turned over his property and took charge of the one he had bartered for. He seemed somewhat pleased by his bargain, and his new purchase certainly did not seem to have been sorry for the exchange. The name of the young fellow was Blodgett.

There were six bargains or trades successfully closed during the day—one of which was between an old fellow of sixty or more and a much younger man, in which they had merely exchanged for the woman the other man had in his possession at a former time. They both seemed pleased to get their women back. There was no boot or premium in the trade.—Chicago Times.

ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

Its Principles Were Known Six Hundred Years Before Christ.

In reply to the question by a correspondent, where was electricity first used, and who first sent a telegraph message? the New York Sun makes this reply: Thales, a Greek philosopher, who lived six hundred years before Christ, is said to have known the electrical properties of rubbed amber. Otto von Guericke, in 1647, constructed the first electrical machine. Franklin, in 1748, killed a turkey by electricity, and roasted it on an electric jack before a fire kindled by the electric spark. Perhaps this was the earliest actual use of electricity. As long ago as 1747 electric shocks were sent over short distances. Relson, in 1794, by using thirty-six wires, one for each letter or character, sent messages over small distances. Morse simplified the telegraph, using only one wire, instead of from thirty to thirty-six wires. His first public message was: "What hath God wrought?" This was on May 24, 1844. Two days later the Democratic convention in Baltimore nominated James K. Polk for President and Silas Wright for Vice-President. Mr. Vail, Morse's assistant, telegraphed the news to Morse at the Capitol. Morse told Wright, and the convention was astonished to get a dispatch from him declining the nomination. The convention wouldn't believe it, and sent a committee to Washington to get reliable information. This was doubtless the first news telegram sent.

PITH AND POINT.

—Nothing looks more like a man of sense than a fool who holds his tongue.

—Many who teach the young idea how to shoot, apparently don't know that it's loaded.—Puck.

—The only office that has to seek the man is the unsalaried one and which brings no perquisites.—Boston Courier.

—It is very difficult to find a key to success that will work without a clique.—Baltimore American.

—Save us from those who know exactly what their constitution will bear, and—sin up to it.—Blots and Blemishes.

—It's mighty curious how big some faults look until after a man has committed them himself.—Burlington Free Press.

—The great difficulty about advice is the predominance of quantity over quality.—Merchant Traveler.

—Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her or tremble before her. Poverty is good-natured enough if you meet her like a man.—Thackeray.

—The average bachelor likes to think he is better off than the fellow who gets married, but he does not really believe what he likes to think.—Baltimore American.

—If you want to ascertain the circumference of a man, ask his neighbor; but if you want to get at his exact diameter, measure him at his own fireside.

—If grown men only knew as much as their mothers think they know when they are babies the world would have no further use for encyclopedias.—Somerville Journal.

—The good a man does is buried with him, but it is unpleasantly suggestive that no allowance is made for this fact in measuring the grave.—Baltimore American.

—The soil of a social circle is usually open, and whatever falls into it produces after its kind, whether it be good nature or ill nature, purity or impurity, faith or skepticism, hate or love.

—We lament that life is short; but life may become long through making life full. We live longer than Methuselah; for we know more, do more, are more, in seventy years than he knew, did, or was in his nine hundred and sixty-nine.—Advance.

—Courage is needed in daily life. A man must have courage to follow the pole-star of principle in all things. It needs a brave spirit sometimes to call things by their right names. We are not to condone covetousness by calling it frugality, nor cowardice by calling it prudence, nor wastefulness by calling it good-heartedness.—Christian at Work.

—We constantly complain that life is short and time is swift. If one wishes to know how long life is and how slow time is, let him take out his watch and follow the second hand in one of its revolutions. Let him then think that since the same hour yesterday he has lived fourteen hundred and forty just such periods, and that since the same date last year more than a half million such periods, and he will feel that life is rather long than short, and time rather slow than swift.

A VETERAN PRINTER.

The Man Who First Put the "Star-Spangled Banner" in Type.

At the recent celebration in Baltimore of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the bombardment of Fort McHenry and the composition by Key of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was present Samuel Sands, who is probably the oldest printer living, and who, while a printer in the office of the Baltimore American, in 1814, first put that song in type from the author's original manuscript and distributed it through the streets of that city. This fact and the other one that in 1835, in the first campaign of William Henry Harrison, he had published a Whig campaign paper, the Freeman's Banner, led him to ask permission during a break in the industrial parade to pay his respects to President Harrison, but the chairman of the occasion refused to allow him to ascend the platform, not recognizing that he was probably the only person in that vast throng present with any personal connection with the events being honored. Mr. Sands went to his trade at the age of eleven years, and, escaping the customary "devil's" duties, was put at once to learn "the case," standing on a pile of empty cases to reach his work. At sixteen he was foreman of the office. During his career he has published a number of papers, including several political sheets. He was always an ardent Whig, and for many years secretary of the State central committee of that party in Maryland. During the rebelion he was an enthusiastic Unionist, and through most of it the editorial writer of the Baltimore Clipper. For nearly fifty years he published the American Farmer, one of the earliest of agricultural papers in this country, and with which he maintains still a nominal connection, it being now conducted by his son. He is the only printer in his city who has been president of the Journeymen's and later president of the Employing Printers' associations. Mr. Sands is now in his ninetieth year, enjoying excelent health, his mental faculties little dimmed, though his sight is failing. In a recent letter to the Baltimore American he states that he remembers hearing distinctly the bombardment, though he didn't see "the bombs bursting in air." He alone of the compositors remained in the office, being too young to go with the others into the trenches, and this circumstance led to his name being linked honorably and historically with the immortal song.—Washington Letter.

People Told the Truth.

Alice—Oh, George, do you know what silly things people are saying about us?

George—What, my dear?

Alice—They are saying that we're engaged. We're not, are we, George?

George—N—no, but—

They were, in five minutes.—Lawrence American.

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