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THE ILL-FATED BROTHERS.

A True Story.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK

Some sixty years ago, when only fifty summers and winters had passed over my head, I was going home to dinner one afternoon, and had arrived as far as the corner of Front and Roosevelt streets when I paused on seeing a considerable crowd gathered in front of M. & C.'s store.

Above the heads of the bystanders loomed that of a big cartman whom I had often seen in that vicinity and ever and anon he lifted a rattan, as if threating some person with severe chastisement.

I pressed forward to take a look at the victim, but that was not accomplished till I had got inside the ring, for the individual who had incurred the wrath of the gigantic cartman was a small negro boy—a mere child; and there he stood trembling like a leaf, and almost white with terror as he momentarily expected the scourge to descend upon his head and shoulders.

The surrounding throng laughed and jeered; they were highly entertained by the terror of the little black boy.

A number of sacks filled with cinnamon were piled on the sidewalk; they had just been landed from an East India ship that lay at the wharf near by. The boys, finding little holes in these sacks through which the cinnamon projected, had improved the opportunity to supply themselves gratis.

When the big cartman pounced upon them they scattered, and all escaped except the little black boy, and of him the cartman had thought proper to make an example.

As he stood there cowering and friendless, I placed myself at his side, saying, "Don't be frightened, little fellow—he dare not hurt you."

Down came the rattan upon one of my legs, and the delighted crowd glorified in finding a new subject for their mirth, while an enormous fat woman still further contributed to their merriment by placing herself in front of me, glaring in my face, and demanding, in the shrillest of tones, "Are you a nigger whitewashed, that you take a nigger's part?"

The little negro, taking advantage of this diversion in his favor, glided through the crowd, and putting all his legs to the ground, got off clear.

The blow which I received from the cartman's rattan was no great thing, but the insult was something, and as I looked up at him resentfully, he said:

"I don't care for your father—I don't care who your father is."

Of course not; what should he care for fathers, mothers, uncles or aunts? Was he not the favorite cartman of the wealthy house of M. & C.? Had he not a good, round salary and a permanent situation? Thus established for life, could he not afford to be perfectly independent of every one except his wealthy employers?

Three years from that time I went my first voyage to sea. On my return home, at the end of three years and four months, among the first news that I heard was that the big cartman called Dobbins had hung himself.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why you see," was the reply, "he had long been in the service of M.&C., and when they failed nobody else cared to employ him. The consequence was that he became miserably poor, and, finally, he has hung himself in dispair."

That was sad news, and as it was a disagreeable subject of contemplation I banished it from my memory in the belief that the fate of Big Dobbins would soon be forgotten. I was mistaken.

Being adrift in Valparaiso, three or four years afterward, I entered the navy, and signed the papers on board the U. S. ship B., which lay in the harbor. After writing my name, and holding a brief conference with the first lieutenant, I was passing along the gun-deck, when an object that met my view caused me to start. Was I dreaming? There stood before me a gigantic seaman, with a colt in his hand, with the form and features of Big Dobbins. It not only seemed to be the man himself, but he also fixed an evil eye on my countenance, as if he recognized me.

"Who is that man?" demanded I of a seaman, as soon as I had passed forward.

"What—that boatswain's mate, yonder? Why, that's Big Dobbins, and—"

"Big Dobbins!" cried I. "Can it be possible that I was misinformed, or was he cut down before life was extinct?"

"Cut down!" exclaimed the sailor, staring in his turn; and then after a moment's reflection, he added, "O, I know what you are thinking of now; he had a brother that drove a cart in New York, who hung himself."

"But this is the exact likeness of his brother. I could not tell them apart; and he looked at me as though he knew me."

"Well," replied the mariner, "I would not advise you to cultivate his acquaintance. There may be worse men in the world than big Dobbins, but if so, they've never crossed my hause. When he flogs a man he strikes with all his might; you'd think he was going to cut you in two. He does this to curry favor with the officers, and every man on board hates him. He never dares to go on shore with any of the crew. If he should go ashore, and the boys had caught him away from the ship, he'd stand no more chance than a cat in a rat-pit without claws."

The time passed on. I saw many men flogged, both with the cats and the colt. Those who were flogged with the cats told me that after a few blows had been given the back felt as if melted lead had been poured upon it; and yet they said they preferred the cats to the colt. The latter is a single rope about as thick as a man's finger. Generally no more than six blows were given with the colt, the victim being compelled to take off his jacket only. The cats have nine strings, which do no more than take off the skin and leave the back raw and bloody; but the colt is said to bruise as well as cut the flesh. Experienced hands would, when possible, put on a *backer*. Hearing their names called by a boatswain's mate, and expecting to be flogged with the colt, they would hastily get a friend to shove several thicknessses of cloth under their shirts. The backer deadened the blows, and thus rendered the punishment more endurable.

One day I went went on the berth-deck to get something out of my bag. The place was solitary; except the master at arms in the other end of the ship, there seemed nobody on the berth-deck but myself. While I was leisurely overhauling my bag, I heard a strange, smothered sound, as of some one in great distress, and this sound was followed by the shrill cry of murder, which ran thro' the frigate and startled every one on the gun-deck. I turned hastily and saw two men—both of them noted pugilists—beating big Dobbins in a most furious manner.

These two men had seen the giant descend from the gun-deck to the berth-deck; they had quietly slipped down after him, seized his jacket by his collar, drawn it over his face and head, and then given it to him right and left with their fists.

As soon as Dobbins yelled murder half-a-dozen midshipmen came running to the rescue, while the two assailants darted up the ladder to the gun-deck; but they were not quick enough to escape recognition by the foremost midshipmen. Their names were immediately called by a boatswain's mate, the ruffles were placed on their wrists, and they were consigned to the brig to await trial by a court martial. The offence was a serious one; attacking your superior officer is call mutiny in the navy.

These two men were tried and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes each, on the bare back, with the cat-o'-nine tails.

As for Big Dobbins, both his eyes were blacked, and his face was swelled to twice its usual size.

The two culprits bore their punishment without flinching or complaining; and, two days afterward Big Dobbins, on going to his chest, found it full of coal tar. All his clothes were completely ruined. No one knew who committed this dastardly act, but every one could guess. Poor Dobbins sat down by his open chest surveying the ruin of all his little property, the picture of despair.

From that hour Big Dobbins never smiled. Indeed, he was not a smiling man. One would almost as soon have expected the features of the stone image in front of St. Paul's to relax into a smile as that doleful countenance which surmounted the shoulders of Big Dobbins.

In a few days Dobbins was missed. No one could not tell what had become of Dobbins. Had he deserted? "Yes," was the general answer. Finding himself persecuted by the crew, and hated alike by crew and officers, it was thought he had left us in disgust.

Another boatswain's mate took his place on the gun-deck, but Dobbins had left a great hole in the air which his successor but partially filled.

But a few days passed when some of us were out in the launch getting up a cage. At a not very great distance from us we perceived there was something on the surface of the water, which attracted the notice of the birds, who kept diving down, rising in the air, and then alighting again, till quite a swarm of them were gathered there. The men took little notice of it; but, when we had finished our work, the midshipman in command of the boat gave orders to head for the place where the birds were flocking in such great numbers.

As we approached the spot the birds rose from the water, giving us a full view of the object floating on the surface. It was the blue, swollen corpse of Big Dobbins.

The body was taken on board the frigete, wrapped in the American flag, and deposited on the larboard side of the gun-deck, where, when living, the deceased had been accustomed to pursue his daily walk.

No one went to view the remains. There was no Marc Anthony to mourn the death of this Cæsar. He was soon buried on the Island of San Lorenzo, at the mouth of the harbor of Callao, where more than a dozen of our crew were already sleeping in their sandy graves.

Whether Dobbins committed suicide or fell overboard accidentally will never be known. Some of the crew whispered their suspicion that he had been gagged during the night anp thrown overboard. At any rate, it is very strange that the sentinel on duty at the gangway never perceived his plunge into the wathr. Perhaps he *did*, perceive it, and kept his own council, for Big Dobbins had no friends on board that frigate.

EIGHTY YEARS OF GUILLOTINE.

Although France is full of advocates for the abolition of capital punishment, they will not derive much support for their arguments from the history of public executions during the present century in Paris. The number of criminals brought to the scaffold has never been anything like large, says the London *Globe*, and it has manifested in late years, notwithstanding the extraordinary prevalence of atrocious murders, a tendency to decrease still further. The statistics show that in the seventy-nine years there have been only two hundred and sixty-three executions, so that a Parisian who had constantly assisted at each such scene since the first of January, 1801, would on an average have seen the guillotine in operation rather more than three times in every year. The beginning of the century was, however, considerably more fertile in capital punishments than the latter part, and it appears that in the first fifteen years there were seventy-one executions, giving an average of nearly five each year. The least sanguinary period was the twenty years from 1860 to 1880, when the yearly return was 2.06, and the next in order is the period from 1830 to 1860, when it amounted to 2.75. A curious feature in this dismal record is the extreme rarity of cases in which more than one offender has been put to death at the same time and for the same crime. Such executions have occurred, in fact, at Paris only about four times within the century. The first occasion was in 1804, when the famous Chouan conspirator, Georges Cadoudal, who was absurdly supposed to have been bribed by William Pitt, was guillotined with eleven companions in the Place de Greve. A year later three coiners of false money were executed together, and then there was no double execution until the year 1822, when four men generally known in the annals of crime as the "Sergents de la Rochelle" ascended the scaffold together. The last spectacle of the kind was afforded in 1836, when Fieschi, the inventor of the "infernal machine," attempted the assassination of Louis Phillippe, and having killed seven persons in his abortive endeavor, was put to death by decapitation with his two accomplices, Pepin and Morey. The executions of women have decreased also in a notable manner. Six female murderesses were guillotined under the First Empire, three during the Restoration, and only one in the period of forty-five years that have just elapsed.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense, except those who agree with us in opinion. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

EXCITED HIS CURIOSITY.

"Deadwood," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie, and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd the first lot, you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there I was dead broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver, which a man 'll often need out there worse'n a meal's vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry a firearm, an' I was some lonesome, I tell you.

"The only weapon I hed—I am a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, you know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle in easy reach just below my collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man carries his bowie-knife. I'm not exactly a temperance man. I just don't drink an' don't meddle with any other man's drinkin'—that's all. One day—I hadn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sittin' in a s'loon—only place a man kin set to see any society—when a feller come in, a reg'lar hustler, with his can full and a quart over. He'd a revolver on each side of his belt and looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Asked me to drink. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I. 'Not drink with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tenderfoot to drink I expect him to prance right up an' no monkeyin'! You h-e-a-r me!'

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quicker'n fire 'ud scorch a feather, an' swiped him one right acrost the face. When he fell I thought I'd killed him, an' the s'loon fillin' up with bummers I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Purty soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. Sez he, 'You the man as ke-arved Bill Feathergill? 'Cos, ef so be as you are, ef you don't want ev'ry man in the hills to climb you don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is asking fur you now.'

"It struck me that my friend had the idee, so I waltzed back and went up and down before that s'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine, but it would not do to let down. Purty soon I see my man a-headin' for me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closing-out display of a retail dry goods store. There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what he was a-aimin' at, so I brought my hand back of my collar, an' grabbed my file.

"'Hold on there, there; hold on,' sez he, 'gimmey'r hand, I'm friendly, I've got nothin' agin you, not a thing, but—you'll pardon my curiosity—what sort of a weapon was that, stranger?'"

STAMMERING.

M. Chervin, who has founded several institutions for the cure of stammering in European cities, and especially Paris, has published lately some curious statistics of this infirmity, and the conditions of its increase. Paris has only six stammering recruits in 10,000, whereas the Bouches du Rhone has more than 153. The ordinary frequency, however, is about five in 1,000; at least at the recruiting age (for it seems to vary with the age). M. Chervin finds stammering frequent in Piedmont. He attributes this greater frequency in part to the extreme animation of speech of the Southerners, accompanied by gestures, demonstrations and expressive mimicry, which some push even to grimace. The words—like a crowd issuing from a theatre—come out in a jerking, irregular way, and impatience adds to the embarrassment. The common cause of stammering generally M. Chervin considers to be some sudden fright in childhood. A fire, a boat accident or the like will make a child a stammerer suddenly. The evil may, however, come gradually, and sometimes from involuntarily imitation of stammering in another. It is curious that men are much more subject to stammering than women. Country parts contain twice or thrice as many stammerers as towns, according to recruiting data. With this may, perhaps, be connected the other fact brought to light by M. Chervin, and which is easily explained, viz.: that countries containing most schools have fewest stammerers. By learning to know their tongue, to distinguish, read and write the different words, children must come to apprehend and articulate these more distinctly and avoid stammering. In savage countries, where grammar is an art wholly unknown, travelers have often been struck with the number of stammerers. M. Petitot mentions a tribe in North America—the Litchaureæ—of which all the members stammered more or less.

DYING IN A CHURCH.

A pious farmer named Cheney has been in the habit of going to a meeting-house on Green river, Kentucky, every Monday morning and putting it in condition for the next Sunday. One Monday recently, he went to the church as usual, but did not return to his home. His wife and family concluded that he had gone to Curdville, and felt little uneasiness. Night came and passed, and he had not appeared. His wife was greatly alarmed, and several messengers started out. Not a trace of the missing man could be discovered, and the farmers of the neighborhood turned out to make a thorough search. Late Tuesday night it occurred to some of the searchers to look in the church. The door was opened, and there, on the floor near it, they discovered Cheney, paralyzed in his right side and utterly helpless. He had gone to the church early, and while sweeping the floor had been suddenly attacked with a paralytic stroke. He had managed during the two days to drag himself up to the door, but had been unable to open it, and was expecting to die of starvation when his friends discovered him. He had been thirty-six hours without food

EXTRAORDINARY BENIFICENCE.

The nearest realization of the Cheeryble Brothers of Dickens, is furnished in Sir W. Lawrence and Alderman Lawrence, of London, brothers and partners, who retired from business recently. They handed over the whole of their business to their clerks and managers who had served them faithfully for years, with the sum of £30,000 to carry it on, gave the artisans who had served them for ten years and upward sums in proportion to the number of years, and a few of the oldest an annual pension of £20, reserving no interest in the new firm for themselves.

SUNBEAMS.

The glory of woman is her heir.

White-washers—good laundresses.

The diamond field—The shirt front.

Shrew'd men—Henpecked husbands.

Song of the piano men—"Hold the Forte."

Women who like to gossip never like men to go-sip.

Pickpockets become watchmakers in a crowd.

The telescope maker has an eye-tube business.

There are baggage scales at every weigh station.

Did you ever see a dog bark his shins?—*Phila. Sunday Item.*

Swells of the ocean get dead busted as soon as they strike the shore.

When a soldier is ill he becomes a six-shooter.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When there's dirty work to be done a lawyer is always in for it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Always in haste—The letter "h."—*Salem Sunbeam.* Never in time; however.—*Gloucester City Reporter.*

The Kansas City papers, since the strike of the printers, are *non compositor mentis.* —*Keokuk Constitution.*

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.—*Whitehall Times.*

If Adam was the first person singular, Eve must have been the second person spoken to.—*Hackensack Republican.*

There isn't so much on a due bill as is on a show bill, but a man will look at it longer and think about it oftener.

Time is money, and leisure is five cents to the man who reads the morning paper in a news depot without paying for it.

Caws and effect. When the farmer hears the caws and goes forth with his gun, the crows are likely to see the effect.

A starved tramp said he was so thin that when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a stomach-ache or a back-ache.

Never look a gift pencil in the lead, or a gift meerschaum in the color, nor a gift pie in the crust, nor a gift mule in the right hind foot.

If your son has no brains don't send him to college. You cannot make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it. —*Whitehall Times.*

The boy who hasn't gone through both heads of his Christmas drum by this time has at least set his old grandmother crazy and driven away the cook.

"The men of to-day are too high strung," says a Chicago paper. But the *Norristown Herald* says: "Some of them are not strung high enough."—*Oil City Derrick.*

Pressed ferns make a very nice table ornament, but they won't save a single ounce of butter with the children. A small picture-book at each plate will answer the purpose much better.

The cook who undertakes to pluck a turkey must make a clean breast of it.—*N. O. Picayune.* And the cook who undertakes to remove the skeleton must make no bones of it.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

"John, we won't have potatoes enough for dinner, with so much company; what shall we do?" "Tell them we've lost our potato masher, and the girl had to jump on them. They won't ask for any," said John.

A goat browsing on a greensward approached a pig-pen and said to its occupant, "Why do you stay in that horrid place, when there's such a lovely spot as this handy?" "The pen is mightier than the sward," grunted the pig.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.

At Burton-on-Trent lately, a woman got rid of a baby by drugging it, doing it up in a parcel and sending it by a cabman to a certain address, while she took a railway train and "lit out."

A Nevada man heard that a minister was about to settle in his town, and he immediately, through the local paper, called upon all married men to protest against the newcomer.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," and yet there isn't anything funny about a locksmith. —*Exchange.* And there isn't anything funny about love, either. At least Smythekins says so, and he has been there a number of times. —*New York Mail.*

Strange things happen in Southern Colorado. A tourist, by simply throwing one stone down the mountain-side, made a snow-slide slide, a cowslip slip and a butterfly fly. All of which so amazed him, that he started off on a run, making his coat-flap flap.

A young mother in Cincinnati was giving to her son, aged five years, a touching description of the misery into which the prodigal son had fallen. "Far away from home and his kind father, obliged to take care of swine, with nothing to eat but the husks or corn left by them." "Then why didn't he eat the pig?" was the practical reply of the young Borkopolitan.

They are having a warm time just now in Kansas Sunday-schools, and the question under discussion is, whether the boy who has fairly won the prize Bible by learning three thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven verses in three months, can be ruled off the track for putting furniture tacks and a wad of shoemaker's wax in the superintendent's chair.

An Oil City Irishman, having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterward with having drank. "'Twas me absent-mindedness," said Pat, "and a habit I have of talkin' to meself. I sed to meself, sez I, 'Pat, coom in an' have a drink.' 'No, ser,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll drink alone,' sez I to meself. 'An' I'll wait for ye outside,' sez I. An' whin meself cum out, faith an' he was drunk."

Scene: Barnyard. Rustic maid milking a cow; cow becomes restless, upsets milk-maid, stool and all. Miss Hardhit and Captain Loftus, who are taking a walk in the country, come suddenly upon the scene. Miss H. to Captain L.: "Captain, where is your gallantry? Why don't you fly to that young lady's rescue?" Captain L.: "Aw, you see the cow might kick me, you know." Miss H. (demurely): "You need have no fears on that head, captain—a cow never kicks a calf."

"Woodworker," an Indian chief, says he has never seen a gray-haired Indian in his life, and he had seen some over ninety years old. It is because the Indian has no trouble, no worriment or anything that way. His wife chops all the wood, builds the fires, goes to the market at daylight, stone tramps out of the front yard and blacks his boots. And he is not tormented by tax collectors, gas bills and lightning rod pedlers. Let an Indian start a twenty-four column daily paper in a six-column town to fill a long felt want and his hair would turn gray in one night.

NAPOLEONIC TRAITS.

The Emperor walked everywhere, speaking to right and left, preceded by some Chamberlains, who announced his presence. When he approached there was dead silence, everybody remained perfectly still, the ladies rose and waited for the insignificant and often disobliging remarks which he was going to address to them. He never remembered a name, and almost always his first question was, "What is your name?" There was not a lady who was not charmed to see him depart from the place where she was. His Ministers, for himself and in his presence, were nothing but agents more or less active: "'I should not know what to do with them," he said, "if they had not a certain mediocrity of intelligence of character." If any one them felt himself superior in any point, he would feel it necessary to dissemble, and, perhaps, as the feeling of danger warned every one, they generally affected a feebleness or nullity which did not really belong to them. In a fit of frankness in which he sometimes indulged, I heard him say that he did not like to confer glory except on those who could not carry it. Hence, according to his political attitude toward the chiefs under his orders, or the degree of confidence which they inspired, he kept silence about certain victories, or changed failure into success. Sometimes a General learned in a dispatch an action which he had never performed or a speech which he had never uttered. * * * It was in vain to protest against neglect or misrepresentation; the past had already been wiped out by fresher news, for the rapidity of Bonaparte in war brought something new every day. He imposed silence on all remonstrance, or, if he found it necessary to appease a General, a sum of money or the grant of some favor ended the difference. * * * I cannot say whether he was a deist or an atheist. He was ready to scoff in private at everything connected with religion, and I think he gave too much attention to all that happened in this world to care much about the other. I would venture to say that the immortality of his name seemed to him much more important than that of his soul.—*Memoires of Mme. De Remusat.*

LUCK AT CARDS.

One word as to luck. Whether we believe in it or not, there is such a thing as luck. We see one man for a season persistently holding bad cards, losing rubber after rubber, and invariably being found by his partner with nothing in his hand. Nor is such misfortune due to bad play. As long as honors count for what they do in the rubber, a first-class player, it is calculated, has only the advantage of one point in the game over an indifferent player. Still, in spite of men grumbling about their luck, and assuring everybody that they invariably lose, take a cycle of three years and it will be found that luck is very even in its operations. I have seen men who have lost steadily throughout a whole year, yet in the next year they have more than recovered their losses. I have seen a man lose thirteen rubbers running, yet shortly afterward I saw him win every night during a whole week. No man who has made legitimate whist the occupation of his life has ever come to much grief. The men who have been "broke" are those who have not the funds to stand a heavy run of bad luck; or those who, not content with the points, bet largely, backing their luck when they win, and plunging deeper and deeper to regain their losses when unfortunate. But legitimate whist—that is, whist at points that a man can afford to lose, and no bets—is the cheapest pleasure that can be indulged in. It offers one an agreeable rest after the day's labor, a healthy form of excitement, and intellectual exercise without fatigue. My advice to all is that of Talleyrand, "Play whist, and you will be spared a sorrowful old age."—*London Society.*

TROUBLE FOR THE YOUNG MAN.

The Emperor of China is just now in a serious difficulty. Young though he is, he has already to maintain some seventy women in his establishment in various capacities, and like every other gentleman who has ladies under his protection, the duty devolves upon him of clothing them. This would be an easy task were the seventy fair ones of a reasonable turn of mind. But unhappily for the peace of the brother of the sun and moon, their extravagance is pronounced to be beyond all bounds. Two hundred and fifty thousand taels, which is more than one-half of the land tax of the empire, were expended last year in silk, satin, gauze, velvet, red and gilt paper and pearls. It is said that one dress which is in possession of an empress was covered last year with seed pearls, worked in so peculiar a manner as to have cost a fabulous sum. With respect to this robe, there is trouble ahead. The empress is aged, though the dress is new. If she die, according to custom, the dress must be burned, supposing it to be in her possession at the time of the decease. She refuses to part with it, and the idea of this wastefulness, coupled with the prospect of increased extravagance troubles the owner of the vermillion pencil exceedingly.

TENNESSEE'S PICTURED ROCK.

Not 100 miles below Nashville is a curious spectacle, known as the "Sun and Moon." It consists of a painting upon an immense rock which rises to an altitude of several hundred feet. As to who painted it is a mystery which I believe was never unravveled. Many think it was the work of the red brother, centuries ago, perhaps. But there the sun and moon shine out in all the freshness and glory of new paint. They are located midway the cliff, and stand out in bold relief. As to how any human being ever reached the spot is a question which, I believe, has never been solved. It is supposed that in those days they had no giant ladders; and could not easily have reached the point from below. The only natural rope of that time was a wild grape-vine, of which Tennessee is so prolific, and some Indian might have been by this means let down over the dizzy bluff, and when he had finished his work had again been let down or pulled up. At any rate, these pictures are there on the everlasting rock, and are likely to remain for future ages.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Our own hands are Heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessities and luxuries of life.

ALBANIAN TRAITS.

Recently, a native of the Delvino district was traveling, and came upon a man asleep under a tree, and immediately recognized him as the leader of a well-known band of brigands. On looking round and finding that he was not observed, he cut off the brigand's head. Two nephews of the murdered brigand have now come to live in Delvino, and every one knows the object of their visit. They will stop there for years until their vengeance is satisfied. Sometimes the man sought for goes to live in the Island of Corfu, thinking in that manner to escape; but he is generally followed, and suffers the penalty. While I was stopping at Corfu, the body of a Mussulman Albanian was found just outside the town with his head cut off; and from this fact it was believed that he had been followed to the death. It is a horrible and ghastly practice; and as I sat in my quarters at Delvino, and looked from my window on the lovely scenery of mountain and valley, river and forest, the houses surrounded with olive, orange, pomegranate, and myrtle trees scattered on either side of the steep hills and extending for two miles along the valley, with here and there a minaret, and then a Christian church—I felt a shudder at the thought that, notwithstanding this peaceful scene, each house probably contained a murderer. With all this, the Albanians have a certain sense of chivalry. They assured me that a stranger might travel with perfect safety from end to end of Albania with a sack full of gold, provided he was accompanied by any female companion; and I have heard this confirmed from other parts of the country. An English lady of my acquaintance was traveling to join her husband in Northern Albania. She was accompanied by only two *zaptechs*, or policemen. She had stopped in the middle of the day to rest under a tree, when a fine-looking man, armed to the teeth, suddenly appeared and entered into conversation. He was shortly joined by many others, and she found that she was in the hands of a large band of brigands; but they showed her every courtesy, and conducted her safely on her way. These same men would have robbed a man of everything he had, and would probably have made him pay a ransom besides.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AN HUMBLE PRINTER.

Seldom does a live Dutchman get credit of more smart things than are set down to him in this catechism that he put to a journeyman printer:

A Dutchman, sitting in the door of his tavern in the far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward on foot, with a bundle hung on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Mister Valking Stick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshment," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin', I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mid chewelry in your pack to sheat der gal?"

"No, sir; I'm no Yankee peddler."

"A singin' master, too lazy to vork?"

"No, sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure der gal's feet and hankles better tan to make der shoes?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book achent vot bodders der school committees till they do vot you wish, choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, sir. I am no book agent."

"Ter tyefels! A dentist, preaking der people's jaw at a dollar a schnag, and runnin' off mit a daughter?"

"No, sir; I am no tooth puller."

"Phenologus, den, feeling der young folk's heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No. I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, den, vat der teyfels can you be? Choost tell, you shall have the best sassage for supper, and sday all night free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whiskey to start mit in der mornin'."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dot?"

"A printer, sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsch noosepapers! Oh, yaw, yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot printsch noospapers! yaw, yaw! Valk up! A man vot printsch noosepapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyeful of a dishtrick schoolmaster who vorks for nodding and boards round. I tought you vas him.—*Exchange.*

HOW IT SOUNDS.

Some writer has produced a poem entitled, "Sounds From the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives rise to the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one poring over a proof-slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this: Proof-reader—"As flowers without the sunshine fare—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I—full stop—breathe a dark and dismal mare—" Copy-holder: "Thunder! not mare—air." Proof-reader: "I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—as flowers—comma—" Copy-holder: "Shoot the comma." Proof-reader—"'Tis done. As flowers without the sunshine fare—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—" Copy-holder: "Warmth." Proof-reader—"No warmth I share—comma—And health and vigorous flies—" Copy-holder: "Blazes! Health and vigor fly—" Proof-reader: "Health and vigor fly—full stop." That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.—*Des Moines Register.*

A TOUGH MAN.

A remarkable case of survival of serious injuries is reported from Cincinnati. Two years ago a man named Schmidt was struck five times on the head with a hatchet, three of the wounds penetrating the brain. One day recently the man died, and when a post-mortem examination was made, the physicians were surprised to find that the man had died of consumption. Although three holes were found, extending entirely through the skull, there were no indications of brain disease.

LUCKY CARELESSNESS.

A singular piece of good fortune recently happened to a well-known lady of this county, for which she has no one to thank but her own carlessness. She had purchased a lot of Louisville and Nashville Railroad stock at a figure a trifle less than $40 per share, and was naturally a trifle anxious in regard to its safety. When the stock began to go upward she watched it with interest, and when it got up to $41 she wrote a letter to her broker in the city to sell the stock. As business-like as the generality of women, she forgot all about sending the certificate of stock, and of course her broker could do nothing without it. He wrote her a note and told her he must have the certificate. She began to search for the paper, but it had been mislaid, and while she was making the search the stock climbed up in the fifties. This redoubled her anxiety to sell, and every nook and corner of her house was thoroughly ransacked, but without avail; the paper had disappeared.

She then rested on her oars, and did not make further investigation, as the stock was still advancing. The stock finally reached the seventies, however, and the unbroken advance seemed at an end; it hung fire for several weeks, up one day and down the next. The lady began to be uneasy, and as the quotations vacillated she began to grow excited. The house was again turned upside down, and every part of it scrutinized with a microscope, as it were; but it was made more evident that the desired paper was hopelessly lost. The lady was becoming more and more nervous every day, and watching quotations with feverish excitement. While thus under high pressure the stock sailed up into the nineties, and then, with a rush that almost drove her wild, jumped to 110. Then she rushed into the city and begged her broker to sell at once and not delay until she could find her certificate, but he explained that it was impossible to sell the stock where she did not possess the certificate. He also explained that she could have another certificate issued by application to the secretary.

This she did with all celerity, but, despite her haste, the stock advanced to 141 before she could get it ready for sale. At this figure, just 250 per cent. above that at which she first desired to sell, she finally disposed of the stock. Her carelessness in misplacing the certificate paid her well, and if she had lost the second certificate she would have realized at least 20 per cent. more.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HE WANTED SOMETHING "FRISKY."

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into a livery-stable and called for a saddle-horse—"something that will prance about lively, and wake a fellow out of his lethargy? I used to ride the trick mule in a circus, an' I reckon I can back anything that wears hair."

They brought him out a calico-colored beast, with a vicious eye, and he mounted it and dashed off.

Before he had gone two blocks, the animal bucked, crashed through a high board fence, and plunged into a cellar, tossing his rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed, and landing him on the ragged edge of a lawn-mower.

They bore him home, straightened him out, and three surgeons came in and reduced his dislocations, and plastered him up with raw beef.

A few weeks later, he called at the stable, and said if they had a gentle saw-horse with an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a curb-bit and martingales, and a saddle with two horns and a crupper to it, he believed he would go up in the haymow, and gallop around a little where it was soft and it wouldn't hurt him.

AN ANCIENT LAND GRANT.

The Chicago *Tribune* prints an interesting old document, conveying to the whites from the Indians an immense tract of land, including the whole of Illinois and a large part of Wisconsin. The consideration paid for this territory is thus expressed in the deed: Two hundred and sixty strouds, two hundred and fifty blankets, three hundred and fifty shirts, one hundred and fifty pairs of stroud and half-thick stockings, one hundred and fifty stroud breech-cloths, five hundred pounds of gunpowder. four thousand ounces of lead, one gross of knives, thirty pounds of vermillion, two thousand gun flints, two hundred pounds of brass kettles, two hundred pounds of tobacco, three dozen gilt-looking glasses, one gross of gun worms, two gross of awls, one gross of fire steels, five hundred bushels of Indian corn, twelve horses, twelve horned cattle, twenty bushels of salt and twenty guns.

THE GRAVEL MINE.

If you want to make a certain Virginia City merchant real mad, ask him if he has a gravel mine to sell. He got to playing poker one day and won $200, but took in payment an undeveloped gravel mine. His friends teased him terribly about the alleged worthless property, and at last, getting a little excited, he told them that before he got through with that mine they would see that he was not such a fool as they took him for. Then he wrote to some rich acquaintances that he had a splendid claim, which, being hard up, he would sell cheap for $2,000. Then he bought $500 worth of gold dust and nuggets, and salted the claim thoroughly with them. The capitalists came, prospected a little, bought it immediately, and paid him his $2,000 cash. In three weeks they got out $8,000 worth of of ore. That Virginia City man didn't smile for a month.

SHE WAS THE WRONG WOMAN.

An absent-minded man, traveling with his wife in a railroad car, left her side to get a drink. When he returned, he dropped into a seat immediately in front of his better half, beside an unprotected female, over whose head the snows of about thirty-eight winters had glode. His wife was looking out the car window at the scenery, and didn't notice his awful blunder. Presently, without turning his head, he impatiently remarked:

"Jane, how often have I told you not to starch my shirts so infernally stiff?"

The ancient female, whose forward name happened to be Jane, screamed "Monster!" and fainted on the spot, and the absent-minded man looked uncomfortably warm as he changed seats.