...as I waited for some glad revealing,
... might be,
... joy within my eyes were stealing
...
... you coming through ... mist to me,
... you touched ... the moonlight glory,
... heard your ... heart beat fast,
... in my soul ... mystic story,
... love revealed ... me at last.
—Grewell's Magazine.

GIVING THEIR EXPERIENCE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Four editors were recently traveling together along one of the great iron turnpikes of the nineteenth century. They were for the time being free from care, and appeared to be enjoying themselves, unharassed by any demands of the devil for copy. They had exhausted the delights and vexations of euchre and whist, and fell to talking over some of their editorial experiences. The conversation turned upon the different adventures which these protectors of the reading public had undergone with would-be contributors.

"I have no doubt," said one of them, "I have hundreds of subscribers ... they could write a whole ... day, as good as I am giving ... Indeed, many have as bad as ... so. In a large number of the ... of humanity the reading of an ... article creates a desire to write one, the desire hardens into a resolve, and very often the resolve into an attempt. Then they come to us and want it 'typed' as George Francis Train would say.

"The worst class of these volunteer contributors that I have had to deal with is a lot of nice, good old gentlemen who have retired from business on a competency, and have very little to do nowadays except to help regulate the affairs of those who are still at work. They naturally feel that a good many things are going wrong in the world, and what is a newspaper for if not to get things right? So they put their views into essays of greater or less length, pen them in a very nice, prime, old-fashioned hand, sign them 'Veritas,' 'Fair Play,' 'Vigilitas,' 'Subscriber,' 'A Reader of Your Valuable Paper,' 'One Who Knows,' 'A Sufferer,' 'A Public Protector,' or something of that kind, and then bring their long communications to me, and are angry, or, worse still, grieved, if I do not give them the entire facilities of the establishment. They write on all sorts of subjects, from the President's latest journey to the musical facilities of their neighbor's cats in the night. One old gentleman wanted me to publish his autobiography by installments; and after that his wife's and after that all his children's. None of them had ever been outside the county where they lived, and, as you may surmise, the manuscript was not wildly exciting. He was very much put out when I declined the article with thanks, and finally resolved to publish it in a book."

"The funeral reporter was the worst case I ever had," said another editor. "She was a middle-aged lady, who never missed a funeral; I used to wonder if she didn't sometimes get impatient waiting for her own. Only she could not write that up. She brought me a two-column account of every funeral she attended, which I had to condense and publish to please her and not offend the friends of the deceased. If I had let her, she would have turned my whole paper into a literary cemetery. She cared nothing for accuracy as long as she could fill space. She threw wreaths of praise indiscriminately upon every bier. If the dead man had no virtues, she invented some for him, and went right ahead. She badgered everybody in the office wild with her mortuary scribblings, and came very near being the death of me, in which case she would no doubt have written my own obituary with her usual placid sort of pleasure. Finally I restricted her to four lines per corpse, and she deserted me in a huff and went and contributed to the death and death of a rival paper."

"She was not so wearying," said another editor, "as the pretty young poetess who used to glide daintily into my dusty sanctum, with a sweet smile on her face and an immense bundle of doggerel under her arm. If she could have put as much taste and talent into her articles as she did into her attitudes and dresses, Sappho would have been nowhere. Her voice, too, was charming—her manner bewildering—everything about her was tiptop, except her poetry. The rhymes were bad, the measure limped and jumped and kicked over the traces of any metrical harness that ever was constructed. The sentiment was stuff that she never would have thought of airing in prose, for she was a good conversationalist and sensible enough till she got into the poetic frenzy.

"I spent hours with her in the semi-seclusion of my sanctum trying to convince her that 'violet' did not rhyme with 'twilight' or 'blossom' with much of anything except 'o'possum,' and that one of the requisites of a good poetical line was a certain regular number of feet; she would stamp one of her own shapely ones and insist upon it that I could edit stories and advertisements, but knew nothing about the afflatus industry. And so I went on admiring her more and her poetry less every day until, overlooking her metrical infirmities, I came very near marrying her—that is, I proposed and she rejected me in a poem of sixteen stanzas. She finally united in the holy bonds of matrimony with a tinsmith, and, I hope, gives him sonnets on toast every morning."

"A nice but determined old lady with an epic poem on the subject of Noah and his adventure was the worst of my troubles for a long time," said another editor. "She came in on the cars from the country one day, and asked me if I would like to see the poem. I replied, with ill-starred politeness, 'Certainly,' and asked her how much there was of it. She replied about ten pounds, she guessed, stepped out into the hall and brought me the article, crammed into one of those old fashioned oil-cloth valises. She stated that her handwriting was not very good and thought she had better read it aloud, and actually commenced giving me the whole affair, done up in quatrains. Not having time or nerve to listen to it then, I unhappily told her to leave it, and I would look it over with a view to immediate publication if it proved worthy. She wrote me almost every day for two months in a terrible unreadable hand, and gave me the reputation in the office of receiving love letters from somebody. When I tried to explain by showing the letters and the manuscript, nobody could read either, and I was for some time under a cloud of ridicule from my fellow editors.

"I was just about to bundle up the whole business and send it back to my good old lady friend by express, when there came a little blaze in our office and destroyed among many other valuable things, the oilcloth satchel, the ark, Noah, and all the animals male and female.

"The old lady came into town the next day to see if her epic was safe, and I shall never forget how sorry I was to be obliged to tell her it had vanished.

She sank right down on the floor and wept piteously; it was her life work from a literary point of view. She had composed those lines ... the harsh ... strokes of the churn, the fee... chickens, and the co... ers, and had bright and early in ... succe... Zepha started to town with her ... of eggs. As she walked alo... every now and then scanned the ... rical bill she still preserved. "If I could," she breathed hard. ... should no longer be taunted by M... Grim for my dependence upon them.

As she was waiting in the grocery to ... served, she heard them discussing ... occurred in town ... of the ... admire... condition ... the O...

ever had to encounter," said another, was a poetical reformer. He was a little, old man, who, I am afraid, was liable to be called by the name attached to the business end of a windlass. He had a great many peculiar theories of his own in regard to poetry, and wanted me to devote a department to them in my paper. One of his poems I did publish, on account of its very absurdity.

"His theory, as illustrated by this 'poem,' was, that as many poets wrote four-line stanzas without rhyming the first and third, while the second and fourth were rhymed, it was just as proper to rhyme the first and third and let the others take care of themselves. The 'poem' commenced like this:

"'It was a cold and winter night;
The wind blew fresh and shrill;
A woman sat by the dim fire-light;
No other light had she.

"'Through poverty and sad distress
She'd struggled bravely on;
But now her strength has grown much less,
And food was very dear.

"'Alas! alas! what shall I do?
The woman loudly cried;
For of sweet children she had two,
And loved them very much.'"

"How many more stanzas had the poem, did you say?" inquired one of the editors, with mid-winter politeness.

"I did not say," replied the other, "but there were thirty-eight in all."

"'O, God, she cried, in accents wild—'"

But the narrator was alone. The remainder of his story had been "declined with thanks."

Woman's Love.

"Somebody once said—I never remember names—that any woman without a positive hump can marry any man she pleases. I believe that any man even with a hump can marry any woman he pleases."

A murmur of disapprobation arose from the petticoat listeners.

"And the only requisite is persistence with some little measure of judgment."

The murmur grew to a clamor, but the speaker was also a woman, and a very bright one at that. She waited until the tumult of indignation and ejaculation had subsided, and then preached us the following little sermon from the above assertion as a text:

"Of course, I cannot make this an absolute statement, but it is a very general rule, and as such has no more than the orthodox number of exceptions. Once in a while a woman cannot be won by merely dog-like following; and if two men chance to set their affections on the same object one of them will eventually have to yield—unless they go to Utah inverted" (thoughtfully); "but that does not pertain to the subject.

"Usually a man has but to get his eye upon the goal, and then steadily pursue it, through thick and thin, weal and woe, deviating only enough to make food for reflection, slowing up only enough to get a header for a fresh start, and sometime he is bound to get there. It may take years. He may lead to the altar anything but a girlish bride, but the game, such as it is, is his and bound to be his.

"Not one woman in a thousand can withstand constant, enduring affection. She may personally have no predilection for the man, and her sense may be altogether on the other side of the scales, but if he tells her she is the one woman in the world, and continues to tell her, by words when convenient, by actions always, he will soon have a place in her emotions that no other man has or can have. In fact (confidentially) I believe that woman's love is generally nothing but a reflection. Otherwise how is she usually so enamoured of the man she mates with? She has no free choice in the matter. She cannot select what she naturally likes and admires, but must take what is offered. Thus I believe that while a man usually marries a woman whom he is first attracted to by admiration, a woman's attachment has very seldom that basis. After marriage, however, the affection of the wife who took him because he alone offered himself is by no means less than that of the husband who chose her from among 10,000.

On the contrary it is unquestionably deeper, more fervent, longer lived. But it is not founded on the same basis. It has its roots, not in the man's virtues and attractions, but in his feelings for herself. She adores him because he first adored her—a flattering illustration of our lack of vanity, you see.

"Now, my friends, none of you can deny this. There is no one of you but knows that the moment you find out a man is in love with you he acquires an added interest in your eyes; when he vows you are an angel you discover that he has good taste at least; and when he sighs he will die without you, you realize, for the first time, probably, what the body politic might become without him. In short, if he is in love with you, you are to a certain extent, and perhaps only temporarily at first, in love with him; but if his ardor continues, since like causes produce like effects, he constantly rises in your eyes until finally—well, Pope was a deformed man and so was Byron; you don't measure a man by his shoulders. But, girls, you never chose a hampback, physically, intellectually, or morally. He chose you, and he just kept after you until he got you."

At this a couple of the virgin members of the audience twisted their ringsets into the palms of their hands and thoughtfully spoke of the fashions in passementeries.—*Exchange.*

Shelley and Harriet Westbrook.

Shelley behaved exceedingly ill to Harriet Westbrook. Nobody can deny that; he didn't himself. He undoubtedly suffered remorse for his conduct, in spite of a sentence or two of bravado, and he felt himself to have been, as he undoubtedly was, the cause of the poor girl's suicide. Well, what more, in the name of common decency, is to be made of the story? Suppose Harriet, though "beautiful, amiable, good, accommodating, and affectionate," was "also—deadly and at last unevadible discovery—commonplace?" Suppose it is the fact that Shelley himself said the partner of his life ought to have been one who could "feel poetry and understand philosophy," and that Harriet, "though a noble animal, could do neither." Suppose that Shelley, to quote a delicious sentence of Mr. W. M. Rosset, "must, no doubt, have regarded the latter career" of the forlorn and deserted woman as "marked by great want of self-respect, and may have both felt and expressed himself strongly now and again without derogating from the substantial rectitude and tenderness of his nature—still, what then? Is it, therefore, worth while to give us endless "studies" and biographies full of solemn disquisition on these threadbare scandals?—*McMillan's Magazine.*

Curiosities of Law.

Judge—Stand up.

Prisoner—I claim the right under the law to remain seated, y'r honor.

"How so?"

"The law says no man can be made to criminate himself, an' if I stand up I'll criminate myself."

"That point is well taken, and you may remain seated. You are accused of stealing a pair of breeches of this man, but I can find no evidence against you."

"None at all y'r honor."

"You are discharged."

"Thank you, y'r honor."

"By the way, why were you unwilling to stand up."

"If I s'ood up the man would see I had his breeches on, y'r honor."—*Omaha World.*

Why She Wanted to Know.

"No, Miss Bell," said Gus DeJay, "I don't think I shall call on Miss Clawa fah a great many weeks to come."

"Why not?"

"Because of something she said the ... her evening. I had just been theah ... Three minutes, but I went right home."

"What was it?"

"... something weal unkind."

"... would like to have you tell me ..."

"... you so anxious to know?"

"... heard it by heart."—*Mer...*

PLUNKET'S REMINISCENCES.

War as It Is—The Tarheel and the Shell—The Dogs and Cats of Atlanta.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Pictures and writing don't learn you much erbout er battlefield," said old man Plunket.

"It's mighty nice," continued the old man, "to look at er picture in er book and see the horses er raring and the flags er floating and the brave men er dashing, but it haint so nice to be thar. Thar's danger and death 'round that flag, and the air is filled with the zip, zip, zip of the minnie ball that is worse than er nest er hornets darting arter you, and the boom and zoon and the whiz of the shell—like thar waz er shuck tied to 'em—haint no pleasant thing and I haint seed many folks but what it would take peart.

"You can march er man and perish er man till he'd as soon die as live, but whenever you begin to throw bombshells erround he's as fresh as if he'd just got outen bed and eat er hearty breakfast, at least that's my experience, and I've he'rd men that I know was as brave as could be say the same thing. I seed er long gaunt North Carolinian once get so tired that he just thought he couldn't live any longer without er little rest, and so he just put his cartridge box under his head and turned over on his back and was ersleep in four seconds. One of the fellows took his knife and dug up the ground right between his legs, and then hopped off to one side and gathered er great long shell and took it and put it down on the fresh loosened dirt and then shook the fellow and waked him, and when he opened his eyes and seed the shell between his legs he give er spring and er whirl the same as er circus actor and got off er piece and turned erround the same as you've seed horses run off and turn erround and snort, and then axed; 'Did that shell fall thar?'

"They told him it did, and tried to get him to take ernother nap; but no, he warn't sleepy nor tired either any more.

"You never seed the like er dogs that was through these woods arter old Sherman left. The people refugeed and the niggers ran away and the dogs went wild and took to the woods and er fellow had to be mighty careful how he moved erround or they'd get arter him. I've seed as many as 150 dogs in one gang twixed here and Atlanta and it warn't no great ways twixt gangs either. I can't say for certain, but I think thar was at least 45,000 dogs left in Atlanta and they took up old Sherman's way of foraging on the country.

"And cats! You've heerd of cats being drawn to catnip patches, but that aint nothing to what the broiling of er piece of meat anywhere erround Atlanta would do arter Sherman left.

"Me and Brown went up to Atlanta arter old Sherman left, and Brown he had got er hold of er good size piece of meat skin and carried it erlong, and when we got hungry we just stepped over ermong some brick and rubish on Alabama streets and went to briling it on the coals, and it hadn't mor'n struck the fire till we begin to hear the cats squall erround, and it warn't mor'n er minit till here they come from every direction, and Brown he jerked the meat up off the coals and lowed if any cats gets this meat skin he'd have to be er better man than I is; and we both took to er middle wall that was er little to one side and got upon it and thar we stood and eat for er minit, but it warn't long, for the cats begin to make for us and we seed we'd have to fight, so we put our eating in our coat pockets and let in with hickory sticks what we had, and if you ever seed dead cats it was thar.

"We were up on er piece of the middle wall what was left standing, and the cats couldn't crowd more'n forty or fifty at a time, and we'd let 'em have it with our sticks, and Brown, he never failed to kill one, and sometimes two at every lick, and I warn't er sleeping, and I'd just hate to tell you how many cats we killed, for I know you'd think it looked out of all reason, but I'll say 10,000 anyhow, and Brown would be willing to swear right now that wouldn't er made er hole in 'em."

"Whatever Plunket tells you will do to depend on," said old man Brown. "People these days think these things out of reason, and that's why you don't hear more erbout these wild dogs and cats than you do—er fellow can mighty easy get up er reputation as a first-class liar by telling the truth erbout things that happened erround here in 65."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Clever Dodge.

A young provincial, coming to Paris for the purpose of negotiating the purchase of a share in a commercial house, had on his arrival entrusted for safe keeping his capital, amounting to 50,000 livres, to a friend; and, the necessary arrangements having been completed, applied to him for a restitution of the deposit. His friend, who in the meantime had converted the sum to his own use, stared at him with well-feigned astonishment, and flatly denied having received any money from him; and on the other's reproaching him for his treachery, cut short the interview by accusing him of an attempt at extortion. Finding all remonstrance useless, the young man betook himself as a last resource to the hotel of the lieutenant of police, and related to him the whole story.

When he had finished, M. de Sartine inquired if he had not asked for a written acknowledgment of the deposit.

"No," he replied, "I had no reason to doubt my friend's good faith, and demanded none."

"Were any witnesses present on the occasion?" continued his questioner.

"Only his wife."

"That is quite sufficient," said the magistrate. "Go into the next room, and remain there until I send for you."

Summoning one of his exempts, he dispatched him in quest of the individual suspected of fraud, and on the arrival of the latter informed him that he was charged with refusing to give back a deposit of 50,000 livres which had been confided to his care.

"I know nothing about it," was the reply.

"That may be," said the lieutenant; "but to satisfy me of your innocence, you will write to your wife, who, I am told, witnessed the transaction, to this effect: 'Deliver to the bearer the 50,000 livres I received in deposit from Monsieur Jules Dutailleur,' and add your customary signature."

Not daring to disobey the order, the man, though with evident reluctance, did as he was enjoined; and the same exempt taking charge of the missive, returned in a short time with the money. Confounded by the discovery of his guilt, the culprit fell on his knees before the magistrate and implored his clemency; whereupon M. de Sartine, after severely reprimanding him for his treachery, added to his confusion by confronting him with his dupe, to whom he returned the stolen property, cautioning him in future to be more careful in the choice of his friends.

Railroad Magnates.

According to a Chicago correspondent, President Hughitt of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad and President W B Strong of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the heads of the two great railroads of the country, started as telegraph operators. The latter began as operator at Milton, Wis., on the old Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and the former at a small station on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad. These are the only two big railroaders out here who started on their career from the keyboard. There are a dozen of the most prominent men in the profession, railroad Presidents most of them, who graduated from the civil engineering department. President Newell, of the Lake Shore began as a rodman. So did President Roberts of the Pennsylvania system. He helped carry the chain for the engineers who built the Erie road. Hugh Riddle, for so many years at the head of the Rock Island, and now a member ... executive committee, ... civil engineering ... ager T. J. ... was a lineman before he became a country station agent on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad. President T. B. Blackstone, of the Chicago and Alton began his railroading by acting as roadman on the New York and New Haven road. The late S. S. Merrill, who was given a higher rank than almost any other Western railroader, didn't begin even as a humble member of the civil engineering corps. He started in on a gravel train as a conductor. That was on the old Prairie du Chien road. J. C. Clark, of the Illinois Central, was a fireman on an engine. Superintendent Jeffery of the Illinois Central started as an office boy in the '50s. President Jim Hill of the Manitoba was local agent for ten years for a little plug road at St. Paul. Horace Tucker, now the General Freight Agent of the Illinois Central, and General Manager E St. John of the Rock Island, both began by helping in the ticket offices of small roads.—*Peck's Sun.*

Ancient Egyptian Commerce.

We see through the haze of time a nation apart and exclusive, its civilization arrested and passive for years, emerging at length into fellowship with the outer world, chiefly through the persistence of Phœnician and Greek merchants, and much in the same manner as the peculiar nations of China and Japan are, in our own day, gradually being opened to western commerce. There is reason to believe that Egypt was a settled nation long before the foundation of Nineveh and Babylon, and that these derived their civilization from Egypt; but Egypt did not enter into free intercourse with the rest of the world till after the time of Alexandria. Two sea boundaries gave it an extensive line of coast. It is united to Asia by the Isthmus of Suez, and lies open to the interior of Africa, the Nile forming a grand channel of communication with the South. The country, as now, was flooded three months in every year by the overflow of its river, and was likewise artificially irrigated by a network of canals, as well as from Lake Moeris, constructed by the king whose name it bears as a reservoir for the superabundant waters at the time of the inundation. Inland boats and barges, made of boards and papyrus, were in general use on the Nile and on the canals as the common means of communication between the towns. A sailor caste is spoken of, and boats occupied a conspicuous place in the religious festivals. Later in history Egypt owned a fleet of four hundred vessels, used in the coasting trade, and even venturing as far as India. The wood, copper, and iron necessary for their construction were obtained from the Phœnicians. The Egyptians reached, perhaps, the highest development possible to a people excluding themselves from association with all others. Their system of castes confined trades and professions to certain families, and made productive skill in the various arts and handicrafts descend as an heirloom from parent to child. Resulting from this practice, a superior degree of excellence was manifested in their works of metal and wood. Their harps excelled those of modern make in beauty of form and their chairs and couches were of chaste designs. Even in wickerwork they showed artistic skill. For many purposes of art and utility they used a compound metal of a green color, the method of alloying which is now lost. Their cutlery and weapons of war were also made of a compound metal, a kind of brass bronze. Elegance was specially aimed at in their pottery; the examples now in our museums are made of fine clay, and are very beautiful. Excellent cotton cloths and muslins, together with woolen fabrics and embroidered work or tapestry, were among the products of their industry. Buying and selling fell to the lot of the women. Household duties were attended to by the men. In accordance with this custom it was the daughter, not the son, on whom devolved the duty of supporting a helpless parent. The laws promoted self-dependence. Securities for loans were contrived, usury was forbidden, and the rights of creditors were limited to the property of their debtors. They were a grave and unsociable people, of quiet, temperate habits, and submissive under control.

Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter on "Terbacker."

De subject ob dis ebenin's discourse am de wice ob terbacker.

On dis heah subjec' dar's a great diffunce of erpinyun wedder or not terbacker am calkerlate ter injure de human frame, and permote premature insalubrity or oderwise.

Fur one, I'se not erposed ter smokin' cigerettes, sence I heered dat hit kills off de doodes. De smoke ob de cigerette am no doubt de bes' disinfectant. No self-respectin' cholera germ or yaller feeber germ would stay in de naborhood whar dar was one ob dose cigarette suckers. Dar may be cigarettes what has good terbacker in 'em, but dey ain't made in dis keutry.

Talking about cigars, I mus' tell yer a story about Sam Johnsing. He was employed as a sarvant by Kurnel Yerger, and de Kurnel he cotched Sam smoking one ob his fine Conneterkut cigars. Kurnel Yerger was gwinter cuss Sam out, when dat niggah spoke up and says: "Ef dermestic cigars ain't intended fur de use op dermestics whaffor am dey called by our name for?"

Dat broke de Kurnel all up.

Terbacker was first interdooced inter England by Sir Walter Rawley, but his appertite for smoking was interfered wid by his having his head cut off. Dis goes ter show de unhealfulness ob terbacker.

I knows anoder instance ob de unhealfulness ob terbacker. Hit kiled a niggar in Houston so dead he nebber kicked. A hogshead ob de stuff fell on him from de second story ob de warehouse.

Den, agin, smoking has hits 'advanterges. De cannibals in de Souf Sea Island what eats de mishunaries we sends 'em nebber teches de meat ob a man who has been in de habit ob chewin' terbacker.

I heahs a heap a talk about de money de man who don't use terbacker sabes up in a yeah, but ef yer wanter stump him jess ask him ter show yer de money.

Dar's a great deal ob smokin' what hasn't got nuffin ter do wid terbacker. In der langwidge ob Tom Chrystal, ob de Sunday Morning New York *Journal*, dar's a tendency ter palm oft oleocabinage cigars fer de generwine Havanner.

Hit's no use ter preach erbout de evils ob terbacker so long as dar am in ebery communerty a man who nebber uses terbacker in no shape, and who am so triflin' and wuffless dat he ain't wuff de powder hit would take ter shoot him.—*Texas Siftings.*

Sun and Fire Symbols.

There are to be found occasionally upon the walls of old brick houses, at about the line of division between the first and second stories, flat pieces of iron five or six inches in length and shaped somewhat like the letter S.

The use of these articles was clearly brought from England, where it still continues, and a writer in a recent number of *Nature* gives a curious account of its origin and meaning.

This writer says that the figure in question is an early symbol of the sun. It is still used in Herefordshire and other parts of England. He once asked an old servant of the family—a Gloucestershire man—the reason for the particular form of these irons, and the reply was that "they were made thus in order to protect the house from fire, as well as from falling down."

If one will examine into the antiquities of the Isle of Man he will find the seal of the Government shows a curious combination in this figure. The same was on the official seal of Sicily. We can trace its use to the oldest countries of Asia, but its origin was earlier than history gives any record.—*Youth's Companion.*

TALENTS are best matured in soli... character is best formed in the st... billows of the world.—*Anonymo...*

THE COUNTRY POSTMASTER.

He Managed His Office in an Original if Not Lawful Manner.

[United States Mail.]

A traveling postoffice inspector went to Scott County for the purpose of investigating certain reported crookedness. One afternoon he reached a small cabin situated near a lonely road. He stopped, intending to get a drink of water, and as he drew near the house was astonished at seeing a signboard bearing the following inscription: "Poost ofis." An old fellow with a grizzly beard and a hairy chest—displayed as his shirt was unbuttoned—came out and merely nodding to the inspector, sat down on a stump.

"How are you?" said the inspector.

"Tol'ble."

"Have you some fresh water handy?"

"Plenty uv it down there in the branch. One uv ther boys shot my bucket all ter pieces, an' sence then I hafter go to ther branch wen I wanter drink."

Just then a man mounted on a mule rode up and ask: "Mr. Plummer, got any letters for me?"

"Yas, thar's one here, Bill Patterson, but you kain't get it. Go on away from here, or I'll make you wush you hadn't come."

"Wush you would give it ter me."

"Yas, and ther nigger wushed that ther coon would come down outer ther tree, but he didn't come."

"Say, Mr. Plummer——"

"Shut your mouth an' say nuthin', an' mor'n that, you'b better mosey away frum here."

The man rode away, and the inspector, addressing the postmaster, said:

"Why didn't you give that man his letter?"

"Kase he worked ag'in me when I run fur justice uv the peace."

"Yes, but the government doesn't care anything for that."

"Reckon not, but I do."

"But you were appointed to serve the people."

"Yas, an' I sarve 'em, too—sarve some uv them like old Nick."

"My friend, I am a traveling postoffice inspector, and——"

"All right, then travel."

"If I report you to the Postoffice Department, which I shall be very apt to do, you'll travel."

"Recon not. This establishment b'longs ter me, an' nobody's got a right ter tell me ter git out."

"How long have you had this office?"

"Ever sence I built it."

"I mean how long have you been Postmaster,"

"'Bout a year, I reckon."

At this juncture, an old fellow, cautiously picking his way among the bushes, approached the Postmaster, who upon seeing him, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"What in thunder do you want here, Abe Smith?"

"Come arter that paper."

"Didn't I tell yer that yer kain't get it?"

"Yas, but I 'lowed that yer mout change your mind."

"Wall, I hain't. When you refused ter lend me yer slide an' hoss tother week I told yer that yer couldn't git nothin' else outen this office."

"I'm er goin' ter git that paper."

"Not lessen yer are a better man than I be."

"An' that's erbout what I think."

"Wall, help yerse'f."

With agility surprising for such old men they grappled each other and began a desperate struggle. Abe Smith succeeded in throwing the Postmaster.

"Now," said Smith, as he began to choke old Plummer, "goin' ter let me have that paper?"

A gurgle "yes" came from the Postmaster's throat. Smith released his hold and suffered Plummer to get up.

"Wall," said the Postmaster as he stood brushing fragments of leaves and bark from his beard, "I reckon I wuz sorter mistaken in yer. I didn't know that yer wuz such a nice man. Come in, Abe, an' get yer paper, fur yer have earned it like a white man."

"Ain't thar a letter fer me, too?"

"Yas."

"Wall, I want it."

"Kain't git it, Abe. Yer fit fur ther paper an' not fur ther letter."

"Got ter have it, Plummer."

"Not lessen yer whip me ergin."

"B'l'ye I ken do it."

"All right, Abie."

They went at it again; pranced around, striking at each other. Finally Plummer struck Abe a heavy blow that felled him, then seating himself on the prostrate man, he said:

"Don't want the letter, do yer, Abie?"

"Reckon not, Plummer."

"All right, come erhead an' git yer paper."

When Abe had gone the Postmaster turned to the inspector and said:

"Want anything outen me?"

"No, I believe not."

"Had er letter here an' I didn't want yer ter have it yer wouldn't argy tha p'int would yer?"

"I don't think that I should."

"Don't want no truck with me?"

"None."

"Wall, then, good-by. Got ter go in now an' make up ther mail."

Twice Hanged.

Two Hungarian peasants were one night driving home to Makad from market at Kecskemet. The road leads over a wide puszta district, through Szent Miklos, and just outside the latter place, past the fatal hill on which some years ago a gallows used to stand. It was twilight, between dog and wolf, as the saying is in South Germany. The keen-eyed peasant saw soon enough that the hangman had been at work and dispatched a dark man of honor into the next world. Filled with curiosity, they left their vehicle and walked toward the gallows. The culprit was a gypsy, against whose being hanged the peasants would hardly have objected; but to their astonishment they found that he not only was quite warm, but that his heart was still slowly beating. After holding a little conference the peasants cut the man down, put him into their cart, and drove off. Before long the gypsy began to return to consciousness, the color came back into his face, and nothing remained of his late experience but a certain feeling of discomfort. At the next public house the peasants stopped to take a drink after their success in doing justice out of one of her sacrifices. The innkeeper, who was well known to be always on the side of thieves, shook with loud laughter as the men told of their adventure. But the thick end of the wedge appeared when the two Samaritans, after a deep draught, came back to their cart, for the ungrateful brigand had driven away in spite of the "certain feeling of discomfort." He had, however, not quite counted the cost. The peasants borrowed the innkeepers two fresh horses and soon the gypsy was overtaken, to be driven back and once more hanged on the same gallows. To tell the truth, adds the writer, the dilettanti were cleverer in this case than the professional hangman, for the brigand was this time quite dead. After a short time the story became public; the peasants were imprisoned, and their case kept the cleverest lawyer of the day for a long time hard at work.—*Berlin Freie Presse.*

Where the Moonshiners Work.

The Walkup brothers, Tolbert and Thomas, whom we arrested next, had the best illicit still I have yet seen. It was located in a room of about the dimensions of 60 by 40 feet. It was dug in the ground at the head of a ravine. The opening was covered with chestnut stancheons, and over these was placed the earth from the excavation. The mouth was covered with brush, which made the concealment complete, save for the smoke arising above it through a rent. The still was of recent construction, and if the Walkups had not been molested they would have gotten rid ... the tell-tale smoke by piping it t... kitchen, about one hundred yard... distant, and running it out through ... chimney. They had ... plans and were on the ... them into execution ... rupted operations, ... arty in the conduct ... got away with the first product the night before our arrival. We found 1,500 gallons of beer and unbroken mash for about 500 gallons more, besides 120 gallons of singlings, or low wines. They were hurrying their product by high temperature, and claim that they would have had fifty gallons of a salable article in a few days.—*Collector Lindsay, in Louisville Post.*

A Stranger in the Supreme Court at Washington.

"The apparel oft porclaims the man," said Polonius. He was judicious in not substituting always for "oft." It has been found that the finest bird is not always the one that wears the finest feathers.

Years ago the staid citizens of Washington were surprised one morning at the appearance of a strange figure in their streets. He dressed in a pair of old corduroys, ripped at the ankle for convenience in rolling up, a drab overcoat, much the worse for wear, with several capes, worn out, untied shoes, and a "shocking hat."

Solemnly he walked the streets, six feet in height, leading a little black rough-haired mare, her tail matted with burs. A pair of small saddle-bags hung over the saddle, in which were stuffed papers and crackers and cheese. Stopping at an obscure hotel, he put up his mare and relieved himself of his "top coat." Into one of the pockets of a short gray linsey roundabout he stuffed his lunch and into the other a bundle of law papers, tied with a hemp string. Inquiring the way to the supreme court, he walked forth, the wonder of the negroes and idle boys. Arrived at the court-room, he sauntered within the bar, took a seat, and began munching his bread and cheese. The lawyers and spectators smiled at the awkward countryman on his first visit to the capital. Soon a case was called which seemed to interest the countryman. It involved the title to a large tract of land lying in the "Green River Country," of Kentucky.

A Mr. Taylor, of Virginia, a leading lawyer, began his argument by a statement of facts. All at once the countryman stopped munching, and tapping the counsel on the back, corrected one of his "facts." The lawyer paused, frowned at the busybody, and went on. The countryman resumed eating, and in a few moments again corrected the counsel. "I beg the court to protect me from the impertinence of that person," said Taylor, showing much irritation. Taylor finished his powerful argument, and, then, to the amazement of the spectators, the bar, and the judge, the stranger rose to reply. His manner was wholly changed. He stood as if he had practiced in that court all his professional life. His argument was so clear and forcible, and his reply to the opposing counsel so masterly that the bar and court looked as though they doubted their ears and eyes. Mr. Taylor appeared paralyzed. The perspiration rolled from his forehead and face in great drops. The rustic he had sneered at seemed a legal giant. Every one asked, "Who is he?"

It was Joe Daviess, one of the best lawyers and most eloquent orators of Kentucky, as eccentric as he was gifted. Scarcely one present knew him personally, but all had heard of his brilliant reputation.

A Handy Bunco Trap.

A John street diamond dealer says: "Our building has an entrance on both John street and Broadway. Several times I've noticed strangers in the hall apparently waiting for somebody, and their faces invariably wore a sad and mortified look on departing, while one man in particular was arrested by an officer as an escaped lunatic for endeavoring to persuade a helpless cripple engaged in selling shoe laces to kick him good and hard, and even offering to pay for the accommodation.

"Well, the other day when I went to lunch, I saw another man waiting in the hall. He was pretty well dressed and had a trusting smile. When I came back, an hour afterward, he had on the same clothes, but the smile had totally vanished and there was a worried look in his eyes. 'Waiting for anybody?' I asked as I passed him. 'Yes,' said he, 'I gave a friend $65 which he was short of $400 he owed to a man in the building, and he told me to wait here and he'd take me right over to his hotel and give it back to me.'"

"'You're from the country, aren't you?' I asked.

"'Why, yes; how'd you know it? I got in yesterday morning, and when I reached the hotel here I met a very nice young man, who took me around to see all the sights last night. This morning he asked me to take a little walk with him to a business firm whom he had to see about a contract for reshingling the postoffice. He told me to put all my money in my pocket, because he said it wasn't safe to have it at the hotel, and I couldn't tell how long I'd leave it. Then we came here and he went up stairs to pay a bill. Pretty soon he came down and said he was short just $100 of the $400 he owed, and showed me $300 in nice new bills, telling me that he must have miscounted when he drew the money from the bank. I didn't have but $65 left, for I paid all the bills last night, because he said he would pay our expenses to-night, so I gave him that, and he said he'd go and see if it would do and then come right down and give me my $65 back from his roll of bills in his room. I've been waiting now nearly two hours. Do you suppose anything has happened to him?'

"'No,' said I, calmly, 'but something has happened to you. He was right this morning when he said you didn't know how long you would have your money, and a minute after he got it from you he went out of the John street door of this building.'

"I had to help the poor fellow down stairs and give him a nickel to ride to police headquarters with. Come around and look at our handy bunco trap some day."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Vegetable Beefsteak.

This fungus (*fistulina hepatica*), which resembles a great red tongue protruding from tree stems, when once known can never be taken for any other species. When young it is a dull, pale, purplish red, but becomes more red, and passes through brown to black as it decays; the under side is cream color, with minute red points occasionally, becoming yellowish red as it grows. It generally confines itself to old (and often prostrate) oaks; but in Epping Forest it is not uncommon on the beech, and it has been observed on the chestnut, walnut, willow, and other trees. Although such a large fungus, frequently weighing from four to six pounds, its growth is very rapid, soon appearing and again disappearing, on ancient trunks in the autumn. When cut, broken, or bruised, it distills a copious red juice like beef gravy. "When grilled," says Dr. Badham, "it is scarcely to be distinguished from broiled meat;" and Berkeley describes it as "one of the best things he ever ate, when prepared by a skillful cook." There is a very slight acid flavor in the fungus when cooked, which adds considerable piquancy to the dish; it is extremely tender, succulent and juicy, and resembles tender steak or tongue in a remarkable manner, the juice it distills being in taste and appearance like gravy from an excellent broiled rump steak. Of course it should be gathered when quite young, fresh and clean, and at once prepared for the table in the following manner: Wash and dry, cut into slices half an inch wide, soak in scalding water for five minutes and stew with butter and herbs; yolk of egg may then be added, and serve hot or simply stew with a good steak, adding a scallion and parsley, salt and pepper.—*London Mechanic.*

A RECENT public test of the consolidated railway telegraph system of train telegraphy, made on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, gave very satisfactory results. On a train moving sixty miles an hour, messages were sent and received to and from other trains on the road, and communication was had with this city and with different stations on the line.

IF we shut our eyes on the beauty of things around us, who is to blame if we find this life dreary and monotonous?

FRONTIER FRIVOLITIES.

The All Knight Dance in Which "Ole Virginia Never Tires."

A writer in the *American Magazine* gives a very felicious description of a dancing party in the sparsely settled portion of Virginia.

These parties are events of great importance, drawing friends and acquaintances for many miles around. They will come perhaps from distant counties, a day's journey or more, to participate in the festivities.

The method of travel is "on horseback," and as the roads are bad and frequently bridgeless, the journey must be accomplished between "sun up" and dark. This would be sufficient reason if there were no other, for keeping up their merry-making through the entire night, as is the universal custom.

Old and young join in the dancing, which is only suspended for the hearty supper at midnight, and the "sweet supper" as it is called, of cakes, jellies, and tarts which is furnished just before daybreak.

As the sun rises the visitors mount their horses and start on their homeward journey, perhaps of many hours duration. It seems like paying a severe penalty for a few hours enjoyment, but these tough, hardy settlers do not wilt physically as easily as our modern, hot-house society plants.

In the log-cabin days of the early settlers in the northern states, the all-knight dance was a common feature of social life, and old and young, for miles around, were participants. They were a hardy race, perhaps because they enjoyed themselves, took plenty of exercise and but little medicine. They enjoyed a rugged old age, because they found medicine for their simple ailments in nature's remedies, the roots and herbs of near-by fields and forests, which cur... them, and left no after ill effects.

... people of to-day might be more rugged and enjoy life better if they would have recourse to nature's remedies, instead of mineral drugs. With a purpose of giving them a chance to try this course, H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure have had prepared, from the best receipts, used in real log cabin days, a line of remedies known as Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, comprising a Sarsaparilla, a Hops and Buchu Remedy, a Cough and Consumption Remedy, an Extract for External and Internal use, Liver Pills, Rose Cream for Catarrh, Scalpine for Head and Hair, and a porous plaster. They are all vegetable compounds, harmless, and just such remedies as were used by our grandmothers with the best effects.

CHUCKING UNDER THE CHIN.

Chucking under the chin is not an American institution. It's perhaps too preliminary. If you chuck a baby under the chin it looks at you with surprise. But in the old days, when servant-maids felt kind of complimented if the young swell chucked them under the chin, there were several very important differences. They used in those days to get about $5 a year, and they were modest, and backward, and retiring. Nowadays in America they get more money than bank clerks, and more holidays. They have more fun than their mistress, and, indeed, if there were any chucking under the chin, I'll be hanged if I don't believe the servant-girls would chuck the good-looking male guests under the chin. I suppose you'll say this comes from the spread of education. It doesn't. Nobody ever needed to become educated into chucking a pretty girl under the chin. It is one of the things nature taught us. It's like the mechanical action of breathing or swallowing. We do it quite naturally, without thinking, when we get a chance. But it is hard to do nowadays. Since girls took to standing-up collars and putting up other barricades about their necks, it requires dexterity and courage to chuck a girl under the chin. Still it is kind of agreeable even yet.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"THEN let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can perceive
I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine *revelation* in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of weak back, "female weakness," and all functional disorders that render the lives of so many women miserable and joyless.

A DREAM OF ONE PAIR.

A Cass avenue man came home late the other night, and at about eight o'clock in the morning was awakened by his little niece who knocked at the door and called his wife:

"Auntie! Auntie!"

The C. A. M. rolled over in bed and said, in sleepy irritation:

"Don't you see that I'm in? Give me three."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THOUSANDS of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents

HIS COURAGE WAS GONE.

"It's pretty blue up at the house," said Mr. Twinsy, mournfully. "I've got a cold, my wife's got a cold, baby's got the measles, and my eldest daughter's got a piano. Which is the warmest park to sleep in?"—*Puck.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

GENTILITY IN NEW YORK.

Servant—Madam, there is a woman at the door who wants to speak to you.

Lady—Is she a society lady?

"She doesn't wear any tournure."

"Then let her wait until I get ready to see her."—*Texas Siftings.*

Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by mail.

KANSAS WEATHER.

"It's pretty chilly in Kansas in winter, I suppose," said a New York lady to a visitor from the west.

"Well, I should say so. For six months in the year out there I always put on gloves before I wash dishes."—*Texas Siftings.*

Delicate Children, Nursing

Mothers, Overworked Men, and for all diseases where the tissues are wasting away from the inability to digest ordinary food, or from overwork of the brain or body, all such should take Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. "I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate and threatened with Bronchitis. It put her in such good health and flesh that I must say it is the best Emulsion I ever used."—L. P. WADDELL, M. D., Hugh's Mills, S. C.

SOMETHING TO FONDLE.

Every woman must have a pet, and if she can't get a man she must have a cat or a dog.—*Judge.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and save him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth street, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK" is the title of a recent volume. The close of each chapter leaves the reader in suspense.

SOZZLE says the reason he takes his whisky straight is because his mouth always waters for it.—*Boston Commercial.*

Make No Mistake

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get Hood's.

"In one store the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was, I had taken it, was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not want any other." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston, Mass.

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The foundation of happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

WHY THEY WERE HAPPY.

"My dear," said her mother, "you should never allow any emotion to lead you into a love match with a poor man. Both your papa and myself were blessed with plenty of means, and you see how nicely we have got along together."

"Yes, mamma," replied the maiden, "but you know who lived in Paris nine months in the year, while papa was in New York."—*Life.*

MIGHT AROUSE HIM.

"Would you like a white dove placed above the tombstone?" he asked of the widow.

"No, sir, I think not," she answered, with a sigh. "Our next-door neighbor used to keep doves, and it was all I could do to stop John from shootin' 'em."—*Epoch.*

MIND CURE.

"Let's play mind cure," said little Tom Bigbee the other day.

"What's that?" inquired little Jack Plane, his playmate.

"Why, I butt you in the mouth, and you make believe it doesn't hurt."—*Puck.*

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than *Brown's Bronchial Troches.* Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

NOAH was apt to remark in his tidal days that in the matter of sandwiches Ham always "took the biscuit."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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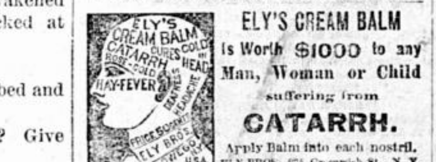

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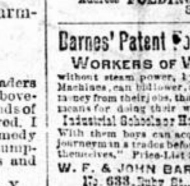

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The New York "Christian at Work" says: "We have personally examined a great many letters received from all sections of the country from those who are using this wonderful Washing Machine, and all unite in commending it in the highest terms." We also have similar reference from the "Farm and Fireside," the "Home and Farm," and scores of other papers.

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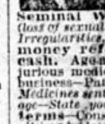

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