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## The Manchester Journal.

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to get those  
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## THE HONOR OF THE LASHLEYS.

They were known for generations before I was born as "the fighting family" throughout the locality in Kentucky in which we lived. Young people of the present day cannot understand the respect and deference paid to duellists forty years ago.

I remember, when I was a child of seven, overhearing the talker of our town, as I passed down the village street point me out as "One of the Lashleys, Grandfather of 'Dead Shot' Lashley. No better blood in Kentucky air. The men were always ready to uphold their word with their lives. No back down in a Lashley. It was touch and go with them."

I hurried on, feeling as if my little hands were blood stained. But Logan my twin brother, was pleased and proud when such comments reached his ears. He marked down 99, eyeing the staring strangers as if he were a prince among beggars.

Logan also heard a good deal of this sort of talk in the village as he grew older. There was nothing else to remind him that he belonged to a race of duellists. The family consisted now only of mother, Logan and myself. Both my father and grandfather (Dead Shot Lashley) were dead.

I remembered the last only as a mild rheumatic old gentleman, who pattered about the sheep folds and rabbit hatches and was very particular about his toilet and tea for breakfast. Mother ignored and indulged him for years in his harmless little fancies.

Her gentleness, patience and sweet temper were inexhaustible and so filled our home, that the ill humor and conceit of other people faded out of sight in his like bad logs in the sunshine.

I wish the reader could see my mother as I remember her, in her black gown and widow's cap, low voice and soft manner, controlling a great plantation and many slaves.

She was a fair type of one class of Southern women. She was so gentle, and playful and childlike that Logan enjoyed her society more than he enjoyed that of his young companions. But there was no more skilled stock raiser in the country than Madam Lashley; nor any one in town who had keener insight or a firmer will in matters that pertained to the products of our plantation.

When Logan and I were fourteen, she found that we were too old for a governess to manage, and joining with the neighboring planters, she sent to New York for a teacher.

The little school house in the woods was fitted up for him. There were a dozen children in all, with whom the experiment was to be tried. If it succeeded said my mother, no doubt some of the gentlemen will build an academy.

I knew very well it was she who would build the academy, but she never said I would do anything.

The teacher, Master March, proved to be a pale young man with stooping shoulders and delicate frame. It had been arranged that he should board at the village inn; but after mother had seen him she brought him to the plantation and gave him the chamber that over looks the mountains, and ordered old Maumier Addy to make beef tea and wine broth for him without stint.

The poor lad needs nothing. He has never had any, I suspect, she said. Logan oppressed Master March with his hospitality. He put a horse at his disposal; offered to introduce him to all the belles in the country; took him to the Louisville races, and explained the novel scene with an air of lordly patronage. I had no patience with Logan's absurd manliness and conceit. But mother only laughed.

In the opinion of the neighbors, Master March was the best teacher ever known in that county; I was not surprised, therefore, when about six months later, mother met me one evening in the avenue, her face was flushed and pleased and said, the academy is to be built, Margaret, and Mr. March is to take charge of it.

Why do you take such an interest in him, mamma? I asked. The poor lad has had such a hard struggle, she said, sitting down on a fallen log.

Logan came up at the moment, and stood staring, brushing his forehead over his upper lip, where the mustache would be some day.

He walked at twelve, she continued, homeless and penniless, with a little sister to support. He kept her from starving for a whole year by shovelling coal and selling newspapers.

Logan forgot his upper lip, and leaned forward eager and attentive. Yes, it seems incredible to us, mother said, but he soon got a situation at a trade and then placed the girl with a farmer and paid a trifle of board for her. After two or three years he determined to go to college, and by his indomitable will and energy he pushed his way through school and college, studying and working at his trade alternately. Oh, there he comes!—the figure of the teacher came through the oak. He was smiling and carried his hat in his hand.

Worked at a trade, eh? inquired Logan. Shoveled coal? And the pauper comes here to lord it over gentlemen? Hush, hush, Logan! I whispered. But I was perplexed. Logan's ways of thinking had always been wise.

You have seen that teacher, Mr. March said mother, going forward to meet him. Yes, madam, yes, laughing perversely. The truth is, I can scarcely believe the news. You will think it strange no doubt really it is the first piece of good fortune that has come to us which I did not expect.

And great drops of sweat fell from my forehead. I went out of the school house before him, with the other girls. Logan was standing by a maple tree, leaning against

the trunk, his arms folded, and his eyes glaring at the door. Logan, I said, come home. But he did not notice me.

The door opened, and Mr. March came out. Logan stepped up to him. Defend yourself! he shouted. Mr. March threw up his arms.

The coal digger fought with his fist with a derisive laugh. This is the way the Lashleys defend their honor! and raising his hand, he fired a pistol straight at the man before him.

At the same moment, a pheton drove up through the wood road, and my mother's voice called, She has come! a young, rosy girl leaped lightly down, and ran laughing towards the school house, crying: Here I am, Charley! Where are you Charley?

The terrified children drew back, and she saw their teacher lying on the grass. Logan was crouching over him. He is dead, he said. I am a murderer! And the self reproaching tone showed that the evil spirit had gone out of him.

I watched them carry what seemed to me the dead body to the teacher's little house. There was now only Logan and me in the world, I thought. I would go with him into prison, or to the gallows. He was my twin brother.

I found him down in the swamp. His madness was all gone. There was no more fierce talk of the Lashley honor; he was only a quaking, stupid boy. He put his arms around my neck, and cried out, I did not think you would come, Meg! I'm Cain! All the world has turned against me. O my God! to think I'm a murderer!

I stayed with him all night in the swamp. In looking back at my life, that night seems to fill up a great black space of misery. Towards morning, I heard a voice calling. It was mother. She was gheating pale, and her dress was torn. She ran towards us.

O my poor boy! she cried, I have searched for you all night. He is not dead. The doctor thinks he will recover. He did recover. This all happened years ago. Mr. March is now a middle aged man, but he has no stancher friend, or one he values more, than Logan Lashley.

Since that day I have never heard a word from my brothers lips of the Lashley honor, or the requisites needed to constitute a gentleman.

It is now over one hundred years since the American philosopher pronounced the query: Why is a woman afraid of a cow? and yet no one has ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer. There is once in a while a woman who doesn't seem to have the slightest fear, even when passing a cow with one horn all twisted out of shape; but follow that woman home and you will find that she kicks the dog, cuffs the children, jaws her husband, and knows how to sharpen a butcher knife and an axe. The real woman has a mortal terror of cows, and the real cow seems to have an antipathy for her.

Friday afternoon a lady was walking down Cass avenue, when she suddenly came upon a cow. The animal was feeding on the other side of the street, and the boy sent out to watch her sat under a shade tree and played on a mouth organ.

The lady halted. The cow looked up. Lost anything, m'am? asked the boy as he moved the music from his mouth. I'm afraid of that cow! the lady replied.

What for? Cows don't bite nor kick, same as a horse. All they kin do is to run the horns through you and pin you to the ground.

Oh! but I dare not pass? Yes, you dare. Cows know when a woman is afraid just as well as anybody. The minute you give cows to understand you are able to catch 'em by the heels and mop the ground with 'em they go to hunting clover.

Dear me, but I guess I'll go back! I wouldn't. If you'll only spit on yer hands and shake yer fist at her she'll walk right down. Cows know who's boss just as well as men do. Now, then, I'll hold yer parasol while you spit on yer hands. See if you can do that.

No—no! I am going now! If I was a woman and couldn't swear or spit on my hands, I should carry a sword case to stab cows with, observed the boy as he looked across the way.

My soul there is another cow up there! exclaimed the lady, as she looked up the street.

Yes, lots of cows around these days, but I never heard of two cows attacking a woman at once. I guess one generally look 'em all in a piece first, and then the other comes up and paws at the mangled remains. If you—

The lady uttered a first class scream and made a jump for the nearest gate. It opened hard, and after one fall she went over the fence and on the steps of a strange house, there to remain until her husband could be summoned by telephone to come and act as body guard.

I'd just like to be a woman, mused the boy, as he sat down to punish his month organ some more. I'd carry a bowie knife down the back of my neck, and the first cow that tried to book me would feel that ere knife playing mumbletypeg around her vicious hair strings.

A rather emaciated old darkey who drives a drey for a wealthy Galveston firm had a business with his employers a few days ago. Look here, boss, you want to increase my salary. I don't get enough to eat. It falls off every day. That's the reason we don't give you high wages. You would get to be fat and

heavy and that would be so much extra for the poor mule to pull. It mightly afeared 's gwine to starve to deff. You mustn't talk that way Uncle Moss. You must not do that for the poor mule's sake. Just hold out, and at the next meeting of our society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, I will see that you are tendered a complimentary vote of thanks for your heroism in lightening the load of the unfortunate mule.

**MORE WIFE THAN COUNTRY.**  
The other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging for the door as if he was about to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said: Don't leave us now, I want you to hear what that speaker is saying. Hear that! He says we must triumph or the country is doomed.

Yes, I know, but I've got to edge along toward home, was the reply. Home? great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech? There he goes again! He says if you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities—our fertile farms crowding the poor houses until there is no longer room to receive another?

No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort of work my way out. Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again! He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave? He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandfathers—if you have forgotten the sound of the liberty bell.

I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must. Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you. I can't say as to that, replied the man as he crowded along; but I'm dead sure that the old woman will if I don't get home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast!

Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty? exclaimed the other. I don't know as I do, but I git more of it. And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction?

I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill, slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door, but if you had a wife who could begin jawing at 10 o'clock and not lose a minute till daylight, and then end with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do, and let this glorious old republic squeeze through some mighty fine knot holes.

**THE SECRET OF IT.**  
Comparatively few men show their real disposition to the girls they select as life companions, and the bride who has formed her own ideal is often disappointed during the honeymoon—the most trying period of married life. This is the secret of many unhappy marriages; the husband is not nearly as devoted as was the lover; and perhaps his tastes do not harmonize with those of his wife. The fate is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she marries, not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetency to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life and oblivious of the fact that while men have the world, women have only their home.

These grossnesses of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lead to invincible catastrophe, nor grow into such absolute tyranny, but they equally tend that way. They drag down a wife's soul down to a point where she must despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarity and weariness; they spoil the chance of the best and finest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion and they completely destroy any hope of domestic happiness. What right has a man to expect happiness in a home who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners, and the disregard of little things upon which the self respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who rails at marriage is one and the same with the thoughtless egotist who flings into the presence of his wife carelessness, stubbornness and sour temper, though he never went to his finance except on his best behavior.

Husbands preserve after marriage those pleasant manners, thoughtful cares, attentions and careful ways which contributed so much to win the woman of your choice; they constitute the true secret of happiness.

**A PRETTY STORY.**  
In Naples the papers tell a very pretty story of the Queen of Italy. It appears that she was driving to the royal wood of Licola the coach man mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man seeing the fine carriage and horses and the servants livery and all the gay company, thought that he was being looked. As if you didn't know! he said with a big grin. The Queen laughed, and assured him that they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off as if fearing to be laughed at again.

Give him twenty francs for his trouble, said the Queen to one of her escort who was going after the countryman said to him: Here my man, here is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you, returning to the carriage. Forgive me that I did not know these. But I had never seen these before. Thus, act as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee. And the carriage drove off.

Now the countryman who had once seen the Queen wanted to see her pretty face again, and the following day he presented himself at the palace.

I know her, you know, he added mysteriously. I spoke to her yesterday, and I want to speak to her again. Thinking he had to do with a madman the porter was about to have the poor fellow arrested, when the gentleman who had given him the twenty francs appeared and recognized the man, told him to wait. He informed the Queen of his presence. Bring him here, by all means, was her answer.

When the man was for the second time, before the Queen, he said: Yes, I'm 'thou' I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I have two little ones with a mother. With thou be their mother?

That I will, said the Queen. Then there's the twenty francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee, but I want no money. And he went away crying and smiling like a child.

The Queen has adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution, under her special patronage.

**ARKANSAS OR TEXAS LAW.**  
Several days ago a white man was arranged before a colored justice, down the country, on the charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

Well, said the justice, do facts in this case shall be weighed with carelessness, an' I hang yer 'taint no fault ob mine. Judge, you have no Jurisdiction only to examine me.

Dat ser o' work 'longs ter de raigler justice, but yer ser o' been put on a special. A special he do right ter make a mouf at 'preme court ob de house. Do de best you can fer me, judge. Dats what I's gwine ter do. You got two kinds of law in dis court, de Arkansas an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right ter chose for hisse'f. Now, what law does yer want, de Texas or de Arkansas?

I believe I'll take the Arkansas? Well, in dat case, I'll dismis yer fer stealin' de mule— Thank you judge. An' hang yer fer killin' de man— I believe, judge I'll take the Texas. Well, in dat case, I'll dismis yer fer killin' de man— You have a good heart, judge. And hang yer fer stealin' de mule. I'll dis mis de 'casion heah ter remark dat dis do difference 'tween de two laws is de way yer state de case.

As one of the most prominent young burglars of San Francisco was walking out of the court the other day, just after having secured an acquittal regarding his latest job by a prompt and business like divvy with the powers that be at the usual rates, a well to do but rather anxious looking stranger touched his arm and beckoned him into a doorway. You are Teddy the Ferret, aren't you, the man who was tried to day for safe cracking?

Well, wot of it? replied the house breaker. Why, just this—you'd excuse my speaking so low—but the fact is, I've come all the way from San Joaquin to look up a party in your line of business. Have, eh?

Yes—I—well, I've a little proposition to make to you. Exactly said the Ferret calmly; you're a bank cashier down in the foot hills. How do you know that? stammered the gentleman, much amazed. And your cash accounts are to be examined by the directors on the first, and as you can't realize on your stocks, you want me to gag you sometime next week, about your lat fall of hole, and the combination in your vest pocket and go through the safe in the regular way.

Great heavens, man; how did you find all that out? Why, I guessed it. It's the regular thing, you know. Got three orders to attend to ahead of yours now. Let me see. Can't do anything for you next week, but might give you Wednesday and Thursday of the week after. How'd that suit you?

The cashier said he thought he could make that do, and in less than five minutes they had struck a bargain, and arranged the whole affair.

Eren New York isn't much ahead of San Francisco in regard to modern conveniences.

It having come to the attention of some of the workmen in a boiler shop on Larned street that an old vagrant was in the habit of sleeping in an old boiler in the yard, three or four men came down at an early morning hour out of his retreat by pushing a barrel into the orifice, and then, armed with sledges and hammers, they made such a din as only boiler makers can. When they had become tired they pulled away the barrel and looked in. The vag was rubbing his eyes, and as they called to him he replied: Hey? What ju say? Was that a fire alarm?

They were by no means satisfied, and next morning they turned on the water used to test boilers and thrust the hose into the boiler. By and by the old chap came crawling out, wet as a rat, and as he landed on the ground he inquired: Boys, have you got any soap around here? They gave him a piece used at the washbasin, and as he crawled back into the boiler with it he remarked: It's four weeks since this shirt was washed, and if you gentils will let my water run for about fifteen minutes more you'll do me a great favor. I'm sorry to bother you, but I'll try and not waste any of the precious suds!

A SYRACUSE grower used to smoke his pipe leaning against his barometer barrel. His mail now goes to the dead letter office.