THE COURIER.

OPELOUSAS, - - LOUISIANA.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—Ex-Senator Doolittle denies the report that he is going to enter journalism.

—Miss Thackeray writes to a friend that she hopes to visit the United States next year.

—Lucy Larcom, the poetess, teaches English literature and composition at the Academy of Bradford, Mass.

—Miss Bella Lockwood has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and her first case was a suit for divorce brought in behalf of the wife.

—Gen. G. T. Beauregard, while recently visiting the battle-field at Manassas, sustained a fall from his horse, whereby his thumb was dislocated, a leg bruised, and other serious injuries inflicted.

—Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps refers to Miss Smiley, the Quaker preacher, as "a woman who has a voice as sweet as a robin's, a face as serene as a madonna's, and a purpose as fixed as a Quaker's, and who wears her bonnet into the pulpit besides."

—Mr. Ruskin has now fallen afoul of Darwin, and declares, in his last essay, that "we might sufficiently represent the general manner of conclusion in the Darwinian system by the statement that, if you fasten a hair-brush to a mill-wheel, with the handle forward, so as to develop itself into a neck by moving always in the same direction, and within continual hearing of a steam-whistle, after a certain number of revolutions, the hair-brush will fall in love with the whistle; they will marry, lay an egg, and the product will be a nightingale."

—The London *Athenæum* administers the following sharp rap to Mr. Joaquin Miller in its last number: "We have been unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of Mr. Joaquin Miller. Our reviewer, having said that his new book was a dull romance, Mr. Miller, who thinks otherwise, writes to us that he wishes 'to tell him to his teeth that he is a liar, a *coward*, and a cur.' Mr. Miller states that he has written without consultation with his publisher. We think that a gentleman of the high reputation of his publisher, will be shocked when he hears how sadly wanting Mr. Miller is in the courtesies of life and the advantages of education."

—*Mainichi Hirakana Shanbunshi*, or the *Daily Hirakana News*, is the title of an adventurous pioneer of a coming era, which is published at Jeddo, Japan. The common method of printing, both in China and Japan, has been for ages by the means of carved wooden blocks. The letter-press of the *Daily Hirakana News* is printed with movable type. A distinct space is left between each word, and the use of the comma and period introduced. This paper is published by the "Society for the Dispersion of Darkness"—a significant name, truly—whose two-fold object is stated to be the enlightenment of the country by providing a medium of home and foreign news, and to demonstrate that the use of fifty syllables (which constitute the elements of the "Hirakana" of the Japanese) is amply sufficient for literary purposes, and that it will be no loss to abandon the borrowed Chinese characters.

—While England has been bountiful in supplying candidates for the lecture platform in the United States, it is gratifying to hear that her bounty is, in a measure, being reciprocated. Miss Emily Faithfull is fully matched by a young lady who formerly resided in St. Louis, but who is now said to be making a tour of England and lecturing before large and appreciative audiences. The young lady's name is Mary E. Beedy, formerly a teacher in the public schools. Over a year ago she became dissatisfied with her position, and feeling that she was fitted for something better than a schoolmistress, she tendered her resignation and went to England, with the intention of remaining there a year to improve herself in some branches in which she felt herself to be deficient, and to make closer acquaintance with the English people. After having found out what they had to teach her, she deemed it but fair to see whether she might not be able to teach them something in return. Accordingly she made a lecturing tour through the three kingdoms, with a success that astonished even herself. Her lecture is highly praised by careful critics, and fully satisfies the British nation of an advanced American woman. She tells her audiences in a plain, straightforward way the social and intellectual condition of her sex in America, and announces her intention of returning hither at some future day to join the ranks of those who labor for the advancement of women.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

School and Church.

—Fifteen female freshmen are matriculated in Delaware College.

—The will of the late Harry Ward Foote, of New Haven, gives to Yale College the sum of $25,000, to be used as the foundation of one or more scholarships, to be called the Foote Scholarships.

—Miss Rogers, daughter of the well-known Tooke Professor of Political Economy at King's College, London, is the first in order of merit in the Oxford local examinations this year, surpassing 472 students who were examined with her. Hitherto exhibitions at certain Oxford colleges have always been offered to the students leading the list. Miss Rogers' position thus opens the question of the admission of women to university residence, examinations, and degrees.

—Rev. J. I. Woodside, says the Lucknow *Witness*, has purchased in behalf of the American Presbyterian Mission, with which he is connected, seventeen villages from the Dehra Doon Tea Company, for a native Christian colony, to be called the "Hope Town Christian Colony." This is the most extensive undertaking of the kind ever attempted in India, as the sum paid for the property is not less than $90,000. The land has been divided into 1,600 shares, of five acres to each share, costing $60.

—In commenting on the tendency of Sunday-school teachers to *preach*, rather than to teach, Rev. H. Somerville Gedge said, at a teachers' association in Northampton, England, that "there were some who very dogmatically asserted that no sermon ought to exceed a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, but who thought nothing of giving their scholars three-quarters of an hour twice a Sunday." Although few American Sunday-schools have two sessions a day, it may safely be said that the longest and trashiest sermons preached in this country are those given by Bible-class teachers, who mistake preaching for teaching.—*Independent.*

—The venerable Rev. C. C. Goss, at a recent Methodist Preachers' meeting in New York City, made the following statements, from carefully compiled statistics, concerning the relative progress of the various denominations in that city: The Episcopalians have 64 regular churches and 14,000 members, the Baptists 32 churches and 11,000 members, the Presbyterians 50 churches and 16,000 members, the Methodists 40 churches and 11,000 members. From 1860 to 1870 the Methodists have increased in numbers 12 per cent., the Presbyterians 10 per cent., the Baptists 21 per cent., and the Episcopalians 14 per cent. All these show a very heavy falling off as compared with the increase of population. Since 1864 the Roman Catholics have built 11 new churches costing $1,707,000, the Episcopalians 25 costing $3,850,000, the Presbyterians 19 costing $2,883,000, the Baptists 9 costing $872,000, and the Methodists 15 costing $805,000. A comparison of charitable work, including hospitals, homes, and missionary contributions, put the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics far ahead of all others, the Methodists and Baptists making the worst showing. The point which Mr. Goss said his figures proved was that, while Methodism had terribly fallen off from its former rate of increase, and from any adequate advance with the increase of population, it was in but little worse plight than the Baptists or the Presbyterians.

Science and Industry.

—Colorado will complete 355 miles of railway this year.

—A single county in New York produces upwards of seven million pounds of butter.

—New Haven claims 347 manufactories, employing a capital of $12,000,000 and 8,000 hands.

—Gathering discarded cigar-stumps and recasting them into highly-flavored chewing tobacco, is one of the remunerative fine arts of New York.

—Farmington, Me., will put up 680,000 cans of sweet-corn this season, and boasts one workman whose champion record is 1,500 cans a day.

—Twelve years ago the first export sale of petroleum amounted to 250 barrels. In 1872 the export amounted to 150,000,000 gallons, and this year a much larger quantity will be exported.

—Recent geological surveys of the new territories of the far West reveal the very important fact that the known coal deposits of the Rocky Mountain region extend over an area of upward of 250,000 square miles, in strata varying from five to thirty-five feet in thickness.

—A village for women is to be established in Woburn, Mass., where Mrs. Aurora Phelps has bought sixty acres for the new community. This land is to be laid out in small house lots, which will be sold to working women on favorable terms, and they will be encouraged to work upon and improve the land.

—California is becoming famous for her agricultural products. Last year her wheat crop was worth about $25,000,000, and her barley crop was half as much more in quantity than the wheat, if not in money value. She raised also 25,000,000 pounds of wool, 3,000,000 gallons of wine, and sent to market more than $7,000,000 worth of meat of various kinds.

—A new locomotive named the Anthracite, which has been placed on the Albany and Susquhanna Railroad, has six driving-wheels and carries its water above the boiler. A tender is thus dispensed with. The firing apparatus is stated to be so arranged that the fires last all day without replenishing, and the furnaces only require damping once a week.

—Successful experiments are said to have been recently made in Russia in the use of the products of coal oil for fuel for locomotives. The same fuel has also been applied, with reported satisfactory results, in the propulsion of steamboats. The engineers engaged in the experiments report the accomplishment of more work with this fuel than is obtained from the same value in ordinary fuels.

Haps and Mishaps.

—A lady on a St. Louis street car gave birth to a bouncing baby boy a few days ago.

—A patent fire-escape killed four men in Montreal, the other day, and it was only experimenting then.

—Mrs. Fisk of Clinton county, Iowa, sat down in the barn to have a smoke, and $4,500 worth of barn and contents were smoked up.

—At Evansville, Ind., a thief entered an undertaker's shop, and finding no one around, stole a coat off the dead body of a man who was awaiting burial.

—A son of H. S. Driesback, living near Shelbina, Ill., was accidentally shot by a companion while hunting, a few days ago, and died shortly afterward.

—Robert Stevenson, son of David Stevenson, a prominent citizen of McLean, Ill., was killed recently by being thrown from a buggy.

—Willie Neff, a Chillicothe, Mo., boy, fourteen years old, was killed instantly the other day, by being accidentally struck in the stomach by the elbow of a boy with whom he was playing.

—Samuel McDonald, Knight Templar of Domolay Commandery, Pottsville, Pa., fell down a well-hole of the new Masonic Temple at Philadelphia, while inspecting the building, and died from his injuries soon after.

—A teacher at the Rockville street school-house, in Cleveland, named Miss Jennie M. Silcox, died recently from injuries received a few hours previously by falling down the steps of the school building.

—Willy Fountain and John McCallister, colored boys aged about ten, were shooting birds with a revolver at Cairo, Ill., when the revolver in Fountain's hand was accidentally discharged, instantly killing McCallister.

—Mrs. Bailey Pitcher died in Sumner county, Kansas, from the effects of a dose of strychnine, which she had taken supposing it to be quinine. The drug was obtained from a neighbor who had purchased it for quinine.

—The wife of T. McGinnis, of Macomb, Ill., committed suicide recently, while laboring under a fit of insanity. She took a dose of morphine, tied a rope around her neck, and then jumped into a well, where her body was found next day.

—A revolver that had been secreted in a grain stack was run through a threshing machine, near Grove City, Iowa. In the separating process two loads of the deadly weapon were discharged and seven teeth knocked out of the cylinder of the machine.

—George H. Curtis, of Waverly, Iowa, committed suicide in a stable at that place a few days ago. He took a looking-glass from the house so that he could have no trouble in finding the proper place to cut his throat, and made a hole no wider than the knife blade.

—W. T. Nevill, a Cincinnati druggist, was shot and instantly killed one evening recently, in his own store, by Dennis Cary, the owner of the premises. Nevill had rented another store and was removing his effects, when a dispute arose concerning some trivial articles of furniture, and Cary suddenly drew a pistol and shot Nevill dead on the spot.

—John Sheppard, a plain, hard-working man of Benton, Ill., was so unfortunate as to have for a wife a pretty, empty-headed woman, who received the addresses of a dandified barber named Johnson, to such an extent as to become a common scandal. The other day, therefore, the injured husband put an end to his wife's illicit amour by shooting her paramour in his shop and killing him instantly.

—A number of ladies riding in a Fourth street car in St. Louis the other day, became frightened by the approach of another car on the down grade at a high rate of speed, caused by a broken brake, and attempted to jump from the car, in accomplishing which one lady was almost instantly killed and others severely bruised. Had they kept their seats they would have escaped unharmed.

—During the absence of Isaac Ozenbaugh from his home in Fort Wayne, Ind., one night recently, burglars tried to break the door down. Mrs. Ozenbaugh armed herself with an ax, and her son, a boy of fourteen, grasped a revolver and then opened the door. A man sprang at him and tried to stab him with a dirk. The boy sprang aside, fired, and missed. Then he placed the muzzle of the revolver close to the fellow's shoulder and fired again. The man fell back into the arms of a companion, who dragged him away, and the boy closed the door.

—Albert Doty, of Springfield, Ill., a young man about twenty-five years of age, a draughtsman by profession, committed suicide recently by shooting himself through the head. It is supposed, from what is known of the reason for the rash act, that Doty was disappointed in love, having told one or two of his intimate friends that his girl, who lives in Chicago, had "gone back on him," and for that reason he became somewhat dissipated, and under the influence of liquor and disappointed hopes, committed the self-murder.

—A colored boy living in the family of Mrs. Silvers at Lexington, Mo., administered strychnine to them in coffee. The family had been suffering with chills, and the boy was given the poison by a colored man with instructions to put it in the coffee, and they would never have the chills again. Three of the family were stricken down immediately. Both the colored men were old family servants brought from Alabama. The man had a grudge against some of the family, and took this means of vengeance. The boy confessed the crime and the man fled. None of the family had died.

—Deaths from chloroform continue to be not infrequent. A short time ago a man in Cincinnati crushed the thumb of his right hand in some machinery. Amputation was considered necessary, and he decided to take chloroform. He appeared to be a strong, healthy man, and the physician did not hesitate to administer the anæsthetic, after making the usual inquiries as to organic affections. It took five minutes to completely narcotize the patient, and just as he became unconscious he was seized with a violent trembling fit. The alarmed physician immediately attempted to restore him, but in vain. He died immediately.

Foreign Notes.

—Andrew Lusk has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

—Unfaithful cashiers are promptly and severely dealt with in England. An employee of the New British Iron Company, who grabbed $7,500, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

—The police magistrates of London have summoned before them several poor persons accused of not sending their children to school, and informed them that the rebellious would be sent to the industrial schools, and their parents required to maintain them there.

—Alexandria Palace, in London, which was destroyed by fire a few months ago, is to be rebuilt immediately. The new palace will be much larger than the old building, and iron and glass are to be largely used in its construction. Among the ruins of the old palace the bodies of two sisters have been found. It is supposed that they went in to view the ruins after the fire, and were buried by some falling masonry.

—In Paris the authorities are setting to work vigorously to restore the ruined monuments. The Palais Royal is progressing rapidly, and will soon be itself again. The scaffolding for the Vendome Column—a splendid piece of workmanship—is finished, and the column is about to be begun. The Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville—or rather the remains of them—are also in the hands of the workmen, but several years will elapse before they are finished.

—On the evening of Sept. 6 an alarming accident occurred on the Helensburg and Glasgow Railway. When the 8:30 train from Helensburg had proceeded about a mile and a half on its journey one of the third-class carriages was found to be on fire. The passengers escaped through the windows. Many were found lying along the track, six of them being severely injured. The carriage was completely destroyed. The accident was caused by a man throwing a lighted match on the floor where parafine oil had been spilt.

—The French papers report the case of a workman employed in a factory at Paris who recently inquired at the "Lost and Found" department of the Prefecture of Police if a 500-franc note had been deposited there. The answer was in the negative. It appears that the note had been given him by his employer to pay a bill, and that he had lost it. He went back to his work and declared that he could not survive the loss. Attempts were made to console him, and his tried honesty for twenty-eight years was cited as placing his character above suspicion. However, he went away weeping, and the next day his body was found in the Seine. While it was on its passage to the Morgue the Prefecture of Police was informed that the note had been found in an omnibus.

—The *German News* says that the distinction which the Emperor has conferred upon Prince Bismarck, by investing him with the diamond cross of a Grand Commander of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, must be considered to be quite a special one. While formerly the order of the Black Eagle in brilliants was considered to be the highest distinction in Prussia, it would now seem that the Emperor has created for the Chancellor of the Empire a still higher distinction. The brilliants of the order of the Black Eagle which have now been conferred upon Counts Moltke and Roon, were already conferred upon the Chancellor after the meeting of the three Emperors last year. In order that Prince Bismarck should not remain undecorated on Sept. 2, the Emperor presented to him the diamond cross above spoken of.

Odds and Ends.

—The upper-ten ladies of New York are discarding bracelets and ear-rings.

—A rich old lady in New Haven keeps her hens in the parlor and feeds them jelly cakes and English walnuts.

—The costliest necklace in the United States is owned by a New York widow who is not worth $1,000 in cash.

—During the big fire in Chicago the other day a woman carried her silk dress a mile and left her baby sleeping in its cradle.

—A New York physician recently paid two thousand eight hundred dollars for the bones of the horse which carried Napoleon Bonaparte on the day of Waterloo.

—Titusville, Pa., girls have moved not to purchase any dry-goods where the stores keep open in the evening. They think the clerks might find some better business, and more congenial.

—The ingenuity implied by wooden nutmegs in Connecticut has been surpassed by a Maine farmer, who has just been detected in a decidedly greasy swindle. It appears that this fellow, borrowing an idea from the fillers of gold coins, has taken lumps of tallow, covered them with a coating of yellow butter, and then taking the filled balls to market sold them to the traders. Last week his little trick was found out, and he was punished as he deserved.

—"Thirty-two cents!" echoed a woman yesterday, when her grocer charged her that sum for a pound of butter. "Yes, 'um," he replied, with a bland smile. "You see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve and we can't turn out our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the Government calls in the bonds due in 1874 and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level with everything else. Butter is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." She paid the money without further growling.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The *American Sportsman* is trying hard to teach people how to handle guns. It gives four rules. The substance of the first three rules is—never handle a gun unless you know how; always handle a gun as if it were loaded; always carry a gun at half-cock. The fourth rule we give entire. "If you know of no other way of ascertaining whether a gun is loaded or not than by putting the muzzle to your mouth and blowing, or if you feel inclined to draw the cap, retire to a safe distance and at once blow out your brains—if you have any—before you kill or maim other people by your stupidity or carelessness."

—The highest price ever paid for real estate was not either in London or New York, but in Bowlder, Colorado, where town lots are worth about fifteen cents a front foot. Two adjoining proprietors have gone to law about one and a half inches on the dividing line. The case has been in progress only two years, and when last tried occupied the time of one judge, four lawyers, one high sheriff, one crier, forty-six witnesses, three constables and twelve jurymen for six days. This was the first trial, and the costs therefore amounted to $1,542.65, and how many more trials there may be can't be foretold, for the jury didn't agree.

—Distinct and pleasant enunciation in either sacred or secular vocal music is a rare attainment. Often it is wholly impossible to understand the words sung; sometimes the melange of nonsense that seems to be uttered is simply ridiculous. Singers who give no thought to this matter may profitably study upon the following stanzas, which purport, rather absurdly to be sure, to be the musical efforts of a fashionable young lady seated at the piano:

"When ther-moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly he-beaming
O'er ther ca-halm and si-lu-lent se-e-e-a,
Its ra-dyunce so so-holt-ly sree-heam-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof theeeeeeee'

"When the sur-hun is brigh-hi-hightly glowing
O'er the se-hene so dea-hear to mece,
And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-ho-howing,
Oh, ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehehe-hink hohohohohohohohohohoh-o-! theeeeeeeeeeee!"

An Incident at Last Chance Bar.

It was but seldom that anything occurred to ruffle the placid course of events in Last Chance Bar, but one bright summer morning in '71 the little population was in a fever of excitement. Big Jake, the gambler, and Lucky Joe, who was working a hill claim up Bear Run Gulch, had quarreled over their cups and winnings the night before and had vowed they would commence hostilities at sight. Accordingly, when Big Jake, who was sunning himself in front of the saloon on this particularly pleasant morning, saw Joe strolling down the street towards the saloon, he rose, stretched himself, crossed lazily over to the opposite side and walked slowly towards his man. Both belligerents were divested of all unnecessary clothing and each was girded with a belt which supported a large army revolver. As nobody cared to be in the line of fire, the two men had the street to themselves, and as they approached each other on opposite sides, each kept his eye riveted on every motion of the other and, when they were just even, stopped, mechanically drew his pistol from his side and fired a hasty shot at his opponent. Joe seemed to be a little the quicker, and the few spectators who occupied positions of comparative safety thought that Jake was hit. He stood still however, and tried to cock his pistol for another shot. Somehow or other it wouldn't work, the cylinder wouldn't revolve, and there he stood fooling with the worthless thing while Joe was sending in his leaden compliments as fast as he could shoot. Joe saw the situation, and after the second shot he called out to Jake to throw away his weapon and he would quit, but Jake kept trying to fix the cylinder and never moved from his tracks. Joe had fired four times, and with his pistol raised for the fifth shot he called out in agony, "Throw the thing away, Jake, you hain't got no show and I don't want to shoot ye this way." He waited a minute, but Jake never spoke nor looked away from that wretched revolver which wouldn't revolve. He probably thought he could still fix it in time to finish his friend over the way. Joe was loth to kill so brave yet so helpless a man, but he knew that it would not do to take any chances, as Jake might get his weapon in trim and accordingly, taking deliberate aim he fired his fifth shot. Jake slowly settled down to his knees and then fell forward on his face, dropping his pistol and gasping for breath. Joe ran quickly over to him and gave him his last bullet in the head, just as a safeguard against any future difficulty, and then the people rushed forward to examine the scene.

They found Joe uninjured and Jake was quite dead, having been hit no less than four times. Upon examining Jake's revolver it was discovered that the exploded cap had become so firmly wedged in at the base of the cylinder as to defy all his efforts to turn it. "He thought a heap of that same gun," remarked one of the investigating committee, "he used to say it was as sure as a knife, but it beat him at last." "I tell ye boys," said Joe, "I never hated to do anything so in my life when I drawed bead and hin standin' there so cool, not even lookin' for a chance to dodge, but I happened to think what such a feller might do if he should get his fixins in workin' order, and that made me desperate. I felt my finger press on the trigger. Ugh! Give me some licker." "He was the pluckiest and coolest chap I ever see" said one. "And the biggest fool," put in an old Scotchman, "not to run when he couldn't fight."

They buried him the next day. The funeral procession was not a grand one, but all the saloons and stores were closed and every man, woman and child, for miles around was present. The procession passed slowly across the creek and up the sloping foothill of the big South mountain. There among the tall pines, at the base of the giant, snow-capped sentinel which frowns upon the living and the dead, they buried him. There was no funeral service, they laid him at rest beside some old comrades of his, men who had been unfortunate, like him.

He had cast his lot in the mountains and bravely met his fate on Last Chance Bar.

Important to Shippers and Transporters of Cattle.

The attention of all persons interested in the transportation of cattle by boat or rail is called to the following act of Congress, which took effect October 1 last:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That no railroad within the United States whose road forms any part of a line of road over which cattle, sheep, swine or other animals shall be conveyed from one State to another, or the owners or masters of steam, sailing or other vessels carrying or transporting cattle, sheep, swine or other animals from one State to another, shall confine the same in boats, cars or vessels of any description for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours, without unloading the same for rest, water and feeding, for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented from so unloading by storm or accidental causes. In estimating such confinement the time during which the animals have been confined without such rest on connecting roads from which they are received shall be included, it being the intent of this act to prohibit their continuous confinement beyond the period of twenty-eight hours, except upon contingencies hereinbefore stated. Animals so unloaded shall be properly fed and watered during such rest by the owner or person having the custody thereof, or in case of his default in so doing, then by the railroad company or owners or masters of boats or vessels transporting the same, at the expense of said owner, or person in custody thereof; and said company, owners or persons or masters shall in such cases have a lien upon such animals for food, care and custody furnished, and shall not be liable for any detention of such animals authorized by this act. Any company, owner or custodian of such animals who shall knowingly and willfully fail to comply with the provisions of this act shall, for each and every such failure to comply with the provisions of the act, be liable for and forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than $100 nor more than $500; provided, however, that when animals shall be carried in cars, boats or other vessels in which they can and do have proper food, space and opportunity for rest, the foregoing provisions in regard to their being unloaded shall not apply.

SEC. 2. That the penalty created by the first section of this act shall be recovered by civil action, in the name of the United States, in the Circuit or District Court of the United States holden within the district where the violation of this act may have been committed, or the person or corporation resides or carries on its business; and it shall be the duty of all United States Marshals, their deputies and subordinates, to prosecute all violations of this act which shall come to their notice or knowledge.

SEC. 3. That any person or corporation entitled to lien under the first section of this act may enforce the same by a petition filed in the District Court of the United States holden within the district where food, care and custody shall have been furnished, or the owner or custodian of the property resides; and said court shall have power to issue all suitable process for the enforcement of such lien by sale or otherwise, and to compel the payment of all costs, penalties, charges and expenses of proceedings under this act.

SEC. 4. This act shall not go into effect until the 1st day of October, 1873.

JOHN'S PROMISE.

Sumner was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of oak saplings, high up on the side of one of those bluffs, stood a hastily-built house, sided with rough, upright, cottonwood boards—as are many of its Western neighbors—a rusty stove-pipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by scalloped-edge newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steamboat, whose nicely-finished panels contrasted strangely with its surroundings, completing the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steamboat echoed among the hills, this door was opened by a pleasant young woman, who was followed by a crying child.

"Oh, Sammy, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man; see the great big boat 'way yonder;" lifting him up; "Don't you see? look right sharp now, close ag'in the bank. Does Sammy want to go down town and see the big boat, and see pappy?" The willing feet toddled down the path; but the mother called, "Wait a bit, and mammy 'll pack Sammy;" and tying on a pink sunbonnet, she took him in her arms and started down the steep, crooked path.

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlight, sifting through the trees that covered the western hills, glinted the windows here and there and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the forest on the low eastern shore. Scattered through the hollow and up the sides of the bluffs, were divers houses, from the pretentious Gothic dwelling on the northern hill and the brick business houses down street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of the ravine was lined with a long white train of Denver-bound freight wagons.

She reached the steep main street to find it filled with wagons that had been turned crosswise of the street, to rest the teams. But edging her way close to the clay bank, she reached the river just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck-hands, together with the pulling of the mill near by, was too much for baby-bravery, and Sammy's lip began to quiver. Catching him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw-log, saying, "There, there, honey, don't be afeard, be pappy's man, now."

The tide-waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more and more eagerly in among the tall cottonwood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods, and entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously, for it frequently disappeared between the waves which were raised by the strong south wind—such winds belonging as proverbially to Kansas springs, as whooping-cough to children, or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red wooden shirts—for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats, except in the coldest weather—jumped out of the skiff, and with boisterous laughter and rude jests, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her and came toward her, saying boisterously, "Hoorah for you, Nancy! Whatever brought you'uns down 'ere this time of evenin'? Mighty fine doins, when you oughter be to home gettin' your old man a bite o' supper! Packed that young'un down, too, I'll bet! Reckon you'd as well get back, right quick, now!" He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, "Hoorah for pappy's man! Peertest boy in this 'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!" Poor Nancy! Her husband was drunk again.

She hurried up the street, pinning her deep sunbonnet more closely about her face, that the passers might not see the tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure on meeting him, after his week's absence. How often she had thought of it in those long, lonely nights, when she had only her child and her thoughts for company.

It took but a few minutes to put supper on the table. Then she sat down on the door-step to watch for her husband, worrying all the time lest he let something happen to Sammy. When at last he came, the effects of the liquor were wearing off, and he ate his supper and smoked his pipe in sullen silence. She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for she knew that it would make him angry. So she fed Sammy, laying her face on his little head once in a while, to force back the choking lump that kept rising in her throat. Then she hastened to rock him asleep, lest his fretfulness disturb his father.

The first peep of dawn found her busily preparing breakfast, for she knew that John wanted an early start. The sound of the coffee-mill woke him from his heavy sleep, and he lay quietly watching her by the light of the dim grease lamp, as she moved quickly back and forth from table to stove; from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn-dodger from the oven. "She is a dear, good wife," thought he; "what a scoundrel I was to make her feel so badly." He knew that he had been rough to her the night before. He wished that he could remember what he said. Of course he never got dead-drunk, but he wished that he ever could let whisky alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the best man in the world. He wanted to say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to beg her pardon, but, being a man, of course he did not condescend to that. At length he began by saying: "You was right peert about your breakfast this morning, Nancy."

"Oh, I allowed most likely you'd want to get off soon," she answered.

"Yes, Jones wants us there ag'in' sun-up. It's only a fifty-log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in' the night train starts, and I'll get right on, and be back to Atchison afore day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day 'round that old fort."

"Oh, John! I'm so proud"—she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of conscious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then? He had shoved back from the table, and there was a serious, far-away look in his eyes, but nothing sullen or forbidding. She went around, and dropping on her knees beside him, slipped her arms about his neck, saying: "Oh, John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whisky."

"That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to—not drink too much ag'in," he answered.

"But I'm afeared that wouldn't do no good."

"You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've got enough, if I try," he exclaimed.

"Oh, John, don't talk so; you know you promised me that nigh onto a year ago; but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know it, it's too much. If you'd only promise now that you'd never taste nary drop ag'in."

Still he kept his eyes steadily turned away from hers.

"Don't you mind now," she went on, "how your mother said one time, 'I reckon, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core; and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evenin' we heard her praying down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear you promise. And John," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I pray, too, sometimes. I haven't never told you, but I've been feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to readin' my Bible, and I've just made up my mind to live better'n I used to; and pray for you, too, and it seems like God hears me." And she laid her head on his shoulder to hide her tears.

His arms slipped around her, but he still kept his eyes turned stubbornly away from hers. At last, laying his face against hers, he spoke earnestly, "Yes, Nancy, I promise."

Presently, starting up, he exclaimed, "If I haven't stayed till plum daylight!"

"Oh, John! come and kiss baby afore you go, he looks so sweet. Sammy! Sammy! wake up honey, and kiss pappy."

"Bless his sleepy eyes! Pappy's little man! I'll bring him some candy when I come home ag'in."

All day Nancy went about with such a light, cheery heart as she had not carried in her bosom for many a day; singing snatches of old hymns, and thinking happy, hopeful thoughts of him who, all those long hours, was working his rudder against the strong current of the Missouri.

That evening the stars shone brightly down upon her, when she knelt by the little window, and asked God's blessings on her husband and his good resolutions.

But she was awakened, a few hours afterward, by a rush and confusion, a shower of glass and hail across her bed; and catching her baby in her arms, she sprang up, frightened and bewildered. It was a terrible storm; one long to be remembered by all who felt its terrors. The deafening roar of the wind and hail almost drowned the loud thunder claps. A blinding flash of lightning showed the trees almost bent to the ground, and the house rocked to and fro like a cradle. She suddenly felt a new, strange feeling, as if she was flying, floating through the air. She thought that she was dizzy, and caught hold of the bed. A terrible crash—she never knew how it all happened! Her baby's cries aroused her. The wind and rain chilled her through. She started to spring up, but something held her down. A shock of pain darted over her, and putting out her hand, she felt a great beam lying heavily across her limbs. It seemed as though it was crushing her. Something struck her, then another, and another. How they stung! Oh! was her child unsheltered from that pitiless storm? His screams grew louder. Oh! she must reach him! She could see nothing through the thick darkness, but she knew that he was not far off. What if he, too, was fastened, crippled? She stretched her arms; every movement made her pain more excruciating. She strained every nerve; she could almost reach him. What if he was free and could come to her? "Oh! Sammy! Sammy!" she called, "come to mammy." The child ceased crying. She heard him move. His warm body touched her hands that were groping in the darkness. She caught him in her arms and hugged him to her breast. She felt of his head, his arms, his feet; sound and whole. How thankful she was for that. But how those cruel hail-stones must have bruised him. The frightened child ceased crying, and put his arms about her neck. If she could only find something to cover them from the storm. She reached around, but could touch only cold mud.

Oh! that terrible pain! She had almost forgotten it in her anxiety for her child. It grew more and more intolerable. It seemed as though the hail-stones struck through into her brain. What if they killed her! Was she afraid to die? Visions of eternity, of the heaven of her faith, rose before her. Should she dwell with God and the angels forever? Was it possible that there would never be an end? No, she was not afraid of death. But her child, her husband—how could she leave them? Not yet! No, no, when life opened before her! She must live to help John keep his promise. God would spare her for that. How long it would be until morning. How could she bear the pain so long? Oh! it would be terrible if John could come and find her lying there, cold and still. John did love her, oh! so well. He had loved her so long. It seemed so many years since he first told her that he loved her; it was on the mountain-side, in dear old Tennessee. How far away it seemed. How the sun shone and the birds sang. How dreamy and bewildered her thoughts were. How still the baby was. Yes, she could feel his heart beat. She no longer felt the pelting of the storm; had it ceased?

Her thought was answered by a rush of wind from a new direction. She felt the great weight lifting off from her. She was free! Then—something struck her.

The train went snorting into Winthrop just at daylight. John jumped off, and was the first to reach the ferry. He had never seen Atchison so quiet. With the exception of those who had crossed on the ferry and a few early risers who were hurrying up the street, the town seemed asleep; but as he passed Commercial street, he saw a man who was riding a mule, coming down in great haste, who cried out, "How d'y, John!"

"Why, Jake!" he replied, "Is that you? I allowed you was half way to Denver afore now."

"We started yesterday, but we had a powerful storm on the prairie out here, last night. We chanced to be right near to a house and they let us in; but it sent our old wagons rolling over and over across the prairie, like a patch of tumble-weeds, and our oxen all stampeded; I'm on the hunt of 'em."

"It don't look like it had reached Atchison."

"No; I reckon it just took a streak."

John hurried on down the river. The road ran so near the bank that the steady swash of the water seemed under his feet. The birds were singing in the trees, and the sunshine came creeping down the bluffs overhead. How eager he was to get home that morning. His heart was full of new plans and new purposes. He could keep his promise, and he would; he would never make Nancy's heart ache again by breaking that promise. He stopped suddenly—had the storm reached Sumner? The tall buildings along the wharf were leaning roofless, one this way, another that; as if the wind, coming over the bluffs, had reached just low enough to unroof them. He hastened around the foot of the hill; there lay the brick hotel, the boast of the town, in scattered fragments on the ground, like a wasp's nest scattered by the housekeeper's broom. He looked around; three-fourths of the town lay in ruins. How was it with his home? He ran up the street until he could see where it stood. Gone! Not a vestige of it left. And his family? Perhaps they had escaped before the storm; perhaps— Scarce knowing what he did, he hurried to the nearest house that was yet standing, and without ceremony opened the door. There was no one in the room, but on a couch in one corner, a white sheet "sunk to the still proportions" of two silent forms. Moved by some strange impulse, he turned back the covering that shrouded the faces—Nancy and the baby! Shocked, stunned, he sank on his knees and laid his face on that dear form. Who can describe, who can comprehend the utter desolation of that hour? None but those who have felt it. Oh, the thoughts and memories that crowded upon him—many of them bitter, regretful thoughts. But there was one memory for which he was thankful: that he had not listened to the tempter which whispered to him yester-morn, that it would be weak and unmanly to yield to her request.

They found him there an hour afterward, but he asked no questions, made no reply to their attempts at consolation, and they left him alone with his dead.

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Sumner that day, for many were left homeless; many bruised and crippled by the storm. And the mourners who wended their way up the long hill to the burying ground, were as sad as though the silence had been broken by the tolling of solemn bells.—*Kansas Monthly.*

—A Detroit man went into a telegraph office and wrote the following message: "To the Lord in Heaven: Where shall I go next? The world is growing worse every day. There is not an honest Christian man in America." He was informed that the lines did not connect.

The Battle of Business.

From a lecture recently delivered by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in Boston, we make the following extract:

The battle of business is always the chief interest in the nation's history. It is just now the engrossing and almost exclusive theme of thought and conversation. One of those great storms which the past is unfortunately so well acquainted with has just passed over us, and all along the shore we see the wrecks, or stately vessels stranded, waiting for some rise in the tide that shall float them again. Everywhere disaster, or fear of disaster, and hesitation. Commerce is to the body politic what the nerve system is to the human body—this sensitive part. When it falls into convulsions every organ in the body suffers; and commerce is so interwoven with the life of the nation that when it suffers paralysis everything sympathizes. He that embarks in it is like one who sails upon a tropical ocean; magnificent skies are over him but tornadoes spring out of them. If all men were honest, truthful, intelligent and generous, how easy would commercial life become! It is selfishness, dullness and the want of moral force that makes business