Opelousas Courier

OPELOUSAS . . LOUISIANA.

JOHN MORRISSEY died comparatively poor. One of his most intimate friends and advisers, and who has had charge of his business affairs for many years, says that his entire property would not realize but a little over thirty thousand dollars, if that, and that the estate would not be able to settle up the debt against it.

AT Amity Church, Clark county, Ala., a pine tree groans like a human being in distress or dying. Numbers of persons of both colors visit the place to hear the doleful sounds. With colored people the interest in the mysterious sound is enhanced by the fact that the tree stands hard by a large graveyard and is also near the place where a man of their color was killed by lightning a year or two ago.

THE largest bar of gold bullion ever brought to New York is on exhibition at the banking house of Kounts Bros. The gold was taken from the Penobscot lode, Montana. It weighs 282 pounds and 7 ounces, and is of a light color, owing to the alloy of silver in it, there being 223 parts of silver to 860 parts of gold. The bar was nineteen inches long, six inches wide, and three and three-quarter inches thick, and is valued at about $54,000.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone was in Ireland he was discussing the question of landlord and tenant with a farmer. The name of the late Lord Leitrim was introduced. "He's a bad lot, and ought to have been shot long ago," said the farmer. Mr. Gladstone, after remonstrating against this view, asked "how, then, it came to pass that his Lordship was not shot?" The farmer shook his head sadly, and observed: "What's everybody's business is nobody's."

REPEATING watches have gone out of fashion of late years, partly, perhaps, because they were cumbrous; yet they need not be so. One presented to George III. was smaller than a silver dime, and weighed only 5 dwt. and 2¼ grs. A repeater is very convenient. Striking a light to see the time often arouses a person so much that he can not go to sleep again, while he can fall asleep again in five seconds after just pressing a spring and hearing so many throbs in his hand.

JOHN MORRISSEY died at Saratoga, New York, on the 1st. He seemed quiet and without any unfavorable symptoms until a little after the New York papers were brought in, when he motioned for his glasses to read one. About half-past five an unfavorable change occurred, and he sank rapidly afterward. Father M'Menomy, a Catholic priest was sent for, who promptly came and administered extreme unction. Although Mr. Morrissey was rapidly failing, he seemed conscious to the last. His wife and domestics were present. Mr. Morrissey died clasping the hand of the priest.

A GREATER curiosity than the Siamese twins is on exhibition at Troy. The Siamese twins were too nearly perfect men united by a bond of flesh, but this visitor, the Canadian double headed baby, has two beautiful heads, fat, blue-eyed faces, one resembling the father and the other the mother, necks, shoulders, chests and arms as usual, but just at the lawest rib the bodies are united, and from that point downward are the limbs and members of one child only; one navel and one pair of legs. Each controls the leg nearest to it. One may be asleep, the other awake and crying. The child is of the female sex. The faces are exceedingly pretty; the mother is an interesting French woman.

WHAT is that? It is a woman fainted, and she is dragged along the gangway to the pier and then into a small glass-sashed office and then laid down on the floor like a corpse—a robust-baby-faced woman. There is a young man in consternation, with stammering lips, asking if she is dead. Other women are at hand with smelling salts. What is it? A wife losing her husband? A protected one losing her "friend?" Is it deep feeling, or is it "played?" It would appear to be played; for after the young man has been persuaded to get on board and hide among his traps, and does no more return, the robust young woman ties her shoes, wipes the drops out of her eyes, looks a little amazed and goes off in a carriage. Observes Mercutio: "She's accomplished her object. Young Jinks will be followed by her weeping image, and he will say: 'Villain that I am! How much she loves me!"—[G. A. Townsend.

THERE have been six great international exhibitions. The following statistics in regard to them are particularly interesting at the present moment, which we tabulate as follows:

	Exhibition of	No. of Exhibitors.	No. of Visitors.	No. of Days.
London	1851	13,917	6,039,195	144
Paris	1855	23,754	5,162,330	works
London	1862	28,653	6,211,103	171
Paris	1867	50,226	10,200,000	210
Vienna	1873	42,384	7,254,687	186
Philadelphia	1876	.....	9,857,626	159

It may be remarked that while the European exhibitions drew their complement of visitors from a population of 250,000,000 within seven days' travel, our Philadelphia exhibition drew its 3,857,626 visitors from a population of only 50,000,000 within seven days' travel. This includes Canada and Cuba.

AT Indianapolis there is a newspaper which says its mission is the emancipation of labor. If labor is so much enslaved in this country it is a little singular that so many poor men become rich here. There is nothing that will emancipate labor so soon as good morals and a habit of saving. The mechanic who has learned his trade well; who has no pet vice to feed, and who marries at the age of twenty-five or thirty a young woman so skilled in household economy that she can make every cent of his wages bring to him its full value, is very certain of becoming a well-to-do if not a rich man. No young man can accumulate property honestly without great self-denial in the beginning. He needs more discipline than a soldier, or he has a bigger fight to make. One of the first things he has to learn is the importance of keeping out of the society of fools and spendthrifts. His most dangerous enemies are his companions.—[Courier-Journal.

WHEN a boy throws a stone his arm moves in a plane parallel with the plane of his waistband. When a girl undertakes a like feat, her arm is first held upright in a line with her major axis and then moved rapidly in a downward direction. The stone thrown by the boy has an enormous range, and strikes the window, the cat, the old gentleman or other object at which it is aimed, at a surprisingly long distance. The stone which the girl attempts to throw describes a brief arc and descends to the ground a few yards in front of her. What is the cause of this difference in the sexes is a mystery. Dr. Watts took the ground that nature had withheld from girls the power to throw stones, in order that the human race might have some little chance of perpetuity. He argued that if girls could throw stones, they would constantly hit the wrong objects, and that so great would be the fatality from accidents of this kind that in a comparatively short time the world would become depopulated.—[N. Y. Times.

Robbery in Sleeping Cars.

Whether the passenger can hold the sleeping car company liable if his apparel, watch or money is lost while he is asleep, is a question that has arisen frequently. Three or four decisions have been rendered, all to the general effect that the car company is not liable; the passenger must take care of his own baggage. There was Smith, who "turned in" in the Pullman car between Chicago and St. Louis with $1,180 in his vest pocket, and put the vest under his pillow; but in the morning the money was gone. There was Welch, riding between Detroit and Buffalo, who lodged his overcoat in the vacant berth overhead, and couldn't find it next day. There was Blum, who lost $3,135 between Columbus and Memphis in precisely the same way as Smith, except that Blum got up in the night to get a drink of water, whereas Smith kept his head on his vest under his pillow all night, or said he did. In all these cases the courts decided that the car company is not responsible for the passenger's baggage, because the company does not profess to take any charge of the man's clothes, or watch, or money, or valise, or umbrella, etc.; he is supposed to keep them in his own care. Generally, indeed, the palace car ticket has a notice on it to this effect. The lawyers argued that the companies were liable as carriers. But the courts decided the palace car company is not a carrier; the railroad company does the carrying; all the palace car company undertakes is to let the passenger a special seat or berth while he is on the way. Then the lawyers propounded a theory that the companies were liable as inn-keepers; but the courts said, in effect, that this was nonsense.

Henry L. Clinton's Wit.

The chief fighter for Vanderbilt's will is Mr. Clinton, the Tammany sachem. He is a tall, powerfully built man, with full, dark whiskers, and an old-fashioned way of folding his hands before him as he talks, with his finger tips together and thumb on thumb. He is an incisive and sometimes brilliant speaker. I don't know how I can better illustrate the style in which he can talk on occasion than to quote what he said the other day in describing the contestant's case. What adds to the wit is, that it is almost literally true.

"Thus far the contestant has endeavored to prove, first, that the commodore died; second, that he was afflicted with diseases; third, that those diseases were unhealthy; fourth, that those diseases were so unhealthy as to cause death. Contestant seeks to prove, first, that because decedent was a very successful man he was therefore a great failure; second, that because he had a very sound mind therefore his mind was unsound; third, that because of his great ability to accumulate and control property he lacked the testamentary capacity to dispose of it by will—in other words, in the language of counsel, the decedent had power to acquire, but not to transmit; fourth, that the mere fact of his successful railroad ventures proves that he was afflicted with a railroad mania, that his mind was haunted with defusions. According to the doctrine of the other side, no man can make a will unless, first, at the time of his death he is in a state of perfect health, and, second, that he has no property to leave."

German Tunneling.

The famous Rothconberger water audit for draining the Freiberg mines has been completed, after a period of thirty years, and it is said to be the greatest work of the kind that has ever been undertaken to aid the explorations of a mining district. This immense tunnel, as described, is ventilated by eight air shafts, and lies some 400 feet below the deepest Freiberger water audit. It has a uniform height of nearly 16 feet, with a somewhat smaller breadth, and, when completed, will be, with its ramifications, 31½ miles in length. The gradient of the floor is only 0.03 m. in 100 metres. This small gradient may make it necessary to clear the tunnel occasionally, but this can be accomplished without difficulty with suitable boats and dredges. Five miles of the tunnel is perfectly straight, without a curve, and along the whole line the curves are very light. The remarkable fact also appears that nearly the whole driving of this vast tunnel, the rock throughout almost the entire length of which is solid gneiss, has been done by hand.—[Gold Hill News.

IT is human to doubt. Display a sign with the inscription "Beware of paint," and nine men out of ten will draw their forefingers across the newly painted surface to see if the sign is not merely "an invention of the enemy." The tenth man never learned to read

HEART STUDIES.

BY WILL H. HOWELLS.

They stood beside the garden gate,
He, leaning half way over,
Looked down upon her drooping lids,
Afar were heard the katy-dids,
The air was sweet with clover;
While twilight lingered dimly,
The summer moon was late.

There seemed to dwell upon her face
Some tremulous emotion:
Her nervous fingers plucked in twain
A rose whose blossoming was vain.
Her bosom, like the ocean,
Arose and fell, repeating
The billow's wayward chase.

His love was calm, sedate, serene,
He wooed in cool, grand fashion.
But when, with voice of petulance
She answered, "No," with eyes askance,
His love burst into passion,
And flooded all his being,
A wild, tempestuous stream.

Thus silently by the garden gate
They stood—it seemed forever—
Then, in a moment, fierce and brief,
As storm upon a lily leaf
In happy summer weather,
He caught her madly to his heart,
Now love's novitiate.

She smiled; the dusky garden light
Revealed it to her lover.
He stopped and kissed the drooping lids,
While near and far the katy-dids
Made haste to tell each other,
The red moon peeped above the trees,
And blushed across the night.

—[The Advance.

THE CONVICT'S RETURN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"When I first settled in this village," said the old gentleman," "which is now just five-and-twenty years ago, the most notorious person among my parishioners was a man of the name of Edmunds, who leased a small farm near this spot. He was a morose, savage-hearted man; idle and dissolute in his habits; cruel and ferocious in his disposition. Beyond the few lazy and reckless vagabonds with whom he sauntered away his time in the fields or sotted in the ale house, he had not a single friend or acquaintance; no one cared to speak to the man whom they feared, and everyone detested—and Edmunds was shunned by all.

"This man had a wife and one son, who, when I first came here was about twelve years old. Of the acuteness of that woman's sufferings, of the gentle and enduring manner in which she bore them, of the agony of solicitude with which she reared that boy, no one can form an adequate conception. Heaven forgive me the supposition, if it be an uncharitable one, but I do firmly and in my soul believe, that the man systematically tried for many years to break her heart; but she bore it all for her child's sake, and, however strange it may seem to many, for his father's, too; for brute as he was, and cruelly as he had treated her, she loved him once; and the recollection of what he had been to her, awakened feelings of forbearance and meekness under suffering in her bosom to which all God's creatures, but woman, are strangers.

"They were poor—they could not be otherwise when the man pursued such courses; but the woman's unceasing and unwearied exertions, early and late, morning, noon and night, kept them above actual want. These exertions were but ill repaid. People who passed the spot in the evening—sometimes at a late hour of the night—reported that they had heard the moans and sobs of a woman in distress, and the sound of blows; and more than once, when it was past midnight, the boy knocked softly at the door of a neighbor's house, whither he had been sent to escape the drunken fury of his unnatural father.

During the whole of this time, and when the poor creature often bore about her marks of ill-usage and violence which she could not wholly conceal, she was a constant attendant at our little church. Regularly every Sunday, morning and afternoon, she occupied the same seat with the boy at her side; and though they were both poorly dressed—much more so than many of their neighbors who were in a lower station—they were always neat and clean. Every one had a friendly nod and a kind word for 'poor Mrs. Edmunds;' and sometimes when she stopped to exchange a few words with a neighbor at the conclusion of the service in the little row of elm trees which lead to the church porch, or lingered behind to gaze with a mother's pride and fondness upon her healthy boy, as he sported before her with some little companions, her care-worn face would lighten up with an expression of heartfelt gratitude; and she would look, if not cheerful and happy, at least tranquil and contented.

"Five or six years passed away; the boy had become a robust and well-grown youth. The time that had strengthened the child's slight frame and knit his weak limbs into the strength of manhood had bowed his mother's form, and enfeebled her steps, but the arm that should have supported her was no longer locked in her's; the face that should have cheered her, no more looked upon her own. She occupied her old seat, but there was a vacant one beside her. The bible was kept as carefully as ever, the places were found and folded down as they used to be; but there was no one to read it with her; and the tears fell thick and fast upon the book, and blotted the words from her eyes. Neighbors were as kind as they were wont to be of old, but she shunned their greetings with averted head. There was no lingering among the old elm trees now, no cheering anticipation of happiness yet in store. The desolate woman drew her bonnet closer over her face, and walked hurriedly away.

"Shall I tell you, that the young man, who, looking back to the earliest of his childhood's days, to which memory and consciousness extended, and carrying his recollection down to that moment, could remember nothing which was not in some way connected with a long series of voluntary privations suffered by his mother for his sake, with ill-usage, and insult, and violence, and all endured for him; shall I tell you that he, with a reckless disregard of her breaking heart, and a sullen, wilful forgetfulness of all she had done and borne for him, had linked himself with depraved and abandoned men, and was madly pursuing a headlong career, which must bring death to him and shame to her! Alas for human nature! You have anticipated it long since.

"The measure of the unhappy woman's misery and misfortune was about to be completed. Numerous offenses had been committed in the neighborhood; the perpetrators remained undiscovered, and their boldness increased. A robbery of a daring and aggravated nature occasioned a vigilance of pursuit and a strictness of search, they had not calculated upon. Young Edmunds was suspected, with three companions. He was apprehended, committed, tried, condemned—to die.

"The wild and piercing shrieks from a woman's voice, which resounded through the court when the solemn sentence was pronounced, rings in my ears at this moment. The cry struck a terror to the culprit's heart, which trial, condemnation, the approach of death itself, had failed to awaken. The lips which had been compressed in dogged sullenness throughout, quivered and parted involuntarily; the face turned ashy pale as the cold perspiration broke forth from every pore; the sturdy limbs of the felon trembled, and he staggered in the dock.

"In the first transports of her mental anguish the suffering mother threw herself upon her knees at my feet, and fervently besought the Almighty Being who had hitherto supported her in all her troubles, to release her from a world of woe and misery, and to spare the life of her only child. A burst of grief, and a violent struggle, such as I hope I may never have to witness again, succeeded. I knew that her heart was breaking from that hour; but I never once heard complaint or murmur escape her lips.

"It was a piteous spectacle to see that woman in the prison-yard from day to day, eagerly and fervently attempting, by affection and entreaty, to soften the hard heart of her obdurate son. It was in vain. He remained moody, obstinate, and unmoved. Not even the unlooked-for commutation of his sentence to transportation for fourteen years, softened for an instant the sullen hardihood of his demeanor.

"But the spirit of resignation and endurance that had so long upheld her, was unable to contend against bodily weakness and infirmity. She fell sick. She dragged her tottering limbs from the bed to visit her son once more; but her strength failed her and she sunk powerless on the ground.

"And now the boasted coldness and indifference of the young man were tested indeed; and the retribution that fell heavily upon him, nearly drove him mad. A day passed away and his mother was not there; another flew by, and she came not near him; a third evening arrived, and yet he had not seen her; and in four and twenty hours he was to be separated from her—perhaps forever. Oh! how the long forgotten thoughts of former days rushed upon his mind, as he almost ran up and down the narrow yard—as if intelligence would arrive the sooner for his hurrying—and how bitter a sense of his helplessness and desolation rushed upon him, when he heard the truth? His mother, the only parent he had ever known, lay ill—it might be, dying—within one mile of the ground he stood on; were he free and unfettered, a few minutes would place him by her side. He rushed to the gate, and grasping the iron rails with the energy of desperation, shook it till it rang again, and threw himself against the thick wall as if to force a passage through the stone! but the strong building mocked his feeble efforts, and he beat his hands together and wept like a child.

"I bore the mother's forgiveness and blessing to her son in prison, and I carried his solemn assurance of repentance, and his fervent supplication for pardon, to her sick bed. I heard with pity and compassion, the repentant man devise a thousand little plans for her comfort and support when he returned; but I knew that many months before he could reach his place of destination, his mother would be no longer of this world.

"He was removed by night. A few weeks afterward the poor woman's soul took its flight, I confidently hope, and solemnly believe, to a place of eternal happiness and rest. I performed the burial service over her remains. She lies in our little churchyard. There is no stone at her grave's head. Her sorrows were known to man; her virtues to God.

"It had been arranged previously to the convict's departure, that he should write to his mother as soon as he could obtain permission, and that the letter should be addressed to me. The father had positively refused to see his son from the moment of the apprehension; and it was a matter of indifference to him whether he lived or died. Many years passed over without any intelligence of him, and when more than half his term of transportation had expired, and I had received no letter, I concluded him to be dead, as indeed, I almost hoped he might be.

'Edmunds, however, had been sent a considerable distance up the country on his arrival at the settlement; and to this circumstance, perhaps, may be attributed the fact, that though several letters were dispatched, none of them ever reached my hands. He remained in the same place during the whole fourteen years. At the expiration of the term, steadily adhering to his old resolution and the pledge he gave his mother, he made his way back to England amidst innumerable difficulties, and returned, on foot, to his native place.

On a fine Sunday evening, in the month of August, John Edmunds set foot in the village he had left with shame and disgrace seventeen years before. His nearest way lay through the churchyard. The man's heart swelled as he crossed the stile. The tall old elms, through whose branches the declining sun cast here and there a rich ray of light upon the shady path, awakened the associations of his earliest days. He pictured himself as he was then, clinging to his mother's hand, and walking peaceably to church. He remembered how he used to look up into her pale face, and how her eyes would sometimes fill with tears as she gazed upon his features—tears which fell hot upon his forehead as she stooped to kiss him, and made him weep too, although he little knew then what bitter tears hers were. He thought how often he had run merrily down that path with some childish playfellow, looking back ever and again to catch his mother's smile, or hear her gentle voice; and then a veil seemed lifted from his memory, and words of kindness unrequited, and warnings despised, and promises broken thronged upon his recollection till his heart failed him, and he could bear it no longer.

"He entered the church. The evening service was concluded and the congregation had dispersed, but it was not yet closed. His steps echoed through the low building with a hollow sound, and he almost feared to be alone, it was so still and quiet. He looked round him. Nothing was changed. The place seemed smaller than it used to be, but there were the old monuments on which he had gazed with childish awe a thousand times; the communion table before which he had so often repeated the commandments he had reverenced as a child and forgotten as a man. He approached the old seat; it looked cold and desolate. The cushion had been removed, and the bible was not there. Perhaps his mother now occupied a poorer seat, or possibly she had grown infirm and could not reach the church alone. He dared not think of what he feared. A cold feeling crept over him, and he trembled violently as he turned away.

"An old man entered the porch just as he reached it. Edmunds started back for he knew him well; many a time he had watched him digging graves in the churchyard. What would he say to the returned convict?

"The old man raised his eyes to the stranger's face, bid him 'good evening,' and walked slowly on. He had forgotten him.

"He walked down the hill and through the village. The weather was warm, and the people were sitting at their doors, or strolling in the little gardens as he passed, enjoying the serenity of the evening and their rest from labor. Many a look was turned towards him, and many a doubtful glance he cast on either side to see whether any knew and shunned him. There were strange faces in almost every house; in some he recognized the burly form of some old schoolfellow, a boy when he last saw him, surrounded by a troop of merry children; in others he saw, seated in an easy chair at a cottage door, a feeble and infirm old man whom he only remembered as a hale and hearty laborer; but they had all forgotten him, and he passed on unknown.

"The last soft light of the setting sun had fallen on the earth, casting a rich glow on the yellow corn sheaves, and lengthening the shadows of the orchard trees, as he stood before the old house, the home of his infancy, to which his heart had yearned with an intensity of affection not to be described through long and weary years of captivity and sorrow. The paling was low, though he well remembered the time when it had seemed a high wall to him; and he looked over into the old garden. There were more seeds and gayer flowers than there used to be, but there were the old trees still, the very tree under which he had lain a thousand times when tired of playing in the sun, and felt the soft, mild sleep of happy boyhood steal gently upon him. There were voices within the house. He listened, but they fell strangely upon his ear; he knew them not. They were merry, too, and he well knew that his poor old mother could not be cheerful, and he went away. The door opened, and a group of little children bounded out, shouting and romping. The father, with a little boy in his arms, appeared at the door and they crowded around him, clapping their tiny hands, and dragging him out to join their joyful sports. The convict thought on the many times he had shrunk from his father's sight in that very place. He remembered how often he had buried his trembling head beneath the bed-clothes and heard the harsh word and the hard stripe, and his mother's wailing; and though the man sobbed aloud with agony of mind as he left the spot; his fist was clenched and his teeth were set in fierce and deadly paasion.

And such was the return to which he had looked through the weary perspective of many years, and for which he had undergone so much suffering! No face of welcome, no look of forgiveness, no house to receive, no hand to help him—and this, too, in the old village. What was his loneliness in the wild thick woods where man was never seen to this!

"He felt that in the distant land of his bondage and infamy he had thought of his native place as it was when he left it; not as it would be when he returned. The sad reality struck coldly at his heart, and his spirit sank within him. He had not the courage to make inquiries, or to present himself to the only person who was likely to receive him with kindness and compassion. He walked slowly on; and shunning the roadside like a guilty man, turned into a meadow he well remembered; and covering his face with his hands, threw himself upon the grass.

"He had not observed that a man was lying on the bank beside him; his garments rustled as he turned round to steal a look at the new comer; and Edmunds raised his head.

"The man had moved into a sitting posture. His body was much bent, and his face was wrinkled and yellow. His dress denoted him an inmate of the workhouse; he had the appearance of being very old, but it looked more the effect of dissipation or disease than length of years. He was staring hard at the stranger, and though his eyes were lusterless and heavy at first, they appeared to glow with an unnatural and alarmed expression after they had been fixed upon him a short time, until they seemed to be starting from their sockets. Edmunds gradually raised himself to his knees, and looked more and more earnestly into the old man's face. They gazed upon each other in silence.

"The old man was ghastly pale. He shuddered and tottered to his feet. Edmunds sprang to his. He stepped back a pace or two. Edmunds advanced.

"'Let me hear you speak,' said the convict, in a thick broken voice.

"'Stand off!' cried the old man, with a dreadful oath. The convict drew closer to him.

"'Stand off!' shrieked the old man. Furious with terror he raised his stick, and struck Edmunds a heavy blow across the face.

"'Father—devil!' murmured the convict between his set teeth. He rushed wildly forward, and clutched the old man by the throat—but he was his father, and his arm fell powerless by his side.

"The old man uttered a loud yell which echoed through the lonely fields like the howl of an evil spirit. His face turned black; the gore rushed from his mouth and nose, and dyed the grass a deep, dark red, as he staggered and fell. He had ruptured a blood-vessel, and he was a dead man before his son could raise him.

* * * *

"In that corner of the church-yard," said the old gentleman, after a silence of a few moments, "in that corner of the church-yard of which I have before spoken, there lies buried a man who was in my employment for three years after this event, and who was truly contrite, penitent, and humbled, if ever a man was. No one save myself knew in that man's lifetime who he was, or whence he came;—it was John Edmunds, the returned convict.

Rifle Balls Seen in Their Flight.

The fact that human eyes, with the aid of a field glass, have seen rifle bullets during their flight from the muzzle of the rifle to the point at which they were aimed, has been published, we believe, several times; but we have never seen, to our knowledge, the announcement that they could be seen with the naked eye. Yet it is a well attested fact that rifle balls were seen in their flight by several gentlemen without the aid of a glass or anything, at the rifle range north of this city, one day last week. A high wind was blowing and showers were frequent—in fact, it rained almost constantly. When the spectators stood at one side of the shooter they could only follow the ball to the highest point of the arc which it described, but when they stood immediately behind the shooter (he lying down and they standing up) they could follow the bullet from a point about ten feet from the muzzle, all the way to the target or whatever object it struck. One gentleman told the shooter, immediately after he had fired, that he had shot too much to the right, and the signal of the marker a minute or two afterward confirmed exactly what he had said. The balls were seen while the shooters were firing at five hundred yards' distance. The rifles were of the heavy military kind, which carry a large bullet. Those who saw the bullets in their flight say that the arc described by them is immense at that distance, and that they also appear to curve to the right as well as up and down.—[Rochester Express.

A Deaf Mute's Dying Vision.

Some four weeks ago Carrie Wilson, an interesting little girl, aged about ten years, after a protracted illness, died at the residence of her parents, No. 1021 North Fourth street. From the day she entered this care-laden world, her troubles began, for she was born a deaf mute. Her parents were very poor people, able only by the strictest economy to shift through from one year to another, and the little one, whose organs of both hearing and speech had been stricken by the Divine hand, was looked upon as something human, of course, but nothing more than a little bit of bodily ills, who would always in her helplessness have to be provided for. A few years ago her father died, and her mother found it doubly hard to support a large family of small children. About this time Mrs. Ann Bailey, a great hearted Christian woman, residing at No. 2708 Chouteau avenue, became acquainted with Mrs. Wilson's circumstances, and having a tender spot in her heart for the little unfortunate, for she also had a deaf daughter, concluded to adopt little Carrie. Mrs. Wilson was not averse, and after a few weeks' sojourn in Mrs. Bailey's family, Carrie was sent to Fulton, Mo., to be educated under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. She spent two years there, acquiring knowledge with a degree of rapidity astonishing for one of her tender years, but her health, always poor, failed entirely, and she was brought back to St. Louis to die.

Mrs. Wilson had, in the meanwhile, married again, and being in better circumstances than when Mrs. Bailey adopted Carrie, requested that she should be once more placed under her care. The days went by, and the little innocent creature grew weaker and weaker, for consumption never relaxes its grasp from king or clod, princess or peasant. One forenoon Mrs. Bailey and her daughter Mattie received a message stating that Carrie was dying, and that she asked for them continually, and half an hour later they were at the bedside where the large speaking eyes were taking on a happier expression.

Through her feeble signs she communicated the wish to be left alone with her benefactor, and when her relatives had left the chamber she related the following story through her own peculiar language:

At eight o'clock this morning she was all alone in the little room, her mother having adjusted the pillow and gone into another part of the building to attend to her household duties, and on looking up she saw her dead father bending over her. She was not frightened, for he seemed so kind and good, and his face was just like the portait she had often looked at for hours at a time in Mrs. Bailey's drawing-room, the portrait of Christ at the well in Samaria. "He seemed pleased and happy," her little fingers said, "and, bending his head down by the side of my ear he whispered, and I heard just as plain as any person could hear, 'Carrie, my poor little afflicted lamb, you will soon have no more trouble; for I will take you to Jesus in exactly four hours.' Even as he said that, Mrs. Bailey, our clock in the other room, that I can see when the door is open, and it was open then, for mamma had left it that way so if I wanted anything I could tap on the headboard and she would hear it, indicated just eight. 'Only four hours more' Carrie,' he said, and I heard it so plain, too, and then taking my face between his hands that were so light and soft, and not a bit like they used to be when he was on earth before, he kissed me such a long kiss and left me."

"I began to feel easier, then; this pain in here (pointing to her heart), left me all at once, and I thought I could get up and play like I used to do before I got sick. Oh, I know papa will come, for he was so earnest, and he never told me but one story, and that was about Santa Claus, and it wasn't a very big story. Don't you think he will, Mrs Bailey? Oh—!"

The little hands ceased their rapid manipulations, said Mrs. Bailey, with a voice choking with emotion, the eyes left mine and turned upward quickly, with a half smile, the feeble hands were raised half above her head, she gave a faint flutter like that of a wounded bird and then nestled down quite still.

The tired, tortured spirit, that had never known one moment of unalloyed happiness on this earth, had gone out and on its way to the better land. I left the bedside, walked to the door, opened it and lifted my eyes to the clock. The minute hand was just passing over the hour hand that told twelve o'clock.—[St. Louis Journal.

The Wealth of Job.

This man was greatest of all the men of the east.—[Job i 2.

At this distance of time, supposed to be three thousand years since he existed, it is difficult to estimate Job's wealth; but as some items are given it may be attempted, although the relative value of money at the extremes of the three thousand years leaves us at a loss to calculate the precise amount.

1. The extent of land he owned may be found from the support his stock needed; 7,000 sheep would require a range of as many acres, 3,000 camels would need five acres each, 1,000 yoke of oxen an equal range of five acres with the camels; 500 asses about two acres each; and his household, which was "very great," 2,000; in all, 30,000 acres. The value of this amount, $5 per acre, $150,000.

2. The cost of Job's cattle—7,000 sheep at $2 each; 3,000 camels at probably $50; 1,000 oxen at $10 each, and 500 asses at the same price. This would equal about $175,000.

3. To tend such vast herds, according to the custom of the east, the number of laborers must have been large. Abraham, contemporary with Job, could muster in his own family retinue three hundred and eighteen trained men at arms. As many more must have remained at home to attend to his flocks, etc., when the patriarch went in pursuit of the invaders of Lot's territory, Job may have had three hundred; their pay and support, $20,000.

4. The necessary houses for living and shelter and the folds could not be less than $25,000.

The whole value of the above would be $370,000.

All this wealth seems incredible, were it not declared so by the voice of inspiration. At the close of the book we are told that even this amount was duplicated, or $740,000.

When we compare this with the relative present value of money and that of Job's day his wealth was enormous.—[Episcopalian.

Representative Baker, of Massachusetts, said, in a speech in the house the other day, that some of his brother members probably wanted to go to congress. "The gentleman must address the chair," interposed Speaker Long. "It was the chair I had specially in mind," retorted Mr. Baker.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

"Oh! tell me, gentle seraph
With those ruddy lips of thine,
Tell me fondly, tell me often,
That you're mine, forever mine."
Then she gape a gape and nodded,
Then another gape was born,
And her very silence answered,
"I am yawn, forever yawn."

THERE will always be more or less excitement in the household that possesses a cat and a back fence, or a poor piano and a good healthy girl.

GEN. GARFIELD, one of the six officers which composed the court-martial which tried Fitz John Porter, says that the latter escaped the death penalty by a single vote.

WHEN you hear a country church choir singing, "There will be no more sorrow there," you conclude that either the aforesaid choir will not be there, or they will not be permitted to sing.

NARVAEZ was a Spanish soldier and devout Catholic. As he was about to die the priest asked: "Do you forgive your enemies?" The reply was a grim one: "I havn't any; I shot them all."

SHE asked the clerk if he was positive, thoroughly convinced the eggs were fresh. "O, yes," said the young philosopher. "I know they are; why, the farmer said none of his hens were more than a year old." She bought a basket full on the spot.

WAITER—"What would you be pleased to order, sir? We have potage printanier a la Julienne fricandeau de veau avec coquettes de pommes de terre; rissoles de bœuf—" Milesian—"Well, give us a plateful of whichever of them comes nearest to an Irish stew."

RAPID CORRESPONDENCE.—When a man goes to the theatre for the first time nothing surprises him more than the wonderful rapidity with which an actor writes a letter—unless it may be the suddenness with which the receiver ascertains its contents. One glance and he absorbs it all, and claps his forehead with his left hand.—[Norristown Herald.

A REFLECTION ON THE SEX.—Jones was always complaining of his wife's memory. "She never can remember any thing," said poor Jones, "it's awful!" "My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found out a capital recipe." "What is it!" said Jones eagerly. "Why," said Brown, "whenever there's any thing particular I want the missus to remember, I write it down on a slip of paper, and gum it on the looking-glass. See!" Jones is now a centented man.—[Judy.

THE other day, as a lady of this city was passing some small boys, one of them opened his hand to display some fine agates to his companions. They gazed at them admiringly, and presently one of the boys, turning to the fortunate owner, said: "I owe you a thrashing; but give me one of those agates, and I will call it square." The little fellow glanced up in the other's face, hesitated a moment, and then, selecting a marble, silently passed it over, after which all the lads went on with their play as if nothing unusual had occurred, the little marble-owner seeming to consider the bargain a fair one.—[Portland Press.

How to Observe Sunday.

The question of the proper observance of Sunday has been a much disputed one, and is one of much interest. A certain amount of religious services should of course form a part of each Sunday's life; should indeed be its central idea, but it should not infringe upon the demands of overworked nature for rest. But what is rest? Clearly what would be rest to one would not be to another. What would increase vitality and strength to the day laborer would make the weary student, book-keeper or editor more weary. The work of the six week days, whatever it is, should be put entirely out of sight from Sunday until Monday. Mental labor—reading, writing or other employment that requires mental effort. Physical laborers must cease physical labor, and can obtain the desired rest in mental improvement. Those whose week days are spent within the four walls of a store or an office, should be in the open air, in the broad fields, where they can breathe nature's purest aerial draughts, as much as possible. Those who labor out of doors will find their greatest rest and enjoyment on Sunday in their homes. The business man and the banker should cease all thought of his business, take a complete respite from all thoughts of "shop," and Sunday for all classes should be made as widely different from other days in the week as possible. It should be made enjoyable, especially for the children, that they may grow up with the love of the day, instead of an aversion for it, as too common even in the best of Christian families. The observance of the day in each household should be made a study, that the most profitable and restgiving enjoyments to suit each case may be found, and then let the observance of the day, once settled, be lived up to as strictly as a business transaction. The day should have its distinctive features; rest in its true sense, and enjoyment of the highest order, which relaxes the nervous system, and is one of nature's greatest restoratives, all have their place, and none of them should be neglected.—[Pittsburg Telegraph.

Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak to burn out. The inferior animals which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom comes up to this average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches, on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is no reason to believe, though we can not tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.