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The Heart of Man.

Each has a secret self—an inner life
Of hopes and fears,
High aspirations, doubting, pains and strife,
And joys and tears.

Never but God's within the veil can look
Into the world
The human heart is so to myself a book
A banner furled.

A mighty ocean, fathomless, deep
We cannot know—
A sweet treasury, of which heaven keeps
The inventory.

As world of mental mystery call thine
Never understood!—
A little child, who in virtue strives with crime—
Fed with good.

The angels of our kind and God, we feel
Are watching over us;
Light struggling with adieu darkness—love with hate—
Hope with despair.

Some every pass the secret inner door
That guards the heart;
It is a crypt and never must explore
In every part.

We see and we are sure—for of the eye
Believe the touch;
The spirit speaks when lips have ceased to sigh,
And will speak.

Mistaken the ambitious—scoffed the proud—
Or, after's plan
Fled out! "Thou art a fool" is the rebuke
The first of man.

From Hearth and Home.

The Hoosier School-Master.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON

CHAPTER IV.

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER.

"I low," said Mr. Means, as she stuffed the tobacco into her cob pipe after supper on that eventful Wednesday evening, "I low they'll appint the Squire to git out the word to-night. They mos' always do, you see, kase he's the peartest man in this destrick; and I low some of the young fellers would have to git up and dust if they would keep up to him. And he uses sech remarkul big smart words. He speaks so polite, too. But law! don't I remember when he was pounin' nor Job's turkey! Twenty year ago, when he come to these 'ere diggings, that air Squire Hawkins was a poor Yankee school-master, that said 'pail' instid of bucket, and that called a cow a 'caow,' and that couldn't tell I reave his gizzard what we meant by 'caw and ought-caw.' But he's larnt our ways now, an' he's jest as civilized as the rest of us. You wouldn-a know he'd ever been a Yankee. He didn't stay poar long. Not he. He jest married a rich gal! He! he!" and the old woman grinned at Ralph, and then at Miranda, and then at the rest, until Ralph shuddered. Nothing was so frightful to him as to be fawned on and grinned at by this old ogre, whose few lonesome, blackish teeth seemed ready to devour him. "He didn't stay poar, you bet a hoss!" and with this the coal was deposited on the pipe, and the lips began to crack like parchment as each puff of smoke escaped. "He married rich, you see," and here another significant look at the young master, and mother fond look at Miranda, as she pulled away reflectively. "His wife hadn't no book larnin. She'd been through the spellin-book wunst, and had got a far as 'asperity' on it a second time. But she couldn't read a word when she was married, and never could. She wasn't overly smart. She hadn't hardly got the sense the law allows. But schools was skace in them days, and besides, book-larnin don't do no good to a woman. Makes her stuck up. I never knowed but one gal in my life as had ciphered into fractions, and she was so digsen-stuck up that she turned up her nose one night at a apple-peelin' because I tuck a sheet off the bed to splice out the table-cloth, which was rather short. And the sheet was mos' clean, too. Had-a been slep on more-n wunst or twice. But I was goin' for to say that when Squire Hawkins married Virginny Gray he got a heap o' money, or what's the same thing mostly, a heap o' good kind. And that's better-n book-larnin, says I. Let a gal had gone clear through all editucation, and got to the rule of three itself, that wouldn't buy a feather-bed. Squire Hawkins jest put edification agin the gal's farm, and traded even, an' of any one of 'em got swindled, I never heerd no complaints."

And here she looked at Ralph in triumph, her hard face splintering into the hideous semblance of a smile. And Miranda cast a blushing, gushing, all imploring, and all confiding look on the young master.

"I say, ole woman," broke in old Jack, "I say, wot is all this ere spoonin' about the Squire for?" and old Jack, having bit off an ounce of "pigtail" returned the plug to his pocket.

As for Ralph, he wanted to die. He had a guilty feeling that this speech of the old lady's had someway committed him beyond recall to Miranda. He did not see visions of breach-of-promise suits. But he trembled at the thought of an avenging big brother.

"Hanner, you kin come along, too, ef you've a mind, when you git the dishes wa-shed," said Mrs. Means to the bound girl, as she shut and latched the back door. The Means family had built a new house in front of the old one, as a sort of advertisement of bettered circumstances, an eruption of shoddy feeling; but when the new building was completed, they found themselves unable to occupy it for anything else than a lumber-room, and so, except a parlor which Miranda had made an effort to furnish a little (in hope of the blissful time when somebody should "set up" with her of evenings), the new building was almost unoccupied, and the family went in and out through the back door, which, indeed, was the front door also, for, according to a curious custom, the "front" of the house was placed toward the south though the "big road" (Hoosier for *highway*) ran along the north-west side, or, rather, past the north-west corner of it.

When the old woman had spoken thus to Hannah and had latched the door, she muttered, "That gal don't never show no gratitude for favors;" to which Bud rejoined that he didn't think she had no great sight to be perticular thankful for. To which Mrs. Means made no reply, thinking it best, perhaps, not to wake up her dutiful son on so interesting a theme as her treatment of Hannah. Ralph felt glad that he was this evening to go to another boarding-place. He should not hear the rest of the controversy.

Ralph walked to the school-house with Bill. They were friends again. For when Hank Banta's ducking and his dogged obstinacy in sitting in his wet clothes had brought on a serious fever, Ralph had called together the big boys, and had said: "We must take care of one another, boys. Who will volunteer to take turns sitting up with Henry?" He put his own name down and all the rest followed.

"William Means and myself will sit up to-night," said Ralph. And poor Bill had from that moment the teacher's friend. He was chosen to be the teacher's companion. He was Poppy Means no longer! Hank could not be conquered by kindness, and the teacher was made to feel the bitterness of his resentment long after, as we shall find. But Bill Means was for the time entirely placated, and he and Ralph went to spelling school together.

Every family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth avenue, a spelling school is to Hoopole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoopole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who dance for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved to spell for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their hands in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I low, our friend the Squire is jest the man to boss this ere concern to-night. Et nobody objects, I'll appint him. Come, Squire, don't be bahsful. Walk up to the trough, hobler or no hobler, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging. The Greeks figured Cupid as naked, probably because he wears so many disguises that they could not select a costume for him.

The Squire came to the front. Ralph made an inventory of the agglomeration which bore the name of Squire Hawkins, as follows:

1. A swallow-tail coat of indefinite age, worn only on state occasions when its owner was called to figure in his public capacity. Either the Squire had grown too large or the coat too small.

2. A pair of black gloves, the most phenomenal, abnormal, and unexpected apparition conceivable in Flat Creek district, where the preachers wore no coats in the summer, and where a black glove was never seen except on the hands of the Squire.

3. A wig of that dirty, waxy color so common to wigs. This one showed a continual inclination to slip off the owner's smooth, bald pate, and the Squire had frequently to adjust it. As his hair had been red, the wig did not accord with his face, and the hair migrayed was sadly discordant with a face thrivelled by age.

4. A semicircular row of whiskers hedging the edge of the jaw and chin. These were dyed a frightful dead black, such as no natural hair or beard ever had. At the roots there was a quarter of an inch of white, giving the whiskers the appearance of being stuck on.

5. A pair of spectacles, "with tortoise-shell rim." Inclined to slip off.

6. A glass eye, purchased of a peddler, and differing in color from its natural mate, perpetually inclined to get out of focus by turning in or out.

7. A set of false teeth, badly fitted, and given to bobbing up and down.

The Squire proper, to whom these patches were loosely attached.

It is an old story that a boy wrote home to his father begging him to come West, because "mighty mean men got in office out here." But Ralph concluded that some Yankees had taught school in Hoopole County who would not have held a high place in the educational institutions of Massachusetts. Hawkins had some New England idioms, but they were well overlaid by a Western pronunciation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley, I'm obleged to Mr. Means for this honor," and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honor of being compared to a donkey, was not clear. "I feel in the inmest compartments of my animal spirits a most happifying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavors to serve the people of Flat Crick destrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained and an apparent sense of a danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and futility (especially the latter) of all attemps at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left, while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down so that the Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion," twisting his scalp round, "but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner stone, the grand, underlying subterfuge of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do, raley. I think I may put it ahead of the Bible. For if it warnt for spellin'-books and sich occasions as these, where would the Bible be, I should like to know? The man who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo was a benefactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt of his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsey Short rolled from side to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan for captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide which should have the "first choice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran around the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice, "And I take Jeems Phillips."

And so all present, except a few of the old folks, found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in with what grace they could, at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling book and began to give out words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long until Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side hit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. The gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words Jeems Buchanan, the captain on the other side, spelled "antagonism" with an *a* instead of a *o*, and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought his excitement to fever-heat.

For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-mas or was a famous speller. Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could not catch well or bat well in ball. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of ball-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that he was—to use the usual Flat Creek location—in that he was "a hoss." This genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could "spell like thunder and lightning," and it "took a powerful smart speller, to beat him, for he knew a heap of spelling book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoopole county, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is! Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands in his pockets, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose. It enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been speedily defeated by Phillips had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young schoolmaster. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the raccoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had cotched his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had showed sympathy with one or the other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. It had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsey Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Miranda destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerfully smart, is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and kaboodle 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No licks in, no larnin' says I."

It was not now so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left.

But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words that they might have some breathing spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and as she rose Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means'. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spellings—had been kept out, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster, so well-known to all who ever thumbed it, as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was the buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if "they could see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper in order to be in at the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, "ole Miss Means's white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Meanses Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. As he saw the fine, timid face of the girl so long oppressed flush and shine with interest, as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow and the fresh white complexion, and saw the rich, womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy, he did not want to beat. It he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally. The bull-dog, the stern, relentless setting of the will, had gone, he knew not whither. And there had come in its place, as he looked in that face, a something which he did not understand. You did not, gentle reader, the first time it came to you.

The Squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then he wiped his spectacles and put them on. Then out of the depths of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days—words not in the spelling book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye. His black left eye meanwhile fixed itself in such a stare on Miranda Means that she shuddered and hid her eyes in her red silk handkerchief.

"Daguerreotype," sniffed the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau—"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

Such a buzz followed that Betsey Short's giggle could not be heard, but Shocky shouted, "Hanner beat! my Hanner spelled down the master!" And Ralph went over and congratulated her.

And Dr. Small sat perfectly still in the corner.

And then the Squire called them to order, and said: "As our friend Hanner Thomson is the only one left on her side she will have to spell against nearly all on t'other side. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of procrastinating the completion of this interesting and exciting contest until to-morrow evening. I hope our friend Hanner may again carry off the cypress crown of glory. There is nothing better for us than healthful and kind simulation."

Dr. Small, who knew the road to practice, escorted Miranda, and Bud went home with somebody else. The others of the Means family hurried on, while Hannah, the champion, stayed behind a minute to speak to Shocky. Perhaps it was because Ralph saw that Hannah must go alone that he suddenly remembered having left something which was of no consequence, and resolved to go round by Mr. Means' and get it. Another of Cupid's disguises.

(*To be continued.*)

The Chicago Calamity.

THE STORIES OF EYE-WITNESSES.

[The papers are filled with the most interesting and heart-rending accounts of the great disaster, and some of them very improbable. We give below some extracts and the reader can judge what to believe:]

SUDDEN RETRIBUTION.

"Seeing the cashier of one of the banks rush into his office as the flames were beating almost upon the building, the thief watched his exit. It was not long before the official appeared with his arms full of money packages and bonds, and no sooner had he appeared than the thief prostrated him with a blow upon the side of the head, and grabbed a portion of the treasure. A policeman in an instant saw what was done and grabbed the villian, who drew a pistol and shot the faithful officer through the heart, and then sprang through the excited crowd, brandishing his pistol and endeavoring to make good his escape. But the sight, with all the surrounding circumstances, had maddened the bystanders to frenzy, and they fell upon the wretch like so many tigers, tearing him limb from limb, and literally disemboweling him."

A Mr. Stevens, returning home from his burning store with a sad heart, says the spectacle that presented itself to him in many of the side streets was one that he will never forget. The smoke was dense, and he had to place a handkerchief over his mouth to escape smothering. He saw, he thinks, no less than twenty men, women and children expire around him from exhaustion, and some were stifled. In looking behind as he was hurrying away, he saw the flames gaining on him, and above the uproar of all he could sometimes hear the piercing scream of some unfortunate being. Mr. Stevens remained the whole morning around the fire, and was driven from one place to another.

For a mile and a half along the river the scene was one of awful grandeur. The shipping, public buildings, warehouses, hotels, and coal and lumber yards were in one vast flame. The air was full of flying embers.

Another merchant, describing his narrow escape from the flames, relates the following:

Just now occurred a scene that froze our blood. At the intersection of Randolph and Market streets was a large building (Calhoun's) used for offices. The janitor resided on the fourth floor with his family, consisting of a wife and four children. By some means they were unable to escape. Surrounded by the fire, they ascended to the roof. The babe was in the mother's arms, and another child, a little boy, clung to her skirts. Two girls were clasped in the arms of the father. Their shouts were but faintly heard over the howl of the winds and the roar of the flames. At last the heat became so intense that the woman was overcome and fell to the roof. The father wildly threw out his hand and staggered, writhed and sunk by his wife's side. That was all of that tragedy. We sickened at the sight, and hurried down to the street, which by this time was pretty well deserted. Then along the banks of the lake we wandered, more like dead than living men. We heard and saw mourning and agony and suffering that all the books in the world could not hold the account of. We were comfortably fixed in life one week ago; and now we are penniless. We have no doubt that incendiaries did part of the work, and for robbery and ravage.

At the Tremont House the elevator became useless, and the sleeping guests, a large number being ladies, hurried down stairs. The clatter of the removal of trunks and the hurrying of domesties impeded the passageways. Several persons in their eagerness jumped down the stairs and limped away. Others, in their haste, left beneath their pillows watches and money, only discovering their losses when they had reached the Michigan Central Depot—then supposed to be a perfectly safe place. A crowd of persons hastened thither, some carrying beds, some sewing machines, and one lady had six canary birds in a cage in one hand and an immense family Bible in the other. She said: "I was determined to bring these off if I lost all the rest." Another young woman was seen carrying two large paintings, evidently those of her father and mother. She was but partially clad, and amongst all her household wealth sought to preserve these filial mementoes as being to her most precious.

FIENDS INCARNATE.

Advices show that in some quarters pillage became the order of the day and night. From this to direct and open defiance of the law the distance was but small. Mr. E. A. Ireton, adjuster of the Phœnix Insurance Company, expresses the opinion that the conflagration was promoted and aggravated, though not originated, by incendiarism. He saw flames burst from a building, in one instance, several blocks from the fire, the flames apparently coming from the inside. A Mrs. Laura E. Rollins of Bridgeport, Ct., a school teacher, says thieves had a great deal to do with the fire. If they did not start it in the first place, *they kindled stores in fresh places.* When caught, these fiends were summarily shot.

INVITING THE RAGE.

As early as Monday afternoon tradesmen began to look crazed by the thoughts of what they must lose; they lost common sense, and put pillage into the minds of the people. Grocers and clothiers opened their shop doors and let whoever chose take what he would. A jeweller in Lake street so far forged his duty as a good citizen, when the public was threatened with danger, that he actually opened his store, ran into the street, and begged passers by to help him save his treasures; and of course they were not loth to accede to his request, and speedy pocketed watches, necklaces, and diamonds, and really walked away. The good jeweller himself had, like a foolish citizen, contrived to make lawlessness take on the appearance of law.

Such scenes as these occurring throughout the city made a mob of the people, ordinarily law-abiding enough. They could not save their own property, yet they might reimburse themselves for their losses by taking the abandoned property of others as it came in their way, and from abandoned goods to those merely separated by lock and key and door, the step was easy.

TERRIBLE SCENES DURING THE CONFLAGRATION.

William Miller of Peoria, Ill., who was in Chicago during the fire, says that the most pitiable sights were the sick children, half dead, lying crouched on the sidewalks, in many cases with barely any covering on them. In Clark street one instance occurred where two little girls were lying terror stricken cheek-by-jowl with their dead sister, whose remains presented a harrowing spectacle. She had been too late to escape from under a falling building, and had just been extricated and laid by the little lacerated forms of her almost dead sisters. The whole of the population appeared to have been suffering from sore eyes, the dust, having rendered many temporarily blind. Men, women and children were to be seen running about for any gauze-like material that would act as a protection to their eyes. Little children were crying piteously, rubbing their eyes, which were swelling under the scorching influence of the flying sparks and cinders. Men were seen carrying their families out of what they considered danger and depositing their loads by the wayside. A hurry and rush would succeed, and when the disconsolate parents would return for their off-spring, having been burnt out of house and home, they were nowhere to be seen. Instances such as these were to be met with at every corner of the streets; women running wildly about, shrieking out the names of their lost children, fearing lest they had got crushed under some falling building, or been destroyed in the seething fire. When that part of the city occupied by the demi-monde was destroyed, the poor wretches were to be seen mingling with the crowd. Persons were not too stringent in drawing distinctions at such a time, but herded together, rich and poor, high and low, the scorching fire making no distinction to persons, but treating them all alike, the same as it did to Sodom and Gomorrah.

MONDAY NIGHT IN THE BURNED CITY.

Mr. Hatch, the sleeping-car conductor of the train which left Chicago for New York on Monday evening, gives the following description of what he saw in the burning city: I arrived in Chicago at [illegible] on Monday morning. Rumors of a great conflagration had reached us on the road, and as we neared the city we kept a sharp look-out for smoke or other signs of a fire. At a comparatively short distance it was difficult to discern anything amiss with the city. It was enveloped in smoke, but it had worn that appearance for some ten days or more, owing to the firing of marsh and prairie land in its vicinity. It was not until we had almost reached the city limits that the conflagration revealed itself. At the Twenty-second street depot, a small, newly-erected structure, the train was stopped, and we learned the particulars of the fearful calamity which had befallen Chicago. Terrible rumors were in circulation concerning the loss of life, but no trustworthy information could be obtained. Most of my Chicago passengers scattered themselves about the suburbs. I took two of them, who could find no other accommodation, to my residence in Butterfield street, which is just within the city limits, and was not threatened by the flames at that time. At about 1 o'clock I made my way down town. I walked along Harrison and Clark streets. I also strolled along Third and Fourth avenues. The streets were filled with vehicles of every kind, engaged in removing furniture, clothing, and other property from the vicinity of the fire. There were hacks, private carriages, market wagons, express wagons, tradesmen's carts—anything, in fact, that could be pressed into the service of the affrighted citizens. Men, women and children rushed through the streets pell-mell, bent only on escaping with their lives and perhaps a few cherished household gods beyond the reach of the devouring element. At this time the conflagration was raging fiercely in the northern part of the town. In the southern portion it had subsided, leaving long rows of blackened and tumble-down wall to mark the course which it had taken. I may mention here that I never knew a fire die out so suddenly as that in the southern portion of Chicago. I skirted along the burnt district and walked through several of the streets which the fire had devastated. Some of them were lined with tall skeletons of walls, which threatened to fall at any moment; in others the buildings were reduced to mere heaps of smouldering rubbish. Every now and again bright flames would leap from these piles as they were fanned by the wind. These small outbreaks of the fiery element were immediately repressed by the firemen. The only building of which I particularly took notice was the new Pacific hotel, only one wall of which was left standing. On Michigan avenue I noticed the wreck of the houses which had been blown up to arrest the progress of the flames. They were a mass of ruins. I observed a good many people prowling about the outskirts of the burnt region. They were mostly a bad looking lot. All day Monday it blew a fearful gale, and the dust from the falling buildings was almost blinding. Many of those visiting the lower part of the city wore green veils. On my way back through Wabash and Michigan avenues and Clark street, I saw groups of families camping out in the road around the few articles of furniture which they had been able to save. They had no shelter, and must have suffered terribly during the fierce rain storm of that night.

The Effect of Swindling Advertisements.

A publisher can do nothing better calculated to injure or destroy the character, value and influence of his paper than by the insertion of advertisements which lead to defraud his subscribers. So many people have already been swindled by this class of advertisements, that a large number of readers have almost ceased to pay attention to any class of advertising, being so disgusted with their costly experience as to have learned to class all alike, and to believe that advertising is no more nor less than an attempt to defraud.

To foster this state of things is not only doing an injustice to the large class of upright advertisers, but if the feeling should grow to any large extent, as it must certainly do if publishers do not remedy the evil, it must seriously injure all departments of advertising, and throw away millions of dollars worth of honest business. A single swindling advertisement is enough to greatly injure the reputation of a paper among business advertisers, and the ultimate result with the public will be so large a withdrawal of confidence that it would not pay respectable dealers to continue to advertise.

Is a publisher wise who, in order to gain a few dollars from a dishonest man, helps destroy his own chief means of support? Already a certain class of advertisers have discovered that their notices can have no influence unless inserted in newspapers of high character. They have found that journals having the strongest influence are not necessarily those which are largest, or which can count the highest circulation, but those which may be relied upon for their integrity and fair dealing with the public. They consequently examine a newspaper to see the character of its advertisements, believing that if their own is placed beside that of a swindler, the public will decide that both are intended to defraud.

It is a fact worth considering, that a publisher who sells his reputation loses both ways—his readers have no faith in him, and his advertisers can obtain no adequate return for their money. That one or more unreflecting publishers should suffer from their carelessness in this respect is not of great importance, but it is well for the trade to bear in mind that the logical and inevitable result of the printing of a pernicious advertisement will be almost irreparable injury to the whole system of newspaper advertising.

ANYTHING ELSE BUT SORRY.—"Once upon a time," a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of erudition, which is doled out at this Temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum—he was cute on cyphering—thought it not more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly rousing smack, which startled the whole assembly. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red-hot warming-pan—and looking as sly as a minny.

"Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended to a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye—calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches which it contained.

"Jedediah," at length he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry," exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pre-indignation. "Sorry! No, sir! I am not. And I will do jest so again if I hev a chance. So, put on, old teller, jest as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Jehosiphat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum, afore I'd be sorry at that—by thunder, I would!"

A little shaver was told by his mother the other evening at the table that he could not have any meat, as it was not good for him, when he somewhat astonished her by quoting a verse from a Sunday-school lesson that "man could not live by bread alone, and added, "Now, ma, I don't think little boys can either." The juvenile had the best of that argument.