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Sept. 8, 1876. 4t4

A Week in the Troad.

BY C. A. SAVAGE.

[Continued from last week.]

I left the reader last week on the same road Paul took on his journey from Troas to Assos, with Jones's levity at our attempt to draw water out of a deep well by means of an improvised bucket and rope.

About sunset we came to the little Turkish hamlet called Franli. Our experiences here at Franli form a unique chapter in my history. I cannot do justice to it now, but if I had had pen and paper on the spot, I could have written you an amusing chapter on oriental hospitality. The people were thoroughly rustic, not having been contaminated by contact with cities and the world, and hence were thoroughly polite. I believe it to be a mistake that true politeness is a child of cities and courts. For genuine, true-hearted civility, give me the unsophisticated rustic. It was Friday, and of course a day of rest with the Moslems, so Franli seemed to us a village of loafers, as the whole populace were lounging about the court yard of the mosque. Of course all eyes were directed towards the company of Franks that came riding into the village, and as we dismounted in front of the mosque, we were greeted on all sides with *Hosh geldeniz! Hosh geldeu!* We all knew enough of Turkish to understand their welcome (untranslatable) and to reply, *Aroda! Hosh Buldake!* As to the rest our mouths were sealed and we could only talk through our mouth-piece, Ferguson.

They were a picturesque set of fellows, gathered around the rude little mosque, and I wish you could have seen them. Some were old and grave and venerable, with long white beards, long cloaks, and long chibouques. Others were young and muscular. For a while they scanned us pretty closely, but all treated us very politely however. They directed Jones where to put up his horses, and showed us where we were to be entertained. It was a little room attached to the mosque and belonged to nobody, it being the public guest room of the village. We had heard that the bread of the village was unpalatable for a foreigner, and so dispatched a man to a neighboring village where there was an oven, for some loaves. In the meantime we heard the "bread man" of the village give orders for our dinner.

Our room was a small, low-posted apartment, with a fireplace on one side and a small sheet iron stove in the centre. There was a window with oiled paper instead of glass, except near the bottom, where there was a scrap of window glass to see out of. The furniture of the room consisted of mats. After we had strolled around the village a while it became dark, and we went to our room for the night. On entering we found it full of Turks. It surprised us a little at first but as they were quietly seated on their heels around the room, we concluded they had come to prolong their welcome. So we quietly took our places around the sides of the room, and as we had 12 guests, the little apartment was about as full as it could hold. You must know that for a floor we had nothing but mother earth, but there were mats enough to go around the sides. After our Moslem guests had demurely sat for a little while, a man came in bringing the table with the dinner.

Let no magnificent visions of an elegant extension dining table, snowy cloth and palate-tickling *table d'hote*, float before you as I speak of the table and dinner. The table was a round wooden stool, about two feet in diameter, and standing perhaps six inches from the ground. Your civilized dining tables would be the most inconvenient things in the world for a sombre Turk, sitting cross-legged on his heels. The first course was *cheorba* (soup.) It was brought on in a large bowl and placed in the centre of the table. Pieces of barley bread were then broken off and laid around on the sides of the table with wooden spoons. We did not fall to at once waiting instead for some of them to commence; but their repeated invitation, *Buo(you)roun! Buo(you)roun!* soon convinced us that the feast was gotten up for our special benefit, and we began to dip out the soup with our wooden ladles. Some two or three of the Turks joined us in the ceremony. I will not venture to say of what the soup was manufactured. I am positive that it was a substance unknown to the chemistry of American kitchens. It was not good. I will not say that it was specially bad; but after one spoonful Hez became suddenly interested in arranging the apparatus for making tea; after two, Ferguson found it imperatively necessary to assist him. Trivier and I were hungry, and having no tea to fix, we bethought ourselves that it would be hardly polite to treat the bounty of our hosts with disrespect, and so we persevered. Several minutes elapsed, and the infrequent journeys of our ladles to the common soup bowl had removed not more than half of its contents, when it was removed and the second course brought on. Of what it consisted I will not pretend to state; and the third was like unto it. Suffice it to say that at the end of the third course I did not feel that I had made very much impression on the wolf that was howling around my door, and the Turks did not appear to be very much pleased with the patronage their bounty had received. When their viands were removed, we brought on a bowl of *youghoort* which had been brought in to us, and then closed the repast with a cup of tea.

After the table was cleared away our Turkish friends did not seem inclined to go; but still sat around on their heels, some of them smoking their long chibouques, some of them talking, while some of them fell asleep. We did not know but they had come in to make a night of it. Ferguson did not seem inclined to make much use of his knowledge of Turkish, and so there was no communication between us. We were feeling pretty well and did all sorts of things to pass away the time among which were two or three speeches made to our guests—one in French by Mr. Trivier, and one in English by myself, thanking them for their kind hospitality and bidding them an affectionate good night as soon as they thought best to go. As not a man of them understood a word of French or English, and we appeared to be talking to each other all the time, the effect was lost upon them, and they no doubt wondered at the peals of laughter that arose from our side of the cabin. It was getting bonous. Things looked desperate, as by this time about half of them were snoring. Finally Hez, and I got up and went out in front of the mosque, and tried to call them out by singing college songs. Was ever such a sound heard before in that quiet little Turkish town of Franli? They rang out as beautifully on the still air of night, as they ever did under the walls of old Dartmouth; but not a Turk made his appearance to listen. It was a failure.

About nine o'clock, however, we heard the clear voice of the muezzin standing in the top of the mosque, ringing out in the night air: *Allah il a'ha il allah! Allah il a'ha il allah! Mohammed resoul allah!* It was the call to evening prayer, and we took a long breath, thinking we were soon to be relieved. Not a Turk stirred. At last however, one of them got up with a yawn, moved slowly to the door, put on his shoes and went out. After a moment or two, another, with a grunt, went through the same process and so one after another they took their departure, the old patriarch being the last one to leave us. He roused himself from his snooze after the others were gone, grunting out the word "Allah!" (with a strong accent on the last syllable) as he rose, and putting on his shoes, went out and we were left alone with Jones. "Jones," said we, when the last one had gone, "will they come back again?" "*Kim belir!*" said Jones with a shrug of his shoulders. The expression "who knows!" as used by an oriental, is very expressive. We determined to make the best of their absence, and so spread down our blankets, covering them with a liberal allowance of flea powder, took off our coats and shoes, placed our revolvers within easy reach, and were just in the act of going to bed, when one by one the Turks began to come in again. We made up our minds, however, to go to bed anyway, and seeing we were not anxious to have visitors any longer, they soon went out, except one who staid all night. So as soon as we had arranged our *downy* couches, we resigned ourselves to the embraces of Morpheus and the fleas.

Those fleas! It is due to their forbearance, however, that there is enough left of me to tell the tale; and on this account I feel constrained to say a word in their defense; and although it interrupts the thread of my story, to say a word in behalf of Turkish fleas in general. Before coming to Turkey, I had seen it stated that if "all the fleas in a Turk's shirt should kick at once and in the same direction, it would send him across the Bosphorus." I am convinced both from observation and theory that this is not only an exaggeration, but a gross calumny, invented to injure the reputation of my clients. It is premised that the author of the above calumny meant when he said, "would send him across the Bosphorus," that this would be the immediate result of the combined *kick* and *not* that the luckless Moslem, on whom the experiment was tried, would be so much annoyed by their frantic endeavors that he would immediately start across the Bosphorus in a *caique*. This being taken for granted, I think I am able to prove the position I have assumed. I have said that I am convinced by observation, as well as by theory. It must be admitted, however, that this argument is a negative one. I have *never seen* it done, and therefore conclude that it *can not* be. I have now been nearly two years in Turkey, and in that time my clients have had an abundant opportunity to do their worst; and the argument that they can never be induced to kick in the same direction, has no weight with me, from the fact that my study of flea psychology has shown me that they work with marvelous harmony and unanimity of purpose. While writing the above, one of my clients has twice leaped upon my hand, as expressing his gratitude for the efforts I am making in behalf of his race, and as I endeavored to caress his shining back, he immediately sprang down upon my paper as if urging me to go on with my work and waste no time with these needless endearments.

Observation being thus disposed of, what I have to say further upon the subject is in the line of abstract reasoning, or theory. I estimate that it takes 1,728,000 fleas to weigh as much as a man, and that if their forces were well arranged, 636,088 could stand on his person at one time. But, as in conducting the experiment only one-half that number, or those that could find a foothold on one side, could work to advantage, we must estimate our working force of fleas at only 318,344, or to give them plenty of room to kick, in round numbers, say 300,000 that could be marshalled on the west side of a man who was standing for that purpose on the European shore of the Bosphorus. Now a full-grown, healthy, male flea, will jump—say the length of a man, or from one bed post to another. On the principle that action and reaction are equal, we may, I suppose, estimate this to be the force of his kick, or in other words, standing on one bedpost he could kick another flea of equal weight with himself six feet, to the opposite one. This is our unit of measure—the *force*-unit, and the *weight*-unit is the weight of one flea avoirdupois. Applying it now to the case of the man. The combined kick of our whole force of 300,000 lusty fleas, would then be equivalent to 300,000 force units; or 1,800,000 feet, (341 miles nearly,) the distance through which one weight-unit (a flea) would be projected. But we have already estimated the man to be 1,728,000 flea weights; hence the distance to which he could be projected must be proportionately less, or about 1.04 feet!! Now the Bosphorus being nowhere less than half a mile (2640 ft.) in width the proposition is manifestly absurd and I demand for my clients heavy damages from the unprincipled calumniator, of the kind demanded by Shylock the Jew.

I have passed worse nights than the one in the little mosque room at Franli. In the morning we made our breakfast on bread, milk and yoourt, and then mounting our horses, rode away, after dropping a few piastres in the hand of the *imam* of the village to pay for our lodging. As we rode away, the whole village came out to see us calling out *roghour olur olsoun! roghour olur olsoun!* the common salutation to one setting out on a journey, meaning, *bon voyage!*

This morning we took a guide from Franli to conduct us up to the top of a mountain—Mt. Chigni, some 1600 feet high, on the top of which are the ruins of an ancient city. It was a wild country through which we passed, covered with rocks and boulders, which reminded me of New Hampshire. On the side of one of these large boulders, our guide pointed out an ancient inscription in Greek, and beside it a rude cross carved in the rock, which were probably for beams or rafters, and seemed to show that some time—long ago—there had been there a little church or shrine. It must have been at least five hundred years ago as the Turks held the Troad long before they came to Constantinople. After two hours of climbing among the rocks, we reached the top of Mt. Chigni. The ancient city wall, of which I spoke, can be traced for a long distance around its summit, and it is said that there are remains of buildings, but we did not see them. The walls are quite massive and the city must have been a very strong one. It is quite remarkable that history preserves no name for this mountain city. Strabo mentions several cities in the Troad that were strongly fortified from their position, and among others he speaks of Neandria, which was probably the one situated here on Mt. Chigni. One appreciates the marks that Time makes when he comes to stand on the site of a city which not only is entirely destroyed, but the very name of which is forgotten. The view from here was very fine, embracing the vast valonea forests toward the south and west, bounded by Mt. Ida and the Ægean, and the valley of the Scamander on the east and north, stretching clear across the Trojan plain, to where the river empties into the Hellespont.

Coming down from the mountain which was so rough that we had to lead our horses, we after a little struck the bed of a stream and followed it until it emptied into the Scamander near the Turkish town of Inch. We stopped here for an hour or so to rest our horses and take a lunch. It was in a khan. The khan you know is the oriental hotel, kept on the "European plan," to the extent that you pay for what you have, and can take your meals where you choose, but in every other respect is decidedly oriental. We rode into a large open court and hitched our horses. Around this court there were several small rooms, into one of which we were shown. Its only furniture consisted of a raised bench that could serve for a seat or bed and several populous mattresses. Not caring to engage with the enemy in the daytime, however, we let the mattresses entirely alone, and called for a table and some stools. After our lunch of cold chicken, bread, lemons and raisins, we strolled about the town a little, and then mounting our horses rode on down the river. During this afternoon, nothing of special importance or interest occurred. It was a beautiful ride down the valley of the Scamander, as it flows between two ranges of hills. Sometimes it was almost a precipitous ascent from the stream to the height of several hundred feet, and then again the bridle path would be through a mountainous meadow.

We told Jones to take us through Arablar, which we saw put down on our map to Bounarbashi. After some time we stopped to drink at a fountain and he told us we were near Bounarbashi. But where was Arablar? "This is Arablar," and looking around we saw the ruined walls of several houses.

(Continued next week.)

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a half years. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried, "Heaven." His little sister said, eagerly: "Top! I des I'll dit out here."

Watching for the Angels.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

When Willie was taken ill Ruthie was sent away from home to escape contagion. When she came back again mamma told her that her little brother had gone to a bright, beautiful place, where he never would be sick or tired any more—that the angels had taken him to heaven.

"What do you cry for, mamma?" asked wondering Ruthie. "When will they bring him back?"

Mamma wiped her eyes, and tried to speak cheerfully.

"We must try to be good, little daughter, so that we shall be all ready when they come for us."

"If the angels came for you I'd go too," said Ruthie decisively.

Mamma smiled sadly.

"I would," repeated Ruthie, with a shake of her golden curls. Then she jumped down from her mother's lap, and ran up stairs to the nursery, but the unwonted stillness of the room oppressed her. "I didn't want him to be took," she sobbed. "I wish they'd bring him back!"

But the angels didn't bring him back; and when, soon after, mamma was taken ill, poor Ruthie wandered listlessly about the house, her little heart heavy with a nameless dread. Papa wanted to send her away again. Poor papa! How sorry he looked. Ruthie loved him very much; she was sure of that; but, as she used sometimes to say to Willie, "she didn't know him as she did mamma." So, when he tried to persuade her to go home with kind Aunt Eliza, she said not a word in reply, but ran off to her own little chamber, crying bitterly.

The angels had not brought Willie back. She didn't believe they ever brought anybody back. If they came for mamma, she would go with them. She had resolved upon that.

Every day she went to see "dear mamma." Every day she came out from the chamber of sickness sober yet content. The angels had not come yet.

One night Ruthie had a strange dream. She dreamed that papa came and took her from her warm bed, and carried her in his arms to mamma's room; that a pair of wistful eyes gazed tenderly into hers; that gentle lips touched her forehead very softly, and that she was held for a moment close, close to a loving heart.

When she awoke the next morning her dream came back to her. She ran softly through the hall, her small bare feet making no noise, and reached the door of the room unseen. She opened it carefully. At first she could see no one and she shivered, more from a vague, undefined dread than from the chill morning air which came in through the open window. As she stood trembling, papa entered, and started with surprise to see her there.

"Where's mamma?" asked a plaintive little voice.

Papa didn't say a word. Very gently he lifted a snowy covering, and Ruthie saw her mother lying white and still—"fast asleep."

"It's too cold papa," said she winking very hard, to keep back the tears."

But papa only sighed; and then, glancing down at the little feet, bade her go and let Maggie dress her at once.

The next few days seemed to the child strange and unreal, like her dream. Aunt Eliza and Uncle Ben were there, and so many people coming and going all the time. Some of them cried as they looked at dear mamma. Some took Ruthie in their arms and kissed her, calling her "poor, dear little girl;" then there were others who did not cry, and who took no notice of her. It was very strange.

Aunt Eliza wondered at the mysterious attraction which drew her were never so many, many times to the chamber of death. Ah! she could not read the thought of that baby heart. She little dreamed for what the child was watching.

"They didn't come yet. The angels didn't come yet." This was the burden of poor Ruthie's little song, and she beged on and waited patiently. But there came a day when many people gathered, all at once in the sitting-room, up stairs. Ruthie was very quiet that day—every body was quiet—mamma was quietest of all, she didn't even look at the beautiful flowers which loving hands had placed around her. Ah, the strangeness of it all; but—"the angels didn't come yet."

After the minister had "preached" there was a long, long ride, during which papa never spoke; then the getting out at the pretty cemetery. Ruthie knew the place quite well—she had been there so many times. But to see mamma lying there in that strange looking box, with the flowers about her; to see the box closed so tightly that the angels couldn't find her when they came; to see it lowered into the ground and to hear the earth fall heavily upon it—what did it mean?

Ruthie couldn't speak at first, she was crying so; then she grasped the hand that was nearest her; it happened to be Uncle Ben's. Looking down through his tears he was startled at the expression of the childish face.

"Where are—the—angels?" sobbed Ruthie.

"The what?" he asked astonished.

"The angels. I was going—"

Uncle Ben took her in his arms and held her there. He wanted to comfort her but he hardly knew how.

"You cannot understand it, child. It is only with the eye of faith that we can see the angels."

Ruthie rubbed her poor little swollen eyes. Alas, they were not "eyes of faith." They could not see the angels.

When papa came up stairs that evening for his good-night kiss he found his little daughter gazing thoughtfully at mamma's picture, which hung upon the wall near her bedside.

"Aunt 'Liza says she'll go to heaven. How can God find her, papa?"

"He has her now, my darling."

"Up in heaven?"

"Yes;" and he tried to explain something of the great mystery to his wondering child, who, if she didn't understand, was somewhat comforted.

"But, oh, papa," she cried at length, "I waited so long. I wanted to go."

"Waited so long?" Papa was perplexed.

"Yes for the angels;" and again the salt drops fell like rain from the blue eyes.

Papa's eyes were dim, too. He held out his arms, and Ruthie crept into them laying her tired little head upon his shoulder. For a moment both were silent, when he said softly:

"Would you go and leave me all alone, Ruthie?"

"Would you cry?"

"Of course I should. We must take care of each other now, you and I."

"Could I take care of you, papa?"

"Why not?"

The faint glimmer of a smile shone through Ruthie's tears. "I could get your slippers nights," she said thoughtfully, "and—once I made some toast." Long after the good dream-angel had chased away the memory of Ruthie's troubles, papa sat watching his sleeping child.

Poor baby heart, so sorely stricken!

Who shall say that children do not feel? Not the sorrowing father, surely, who held her to his heart with a strange new tenderness, born of their common sorrow. Ah! the angels will be with little Ruthie, though she cannot see them—the blessed angels of love and sweet-home sympathy. She will know her papa now.—*Congregationalist.*

Centennial Notes.

An important and interesting item is that contained in the confession of all the restaurant proprietors at the centennial that they sell but comparatively little wine. These are times when men are not ashamed to be economical, and it is a refreshing fact to register. "I used to think it mean, a few years ago," said a well-known club man to me, the other day, "to invite a friend to dinner without asking him what kind of champagne he would have; but now I ask him whether he prefers beer, or—water." We have touched "hard-pan."—*Edward King.*

The Mayor of Philadelphia has issued a proclamation requesting the suspension of all business in the city on Thursday, the 28th, "Pennsylvania Day." The Pennsylvania Railroad is so overcrowded with business that it has been borrowing cars right and left for some time past. The arrivals of each day from all quarters continue "unprecedented," for they are greater than those of the day before.

By the way, it is a problem why the visitors to this city take so much baggage. It seems to us that did they know that it far exceeded in amount the possible facilities of the department of delivery, and if the ladies knew that they were lucky when they received their trunks in season to take them back with them—if they made only a usual stop—they would leave stay at home.—*Philadelphia Letter to Freeman.*

The number of deaths among those who frequent the centennial grounds, not only among transient visitors, but among local residents, is beginning to excite some apprehension. The malady is typhoid fever or some kindred disease, indicating the effect of malaria. Several deaths have occurred among agents who reside upon or near the grounds and among the centennial guards. The fever is not contagious, and is attributed by physicians to the malaria, at times arising from the grounds and river front during the night. The number of deaths from this cause, seems to be on the increase. There appears to be no reason for excitement, but the facts warrant a close inquiry to ascertain whether suspicions now entertained have any real foundation. The malaria, whatever it is, reminds one of the mysterious disease at the National Hotel, Washington, a number of years ago.

The most remarkable features in the pomological building—certainly the one that attracts the greatest attention—is that of California fruit, brought East in refrigerator cars. It is in fine condition. In size the fruit is unequaled, and its quality is very fine. The peaches are very fine and tempting luscious. Clusters of grapes are shown which in this part of the country seem fairly enormous. The beauty of some of them is beyond praise. The apples, pears and plums are almost equally remarkable. Nectarines, figs, and almonds, both green and ripe, are also shown. This fruit was brought here by an agent acting for quite a number of fruit growers. Besides that exhibited, a stock is on hand for sale in the building.

It is a fact that the health of visitors is seriously threatened in the thickly settled area of temporary hotels about the centennial gates, because of the utter and universal neglect of the simplest sanitary precautions. This whole region is appropriately dubbed "Shanty-town," and would bring discredit in many respects upon a frontier town. Every saloon-keeper dumps the refuse of his shop in the desolate region behind his shanty, no sewerage system is even attempted in the great caravansaries that shelter 10,000 and 20,000 people, and the aggregate offense is now so great that visitors dread the morning and evening coming and going because of the stenches that rise, even these cold mornings, on every hand. The water-closet systems at the Atlas and Great Exposition hotels are simply barbarous. The former is a vast collection of board cottages, calculated for 5000 souls, the attendance is entirely inadequate to the decent care of such an army, and the water closets in the midst of them are troughs through which a stream of water is occasionally sent. It is fair to say that lime is used here, but is of course, totally inadequate to abate so erring and radical an evil. The Grand Exposition, calculated for 5000, has a brick front and sides, but its heart is filled with wooden cottages in which are put what should be the "out"-houses with no attempt whatever to palliate their offense; no lime and much less any water are used. Before the hotel, a little distance on the road to the exposition, rolls an open sewer.

Brutal Murder by a Tramp.

The details of the terrible murder by a tramp at Otis, Berkshire Co., Mass., already reported by telegraph, we copy from the Springfield Republican:—Charles Wood, a French tramp, without home or connection in this country, killed Mrs. Jeptha Hazard at her home, Monday evening, the 18th, by cutting her head open with an axe. Jeptha Hazard and his wife, both over 70 years of age, lived by themselves in a little house, a mile and a half north from Otis Center, on the road to Lee. During the heavy shower about half-past six, Monday evening, Wood knocked at the door, and asked the shelter of the house till the storm was over. After enjoying the hospitality of the unsuspecting couple for awhile, the rain subsided, and he left the house; but, instead of continuing his tramp, he seized a heavy club from a wood-pile near the door, went back into the house, and assaulted the old man, striking him on the head. In his attempt to ward off the blow, Mr. Hazard was considerably hurt in the arm, but succeeded in getting away from his assailant, and running out of the house, hurried for help toward the house of his nearest neighbor, George Tillotson. After he had gone, his aged but plucky wife attempted to punish the villain for his attack on her husband, by taking a club and giving him a severe blow on the back of the head, whereat Wood picked up an axe and hit the old woman three times in the face and head with its edge, inflicting wounds from which she died in two hours. Hazard and Tillotson arrived in a very few moments, and finding Wood still in the house, secured him, though not until he had used his club again with good effect.

Jeptha Hazard and wife were known in Otis and vicinity as a worthy old couple of most peaceable habits, and Wood does not intimate that they were in the least unkind to him, or that there was any sign of a quarrel between him and them.

Why He was so Particular about His Second Wife.

A man entered the Chicago Tribune office and left the following advertisement:

PERSONAL.—The advertiser desires to make the acquaintance of a lady of refinement and good looks, 5 feet 4½ inches high, and weighing about 130 pounds; bust measure, 38 inches; waist measure, 28½ inches; size of boot, 3½; ditto of glove, 5½; complexion pronounced brunette, deep hazel eyes, with a view to matrimony. Address W., 1708 Tribune Office.

"Seems to me you're mighty particular about the size and kind of wife you want," observed the advertising clerk. "Well, perhaps I am, but you see my wife died before we had been married long, and she hadn't begun to half wear out her clothes, and her father gave her an awful sight of 'em, so it seems to me kinder like flying in the face of Providence when silk and things is so dear and the country laboring in the throes of a financial convulsion, to take another mate, and let the moths break through and rust and corrupt all them duds. So I just want a wife to match them things."

The Intimidators Intimidated.

A number of the South Carolina cotton strikers went to a field last week in which a stalwart son of Ham was working, and accosted him about how much he received, when the the following dialogue took place:

Strikers. Say Nat, what you git for dat dar work you doin'?

Nat. Look here, niggers, tell me, are you ready to meet yo' God?

Strikers. No foolin', Nat; what dese buckra pay you for dis work?

Nat. I'm not foolin', nudder; tell me, niggers, ain you ready to meet yo' God?

Strikers. See here, Nat, we come to stop dis workin' for nothing; so you got to stop dat work 'mediately and go wid us.

Nat. "Fore God, niggers, you thingin' graves and dirt on yo'self, and if you ain't ready to meet yo' God, leave here, fo' de first nigger puts hand on me, dat nigger'll wake up in h—l.

Nat worked on.—*Marion Star.*

ATTORNEY-GENERAL TAFT continues to receive a number of letters daily from the South, filled with stories of cruelties practiced upon republicans, and praying for protection by the general government. Mr. Taft says not the twentieth part of the outrages practiced upon the helpless negroes and white republicans are heard at the North; that the Southern papers from policy suppress the facts, which only become public through the medium of some government official. From a conservative republican, Judge Taft has changed his views in regard to the South completely within three months, and he never supposed the spirit of oppression and tyranny could exist to such an extent as now prevails in some of the southern states, and encouraged by the very men who were the most submissive when the rebellion was crushed. It is Judge Taft's intention to embody some of these statements of democratic cruelties in a speech which he will deliver in Cincinnati during the latter part of this month. He proposes to tell a true story, based upon evidence which has come into his hands as Attorney General, and what he will say will, it is believed, command very general attention throughout the North. It it does not produce a positive sensation.—*Portland Press.*

THE TABLE ON WHICH BENEDICT ARNOLD ATE HIS LAST MEAL AS A FREEMAN.—The table on which Benedict Arnold ate his last breakfast prior to going over to the enemy is in possession of Mr. William D. Garrison, manager of the Grand Union Hotel, New York, nearly opposite of the Grand Central depot, where any one can see it who wishes. It is in the gentlemen's reading room. As a relic it is quite valuable, as Mr. Garrison refused $500 for it from the New York Historical Society. Arnold sat at this table with several of Washington's officers who were on their way to West Point from Hartford, where the note was handed him giving information as to the capture of Major Andre. Arnold excused himself and without finishing his meal retired to his room for a few minutes with Mrs. Arnold. He mounted a horse belonging to one of Washington's aide-de-camps, rode to the river, entered a row boat and was conveyed to the Vultom that lay out in the stream.

HIS SUB-CELLAR NEIGHBORS.—A minister was soliciting aid to foreign missions and applied to a gentleman, who refused him, with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbors."

"Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbors?"

"Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired the minister.

"Yes."

"Well," said the minister, "how much land do you own?"

"About five hundred acres."

"How far down do you own?"

"Why I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way through."

"Exactly," said the clergyman; "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the New Zealanders—the men whose lands join yours on the bottom."—*Hartford Times.*

WAIT FOR THE GRAVEL TRAIN.—A vote was taken on an Erie railway train, last week, and Hayes and Wheeler stood three to one. When the train stopped at a station one of the passengers, seeing an Irishman at work on the track, called to him: "Say, Pat, we have just taken a vote on the train and we stand three to one in favor of Hayes and Wheeler; what do you think of that?" Pat took his pipe from his mouth just long enough to say: "To h—l wid your fashionable cars; just wait till the gravel train comes along."

Squibs.

A city young man who read "Now is the time for husking bees," chased a bee fifteen minutes to ascertain what kind of a husk it had on.—*Norristown Herald.*

A man in a Scotch village, who had a good telescope, looked at his third cousin through it, which brought him as near as a first cousin.

During a session of a county court in the interior, a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman; when he coolly replied, amid the laughter of the court: "No, sir. I'se not married."

A lawyer at the bar was held to be in contempt for simply making a motion in court. It was ascertained, however, that he made a motion to throw an inkstand at the head of the court.

Probably you have heard why a minister delivering his preoration is like a ragged boy? Because he's tor'd his close, you know. It is hardly apparallel case, however.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, Mr. E——, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

Mrs. Partington concurs in Bishop Whipple's pacific policy towards the Indians. She says she'd drive 'em right into it and drown 'em all.

Now that Ben. Butler has announced himself "a widow," and the owner of the yacht "America," we suppose it's in order to speak of his recent nautical experience as "the widow's cruise."

"Ma, what is lanker?" inquired a bright-looking child, the other day. "I'm sure I don't know, my son; where did you hear the word?" "Why, at Sunday school; you know, they sing, 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, we'll lanker by and by.'"

As Mr. Oldfashion's children were frolicking while their father indulged in his Sunday nap, Uncle Peter suggested: "Charley, your father wants to sleep, and you had better keep quiet." "I've looked out for that," replied young hopeful; "I thought perhaps we should be noisy, and I went in and stuffed his ears with cotton while he was asleep." And he went on with his sky-larking.

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah H. was passing by, growling most furiously. "Matter!" said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr. ——. "Ten cents! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

"What under the sun are you rummaging all the old clothes closets for?" the tender wife asks her fond husband, these bracing autumn mornings. "My winter pantaloons and coats," he replies, with a suspicious look at the empty hooks. "O,—why—yes—let me see" and, with the guilty blood suffusing her lovely face, she glides into the next room and takes a china dog and a pair of glass vases off the mantelpieces and hides them behind the sofa.

For a printer's wife, Em; for a sport's wife, Betty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Netty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peggy; for a carpet-man's wife, Mat-tie; for an auctioneer's wife, Biddy; for a chemist's wife, Anna Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridge-it.

One day Bill had company to dine with him; and his wife, wishing William to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well mashed, when he said: "Dolly, purse the grease!" "Why, William," said his wife, "you should call it gravy." "Wall," says Bill, "I guess if I get it on your tablecloth it would be grease." The guests shouted.

OVERDOING IT.—*Bashful Spooner* (on his honeymoon): "Larry, my wife and I have both noticed that the town-people stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we are newly married." *Larry* (the faithful factotum): "Me tell 'em, for? Is it likely O'd go agin my express orders? Why, whenever anybody thryed to pump me, sir, OI've tould 'em you wasn't married at all."

A mischievous quack in Altoona City, Pa., advised a young man with more vain than brain to use molasses water, the theory being that after the water evaporated the rebellious locks would coalesce and keep in place. He made his toilet of a Sunday morning, and, taking a prominent pew, concentrated the attention of all the flies in the church, much to the relief and edification of the congregation. After striking wildly about and damaging a palm-leaf in undue vehemence, he made a break for the door, with the flies swarming about his well-seasoned poll.

"Every man," said Mark Lemon, one evening, at his club, "has his peculiarities; though I think I am as free from them as most men. At any rate, I don't know what they are." Nobody contradicted the editor of Punch; but, after a while, Albert Smith asked: "Which hand do you shave with, Uncle?" "With my right hand," replied Lemon. "Ah!" returned the other, "that's your peculiarity. Most people shave with a razor."

The other day a man took home a book containing several anecdotes showing the power of imagination, and after reading them to his w