

# Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## BETTY'S PHILOSOPHY.

Betty went out for her morning ride in the market-car, and the parson met her on the way. "Hello, Betty, how are you?" "For the way was long and the roads were wet." "And as they jolted and bounced about, the parson said—and his voice was gruff: "It's very good for the health, no doubt, to travel over a road so rough!" "Oh, ay," said Betty, "there's likely cause for that. Who scowl and frown on you next, or a hole like that, when it's hot, perhaps. That they should have trouble to keep their seats." "For, once in a while we should chance to hit on a rough piece, over the road we go, we'll enjoy more heartily every bit of the smoother places we find, you know!" The parson nodded and held on tight. "And thought of cushions and other things, then said to Betty, "I think you might afford to furnish your cart with springs!" "Oh, ay," said Betty, with sudden start, "that's what I've been thinking of. If there had been springs upon this cart, we'd both have landed in your ditch!" "There are many that go on a level road, with seldom a jolt in their journey. And yet they manage to spill their load before they reach the market town." "While those that travel a rougher way grow tough in muscle and strong in grace." "No doubt," said the parson, "thanks, and good day." "I'd had we're safe at the market-place!" —Josephine Pollard, in *Youth's Companion*.

## AS AUNT ELLICE TOLD IT.

### CHAPTER I.

AND so you are teasing for the story of that night—only because you heard me refer to it, yesterday, when I was chatting with your mother, as the only adventure which ever befel me in all my five-and-fifty years? And you take it for granted, you foolish young people, because I called it an "adventure," that it must needs be as "thrilling" as your mother's tales, or your time in following so breathlessly through your modern novels, and behind the footlights? You will be disappointed then; I give you fair warning! It was all over in a short half hour! and, moreover, I wasn't in the least the heroine of it; I only "assisted" at it, as the droll French phrase goes, which was perplexing you in your translation yesterday, Dorothy. And, moreover—but you want the story, you say, and not ten minutes of preface? The impertinence of your generation spoke in that! Well, you must have the story, then, I suppose. Put a fresh log on the fire, Tom; I don't want you poking at it, presently. As you'd be certain to do, in the middle of the only "thrill" my small narrative can boast. Tell the maid not to bring the lamps for half an hour; story-tellers are owlish, you know, in their love for the dark.

It happened to me the winter I was eighteen years old. I had been spending the Christmas holidays with Uncle Philip and Aunt Hester Heywood, up in Ayr; and as always happened when I went to them, my visit of a fortnight had lengthened out into months; and February found me still with them. I never was as happy elsewhere as at Ayr. At home, as you know, I had quite a patriarchal tribe of brothers and sisters, to share with me papa's affection, and the possibilities of our very limited income; but at Ayr I reigned supreme; and I am sure that no child of their own could have held a warmer place than I, in Uncle Philip and Aunt Hester's hearts. Their marriage had been childless; and it was natural that the only child of Uncle Philip's favorite sister should be so very dear to them. They were clannish folks, always, the Heywoods; and they never made any very friendly advances to the second Mrs. Ainsworth—good housewife's soul that she was! nor to any of her big brood of children. It was usually rather pointedly to Miss Ellice Ainsworth that letters of invitation came addressed.

I had never been happier at Ayr, than that winter I was eighteen years old. Aunt Hester gave me first, that year, a responsible share in the entertaining of the guests of whom her hospitable house was rarely empty; and this was a pride no less than a pleasure to me, for she had strict old-fashioned ideas of the place of young girls in social life, had Aunt Hester. I was very happy in the society of the clever young people who found, in Madam Heywood's home, a congenial atmosphere. And among the guests was the heroine of my little adventure; to which I am coming, eventually, Tom, in spite of your impatient doubts to the contrary! She was the daughter of one of Uncle Philip's college chums, a Miss Eleanor Forrester. She must have been about twenty-four years old then. I believe I worshipped her with a hero-worship that would have satisfied the heart of Thomas Carlyle himself! It was not so much that she was beautiful (though looking back through the years, I still think her face, in certain moods, the most beautiful face I ever saw), as that she was at once so frank and so gracious, so genuine, and so sweet. She had not the same self-assertion which so often belongs to women of her power and courage; she had not the fustian, the subtle, false "policy" which so often belongs to women of her infinite tact and sweetness. She was a bit of a Di Vernon in her way, too; I think it was her superb horsemanship that so endeared her to Uncle Philip's heart, at first. Her physical strength and endurance were a proverb among us; she had proved them equal, more than once, in unobtrusive ways to those of many a young man of our society; not always to the young man's unmixed satisfaction.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, one keen, clear January afternoon, when, returning from a skating frolic on the river, we found Dick Francis and Alec Stuart standing before a target, which they had just set up in the firgrove for a little pistol-practice. There are certain moments—and these are by no means the most vital moments of one's life—which photograph themselves on the memory, without one's knowing why or how; but there they remain, vivid and fresh forever. And so that minute, photographed itself with me. I shut my eyes, and again I see the firgrove, and a powder-smell in the last night's snow, still white on the sturdy green branches, and fluffing down, now and then, in a diamond-dust, as the sharp wind stirred and stilled; patches of

snow, too, on the brown carpet under foot, which even into the January chill sent forth a faint odor, like a memory of vanished summer noons; the cold, blue sky, with a few light clouds, rose from the near sunset, sailing across it above the swaying fir-tops; the river flashing icily at the foot of the lawn-slope; the late, keen light falling slanting upon the merry group under the gray old trees. I can see Eleanor Forrester, in the short, rough suit of the dark blue she loved to wear, with the red of an abounding and joyous health in her delicate face, and her bright hair all tossed and ruffled in the wind. She had been examining, rather critically, the pistol Alec Stuart had handed her, at her laughing request; and now, as she gave it back—

"It's quite time I had a little practice in this sort of thing," she said; "unless I wish to lose entirely the aim brother Jack used to declare my chief accomplishment in school-girl days!" "My armory is quite at your service, whenever you propose to recommence practice," Miss Eleanor, said Uncle Philip, with the smile which he always had for her brave young beauty. "I used to be quite a connoisseur in firearms once, and took pride in the little armory I inherited from my father, who held such tastes before me. I remember he used to have a loaded revolver kept in my very guest-chamber in the house; I dare say you would find one or two in the old cabinets up yonder still. I had them overhauled and reloaded not very long ago; and I have an impression that some of them were left where we found them. We will look over them together some day, Miss Eleanor."

"Thank you; it would give me hearty pleasure," she said. "I delight in a well-made little revolver, almost as much as my brothers do. I have seen the time more than once when I have felt for their company." "It does seem to me," cried Alec Stuart, suddenly addressing her with a brusqueness that had rather grown on her of late. "It does seem to me, Miss Eleanor, that you possess the most extraordinary number of superfluous accomplishments of any young lady of my acquaintance! How you ever find time to add to your gentlemanly tastes any feminine pleasures, I must confess puzzles me!"

She turned toward him (we were walking back to the house, now, and he was by her side), with a very kind amusement in her gray eyes. "And it seems to me," she said, "that you, in common with most of your sex, are very unreasonable on this sort of subject! And so my pistol shooting is to you a riding and swimming, under the ban of unqualified condemnation! Unconventional, such tastes may be in women, I grant you; but unwomanly I am sure they are not. Gentlewomen will not need teaching as to how and where to indulge them; but properly exercised, such sport brings a strength of muscle and a power of nerve which women, as well as men, need sorely enough in the hard places of their lives! And I think that women who use every means in their power to make healthy their bodies for healthy minds to dwell in should be helped, and not laughed at. I beg your pardon," she ended, abruptly, as the silence about her warned her how earnestly she had been speaking. "Indeed, I didn't mean to make a speech. But I don't like to be laughed at as 'eccentric,' when I am only using the right, natural means which I believe exist to boys, men and women alike, to strength and usefulness, and in the truest sense, self-possession!"

We had arrived at the hall door as Eleanor finished speaking; and as it opened, the warm firelight flashed out ruddily across the twilight snow. Stuart stood aside for Eleanor to pass in, and taking off his cap, stood uncovered. "I owe you an apology for my rudeness, Miss Eleanor," he said, "and I don't know how best to make it. Only perhaps you can fancy that a man who would gladly be of service to a woman, and who feels how little he could ever serve them in the high things of mind and spirit, may feel resentful, a little, when we see them so 'armed and well prepared' against physical evils; also, that he can not hope to serve them even there!"

Was it the firelight glaze Eleanor's face that rosy glow, as she passed him with no answer but a bend of her fair head? "Oh yes, his apology was all very pretty," I said, resentfully, to Aunt Hester, as we went up stairs together. "But I don't see why Mr. Alec Stuart need, in the least, concern himself with Eleanor Forrester's tastes and inclinations, in the first place!" "Unless, indeed," Aunt Hester answered, smiling down into my vexed face, "unless, indeed, Mr. Alec Stuart has come to look upon Eleanor's tastes and inclinations as upon those of the woman he would make his wife. I have thought he might be so looking at them this many a month, my dear!"

### CHAPTER II.

I think it happened on a Tuesday afternoon—that little episode under the fir-trees. The following Saturday the fiercest storm of that winter swept over Ayr. Even the solid, sturdy old Heywood House shook under the raging assault of the north wind that, charged with sharp rain and sleet, flung itself against the wall, and roared at the windows. I remember that early in the afternoon a few of us, impatient at the drowsiness with which the heat of indoors weighed down their eyelids, merrily dared each other to a walk—on wade, rather—round the barn through the snow; but so deep was the snow, and so strong was the wind, and so sharp the sleet, which cut one's face like millions of tiny spears, that I was glad to turn back before I had left the hall door thirty feet behind, and when I had staggered up the steps, I found myself so faint with buffeting and loss of breath, that Uncle Philip took me up like a baby in his strong arms and carried me to the settle by the blazing fire.

We tried no more "excursions" that day. In the evening, after candles were brought, we sat around the great fireplace, singing a little at first with no accompaniment but the raging wind outside; and by-and-by drifted into story-telling; such stories as seem afloat in the very air of such wild black nights as that—of adventure by mountain and sea—of visit-

ants whose feet "leave no traces on the sea sand or the winter's snow;" and whose presence only the watch-dogs know. And I can assure you that with the storm, and our evening's entertainment, weak-minded folks like we heard in small humor for sleep when sleep time came; and I fancy that even the gentlemen looked forward with more than usual satisfaction to their nightly cigar in the library to have a soothing effect not wholly unwelcome. As the maid was lighting our bedroom candles, I heard Dick Francis say, in answer to some question of Uncle Philip's: "No, sir, they've not caught him yet; I heard the grooms saying this afternoon that they had traced him into this neighborhood, and thought he must be in hiding somewhere hereabout. I haven't a fragment of my usual sympathy with justice-hunted men, in his case. The man is a cold-blooded scoundrel, and I hope they'll have him—the sooner the better."

"Of whom are you speaking?" several of us asked, in a breath. "Of that rascal, Burroughs, who escaped from the county jail last Thursday," said Dick. "The one who beat and robbed that old man at Lester—left him for dead, you know—and I believe they had other charges to bring forward against him at his trial next week. Some of the best men of the force are on his track, and I don't think he'll slip through their fingers. It is a puzzle to me, though, where he can be in hiding hereabout; the country is so open, I should think he'd find it hard work to keep cover."

The gentlemen were still discussing the matter when we left them. As I stopped on the upper landing to say good-night to Eleanor—her room was at the opposite end of a corridor from mine—a blast of wind struck the great staircase window behind us; and one of the shutters, partially torn from its fastening, came crashing against the glass with a noise that reverberated like a thunder-clap through the quiet house. I threw both arms round Eleanor, with a terrified scream; and the next moment, realizing my folly, and weak from the nervous strain of the evening's talk, I burst into a passion of hysterical crying.

"My dear!" said Eleanor, "my dear!"—and held me to her, smoothing my hair with her strong warm hand. "You must not stay alone such a night as this, in that great room of yours, you foolish child!" she said. "Why, we should have you in a brain fever before morning, Ellice! What do you say to my making you a visit for the night? I might be useful in tying up shutters, you know, or scaring hobgoblins; and you might find a little leisure to sleep. Shall I come?"

I tearfully entreated her to come. I was not a heroic young person, you may perhaps have remarked—and we were soon established in the great room I was then occupying. I had given up my own private and particular little "bower"—a cozy, sunny place opening directly from Aunt Hester's room—to a small cousin, who, being still young enough to need occasional peepings in upon during the night, was naturally established as near Auntie as possible. This being the only room then vacant, I was forced to take possession of it. And what a room it was! Quite large enough, I am sure, for a small banquet hall; it had been the state bedchamber in colonial days. It had too many doors for one even to be sure one had counted them correctly; and every door, like the windows, was curtained with some heavy, somber drapery; and the floor and wainscoting were of dark wood. You can fancy it was a cheerful sleeping-place for a nervous person, on a stormy night.

We prepared for bed slowly; and while I was brushing out my hair by the fire, Eleanor was "rummaging" hither and thither about the room, bringing to light its many quaintnesses, and seeming to enjoy herself heartily. Opening a drawer in a tall old cabinet which stood near one of the curtained alcoves, she chanced upon some odd bits of bric-a-brac that interested her as she lingered long over them. I noticed that one of them, as she lifted it, seemed to have, in the firelight, the gleam of steel; and I was about to ask her what it was, when the wind, suddenly scurrying down the wide chimney, sent the coals flying over and beyond the hearth; and in the hurry of gathering them up, I forgot my curiosity.

Not long after, we blew out our candles, and, comforted and protected by the sense of Eleanor's dear and strong companionship, it was not long before I fell asleep. I woke suddenly, with a sense of stifling and oppression, and became conscious that I was struggling with both hands to free myself from some weight which was being close pressed against my face. My eyes once fully open, I saw, to my amazement, that it was the coverlid from whose pressure over my mouth I was struggling to free myself, and that Eleanor's hand held the edge of it. "She was very strange; there was no color in all her face but the burning gray of her eyes; and they were looking down into mine with such a command in them to be silent and motionless as no spoken word could have made more forceful.

In the moment's pause, after my consciousness fully came, I heard the distant clocks across the river strike one. Then the storm, which had lulled a moment, broke forth again with a roar as of loosened demons; and through the tumult, Eleanor spoke, in a whisper so low that senses less terror-keen than mine could not have caught a word: "Ellice, I want you to be perfectly quiet. I have held this against your mouth for fear that, waking, you might cry out. If you will keep quite quiet, and do as I bid you, you will save both our lives."

I solemnly believe that if she had said, instead, "If you scream, you will lose both our lives," I should have screamed outright, in the madness of helpless fear. But those words, "save our lives," held just hope enough to lift me out of the terror of the moment toward possible self-possession. "I will be quiet," I tried to whisper, but my dry lips could only form the words soundlessly.

"Yes, I believe you will," she said, and took away the pressure from my face. "Listen, there is a man in that closet yonder; I have seen him. He pushed aside the curtains to come out; but he heard the servant stirring in the rooms above, and closed the curtains to wait till all was quiet. That must have

been half an hour ago. He will try again, soon."

She paused a moment, for the storm had lulled again, and she feared that even her breathless whisper might be heard. As the wind rose again, she went on:

"There is a loaded pistol yonder, in the upper drawer of that cabinet. I saw it there to-night. I want it. With it in my hand, I shall be perfectly safe. I shall presently speak aloud, as if to wake you; I shall moan, as if in pain; and I shall beg you to bring me the vial of laudanum in that drawer. And you will cross the room, and bring me that pistol. And then I shall bid you go to the next room for blankets to wrap me in, and you will, once outside this door, rush to Uncle Philip's room and alarm the house. You have nothing to fear; the man will not come out until you have left the room; he would rather have one screaming woman to deal with than two. And you need not fear for me; I shall have my pistol."

She did not give me a moment's time, and it was well she did not. Instantly she had lain down, and was half screaming, "Wake, wake, Ellice! Will you never wake? I am almost mad with that pain of mine again! My medicine—my laudanum—is yonder in that drawer; oh! get it for me; quick! quick! Don't stop to talk!"

She pushed me from the bed; I staggered across the room. It came to me, even then, that watching eyes might not suspect the tottering gait of one just roused from sleep, and opening the drawer, I saw again that steely gleam in the firelight. My fingers closed over the pistol, and a blessed sense of strength seemed to run through me, from that hard, cold contact. The curtains of the alcove just behind me faintly moved. I crossed the room, and laid the pistol in Eleanor's hand. There was a second's pause, and then—"My dear," she said; "if I could be quite warm, now, I think the trouble would soon be over. Go into the parlor, and get me those blankets, etc. You foolish child!" she cried, as I staggered in my effort to gain the door. "To be so frightened when the worst danger is over! What you brought me has helped me already; I am stronger. Go quickly, and come soon back!"

I was almost insensible, before I stood in the hall. But once there my life surged back to me again; and with it, such an intolerable sense of Eleanor's danger, as gave wings to my feet. I don't know how I roused them, or what I said, but the time could almost be counted by seconds, before a crowd of people, in every stage of undress, and grasping all sorts of weapons from rifles to cut-throats, were trooping along the corridor as noiselessly as they might. Alec Stuart's face—I saw in the light of the candles the frightened servants held—was whiter than Eleanor's had been when I woke to find her bending over me.

Just as the door crashed back under Uncle Philip's hand, we heard within a sharp click, and a loud oath, in a rough, startling voice; and then we could see. A man stood directly before the fireplace, his figure outlined blackly against the dying flame; a dark, low-browed, crouching figure, across whose lowering forehead an ugly cut showed, from under a pushed-up hairdo; a figure whose right hand clutched a short sharp knife; its blade flashed in the flickering light. His eyes were fixed in a sort of terrified fascination on Eleanor, toward whose bedside he had evidently been moving, when, at the click of her pistol, he had raised his eyes, and stood paralyzed. Eleanor was sitting upright in bed, her long bright hair falling all about her, her hand (I noticed, with the strange strained interest in little, irrelevant things we feel so often when we are in pain or fear, how oddly that white hand, and the light lace wrist-ruffing above it, contrasted with its grim content) firmly grasping her shining, deadly little weapon. Her finger was not tremble. That her aim was a good one, the crouching figure, stopping midway in its stealthy approach to the bed, did not seem to doubt.

Of course that is all there is to tell. After that it was only a momentary struggle of one man with many; and then he was bound and taken away. And Eleanor sent back the money offered her for his capture, to be used for the benefit of poor prisoners. "It was horrible; it was like taking blood-money," she said. "Yes, of course it was horrible; you knew that from the first, did you not? He had been skulking about the outbuildings a day, it seemed; and had taken advantage of an open door and an empty kitchen to find his way up to the great room he supposed unoccupied. He had meant to avail himself of the storm that night, to make good his escape with whatever small valuables in the shape of trinkets or plate he could lay his hands on."

And of course Eleanor fainted, when the reaction from the intense strain came? No, she did not faint, though she turned a little weak and white. It was I who fainted, when I realized her safety, and saw Alec Stuart on his knees at her bedside, thanking God that no harm had come to her.

While I was recovering consciousness, I discovered that Dick Francis was chatting my hands and calling me a blessed little heroine. I remember feebly laughing at the notion of a person of my recent behavior deserving that title. And of course Eleanor married Alec Stuart? Of course. And Dick and I "stood up" with them, as the phrase went in those days; and "stood up" together a twelve month later, at the same altar-rail, only this time hand in hand. Do you ever see Eleanor Stuart now? My dear, Eleanor went home to the High Countries long ago. Her life in this world was not long to have won such love, and done such good and beautiful work. And Alec Stuart followed within a year. He was a man to do his whole duty to the last; but I think he must have been glad when it was done, and he could go home to Eleanor.

And that is quite all my story. And when you remember that, as I said in the beginning, it is the only adventure that has befallen me in all my five-and-fifty years, it does not seem much of an adventure, after all—do you think it does, my dear? —*Andy's Lady's Book*

THE Mayor-elect of New Orleans is named Shakespeare.

## Democratic Vitality.

We observe that some Republican papers—mainly, however, of the rural persuasion—are predicting the early dissolution and final wiping out of the Democratic party. As this prediction has been put forth at various times and with various degrees of emphasis and assurance for the past twenty years, it may be regarded as somewhat stale, and therefore it is no pressing thing, none of the more influential Republican organs indulge in a repetition of what has been so repeatedly falsified by the facts. "Ofttimes doomed to death, yet fated not to die," can be said more truly of the Democratic party than of any other political organization. The country has ever seen, or is likely to see, a vitality which has survived such internal disruption as that of 1860, such elements of demoralization as those that prevailed during the war, six successive Presidential defeats, including the Presidential fraud, which was worse than defeat—may be considered practically invulnerable. If we add to all these external trials the ever-present knives and tools who have used and abused the party for their own purposes—the false friends infinitely more dangerous than the most powerful and vindictive enemies—Democratic life becomes little short of a miracle, and it is difficult to imagine any combination of circumstances which will suspend the miracle.

To those who study politics from what may be termed the philosophical standpoint, the secret of this unconquerable vitality is easily discovered. The bed-rock upon which the Democratic party rests existed long before the Federal Constitution was framed, or even National independence achieved. It was in the mind of Thomas Jefferson and other apostles of human liberty in Europe as well as America, while England and her colonies were still united in apparently indissoluble bonds, and when popular government was yet only a bright and seemingly unrealizable dream. This bed-rock is simply the rights, power and wisdom of the people in their broadest and best sense. Lincoln, though he went—unwillingly, we believe—widely astray in practice, connected the Democratic theory with absolute correctness in the famous sentence, "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people." This is Jeffersonian Democracy of the straightest and purest sort. The Hamiltonian Federalism—which Mr. Garfield so much admires and his party has virtually adopted—is a Government of radically different character. It is a "strong Government;" the strength coming from those centralizing tendencies which invariably and inevitably diminish and at last absorb the rights and power of the people. It is a "splendid Government;" the splendor being at the expense of the people's pocket, and intended to blind their eyes to the gradual loss of their liberties—a loss for which there is no remedy save revolution. In a Republic, therefore, there must always be a Democratic party; that is, a party which represents the Jeffersonian theory of government as opposed to the Hamiltonian. When the Democratic party dies, the Republic will have ceased to exist. The name "Democratic" is nothing, and another might be substituted whenever desired; but the Democratic party of Jefferson's day was called "Republican." But the principles are everything, and when these are abandoned, popular government will be in its coffin. If the present Democratic party were to disappear, as did its gallant rival the Whig, within six months, it would have a successor embodying, no matter how much disguised, the same essential and fundamental ideas. And while Democratic policy may be this, that or the other thing—and is occasionally something the reverse of Democratic—the principle is immutable and immortal: "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

It is easy, therefore, for the dullest of our Republican friends to see that though they have beaten the Democratic candidate for the Presidency for the sixth successive time (including the fraud) they are no nearer destroying the Democratic party than when Fremont was nominated. They have merely thrown down the India-rubber ball again, and may now watch it bounce once more—as it has bounced nine times in the last eighty years. This "bouncingness," if we may coin a word, is illustrated in the invincible wood-nature with which Democrats have borne their latest defeat. They are not sour and sullen as were Republicans after the Maine surprise. They show none of that Republican spirit which Grant manifested (before Indiana) when he said, in substance, that in event of Democratic victory the North would watch Congress and the new Administration jealously, and if they went wrong (that is, not to suit Republicans) would rise up and put a stop to it. The Democrats, sadly disappointed indeed, but not in the least disheartened, contemplate the future with perfect complacency; able to stand anything the rest of the people can stand, and knowing that the people will as surely sooner or later come to them on their bed-rock principle as the Mississippi flows to the sea. Republicans are compelled to be always looking round for "an issue." Democrats have theirs always at hand; an issue as old as the first dawn of popular government, and destined to last as long as a vestige of popular government lingers upon the earth. —*St. Louis Republican*

Jewell ought to be happy, but it isn't all likely that he is. The recollections of his letter to Garfield, and his guileless innocence in letting Truth get hold of it, will embitter his existence for many a long day.

Which is to be cheated? Grant, Conkling, Cameron & Co., or Schurz, Curtis, McVeigh & Co.? It cannot be "good Lord, good Devil" with you much longer, Mr. Garfield. —*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot*

Garfield's election is simply an invitation for everybody to steal from the Government as much as possible, and then to commit perjury in order to screen himself.

The Republican "business men" are safe now. Garfield and free trade will cause a great boom in merchandise of all kinds, including imported Coolie labor.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

French scientists have liquefied ozone. MR. WALLON says that the butterfly is unknown in South America and the West Indies (except as a rare straggler in Cuba) and in the Pacific Islands.

The *Journal of Pharmacy and Chemistry* (French) is the authority for the statement that in some of the suburbs of Paris people keep vast numbers of bees that subsist by plundering the sugar

As the cold produces changes in organic substances closely resembling those caused by heat, an Hungarian chemist proposes to cook fresh beef by exposing it to a temperature of 82 deg. below zero. It is then placed in hermetically sealed cans, and is thus preserved in perfect condition for a long time.

A SIMPLE indelible ink may be made by taking equal parts of copperas and vermilion, powdering and sifting them, and afterward grinding the powder in linseed oil. The paste obtained can be used either for writing or printing on wool or calico. It resists bleaching.

RAIN-WATER brings down yearly about twelve pounds of ammonia per acre of ground. To supply an equal amount at six cents a pound would cost the farmer \$2.88, and this is therefore the manorial value of the rain. To this, however, must be added a certain quantity of nitric or nitrous acid.

LARGE quantities of pottery are manufactured in Brazil from the hard, silicious bark of the carnauba tree. In the process, the ashes of the bark are powdered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the rivers—this kind being preferred, as it takes up a large quantity of the ash, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware.

THAT the hardest steel is not the most durable for railroad's appears from an examination of the wear of some of the steel rails on the Great Northern Line, England. Seven of the rails, which lay side by side on this road, were taken up and tested, and it was found in one instance that a hard rail had been worn away one-sixteenth of an inch by traffic amounting to 5,251,000 tons, while a soft rail for the same amount of wear had withstood 8,402,000 tons; in another instance, the total was 15,531,000 tons for the hard rail and 31,061,000 tons for the soft rail, the wear being the same—one-sixteenth of an inch. Analysis showed this last rail to consist of 99.47 per cent. of iron and minute quantities of carbon, phosphorus, silicon, manganese, sulphur and copper.

## PITH AND POINT.

CO-LABORERS—Anthracite miners. THE man who missed his footing probably had his boots stolen. —*Boston Transcript*

An exchange speaks of a man being "gored to death by an angry bull," as if a good-natured bull would do such a thing. —*Fond du Lac Reporter*

A MAN living in the country finds lightning-rods on his house to be a great protection. They keep lightning-rod peddlers from calling and chinning the head of the house. —*New Orleans Post-Opinion*

He didn't know it was loaded. They were only three fingers in it, but it carried away three of his. He says he can get along very well with his work, though he is "a little short-handed." —*Andrew's Queen*

He was brought before the Galveston Recorder on the charge of drunkenness: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "I don't plead at all. I deny everything." "Do you deny having been up here before?" "I should smile. Why, Judge, I deny being here right now. If you catch me giving myself away just wake me up and let me know it." —*Galveston News*

A FEW facts not so generally known as they should be: A watch fitted with a second-hand need not necessarily be a second-hand watch. Doctors generally agree about bleeding their patients. Sisem is a servant that sometimes blows up his master. An ungrammatical Judge is apt to pass an incorrect sentence. Ponechers who get into preserves very often find themselves in pickles. Any fool can make a woman talk, but it's hard to make one listen. A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand. —*Judy*

## Why He Cheered.

NONOR who attended the ward meeting on the corner of Galveston Avenue and Oleander Street could have failed to notice the enthusiasm of the ragged-looking individual in front of the speakers' stand. He whooped, yelled and cheered so that the speaker, who is also a candidate, met the enthusiast and shook him warmly by the hand, remarking:

"I suppose your applause last night was caused by the life-long devotion to the Democratic principles?" "No, not entirely. I don't give a cent more for Tom Jefferson than I do for General Weaver or old Hayes."

"Then I am to construe your flattering demonstration of enthusiasm to admiration for my humble efforts as a speaker?" "May be so, but I didn't hear a word you said. I was so busy listening myself out and firing myself off, so to speak. When I attend a public meeting I never listen to what the speakers say. If you were to get off the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, I would cheer them all the same. All I ask is a chance to holler."

"My friend," said the candidate, "will you be kind enough to explain why you hurrahed and went on so when I was addressing the suffragans?"

"I've no objections. You see, when I get tight I want to cheer—'an' 'an' 'an' to do it. Every time for the past six months until right now, whenever I undertook to cheer on the street, the policeman grabbed me by the neck and choked me off before I had given one good square yelp. About election time's the only chance that I get to express my emotions, and I go up ward meetings to let them out. I whoop up the Greenbackers, Radicals and Democrats, all alike, and I believe they ought all to be encouraged. What we need is more parties. There ought to be three or four meetings a day, so I can work off my delayed enthusiasm." —*Galveston News*