

# Iron County Register

BY H. D. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

### TAPS.

'Night draws her sable mantle on  
And pins it with a star."  
Darkness has come, and rest is won  
By those who thro' the dusky way  
Have marched their long and weary day  
Across the prairies far.

And now the bugler from his tent  
Comes forth to blow the call.  
By his 'his sent, the regiment  
Will hear and know the hour has come  
For sleep, until the rising sun  
Shall summon one and all.

Lights out! Lights out! The bugle's clear  
Notes falling on the air.  
Sound to the ear now far, now near;  
Now almost ceasing, now enhanced  
By echoes, or the wide expanse  
Of prairies black and bare.

Lights out! Lights out! From every lamp  
The light is sent to die.  
With measured tramp around the camp  
The sentries guard against their foes;  
The rest are wrapped in sweet repose  
Beneath the starry sky.

'Taps' falls far sweeter on the ear  
Than any other sound.  
Like opiate raze, it soothes all care—  
To weary men a blessing sound.  
And pleasant are the soldier's dreams,  
The stretched upon the ground.

Ah, Taps, thy mournful signal call  
Floats o'er the graves.  
Thy soft notes fall where one fr-m all  
Lies waiting for a marcher rest—  
Asleep, where wild birds build their nests  
Unmindful of the brave.

—John F. Force, in N. Y. World.

## CORSON'S WIFE.

### Her Desperate Flight Over "The Twelve-Mile Horror."

It would be hard to find in the Rocky mountains a rougher stage-road than that which runs between the mining hamlets of Thunder Gulch and Squaw Forks. Indeed, if a worse road could be found, there are few persons who would care for a seat in the coach of the most careful driver.

This road is twelve or thirteen miles long. A few years ago a lady who ventured to ride over it called it "The Twelve-Mile Horror," and by this name the road is known to miners and travelers of the region. That the name is deserved the writer can testify, for he knows it to be truly a rambling thread over dizzy precipices and among black, gaping canyons. There are places where the verge of cliffs and around the jutting points, as yawning gulches where the coach seems literally suspended in mid-air, and the rider, glancing over the wheels into the sheer, gaping space below, hastily pulls down the "flaps," closes his eyes, and leans dizzily back in his seat, not daring to look a second time.

For five years Gideon Fletcher, or "Gid," as he is commonly called, has driven the stage once each day, Sundays excepted, from Squaw Forks to Thunder Gulch and back. Of course, he has occasionally missed a trip, when slides or heavy falls of snow along the line have prevented him from running. Yet during all his fifteen hundred "round trips" he has never met with an accident serious enough to cause the loss of life or limb to his passengers. So trusty and sure-handed a driver is he that the "contractors of the line" will have no other, and they pay him double wages to keep him upon this particular stretch of their route. Only once has a coach been demolished or a horse killed under his management; but on that occasion he met with a double accident, under circumstances so stirring and heroic as to be well worthy of narration.

It was some two years after Gideon had begun driving the coach upon this road that one day, as he came out from eating his dinner at "The Rough-and-Tumble House" of Thunder Gulch, a pale-faced young woman appeared at the rude gate, and beckoned to him.

"Are you the stage-driver that drives the stage to Squaw Forks this afternoon?" she asked, as he came up.

"I reckon I'm the chap yer lookin' fer, mum," said Gid.

"You go down?" she asked in a low voice.

The woman glanced about nervously, as though fearful of being overheard, and then she said, hurriedly, and in a low voice:

"I'm from Corson's Camp. I'm Corson's wife; but he—they all—abuse me dreadfully, and the baby, too. Look here," and she threw an old bonnet she wore back from her forehead, and showed a great fresh scar across one temple.

"I got that last night. They do it when they're drunk, and they're drunk most of the time. Night before last one of 'em threatened to throw my baby into a hot spring. He said he'd 'kill the little imp, he would,' and oh, I can't, I don't dare to stay there any longer! I'm the only woman up at the camp, and to-day the men are all up at Big Horn Spring prospectin' for a new place, and so I've come to you to see if you won't take me away from this dreadful place.

"I've no money with me, an' no friends nearer than Denver. My folks live there, and I would have wrote to 'em to come and take me away if I dared; but I know if Corson got wind of it before they got here, he'd kill me and the baby, too; for, though he's my husband, he's the most horrid and wicked man I ever saw, except the gang he keeps around him. Oh, will you let me go with you?"

"Wal, now, I sh'd smile!" answered Fletcher, in his hearty way. "You jest go 'n' git yer baby 'n' yer fixin's, 'n' we'll git out o' these diggin's in a jiffy."

"Oh, I daresn't come here to start," she replied; "but in an hour I'll be down at the mouth of the 'Gap' below. If I should come here, Corson would find out soon as he comes back that I'd started off with you, and they'd like enough catch us before we'd get down to the Forks.

"Some of 'em may be back any minute; like enough they'll be there now; but I'm going to sneak away with my baby somehow if they are. There don't seem to be any body hangin' round here now. All off but the women folks, I s'pose, and it looks like I'd have a good chance to get off

without any body's knowin' how or where I went," and with this she turned and sped away.

"I'll wait for ya, sure," Gideon assured her as she started.

He hung about the stable of the Rough-and-Tumble longer than usual that noon, pretending to one of the women who came out presently that he had to "fix" something about his harness before he started on the return trip.

"Every body's gone off crazy 'bout the new place up at Big Horn," they had told him at the table. "I left nobody but their women folks 't the Gulch."

In about an hour from the time he had finished dinner, Gideon and his coach were waiting at the mouth of Melcher's Gap. It was about half an hour later when the woman, with her child in arms, came hurrying breathlessly down to him. She looked behind her frequently, and he saw as she approached that her face was white with fear and suspense.

The baby, a wretched little year-old object, dressed, like its mother, in mere rags, turned its poor and pitiful little face upon the driver with a wan smile that, as he said, "fetched" him "clear to the boots."

"Oh, you must drive fast," cried the poor woman, as she clambered into the coach without waiting for the proffered help, "for they're comin' back, as I was afraid! Corson an' two of the men, an' they're goin' to break camp and move up to Big Horn this afternoon. They daresn't trust me there alone, for I am some good to 'em in cookin' and keepin' camp. I knew this was the last chance to git free, so I took the baby and started down to the spring for a pail of water, and when I got out of sight, I just ran for here, and you must go, for they'll sure be after us!"

"I'll go fast enough," answered Gideon, cheerily, "an' don't you be afraid they'll ketch us neither on their little mounting ponies."

But though he spoke with such assurance and determination, he did not feel at all sure of the outcome of a race if the men at Corson's Camp should soon discover the woman's flight, and follow her. He felt that he had undertaken an extremely hazardous exploit, considering the dangerous route he had to drive over, and the characters of the men, who, he had not a doubt, would be upon his trail within the next half hour.

The spring at Corson's Camp he knew was in a ravine at the head of Melcher's Gap, and as this canyon was the only outlet in that direction, Corson could not long remain ignorant of his wife's flight after he had discovered, as he soon must, that she was truly gone.

But the woman and her baby in such evident and distressing need of rescue had "fetched" him, and the brave driver, looking to his revolvers to see that the chambers were all loaded, drew in the lines and urged forward his horses at as great a rate of speed as the nature of the road would warrant.

For a half hour or more the coach rattled forward at a dangerous pace, for these first few miles were the roughest part of the road. Up and down it went through deep gorges, sealing precipitous "hog backs," and swaying far above the verge of cavernous canyons. From the point of every turn that commanded a view of the trail behind, Gid cast anxious glances backward, to note if any one were yet in pursuit.

"At the 'half-way stone,'" which was supposed to mark a spot midway between Thunder Gulch and Squaw Forks, was a height from which a good portion of the road for two miles back could be seen, and here it was that the driver discovered, indeed, that Corson and his men were following them. A single glance sufficed to reveal them—three horsemen—riding at a break-neck gallop over the crest of a long hog-back, some mile and a half in the rear of the coach.

"A right for life," thought Gideon, and he cracked his long whip over the ears of the already fretted stage team. The horses were not unwilling to go faster, however, on the contrary they seemed nervous and frightened at this unusual driving, and sprang forward at a pace which the driver soon found necessary to check by vigorous pulling at their reins.

"Are they comin', did you see them?" screamed the woman, frightened at the swaying and rocking of the stage as they rounded a curve.

"Oh, we're all right!" the driver shouted back, evading a direct answer. The road ain't bad, hiar! An' I'm a-tryin' to make up fer whar 'tis.

The coach tore along, pitching crazily down into deep gulches, and swaying wildly above the crests of abrupt cliffs or the sides of gulf-like ravines.

It was quite a number of minutes before Gideon caught sight of the pursuing horsemen again, but when he did, as they came around the point of a mountain spur, they had gained perceptibly upon the coach, and the question of being overtaken had narrowed to one merely of time. And now the driver began to canvass the chances of making a successful defense when he should be finally overtaken.

There was a point nearly two miles ahead, where, if he could only reach it, the road ran along the foot of a narrow ledge and above a precipitous gulch, and where he thought he might halt the coach behind a sheltering point of rocks, and "stand off" their pursuers with his revolvers. He was now determined at every hazard to keep the woman and her child out of the clutches of her pursuers.

With this goal and end in view, then, he drove with a recklessness which in any less urgent case would have been mad, indeed. More than once the poor woman screamed with fright, as the hack lunged forward or careened over, and ran for several yards on two wheels.

But Fletcher kept a steady and strong rein upon his animals, and threw his coach rocked and threatened to overturn.

Several minutes passed in this mad flight, when, glancing back at a smoother turn, the driver caught another view of Corson and his men; they were now pressing hard upon

him. There was but a few minutes more to spare in racing, but Gideon had reached a point where, if no accident should occur, he felt certain of gaining the narrow pass.

His horses were sweating profusely from fright and exertion, but still seemed full of energy. On, on, they flew. It was wonderful that the coach kept right side up, while the poor frightened woman inside clung frantically to her seat with one arm, and to her babe with the other.

Another half mile was passed safely, and Gideon felt a thrill of triumph as he struck the mountain spur, upon the other side of which he felt sure of making a successful stand against their pursuers. Both at the Gulch and the Forks, he was known as a "crack shot" with his revolvers, and those three fellows, he thought, with no little judgment, wouldn't care "to run up agin' 'em," when once he had gained the shelter of the jutting rocks on the other side.

But just as he reached the point of the spur, and when too late, he remembered a dangerous curve in front where, going at their present rate of speed, the hack must inevitably be thrown off the ledge by its own momentum. It was a short turn up a steep bench with a ledge above and a chasm below. He threw all his weight in a backward purl upon the lines, but the team, now thoroughly frightened and wildly excited by their furious run, refused to obey the reins, and plunged recklessly ahead.

They were now within a few rods of the fatal turn, and Gideon, foreseeing instant catastrophe, dropped the lines, sprang over the back of his seat, and catching both woman and child in his arms, jumped out with them upon the upper side of the road. They were scarcely out of the back when the vehicle "sloughed" off the road, overturned, and, as it did so, wrenched the team off the narrow "lug-way."

The poor animals scrambled resistingly for an instant, then one lost its footing and fell; the other plunged over it, and coach and all went crashing into the bottom of the gulch below. Gideon had time to note this, as he says, even while tumbling with his precious freight from the bank of the spur, against which he had leaped into the roadbed.

Luckily the bank at that point was of earth instead of rocks—the ledge was but a few steps further on—and the three, though shocked and jarred, were unharmed by their violent exit from the hack.

Gideon, however, did not stop an instant to note whether the woman or her child were injured, but gathering the baby on one arm and grasping his mother's arm with his free hand, ran forward, carrying the one and fairly dragging the other.

Just a few steps beyond the ledge were several big boulders on the lower side of the road. To gain the shelter of those before Corson and his men came in sight was now Gid's object. Before the boulders were reached, he could hear the clatter of hoofs around the curve. The men were in close pursuit, and riding hard, but by dint of great exertion Gideon reached the rocks with his charges a minute or two before the pursuers rounded the point.

"Set close behind hiar," he commanded the woman, "an' hiar take yer baby 'n' keep es quiet 'n' es cool es yer ken."

Then he drew a revolver from one of the holsters at his hips, and dropping upon his knees at a spot where he could peer through between two of the boulders, cocked the weapon, and leveled it upon the road preparatory to halting the fellows with a shot as soon as they came in sight.

He had not a second to wait before the leader appeared at a point just beyond where the stage and team had gone off the bench and over the cliff. It was Corson himself, but he had "slowed up" himself, for Gideon could make up his mind to fire, he suddenly drew rein, and gave utterance as he did so to a loud and excited oath.

He had discovered what had happened to the stage, by means—as was afterward proved—of a sheepskin seat-cushion, which had been flung out of the hack as it overturned, and had lodged on top of the ledge.

The other two men came up almost instantly and halted, and the three dismounted and talked excitedly together—though Gideon could not distinguish what they said—and one of them went forward and peered long and intently over the ledge. But either he dared not go near enough to the verge of the precipice to see plainly to the base, or he could not clearly make out the wreck on account of the chapparal thickets below, for, after gazing a minute, he shook his head decidedly, as though convinced that passengers and all had gone over, and then all three quickly remounted, wheeled their ponies about upon the "lug-way," and disappeared as rapidly as they could.

"Unyuh!" grunted Gideon, with great satisfaction, "ye think ye've run us over thar, 'n' ye've skipped mighty sudden fer fear 't suman'd come along 'n' diskiwer yer deviltry, haint ye?"

Then he told Mrs. Corson to get up, and taking the child from her arms—the scared little thing had kept as quiet as a young partridge in hiding—helped her to rise and led her up upon the road.

The woman had seemed like one dazed while lying there in hiding, but now that she understood that the man she so feared had really gone she plucked up courage, and declared that she could easily walk the remainder of the way to Squaw Forks—there being no habitations at that time between the two points.

They reached the little town after a wearisome tramp over the rough road. Their arrival, and the story of their adventure, and escape created great excitement among the miners, who gathered at one of the stores that evening, and raised two hundred dollars to give to the woman, besides paying her stage fare in advance to the nearest railway station where she could take a train for Denver.

The coach and the team were discovered the next day, a shapless

wreck, having taken a clear plunge of nearly one hundred feet. Only the mail was rescued.

Corson and his gang "pulled up stakes" and left the region immediately, and it was well for them that they did, for as the story of the woman's sufferings became known, the irate miners would surely have lynched them if they had not taken themselves away.—Frank Welles Calkins, in Youth's Companion.

### MANURE BASIN.

#### An Excellent Method of Saving Fertilizing Materials.

There is a practical difficulty in the methods of saving manure which are generally advocated in the agricultural papers. This is especially true in the case of horse manure, which is liable to ferment and heat than any other kind. The difficulty is in avoiding the two extremes of fire and water, in saving the manure from deterioration and loss from leaching on the one hand and from leaching, washing and evaporation on the other. A manure cistern intended only for the reception of liquid manure is radically wrong, because the liquid and solid parts are better kept together; they are not only more easily handled when combined, but they present to the growing crops, in combination, a better, more symmetrical union of all elements needed for plant growth. Even if it were better to save and apply the urine by itself (which high authorities, such as Sir John Lawes, Henry Stewart and others agree in stating that it is not) five farmers in a hundred would be induced to adopt the manure cistern, for this system of saving and hauling it out, with tanks on wheels, sprinklers, etc., is too complicated and elaborate, is "too much tinkering," as a Yankee would say. I have seen liquid manure applied to pastures along the river Main, near Frankfurt, Germany, with a sprinkling-cart about like that used to water the streets of a town; but the same method of over-shading and over-watering the most clumsy and awkward construction imaginable, showing that there was no science in their system. Such a plow would condemn such a manure-sprinkler at sight.

But where five farmers in a hundred could be persuaded to accept the manure tank, twenty could be persuaded to save this invaluable element by means of absorbents, heating, etc. And the point of over-shading and over-watering is to get farmers to save their manure somehow, anyhow, any way that is practicable.

I never had or saw a roofed barnyard, but have had plenty of experience in storing manure under cover. It is better to haul out and spread on the ground at once, all kinds of manure than to store it in a dry place, especially if it is of any value. This saves the handling of it once, and when applied fresh on the ground all matter leached out of it by the rain is retained exactly where it is wanted. For six months of the year, the colder half, manure will lose nothing appreciable if scattered over the ground where it is to be plowed under. I hold that the best possible disposition to make of raw manure is to haul it out at once any time during these six months. But this is always convenient or practicable. The farmer forgets it and it is troublesome to get up the team for two or three hours' hauling a week. The manure pile accumulates day by day; the first thing one knows it is steaming like a charcoal pit, and an examination reveals the whole interior of it white with fermentation and hot enough to cook an egg. It is spoiled. Now the great desideratum is a handy place for storing raw manure where it will not heat, and where it can easily be got at when it is to be hauled out. Dry storage makes heat, and heat ruins the manure, for not one farmer in a hundred will stir it or pour water over it. If the hog pen is close at hand, the hogs may be turned in to do the stirring, but they must be turned out every day or they will keep in the manure and receive injury.

Wet storage, however, is what we want. The natural rainfall is just about sufficient in quantity to put out the fire in the manure and keep it out, if only we can find some means of preventing the water from carrying away the valuable part of the manure. This suggests the idea of a manure basin, a broad shallow excavation, situated centrally between the various stables and rendered water-tight, with a lining of clay, or still better of brick or stone and cement. One of my neighbors has one in Ohio, and there is another in this neighborhood in Florida, both lined with clay. Each of them has a capacity of 400 or 500 wagon loads. The one in Ohio is refilled every week or so with dry straw as deep as a cow can wallow through. This one in Florida is filled with pine straw, weeds, refuse hay, stubble, etc. An abundance of this material is used for bedding in the stables, which are arranged on three sides of a square. All the manure and every thing which will make manure is cast into the basin and trampled down, cornstalks and other such coarse stuff excepted. The one in Florida is emptied once a year. The team is driven into and across it whenever necessary in loading. There is no appreciable waste; the rain keeps down the heat, no valuable part of the manure is lost.—Stephen Powers, in Ohio Farmer.

—Outside of Alaska, there are now 490,000,000 acres of forest standing in the United States, which is over eight acres for each man, woman and child. The area of forest lands is increasing in some of the New England States, and under the fostering care of tree-claim laws, and the interest of individual owners of land in the newer States, it is said that 100,000 square miles of almost treeless prairies have been reversed since their settlement.

—In Pennsylvania rabbit hunting with ferrets is forbidden by law. A Cochranton boy evades the law by catching a rat alive, tying a string to its neck, taking it to a rabbit's hole, and letting it go into the hole, he holding the end of the string meanwhile. The frightened rat usually scares out the rabbit.

## ENEMIES OF THE SOUTH.

Bill Arp Writes a Few Lines About Ingalls, Sherman & Co.

It is curious how our thoughts run away and meander around and then come back and take a new start. They will do this in spite of us and we wonder how they got away off from the matter we were thinking about. But there is always some provocation or they wouldn't go. I was ruminating about Senator Ingalls and his great learning and scholarship and wonderful gifts as an orator and thinker. I was wondering how he could prostitute those talents to the low-down, mean, contemptible business of slandering the South and manufacturing willful and malicious lies about our people. Then I thought of John Sherman in the same connection and it seemed to me a monstrosity that men should have such brains and the devil control their hearts. How is that? I asked a little boy one day what kind of a dog that was that was following him and he said "that dog is half terrier."

"What is the other half?" said I. The boy looked surprised and hesitated as he said, "nothing but dog, I reckon." And that is the trouble with these great men who are so mean. They are one-half terrier and the other half dog. I was traveling not long ago with Sanford Bell, the reverend, veteran of all conductors, and some consequential dorkies demanded that the white men should be expelled from their car. Sanford said, "well, that is all right. They must go if you say so," and so he politely invited us all out, and we acquiesced with a good grace; but there was a curious-looking, measly-piled, ginger-cake fellow, who didn't vacate, and one of the dorkies hunted up Sanford and complained that there was still one man left. Sanford went back and inspected him. He looked inquiringly at his face, and the back of his head, and the shape of his feet, and finally addressed him and said: "My friend, are you a white man?" "Nav," said the mongrel. "Well, what are you?" said Sanford. "Me mudder Portugee and me fadder a nagar," he said. Sanford turned solemnly to the dorkies and said: "How's that?" and they subsided.

There are some strange mixtures in our humanity. Talents go a long way to atone for baseness, and meanness, and always will. I reckon Lord Bacon took bribes, and so some of the greatest minds in the nation have stooped to iniquity that would send a common man to the chain-gang.

Mercury was the god of letters and astronomy and eloquence and music, but he was at the same time a patron of fraud and perjury. He wore sandals to keep his footsteps from being discovered. He stole some oxen from Apollo, and when the theft was proved on him he went to playing on the lyre, and his music so delighted Apollo that he let him keep the oxen. And just so these modern men like Blaine and Ingalls and Sherman play—the liar—and so tickle the people with their eloquence that they let them keep their oxen.

But the late assaults of Ingalls and Sherman seem to come more from hate than policy. We can understand why the ignorant people of the North still hate us, but why an intelligent, well-informed man should do so passeth all comprehension.

Now, there is Senator Ingalls, who, next to the President, holds the highest position in the Nation. He is brainy, polished and rich, and yet like Haman says: "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai sitting at the King's gate." The Solid South is sitting at the King's gate. The South has a friend at court. Uncle Sam is the King, and Haman is somewhere building a gallows. He has been building it a long time, and his great misery is because Mordecai is sitting at the King's gate.

Never did a people behave more civilly, more courteously, more considerately than has the South since the war. We have defamed nobody, vilified nobody at the North, and have indorsed every oppression and at the same time tendered the olive branch and begged for peace, and urged our Northern brethren to come down and see us and share our hospitality, and they continue to elect to office the most venomous of all our enemies. Now we can hardly believe that the North wants to hang Mordecai, but the men they elect to Congress are actually building a gallows. Ingalls and Sherman have each got one fifty cubics high in their back yards.

Let the comedy go on until the tragedy begins. I was looking over a Northern paper yesterday that abounded in figures and statistics. It gave probabilities of the South, and they are astounding. The population of the six New England States has increased only 23 per cent. in forty years, while that of Texas has increased 260 per cent. since the last census. The South is coming rapidly to the front. Just think of it; 260 per cent. in eight years, and the other Southern States coming along rapidly. It will be a great while before Haman hangs Mordecai. He is still sitting at the King's gate and is hiding his time. Grover and Frances are all right. When Grover returned from his late trip down South, Senator Colquitt said: "Well, Mr. Cleveland, what do you and Mrs. Cleveland think of the South now?" Grover squeezed the Senator's hand and said: "She is solid!" and Mrs. Cleveland squeezed his other hand and said: "Keep her so, Senator."

And she will keep so. Ingalls and Sherman and their sort will keep her so; slanders and abuse will keep her so. That is human nature. The boys in 'Possum Troy may quarrel and fight with the boys of Pine Log, but just let any outsider abuse Bartow County, and 'Possum Troy and Pine Log will both jump on him. The old 'oman may abuse her old man, but she won't let anybody else do it. When Mrs. Arp threatens to whip her children and feigns a terrible passion, as she exclaims: "I do wish I had a switch!" it won't do for me to step in and tell her there is one on the mantel-piece. That is talking too much with my mouth. I never tried it, but once, and shant try it any more.

But they say we ought not to speak unkindly of the dead, and so I will say no more about Ingalls. He committed suicide and Blackburn buried him, and Henry Grady preached his funeral, and so we will let him rest. The Southerners are a strange people anyhow. They get mad quick, and will fight, but they get over it just as quick and make friends. I got mad with a man once, and he got mad with me about something, and we did not speak for three months; and one night we happened to meet in a hotel in New York, and the same emotion took possession of us both at the same time, and we went right up to each other, and he said: "God bless you, Major, I am glad to see you," and I said as much to him, and we made it all up and never got mad any more. But I know folks who have poison bags right under their eyes, and they carry their hatred for years and years. It is constitutional and they can't help it. Now, if Ingalls were to come down here and show a kindly, brotherly feeling, our people would forget and forgive every slander he ever uttered. Why, old Teumseh come down here some years ago, and our people toted him around in a carriage and wined him and dined him, but we are not going to do it any more, for he went back and abused us and told lies on Hampton. They may fool us once or twice, but they can't fool us three times.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

### INGALLS' EXPLANATION.

#### An Argument More from the Stomach Than the Brains.

Senator Ingalls explains his assault upon General Hancock and General McClellan as follows:

"Every man of intelligence knows that my allusion to Hancock and McClellan were not as soldiers, but as Democratic candidates for the Presidency. As such they were allies of the Confederacy as Grover Cleveland is, and as every Democrat must be who aspires to the office, because he must be elected by the 153 votes of the solid South, which is as much an aggressive and potential force in our politics as it was in 1850."

A most lame and impotent conclusion. Under the words "every man of intelligence" this Senatorial Thersites seeks to hide the malignant outburst of his bad temper and virulence. That vast multitude whom Ingalls would class as people wanting intelligence are unable to separate Hancock at Gettysburg from Hancock the Democratic candidate for President. There are men, too, "who think all the world is drunk when they are giddy." Senator Ingalls is of this class. He argues more from his stomach than his brains at times. His intemperate and unjust abuse of dead heroes who risked all where he risked nothing for this Union was without justification, born of a distempered and unhealthy organization, utterly inexcusable except upon the ground that Peter took when, like Ingalls, he tried to back out of a bad break in denying his Lord and Master. There was a lie out in both cases, and the less said about it the better.—Chicago Times (Ind.).

### CURRENT COMMENT.

—The only mud-puddle that is doing an active business now is John James Ingalls, of Kansas.—Philadelphia Times.

—Senator Ingalls takes back nothing. He would not take back a good name if he ever had one.—Chicago Herald.

—It is announced that Rutherford B. Hayes is to present John Sherman's name to the Republican nominating convention.—Albany Times.

—The story that Mr. Blaine is "a physical wreck" is strenuously denied by his friends, and the fact seems to be that Mr. Blaine is merely a political wreck.—Chicago News.

—The Chicago Tribune complains that the "Confederates are organizing in the South." We trust the editor of the Tribune will not again take to the woods.—Atlanta Constitution.

—Senator Ingalls has now reached the point that when a gray-coated car conductor asks him for a nickel he gurgles out, "the Confederacy is running the country."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—The jury in the Ohio tally-sheet case failed to agree and was discharged. This may revive the Sherman boom because the Senator knows something about altering election tally sheets.—Warriorburg (Pa.) Patriot.

—Senator Sherman was absent from the Capitol the other day when it was struck by lightning. The same luck promises to follow him when the Presidential lightning strikes the Republican convention at Chicago.—Boston Herald.

—The Republican organs which were so sure that there was "something rotten in the Post-Office Department" must have been pleased to learn that it was a stack of 10,000 mail bags left to rot by Republican officials. Yet the organs very carefully conceal their pleasure at the discovery.—Detroit Free Press.

### Waving the Bloody Shirt.

The bloody shirt revival all along the line is but another evidence of the panic among the leaders of the Republican party. They are frantically searching for an "issue" which may give them some hope of regaining the Presidency. It is only a little while since the Republican politicians professed to believe that they had found such an issue in the tariff question. They thought to create a panic by raising a false cry of "free trade." But as time goes on it becomes more and more evident that the public, and especially the working-men, are not as easily scared that way as they were once. It is made plainer every day that the masses of the people sustain the needed reduction of revenue by taking off, as far as possible, the taxes on the people's necessities. Apparently the Republican leaders realize that they can not get another President out of the free-trade scare, and in their desperation they are casting about for another "issue." There is nothing left but that threadbare brand, the bloody shirt. But necessity has no law, and in the absence of any thing better the bloody shirt must again serve to cover the Republican nakedness.—Boston Globe.

## BENEFITS OF WALKING.

The Healthiest Physical Exercise for the Sickly as Well as the Strong.

There may be necessary exceptions, but the rule is that to be healthy one must walk, and moreover one must walk in the open air. No amount of dumb-bell or Indian club practice indoors can in any measure take the place of this absolute requirement of man's physique. Indeed it is demonstrable that all violent exercise taken while confined to the air of a closed room is directly injurious to the actor. This is why fencing in a hall can not develop a physique as can most of the open air pastimes when judiciously practiced.

It is error to take it for granted that the evolution of enormous muscles is necessary to health or to longevity; on the contrary, undue development of any tissue is sure to disarrange that balance of physique, that equipoise of physical arrangement upon which perfect health depends. Athletes of the common sort are short-lived and extremely subject to diseases of the vital organs. The moral of this is: Overdevelopment means anticipation. It uses vitality in advance, it is hypertrophy, just as under-development is a form of atrophy.

Now put on your loose, well-ventilated, broad-soled shoes and come with me. We are not going out on a walking race to try to lower your record, we do not care about any sporting slang, we are going forth as rational companions to have a brisk turn for recreation after some exhaustive work. Take your staff in hand, you will find it good exercise for your hands and arms while walking; never go without it. If at first your legs are rather stiff or unmanageable on account of a long sedentary life which permits you to sit until you begin to feel numb, then increase your pace until you have reached a speed which gives you a sense of healthful exertion. If you begin to tire, slacken pace, but do not stop to rest, save when the weather is very dry and the temperature not below seventy Fahrenheit, or when you have gradually cooled yourself by snatching slowly for some time. Neglect of this rule may do more harm than all your exercise can overbalance. I have seen persons of weak physique walk on the sea-beach in summer until thoroughly over-heated and then sit down in the full draught of the cool sea-breeze. Such invalids wonder why they do not get well. They think a change of air has no value. Sudden heating or sudden cooling is dangerous even to the strongest; it is death to the weak.

In very warm weather the walker should adopt a gentle, unexciting pace, so that he may stop in any cool shade and sit down, if he like, or be ready to take a plunge into some clear, sweet, out-of-the-way stream. At this season I always carry a book with me to snatch suggestions from as I rest. A volume of Ruskin, or of Keats, or of Andre Chenier, Wallace's "Island Life," or an odd volume of Buffon, has served my turn in many a quiet little paradise. Sometimes I like a short novel, or a book of light essays. Recently I took great delight in going through Andrae, that curious and quaint old landmark of Anglo-Saxon poetry so charmingly edited by Prof. Baskerville of Vanderbilt University. To me, study in the open air is the quintessence of study, the very bloom and perfume of the tree of knowledge. Sometimes I do not open the book chosen as my companion, but it is a pleasure to know that I have it in my pocket or pouch ready to be peeped into whenever I like. The sense of the presence of Emerson or Wordsworth or Browning is very satisfying and fertilizing.

Now we are started upon our walk and I hope you begin to feel the fascination of it.

Next to clear conscience, give me sound limbs.—Maurice Thompson, in Chautauquan.

### A CLEVER RASCAL.

Stealing Landseer's Dogs Out of the Canvas He Put Them On.

A curious story of a picture dealer's sharp practice is thus told in Sir Frederick Pollock's "Reminiscences":

Dined with Foster; met Macready, Maclean and Bellow. A good story was told of modern picture-dealers' frauds. Some years ago Charles Landseer, the brother of Sir Edwin, painted a picture called "Edgehill," which I believe consisted of the figure of a peasant girl, or one or more figures, in the scene of the battle. It was on the wall of the Academy exhibition, when some one, on the artists' day for varnishing, retouching, etc., noticed a part which wanted filling in. Sir Edwin good-naturedly said he would put in a couple of dogs on the spot, which he did, of course in a slight manner, and the picture was much improved. The story got wind, and the picture was afterward sold at a high price, on the ground of the dogs, by Sir Edwin. Some time afterward a dealer brought to Sir Edwin a sketch of dogs and asked him to authenticate it as his. Sir Edwin said he could not undertake to remember having painted them, but said they looked like his. Lately the present owner of the "Edgehill" picture, a gentleman at Clapham, and who had paid a large price for it, chiefly for the sake of the reputed Sir Edwin's dogs in it, begged of him to come and see it and confirm the tradition. He went, saw the picture, and at once detected what had been done; the dogs had been cut out of the picture, replaced by a bad copy, and no doubt were the dogs (mounted on a fresh canvas) which had been shown to him. This is supposed to be the cleverest case of dog-stealing recorded.

### Revenge Is Sweet.

"Mother," said Miss Clara, "you think Bobby ought to lounge in that handsome chair?"

"Certainly not, Bobby," said his mother, reprovingly, "you might break it."

"If it's strong enough to hold Clara and Mr. Featherby," argued Bobby, "he slowly slid down, 'it ought to be strong enough to hold a little boy.'"

—N. Y. Sun.