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Selected Miscellany.

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

BY DANIEL CONNOLLY.

My friend, your fancy flies too far,
The world of man lies round your feet,
Here in unending conflicts are,
And here in varying fortunes meet.
Pray, curb the thought that vaguely rises
Above life's real and stubborn facts;
Give o'er wild flights to distant skies,
And do some good by human acts.

Utopian dreams are pleasant things,
No doubt—but dreams are poor at best;
We live not by imaginings,
Nor thrive on vague and vain unrest.
We must behold with eyes of sense,
Our feet must tread in actual ways,
And ere we gain the recompense,
'Tis ours to number toilsome days.

Grand theories of what might be,
Prodigious schemes for changing all
Heaven and earth here conceived are,
Man's hand from Nature's bond and thrall,
What is, however or whence it came,
Is that which all must recognize;
What might be wears a whimsical name,
But brings no joy to mortal eyes.

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

It has been many long days since then,
Yet I remember it all, just as though it had
occurred yesterday.
I was a carpenter, the foreman of a
large establishment, and as such possessed
the entire confidence of my employer,
who, by the way, had been an old school-
mate of mine.
One day he called me into his office to
look at some rare coins he had just pur-
chased.
"Here," said he, placing in my hand a
heavy gold piece, "is one which is worth
more than all the rest put together. It is
a great curiosity. I paid \$200 for it, and
consider it cheap at that. I could easily
double my money in selling it; and so you
see, Harvey, it is a good investment."
"No doubt it is," said I, "though it
seems a large sum to have the idle."
I breathed an involuntary sigh as I laid
the coin down on the desk, for \$200
would have seemed a fortune to me just
then.
The severe illness of my wife and one
of my children, and the death of another,
made serious inroads on my purse, and it
had required the utmost economy to keep
myself free from debt; my only resource
being to withdraw from the bank the small
sum which, besides my salary, was all I
possessed of worldly treasures.
Thinking of this, I laid the coin down
with a sigh, and turned away to attend
my duties.
The next morning I was again sum-
moned into the office, but this time I met
no friendly greeting as usual.
"Harvey," said my employer abruptly,
"that coin we were looking at has disap-
peared. I have made a thorough search,
but it is not to be found. It has been car-
ried away by some one. You alone saw or
knew of it, and—"
He paused, and looked significantly
into my face. I finished the sentence for
him, the hot blood dyeing my cheek and
brown as I spoke.
"You mean, therefore, that I took it
—?"
"What else can I think? The coin was
here; you alone saw it; I cannot recall
having seen it since it was in your hands.
You are in need of money; you have told
me that you were in a great tempta-
tion, and I forgive you because of our old
friendship, but I cannot retain you in my
employ. Here is the salary due you."
"Very well," said I, with forced cal-
mness, "so be it. Since you have no opinion
of me as an employer, perhaps I had better
service I shall not stop to defend my-
self."
Then I took the money he had laid
upon the desk, and went out from his
presence a wretched, broken-hearted man.
But for the tender love of my wife I
doubt not but that I would have buried
myself in the grave of a suicide.
Supported by that love, however, and
the consciousness of my own innocence,
I took fresh courage, and set resolutely
to work to find a new employer.
But powerful is the breath of slander;
turn which way I might, I ever found
that the story of my dismissal for theft
had preceded me, and my application for
employment uniformly met with a refusal.
Time went on; piece by piece of our
furniture and every spare article of cloth-
ing found its way to the pawnbroker's,
until at length even my last resource
failed us, and my children cried in vain
for food.
Yet I did not sit down in idle despair;
I could not afford to do so; the life or
death of all I loved on earth depended on
my exertions—so, tearing away from
home with a heavy heart, I once more
set out on the weary search for work.
All in vain! Refusal after refusal met
my entreaties for employment, and I was
turning homeward with a listless step,
when, passing an immense church, I was
attracted by a group of men at its base.
Impelled by some strange impulse I
approached and mingled with them.
A workman was standing near by, look-
ing up at the great steeple, which towered
aloft some 250 feet above them, while a
gentleman, evidently an architect, was
addressing him in earnest language, and
at the same time pointing to the golden
cross at the summit of the spire.
"I tell you," he exclaimed, "as I drew
near, 't must and can be done. The cross
must be taken down, or the first
heavy gale will send it down into the
street, and lives will be lost. Coward!
this the way you back out of a job after
engaging to do it!"
"I didn't know the spire was so high
up," I said, "or that you yourself if you want
it done."
"I would if I were able," said the archi-
tect. "But go if you will, let it be. My
honor is pledged to have it done at any
price, and I can find a braver man than
you to do it."
The carpenter walked away with a
dog's snout, and the gentleman
was about to move away also when I
stepped forward.
"What is your name, sir?" I asked.
"I am a carpenter, perhaps I can
do it?"
"I turned eagerly toward me.
"Take down that cross and I will pay you
a hundred dollars. You will have to
ascend those ornamental ladders, and I
tell you candidly they are not to be de-
pended upon; they must be weak and
rotten, for they have been there for
years."
"I looked at the spire; it was square at

the base and tapered to a sharp point,
while the upper part, were nailed small
glided blocks of wood.

"It's a dangerous place to work," I said,
"and there will be even more peril in de-
scending than ascending. Suppose I suc-
ceed in moving the cross, and then—"
"If any accident happens to you, my
brave fellow, the money shall be paid to
your family. I promise you that. Give
me your address."
"Here it is," I said, "and as you value
your own keep you will give me. My
wife and children are starving, or I would
not attempt this work. If I die they can
live on the hundred dollars for awhile
until my sick wife can recover her
strength."

"I will make it a hundred and fifty!" ex-
claimed the architect; "and may God
protect you! If I had the skill necessary
to ascend that steeple I would ask no man
to risk his life there. But come, and keep
a steady hand and eye."
I followed him into the church, then up
into the spire, until we paused before a
narrow window. This was the point from
which I must start on the perilous feat
which I had undertaken.

Casting a single glance at the people
in the street below—mere specks in the
distance—I reached out from the window,
and, grasping one of the ornamental
blocks, swung myself out upon the spire.
For an instant my courage faltered, but
the remembrance of my starving family
came to my aid, and with a silent prayer
for protection and success I placed my
hand on the next block above my head
and clambered up.

From block to block I went, steadily
and cautiously, trying each one ere I
trusted my weight upon it.
Two-thirds of the space had been
passed, when suddenly the block that
supported the moving gave way, and
heavens! Never, though I should live to
see a hundred years, shall I cease to shud-
der at the recollection of that terrible mo-
ment. Yet even in the midst of my agony
I felt myself slipping backward, and I
did not for one second lose my presence
of mind.
It seemed to me that never before had
my senses been so preternaturally acute
as then, when a horrible death seemed
inevitable.

Down, down I slipped, grasping at
each block as I passed it by, until at
length my fearful course was arrested, and
then, while my head reeled with the sud-
den reaction, a great shout came from the
people below.
"Come down, come down!" called the
architect from the window; "half the sum
shall be yours for the risk you have run.
Don't try to get down any more way."
But not more than ever now I was de-
termined to succeed. I was not one to
give up after having undertaken a diffi-
cult task.
I took, but cautiously, I commenced
the ascent once more, first seeking in vain
to reach across to the next row of blocks,
for I did not care to trust myself again on
that which had proved so treacherous.

"I was compelled to do, however, un-
til the space between the angles became
sufficiently small to allow me to swing
across. Accomplishing my purpose at
length, I went up more rapidly, carefully
testing each block as I proceeded.
Ere long I reached the cross, and there
I paused to rest, looking down from the
dizzy height with a coolness that even
then astonished me.
A few strokes with a light hatchet that
the architect had hung at my back, and
piece by piece the rotten cross fell to the
ground.
My work was done, and as the last frag-
ment disappeared I found a sad pleasure
in the sight of the sun shining brightly
on the ground alive my dear ones would
have ample means to supply their wants
until my wife could obtain employment.

Steadily and cautiously I lowered my-
self from block to block, and at length
I reached the ground, and the cheers
of those assembled in the street.
Inside the steeple the architect placed
a roll of bank notes in my hand.
"You have well earned the money," he
said, "and I wish to see you with as much
of those assembled in the street.
What is the matter with your hair?"
It was black before you made the ascent,
now it is gray!"
And so it was! That moment of in-
tense agony while slipping helplessly
downward, had blanched my hair, until
it appeared like that of an old man. The
work of years had been done in an in-
stant.

Entering the bare, cheerless room,
where I was now at my home, I found
a visitor awaiting me—my late em-
ployer.
"Harvey," said he, extending his hand,
"I have done you a great wrong. It cost
me a terrible pang to believe you guilty,
but circumstances were so strong against
you that I was forced to believe it.
I have found the coin, Harvey; it
slipped under the secret drawer in my
desk. Can you forgive me, my dear old
friend?"
My heart was too full to speak; I si-
lently pressed his hand.
"I will undo the wrong I have done.
All the world shall know that I have ac-
cused an unjust, not only through my
words, but through my actions, too. You
must be my partner, Harvey. If you re-
fuse I shall feel that you have not for-
given me."
I did not refuse. Indeed, I thankfully
accepted the offer which my friend so
generously made, knowing that no surer
method could have been devised to sil-
ence forever the tongue of slander, and
free my name from the unmerited re-
proach which had of late rested on it.
Great prosperity has attended my
steps ever since that eventful day, but
neither prosperity nor wealth can efface
its memory from my heart, nor restore
my withered locks to their own raven
hue.

—Inspired being: "Whence, oh
whence, ladies, whence, oh whence came
the marvelous instinct that prompted the
fragile shiel to buy the calceolone en-
velop that secluded it from the glories of
the outward world?" Chorus of admir-
ing ladies: "Whence, oh whence, indeed,
Mr. Honeycomb?" Master Tommy:
"Perhaps the little beggar was afraid
he'd be boiled!"

Indifference to Danger.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been
said on the subject, we fear that it will
have to be admitted, that the people of
the present generation are foolishly in-
different to the countless dangers that
threaten human life. Indeed, we believe
that some enterprising persons would
stretch a cable across the North River be-
tween Cortland street and Jersey City,
suspend a basket car upon it by means of
a rope, and get the frail conveyance going
by steam engine, and both daily and
night, more passengers would be found
ready to risk their necks than could be
accommodated.

A good example of recklessness may be
witnessed every day on the ferry-boats.
When the boatsmen within three or four
feet of the landing-stage, the hurried
mortal outside of the chains jump and
run as if pursued by wild beasts. Jump-
ing on and off steam railroad cars in mo-
tion is another example of the same in-
dulgence in a greater extent than it is
but for the efforts made to prevent it.
Yet hundreds of persons are either crush-
ed or killed outright every year because
of the indifference of the passengers to
run the risk of losing their lives. They
remain ten or fifteen minutes at a road-
side station for another train.
Women, in proportion to their strength
and activity, are likewise affected by the
spirit of indifference to danger. They do
not, it is true, jump on moving trains, or
crush outside the chains on ferry boats, but
they nevertheless find numerous ways of
showing their recklessness. Among them
is the treatment of the kerosene lamp. The burning
of women through incautiousness in hand-
ling this persistent enemy of the house-
hold has come to be a daily occurrence.
On Tuesday night last a resident of Grand
Creek, Jersey City, was killed by a burn-
ing lamp. The lamp was overturned, and
the oil fell on the face of the unfortunate
woman. She had, it appears, attempted to
fill it while the lamp was lighting, and,
as if to make the experiment more haz-
ardous, held the lamp over a stove, and
a drop of the oil fell on the stove, which
was ignited, and sent up a flame which
struck the oil in her hand, and in an in-
stant she was enveloped in flames. The
poor woman, who was old, rushed into the
street and hid herself in a shanty, and
shanty hard by. She was subsequently
taken back to her apartment, where she
died after four hours of the most excru-
ciating agony.

It takes, as we all know, a good deal
of writing and talking to effect the very
simplest reform, so that if the people
should come to fully realize what a small
amount of actual progress is made by the
disposition to reform, and what a large
amount of suffering and loss of life will
be at the expense of a vast amount of
talk and a still vaster amount of risk.—
N. Y. Times.

How Al. Bascom Saved the Train.

We have rarely read of an instance
where a noble effort to save life was op-
posed by greater difficulties or more re-
solutely rewarded than in connection
with the rescue of the Troy & Green-
burgh Railroad.
The New York and Boston express
train left Troy at the usual hour, 6 o'clock
in the morning. None of the passengers
were aware of the fact that a terrible
disaster, and in how great a degree
they are indebted for their lives to the
presence of mind of a railroad employe.
There had been a serious landslide at
the junction of the Troy & Green-
burgh Railroad. A locomotive had been ac-
cidentally caught by the landslide, forced
from the track and partly turned, so that
its headlight was pointed west.

The slide occurred at 6 o'clock, just at
the moment the New York and Boston
express was leaving the Troy station. The
engineer of the captured locomotive knew
that the down train could not pass the ob-
struction. He told his fireman, Al. Bas-
com, to take a red lantern, go up the track
and intercept the train.
Bascom started on his mission; in the
darkness he stumbled and fell on the
track; the light was extinguished. He
struggled to get up, but he was unable to
do so, and he lay on the ground, unable
to get another lantern; it was impossi-
ble in the strong wind to light a match.
Covered with mud, but losing scarcely
half a minute, he pushed on. The head-
light of the approaching train came in
sight, and the engineer saw the danger
before him. He saw the light, but he
knew it was not his own, and he knew
he must be in the way of the train. He
had but a few seconds in which to determine upon
his course.

Something very few would have
thought of doing. Taking aim as best he
might, he raised his lantern and hurled
it at the approaching locomotive, and
then awaited the result. He could not
see the result, but he knew that the lan-
tern had been hurled, and he knew that
the intervening seconds seemed ten minutes.
By what we now regard as a mysterious
and beneficent interposition of Provid-
ence, it entered the cab window, break-
ing the window, and scattering the glass
about the engine. The engineer saw the
light, and he knew that the train was
in the way of the train. He knew that
the train was in the way of the train.
The train slowed down, and at length came
to a full stop within a hundred feet of
the wrecked locomotive, saved from destruc-
tion by the presence of mind of the man
who had thrown the lantern.

At this point, where the way is ob-
structed, the track is built on an embank-
ment close by the river, and had a collis-
ion occurred, between the disabled loco-
motive and the moving train, the latter
would have been thrown from the track
into the river, and the horrors and loss of
life, the woundings and maimings of New
Hamburg would have been repeated. All
honor to Al. Bascom! Let his name be in-
scribed on the roll of fame beside that of
Doc Simmons, the heroic engineer who
died at New Hamburg.—Troy Times.

Land Washing.

ONE of the greatest objections to our
farming operations in this country is the
fertility of our rich soil. The soil will
rapidly deteriorate in fertility. Another
misfortune is the indifference with which
many farmers treat this important sub-
ject. It is plain to any observing mind
that a field rich in fertility will yield
double the amount of one that has been
so neglected and suffered other mal-
practices. I have in my mind now the
case of a so-called farmer who allowed an
ox to eat a quarter of a mile in length,
to wash so deep that a plow could hardly
cross it, when ten minutes' work with a
spade would have prevented it. And
often we see large, impassable ditches
form through valuable land, with no
effort to stop them, or to prevent their
further growth. The farmer, with his
fearful fore, verifies the old saying, "A
stitch in time saves nine."
A few hints in regard to remedies are
in order. First, the land can be plowed
so as to prevent the washing of the fur-
rows crosswise of the hills. Next, the
water flow in straight furrows at regu-
lar intervals, and to prevent these from
washing deeper cap corn-stalks, large
green weeds, fine straight brush, etc., in
the bottom, and allow the grass and
weeds to grow in these ditches. Thus the
water has something to wear on, and
with a little care much soil can thus be
saved. But the best manner to preserve
the fertility of the soil is by an inter-
locking system of furrows, and the im-
portant farmer knows, to seed down to grass,
especially clovers, not forgetting the
use of the proper use of manure.—
Our Western Farmer.

Personal Recollections of the Siamese Twins.

In one of Mark Twain's sketch books
published by Routledge, in England, is
the following minute, entertaining and
just now especially valuable account of
the habits of the Siamese twins. It was
written several years ago:
"I do not wish to write of the personal
habits of these strange creatures only,
but also of certain curious details of va-
rious kinds concerning them which, be-
longing to their private life, have never
escaped into print. Knowing them inti-
mately, I feel that I am peculiarly well
qualified for the task I have taken on my-
self."

The Siamese twins are naturally ten-
der affectionate in disposition, and
have clung together with singular fidelity
throughout a long and eventful life. Even
as children they were inseparable com-
panions; and it is noticed that they
always seemed to prefer each other's so-
ciety to that of even persons. They
nearly always played together; and so ac-
customed was their mother to this pecu-
liarity that, whenever both of them
chanced to be lost, she usually hunted
for the one first. It is recorded that she
found that one she would find his brother
somewhere in the immediate neighbor-
hood. And yet these creatures were igno-
rant and unlettered—barbarians them-
selves, and the offspring of barbarians,
who knew not a light of philosophy and
science. What a withering rebuke is
this to our boasted civilization, with its
quarrels, its wranglings and its separa-
tion of brothers.

As men the twins have not always lived
in perfect accord; but still there has
always been a bond between them which
made them unwilling to go away from
each other and dwell apart. They have
even occupied the same house, as a gen-
eral thing, and it is believed that they
have never even parted for a day, and
on any night since they were born. How
surely do the habits of a lifetime become
second nature to us. The twins always
go to bed at the same time, but Chang
usually gets up an hour before his brother.
By an understanding between themselves,
Chang does all the indoor work and Eng
runs all the errands. This is because
Eng likes to go out; Chang's habits are
scientific, and he always goes along
with a book. Chang is a Baptist, but is a
Roman Catholic; still, to please his
brother, Chang consented to be baptized
at the same time that Eng was, on condi-
tion that he should not "count." During
the war the twins were taken to prison,
and fought gallantly all through the great
struggle—Eng on the Union side and
Chang on the Confederate. They took
each other prisoners at Seven Oaks, but
were both captured before they could be
sentenced in favor of each that a general
army court had to be assembled to deter-
mine which one was properly the captor
and which the captive. The jury was un-
able to agree for two days, but the
verdict was finally decided by
agreeing to consider them both prisoners
and then exchanging them. At one time
Chang was convicted of disobedience of
orders, and sentenced to be kept in the
guard house, but Eng, in spite of all ar-
guments, felt obliged to share his impris-
onment, notwithstanding he himself was
entirely innocent; and so, to save the
blameless brother from suffering, they
both discharged both from custody—the
just reward of faithfulness.

Upon one occasion the brothers fell out
about something, and Chang knocked
Eng down, and then tripped and fell on
him, whereupon both cried out and began
to scold each other, and each without
merry to separate them, but they could not
do it, and so allowed them to fight it out.
In the end both were disabled, and were
carried to the hospital on one and the
same stretcher.

Their ancient habit of going always to-
gether had its drawbacks when they
reached man's estate, and entered upon
the luxury of courting. Both fell in love
with the same girl. Eng, who was the
more handsome, and more successful in
his interviews with her, but he was the
critical moment one would always
turn up. By and by Eng saw with dis-
tinction that Chang had won the girl's
affections, and that day forth he had
been the more of a witness to the
affection of the two lovers, and he
gave contentment to a state of things
that had fairly to suit his generous heart-
edness, and he sat down every evening
until two in the morning, listening to
the fond foolishness of the two lovers,
and to the concussion of hundreds of
squandered kisses—for the privilege of
marrying only one of them, but he
had given his right hand. But he sat
patiently and waited, and gaped, and
yawned, and stretched and longed for
two o'clock to come. And he took long
walks on the moonlight evenings,
sometimes tramping ten miles, notwith-
standing he was usually suffering from
rheumatism. He is an inveterate smoker;
but he could not smoke on these occa-
sions, because the young lady was pain-
fully sensitive to the smell of tobacco,
and Eng cordially wanted them married and
done with it; but although Chang often
asked the momentous question the young
lady could not gather sufficient courage
to answer it while Eng was by. How-
ever, on one occasion, after having walked
some sixteen miles and sat up till nearly
daylight, Eng dropped asleep from sheer
exhaustion and the question was asked
and answered. The lovers were married.
All acquainted with the circumstances
applauded the noble brother-in-law. His
unwavering faithfulness was the theme of
every tongue. He had stayed by them
through their long and arduous courtship;
and when at last they were married, he
lifted his hands and said in impressive
unction, "Bless ye, my children, I will
never desert thee!" and he kept his word.
Magnanimity like this is all too rare in
this cold world.

By-and-by Eng fell in love with his sis-
ter, and she was so kind and so good
that they have all lived together in an
exceeding sociability, which is touching
and beautiful to behold, and is a scathing
rebuke to our boasted civilization.
The sympathy existing between these
two brothers is almost so redoubtable
that the feelings, the impulses, the emo-
tions of the one are instantly experienced
by the other. When one is sick the other
is sick; when one feels pain the other
feels it when one is angered the other's
temper takes fire. We have already seen
with what happy felicity they both fell
in love with the same girl. Now Chang is
bitterly opposed to all forms of intemper-
ance on principle, but Eng the reverse
of this, while these men's feelings and emo-
tions are so closely wedded, their reason-
ing faculties are unfettered, their thoughts
are free. Chang belongs to the Good

Templars, and is a hard-working and en- thusiastic supporter of all temperance reform. But, to his bitter distress, every now and then Eng gets drunk, and of course that makes Chang drunk too. This unfortunate thing has been a great sorrow to Chang, for it almost destroyed his use- fulness in his favorite field of duty. As sure as he is to head a great temperance procession, Eng ranges up alongside of him, prompt to the minute and drunk as a lord; but no more dimly and hope- lessly drunk than his brother who has not tasted a drop. And so the two begin to hoot and yell and throw mud and bricks at the Good Tem- plars, and of course they break up the procession. It would be man- ifestly wrong to punish Chang for what Eng does, and therefore the Good Tem- plars accept the untoward situation and suffer in silence and sorrow. They have officially and deliberately examined into the matter, and find Chang blame- less. They have taken the two brothers and filled Chang full of warm water and sugar and Eng full of whiskey, and in twenty-five minutes it was not possible to tell which was the drunkest. Both were drunk as drunk, and on hot whiskey punches, from the smell of their breath. Yet all the while Chang's moral princi- ples were unshaken; his conscience clear; and so all just men were forced to confess that he was morally, but only physically drunk. By evening light and by evening moral evidence the man was strictly sober, and therefore it caused his friends all the more anguish to see him shake haster with the pump and try to wind his watch with his direct.

There is a moral in these solemn warn-
ings, or at least a warning in these solemn
morals, one or the other. No matter, it
is somehow. Let us keep it; let us profit
by it.

I could say more of an instructive na-
ture about these interesting beings, but
let what I have written suffice.
Having forgotten to mention it sooner,
I will remark, in conclusion, that the
ages of the Siamese twins are respectively
fifty-one and fifty-three years.

Beaten at Their Own Game.

ABOUT two years ago a Missouri River
steamer left Port Benton with a party
of tough and well-to-do miners on board.
There were also among the passengers
three or four "brace men," and before
arriving at Sioux City they had generally
cleaned out the pockets of the miners.
The boat stopped at Sioux City, and
up, and found, among others waiting to
get on board, a ministerial-looking per-
sonage with the longest and most solemn
countenance on him you can well imag-
ine. He was dressed in a suit of black
and wore a white steeple hat and choker
collar, ornamented with a black neck-
handkerchief.

Well, he got on board and the boat start-
ed down the stream. For two days he
was unnoticed by the other passengers,
but one of the sports at last thought he
saw a chance to make something out of
the sad and melancholy individual. The
latter would once or twice a day step up
to the bar, and with a voice that was as
mild and gentle as a maiden's, ask for
"A glass of soda, if you please," and then
he would pull a roll of bills from his
pocket and take a quarter from their
inferior layers. Then he would say to the
barkeeper, as if under a thousand obliga-
tions, "Thank you, sir," and walk off
again as if about to commit suicide.

The thing had gone far enough, and
the gambler had spoken of at last ap-
proached him.
"Would you like a game of seven-up,
sir?"
"Seven-up? What is seven-up? Please
tell me, my good friend."
"Why, a game of cards, you know, just
to pass away the time. Let us play a
game."
"My good friend, I do not know any-
thing concerning cards; I cannot play
them."
"Well, come along; we'll show you
how to do it." And the mild gentleman
in black, after some further protests,
at length consented.

They showed him how 'twas done, and
they played several games. The gentle-
man in black was delighted. Gambler
wanted to know if he would play poker,
five cents ante, just for the fun of the
thing. Gentleman in black says he can't play
the game, but the gambler insisted, and the
poker commences. The gentleman in
black loses every time. There are
six men before the game. Each one
deals before the gentleman in black,
and he has been raised to a dollar.
Gent in black deals awkwardly and
looks at his hand. Next man to deal
bets five—goes around, and bets are
raised to \$100. Gent in black sees it and
makes it \$100 better. Gambler looks sur-
prised, but will not be bluffing. The bet
had reached \$500—a thousand. All draw
out except a Pike's Peak miner, who sees
and calls him: "What have you?"
"Wah!" answers the gent in black, "I
have—let me see, let me see—wah, I have
four ones!"

The gamblers, who have suspicioned some
time before, now look wild, and the
light begins to dawn in the miner's
mind. He leaned across the table and
said in the most sarcastic tones he could
command:
"Oh, you have, have ye! You sanctimon-
ious shuffler!"
The gent got up from the table and
handed one of the gambler's cards. It
read "Bill Walker, New Orleans"—one
of the most successful sharpers in the
country.—St. Louis Journal.

Affecting Romance.

A young gentleman living near Nerre
Haute felt that life had no charms if a
young lady of whom he thought a great
deal didn't consent to marry him. She
didn't, and he immediately went West, and
employed a sympathetic friend to write
her saying that he was dead, and begging
her as his parting request to stop and
drop a weed or a flower or a tear upon
his lone grave if she happened to be
passing in the direction. Mark the pecu-
liarity of the modern young lady! No
thrill of anguish desolated her soul; she
calmly wrote back to the friend that if he
had any consideration for her feelings to
write her the news, and not to drink fire
and chain and money. The things were sent
and their owner speedily followed to ob-
serve the effect of his beau stratagem.
Alas! he met her walking with Another,
and wearing all his jewelry. Appalled
by this sudden apparition of a dead man
Another fled, but the young lady had
sharper eyes for her unappreciated suitor.
All's well that ends well; she was so
displeased with Another for running away
in terror that now she is about to marry
the ghost.

CURRENT ITEMS.

The Saginawian estimates the standing
timber in Michigan at 83,000,000,000 feet.
Of the 900 and odd children born in
Hartford, Conn., last year, over 700 were
of Irish parentage.
It is said that American life insurance
companies having agencies in England
are not doing well.
A New York State doctor gave a woman
acquite to cure her deafness, and since the
funeral they can't find him.

At several places in Montana the epi-
zootic has reappeared. Some stage lines
have been compelled to stop.
KERNOSSE does not meet with favor in
Georgia, almost every household sticking
to the time-honored yellow dip.
The new proposition to burn the dead
prevents, what are the medical men to do
for subjects for the dissecting table?
A CLEMSON (Iowa) farmer put out
poison for his wolves. The next morning
his dog and seven dogs were dead.

A MONTANA man has been exiled from
the territory, under pain of pitch and
plumage for the crime of marrying a
Chinawoman.
A PURE quality of alum is found in
large quantities in the form of incrusta-
tions on the rocks near Lancha Plana,
Amador County, Cal.
The Governor of Maine recently sent
to the Legislature of that State the first
veto for fifteen years. Both houses sus-
tained the objection.
ELI G. FOWLER, of Norwich, Conn.,
spearheaded the old ether day that meas-
ured thirty and a half inches long and
twelve inches around the middle.

ASTRONOMERS say that their science can
be practically studied under our clear
atmosphere to better advantage than from
the observatories of Middle Europe.
THERE are five members only of the
Utah Legislature who are not possessed
of more than one wife each, and of these
five three are Mormons by profession.
A FLUME is to be constructed from the
mountains, leading into Nevada City and
Grass Valley, Cal., to float down wood
and timber. The distance is thirteen
miles.
PATENT-GATE swindlers are raiding
through Michigan, selling what they call
"Hickman's patent farm gate." They are
swindlers, according to the Free Press, of
Detroit.

TWENTY men arrested in jail in Georgia
were recently in that State for
illicit distilling. Indictments had been
found against many others, who had so
far escaped arrest.
FARMERS in the American Bottom live
in dread lest their crops be destroyed by
grasshoppers next year. Investigations
prove that they lurk in millions in many
fields of wheat.
It is getting so fashionable in Phila-
delphia for ladies to get drunk that the
Liquorist calls upon husbands to interfere,
and to warn them of the danger of their
key on the nebrates.

An Indiana man with a turn for statis-
tics calculates that his faithful dog, ten
years of age, has cost him \$234.25 for
hash and \$25 for license. The dog is now
for sale for ten cents.
A LARGE unlicensed crowd which assem-
bled in St. Michael's Church, in Chester,
Pa., to witness a wedding were locked in
by the sexton, and meanwhile the nuptial
ceremonies transpired elsewhere.
A CONSUMPTIVE man in Rhode Island
had an idea that if he could drink fresh
blood from a goat it would cure him, and
he killed seven or eight goats belonging
to neighbors and got himself in jail.
It is said that the wife of Gen. Sherman
is very much opposed to road
dances. The mother wrapped her
to indulge in them even at her own house.
Mrs. Sherman is a devout Catholic.
A CINCINNATI court has decided that
any one purchasing a ticket for a theater
after the hour announced for the curtain
to rise will not be entitled to the fee to
the minister who officiated at the original
ceremony.

A MARYLAND farmer stayed beside a
railroad track for three hours to tell
the conductor of an approaching train about
a tree that lay across the rails. The grate-
ful official explained to him that anybody
but a first-class fool would have cleared
the track.
NELSON ROBBINS, of Fond du Lac, Wis.,
got drunk and started home one night.
He fell down, and remained by the
side of the road until his feet and
hands were so badly frozen that amputa-
tion was found necessary.

In Warren County, Pa., recently, a
horse, ridden at a smart gallop, caught its
foot in a cavity of the road. The foot was
wedged in firmly, and the impetus of the
horse was so great that the hoof was
wrenched completely off. The poor brute
was afterward killed.
A PIOUS old lady near Athens, Ga.,
rather surprised a lot of young folks who
had captured her mansion for a party by