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The Times.

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RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1890.

WILL YOU HAVE A SMILE?

SELECTED BITS OF FLEETING FRIVOLITIES.

Romance of a Parrot—Two Views of Married Life—Truth in a Ship's Log—Original Ways of Bridget—Short Selected Laughs.

Parrots are priests of evil, if the deductions of a French student of criminal statistics are true, says a Chicago paper. He asserts that persons who own parrots are twenty-five times as likely to be criminals as those who do not. That is to say, taking equal numbers of owners and non-owners of parrots, twenty-five of the former have criminal records, where only one of the latter has encountered the penal code. If the Frenchman had studied the nature of the crimes committed by the two classes, he probably would have found that the criminal parrot owners are twenty-five times as vicious as the ordinary criminal.

The Frenchman may be correct in his deductions, but he did not go far enough. He ought to have gone into the next house—to all the houses in the block in which a parrot resides—and there collected the criminal statistics of the neighborhood. The parrot's first knowledge of the language is its profane vocabulary. He is a wonderful inducement to profanity. His choice of literature is Zola's works. A Dearborn avenue parrot never ceased his railings against the human race until a volume of that wicked author was chained to his perch.

The parrot's face is sufficient to guarantee its picture a place in the rogue's gallery. It has the red nose of a bummer, the evil eye of a confidence man, and the voice of a grave robber. Music takes the wire edge off the savage instincts, the poet says. If the parrot's song gushes from its heart, its sentimental nature must consist of a nail factory.

The young man who owns the Dearborn avenue parrot tried to teach it to sing. He experimented with different instruments to get a key that would chord with the parrot's voice. He succeeded one day when a troubadour sawyer began a solo on his stringed instrument in the woodshed. The parrot sang in the precise key of the sawfile, and the neighborhood at once flung itself against the ten commandments. The first was violated in the remarks that greeted the duet in its upper registers. From that the descent was easy to covetousness and murder—a desire to possess and kill the parrot.

The young man was paying court to a most exemplary young woman in the neighborhood. He was not a twenty-five favorite of her father. In fact, the old gentleman had refused to subscribe for either the preferred or common stock of the trust in which the young folk had combined their confidence in each other. One beautiful moonlight evening, when the stars were gossiping about Jupiter and Venus as they spun their golden threads through the fate of this loving pair, a gruff, cold, piercing, unsympathetic voice screamed:

"Ha, ha, you villain!"

The young man, who had never heard Alderman Dixon in the heat of debate in the city council, was startled. He rolled down the stone steps on which he had been sitting and started down the street as if he were going to win the canter. The old gentleman was aroused, and started in hot pursuit. The neighbors sold pools on the result, and were arrested by Corrigan's men for betting on the races. From that moment affairs became worse in that neighborhood. A worthy gentleman in the next block was elected alderman, and introduced a gas ordinance in the council. Another became a constable, and entered on a criminal career.

The young girl eloped with the leader of the choir. The old man started in pursuit of the erring young woman, boarded a Clark-street car, the cable broke when the train was in the middle of the tunnel, and the electric lights went out. The old gentleman, though a deacon, used violent language touching the president of the company. The minister happened to be in the grip smoking a Milwaukee-avenue perfecto. A church scandal resulted, in which the girl's father was tried for conduct unbecoming a deacon, and the minister was unfrocked because he had violated the smoke ordinance.

The upshot of the whole matter was that the parrot was hanged for witchcraft, and three peace was finally restored. The choir-singer became a board of trade broker, and made a million in a wheat corner. The ex-deacon became a banker, and is now living in Canada in luxury. The ex-preacher dealt in race-horses, and is winning heavy pools on the on the West Side.

But the parrot is dead.

Two Views of Married Life.

"Is marriage a failure?"

"That depends."

"Quite likely; but there were many famous men who gave the strength of their opinion and example to the view that marriage was something not to be desired."

This conversation took place yesterday between two disputants at the Russell House. The bachelor continued:

"Shall I reel off my list of famous men who shivered marriage, or who, married, were woefully unhappy."

The married man replied: "Fire your head off if you choose. But I warn you before you begin that your argument is of no avail."

"How so?"

"Because every man is entitled to his own opinion, and the opinion of a bachelor on marriage must at least be a mere matter of guesswork or the fancies of inexperience and prejudice."

"I defy you!"

"Then go ahead."

"Here they are, the famous bachelors of the world, a list of men eminent in all lines of human endeavor, collected by me at great sacrifice of time and—"

"Hold!"

"You do not want to be convinced. You are a married man, perhaps against your will. Let us see how the world's most famous men have viewed the subject of matrimony. Are you ready for this intellectual and scientific bomb-shell?"

"For Heaven's sake, go on!"

"I will, then, as follows: Behold those distinguished bachelors—Newton, Locke, Gibbon, Home, Adam Smith, Harvey, Leibnitz, Boyle, Hobbs, Hampden, Sir Francis Drake, Earl of Essex, Haydn, Handel, Pitt, Michael Angelo, the three Carracci, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wolsey, Pascal, Fenelon, Pope, Spurzer, Akenside, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Thompson, J. Bentham, Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Bion, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, Demoeritus, and Diogenes.

"Now, then," went on the bachelor, "here are other famous men who, although married, were supremely miserable: Aristotle, Socrates, Pittacus, Perlander, Euripides, Aristophanes, Boccacio, Barlyle, Dante, Milton, Steele, Addison, Dryden, Moliere, Rousseau, Sterne, Garrick, and Bacon. Are you satisfied with this, the testimony of ages?"

And the married man sat dead in his chair.—Detroit Free Press.

Bridget's Original Ways.

"Bridget," said I, after she had been initiated into her new duties as chambermaid, "call me at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning and prepare a bath for me."

Next morning at 6 o'clock sharp there came a knock which startled the occupants of the entire house, and Bridget's dulcet voice exclaimed: "Yez needn't wake up, sir. The wather is that cold yez couldn't come at all, at all!"

One morning the letter-carrier brought a letter whose destination was doubtful, as the street and number were illegible. He knocked at our house, and waited to be informed whether "Mr. Jones lived within." Bridget gave the letter-carrier a seat in the parlor while she carried the missive to my wife. "No, Bridget," said the latter, "the letter is not for us. Put it upon the mantelpiece, and when the carrier comes in the morning give it to him." Faithful to instructions, Bridget placed the epistle upon the shelf, and, going to the impatiently waiting carrier, said: "Yez needn't wait longer. It's on the fireplace, and if yez would stop in to-morrow yez can get it here again, but not before."

My wife had occasion to send a note to a friend living some two miles away, "Bridget," she said, "I want you to go to Twenty-second street and Montgomery avenue." "All right, mum," replied Biddy and disappeared. When the note was written the girl was not to be found. Hermann's vanishing lady could not have de-materialized more completely. An hour later Biddy reappeared, clothed with smiles and perspiration. "Why, where have you been?" asked my wife. "Didn't I tell you I wanted to send you out to Montgomery avenue?" "Ye-e-e-shure, and haven't I been there?" was the offended reply.

"What did you do when you got there?"

"Why I turned about and came back again."—Philadelphia Times.

Truth in the Ship's Log.

During a certain voyage of a down east vessel the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offense the captain excused him and attended to the log himself, concluding with this:

"The mate has been drunk all day."

Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log he discovered the entry the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log."

"Well," said the Captain, "since it was true, it had better stand; it had better stand."

The next day the Captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made was found this item:

"The Captain has been sober all day."

The Captain summoned the mate and thundered: "What did you mean by putting down that entry? Am I not sober every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why, of course it was true!"

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it had better stand; it had better stand."—Travelers Record.

Selected Short Laughs.

"How human that instrument is!" remarked Gale at the amateur musicale. "Do you notice how it throbs and sighs? Its strains—." "You're right; it does," assented Jack Pott, as he watched a muscular young woman pound the keys out of shape. "Its a wonder to me it doesn't bust a blood vessel!"—Dry Goods Chronicle.

He attained the proud title of Mr.
And she pledged to be more than sr.
So they stood at the altar.
And ne'er did he falter
When he bent o'er and solemnly kr.
—Buffalo Express.

Poet—I'd like to write for your paper, sir. Editor—Oh, you needn't go to that trouble. Just leave $1, the subscription price, and we'll send it to you.—Detroit Free Press.

"I see," he observed, walking into the sanctum, "that you need the services of a leader writer on your editorial column?" "That position has been filled, sir," was the reply. He sighed. "I notice, also," he went on, "that you advertise for a person to address envelopes. Is that position still open?" "It is, sir." "Then I'll take it."—Puck.

Harry (looking over manuscript)—You don't expect any editor will accept such stuff as that, do you? Jack—Certainly not. It has been refused by seven already. Harry—Why under the sun do you keep on sending it round? Jack—I'm trying to discover in how many ways a thing can be courteously declined. Harry—What for? Jack—I promised to go with Imogene to the dinner of the Mystic Cooking Club.—Life.

Photographer (to young lady.)—There is no need of telling you to look pleasant, miss. Such a face cannot be otherwise than pleasant. Young lady (graciously.)—I will take two dozen, sir, instead of one dozen.—Boston Courier.

"I feel," said the young man to her father, "that existence without your daughter would be only a dreary task, whose completion could not come to soon." "Very well," said the old gentleman, "take her, and presently you'll feel the same way, only more so."—Washington Post.

First Boy (to second boy, who has been fishing) Catch anything? Second Boy—I haven't been home yet.—Brooklyn Life.

"I'm going to sue him for money damages, too," said the policeman, after he had sworn to the charge of the prisoner's standing at the corner. "What for?" asked the magistrate. "What for? Why, for the price of my club. Didn't I break it over his head when I arrested him?"—Philadelphia Times.

Bessie—One of the horrid papers has sent an artist and a reporter here to write up the bathing scenes. I think they are over there on that sand bank. Jennie—How scandalous! Let us go over where they are and sit down.—Minneapolis Journal.

Wife—Why, Thomas, you said you would be home at 9 o'clock, and here it is after 3. Thomas—Easy 'nough 'splained, my dear. I rode up on (hic) 'lectric-car, 'an (hic) 'lectricity stopped my watch.—Texas Siftings.

Marriage may not be a failure, but there are lots of Mrs. made in matrimony.

Chicagoan—"This is my home; beautiful, isn't it? Built with the products of my pen!" Visitor—"Then you are a writer?" Chicagoan—"No, indeed; I am a pork merchant."

A Hindoo has reduced laziness to a fine art. He says: "It is better to walk than to run, better to stand than to walk, better to sit than to stand, and better to lie down than to sit."

"But I can't marry you, Charlie," she said sadly. "Don't say that, darling? Oh, don't say that! Why can't you?" "Because, Charlie, I am neither a minister nor a magistrate, and have no authority." Then the soul of Charlie was quieted, and a great light shone round about him.

The passengers in a train were annoyed by the impassioned strains of an infant which would not be comforted. The endurance of a youth of weak nerves was finally overcome, and, leaning over the back of his seat, he inquired of the mother of the little darling: "How old should a child be before it can be taught to keep its mouth shut?" "Young man," replied the irate dame, "you should ask your own mother that question."

Remarkable Decrease in Birth-Rate.

The quarterly report of the Registrar General for England and Wales continues to bear witness to a remarkable decline in the birth-rate. It shows that the proportion of births to population in the three months ending June last was lower than in the same quarter of any year since the commencement of civil registation in 1837. Until two years ago it was observed that, as a rule, the marriage-rate went up and down with the value of British exports, and with the average price of wheat. In 1888 the value of exports rose, but the price of wheat fell, and marriages remained stationary. The ratio even then was considered low, but, so far as the past quarter is a guide, it has now fallen considerably lower. The Registrar-General's returns show upon the whole (the Standard remarks) that we are healthier people than formerly, and a more prudent one. Marriages are fewer, by which we understood that the age at marriage is more advanced; and births are less numerous.

Death of Paradox.

Paradox, the winner of the two thousand guineas and the Grand Prix de Paris in 1887, has just died at the Ecchinswell Stud, and his death comes as a great loss to his owner, Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, whose colors he carried in all the races for which he ran except the first. Purchased as a yearling by Captain Bowling, Paradox, who was a son of Sterling and Casuistry, made his first appearance in the Middle Park Plate of 1884, when he ran a dead heat for third place with Royal Hampton, the race being won by Lord Hastings's Melton. He then carried the Duke of Westminister's colors, but the Duke sold him immediately afterwards to Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, for whom he won the Dewhurst Plate, turning the tables on M. Lupin's Naintrailles, who had been second in the Middle Park Plate. Paradox did not run again until the next season, and as he won the Two Thousand Guineas his second encounter with Melton in the Derby was looked forward to with much interest. The race was a most exciting one, as Melton, ridden by Archer, only beat Paradox by a short head. The latter, with no Melton to encounter, had a very easy task set him in the Grand Prix de Paris, and in the course of the summer and autum he won the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, and the Champion Stakes and the Free Handicap at Newmarket, while he was not engaged in the St. Leger, and he was unwisely withdrawn from the Cambridgeshire. He met with an accident during the winter, which made it impossible for him to be trained for his four-year-old engagements, and he has since been to the stud, the first of his two-year-olds being Unicorn, who carried Mr. Brodrick-Cloete's colors rather creditably in the July stakes at Newmarket. As St. Gatien was recently sold for 14,000 guineas and Charibert for 8,000 guineas, it would not be too much to estimate the loss which the death of Paradox entails at 15,000 guineas, as high-class thoroughbred sires are fetching enormous prices just now.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Consumption, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Bodeker Brothers and H. M. Sheilds & Co., corner of Fifth and Marshall streets.

For a debilitated or nervous condition, "A. B. C. Tonic" fights to win. Try it.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

FACTS AND FANCIES LIKELY TO PLEASE THEM.

Redeeming Traits of the Cat—Some Unique School Excuses—Only a Little Chap—Children's Need of Sympathy—Suggestion for the Elders.

A certain household in a London suburb were without a cat, and the mice grew thick. A very beautiful tabby was given to them. But lo and behold! she proved to be a sly thief, and stole all from the pantry that she could get her claws on. She was given away and sent away, but she came back. Besides this she proved to be very much a belle of the neighborhood, and the garden of her owners was full of the most awful concerts each night. Finally she was drowned. The weather was too cold to dig her grave at once, and while waiting for sunshine, as it was freezing outside, the body of the sinner was laid in an old arbor. The next day, as one of the family was walking toward the arbor, what did he see but a strange cat, dark in color, squatted down beside the dead tabby. The coming of the person disturbed him, and he ran away. The next day he was seen in the same position, and the next. It was the cat of a neighbor that had been fond of playing with the deceased. A third day of freezing cold came, and lo, the stranger was discovered to be again beside his playmate—but dead. He had been frozen to death while mourning for his friend. The family buried them in the same grave in the garden, like lovers in old ballads.

Cats are not only grateful, but generous. Here is a very remarkable story, but quite a true one, as to that. A well-known member of the British Zoological Society owned a very large and solemn-looking cat, very dignified and well-bred. He was allowed to come to the family dinner-table—only two or three persons being in the household—and sat up on a chair, and wore a napkin round his neck, and always enjoyed a piece of fish. The fish he ate by taking it from the plate with his paws in the pieces into which his master cut it; but he behaved beautifully, and usually had a second supply from his master's plate. One day he did not come to the dinner-table at the second sound of the bell. Just as the family were eating the third course, in he rushed. He sprang up next to his master, and it was seen, to the general dismay of all, that he had two mice in his mouth. One he dropped into his master's plate, and the other into his own, and looked up with the greatest pride and pleasure.—E. I. S. in Harper's Young People.

Some Unique Excuses.

I once taught school in the backwoods, and, as was the custom then, I required a written excuse when a pupil was absent one or more days. Some of those excuses I have kept, and they afford me a deal of amusement after all the years that have come and gone.

Here is an excuse brought one day by a tall, red-haired boy of seventeen:

"Dere Cir: Pleze to eggcuse Henry for absents yisterday. We made sourkrout and he had to tromp it down. Allso he had to Help bucher 2 pigs. Respeckful yuers,

"HIS PAP."

"Did your father write this excuse himself?" I asked.

"No, sir," replied Henry; "I writ it for him, 'cause he can's spell very good."

I am glad to add that Henry's spelling improved while I had him in charge. Another boy brought me this excuse:

"KIND TEACHER: Ab could not come yesterday on account of taring his pants very bad just before starting, so it took me most all day to mend them up."

A boy of about ten years who had been absent two weeks brought me the following:

"John Henry had a soar tow, allso a soar throte and a soar finger. Please egcuse.'

A girl of about fourteen, whose mother affected a degree of culture and great mental superiority over her neighbors, brought me the following note:

"DEAR SIR: I trust you will pardon Alcione's wholly unavoidable absence yesterday. Circumstances are not always controllable by our finite minds, as you are no doubte aware. We are all subject to immutable laws and are constantly doing what we would not—alas! Therefore Alcione's unavoidable failure to attend yesterday's session. I trust I may not soon have to indite a similar unexpected circumstance. Believe me to be

"Yours truly and respectfully,

ANASTASIA C. H——."

Simpler and more directly to the point was the excuse brought me by a tow-headed little girl of about eight years, whose mother wrote:

"Phoebe could not be there or she would of went. I think she et too much sossage for breakfast. She sha'n't do it agen. Please excuse her."

A boy of sixteen who came very irregularly always brought this excuse from his father:

"Excooze Bill."

That was all there was of it, but as I knew it came from his father I always "excoozed Bill" accordingly.—J. L. Harbour in September Wide-Awake.

"Only a Little Chap."

"I know," said the conductor, as he finished counting up and lighted a cigar, "that most people consider us a hard-hearted lot, but we've got to be, or at least must appear to be. A railroad company has little to do with sentiment and a great deal to do with business. I can't afford to let people ride at my expense, and so what am I to do?"

No remedy being suggested, he smoked away in silence for two or three minutes, and then continued:

"I didn't use to have so much heart about it, always excusing myself on the plea of duty; but one night about three years ago something happened which has kept my heart pretty soft ever since. It was on the run out of Buffalo, and when I came to take up the fares I came across a woman and child. She was pale-faced and poorly clad, and she had a world of trouble in her face. I saw that in a general way, but it was not my business to pity her. The child with her, a boy of seven or eight, was lying back on the seat, with her old shawl for a pillow. She offered me one full-fare ticket to a point about forty miles below, but I demanded one for the boy.

"'Please, sir,' she said, 'we are very poor, and he's only a little chap, and I'm taking him home to die.'

"There was no excuse, and I plainly told her that she must pay for him or he'd have to get off. I thought she was trying to beat his way, but in this I was mistaken. It was a dark and rainy night, and she'd never have got ready to leave the train at the next stop if she'd had money to pay for the boy. I felt a bit ashamed when I saw her making ready, and it hurt me to see her lean over him and both cry together, but one of our men had been discharged only a week before for overlooking a one-legged soldier who only wanted a lift for ten miles."

"And no one offered to pay the boy's fare?"

"For a wonder, no. There was a full crowd in the car, but all seemed to look upon the pair with suspicion. I hated to put them off, and I was hoping the woman would make one more appeal and give me a show to back water, when the train ran into ——, and she made ready to get off. The least I could do was to help her with the boy. I picked him up and started to follow her out, but I had scarcely taken notice of his white face and tear-wet cheeks when he uttered a shriek of fear, straightened out in my arms, and next instant I knew I held a corpse. Yes, sir, the life went out of him in that cry, and the mother turned on me with a look I can never forget, and cried:

"'He's dead! He's dead! And you have killed him!'

"I don't like to think of it," whispered the conductor after a long silence. "I had my month's wages in my pocket and I gave her every dollar of it, and the passengers raised as much more, and when I left her with her dead at the next station I had done everything I possibly could, but that didn't clear me. I had been too harsh and cold. She had told me the truth, and I had doubted her. She had asked for mercy, and I had ordered her out into the night and the storm with a dying boy in her care. She has never forgiven me, and never will, and try as hard as I may I can never forgive myself.—New York Sun.

Shut Out.

It is hard for grown people to realize how many things are perfectly simple to them, but quite beyond the comprehension of children. Figures of speech in particular are almost sure to involve the little people in a tangle of perplexities.

Something of this sort happened to little Fanny in church not long since. She is a mere morsel of humanity, and it is the pride of her life that she is old enough to be allowed to go alone to the house of her aunt, three doors away.

Fanny is too short to reach the bell-knob and as her soft little fist cannot make noise enough to be heard by any one inside, she is obliged to stand on her aunt's doorstep until some good-natured person comes along whom she can ask to ring the bell for her. This difficulty, however, she has been careful not to mention at home.

One Sunday the preacher had much to say about coming to the gate of heaven and knocking for entrance. Fanny listened attentively, with a face which grew constantly more sober, until at last, when a picture was drawn of a little child's coming to the portal, she suddenly put her head down into her mother's lap, and burst into a perfect convulsion of tears. Astonished at this sudden outbreak, her mother bent down and in an anxious whisper asked what the matter was.

"Oh, mamma," was the answer, in a sobbing whisper, "I don't think I could ever get into Heaven."

"Why not?" asked the puzzled mother.

"O, mamma, I am so little I could never reach the bell, and I never can make anybody hear me knock."

Her grief was so bitter that she had to be taken out of church, and the rest of the afternoon devoted to explaining to her that the minister's words were not to be taken too literally.—Youth's Companion.

A Skeleton Behind the Pulpit.

The First Baptist Church, situated at the corner of Third avenue and Sixteenth street, West Troy, was the scene of a shameful and sacrilegious disturbance during the services Sunday evening. The pastor, the Rev. A. M. Prentice, was in the pulpit preaching his Sunday evening discourse, when suddenly a noise was heard in the vicinity of his large chair, immediately behind the pulpit. Then, with a jump, a skeleton appeared, with dangling arms and legs, directly over the chair, having come from below instead of above, as would be imagined of one appearing in a house of worship. The congregation were dumbfounded, some screaming and others laughing. The Rev. Mr. Prentice continued his discourse without further interruption.

Investigation showed the skeleton to be of paper, neatly and correctly arranged, and was evidently the work of boys. They could enter the basement by a side door, and having the skeleton arranged with a cord fastened to the chair, the latter was thrown down-stairs, and at the same time the skeleton appeared.—Troy Standard.

A Pup's Intelligence.

Mr. Archibald Munro, Edinburgh, writes: At the corner of the wall where the road northwards from Alnwick Hill intersects the road from Liberton to Tower Liberton, I was very recently arrested in the course of a favorite walk by the chorus of sounds that seemed to be those of a dog and a child. I heard the noise before I saw the members of the choir. On turning round a somewhat abrupt angle of the road on the opposite side, I observed a pup not much more than a half-year old dragging by the clothes and in a backward direction a child that might be about 30 months old. On observing me, the animal appeared to be taken with as much surprise as I was. My surprise arose from the circumstances that while the young and congenial wanderers were at least a quarter of a mile's distance from every human habitation, they seemed to be under nobody's charge; they could not even be seen by any one from Alnwick Hill or from either of the Libertons. After a moment's side glance at me the animal let go his hold of the child's dress, directed a significant stare on me, and uttered a low bark. Could he speak, I am sure he would have asked me what I wanted there. As I made no sign of doing him any injury, he again seized his partner's dress in front, then began to tug at it, and struggled backwards as before, but more energetically than previously. The explanation of this earnest proceeding was soon supplied by the rapid approach by the western road of a carriage and pair. The two chums were in the middle of the highway when first I noticed them, but ere the carriage drove over the spot the guardian had pulled his prattling charge well on to the foot-path.

Schoolboy's Essay on Milton.

The schoolboy who writes interesting historical essays is also to be found in Scotland. At one of the Training Colleges the following choice contribution in biography was presented to the examiners:—"John Milton was an elegant poet of the present century, and also a clear essayist. He spent his lifetime in England, and was educated at Oxford and Cambridge. He wrote 'The Death of Little Nell,' and also the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' Sir Arthur Wesley was a great poet and novelist also, and his works very much resembled Milton."

A Funny Problem.

It was a warm, sleepy afternoon, and the scholars in Miss Plummer's school looked and acted as if they wished four o'clock would come quickly.

The class in mental arithmetic were lazily droning through their lesson, when Deacon Day popped his cherry face in at the door. All the children loved him, and were glad when he came to visit the school.

Perhaps he saw they needed something to wake them up, so when the class was through with the lesson he gave them this problem:

"If eighteen cows were going through a narrow gate where only one could pass at a time, which cow could look back and say: 'There are eleven pairs of horns behind me?'"

The class thought busily for a minute; then up came Tommy Tutt's hand.

"Which one, Tommy?" asked the deacon.

"The seventh."

"No."

Another minute of study, then Celia Brown put up her hand.

"What do you think, Celia?

"I think it might be the eighth, for when the cow turned her head to look back her own horns would be behind her, wouldn't they?"

"No, it isn't the eighth," the deacon said.

About the same time little Johnny Hartshorn, on the front seat, began to snicker.

"What are you laughing at Johnny?" asked Miss Plummer.

"Cows—can't—talk!" giggled Johnny.

Deacon Day laughed, too, then.

"Johnny has answered it," he said. "None of the cows could do it, of course."

Then all the scholars laughed and woke up for the rest of the day, and Deacon Day bowed himself out.

In the Showers.

What do the birds do out in the shower,
When the sun has been in for more than an hour,
When roses are scattered, and drops of rain
Break into tunes on the window pane?

How can the redstart find his berries,
Or the redbreast look up the black-heart cherries?
How can the wee wren keep her brood
Safe and sheltered and served with food?

Out in such pitiless, pelting weather,
Drenched and dripping from each pin-feather,
Surely they'd all get wet to the skin
If some kind friend didn't call them in.

I heard a black-cap whistle a tune
Which seemed to say, "It will clear away soon!"
But the little jays pipe on together
Quite as if it were sunshiny weather.

Or, if the rainbow would grow and grow,
And the drops fall ever and ever so slow,
Each tiny warbler, be it thrush or wren,
Would chirrup for just such a shower again!

Made Deaf by Railway Whistles.

Dr. Thomas Barr read a paper before the British Medical Association on the injurious effect of railway whistles on the hearing. He said that the railway whistle sounded unexpectedly has been within his knowledge the means of destroying the hearing of many. It was not within the scope of his paper to refer to other unpleasant or mischievous results which no doubt are sometimes caused by the sudden, loud, high-pitched whistles, and the consideration of which come more under the domain of the physician. That nervous persons, or persons suffering from heart affections, nervous disorders, and such like, not unfrequently receive injury from those sounds goes without saying, especially when they have the misfortune to live near stations and sidings where the whistling is not only frequent, but often long-continued, disturbing rest or preventing sleep. On making inquiries at the proper authorities in connection with our railways as to whether a whistle of lower pitch would be as efficient as an acoustic signal and compatible with the safe carrying on of railway traffic, he was informed that Mr. Drummond, superintendent of the locomotive department on the Caledonian railway, had recently partially introduced upon the Caledonian system a new form of whistle called the "organ whistle," having a much lower pitch, and having less unpleasant effects upon the ear.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price, 50 cents. Sold by Bodeker Brothers and H. M. Sheilds & Co., corner of Fifth and Marshall streets.

BITS FROM THE MAGAZINES.

GEN. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON TELLS OF BARBARA FRITCHIE.

A Famous Kentucky Pond—Senator Morgan on the Negro Problem—The American Globe Trotter—Dragon Flies versus Mosquitoes.

The road I traveled was that great highway between Kentucky and the South which at various times within a hundred years has been known as the Wilderness road, or the Cumberland road, or the National turnpike, or the "Kaintuck Hog road," as it was called by the mountaineers. It is impossible to come upon this road without pausing, or to write of it without a tribute. It led from Baltimore over the mountains of Virginia through the great wilderness by Cumberland Gap. All roads below Philadelphia converge at this gap, just as the buffalo and Indian trails had earlier converged, and just as many railroads are converging now. The improvement of this road became in time the pet scheme of the State governments of Virginia and Kentucky. Before the war millions of head of stock—horses, hogs, cattle, mules—were driven over it to the Southern markets; and thousands of vehicles, with families and servants and trunks, have somehow passed over it, coming northward over into Kentucky, or going southward on pleasure excursons. During the war vast commissary stores passed back and forth, following the movement of armies. But despite all this—despite all that has been done to civilize it since Boone traced its course in 1790—this honored historic thoroughfare remains to-day as it was in the beginning, with all its sloughs and sands, its mud and holes, and jutting ledges of rock and loose bowlders, and twists and turns, and general total depravity.

It is not surprising that when the original Kentuckians were settled on the blue-grass plateau they sternly set about the making of good roads, and to this day remain the best road-builders in America. One such road was enough. They are said to have been notorious for profanity, those who came into Kentucky from this side. Naturally. Many were infidels—there are roads that make a man lose faith. It is known that the more pious companies of them, as they traveled along, would now and then give up in despair, sit down, raise a hymn, and have prayers before they could go further. Perhaps one of the provocations to homicide among the mountain people should be reckoned this road. I have seen two of the mildest of men, after riding over it for a few hours, lose their temper and begin to fight—fight anything—fight their horses, fight the flies, fight the cobwebs on their noses.—From "Mountain Passes of the Cumberland," by James Lane Allen, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Senator Morgan on the Race Question.

Every day the distance increases between these races, and they are becoming more jealous and intolerant of each other. This condition is disclosed in the schools, churches, and in every industrial pursuit. The field for negro labor, except in the heaviest drudgery and in menial occupations, is constantly narrowing, until their presence is not tolerated in the higher commercial pursuits, or in the use of important corporate franchises. This is more distinctly the result of race aversion than is the exclusion of the Chinese from our country. The political power given to the negro race, no matter how they may use it, only increases race antagonism. That power has, so far, greatly aggravated the opposition to them. It can never make their presence in this country, which has always been a cause of dissension, welcome to the white people.

The separation of the races under different governments will alone cure this flagrant evil, by giving to the negro race an opportunity for self-government, and to the white race an unobstructed course in the accomplishment of their high destiny. The feeling of unrest among the negroes which has made them homeless, and sweeps them in revolving eddies from one State to another, is a plain indication that they are preparing for a general exodus.

As soon as they have determined the way they would go, and have, in their own free will, coachuled to depart to some other country, justice to them and ourselves, and the behests of peace and prosperity to both races, will call forth freely the financial aid of our people and government, for their deliverance.

For a great deliverance it will be!—Senator John T. Morgan in Arena for September.

The American Nomad.

A curious outgrowth of the rivalries of American cities, is the practice that obtains so generally of offering bonuses and pecuniary inducements to manufacturers to move their plant. After a fire that burned down a part of a sewing-machine factory the other day, the owners received so many proposals from aspiring cities that wanted to take them in, that they were obliged to publish a notice to the effect that only a small part of their works had been burned, and that they were not open to proposals for adoption. Any factory or established business employing labor can have its choice, nowadays, from a long list of cities, new and old, any one of which will give it a site for a factory, pay the expenses of moving, and perhaps contribute substantially toward the construction of a new building. People who own land, or are engaged in business in cities, realize that it pays them to have their cities grow, and they are willing to hire desirable inhabitants to come to them. They rely upon getting their money back in the increased value of land, or the general increase in business. The result is that the migratory disposition already so pronounced in these days is intensified, and it has become a familar thing not merely for individuals to move, but for great aggregations of workingmen to shift the scene of their activities from one city to another, sometimes thousands of miles away.

Time was when where the average man found himself living, there he continued to live, unless circumstances of exceptional urgency impelled him to change his residence. It is different now. Transportation has become so cheap, and travel so easy, that the ties of locality sit very lightly on the average American, and the fact that you find him settled this year in New York or Pennsylvania, affords you a very uncertain basis for expecting to find him next year in the same place. When you hear of him again, it he hasn't moved to Texas, or Tacoma, or Southern California, or Maine, or North Dakota, you feel that he must have had some exceptionally good reasons for staying at home. Men used to wag their heads, and croak about the inability of rolling stones to gather moss. We have changed all that. Moss is at a discount, and there is a premium upon rolling.—From "The Point of View" in September Scribner.

Can the Mosquito be Exterminated?

In the early summer of 1889 a circular-letter was issued to "The Working Entomologists of the Country," offering prizes for essays containing original investigations regarding methods of destroying the mosquito and the house-fly.

The object of this effort was to bring about an intelligent discussion of the question, What natural enemies of these irritating insects may be easily and efficiently arrayed against them?

The voracious and harmless dragon-fly, of which our country supplies so many beautiful varieties, was especially designated as possessing qualities that made it a promising subject for careful investigation.

The plan of destruction thus sought for is that so commonly observed in operation upon a grand scale in nature, where individual species and whole families are swept out of existence through its operation.

The questions formulated in the circular-letter were widely discussed. Newspapers and other periodicals treated them from a hundred standpoints—the grave—the gay—the lively—the serene—a volume could be filled with articles relating to the subject published in this country and in Europe.

The most valuable results were, as expected, those submitted by the scientific experts especially appealed to. The essays that they presented are the outgrowth of long years spent in rearing insects, studying their transformations and habits, and of extensive special reading.

These essays were found so full of valuable scientific and popular information that the recommendation of the distinguished judges, acting under the terms of the circular-letter, to place them in a printed form before the public, has been complied with in the volume Dragon Flies versus Mosquitoes, published by D. Appleton & Company. An article contributed by Dr. McCook to the "North American Review" is reproduced with especial view to his observations on mosquito-catching spiders. Captain Macauley, of the United States Army, furnishes an interesting chapter of his experience among the dragon-flies and mosquitoes of the Upper Missouri. The book is illustrated with colored and other plates.

Barbara Fritchie.

"The march of the army of Northern Virginia [Lee's army] through the streets of Frederick [on the invasion of Maryland in September, 1862] was the occasion of a scandalous invention in derogation of its honor which has gone to the world as the ballad of Barbara Fritchie. The point and the pathos of this creation of the imagination is in the description of a scene in which an aged and decrepit woman, fired by patriotism and nerved by a courage in which the men were lacking, planted the flag of the United States defiantly in the face of the Confederate column as it swept through Frederick; that, by order of Stonewall Jackson, a volley was fired at her and the flag, and then, seized by sudden remorse, the ideal Confederate hero passed on with heart wrung by grief and head bowed by shame for the unnatural crime of which he had been guilty. It transmits in smooth and melodious verse the explicit statement that one of the chief historical characters of the Confederacy—he whom the love of his contemporaries and the veneration of the good in the whole world have singled out and apotheosized as the hero, the genius, the martyr of the cause of honor, chivalry, and patriotism—that Stonewall Jackson ordered Confederate soldiers to fire on an old woman feebly flaunting a flag out of a garret window, and then, overwhelmed with remorse and grief, hung his head and fled from the scene of his shame. The function of the singer has at all times been akin to that of the prophet. While the latter gave expression to the will and purposes of the gods, the former moulded into words the hopes, the memories, and the aspirations of races, of people, and of nations. The real poet is under obligations to both, for truth lives and stirs the heart, and perpetuates heroic deeds and the desire to do them. Therefore there is no excuse for this slander and libel on the Confederate cause, the Confederate soldier, and the Confederate hero. Not only is every allegation in the fable of Barbara Fritchie false, but there never existed foundation for it.

"I was born in Frederick, and lived there until May, 1861, when I joined the Confederate army. I had known Barbara Fritchie all my life. At that time she was eighty-four years old, and had been bed-ridden for some time. She never saw a Confederate soldier, and probably no one of any kind. Her house was at the corner of Patrick street and Town Creek bridge. The troops marched by there during a portion of the 10th of September. On that morning General Jackson and his staff rode into the town and paid a visit to Mrs. Ross, the daughter of Governor McDowell, of Lexington, Va., where Jackson lived, and whom he knew well. After the visit to Mrs. Ross at the parsonage, which was next to the Presbyterian church, and not on the same street, nor near Mrs. Fritchie's house, he rode at the head of his staff by the courthouse, down through the Mill alley some distance beyond the Fritchie house. He never passed it, and in all probability never saw it."—General Bradley T. Johnson quoted in Belford's Magazine.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The following poem appeared in the Hartford, Conn., Courier in 1865, and will be read with interest, now that the romances about Andersonville are being revived in Northern magazines.

Some lines on the above subject in a Philadelphia paper some time ago attracted my attention. I have quoted from them in the annexed verses, which, with the notes, may assist in throwing light on a subject of vast importance and greatly misunderstood:

Full fifteen thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
As captives died in prison pen,
"They died for me and you!"
And shall not truth's indignant tongue
Declare who did this grievous wrong?

On many a bloody field
They stood 'gainst leaden hail;
And though at last constrained to yield,
Their spirits did not quail;
They safely passed their battles through,
And yet "they died for me and you."

They pined for home, sweet home,
And for their daily bread;
Alas! assistance did not come,
And now they are with the dead!
Even hard-ned rebels felt their grief,
And yet could furnish no relief!

The rebel leaders durst
Not do what *we* have done.
Though many hearts with anguish burst
At files from "Anderson,"
For still *they* let our brave men share
Their own coarse food and scanty fare.*

The sad tale must be told:
The brave, the true, the good,*
While we were busy coining gold
They