JERRY BUSTER.

A Story Not Inferior to the Once Famous "Cousin Sally Dilliard."

"There Warn't no Fite Atween 'Em that I Seed."

The Continent.

The following report of a trial in a North Carolina court is condensed from a somewhat lengthy account published in local papers:

In the mountain region of the state a man named John Foster was recently tried for assault and battery upon the person of William Truitt. The first witness was a one-eyed, rough-bearded man. He was lame. He lost his missing eye in a fight. This was his first appearance in a court-house, although he looked to be some sixty years of age. There seems to have been an irreverent admixture of of the sacred and profane in the make-up of his name, which was Jeremiah Buster. As he stood amid the crowd a close observer might have soon have discovered that the whole scene was new to him. When the prosecuting attorney called him to the witness-stand he limped around the railing of the bar and took his seat on the stand. He gazed around him with a bewildered air, yet there was that in his demeanor which showed that he had not parted altogether with the self-assertion and independence characteristic of the dwellers in the mountains. He took in as much of the situation, perhaps, as a one-eyed man could be reasonably expected to do on his first appearance on the scene.

Prosecuting Attorney—"What is your name?"

Witness (ejecting a stream of tobacco juice on the floor)—"Jeremiah Buster, 'squire. They ginerally call me Jerry, for short."

Prosecuting Attorney—"Well, Mr. Buster—"

Witness—"Now, 'squire don't call me Mr. Buster, ef you please. I'm d—d sildom called that, and—"

The Court—"Mr. Witness—"

Witness—"Now, jedge, jes' call me Jerry, ef you please. I ain't used to bein' called mister, and it sorter sounds strange like. Jes' call—"

The district attorney here arose and said that he felt satisfied the witness did not mean to commit a contempt of court, but spoke thoughtlessly and from force of habit. He hoped the court would not send witness to jail, at least at that time, as he was the only person by whom the state could prove the offense charged against the defendant in the indictment, and the trial would, therefore be suspended. The court replied: "If the witness knew no better it was time he was learning, and he could not be broken too soon of a bad habit, if it had obtained such control over him as to cause him to violate all propriety.

District Attorney—"That is all true, your honor, but if the witness is sent to jail now I shall be compelled to enter a nolle prosequi in the case and the trial must be suspended, as this is my only witness."

After some further difficulty in bringing the witness to the point, the examination proceeded.

District Attorney—"Jerry, were you present in August last at Johnson's tan-yard when a difficulty occurred between the prisoner at the bar, John Foster, and William Truitt? If so, tell all about it in your own way."

Witness—"Well, 'squire, one night thar was a turrible storm passed thro' our nake of the woods and blowed down a big poplar in the corner of the horse lot and killed my speckled caf—"

District Attorney—"Never mind about the calf."

Witness—"Well, 'squire, I'll tell you. Ef that storm hadn't ter blowed down the tree on the caf, and ef I hadn't er skinned the caf I wouldn't ter tuck its hide to the tan-yard, and ef I hadn't er tuck the hide to the tan-yard I wouldn't er bin thar—now would I?"

District Attorney—"Well, I suppose not. Go on."

Witness—"And ef I hadn't er bin thar I couldn't er seed nothin' to tell—now could I? You see, squire, you didn't know what I was a coming at—now did yer?"

District Attorney—"Well, go on."

Witness—"Well, arter I skinned the caf I kotch my old mare and carried the hide over to the tan-yard. When I got there I seed Jack Foster a-sittin' down by the rut of a tree and Bill Truitt were a-talkin' to him."

District attorney—"Well, what did Truitt say to defendant Foster?"

Witness—"Well, 'squire, you see when I rid up on my old mare, I seed Bill a-talkin', but I couldn't hear a word he said, fur I war a hundred yards off when I fus' seed 'em."

District attorney—"Well, didn't you get near enough to hear anything that was said?"

Witness—"Oh, yes, 'squire."

District Attorney—"Well, after you got near enough to hear, what was said?"

Witness—"Well, Bill sed to Jack thar (pointing to the defendant) 'I want you to pay me that dollar you owe me.'"

District attorney—"Well, was that all that was said?"

Witness—"Oh, no, 'squire, that warn't all."

District attorney (impatiently)—"Well, please go on; tell all that was said."

Witness—"Well, 'squire, it 'peared like Jack didn't pay the money, and Bill sed that Jack was not an honest man, and Jack ris up from the rut uv the tree and breshed the dust offen the seat uv his britches."

District Attorney—"What did Jack, as you call him, say?"

Witness—"Never said a der—never said nuthin' at all."

District Attorney—"Well, tell us about the fight between them."

Witness—"Thar warn't no fite atween 'em that I seed."

District Attorney—"Do you mean to say that there was no fight between Truitt and Foster at the tan yard that day in your presence?"

Witness—"I do for a fac, 'squire; nary fite that I seed."

District Attorney—"And have you told all you saw and heard on that occasion?"

Witness—"I think near about all, 'squire."

District Attorney (disgustedly)—"Stand aside, sir."

Counsel for Defense—"Wait a moment, Jerry. I would like to ask you a question or two. You say defendant Foster here didn't say a word when Truitt told him he was not an honest man?"

Witness—"Never whimpered, 'squire, leastways not that I hearn."

Counsel for Defense—"And never struck or offered to strike Truitt?"

Witness—"No, 'squire, I didn't say that adzactly. I sed that warn't no fight atween 'em that I seed."

Counsel for Defense—"Well, Foster didn't strike him, did he?"

Witness—"Well, you may bet your bottom dollar, 'squire, he did. After he breshed the dust offen the seat uv his britches, he hauled back with his fist and knocked Bill Truitt as cold as a wedge, and nearly mauled the life outen him. I believe in my soul he would have killed him ef it hadn't er been fur me pullin' uv him offen him. Jack's as true grit as ever cracked corn, and his daddy was afore him."

District Attorney (his face beaming with smiles)—"Well, what happened after you pulled the defendant off Truitt?"

Witness—"Well, Jack told him ef he didn't cl'ar outen them diggins and ef ever he sot eyes on him again he'd brake every bone in his dog-skin, and Bill struck a dog trot, and I reckin he's runnin' till yit, fur I've never sot eyes on him sence."

The Sum Total.

"E. A." in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Soon after the war, it is said, there was a reconstruction meeting down south. All were in favor of beginning over again. A Union soldier a Confederate soldier and an ex-slave were appointed a committee to draft resolutions. They retired to a group of trees, debated several hours, and then brought in the following as the sum total of their labors:

"Resolved, That everybody shall have a fair chance."

The Music of the Future.

Demorest's Monthly.

Richard Wagner was undoubtedly the greatest composer of modern times. He was probably the most original genius who ever married music to words. According to Wagner, the composer should also write the libretto. No mere playwriter, he said, could interpret the inspiration of the musician, while the latter, of course, could not degrade himself by giving musical forms to the inventions of the opera story-teller. Wagner reformed the opera. He preferred harmony to melody. Indeed in his latter works there is very little that suggests tune. There is a world of weird and wonderful sounds by which he interpreted emotion, but mere melody was absent. Wagner is greatly indebted to the half mad King of Bavaria, whose purse has been at the disposal of the great composer. The latter has been able to produce his operas without regard to cost, and the musical world has been the gainer by this marriage of madness and music.

AFTER KILLING A MAN.

How Engineers Feel Over the Deadly Work of the Locomotives.

Philadelphia Press.

The other night when the Western express arrived at the Broad street station from New York, Engineer Vandegrift discovered blood trickling down the spokes of the cow-catcher. He knew that some deadly work had been done, but was at a loss to tell when and where it had occurred. He told Harry Feaster, the conductor of the train, what he had discovered, and immediately word was telegraphed all along the line to make a search for any one who might have been struck by a train. Shortly after midnight the dead body of a man was found near Bridesburg Station with the head crushed in. In the meantime the conductor and the engineer had gone to their homes. Conductor Harry Feaster told a fellow-conductor the next day that he had passed a sleepless night, and the engineer reported a similar experience.

An old engineer said to a Press reporter the other day: "The public, taking them collectively, think that an engineer is a hard-hearted wretch, and that he thinks no more of of running over a human being than he does of killing a cow or a hog. I've heard people say that we become hardened to it and don't mind it a bit; but that's a mistake, and a very grave one. I remember killing a man some five years ago, and I know that I couldn't sleep for a month, except by fits and starts. I used to have the most horrible nightmares that ever worried mortal man.

"One night," continued the old engineer, as he shifted his quid of tobacco, "I had a horrible dream. That was an awful night. My wife woke me up. I had my hand on the foot-rail of the bed, just as if I had hold of the throttle, and the beads of perspiration were standing out all over my face. My wife told me how I had yelled, 'For God's sake, jump!' and how it had wakened her; and then she sprang out of bed shaking with fear, and when shook me and I saw where I was, I told her of my dream. It's a mean thing to accuse us of not minding killing people," said the engineer, as he took his oil can and started to oil his engine.

Not long ago, Engineer Edward Knowles stood examining his engine in the Broad street station; he had just brought the "owl" train from Jersey City. There was a busy scene all about him; two southern expresses and two western trains were standing in the station. It was just four o'clock in the morning, and a very sharp, biting, chilly dawn; baggage porters and men laden with great bundles of Philadelphia morning papers, fresh from the press, were hurrying to the trains. The electric light was spitting and hissing, and casting wierd, fantastical shapes and shadows about the engineer, who stood apparently gazing at nothing. A Press reporter opened conversation with Engineer Knowles, and after a good deal of talk he said, as he leaned with one foot resting on the hub of a driving-wheel:

"I've been running for ten years, and never met with a mishap until a short time ago, and then everything seemed to come all at once. I killed an old peddler at Princeton Junction one day. He was crossing the track by the station in his old wagon. I think he must have been asleep, for he paid no attention to the whistle when I blew, and of course he was killed outright. The old fellow was well-known in Trenton. Then I struck a man over in the meadows, and right on top of that I killed a man at Newark.

Another engineer out in the West Philiadelphia yard told a reporter he know of a few instances where engineers had gone crazy from killing people with their engines. "I knew a poor fellow," said the engineer, "who was on the New Jersey Central. He killed a woman up by Clinton one night, and that night I heard him tell the train-master, Billy Smith, at Elizabeth, all about it. He seemed to grow insane right there, and had a queer look in his eye. A week after that he was put in a strait-jacket, and he's in an insane asylum to-day, nothing short of a maniac, and that happened nearly fifteen years ago."

The Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The main line of the Canada Pacific Railway company will be 2,400 miles in length. The British government gave the company $25,000,000 in money and 25,000,000 acres of land, which is claimed to be worth an average of five dollars an acre. It is said that this gift will more than build and equip the road, leaving the company its entire capital stock and several million acres of land as net profit before a train is run. This surplus will be used in building branch lines and in establishing steamship lines from Montreal to Europe on the east, and from Port Moody with Australia and the Asiatic ports on the west. The company's property will be exempt from all taxes forever. The theory is advocated that a company acquiring its property so cheap will become a regulator of the other trans-continental railways, and force them to treat the people fairly. The builders of the road, however, may retire and leave a company to operate it who have been persuaded to pay for the property about all that it is worth. It would seem also that the high latitude through which the road runs would increase the cost of operating it, and subject it to other disadvantages.

Hogs that Can Outrun a Nigger.

When I was in South Carolina, says a correspondent, I asked a planter I met why they bred the land-pike hog. His scornful look expressed contempt for my ignorance. When he had gazed at me sufficiently he replied: "Because they are the only swine that can outrun a nigger." I suppose the Georgia niggers are not so fleet as those living in the adjoining state. At any rate the hogs are not of the stock that I have seen in the woods of South Carolina standing gruntless, looking into the trees, watching for an acorn to fall, and running off more flesh in the race to secure the nut than two acorns would produce. Outrun a nigger? Yes; outrun a blizzard, and be just as good eating.

The Cost of the Cup.

Demorest's Monthly.

The amount of liquor consumed in Great Britian is enormous. It amounts to $60,000,000 every month, i. e., $15,000,000 every week, and about $25 for every second day and night. There are 3,508,480 letters in the bible, and if $2.6 were placed on every letter it would represent the annual expenditure in Great Britain and Ireland. The grain consumed by brewers and distillers is sufficient to provide four loaves a week to every family in the united kingdom. These figures are really startling.

Shortening a Man's Stature.

Boston Herald.

Michael Davitt was sentenced on July 18, 1870, to fifteen years' penal servitude, having been convicted of treason felony. He was then 24 years old, stood six feet high, according to the prison registers, and weighed something like 185 pounds. Since then he has served all but a few weeks of nine years' time, and when he was liberated on the first occasion it was discovered that not only had he been reduced in weight to 130 pounds, but that his height had actually shrunk from six feet to five feet ten and one-half inches. I was very much astonished when he told me this, for I did not believe it was possible, barring some accident, to shorten a man's stature to that extent. "It is very simple," said Davitt; "in my cell there was a water bucket fourteen inches high, with a cover to it. Upon that I had to sit all day long, without support for the back, and pick oakum. This was continued for a very long time, and it naturally cramped and diminished my height."

AN ACCOMPLISHED MONKEY.

A Chimpanzee that Blows Its Nose on a Handkerchief.

"Mrs. Rooney," the female chimpanzee at the Zoological garden, Philadelphia, has a very bad cold in her head, and has been taught to use a handkerchief with all the ease and grace of a well bred human being. The other day she and "Pat Rooney," her husband, were as usual attracting a great deal of attention from the holiday visitors to the garden, but of all the varied assortment of tricks and gymnastics with which they favored their audience none created as much merriment as when Mrs. Rooney would sedately produce a small scrap of linen from a corner of the cage and proceed to gracefully blow her nose.

"How did you teach her that trick?" asked a lady of the keeper, who was gazing fondly at his pets from outside the bars.

"Oh, easy enough," was the reply; "she and Pat scarcely need any teaching, for they are so smart that if you simply do something before them once or twice, and hold up a bit of sugar at the same time, they will imitate your actions at once, and in a day or so can be taught a new trick perfectly."

"Do they get along well together?" asked another bystander.

"Yes—very well," said the keeper. "They are about the only pair in the garden that don't squabble together, more or less: in fact, the only pair at all, so far as I know, for even the turtle doves over in the bird-house occasionally peck at each other as fiercely as a couple of game cocks. Still, I'm sorry to say, that Mr. Rooney ain't as polite to his wife as he might be, and if she wasn't blessed with the temper of an angel—if there are any monkey angels—why, sometimes there would be war even in this cage."

He then proceeded to give the chimpanzees their dinner, which consisted of soft boiled rice and sweet potatoes. Mr. Rooney politely waited until his wife was helped ("it took a good while to teach him that," said the keeper, afterward), and then took his own share, which he bolted in the most gluttonous fashion, and then calmly scooped in what was left of his wife's portion. This act of robbery the lady only repaid by a reproving look, and then climbed to a high perch with her handkerchief, and blew her nose violently, after which she laid down and went to sleep, Mr. Rooney doing the same, after carefully arranging himself in a comfortable nest of straw and blankets.

A Wasted Education.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"Jim, it do seem to me dat yer's putting yer edycation ter a mighty po' use. I aint heard a big word from yer yet. I can un'erstan' yer gist as well as I did 'fore yer went ter dat school. Ef a man's edycated I want him to talk so I can't un'erstan' him. Me an' yer mudder hab been talkin' 'bout dis matter, an' we'se so grieved way down in de flesh. Jim, what's de big word fur grasshopper?"

"Orthopterous insects of the genus gryllus, according to Webster," replied the young man.

"But de tuther day when dem folks was heah yer spoke of a grasshopper jest de same as de ignorantest nigger in de country, and brought shame down on de heads of yer mudder an myself. What's de big word fur goat?"

"Mammiferous quadruped of the genus capra," answered the young man.

"But why didn't yer say so, 'stead of sayin' goat like a nigger, an' bringin' de tingle ob embarrassment to yer fader's face? What did I gin yer dat schoolin' fur—to talk like an uneducated son of a po' white man? Think dat I'se gwine ter keep yer heah in idleness 'lessen yer can refleck credic on de family? Jim, what is de big word for fool?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Yer don't? Den yer ain't 'quainted wid yerself. Yer doan' recognize whar yer stands. Go out dar in de field wid a mule an' identify yerself."

Razors Made for Fighting Purposes.

London Times.

In the days of the late Mr. Roebuck, a Sheffield manufacturer made the remark in his presence that the British soldier shaved himself with a razor which was delivered, in case at 4½d. to 5½d. Mr. Roebuck expressed some incredulity, but the manufacturer whipped one out of his pocket and showed it to the right honorable gentleman, who took possession of it. The chief cause of the present activity in the razor trade is the sudden change in the American demand, which is now all for hollow-backed razors.

Another kind is made, not for shaving, but for razor fights. It is very loose in the blade which can be suddenly thrown back and held between the fingers for a dash at the face. This razor is said to be almost entirely used by negroes, and large numbers are sent to the United States. The Sheffield water is said to be essential to the making of good razors. Several years ago a company of razor-grinders who went to America took a barrel of Sheffield water with them, but the barrel of course could not last forever. Whatever the cause, the making, of razors remains a specialty of Sheffield manufacturers, and almost a monopoly.

Increase of Adulterations.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The rapid increase of adulterations shows, at least, the ingenuity of the present generation. There is scarcely anything wearable, eatable or medicinal but what some ingenious individual has invented or studied out some way of imitating, which is palmed off for the genuine. Exposure follows exposure in quick succession, yet new devices, or the continued success of old ones, deceive the people. The latest is an adulteration of honey. Beautiful glass jars are filled with glucose, in the middle of which is placed a piece of honecomb, and parties have made a flourishing business in selling the same for honey. The truth is that when the consumers buy supposed butter, lard, cheese, honey, coffee and many other articles, they have to employ a chemist before they can be sure that they have got a pure article. The only way to prevent this wholesale adulteration is to pass a most stringent law and relentlessly prosecute every adulterator.

It's the Way.

Philadelphia News.

The first thing a city man does when he becomes rich is to buy a farm, move into the country and bankrupt himself trying to raise enough to keep him from starving. A rich country, on the other hand, buys a brown-stone front in the city and becomes interested in stocks with a like result.

High Charges.

Philadelphia Times.

It is a great consolation to see a plumber compelled to buy something at a retail drug store.

A Powerful Electric Light.

The light-house at Sidney, New South Wales, has an electric light of over 12,000,000 candle power.

Look Lovely.

Philadelphia Evening News.

The new nickels when nicely gold-plated look lovely in a contribution box.

A gentleman calling one day on the Confederate general, Joe Johnson, at Atlanta, Georgia, said to him, concluding some rather slighting remark concerning Gen. Thomas, "the rock of Chickamauga," "Well, I must admit that he possessed one good quality—he never knew when he was whipped." "I think you hardly do him justice," was the noble reply. "The truth is, Thomas always knew when he wasn't whipped."

"Old Perry."

Frederic Phillips in The Continent.

At seventy Perry Glasgow was called "old," rather as a tribute to his many sturdy qualities than because age sat heavily upon him. He was still a supple and wiry old negro. His withered cheek, fringed with a little frizzle of gray whiskers, was of light coffee-color—not the creamy look of the ordinary mulatto. His hair, coarse and still dark, was straightened out by a far-away infusion of Indian blood, whose influence was also seen in his alert and springy step, and "take nuthin' from no man" bearing. He held his head straight up, six feet and over, and looked you in the face with a sharp and snappish eye, that was to the turbid gaze of the average negro as a steel-trap to a "figure-four." His shoulders, however, were beginning to stoop a little, and his voice, naturally harsh, sometimes soared beyond his reach.

For thirty years he had been the stand-by of the quarry—autocrat of a small minority of negro laborers. He held his own among an unclassified admixture of recent immigrants with the zeal of a true democrat. At "churning," "sledging," "loading lime," he was the object of the unbounded admiration of the youth of his own color, and the grudging emulation of the "greenhorns." And the annual hog-killing—an occurrence dear alike to Irishman and negro, and of sufficient vital importance to raze the distinctions of race—it was universally conceded would have lost its place among the fine arts and descended to mere butchery without Perry to stick the pig.

But it was in his family that the true force of his character shone forth to most advantage. There he was king. There he brooked no opposition. He ruled with a rod, not of iron, but of hickory. His black brood, eight in all, had been brought up on it. To them his glance, if they ever looked for a sign of parental tenderness, spoke of unknown cords of hickory wattles, ready cut and trimmed. His lighest word thrilled with the swish of unforgotten hickoryings or promises for the future. It is not upon record that he ever put old Sally, his jet-black model of a meek wife, under the influence of this magic wand; but it was only because she eluded his excessive severity by a superhuman meekness, and contented herself with treasuring for him a store of future trouble.

At the time that we take our more particular view of Perry, the children had, one by one, taken their striped backs out into the world. The old man's arm was getting stiff for want of use. One only daughter was still held by an uncertain attachment to the parent nest—Dorcas Hannah, the child of their old age, whose wages at a near-by farmer's supplied the old man with those higher necessaries of life, "whisky an' 'bacca," and whose beaux drew forth the accumulations of his wrath. She, too, appeared to be pruning her wings for a flight that would leave the old man's hearth entirely desolate. The fear of this catastrophe was the one thing thing that disturbed the serenity of Perry's household.

It was early one morning in August. Old Perry had finished his breakfast and stood in the doorway of his one-storied mansion, shaving a plug of tobacco into his pipe. Sally was "clarin' up" the remains of their frugal meal with subdued energy which indicated that this was one of those rare occasions when she wanted to call his severity to the aid of her laxity, and then wring her hands in dread.

Perry had one thumb pressing the tobacco down into the bowl; the fingers of his other hand sought in his waistcoat pocket for a match, while his eyes tried to pierce through the drifted smoke from the lime-kilns for the morning sun, when Sally spoke.

"Pappy," said she, dubiously and diplomatically, "w'at am yore 'pinium 'cerning' dat ar Joe Nelson?"

"Now, w'at's de good ob yore axin' a fool question like dat?" said the old man irascibly. "Hain't I done stopped him frum sinin' 'round arter our gal? Yo' know well enuff he's as ornry a good-fur-nuthin' yaller nigga as ebba lived. Nebba hed no mo' bringin' up dan a mule. W'at kinder truck is dat fur ter be co'tin Dorcas Hanner?"

The old wife only said, "Lor', pappy!" in patient acquiescence, and tried to stir up sufficient courage to approach the subject again by an extra bustle with the dishes. But when Perry lit his pipe and started off, it "upsot" her completely, and she dropped one of her dishes with a tremendous clatter.

"You' hain't off ter wuck yet, is yo'?" she asked, tremulously.

"Whar de debble else 'ud I be goin'?" said Perry, giving her a sharp look.

"W'y, I dunno," said the old woman, helplessly. "I didn't 'low ez yo' wuz off jist yit a bit."

"Now, yo' look yere, Sal!" said old Perry, taking his pipe from his mouth and eyeing her with a look of stern disdain; "ef yo' got ennything fur ter say ter me, spit it out, can't yo'! Dar hain't no sense in yore brakin' all de dishes in de house a-beatin' 'round de bush."

"Well, de fack am," said the patient spouse, relieved at being obliged to surrender her news unconditionally, "dat Dorcas Hanner an' dat ar Joe clared off ter camp-meetin' tergedder yisterd'y. De missis, she sent down yere ter know de rights ob it; said de gal 'lowed she'd git back de same night; but she hain't put in no 'peerunce sence. An' I thought—kinder 'peered like ez ef I'd orter tell yo' 'bout hit." She ended with the nervous feeling of one who applies a match to a loaded cannon.

But the depths of old Perry's philosophy were not so easily disturbed, especially when his senses were lulled with tobacco.

"Now dat's jest w'at I allers said 'bout dis yere camp meetin' foolishness," he replied, with unction, puffing a huge cloud of smoke about his face as if to hide all feeling of personal interest in the matter. "Whar de brackest clouds is, dar's whar dis yere reg'lar streak lightenin' cums from; and wharebber yo' fine dis gran' upliftin' ob de sperrit you'se mighty ap' fer ter fine de sins ob de flesh close ter han'. Dese yere niggas is gone out inter de wildernesses furter frolic. Signs 'peers ter be pintin' ez ef dey wanted ter git out from unda de ole man's eye. Sposum dey does? Bimeby, when dey hain't a-lookin' fur hit, 'ull come de lightenin' stroke ob 'pentance, an' de floods 'ull pour down, an' dem two fools 'ull make fur de ole folks' shanty like dey wur skeert ob gittin' der Sunday-go-ter-meetin's spiled. 'Tain't nuthin' no how," he added, disparagringly. "Dorcas Hanner, he'll git tired ob dat coon fas' enuff."

Old Sally had her face hid in the cupboard, and the sight of those piles of cracked and broken dishes—reminders of her own wedded woes and blisses—put "streak" in her to utter a remonstrance.

"Now, Perry," she said, "dat don't peer to me ter be quite right, somehow—not 'zackly right. Dorcas Hannah am yore own flesh an' blood, an' I sh'd think yo'd want ter tek some pains ter sabe de gal's kerecter—not let her go off dat way as 'ef she hedn't no kin ter back her. She hain't a bad gal, Dorcas Hanner hain't—not to say bad."

Perry scented opposition. His voice and his temper immediately began to rise.

"How? How's dat?" he cried. "Am yo' goin' ter tell me de hows and de wharfo's ob dis matter? Don' yo' go fer ter gib me none ob dat kine ob talk, ole 'ooman! My bones is gittin' too ole fur ter go rackin' roun' arter de whimsies ob dat gal. I'se got dat gal a place, an' she's offen my mina. Now, ef she's boun' fur ter go a-frolickin' wid dat lazy nigga, w'y de best 'vice I kan gib her is to keep away from ole Perry ef she knows what's good fur her wholesome.

Old Sally felt a hot spot in the back of her head, where his glance pierced through the wool; but the meekest of wives and hens will ruffle up their feathers in defense of their broods, especially when reduced to one chicken. She felt as if she was "possessed."

"I don't keer!" she said. "Yo' might tek some pains ter go arter de gal an' fotch her home. A little breshin' wid a hick'ry ud take all de badness clean outen her. De missis, she'll git clean outer pashunts ef Dorcas Hanner hain't back afore long." And then her inspiration suddenly left her. She flung her apron over her head and began to sob.

The man was astounded. A thunder-cloud began to gather on his brow; but he suppressed it for fear of shaking down more rain.

"Yo jist hush up dat ar', will yo', Sal!" he commanded. "Hain't yo' a purty lookin' objict, tryin' ter wring watta outen yore head, as ef yo' wuz w'ite folks! Yo' betta fine out how de head lays afore yo' put up yore flood-gates! D' yo' s'pose" he added, rising above the clouds, and inflating his chest in supreme consciousness of moral grandeur, "d'yo' 'spose I 'm goin' ter hab folks talkin' 'bout me, an' tellin' how I wuz skeer'd ob losin' dat leetle matta ob ten levies a week dat Dorcas Hanner fotches inter de family? No, sah! I hain't a-goin' to hab de name ob Glasgow dragged through de puddles in no sich collusions!"

Old Sally wiped her eyes and nose with an exasperated air of defeat, and gave her stern lord a parting peck.

"Well, ennyhow, "she said, "Dorcas Hanner she's a mighty stubborn kinder gal. Like enuff she'll tek her own co'se, whedder or no."

Perry was silent a moment. Then he broke off the conversation with an unwonted attempt at jocularity.

"Sun's a pintin' my way," he said. "Ef I don,t git inter de qua'ay afore long, de boss 'll be on de hunt ob ole Per. Wuck can't git along widout him, dat's shore!" And he strode off whistling a scrap of tune.

But he found that his family troubles had got to the quarry before him. He had to run a gauntlet of satire from a "passel ob low-lived greenh'ns." When he would light his pipe, it would draw forth the remark. "Ye'll hev to cut down on the 'baccy afore long, old man." Taunts which old Perry only answered by a look of unutterable scorn. But when one said, "This here is what coms of hick'ryin' so free. Toughen theer backs while they're young, and ye'll toughen theer harts agin ye in yer old age," Perry rose up in wrath, as one whose household gods were desecrated, saying, "Dar's chillun not fur frum dis yere bank w'at am sech a pack ob white-libbered, no' count brats, dat it hain't wuth w'ile wearin' out a good hick'ry on um; but w'en it cums ter chillun as is chillun, de hick'ry am a needcessity to dere salbashun."

And, for a time, his tormentors were quenched; but old Sally's hint at his possible loss of supremacy over his own offspring still rankled in his soul.

By noon of the second day he reached a conclusion, and came home with his eyes sparkling, his wrinkled lips knit together with a firm resolve.

"Come rouse aroun' an' git me up some dinnah, ole 'ooman!" he commanded. "I'se 'bleeged fur ter go ter camp dis arternoon—no time ter was'e."

He deigned to give no explanation for his change of purpose; nor did his spouse expect or require one. She got dinner with a fluttering heart and beaming face. She waited till he had gulped down his dinner with a few hasty mouthfuls, donned a clean shirt, a pair of white trousers with "galluses" on, a linen vest, and crowned himself with a decripit stove-pipe hat, and then she burst forth with all her hopes.

"Oh, Pappy," she cried, "is you goin' fur ter fotch um home, ralely? Fotch um bofe, Pappy, do! Dere hain't no call fur to be ha'sh wid Joe. He's a nice, peaceable-disposed kinder boy as ebba was. 'Tain't like as ef you'd gun him de liberties ob de house. He won't mek no bones 'bout merryin' Dorcas Hanner. Mebbe dey's merried a'ready, an' dey kin lib heah wid us snugger'n nuthin' 'tall. Hit do git mighty lonesome heah sometimes, fur to be shore, now dat all the chillun is gone."

Old Perry's thin nostrils expanded in wrath.

"Merry her!" he cried. "Who de debble wants him ter merry her? D'yo' 'low as I 'm goin' ter bend my ole back to s'port one ob dat ign'ant Jim Nelson's brats? I'll fotch de gal home. I 'll larn her de rights ob gittin' along through dis yere vale ob tears. Thought she 'd git away frum de ole man, did she? She 'll fine out dat de ole man kin see furder ahead nor a tuckkey-buzze'd; an' de deeper inter de mire ob sin w'at she 's got, de mo' purchas' de ole man ull hab. Yo' mine me!"

And, with a vicious whirl of his staff that filled the old lady's heart with awe, he set forth for the camp, muttering to himself, and stopping occasionally to anathematize his undutiful daughter in the form of a stump or tree.

By the time the old man reached the camp his wrath had worn itself to a brittle edge. He was not much troubled with religion, and the tumult of stamping feet and shouting voices filling the air with the incense of barbaric worship, and consecrating itself by main force of lungs was a little too "pussonal."

"Oh, Mistah Glasgow!" crid a buxom sister, her eyes aglow with spiritual fire, her face shining with he drops wrung out by the grand conflict between spirit and matter; "is yo' gwine ter jine de j'yful ban'? We'se gwine ter call down de glory frum de skies, fur shore."

"Huh!" growled the old man; "dem niggas' huffs 'ull rout de 'Old Boy' up outen de yarth a blame sight sooner. An' he'll mek yo' sweat ter sum pu'ppos'. H-h-wat's cum ob my gal, dat's wa't I wanter know?" he cried, raising his voice. "Yo' put mo' debblement inter her wid yore foolin' dan I kin beat outen her in a yeah."

And, without waiting for an answer, he strode away, followed by a universal grin and snicker. Searching the outlying byways, where glimpses of white dresses, red and yellow ribbons and gayly-colored shawls showed the presence of amorous couples or social groups, he at length found the recreant pair.

They were alone seated upon a log, within the very spray of the torrent of worship. The head of that "brat of Nelson's" clove to Dorcas Hannah's shoulder. But when the angry parent lifted his harsh voice, and rasped through the bonds of bliss that united them, he had the satisfaction of seeing the head rebound several feet, and a look af mortal terror take the place of the simper of affection.

"Yo' Dorcas Hanner," said the old man, simply, "I'se bin on de hunt ob yo'!"

Dorcas Hannah gave her head a little toss and stuck out her chin. She looked hard to drive.

"Come, rouse up out ob dat, an' git along home, now!" There was a strong upward tendency in the old man's voice, and he punctuatd, his order with a pure growl."

Dorcas Hannah rose up. The habit of obedience had been both born and beaten into her. Then she stopped, perplexed, and dropped a look upon her perturbed companion.

"W'at d' yo' say 'bout hit, Joe?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm agreeable," said Joe, rising with voluble alacrity. "Ef de ole gentleman am 'sposed ter do de genteel thing, I hain't de man fer ter disap'int him."

Perry never looked at him.

"W'at de matta now?" he cried, no longer caring to restrain his ire. "I tole yo, ter git along home, didn't I? Well, den! Didn't I nebba larn yo' no better'n ter go stiddyin' 'bout w'at I tole yo' fur ter do?"

Dorcas Hannah faced him with a look of dismay, backed by a curious glimmer of defiance in her wide, brown eyes.

"W'y, I dunno," she said. "I thought yo' 'd yeer'd—Joe an' me"—she cast down her eyes and stood twisting one of the buttons of her dress. "We'se bin gittin' merried." She raised her eyes again, and gave her head a little shake. "De Good Man's done jined us in de blissful bon's fur good an' ill," she added more boldly, an' it's agin de law fur ter try ter shove us apart. We wuz goin' ter look out a house fur ourselves afore long." Here her voice faltered again. Her hesitancy set free the old man's stores of arrogance.

"Now, w'at kinder truck am dat ter give yore daddy?" he shouted. "Kin dis yere camp-meetin' foolin' lay ober de needcessities ob de flesh? Am de Good Man fit ter keep yo' in po'k an' 'taters? Who lay down de laws in dis yere family, ennyhow? W'y Perry, dat's who! He am 'squire an' constable, too! He am Good Man 'nuff fur yo'! An' I'll hab yo' fur ter know, me gal, dat yo' hain't merried right tell ole Perry's done 'pinted de ban's. Yo' mine me! Git along home, now, or I'll lay dis yere stick ober yore back!"

He grasped her arm and raised his cane. This was too much for the bridegroom. He raised his diminutive voice and cried:

"Betta han'le dem paws a leetle keerless, ole man! I don't 'low no man ter lay han's onter my gal. I'll knock yer inter de middle of nex' week, ef yo' don' mine out! Dod blame me ef I don't!" And he thrust back his sleeves, and began capering around like a terrier proclaiming war on a bulldog.

The old man turned upon his youthful opponent with a glare that said: "Yo' mis'ble jumpin' jimmy-jack, jest wait tell I wipe yo' offen de face ob de yarth!"

Joe stopped his dancing. His hand stole up to his waistcoat pocket, indicating an ugly means of making up for his lack of inches, while the prize of the combat held her breath and doubted which to aid.

An ominous silence formed a ring around them; but through the laughing leaves fell the distant tones of the preacher.

"Oh, my brethern! cussed am sin! I don't talk 'bout the sins ob de flesh or de sins ob de sperrit; I cuss de sins ob de sinner. Oh, my fren's, harken at the Genesis ob sin! Dar am folks who can't hold out agin de smell ob de wattamel'n in de da'k ob de moon. Dar am folks what the squawk ob de chicken in de mid-night hours 'ull rouse clean outen de bed ob righteousness. But dese yere one-hoss kinder sinners can't hole a candle ter de 'Ole Boy!' He am de boss thief ob all; for he hab de skelington-keys and de jimmys, and he come outen town an 'bust open de bery cellar-doors ob yore hearts, where am stored de po'k barl's ob love and de milk pans ob human kineness, an' he'll tuk away all de good in life an' lef' only de maggits an' bonny-clabba. Oh, sistahs, jine han's in de holy fight agin the enimy. Don' 'low no man ter hab de key ter yore h'arts but de Good Man! Keep dat debble out! Fur he am gripin' wid greedy han's fur de wages ob yore sufferin', which am salbashun!"

Dorcas Hannah's perturbed mind made a rapid application of the words. She read them in the light of having her life taxed to pay for its own engendering. She sprang upon the old man and wheeled him half round.

"Dar," she cried, "jest yo' lissen at dat! Dat's de kine ob talk fur yo', yo' blame 'Ole Boy!' Yo' don' git no mo' ob my wages, blame your stingy ole soul! We'se squar now. I'se done paid yo' off. I can't affo'd to pay fur no go-between 'twix' me an' de Good Man no longer. An' when yo' reaches out fur ter broke dis yere match you'se a-bitin' off more'n yo' kin chaw, an' don' yo' forget hit! Hit me, now! Hit me! Jest yo' darst ter hit me! I've tuck my last beatin' from yo'. Ive got a man to back me now!"

Old Perry raised his arm, and then—lowered it again. His own flesh and blood, beaten into a mould that was too hard for him, had stripped the mask from his callous old soul. His son-in-law, standing there with a razor—the blade folded back against the haft—gleaming is his clenched fist, was prepared to do as much for the physical organs. An unprecedented, unwonted quiver of emotion swept through the woody fibre of the old man's being to the very tip of his tall hat.

"Yo'—yo'—yo'—Dorcas Hanner!" he cried with a breaking voice. "Mus' I swaller dis yere kinder sass from yo'? Hain't yo' got no sorter feelin' for de ole man? Mus' ole Perry cut down on the needcessities ob life for ter 'low yo' ter go off an' merry sech a mis'able—" He looked at the razor and paused, drew his hand across his brow, made a vain attempt to swallow his Adam's-apple, and stiffened up. "All right, den! Ef cussin' am de word, Perry kin cuss f'um de word 'go.' He cuss yo' wid de cuss dat 'longs ter de h'art—onthankful h'art. He cuss yo' wid de cuss ob de disa-p'nted daddy. Yo'll find out afore long dat clabba' am mo' fillin' dan spring-watta, an' measly po'k am pref'able ter de brine. Yo'll fine out—yo'll fine out. Go 'long an' clutter up de yarth wid yarth wid little debbles. De old man hab too much on his mine to stan' jawin' yere!" Add he choked down his ire, shouldered his dignity and strode away, leaving the pair in giddy and uncertain triumph.

That night, when Sally ventured a cautious inquiry as to the offenders, Perry "brought her right up stanning'" with the remark:

"Dey is no mo' ter me dan de clods ob de yarth I tromple unda foot! I's done pestered my ole brains 'nuff tryin' ter haul dem two fools outen de mire. Dey's stuck up onter a tussick, an' dey takes it fur de fum groun'. Dorcas Hanner she mek's out she's married somehow—I dunno. But dey'll fine de ole man's cuss am a hefty load ter kerry! An' w'en dey gits ready fur to hunt de ole man's shanty, he'll larn um de blessin's ob 'pentance! He will fur shore!"

Old Sally only said, "Lor', pappy!"

But the obstinate couple again failed to fulfill the old man's expectations. In their place old age came to his cabin. His meek-spirited wife, too, spoiled the record of a patient life by disobeying her lord—she died. With her all-enduring spirit died something of Perry's arrogance; but his hardened frame lived on—lived beyond its use—until he was fain to seek shelter from the clods he had scorned. Seated on a bench, on the sunny side of Dorcas Hannah's cottage, old Perry with bleared eyes and palsied arm, at length gave his benison to the thrifty young couple in this wise:

"I tell yo' hit's all 'count ob de way she wuz riz. Ef I hedn't wucked a little hick'ry inter dat gal's nater. She'd nebba brung dot ar Joe up ter de scratch like she'd done. Nebba in de wurld?"

The Degenerations of Old Age.

Youth's Companion.

We have spoken of the atrophy of old age—the wasting due to the lessened power of the system to take up the proper nouishment of its respective parts. Were this all the loss that comes with years, most old persons would live to a hundred and over, and die by an almost imperceptible decay.

But there is besides—in part both a consequence and a cause of the former fact—a change, more or less, in the tissues, or substance, of the body.

In the place of muscular fibre there often is fat (resembling the fat of bacon) and hence called fatty degeneration. It is also called waxy degeneration from its wax-like appearance. This is not an accumulation of fat around an organ or between its muscular fibres, such as takes place in the corpulent, but a substitution of fat for the fibres themselves. Of course the toughness and elasticity of the muscles are thereby lost.

Sometimes the change is to a chalk-like substance which is known by the name of "cretaceous" degeneration. While the former renders muscle soft and weak and easy to give way before unusual pressure, the latter renders it unyielding and brittle.

While all the organs are liable to these degenerations, the heart and the arteries are especially so. Such changes in these important organs greatly hasten on the decay which characterizes old age.

It is the opinion of Dr. Charles Murchison, LL.D., F.R.S., that these degenerations are due to the liver, the great sewer of the system. This, weakened by age, is no longer able so to act on certain waste matters that they can be properly eliminated by the kidneys. Hence they remain in the blood and juices of the body, and work, besides other harm, the above results.

The Wonders of Compound Interest.

Oberlin Gazette.

One cent placed at compound interest at the beginning of the Christian era, at ¼ per cent, per annum amounts to a dollar in October 1844. At ½ per cent. it amounts to $100 in September, 1847. At ¾ per cent. it amounts to $1,000 in December 1849. At one per cent. it amounts to $1,000,000 in June, 1852. At 2 per cent. it amounts to one hundred trillions in June, 1861. At 6 per cent. it amounts to one quatordecillion in April, 1858.

Mr. Editor, these calculations are true to a cent, and true to a second, and now a few words to show the mighty power of numbers to enumerate. One per cent. interest of the above named sum for one second is over three hundred decillions of dollars. A cubic foot of gold weighs 1203 pounds, and is worth $350,000, The number of cubic feet in the earth is forty sextillions, and if it was solid gold, would be worth fourteen octillion dollars. The above interest for one second of time would be worth more than twenty million globes of gold as large as the earth!

Mr. Editor, I am willing to stake my reputation upon the correctness of this result, and challenge anyone to disprove it.

GEO. W. MINKLER.

Chicago Tribune: A distressing accident occurred in St. Louis last week, some fiend throwing a large stone into the local room of a daily paper and seriously wounding several colonels. The brigadier-generals in the adjoining department fortunately escaped without injury.

IMPERFECT PAGE