THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

MY LAST OFFER.

We had a wedding at our house last night,
With throng of guests and maze of flowers;
The rooms were brilliant with their blaze of lights,
In song and feasting passed the hours.

My little nephew, four years and a half,
Bewildered, glad and wonder-eyed,
Saw all the gaiety, heard the song and laugh,
And ate his wonted sweets beside.

Next day he pondered much, as wise folks do,
Then curved of me a little boon;
"Aunt Jennie, why don't you get married, too?
I hope you'll do it very soon."

"Dear child," I said, and stroked his curly head,
"You would not wish it if you knew
Then I must go away if I should wed,
Instead of living here with you."

His face grew grave, for he had only thought
Of wedding cakes and ices sweet;
But, if with loss of Auntie it were bought,
The feast would be a doubtful treat.

He clasped my neck and kissed me on the cheek,
Then said the loving little elf:
"Aunt Jennie, don't get married till next week
And I will emigrate myself."

—*Our Duffinnies.*

THE DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

Ever since men began to go to sea, lights have been placed on shore to guide them to a landing-place; but in early times these were nothing more than fires on headlands. Three hundred years before Christ, however, there was built, on an island at Alexandria, a pyramid over four hundred feet in height, on top of which a great fire was kept burning, which, we are told, was visible to the corn-ships going to Egypt when forty-one miles away in the Mediterranean. This pyramid was called the Pharos, and to-day the French name for a lighthouse is *phare*, and the Spanish *faro*. The rocky coasts on the shores of the British Channel centuries ago showed beacon-fires on very dark nights. These were generally tar-barrels, which would burn brightly in a high wind when a few of sticks would be blown away. And they were generally lighted for the benefit of the fishermen, by their wives, without any authority from the Government. It was an easy matter to imitate such beacons, and bad men would often erect false lights, steering by which a ship would come crashing to sure destruction at the foot of the crags which thrust their cruel edges through the surf. When the ship went to pieces, her goods coming ashore would be seized and sold by the wreckers, as these wicked people were called. Many a fearful tradition has come down of the doings of wreckers, not only in England and Spain, but in America and in the East. One of the tricks of the West Indian pirates, when they saw a ship approaching their island in the evening, was to hang a lantern upon a horse's neck, and let him graze well hobbled, along the beach. This would appear like the rocking of a lantern on a vessel at rest, and, deceived by the hope of a safe anchorage, the stranger would only discover how he had been cheated when his keel struck the sand-bars and the pirates had begun their villainous attack.

Though scaffoldings and towers of wood, iron and stone were built here and there at especially dangerous points by governments long before the beginning of the last century, they were lighted by fires of wood or coal up to 1760, when Smeaton introduced wax candles at Eddystone. The Eddystone shoals were a group of reefs exceedingly dangerous, because they were almost level, and lay precisely in the track of ships bound up or down the English Channel. Two hundred years ago a lighthouse of wood and iron trestle-work was built there by Sir Henry Winstanley and stood so well that he boasted, like King Canute, that the sea had not strength enough to throw it down. Soon after, he went out with a company of men to make repairs, when one of the worst gales in history arose, and the morning afterward not a trace of the structure remained. Another wooden frame took its place for several years, but was burned. Then the engineer Smeaton proposed to build a tower of stone, which should take the shape of a massive tree-trunk, with a swelling base, like roots, founded upon a level floor cut in the rock of the reef. This stands to-day, rivaling its magnificent neighbor on the Biscay shore opposite, the lighthouse of Cardouan, which was built to support a bonfire of oak, but has remained to be lighted successively by oil lamps, by gas-burners and finally by electricity. Thus, everywhere, and in all latitudes the beacons and wooden towers and huge pyramids of long ago have given place to slender spires of solid masonry, holding powerful signals, perhaps hundreds of feet above the waves, and visible as far as the curve of the earth's surface will permit. Yet in place of the sturdy bonfire of oak, or the huge iron cage full of coals, there is only a single lamp, whose rays are gathered by deep reflectors into a compact bundle of unwasted rays, and doubled and redoubled by rows of magnifying lenses until they can dart to the furthest horizon in a strong beam of steady light.

The United States expends $2,000,000 annually in looking after her lighthouses, lightships and buoys. Indeed, these beacons are so thickly planted that it has been found necessary to distinguish between them in order to avoid mistaking one for another. Thus some of them are simply white lights, some are white and red, some—the white towers on the summit of the tower being turned on white sectors and the red sectors disappearing for a longer or shorter time; while others are white "flash" lights, glancing only for an instant, and then lost for a few seconds or giving a long wink followed by a flash, one with a space of darkness between. Some lighthouses show a steady red light, others alternate red and white. By these colors and varying periods of appearance and disappearance (published by the Government in a book called the "Coast Pilot") navigators know which light they are looking at when several are in sight, as is often the case.

On some especially dangerous—because hidden—reefs or bars, like the shoals off Nantucket, or the extreme point of Sandy Hook, it is out of the question for bad policy to erect a lighthouse. Here its place is taken by anchoring a stout vessel, built taut-stanch for the roughest weather, and arranged to carry one or two very large lanterns at its mast-heads. These are called "lightships," and they are manned by a large crew of keepers who have a very monotonous time of it, confined in their rolling and pitching home with almost nothing to do.

Even the electric beam from a first-class lantern fails to penetrate a fog to any great distance; yet when the coast is shrouded in thick mist is the most dangerous of all times to an approaching ship. The only way, in such an emergency, in which a warning can be given is by sound. In many places bells are rung; but often the point to be avoided is so placed that the roar of the surf would drown a bell's note, and then fog-horns are blown. These fog-horns are of a size so immense, and voices so stentorian, that it requires a steam engine to blow them; and they utter a booming, hollow blast, a dismal note as we hear it when we are safe on the land, but sweet to the anxious captain whose vessel is laboring through the gloom under close-reefed topsails, and uncertain of her exact position. One of these horns is very complicated in its structure, and screeches in a rough, broken blare, a note far-reaching beyond any smooth, whistling sound that could be made. Finally, buoys, which at first were simply tight casks, but now are usually made of boiler-iron, are anchored on small reefs, to which are hung bells, rung constantly by the tossing of their support; and on other reefs, buoys are fixed having a hollow cap so arranged that when a big wave rushes over, it shuts in a body of air, under great and sudden pressure, which can only escape through a whistle in the top of the cap, uttering a long warning wail to tell its position. Buoys in harbors are also made to carry lights, some by ordinary oil lanterns, others by having their hollow bodies filled with compressed gas, which burns in a glass globe of glass, and cannot be blown or drenched out.

But the ordinary duty of the buoys is to mark the line of inner channels, and by their color they tell on which side of them the pilot must steer.

To keep the buoys all anchored, replace them if lost, or put new ones where needed, to visit the light-ships, and carry provisions and letters to their crews; to see that all the lighthouses are in shape, and the various parts of the machinery in good working order, is the duty of an inspector, who has a certain district of coast under his care, and continually travels up and down it in a steamer called a "tender." Lighthouses and sites and buoys and coast surveys are all intended to prevent shipwreck; but, as I have said, the ocean is still supreme. So we add to our precautions arrangements to help those cast away. Societies to save wrecked persons have existed in China, it is said, for centuries, but in Europe are scarcely over a hundred years old; and the first life-boat was not made until 1784. Those European humane societies, especially in Great Britain, placed life-boats and gears in certain shore towns, and organized crews who promise to go out to the aid of any lost ship, and to take good care of the persons rescued. In America, however, our coasts are so extensive, and so much of the dangerous part of them is far away from any villages, or even farm-houses, that the government was obliged to do anything that was to be done. Thus came about the Life Saving Service, as it is called, which now hasits stations close together along our whole sea-coast, and upon the great lakes, covering more than ten thousand miles in all.

Each of these stations is a snug house on the beach, tenanted by a keeper and six men, all of whom are chosen for their skill in swimming, and in handling a boat in the surf—something every man who "follows the sea" cannot do.

During all the season, from October till May, two men from each station are incessantly patrolling the beach at night, each walking until he meets the patrolman from the next station. No matter how foul the weather, these watchmen are out until daylight looking for disasters. The moment they discover a vessel ashore, or likely to become disabled, they summon their companions, and hasten to launch their boat. These boats are of two kinds. On the lakes and on the steep Pacific coast is used the very heavy English life-boat, fitted with masts and sails if necessary, and which a steam tug is required to tow to the scene of the wreck, if it is not close in shore. But upon our flat, sandy Atlantic beaches a lighter kind of surf-boat, made of cedar, can only be handled. This is built with air-cases at each end and under the thwarts, so that it cannot sink. The station-men drag it on its low wagon to the scene of its use, unless horses are to be had, and when it is launched, they sit at the six oars, each with his cork belt buckled around him, and his eye fixed on the steersman, who stands in the stern, ready to obey his slightest motion of command, for rowing through the angry waves that dash themselves on a storm-beaten beach is a matter requiring extraordinary skill and strength. Then, when the vessel is reached, comes another struggle to avoid being struck and crushed by the plunging ship, or the broken spars and rigging pounding about the hull. But skill and caution generally enable the crew to rescue the unfortunate castaways one by one, though frequently several trips must be made, in each one of which every surf-man risks his life, and in many a sad case has lost it.

It is a common occurrence, however, that the sea will run so high that no boat could possibly be launched. Then the only possibility of rescue for the crew is by means of a line which shall bridge the space between the ship and the land before the hull falls to pieces. We read in old tales of wrecks of how some brave seaman would tie a light line around his waist, and dare the dreadful waves, and the more dreadful undertow, to save his comrades. If he got safely upon the beach, he drew a hawser on shore and made it fast. Now we do not ask this; but with a small cannon made for the purpose, a strong cord attached to the cannon-ball is fired over the ship, even though it be several hundred yards distant. Seizing this line as it falls across their vessel, the imperilled sailors haul to them a larger line, called a "whip," which they fasten in a tackle-block in such a way that a still heavier line can be stretched between the wreck and the land, and made fast. Then by means of a small side-line and pulleys a double canvas bag, shaped like a pair of knee-breeches, is sent back and forth between the ship and the shore, bringing a man each time, until all are saved. Should there be many persons on board, though, and great haste necessary, a small covered metallic boat, called the life-car, is sent out, into which several persons can get at once.

Such are the principal means of saving life practised by the Life Saving Service, and you will believe that they are good in device, and managed with great skill and grand courage, when I tell you that in 1880, out of nearly two thousand persons whose lives were endangered by shipwreck upon the American coasts, all but nine were saved.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Wide Awake.*

—Two muscular men of Kilkenny, Ark., agreed to settle their quarrel with a single blow of the fist, to be struck by the winner of a tossed coin and unresistingly received by the loser anywhere above the belt. The man whom chance condemned to take the blow stood up bravely, and though he sought to avoid some of its force, it felled him heavily, breaking his nose and rendering him insensible for several hours.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A surgeon in London offers to teach any woman to blush beautifully and naturally in three lessons. We need one thousand such teachers in this country right away.

The President's Practical Politics.

The President of the United States has gone to New York for the purpose of conferring with the politicians of his party in regard to the approaching elections. Such is the news telegraphed from Washington. The time was when we had Presidents whose conception of the dignity of the first office of the Republic was of so lofty a character that they could not find it consistent with their sworn official duty to mingle in party politics or to regard themselves as the mere chieftains of a faction. They believed themselves representative of the whole people, though chosen to office through the instrumentality of party organization. If some of them were governed in the exercise of the appointing power by the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," they still discriminated in favor of the public interest by selecting men of character and fitness and declined to place the patronage of the Government at the command of a clique of ambitious politicians, to be distributed for personal ends or to be made a corrupt bond of cohesion between discordant elements of their party. But they existed before the days of Grantism and the Stalwarts.

The use of the power of the Federal Government to perpetuate a political or personal dynasty is as unrepublican and antagonistic to the spirit of free institutions as to establish a hereditary monarchy. The difference is only nominal. If President Arthur should re-elect himself by using his official power to that end and at the termination of his second term dictate his own successor by the same means, the disunion between our form of Government and that of a hereditary monarchy would consist only in the manner by which the transmission of the Executive power from the incumbent to his successor would be accomplished. The fact that we have become accustomed to the influence of the Federal Government in State elections does not lessen but rather aggravates the peril of republican institutions. The puerile terror of State Rights and the mawkish sentiment in favor of Federal intermeddling in State elections, which so largely control the party in power, were the inspiration of Grant in his attempt to force himself, through the political power of his Administration, into a third term of the Presidency. Arthur was a disciple at the feet of that ambitious Gamaliel and is ready to go farther even than his preceptor to establish a dynasty of his own. He is a "practical politician" and in his lexicon practical politics is defined to mean, first, power for Chester A. Arthur, secondly, power for Chester A. Arthur's special friends. He has chosen a few practical politicians to share his power and to assist him in transmitting it to a successor to be selected by himself and these sharers of his political fortunes. His principal copartners are J. Donald Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and John A. Logan, of Illinois. These two have recently been given control of the greater part of the patronage lately and at present at his disposal. He is to assist them in controlling the politics of their respective States by all the power of his Administration, that they may be able to bring him delegations for renomination in 1884. His own State of New York he will look after in person. Thus a second term for Arthur becomes an issue in the approaching elections. Nay, not merely a second term for Arthur, but the establishment of the Stalwart dynasty first projected by Grant, revived by the political shot of Guiteau, and to be perpetuated by the "practical politics" which regards no honorable precedent, respects no constitutional restriction, and aims only at the gratification of the personal ambitions of those who make it as a profession.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Singing Small.

When the South Carolina Legislature had completed its gerrymander for Congressional elections, there was a grand Wagnerian concert of rejoicing from the Northern Republican press; but we notice that the chorus now sings small, and the enthusiasm has evidently abated. It is not the custom of our Republican contemporaries to let a good thing drop when once they get it in working order, and there must be some exceptional reason in the present instance. The reason is fully apparent in the revelation that has been made to the critics, that the fortifications from which they hurled their moral projectiles were made of glass, and such exceedingly thin and brittle glass that they have heard at frequent intervals lately the fearful sound of shattered crystal. The Charleston *News and Courier* has gone into the map business, and it is publishing an illustrated serial upon the subject of Republican gerrymandering, that is very interesting and instructive. Its latest is a map of the Senatorial districts of Connecticut, arranged in such a way, that while the State is Democratic on a popular vote, the Republicans feel reasonably sure of getting over two-thirds of the Senate. We have seen that map before in one or two Democratic papers of Connecticut, but we have never seen it in the Boston *Advertiser*, though placed side by side with the South Carolina wonder, it would take the medal every time. The Charleston paper does not claim that all this justifies gerrymandering in the South, but says: "Our purpose in displaying the gerrymandering feats of the Republicans is to remind those worthies that they themselves are steeped to the lips in political sin, and that they are the last persons on earth who should cast a stone at the white people of South Carolina. We mean that the public here and everywhere else shall know that the Republicans have, for years, gone far beyond the poor efforts of the South Carolina Democrats in the matter of gerrymandering. If this has the effect of disgusting the people with such practices in the North as well as in the South, we shall be satisfied, and one of the objects of the honest and well-meaning gerrymander in South Carolina will have been handsomely accomplished." An "honest gerrymander" may sound a little paradoxical, and so far as we are concerned, it seems a rather irreconcilable idea. But the *News and Courier* has made an honest presentation of the evil in its broader relations, and we unite our hope with that which it expresses, that the North as well as South may come to see the unfairness of this way of dividing States. If our theory of government by the people is correct, then is the gerrymander never justifiable. If it is a mistaken idea, then it should be changed for some other before small majorities and sometimes no majorities at all, are allowed to dispose of the people's votes in any way that suits their own arbitrary and selfish purposes.—*Boston Statesman.*

—There are now thirty or more women established in law practice in the United States; five in Illinois, four each in Iowa and California, three each in Wisconsin and Ohio, two each in Michigan, Kansas and the District of Columbia, and one each in Maine, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska and Massachusetts.

Whitelaw Reid as a Presidential Adviser.

Star Route Dorsey is being hauled over the coals for his presumption in addressing a letter to Mr. Garfield after the latter's election to the Presidency, but before his inauguration, in which he gave him advice as to the composition of his Cabinet, or, as Dorsey put it, "presented some frozen facts." It was, no doubt, presumptuous on the part of Dorsey to assume the office of Presidential adviser, yet if a copy has been kept of all the letters which Mr. Garfield received from the time of his election in November until his inauguration in the March following, no doubt hundreds of similar epistles from other Republicans than Dorsey can be found. Republicans of all breeds and all descriptions volunteered advice, made suggestions and warned the President-elect against this or that "snake in the grass." Most of them had far less claim to have their views considered by the President than Dorsey had, for the latter stood in with Brady and the Star Route crowd. He was an efficient collector and an equally efficient distributor of money where it would do the Republican party and Garfield the most good. He visited Indiana in the interest of the "grand old party," and did not go there empty handed. His services were recognized by a banquet in New York City, at which Vice-President Arthur made "the greatest effort of his life," and alluded in terms of pleasant memory to the purchase of a State election. Dorsey was one of the leading instruments in the election of Garfield, and as such he felt that he was entitled to be heard.

Among the men who assumed the office of Presidential adviser with more impudence than was displayed by Dorsey, was Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, who constituted himself a midnight adviser by telegraph of the Administration. It is something of a coincidence that "old horsey was" tired of this blatherings talk" about Dunnell's to go into the Cabinet from New York, so Reid cautioned his correspondent to "beware of James' son," insinuating way." Each, from different motives dreaded James, and each wanted to be a Presidential adviser.

The truth is that the spoils system has developed an impudence on the part of prominent Republicans which would be simply astounding were it not so common. They regard the offices in the gift of the President as much as if a portion of them were their own property, and take liberties with a President-elect which would be regarded as downright insolence if the Democratic Chief of Magistrate did not feel that he was under obligations to them and disliked to offend them. Dorsey is properly condemned for the "gall" which he exhibited; but, as we have said, he did not do any more than hosts of Republicans who now see themselves up as a great deal better than he. It is pure affection on the part of the Republican press to assume that the Dorsey letter is a unique Republican production. If Dorsey had to hang for it a great many other Republican leaders would feel as if they were under sentence of death.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Democratic and Republican Tendencies Contrasted.

The two great parties which now exist, the Republican and the Democratic, represent more or less perfectly the two great tendencies which have from the first, with scarcely any interruption, contended for the mastery ever since the Republic was formed. The Republicans have become the legitimate heirs of the early Federalists. It is true that they do not entertain all the tenets of that party, and do not revive the measures and the conflicts which in their day the Federalists set on foot; but they stand for the Federalist purpose of a strong central Government, aiming steadily to absorb or belittle the local or State Governments. They stand for vast expenditures, for magnificence in the National Administration, for pomp and glory, as displayed in an immense array of office-holders with a costly and minutely ramified system of political administrative functions, and for all sorts of so-called public improvements at the expense of the National Treasury; and they stand for taxing the people roundly to maintain this immense Federal establishment and this system of superb outlays. Perhaps the most extreme manifestation of this prevailing direction of the Republican party was the attempt to make General Grant President for the third time, with all that it implied.

On the other hand, the Democrats still represent that doctrine of strict construction of the Constitution, of local self-government, of the restriction of the central power, of the reduction of the number of Federal office-holders, of the most limited interference of the National authority, of economy, simplicity, and purity in the conduct of public affairs; or, as President Lincoln expressed it, of government of the people, by the people, and for the people, with which the Democracy of Jefferson and Madison originally came into being.

Of course in this long period, and through the mighty vicissitudes that have been brought upon the Republic, the Democracy of the present day is in various respects inferior to the Democracy of which Thomas Jefferson was the most distinguished advocate. Things have changed. The civil war has passed its red-hot plow-shares over the minds and the characters of the people. The enormous expenditures of the Federal Administration, the endless array of salaried office-holders, the loose practices and the usurping purposes of the party in power, have done much to corrupt the citizens of this country; and the Democratic party, weakened and perverted by its long exclusion from the useful discipline of administration, has suffered and been debased. But it still represents the spirit and the impulse with which it started out. So long, then, as the Democrats stand for these primary ideas, and for this momentous school of public policy, so long will all men who adhere to that school adhere to the Democracy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Hanlan, the oarsman, says that Ross can have the championship honors only by winning them, and adds: "I intend to say this much to Ross: I will make a match for $5,000 a side, the race to be rowed next year, and I will put the money up when we sign articles. I'm willing to take the chances of wintering right; but one thing I am determined, and that is, I will not row a race with Ross this year."—*N. Y. Post.*

—A writer in London *Truth* says that nowadays everything is "smart"—a sermon, a concert, a dinner party, a dance, a dress, a bouquet, a wedding or a house, and the other day a man was talking of a "smart" funeral.

—Celestials never use sugar in tea, and they regard the man who does so as a candidate for the lunatic asylum.

The World's Arctic Exploration.

Those old and daring navigators of the sea, the Dutch and the Danes, have joined the other Powers in the combined investigation of the Arctic regions. The first Dutch expedition set out in the steamer Willems Barens last May from Amsterdam, commanded by Lieutenant Hofmann. This vessel is to make a prolonged cruise in the Arctic Ocean for meteorological observations and also to explore more thoroughly the seaway to the mouths of the great rivers of Siberia. The second expedition was to have sailed last month and is bound for Dickson Haven, the Dutch station of observation in the Arctic Ocean. Some of the most scientific men in Holland have accompanied it. The Danish steamer Dympna, under command of Lieutenant Hovgaard, left Copenhagen on the 19th of July, amid great popular acclamations. Her entire crew have seen service in the Arctic. The expedition was fitted out by popular subscription and under the auspices of the Navy Department. Her commander is a young man only twenty-five years of age, who has had three years' experience in the Arctic region and was a companion of Professor Nordenskjold in the Vega. The course of the Dympna is from Copenhagen to Tromso, Norway, where coal and stores will be taken on board, and from that point the vessel will sail for the Kara Sea and Cape Tsjeljuskin, a point that has only been reached twice before. From here the three main objects of the expedition will be attempted; first, whether the current and ice will permit of further exploration without too much risk; second, to examine whether Franz Josef Land stretches northward to the most northern point of Asia; and, third, whether the coast of Franz Josef land runs in a south-and-north direction. Lieutenant Hovgaard will bring his vessel to the southeast coast of this land, and then by sleds will attempt an overland journey northward. These Dutch and Danish expeditions, we believe, now complete the list, and vessels belonging to every civilized nation are now either on their way to the Arctic, or already there at their stations, like our own. Men famous in every department of science have accompanied them, and they have taken with them all the instruments known to modern science and all the conveniences to make life endurable in that inhospitable region for a period of three years. They will make exhaustive meteorological observations and will study all the physical peculiarities of the Arctic region. As they are not bent upon any wild-goose chase or any search after the unsearchable, we may expect the most valuable results from their united efforts, and none of those tidings of suffering, disaster and death which have hitherto followed the sailing of ill-fated vessels in quest of the pole. All the stations are within limits already traversed, and none of the expeditions, possibly except the Danish, will venture beyond them. we may therefore look for a most extremely interesting account of the character of this distant section of the earth, which has had such fatal fascinations for mariners and explorers for ages past.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Canonchet Sold.

Recently the famous homestead of Governor William Sprague, Canonchet, was sold under the hammer. There was a large crowd in waiting, but all were denied admission. On Monday an attachment for $40,000 was levied on the estate by a United States Marshal in favor of Philadelphia people. Trustee Chaffee and Lawyer Patton were there ready for the sale. At twelve o'clock the largest crowd ever attending an auction sale of the Sprague property assembled in the roadway in front of the main entrance of Canonchet. Before the sale was begun, Mr. Richard Comstock, of Providence, gave notice to the auctioneer and all intending to bid that on Monday the firm of Mowry & Comstock had attached the Canonchet property in the name of Evan Randolph, of Philadelphia, for $40,000 on a process issued out of the United States Court. Mr. Frank Parkhurst in reply to this said that this attachment grew out of a suit of Hoyt, Sprague & Co. The title to this property was originally in the Spragues and the latter were not liable in this matter. Auctioneer Hall invited the crowd to get over the gate and come across the bridge, where it was shady. They followed him to the other side of the bridge by walking across the stringers, and were about to pass on to the grounds when Willie Sprague suddenly appeared in the road mounted on a horse. He cried "Halt!" and the order not being obeyed at once, he put his right hand into his pocket and took hold of a pistol, and then there was a halt. No one offered to advance a step. The bidding was begun by Henry Hidden, of Providence, for $20,000, and George W. Butts made it $21,000. Oliver W. Green, of Wickford, bid $26,000. Then Sheriff Tucker gave notice that the local auctioneer, under whose direction the sale was begun, was not legally appointed, and that he should hold everyone responsible for what was done. Mr. Hall explained the facts of Mr. Chandler's appointment and engagement before the town council, and then the sale again progressed. The issue was now between James D. Lynch, of New York, who bid in the interest of Francis D. Moulton, the "mutual friend" of Beecher and Tilton. Moulton finally secured the property at $62,250.

While the sale was in progress Governor Sprague occupied the front piazza of the house with a rifle in his hand, awaiting the advance of the enemy. The sale was a terrible sacrifice, $600,000 having been laid out on the property, while there were four hundred acres of land thrown in. It was bought for speculation and will be sold in lots.—*Providence (R. I.) Special to Chicago Times.*

A Historical Coincidence.

It is a very striking illustration of the traditional forms of Eastern warfare that the lying bulletin in which Arabi Pasha announced to his followers the destruction or capture of the whole English fleet in the recent action before Alexandria, is an almost literal copy of that with which Nana Sahib, in July, 1857, endeavoured to sustain the failing courage of his Sepoys when the news of Havelock's advance upon Cawnpore to avenge the massacre began to spread among them. "The Queen of the English," wrote the Arabi Pasha of the Ganges, "gathered a mighty host to fight against us, and put her soldiers upon many ships, and sent them as far as Egypt. But the Padishah (Sultan) heard of their coming, and he sent and bade the Pasha of Egypt destroy them all. Then the Pasha of Egypt gathered his ships-of-war and poured the thunder of his cannon upon the fleet of the unbelievers until all their vessels were taken or destroyed and the yellow-faced English were sunk to the bottom of the sea."—*London Standard.*

English Hunting.

The value of shooting properties or "moors," as they are called, have risen in value enormously of late years. Game preserving in the Highlands has become not only an amusement but a lucrative industry, at least to the landlords. To the unfortunate tenants and small farmer it has become just the reverse. They have literally in many districts been eaten out of house and home by ground game, sheep runs have been depopulated to make room for deer, while in not a few districts of Sutherlandshire and other counties the human inhabitants have been dispossessed in order that the land might return to a state of nature. The grouse moors and deer forests are, indeed, almost the only source of wealth in the non-manufacturing portion of Scotland.

An American, Mr. Winans, owns extents one of the largest deer forests in Great Britain. It extends from the Atlantic to the German Ocean, right across Scotland for a distance of seventy miles. Blackwood is another of these huge shooting moors of some 80,000 acres. It was rented to the Earl of Dudley for $25,000 a year, and last year was tenanted by the great brewer, Sir Henry Allsopp. As the grouse shooting season lasts only some six weeks, an idea may be formed of the immense amount of money spent on this amusement by wealthy Englishmen. The mere rent is only a small item in comparison with the cost of entertaining the large parties of guests, who, like New Yorkers, flock North as summer advances. What with guests, dogs, gillies, rent and a host of other expenses, every bird shot is calculated to cost at least five dollars. Some of the "bags" made are, however, enormous. On a well-known moor in Yorkshire, Sir Frederick Milbank shot, not long ago, 191 grouse in twenty-eight minutes. On the same moor, in one day, six guns killed 2,070 grouse, while the total for the season was 17,064.

These tremendous bags came into fashion with breech-loading guns, for of course, it would be quite impossible to load and fire fast enough with the old-fashioned fowling-piece. Nothing more unlike real sport can be conceived than a modern English battue. The birds are, as a rule, quite tame, having been fed by hand by the keepers for months previously. They are at the appointed time driven in great flocks over certain spots where the sportsmen lie in wait. Each man has two game keepers behind him, who load his guns and hand them to him. He simply fires as quickly as he can pull the trigger into the mass of birds as they fly over and past him. The whole thing lasts but a few minutes. The dead are then picked up, and the same evening are sent off to London to the poulterers' shop.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Hedgehog's Mode of Defense.

The hedgehog is one of the best protected of living animals. "Marching securely under the guardianship of its thorn-spiked armor, it recks little of any foe save man. . . . The formidable array of bristling spines with which the back is more or less covered offers a *cheval-de-frise* of sharp spikes toward any animal that may present itself as an enemy. Another peculiarity is the power possessed by these creatures of rolling themselves into a round ball, by placing the head on the breast, drawing up the legs, and curling the body firmly round the members. By this posture the hedgehogs render themselves invulnerable to almost any animal that may attack them.

"When in this curious attitude, the hedgehog cannot be unrolled by main force, as long as any life remains in the body, for there is an enormously developed muscle, with a very thick margin, which spreads over the back and round the sides, and which, when contracted, holds the creature in so firm an embrace that it will be torn in pieces rather than yield its point."

The spines of this animal are about an inch long, and naturally lie flat on the back, directed toward the tail. But by a peculiar arrangement they are erected when the owner coils himself. In shape the spine is not unlike a large pin, being simply pointed at one extremity, and furnished at the other with a round, bead-like head, and rather abruptly bent near the head. If the skin be removed from the hedgehog, the quills are seen to be pinned, as it were, through the skin, being retained by their round heads, which are acted upon by the peculiar muscle which has already been mentioned.

"Protected by this defense, the hedgehog is enabled to throw itself from considerable heights, to curl itself into a ball as it descends, and to reach the ground without suffering any harm from its fall. A hedgehog has been seen repeatedly to throw itself from a wall some twelve or fourteen feet in height, and to fall upon the hard ground without appearing to be even inconvenienced by its tumble. On reaching the ground, it would unroll itself and trot off with perfect unconcern."—*H. L. Fairchild, in Popular Science Monthly.*

How a Young Girl is Afflicted.

Thomas Bigley and wife, residing at Rockport, have an adopted daughter, ten years of age. The girl is of average size, though slender, quite intelligent, and presents the appearance of much physical suffering—yet she seems to be cheerful and communicative. About five years ago she became a sufferer from bleeding at the nose and pain in the head. About one year ago, during one of her bleeding spells, a number of small live red ants were discovered in the flow of blood from the nose, and at different times some also issued from her ears. Some months ago, on one occasion, she lost more blood than usual, and a large number—probably nearly or quite a hundred—of live ants were found in it, after which she appeared much easier, comparatively free from pain in the head, and able to sleep well. At the present time she suffers the same pain in the head—in the temple and behind the ears. Mrs. Bigley says that about five years ago the child took a nap in the yard under a shade tree, and her peculiar suffering commenced immediately afterwards, and this leads her to believe that some red ants made their way in her nose, and they have multiplied and annoyed her ever since.—*Pottsville (Pa.) Journal.*

—An Americanized Frenchman, or rather a Utahized Frenchman, of South Chester, Pa., has two wives and eighteen children—nine by each wife. The women are sisters, and the half brothers and sisters are each other's cousins. Their father is their uncle, and their mothers are their aunts. The mothers are each other's sisters-in-law, and the husband is brother-in-law to both. The man is the uncle of his own children, and consequently is his own brother. He is the husband of his children's aunt, and, by a very simple course of reasoning, is uncle by marriage to his own offspring.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Courtships in Old Graveyards.

"I don't think there is as much genuine love-making in Saratoga nowadays as there used to be years ago," said old Sexton Palmeston, as he leaned on his spade. "They all seem to be going for money. Why, I haven't had four genuine love cases in the graveyard this year. Now, when a man is going for money you don't see him bringing his girl over here."

"How does he act when he is going for money?" I asked.

"Why, he spends his time around the florists, he heaps presents on her, keeps her room full of flowers, hands chairs on the balcony, always stands ready with a music programme, looks after her mail, always compliments her clothes, and——"

"And what else?" I asked, impatiently.

"Why, the courting-for-money lover even looks after his sweetheart's table. He even goes and [illegible] the head cooks [illegible] and Spanish [illegible] cooks always have these delicacies for guests provided and they are well paid for them. O! he gives his girl an elegant time, but there's no love in it."

"But how does the all-for-love young man go to work?" I interrupted.

"Why, he don't fool around at a distance," said the old sexton, "with bouquets, and chairs, and programmes, and nice breakfasts. He just quietly walks his sweetheart over to the graveyard, and, sitting on one of those benches out under the trees yonder, he takes her hand. He sits right down and attacks her heart. He don't fool around buying flowers for her eyes, nor candies for her tongue, nor perfumes for her nose; he just gets his arm right around her heart, and when it begins to throb, and when her cheek gets red and warm he knows that girl is his'n. (Don't stand so near the grave or it'll cave in.) Why, that girl would rather have one hour of our warm graveyard courting than 400 years of such iceberg courting as I see going on over in the States parlors. I've seen this courtin' goin' on for forty years. (By jimminy, there's a bone! I'm getting too near that other grave.) I see old grey-headed men every day riding up here in carriages who courted their wives in this graveyard forty years ago. There's R. L. Stuart, the wealthy sugar refiner——"

"But he's an old bachelor," I interrupted.

"Never mind that. I tell you, my benches could tell why he never got married. He loved the girl well enough, and——"

"But who else do you remember seeing here?" I asked.

"Why, there was Mr. Winston, of the Mutual Life. He used to walk around here, thirty years ago, with a beautiful blonde girl. I can see him now kissing that girl—but I'm not going to tell all I know. Andrew H. Green, he married a girl he courted in my graveyard. Fernando Wood used to have a seat here, and Charles A. Dana, he used to know, forty years ago, all about flirting in a graveyard. Old General James Watson Webb used to [illegible] here fifty years ago, and his son, the Doctor, why he could never get along at all in courting Miss Vanderbilt till he got her away from the stuck-up States Hotel, and found himself one day in one of my seats. I knew Vanderbilt would lose a daughter that night. I tell you, these graveyard seats mean business every time. Did I ever have any Senators or Governors on my seats? Why, of course. Senator Kernan courted two girls at once in this graveyard, and President Arthur knows where all the best seats are. They needn't be ashamed of it either, for Hamilton and De Witt Clinton used to do the same thing when they were boys. Boys will be boys," continued the old man, as he jumped out of the grave, "and girls will be girls. Girls with big hearts like to be loved, and fellows with big hearts will kiss and love them. I don't care how straight their parents make them sit up and down at the States, they will occasionally get away and come up here in the graveyard to act natural, and I'm the last man to hinder 'em. Why I often keep these graveyard gates open till nine o'clock when there are genuine lovers enough around to warrant it. I don't mean flirters. I mean real, genuine lovers."

"But how do the lovers manage down at Long Branch and over at Newport, where they have no graveyards handy?" I asked.

"I don't know, but they have mating places somewhere. I 'spect they sit out in the sand under the bluffs, or sit around under umbrellas in the pavilions, or get in dismal corners on the balconies. They've got to—by gosh, they've got to!"

That's what the old Saratoga graveyard philosopher said.—*Saratoga Cor. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The Vain Pullet.

A fine, fat Pullet who was roosting on the limb of a tree safe from danger was saluted by a Fox with:

"Good evening, Miss Pullet—I never saw you look better. Your figure is perfectly lovely."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do. I'd give anything if I could wear my hair done up in a French roll and have it become me as it does you."

"Aren't you joking?"

"I was never more serious in my life. Your small feet and pretty mouth are the envy of all the Pullets in the neighborhood."

"Dear me, but is that so?"

"And everybody says you have such a tony air about you."

"O! ha!"

"I think if we were to walk out together we'd mash the whole town."

"Really, now?"

The Fox gave her more soft solder, and in the end the vain Pullet flew down and furnished a square meal for the crafty Villian.

Moral:—"Flattery," said an old Rooster, as he looked down at the few bones and feathers, "flattery is the soft purr of a cat. The sweeter the purr, the longer the claws and the sharper the bite."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Some terse proverbs—Russian, "Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore." Sanscrit, "Silence is the ornament of the ignorant." China, "There are two good men; one dead and the other unborn." Tamul, "The handle of the ax is the enemy of its kind." Persian, "One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it." Arab, "The best part of repentance is little sinning." Arab, "The contemplation of vice is a vice." Arab, "It is hard to chase and catch two hares." Modern Greek, "Two watermelons cannot be carried under one arm."

—The American missionaries who have been compelled to leave Egypt are coming home for a visit.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Moody and Sankey have closed their labors in Glasgow. The gathering of a thousand reformed drunkards was one of the triumphs of their work.

—Some inquiring mind has taken pains to discover that in the Old Testament the word Jehovah is repeated 6,307 times. In the New Testament the word Jesus is repeated 929 times, the word Christ 530 times, and the word Lord, relating to both the Father and the Son, 160 times.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Colby University has turned out 730 graduates, of whom 536 are living, and 219 have been clergymen, 158 lawyers, 120 teachers, 65 volunteers in the war, 44 physicians, 32 journalists, 45 business men, 24 college professors, 11 foreign missionaries, 14 judges, 2 State Governors, 8 members of Congress, and 6 in the United States army and navy.