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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.

THE BEST SHIP AFLOAT.

Of all the ships afloat
On Atlantic or Pacific,
Or far within the tropics
On the Indian ocean's breast,
With white sails all a-gleaming,
With brilliant colors streaming,
There's no ship
Like Friendship,
The staunchest, and the best!

When tempests hover nigh,
And the sea is lashed to fury,
When loudly roar the breakers,
And above the sea-gulls swarm;
When skies are overclouded,
And sunshine is enshrouded,
There's no ship
Like Friendship,
To battle with the storm!

A welcome sight is she
Wherever we may meet her,
With canvas spread out finely,
With pennon bright and blue;
To none she is a stranger,
And in the hour of danger
There's no ship
Like Friendship
To lead us safely through!

From port to port she sails,
The bearer of dispatches
From Love, the mighty monarch,
Her outfit all complete;
And though little skiff or clipper
May in a race outstrip her,
There's no ship
Like Friendship
In all the royal fleet!

Of all the ships afloat
On Atlantic or Pacific,
Or far within the tropics
On the Indian ocean's breast,
With white sails all a-gleaming,
With brilliant colors streaming,
There's no ship
Like Friendship,
The staunchest, and the best.

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A SERVICE OF SONG.

The girls had gone to town. Grandma sat in the open sitting-room door, sewing. Grandfather stood in the cool shade at the long work bench at the end of the kitchen, making a new single-tree for the light wagon. They could not see each other. I doubt if they heard, or at any rate observed, each other's voices, but I could plainly see and hear each one, and I forgot my book, listening to them and trying to guess their thoughts from their disjointed, changing, abrupt fragments of song. And the occasional flutter of the leaves stirred by a wandering breath of wind, the shadows dimpling the second growth of red clover, the straying note of a restless bird, the long, dusty road, stretching far away past the woods to the "high prairie," the flash of a butterfly's wings—how it all harmonized with the broken songs that fell almost unconsciously at times from the old lips, while "the singers were over the business of the house," and in all that hour of peace, while "the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet, they break forth into singing."

A flash of bright beautiful blue from the willows and a kingfisher, with his lonesome cry, skimmed a pool in the slough with a plash and sped away. The old man's eyes followed the flight of the bird, and then rested a moment on the wandering stream, loitering away to the woods on the Schnebly farm, and the strong voice sang to old "Exhortation:"

"Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone——"

"O, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near,"

came from grandma's lips, and she hadn't opened them before in half an hour until the clock struck four. Her voice died away, while I listened for more, for her old hymns as she sang them were always known unto us "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." I heard the old clock give its hectic cough, as if in illustration of the hymn. Grandma wearily turned the work in her hands, and the measures of "Brown" swelled out in

"Jerusalem my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end——"

A broken thread broke the song, and when the busy needle resumed its flight, the dear old singer had passed to the closing line of the next stanza:

"And streets of shining gold."

I knew how the busy brain and the tired hands longed for rest, and I wondered if she wasn't thinking of all the years of weariness and toil, and of a certain mortgage that with its black wings of threatening and terror had been hovering above the farm for years like a hawk. I didn't have a very clear comprehension of a mortgage, I am afraid, but I knew that times had been easier and money more plentiful since it had been lifted, and I was pretty certain that streets paved with gold would scare away the biggest blanket mortgage that ever covered an improved quarter.

The click of a falling frame and the beseeching "cheeps" of half a dozen terrified chicks caught in my latest improved quail trap, set where no quail was ever known to come. Grandfather stepped away from the bench to relieve the unharmed captives, for I never moved, fearing a demand for explanation, and in a moment the plaintive minor strains of quaint old "Hyacinth" sang out:

"I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness——"

"O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green——"

and at the sound of Grandma's voice I turned my face, and saw the wrinkled hands dropped in her lap as she sat looking out on the long pasture, over the great rolling field where we sowed the first crop of Hungarian, the fringing woods and the wide meadows all flooded in glorious sunshine—how could she sing anything else? Triumphant as the psalm of the long rolling surf, the beautiful voice sang on for a moment, and then the old hands picked up the work, and the melody drifted into the sad sweetness of "Naomi," and the voice of the singing went on:

"When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er."

Sure enough, I remembered, it was only Wednesday and it seemed to the busy ones yet a long time to the restfulness of the farm Sabbath. A moving shadow at the work bench drew my eyes, and as grandfather drew the tape line to find the middle of the hickory piece he was shaping, he sang to Scottish "Avon,"

"Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame,
I would survey——"

There was a fault somewhere, and silence indicated it, for grandfather never sang in moments of perplexity. He would talk to himself then as though he was or were, as the case, or rather number may be, twins, but he never sang. And with closed eyes I waited and knew the measurement was perfected when he went on:

"A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust——"

A search for the drawing knife stopped his song, and as a cloud drifted over the sun and soothed all the land with shadow, grandma sang in the plaintive strains of "China":

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin."

While like a triumphant echo from the work bench end of the choir came ringing the glorious strains of "St. Martins," thrilling and inspiring as a blast of trumpets, cheering as a bugle call, grand in its tone of unshaken confidence:

"Beneath the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure."

But the cloud drifted away and the sunburst of light blazed over the earth again, and in stately measure "Dundee" swelled in its half note step from the bench:

"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."

It may have been the majestic old tune, or it may have been, I rather think it was, the cooing wood dove, mourning in the tall old elm down by the horse well, that made grandma sing:

"Return, oh, holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn——"

Rock, rock, rock, the old straight back rocker finished the verse without words, and in a moment the whirling flight of my pigeons sweeping from the barn roof over to the cool woods changed grandma's song to joyous "Amsterdam:"

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward Heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away——"

But grandpa, with lusty arm and clanging hammer, beating on the iron rings that bound the ends of the single-tree, sang aloud, with terrible voice, that direful old revival hymn that used to melt with sudden fear the trembling souls of impenitent youth:

"Say, have you an arm like God,
That you His will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which He breaks His foes?"

And like a soothing balm to his avenging chant that seemed to echo the dread thunders of Sinai, came the mourning notes of the wood dove, and dear old grandma's sweet "Aletta":

"Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee;
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more."

A distant strain of song from the men in the field with Uncle John caught the old man's ear, and he straightened himself a moment, to rest or to listen. He looked at the reapers, then down at the mulberry trees by the spring in the pasture, across at the long ranks of corn, at the golden field of oats, waiting impatiently for the reapers and sang:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

While like a benediction came chanting into his song the mourning dove and grandma's "Zion,"

"Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved."

DOXOLOGY.

A rattle of wheels down the carriage drive, a chorus of pleasant voices and rippling laughter, a cataract of talk, of band box and package and sample and price list, and news of the friends in Peoria; who is dead and who is married, who they saw and what he said—the girls have returned from town, the service of song is over and his last hymn mingling with the joyous laughter and merry chatter of his girls, as he drove the horses over to the barn, I heard grandfather softly singing to "Ortonville:"

"Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?"

—*Robt. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

For Sale.

A citizen in the western part of the city who has a house for sale says that he has learned more of human nature in the last three months than during all his life before. Nine people out of ten who come to look at his $10,000 house haven't ten dollars to buy with. The same proportion are deliberate liars. Nineteen out of twenty want every room changed about. Ten out of twelve go all through the house and then object to the street. Not one single woman out of the scores who have called at the house had any other idea than to satisfy a temporary curiosity. One woman had every room in the house measured to see if her carpets would fit and then suddenly discovered that the house was a whole block from the street cars. Another sat for two hours and planned how she would fix every room, and then left the place in a huff because there wasn't a Methodist Church on the next corner. A third was about to leave two hundred dollars to bind the bargain until next day, when it suddenly occurred to her that her sister out in Pontiac might not like the location. Out of sixty or seventy men who have called every single one liked the location, thought the property cheap, and would return next day. The citizen finally got tired of such conduct, and now when any one calls he asks:

"Do you wish to look at the house or the furniture?"

"O, the house, of course."

"Well, this house stands on the north side of the street. It is on block fourteen, lot forty-two. The house is of wood. It is forty rods to a church and eighty to a school house. Street cars do not pass the door. Circus processions never come this way. Now, then, have you any idea of buying?"

"Certainly. We must move next week."

"Very well. Please deposit two dollars for my trouble in showing you over."

"Two dollars! I'd like to see myself! Why, your house is the poorest one for sale in all Detroit, and I'd not live in it rent free!"

"But you came here to buy?"

"No, I didn't. I happened to be passing, saw your sign, and I thought I might as well tramp over your premises as to go down town. Good morning, sir! You'd better insure your house and set fire to it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Where to Put It.

An Austin boy kept on throwing his cap into the air and catching it, after his father had told him to keep his cap on his head. Finally his father lost patience. After a brief, but painful interview, the parent threw away the strap and asked:

"Now, do you know where your cap should have been?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the boy, rubbing himself where he needed it most; "it should have been under my clothes."—*Texas Siftings.*

He Wouldn't Swap After All.

There is an old ballad of the farmer who boasted that he did as much work in a day as his wife could do in seven. She answered his challenge by proposing he should stay at home and she would go into the field. After giving him careful directions for his work next morning, she left the house and did not come until night. She found the old man with his head tied up where the cow had kicked him blind; the milk all soaking in the ground; the hens strayed away and all their eggs laid where the old man could not find them; the calf missing and everything gone wrong, everything topsy-turvey. The old farmer took it all back and agreed that it was his wife who could do more work in a day than *he* could do in seven.

A New York young fellow, hauled up last week before a magistrate for laziness and refusal to support his wife, had very much the same notion of woman's work as the old farmer in the ballad. In answer to the Judge's questions he grumbled that he was sick and tired of standing behind a counter all day, and therefore took a much-needed rest. "But the baby and I starve in the meantime," remonstrated the wife. He said he loved her too well for that, but she couldn't expect a fellow to kill himself, could she? She naturally thought there was very little danger of that.

Then a sudden thought struck him. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Nellie," said he. "You take my place in the store and I will attend to the household duties." His wife expressed a good deal of amusement at the idea, but he repeated his offer. "You must have a nice time," said he, "your work is awfully easy." The wife answered she would be only too glad of the change, and agreed to "swap" occupations. "Now," said she, "you must get up in the morning and make the fire, prepare the breakfast, mind the baby—" The husband stopped her right there, and gave her to understand that she would have to take the baby to the store with her. "Not a bit of it," was her answer. "You are taking care of the household and that's a part of it." He protested that, as she knew, the baby's crying made him almost crazy, but she insisted that if he took her place he must look to her duties. She told the magistrate she was willing to take her husband's place in the store, and that official was about to arrange the affair on that basis. Just here her husband was very skeptical about her being able to stand it; thought she had better attend to the household and he would go back to the store. The Justice remarked that "the baby settled him," which was a much wiser observation than some of the more elaborate and longer decisions which come from the bench.

As a matter of fact a man is not well-fitted to endure the petty annoyances and has no patience with the petty cares which make up a large part of woman's domestic work. If women have no business tact or capacity, men, on the other hand, have little of the infinite painstaking in the dull routine of house service that women attend to every day in their lives. The affair seems to have been pretty well arranged by Providence. The backs and the burdens of the sexes seem mutually and respectively adjusted to one another, and so the world wobbles on after its fashion of the last several thousand years, and is not likely, in this respect at least, to fly the track for a good many years to come.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mormon Courtship.

The courtships of the saints are not always romantic affairs. Dr. Sharp, of this city, has four wives, and if he has good luck he will have another before long. During the last few weeks he has had a courtship on hand which has given him great trouble. He employed a girl named Mary White as a servant in one of his families. Mary was a fresh, plump, rosy-checked young Mormon. Her father was a saint with two wives. Mary was the daughter of wife No. 1. Wife No. 2 was gay and giddy, and when Dr. Sharp carried Mary back and forth between her father's home and the place of her service, he saw her and bewitched her, as White said. After a while Sharp enticed wife No. 2 away from her husband, and then White got an idea that the Doctor had bewitched him also. Another saint came along who was in the soothsaying business, and he told White that he had something that was good for him, but that it would cost money. The price was agreed upon. White bought the charm, worked it, and the evil spirit of Sharp was exorcised. Just as White was beginning to feel at ease once more, Sharp drove up with Mary and asked permission to make her Mrs. Sharp No. 5. To this the old people objected, for they believed he was possessed of a devil, and they thought he did not support his other wives any too well. When they gave Sharp the reasons for their refusal he was furious, and he took an oath in their presence that he would have Mary.

In the course of time he convinced the old man that it had been ordained from all time that Mary should become his wife; but the old lady said that the doctor had hoodooed her husband once more, and she refused to assent to the union. Then Sharp had a vision or two which he related to Mrs. White. She was still inexorable. Two or three days later he had a revelation that it would be very acceptable to the Lord to have Mary become his wife. It had no effect on her mother. Then Sharp dreamed dreams of mighty import every night, heard tremendous rumblings in the skies, saw a great light, and read many commands written on the fleeting clouds, all to the effect that Mary was his and his only. The old lady's teeth were set tight.

Taking a new tack, the doctor then threatened to summon Mrs. White before the High Council. She told him the Sanhedrim of the saints had no terrors for her. Then he appealed to the Bishop of that ward, and finding him dull of comprehension, he went before the Council with his grievance. Here he found sympathetic listeners. The old Bishop was promptly removed and a new one who believes in marrying off the young women, was appointed. Sharp is on good terms with the new ecclesiastic, and considers himself as good as married already. Mary is now at school at Provo, and Sharp has gone after her. The new Bishop is wrestling with her mother, who now sees the futility of further resistance, and who will in a few days, it is understood, formally consent to the union. In Mormon society this is considered a very romantic courtship. All Mormon love stories begin and end something like the above.—*Salt Lake Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—In hanging pictures, the brightest colors should be put in the darkest corners of the room.

THE DAIRY.

—A quart of good milk should weigh about 2.15 pounds, or nearly 2 pounds, 2½ ounces. If milk is weighed, this rule will give the monthly yield in quarts more exactly than measuring.

—A Norwich, Ct., paper tells about a farmer there who keeps only one cow, but who sells 1,000 one-pound balls of the "best butter" from his "dairy" yearly. Oleomargarine is his best cow.

—To keep your hired men good natured while milking, call the milking a part of the day's work and do not expect them to work in the field till dark and then milk a dozen cows in the night.

—It is claimed that while cows giving exceptionally large quantities of milk will sometimes make large butter-tests, as a rule the two things do not go together, being inconsistent with each other.

—In feeding calves remember they are not the most brilliant animals in the world, and it is questionable if they ever know when they have enough any more than a boy would in a green apple tree. For this and many other reasons it is well to keep a watch over them to see that each one gets some of the food offered and not too much of it.—*American Dairyman.*

—The *Farmers' Review* fears that the dairy fair business will be overdone this year. We think not, as we do not believe more than one will be held. The International association will not be likely to hold one, at least that is the opinion of the President; the Secretary of the Illinois Dairymen's Association is apprehensive that the proposed fair will not be held, so that narrows the number down to the National Association.

—It is a serious mistake to neglect handling young heifers until after they have dropped their first calf. At this time their bags are apt to be swollen and tender, and the task of accustoming them to be milked is more difficult. The operation tends to enlarge the bag and the teats, and with good milking stock may make it necessary to draw milk once or twice a day for a week or more before the calf is dropped. Do not begrudge the extra trouble that this makes. It is a sign that the heifer will prove to be a deep milker.

—We are inclined to think Mr. Fuller is right when he argues in favor of making all butter tests with well salted and properly worked butter, just as it is prepared regularly for market. At the same time if the person in charge of a test wishes to make a point dishonestly, he can easily do so just as well with salted as unsalted butter. It is only a question of how much water or buttermilk is left in the butter—that is, whether it is worked dry or not. Of course adding the salt to dry butter increases the weight more than it does to moist butter, provided the moisture is subsequently worked out.—*The Dairy.*

—How awfully bad a man looks whose hair is never combed, and how uncomfortable he must feel! The cattle have hair over their whole body, and if never carded they look as bad as the uncombed man, and must feel a great deal worse. It is too bad to compel the poor brutes to go all winter without carding, and then it doesn't pay. They would do much better if carded every day, and this should certainly be well done at least twice each week. If we only notice how much they enjoy being carded, and how grateful they look, and see how much better they thrive, we would not regret the time and labor 'Tis only a little kindness, but even this pays.

—Lumps in the udder; Garget often leaves the legacy of a lumpy bag—one or more big, hard lumps; milk flows from the quarter or quarters in which such lumps occur, but they are an annoyance as well as a disfigurement. Sometimes they yield to treatment, and often they do not. The best thing to do is to knead and rub the lumps, so that there may be a tendency of blood to the parts and some excitement to the absorptive functions. This absorption may be induced or quickened by giving the cow small but frequent doses of iodide of potassium—a salt very much like common salt, with which it may be mixed when given.—*American Dairyman.*

Keeping Accounts With Cows.

I was milking in the barn when young Squire Lawton came in. I lifted up the pail and hung it on the spring balance.

"Just thirteen pounds," said I, and marked it on the little board on the wall just opposite where the cow stood. "What do you do that for," said he. "Why, I always count, measure and weigh everything on this farm," said I. "My father taught me that when I was a boy." "But what's the use here?" said he. "You have all the milk, and no one can cheat you." Don't you be sure of that. Now look here. You see this board. That's Topsy's milk account. Here, you see, is 17 pounds, 16½ pounds, 18 pounds, and then comes 11 pounds. That struck me all of a heap, and I went right there and then to Topsy to see what was the matter. Her nose was hot and dry, and her mouth was slobbering and she was not eating. I soon found what was the matter. She had been chewing the fence-rails and a big splinter was jammed into her mouth between her teeth, and her jaw was swelled badly. Now, I mightn't have found that out for two or three days if I hadn't weighed the milk. But you see I soon set her right again. I saved a good deal of trouble by it. And then look here. Here is 13½ pounds, 15 pounds, 17 pounds, 12 pounds, 11 pounds, 14 pounds, and then here you see is only 6½ pounds, and all down, 6½ pounds, 7 pounds, 7½ pounds, 5 pounds, 5½ pounds. Now look at that cow. She's pretty, ain't she? But, bless you, handsome is as handsome does, and that cow don't stay here any longer than she is fat enough for beef; for she ain't half handsome enough for a dairyman to keep. Then you see these glasses. These are to measure the cream by. A cow that won't give fifteen per cent. of cream won't pay to keep with the feed I give them; and a heifer that won't make ten per cent. won't pay to raise, and is only good to sell to those who sell milk. Now, how could I tell all this if I didn't weigh and measure? See here, this is the feed measure; one of these goes on to the feed for every cow at every meal, and that scoop holds just two quarts. This basket holds a full bushel, and every cow gets that full every feed. And two or three get a scoopful more. You see it's all brought down to rule. No thumb rule either, but weights and measures every time. A man who don't weigh and measure everything about a dairy can't tell what he's doing, and it is just as easy for him to lose a dollar a day as it is to fall off a log. Now, my boy, put that wrinkle on your horn. It's worth a thousand dollars to you if you don't forget it, but you are welcome to it for nothing."—*Cor. The Dairy.*

With a Harrow Tooth.

Tam Joles and Hank Spain were not on good terms. They were "kin by marriage," but the matrimonial state is not likely to adjust differences, nor does the paternal roof always serve to cover in harmony the heated blood of brothers. An unsatisfactory settlement of a small estate brought about a lawsuit, which was decided in Tam Joles' favor. Hank Spain swore that no law should deprive him of his rights.

"What can you do?" Tam asked.

"What could Cain do?" he replied, turning on his brother-in-law a look—the molten anger of burning revenge.

"Cain could kill his brother."

"Well?" without removing his gaze.

"He could kill his brother with a club, but can you kill me with one?"

"With one or with two; it makes no difference."

"Now here, Hank, I don't want any trouble with you. This affair has been settled by the courts."

"Was Abel settled by a court?"

"O, well, if nothing but blood will satisfy you, I am willing that you should have enough of it. Name the weapons and I will be with you."

"Did Cain ask Abel to name his weapons?"

"You are a blamed fool."

Hank turned away without replying. When he had climbed the fence, he wheeled around, shook both fists at Tam, and passed out of sight.

Both men were known to be desperate, when aroused. In boyhood they had come from Kentucky to the Ozark mountains of Arkansaw, and attaining manhood had taught school together. Hank had attempted to preach, but was driven from the pulpit in consequence of having killed a man. Tam was admitted to the bar, but having shortly afterwards killed a prominent attorney, was forced to surrender his license.

One day, about a week after Hank had declared his violent intentions, Tam was walking around in his door yard, carrying his little boy in his arms. The child had been ill, and the fresh morning air, the birds, the old dog, and the scene which for so long had been denied him, revived his little spirit, and in delight he clapped his wasted hands. Hank crept along the lane fence. The child took off his father's hat, threw it on the ground and laughed. Hank thrust his gun between two rails, and sank on his knees. The father kissed the little fellow, and lifting him, sat him on his shoulder. Hank fired, and the child fell from his father's shoulder. A stream of blood ran from his forehead. He quivered, and was dead.

The murderer escaped. For years Tam followed him. At last the father came home. In the meantime his wife had died of grief. The miserable man lived alone. When the war came, he joined the army. Peace, peace between bloody assailants, but not peace for a weary man, found Tam again at home. He had no companions, save two graves in the orchard. Here he would sit for hours and hours. Strangers who saw him there, often said:

"Wonder why that old man sits so long under the apple tree?"

One night recently old Tam sat under the tree. The moon was shining brightly, and the young waving leaves above wrought sad shadows on the grave stone.

"Thirty years ago to-day since he fell from my arms," mused the old man. He knelt by the two graves, and long remained with his face pressed against the damp moss. He looked up with a start. Some one with a long, white beard, knelt opposite him.

"Who are you?"

"Hank," replied a low voice.

Tam arose and held to the tree for support. His hand struck something. An old harrow tooth in the fork of the tree. He grasped the iron and turned to the now erect form of Hank.

"Are you ready to die?"

"For God's sake don't kill me. I have suffered enough. I have been dying for thirty years. I have come here to pray."

"And to die."

"Would you murder me when I am so penitent."

"The condemned murderer is ever penitent. Yet justice calls for his guilty blood."

"Tam, sure, when you lay on the battle field wounded, I gave you a drink of water."

"And years ago, you gave me a drink of grief."

"Look at me, Tam, I am old, and almost helpless. There are not many days left for me in this world. I have come far to seek this peace and pray for pardon. I am afraid to die. I believe in an endless hell. Would you see me go there."

"I would go with you to see you squirm."

Tam seized his victim and threw him across the graves.

"O God——"

The harrow tooth mashed his skull. Long after life was extinct, the avenger continued his work of retribution.

When morning came, a bloody mass of flesh lay scattered over two graves. An old man, holding in his hand a bloody harrow tooth, sat with his back against an apple tree dead.—*Opie P. Read, in Texas Siftings.*

Nitro-Glycerine Bombs.

The nitro-glycerine bomb is a recent addition to destructive projectiles, its serviceableness in reducing entrenchments being, it is claimed, unexcelled. In its construction a heavy conical shell is first cast and so arranged that one end is much heavier than the other, one end being also closed with a tightly fitting cap, screwed on after charging. The interior of the shell is divided into three compartments, each separated by a heavy plate glass cap; the division furthest from the open end is filled with sulphuric acid, the next with glycerine, and the outer one with nitric acid—these three elements being the component parts of nitro-glycerine. A small opening through the center of the cap fitting the open end of the projectile admits a steel rod, to each end of which is firmly attached a small circular piece of metal, the inner end resting against the first glass cap; the outer cap is then screwed on, and the projectile is ready for service. According to the principle of gravitation, the heavy end naturally strikes the ground first, the steel rod is driven through the plate glass partitions, the chemicals are mingled, and a nitro-glycerine discharge takes place.—*Utica Herald.*

—One of the Maine Supreme Court Judges, widely known for his legal knowledge, always writes his opinions in the night, as he cannot write with ease in the daytime.—*Boston Post.*

—Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, denounces "fashionable drinking," and hopes to see the time when it will be abolished at all social entertainments.

Deserting a Mining Camp.

The collapse of half a dozen faro banks, the bankruptcy of as many liquor shops, the lowering of prices at the hotels and boarding houses, and the unending procession now wending its way out of this snow-bound and torrent-swept camp, all indicate that the great boom has collapsed. Gamblers, thieves, adventurers and hard men generally from all the mining camps and frontier settlements in the country congregated here, expecting to reap a rich harvest, in such numbers that it occurred to them all at once that they had overdone the business. They pitched their tents and opened up their banks, saloons and deadfalls, but they soon discovered that the great majority of the stampeders were without money to spare, and that as no gold was being taken from the placers there was precious little of it in circulation. Under such circumstances trade was far from brisk in any direction, and, having looked the ground over pretty thoroughly, the sports concluded that the longer they stayed here the poorer they would be.

"You can't run a game without money any more'n you can keep up a mining fever without dust," said one of the toughs this morning as he set out for the railroad.

The dog-eat-dog process has been going on here in all branches of industry, and the problem of how four or five thousand men, mostly poor and for the most part idle, can live off each other, is no nearer settlement to-day than it was before the Pritchard Creek claims were located. Mad as was the haste of these men to get here, their anxiety to get away is almost as great. In some respects the journey out is worse than was the trip in, for now all the mountain water courses are open, and it is as much as a man's life is worth to attempt to cross them. The men now turning their backs on the far-famed Cour d'Alene district were only a few weeks ago facing what they believed to be fortune. Bitter experience has shown them that they are now leaving starvation behind.

"Good-by, boys," said a "busted" gambler yesterday morning, as he swung his kit done up in a bag over his shoulders. "Arizona is good enough for me after this. My health demands that I live in a country where you can see the earth that you're walking on. There'll be enough heat in this place before long to melt the snow, and don't you forget it."

Scores of deluded fellows with scarcely grub enough to last them until they reach the railroad are keeping the disappointed gamblers company in their hegira. While a feeling is spreading generally through the camp that the whole thing is a swindle, a good many prospectors and business men with means sufficient to sustain life until summer are determined, now that they are here, to stay and see the thing out. The hegira of the impecunious classes will prove a godsend to the camp, for there have been more men here than could make a living unless the placers proved much richer than any disinterested people now believe to be possible.

Nearly all the celebrated desperadoes of the far West are now or have been here. Every camp from the Black Hills to the Pacific coast has had representatives here, and the stranger coming into Eagle City is invited to look upon these worthies by the lot owner who may have him in tow as proof positive that the new diggings are all that has been claimed for them. The man-killer from Deadwood, Tombstone, or the Comstock is pointed out very much as a citizen further East singles out the buildings or public institutions of the town of his residence in which he takes a local pride.

Of the many rough and even desperate characters whom one may see on all sides, it has been noticeable for some time that comparatively few of them are altogether cruel and heartless. If there had not been a good deal of latent kindness beneath these uninviting exteriors, there would have been untold suffering in this camp. Hundreds of fellows, with just money enough to get here, have been sustained by their more fortunate brethren for weeks. No broke man hesitates to ask for food, although many a one shows that begging is not to his liking. Some of these lunches are tolerated for a time, and then roughly refused, when they are compelled to look up another place.

"How's grub?" asked one emaciated fellow of a man who had plenty, such as it was.

"Grub's scarce, and you want to be, too," was the reply of the individual addressed, in whose eye was a savage glitter.

"I'm powerful hungry, boss," said the man, as he moved off a few steps.

"Well, come and eat, then," exclaimed the owner of the victuals. "This thing is an infernal nuisance and an awful tax, but I'm blessed if I can refuse a beggar who looks as thin as you do. Now fill your sack, and be lively about it before any more get around.—*Eagle City (Idaho) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

A Hindu's Death.

Mr. Dall, the American Unitarian missionary to Calcutta, who loved Mr. Sen and wrote a touching obituary of him, told me that the scene at his death was very painful. When he (Mr. Dall) entered the room a devotee sat at his head crying in a mournful voice, "Hari, Hari!" name of the god of an old Salvation Army that followed Chaitanya, said to have been born of a virgin and to have "disappeared" four centuries ago. The dying man's son, weeping, continually called "Baba! Baba!" Mr. Sen's mother asked mournfully: "What have I done that thou shouldst suffer such agony?" The dying man said that this agony was the apparently stern face of his Divine Mother, and that he saw her countenance full of love and beauty. A Singing Apostle sang in the room hymns that are thus translated: I. If possible, oh Beloved, remove this cup! Yet not my will but Thine be done! In this dire distress body, mind and life are Thine. Do Thou with them as Thou wilt, only, with clasped hands, I ask for this blessing: Grant unto me peace, patience and strength. II. In the darkness of peril, Mother, what a frightful look is Thine! The body trembles at that terrible countenance. In the midst of the dismal ground of cremation Thou seemest to be dancing in the armor of battle. Thy intelligent form, deep in its immensity, appears tinged with blood. But, Mother, in Thy inward nature there is a deep ocean of love that surges constantly. What fear, then, Mother! I have found Thee out—Thou art that Merciful, Infinite Ocean of Love."—*M. D. Conway, in Philadelphia Times.*

—Josh Billings believes every to-morrow has two handles. There is no hold on yesterday.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Old Miss Beasley and Young Mulkittle.

An aunt of Mr. Mulkittle, an old lady who has lived a life of New England piety, and who, in relentless celibacy, has clamored loudly for woman's rights, came to Arkansaw last week. She was much surprised to find that the inhabitants did not wear bristles like an angry dog. She seemed never to grow tired of the roses in the garden, and her constant exclamations of surprise that flowers should bloom so soon were of great amusement to the family. She was particularly impressed with young Mulkittle, and expressed her surprise that children in the South showed such an aptitude for seeking information. The other night, in consequence of other company, the youngster was assigned to the sleeping apartment of old Miss Beasley. A minister, interested in the circulation of the Bible, for which he received a fair commission, called on Miss Beasley in consequence of the fact that she was to some extent engaged in the same business. Rather late at night she went up to bed. The boy was asleep. After she had lain down, and just as her eyes were closing in listless enjoyment of semi-existence, the boy sat up on his pillow, and asked:

"What made you look under the bed?"

"To see if anybody were there."

"What made you think anybody was there?"

"I didn't think so, little man."

"Then what made you look?"

"O, I didn't know but there might be somebody."

"Do you look under the bed every night?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever find anybody?"

"No."

"Then why don't you quit?"

"O, I don't know."

"If you was to find anybody, what would you do?"

"I don't know."

"Would you holler?"

"I suppose so. Lie down now and go to sleep."

"I've already been to sleep."

"Well, let me sleep."

"How do spiders make their webs?" he asked, prompted by a sudden idea.

"Why, they—they make them."

"What do they make them outen?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Do the flies freeze in winter time?"

"Some of them do."

"Which ones?"

"I don't know."

"Then how do you know any of 'em freeze?"

"Because I have seen them," nervously pulling at the covers.

"Do you pray?"

"Yes; every night."

"An' when you pray you're all right, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Then what makes you look under the bed?"

"Willie, I declare, you must hush and let me go to sleep."

"Who was that man that come to see you?"

"A preacher."

"What did he want?"

"To talk to me about selling Bibles."

"Do [illegible]"

"He is a very good man."

"How old are you?"

"Older than I'm good. Now hush."

"If you wasn't older than you are good you wouldn't want me to hush, would you?"

"Yes, I would. Lie down there now and go to sleep."

"Was you ever married?"

"No."

"Why?"

"None of your business."

"'Cause nobody didn't want you?"

"If you don't hush I'll get up and call your father."

"An' tell him to spank me?"

"Yes, I will."

"Did you love anybody 'fore you was wrinkled?"

"Willie!"

"Ma'am?"

"Didn't I tell you to hush?"

"Yessum!"

"Then why don't you do it?"

"'Cause I will."

"If you don't I'll call your father."

He lay for a time in deep thought. Old Miss Beasley had just began to doze when he asked:

"Did you hear that rooster crow?"

"I want you to hush now."

"I was hushed then, but you want me to hush now, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Can a rooster whip a turkey?"

"Yes," sinking to sleep.

"Is it wrong to eat a dove?"

"Yes," still sinking.

"Did Jacob throw the angel down?"

"Yes," almost gone.

"Could you throw one down?"

"Yes."

"No you couldn't," shaking her, "no you couldn't."

"Couldn't do what?" awaking with a start.

"Throw an angel down."

"I didn't say I could."

"Yes, you did."

"Didn't."

"Did."

Old Miss Beasley sprang out of bed, rushed to the head of the stairs and called Mr. Mulkittle.

"What's the matter up there?"

"Make this trifling rascal come down from here. If you don't, I'll go out and sleep in the barn. Never saw the like in my life. I'd rather sleep on a hot griddle."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Barbarous.

Nominally, imprisonment for debt is abolished in this State by statute, but in reality we continue to incarcerate human beings because they are unable to meet their liabilities. One of the curiosities of the law on this point has just been unearthed in Monticello, Sullivan County, N. Y. Four years ago a man was arrested there on an execution for thirty dollars and sent to jail. He has ever since remained a prisoner, and seems to be quite content with his lot and the care the law has bestowed upon him. Special legislation has been invoked in order to have the man liberated, Senator Low having introduced a bill in the Legislature empowering the Sheriff to turn the insolvent debtor out. What is needed is a general law covering such cases. It is not in Ludlow Street Jail alone that men have been kept confined for years because they could not pay their debts, but the practice to imprison insolvent debtors seems to have contributed a fair share to the inmates of the jails all over the State. The Legislature should make haste to do away with this relic of barbarism.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Giovanna Celli, an Italian at New York, married a dark-eyed daughter of his native land the other afternoon, and hanged himself before night, saying he had intended for two years past to kill himself, and thought this was a good time to do it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Barnes, the mountain evangelist, claims to have converted 34,000 people in seven years.

—Philadelphia is the leading Methodist city in this country, having nearly one hundred churches within the city limits.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—According to the report of the London Tract Society 1,123,112 tracts have been distributed during the year. It is an increase upon the previous year of 654,873. Special arrangements are being made for work at the forthcoming exhibition at Turin.

—The Young Women's Christian Association of Boston called their last entertainment "La Chocolatiere." It resembled the "Kettledrum" in many respects, and as part of the entertainment a "spoon drill," by about five hundred young women dressed as waiters, was given, and a large sum added to the building fund.—*Boston Post.*

—The most accurate figures which can be given for the world's population and its religious condition in 1880 are as follows: Total population 1,433 millions, divided up into eight millions Jews, 175 millions Mohammedans, 415 millions Christians and 835 millions Pagans. It will thus be seen that the number of those who may be ranked under the general head Pagan is double the number of those classed under the general head Christian.—*Golden Rule.*

—The Protestant churches are represented to be making rapid headway with religious work in Mexico. The Presbyterians have fifty-six missionaries, over 7,000 communicants and 400 children in their mission schools. The Episcopalians report forty-five places of worship, 1,500 communicants and 400 scholars in their mission schools. The Methodists have eighty-six missionaries and teachers and a large number of members in their churches. Other denominations are meeting with equal success.

—Speaking about histories of the United States for schools the Mobile (Ala.) *Register* says: "It is important that children should not imbibe erroneous impressions in regard to the history of their country. They should not be written from a prejudiced or partisan standpoint. They should give facts, and not indulge in disquisitions. Especially should we of the South be careful that children do not receive erroneous impressions in regard to the great struggle between the sections. We do not think that a school history should treat the war from a Northern or from a Southern standpoint. It should simply give a record of events.

—Every Assembly District in New York State is entitled to send to Cornell University one student each year free of all charge for tuition, an item which in a four years' course amounts to $300. In spite of this President White reports that only about half these scholarships have been in use at any one time, and that many districts have never sent to the university a student. This state of things appears to be largely due to the failure of teachers and school commissioners to bring the benefaction properly to the attention of boys and girls in their districts anxious to go to college. Were all the appointments filled at one time Cornell would possess from this source alone 512 students.—*Albany Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The Queen of Tahiti, while visiting lately a Paris institution for deaf mutes, said that in her island the infirmity was unknown.

—It doesn't cost anything to remember the poor, but if you want the poor to remember you it will cost you something.—*Whitehall Times.*

—"Mother," said a Philadelphia maiden. "I've made up my mind never to marry. If I had a husband I think it would break my heart if he'd call me old woman."

—"Yes," said the tramp, mournfully, my father cut me off with a shilling, and it was a good deal of money, too, although I didn't think so at the time."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Puck says that the only way to wash a mule is to stand on the other side of the fence and use a garden hose. Now, don't forget this. Every man ought to know how to wash a mule.—*Boston Post.*

—"Wagner Concerts" are becoming the rage in this country. The trouble with such concerts is, that about four-fifths of the audience sit through the entire performance wondering when the members of the orchestra are going to get through tuning up their instruments.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Mrs. Squint—"Dear me, Mrs. Blunt, how is it you contrive to hold your age so well? I declare! you look as young as you did twenty years ago." Mrs. Blunt—"I don't know, unless it is that I escape a great deal of care by attending to nobody's business but my own." Mrs. Squint—"Yes, that may be it; but, poor thing! you can't find much pleasure in living, can you?"

—The little brother came quietly into the parlor where Mr. Featherly was making an evening call, and after looking eagerly around remarked to his sister: "Aunt Jane is mistaken." "What is it?" his sister asked pleasantly, patting the dear little fellow on the head; while Featherly gazed at the two in wrapt admiration. "I don't see any cap," he replied, "but Aunt Jane just said that you were in the parlor setting your cap for Mr. Featherly."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Which am de properest way to suppress one-self? Does yer say, 'We eated at de table,' or, 'We has done ate at de table?'" asked one Austin darkey of another, they being engaged in a grammatical discussion. As they could not agree, the question was referred to Uncle Moses for his decision, which was: "In de case ob you two niggahs, none of you am right." "What am de proper way to say, 'We eated at de table,' Uncle Moses?" "De properest way for sich cattle as you two am to say, 'We fed at de troft.'"—*Texas Siftings.*

Couldn't Stand the Remedy.

A miserly, unkempt old man, who had been sick for some time, called on a doctor, and after telling his symptoms asked what he should do.

"Well, sir, you must take a cold bath every morning."

"What, wash all over every day?"

"Yes."

"Will I die if I don't do it?"

"You certainly will."

"Well, doctor, I ain't able to walk down town; will you go and get a preacher and an undertaker? I'll go home and get ready to see them. You may send your bill to my administrator and he will settle it after I'm gone. Good day."—*Boston Post.*