THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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—BY—
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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.

GIVEN AND TAKEN.

Smoothing soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy-led,
Thus the grave-eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was it vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive,
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give."

"Still," she sighed, with moistening eyes,
[illegible]

"He who, giving, does not crave,
Likest is to Him who gave
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier, N. Y. Independent.*

A SINGULAR STORY.

Marriage, Murder, Desertion and Miraculous Detection.

A Girl in Male Attire Crosses the Ocean to Find Her Father—Success of Her Mission—A Romance in Real Life.

Perhaps the most romantic and startling story of facts that has ever come to light in Iowa was related to your correspondent to-day, and which is certainly unknown to the citizens of Dubuque. My informant is one of the oldest and most influential citizens of this city. In answer to the well-known reporter's query, "What's new?" he said: "I have a long and interesting story to tell you, and you will be the first newspaper man to whom it has ever been told by me." Leaning back in his cushioned chair and placing his heels on an old-fashioned looking desk, he told the following story: Away back in the early days of Dubuque a family, consisting of man and wife and one daughter, came here from St. Louis. Their names will be withheld for the present, but may be given later. The husband and father engaged in the business of a miner, and for a time was quite successful. He was rather shabbily dressed, but showed signs of refinement and education in youth. He was a Frenchman. After a while he lost what little money he had in the mining business, and became almost destitute. Dubuque in those days was a dreary wilderness, built mainly of frame shanties, and populated for the most part by Indians. He, without any prospects of making a living for himself and family, became a wreck, bordering upon insanity, the sequel of which was his being found dangling from a rope in his own room, cold in death, having committed suicide. His poor widow and orphan girl were prostrated with grief; the former fainted at the ghastly sight and remained in a comatose condition for more than two days, at the end of which time preparations were completed for the interment of the supposed dead body. It was even inclosed in a casket, when the startling discovery was made that the person was only in a swoon. It is needless to say that the supposed lifeless form was immediately removed, and such restoratives as were procurable were quickly administered by willing hands. She rapidly recovered, and was soon in her former state of health, but, as I have made known, in a very destitute condition, and how to eke out a living for herself and child added much to her distress. Eventually she obtained a situation as "maid of all work." In addition to this she taught her child how to read, write, etc. Years rolled by and the child grew to be a young lady, earning her own living. Dubuque was at this time rapidly growing. Immigrants poured in from all directions, enlarging Dubuque to quite a village.

Among the new arrivals was a boy who emigrated from Europe at the age of eighteen to seek a livelihood in the great West. He possessed a remarkable ambition to rise in the world. He commenced on a starvation salary, and was afterward employed in a little grocery store, where he soon became a partner in the business. About this time he met and fell in love with the young lady I have just referred to. Though poorly clad she was exceptionally pretty and quite intelligent. This brief acquaintance was only an introduction to a long and clandestine courtship which followed, a description of which is unnecessary. Suffice it to say it did not deviate much from the "rules" in use at the present time. It was of a fourteen months' duration and ended, as the average play does, in a happy marriage, though this happiness, it must be said, was short-lived. Five years swiftly passed—the mother-in-law during this time died—and three bright little children were the fruits of that period of conjugal life. Two were boys and one a girl. When the youngest was only three months old the father became engaged in a quarrel with his partner in business, during which he, unintentionally, it is said, dealt him a blow on the forehead, wounding him in such a manner as to cause his death a few weeks after. He was held for trial for murder—the trial lasting fourteen days—and convicted of manslaughter, and was accordingly sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. This was a terrible blow to the young wife and mother, and for a time fears of her becoming insane were entertained, but she braved the billowy sea of grief and soon landed safe on the shores of good health. The imprisoned life was soon changed to a free one, for after a life and death struggle he succeeded in releasing himself from the prison walls. His escape was not detected for several days, and his whereabouts was unknown. A diligent search was kept up for some time, but no trace of him could be found. We will follow him, however. Immediately after his escape he proceeded to New York, where he took passage for Dublin, and arrived there five weeks later, this being the time it took in those days to sail across the Atlantic. His arrival was greeted warmly by his many friends and relations, as they were completely ignorant of his past career. Communication with his wife and family was necessarily cut off, as such action might possibly lead to his discovery and capture. We next find him employed in an extensive linen factory on Sackville street, holding the responsible position of foreman of the entire establishment. His integrity, ambition of furthering his employer's business interests and honesty in discharge of his duties in that position gained for him the confidence of his employers, and he was soon made general manager of the concern at an enormous salary. The announcement of his marriage to the daughter of the senior member of the firm in question created quite a sensation, as they were, socially speaking, not suited for each other, she being of very high social standing in the metropolis of the great but little island, while on the other hand he was comparatively ignorant and obscure in that respect. This was the primary, if not the principal cause of frequent quarrels thereafter. Time passed, and two children were born to them.

We will now take a trip back to his former, or American, wife and children, from whom he was forced to part several years previous. After his escape from prison the news spread rapidly over the [illegible] that a man answering [illegible] Pa. This news was received as official by the authorities, although the body had not been identified as the escaped convict. The poor woman also received the news as positive proof of her husband's terrible fate. Herself and family accordingly remained in mourning for over a year for a man who was then alive and who was to be untrue to his devoted wife and children. The expiration of several years of supposed widowed life brought back to light the great mystery and an awful tale.

On a cold December evening a tattered but intelligent looking boy, apparently of sixteen summers, appeared at the door of her residence and politely asked for some eatables, saying he was on a long, fatiguing journey, and without money. The request was readily granted, and after politely thanking her for her kindness and telling where he was from he took his leave. No more was heard of him or seen of him there.

The summer of 18— witnessed a grand steamboat excursion on the Mississippi from St. Louis. Among the large number aboard was the boy who appeared in Dubuque as an outcast, but who had now grown to respectable manhood under the rays of a Southern sun. As fate would have it, the generous old lady who had befriended him when he was destitute was also aboard, accompanied by her daughter. He immediately recognized her, introduced himself, and an interesting conversation followed, in the course of which a pressing invitation was extended to him to pay them a visit in their Dubuque home. The invitation was accepted and a short time afterward fulfilled. It may, perhaps, seem strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the names of both parties remained a secret until the day of his visit. Imagine their position and the friendship that arose when the facts became known and the inquiry which followed may be termed the "key" to the deep mystery existing, the circumstances of which are already known to the reader. The scene following the young man's story of his early life, his parents, etc., beggars description, as it was now settled beyond a particle of doubt that the supposed dead husband and father was no other than the man before alluded to, and what is still more remarkable, the mysterious acquaintance proved to be his son, born to his illegal wife. He said that he left home because of his father's brutal treatment of his mother. A secret correspondence between the wronged woman in Dublin and her son in Dubuque ensued, when for the first time did her terrible position as an illegal wife become known to her. A pen picture of his grief and consternation on receipt of the news of this startling disclosure is beyond the writer's ability; it can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say, the meeting of herself and husband was by no means affectionate. The crisis comes at a later stage.

The correspondence was uninterruptedly carried on until the actual situation of all concerned was revealed, and in some unaccountable manner the United States authorities were made cognizant of the fact that an American convict and murderer had been discovered in Dublin. The Secretary of State made a prudent investigation of the case which resulted in establishing the true identity of the man in question, but for some reason or other his arrest was not demanded, consequently we have no more to add to this chapter. During this time his American wife and daughter were sorely afflicted, and in a perplexed state of mind, not knowing whether to recognize the young man as an impostor, or endeavor to obtain the real facts in the case. They chose the latter, and at once dispatched a letter to the address given by the informant, but no answer came. A second and a third was written with the same result. Many long and anxious days and sleepless nights were passed in vain.

Now that all efforts to communicate with him by letter were of no avail, another plan was concocted to carry out their purpose. The mother was growing old and feeble and unable to undergo the hardship and fatigue incident to a sea voyage, this being the only medium through which the proof of the young man's story could be ascertained. Not to be baffled, the daughter, who was only in her teens, made the sensational assertion that she would dispense with petticoats and don the pantaloons. This was accomplished, and she at once set out on her long and perilous journey, leaving the feeble mother to take care of herself, the other two children having died in the meantime. As she presented more of a masculine than feminine appearance her plan was very successful, but she ventured no familiarity with any of her "fellow men," although she dined and made her toilet in the same rooms as those occupied by the other male passengers. After a long and tedious voyage she arrived in the beautiful and home-like city of Dublin. Her next exploit was to endeavor to procure employment at the establishment where her father was supposed to be employed. To this end many shrewd and ingenious inquiries were made relative to the firm. The desired information being obtained, she at once appeared at the office, wearing male attire. Her application for a clerkship was made to an intelligent-looking gentleman, apparently thirty-five years old, who politely informed her that a good recommendation would be necessary before she could be employed, and adding that if such could be obtained he would be most happy to employ her. She departed discouraged and down-hearted, knowing that the required document could not be had in a strange city. She wandered several days about the streets and suburbs, and at last was inspired with a hopeful thought, and called upon a clergyman, to whom she told the entire story of her experience, etc., since leaving Dubuque. After due hesitation, he gave her a letter of recommendation. Returning with this, she was at once employed and worked faithfully for several weeks before she gained sight of her father. The meeting was an affecting one. She ran to him, threw herself at his feet, and cried out: "O, father! father! I'm your daughter and came from America to look for you." The scene will never be forgotten by the few who chanced to be present. A great sensation followed; the entire press of Dublin devoting several columns each day to comment and criticism on the male-female clerk. The illegal wife was now beyond all doubt as to her position, and immediately applied for a divorce, which was granted after considerable difficulty. The three children who were the fruits of their married life were claimed by her and granted by the court with the exception of the boy, who immigrated to America, who was given to the father. The glad tidings of the finding of the father were immediately dispatched to her mother in Dubuque, and for the first time in almost a quarter of a century, commu[illegible] opened between the legal husband and wife, which resulted in her emigration to the city of Dublin, where a few years of happy life were spent, when she died, and was shortly after followed to the shores of the unknown beyond by our hero. At the time of his death he was immensely rich, and willed a handsome fortune to our little heroine (his daughter), also half of his entire estate to his son who was the means of bringing about the happy end. But to the son's loss, he has never been heard of since. Should he be in existence still this little communication we hope will be the agent to establish some clue to his whereabouts, and convey to him the news of his good luck.

Of the wronged woman and her two daughters we have nothing to tell, for the reason that their lives from the time of our last sight of them here are entirely unknown to our informant, and as to the heroine, she is living that happiest life of woman, "an old maid," and attributes this happiness to the pantaloons.—*Dubuque Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.*

SHE WANTED THE BEST.

A New York Lady's Experience in Buying Butter of a German Grocer.

A buxom, matronly-looking woman, accompanied by a lad about seventeen, entered a grocery store Saturday evening in the neighborhood of Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue.

"Vat vas it you vant alretty?" queried the clerk, a ruddy-faced German with a mild blue eye.

"Let's see your butter."

"By grazhus, we joost got bully budder, and for feefdy cents pi der bound."

"Well, let's see it."

Several samples were produced.

"Dot vos funf-und-drezig, dot funf-und-viersig, and dot vos funszehn cends pi der bound. B'raps you like to bite sum of dem things," handing the woman a cheese scoop to taste the three samples.

She looked at them, tasted them and smelled them, but none appeared to give her any great amount of satisfaction.

"And this is the best, is it?" pointing to the fifty cent article.

"Dot vos de beshtest budder it vos bossible to make from New Yarsey. Dot gow vot make dot budder from, pi jimminy, am vorth fife tousand tollars effery time."

"You're quite sure it's the best butter?"

"If dot vos not der very beshtest dot can't be made I makes you a bresent mit the whole shtore," persisted the blue-eyed youth.

"Then let me have half a pound of it," and the woman planked down a quarter. "Tie it up securely, as I've some distance to go."

He did as requested.

"Now, let's have one of your cards, because I've walked nearly all over Yorkville trying to find a place where I can buy good, honest butter."

The clerk, anticipating a possibly good customer, handed out a card.

"Now, Johnny," turning to the lad, "just write the boss' name on the wrapper, and let me see, I think it's just about nine o'clock. Put down the time, too."

The proprietor of the store pricked up his ears like a mule, as he saw the deliberate manner with which the affair proceeded. "See here, my man," remarked the purchaser, "I'm not sure whether you know it or not, but there's a law which fines people one hundred dollars for selling stuff that some grocers call butter. I hope you're not one of 'em. If you are, you'll hear from me, sure." Then she gave the store door a bang and waited on the corner for the next up-town car.

Just as she signalled the driver, the German youth overtook her and, shoving a quarter in the boy's hand, said:

"Der boss tole me ter gif yer mudder dot money. May-be dot vos de wrong gow dot make dot budder."—*N. Y. Star.*

QUEER THINGS IN PAWN.

False Teeth, Skeletons and Babies Offered by Impecunious Capitalists.

A well dressed man entered a Market street pawn shop last night, and quietly putting his hand to his mouth took out a full set of upper teeth, bound together with a plate of pure gold. After he had rubbed them on his handkerchief he handed them shyly to the clerk, and said in a stage whisper:

"Five dollars."

The clerk handed the man the money and a ticket and he slipped quietly out of the door.

"That man's been here three times to-day," said the clerk. "The first time he left his watch and chain. The second time he left his diamond stud and ring. I've advanced him money on his false teeth before. He's a poker player. He'll be back for the teeth and the other things Monday or Tuesday."

"Do you usually loan money on false teeth?" was asked.

"No, not often. Some pawnbrokers do. A couple of medical students used to come here who got hard up about once a month. Once they had pawned all their spare clothing and all their jewelry and books and instruments. A couple of nights after they came here with a long bundle wrapped in a gossamer coat. They told me they wanted ten dollars very badly. I opened the long bundle and found a human skeleton. All the bones were strung on silver wire. Knowing them well I let them have the money and carried the skeleton up stairs in the store room, where it stood in a corner for a month before they came after it. Several times I have had women try to pawn babies. It's a common thing for men to come in here on bitter cold days and take off their overcoats and pawn them. A handsome young woman walked in here this morning, and, taking off a sealskin sacque, pawned it for ten dollars."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY."

Some Facts Concerning the Question of Wifely Obedience.

A young woman of eighteen who married a man of forty the other day in a Newark church crooked her finger during the ceremony so that the groom—contrary to his former experiences on such occasions—was unable to get the ring beyond the second joint. Upon being asked during the reception that followed as to the cause of the hitch in the proceedings at the altar, the young lady explained that she made a mental reservation in repeating the promise to love, honor and obey, and had also kept the ring from going lower down because she had heard that if it was stopped at the second joint the wife would be able to rule the husband, while if it went to the hand the husband would be supreme.

The superstition about crooking the finger is not very prevalent, and the ring almost always goes clear down; but there is reason to believe that the mental reservation in the promise of obedience is common enough. In fact, the notion that the modern woman "obeys" her husband in any such sense as is meant by the words of the marriage service is a mere myth that has come down with the marriage formula. The same equalizing spirit that has so modified woman's statutes as to abolish the old notion that a man and his wife are legally one person, and to enable her to hold and manage her own property almost as independently as the husband can manage his, has nearly wiped out the idea of obedience from the ordinary estimate of the holy estate of matrimony. Practically speaking, the woman rules fully as often as the man—more arbitrarily sometimes—more absolutely in some cases than a man ever would think of doing.

Time was when for a refractory disposition a man might lawfully correct his wife by a vigorous application of the birch. The punishment must in all cases be "reasonable," and it was held that he must not flog her with a stick thicker than his thumb; but she could be reduced to submission by the man of the house, if frequent whippings would do it, not only without danger of punishment to the man, but with the positive approval of his neighbors and probably also of all his wife's friends. If domestic discipline in those days proved insufficient to control her tongue—for it was for offenses of speech rather than deed that the wife was commonly corrected—she was taken before the Magistrate and tried for a common scold, and if convicted was set upon the public ducking-stool by the constable and soused in a horse pond or some convenient river.

It is perhaps to be regretted that no statistics are or can be kept showing the extent and usual consequences of quarrels between married people, and it would be interesting to know—if such information was attainable—whether, on the average, matrimonial unions were happier and more peaceful when the husband had the legal right and practical power to compel obedience from the wife than they are now when he has only a shadowy and sentimental sort of obedience—if he has any at all—that is supposed to be inculcated by the language used in the wedding ceremony.

There is a sort of womanly obedience that amounts to devotion. It comes only from women who are capable of great love, and from them only when it happens that they are joined to men who are fortunate enough to command their utmost respect as well as affection. If all the men in a large city were to be called together and asked to raise their right hands if they believed themselves masters of their own homes through love, it is to be feared that not more than half the arms would go up.

In point of fact women are much more fond of control at home than men are, and much more likely to exercise it. It is common to hear a woman boast how she "manages" her husband, and very often—perhaps it may be said generally—her management is most judicious. In many things a woman has more tact than a man, and she is likely enough to have that superiority of judgment which fairly entitles her to obedience.

It would get red of a sort of harmless sham to give up the entire notion of a married woman's subordinate position by which she owes to her husband some sort of obedience which he does not owe to her. In this age and country the thing itself does not exist. A child is supposed to obey its parents, and a citizen to obey the laws; but nobody supposes that, in any like manner, a wife obeys her husband or is bound to obey him. The Newark girl was right in her view of the case, though she took a not very efficacious method of avoiding the danger. There is no sense in putting into a woman's mouth a promise of obedience which she never intends to keep.—*Detroit Post.*

STINGLESS BEES OF CUBA.

Insects Which are Unprofitable Except as Objects of Curiosity.

During our stay on the island of Cuba we employed much time investigating its honey flora and the quality of honey produced by each variety.

On one occasion as we were examining the flowers of a royal palm, which, standing at the foot of a rather steep hill and ourselves at an elevation, brought the circle of flowers within twenty feet of us, we could, with our powerful field-glass, bring the bees, so to speak, so near that the characteristics of the different kinds were easily discovered. There were wasps, yellow jackets, bumblebees and Italians; but what particularly attracted our attention was a little insect which, to our recollection, was so exactly like the stingless bees of South America, which we had seen on one or two occasions several years ago, that we at once surmised they were identical.

After a good deal of inquiry we finally learned that our surmises were correct, and that a colony of these delightful little insects was in possession of a native living several miles away in the dense forest, engaged, in a primitive way, in the production of charcoal.

Pedro Casanova and myself at once set out on horseback and arrived at the cabin of the Cuban, just as the sun was going down, and to our delight, found the object of our search. The little beauties were located in the section of a hollow log about six inches in diameter and two feet long, suspended by a rope on the side wall of the cabin in a horizontal position.

A little round hole, hardly a quarter of an inch in diameter, in the center of one end of the log, formed the only place of exit or entrance; the other end was closed with what seemed to be a conglomeration of pollen, wax, resin and some other moist and sticky material.

Looking into the entrance hole, all we could discover was the little white fuzzy head of one of these insects peering out at us in a cautious, half cowardly manner. The last of these foragers were just returning, and it was amusing to see how swiftly, yet surely, they would always dart from the air directly into the little entrance hole, without even once missing or having to crawl in like our ordinary bees. In all their movements they are as swift as lightning, and we had great difficulty in catching one and more in keeping him after being caught.

The other end of this log hive was filled with a plug, which, being withdrawn, the lady of the house took a [illegible] stick, and, reaching into [illegible] hive, perforated sev[illegible]ger bags; then holding a [illegible] under and slightly elevating the other end of the hive, the honey ran in a stream and soon nearly filled the tumbler with a very delicious but rather thin honey.

This honey is supposed by the natives to possess medicinal virtues and is sold at a high price, something like the "bumble-bee honey" in the city, with this difference, that the former is the real honey, produced by the stingless bees, while the latter, so far as the bumblebee is concerned in its production, is a myth; but so far as either party possessing any medicinal superiority over ordinary honey, it must reside entirely with the faith of the patient.

We at once purchased this hive and took it on our shoulder, remounted the horse and carried it safely back to the Casanova apiary.

Here we fitted up a nice little bamboo log for the hive and commenced the work of drumming out the little pets, but to our astonishment they would not "drum out worth a cent." We then tried smoke with no better success. Finally we procured a rip-saw, and by being very cautious we succeeded in splitting the log from end to end. We then took out the nest, pollen, honey, bees and all and fitted it into our pretty bamboo, left it for three weeks until the bees had it all fastened and fixed in, then brought it home to New York safe and sound; but alas! forgetting to wrap up the hive one cold night, the little inmates chilled and died.

Many have been the speculations indulged in by the would-be wise in regard to these bees, nearly all of which are mistaken notions. The idea that there is any danger in handling them bare-faced and bare-handed is untrue.

They will not mix with any varieties of our true honey bees, and they are unprofitable except as objects of curiosity.

A fair-sized "colony" is composed of about from one thousand to fifteen hundred bees occupying a round space of perhaps eighteen inches long and four inches in diameter. About five inches from the entrance are the brood combs, which are suspended from the upper part of the roof of the hollow space in parallel rows and about four combs. [illegible] not quite so thick as ordinary brood comb and not more than three inches in diameter. The sacks containing honey and pollen look very much alike and do not resemble cells in any sense; they are somewhat irregular in shape, being an inch long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, holding about two tablespoonfuls of honey each. They are of a dark color and lie on top, bottom and sides, packed like so many bags of grain, three-fourths of them filled with pollen and the balance with honey.

In shape these bees are much like the bee and in color like the yellow jacket, but they are not more than one-fifth the size of the bumble-bee and perhaps the body is longer in proportion than his big cousin. The queen is really beautiful and differs in shape from the workers in the same way ordinary queens differ from the workers, but these bees are much more vigorous and can cling to objects with greater tenacity than any insect we have ever seen.—*Cor. Beekeeper's Magazine.*

A PAIR OF SHOES.

One of the Most Typical Products of Modern Industry.

A great naturalist said, "Show me a scale, I'll draw the fish." Had he been a shoemaker he might have said, "Show me a shoe, I'll tell the wearer." The sandal of the Arab, the tiny shoe of the high-bred woman of China, the wooden dancing-shoe of the Dutch, the high-heeled court slipper or the sensible walking shoes of the English and Americans, proclaim their nationality to the tyro. An amateur might not readily recognize the characteristics of different districts within a single nation, but the practiced designer must know that in the United States, for instance, your Northerner wants his shoe comfortable, neat and stylish; the Southerner asks for something fancy and handsome; the agricultural West demands solidity, fullness, and an article stout to break the land for a coming population.

"A pair of shoes" is one of the most [illegible] products of modern industry. [illegible] them the animal kingdom contributes from the herds roaming on Western plains or South American pampas, or from the barn-yards near at home; the vegetable, from dotted groves of hemlock and oak or from the great forests still left to us. Great textile manufactories supply cloth and thread; mines, furnaces and forges combine to furnish nail or wire. A hundred machines have been invented, one of which has changed the whole course of a great industry and produced large cities. Through scores of processes, the forty-four pieces of a pair of shoes require to bring them together the cooperation of fifty men, women and children; the division of labor is pursued to the utmost, demanding in turn for its successful maintenance the dispersion of product the world over; until, as a result, you, well-shod reader, can buy for three dollars what would have cost your forefather six.

As the reader buys a pair of shoes his next pair may at the same moment be dodging the lasso of the "cowboy" on some far-away plain, or perhaps be in process of slaughter at Chicago. The perishable beef promptly reaches the market, and one day soon you dine from a fat, juicy roast, little thinking as you smack your lips after dinner that the fine, pliable skin which once protected the delicate morsel may at some time contribute to your outward comfort. Stranger things have happened. The skins or hides meantime are salted, and the buyer of salted hides sends part of them, say, to Peabody, Mass., to be tanned for upper-leather, and the rest to central New York, to be tanned for sole-leather.—*H. M. Newhall, in Harper's Magazine.*

DEALING IN DEAD HORSES.

Shoes, Fertilizers, Ladies' Switches, Buttons and Glue Made Out of Defunct Equines.

A crowd had gathered on a South Side street corner, where a horse with a broken leg had been shot. As the owner stood ruefully surveying his loss a fat, dark complexioned man elbowed his way up and said, as he smiled grimly:

"Say, mister, I'll cart that horse away if you will give it to me. Is it a bargain?"

The owner pondered a moment, looked around at the crowd, and remarked:

"The animal is no use to me, and I guess you can have it, but I'm blessed if I know what you want with it. You can have it if you will tell me."

"All right. You see a dead horse represents considerable money to me, and when I can get one, I am going to drop onto it every time. I'll haul the animal out to my place, where I will skin it and tan the hide, or else sell it raw to one of the tanneries. It will then go to some boot and shoe firm, who will proceed to make it up into shoes. The leather, being soft and waterproof, makes up nicely and commands a fancy price.

"Shoes made of cordovan, as the leather is called, are considered the proper thing by swells and sell well. The tail, when it is long and bushy, can be made into a nice horse-brush or switch for ladies. To make a nice switch, I take out the bone from the tail and tack the skin onto a handle, and there we have it, all ready for use as soon as it gets dry."

"But, what do you do with the remainder of the body—the bones and flesh?"

"O, they come in handy. I raise lots of hunting dogs. Of course, if I were to buy beef for them it would cost me a small fortune. When I get or buy dead horses I save some of the meat, feeding the dogs on that. They thrive on it, and it don't cost me much.

"The hoofs I sell to some glue factory, where they are boiled down and made into glue. Do I make use of the bones? Of course I do. Sometimes I grind them up and sell them as fertilizers. Ground bone is the stuff to spread on your garden if you want to raise good crops. When I am busy and want to dispose of them I sell them to some button-factory. They make buttons, large and small, out of bones. I have seen some knife handles made from bone, but it cracks easily and is not used much. Buttons are more generally made from horse bones than anything else in that line.

"Now, if you want any meat for your cats let me know, and I will supply you," but the former possessor of the horse did not seem to relish the idea of his cats being fed on horseflesh, and declined the offer with thanks.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE SAWDUST INCENDIARY.

The Mischief Done and Loss Caused by The Improper Use of Sawdust.

The sawdust spittoon should not be tolerated a day in any building whose owner is desirous of avoiding loss by fire. To this apparently harmless and cleanly article are traced many fires, and it is undoubtedly the cause of those mysterious conflagrations which are so constantly happening. Not long ago the treasurer of one of the Boston insurance companies was in New Hartford, N. Y., and while there he was invited to inspect the cotton-mill in the town with a view to making any suggestions, as the mill was considered quite a model in its fire protection appliances. And so the insurance official found it, save in one particular. In the weave-room, under a pair of match gears, was a box of sawdust placed there to catch the oil. "It's only a matter of time," said he, "when that box will be the cause of burning your mill. A piece of rag will fall into the saturated sawdust and spontaneous combustion will readily ensue; or a partially burned match will set the sawdust smoldering." At this the mill-owner said he knew now what caused the fire in the office some months previously. He arrived at the office one morning to find that the floor had burned through where a sawdust cuspidor was placed, and a good fire was being worked up in the basement. Undoubtedly a half-lighted cigar or match had caused the fire, after smoldering for hours. A similar narrow escape occurred in Boston only a few weeks ago. When the office boy came round in the morning to open the building it was found that the sawdust spittoon, which stood under the gas-jet in a most convenient place to throw burned matches, had burned through the floor during the night and was on fire in the basement. The building was one of the largest storage warehouses in Boston, and contained merchandise at that time valued at $90,000. A narrow escape for the insurance companies. Railroad stations frequently use this neat but incendiary appliance, and they are to be found everywhere. Underwriters should see to it that they be absolutely prohibited. The danger lies in the sawdust. Sand is just as cheap, answers every purpose and is safe to use.—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin.*

Jumping on Moving Trains.

"Some folks don't seem to have any sense about getting off cars," remarked the brakeman. "Every once in a while some man will jump off and hurt himself when a little common sense would teach him better. Some years ago I was running on an express on the New York Central. Just as we go into Rochester we cross Hudson Street. One night as we were running in, at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour, I was standing on the rear platform. A tall, well-dressed man with a shiny plug hat and an elegant valise came out and inquired if that was Hudson Street. I told him it was, and before I knew what he was doing he jumped. I looked back quick and saw him strike the ground. Then he leaped as if he had been thrown out of a cannon at least twenty feet, turning a half somersault and lighting on his head in the mud. Then he rolled over six or eight times. The mud at Hudson Street was about three inches deep, and when this man picked himself up he was an object. He looked as if he was made of mud. The last glimpse I had of him he had both hands up trying with all his might to shove his plug hat up off his shoulders. I'd a laughed even if I'd ha' known he was dying, which he wasn't, but I'll bet he gets off at stations now.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Boston is believed to have more music teachers than any other city in the United States.

FAST TRAINS.

The Time They Save and What Might be Accomplished by Higher Speed.

The real gain of time to a business man obtained by a difference of a few miles an hour in the speed of a long-journey train is illustrated by an actual case: A man in New York wishes to do a day's work in Chicago. He takes one of the fastest and best-appointed trains he can find—the Chicago limited. It leaves New York at nine in the morning and lands in Chicago at eleven the next morning, having accomplished 914 miles in twenty-six hours and fifty-five minutes, allowing for the difference of the time between the two cities. This makes an average speed of 33.8 miles per hour, including all stoppages. But [illegible] that as high a speed can be obtained on the Pennsylvania or any other first-class American road as on the English main line, and what shape does the problem assume? On the English road, the Great Northern, the distance between Leeds and London, 186¼ miles, is done in three hours and forty-five minutes, including five stoppages; on another, the Great Western, the 126¼ miles between Birmingham and London is run in two hours and forty-five minutes, including two stoppages; and as neither of these routes is particularly level or straight, and both pass through numerous junctions, with a perfect maze of switches and frogs, they give a full idea of what is possible in speed on the railroads of the country. These figures give, respectively, speed of 49.8 and 47.2 miles per hour. Taking as a fair average forty-eight miles an hour, including stoppages, the journey from New York to Chicago should be done in eighteen hours fifty-nine minutes, or say nineteen hours, a saving of nearly eight hours on the present time; so that if the train was arranged to leave at 4:55 in the afternoon, the whole of this time would be saved in the busy part of the day, thus effectually adding a day to our imaginary traveler's business and dollar-making life.

It may be thought that such a deduction is unfair, as the English style of car is so much lighter than the American; but, as a matter of fact, the average English express-car is considerably heavier than the Chicago limited, and conveys about three times the number of passengers; and as trucks and oil lubricated axle-boxes are not universal there, the tractive resistance per ton is probably higher. It certainly, therefore, seems not only possible, but feasible, to obtain these high speeds in this country, where, owing to the long distances to be traveled, they are more valuable than in England; and the great step toward attaining that end is the adoption of proper and efficient signaling arrangements. All the other steps are achieved. The American passenger locomotive of the present day is perfectly competent to drag a heavy train at a speed of sixty miles an hour; the cars, as now constructed, can travel safely and smoothly at that speed, and the steel rail and the well-ballasted tie and perfect workmanship of the modern iron bridges can well support the thundering concussion of an express train at full speed. But this speed can only be maintained for a few miles at a time if the engineer who guides this train be doubtful whether the dimly seen signals imply safety or danger, or if the laws of the State bring him to a full stand where his road is crossed by a small corporation with a high-sounding title, which owns one locomotive with a split tube sheet and two cars down a ditch.

To run a fast train a clear, uninterrupted road is absolutely necessary, and the reason is not far to seek. To move a body from a state of rest to a velocity of sixty miles an hour, or eighty-eight feet per second, an amount of work must be performed equivalent to lifting that body 121 feet. Now it is apparent to the simplest capacity that it requires a pretty powerful engine to overcome the resistance of a train running sixty miles per hour without every few miles putting on brakes to destroy the velocity, and then to lift it 121 feet again to attain speed, the resistance of the air and the friction of the bearings of journals and of flanges against rails going on all the time. As a matter of fact, showing what severe work this is on an engine, the Zulu express on the Great Western Railroad of England, which is the fastest train in the world, has been repeatedly carefully timed, and it is found that, though running over an almost absolutely level and straight road, it takes a distance of twenty-six to twenty-eight miles to attain its full speed of fifty-eight and one-half miles an hour.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

VALUE OF LABOR.

How Labor May Increase the Value of Metal to More Than Forty Times its First Cost.

A school reading-book of the last generation had an article on the mechanic arts in which was a remarkable statement of the immense increase of value imparted to a pound of iron when manipulated and manufactured into watch springs. The illustration was misleading because it left out all the expense of conversion from crude iron to spring steel, and took no account of the inevitable enormous waste of material; the idea conveyed was that the conversion of a single pound of iron into a pound of watch springs was possible.

But the increased value of a product of manufacture by labor can be illustrated by an example that is open to no objection or overstatement. A piece of steel bar, square, three-eighths of an inch diameter and two inches long, worth perhaps half a cent, can be increased to more than forty times its initial value by labor. A single blow of a drop hammer on the heated steel punches the central portion against the sides and forms the steel into a hollowed parallelogram; another blow forms the outside, so that the squared ends become rounded or shaped like the bows of a boat; a final blow completes the shape into that of a sewing shuttle. The forging is then placed in a die under a powerful press to compact its substance, is finished on a buff wheel, is drilled, fitted with a tension spring and is ready for sale, bringing at wholesale from twenty to thirty cents.—*Scientific American.*

—In a cemetery in France one reads: "Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone: "Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also an angel."

—P. T. Barnum says that the receipts of his show for the season of 1884 were $1,400,000.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The agricultural colleges are deservedly in public favor. They should be independent in every way.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The English Methodists have raised a fund of $100,000 for carrying the Gospel to the most abandoned districts in the world's metropolis.

—Miss Irving, Washington Irving's niece, proposes to give the next graduating class at Princeton College a slip of ivy from one planted by the author himself, and brought by him from Abbotsford.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The parish church at Stratford-on-Avon, which is Shakspeare's burial place, is to be renovated and restored, all its historical features being preserved. The movement of removing the poet's bones seems to have subsided.

—The Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Maclagan, in his speech at the recent sessional opening of the King's College, London, classes for women, spoke out clearly and distinctly as to the right of every woman to avail herself of every chance of obtaining the highest education possible.

—Bishop Isaac W. Wiley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who died very suddenly in Fuh Chau, China, was making an Episcopal tour of the Asiatic missions of his church, in which he felt a great interest, particularly in China, where he had served as a missionary. He was elected Bishop in 1872, at the age of forty-seven.

—Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, United States Secretary of State, has been elected President of the American Bible Society, in the place of the late S. Wells Williams, LL.D. Mr. Frelinghuysen is the nephew and adopted son of a former president of the society, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen. He is a member of the Reformed Church.

—Rev. W. M. Patterson, of the Southern Methodist Mexico mission, writes that the new mission in Morelia, Mexico, is prospering, with a congregation of from five to six hundred persons. The industrial colleges in the city of Mexico, the girls under Miss Halloran, and the boys under Professor Trujello, are doing better than ever before. The work in the Guadalajara district is advancing, and there have been several conversions.

—The *Church Standard* says: Let parents beware what they say about the sermon or the preacher before their children, in whose hearts the Word of God may be seeking a lodgment. Why pray in the morning for the conversion of sinners, and then, by cold criticism of the sermon, neutralize the very means by which it pleases God to save? Thoughtless comments at the dinner table will do this far more effectually than all the profanity the children hear as they pass the drinking saloons on their way to school.

—The number of pupils attending the public schools of the State of South Carolina during the past year was 185,619. The eagerness of the colored people to secure an education for their children is phenomenal. The Morris Street School for colored children in Charleston is the largest in the State, containing more than 1,400 pupils. The school is divided into three departments, grammar, intermediate and primary, and is governed by a Principal, Vice Principal and twenty-four assistants, the latter being ladies. The teaching staff are all white, and are natives of Charleston.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—More than 3,000 horses die every week in London. This is what makes alligator leather so cheap over there.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears, and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says, between the two, she doesn't miss a husband very much.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—It is said that when the left ear "burns" somebody is talking ill about you; and you may have noticed that the left ear burns about ninety per cent. oftener than the right ear.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A young man who left home in Connecticut several years ago to seek his fortune, recently wrote from Texas saying: "I have settled here." It has since transpired that he was right. He had settled at twenty cents on the dollar.

—A Pittsburgh woman shot and killed a man in that town recently because she "loved him." It is pleasant, no doubt, to be loved, but this business of having it shot into a fellow is accompanied by its disadvantages.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Can any one explain why a New England school-marm walks around a chair before she sits down?—*Brooklyn Times.* Certainly. It is to get on the other side. We never like to see any one in doubt when it lies in our power to relieve his anxiety.—*Boston Post.*

—Some people make a mistake in confounding the word "pleasantries" with "humorous." There is a fine distinction to be drawn. Many editors have lost their positions by getting a humorous paragraph in a pleasantry column.—*Peck's Sun.*

—A gentleman was telling a tale of deep distress to a Quaker, one day, and concluded by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

—"The only serious mistake I made during my professional career," remarked a physician, "was when I cut the wrong leg off a patient. It resulted in losing both legs, poor fellow." "I suppose when he learned of your mistake he became very indignant, and made a great kick, didn't he?" "Well, yes, he became very indignant, but he didn't make a great kick."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Now, sir," said the Prosecuting Attorney, pompously, "you are a railroad man, you say. Now, sir, let's see how much you know about your business, sir. What motive, sir, has your company for running its trains through the city faster than the ordinances decree?" "What motive?" "Yes, sir, what motive? Come sir!" "Why, locomotive, I should say." The witness was fined for contempt of court.—*Chicago News.*

—There is a story of a man who was tried for stealing a pair of trousers. He was ably defended and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner's counsel collected his fee and then said to the vindicated statesman: "Well, get out. You're free." "I'll wait till he goes," returned the victim of slander, pointing to the plaintiff. "I don't want him to see me." "Why not?" "Cause I've got them breeches on."—*Puck.*