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FIND YOUR LEVEL.

You can be a fishing shallop if you can not be a ship.
You can be a lighthouse if you can not be a tower.
You can be a valiant soldier though you may not be a hero.
You can be a single headland if you can not guard a coast.
There is everything that's noble in the wisdom and the grandeur of fulfilling every duty, whatsoever be your place.
If you spend the day in plume and in starting at the sun,
You will find that you are blinded long before the day is done.
Better to be a humble limpet that is safe where'er it clings,
Than attempt to be a noble eagle when you lack the eagle's wings.
There are some as swift as swallows, there are others who must creep.
And you never saw a turtle try to take a tiger's leap.
If you can not be a Paikhan with its thunderous report,
Be content to carry powder in a corner of the fort.
If you can not rule an army with a great commander's skill,
You can be a common musket in obedience to his will.
There is but a single compass in the ship, however great,
But each rivet and sail-bearer holds a portion of its fate.
Never try to hold a bushel if designed to hold a peck,
Or to reach the cranes and camels with your half an inch of neck.
Never try to race with dolphins if you can not even swim,
Or to challenge hawks for vision if your eyes be old and dim.
Never exceed a man of butter over fifty yards of bread,
Or attempt with penny trumpets to awaken up the dead.
Not every stick of timber that is fit to make a mast,
Nor every structure builded as a Pyramid to last,
Nor every piece of music is an anthem or a psalm,
Nor every growing sapling that is pine or oak or palm,
Yet every mossy plant has its own peculiar grace,
And each its perfect usefulness or beauty in its place.
These truths are old and hoary, yet we need them every day,
To reconcile our longings to the limits of our way.
The only true philosopher is he who learns content,
Though quartered in a palace or but sheltered in his tent.
Whose cheerful soul is ready to encompass neat its case,
Nor vex itself in criticizing God's eternal plan.
The secret of the journey is to know and bear its length,
The key of every effort is to rightly gauge your strength.
Accepting what is given you with the patience that best suits,
The knowledge for its purpose and the courage for its duty.
Content to struggle bravely and with honor in the strife,
Whom called to lead or follow on the battle-fields of life.
We ask no higher mission than successfully to teach,
The reality of grasping for the things beyond our reach,
Of warring modest talent in ambition's useless quest,
Of robbing but failure and the ashes of regret,
Go, study what is in thee, and to be a noble man,
Know that: then do thy duty in the Great Eternal's plan.
So shall thou know contentment and contentment's rich increase,
A life endowed with blessings and a spirit filled with peace.
A death of disappointments and of hours with pride perplexed,
Of jealousies, heartburnings that so many lives have vexed.
When dead, though Prince or peasant, 'tis enough that they should tell,
"He knew his place and purpose, and performed each well."
—E. Edgar Jones, in Current.

TORNADOES.

Some of Their Peculiarities in the West.
Facts Relating to This Well-Defined Species of Storm Which are of Special Interest to Dwellers in Country Places.
Time will only determine whether this will be a "good year" for tornadoes or not. The destruction caused by them during the past few seasons has created much alarm in the districts where they have been the most frequent, and where they have resulted in causing the loss of many lives and much valuable property. The prevalence of tornadoes in some places has made cautious people reluctant to become residents of them, as no person wishes to locate in a place where life and property are rendered insecure by the action of the elements. During the past few seasons the signal office of our War Department has made a special study of tornadoes, and has endeavored to collect all the facts attainable in relation to the places where they are most likely to occur, the conditions of their formations, premonitory signs of their appearance, and the character of tornado clouds and motions. It has also made investigations in relation to the best means of affording protection from them to life and property. All this information has been compiled by General Hazen, Chief Signal-Service Officer, and published by the authority of the Secretary of War. Following are some of the important facts set forth in the report, which are of special interest to farmers and others living in the country.
In the United States the terms cyclone, tornado and hurricane are frequently interchanged in ordinary conversation, and in the minds of nine-tenths of the people these terms mean one and the same thing. This is not altogether surprising, considering the want of systematic instruction in accurate meteorological knowledge, and the general disposition of intelligent minds to speculate about the weather. But, in fact, the tornado of the United States is a well-defined species of storm, differing in many points from hurricanes, cyclones and thunder-storms, and it is the only one that will now be considered.
Omitting consideration of the tornado, so called by Portuguese and Spanish navigators on the African coast, and confining our attention to the United States, it is believed that these storms are possessed of the following prominent characteristics: The general direction of movement of the tornado is invariably from a point in the southwest quadrant to a point in the northeast quadrant. The tornado cloud assumes the form of a funnel, the small end drawing near to, or resting upon,

the earth. This cloud and the air beneath it revolve about a central vertical axis with inconceivable rapidity, and always in a direction contrary to the movement of the hands of a watch. The destructive violence of the storm is sometimes confined to a path a few yards in width, as when the small or tall end just touches the earth; while, on the other hand, as the body of the cloud lowers more of it rests upon the earth, the violence increases and the path widens to the extreme limit of eight rods. The tornado, with hardly an exception, occurs in the afternoon, just after the hottest part of the day. The hour of greatest frequency is between three and four p. m. Tornadoes very rarely, if ever, begin after six p. m. A tornado commencing about five p. m. may continue its characteristic violence until nearly eight p. m., which means, only, that the tornado is traveling after six p. m., or after seven p. m., but it does not develop—that is, make its appearance for the first time, after those hours. Outside of the area of destruction, at times even along the immediate edge, the smallest objects often remain undisturbed, although at a few yards distant the largest and strongest buildings are crushed to pieces. At any point along the storm's path, where there is opportunity afforded the tornado cloud to display its power, the disposition of the debris presents unmistakable signs of an action of the wind, such as might be called a rotation, from the right through the front to the left around the center. The destructive power of the wind increases steadily from the circumference of the storm to its center.
Observations with a single isolated barometer will not indicate the approach of a tornado, however near the position of the instrument to the path of the storm, but such observations are of value when a number are displayed on the daily weather-map. The tornado season is embraced between the first of April and the first of September. The months of greatest frequency are June and July. There are, however, instances in a long series of years where tornadoes have been reported in every month of the year. Taking the whole United States together it is found that the region of greatest average frequency per year per square mile embraces the following States: Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Ohio.
On the day of the storm, and for several hours previous to the appearance of the tornado, indications of its probable formation and approach are within the comprehension of an ordinary observer, and can readily be detected by him? A sultry, oppressive condition of the atmosphere, described by various observers as follows: "I conceived a sickly sensation under the influence of the sun's rays. I was compelled to stop work on account of the peculiar exhaustion experienced from physical exertion." "It seemed as if the lightest garments that I could put on were a burden to me." "There was not a breath of air stirring." "The air, at times, came in puffs, as from a heavy furnace." "I felt a want of breath, the air frequently appearing too rarified to breathe freely." "I was startled at the sudden and continued rise in the thermometer, especially at this season of the year." "It was terribly oppressive. It seemed as if the atmosphere was unusually heavy, and was lying down on me with a great weight." "Enough examples have been cited to indicate the effects and signs of this oppressive sultriness. Other signs may be found in the development and peculiar formation of the clouds in the western horizon. Sometimes these peculiar clouds extend from the south through the west to the north or northwest. More frequently, however, they form in the northwest and southwest, sometimes commencing first in the former quarter and then again in the latter, but in either case they are equally significant. The marked peculiarity of the clouds is found to occur not only in the form but in the color and character of development.
The sudden appearance of ominous clouds, first in the southwest and then almost immediately in the northwest or northeast (or perhaps reversed in the order of their appearance), generally attracts the attention of the most casual observer. In almost all cases these premonitory clouds are unlike any ordinary formation. If they are light their appearance resembles smoke issuing from a burning building or straw stack, rolling upward in fantastic shape to great heights; sometimes they are like a fine mist, or quite white like fog or steam. Some persons describe these light clouds as at times apparently iridescent or glowing, as if a pale whitish light issued from their irregular surfaces. If the premonitory clouds are dark and present a deep greenish hue, this faintly forebodes very great evil. So, also, if they appear jet black from the center to circumference, or if this deep set color appears only at the center, gradually diminishing in intensity as the outer edges of the cloud or bank of clouds are approached. Sometimes these dark clouds, instead of appearing in solid and heavy masses, roll up lightly but still intensely black, like the smoke from an engine or locomotive burning soft coal. They have been described as of a purple or bluish tinge, or at times possessed of a strange lividness, or frequently dark green, and again, on an infrequent but fairly startling occasion, its intensity, is apparently due to the lack of uniformity in the positions of the various observers with respect to the advancing tornado cloud. Those situated nearest the cloud, other things being equal, experience the loudest roar, while those at greater distances the noise is proportionately weaker. In any event, however, the

noise is sufficiently peculiar and distinct to create alarm, and as a means of warning should not be overlooked under any pretext.
The tornado cloud is, generally speaking, at its first formation, funnel-shaped—that is to say, it tapers from the top downward, not always in the same degree with every appearance of the cloud, but the lower end of it (the part nearest the earth) is invariably the smallest, and this, too, whatever may be the inclination of the central axis of the cloud to the vertical or plumb line. As seen in different positions and stages of development by various observers, located differently, the tornado cloud has been called: "balloon-shaped," "basket-shaped," "egg-shaped," "trailing on the ground like the tail of an enormous kite," "of bulbous form," "like an elephant's trunk," etc. In the majority of instances, however, observers describe the cloud as appearing like an upright funnel, when the small end of the cloud first reaches the earth, the violence of its whirl causes a peculiarly formed cloud of dust and finely divided debris, around which play small gatherings of condensed vapor. To appearances now, the tornado cloud has two heads, one on the surface of the earth and the other in the sky, the lower head being in the middle, and tapering both ways with the smallest diameter at their junction. In other words, the cloud now assumes the shape of an hour-glass, and the lower portion displays extraordinary destructive violence. This last and most destructive form of the tornado is fortunately not a constant feature of the storm. The tornado cloud is constantly changing from the hour-glass form to that of the upright funnel, or some other intermediate shape previously referred to. The various gradations of form, not any of which, however, affect the stereotyped relation between the size of top and bottom, number some twenty-five or thirty, so far as reliable information has been secured upon this point. These variations of form depend upon the peculiar movements of the whirling currents of air within and about the tornado cloud, the direction of the currents being entirely variable. The singular disposition of the rapidly-condensing masses of vapor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.
Extraordinary Development in the Way of Torturing the Queen's English.
About a year ago a boy of the African persuasion, about fourteen years old, obtained employment in the general utility department of a family grocery store in the lower section of Grand River avenue. "Fred," as he was called for short, soon rose to the position of sergeant-at-arms of the delivery wagon, putting in his spare time in doing out allspice, codfish and molasses to those hounding and trailing for loads of goods for their stores. Being a bright, pleasant-looking lad, prompt and accommodating, he was, to all appearance, on the high road to farther promotion, but it seems he could not bear prosperity. In an evil hour he became, no one can divine how, addicted to the detestable habit of punning, a practice tacitly supposed to be confined to persons who have been longer exposed to the taint of evil associations, especially those who have crossed the confines of second childhood. The first known manifestation of the trait occurred a few weeks ago upon the occasion of a customer inquiring of the youth if the concern had any oil on sale. "Well," was the response, "I should snuff!" The sensibilities of his employer, quite naturally, received a severe shock from the hapless discovery, but he silently nursed his grief. The same customer ventured the inquiry whether it would be consistent to ask the loan of a small can wherewith to convey half a gallon of the oleaginous fluid to his home. Bestowing a furtive glance upon the customer the embryo merchant responded: "Some folks can and some folks can't!" Inside of two or three days at least a score of similar sallies were projected. To a gentleman who solicited information as to the cause of an appreciation of one cent in the value of cheese, the reply was that he "couldn't think of anything in particular that had occurred; it was only a whey it had!" He did not think it reasonable to expect the price of eggs to fluctuate with that of breakfasts, as "other consumers, unlike those of the latter commodity, were not subjects of a foreign yolk!" Upon the occasion of one of the daily visits of a vendor of peas, who was rather disposed to put on airs, he quietly remarked: "Not to mince matters, I would beg leave to impart a valuable piece of information. If you were not quite so short and crusty I think your intercourse with your fellow-men would be a little more conducive to true piety." One more example ought not to be omitted. A little girl came up to the counter saying that her grandmother had sent her for two shillings' worth of sugar, she was unable to say what kind. Fred, after a moment's reflection, commenced weighing out the saccharine product, saying: "I think we can fix you out with something that will make your granny (e)lated!" And so on to the end of the chapter.
As already intimated, Fred is a pleasant, honest-looking boy, giving in his personal no sign of the wretch he is. His employer is tired and is anxious to sell out. It is enough, he says, to make the average American disgusted, and like Captain Columbus, break away and try to discover some new country.—Detroit Post.
The dress reformers are about positioning fashion magazines to cease the publication of colored plates, which, they claim, give such a distorted appearance to woman's figure. The unduly small waists and high heels are particularly objectionable, and a strong effort is to be made to induce physicians and women of high social standing to lend their names to the furtherance of their suppression.—N. Y. Graphic.

—A town in Buffalo County, D. T., has been named in honor of the first lady resident, Slade. Mrs. Slade was nearly killed in a cyclone there in 1883.—Denver Tribune.
MISSSES' DRESSES.
The Clothing Worn by Girls from Twelve to Sixteen Years Old.
Young girls from twelve to sixteen years of age have adopted the Spanish or Eton jacket as a part of their spring and summer dresses, and this with an under-waist, a kilt skirt and sash drapery, makes up the popular dress for woollen suits and for those of surah or foulard. In many dresses the jacket hangs loose in front over a vest, and the back is closely fitted like a basque; this vest becoming so important a feature, especially if there is a plaited or gathered vest shown where the jacket fronts fall open. A very simple drop trimming, which is sometimes passementerie pendants set on at intervals, edges the jacket front. The closely strung buttons, like those of English officers' mess coats, are in great favor. Over these jackets, and indeed for bordering the vest fronts and basques of various dresses. Brass buttons, steel, bronze and jet are used for this purpose in small sizes, round and slightly pointed in the middle. The ecrú mohairs with brown braid and drop trimmings are made with the brown mohair have an ecrú vest; blue mohair is made up with a gathered vest of red or ecrú silk. The kilted skirt is laid in small plaits only an inch wide, and the apron may be pointed to one side, and have a pointed back drapery made by plaiting to the belt both the top and one side of a breadth of double-width woollen goods. The sash effects are, however, more girlish, and are made by drawing a single breadth of narrow material across the front and hips, and arranging it behind in two loops and long ends. Sometimes the sash is of wide ribbon, and merely crosses the front, drooping in loops and ends on the left side; the back drapery is then of the dress material. Another fancy is that of having an Eton jacket of cloth of light quality and of dark color, while the dress beneath is of lighter color, or in large checks or stripes. This is a navy blue serge jacket with silver buttons edging, and is worn over a shepherd's checked wool of blue, white and black, or a brown cloth Eton jacket edged with gilt buttons will be worn with ecrú mohair or light brown and white checked wool.
Striped woollens are also much used for skirts of nurses' dresses, as they require no plaiting or draping, and are merely gathered slightly to the foundation skirt—not at the waist, but just high enough for the overskirt drapery to conceal the top of it. The basque and overskirt are then of solid color.—Harper's Bazar.

A NOBLE BOY.
The Motive for Johnny's Self-Abnegation.
There was no doubt but that Johnny Fizzlefoot was the laziest and most mischievous boy in the whole school. Whenever anything went wrong Johnny was sure to be blamed for it. One day the school-teacher missed his spectacles. He remembered having put them on the desk but a few minutes before the detestable habit of punning, a practice tacitly supposed to be confined to persons who have been longer exposed to the taint of evil associations, especially those who have crossed the confines of second childhood. The first known manifestation of the trait occurred a few weeks ago upon the occasion of a customer inquiring of the youth if the concern had any oil on sale. "Well," was the response, "I should snuff!" The sensibilities of his employer, quite naturally, received a severe shock from the hapless discovery, but he silently nursed his grief. The same customer ventured the inquiry whether it would be consistent to ask the loan of a small can wherewith to convey half a gallon of the oleaginous fluid to his home. Bestowing a furtive glance upon the customer the embryo merchant responded: "Some folks can and some folks can't!" Inside of two or three days at least a score of similar sallies were projected. To a gentleman who solicited information as to the cause of an appreciation of one cent in the value of cheese, the reply was that he "couldn't think of anything in particular that had occurred; it was only a whey it had!" He did not think it reasonable to expect the price of eggs to fluctuate with that of breakfasts, as "other consumers, unlike those of the latter commodity, were not subjects of a foreign yolk!" Upon the occasion of one of the daily visits of a vendor of peas, who was rather disposed to put on airs, he quietly remarked: "Not to mince matters, I would beg leave to impart a valuable piece of information. If you were not quite so short and crusty I think your intercourse with your fellow-men would be a little more conducive to true piety." One more example ought not to be omitted. A little girl came up to the counter saying that her grandmother had sent her for two shillings' worth of sugar, she was unable to say what kind. Fred, after a moment's reflection, commenced weighing out the saccharine product, saying: "I think we can fix you out with something that will make your granny (e)lated!" And so on to the end of the chapter.
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An Experiment in Pomology.
Asa S. Curtis, of Stratford, on his homestead lot an apple tree of the Rhode Island greening variety, upon which he has been experimenting for the last nine years. The tree, like many others of this species, had formed a habit of bearing every other year, with no signs of blossoms or fruit in the intervening year. In the spring of 1876 Mr. Curtis began his experiment by picking off all the blossoms-buds. The next was an off-year, and no blossoms appeared, but in 1878 the tree was again filled with buds. Again the buds were picked and again in 1879 the tree showed its obstinacy by refusing to blossom. In 1880, 1882 and 1884 full blossoms were tipped in the bud by Mr. Curtis, and in 1881 and 1883 the tree nearly killed in a cyclone there in 1883. This year, however, the year when no blossoms should have appeared, the tree is completely covered with bloom buds, and in a week's time a full blow will reward Mr. Curtis and prove his theory that trees may be made to bear in the off-year to be true.—Hartford Times.

BURGLARY.
The Style That Prevails in the City of Milwaukee.
"Literature," said Mr. Howells, in an article that raised a hubbub in England, "has become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray." The same may be said of burglary. It is to be regretted that the good name of the profession of housebreaking has suffered considerably in the estimation of all persons whose opinion is worth having because of certain accompanying acts that appeared to border on violence. Rightly or wrongly, a kind of odium attached itself to that arduous calling to such an extent that thoughtful parents hesitated about advising their sons to enter on an undertaking that has been looked upon as tolerably lucrative. There is no regular profession that offers such advantages in the way of collecting valuable bric-a-brac and articles of undoubted usefulness as the profession of burglary. This itself would make the business one congenial to the cultivated mind; yet, strange as it may appear, it is stated on good authority that burglars are admitted to the best society in Boston or New York unless they come in by the usual business entrance of an unlocked door or a pickpocket window.
Thus many of our best young men are deterred from entering a profession which affords tremendous advantages to the able and energetic. It is a choice of the social drawbacks that such a choice of occupation involves. It may be said that the night-work necessitated and the personal danger attendant on a diligent prosecution of this industry has much to do with its neglect. It is held, for instance, that the law affords no such opportunities as the law affords, and that the law is a profession that can be followed by daylight, and that the risk of encountering stray particles of lead is not so great as in the kindred pursuit of burglary. Still, lawyers are under no social ban, and, so until recently, law has been preferred to burglary. The reason for the ill-odor of burglary is not far to seek. Burglars have been too lax in the observance of those little acts of politeness and courtesy that so largely tend to soften human intercourse. The new school of burglary will do much to change this order of things. At present this improved method is being tried with great success in Milwaukee. The case of Mr. Ray has already been referred to in these columns, and since then the telegraph brings the account of another burglary in the same city where the burglar maintained a demeanor of the utmost politeness towards his client. He went on the principle that "in small affairs like these the expression, 'if you please,' a particularly gentlemanly tone of voice, and no doubt so thought the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the Milwaukee man whose business was centered at the time. Instead of putting the muzzle of a pistol to a man's ear, and flashing a dark lantern under his nose, the burglar of the future will gently wake the man of the house and say to him:
"Excuse me, sir, for troubling you, but the fact is that I am looking for some little things here and am rather unacquainted with the lay of the house." The man being suddenly awakened would remark that in cooler moments he would regret, but these the polished burglar will take no notice of.
"Excuse my seeming inquisitiveness, he will remark, blandly, 'but would you be so kind as to inform me where you keep your cash?'"
Thus the necessary business pertaining to a visit of this kind can be transacted with decorum and pleasure to both parties.
It is not too much to hope that in the near future the occupation of burglary will be so dignified that every burglar will have a certain number of clients and that the police burglar will have the greatest number. By strict attention to business and by respectful treatment a burglar may amass a large amount of wealth. As he rolls past in his carriage admiring friends will say: "Quite a success for the burglar, isn't it?" "The burglar's monopoly on some of the finest houses on Woodward avenue." The system may be extended so that one burglar will have the professional etiquette not to encroach on another's territory. If by mistake he enters a house out of his bailiwick, the proprietor will merely say: "Beg your pardon, but De Winton does all my burglary," and the intruder, with profuse apologies, will at once withdraw.
The effect of the new school of burglary on the professional in general ought to be very great, and it is much to the credit of a small Western town like Milwaukee that the ethics of that important branch of industry should have been first put into practice there.—Detroit Free Press.

A Big Advantage.
"How do you like your new home, Mrs. Gazatem?"
"Splendid! It's a charming place."
"I'm so glad to hear it, for I was afraid you wouldn't like it."
"On what account?"
"Why, the church across the way. It would be an annoyance to some."
"Why, that's just what makes the place so lovely, according to my notion. It's a privilege I never enjoyed before, for without taking the train to church and going out to peep through the blinds and look at the fashions till my eyes ache, and if I want to grit my teeth I can do it and nobody's the wiser. It's perfectly splendid, and makes a body feel as contented as a wax figure in a show window."—N. Y. Herald.
A gentleman in Lyon County fourteen years ago married a lady with a little daughter by a former husband. After twelve years he obtained a divorce from his wife and soon after married her daughter. The fun of it all is in the fact that the divorced wife, now his mother-in-law, lives with her daughter and husband, and all are as happy as equals.—Hartford (Conn.) Call.
RUSSIAN PRISONS.
The Horrors of the Fate Reserved to Siberia, his friends "congratulate each other and say that their beloved prisoner was born under a lucky star." And well they may, hard as is the fate of exiles to "the land of cold and misery, of brutal task-masters, and cruel punishments," when they think of the Central Prison—where in 1878 the political prisoners enforced a demand to be treated as well as murderers by refusing to eat anything whatever until their claim was given attention, a resolution they maintained for eight days and nights—or, worse still, of the famous fortress of Peter and Paul. From "Peter and Paul" these letters written in the prisoners' blood have reached the outside world, and Stepanik has held them in his hand. After reading, one does not wonder that exile and death are eagerly sought in preference to this imprisonment. The extracts we make tell but little of the story. There are details of outrage, and of enforced life in cells reeking with corruption, almost too horrible to repeat. Here is a picture of the condemned cells, "real underground vaults, dark at noonday, and infested with loathsome vermin."
"The small windows are on a level with the river, which overflows them when the Neva rises. The thick iron bars of the grating covered with dirt, shut out most of the little light that might filter through these holes. If the rays of the sun never enter the cells of the upper floor, it may easily be imagined what darkness reigns below. The walls are moldering, and dirty water continually drops from them. But most terrible are the rats. In the brick floors large holes have been left open for the rats to pass through. I express myself thus intentionally. Nothing would be easier than to block up these holes, and yet the reiterated demands of the prisoners have always been passed by unnoticed, so that the rats enter by scores, try to climb upon the beds and to bite the prisoners. It is in these hideous dungeons that the condemned to death spend their last hours. Kvatkovsky, Presninkoff and Soukoff passed their last nights here. At the present moment, among others, there is a woman with a little child at her breast. This is Jakimova. Night and day she watches over her babe lest he should be devoured by the rats."
And here, finally, is a glimpse of the treatment of the sick, among whom "are horrors that defy description, that only the pen of a Dante could adequately portray." "Oh, it is not a doctor's sick," exclaims the writer of the blood-written letter. "A year ago they were young, healthy and robust. Now they are bowed and decrepit old men, hardly able to walk. Several of them can not rise from their beds. Covered with vermin and eaten up with scurvy, they emit an odor like that of a corpse."
"But is there no doctor?" it may be asked, and "What is he doing, all this time?" Yes, there is a doctor; there are even two doctors. One, however, is past four-score, and past work. He comes to the fortress only occasionally. The other is young, and probably had enough in intention, but not very little in character, and standing in great awe of the officers of the jail. When he visits his patients he is invariably accompanied by a brace of gendarmes, lest he should surreptitiously convey letters to prisoners. He enters a cell with a troubled countenance, as if he were afraid of something; never goes further than the threshold, much less approaches the sick man's bed, or makes any examination of him, feels his pulse, or looks at his tongue. After asking a few questions he delivers his verdict, which is almost always couched in the same words: "For your illness there is no cure." "No mercy is shown even to the mad," says another of the letters, "and you may imagine how many such there are in our Golgotha. They are not sent to any asylum, but shut up in their cells and kept in order with whip and scourge. Often you hear down below the sound of heartrending shrieks, cries and groans. It is some wretched lunatic who is being flogged into obedience."—Stepnik.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.
—Mrs. Tom Thum, now the Countess Magri, wears for shoes a child's No. 8, and the Count wears a child's No. 8.
—Mrs. Elizabeth Granger, of Pittsfield, Mass., who has been a widow seventy-five years, celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary recently.
—Robert Collyer says the scientific length of a sermon is thirty minutes. If a man has anything at all worth saying he can say it in that time without repeating himself.
—A marked spirit of deferential courtesy is shown by the more important of the English reviews in treating of the works or personality of American literary men who have won their spurs.—Chicago Current.
—The Emperor of Germany has conferred upon Minnie Hank the honorary title of "Imperial Chamber Singer," a distinction shared by only three other foreign prima donnas, Adelina Patti, Jenny and Goldschmidt and Ariotti-Padilla.
—The Bible revisers base their confidence in the ultimate general acceptance of the new version on the precedent afforded in the history of the King James version, which came into general use despite the fact that it was not received by the generation contemporaneous with its production.—Chicago Current.
—Some of the ephemeral poets of a generation or two ago, who flattered and soared aloft on not over-strong pinions, are nearly forgotten by readers of the present day. Among them was Genevieve Mellen, who wrote so many temperance lyrics that he acquired the aqueous nickname of "water-melon."—Boston Budget.
—The story is denied that "Orpheus C. Kerr" is in straitened circumstances. One who knows him says of Mr. Newell that "he is not old, but, on the contrary, young, hale, merry and the delight of a charming circle of which his family is the center and which he devoted to him. In other words, Orpheus C. Kerr lives an ideal life; he writes when he pleases, and besides his family, who adore him, he has many friends."—Chicago Tribune.
—Dr. Allibone is the veteran literateur of America. At the age of thirty-four he began his "Dictionary of Authors," which may almost be termed his life-work, since it gave him occupation for eighteen years. His only assistant in this task was his wife, who copied the manuscript notes to the extent of 20,000 pages of foolscap. This work contains 3,140 double columns and includes a list of 47,000 writers, and such a production shows its author's enthusiastic love of literature.—N. Y. Tribune.
HUMOROUS.
—The tramp is of the genus that meats by chance.—Yonkers Gazette.
—There are poems unwritten and songs unsung.—"Yes," says an editor, "it is this that reconciles us to life."
—An Omaha doctor kisses his wife seventy-five times a day. "Trying to kill her, probably; eminent men kiss their wives, since it gives them a salutary health."—Loup Citizen.
—"Dear me," said a lady in Fifth avenue the other evening. "How the china craze is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying \$3,000 for a pitcher."—Albany Times.
—"What makes the rain grow so loud, mamma?" asked little Joe in a thunder-storm. "Another small friend under similar circumstances said that she was afraid of the 'quick sunshine.'"—N. Y. Independent.
—Miss Miggs—"I hope, my dear, that you don't go to the theater alone." Estelle—"No, indeed. I never think of going unless I am chaperoned." Miss Miggs—"Unless you are what?" Estelle—"Chaperoned." Miss Miggs—"That is the way with me; I always like to have a chap around."—Drake's Magazine.
—A man in the smoking-car on a Danbury & Norwich Railway train this morning leaned over to the man who sat in front of him and said: "Have you a match?" "Yes, but I haven't got any cigar." Was the prompt reply. "Then you can't smoke," said the man, said the first man, sweetly.—Danbury (Conn.) News.
—A Galveston mendicant was in the habit of calling at the office of a local lawyer and receiving a small sum on account of former acquaintance. Last week the mendicant called as usual, but the lawyer said, "I can't assist you any longer, as I've got a wife now, and a woman still. You can lay my hands on it." "Well, now, that's just coming a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense."—Texas Siftings.
—At a station down in Indiana the Lake Shore Company employs a lady ticket agent. She is a good agent, and attends closely to her business, but she is a woman still. The other day a lady traveler stepped up to the ticket window and inquired about a train that was a little late. "Meaning if it would be long?" she asked, meaning if it would be long in arriving. "Oh, yes," was the reply of the fair ticket agent, "longer than last season, but without so many rattles around the edge."—Chicago Herald.
His Father Taught Him.
Complaint was brought to Colonel Fizzlefoot that his boy Johnny had attacked and beaten on Dallas Boulevard, a much smaller boy than himself. The Colonel took Johnny aside, and had a private conversation with him, in which joint discussion a strap played an important part. "I'll teach you to strike a smaller boy than yourself."
"That's so," sobbed Johnny, "that's just what you are doing."
"What do you mean, you young scamp?" shouted the enraged parent.
"I mean, pa, you taught me to whip little boys. You are bigger than I am, since I can remember, so I thought it was all right for me to whip boys littler than myself."—Texas Siftings.