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Jan-3-85-1y

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

Mark Miller, a noted desperado, was killed in Menifee county last week by Rowland Stone. The murderer himself was the kind of a Rowland Stone that gathers no remorse.

THE GENTLEMANLY CLERK.

He to the gentlemanly clerk
Put mild interrogation
Regarding early trains, of which
He wanted information.
The gentlemanly clerk no heed
Paid to the exhortation;
For he his nails sat trimming there
In thoughtful cogitation.
Again the guest accosted him;
Expressed his perturbation
For interrupting him in such
Important occupation.
But he must to the city go,
And with his approbation,
He'd like to learn the earliest train
That leaves the railroad station.
The gentlemanly clerk looked up
With weary indignation;
Then to his nails returned without
The slightest hesitation.
The guest spake out again, this time
With much exasperation.
His language full of cuss words was,
His tone of agitation.
"I will submit to this," he cried,
"For no consideration.
To your employer will I go
And ask an explanation.
I seek this caravanseral
My few weeks of vacation
To pass away in peace and quiet
And restful recreation—"
"And so do I!" the clerk broke in
With placid observation.
The guest first stared then walked away
In silent contemplation.

—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

A REBEL SPY.

Desperate and Successful Rush for Life.

Now let me tell you that in time of hurry and excitement, like that which precedes a battle, the life of a single man seems of no more value than the snap of a finger. There is no time to waste in story-telling, and no disposition to sympathize with victims. I say this in cold blood now, but once upon a time I felt that a drum-head court-martial was murder in the first degree.

You will remember that when Bragg evacuated Chattanooga he set a trap for Rosecrans. Rosecrans took the bait, and the battle of Chickamauga was the result. At the time I was a scout at Bragg's headquarters, and while Rosecrans was strung out over a line of country forty miles long, each corps isolated and inviting destruction, all our scouts were kept busy bringing in news.

I had been sending in reports from McCook's troops. Dressed as a Federal Second Lieutenant I had mingled with various regiments without being suspected. The Federal army was straining every nerve to concentrate, and in the great excitement and anxiety one would scarcely have noticed what sort of a uniform his right-hand comrade wore. I gave Bragg a fair idea of the strength of several divisions, number of batteries, esprit de corps of the rank and file, etc., and twelve hours before the fight opened at Chicamauga I was ready to leave the blue coats and return to the gray.

I always found it easier to get into the enemy's camp than to get out. It was certainly so in this case. I had marched all day with Sheridan's infantry. Several times during the day I had been asked the name of my regiment and company, but had ready answers. I could name half a dozen different regiments, and had a very reasonable excuse for being ahead or behind my own.

The men halted at noon to prepare coffee, and as I passed a group of officers by the roadside they called out for me to join them for the hasty meal. I pretended not to have heard, and the invitation was renewed. I had no alternative but to accept and make the best of it. They were a jolly set, being Captains and Lieutenants in the same regiment, and it was evident they took me for an officer in one of the other regiments in the brigade. The conversation related wholly to the coming battle, and I was acting my part as well as could be expected, when I suddenly caught sight of a face which unsettled me in a moment.

Opposite me was a Federal Captain who had not spoken a word since I joined the group. He not only had a peculiar face, but there was a film over his left eye which rendered it sightless, while the other had a strange way of glaring at me. When I looked up I felt that he had been scrutinizing me from the first moment. There was something about which whispered of evil to me, and I suddenly lost my appetite. I made a pretense of eating, however, and was hoping to get away from the group without being questioned, when the Captain leaned forward and, in a voice which rasped and grated on the ear, inquired:

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"The Fifth," replied.

"What Fifth?"

"Illinois."

"Humph!"

I answered him by chance, not knowing whether such a regiment was in the corps or not. Did he know? What did he mean by "humph?"

None of the other officers seemed to have any interest in the case, but I was not yet ready to go when the Captain left the circle. Was he going to consult some superior officer regarding my arrest? The fear that he was caused me to act at once. He was no sooner out of sight than I hastily excused myself and hurried down the road. The troops were on the march again, and I pushed along at a brisk pace and was soon mixed up with another brigade.

When night came I must be with the advance. It would be quite easy then to evade the pickets and reach Confederate territory. By mid-afternoon I was with the advance brigade, and had almost forgotten the circumstance of the Captain with the wicked look, when I suddenly found him at my elbow. He was trudging along the same as myself, and as much unnoticed.

You may believe that my heart gave a wild jump. Was I mistaken? I hoped and believed so, but as I took a second look there was no room to doubt that my first glance had identified the man. It was that Captain, sure enough. He did not seem to see me, but he moderated or increased his pace by mine. He did not look at me, nor did he open his mouth to utter a single word. He simply hung on like a bloodhound, satisfied that I was his victim.

The helpless feeling that first overcame me soon gave way to one of annoyance and anger. Did he remember me? I was satisfied that he did. Did he suspect me of being in disguise? If not why did he follow me? Why didn't he denounce me at once? Why didn't he interrogate or accuse? What was he waiting for?

Hour after hour that silent, speechless, relentless human bloodhound trailed me. I tried in a dozen ways to shake him off, but he was my shadow. Once I determined to turn on him and insult him and frighten him off, but a quarrel would have drawn attention and perhaps strengthened his case.

Soon after sunset the brigade swung into posit on along the line selected by the engineers as the battle line of the morrow. As we were filing past a group of officers consulting maps spread out under the trees, while the ground around was strewn with headquarter baggage, the wicked Captain suddenly seized me by the right arm, while a Sergeant grasped my left, and I was conducted into the presence of General Sheridan. My captors said not a word in defense of their action; I was too upset to protest.

As we walked into the little circle of officers Sheridan looked up and seemed to size me up at a glance.

"What is it, Captain?" he said.

"Rebel spy!" was the brief answer.

"Search him!"

In five minutes they had thoroughly searched my clothing, but they found no compromising documents.

"Who are you?" asked the General.

"Lieutenant Charles Stevens, Company B, Fifth Illinois.

The wicked Captain handed the General a paper. It was the roster of the regiment. It convicted me in a moment.

"Have him shot within ten minutes!" said Sheridan, turning to his maps.

I expected just such an order, and had been nerving myself. My captors had let go of my arms, and I was free for a rush. The General had hardly ceased speaking, when I made a break. In the twilight, with everything confusion, it was a scheme offering many chances of success. There was a wild rush after me, and the alarm spread through a whole division, but before ten o'clock I was inside the Confederate lines.—*An "Ex-Rebel," in Detroit Free Press.*

SERVICES AT THE CAPITAL.

The Way the Sabbath Was Formerly Observed by Legislators.

Divine services were held every Sunday morning in the old hall of the House of Representatives, but when the new hall was occupied, and the war was commenced, Congress began to elect Washington clergymen as chaplains, who preferred to occupy their own pulpits, and thus save the expense of hiring substitutes. The result has been that while under the old plan of having Congressional services at the Capitol nearly all of the Senators and Representatives attended, but few of them now ever darken the doors of the city churches.

The old hall of the House, modeled after a Grecian theater, was as imposing in appearance as it was unfit for Legislation. The talent of successive architects, of the luxuriant L'Enfant, the magnificent Latrobe, and the practical Bullfinch, aided by the decorations of accomplished sculptors, foreign and domestic, and set off by all the gorgeousness of modern upholstery and Honduras mahogany, wrought and polished by the master artists of New York and Philadelphia, had conspired to make a room utterly unfit for any earthly purpose to which it could ever be applied, for no member could hear what any other member said. At the bottom of a lofty colonnade, which rivaled the Portico of Pantheon in magnitude and surpassed it in the richness of its materials, was the curtained pagoda, which, like the poet's nightcap, "a cap by night, a stocking all the day," after serving for six days as the throne of human legislation, became the chair of pulpit eloquence on the seventh. There was a choir composed of those officers of Congress who were singers, with the wives and daughters of some of them, and hymn books were provided.

The chaplains of the Senate and of the House, who alternately officiated, adhered to their respective forms of worship. Distinguished divines visiting the metropolis were invited to officiate at the Capitol on Sunday, and thus Roman Catholic bishops, Hebrew rabbis, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Methodists each had an opportunity for explaining their respective creeds. Whenever the sermon was too long, and an inspection of watches told the audience that the Northern mail had arrived there were visible signs of impatience. When it waxed later, and the resident auditors, who went to the city churches in the afternoon, began to fear that they would lose their own early and frugal Sunday dinner, other symptoms of disquietude were visible. And when at last the dinner bells were heard from the neighboring boarding houses, many of the audience would unceremoniously leave, bringing the preacher to an abrupt conclusion. It is to be regretted that these Congressional services at the Capitol have been discontinued. They secured the attendance of the Senators and Representatives, not one in twenty of whom now hear a sermon, and they exercised a pleasant influence upon the asperities of legislation.—*Ben Perley Poore.*

A Singular Ceremony.

A curious ceremony was performed recently at Travancore, India. The Maharajah was weighed against a mass of pure gold, which was then dispensed in charity. This custom, called "Tulabhara," is of great antiquity. It is not unknown in other parts of India; though of course gold is only used in the case of wealthy persons, the humbler sort being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the present occasion the Maharajah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmins, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony, in the hope that the Maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until forty-seven years old, when he weighed fourteen and three-quarters stone.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—Old Judge Saunders is a great brag, and has told about a dozen different stories in regard to the weight of a certain big catfish that he caught. A friend, trying to entrap him, asked: "Judge, what was the precise weight of that big fish you caught?" Judge Saunders (to colored waiter): "Bob, what did I say yesterday that catfish weighed?" "What time yesterday, boss—in de mawning, at dinner time, or after supper?"—*Christian at Work.*

—A sale of unclaimed articles left in the cars of the New York Elevated Railroad recently took place. There were no fewer than 800 umbrellas and parasols, 150 books, 50 hats, and 250 empty purses and money bags.

WESLEY AND HIS WIFE.

The Great Preacher Figuring as an Objector in His Marital Relations.

Great men are not always fortunate in their wives. Here is a letter written by John Wesley to his wife, which a correspondent has brought to light. John Wesley was married in February, 1751, to Mrs. Mary Vazille,, "a merchant's widow in Threadneedle street," who possessed a fortune of about $50,000, secured to herself and her four children. He was forty-eight, she forty-one. His biographer, the Rev. L. Tyerman, says of their marriage that it "was, in a high degree, an act of folly; and, properly enough, to the end of of life, both of them were made to suffer a serious penalty."

COLEFORD, October 23, 1759.—*Dear Molly:*—I will tell you simply and plainly the things wch. I dislike. If you remove them, well, If not, I am but where I was. I dislike your showing any one my letters and private papers without my leave. This never did any Good yet, either to you or me, or any one. It only sharpens and embitters your own Spirit. And the same Effect it naturally has upon Others. The same as it would have upon me, but that (by the Grace of God) I do not think of it. It can do no Good. It can never bring me nearer, tho' it may drive me further off. And should you do as you so often threaten me, then the matter is over. I know what I have to do. In all this you are fighting against yourself. You are frustrating your own purpose, if you want me to love you. You take just the wrong way. No one was ever forced to love another. It cannot be: Love can only be won by softness: Foul means avail nothing. But you say, "I have tried Fair Means and they did not succeed." If they do not none will. Then you have only to say, "This Evil is of the Lord: I am Clay in his hand."

I dislike, 2, Not having the Command of my own House; not being at liberty to invite even my nearest Relations so much as to Drink a dish of Tea without disobeying you. I dislike, 3, The being myself a Prisoner in my own house: the having my Chamber door watched continually so that no Person can go in or out, but such as have your Good leave. I dislike, 4, The being but a prisoner at large, even when I go abroad, inasmuch as you are highly disgusted if I do not give you an Account of every place I go to and every person with whom I converse. I dislike, 5, The not being safe in my own House. My House is not my Castle. I can not call even my Study, even my Bureau my own. They are liable to be plundered every day. You say, "I plunder you of noting but Papers." I am not sure of that. How is it possible I should? I miss money, too, and he that will steal a Pin will steal a Pound. But were it so, a Scholar's Papers are his Treasure; My Journal in particular. "But I took only such papers as relate to Sarah Ryan and Sarah Crosby." That is not true: What are Mr. Landey's Letters to Them? Besides, you have taken Parts of my Journal which relate to neither one nor the Other. I dislike, 6, Your Treatment of my Servants (tho' indeed they are not properly mine). You do all that in you lies to make their Lives a Burden to them. You brow-beat, harass, rate them like Dogs, make them afraid to speak to me. You treat them with such Haughtiness, Sternness, Sourness, Surliness, ill-nature, as never were known in any House of mine for near a dozen years. You forget even Good breeding, and use such coarse Language as befits none but a Fishwife.

I dislike, 7, Your talking against me behind my back, and that every Day and almost every Hour of the Day; making my Faults (real or supposed) the Standing Topic of your Conversation. I dislike, 8, Your Slandering me, laying at my charge things which you know are false. Such are (to go but a few days back) "That I beat you," Which you told James Burgis. That I rode to Kingswood with Sarah Ryan, which you told Sarah Rigby; and that I required you, when we were first married, never to sit in my presence without my leave. Which you told Mrs. Lee, Mrs Fry, and several others; and stood to it before my face. I dislike, 9, your common Custom of saying things not true. To instance only in two or three Particulars. You told Mr. Ireland "Mr. Vazzilla learnt Spanish in a Fortnight." You told Mr. Fry "Mrs. Ellison was the author as to my Intrigue in Georgia." You told Mrs. Ellison "You never said any such thing; you never charged her with it." You also told her "That I had laid a Plot to serve You as Susannah was served by the two Elders." I dislike, 10, your extreme, immeasurable Bitterness to all who endeavor to defend my Character (as my Brother Joseph Jones, Clayton Carthy), breaking out even into foul, unmannerly Language; such as ought not to defile a Gentlewoman's lips, if she did not believe one Word of the Bible.

And now; Molly, what would any one advise you to, that has a real Concern for your Happiness? Certainly, 1, To show, read, touch those Letters no more; if you did not restore them to their proper owner: 2, To allow me the command of my own House, with free Leave to invite thither whom I please: 3, To allow me my Liberty there (that any who will may come to me, without Let or Hindrance): 4, To let me go where I please, and to whom I please, without giving an Account to any: 5, To assure me, you will take no more of my Papers, nor anything of mine, without my Consent: 6, To treat all the servants where you are (whether you like them or not) with Courtesy and Humanity, and not speak, (if you speak at all) to them, as well as with others, with good nature, and Good manners: 7, To speak no evil of me behind my back; 8, Never to accuse me falsely: 9, To be extremely cautious of saying anything that is not strictly true, both as to the Matter and Manner: and, 10, To avoid all Bitterness of Expression, till you can avoid all Bitterness of Spirit.

These are the Advices, which I now give you in the Fear of God, and in tender Love to Your Soul. Nor can I give you a Stronger Proof that I am, your affectionate husband.

JOHN WESLEY.

Mary's life ended ten years before her husband's. She died in 1781, after having made him miserable for thirty years. Wesley survived her, living to the ripe age of eighty-eight. In a worldly way he had gained nothing by his marriage. It lost him his fellowship at Oxford and at least temporarily alienated his brother Charles and his wife.—*N. Y. Critic.*

FLIES.

Some of the Lessons Which the "Nuisance" Inculcates.

Do all of my readers give a unanimous vote of "nuisance!" on the fly question? There will be at least one dissenting voice, for it is not supposable that the Creator made anything in vain, that all of the ordinary creatures around us, if our servants, not our masters, in some way, or in some respects, are blessings. To understand and appreciate the uses and advantages of a large class of what may be termed scavengers, cleansers, it should be known that all living and breathing creatures are constantly throwing off foul and poisonous gases, and that all decaying animal and vegetable substances are as steadily polluting the air by decomposition and decay, while these combined influences would soon render the air so contaminated, so poisonous, that animal life would be impossible, aside from some purifying influences. The vegetable world does wonders in this purification, the whole woody fibre of the world being composed of the carbonic acid gas which results from breathing, combustion, decay, etc., while a large class, like the fly, crow, hyena, buzzard, swine, etc., true to their mission in this world, are ever busy in appropriating what would otherwise prove poisonous to us, *food* for them! A dead carcass is found on the surface, warmed by the sun, when decay promptly commences. The scavengers seize upon it, devour it greedily as if to protect us, the smaller bugs and insects offering their aid, as rapidly as possible covering with the soil what they can not promptly dispose of, that all of the gases may not escape into the air, but enter the soil, there to nourish the vegetable kingdom, while the rays of the sun and the winds scatter the escaping gases far and wide, soon to be absorbed by the leaves and grasses, reappearing in forms of beauty, and wholesome fruits, grains, etc.

The fly does his part in this great and important work of purification, seeing with his ten thousand and three eyes what would pass unnoticed by us, eagerly devouring his appropriate food. This he finds in the smallest atoms of animal and vegetable matters too small to be noticed by the tidy housekeeper, which otherwise would be permitted to putrefy, contaminating the air. We may imagine that he circles about in the air with no definite object in view, but if we will carefully watch him we shall be convinced that he has an object, collecting his food, atoms of impure or decaying matter, which otherwise would enter our lungs, adding to the impurity of our blood. This filth is collected on his wings and head, for as we see him light, he scrapes his wings and head with his legs and feet, passing the gathered morsels from foot to foot, the front pair passing his dinner to his mouth. In this way he is busily engaged during considerable of the time in the bright sunlight, when he can see his dainty morsels distinctly.

Truly, in Bible language, "where the carcass is, there will the eagles," the flies, the vermin, etc., "be gathered together."

In addition to the very important lesson of cleanliness, relating more to health than to mere looks, the fly teaches us the value of sunlight, not only to cheer but to purify the air, for he has too much good sense to live in a dark room. When the parlor is darkened, he seeks a decent place for his residence.—*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

How the Resting Place of the Dead Prince in South Africa Appears.

The first thing that strikes one is the extreme beauty and order of the little enclosure. It looks like a little flower garden with sloping banks on each side. It was really, it seems, originally a dry donga with dark black mud, and the bottom is filled with the inclosure and cross, whereas the sloping sides of the donga are covered with the pretty green cypresses and pines now, perhaps, six feet high. The country round is fearfully plain, and near the place where the Prince was killed little brogen dongas abound. But the eye rests on the pretty arrangement in the planted inclosure with pleasure. There is first a little square, about ten feet long and eight feet broad inclosed with beautiful white quartz stones brought from Emblungwane hill, close by. It looks like a little marble wall a foot high. Then the white stone cross, put up by Queen Victoria, stands on a pedestal, set upon some of the same large whitish stones. A long inscription says how it was put up by Queen Victoria to the memory of the Prince Napoleon, who was killed here, with his face to the foe. There is also in the inclosure a long flat, raised altar-tomb, with a cross worked upon it in tones, and at the foot of this is a little crucifix, with an inscription in French. Higher up in the inclosed piece of ground is the site of another grave with a recumbent cross, I suppose to the memory of the soldier who was killed at the same time (Trooper Rogers, I think, of Bettington's horse), but no name is to be seen. A native was also killed at the same time. The trees look so nice and green, and there are several little beds made with stone edgings in which are planted hydrangeas, lilies and little shrubs. But care and keeping in order are evident everywhere. There is a little wooden cross fast decaying, which records that it was put up to mark the spot by the Royal Scots Fusiliers. The little place looks pretty, and outside are all the dry, long grass and the ugly dongas. One donga with water runs close to the stone steps which lead to the cemetery, and an embankment has just been put up to prevent the water from washing away the foundations of the wall which runs all around the inclosure, and on the top of which are planted aloes. About fifty yards off is the mealie garden (the kraal is now gone), where the Prince rested. He seems to have been getting away on foot when he was killed, his horse having broken from him. The river Ityotyozi is about one hundred yards below the garden. The ground slopes to the river, so people coming up from it could not be seen through the long grass. The crest of the hill on the other side of the river, where the Zulus were first seen, is about a quarter of a mile off, but they could make a circuitous hidden approach. The place is four hours' ride from Rorke's Drift, or more, and in a desolate part of the country.—*Natal Mercury.*

SIC TRANSIT.

Glory Is Transient, Fame Is Fleeting, and All Is Vanity.

My dear boy, do not envy your neighbor his greatness. Do not repine because you are not President of the United States, standing between the deep sea and the Mugwumps, with a thousand wearying cares on his heart and brain. Glory is transient and fame doesn't last long. All is vanity, my son. "Man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not." The joke that is new to-day, doth it not pass into the sad and dreary tomb of the circus, or the embalming hands of the end man to-morrow? "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease," but the song we all sang yesterday, and paid money to hear, and applauded with loud resounding encores, do we lift up our hands to-day and smite the man who singeth "Sw**t V**l**ts" or "G*bble, G*bble?" But yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world; to-day the smiling clerk looks up from the register and says cheerfully: "Sample room, Julius?" The King and the President, my boy, are like grass which groweth up; in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. The lawn mower of fate brings us all to the same smooth level, prophet, priest, king and tramp, and the lawn looks all the better and more velvety after the lawn mower has passed over it. Happier than the man who gets there is the man who gets left, for he hath all the roses of anticipation with none of the harrowing thorns of realization. Happier, my son, the villager who goeth forth to the post-office and asketh for a letter than the titled villager who handeth it out to him, for the villager who asketh curseth the titled villager when there is no letter, and the insulted postmaster can not swear back when there is one."—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A paper piano has been manufactured at Paris. The material for the case was compressed and took a perfect polish, and the tone of the instrument, though not loud, was very sweet—a soft, full, quasi-continuous sound, resembling somewhat that of the organ.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Very entertaining stories come from the West this summer. One is an account of a rattlesnake stopping a locomotive.—*Boston Post.*

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