RICHLAND BEACON.

A Real Live Country Paper. Published every Saturday Morning.

WILEY P. MANGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

S. B. BAIRD, Associate Editor & Publisher.

Terms of Subscription:

One copy, one year.....$3.00
One copy, six months.....2.50
Ten copies, in clubs one year, each.....2.00
Single copies.....10

☞All subscriptions invariably in advance. No name entered upon the list until the subscription is paid.

RICHLAND BEACON.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

VOL. V.—NO. 26. RAYVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873. WHOLE NO. 233.

RICHLAND BEACON.

Rates of Advertising.

SPACE.	1 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
1 Square	$1.50	$4.00	$8.00	$10.00	$18.00
2 Squares	2.75	7.00	15.00	18.00	25.00
3 Squares	4.00	9.00	20.00	25.00	35.00
4 Squares	5.25	11.00	25.00	32.00	45.00
5 Squares	6.50	13.00	28.00	39.00	55.00
6 Squares	7.75	15.00	35.00	46.00	65.00
1 Column	20.00	30.00	65.00	120.00	160.00

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1.50 per square for the first insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent one. Ten lines or less constitute a square.

☞Professional Cards, $10 per annum; for six months, $12.50, in advance.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A RHYME OF THE RAIN.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

Like a blotch upon a beauty,
Comes a cloud across the sky;
Like an unrelenting duty,
Fall the rain-drops from on high;
Like death upon a holiday,
Like sleigh-ride upon wheels,
Like lifting on a jolly day,
Like medicine at meals,
Sets in a storm preposterous,
Of every plan the bane;
Now sullen, and now boisterous,
Malicious, mean, or roistérous,
But always moist and moisture-ous,
Forever on the rain,
And never on the wane,
Bringing sudden consternation,
And a long-drawn botheration,
To the men upon the house-top, and the cattle in the plain.
How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending shower!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
How it rattles on the shutter!
How it rumples up the lawn!
How 'twill sigh, and moan, and mutter,
From darkness until dawn!—
Making human life a burden,
Making joy a flimsy wife,
Making bondage seem a guerdon
In the rainless fields of Egypt, by the clever river Nile.

Yet how pleasantly the rain,
With its delicate refrain,
May sing away the sultriness of summer day or night!
Set the drooping grass a-springing,
And the robin's throat a-ringing,
Fill the meadow-lands with verdure, and the hills with glistening light!
Or in April, fickle-hearted,
Ere the chill has quite departed,
That the frosts, and the snows, and the howling winds have brought,
When all the signs of gladness
Take a somber tinge of sadness,
For days and deeds that come no more, and dreams that fell to naught!
Then, in half-unwelcome leisure,
'Tis a sort of solemn pleasure
To sit beside the ingle,
Or to lie beneath the shingle,
And listen to the patter of the rain, rain, rain,
To the drip, drip, drip,
And the patter, patter, patter,
On the roof, and the shutter, and the pane, pane, pane.

But whether night or daytime,
In harvest-time or play-time,
And whether pour or patter,
The early rain or latter
Reigns over human purpose, and plays with human fears—
Sets mighty armies shouting,
Sends little Cupid pouting,
Turns trusting into doubting,
And triumph into tears.

Oh! sadly I remember
One treacherous September,
When the autumn equinoctial came a week or so too soon.
I had started, with a cousin,
For the church, among a dozen
Maids and matrons who were airing
The "fall styles," and gayly wearing
The very newest, sweetest things in bonnets 'neath the moon,
And midway of the journey,
Like a thousand knights in tourney,
The leveled lances of the rain drove furious at our breast;
And the "fall styles" fell and wilted,
Oh the dames so proudly kilted,
And by sudden transformation worse than worst became the best.
Though I now am sere and yellow,
I was then a valiant fellow,
And esteemed it more a joy to serve the ladies than to live.
Imagine, then, my feelings,
'Mid the shrinkings and the squealings,
When my "water-proof" umbrella proved a sieve, sieve, sieve!
When my shiny new umbrella proved a sieve!
What a sorry lot of mortals
Sat within the sacred portals,
In their mermaid millinery looking sad, sad, sad!
Nothing dry except the sermon,
Which discoursed on dews of Hermon
And the streams which, saith the Scripture, do make glad, glad, glad!
So the preacher praised the waters
To those mothers, wives, and daughters,
Every dripping, draggled one of whom was mad, mad, mad!
And my bright and handsome cousin,
Sweetest girl among the dozen,
Or among a dozen dozen you might meet along the way,
Then a hopeful, sprightly lassie,
Now, I fear, a little *passe*,
Dates the ruin of her chances from that rainy Sabbath-day.
She had spent her last round dollar
For the bonnet, gloves, and collar,
That should have proved effective on the smart young pulpiteer;
But he rode home in the carriage
Of her rival, and their marriage
Was solemnized (my cousin's word) in less than half a year.

But gladly I remember
One crimson-hued September,
When we strayed along the hedges and within the gorgeous wold;
A merry autumn party
Of men and maidens hearty,
Rejoicing in the foliage of scarlet and of gold;
And ere we thought of turning,
Or saw a sign of warning,
We heard upon the fallen leaves the footsteps of the rain.
Away went rules conventional!
And I, with haste intentional,
Just clapped my good old broad-brim on the head of Annie Blaine.
That extemporized umbrella
Threw cold water on a fellow
Who was courting, in a lazy sort of way, Miss Annie Blaine;
While it made me quite a gallant,
And a fine young man of talent,
In the eyes and estimation of the beauteous Annie Blaine.
In the dreamy summer haze
Of my far-off boyish days,
I had chased the luring butterfly across the grassy plain;
But I never threw my hat
O'er a prize so fair as that
When it sheltered, caught, and gave me, the lovely Annie Blaine.
And I've blessed that gentle rain
Again and yet again,
For the flowers it set blooming in my life, life, life;
For the crimson and the gold
That adorn the little fold
Where I find an autumn shelter with my wife, wife, wife.

—*Appletons' Journal.*

CAPT. JONES.

I do not recollect, in all my acquaintance with military men, to have met with but one person holding a commission in the honorable service of arms, in whom was combined all the skill and accomplishments of the true soldier with the cowardice of the meanest poltroon.

This unenviable character was possessed by an individual whose real name, for obvious reasons, I will not give, but will simply designate as Captain Jones, of the Blank Regiment of Infantry.

I first became acquainted with this officer at Camargo, in Mexico, where his regiment arrived a few days before the army moved forward to Monterey; and I must confess that I never met with a more agreeable and companionable fellow in my life. He was the very soul of wit and youthful vivacity; and consequently a favorite with his regiment; for, as his peculiar temperament had never had an occasion to develop itself, his bravery had never been doubted.

When the order for our hasty preparations for the advance was promulgated, no one was more elated, apparently, than Captain Jones at the prospect of our soon "locking horns with the yellow-skins," as he facetiously expressed it. He was then every where among his men, exhorting them to hasten their readiness, and congratulating them upon the glorious opportunity which would soon be afforded them for distinguishing themselves, and their deeds of heroism, acquiring for them a favorable position in the heard than from his lips. In short, no one could come in contact with him without immediately experiencing the contagious effects of his own manly and gallant bearing.

But alas! for poor Capt. Jones, his courage did not long remain at the sticking-point, after we arrived within sight of the enemy. Our good General was so favorably impressed with his soldierlike appearance during the march, and the perfect discipline of his men, that he selected him with a portion of his company, to form a reconnoitering party, which, after proceeding through the fields in the direction of the enemy's outposts, was to examine the position of certain covered batteries, and to draw their fire, that we might know how to direct our own. But, unfortunately, just as the party had entered a narrow gully in front of the works, he was suddenly attacked with a violent spasm of the stomach, which rendered it impossible for him to proceed another step.

This disease he declared he had had several twinges of before, and attributed it to the peculiar character of the water of the country, together with the fatigue of his previous march. After directing his lieutenant to conduct the reconnoisance, as ordered by the General, Captain Jones threw himself upon the ground, under cover of the banks, and patiently awaited the return of his men.

When they had accomplished their objects, and returned to the gully, they found the Captain now recovered, in perfect health and spirits; and returning at their head, he reported the results of his examination with so much minuteness and apparent knowledge of the ground as to receive the special thanks of his commander.

This duty was performed, as the gallant old General supposed, with so much fearlessness and promptitude on the part of Captain Jones, that he determined the next morning, when the action commenced in earnest, to give him, with his regiment, a peculiarly honorable position in the storming of the lower part of the city.

With cool and manly bearing did this really fine looking officer place himself at the head of his brave men and move on with his regiment. But scarcely had he entered the outskirts of the suburbs, under cover of cane-plantations and cornfields, and attracted the fire of the enemy, than he suddenly disappeared. There was no time to search for him, and his lieutenant supposing that some casual shot had struck him down, assumed the command of the company and moved on to the attack.

Most fearful was the havoc among our noble fellows at this point; for the regiments engaged in the focus of the cross-fire, which belched forth from those masked batteries, suffered as no other troops did during that severely contested battle, and we surgeons found our hands more than full in our attendance upon the wounded and dying.

About two hours after the advance of the Blank regiment, a soldier, whose duty it was to attend the stretcher-bearers and other assistants of the surgeons engaged on the field, came to me with a request that I would go immediately with him to a young officer who, dangerously wounded, was lying in a house close at hand.

"Why did you not bring him to us?" I asked.

"Oh, sir," replied the soldier, "he says he is too badly hurt to be moved till he has first seen you."

"Is he bleeding much?" I inquired.

"Not much, that I could see, sir; he says his hurt is internal."

So leaving our poor fellows, who were needing all our care and skill, and calling to a brother surgeon to take my place for a few moments, I went in search of the wounded officer. On entering the house the man directed me to, I found Captain Jones lying apparently insensible on a blanket. A few stains of blood were discoverable upon his face, and his white linen trousers were considerably smeared with dust and blood commingled as if he had drawn himself painfully over the uneven ground to his present shelter.

"My dear Captain," said I, stooping upon one knee by his side, and raising his head upon my hand, "are you badly hurt? Speak if you can," for I at once perceived that he was breathing quite naturally. "Tell me," I continued, "where are you wounded?"

He could not speak, but placed his hand upon his breast.

"Let me examine," said I, as I tore open his coat and, unbuttoning his shirt bosom, passed my hand carefully over his chest, exploring for gun-shot or contusion. But my search was useless; I found neither one nor the other.

My examination seemed to have aroused the Captain from his stupor, and, opening his eyes, he appeared for the first time to recognize me.

"Ah, my dear Doctor, is that you? How kind you are! Tell me how long have I been lying here? But don't stay any longer. I know my brave fellows, many of them need your services. Hurry off to them, I pray, and let me die, for I feel that I am past your help. Yes, Doctor, I am a dying man. Oh! is it not glorious thus to die at one's post?" and then he quoted the old Latin aphorism about its being sweet to die for one's country. After resting a moment from this effort, he continued: "Break it gently to them, Doctor—to my friends at home, I mean. Don't put my name on your list of killed: but only report me as wounded—dangerously wounded—you understand. It might be a great shock to their loving hearts to learn too abruptly that I was killed, so please, dear Doctor, enter me on your report as dangerously wounded, that's a good fellow."

"But, Captain Jones, I cannot report you at all, till I ascertain the nature of your injuries. Where are you wounded, sir?" I demanded rather coolly; for by this time I had caught his eye, and by its expression, and the regular vibration of the radial artery at his wrist, I was becoming suspicious of his game. The blood upon his face and clothes I was satisfied had never pulsated through his veins; and rapidly coupling the various circumstances together, I was finally convinced that he was no more hurt than myself, but reiterated my inquiry, "Where are hurt, sir?"

"Why, my dear fellow," said he, as, with a groan, he made an effort to turn upon his side, "as to that, I can't say as I was exactly hit, but, but——"

"But what, sir," I impatiently exclaimed, now becoming extremely disgusted with the fellow's poltroonry. "Answer me, quickly, for there are many brave men about who are actually requiring my services; answer me, sir, without any more buts."

"My dear Doctor, you must certainly know me well enough to be assured that I would be the last man—the very last man in the service—to——"

"Pooh, pooh! tell me, sir, and without any more circumlocution, where and how you are hurt."

"Why, then, since you will have it, I am bruised most horribly by the wind of a nine pound shot, which passed so near my left side as almost to take away my breath. I think, too, that in the violent concussion my breast bone was fractured, or at least one of the ribs near it, and I spit blood freely. I am suffocating with pain, and I know that I cannot live an hour longer."

Mexican batteries, for it seems as if my breast bone was broken, it—that is to say, it must have been a spent shot."

"But there is no mark of it," I answered.

"Oh, no; I suppose not, Doctor, for, now I think of it, I presume it was only the wind of it, that knocked me senseless. But, my dear Doctor, to save the feelings of my friends at home, you may enter my name on your morning report as only slightly wounded."

"Indeed, Captain Jones, I never before met such an ar——"

"Yes, yes, Doctor, I understand. I know it's quite an extraordinary case—very extraordinary—but I believe there are many instances mentioned in your books—are there not? You can make a note of this, if you choose, 'Captain Jones, of the Blank Regiment, in the storming of Monterey, knocked insensible by the wind of a nine pound shot; and, though rendered *hors du combat* for the time, not materially injured.' There, my good fellow, that will do. So now, go—go—not another word; only, pray let my name be entered on your roll of wounded. And now, good-bye. Some of my men will probably find me and bear me to my quarters. Call on me there, please, as you make your rounds in the morning, Doctor."

As I turned away, to return to the spot where my brother surgeons were occupied in dressing the wounds of really brave men, I was so completely disgusted with the unnatural meanness of Captain Jones' conduct that I determined, for the honor of the corps to which he belonged, and the service generally, not to mention it to any living soul; but the following day, in my list of casualties, reported him as very slightly disabled, but not specifying from what cause.

I kept my own counsels; and though I could not help despising the downright cowardice of Captain Jones, his conduct on the present occasion remained unknown to his brother officers; and the next morning, as I passed his tent, around which were a number of his friends congratulating him upon his lucky escape, I was obliged to disguise my feelings toward him, as I returned his very polite, but excessively impudent salutation.

That day the Captain, ascertaining that his regiment would not be required for any particularly dangerous duty, reported himself sufficiently recovered to take command of his company; and I observed him, when I chanced to be in his neighborhood, extremely attentive to all the minutiæ of the service. He had his men out for drill in the manual of arms, and in deploying, skirmishing, receiving a charge, and other field practice, while he occasionally enforced his instructions with promises of the opportunity they would have, that day, or at least before the city should surrender, of enrolling their names among the heroes of the war.

At length, by some inexplicable means, which I could never divine, the conduct of Captain Jones at Monterey began to be whispered about, and his brothers in arms at first began to treat him with marked coolness. But his fund of wit and good humor was so great, and his having before been so general a favorite, and, besides, his really soldierly qualities being so numerous, that they readily, as by a tacit agreement, determined to throw the veil of charity over the affair. In a few months it was nearly forgotten—or at least ceased to be a subject of conversation.

But we were no sooner in for it at the fiercely contested field of Buena Vista, and the round shot and copper grape of the enemy hailed furiously into the head of our advancing columns, and our brave fellows began to drop like grass beneath the mower's scythe, than I observed an officer of the Blank regiment spring suddenly forward, as if mortally wounded, into a narrow ravine, upon the bank of which it had just arrived.

"There," thought I, "goes another noble fellow to his long home."

But when I heard the word passed from mouth to mouth, along the line, "Its Captain Jones, poor fellow!" I reserved my sympathy for more deserving objects, well satisfied in my own mind that he, for that time, was in safe quarters.

But shortly after his comrades had safely crossed the ravine, and charged and captured the battery guns on the other side, and driven the enemy from that point, I distinguished that officer emerging cautiously from the smoke that filled the gorge, and joining his company, with cap in one hand and sword in the other, he cheered and huzzaed as vociferously as the bravest man there.

No sooner, however, did his column receive an order to advance upon another position of the Mexicans, where the guns were belching forth grape, canister and shells, than I again caught a moment from my own immediate duties to look after Captain Jones, for I felt an unaccountable curiosity in regard to his motions. But this time I could not see him at the head of his company. Presently, however, I again perceived his peculiarly lithe and graceful figure gliding cautiously along the broken ground, and once more seek the shelter of the gorge.

My indignation was now so great that I would have rejoiced to have seen him fall, pierced with wounds; for then, at least, he would have had the credit of dying like a soldier, before his disgraceful conduct could have been discovered by his brave comrades. In fact, I was so incensed at this last act of skulking cowardice, so dishonorable to his gallant regiment, that, watching an opportunity when I could be best spared from my post, I mounted my horse and spurred across the plateau in the direction of the hiding place of the craven-hearted captain, with the determination of shaming him, if possible, into a sense of his outrageous pusillanimity.

I had no sooner reached the edge of the ravine, where I could take in a view of the ground below, than I espied him snugly ensconsed under the shelter of the rocky wall. The shots from the enemy's batteries and from the infantry, against which the column of his regiment was moving, passed harmlessly over his secure retreat, though at every rush of the missiles he ducked his head and gave other signs of the terror that filled his unmanly soul.

"Captain Jones," I exclaimed, "are you wounded, sir?"

"A——a——. You here my good friend? No, not exactly wounded—that is, not shot—but this confounded fall has nearly knocked the wind out of me. I believe I've broke a rib or two."

"I suppose it was *the wind of another ball*, sir," said I, now beginning to be fully aroused at the fellow's downright cool effrontery.

"Now sir, come out of that forthwith, and join your company, or, by heaven, I'll trumpet your poltroonery to the whole army."

"What a mad-cap you are, dear Doctor. Don't you give yourself any uneasiness about me, but look out for yourself, my dear fellow. Do you see how thick the balls of those cursed yellow-skins are flying about? I'll soon be all right again, and [illegible] to crawl out to [illegible]ting so nobly. But [illegible] goes the battle? [illegible] from this unlucky [illegible] regiment is wi[illegible]

PORT[illegible]

begged the Captain for the honor of his corps, which at that moment were heroically contending with five times their numbers, for the honor of his family, not to be found by the brave General thus shirking his duty, and showing the white-feather; but before he had time to withdraw from the spot, the General had arrived, and, observing me alone upon the edge of the ravine, inquired why I was there.

I could not be guilty of prevaricating, and pointed to the ravine below, where still remained the skulking officer.

"Who is that person, Doctor?" he demanded, on seeing the Captain entirely alone.

"Captain Jones, sir," I replied.

"Is he wounded? Here, my men," calling to some stretcher-bearers; "assist that gentleman from the ravine to the plateau here." Then turning to me; "Doctor, have the goodness to examine his injuries; and as the General was giving some order to one of his aids-de-camp, the men sprang to the bottom of the ravine and, placing their arms under those of the Captain, dragged him to the upper world.

I immediately proceeded to examine his person, really hoping, in pity to him, to find some injury, but the result was as I expected.

"Well, Doctor, I hope he is not badly hurt?" commiseratingly inquired the kind-hearted General.

I shook my head.

"What! is it serious?" he asked as he sprang from his horse and approached the spot where the Captain was still stretched upon the ground.

"Alas! General," I said, "I am sorry to say it—he is not injured at all, but is as sound and well as either you or I. And, with shame, sir, I have to add, this is not the first time I have been called upon to examine him under like circumstances, and with a similar result."

"Is it possible that a craven heart beats in an American bosom to-day? Here, sergeant," turning to a squadron of dragoons in attendance, "take this officer under arrest. Not a word, sir—not a word from you," as the impudent scamp attempted to explain. "I will not hear a word from you," and the brave old Rough-and-Ready stamped passionately on the ground. "Bear him to the rear,"—and then turning to his staff, "I would not have believed this, gentlemen, if I had not seen it with my own eyes.

At this moment, attracted by the sight of a general officer surrounded by his staff, the enemy had directed one of his mortars upon the spot, and as the sergeant was about obeying the order, an eight inch shell burst directly over our heads and scattered a shower of death-dealing missiles into our ranks. The sergeant was killed upon the spot, and one of the horses of Major Bliss, Taylor's Adjutant General, was wounded.

Scarcely had the report of this shell died away when it was followed by another that struck just upon the verge of the ravine. Simultaneous with the report a frightful shriek of mingled pain and terror burst upon our ears, and the lifeless and mangled form of Captain Jones fell directly between the feet of "Old Whitey," the General's noble war steed.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the old chief. "Poor fellow he has escaped a terrible exposure; one that would have deeply mortified his comrades, as well as his worthy family at home. Let us hope, gentlemen, that at the Great Court above his sentence will be more lenient than would have been the finding of a Court Martial." And forgetful of his anger a few minutes before, and wiping off an unbidden tear—for the Captain's father was one of the General's most intimate friends—he gave orders for the body to be conveyed to the rear, and waving his hand to me, moved off to another part of the field, where his immediate presence turned the tide of battle which had began to surge against us.—*S. Compton Smith, in Milwaukee Monthly for June.*

Coal in Open Fireplaces.

Franklin, Count Rumford, and Sylvester, are the most prominent names of those who at an early period contributed improvements to the warming of our houses. The main principle of fireplace construction advocated by Count Rumford, eighty years ago, was, that the heat radiated from the fire directly into the room should be developed to the utmost. He brought the back of the fireplace as prominently forward as possible; he sloped the sides so as to reflect heat into the room; he advocated the use of fire-brick backs and sides instead of iron; he reduced the size of the chimney opening, so as to prevent the chimney carrying off the large quantity of warmed air it used to remove in his time. Our manufacturers of fireplaces have continued in the same groove. They have, undoubtedly, in some cases, largely developed the use of radiant heat. There are fireplaces, eminently successful as radiators of heat, of a circular or concave form, with polished iron sides, the fire being placed against a fire-brick back forming the apex of the concavity. So long as the concave surfaces are bright, the heat thrown out by them when a clear flame is burning is very great, but the gasses from the flame pass directly off into the chimney while they are still at a very high temperature. The heat of the flame at that part will often be between 1,200 deg. and 1,300 deg. Fahr., and a very large proportion of this heat, to the extent of at least nine tenths of that generated by the combustion of the fuel, is carried directly up the chimney.

One pound of coal is capable, if all the heat of combustion is utilized, of raising the temperature of a room, twenty feet square and twelve feet high, to ten degrees above the temperature of the outer air. If the room were not ventilated at all, and the walls were composed of non-conducting materials, the consumption of fuel to maintain this temperature would be very small, but, in proportion as the air of the room was renewed, so would the consumption of fuel necessary to maintain that temperature increase. If the volume of air contained in the room were changed every hour, one pound of coal additional would be required per hour to heat the inflowing air, so that, to maintain the temperature at ten degrees above that of the outer air during twelve hours, would require twelve pounds of coal.

The principle of the ordinary open fireplace is that the coal shall be placed in a grate, by which air is admitted from the bottom and sides to aid in the combustion of coal; and an ordinary fireplace, for a room of twenty feet square and twelve feet high, will contain from about fifteen to twenty pounds at a time, and, if the fire be kept up for twelve hours, probably the consumption will be about one hundred pounds, or the consumption may be assumed at about eight pounds of coal an hour.—*Exchange.*

The Minnesota agriculturists announce a loss of three-fourths of their stock by last winter's frost. Misled by his ear, a correspondent remarks that it was eminently proper that the ape-culturists should have assembled at Monketo.

A French Criminal Case.

At the Criminal Court of Charente, in the province of Angoulême, in France, a singular case of attempted murder has lately been tried.

Jeanne Gacon was the daughter of rich parents in the village of La Michelle. A young work-man, named Sardain, rather smart, but with no money, had been employed by Jeanne's father to work for him for more than a year. He became enamored of the young girl then, and afterward wished to marry her, influenced also by the fortune she would inherit. Jeanne refused him repeatedly, but sometimes, wearied by his assiduity, would return evasive answers to his pleading.

On the 11th of last August, while visiting her sister's house, she excited the displeasure of Sardain by dancing with some other young men, of one of whom he was particularly jealous. A discussion arose, and two days afterward Jeanne informed him decisively that she was not willing to marry him. He answered angrily, "You don't wish to? We will see about that."

A witness was present at this interview, and Jeanne informed her sister what she had told him. It is supposed from this time he cherished his plot to kill her. Some two weeks afterward he sought to speak to her at a fair, but she avoided him. On the following day he bought a pistol at La Rochefoucauld. About a month later, on the 27th of September, he succeeded in speaking to her, but received the same reply as before to his earnest entreaties. She wished to get rid of him, and said she saw her brother coming. He hurried away, saying in a threatening voice, "I will find you again."

On Sunday, the 29th, as Jeanne was returning with her maid from mass, and walking toward her home, the two women met Sardain, who was evidently waiting for them. He joined them and continued talking to Jeanne. When near the village he induced them to pass through a meadow, where they sat down.

The maid noticed that her mistress and the young man were quarreling, and started for home again. Her mistress was about to follow, when Sardain stopped her and said, "So it's well understood, then, you will not have me?" "No," she answered, "you will never be anything to me; I will never marry you; it would be a mesalliance to which I could never consent."

He responded: "Very well. I am going to kill you and myself afterward. I have bought a six-barreled pistol—three barrels for you and three for me."

The girl was not frightened, but, struck with the singular expression of his countenance, she wished to go home with her servant. He followed, and when they were a short distance from the dwelling she turned and said, "We must part now."

He answered that they should not part thus, and since she would not marry him, he should kill her and himself at the same time. The affrighted maid tried to drag her mistress away, but Sardain seized her by the right arm and told the maid to go on, and that Jeanne would follow her. The maid then hastened for assistance. Meanwhile the wretched man embraced Jeanne, crying, "I am about to kill you." "You wouldn't dare to," was the answer, and at the same instant she fell to the ground, wounded in the left side near the heart. "You have not killed me," she said, attempting to rise, but two more shots from his pistol then struck her.

The would-be assassin fled. His victim walked homeward, but was soon met by her parents and the maid. On seeing her hand over her left side they asked if she was wounded. She said no, in order not to frighten them, and after she had staunched the blood, which commenced to flow, she came down stairs, and with wonderful pluck busied herself about the ordinary household duties. But on the following morning she suffered terribly, and was obliged to confide to her mother the story of the attempted murder. The surgeon who was called discovered three balls in the left side of the abdomen, but he was not able to extract them. The danger now is that at some time these balls may partially paralyze the poor girl, and also bring on some fearful disease.

On the trial of the young man, his defense was remarkable for its fabricated ingenuity. He said Jeanne had been desperately in love with him; that he proposed to elope with her, but she said as they could not marry, she preferred to die with him; that he bought the pistol at her request, and on the day of the tragedy she told him to kill her and then to kill himself.

"I wish to kill myself at La Perouse," he answered.

"No, I wish to kill myself at your side," and seizing the pistol which he had in his hand she shot herself twice; and that acting at her request he shot her the third time.

Sardain contradicted himself afterward and said she fired the first barrel only and he the other two. No credence was given to his defense, as the evidence against him was overwhelming, clearly proving all that we have recounted.

The jury found him guilty with extenuating circumstances; and he was condemned to eight years' imprisonment.

Poor as our juries are, it is doubtful whether one of them could find extenuating circumstances in a case like this, where a most deliberate attempt is made to kill a young lady, and three pistol balls are coolly shot into her bosom and left side. Twenty years at hard labor would not have been too severe a punishment for so brutal a wretch.

A Woman's Defense of Dress.

For myself I should be thankful to return to the habits of our grandmothers; buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day, and one for "nice," and wear them year after year till they wear out, without alteration; also twist up my hair in a plain wad at the back of the head. I should then have more time for reading and study, and more money to spend in books, pictures, and traveling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many woman who would be only too happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would be the result? With the maiden no more beaux; with the wife a cessation of devotion on the part of her husband, results too dire to be contemplated for a moment. I speak what I know, and testify what I have seen. I have myself been to parties sensibly and economically clad, and I was despised and rejected of man; again I have been more fashionably and expensively attired, and I had more beaux than I knew what to do with. By the way, why don't some of these wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working girls? They are dressed very simply, and are accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad enough of good houses and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and, I doubt not, are quite as refined and intel[illegible] as the average of fashionable wo[illegible] there not a greater demand [illegible] and why are not the [illegible] in the market? [illegible]mselves. Be [illegible]. With you remedy—refuse to pay court to silk, frills, and chignons, and we shall go over to calico in battalions.—*Exchange.*

Natural Selection in Politics.

We are all afraid to change—born conservatives; and we all *want* something changed—born radicals; and we *do* change. All human life varies incessantly; the new generation sees life in new aspects and rejoices in other colors. The variation comes in constantly; and it is our safety. Our inborn conservatism would kill us off if the variation did not help our inborn radicalism in the else unequal struggle. *That which is*, like the bird in the hand, is worth two reforms in the bush, for a contest. In short, nations grow, progress, thrive, through the law of variation from inheritance.

"One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea;" the consolation is, that only in pain does progress get birth, and that the things born are, on the whole, like the babies of any year, a little stronger and better than the things which die to give them room. Nor is this so because the moon is not made of green cheese, but because a beneficent law underlies human existence. The exceptions are numerous; so too are the small graves at Rose Hill, and yet there are more men on the earth, on the whole, happier than their ancestors, than there were fifty years ago. We must change; it is our cowardice or indolence that makes change a danger. The law deals generously with virtue and strength.

It is curious to mark how slowly we learn some of these simple lessons. A century ago, we respected, envied, the noble savage. The contemptible creature was semi-divine to first rate poets and statesmen. They bewailed society, and longed for nakedness in the woods.

The same men knew that one Roman soldier had outmatched fifty semi-barbarians in every struggle, and that noble savages fell into the toils of the meanest civilized men in the slave trade.

Civilization is strength and happiness. Miss Fragilla may not get all the new bonnets she wants; but that pain is easier borne than the "sound belashing" her ancestor got at her age, two centuries ago. She may not be all we could wish, but no young man of our blood would pass her by for a Choctaw princess.

The function of liberty in politics deeply interests us. Its power to promote healthful change is obvious. It is really liberty, with its discussion, its free thinking, and free speaking, that makes good politics. Cæsarism is a thief, robbing free times of their ideas and social results. It can live just as long as the loot holds out; but, when the stock on hand is exhausted, free men must be set to producing a new crop.—*Northwestern Review.*

War in the Camp.

There is war in the camp of the *creme de la creme*, of New York, war to the stump. Woman, lovely woman! has risen as one man, resolved to put down the filthy, nasty, disgusting practice of smoking at the concerts of Herr Thomas and his orchestra in the Central Park, Gotham. Burning words have lighted the columns of the New York *Herald*, ashes of rage have been sprinkled upon its pages, feminine quills have been sharpened to such a degree that they stand out for their rights "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The war still rages with unparalleled fury, and amid the smoke and fire of battle that human brute—man—still plants his back against the wall and flourishes his cigar. It is a war of flowers against weeds, which we flatter ourselves is a very pretty way of putting it. But there is treason in the camp—one well seasoned old lady, who will forgive us for speaking meerschaumatically, declares that she would rather smell the pipe smoke of her old man than all the perfumes of Arabia. Another delightful and obedient Catherine—would we had a glove from off that hand, for she must be a gentle as a dove and sweeter than the attar of roses—indites a gilt-edged, delicately-tinted and monogram'd note to the editor of the *Herald*, stating that she would not have her Alphonse give up his dear, delightful cigar for worlds.—(P. S.—In fact, she does not object to taking a mild cigarette herself.) What visions of bliss arise in contemplating the home of Alphonse—the connubial cigar, the family pipe—two stems that smoke as one.

And while the conflict rages so fiercely, we calmly look on and wonder if it will not all end in smoke.—*Interocean.*

Vegetable Ivory.

The kernel of the corrozzo-nut so closely resembles ivory as to merit the title of vegetable ivory. The plant (*Phytelephas macrocarpa*) which produces this nut belongs to the palm tribe. It grows in South America, and possesses extraordinary beauty. The stem is short, and lies along the ground, but from its crown issues a sheaf of light green, pinnated leaves, like ostrich plumes, which often attain a hight of thirty or forty feet. The fruit of the plant is as large as a man's head, and contains a number of nuts of rough, triangular shape, each being almost as large as a hen's egg. When fully ripe, the kernel of the nut is very hard and white, and hence the name phytelephas (*vegetable ivory.*) This is now largely used as a substitute for elephant ivory, in the manufacture of buttons and various ornaments, and might easily pass for the animal product. Indeed, the best judges are often deceived by the close resemblance between the two. Advantage is taken of this circumstance in Germany by dealers in bone-dust to adulterate their wares with the waste of the factories where the vegetable ivory is manufactured. The best mode of detecting the adulteration is to burn the suspected article. If it contains any considerable amount of the vegetable substance, the application of heat will cause it to give out an odor much like that of roasting coffee; but, if it is pure bone-dust, or nearly so, it will emit a nauseous and very disagreeable stench.—*Exchange.*

Greasing Buggies and Wagons.

Greasing buggies and wagons is of more importance than some imagine. Many a wheel is ruined by oiling too plentifully. A well-made wheel will endure constant wear for ten to twenty years if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of oil; but if this matter is not attended to, the wheel will be used up in five or six years, or may be sooner. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way around the tendons of the spokes and spoil the wheel. Castor oil is a good material for use on iron axles; just oil enough should be applied to a spindle to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends and be [illegible] by the shoulders and nut into the [illegible] around outside the boxes. To oil [illegible] axle-tree, first wipe the spindles [illegible] with a cloth wet with turp[illegible] won't wipe without it. On [illegible] carriage, wipe and clean o[illegible] front ends of the sub[illegible] very small [illegible]

Nebulæ.

When the starry heavens are viewed through a telescope of moderate power, a great number of stellar clusters and faint nebulous forms are revealed against the dark background of the sky which might be taken at first sight for passing clouds, but which, by their unchanging forms and persistent appearance, are proved to belong to the heavenly bodies, though possessing a character widely differing from the point-like images of ordinary stars. Sir William Herschel was able, with his gigantic forty-foot telescope, to resolve many of these nebulæ into clusters of stars, and found them to consist of vast groups of individual suns, in which thousands of fixed stars may be clearly separated and counted, but which are so far removed from us that we are unable to perceive their distance one from the other, though that may really amount to many millions of miles, and their light, with a low magnifying power, seems to come from a large, faintly-luminous mass. But all nebulæ were not resolvable with this telescope, and, in proportion as such nebulæ were resolved into clusters of stars, new nebulæ appeared which resisted a power of 6,000, and suggested to this astute investigator the theory that, besides the many thousand apparent nebulæ which reveal themselves to us as a complete and separate system of worlds, there are also thousands of real nebulæ in the universe composed of primeval cosmical matter out of which future worlds were to be fashioned.

Lord Rosse, by means of a telescope of fifty-two feet focus, of his own construction, was able to resolve into clusters of stars many of the nebulæ not resolved by Herschel; but there were still revealed to the eye, thus carried farther into space, new nebulæ beyond the power even of this gigantic telescope to resolve.—*Popular Science Monthly for June.*

Action of Drought and Cold on Forest-Trees.

In an able paper on the manner in which the distribution of plants and animals may be influenced by extraordinary changes in the character of the seasons, published in the *American Naturalist* for November last, Prof. N. S. Shaler attributes the wide-spread destruction of evergreen trees, which became so painfully apparent during the previous spring, to the action of drought and cold. The year preceding was, in New England, one of the dryest on record, the ground, when winter set in, holding a comparatively small amount of moisture. This left the roots of trees deficient in sap. Not being well protected by snow, the ground in winter was frozen to a great depth, and, as the frost left the roots in spring, they remained for some time in contact with relatively dry earth, thus causing a shock too great for their vitality to withstand. During the succeeding summer Professor Shaler also observed a remarkable scarcity of snakes and toads, which he is likewise inclined to ascribe to the great severity of the previous winter. Concerning the effect of such climatic accidents on the character of our forests, he says:

"Small as the destruction of forest-trees is, it will doubtless add several per cent. to the deciduous trees of New England, and remove an equal amount of conifers. The conifers seem to be relics of an old time, and not competent to wage a successful war with their younger and more elastic competitors, the oaks, beeches, and other deciduous trees. Every gap that is made in our forests of cone-bearing species is filled, not with their legitimate successors, but by forms from the other class of trees. Let us suppose that the shock of the last season had been great enough to kill off the whole of our pines, the result would have been a complete change in the character of our forests; oaks generally would take the vacant place. This would affect the character of the undergrowth very materially, for the lesser plants of a pine-wood are very different from those which flourish beneath oaks. This would have had a very great effect upon insect-life, and more or less directly influenced the number and character of the birds and the mammals. Even the climate would be in some small measure influenced, for a pine-forest retains the snow better than one which loses its leaves in the winter, and thus tends to secure a more equable temperature in the region where it lies. Thus we see that an accidental drought might bring about a change in the assemblage of vital conditions on the surface of the land, as great as those which when recorded in strata, we accept as indicating distinct geological formations."

Commercial Value of Insects.

Commerce brings into the market almost everything that has a being in the water, on the earth, and in the air, from the whale that spouts and foams in the great deep, to the smallest insect that exists in the land. "The importance of insects to commerce is scarcely treated of. Great Britain does not pay less than a million of dollars annually for the dried carcass of a tiny insect, the cochineal. Gum shellac, another insect product from India, is of scarcely less pecuniary value. A million and a half of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk, and the silk worm alone creates an annual circulating medium between one hundred and fifty and two hundred millions of d