THE FAIR PLAY.

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FAIR PLAY.

VOLUME IX. STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1880. NUMBER 19.

OUR JOB PRINTING OFFICE

IS THE BEST IN

SOUTHEAST MISSOURI.

WE HAVE A

Large Power Job Press

suitable for all classes of work in the general Job Line, and can compete favorably with St. Louis, or any other City Printing Establishment in the West.

TERMS CASH.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

PRESIDENT HAYES will not return to Washington until the week after the November election.

BY threatening a strike all along the line, the employes of the Grand Trunk Railway have secured an advance in wages.

GENS. GRANT and Logan attended the reunion of the survivors of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment at Decatur on the 6th. Gen. Grant was the first Colonel of this regiment.

THE Georgia State election, which took place on the 6th, resulted in the re-election of Governor Colquitt, the regular Democratic nominee, by a majority of some 40,000.

ACCORDING to returns on file in the Secretary of State's office, the Constitutional amendment voted for at the recent election in Arkansas, favoring a scaling down of the state debt, was rejected by a majority of 3,000.

THE centennial anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, North Carolina, was celebrated on the 6th and 7th. There was a mimic fight, representing the battle as fought between the British and American troops.

PROF. RILEY says he has reached a stage in the management of the cotton worm when there is no longer any excuse for its ravages and that the caterpillar and the boll worm will cease to be a cause of anxiety to intelligent and enterprising planters.

THE St. Louis Merchants' Exchange has agreed to lower the present grades of red winter wheat in that market one-half grade, in order to make them more nearly conform to those of Chicago and other markets. The new system of grading takes effect on the 1st of January next.

THE St. Louis Fair opened on the 4th with a fine display in nearly every department and a large attendance. The annual pageant of the Veiled Prophets, which came off on the night of the 5th, was a magnificent affair and was witnessed by hundreds of thousands of spectators.

D. P. DEWEES, the Greenback candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in a published letter, withdraws from the canvass, for the reason, he states, that Gen. Weaver is using his influence as the head of the National ticket, in favor of the Republican candidates.

THE editors of the leading Russian journals have been summoned before Gen. Melikoff and told that their continual discussion of a Constitution for Russia has highly displeased the Czar; that nothing more on the subject would be allowed to appear, and that during the present reign it would be premature to discuss a Constitution.

THREE conductors and baggagemen on the Kansas Pacific Railroad have been arrested, charged with a systematic scheme for swindling the company by selling forged tickets to passengers, who were instructed to leave Denver on certain trains whereby the bogus tickets were taken up by one of the conductors engaged in the conspiracy. It is not stated to what extent the scheme had been worked.

THE Bureau of Internal Revenue has been officially informed by Collector Clark, at Atlanta, Ga., that a body of thirty armed men entered Dalton, Whitefield County, Ga., and forcibly resened property seized for violation of revenue law. Commissioner Rogers has instructed the Collector to obtain warrants for the parties engaged in the affair and to use such force as may be necessary to secure their arrest.

THE Anglo-American Syndicate has divulged its full designs, which are to build a road from Red River, in Lamar County, to the Rio Grande, in Kinney County, Tex., an extreme distance of 800 miles. Its name is the Chicago, Texas and Mexican Central, and the capital stock $7,000,000. A charter has been obtained and officers elected. In the Board are five Texans and four Chicago citizens. Work on the road has already commenced.

ANOTHER bogus diploma factory has been discovered in the East. It is known as the "New England University of Medicine and Surgery," and purports to be located at Manchester, N. H. Its manager is one "Doctor" Harry C. Stickney, said to be a former pupil and associate of Buchanan, of Philadelphia. The institution is known to have issued a large number of diplomas, although it exists only upon paper.

IT is reported from Mazatlan, Mexico, that ex-Gov. Rubi, who was captured at the battle of San Vicente, has been shot by order of the military authorities. It is also stated that Col. Ramirez, chief of the Sinaloa revolution, had entered Mazatlan in disguise with the intention of taking a steamer bound for San Francisco, that he had been betrayed by his guide, and his capture was expected every hour, when he would undoubtedly meet a similar fate to that of Gov. Rubi.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused in political circles by the publication of an alleged interview between Gen. Grant and the Rev. C. H. Fowler, in which Gen. Grant speaks somewhat disparagingly of Gen. Hancock. The latter, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent, said he could not believe Gen. Grant to be guilty of the discourtesy to a brother officer attributed to him in the publication referred to, but in case he should be assured that the statements referred to were the utterances of Gen. Grant, he should not long neglect to give the public his side of the questions at issue.

OUR excess of exports of merchandise stated in specie values is as follows: For the month ended August 31, 1880, $10,017,180; same time 1879, $15,589,169. For eight months ended August 31, 1880, $55,818,507; same time 1879, $256,953,555. The excess of imports over exports of gold and silver coin and bullion was as follows: Month ended August 31, 1880, excess of imports, $9,238,539; same time in 1879, excess of imports, $9,935,477. Eight months ended August 31, 1880, excess of imports, $10,434,646; same time in 1879, excess of exports, $1,618,855; same time in 1880, excess of imports, $79,459,431. Twelve months ended August 31, 1879, excess of imports, $555,431.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

AN attempt to burn the County Court-house at Ottawa, Ill., was discovered and frustrated on the morning of the 3d. During the night some scoundrel effected an entrance to the Recorder's office and kindled a fire, with the evident intention of destroying the County records. As it was, fourteen books were destroyed. When the fire was extinguished a torpedo and four cans of nitro-glycerine were on the floor in the vault and the fire had nearly reached them. Had they exploded, as they would have done in a few minutes, not only would the buildings have been destroyed with all its valuable records, but the jail beneath would have been blown to atoms with its inmates. There was no clew to the dastardly perpetrators of the scheme.

DEPUTY-MARSHAL RUTHERFORD was attacked not long since by twelve Seminole Indians, on the line of the Seminole and Pottawattomie countries. He was in camp at the time, and had a horse killed. He succeeded in killing one of his assailants and driving them off, but his prisoner made his escape. His assailants were afterward reinforced by about thirty of their tribe, but Rutherford made good his retreat to Pauls Valley.

A BILL-POSTER in County Armagh, Ireland, who was detected posting obnoxious notices respecting the sale of lands, was attacked and killed by some of the native residents.

A FIRE in the underground works of the Vulcan Mine, at Leadville, Colo., on the 4th, caused great excitement and some destruction to property. A number of miners were rendered insensible by suffocation while trying to cut off the connection with other mines, but it was thought all would recover. The fire originated from the burning of an old shaft-house used as a boarding-house, the burning brands of which dropped into the shaft and set the timbers on fire. It was finally quenched by building bulkheads in all the branch levels, so as to confine the flames to a limited compass.

JOSEPH MOORHOUSE, of Elizabeth, N. J., died on the 4th from hydrophobia. He was bitten by a dog with which he was playing in May last. The wound was cauterized and Moorehouse thought no more about it until the day before he died, when he was attacked with spasms and died within 24 hours.

BY the explosion of gasoline, the wife and three children of William Clark, a leading business man of Jacksonville, Fla., were fatally burned.

A STRIKE of negro laborers, compressmen and long-horemen, at Houston, Tex., began on the 4th and threatened to assume serious proportions.

A FEW days ago Dr. Lynch, of Denton County, Texas, administered morphine through mistake for quinine to D. E. Bailey. Came Edwards, Mrs. James Bailey and a Mrs. Finney. The two first named died from the effects of the drug; the two latter have suffered severely, but it is thought they will recover.

PROF. JACOB BALL, a well known naturalist and geologist, died recently in camp in Willeberger County, Tex., where he was pursuing his scientific explorations.

JACQUES OFFENBACH, the favorite opera-bouffe composer, has just died in Paris.

THE International Exposition at Melbourne is open.

PROF. BENJAMIN PIERCE, mathematician and Professor at Harvard College, is dead.

THE epizootic has reached Cincinnati.

AT Pottsville, Pa., on the 6th, Charlton Wilthem, an employee in the Port Clinton Iron Works, shot and seriously wounded his wife and then shot himself, dying instantly. Jealousy was the cause.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

AN affray recently occurred between whites and Indians, about 30 miles east of Los Pinos Agency, Colo., which bids fair to lead to still more serious results. According to one account, two Indians invaded the freighters' camp of J. H. Jackson and acted in a threatening manner, which resulted in A. T. Jackson, a nephew of J. H. Jackson, shooting one of the Indians, said to be a son of Chief Sapanovari, killing him. The next day the party were surrounded by Indians, who demanded the men who did the shooting the night before. A company of soldiers had meanwhile arrived at the scene of the trouble and took the freighters in charge and marched them to Kline's Ranch. Young Jackson was then started for Gunnison City for trial, in charge of several men, but the party had only proceeded about three miles when the Indians swept down the guard, as claimed by them, and took their prisoner, whose fate has not yet been learned. Jackson's friends are indignant at the military authorities for not affording them proper protection, and threaten to avenge his death, if such, as is probable, be the termination of his captivity.

THE Chilian forces, under the command of Capt. Patrick Lynch, have occupied Chimbote, Peru, and, unless a heavy contribution is forthcoming, which has been demanded, the place is to be sacked. There are large sugar manufacturing establishments at this place. Reports of peace between Peru and Chili seem to be without foundation.

VIRGINIA'S population is 1,509,635, being an increase over the population of 1870 of 381,172, or about 23 per cent.

THREE cars of an express train on the Fitchburg (Mass.) Railroad were thrown from the track at Littleton station on the night of the 7th. A Mr. Faulkner, from Ayer, and Mr. A. Varney, the Mason candidate of the road, were both instantly killed, while fifteen other persons were injured, some of them seriously. The cars were terribly wrecked, and the fact that there were comparatively few passengers on board is the only thing that saved it from being a wholesale disaster.

Two masked highwaymen captured one of Barlow & Sanderson's mail coaches, eight miles from Denver, on the night of the 7th. Strange to say, the only thing taken was the unregistered mail pouches. There were two passengers on board, neither of whom was molested, and the express packages and registered mail pouch were left intact.

A WELL-DEFINED case of yellow fever is reported from New Orleans, but so late in the season as to cause no apprehension of the spread of the disease.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The October Evening Stars.

Venus is almost passing from view in the October evening sky. Jupiter leaves the 1st, for he passes his conjunction, or nearest point to the sun, on the 2d of September, and rounds it on the 28th of October. He is now forty-six million of miles nearer the sun, and one hundred and fifty million miles nearer the earth than when at his most distant point from each. Nearly twenty years must pass before he will see as favorable conditions for observing, therefore every lover of the stars should watch the movements of this superb planet as he comes during most of the eastern morning as soon as the daylight fades, beaming like a young moon, and casting a perceptible shadow. He now rises his the meridian about midnight and sinks in the west as the sun rises in the east, being visible throughout the night. He is so bright that his beams may be seen in an opera glass, and his disc appears as a small full moon viewed with the naked eye. The ruddy spot with marks the southern hemisphere of his surface, and his belts are painted in vertical lines of purple, pink and blue which far outshine terrestrial tints. The planet now has a diameter of 90,000 miles, and at the end of the month will rise about 9 P.M.

Saturn is next in interest, following closely in the track of Jupiter, a few degrees to the northward of his orbit, and rising a half-hour later. He is travelling slowly toward perihelion, which he will not reach till 1881, and, as his motion is slow at intervals of about thirty years, our observers see him more than once in a time, at his brightest, phase during a lifetime. Saturn reaches his opposition on the 18th of October, and is then at his nearest point to the earth, being on a line with the earth and sun, and the earth in the center. He is not merely surrounded by a ring, but is observed still to have a single ring, or a double appearance, for the usual marks that have given place to a soft pale yellow. This, as will be his nearest approach for thirty years, his opposition will approach perhelion, the nearly white rings, the illumination of his rings, and his northern declination. He may now be seen coming up in the east about midnight and at the end of October at half past 7 P.M.

One other planet divides the evening honors with Jupiter and Saturn. This is Venus, and very bright-eyed observers may now pick her up shortly after sunset in the glowing west. She has passed her conjunction with the sun, and is now coming toward us. She sets about three quarters of an hour after the sun. In the evenings of late October she will linger above the horizon for almost an hour and a quarter after the sun has disappeared. But while Jupiter and Saturn will seem to go the worse, she will increase in brilliancy, and prolong her stay in the west. By the November closes, she will eclipse them in the brightness of her shining, remaining during the winter months the most radiant star in the firmament, the cynosure of all eyes on the shining host that stud the sky.—*Dodge's Conspectus.*

A Dramatic Court Scene.

WASHINGTON, October 2.

A DRAMATIC and exciting scene was enacted in the Equity Court to-day, during the progress of the hearing of a habeas corpus case involving the custody of William Edgar Thomas, four years of age, son of Johnson P. Thomas, who had eloped from the city with Miss Gittings, daughter by a former wife, Mrs. Gittings. The child was brought into court to-day by its mother. Mrs. Thomas has been living apart from her husband for some time. The father said it was his desire that the child should be given into the custody of Mrs. Gittings, as his wife was unable to keep it, and the court made an order accordingly. Mr. Mulloy, the bailiff, was directed to turn the child over to Mrs. Gittings, and went to the mother for that purpose. Mrs. Thomas caught the child by the wrist and refused to give it up. A struggle ensued between the mother and officers of the court for the possession of the child. The mother fought desperately, and it was with the greatest difficulty the child could be taken from her. When finally her grasp was broken she shook her clenched fist in her husband's face and charged him with being the cause of all her trouble. He made some epithet which added to her rage, and as he sat down she struck him behind the ear with her clenched fist, knocking him and the chair over. The courtroom was finally cleared, and the contending parties went off in opposite directions. The child evinced a decided preference for Mrs. Gittings, and showed pleasure at the decision of the court. Within half an hour another petition was filed by Mrs. Thomas for a writ of habeas corpus, requiring Mrs. Gittings to produce the child, which, she states, was placed in her charge by her husband, and is now unlawfully withheld from her. A rule was issued and made returnable next Saturday.

The Postal Service.

WASHINGTON, October 4.

THERE were in the service of the Post-office Department the 30th of June, 1880, 5,862 contractors for the transportation of mails on public routes. There were also 1,865 special officers, each with a mail-carrier, whose pay from the Department is not allowed to exceed the net postal yield of the office. Of the public routes in operation there were 19,112 aggregating in length 312,800 miles, at an annual cost of $18,412,261. Adding compensation of railway post-office clerks, route agents, mail-route messengers, local agents, etc., amounting to $3,336,276, the aggregate cost of the entire service for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1880, was $22,236,500. The service was divided as follows: Railroad routes, 52,251 miles in length; annual transportation, [illegible]; annual cost, $10,329,211, of which amount $1,558,716 was for railway post-office service. Steamboat routes, 4,632 miles in length; annual transportation, 1,068,558 miles; annual cost, $87,221. Other routes on which the mails are required to be conveyed with celerity, security and security, 255,218 miles in length; annual transportation, 30,030,565 miles; annual cost, $7,321,166. During the year railroad routes were increased in length 3,439 miles, and in cost $951,481. Steamboat routes were increased 2,080 miles in length, and in cost $12,846. Star routes were increased in length 16,798 miles, at an increased cost of $791,666. There was an increase over the preceding year in total length of routes of 23,177 miles, at an increase in annual cost of $1,049,143. The increase in cost for railway post-office clerks, route agents, etc., amounted to $230,261, making a total increase in the cost of the service over the preceding year of $1,278,876.

Presidential Tickets.

THERE are five Presidential tickets in the field this campaign for the voter to select from. The Greenback Convention, which met at St. Louis and represented one wing of the party, nominated for President Stephen D. Dillaye, of New Jersey, and for Vice-President B. J. Chambers, of Texas; a joint Convention of the two wings of the party was held in Chicago in June, and James B. Weaver, of Iowa, and B. J. Chambers, of Texas, were made the nominees of the National Union Greenback-Labor party. The Republican Convention selected James A. Garfield, of Ohio, and Chester A. Arthur, of New York. The National Prohibition Convention, which met at Cleveland, presented as its candidates Neal Dow, of Maine, and A. H. Thompson, of Ohio. A week later the Democratic National convention at Cincinnati selected Winfield Scott Hancock, of Pennsylvania, and William H. English, of Indiana. The Anti-Masonic candidates for President and Vice-President are J. W. Phelps, of Vermont, and Cornelius S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas.

THE tramp question: "Madam, will you please give me some old clothes? I am so hungry I don't know where I shall sleep to-night."

A Tombstone Imbedded in a Tree.

Since the organization of the Newburgh Cemetery Association several weeks ago, for the purpose of improving the grounds at the "Old Town" Cemetery, adjoining the First Presbyterian Church, much work has been done at the grave-yard, and it now begins to present an improved appearance after many years of neglect. It seems that during storms limbs of trees have been torn off, and in falling have broken valuable tombstones. For this and other reasons it has been found necessary to thin out the trees. Many Newburghers will remember a very large willow tree that has for years past stood about twenty-five feet from the fence, nearly in a direct line with the north line of Gidney Avenue. This tree, at the base was between four and five feet in diameter, and to remove it required considerable work. Last week Mr. Pryer and his men began. It was necessary to take off the large limbs, and lower them carefully, and then dig down and around the stump, until a hole some six or seven feet deep had been made, so the roots could be taken out. When the workmen reached the roots they found them a tangled mass, running in all directions, and thoroughly intertwined. They had grown around two foot-stones, so that the latter were imbedded in the tree from twelve to eighteen inches, the smaller part of them only being visible. On one stone were the initials "P. K.," and on the other "M. B." These stones were carefully cut out and rest in the ground at the same place where they were taken out, which had previously been marked. A head-stone was also firmly imbedded in the roots of the tree, which were growing about it closer every year.

The most singular discovery, however, was to follow. When the men were ready to take the tree away, it was necessary to cut the stump in pieces, as it was large and heavy. They sawed into it, and after cutting about fifteen inches from the surface, at a point about three feet from the ground, the saw grated across something hard. Not expecting to find anything but wood so far in the tree, they made several more strokes, and stopped only when they noticed that the sawdust was fine white powder, which they at once knew was marble-dust. They then split the stump, using powder and an ax, until they reached the curiosity, which proved to be a marble foot-stone, in the heart of the willow tree. The fibre or grain of the tree had grown around it, and evidently had been too powerful for the stone, for it had been broken in two pieces, and the top board, [illegible] closely surrounded by wood. They did all they could to get it out, but it was quite impossible to do so without breaking it up. A portion of it remained in the stump, which was carried off to North Street, we are told, where it was thrown into some dumping ground. The small pieces that did come out were thrown into the hole from which the tree was taken. No initials were noticed on the pieces that were exposed to view or taken out.—*Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal.*

The New Orang-Outang in London.

The somewhat formidable animal whose arrival at Mr. Jamrach's establishment was noticed in a recent impression of the *Daily News* has been safely housed at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. In order to secure his comfort, and it may be added that of the public also, a strong cage has been fitted up, the bars of which are stout enough to allay any apprehensions as to the possibility of its restless occupant finding his way out. Writing on the subject of the orang-outang Mr. Frank Buckland says that "so far as can be judged he is an adult, or nearly an adult. He has been brought from Malacca in a box three feet high, and as he sits in the box the top of his head almost touches the top of the box." Stretched to his full height he measures about four feet and seizes the bars at the top of his cage with the greatest ease, swinging to and fro with all the agility of his race. Some idea of his great strength may be gathered from the nervous energy with which he grasps the bars with his fingers, which are about five inches long, and from the muscular development of his arms and shoulders. He peels an orange with great dexterity and sucks it with evident relish. He is fond of retirement, and when an opportunity offers will envelope himself from head to foot in his blanket, any attempt to remove which arouses a display of passion which would suggest a speedy retreat on the part of the offending person. His anger is expressed in a peculiar manner. He purses up his lips as though about to whistle a tune and dashes about his cage with restless energy, stopping every now and then to peer through the bars in search of his enemy. When in a good humor his natural ugliness and the fierceness of his eyes are much softened by the intellectual formation of his forehead, which may be said to be beautiful by comparison with the other portions of his frame. This is a point in which naturalists will no doubt be interested. Although somewhat shy, he does not absolutely shun the public gaze, but generally looks straight before him over the heads of the crowd, as though searching for some object familiar to him. Any unusual sound, such as the beating of a drum, attracts his attention at once and causes him to turn his head round sharply in a listening attitude. Concluding his remarks upon this singular animal, Dr. Buckland states that "the hair about his head is so arranged that he appears to wear whiskers. He has, moreover, a reddish beard, and under his beard is a very remarkable pouch, the use of which has not as yet been clearly ascertained. As, however, it is capable of dilatation with air, it is, in all probability, directly connected with the organs of voice. It is a wonder to me how ever the natives managed to catch him, whether as an infant or full growth."—*London Daily News.*

—Make your winter bonnet look really sweet. Ornament it with the paw of a bear's cub with French steel claws. The thing can be bought in New York and it will be the most charming thing of the season.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Spring poetry: The metrical advertisement of a patent mattress.—*N. F. News.*

—A girl baby! The impudence of the young thing in being born.—*King Aymar, in Chicago Times.*

—Amid such a raising of clubs in the political world, somebody will get hurt.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Are we extravagant?" asks the Boston *Commercial Bulletin.* If you pay five cents for a cigar when you can beg one, you are.—*Norristown Herald.*

—It rose I frozen two rows of corn,
And while tossed it said:
"How can I help but feel forlorn—
I'm nothing but a pumpkin head!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Never despise humble beginnings. What at first you might call an old stack in the mud may in time grow to be a beautiful willow tree, shading the brook.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A hotel is to be built at Quebec over the place where Montgomery charged—and the charges in the future there will probably be a long way ahead of Montgomery's.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—Three Niagara hackmen tried an argument with Joseph Cook, whom they took for an ordinary white man; and at the end of thirteen minutes one was so insane that he has done nothing since but murmur "protoplasm," and the other two retired to weep in mortification. Who says culture isn't of any use to a man?—*Boston Post.*

—"Any letter for me?" asked a young lady of the female Postmaster, in a country town. "No," was the reply. "Strange," said the young lady aloud to herself, as she turned away. "Nothing strange about it," cried the f. p., through the delivery-window, "you ain't answered the last letter he writ yet!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Limekiln Club Proceedings.

"If I had a son dat war gwine out in de world to seek his fortin'," began the old man, as a hush crept down the hall, "I should say to him not to talk too much, nor yet to be too silent. Dat class of men who am alius shootin' off de mouf am no wus dan de class who sot an' sot an' look as wise as owls, but hev nuffin' to say. De one talks bekase he doan' know how to keep still. De odder keeps still bekase he doan' know nuffin' to say. If dar ever was a time when a man who sot an' rolled his eyes an' puckered his mouf an' kept his tongue still was taken to be some great gun of a thoughter, dat time has skipped an' will neber return. I neber bet on a trust de man who doan' talk at all. What I sarch fur am de happy middle-ground. Dat is, fur a man who knows when to talk an' when to keep his head shet, when I find him I hitch right to him wid chain an' padlock. We will now ambulate according to de reg'lar programme."

SO UNDERSTOOD.

"Did I understan' de President to use de word ambulate?" inquired the Rev. Penstock, as he suddenly bobbed up in his seat.

"You did, sah!"

"Ambulate?"

"Yes, sah, ambulate."

"I—I—hardly——"

"You hardly bettah sit down, sah! Dis Cha'r knows de difference between ambulate an' ambulance to perfexshun, and sich interrupshuns of de meetin' at dis airly hour should be frowned down by all good members."

Several hisses were sent across the hall at Penstock, and he dropped down to be heard of no more.

ELECTION.

A trip of the bean-box resulted in what Giveaslam Jones termed the "ensanguinous cleckshun" of the following named gentlemen: Glasher Smith, Colonel Fox, Rev. John Pickadyke, Altitude Snowball, Christmas Johnson, Samuel Hoots and Treadwell Stone.

CAN'T HARMONIZE.

The Committee on Peace and Harmony reported that they had been actively engaged in an effort to bring about harmony and good feeling between the men who pack siv quarts of peaches into a four-quart basket and sell them for a peck, and the general public who buy, but thus far all their work had gone for naught. They had wrestled with grocers who dump a peck of half decayed pears into a bushel basket and cover them over with sound fruit, but they could not say that their influence had been felt. They had worked hard, accomplished nothing and were clear discouraged.

"In dischargin' de committee from farder considerashun of de report," replied Brother Gardner, "I would say dat I hadn't de faintest hope dat dey would succeed in makin' a change. Jist so long as we lib in dis world we will observe dat de man who has an old cow to sell will be lookin' for some way to take de wrinkles off her horns an' deceive de buyer. When a church deacon in good standin' am privileged to file off de teef of a hoss nineteen y'ars old an' sot his aige back to seven, too much mus' not be 'spected from de common run o' folks, who wouldn't hev to plug up worm-holes in apples if Natur' hadn't cheated us by puttin' em dar fustly."

Several of the committees were rushed up about future work and as the clock struck the hour for closing the President rapped for attention and said:

"We may make mistakes an' we may err in judgment, an' circumstances may sometimes put us in a false posishun, but none of us kin eber hev de leas' excuse for forgittin' dat half of de road belongs to de odder waggin. De pusson who am edificated 'nuff to know his own rights neber tramples on de rights of odders. When you find a man so puffed up an' swelled out wid his own 'portance dat he can't see nuffin but ribs in his fellow-men, make up your mind dat dar will be a 'sploshun and dat he will be de only pusson hurt. We will now sarch out our hats, wake up Elder Toots and let this hall relapse into silence."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—J. C. Mann, a mail rider on one of the Meriwether routes in Georgia, is the fourth member of a family who has been struck by lightning since the war. One brother had a mule killed under him, and another had his trousers and boot legs torn open.

For Young Readers.

THE BABY IN THE STORM.

"That story about the baby in the storm? Oh yes, I'll tell you all about it. See, there's the scar on his dear little forehead yet—he'll carry it all his life, they say—but I shall never get over being thankful he came out of it so much better than I did, the darling."

And Janet glanced at her poor crooked arm as she settled herself more comfortably for a long talk.

"This was the way it came about. Mother said to me one Saturday afternoon, 'Janet, I am going over to the village; I will take the little girls with me, and I want you to take good care of Harry till I come back.'

"This arrangement did not suit me at all. I had other plans for the afternoon, and I said, 'But, mother, I promised Mary Hathaway I would go down there this afternoon. She is going to show me a new stitch for my embroidery.'

"'I don't like to interfere with you, dear,' mother said, 'but it seems to me you have been running there quite often this week, and I must have your help now.'

"This was true, but it made no difference in the fact of my wanting to go again.

"'Can't Bridget take care of him?' I said.

"'No, she has too much else to do.'

"'I hate being tied to babies all the time,' I snarled. 'I think we might keep a nurse as well as the Hathaways. Mary never has to be bothered with the young ones.' Mother looked at me with a look which begged for something better from me, but I kept the scowl on my face till I saw them drive from the gate. She said good-by to me with a loving smile, which faded out, as I would not return it. Even when I saw three hands waved to me as they turned the corner, some ugly thing at my heart kept my hand down, although half a minute later I would have given anything for a chance of answering mother's smile.

"I carried baby out into the grove at the back of the house, and dumped him into the hammock, feeling cross and miserable enough. He sat there cooing and crowing and laughing in a way which would have put a better temper into any one but me. I sat on the ground beside him, fussing away at my embroidery, but I could not get it right, and I got crosser and crosser. At last Harry stretched over toward me, and took rather a rough grasp of one of my ears, and, though he looked around for a kiss, but as his pretty face came against mine with a little bump, I jumped up and spoke sharply to him. I laid him down with a shake, saying, 'Go to sleep now, you little tease.'

"He put up a grieved lip, and sobbed as I swung him. It was about the time of his afternoon nap, and he was asleep in a few minutes.

"Then I tried my embroidery again, but it was no use—I could not get the right stitch without some help from Mary. Then a thought came across my mind—why could I not just run down there? Baby would surely sleep for an hour, and I could easily be back within that time. He could not possibly fall out of the hammock, for there were strings tied to some of the cords, which could be fastened above him. I thought of telling Bridget I was going, so she would have 'an eye out' in case he *should* awake, but I knew she would be crabbed about it, and feel as if I were imposing on her, even if he did not give a single 'peep.' So I tied him in very carefully—he gave another little sob as I kissed him, and I was so sorry I had been cross to him. In ten minutes more I was running in at Mrs. Hathaway's gate.

"I had been going toward the north, so I did not notice that a black, curiously shaped cloud, which lay low in the south as I left home, was rising very fast. Mrs. Hathaway told me Mary was out in an arbor back of the house, so I ran out there, and for a little while we were so deep in the embroidery that I forgot to notice how dark it was getting. Then there was a flash of lightning—oh, how white and terrible that lightning was! It came all about us; we seemed wrapped up in it; and such a burst of thunder as I never heard before or since. It sounded like a cannon-ball falling right at our feet.

"As soon as we could move we flew into the house. I was wild with fright as I saw the awful blackness in the sky. Great drops of rain began to fall, and peal after peal of thunder came, as I snatched my bonnet and rushed to the door. Mary seized my arm and held me back. She cried, 'You must not go; indeed you *shall* not go out in such a storm.'

"Mrs. Hathaway came up to me, too, and put her arm around me. 'Why, Janet, you cannot go, my child. It might be at the risk of your life.'

"I think they almost meant to keep me by force; but I screamed out, 'I *must* go! I will! I will!' and I broke away from them, and rushed out into that blinding storm. I couldn't think of anything except the poor baby I had left all alone. There was no one there to take care of him, no one knew where he was, and in the noise of the storm nobody could hear him scream.

"The rain poured down in sheets by the time I reached Mrs. Hathaway's gate. It seemed almost to beat me down to the ground, and the water was over my shoes in half a minute. The lightning seemed like one long flash, and the thunder never stopped. I staggered on and floundered on, and slipped down and got up again, all the time just saying to myself, 'The baby! the baby!—if I could only reach him and find him alive!'

"Then it seemed as if night came down all at once. It got dark in one minute, and I heard a horrible roaring sound behind me—louder than all the thunder. I heard a long, rattling crash, and then another. It was Mrs. Hathaway's house and barn going to pieces, but I didn't know it then. I heard people scream; I heard all sorts of things whizzing about me, but it was too dark to see much. Things came striking against me, and soon a heavy thing came banging against me on one side, and just as I was falling down something seemed to pick me up, and I was whirled and twisted round and round, till I didn't know anything more.

"When I opened my eyes the rain was falling on my face. It was lighter, and I saw boards and timbers, and trees and branches and bushes, lying all about me. I was in a field not far from home. I felt dizzy, and didn't remember anything at first, and then I thought of little Harry, and sprang up to run to him. But, oh, how sick and sore I felt! When I tried to lift a heavy branch which was lying partly over me, I could raise only one of my arms.

"But my feet were all right, and I ran as fast as I could toward home. I saw my father in the road in front of the house, looking up and down, with a white, frightened face. He hurried toward me.

"'Where have you been, child?' he said. 'I must go to see if anything has happened to your mother, but I could not go till I knew you and Harry were safe. Why, dear you are hurt!'

"But I ran past him, crying, 'The baby, father, he's in the hammock—come quick!'

"When we got around to the grove I screamed at what I saw. The trees lay about as if a scythe had mown them down. I hardly knew the place, or where to look for Harry.

"One of the trees the hammock was tied to was lying exactly where I had left my little brother. Another tree was blown right across it. Father did not stop to look, but called the hired man, and they brought axes and saws. I stooped down and listened, though I felt sure the dear little one must be dead. But I heard a sad little sob, as if he had cried till he was worn out. I was so glad, I got up and danced. But father shook his head and said, 'He's alive, but how do we know how he may be hurt.' They chopped away at the branches, while I held my breath, oh, how long, *long* it seemed to wait! I crouched down and crept as near the baby as I could. I called to him and he gave a pitiful little cry; he expected me to take him at once, and I was glad he got angry because he had to wait. He tried to free himself from the hammock, and I began to hope he might not be much hurt.

"At last a great branch was taken away, and I got closer to him. I called father, and we looked under, and I heard him say, 'Thank God!'

"There the little darling was, in a kind of little bower made by two big branches which came down on each side of him. They had saved him when stretched deeply, but no forehead was scratched. Father reached in and cut away the hammock with his knife, and drew him out with hands that shook as if he had an ague fit. The little fellow held out his arms to me; but as I tried to take him my strength all seemed to go away. I grew dizzy and fell down. Bridget took the child, and father carried me in and laid me on a bed.

"Then he and Bridget tried to get us into dry clothes. But I cried out every time they touched me, till father was nearly at his wits' end. I called aloud for mother. I knew she would not hurt me so.

"'I will go now and see where she is, dear,' father said at last, wiping his forehead. 'The good Lord only knows where she may be—and the little ones. I'll bring some one to help you, poor child.'

"The sun was shining brightly again by this time, but as I lay there, with a great deal of pain in my arm and head, I seemed to feel that black storm coming after me yet. The roar, roar, roar kept on in my head, and the bed was whirling up in the clouds with me, and Mary Hathaway was holding me, while some one pelted me with the stars, and mother said, 'Oh, my poor darling—look at her head!'

"Then the moon peeped at me, and said, 'Her arm is broken in two places.'

"It was the doctor who said this, and mother had really come to me. After that I seemed to be climbing and climbing through trees—oh, so long! I kept on for years, always hunting for little Harry, hearing him cry for me, and never able to reach him. But at last I saw a light—I had been in the dark all the time—and I struggled toward it and looked out. Mother was there, but not Harry.

"'Where is he?' I cried.

"'Who, dear?' she said.

"'Why, the baby—little Harry,' I said. 'I was almost up to him.'

"'Here he is.'

"She lifted him up to me, and I tried to take him, but I could not raise myself, and was glad to find that I was in my own bed. I went off into a long sleep, and when I awoke I didn't want anything except to lie quiet and know mother was caring for me, and that Harry sometimes came toddling into my room, for he had learned to walk during the long weeks I had been sick.

"Well, this is about all there is of it. My arm was a long time getting well, and will always be crooked, like this. The doctor said it would have got entirely well if it had not been for the fever.

"But, dear me, how much thinking I did when my head got clear enough to think! When I was out in the storm all I had ever heard about the wrath of God on the children of disobedience seemed to come back to me. How I was punished! If I had been faithful to my duty I should have been safe at home when the storm came. I shall always feel as if I knew something of that awful wrath, for wasn't I taken up in God's terrible hand?

"When I was getting well I began to wonder why Mary Hathaway never came to see me. Mother put off telling me as long as she could that she and a younger sister had been killed in a moment by the falling of their house, and that Mrs. Hathaway was crippled for life. None of us had been hurt but me. Mother had got beyond the track of the worst part of the storm, but her horse was killed by the lightning. Father lost his barns, most of his stock, and nearly all his crops.

"That's the story of the terrible tornado. Its path was not more than half a mile wide, and it was over in less than half an hour. Mother says I grew five years older on that day, and I think she is right.—*Sidney Dayre, in Harper's Young People.*