MADISON TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF MAIDSON PARISH.

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REDUCED TO WHITE DUST.

A Graphic Description of the Process of Cremation.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The body of Orson S. Murray, was taken from this city to the crematorium at Lancaster, Pa., by the son and immediate friends of the deceased. A gentleman who was of the party furnishes the following graphic account of the process of cremation:

Mr. Platt, one of the officers of the Lancaster Cremation society took charge of the body on its arrival. It was immediately conveyed to the crematorium, where a large number of people of all ages and sexes had congregated to witness the operation. After a short pause and conversation in the reception room, the gentlemen were led into the auditorium, which was filled with visitors from the town. The officers of both societies formed a semi-circle in front of the furnace, with the son of the deceased in the center. The view presented was novel and striking. The small building, resembling in many respects a country meeting house, built of pressed brick, was too little for the purpose, and the heat from the furnace was intense. In front of the spectators were four doors, opening into the reception, the preparing and the two retort rooms. Only one retort was in position, however, and the heavy iron door protecting the opening to it was about to be removed. A deathly silence prevailed.

A knock at the preparing room door was the signal to begin. The preparing table moved noiselessly into the auditorium bearing its sacred burden, covered with a heavy dark cloth, and was wheeled into position in front of the retort. The cloth was removed and the corpse, enveloped in a large white muslin sheet, soaked in alum water, lay there but for a moment. The door of the retort swung open and the rosy light of 2,200 degrees of heat filled the auditorium. No fire or flame was visible. Simply the incandescent light thrown by the heat from the brick tiling composing the retort was to be seen, and it like unto the picture of the setting sun on a summer evening. The iron cradle upon which lay the body was rolled from the top of the table noiselessly through the mouth of the retort and it disappeared in the light within. The door swung to and all was over. No noise, no fire, no color, nothing of an unpleasant nature marred the operation. No dull sound of the clod upon the coffin-lid sent a shudder through the nerves of the beholder.

The auditorium was gradually vacated, and no one remained but the son of the deceased and the officers of the two societies before mentioned. A view of the process going on behind that large iron door was to be taken. A delay of half an hour was necessary before the gases being consumed within the retort had sufficiently dispelled themselves to admit of it. Then a small opening, two inches in diameter was made by pressing a small knob in the wall, and the incineration was to be seen. The cradle was plainly visible, and there lay the body enveloped as before, in its white sheet, to all appearances unscathed. One might have supposed it was the habitation of a human soul, so pure and heavenly was the appearance. The ghost of the gases seemed to have been dispelled, as no odor of any kind could be detected. That a dead body could be resolved into its natural elements so quickly and easily seemed strange when one thought of the horrible processes going on daily in the burying grounds. Death had lost most of its terror. It seemed beautiful thus to pass away from materiality into vapor.

The process was nearly ended, but not entirely. The opening was closed, and the little party returned to town, to return after dark. Leaving, a view of the building was again had, and one could hardly suppose that so important an act had taken place in so modest a structure. No smoke stack or anything indicating its use was visible. The simple word crematorium, hewn in a marble slab and placed above the iron door, told the story.

At 9 o'clock that night the party returned to the crematorium, and a complete inspection of the building was made. Another view was had of the interior of the retort, and now all was passive light. No gaseous flames were visible. The light of the full moon could not have been milder or more beautiful. The cradle with its apparent burden was completely visible, and the body seemed to rest there unharmed by the heat or the fire that had raged beneath the retort nearly 24 hours. A slight breeze would have destroyed this filmy shell of alum and muslin tissue. But none could reach it until the large iron door could be opened, which could not be done until morning. At 7 a. m. this was done, and a small heap of white ashes was visible. These were carefully removed by means of a wire brush from the bottom of the retort and placed in a small 6x6-inch metal case. They were found to weigh four pounds and one ounce. Small fragments were found among the ashes, which were the remnants of the larger bones of the body, but no organic matter was there. The work was complete. By exposing the ashes to the air for a few hours the whole assumed the appearance of white dust.

There seems to be a great rivalry among Southern cities in regard to the erection of expensive buildings for young men's Christian associations. Atlanta leads off with a hall costing $100,000, Nashville and Chattanooga are trying to raise $50,000 apiece for this purpose, and Selma, Ala., is barely content with $25,000.

The Chruch Missionary Society, we are informed by the Illustrated Christian Weekly, have decided to establish a station at Aden, "the door to Southern Arabia, and the one point in Western Asia where there is religious liberty. They will also undertake a Gordon Memorial Mission to the Soudan."

LOVE ME.

Love me, love; but breathe it low,
Soft as summer weather;
If you love me, tell me so,
As we sit together.
Sweet and still as roses blow—
Love me love; but breathe it low.

Tell me only with your eyes,
Words are cheap as water;
If you love me, looks and sighs
Tell my mother's daughter
More than all the world may know—
Love me, love, and breathe it low.

Words for others, storm and snow,
Wind and changeful weather—
Let the shallow waters flow
Foaming on together;
But love is still and deep, and oh!
Love me, love; but breathe it low.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE LONG PACK.

BY JAMES HOGG THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

In the year 1723 Colonel Riddig returned from India with what was considered in those days an immense fortune, and retired to a county seat on the banks of the North Tyne in Northumberland. The house was furnished with every thing elegant and costly, among other things a service of plate supposed to be worth £1,000. He went to London annually, with his family during the winter months, and at these times, there were but few left at his country house. At the time we treat of there were only three domestics remaining there; a maid-servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and there were, besides, an old man and a boy, and two ploughman who ived in houses of their own.

One afternoon, as Alice was spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings, a pedler entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack and as broad a pack; but a pack equally long, thick and broad she declared she had never seen. It was in the middle of winter, when the nights were long, cold and wearisome. The pedler was a handsome, well dressed man, yet Alice declared that from the first she did not like him greatly, and though he introduced himself with a great deal of flattery, yet when he came to ask for a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal.

He jested on the subject, saying he believed she was in the right, for it would scarcely be safe to trust him under the same roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature. Alice was an old maid, and anything but beautiful, but it would not do, consent she would not to his staying there.

"But, are you really going to turn me away to-night?"

"Yes."

"Indeed, my dear girl, you are unreasonable; I am come straight from New Castle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around here are of the poorer class. I will rather make you a present of the finest shawl in the pack than go further."

At the mention of the shawl deliberation was portrayed in lively colors on Alice's face, but prudence overcame.

"No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbor no person about the house, but such as came on business, nor these either unless she was well acquainted with them."

"What the worse can you or your masterbe of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" urged the peddler.

The conversation went on thus, Alice proving ondurate, and at length the peddler agreed to go elsewhere and seek for lodgings, if she would let him leave the pack where it was for the night, since, fatigued as he was, he could not possibly carry it away. To this Alice consented, although with much reluctance, as she wanted nothing to do with his goods. "The pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer if you will be so kind as to lock it by in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlor, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went away wishing Alice a goodnight.

When old Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she felt a kind of indefinite terror come over her mind about it. "What can be in it that makes it so heavy? Surely where the man carries it so far he might have carried it farther. It's a confoundedly queer pack. I'll go look at it once again. Suppose I should handle it all around? I may then have a good guess what is in it."

Alice went cautiously and fearfully into the parlor, and opened a wall press. She wanted nothing in the press, indeed she never looked into it, for her eyes were fixed on the pack, and the longer she looked at it the worse she liked it, as to handling it, she would never have touched it for all it contained. She came again into the kitchen and reasoned with herself. She thought of the man's earnestness to leave it—of its monstrous shape, and every circumstance connected with it; they were all mysterious, and she was convinced that there was something uncanny, if not unearthly, in the pack. She lifted a moulded candle and went again into the parlor, closed the window-shutters and barred them; but before she came out she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look at the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving, as visibly as she ever saw anything in her life. Every hair on her head stood straight; every inch of flesh on her body crept. She hasted into the kitchen as fast as she could, but her knees bent under the terror that overwhelmed her heart. She blew out the candle, lighted it again, and not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf, she set it in a water jug, and ran to the barn for old Richard. When she had told her story, ending with the information that the pack was a living pack, Richard dropped his flail upon the floor and stared at Alice with all his eyes.

"A living pack," he cried, "why the woman's mad with doubt! Of all the foolish ideas this is the worst. How can a pack made up of napkins and muslins and corduroy breeches ever become alive?" However, he followed her into the house, and lifted the candle out of the jug; never stopping till he laid his hand on the pack. He felt the boards that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods from being rumpled, the cords that bound it, and the canvass in which it was wrapped. "The pack is well enough," he said finally. "It is just like other packs. I see nought that ails it, and a good large pack it is. It will have cost the honest man three hundred pounds if the goods are fine. But he will make it up, Alice, by cheating fools like you with gewgaws."

Alice felt some disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, and persisted that all was not right about the pack. She believed there were stolen goods in it, at any rate, and she had no wish to sleep in the house with it. Next came in Edward, the lad of sixteen, who aided Richard in his work about the place. He was at this time often engaged in shooting crows and other birds, and had bought a huge old military gun with which he thundered away at them, and this very moment he had seen a flock of birds feeding at his cornrick and had come in to get his gun. When Edward heard the talk about the pack he pricked up his ears attentively. "Faik, Alice," said he, laughing, "if it's a live pack perhaps I'd better shoot it." "Hold your tongue, you fool," said Richard. But Edwarn, taking the candle in his turn, declared he'd have a look at the pack, at any rate. Gliding down the passage he edged up to the parlor door and gazed within. Presently he came back with a very different look from which he took away.

"As sure as death I saw it stirring," he whispered, "and whatever be in there I'll shoot it." In vain the others attempted to dissuade him. Carrying his gun in one hand and the candle in the other he hastened down the hall. Without hesitating a moment he fired. Great heavens! The blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by a groan of death, issued from the pack. Dropping the gun, Edward ran into the kitchen like one distracted, and out at the open door, taking to the hills like a wild roe in his flight. Alice followed as fast as she could; and old Richard, after standing for a time in a state of petrefaction, went into the parlor. The pack had thrown itself to the floor, which flowed with blood. The cries and groans had ceased, and only a kind of gutteral noise was heard within. The old man, getting down upon his knees, unloosed the cords and discovered the body of a stalwart man, from which life had forever fled.

"Alas! Alas!" said old Richard, tears running down his cheeks. "I wish he had lived to repent of the bad cause that brought him here."

By this time Edward and Alice, who had gone off with the wild idea of summoning some one to their aid, returned in sad distress. Having found no one near, they could no longer leave Richard to his melancholy fate. Together they took the corpse from its confinement. The way in which it was packed was curious and artful. His knees were brought up toward his breast, and his feet and legs were stuffed in a wooden box, another wooden box, a size larger, but without a bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and his knees, and, there being only one fold of canvas around this, he breathed with perfect ease. It was the heaving of his breast which had alarmed the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself out of his confinement at once. On his person were four loaded pistols and a silver whistle. In an hour's time they had the house well eduipped with armed men, and when the robbers, who had thought to establish their confederate within in safety, arrived about midnight, they were repulsed with unexpected fury, several of their number being killed or wounded and their bodies carried away in the retreat of the others. The body of the robber in the pack was buried, and it was said that his grave was opened and the corpse taken secretly away. No clue to the perpetrators of this base and bold attempt at burglary was ever found.

A Full-Grown Fraud.

A writer in The Haralson (Ga.) Banner thus exposes one of the most transparent frauds of the age:

I herein and hereby take occasion to expose another one of the frauds that is being daily and hourly perpetrated on our unsuspecting men. I say men for the reason that the women have got better sense than to be victimized by it. I allude to the shirt that is made wrong side foremost, with a back alley to it; split open on the south side, not even a window in front. As a fraud, I align it alongside of a circus show. It keeps out the air on the front side, and is about all it does keep out, for the fleas, redbugs, etc., walk in at the back door, and when they once get there they are at home till Sunday, at least. What a luxury it is to scratch. The operation can't be successfully performed with a locust back shirt on. I was about to forget to tell you that I have one. It is nearly worn out, and I am glad of it. I am nearly worn out, too. Last Tuesday it was cloudy, and that is the time when we town fellows hoe our gardens. I hoed mine, I hoed awhile with my coat on; got too hot, and pulled it off. Soon got off my vest and went at it right. About 3 o'clock my friend, John Baskin, who was hoeing his garden, about one hundred yards off, hallooed out: "Hello, squire, your back's mighty red." I felt 'round, and sure enough it was so sore I had to quit work and go to the house, and it's been getting sorer ever since, and Dr. Fitts says when I get a brand-new hide on my back he hopes I'll take better care of it.

The British government promises to obtain an early issue of the Egyptian loan of $45,000.

What Ruined Eli Perkins.

Eli Perkins.—What ruined me was this: I used to have a strong contempt for lawyers. I thought their long croos-examinations were brainless dialogues for no purpose. But ever since Lawyer Johnson had me as a witness in a wood case I have had a better opinion of the lawyar's skill. In my direct testimony I had sworn truthfully that John Hall had cut ten cords of wood in three days. Then Johnson sharpened his pencil and commenced examining me.

"Now, Mr. Perkins," he began, "how much wood did you say was cut by Mr. Hall?"

"Just ten cords, sir," I answered boldly. "I measured it."

"That's your impression?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, we don't want impressions, sir. What we want is facts before this jury—f-a-c-t-s, sir, facts!"

"The witness will please state facts hereafter," said the Judge, while the crimson came to my face.

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, pointing his finger at me, "will you swear that it was more than nine cords?"

"Yes, sir. It was ten cords—just"—

"There! never mind," interrupted Johnson. "Now, how much less than twelve cords were there?"

"Two cords, sir."

"How do you know there were just two cords less, sir? Did you measure these two cords, sir?" asked Johnson, savagely.

"No, sir, I"—

"There, that will do! You did not measure it. Just as I expected. All guess-work. Now didn't you swear a moment ago that you measured this wood?"

"Yes, sir, but"—

"Stop, sir! The jury will note this discrepancy."

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, slowly, as he pointed his finger almost down my throat. "Now, sir, on your oath, will you swear that there were not ten cords and a half?"

"Yes, sir," I answered meekly.

"Well now, Mr. Perkins, I demand a straight answer—a truthful answer, sir: How much wood was there?"

"T—T—Ten c-c-cords," I answered hesitatingly."

"You swear it?"

"I—I—d—d—do."

"Now," continued Johnson, as he smiled satirically, "do you know the penalty of perjury, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I think"—

"On your oath, on your solemn oath with no evasion, are you willing to perjure yourself by solemnly swearing that there were more than nine cords of wood?"

"Yes, sir, I"—

"Aha! Yes, sir. You are willing to perjure yourself then? Just as I thought (turning to the judge); you see, your honor, that this witness is prevaricating. He is not willing to swear that there were more than nine cords of wood. It is infamous, gentlemen of the jury, such testimony as this." The jury nodded assent and smiled sarcastically at me.

"Now, said Johnson, "I will ask this perjured witness one more question."

"I ask you sir—do you know—do you realize sir what an awful—a-w-f-u-l thing it is to tell a lie?"

"Yes, sir," I said, my voice trembling.

And, knowing this, you swear on your solemn oath that there were about nine cords of wood?"

"No, sir, I don't do anything of"—

"Hold on sir! Now how do you know there were just nine cords?"

"I don't know any such thing sir! I"—

"Aha! you don't know then? Just as I expected. And yet you swore you did know. Swore you measured it. Infamous! Gentlemen of the jury, what shall we do with this perjurer?"

"But I"—

"Not a word, sir—hush! This jury shall not be insulted by a perjurer!—

"Call the next witness!"

An Amazon's Land.

Adventures in New Guinea.—At Port Moresby I had heard of a woman's land, a land where only women—perfect Amazons—lived and ruled. These ladies were reported to be excellent tillers of the soil, splendid canoeists in sailing or paddling, and quite able to hold their own against attacks of the sterner sex, who sometimes tried to invade their country. At the east end they knew nothing of this woman's land, and nowhere east of Hula have I ever heard it spoken of. To find so interesting a community was of great moment, and everywhere we went we inquired, but only to be laughed at by the natives; sometimes asked by them, "How do they continue to exist?" But that, too, puzzled us. As no part of the coast from East Cape to Port Moresby would be left unvisited by us, we were certain to come across the Amazonian settlement; and when we did it would be useful to keep a sharp lookout, as I have noticed that the instigators of nearly all quarrels are the women. I have seen at South Cape, when the men were inclined to remain quiet, the women rush out and, as if filled with devils, incite them. In the early morning we were off the island and soon ready to land. On crossing the reef we met two canoes, one with men and the other with women. We signed to them to go to the vessel, whilst we pulled up to the large villages on the north side. As the boat touched the fine, hard, sandy beach a man, the only being in sight, ran down and stood in front. I went forward to spring ashore, but he said I must not. Finding he knew the Dauaai dialect, I said to him I must land; that I was a friend, and gave him my name, which he already knew from the East. I gave him a strip of red cloth and stepped ashore, when he ran away into the bush. At our first approach I could only see this one man; but now I saw hundreds of grass petticoats on women standing under the houses. I could not see the upper parts of their bodies, only the petticoats and feet. They were, indeed, quiet until I advanced nearer, when one wild scream was given, that would try stronger nerves than mine, and signs to keep away. It required more inquisitiveness than I possessed to proceed. I retired a few paces, warning the boat's crew to keep a good lookout, and especially from the bush end of the village, where the man ran to. I invited the dusky damsels to come to me, if they objected to my visiting them; but no! I must return whence I came; they had seen me, that was enough. "No, my friends, we must meet, and you will have some presents." I held up my beads and red cloth; but, strange to say, they seemed to have no effect on that strange crowd. I never saw so many women together. How were we to meet was now the question. To be baulked by them would never do. I threw on the beach a piece of red cloth and a few beads; walked away quite carelessly and apparently not noticing what was taking place. A girl steals out from the crowd, stops, turns, eyes fixed on me; advances, stops, crosses her hands, presses her breast. Poor thing, not courage enough; so, lightning speed, back. It is evident the old ladies objected to the younger ones attempting, and they are themselves too frightened. Another young damsel about nine or ten years old comes out, runs, halts, walks catlike, lest the touch of her feet on the sand should waken me from my reverie; another halt, holds her chest, lest the spirit should take its flight or the pattering heart jump right out. I fear it was beyond the slight patter then, and had reached the stentorian thump of serious times. On; a rush; well done! She picks cloth and beads up. I have gained my point, and will soon have the crowds—no need to wait so long to have the baits picked up now, and, after a few more such temptings it is done. I am besieged by the noisiest crowd I have ever met, and am truly glad to escape on board the boat.

AFRICA.

The Climate and Its Effects on White Men.

Stanley says the climate of the Congo country is not more dangerous than that of other tropical countries. He believes it less dangerous, if proper hygienic rules are observed. His party has tested it for six years, and he says "there is less sickness, by half, in the Congo Basin, even in its present unprepared condition, than there is in the bottom lands of Arkanas, a State which has doubled its population in the last twenty-five years." Many of the past settlements in Africa have been badly located. From the moment of arrival in equatorial Africa "the body undergoes a new experience, and a wise man will begin to govern his appetite and his conduct accordingly. The head that was covered with a proud luxuriance of flowing locks, or bristled busy and thick, must be shorn close; the body must be divested of that wind and rain-proof armour of linen and wool in which it was accustomed to be encased in high latitudes, and must assume, if ease and pleasure are preferable to discomfort, garments of soft, loose, light flannels. That head-covering which London and Paris patronize must give place to the helmet and puggaree, or to a well ventilated, light cap with curtain. And as those decorous externals of Europe, with their somber coloring and cumbrous thickness, must yield to the more graceful and airy-flannel of the tropics, so the appetite, the extravagant power of digestion, the seemingly uncontrollable and ever-famished lust for animal food and the distempered greed for ardent drinks, must be governed by an absolutely new regime. Any liquid that is exciting, or, as others may choose to term it, exhilarating or inspiring, the unseasoned European must avoid during daylight, whether it be in the guise of the commonly believed innocuous lager, mild Pilsen, watery claret, vin ordinaire, or any other 'innocent' wine or beer. Otherwise the slightest indiscretion, the least unusual effort or spasmodic industry, may in one short hour prove fatal. It is my duty not to pander to a depraved taste, nor to be too nice in offending it. I am compelled to speak strongly by our losses, by my own grief in remembering the young, the strong and the brave who have slain themselves through their own ignorance."

Stanley's experience with African fever. "On the 20th of May, 1881, about 7 a. m., my sickness and weakness seemed to have approached a climax. As soon as I awoke to clearness of mind and realized the dreadful prostration of my body, a presentiment possessed me that I should die. Weaker than this, and yet possessing powers of speech and thought, I doubted whether man could possibly be, with which idea came the thought that the crisis had arrived, and that death was not far off. Dualla meantime has weighed out sixty grains of quinine, over which he has dropped a few minims of hydrobromic acid, and poured an ounce of Maderia wine, which he must deliver between my lips for if all the world were given to me I could not lift the glass unaided. Like lightning the potent medicine coursed through my veins. I felt its overpowering influence stealing rapidly over my fast bewildering senses. Again and again I strove strenuously to utter the words that would not frame.

"'Look well on me, Albert,' I cried. 'Do not move. Fasten your eyes on me that I may tell you.'

"And the young sailor whose hand clasped mine, fixed his eyes steadily on mine to enable me to conquer the oppressive drowsiness, and the sentence was at last, after many efforts, delivered clearly and intelligently, at which I felt so relieved from my distress that I cried out, 'I am saved!' Then suddenly a dark cloud came over me, the perception of the scene faded away, and oblivion, which lasted many hours, shut out the sense of things."

When Stanley awoke he asked for food. After many days he was able to be up and about, though his weight was reduced to one hundred pounds.

In The Virginia Mountains.

Washington Republic.

Grundy is a mere hamlet on the bank of Big Sandy river, ten miles from Kentucky state line, the home of the "moonshiner," walled in by mountains on all sides. The area of the whole village is not more than one and one-half acres, and a wilder, more desolate looking place you cannot imagine. I could find but two men in Abingdon who had ever been to Grundy or could give me any idea of the road leading there. One of them was a revenue officer who once made a raid over there on horseback; the other was a member of congress for that district, who had been there once during the political campaign of last fall.

They had made the distance by horseback, sixty miles from Abingdon and by wagon road ninety-six miles. They said it would be impossible to find the horseback road without a guide, as the road was a mere path over rocky mountains, often almost indiscernable. I could not hire a guide or a saddle horse without a sore back (the horse's back not the guide's), so I hired a covered wagon and a pair of horses and went it alone, taking a supply of raw dried beef, canned meat and crackers. Of all the trips I ever took, that was the worst. It was up and down mountains all the way. I was six days and nights on the road. One horse played out almost entirely before I got back. My right arm is stiff and sore yet from using the brake on the wagon to keep it from running over and killing the horses coming down the mountains. I had great difficulty in finding the way, as nobody on the road seemed to have ever been five miles from home.

On top of Big Sandy mountain I came across a woman standing in her hut door with a child in her arms, looking very miserable. She said, "Meester, did you meet an old woman on a mewl?"

"Yes, about tho miles back."

"Did the mewl fling her?"

"No, not in my presence, why?

"Well dat ole woman is my mammy and 'critters' up in does mountains haint usen to kivered concerns, and I was skeert the mewl mout ha flung her."

I wondered if the horses and mules were really afraid of wheeled vehicles. About a mile further on, I spied about 200 yards ahead of me a party of four persons mounted on mules. As soon as I drove in sight, they rode up in the bushes and dismounted, and as I had been cautioned that it was not perfectly safe to go over the mountain alone if there was anything about me like a revenue officer, and as it was then getting dusk, I was a little doubtful what that maneuver meant. But I drove bravely up and to my surprise each man was holding his "critter" close by the bit and the "critters" gave them a lively time to hold them until my wagon passed. I then remembered having read a year or two ago a speech or lecture made by Reverdy Johnson, in Baltimore, in which he said there was a county in the mountain section of Virginia, in which there was not a single wheeled vehicle known, and only one wagon road through the country. I immediately concluded that I had found the county and road.

From the eastern edge of Buchanan county, where I entered it, to Grundy is thirty-one miles. I did not see in that whole thirty-one miles a single brick or frame house of any description. Nothing but the lowest order of log huts; stack chimneys three or four feet lower than the house. The puncheons formed the roof, held down by rocks piled on them. I was in the rain all one day, and forced at night to seek shelter in one of these houses, where I could have a fire, as it was very cold up in the mountains. The whole family occupied the room with me. The horses were turned out to graze. It was court week at Grundy. Court was held in a small schoolhouse. The hotel is a frame building of only two rooms with a stack chimney between. Four beds were in each room, and one of these rooms was also used for dining purposes, if people could be said to dine who eat twice a day, 365 days in the year, nothing but hot, half-done soda biscuit and fried meat. I killed eleven snakes on the road and drank a quart of rot-gut mountain whiskey to hold the hot biscuit down. There is not a frame house, I was told, in Buchanan county, outside of Grudy, and there are only five there since the fire.

Mr. Duke's Explanation.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It was at a big August meeting in Wake county, N. C., and there were acres of darkies present. The "Crossing of the Red Sea" was the subject of the discourse, and the Rev. Mr. Dukes, a 'mancipated minister, was treating it in the most frigid manner. He had just closed by saying, "Moses and the chil'un of Israel crossed ober the Red Sea on the ice, but when Faro and his lumberin' big chariots come 'long, dey broke frue the ice and dey was all drownded," when a young man from town arose and said:

"Brer Dukes, will you 'low me to ax you a question?"

"Sartinly; what is it?"

"Well, Brer Dukes, I's bin studdin' geography, an' geography teaches me dat de Red Sea am in de tropics. What I want to ax is dis: Whar dat ice cum from whar Moses crossed ober on?"

Brer Dukes cleared his throat, mopped his brow, hesitated a moment, and replied:

"Well, I'se glad you ax dat question. It gives me an opportunity to 'splain. My dear young brer, you mus'n't think 'cause you w'ar store close an' bin to school dat you know everything. Dis thing I'm preaching 'bout took place long time ago, 'fore dere was any geographies an' 'fore dere was any tropics."

Proper Mode of Love Making.

The Louisville Commercial quotes a "noted belle" of that city, who is now "a round and rosy matron with children at her knee," as giving the following hints as to the proper mode of love-making:

"A score of men made love to me," said the excellent lady above referred to, "and any one of them might have had me if he had studied the art of love-making with the same care he would give any time to a game of chess.

"I hold that love-making is an art. There is no such think as love at first sight. We may admire each other in the beginning, but immediate affection is out of the question. First impressions, no matter how favorable, must be strengthened by artful cultivation. Then love comes, and if the man who sues makes no mistake, he is sure to win, no matter what his condition may be. Of course, he must talk well, dress respectably, and, above all, wear clean linen and keep his face free from dirt. If he does all this and sues judiciously no arrow of misfortune can keep the victor's wreath from off his crown. I might add that one of the requisities in personal appearance is clean teeth. A man may have a nose like a pumpkin, or a mouth like a mammoth cave, or eyes like a jay bird, a hand like a ham, or a foot as big as a canoe, and he can win, but if his teeth are not what a gentleman's teeth ought to be he will rue the day he gave his heart to a well-bred womon. He may be tall or short, stout or lean, with a voice like a sog-horn and a carriage as ungraceful as the amble of a camel, and he may yet win any woman in the world if he studies her with care and keeps his teeth clean.

"A man must be more or less hot-headed; he must be more or less jealous and more or less passionate to inspire a woman with the love that burns. The man who wouldn't kiss a woman when she tells him with her eyes that her lips are yearning is an idiot. I don't mean by this that kissing is at all necessary, or even proper, but it is certainly a part and parcel of the art of love-making. I believe in the rough old verse that dear little Lotta used to sing about kissing:

Nobody is above it;
The old maids love it,
And widows have a finger in the pie.
Some people are so haughty
They say it's very naughty,
But you bet your life they do it on the sly.

"I heard a pretty girl from Cleveland say once that she had been devotedly sought by young Mr. L. for four years. She was fond of him and admired him for his many excellent qualities, but she finally let him go, because as she put it, he never had the courage to once squeeze her hand. To my knowledge there was never a purer or better girl than that one, but she was too full of mercury to ever wed a man who lacked the spirit to at least squeeze her hand in a favorable way. Real women, I protest, care nothing for milk-and-water men, nor do they always worship heroes, but, as I have said, if any intelligent man, with clean linen and clean teeth, will make a judicious combination of flattery and ardent devotion he can win any woman in the world who doesen't hate him for a cause in the beginning of the affair.

"Let me say just one more word about love-making. This is for girls. A noted French author in one of his books declares that jealous men are always fickle. It is just the other way. Jealous men are never fickle. Jealousy is the surest evidence of true love. When a woman can arouse the demon in a man's bosom, she may always feel sure of him. He loves her and will go on his knees when she bids him."

A Maddened Whale.

The steamer Valor, of this port, Captain Haskell, is engaged in shooting whales for the factory at Boothbay. Recently, when off Cape Porpoise and just in sight of land, an immense whale was encountered, and the steamer started in pursuit, but just as they got near enough to fire at the monster he sounded. The steamer started again for the prey when he came to the surface, and this time they got in a shot. Mr. Haskell, the brother of the Captain, fired the bomb, and it entered the animal, which immediately swam with great speed directly out to sea. The steamer followed, and after a long and exciting chase succeeded in driving the whale inshore, when he again sounded. After a short time, during which the steamer lay to and waited for the reappearance of the monster, he rose to the surface and plunged directly for the boat. Had he struck the little vessel, coming as he was, with almost irresistible force, she would certainly have sunk. The signal to back was given, and the steamer coming round just in time to allow the whale to dash by only a few feet, from the side, Haskell, afraid of losing the prey again fired, and this time the bomb accomplished its work, and the dead body of the whale sank in seventy-five fathoms of water. The whale was very large for its species, being fully twice as long as the Valor, a 45-foot vessel. The carcass will come to the surface in eight or nine days, when it will be taken in tow by the steamer.—Portland (Me.) Press.

The Australians the Greatest Athletes.

From the Cleveland Leader and Herald.

In a recent interview Dan O'Leary said: "Of all the trampers living the only one that is wealthy is Rowell, and he is probably worth $80,000 He handles it very carefully and never speculates. Six years ago I had $150,000. I began to dabble in stocks, and as a result dropped my bundle, but I never played a card for money in my life or bucked the tiger. I have walked since July 14, 1874, 75,000 miles in matches and exhibitions in this country, England, Ireland, and Australia. I have crossed the Atlantic each way sixteen times since '76, and intend to return to Australia next December. There are no people on the face of the earth as good athletes as the Australians. They pay a great deal attention to football, racing, coursing, and cricketing, and there are few people that can beat them."