Ike Philkins writes to the Detroit *Free Press* denying that the bite of the tarantula is necessarily fatal. The tarantula will not bite unless he is cornered, and though his sting makes one sick for a few hours, it is not always fatal. A man in San Antonio was bitten by a tarantula and was in bed one day, and suffered from the pain two or three days, but was never in any danger.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

Twenty years ago there lived a widow lady in the South of France, in a seaside village called Compiegne, near Marseilles, who had occupied the same house for half a century, and was esteemed as a kind friend to the poor. For a French lady, she was, conspicuously wealthy, having an income of about eighty thousand francs a year; and this income she had enjoyed for fifty years, to the constant benefit of the neighborhood in which she lived. But the evil day came at last, and this, too, in her old age, when she lost almost the whole of her large property: some said through the perfidy of her broker; some, through rash ventures or speculations; and some, through her honorable desire to pay the gambling debts of a brother who had lost his honor as he had lost everything else. Be the secret what it might—and it was never cleared up—she was so reduced as to be practically penniless, having sold even her jewels and her library, and keeping nothing but her household furniture and effects.

The house that she lived in was not her own. She rented it from a not too-amiable landlord. This landlord was as much disliked in the neighborhood as the lady was affectionately esteemed; and when the time came that the lady was so impoverished as to be unable even to pay six months' rent, the landlord was perhaps the only man in the whole neighborhood whose pity was shadowed by self-interest. He did not go much as express sympathy with his old tenant. Though she had paid him a handsome rental for so long a time—the villagers said for forty-eight years—the landlord was a man who had but one idea of humanity, and that was to get his own at quarterday. We must not presume to pass censure on the landlord. These are men, excellent men, whose one weakness for money is such an absorbent of all the force of their character that they have no capacity left for appreciating anything else, and must be regarded as irresponsible idiots.

Now it so happened that, about a mile from the lady's house, there lived a gentleman who had grown rich by picture-fancying. The name of this gentleman was Monsieur Gratton. He was considered to be one of the best judges of pictures, not only in the neighborhood, but in all France. His word fixed the value of any painting. And so wondrous was his gift of discrimination that he had been sent for to Paris by the Government of his day to settle rare disputes on art subjects. It was said of him that he could tell a Vernet from a Gaspar Poussin by one glance of his type-discerning eye; that, on one occasion, when, at first sight of a fine picture, he was asked, "Can this be French or Italian?" he replied instantly, "Neither, sir; it is a George Morland;" and that he had even turned the jest on some art critics in Vienna, who had labelled a picture wrongly to deceive him.

Now this gentleman, who had amassed a large fortune—some said five millions of francs—by his happy "gift of exploiting an unsuspected gem," was well known to the hard landlord, and still better known to the lady whom ill-fortune had now placed in the landlord's power. He had been deeply grieved to hear of the lady's recent troubles. And he became savage—downright spiteful—when the news reached his ears that his lady-friend was about to be "sold up."

Without loss of a moment he called to see the lady. He begged her, most respectfully, yet most earnestly, to permit him to defray the trifling debt. She could repay him, he suggested, in a few months or years, if she preferred a loan, and would decline to accept a gift; but meanwhile he implored her not to let so small a sum—not to let so small a service on his part—stand in the way of her saving her "household gods!" The lady was grateful, but obdurate. If the landlord, she said must injure anyone, it had best be that person who was his debtor; and, for her part, she was not unhappy in the contemplation of at least honorably discharging a just debt.

So the worst came to the worst at the appointed time. All the villagers were full of sorrow for the kind lady. Many of them clubbed together, and tried to raise the full amount, which was no more than two thousand five hundred francs; but the lady, when she heard of it, instantly stopped the subscription, and assured the good villagers that "it was of no importance." Indeed, she bore up so serenely under her sudden change of fortune that she might be said to be as admirable in adversity as she has been in her uses of great wealth.

The date of the public sale was duly advertised in the newspapers; and the huge placards which were posted all about the village were read with tearful eyes by many villagers: "To be sold, by auction, on the morning of Tuesday, September 15th, at eleven to twelve o'clock, the household furniture and contents of the Villa Antoinette," etc. Was the announcement which occasioned grief to a hundred friends, and which aroused no little resentment against the landlord.

Accordingly, on a fine morning in September, just twenty years ago—in 1865—a little crowd was gathered early round the Villa Antoinette, and not a few persons passed within the villa. Everyone of note, or rather everyone who had money, was anxious to secure some souvenir from the sale. Indeed, many persons were present, not to buy anything for themselves, but to "buy in" what could be bought for the kind lady. And here it must be mentioned that the law of France, in regard to sales, is more considerate and more just than in the English law; for it is not permitted, in a French sale by auction, to sell one stick more than is required to pay the debt; so that the moment the exact amount is reached, the auctioneer is obliged to lay down his hammer. In this particular case, the exact amount to be covered was two thousand seven hundred and fifty francs—the amount of the debt with the expenses—so that it was hoped that the really valuable furniture, including not a few rare antiques, might not, all of it, be scattered to the winds.

The auctioneer commenced business at twelve o'clock. By this time most of the rooms were quite full. There were present—strange effrontery!—the landlord of the villa, who smiled his welcome to many a visitor who did not love him; and also the distinguished picture-fancier, Monsieur Gratton, of whom mention has been made just above. The landlord and picture-fancier shook hands. Why not? Hands meet in this world when hearts are far apart, just as beads are often uncovered by reluctant hands. "Language was given to conceal our thoughts," and politeness was given us—well, to conceal the degree of disrespect which we may interiorly entertain for those we greet. The landlord and the picture-fancier lived in the same neighborhood. It was less trouble to be civil than to be candid.

Yet some persons smiled when they saw the amiable picture-fancier exchanging normal, polite greetings with the landlord. It had been whispered about that Monsieur Gratton, the

this affair out of court," and had made overtures to the landlord—which had not been accepted—for the pacific settlement of the debt without a sale. Be this as it might, there was no sign of pacification in the feet that the auctioneer had arrived; nor in the handing about of printed catalogues of the sale; nor in the marked "Lots" which stared everybody in the face. Still, Monsieur Gratton looked blandly on the landlord. And there was, perhaps, more than a touch of irony in the voice of Monsieur Gratton—who was a cultured gentleman as well as a judge of pictures—when, saluting the hard landlord, he said, in his suavest tones, "Monsieur, je vous souhaite le bon jour."

And now the picture-fancier moved about the room—the room in which the sale was to take place. Naturally, being a picture-fancier, he would look at the pictures; and he did look at them, with a lazy indifference. From one picture to another picture he passed somewhat quickly, with that sort of unattractiveness which, if expressed in honest language, might be summed up in the comment, "What rubbish!" He had moved nearly round the room, with an air of calm contempt, casting a glance on this water-color, on that oil-painting, when suddenly his eye became arrested by some object which seemed to claim just his momentary attention; and, standing opposite a small picture, he felt for his eye-glass, and then put it ostentatiously into his eye. In another minute he had taken the picture off its stand; he had seated himself leisurely in an arm-chair; he was caressing the picture with an obvious artistic interest; and the whole room—all who were present—were observing him.

The auctioneer commenced business as follows: "Gentlemen, in the order of the catalogue, the pictures stand first for your competition. These pictures are not, perhaps, by great artists—that is, not by artists with great names—but you will see that they are, all of them, good pictures. Now, here we have Lot One. (Monsieur Achille, please turn that picture to the light, and just draw the curtains back from the windows; I thank you.) Here we have Lot One, a really capital water-color by that rising young artist, Henri Durart. What shall we say, gentlemen, for this very pretty picture?"

And the picture was knocked down for twenty francs.

"Lot Two," proceeded the auctioneer, swiftly. "Is really a fine oil-painting, by Lecroix,—a grand picture! Shall we say two hundred francs, to begin with?"

But sixty francs was all that "the grand picture" could be flattered into bringing into the treasury.

"Lot Three," now said the auctioneer, after a short pause, and apparently looking about the room to discover it. "Ah! I see that Monsieur Gratton is admiring it! Monsieur Gratton," said the now pleased auctioneer, "you have Lot Three in your lap, and are caressing it! You will tell us, sir, what you think of this picture?"

And Monsieur Gratton woke up, as from a reverie. He seemed to have been unconscious of the auctioneer. He immediately handed "Lot Three, to one of the assistants, and then relapsed into a calm state of indifference, as though he had forgotten what had interested him.

"This is a small picture by—Ah! the name is not given," continued the auctioneer, as though inquiringly. "Perhaps Monsieur Gratton can oblige us by telling us who was the painter of this picture?"

But Monsieur Gratton simply shook his head, negatively, signifying that he neither knew nor cared. The auctioneer therefore proceeded with the sale.

"The title of this picture is 'The First Streak of Dawn.' What shall we say for this clever picture?"

And no one making a bid, Monsieur Gratton, the picture-fancier, in lazy tones, "Fifty francs."

"Fifty francs!" echoed the busy auctioneer. "Any advance, gentlemen, on the small sum of fifty francs?"

"And the landlord of the villa, who had been watching Monsieur Gratton, and had seen that he had been greatly struck with this little picture, stepped forward and examined it with care. Whether fired by admiration, or by emulation, or by greed, he decided that he would himself make a bid. He, as no one else spoke, he looked at the auctioneer, and said, somewhat bashfully, "Sixty francs."

Monsieur Gratton looked at him quite surprised. What on earth could he know about a picture? After a very brief pause, and after one look at the landlord, he said, with calm confidence, "One hundred francs."

A smile then lit the countenances of many present. And the smile became broadened into a kind of chuckle when the landlord, as though inspired with a fine envy, boldly broke out into, "Two hundred francs."

Monsieur Gratton looked annoyed, and not good-tempered, but very quickly responded with, "Three hundred."

"Four," said the landlord, almost immediately.

At this point Monsieur Gratton, who had not left his arm-chair, rose and walked quietly to the auctioneer, uttering, however, the two words, "Five hundred," as though he intended that bid to be the final one.

"Six hundred," said the landlord.

"A thousand francs," said Monsieur Gratton, rather peevishly, obviously bored with the landlord's interference.

"Twelve hundred," said the landlord.

"Fifteen," said Monsieur Gratton.

"Two thousand francs," cried the landlord, while the people in the room began to look at one another, and to wonder what this rivalry could portend.

"Two thousand five hundred," said Monsieur Gratton, at the same time taking the notes out of his pocket-book, and proceeding to count them for a settlement.

The landlord, feeling his dignity to be at stake—at least, that was the exterior impression—with but little hesitation, capped this last generous bid with the still more generous offer of "Three thousand."

"Ah, well!" said Monsieur Gratton, shrugging his shoulders, and putting his pocket-book back into his pocket, "I really cannot bid any more." And he smilingly went back to his arm-chair.

"That stops the sale," said the auctioneer, sharply. And a great bubbub of talk filled the room.

Nor had the sale lasted more than twenty minutes. The landlord, by his one bid for the picture, had fully covered his tenant's debt and the expenses, so that all that had been sold of the good lady's property were three pictures, and not a stick of the furniture. Nothing could have been more satisfactory. So the crowd now dispersed, each one to his own home; and many a surprise was expressed, and many a criticism was hazarded, as to the *why* of this spasmodic rivalry for the picture. "Take my word for it," said one good villager to another, as they wended their way home through the village lanes, "Monsieur Gratton, the picture-fancier, knew what he was about when he offered a good price for that picture. He never buys a bad picture. If he offered two thousand five hundred francs, that picture is worth at least six thousand. The landlord has got hold of a masterpiece, and he knew that when Monsieur Gratton bid high."

"Did you notice," answered the oth-

the picture? Why, he took the picture in his lap, and then he looked at the back of it, and then he looked into the corners, and then he turned the picture upside down, and then he took a magnifier and seemed to look *under* the frame, as though he would discover some old writing. Depend upon it, that picture is a gem. *Mon Dieu!* what it is to *know* a thing! Now you or I might have passed over that picture and never thought it worth more than the rest of them. These *savants*, as they call them, are wonderful men."

And precisely the same range of ideas was passing through the mind of the landlord as he carefully wrapped the picture in a piece of silk, and then wrapped it in another soft folding. To have outwitted a supreme judge of pictures, and to have more than covered the full amount which was due to him (for he intended to sell that picture for its full value), were two satisfactions which seemed to him to compensate for the unpleasantness of "selling up a widow."

The following morning the landlord started early, to make a call upon Monsieur Gratton, the picture-fancier. It was barely ten o'clock when the landlord arrived, and he was at once shown into the presence he desired.

Monsieur Gratton received him very graciously. Monsieur Gratton talked briskly, and was unusually voluble—on every subject save that of yesterday's sale. The more the landlord tried to "lead up" to that subject, the more did Monsieur Gratton lead away from it, till at last, utterly daunted in every effort to "drag it in," the landlord took his hat and was departing. But nature was too strong to be vanquished. The landlord had called with one particular object, and he could not go away without succeeding. So, summoning all his courage, as he was backing out of the room, and as Monsieur Gratton was suavely bowing his adieux, he said, abruptly—

"Oh! Monsieur Gratton, pray pardon me for asking you—I know I have no business to do so—but *why* did you take a fancy to that little picture?"

"Why did I take a fancy to that little picture?" echoed Monsieur Gratton, as though surprised; "that little picture! *What* little picture? Ah! you mean the little picture I wanted to buy, but which *you* so unkindly took from me. Yes, I must say I thought it shabby of you to supplant me," said Monsieur Gratton, laughing gaily and good-humoredly.

"Now, might I ask you," continued the landlord, quite diffidently, "since, of course, you know these matters better than I do what might be the value, the pecuniary value, of that really very charming little picture?"

"Pecuniary value—that little picture—pecuniary value!" re-echoed Monsieur Gratton, looking surprised; "upon my word, I have not the smallest idea. I am sure I never gave the subject a thought. Pecuniary value! Oh! I dare say twenty francs, or twenty-five francs. But really, I have not considered the point judicially."

"Twenty francs, or twenty-five francs!" exclaimed the landlord, utterly unable to hide his disgust; "twenty francs, or twenty-five francs, it's full value! You are jesting, Mosieur Gratton, you are jesting!"

"Jesting!" responded the picture-fancier, quite gravely; "why should I jest upon such a subject? You ask me a very simple question, and I give you a very truthful answer."

"Then why, sir—I say, why sir," asked the landlord, with suppressed passion, "did you bid two thousand five hundred franes for that picture?"

"Really, Monsieur le Proprietaire," replied Monsieur Gratton, with a gravity and an innocence that were quite crushing, "you astonish me by so curious a question. If a man takes a fancy to a picture, or if he wishes to possess it as a souvenir of a kind lady for whom he has the very highest esteem, may he not bid what he likes for it? At least *you*, sir, were evidently of that opinion!"

Superstition about Comets.

In these beliefs regarding meteors and eclipses there was little calculated to do harm by arousing that superstitious terror which is the worst breeding-bed of cruelty. Far otherwise was it, with the beliefs regarding comets. During many centuries they brought terrors which developed the direst superstition and fanaticism; the ancient records of every continent are full of these. One great man, indeed, in the Roman Empire had the scientific instinct and prophetic inspiration to foresee that at some future time the course of comets would be found in accordance with natural law. But this thought of Seneca was soon forgotton; such an isolated utterance could not stand against the mass of superstition which upheld the doctrine that comets are "signs and wonders." The belief that every comet is a ball of fire, flung from the right hand of an angry God to warn the groveling dwellers of earth, was received into the early Church, transmitted through the middle ages to the Reformation period, and in its transmission and reception was made all the more precious by supposed textual proofs from Scripture. The great fathers of the Church committed themselves unreservedly to this doctrine. Tertullian declared that "comets portend revolutions of kingdoms, pestilence, war, wind, or heat." Origen insisted that they indicate "catastrophes and downfall of empires and worlds." The Venerable Bede, so justly dear to the English Church, made in the ninth century a similar declaration. St. Thomas Aquinas, the great light of the universal Church in the thirteenth century, whose works the Pope now reigning commends as the center of all university instruction, accepted and handed down the same opinion. The sainted Albert the Great, the most noted genius of the mediæval Church in natural science, received and developed this theory.—*From "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," by Professor Andrew D. White, in Popular Science Monthly for October.*

An actor for a long time associated with T. W. Keene relates several amusing anecdotes about the tragedian. On one occasion, when he had made a great hit as Richard, the applause continued after the curtain went down. As the curtain touched the floor Keene turned a sommersault, and had just landed upon his feet when the curtain rose to discover him bowing his thanks.

Seeking a Relation.

Col. Nat Hammond was on the train, not long ago, when a lank, inquiring-looking stranger moved across the aisle and took a seat by him. He gazed at Col. Hammond attentively for a full minute and then said:

"Howdy do?"

"I am well, sir," replied Col. Hammond. A pause of about two minutes; then:

"What mout your name be?"

"My name is Hammond, sir."

A still longer pause, and then:

"I hope there ain't no harm done?"

"There is not, sir."

An embarrassing silence, during which the stranger contemplated Col. Hammond closely; then:

"You see, I've got an uncle who lives up in Tennessee that I ain't never seen, and I thought I might come upon him some time by just asking folks their name!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Rose Terry Cooke wants school-children to carry raw lunches to school

Home of Charles Dudley Warner.

The Riveret is bordered by low meadows on one side, and by the sharp scallyit with its fair woodland on the other. Within this woodland, which is not crossed by either fence or hedge, there are several other villas; among them, not far distant, the picturesque, gabled house of Charles Dudley Warner. The plot of cultivated ground which, in "My Summer in a Garden," the author so generously annexed to the open common of American humor, was attached to his former home, near by. There also was the hearth from the glow of which came the inspiration for "Back-log Studies." Before its cheerful light Mr. Warner's friends used to gather of snowy nights, enjoying the crackle of the blazing wood, and the flashes of wit that sparkled there; Mark Twain and their pastor, Rev. Joseph Twichell, and Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull—the only man extant who can read Eliot's Indian Bible—with others not less endeared to the circle because they are not public personages; and perhaps a visiting brother author, Howells from Cambridge, or Stedman from New York, or Sanborn from Concord, all centering about the quiet, thoughtful-looking host, with his rather pallid face, and his hair and beard strewn with snow that will not melt even before his own geniality.

The new house is charming in all its appointments, and especially rich in bric-a-brac, much of it Oriental, collected by the owner during his several tours in Europe, the East, and Africa. The corner of one end of the music-room especially attracts attention. The side-board is of mahogany, and over it hangs a painting, "The Martyrdom of Santa Barbara," by Vasquez, a contemporary, perhaps pupil, of Velasquez, painted about 1640 for a convent at Bogota, South America, where it has been until two or three years ago. The picture has a curious heavy frame of ebony, inlaid with masses of tortoise-shell. The mantel-piece is unique. It is made of Saracenic tiles framed in California redwood. Most of the tiles are wall tiles from ancient houses in Damascus and Cairo, one from the Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, and some small ones at the side from the pavement of the courts in the Alhambra. The tiles are blues and greens, in arabesques and conventionalized flower patterns, one with a legend in Arabic declaring the unity of God. On top of the mantel-piece stands a large Knight of Malta vase, majolica, probably of Abrazzi make. At Malta it was customary to mold such a jar on the election of a Grand Master of the order. This was made for Adrianolle Vegnlamont, elected 1690, and has his portrait on one side and coat of arms on the other. Its companion was made for Fra Raimondo Perelles, elected 1697.

Although Mr. Warner of course has a study at home, he nevertheless every week-day when he is at home trudges down into the city to the office, a mile and a half away, of the Hartford *Courant*—to get the true local flavor pronounce "currant"—of which he is an editor and part owner. There he enters another apartment consecrated to the pen; cheerful, sunny, hung with photographs of Old World architecture, but provided with a large writing-table, on which are the paraphernalia of practical newspaper labor, and there, too, he remains for several hours, studying the news of the world, and writing editorials which surprise even his old associates by their wide range and the familiarity they evince with questions of trade, politics, literature, and foreign affairs. Those who know what writing as a profession really means, will understand the kind of ability and industry required to sustain this steady journalistic duty, simultaneously with the production of books and frequent contributions to the magazines, and they will not wonder that Mr. Warner should now and then have to travel for health's sake. But he always brings back from his journeys so much of new acquisition that the literary pulse is quickened into fresh activity.—*George Parsons Lathrop in Harper's Magazine for October.*

Langtry and a Cook.

One would hardly suppose that amid the adulation of the young nobility of London and the undisguised attention of the future ruler of England, Lily, the charming, the incomparable Langtry, would give a thought to any of our fellow-townsmen. But she has. The lucky individual is our young real estate agent, Mr. J. Cook, Jr., and if the boat is not wrecked and the animal don't die, Dr. Cook will ere long receive a beautiful dog which Lily promised him for his courtesy one day in Washington.

Mr. Cook, as everyone knows, is one of our most engaging young gentlemen, and on this occasion, in particular, the snow and slush was ankle deep on Pennsylvania Avenue. Lily was playing at Ford's, and, as luck would have it, rode up from the capitol in the same street car in which sat Mr. Cook. With the politeness of his sex, Mr. Cook not only offered the strange young lady his seat, but, nothing the embarrassment under which she labored from the multiplicity of packages and bundles with which she was laden, considerately gathered up in his arms the ugliest pug dog on the two continents. He nursed the dog, chatted with the fair owner, and made himself otherwise agreeable till Ford's theater was reached. Here the young woman prepared to alight, and the young gentleman, equal to the emergency, lost no time in following her with dog and parcels. Those deposited on the sidewalk, Mr. Cook expeditiously and with grace soon placed her with equal care clear of the slush and the snow. It was but a few steps to the theater, but before separation the gallant found his pocket full of "comps," and the lady in return exacted a solemn promise that he'd be on hand at the evening performance. Mr. Cook was on hand, in a front seat, never dreaming that his companion was anything more prominent than a stage fairy or a member of the ballet, at the most. Judge of his surprise, therefore, when the curtain rose and in the fair face of the young woman Mr. Cook saw the famed Mrs. Langtry. Recognition was mutual, and the Lily, from the expression on her face, enjoyed hugely Mr. Cook's ill-concealed astonishment. The acquaintance thus romantically begun didn't end here. He called at Lily's hotel, was handsomely received, and the pleasure was reciprocal, for during the whole of Lily's engagement at Ford's, Cook and his friends were plentifully supplied with complimentary tickets.

Here's where the dog comes in. Before leaving the city the Denver young man insisted that he ought to have the dog. Lily, however, would not part with her pet, but promised, upon her return to England, she would send to Mr. Cook's Denver address one of the finest dogs in all England. Lily is a woman of her word, and Mr. Cook at any time may expect to see at his door the promised canine.—*Denver Opinion.*

When that heartless foe, Yellow Jack, who proved more deadly than Yankee bullets, slew General Hood, there were left eleven little Hood children without father or mother. Six of the eleven were twins. Two of the eleven died, and nine still live—three, at New Orleans; one at Cohoma, Miss.; two at New York City; two at Woodville, Miss., and one at Scarsdale, N. Y. Not only have the orphans good homes, but a fund of $20,000 raised for them already has rolled, like the traditional snowball of the children of their

How Negroes Say Good-Night.

Pete Wheeler and Nugent Trambull, both residents of a Texas town, happening to meet, the former remarked:

"You see not looking well, you have black rings about your eyes, and you look haggard. What's the matter with you?"

"I can't get my sleep at nights!"

"Perhaps you smoke too much, or you drink too much coffee?"

"I don't touch tobacco or coffee."

"A bad conscience, then!"

"Haven't got any conscience that I know of."

"Perhaps it's fleas or mosquitoes?"

"Neither of them."

"You sit up all night and play poker, that's why you can't sleep."

"You are away off."

"Are you a night watchman and sleep in the daytime?"

"You get out."

"Perhaps you live near a colored church?"

"Now, you are shouting. I don't live near a colored church, but I might just as well. I live on the corner of Hickory and Palmetto streets, and that is the corner where the negroes, returning from their pow-wows, break up. Some going in one direction, and others in another."

"Well, how does that disturb you so much?"

"Did you ever notice how a lot of darkies coming home from church say good-by to each other?"

"Never did."

"I thought not. About 1 o'clock I sit up in bed with a start. There is a noise outside as if a mob were trying to break into a jail to lynch a man. It is those darkies saying good-by to each other, right under my window. They are all huddled together, but you would suppose they were shouting to each other across a river a mile wide."

"What do they say?"

"'Good-night, Brudder Jackson; tell Uncle Sam and Cousin Lize howdy for me. Good-night all ob yer.' 'Good-night, Sister Benes; tell Mirandy dat I'se got sumfin ter tell her. Tell all the folkses howdy from me.' 'Good-night, Aunt Sulkey; come ober and see me to-morrow; tell Brudder Pete I want his wife ter bring me back dat wash-board she borrowed las' week. Good-night; come ober and see me fo do mawnin'. Heah! Heah! Heah! Hits mawnin' already;' and they keep that up until the old German, who lives across the street, throws open the blinds, and calls them verdamte neger. The negroes retort by making remarks that are tinctured with know-nothingism. It would make a wooden man tired. But you must not suppose that when they bid each other good-night the session is over. Nothing of the kind. The parting friends keep on talking to each other and sending messages until they are out of hearing. Just as I was dozing off last night a negro woman, who was under my window, called out to a man who was a hundred yards off, and they kept up a conversation at long range for half an hour, his voice sounding like a dog barking up a hollow log: 'You, Sam Jackson, you tell dat yaller-complected, goggle-eyed, called lady wat lives next door to yar madder, dat if I hears ob her talkin' about me agin, I'll seald her, for a fac'.'

"'G'way Lize, you ain't gwinter scald nuffin. You is too lazy, you is. You keep your eye peeled for the green-eyed monstrum. Heah! heah! heah!'

"In about ten minutes another drove of them are around, and they go over the same racket with variations. I've notified my landlord that I'm going to leave on the 1st if I am alive. If I can't do any better I'll camp out until the colored people have got through with their distracted meetings, as they call them."—*Alex. Sweet in Chicago Times.*

A Centenarian.

It was here that we made the acquaintance of a colored woman, a withered, bent old pensioner of the house, whose industry (she excelled any modern apple-parer) was unabated, although she was by her own confession (a woman, we believe, never owns her age till she has passed this point) and the testimony of others a hundred years old. But age has not impaired the brightness of her eyes, nor the limberness of her tongue, nor her shrewd good sense. She talked freely about the want of decency and morality in the young colored folks of the present day. It wasn't so when she was a girl. Long, long time ago, she and her husband had been sold at sheriff's sale and separated, and she never had another husband. Not that she blamed her master so much—he couldn't help it, he got in debt. And she expounded her philosophy about the rich and the danger they are in. The great trouble is that when a person is rich he can borrow money so easy, and he keeps drawin' it out of the bank and pilin' up the debt, like rails on top of one another, till it needs a ladder to get on to the pile, and then it all comes down in a heap, and the man has to begin on the bottom rail again. If she'd to live her life over again, she'd lay up money; never cared much about fill now. The thrifty, shrewd old woman still walked about a good deal, and kept her eye on the neighborhood. Going out that morning she had seen some fence up the road that needed mending, and she told Mr. Devault that she didn't like such shiftlessness; she didn't know as white folks was much better than colored folks. Slavery? Yes, slavery was pretty bad—she had seen five hundred niggers in handcuffs, all together in a field, sold to be sent South.—*Charles Dudley Warner in October Atlantic.*

Took His Note.

"Out in the country," said a traveling man, "a note is a big thing. Country merchants take notes from farmers for supplies of groceries, and implement dealers acquire big boxes full of I O U's. In some sections of the West everything is done by note, to be paid 'after harvest.'" Out in Western Iowa the other day I came across a country storekeeper, a German. I sold him a small bill of goods and took his note for the amount. That note is as good as wheat. It will be paid on the very day it falls due. While I was there a man came in and says:

"'Jake, did you sell your bay horse to that chap who pretended to be a lightning-rod dealer?'

"'Yah,' replied the storekeeper.

"'Did you get cash for him?'

"'Not von cent.'

"'Just as I thought. That lightning-rod peddler is a swindler. He has sold your bay horse for $80 each and skipped the country. You'll lose every cent of it.'

"But Jake didn't seem to be alarmed. He laughed and chuckled, saying:

"'Dot vas a good choke. He sell dat horse for eighty tollar, ven he pay me a hundert and vorty. It vas in great schape I tooked him in already.'

"'But you have been cheated out of your horse. The man is a swindler.'

"'Sheated? Svindler? I guess not. Ain'd I got his note for a hundert and vorty tollars?'"—*Chicago Herald.*

It was hoped at least that these United States might claim the invention of the great American game of poker, but now turns up a mythical "Mr. Benjamin," fresh from Persia, who asserts that from time immemorial the game has been known in Oriental lands, and that it was played in

Mysonheimer Meeting at Brunswick.

ED. COURIER.—Thinking the readers of your paper weak like to know something of the meeting now in progress at Brunswick, I have prepared the following short account:

The fame of Rev. Louis Mysonheimer, as an evangelist who had with him the power of God, had preceded him to Brunswick.

At Richmond, Mo., the work accomplished through his agency will long be remembered. A cold church, powerless against the forces of iniquity that had been developing and strengthening for years, was transformed into a living, working band of Christians who carried consternation and defeat into the strongholds of satan. Nearly 400 souls are there to testfiy that God was present assisting and blessing.

At Carrollton, a city full of wickedness, its churches no less inactive, A revolution, a whirlwind of divine power, swept over the city, carrying all before it, uniting the churches, energizing the christians and turning over five hundred wandering in the paths of sin, into the narrow path which leads to life eternal. Pathetic scenes and incidents without number, are connected with this wonderful work, which space forbids relating.

But one especially illustrates the power of the young evangelist and sets at defiance all of the laws of reason and logic. Carrollton numbers as one of its citizent a gentleman of thoughtful and studious habits scholarly, educated, strong minded, but one whose life has come under the blighted influence of infidelity. His was none of your tender mouthed sneaking infidelity that walks only at night with the owl and bat, and is afraid to hold up its head in God's sunlight and look its neighbor in the face. He was bold, persistent and entrench behind bulwarks of sophistry and false reasoning that had grown with his growth and strengthed with his strength.

A gray-haired old man who talked out what he thought, defied the power of God, and laughed at the prayers of man. Under the influence of a little talk from a boy 21 years of age, we see the sublime spectacle of this old infidel, gray in iniquity, conversant with all the arguments of science ahd skepticism, melted and broken as the winter ice under the genial power of summer's sun. Yesterday we see a scoffer, cold, proud, defiant, today an humble follower of the lowly Jesus, with the depth of his nature stirred to overflowing, meekly following wherever the Master wills.

Such is the boy evangelist, who has come to Brunswick.

Aan aught be expected but that he was received with open arms. Let atheists scoff, and unbelievers jeer. How can they account for a boy, uneducated, illiterate, having neither the power of the orator to stir men's blood, nor that of the logician to convince their reason, carrying all before him like a flood that will not be resisted. He lives a life of constant prayer. He goes where the Lord calls him. Like his master of old, with neither purse nor script, unremunerated in earthly goods, he devotes his life to the good of mankind.

Already his power is felt in Brunswick, after a week of preaching. It is estimatad that 1,500 listened to him Sunday night, and a thousand on Monday following. Nearly a hundred have been converted under his ministry and crowds are coming in from the surrounding country. The writer of this saw him go to a strong old man in the congregation, and put his arms around his neck, and talk to him till the old man trembled like a leaf, that is shaken in the wind and followed to the altar for prayer.

Surely the age of miracles is not, indeed, passed, nor has Brunswick, with all of its wickedness, passed beyond the merciful solicitude of Him who notes the sparrow's fall.

CAROLUS.

We are glad our esteemed cotemporaries, the Democrat of Keytesville and Press Spectator of Salisbury are trying to stir up our people on the important subject of the establishment of a school of high grade in Chariton county. We are sending too much money abroad for that which we ought to have at home. It is best not to discuss the subject of its location too strongly till we ascertain whether the people want such a school and whether we have the noble spirite in the county of sufficient number that are willing to contribute the money to arect the building. We are sadly behind our neighboring counties in educational faculties, though we have a larger public school fund than any of them. We have depended too long upon the neighborhood public school with its four and six months sessions. These are as good schools as we could reasonably expect, but they do not answer all the requirements of the present day. Let those who are interested in an enterprise of this kind and who are able to help it along, and surely every body is interested, and none so poor they cannot do somethinf for it thinkabout it, not with the explanation that money invested in it will yield you an enormous return in dollars and cents right away, but with the view that you are to receive part of your profits in the improvements of your surroundings, in an increase of the intelligence, morality and refinement of your children, and the better

Triplett.

—I wonder really now if I do write such an illegible hand, that our local Editor can't read it or have those mystical "two glasses" anything to do with it, by the way maybe he had more than two glasses, did I not think he was a strictly temperate man, I could almost believe it, but the idea of as well bred "fowls" as mine crippling a horse, which a "foul" start might easily do, and then when I carried him off to "view the birds that saved Rome," I did'nt think he would be goose enough to misrepresent it, or I wouldnt have also repeated the pretty remarks made to him by the young lady at the hall window when she was afraid the geese and ducks might quarrel if—now, I wont tell on him this time also please correct the quotation a few weeks ago instead read "first half of the twenty third of the thirteenth chapter of Jeremiah" not 23- of 18 chapter.

—Having expressed my opinion, and eased my mind by so doing, I am ready to say that I do write in haste and with sometimes only ten minutes time in which to do an hour's work, and very seldom correct or rewrite my letters, so please excuse me.

—Mesdames Senior and Junior James Cosby of Kansas City are on a visit to the family of Rev. Wm. G. Bowman this week.

—Clarence Bowman is haaing a new barn built on his farm, also feeding a few car loads of hogs.

—The creamery wagon from Brunswick is still making, its rounds and putting considerabl e"pin money" into their wives pockets.

—Before this is printed the wedding of Miss Katie Crockett to Mr. Harry Jarret of Springfield, Mo., will have been consumated, and Chariton county will lose one of its sweetest ornaments, but while her childhoods home and friends will miss her she will gain new friends and the new home created will bear the imprint of the lessons learned in Chariton county. May their life be as happy as is allowed on earth to human beings, and culminate in heavens happiness hereafter.

—Mrs. Lena Miller and two little girls from Kansas City are now at Mr. Crockets.

—One by one our "Kansas fever" stricken friends return. We welcome Mr. Reynolds and family back to old Chariton. We lived "neighbohrs for several years, were loth to give them up two years ago and rejoice in their return. Yes, no doubt Kansas is a good country, but Chariton is better; the most enthusiastic of Kansas admires confess, "It is cold, it is crude, it is—a good many disagreeable things." Land is cheap but with out markets close and good, of what avail is land; "But for your children, it will some day be a mine to them." My friends don't decieve yourselves. Teach your children to work. give them a good common school education, decent dress, and a good constitution by out door exercise, and by example. Trust them to make their own living in their own land and home. If they have energy they can get along, there are always some who will crowd to top and it is the same in all families. This is true of those who have even forty acres of land. If the sons are too many and crowd the home nest too much, let them go, and make their new homes, but keep the homestead and let it be a refuge for children and children's children, to enter for a rest. Some say "?Oh," it is too little just a forty acre farm, do you tend every bit of the land! Do you make it produce every pound, every bushel it will? Do you carry all the stock your pastures sustain well? Dont you leave a little patch here and there when "it will not produce anything" if so there is room for some nice farming. I am "only a woman" but when I see a farmer who lets his horse run on the stalk field all the week, gets them up on Saturday evening or Sunday morning and pulls the cuckle burrs from mane and tail, throws said sped upon the stable floor, and then calls out "boys we must haul out this manure onto those bare spots in the south field," carry's the burrs in the load, plants them in the enriched ground, —then—does "wish he could get rid of the burrs" but it is a Herculean task, then I generally tell him, if I was a man, I'd teach you something about farming and generally get no thanks for it but being accustomed to do deeds with out recompense I am not disappointed. But don't go to a new country to "make a fortune in a few years." But make a good home and living in as good country as the world affords: At home.

—This is a musical neighborhood now, as the "organ man" has been around, not the organ grinder and predatory monkey. But agents from a Chicago music store, who has disposed of quite a number of instruments.

—Dr. Bowman has built himself a cyclone cave to which, when the storm rages (cat doors or in) too hard he can retreat till the comotion is over.

—Quite a party of squirrel and hickory nut hunters, went over to Grand river bottom but one or two of the party did not enjoy the trip very well. Mr. W.—his son and the pedagogue, were of the party, Mr. W. told the others to go he on would overtake them, giving them directions where to pitch camp, while he with the gun and a few loads of ammunition would get a little game for them to cook. They went on soon losing sight of Mr. W. they camped and as they had the blankets and provision and ammuition, they waited nearly night and the senior did not make his appearance, they set out to hunt him up, saw plenty of game but had no gun, and thoroughly tired, went back to camp. Next morning the elder not having come in, they started for home. Soon after they left Mr. W. came up to the deserted camp, gun and man alike empty, to find nothing but the charred brands of the camp fire. He started for home, dinnerless, supperless, breakfastless. No matches to start a fire. He had lost the way, and when at last he got home. He says next time he "goes he sticks to the provision" while the school teacher says "next time he goes he'll carry the gun. Moral. Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

LUNA. C.

We had the pleasure of attending the tabernacle meeting at Brunswick last Sunday night, which is being conducted by the young evangelist, Rev. Mysonheimer, who has of late been the chief instrument in the accomplishment of so much good at Richmond and Carrollton. We have no doubt the meeting at Brunswick will prove a success. The best people of the place of all denominations are helping to carry it on. Not only is the preacher earnest in his words and work, but the people are prayerful and in a state of expectancy as to glorious results. They are anxious for a revival—they pray for it, they talk about it at the taberhacle, at their places of business and on the streets. At whatever success they have, they thank God and take coutage, and thus are they armed for additional conflicts wih the powers of darkness. There are those who find fault—the methods used are not such as would please a pharisaical or "holier-than-thou" sort of people, or those who map out for themselves the way they intend to go. There are others who do not stumble at peculiar methods, but who look at results and are highly pleased. The preacher, after all, while he is a very remarkable young man in some respects, is only a man and shows by his every act that he is a very humble man at that, depending alone for success upon the strong arm of Jehovah. In his talks he reaches and interests the people, and while he called the stiffest necked people he ever met, we were impressed with the idea that there was considerable "bending" in the vast audience estimated at 1,500 souls. There were 35 persons forward for prayer on Sunday night, and about the same number on the night previous—many of whom had been converted and gave their names to the several pastors as candidates for membership in the different churches represented.