

### A HARDWORKING WOMAN.

All day she hurried to get through. The same as lots of wimmin do. Sometimes at night her husband said, "Ma, ain't you goin to come to bed?" An then she'd kinder give a hitch, An pause half way between a stitch, An sorter sigh, an say that she Was ready as she'd ever be. She reckoned.

An so the years went, one by one, An somehow she was never done: An when the angel said as how, "Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now," She sorter raised her eyes to look A second, as a stitch she took. "All right, I'm comin now," says she, "I'm ready as I'll ever be, I reckon."

—Albert S. Paine in Kansas City Journal.

### PEG WESSON.

It was in March, 1745, and the company raised in Gloucester to join the expedition against Louisburg was to leave town with the rising of the morrow's sun. In the spring twilight three young men made their way, with noisy jest and song, toward a wretched cottage that stood in the outskirts of the town and rapped loudly for admittance.

The door was opened by a withered old crone. A candle, burning on a small table, dimly revealed the blackened walls of the interior, the bunches of herbs hanging from the ceiling, a scant supply of battered pewter plates and coarse earthenware on some shelves in a corner, a few old chairs and a pack of worn and greasy cards apparently just flung down.

"What ye here for? Off with ye!" cried the old woman when she saw who her visitors were.

"Oh, now, Peggy," said the tallest of the three in a wheedling tone, "we're off in the morning for Louisburg, you know, and we thought we'd pay you a farewell visit and get our fortunes told."

"I'll warrant ye've no siller to pay me for," Martin Sanders, said Peggy, keeping a firm grip on the door and pushing in a little closer as she spoke.

"Here's a bright new silver sixpence for ye," displaying it as he spoke, "and Tom and Job have more of the same sort. So now let us come in and give us a good send off."

The money proved an argument not to be gainsaid, and Peggy admitted them. When they were seated she took up her cards, shuffled them and proceeded to tell the young men's fortunes.

Job Ayers came first, then Tom Goodwin. When Martin Sanders' turn came, and Goody Wesson crossed his palm with the coin he handed her, his imperious gravity, contrasted with the irrepressible snickering of his companions, made her suddenly suspicious. She gave him a searching glance; then, as she was about to place the coin on the table with the others, she scrutinized it keenly and balanced it on her hand.

Ayers and Goodwin giggled and moved toward the door. But not the ghost of a smile passed over Martin Sanders' face. Peg struck the coin smartly against the base of the iron candlestick and listened to the sound, then pressed it against the edge of the table. It bent with the pressure.

"Curse ye, Mart Sanders," she cried in a sudden fury; "it's lead!"

Then Martin Sanders laughed, and the three, roaring with laughter at the result of their poor trick, opened the door of Goody Wesson's cot and rushed out into the night.

She ran after them, brandishing her staff and raving like a mad woman.

"Curse ye, Mart Sanders!" she screamed; "curse th' three of ye, body and breath, flesh and bone! Curse ye lying down and rising up, sleeping and waking, living and dying! I'll take vengeance on ye at Louisburg!" The night wind bore the dismal threat and its repetition to their ears and silenced their laughter as they ran down the hill to their homes in the more thickly settled part of the town.

The great fleet of nearly 100 vessels, that made up the expedition against Louisburg sailed from Boston on the 1st day of April. Favored by wind and weather it soon reached Cape Breton, and was coasting along the shore of that island toward its destined haven. In many of the vessels the soldiers were watching the hills and woods on shore with the interest inspired by new scenes, but every indentation of the coast was familiar to most of the Gloucester men, for they had often been there on their fishing voyages. Their attention was attracted to the singular movements of a solitary crow that hovered persistently above them, now and then alighting on the topmast.

As they were entering the harbor of Louisburg, Martin Sanders was sent forward to assist in furling the jib. A rope parted suddenly under his feet and he fell headlong into the sea.

The last sound that fell upon his ears before the rushing waters closed over him was the hoarse screaming of the crew. A powerful current was running, and it was only with great difficulty that Sanders was rescued.

When the excitement was over, and the half-drowned man was once more safely on deck, the crew had disappeared. The fleet cast anchor in the harbor and countless boats took the men on shore. Before the siege could commence the cannon must be landed and placed in favorable position. It was arduous toil, for the soil was boggy and the men often sank to the knees, but all worked with a will and the guns, one after another, were landed.

Goodwin and Ayers, with others, were dragging a cannon on a sledge through half-frozen mud when suddenly with a whirl of wings a crow alighted on it. Job Ayers made a dash at it with his cap. At the very instant that he did so the rear of the sledge sank in the treacherous soil, the cannon gave a sudden lurch and the arm he had flung out was caught between the cannon and sledge and hopelessly crushed. The unfortunate man was carried into camp and his arm amputated.

The work of the siege went on day after day. Foraging parties were sent out sometimes, for the rations were somewhat stale and monotonous, and there was excellent game in abundance in the vicinity. Sanders and Goodwin made two of such a party one pleasant May afternoon. Often during their hunting they noticed a crow circling near them. They were about returning to camp when Goodwin, striding across some low shrubbery in search of a fallen bird, thrust his foot into an open foxtrap, which closed around his ankle, the sharp points penetrating deep into the flesh. His cry for help was echoed by the "caw! caw!" of the crow.

It was with infinite difficulty that his companions released him. Pale, and half-fainting with pain and loss of blood, he looked up at the crow, still near.

"I believe it's a witch," he cried. "Peg Wesson, by heavens!" exclaimed Sanders, recalling the witch's curse. He lifted his loaded fowling piece, took steady aim and fired. "Caw! caw! caw!" screamed the crow, derisively winging its onward way unhurt. Martin Sanders was a renowned shot and never known to miss such a mark before. His companions noted his failure with amazement, and though they thought it a poor use for good powder and shot, another and another fired, but with the same result.

"It is surely a witch," cried Goodwin, who, lying on the grass with hastily bandaged ankle, was looking grimly on. "It is surely a witch, and not to be brought down by a leaden bullet. Nothing but silver will bring down a witch."

"That's true," cried Martin Sanders. He hastily tore his silver sleeve buttons from his wrist. He wrenched them asunder. It was the work of a minute to load his gun with one of the pieces. The crow was still within gunshot. He took deliberate aim and fired. Wounded in the leg, it fluttered downward in lessening circles and apparently fell in some bushes close by. But careful and prolonged search failed to discover it.

For some days the woodmen who passed Peg Wesson's hut morning and night on their way to and from their work in the forest noticed that there was no smoke in the chimney.

"Peg's off on her broomstick," said one.

"There's ill luck for somebody somewhere," said another.

It was a mild and sunny May afternoon and they were busily hewing in the woods when they heard a faint moaning. They heard it repeatedly, and at length, following the sound, they came upon Peg Wesson lying on the ground and unable to get up.

How came she there? They could have sworn that she had not passed them on the path, and who could have made her way through the impenetrable jungle beyond?

Though loath to touch her they helped her to her feet. She was unable to take a step. Her leg was broken. A rude litter was made and she was taken home, uttering maledictions all the way.

A doctor was called. When he examined the fracture he extracted therefrom a small piece of silver which he carefully preserved.

When the soldiers returned from Louisburg, victorious and jubilant at having destroyed the hornet's nest that had long been a torment to Gloucester, they heard with amazement what had befallen Peg Wesson, for in comparing dates they found that she had fallen with the broken leg at the very time that the crow had been shot.

Sanders produced his part of the sleeve buttons. The doctor produced his. They were precisely alike.

They were linked together again and carefully preserved by Martin Sanders and his descendants. Indeed they are kept to this day in the family for aught I know to the contrary. They were brought out and exhibited whenever this remarkable story was told, and it was very often told.

Peg Wesson never recovered from her injury. She died soon after and received decent burial, but there is no stone bearing her name in the old graveyard.

Poor maligned, persecuted Peggy! For thee and such as thou there should indeed be, there must be, some happier sphere where the shadows of earth may be forgotten in the glad sunshine of happiness unknown before.

Peggy's cot, untenanted after her death, long the sport of the elements, has fallen to decay. But if one cares to know where it stood, its site near the old garrison can be pointed out by any of the older inhabitants, for this is no tale of the imagination, but one in which our forefathers and foremothers implicitly believed.—Sarah G. Duley in Boston Transcript.

Friend—What was your graduation essay about?  
Mabel—"What the Astronomers Know About Mars."  
"Dear me! Why did you choose that subject?"  
"Because I didn't have time to write much."—New York Weekly.

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No Sunset for Five Days.  
At the head of the Gulf of Bothnia there is a mountain on the summit of which the sun shines perpetually during the five days of June 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23. Every six hours during this season of continual sunshine a steamer leaves Stockholm crowded with visitors anxious to witness the phenomenon. At the same place during winter the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks; then it comes in sight again for ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, gradually lengthening its stay until finally it stays in sight continuously for upward of 120 hours.—St. Louis Republic.

A Nervous Man.  
Customer—Bring me a beefsteak, but a big one.  
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### HAS PLENTY OF NERVE.

#### Governor Tillman's Career Establishes That Fact Pretty Clearly.

Benjamin R. Tillman, governor of South Carolina, is a man of peculiar native force and strong determination. His struggle to enforce the state law regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors in the face of vigorous opposition on the part of certain communities where it is obnoxious adds another illustration of this fact to the many furnished by his career during the past decade, which practically covers all the time he has taken any active part in politics or the affairs of state.

The governor was elected by the farmers of South Carolina as an opponent of the old regular Democratic band who had always held the offices and ruled the state—"the oligarchy," as he denominated them. He began his fight against them within the party ranks and was elected and re-elected as the regular Democratic nominee. He was unknown in politics till 1885, when he began a successful crusade for the reformation of the agricultural department of the state, which he thought worse than useless as then conducted.

During that agitation he developed a remarkable facility as a stump speaker, and the farmers accepted him as a leader from their own ranks—"one of the plain com-



GOVERNOR TILLMAN.

mon people," as he was pleased to phrase it—though no one then apparently had the least idea of the honors the future held in store for him. A couple of years later he was on the stump again, advocating the establishment of an agricultural college for which the old Calhoun estate, Fort Hill, had been bequeathed to the state. There was a strong sentiment in favor of refusing the bequest, but Tillman antagonized this so ardently and successfully that the college is now an established fact.

Governor Tillman is not a man of imposing appearance, though he is nearly 6 feet tall. One of his shoulders droops somewhat, and as the result of an accident in his boyhood he has but one eye. He is a very impressive speaker, however, and uses his clear, ringing light baritone voice to great advantage. He has been a farmer all his life and owns a splendid plantation in Edgefield county, his birthplace. His brother was a member of congress for several terms.

#### Raleigh's Death.

The record of men who live nobly may be worthily supplemented by that of the souls who depart this life like Christian gentlemen. Charles I and Louis XVI went through the ordeal of execution with the fine solemnity befitting a king in such extremity, and Sir Walter Raleigh died in a manner befitting his life and purposes.

On the morning of his execution he turned to his old friend, Sir Hugh Creston, who had tried to approach the scaffold and was repulsed by the sheriff, with the smiling remark:

"Never fear, but I shall have a place!" A little later a very bald man pressed forward to see Raleigh and pray with him. Sir Walter took off his own embroidered cap and placed it on the head of this spectator, saying:

"Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need of it than I." "Farewell, my lords," he said to the courtiers who came to take affectionate leave of him. "I have a long journey before me, and I must say goodby."

Then he reached the scaffold, and said as he did so, "Now I am going to God." He touched the ax gently and continued:

"This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."  
The very executioner shrank from beheading him, but the illustrious prisoner exclaimed:

"What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" and so ended a gentle and fearless life.—Youth's Companion.

#### Hard on the Absent.

Flowery Young Clergyman (conducting a children's service while occupying a pulpit for a brother clergyman en route to Europe)—Well, children, I am very glad to be able to address you today. I'd a great deal rather talk to you children than to the older people, for I love children. But instead of talking to you I want to talk with you; so when I ask any questions you may answer promptly. Now, children, what have we to be thankful for today?

Children—Flowers, birds, sunlight, church, school, homes.  
Young Clergyman—All very well, children, very well. But whom do we miss today?

Children (viva voce)—Mr. Twitchell.  
Young Clergyman—Quite right, children, quite right. We all miss Mr. Twitchell. Who can tell me where he is today?  
Children—On the ocean.  
Young Clergyman (poetically)—Yes, children, on the ocean and half seas over.—Yankee Blade.

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### SHOPPING IN LONDON.

#### American Purchasers Find Themselves Much in Need of a Glossary.

Either the English salesman is an abnormally tactless individual or he has been accustomed to generations of shoppers whose mental capacity has been of the smallest, for he invariably treats one as though one were an idiot of the very first water. As I have said, unless the customer knows exactly what she wants and asks for it in language understood by this popular people, she runs a very slim chance of getting anything at all. Thus, she must not ask for "muslin," but for "long cloth," while if she wants some "swiss" she must ask to be shown "muslin." If she wants some "calico" for her servants' dresses she must not ask for that, but for "print."

"Calico," on the other hand, must be asked for if one wants some cotton or twill sheeting. She must not speak of a "spool of cotton" unless she wants to be greeted with the stony stare of vacuous ignorance, but for a "reel of thread," and then it may be placed before her with the smirking query, "And the nex' thing, midim!" for it may be noted that salesmen and saleswomen—who, by the way, have not yet attained the doubtful elevation of our sales "ladies" and "gentlemen"—"midim" their feminine customers to the verge of exasperation. Again, if you ask for a pair of shoes, what in America are known as "ties" will be offered to you, while if you ask for "boots" you may possibly get what you want, though it is hardly probable. The English boot is adapted to the English foot. "You have an American foot," said a bootmaker the other day, "and I haven't a boot in my shop that will really fit you." An American woman's only chance of getting what she can wear upon her feet in this country is to go to a French shop, and then she has to pay about 50 per cent. more than in New York.

You must not ask for a "white skirt," but for a "top petticoat;" a skirt here is only used in describing the outer and visible garment, the inner and more spiritual affairs are all "petticoats." Similarly if one speaks of a "waist," as transatlantic phrase is wont to term the upper portion of a street or other dress, the dressmaker will turn on one with a pitying smile and remark, "Do you mean a body or a bodice?" while the American "bodice" is here an "underwaist." While if a reference is made to "corsets" she will correct one in the same tender fashion, "Oh, you mean a pair of stays." Don't ask for a "morning wrapper" but for a "dressing gown."

If you want a pair of "rubbers" to guard against the London slush and mud, don't try to buy them under that name, but ask for "goloshes." The English have a tradition that Americans all refer to the articles as "gums," and declare that we ordinarily request a visitor to "wipe his gums on the doormat," a harmless double entendre which affords them the keenest enjoyment. If you want some coarse "Swiss" with which to make servants' caps you must know it by the name of "book muslin," or you will never get it, for, as I have said, the English salesman never cares to meet one half way and try to find out what the customer wants.

If one were to ask for "paper muslin" he would probably have a fit. He only knows it as "glazed cambric" and resents any other nomenclature. As to things not essentially feminine, but still in the women's department as purchasing agents, "bedspreads" are "quilts," even if not "quilted;" "tidies" are "antimacassars" and "window shades" are "blinds," whether of the roller or Venetian order mattering not.—London Cor. Boston Transcript.

#### Ornamentation of Old Chests.

The method of decoration by means of red-hot irons was employed in Great Britain chiefly on cypress wood chests—"spruce chests," as they were termed. Cypress wood was believed to preserve against moth and cloth clothes, tapestry curtains, and silks and velvets were put into them. They were much in fashion in the reign of James I of England and VI of Scotland, and they are frequently decorated with subjects from the hunting field, sketched in by means of skewers heated by the fire. The men are dressed in the ugly trunk hose of the period.

It will generally be found that the ornamentation inside the lid of such a spruce chest is quite as rich as that on the front. The top of the chest is always left plain, as it was used as a seat—that is to say, the outside of the lid was undecorated; the inside presents a picture, always in good preservation, as it has been thoroughly protected. As far as the writer's experience goes the oak chests were not carved inside on the under part of the lid; this decoration was used exclusively for the "spruce chests." Some of these cypress chests are not only long, but deep, and are formed of slabs of beautiful well grown trees of very considerable age. We have no reason for supposing that the cypress wood was not home grown, and it would show that very stately and ancient cypresses must have adorned our old gardens.—Cornhill Magazine.

#### Injurious Employments.

Nitric acid is employed as a solvent for tin in making dyes; by engravers to etch copper; in the manufacture of gun cotton; in the gilding trades, and in preparing the felt for hats. The fumes of it are more irritating to human throats and lungs than is a red rag to a bull, and they cause no end of bronchial and catarrhal affections. The workers in various branches of trade suffer from the fumes of ammonia. They cause inflammation of the eyes and a peculiar skin disease, which it has been suggested may be due to the formation of a soap by the union of the ammonia with the liquid of the lubricating skin glands. If that be true every man could be a perambulating soap factory. Men employed in guano works become deaf, and the skin of their noses and foreheads is peculiarly discolored by the ammonia. Their strength fails, and they suffer from anæmia.—New York World.

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### HIS HOPES WERE BLIGHTED.

#### His Ambition Was to Marry an Heiress, but Fate Was Against Him.

I was a clerk in a fruit and confectionery store. My ambition was to marry an heiress and lead a life of wedded luxury. This ambition, I might add, has not been realized.

One afternoon the proprietor and clerks went to a ball game, leaving me alone. An old gentleman entered the store, and informing me that it was a warm day, ordered oranges, bananas, candy and tutti frutti. I placed them in a basket and said, as his fat fingers twined about the handle of it, "One thirty-five."

"Dollar thirty-five, eh? Well, charge it, and I'll—The elderly fruit purchaser had no time to further illucidate, for I grasped the basket and said firmly, "My orders are to trust no one, sir."

"What's that?" queried the would-be debtor.

I calmly repeated my former statement. "Do you know who I am?" he said angrily.

"I don't know, nor care, no money, no goods. Orders are orders," I said in one breath, and placed the basket on the counter.

"Why! That's an insult, sir, to me!" I felt a little impudent that afternoon, and grinned and said, "I guess 'tis."

"You, you insolent three dollar a week, till tapping puppy! I'll have that basket or you'll suffer for it!" he said hoarsely and shook his fist in my face.

"Till tapping!" That hurt me, and vaulting over the counter I informed him that for two cents I'd wipe the floor with his fat form. He put his hand into his pocket, produced a couple of pennies and told me to "sail in."

I "sailed in," and soon he sailed "out." He howled for the police, and stepping out I grasped him by his coat collar and rushed him around the corner. Then I went back to the store to again dream of heiresses.

About an hour later a young lady entered. She was beautiful, and judging by her diamonds and dress an heiress to a fortune. I did my prettiest, and before she left I'd received an invitation to call on her that evening. I thought I was in luck.

That evening I called, and she received me as a princess might a princely wooer. She excused herself for a few moments, and soon I heard heavy footsteps in the hall. I looked up, and there stood the old gentleman who had "sailed out." He advanced, I arose, and holding out my hand with a feeble smile said, "How do you do, sir?"

"I'll show you how I do in a minute," he growled, and made a strike at my hand with the club he carried.

"Don't hurt the poor fool, papa," the "heiress" said. Papa ordered her to retire and then cried, "Come on, men! Give it to him!"

Three tough looking citizens stepped into the room.

Those men were professionals, I think, for every time they hit I fell, and every time they kicked I went up. I was dragged to the door, thrown down the steps, kicked across the lawn and laid to rest in the gutter.

I am driving a coal cart now.—Cor. New York Recorder.

#### The Strength of the Clan in Corsica.

In Corsica there is a stronger element of disorder than mere restlessness born of centuries of rebellion and bloodshed. For the political corruption and for the crimes of the vendetta, which combine to make the state of Corsica a disgrace to France, the spirit of clanship is really responsible. The clan disappeared from the highlands of Scotland before the civilization of the Seventeenth century, with which it was incompatible. In Corsica it flourishes side by side with the advanced and elaborate institutions of republican government, with all of which it is in the bitterest antagonism. The spirit of the clan infects every department of the state. The elections are corrupted by it; the hands of the executive are tied by it; private quarrels are spread and embittered by it. It invades the law courts, and utterly destroys the confidence of the people in the impartiality of their magistrates.

The unit in Corsica is not the individual. It is the clan. The leader or patron of the clan is generally a person of considerable wealth and influence, both of which must be at the service of the meanness of his supporters in whatsoever cause he may require it. In return, the vote, the services and even the life of the clansman are at the disposition of his chief. The spirit which in a former age responded to the call to arms is now perverted to secret political intrigue, to the support of the family representative at the elections, even to the darker services of the family vendetta.—National Review.

#### Ancient Foot Coverings.

If we are to judge of the foot coverings handed down to us as relics from the courts of France, Spain, England and Germany we can but conclude that for an extremely long period of time, probably eight or ten centuries, the dressing of the human foot has been, even in the so-called civilized countries, but slightly different, and only in degree from the customs of the followers of Confucius for thousands of years.

Fortunately for art, unfortunately for the history of civilization, so called, the artist of olden as well as modern times has not copied, except in portraiture, the cramped foot, the narrow toe, the elevated heel and the pinched instep, which have long accompanied the human foot. It seems reasonable to suppose, however, that the Roman artist and critic, and the Grecian as well, fully attempted to give us the perfect foot as found in the well-developed Grecian woman of the day.

The sandals worn at the time when Rome was in her splendor were undoubtedly so constructed as to afford ample opportunity for the development of the foot and exhibit the beauty of its conformation.—Science.

#### Colored Schools in the South.

There are 25,530 negro schools in the south, where 2,250,000 negroes have learned to read and most of them to write. In the colored schools are 238,000 pupils and 30,000 negro teachers. There are 150 schools for advanced education and seven colleges administered by negro presidents and faculties.

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