

A Balloon Trip Across the Ocean—Building a Balloon With a Capacity of 400,000 Feet of Gas, to Sail Through the Air Five Hundred Feet Above the Water—Expecting to Cover the Continents in Twenty Days.

[Philadelphia Record.]
In producing men who are prepared to undertake the accomplishment of unheard-of feats of enterprise and daring the American nation can fairly be said to claim the palm. Stanley penetrated the jungle of Africa and excelled Livingstone, Boynton swam the straits of Dover, an American mariner and his wife crossed the ocean in a tiny shell, while Fowler, another American, has just succeeded in literally "walking" over the English channel. And now a daring aeronautical feat is to be attempted some time during the present year. Professor Samuel A. King, the well-known aeronaut, and a Philadelphian by birth, proposes to cap the climax by doing his level best to start from New York on a balloon voyage which shall terminate on some portion of the European continent.

Several years ago a proposition was made to Professor King to undertake the task, and the sum of \$15,000 was guaranteed by some wealthy New Yorkers to cover the necessary expense. For prudential reasons the aeronaut at that time decided to decline the offer. Last winter, however, while making some improvements in balloons for the Howgate expedition he was successful in discovering a substance of such impenetrability that a balloon of a capacity of 100,000 feet would not lose more than 1 per cent. of gas in twenty-four hours, so that after a journey occupying twenty days 80,000 feet of gas would still remain. The importance of this discovery is recognized when it is stated that an average balloon will lose 20 per cent. of gas in twenty-four hours. The new idea was communicated to the New Yorkers, who renewed their previous offer. Professor King at once accepted, and the construction of the balloon, which will occupy the whole of the ensuing winter and spring, will be at once commenced.

The balloon in which the intrepid aeronaut is to attempt to accomplish the greatest feat of his life will, when completed, be the largest in the world. It will average about 90 feet in diameter and 275 feet in circumference, with a capacity of holding between 300,000 and 400,000 feet of gas. The material employed will be Fongee silk, of a special manufacture, coated with a substance only known to the professor. The silk will be doubled throughout. Pure hydrogen gas will be used, and the cost of inflation alone is approximated at \$5,000. The car which the aeronaut and his companions (if any) will occupy will be a combination of boat and basket, a wicker framework, covered with a heavy rubber substance, which can easily be used as a boat in case of emergency.

"I shall positively start early in June," said the professor last night. "I consider that the month in which thunder storms, which I do not wish to encounter, are the least frequent. The starting point will be either New York or Brooklyn. I propose to keep in the lower currents and to maintain, in a permanent altitude of 500 feet above the surface of the water. I shall entirely discard the old theory of sailing in currents from west to east at a height of three miles. When you reach that height the gas begins to lose by expansion. Then, when you begin to descend, ballast must be thrown out. You rise again; more gas is lost; another descent; a further throwing overboard of ballast, and so on until all your ballast is gone, and then you come down for good. Under my scheme I expect to be able to keep in the air for two months, if necessary, while there has never been a balloon which has kept detached from the earth for a longer period than twenty-four hours."

"What period of time do you anticipate the transatlantic voyage will occupy?"
"That is hard to say, but I expect to make at least twenty miles an hour. In addition to the ballast the balloon will carry large, heavy rope, which will drag the water. This will have a tendency to keep us in the permanent altitude of which I have spoken. You see, I shall have to depend on the fair-weather winds at the surface of the earth or water, which at certain seasons, are generally from west to east."

"Have you any fears as to the result of the adventure?"
"Well, now, of course it is hazardous, but I shall take great care in the construction of the balloon; and with enough provisions on board, I am fairly confident that the feat will be accomplished with safety."

The only similar attempt on record was that of the ill-fated Professor Donaldson in 1873. The balloon on this occasion was inflated by Professor King, and was started from Brooklyn, several newspaper correspondents being fellow-voyagers. It was Donaldson's first attempt at handling a balloon of such a size, and, consequently, after going over about one hundred miles, he came down at East Canaan, Conn.

Whether Professor King will take any companions on his perilous voyage he leaves to the future to determine. That plenty of Americans have the necessary courage is proven by the number of letters he has already received from would-be voyagers, several of whom have been his companions in previous aerial trips.

A FRENCH MURDER

Another Old Woman Killed For Her Money—An Aged Widow Who Lived Alone and Consorted with Profligate Young Men.

[Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.]
The epidemic of murders, assassinations and mutilations which has visited France during the last two years keeps the criminal tribunal constantly occupied. It is only a few days since Barre and Lebiez were condemned to death, and the mystery of the Rue Poliveau is now succeeded by the crime of Neuilly. Some eight months ago an old widow lady named Cremieux, who was 76 years of age, and resided at Neuilly, was assassinated. One of the perpetrators of the crime appeared before the assize court of the Seine this morning; the other, a Belgian, will be tried at Brussels. The former is twenty years of age, the latter only sixteen. It was on Dec. 19, last year, that Mme. Cremieux was found on the floor of her room bearing marks of violence. Her nose was flattened to her face, and a bandage tied across her mouth. The victim, as the act of accusation says, was entirely destitute of moral sense, and the assassins were addicted to the most infamous vices. It appears that Mme. Cremieux led a strange life. She refused to live with her children, and preferred

to remain in an inexplicable solitude. Not that she was morose or ill-natured; on the contrary, she was very fond of receiving boys and young folks, and showing them her jewels and valuables. Three months before the catastrophe her son wrote to her, begging her once more to give up her eccentric habits, which he feared would bring about some mishap sooner or later. His anticipations were soon realized, but the question was, "Who were the murderers?" It was evident that theft had been their object, and, in fact, the jewel case was found void of its contents, and a sum of 500 francs had disappeared. The police were for some time at a loss, but at length the fact was ascertained that one of the assassins had received a wound in the struggle with the victim, which he was imprudent enough to have dressed at a chemist's shop in the neighborhood. This gave a clue, and the two boys—for such they were—were tracked from one lodging-house to another in Paris, where they did nothing but live in drunken denauchery. However, they both succeeded in crossing the Belgian frontier. Arriving at Brussels, they squandered the jewels and money of Mme. Cremieux until they were arrested. Desquens was sent back to France, while the other—Hodister—was claimed by the Belgian government, to be tried before the Assize court of Brabant. One of the most remarkable points in this disgusting case is the manner in which the injuries of the accused were turned to evidence against them. The body of Mme. Cremieux was examined, and accurate casts taken of her jaws. Both Hodister and Desquens had wounds on their hands, which the doctors pronounced to be bites, and on applying the model of the victim's mouth it was found to correspond exactly with the scars. There was not a large attendance at the court this morning, owing, probably, to the fact of it being known that most of the proceedings would take place with closed doors.

Desquens, who appears alone before the tribunal, does not seem more than 16 or 17 years old, although he is really 20. He does not at all resemble the ruffian the public has generally imagined him to be. He has a perfectly smooth and effeminate face, with a somewhat prominent nose; his hair is carefully parted in the middle and slightly curled. His dress is carefully arranged, and his hands bear no trace of work. He looks, in short, much like a city clerk who piques himself on his personal appearance. He belongs to an honorable family in Roubaix, but at the early age of 14 he was condemned to be imprisoned for theft, and his subsequent life has been one continuous degeneracy, ending in the lowest depths of depravity. After reading the *actes d'accusation*, the court declared the *huis clos* for the examination of Desquens, who persists in denying his guilt with the utmost cynicism, in spite of overwhelming testimony against him.

A ROMANCE OF SLAVERY.

[St. Louis Special to Chicago Tribune.]
No better illustration of the peculiar relationship of the past and present can be found than that afforded by the appearance to-day of a gray-haired negro in the city looking for his relatives of eighteen years ago. Your correspondent met the ancient darkey this morning in an attorney's office and ascertained from him that he was Bev Strother, who, with his half-brother, Jeff Murray, ran away in 1860, and had never been heard of by their friends since. Bev's face relaxed into a broad grin as he told how "me and Jeff run away, and the awful time we had." It seems that Bev and Jeff were slaves in 1860, the former belonging to Travis Murphy, and the latter to Dr. J. T. Overall, of St. Charles county, Mo.; that Bev was threatened with "sale down de river," the terror of all darkeys, and so persuaded Jeff to run away with him. Through an old darky at St. Charles they found a white man who agreed to pilot them, 100 miles for \$22, and on the night of June 30, 1860, the trio met and started on a "runaway sure enough." They traveled nights and lay in the brush by day, the white man being used to pilot the way and buy provisions. The negroes had very shrewdly provided themselves with compass, to be sure they were being piloted to the "far-off land rather than to Dixie." They also took pistols to defend themselves with, and always, after they had hid for the day and sent the man for provisions, moved their hiding-place and watched "dat ar white man" from a long way off to see that he did not bring any nigger-catchers with him. On the evening of the second day out, the white man, while out foraging, saw Dr. Overall and pursuing party, and heard him describe the negroes, and offer a reward for their apprehension. "I tell you, massa," said Bev, as he rubbed his gray head, "them was hot times." They traveled at right angles to their general course that night, and the pursuing party never heard of them again.

The "white pilot and nigger-stealer" was given away by a pretended would-be runaway about three weeks later, was captured by Dr. Overall, and sentenced, after a plea of guilty, by Judge King, of the St. Charles circuit court, to six years in the Pen. Two years later Bev and Jeff turned up at Lafayette, Ind., with mighty little faith of there being an end to the world or anything for runaway negroes but sore feet and empty stomachs. On the night of their arrival there they were followed by a negro man who accused them of being runaways and tendered his services to show them the "underground railway." They denied the first and refused the last, but when the would-be guide was reinforced by "one of dem real old honest nigger mothers," the runaways acknowledged the soft impeachment and were provided for.

At Detroit they jumped off the train a mile from the depot, and following the beckoning of a "Black Hand," without inquiry or explanation, and were locked up in a little room, way up on the top of a boat. The next day Canada received two citizens and the United States was out \$2,000 worth of niggers.

Both negroes went to work on a farm in the county of Essex, at \$240 per year, and at the end of five years had saved \$1,000, which they purchased two farms. Jeff acquired a limited education, and, in addition to attending to his own matters, became foreman on a large farm. In June last Jeff was poisoned by his wife, who bids fair to hang. As Jeff had no children, Bev came back to hunt up his heirs. Bev found his mother, Emily Murray, a negress 76 years old, still living.

As her children, twelve in number, are all illegitimate, they cannot inherit from each other, and hence she gets Jeff's entire estate worth some \$3,000, subject to the dower rights of the wife.

Bev found his old master, who is 97 years

of age, still living on the old place, and was made happy by the kindly manner in which he was received and greeted by the massa and his missus of his boyhood days, and thinks he will sell out and move his family of seven back to "de ole Missouri shore."

A Dismal Sheet.

[Philadelphia Times.]
No more dismal newspaper ever came from off a press than the Memphis *Advertiser* of Tuesday last—a pitiful half-sheet, made up largely of "standing ads"; devoid of telegraphic news save a few market and river reports, the signal service indications and telegraphic promises of relief; with all the local and editorial matter—of the latter less than a quarter of a column—bearing solely upon the fever. With a record a column long of new cases, and with a list half a column long of deaths. There is something very ghastly in the frequent allusions to the fever throughout the column or two of local notes simply as "it," or by mere inference to be deduced from the context. "Hans Lemmen's three children have it;" "W. W. White, clerk of the Peabody, has it;" "Will Fifer's case is a very serious one;" "Father Maher's condition is critical;" "Joe Russell, while tending the Odd Fellows' sick, was struck;" "the night-toilers have been struck;" "Fred R. Brennan, city editor of the *Appeal*, is down. He has a bad case." And then we come upon a five-line tragedy like this: "B. A. Hollenberg's imprudence in giving way to his anxiety about his wife and arising from his bed to go into her room probably will prove his death. Fever in childbirth will kill his wife." In the advertising columns, too, the pestilence stands out sharply. Patterson & Koss, grocers, announce: "For the accommodation of the few persons remaining in the city we will keep open our store during yellow fever, a kind Providence permitting"—it is not often that grocers refer to the opening or the closing of their stores to a kind Providence, but these grocers of Memphis realize that they are living on the very threshold of eternity and are standing almost face to face with Almighty God. It is this same feeling that shows out in the first of the one-line local: "God help us!"—the exclamation so often made lightly, but here wrung out from the depths of suffering hearts oppressed by a great fear, and yet not utterly cast down because God may indeed send the help for which in their sore extremity they pray. Very pitiful is it to mark the effort to be brave in the face of the danger that menaces them all. "Careful nursing does the work;" "Many are getting well, so keep a stiff upper lip," writes the city editor reassuringly in his local column; and in the little scrap of brevier the editor writes: "When the number of deaths resulting from improper or careless nursing and from the imprudence of the patient are eliminated from the twenty-six deaths of yesterday, the ratio of the remainder to the number of new cases is not so large as to make sickness with good treatment and good nursing by any means hopeless."

A BLOODY TRAGEDY.

A Horse-Thief Kills a United States Marshal at Chetopa, Kansas.

A correspondent of the *Aetichison Champion* gives the particulars of a murder which occurred at Chetopa, Kansas, on the 25th inst., a United States marshal being the victim. Early that morning a citizen called at the residence of Robert H. Clift, city marshal and deputy United States marshal, and informed him that a man passing in sight, on foot, must be arrested as a horse-thief. Clift at once mounted his horse and followed the man, overtaking him on the prairie in full view of the town, and ordered him to surrender under arrest. The man proved to be one Richmond, who had been about the town some time before, and had been furnished money by benevolent citizens to remove with his family to Lawrence county, Mo. He readily replied that he would surrender, and turned as if to walk on before the marshal, and taking two or three steps suddenly turned, facing the officer, and raised a pistol to a dead aim and fired before the surprised officer could even get his hand up. The ball struck him squarely in the throat, cut through the wind-pipe and lodged in the neck-bone, fracturing the spinal column. In a moment he reeled and fell from his horse, the blood gushing out at his mouth. Richmond started on a brisk run to a large cornfield near by and toward the timber in the Neosho bottom. Several persons were in sight, but failed to comprehend the situation in time to stop the flight of the thief. The marshal was immediately looked after and carried to his home, not far away. Drs. Lisle, Anderson and Kackley were soon on the ground, and on examination pronounced the case hopeless. All that could be, was done to alleviate his sufferings. He remained conscious several hours, and gave directions as to the disposition of his business affairs. After a time he became delirious, and his sufferings were terrible. He lingered until past midnight, when death released him from his terrible suffering. By 8 o'clock the news had spread all over the town, and men were seen coming from every quarter, armed with such weapons as were at hand—shot-guns, rifles, revolvers—till forty or fifty determined men had assembled. The pursuit was at once commenced, but in the excitement that prevailed, there was little order or system, each squad taking the course most readily suggested. By noon 100 armed men were eagerly searching every nook and corner in the neighborhood. The search was continued in this irregular manner till evening. It was ascertained late in the day that a man answering the description of Richmond had crossed the Neosho five miles below town, and had boldly struck out across the prairies towards Baxter, twenty miles east. Night overtook the pursuers before they overtook the thief. Thus he gained an advantage that any fleeing murderer might ardently desire. There are large cornfields all along the route in which he could easily hide from his pursuers, even if they were on the track of the right man. A number of men continued the search, and were joined by several from Oswego and Baxter.

THE MURDERER CAPTURED.

JOPLIN, Aug. 30.—Richmond, the man who shot and killed Marshal Clift, at Chetopa, Kas., on Sunday morning, was captured night before last, at his home in Lawrence county, by United States Marshal Graham, of the Indian territory. I was thought that Richmond would at once make his way to his home, and the United States marshal at once proceeded to Lawrence county to intercept and capture his man. Arriving at Richmond's house he found that this man had not yet put in an appearance. He therefore took possession of the

premises, permitting no one in the house to depart therefrom, nor permitting on siders to approach it. In this manner the officer quietly awaited hour after hour, and at a late hour on Wednesday night his vigil was rewarded by seeing Richmond slowly walking up to the house. Everything appeared serene about the premises, and he walked unsuspectingly right into the arms of the waiting officer, who took him unawares and had him disarmed before Richmond could say Jack Robinson.

We learn also that after the capture was made the sheriff of Lawrence county refused to permit Graham to take his prisoner out of the State without a requisition from the governor. As it would necessarily require several days to obtain the necessary papers the prisoner was taken in charge by the sheriff and placed in the Lawrence county jail, where he is now awaiting the papers from Jefferson which will take him back to Kansas, the scene of his cowardly murder. The feeling is naturally very bitter in and about Chetopa, and it is safe to conclude that Richmond will get the full benefit of the law.

SHE DID THE COURTING.

And Found Out After Marriage that Her Husband Was Unstable in His Affections—A Chicago Romance.

[Chicago Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]
Two lines in the divorce list published in a daily paper this week, informed me of the sequel to a sad and peculiar romance. It was not procured on the ground of

ONE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS, but on that simple but far-reaching plea "incompatibility."

The case is more interesting, perhaps, to me, knowing both parties, whose union brought happiness to one and wretchedness to the other.
Ten years ago there left this city to study medicine in Germany, a man young, good-looking, with more than the average amount of brain and morals. His weakness lay in proneness to discouragement, and made constant stimulus a necessity. He proceeded to Munich, entered college, and prepared for a course of hard study. Wishing to make a speciality of brain diseases, he arranged with a talented and old member of the faculty for special tuition in that branch. The older man, pleased with his new pupil, his desire to learn and his industry, opened his house to him, and evening after evening they spent together, deriving mutual pleasure, and the younger much profit.

The Herr Professor was a widower, but found a frugal and devoted housekeeper in his only daughter, Elizabeth, who unselfishly had put aside all thoughts of marriage in order to remain the companion of her father. In domestic duties and untroubled serenity her youth passed away, and when she met the young student, already fifteen years his senior, a gentle, quiet woman, his attitude was simply that of respect and liking almost filial in its nature. A year flew swiftly away, but at its close brought the news of the total failure in business of the young man's father and his consequent inability to support his son abroad. An immediate return to this country was the course that naturally suggested itself; but to this the old professor would not listen, insisting, nay, demanding, that after such a fine start, it would ruin his protegee's prospects forever. No, he must remain, enter into the family as might a son, and pursue his studies. His wishes prevailed, and the young man became an inmate of the family on a still more intimate footing. As time went on Elizabeth, whose heart had never been touched, became deeply but insensibly attached to the American student; but, always reticent, betrayed nothing. However, an event occurred that soon brought matters to a crisis. Only three months after the last change the professor was taken suddenly ill and expired, leaving a will that made his daughter sole heir. The fortune was not large, but more than sufficient to maintain Elizabeth in comfort and even luxury the remainder of her life. It had not been amassed by making, but by saving. Again the young man announced his return, but this time only to encounter the pleadings of Elizabeth. He reverted to his poverty, she to her prosperity, and begged to be his creditor. Pride prompted his refusal, and it was then that love forced the quiet, blue-eyed woman to speak:

"Would you accept aid from your betrothed wife?" she asked in a strange voice.

"What do you mean?" was the answer.

"I mean that I love you, that you are my life, and that if you will make me happy by letting me help you, I will be your wife."

How strong must have been the feeling that prompted such a declaration!

The young man hesitated. It was a great temptation, his profession had become beloved, sacred; besides he was heart whole. And then he respected Elizabeth, she loved him; they might be at last contented together. He assented, and after graduating with high honors, they were quietly married, and came to this country and to Chicago to live. Here by strangers they were taken to be mother and son, and the strangeness of such a union, when known, was always a topic of discussion. Every year made the difference more apparent, and the wife, far from friends and country, centered more and more her affection upon her young husband.

All went along smoothly and well until just two years ago, when there came over the blue sea an orphan, almost friendless, and a cousin of Elizabeth. Always generous, the latter hearing of her young relative's distress, had sent for and offered her the protection of a home. So the little Libusa came, young, innocent-hearted, lively as a bird, into the quiet family of two, and the clear, hazel eyes that met those of the young doctor did fatal work.

Too late to love, he yet found his heart was capable of a far different sentiment from that Elizabeth had ever roused.

Days, weeks, months only made the matter worse, and at last, unable to conceal his feelings, the unhappy man implored his wife to set him free. Strangely selfish, yet unselfish, she refused to accede to his wishes until she awoke to the fact that she was incurring his hatred; then she consented; and this week, man has put asunder what God never meant to have been joined together.

Libusa, innocent and pure at heart, is still with her cousin, and the latter told me is unconscious that she was the entering wedge.

Of course, it will end in the two being married, but womanly sympathy goes out to the suffering Elizabeth.

THE MEXICAN AWARD.

Judge O'Connor's Examinations.

Judge O'Connor, solicitor of the State department has finished his examination of claims allowed by the Mexican commission, and as soon as the order of the secretary is made they will be paid. Judge O'Connor says he thinks they will begin paying dividends on Monday next. The total amount that is in the treasury to be paid now is \$569,973.33. This is about 14 per cent. of the entire amount awarded by the commission. Two installments have already been paid by the Mexican government, less its share of the expenses of the commission. The stipulation is that Mexico is to make annual installments of \$300,000 until the entire amount of the award, \$4,125,622.30, is paid off.

The next installment is due the 1st of January next. It is understood that \$12,000 of this installment has already been deposited in New York. All claims which were referred to the solicitor or examiner of claims in the State department will be paid at once, except eight, about which there is some dispute which has arisen between the parties interested. These will be paid as soon as the matters in dispute can be settled. There are two claims, however, those of Benjamin Well and the Libra silver mining company, which will not share in this distribution. Their pro rata will be withheld until the awards can be considered and reviewed by the action of the last session of Congress. These are claims about which the Mexicans have made complaints. The President has been directed to investigate the frauds which the Mexican government alleges were committed in allowing them. The two claims amount to nearly \$1,200,000. All other claimants will be paid their dividends as rapidly as they make application for them at the State department. The law appropriated a sufficient sum to pay \$5,528.57 in Mexican gold dollars, \$10,559.67 in American gold coin, and \$89,410.17 in United States currency, these sums being the aggregate in said currencies respectively of the award made under the convention of July 4, 1868, in favor of the citizens of Mexico, and, having been deducted from the amount awarded in favor of citizens of the United States, and payable according to treaty, these amounts are paid to this government as an offset to so many of the awards of the commission against the Mexican government. This, together with what the Mexican government has paid, makes an aggregate of over \$650,000, being the amount of the two installments. Taking from this \$114,948, which was retained for the expenses of the commission, as provided for in the act of Congress, there is left the amount to be distributed.

HOW WORTH LIVES.

Worth, the Paris man-milliner, is not a Frenchman at all, but a Protestant Englishman with a Catholic and Parisian wife, and two sons just out of college. His home is at Suresnes, a suburb of the gay capital, immediately under the guns of its chief defense, Fort Mort Valerian, which the Germans failed to reduce in 1871. Here he plays the genial host in an elegant chateau, planted in the midst of extensive grounds, which are fenced in by high brick walls. One day and night each year house and grounds are thrown open to Worth's employees, the women appearing in dresses given them from his store, and each trimmed according to the great milliner's directions. Worth is as proud of his home as of his business establishment, and personally directs the work of his gardens. These are diversified with fountains, statuary and grottoes, and a large hot-house supplies at all times the fruits and flowers of different regions and seasons. Many tropical trees decorate the grounds, about which are placed columns from the old Hotel de Ville and the palace of the Tuileries, destroyed by the Communists in 1871, and bronze and other souvenirs of the reign of Francis I. and Louis XIV. The residence itself is of brick and stone, and palatial in size and appointments. The reception room has walls inlaid with porcelain tiles of varied and brilliant color, and the large brick fire place is silver mounted. The music saloon has turntable upholstered in the finest satin, with chairs of ebony frames and backs of costly lacquer work. The table for the music is a magnificent piece of inlaid mosaic work, and on raised platforms at either side of the rooms are lounges, sofas and tete-a-tetes. About all the rooms and halls, which are furnished with the same taste and elegance, articles of virtu from Eastern nations are profusely scattered. Madame Worth counts among the treasures of her dining room the plate, crockery and glassware of King Louis Philippe. Her own chamber, whose decoration she especially prides herself upon, is carpeted with sage green tapestry, and the walls are upholstered in harmonizing colors. The ceiling is one immense plate mirror, with a central medallion of silk, satin and lace. The doors have stained glass windows, and the bed sider-down quilts and coverings of silk and satin. Near the main residence of the parents are cottages for the two sons, alike in every particular, and royally furnished for living enjoyment.

The Young Folks.

Any small boy can tame the wild black-berry.

Capital punishment—making the bad boys sit with the good girls.

There is no bee so humble but that he can be distinguished when you sit down on him.

American beef and American girls, both looking for a market, cross the ocean by every steamer.

Thousands of boys would go dirty all summer if it were not wicked and dangerous to bathe in the river.

Every boy knows that even the worm will turn if trodden upon, and therefore perhaps uses as many of them as possible for bait.

Young man, don't be afraid to blow your own horn, but don't do it in front of the procession, go behind and do it.—*Josh Billings.*

A Sunday-school boy only six years old was asked by his teacher "why they took Stephen outside the city to stone him to death." The little fellow was silent for a moment as though absorbed with the problem, when brightening up suddenly he replied, "So that they could get a better crack at him."