

PERSISTENCE.

Because I begged so hard, she has at last unbared the treasure-chamber of her fastidious heart.

Because I begged so hard, this, then is my reward.

Because I begged so hard, for once my fate is altered.

Because I begged so hard, I am swayed by the light of happy moons.

Because I begged so hard, I have seen the world's best.

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blazon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me, no power can save him from the rope!"

"Do you really think so?" said a calm, speaking voice behind me.

I turned quickly and discovered a tall, lank policeman, having red, weak and watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in.

"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest—or what is your purpose?"

"No, Doctor, the man ain't dead yet."

"Anything in the surgical way?"

"I am police surgeon as well as coroner."

"No."

"Well, then, why am I sent for at this time of night?"

"The doctor here, Professor, the man ain't dead yet; but they say he will die before morning."

"Are doctors attending him?"

"No, he's in good hands, Professor."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well," said the official, "some folks say he's got so much knowledge into him that he can't live under it."

"Cerebral disorder, eh?"

"What?" asked the man.

"Brain disorder, I mean; something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he, as he said:

"I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you was going to the station to-morrow to take a look and see if it's post mortem or not. Besides, I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, one rubbered foot thrown over the other, and wiped his nose with a dirty handkerchief several times, while his eyes wandered about like Christopher Columbus after discoveries.

Finally he spoke, like one who thought himself called on to say something.

"Professor, there has been an accident this afternoon; terrible, too."

me under this weight, and send me out of the world in a novel way by letting it fall and dashing my brains to pieces."

To the sink end he attached a long yellow string.

Under the weight on the floor he placed the can of nitro-glycerine. I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and it would burn across the middle of the can—there was no hope of its lighting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead.

Drawing a match from his pocket he lighted and applied it to the fuse, that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, and killed him at the end of it.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metallic eyes, a betrayer of the guilty; Science, thou wouldst kill my brother! Thou art more art than most profane. Here is a man who by thy aid, bids the poison sprout and writes in brilliant characters a full confession on this piece of porcelain. But behold, O science! It is no sooner written than, by thy aid, servant annihilated. Let the good professor use his chemicals, the bad brother only asks—a little can of nitro-glycerine."

I heard this speech, indeed; but great heavens! it was my eyes and not my ears that were busied then; for beneath the table covered by the crimson cloth, beneath which I had hid my precious boy, I saw a light.

Whether he understood me or not, I did not know; but he quickly withdrew his little curly head, first kissing his hand lightly at me, and then snaking his fist at the scener who was so beligerently his dumb fire agent.

The half hour wore slowly away. O heavens! what agonies I had to undergo! Whether he understood me or not, I did not know; but he quickly withdrew his little curly head, first kissing his hand lightly at me, and then snaking his fist at the scener who was so beligerently his dumb fire agent.

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A REMARKABLE NEGRO.

Eats Fire and Handles Red Hot Iron.

Plays with Molten Lead, and is Pronounced Fire Proof.

[From the New York Herald.]

An Easton, Talbot county, Maryland, correspondent of the New York Herald furnishes an account of a wonderful enigma in the person of a negro man.

Business recently called me to the eastern shore of Maryland, to the point from which we write, the county seat of Talbot county.

While there I heard from several gentlemen of prominence the story of a negro blacksmith, who lives in an adjoining county, upon whom fire had no effect whatever.

The story was so incredible that I gave it little heed, although it came from most reliable sources, and was related to me by gentlemen of the highest standing in the community for honor and integrity.

A brisk fire of anthracite coal was burning in a common coal stove and an iron was placed in the stove heated to a white heat.

When all was ready the negro pulled off his boots and placed the red shovel upon the soles of his feet, and kept it there until the shovel turned black.

He ran out his tongue as far as he could, and laid the heated shovel upon it, licking the iron until it became cooled.

The physician examined the tongue, but found nothing in it that was visible, and in the least from the heated iron.

A large handful of common quinine shot, procured from a store near Dr. Stack's office, was next placed in an iron receptacle and heated until melted.

The negro then took the dish, poured the melted lead into the palm of his hand, and then put it into his mouth, allowing it to run around his teeth and gums.

me badly, and did not give me enough to eat. I hid around the kitchen one day, and when the cook left I shot in, dipped my hand into the dinner pot, and pulled out.

A RED HOT DUMPLING.

The boiling water did not burn, and I could eat the hot dumpling without winking; so after that I often got my dinner that way.

Since I was a little boy I have never been afraid to handle fire. He then stated that often when by himself he would pick up red hot iron because his tongue were not handy, and that he never felt any discomfort from it.

But it doesn't burn.

Howells, in his genial half-story and half-essay, "Their Wedding Journey," in the September Atlantic, sketches as follows the every-day scenes on the cars, which everybody will recognize.

Yes, it is a very amusing world, if you do not take it too seriously, and if your friends were very willing to be entertained.

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex instead of a fountain, so that his end of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.

A friend should be one in whose understanding and virtue we are equally confident, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justice and its sincerity.

There are truths which some men desire because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine because they despise them.

Liberty will not descend to a people; the people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing which must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping were it not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future.

GOLDEN WORDS.

What is virtue but a medicine, and vice but a wound?

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

It is much easier to keep out of a rut than to get out.

Kindness, like grain, will increase by sowing.

Nothing is more intolerable than proud ignorance.

Nothing can be well done that is done out of season.

A wise man may appear like a fool in a fool's company.

Advice is thrown away where the case admits of no counsel.

A thousand probabilities will not make one truth.

He who does not honor his wife dishonors himself.

He who fears death has already lost the life he covets.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.

Though a good life may not silence calumny, it will disarm it.

Joys are flowers dropped in our path by the hand of Providence.

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—Milton.

There is always a need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to do so.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.—Sir T. Brown.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—Longfellow.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore, and tempts by making rich, not making poor.—Pope.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame, of fondly publishing his neighbor's shame.—Bever.

A pure character is like polished steel—if dimmed by a breath, it almost instantly recovers its brightness.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Ever the lesson of history has been this: the recoil from reaction has been skepticism; the reaction from skepticism is infidelity.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and a smooth rolling prosperity.

If truth be established, objections are nothing. The one is founded on our knowledge, the other in our ignorance.

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When men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have then given views to passion, without proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the absurdities.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cowards and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he can accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and being prepared for them.

Make a point ever so clear, it is great odds that a man whose habits, and the bent of whose inclination and mind lie in a contrary way, shall be unable to comprehend it, so weak a thing is competition with inclination.

It is folly to call the joys of childhood the greatest. They are like the earliest flower of spring, the crocus, lovely and richly tinted, but small and scentless. It is summer that brings forth flowers of nature, splendor and fragrance.

Politeness is only kindness polished a little. For a good man to become a Chesterfield is one of the easiest things in the world; for a bad man to become such, is, however, one of the most difficult. He has not only to overcome habits, but nature.

Dew falls but little upon the smooth and brilliant surface of polished steel or burnished gold, while coarser and less costly objects are freely wet. The gentle dew of the heavenly grace often takes effect upon the rude and unpolished, while the refined, the stately and the critical are left, like the frost-work, brilliant and beautiful, but cold and dead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nevada has a saloon named the "Hearse."

There are 39,045 post-offices in the United States.

Oregon, as well as Missouri, has an "iron mountain."

They have discovered a fish, with four eyes, on the coast of Mexico.

The Emperor Napoleon is about to remove his residence to Crocydon.

There were 825 deaths in Paris the past week. Six were from cholera.

The deaths in New York last week were 537, a decrease of 33 from last week.

The great Ring Hotel, in New York, on the site of the late Metropolitan, will be opened next week.

Florida claims to have better paying crops this year than during any year since the war.

The population of New Mexico is 120,000, of whom 85,000 are Mexicans and 35,000 Indians.

The Duluth canal was opened on Friday. The large steam-propeller Norman passed from the city to the bay.

The municipal council of Paris has resolved to issue, in the form of a lottery, a three per cent. loan for a large amount.

B. C. Cook, member of Congress from the 11th district of Illinois, has tendered his resignation. His successor will be elected in November.

The Secretary of the Treasury is about to issue a stringent circular cautioning manufacturers against the improper use of trade-marks on watch works.

It is estimated that the receipts of cotton in Memphis, will amount to 575,000 bales by September 1, placing that city third in rank in the cotton market.

Striped snakes eat potato bugs, which, in turn, poison the snakes, and the people of Van Buren county, Iowa, are in high glee at the mutual benefit society.

The cotton growers of South Africa had a cotton show at King William's Town, August 10th, to illustrate the growth of their industry.

There is a walnut tree in Addison Vt., five feet and ten inches in circumference, one hundred and twenty feet high, and it is sixty feet to the first limb.

There are already 50,000 colored voters registered in Texas, and the Arizona Journal thinks the number will be increased to 60,000 before the election.

The hop harvest in Northern New York is now in progress. Some two hundred girls left Syracuse on one day last week to engage in picking the crop.

The California fig-crop is ripe, and some of the growers will dry considerable quantities. Last year one grower sold 2,000 pounds of figs from one tree.

Twenty-three thousand of the inhabitants of Strasburg are said to have emigrated to France and America since the decision of that city to the Germans.

Ninety thousand immigrants came into the United States last year from British America. Many of these were Europeans, but the majority were Canadians.

In Richmond, Va., many birds are said to be going blind; every day dead birds are picked up in the streets, having been killed in their flight by striking against buildings and other obstructions.

The Welsh colony in Patagonia is the modern Utopia. They have no lunatics, blind, deaf or dumb, and no pauper or poor law. There is no taxation.

Canada boasts the discovery of an ancient burial-place containing some two hundred gigantic skeletons with the clay of departed pipes in their mouths.

The New York Express thinks the proper way to start a cholera panic is to "write and talk about it every day," and hints that that is just what the American people are now somewhat unnecessarily doing.

Liberia, last season, produced 300,000 pounds of sugar; 35,000 pounds of coffee; 10,000 pounds of ginger and 20 tons of white arrowroot—the latter being prepared for market.

The "California Silk Company's" factory at South San Francisco, was started a short time ago, and thousands of silk growers are visiting it to see how the machinery works.

An attempt was made Monday by some unknown persons to explode the monument to King William the IV. at Kingston, Ireland. Though much blackened by gunpowder the monument received no real injury.

There is a difference of nearly fifty per cent. between the male and female population of New Zealand, which the Colonial authorities endeavor to counter-balance by offering free passages in Great Britain to all single young women of good character.

Stonewall Jackson's Sunday-School.

From a Lexington (Va.) Letter.

A visitor will be struck, on Sunday afternoon, at the crowd of negro boys and girls who may be seen wending their way to the Presbyterian Church, the largest and most influential in the town.

If he will go in, he will see superintending a colored Sunday-school Col. J. E. Preston, Professor in the Virginia Military Institute, and one of our most prominent citizens, and will find teaching in the school others of the professors in the Institute and College, a number of the students, and some of the most accomplished young ladies of the town.

If he asks about the school, he will be told, "This is Stonewall Jackson's school."

The facts are that this colored Sunday school was organized by Stonewall Jackson when he was a quiet professor of the Virginia Military Institute, that he took the deepest interest of its success (never going to it or from it without earnest secret prayer), and that when called into the army he expressed himself more than ever in his colored Sunday school than any of his other public duties. His deep interest continued to the day of his death, and he was never known to write a letter to Lexington without making special inquiry after his colored Sunday school.