THE HOME JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXII. WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE, SEPTEMBER 19, 1883. NUMBER 29.

SIX LITTLE MAIDENS.

I'll teh *you* a story, I'll sing you a song,—
It's not very short and it's not very long,—
Of six little maidens: in white they were dressed,
And each was the sweetest and each was the best.

Invited for four—well, now, let me see:
Waiting was dull, so they got there at three.
There were little Miss Katie and Nellie and Sue,
And little Miss Bessie and Polly and Prue.

It might have been June, if it hadn't been May,
The first of the month, and a beautiful day;
They kissed when they met, as the ladies all do—
Kate, Susie, and Nell; Bess, Polly, and Prue.

They danced and they skipped and they sang and they played,
And they formed pretty groups in the sun and the shade;
And I said, when they asked me of which I was fond,—
"Brunettes are the dearest, and so are the blonde."

And that night as I bid them adieu at the gate.—
Bess, Polly, and Prue, Sue, Nellie, and Kate,—
How I wished that "good-bye!" could have been "how-d'y'-do!"
And I said: "Come at three!" so as to get them at two!

—St. Nicholas for August.

That Terrible Scar.

Midnight had tolled its solemn chime, yet still the weary watcher sat beside the hearthstone plying her busy needle. Her eyes were dim and sunken, her cheeks thin and pale, her lips pinched and purple, and her slender fingers so shrivelled with the icy chill that was fast palsying her that the plain gold ring on her wedding finger and the thimble that she held were every now and then dropping into her lap. Her delicate form was shivering even under the heavy shawl that she had thrown about her shoulders, and she looked often with a wistful glance at the little basket of fuel that stood beside the fireplace.

Another hour passed and the clock struck one.

"He must soon be here now," whispered she in a half-frightened tone. "I will lay aside my work and make things as cheerful as I can."

So she brushed the ashes from the hearth, drew the coals together, threw on them a handful of the carefully-saved fuel and fanned the faint flame till it flashed high in the chimney. Then she looked about the room to see if aught could be mended; but the few articles it held were all in their wonted places, and everything as neat as the hands of love could make it. An arm-chair was drawn from a corner close to the crackling fire, the dressing gown that hung upon it spread out anew and a pair of slippers were upon the fender. The lamp was trimmed afresh, the table dusted, and beside it was placed a knife almost as bright as though the blade had been silver instead of steel.

"I have done the best I can," said the pale watcher, as again she sank into her chair. "Oh, if I were only sure of one kind word," she continued. "Hark!" She started up and listened. "It is he—and how he bangs the gate? I shall have a fearful time with him."

She hastened to the front door and gently opened it.

A man staggered in, and reeling this way and that, reached finally the room his gentle wife had made so bright and cheerful. But what was her reward? A volley of oaths so foul that it seemed as if an army of fiends had spoken with one voice. He cursed the niggardly fire, though to make that she and her children had been half frozen all day; he swore at the patched dressing-gown, though out of her own thin wardrobe she had planned it; he raved at the bread and meat, though her own lean fingers had earned them both. And when, angel-like and woman-like, too, she gave him a smile for every frown, an endearing epithet for every oath, and would have wound her arms about him to win him back to reason and himself, he raised his heavy hand and dealt her a powerful blow; aye, he struck her till every nerve quivered with anguish, and she his wife and the mother of his beauteous children! And now, when she lay prostrate before him, he raised himself to kick her from thence. A slight young hand pushed off the booted foot even as it was falling on the trembling woman, and a voice, agonized in its tones, exclaimed:

"Forbear, my father, for though your wife, she is yet my mother, and I will save her from your rage!"

The eyes of the drunkard quailed a moment before the upturned gaze of his first-born, so mournfully holy was the look that beamed from his tearful face; then a fiendish glare burned in his own, and exclaiming:

"You, too!—must I level my household ere I can find peace?" he seized the glistening knife and struck his child.

* * * * * * *

"Will he live?" moaned the poor mother to the surgeon, when he had bandaged the boy's head. "He is very pale and weak."

"It is a ghastly and dangerous wound," said the surgeon; "only the eight of an inch deeper and it would have been fatal—yet with care he might survive."

"Mother,"—there was a pathos in the tone that drew her eyes earnestly to the speaker, a stripling of about 17 years—"mother, I am going away."

"Away!—and where, Ernest?" she inquired.

"I cannot say," he replied; "God must direct my steps—but go from here I must. The curse of the drunkard's son is on me. None will regard me—none even give me work. And more, mother, if I stay here I must forget my Bible, for how can I honor my father when he so dishonors himself?"

Very long did the boy talk and plead ere he won the tearful consent; but she gave it at length, and, with a little knapsack on his back, his mother's Bible in one pocket and her slender purse in the other, Ernest went forth in the great world to seek, not so much fortune or fame, as that peace and joy which a drunken father would not give him in his home.

Years passed away, and there came no tidings from Ernest, save that after the first one, and each quarter brought the mother a remittance, and each successive quarter one of a higher figure. Welcome, too, were they all; for, but for such generous aid the workhouse had claimed her and her children; for downward, still downward, went her husband, his absence no longer counted by hours, but weeks and months.

In a bustling city, many miles from his native town, a stranger one night found him in a gutter, half frozen, starved, weary and sick. Like a good Samaritan, he picked him up, and as he was too weak to walk, placed him in a conveyance and had him taken to his own home. A warm bath, clean garments, wholesome food and a soft bed were freely offered him, and passive as a child when worn and languid, he suffered them to deal with him as they chose and soon sank into a deep, refreshing slumber.

It was hours ere he awoke, and then he seemed as in a dream. The filthy gutter in which he had lost his consciousness was now exchanged for a downy bed, with pillows white and soft as snow, with snow-white counterpane and damask hangings. His rags had disappeared, and in their stead he saw himself robed in fine linen. The dirt was washed from his face and hands, his hair was combed, and his tangled beard neatly shorn. He put back the curtains. Glad, golden sunbeams were stealing through the crimson drapery of an alcoved window, and their brilliant light showed a lofty chamber, with frescoed walls, a carpet from Oriental looms, and furniture that a prince might covet. "It is a dream," breathed he, and he closed his eyes. Light footsteps aroused him soon, and unclosing them again he saw bending over him a noble-looking man in life's early prime, and beside him a lovely woman, and in the eyes of both large tears were standing.

"Tell me," said he, eagerly, "do I dream, or am I the poor drunkard so greatly cared for?"

"You are sick and we must minister to you," replied the lady.

"Sick! ay, sin sick," he said. "But you do not know how vile I am, or you would cast me out at once. Listen. I have broken the heart of my wife. I have driven my only son from home; ay, and half killed him first; and I have ill-treated my other children till they fear me more than the evil one. Will you care for me now?"

He almost shrieked out the question, and it seemed as though life and death hung on the answer.

"We must forgive even as we would be forgiven," said the master of the house. "While you can be happy, stay with us."

A week passed away, and still the old man tarried in that beautiful home, now toying gently with Lily, the wee, delicate babe, and then playing gay pranks with Harry, the pride of the household, a boy of four summers; now dreaming in the pleasant chamber where he first awoke again to manhood, and then lolling in an arm-chair in the parlor, tears and smiles chasing each other over his wrinkled cheeks as the lovely lady of the mansion sang, now a gay ditty and then a solemn hymn. But ne never offered to cross the threshold.

"I dare not," he would say, when asked to ride or walk; "there is danger in the street, and this calm is so very sweet. If it could only last." And then he would sigh, and sometimes weep and sob like a child.

* * * * * * *

"There is to be a grand rally of the friends of temperance to-night—the new and splendid hall is to be inaugurated. Banners will wave, music ring, and ladies smile! Shall I invite you, my wife, to accompany me?" said the master of the house.

"Of course, after such a programme," said she, gayly, "and you may depend upon my going, too. How soon must I be ready?"

"In an hour's time," he replied. "I will send a carriage for you, and meet you myself at the door of the hall. Be sure that you are ready, for there will be a tremendous crowd."

"I will be in time—trust me for that," said she, and hastened to perform her duties to the little ones; but what was her astonishment when she returned to the parlor, all bonneted and cloaked, to find her stanger guest awaiting her.

"I cannot surely be tempted there," said he, in a low sad voice; "but if you will suffer me to ride with you I will gladly go. It may be that I shall complete there the salvation here commenced."

Gladly did the lady acquiesce in the request, and they were soon at the door of the thronged hall. Not her husband, but an intimate friend of his joined them there, and led them to some reserved seats near the platform.

There had been stirring music by the band, fervent prayers by the clergy and thrilling speeches from orators from distant parts of the country, the hearts of that vast multitude were aroused as they had never been before to the dangers of the cup. Then, while yet they were all riveted to the subject, the president announced "a voice from our home." There was a breathless silence for a moment, and then long and loud acclamations greeted the good Samaritan of our sketch as he bowed to the waiting throng. It had seemed to them as the last speaker hushed his voice, that the theme, world wide as it is, was quite exhausted, but so impassioned was the eloquence that now mastered it, that they hung upon every word as if he had spoken of something fresh from heaven. Where others had generalized, he individualized. He did not take the mass of drunkards, but only one out of them all, and he portrayed his course in such vivid colors that the audience seemed gazing upon dissolving views rather than listening to chosen words; and so wrought up were they that when he pictured that horrible scene in the tragedy of drink, where the husband levels to the floor the wife which once slept so sweetly upon his bosom, the wife that is the mother of his children, they seemed to hear the gentle and wronged one fall, and sobs and sighs broke forth from the assembly. The speaker paused till they were quiet, wiping, meanwhile, the tears from his own cheeks.

"Do you ask," said he, when he again resumed his theme, "do you ask why I stand here to-night and speak these things? Why, I not only speak but feel them? Look at this," he said, lifting the glossy locks from his left temple. "Do you see that scar on my forehead?"

In the brilliant gaslight it was perfectly visible to many a watchful eye; it was a ghastly frightful-looking scar, marring the beauty of a brow that might otherwise have been a painter's model.

Slowly and solemnly did the speaker utter each word, then as he stood pushing back the raven hair, he continued: "After the drunkard had felled his wife to the floor he would have kicked her prostrate form but that her young son rushed between the two. What did the drunkard do then?" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder. Another pause and a breathless hush. More slowly, more solemnly did he speak: "He seized a knife," he continued; "aye, and the one too, his gentle wife herself had laid beside his plate for him to carve the dinner worn and weary fingers had earned to sustain his life: he seized it and—o this!" and he pointed to his forehead. "To my grave shall I carry this scar and not till I rest in my grave shall I cease to plead for the drunkard's children."

With these words fresh on his lips he withdrew. There was no applanding but a silence as of death rested in the vast hall. Ere it was broken by prayer or hymn an aged man, older though it seemed with grief than years, tottered upon the platform. Trembling in every nerve and muscle, he leaned against the desk, and finally grasped it for support. Many times did his lips move ere he could utter an audible sound, and when he did speak his words were rather felt than heard.

"The son has spoken," he said, "now let the father. With the scar on his forehead yet bleeding, my Ernest, my first born, my noble boy, went from his home to seek among strangers the peace his father would not give him on his own hearthstone. Ten years from that time, one week ago to-night, that son picked up his father from a gutter, and instead of spurning him as a fallen sinner he took him to his home as though he had been the angel instead of the demon of his youth. Deep is the scar on his forehead, but deeper are the scars on my heart. Ye have heard him—ye see me. Let the story and the sight be your salvation, as it even now is my own."

The old man was exhausted and fell back into his son's arms.—*Truth.*

A Singular Case.

A singular divorce case is before the courts of New York city. In his affidavit the plaintiff says that he arrived in this country in January last, and on April 1 made the acquaintance of a young woman. It was a case of love at first sight, and while they were spending an evening together the question of marriage came up in conversation. Her relatives represented that according to the law and customs of N. Y. State it was necessary to have the engagement ratified by an official at the City Hall. He objected to these summary proceedings on the ground that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the young lady nor her antecedents, and that he desired first to consult with his mother, who was then on her way to this city. It was represented however, he alleges, that the ceremony at the City Hall was merely a matter of form, and not at all binding on one of the Hebrew faith, and that the real marriage must be subsequently consummated before a Jewish Rabbi. Accordingly, on the morning of April 2, the plaintiff, who could not speak a word of English, went before one of the Aldermen and was unwillingly married to his fair inamorata; believing that the ceremony was merely a betrothal. He continued to call on Miss Moses, being unaware, as is alleged, that she was his wife, and on April 15 married her according to Jewish rites. Early the next morning his bride went insane, and was so violent that he has never since been able to live with her, and has even found it necessary to confine her in an asylum on Blackwell's Island. He states that she has been a lunatic for some years. He has learned that she has occasional lucid intervals, lasting for periods from five days to two months, during which times she realizes that she is mentally unbalanced; but has been assured by physicians that if she married and became a mother a permanent cure would be affected. The plaintiff further charges that she was enjoying one of those quiet periods at the time of their acquaintance and marriage, and that her relatives maliciously made him the instrument of her very improbable recovery. On these grounds he seeks to have the marriage annulled. The bride is now in the asylum the physicians of which would not allow the papers served upon her, fearful of the results if this was done.

A COMPANY has been formed in Paris, with a capital of $150,000, "for the purpose of dragging the Red Sea to recover the chariot and arms of Pharaoh." Pharaoh may have owned a pretty gorgeous chariot, but it has been in the water so long that we don't believe it is worth much now. A much better one can be purchased for less that $150,000. And as for Pharaoh's arms, unless they are petrified, they would be of no more value than his legs.—*Norristown Herald.*

A LOT OF THEM.—During 15 years 50 libel suits, with damages aggregating two millions of dollars, have been brought against the Baltimore *American*, and the paper has paid only $500 to the distressed complainants. That's about as good as going into business and failing on a basis of one-quarter of one per cent., says Burdette. Say that a newspaper ain't a good commercial investment.

A SWINDLE.—A Colorado swindle is to buy a lot of "remnants" of Texas herds, mostly barren cows and bony steers, have them "booked," compute the increase by ordinary rules, and after a while, sell the lot on the range, of course, without counting. It is said that in this way herds of 2,000 have been sold and paid for as 10,000.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

Why Men Dread to End Their Lives in Great Catastrophes.

Nothing is more curious than the fact that dying as one of a crowd, seems to be more terrible to a man than simply dying his own individual death. Unquestionably there seems to be no kind of death more dreaded by men than death either from sudden catastrophies—like that of the Ring Theatre at Vienna and that of the Clyde, for instance—or from pestilence. No doubt it is perfectly true that death cannot be shared in the same sense in which a peril or a pleasure can be shared; you cannot, in all probability, be conscious of the strength of companionship after life begins to flicker low, nor are there above one or two people in the world with whom most men would covet the sense of companionship in such a moment as that of death. Still it is somewhat curious that death on a grand scale always seems to be more terrible, even to separate individuals, than the ordinary death by units. Of course, terror is very catching, and, therefore, the terror of a crowd always enhances the terror of the individual. But though that explains the supreme agony of a sinking ship or a burning theatre, it does not in the least explain the additional dread of death which plague seems to inspire in individuals, for between the inhabitants of a plague-stricken city there is always very much less active sympathy than there was before the pestilence appeared, and it is rather through the growth of mutual repulsion than through the heightening of a common sympathy, that the influence of pestilence is chiefly felt. Perhaps it will be said that men do not fear death the more on account of the number dying around them, but only as that number makes evident the greatness of the risk. But that can hardly be the explanation of the matter, otherwise we might expect a much greater terror in every man to whom the doctors so frankly acknowledge that death is imminent, so that we ought to find in a healthy inhabitant of a plague-stricken city, whose chance of death is probably much less than one in two. As a matter of fact, very few patients stricken with ordinary disease, who are told that death is inevitable, show any panic at all, while the perfectly healthy man, surrounded by pestilence, is too often consumed with a terror which renders him absolutely unfit for the discharge of his duties. It seems certain that the selfish terror inspired by the sight of dying crowds does unnerve men in a manner in which a sentence of death passed upon themselves would not unnerve them at all. We wonder why this is, and suppose the reason to be that it is only a great risk in combination with the chance of escape that unnerves a man whom the prospect of certain death would not unnerve at all. It is the eager passion with which all the mind rushes into the alternative of prolonged life that really unmans a nature which would be steady enough in facing certain death. Mingle a great fear with a vivid ray of hope and you will turn a head which could hold its own against inevitable fate. The tumultuous element in the case of plague is, we believe, the selfish desire to escape rather than the actual prospect of death. The panic felt is really the panic of tempestuous hope rather than the panic of fear. Extinguish the hope and the panic will often cease as completely as if you had extinguished the fear itself.

The Cyclone Season.

One the fiercest of the many tornadoes that have occurred within the last four months was that which swept over southern Michigan on Monday, July 23. It played havoc with farm houses, barns, fences, orchards, and forest trees standing in its track. Several women and children were killed, one woman, according to the telegraphic dispatches, being picked up by the wind and torn to pieces.

It was early last spring that this extraordinary series of storms began, and very few weeks have passed since then without bringing news of the fatal destructive work of one or more whirlwinds. Sometimes several tornadoes have occurred nearly simultaneously in different places. Disastrous rainbursts and thunder storms have added to the extraordinary character of the weather, and only evidence of a similar condition of atmospheric disturbance extending all over the world is needed to give very strong confirmation to the views of the sun-spot theorists, for during all these stormy months, and up to the present moment, the sun has been spotted like a leopard's skin, and plainly agitated by tremendous disturbing forces. Some shreds of the required evidence of a world-wide extension of meterological disturbances have been obtained, but the record is very incomplete and unsatisfactory. There have, for instance, been extraordinary rains in some parts of Europe, including waterspouts in Hungary, and we have heard of destructive inundations in India, or a terrible hurricane at the Samoan Islands, and of great floods in Buenos Ayres. Still, no student of nature, probably, would be willing to look upon all this as proving that sun-spots have anything to do with the weather, especially since previous observations during periods of sun-spot maxima have given doubtful and conflicting results. But it may, perhaps, be said that the evidence furnished by the extraordinary storms of the last two or three years is favorable to the sun-spot theory, and that it would not require a great deal more of the same sort of evidence to incline the scales of judgment decidedly in favor of the theory.

Whatever the cause may be, it is certain that it would be hard to match the weather record of 1883, and, judging from the telescopic aspect of the sun during the last six months, an inhabitant of that orb would have to be a pretty old solar citizen to be able to recollect a time when sun storms had been so frequent and so fierce.—*New York Sun.*

"WHAT is true bravery," asks a New York paper. It is going to sleep while your wife sits up in bed to listen for burglars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HOTEL WEDDING.

How it is Prepared for and Carried Out.

"Well, now, take a wedding in a hotel, and the man and his wife start out on a perfectly fair and square basis," said a prominent hotel clerk. "It's give and take from the word go, and that's the correct thing in matrimonial life. This is the way it is managed. The groom and the bride's father come here and make all the arrangements two weeks before the event. If they are wise they will also pay all bills in advance, even to tipping the hall boys and waiters. Then they will not be bothered by demands for money during the festivities. The bride and her mother and friends come to the hotel some hours before the ceremony and busy themselves with the toilet. A suit of rooms is at their disposal, with absolutely everything at hand. Trained attendants of all kinds are at a moment's call, and no convenience is lacking. The groom has also a room, which is used as a sort of consolation apartment by the friends of the deceased—I mean the friends of the groom.

"All this time the clergyman and the members of the bride's and groom's families are receiving their friends in the suite of parlors. At the proper moment the procession is formed, and they all march into the parlor and are married. Then they all file into breakfast or supper, whichever the case may be, without going to the usual trouble of putting on their wraps and fighting their way to their carriages. After all this is over the well-balanced and evenly-started couple drive off together. Thus everything is accomplished without bustle, confusion, or unfairness, and there is no danger of the bride or the lady guests catching cold by exposure at the church door."

"Are there many hotel weddings?"

"Bless you, yes. Many are not on the elaborate scale I have just outlined, though we had one here last week at which there were 400 guests, and even more extensive ones take place. Sometimes people get married at a hotel because there is sickness in the bride's family. There are other instances where a wealthy groom has hesitated to ask his swell friends to his sweetheart's humble home. Such a case occurred recently when a millionaire toy manufacturer married one of his factory girls. She was announced as a native of a small town in Massachusetts, but the deception was so thin that even the employees of the house saw through it. She was a lovely girl.

"A large proportion of hotel weddings are contracted by people living out of town. They come to New York for the tone of the thing, you know, and as they seldom have friends who keep house here, they resort to the big hotels. Some of these coupes are united in the public parlors simply and quietly, while others are joined humbly in a single room. In such cases one of the hotel proprietors or the manager or the clerk, or may be all of them, are called in to witness the ceremony. Such weddings are usually good fun for us, and we sometimes give the newly married couple a little dinner, and we always kiss the bride."

The clerk smiled a gentle adieu to the reporter at this point, gracefully assumed another pesture, and resumed his haughty surveillance of the porters.

Hints About Canning Fruits.

There are various methods practiced for preserving the fruits and berries which are so plenty in many sections at this season. Mrs. George W. Ladd, Bradford, Mass., gives her method of canning fruits, for which she was awarded first premium at the last exhibition of the Essex County Agricultural Society, as follows: "As the season of ripe fruit advances, I prepare such quantities of syrup as I think I may need, in this way: Three pounds of granulated sugar to one gallon of water and boil twenty minutes; this I put in glass jars, when cool, and set away for future use. Peaches, pears, apples, plums, pine-apples, rhubarb, crab-apples, and, in fact, all fruits of this kind, I peel, quarter and place in a dish of cold water (to prevent discoloration), until I have prepared enough to fill a jar; I then pack them as solid as possible in a jar, and then fill the jar with the syrup previously prepared. I then place a wire stand in the bottom of my preserving kettle, on which to place the jar, then fill the kettle with cold water until the jar is two-thirds covered; leave the jar open, just cover the kettle and boil until the fruit is sufficiently soft, have ready a little boiling syrup, if needed, to fill the jar full to overflowing. Then place the rubber band around the neck of the jar and screw the cover on as tightly as possible; then in from three to five minutes give the cover another turn, in order to be sure it is air tight; and you will have no mortal trouble with it. I use jars with metallic porcelain covers."

For canning berries and small fruits Mrs. Ladd gives the following directions: "Place the fruit in a preserving kettle, and then add just water enough to prevent burning and boil from five to ten minutes; then place a wet towel around and under the jar, then fill the jar with the boiling fruit and seal immediately. I do not use any sugar until I open them for the table. The present year I have filled 150 jars and have not broken a single one. Others vary the above methods somewhat. The main object by all methods is to heat the fruit sufficiently to drive out the air and destroy all germs, then seal immediately and keep in a cool, dark place."

A HONOLULU NEWSPAPER has been publishing some excessively plain talk to King Kalakaua. It tells him that not one among his advisers commands public respect, that the public money is being squandered to gratify personal vanity, that the public works are shamefully neglected, that the Government contract system is a scandal, and that only the remarkable prosperity of the nation restrains the people from giving vent to their opinions. "Let that prosperity have a slight check," it says, "and the whole affair will drop like a pack of cards."

AARON BURR'S LOVE LETTERS.

What a Veteran New York Editor has to Say About Them.

In his autobiography, Thurlow Weed tells some interesting facts about the correspondence of Aaron Burr, which he learned from Mr. Matthew L. Davis, who was Burr's literary executor. For nearly forty years, Mr. Davis was the only reliable friend whom Burr had. During his absence in Europe he corresponded only with his daughter and Mr. Davis, the latter being the only person who welcomed the return of the once popular Vice President.

Davis informed Mr. Weed that Colonel Burr's first inquiry on landing was for Mrs. Eden, a widow lady, once happily and prosperously situated, but who had during Burr's absence supported herself and two daughters as a laundress. Colonel Burr's first professional service after his return was in bringing the well known ejectment suit, which, after two years of litigation resulted in favor of the Misses Eden, who, has Mr. Davis informed Mr. Weed confidentially, were the natural daughters of Colonel Burr. Colonel Burr made Mr. Davis his literary executor, with the understanding that with the materials bequeathed to him a history of his life should be written. The confidential female correspondence of Mr. Burr constituted a large portion of these materials, leaving Mr. Davis, so far as he understood the views of Colonel Burr, at liberty to make such use of those letters as he might think proper. Says Mr. Weed:

"The preservation of such letters carefully filed, and, when either anonymous or with initials, having the full name of the writer indorsed, was an act of treachery and baseness of which, happily for society, few human beings have been found capable. But Colonel Burr looked upon the matter with eyes and from a standpoint still more unnatural, for on the day before his duel with General Hamilton, in a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Theodosia Allen, he bequeathed, in the event of his fall, these confidential letters to her, indicating the boxes in which they would be found and instructing her to read them and to burn all such as, if made public, would injure any person. As, however, Hamilton instead of Burr fell, those letters were preserved from 1804 to 1836, and then bequeathed without instruction to Mr. Davis. For two or three years before Colonel Burr's death I occasionally visited him in company with Mr. Davis, and although generally reticent, he was sometimes drawn into conversation about early and interesting events, always in the morbid spirit of a disappointed man. His manner was quiet and subdued, and although seldom indulging in bitterness of language, he never spoke approvingly of any of the distinguished men with whom he had been associated. I frequently visited Mr. Davis while he was preparing his life of Burr, and had free access to the 'blue boxes' which contained the confidential female correspondence. The letters were from ladies residing in New York, Trenton, N. J., Philadelphia, Pa., Richmond, Va., New Haven, Conn., Albany, N. Y., Troy, N. Y., etc., and most of them from members of well-known families. In some cases the correspondence was literary or platonic, but generally of a more questionable character. In several instances the letters embraced a period of several years, concluding with charges of treachery, falsehood and desertion. Mr. Davis was particularly anxious to restore all such letters to the persons who wrote them. Two packages were delivered by Mr. Davis personally to ladies residing in the city of New York. One package was transmitted to a lady in Richmond, Va., through General Scott. Mr. Davis earnestly requested me to deliver a package to a highly respectable lady with whom I was acquainted, but when I declined that too delicate duty he committed them to the flames. It is due to the memory of my old friend Davis that I should say that, although a poor man, living upon the weekly compensation of two guineas received for letters written to the London *Times*, his honor and integrity resisted large offers of compensation for Colonel Burr's confidential correspondence. The late Major M. M. Noah was not only liberal in his offers of money, but importunate in his appeals to Mr. Davis. All, however, proved ineffectual. Mr. Davis made an end of the matter by consigning all the letters that had not been returned to the writers to the flames."

A Veteran Gone.

Captain John Leitch, the oldest captain in service of the Cunard company, and perhaps the oldest commander crossing the Atlantic, died at sea Tuesday, July 24th. Owing to failing health the captain asked to be transferred to the Mediterranean fleet, and nine years ago he made his last trip across, taking one of the Cunard steamers with him. Since then Captain Leitch had commanded the Saragossa which runs from Liverpool up the Mediterranean. He was acknowledged to be by far the coolest man aboard a chip during the most trying moments, and was kind and considerate to those under his command.

His careful management and watchfulness earned for him the reputation of being a safe custodian of human freight, and many persons about to cross the Atlantic would often wait lengthy periods to sail across with the genial captain. Captain Leitch was born in Scotland, and at the time of his death was about seventy years of age. He had been in the service for over fifty years, and those who knew him and will read of his death will regret to learn that his last resting place was in the bottom of the sea. He was buried from his own vessel, the Saragossa.

DIVIDEND IN ENGLAND.—The lowest dividend per annum among the joint stock banks of England is that of the London and Yorkshire, which paid five per cent., while out of thirteen corporations, eight paid ten per cent. or more, five paid each fifteen per cent. or more and one, the Birmingham, paid twenty per cent., as it has during the past five years with entire regularity. Similar dividends are common on the Continent of Europe.

TAKING ALL OF THE CAKE.

A WELL DRAWN PICTURE OF VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

The Boy Base Ball Club and the Welcome Home it Receives.

There is probably no prouder period in the life of a boy than when he first belongs to a base ball club, and puts on a red cap and goes with his club to an adjoining town to play a match against a rival club. To a boy of twelve years there is no position on earth that he would exchange for that of pitcher of such a club. The other day the editor of *The Sun* was going into the country, and a victorious boy base ball club, that had just defeated another club, got on the train at a station to go home, and the pride that was visible on the faces of the victorious boys was only equaled by the look of sadness on the faces of the boys belonging to the rival club which was at the depot to see the visitors off. Residents of the defeated village, grown persons, were at the depot, smiling sickly smiles at the victorious boys, as they got on the cars for the return home, and the same citizens looked cross at their own boys who were defeated, and as the train moved off with the elated red caps, the local blue caps slunk to their homes down back streets, their heads down, anxious to get out of sight of the neighbors, who were ashamed of them because they got beat.

The defeated town actually had a gloomy, forsaken look, as though a great calamity had befallen the community. The local squire, who was on the depot platform, and who had acted as umpire of the game, seemed to feel the prevailing sadness, as though he feared his community would lay the defeat to him, and make remarks about his ruling at a critical moment of the game, but there was a look of conscious innocence on his face, as though he felt that he had done as he would be done by, and was willing to suffer martyrdom if need be, at the hands of his disappointed and grieved neighbors. The 'bus driver who had brought the visitors to the depot, was also grieved, and when a boy belonging to the defeated club, got into the 'bus to ride down town, the driver said, "Here, you go out of that 'bus, you are no good," and the poor boy, who had run his legs off, felt the shame that comes to the unsuccessful laborer in this world, and he crawled out of the 'bus, the laughing stock of the crowd. The editor of the local paper was at the depot, and he looked as though the defeat was a fearful blow to him, and it seemed as though his next week's paper would contain a sarcastic article on the throwing of the game by the umpire, whose wife's sister lives at the successful town.

But how different it was on the cars, with the successful club. Citizens who had accompanied the boys to the camp of the enemy were all smiles, and made constant inquiries as to the bruises of the short stop, the sprain of the first base man, the black eye of the catcher, which he wore proudly, and all was happiness. The players who were so tired they wanted to lay down, walked up and down the cars with ball bats, and canvas bag bases, the pitcher held the ball in his hand, and couldn't help tossing it up to the top of the car to catch it as it came down, while neighbors would look on from the other end of the car and say, "He is a daisy." The dirty, perspiring boys were very happy, happier than the president, or any millionaire on earth. It showed the difference between success and failure better than any small thing we ever saw.

The train approached the station where the boys lived, and all was hurry. They hurried through the car, and tried to suppress the smile of satisfaction, or look dignified, as though defeating rival ball clubs was an every day occurrence with them, which did not elate them at all. But when the train stopped, and half the town was at the depot to meet the visitors, and they were welcomed with smiles, and hand shakes, and mothers would pick out their boys, who went away in the morning so clean, and came back at evening so dirty, and kiss them, the boys looked as though that was a familiarity they could not encourage, and they would pull away from the loving mothers, and get into the crowd where they could be cheered by stout lungs, instead of being kissed. The local editor of the victorious town, was there with his umbrella, and his face was all smiles, and he shook hands with the boys as though they had brought the millenium back with them instead of lame backs.

As the train moved off, and the victorious base-ball boys were formed in line, to march down town, one carrying a broom, as a token that they had "cleaned out" their rivals, and the old men standing around laughing, and acting as though the country was safe, and old and young women, and girls, looking on lovingly, and waving handkerchiefs at the victorious, happy-hearted kids, it reminded us of a regiment returning from the war. Few of those who welcomed their victors, thought of the poor, defeated fellows of the other side, who were carrying heavy hearts about with them. It is so with everything, everywhere. Success is what takes the cake, while failure takes the crumbs. Boys, always succeed, if you can, but remember the next time the other crowd may wipe you out, and then you will know how it is yourselves.

A CITIZEN OF BOSTON, whom *The Gazette* of that city does not name but loosely describes as "a well-known gentleman," has made three wills during the last twenty years, appointing three different sets of executors—nine in all. One way after another every one of the nine has in one way or another shown himself unworthy of an important trust and the testator now finds it necessary to select a fourth set of executors.

"SAY, George," said the married man whose wife had been ill, "I've discharged that nurse we had, and I'm taking her place myself now." "Taking her place?" inquired George. "What part of her work can you do, old man?" "Oh, I can do it about all," was the reply. "I always was a sound sleeper."