H B Miller Jan 83

NEWS AND CITIZEN.

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STOVES

—AN—

OPEN OFFER!

Until further notice, we will give any honorable and reliable citizen of Lamoille County, who hasn't already a good Stove, the use Free for 30 days of an excellent Cooking Stove, with Reservoir, to be returned at the expiration of that time unless the person receiving it shall, after trial, desire to purchase it, in which case he can do so upon liberal terms, subject to the following warrant and guarantee.

First---That the price asked for it is as low as the same, or as good a Stove, can be bought for in Vermont, and the buyer may have another 30 days from date of purchase to investigate this matter, and we agree that the buyer shall be his own judge in deciding this point.

Second---We warrant the Stove against breaking by fire, with fair usage, for one full year from date of purchase.

Third---We warrant every pound of iron in the Stove to be new and every plate to be honestly and thoroughly made.

Fourth---We warrant the Stove to be an excellent baker and heater, and that the water will boil quickly in the Reservoir by turning damper according to directions.

Fifth---We warrant the Stove to give perfect and entire satisfation in Price, Quality, Operation, and Every Other Particular, or at the end of 60 days we will take it back and refund the purchase money.

Sixth and Finally---We guarantee that there shall be no unpleasantness or dissatisfaction, if after full and thorough trial you decide not to keep the Stove; we shall not expect to please everybody, and if you conclude you don't want to buy, we shall keep entirely good natured. We only ask that you give us a chance to try to please you, if you haven't already a stove that does so. We think we can do it.

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LETTER HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

NOTE HEADS, &c.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When life eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

All nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light.

Light to the shepherds! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold;
Light to the wise men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of sin and grief;
Light to a world in all its needs;
The light of life—a new belief
Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne;
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to his own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, and then,
"Glory, glory unto our God!
Peace and good-will to men!"

T. Buchanan Read.

THE LUCK POLL BROUGHT.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

Whew, how the wind did blow. It bent the leafless branches of the trees until they cracked and moaned as though they couldn't stand it a moment longer; they must break off. It shook the windows of Mrs. Faye's little, wooden cottage—which stood a block away from any other house—until they rattled again. It banked the snow up against the cellar door until there wasn't a sign of a cellar door left. And altogether it made so much noise and confusion that when it ceased its pranks for a few moments the silence seemed wonderful.

Poor Mrs. Faye, sitting in the rocking chair in her tiny, neat kitchen, with her tiny, neat baby in her arms, was downhearted enough. She was a slight little woman with round, pink cheeks that had been brighter and bluer, and soft, wavy, golden hair that never could have been softer, wavier nor goldener. "It's too golden," she used to say, "for a mother of four children. It looks so very girlish."

But Mr. Faye and the children didn't think so. Elbert—and for a boy only 10 years old I must say it was an exceedingly graceful and pretty remark—said to his mother one cloudy day, as he looked at her with loving and admiring eyes, "Mamma, dear, I'm so glad you've got such beautiful, bright hair. It's like having sunshine in the house all the time."

And it was well Mrs. Faye had some sunshine on her head this blowy, snowy, gloomy morning, for there was none in her heart. And no wonder. Mr. Faye, one of the best of men, and consequently one of the best of husbands, had fallen on the ice four or five weeks before and so disabled himself that he had not yet been able to leave his room. And the sum of money sent to him a day or two after the accident, by his employers, who were neither as niggardly nor as generous as they might have been, didn't go far toward supportng a family of six, whose expenses were greatly increased by the necessity for lotions and medicines.

Fortunately the cottage in which they lived belonged to them, Mrs. Faye having inherited it the preceding autumn from her mother, but they never had been able to save any money, for Mr. Faye was only a clerk in a wholesale clothing house at a very retail salary.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" said Mrs. Faye to the baby. "There are only two or three scuttles of coal in the cellar and scarcely anything to eat in the closet, and a quarter and a dime in my pocketbook." But the baby only poked his finger in her eye and answered her with a weak imitation of "how the rooster crows," which wasn't at all satisfactory nor in the slightest degree applicable to the case under consideration. "Dear me! Dear me!" continued Mrs Faye, rocking nervously back and forth. "James mustn't know how poor we are. He'd never get well if he did. He's almost fretted himself into a fever now, being kept from work so long. And he thinks, I'm sure he does—for no matter how good men may be they never can see where the money goes—that I've enough to last a month or more. I must have help, but to whom can I look for it?" And the wind, choosing to hide behind a corner at this present moment, she heard a queer voice answer, "Poll, ma'am; yes, ma'am, clever Poll."

Snatching a shawl from the hook where it hung and wrapping it snugly about the baby, who was now "mewing like the cat," she hurried to the garden door, and opening it a little way, peeped out. "Poll, ma'am! Yes, ma'am—clever Poll," said the queer voice again, but she saw nobody but Elbert, who was coming in the back gate stamping his feet and swinging his arms. He had been trying to earn something by cleaning the snow from the sidewalks and garden paths, but had not earned much, for the people of that village were very economical and the men of the families generally did that sort of work themselves.

"I've brought you seventy cents, mother, dear," said the boy in a low tone, as he bounded lightly up the stoop. "Good boy, good boy, good boy. Dear, dear, dearest Guy," said the voice.

"Listen, Elbert; what is that?" asked Mrs. Faye.

"Why, it's a parrot, mother; and there it is sitting on the grape-vine," and going toward it, he called out, coaxingly, "Pretty Poll, Pretty poll."

To which flattering salutation, hopping farther away at the same time, Poll responded sharply and promptly:

"Nonsense. Pretty Bell."

But in a few moments, after turning its head on this side and that, and apparently studying its new friend's face with grave consideration, it declared itself "cold" and in want of "something hot," and allowed him to take it in his hands and carry it into the house, where the other children hailed it with delight, baby bow-wowing "like the dog" until he hadn't breath to bow-wow any longer.

"We'll keep it forever," said five-year-old Eve. "Can't we, papa?"

But papa shook his head.

"I've no doubt it has been a pet in some family for years," he said, "for it is an old bird, and we must advertise, and then, if no one comes to claim it, we'll see about keeping it forever."

"How can we advertise?" said Agnes, the eldest daughter (who, though only 14, was as tall as her mother) that afternoon, after her father had had his sleeping drops and was sleeping soundly, "advertising costs money and we have none to spare." "There's Elbert's seventy cents and baby's gold dollar," repeated her mother. "The baby's gold dollar," exclaimed Agnes, "why you said you never would spend that, because it was the last thing grandmamma gave him." "But I am sure, Agnes, grandmamma would wish me to do so now. The advertisement must go in. Your father has written it, and it will never do to let him know how poor we are. Every hour of peace and quiet is a great gain to him. We will hope," with a faint smile, "that Santa Claus will not forget us."

And the next morning that notice appeared in the village paper and in the principal paper of the nearest city, which was but half an hour away by rail.

"Found, December 20, an old parrot; gray, with crimson tail; talks very plainly; speaks of itself as 'Clever Poll;' says often 'Dear, dear, dearest Guy,' and when called Pretty Poll replies, 'Nonsense, Pretty Bell.' Owner please call at James Faye's, Mamie avenue, Fernville."

And as the clock struck ten the next morning an elderly gentleman, with a well worn satchel in his hand, called to see the parrot.

Mrs. Faye showed him into the cold little parlor and brought in the bird. "Dear, dear, dearest Guy," it said.

"The very same," said the gentleman, who was a stout, red-faced, good-natured looking old fellow, with dark brown hair and wonderfully sharp black eyes. And then he went on, addressing Mrs. Faye: "Will you allow me to remain here awhile, madam, in hopes of seeing the owner of the parrot?"

"Why—isn't it yours, sir?" asked she.

"It was mine once—allow me to introduce myself Guy Rainbow—but for many years it has been another's. And that other I would give the world to meet. It was only by chance I saw your advertisement. I was on my way to Detroit. I bought a paper just before I reached Fernville station; buying that paper was the cause of my jumping off when I did reach it, and here I am, and here I will stay with your kind permission, until some one comes for that bird. I assure you I will be no further trouble than the lighting of a fire may cause you, for I have a book with which I can while away the waiting hours. I suppose there is a restaurant near, where I can get something to eat?"

"No, sir, there is not," said Mrs. Faye, her pink cheeks growing pinker. "There isn't a restaurant or anything like one in the place."

"Bless my heart," said the gentleman, "what an odd place; but if no one comes before I'm very hungry, I suppose you would be willing to let your servant maid prepare me a mouthful or two—a cup of coffee and a broiled steak and few poached eggs, or anything that comes handy? Stout as I am, I can get along with very little too eat—when I am obliged to," he added, with a hearty laugh. "But, ma'am," glancing in surprise at her distressed face, "If you don't want me in the house—though I am sure I wouldn't incommode you in the least—I'll sit on the door steps, for I must see the person, if any person come, who claims that parrot." "Pretty Bell, pretty Bell, pretty Bell," screamed the parrot. "The very same," said Mr. Guy Rainbow. Shall I—may I, I should say—take up position on the stoop, madam?" "Oh dear, no, sir; you mustn't do that," stammered the small woman in great confusion when Elbert stepped forward and looking the visitor straight in the face in a frank, boyish way said: "We're awful poor just now, and that's what's the matter. Father is upstairs—he fell on the ice and hurt himself and he's been there ever so long. And it took our last money—the baby's gold dollar, too—to pay for that advertisement and father mustn't know it, 'cause if he does he'll worry and fret and perhaps never get well. And we haven't any servant girl, and there's only coal enough for his room for two or three days and nothing but a mince pie Mrs. Marsh—she's the only good neighbor we've got—brought us in the closet."

"And what do you expect to do when the coal and mince pie are all gone?" asked Mr. Guy Rainbow in a kind voice.

"We have a little money owing to us," answered Mrs. Faye, trying to smile though the tears were in her eyes, "and our debtor, who has forgotten us for a long while, may think of us again when Christmas, the blessed birthday, comes."

The elderly gentleman went to the front door and looked out. "It has stopped snowing," he said, turning to Elbert, "get a shovel, my boy, and clear the snow away from the cellar door." And down the stoop and up the street he trotted with a speed that was indeed surprising when one considered how very stout he was, to come back in less than an hour ahead of a coal cart filled with coal, and a grocery boy filled—I mean to say with a basket filled with groceries. Into the cellar went the coal, and into the kitchen went the basket. "There, ma'am," said Mr. Guy Rainbow, "and if you tell your husband anything about it he won't get well for a year. And now, if Elbert can't make a fire I'll make one myself." But Elbert could and did, and soon the parlor stove glowed like a very prince of stoves. And Mrs. Faye, unpacking the basket, found provisions enough for a week, and went to work at once making a pot of coffee and broiling a steak for her unexpected guest. And when he had eaten his steak and drank his coffee—"Better I never tasted, ma'am," he said—she took him to her husband's room and then he told his story.

"Of course, you know what it is to be in love," he began with his jolly laugh, "and so do I. I was a very romantic young man, and although I don't look it, I'm a very romantic old man. And when I was 24 and she 18 (that's one and twenty years ago) I fell madly in love with Miss Isabella Summercloud. She returned my affection but her parents didn't. I was poor then and they wanted a rich man for a son-in-law. But in spite of all they could do Isabella remained true to me. They succeeded, however, in obtaining a solemn promise from her that she would not marry for seven years, or until she was 25, without their permission. Well, six of those years passed failing to make any change in our love for each other, when I was suddenly summoned to Germany to the sick bed of a paternal uncle, my only living relative, with the exception of his twin brother, who was also my god-father. I knew very little about these relatives, having been born in this country, and losing my father at a very early age, but I had an idea they were gardeners and not at all well to do. And I was much astonished when I received the letter, inclosing a check for my traveling expenses and begging me to hasten, and still more astonished to learn that the dying man intended to leave his only child to my care, being assured by my friends and employers, whom he had privately consulted, that he could not select a better guardian.

I called to bid Isabella "farewell." "And so you are going to adopt a child," sneered her mother. "How very interesting." [illegible] bless her, bade me God speed.

A short time before our parting I had gevin her this parrot, which I had taught to say when called "pretty poll." "nonsense, "pretty Bell, pretty Bell." And knowing she would never hear my name save in an opprobrious way from any of her family, I also taught him to say, "Dear, dear, dearest Guy."

But judge of my surprise when my first letter after our parting, which had evidently been opened and resealed, and in which I stated I had arrived at my uncle's and found him, apparently, in the humblest circumstances, was returned to me, accompanied by three or four newspapers, in each of which I found a marked paragraph announcing the taking of the veil by Miss Isabella Summercloud at the Convent of St Mary. I knew Isabella had been educated at this place, but had never heard her express the slightest desire to become a nun. But there was my letter and there was the announcements.

The day after I received them my uncle died, and when his will was read—he had bean a miser of misers—I found myself in possession of a fortune. And the week after the funeral, taking my young cousin with me, I started on a tour through the old world. I went everywhere. To the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Asia, Africa, and not until the last part of last summer did I return to my native land. Returned to discover that Isabella still lived—that she was not and never had been a nun—and like myself had never married. That like me, too, she had inherited a fortune. That she had been traveling for years. That she was again in America. That she was staying with some friends in Detroit of whose name and address my informant most unfortunately had no idea. I was on my way thither, to search the directory, the hotel register, to do everything in my power to find her when, as I feel impressed, most fortunately your advertisement caught my eye. There is the parrot I gave her years ago. She vowed never to part with it. It has been stolen from her and escaped from the thief. She will come or send to claim it, and I, thanks to you and your wife's generous hospitality, will find again the only woman I have ever loved. And I tell you, sir, I wait with beating heart.

And all the Fayes following his example, waited with beating hearts (excepting the baby, who, thinking the time had come to "moo like the cow," did so with all his might and main,) and every vehicle that passed they rushed to the window, and every knock that came they rushed to the door.

But the day wore away and nobody called for "Clever Poll." Mr. Guy Rainbow began to look grave, and the Faye family began to look grave also, when as the last sunbeam popped into the little parlor a carriage drove up to the door and a plump, fair-haired woman, looking about thirty, though she must have been nine and thirty, jumped out and was plying the door-knocker in less time than it takes to tell it.

"You found a parrot?" she began as Elbert opened the door.

"He did," shouted the elderly gentleman, "and if you have been as true to me as I have been to you, I have found something infinitely more precious."

"Guy!" screamed the lady and fell into his arms.

And "dear, dear, dearest Guy, pretty Bell, pretty Bell, pretty Bell," cried the parrot flying to her and laughing wildly.

"Then you're not and never was a nun?" said "Dearest Guy."

"A nun," repeated the lady, "Good gracious no. Who told you so?"

"I read it in the paper kindly sent me by some person who returned the letter I wrote you on my arrival at my uncle's."

And you thought that Isabella was your Isabella? It was my aunt and godmother. And you did—you did not marry your ward?"

"My ward. Heavens, no. It was a boy."

"But I saw [the marriage of Linda Rainbow to Guy Rainbow in the German papers, which it almost broke my heart to think you had mailed to me."

"And could you for a moment believe that that Guy was your Guy? That was my uncle and god-father, and he married a kind of fourth cousin of the same name."

"Oh, how we have both been deceived?" said Miss Summercloud.

"But we may be happy, yet," said Mr. Rainbow. And she looked as if she thought they might.

And after shaking hands all around with the Faye family, and kissing the baby, away they went in the carriage, "Clever Poll," perched on the shoulder of its mistress, flapping its wings, uttering shrill hurrahs, and acting altogether like a bird gone wild with joy. And on Christmas day away went the Fayes in the same carriage—Elbert and his sisters in pretty costumes, for were they not to be best man and bridesmaids, and their mother in a lovely gray silk with bonnet to match—to the wedding, after an engagement of twenty-one years, of Miss Isabella Summercloud and Mr. Guy Rainbow.

And from that time Mr. Faye grew stronger and stronger, and soon was able, though still a little lame, to return to work, but instead of returning to the wholesale establishment at a retail salary, he went into a large retail establishment, the head of which was a friend o Mr. Guy Rainbow's at a wholesale one.

And all things prospered forever after at the little wooden cottage, thanks "To the Luck Poll Brought."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FESTIVE OYSTER.

At the New York Microscopical Society Professor Samuel Lockwood, Ph. D., Secretary of the New Jersey State Microscopical Society, read a paper on the "Natural History of the Oyster." After speaking of the great systems in physiology known as the negative, the professor took up the ingestion, respiration and circulation of the oyster, which he illustrated with the help of the blackboard and diagrams. In regard to the ingestive system, he showed the course which the water took in conveying food to the mouth of the oyster, and described the action of the lips of the oyster in eliminating the food from the water.

The position of the stomach was then shown with the involuted intestines, and where the faeces were discharged at a spot where the effete water that had been taken to the mouth, returned in a stream, thus carrying the faecal refuse out of the shells. Further on he showed the peculiar internal structure of the intestines, by which the great surface was made available for the absorption of food into the general system.

In regard to the respiration, he showed how the water entered the gills, and by a series of innumerable millions of little lashes in action, like oars, carry the water through the minutest part of the gills, eliminating the oxygen from the contained air. In respect to the circulation he showed the heart in pulsation, composed of the ventricle and auricle, the latter receiving the aerated blood from the gills, giving the same to the ventricle, which by the two aortas distributed the blood through the entire surface of the animal.

He spoke of the oyster as having some little capacity for education (the Professor is Superintendent of Public Instruction in Monmouth County, N. J.,) in that in a singular way it can adjust itself to many new environments, and then went on to describe the building up the oyster's house—its shells. He told how the shells were formed and how the age of an oyster can be told by the shoots or layers of the shells, by the hinge lines and by the position of the abductor muscle.

The Professor then described the companions of the oyster and their habits, detailing their efforts in gathering food for the mollusc, and also the enemies of the oyster, such as the drum fish, that grinds them up, destroying millions of them in a night; of the drill, that bores a hole through the shell and then sucks out the life and body, unless the oyster rebels and defeats the attack by plugging up the hole. The sea-star and the conch were added to the list of enemies, each one's operations begin minutely described.

The False Prophet.

According to a story printed in the Philadelphia *Times*, the False Prophet of Soudan is Thomas Johnson, a native of Connellsville, Pennsylvania. The story has it that Johnson's father was brought from Northern Africa early in the present century in a slave-ship, and landed at Yorktown; that he escaped from slavery, and lived in the [illegible] near Connellsville; that he taught his son the religion of Mahommed; and that he died in Pittsburgh in 1877. In 1853 young Johnson went to Paris, enlisted in the French army, and was sent to Algiers. At the close of his term of enlistment he joined a caravan, went to Soudan, and remained there for several years.

Accidentally coming across some American newspapers that were sent to Soudan from Massachusetts wrapped around some knives and spear-heads shipped to that country, he read his first news of the civil war, and he wrote a letter to President Lincoln, offering to raise a regiment of Arabs for the Union army. The offer was not accepted. Johnson returned to America in 1865, but remained only a few months. He had great influence over the semi-civilized Moslems, and when the English invaded Egypt he proclaimed himself Iman Mahdi, the Prophet of Allah. His father's real name was Beyash el Azwah.

The story has it that many descendants of those who were brought over in the slave-ship with the False Prophet's father are living in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, "whose thin lips, high foreheads, aquiline noses, superior intellectual capacity, and splendid physique stamp them at once as superior in every respect to the full-blooded negro." It is further averred that one of the False Prophet's hundred wives is an octoroon from Uniontown, who still writes to her relatives in Pennsylvania.

A Drunken Headsman.

All Denmark, says the Copenhagen correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, was thrilled by a general feeling of horror when the papers brought the details of the execution of a criminal in a provincial place the previous day—details which painfully remind one of the disgraceful manner in which Sofia Petrowskaya was executed last year at St. Petersburg. According to the Danish law criminals condemned to death suffer the last penalty of the law by decapitation by means of an ax, the block being placed at some conspicuous place as near as possible to the place where the murder was committed. A man condemned to death was to be executed one morning lately, and, as usual, a large crowd of people from the surrounding districts had assembled round the spot, only one constable being present to keep order. When the usual formalities were gone through, the criminal laid his head on the block; but the eye and the hand of the executioner, who had been drinking heavily on the previous day, were uncertain, and the stroke fell over both shoulders, the criminal uttering a smothered cry of pain. The executioner wrenched the ax out of the wound, wielded it again, and struck the criminal high up on the back of the head; again he wrenched the ax out of the wound, and succeeded at last in cutting the head off. The crowd rushed to the headless trunk, some to try to catch some drops of blood, which the peasants think has some kind of magical effect to cure certain diseases; others to satisfy their morbid curiosity. In fact, a horrible and disgusting scene took place, several men and women fainting. Every one agrees that such a disgraceful spectacle must never more take place in Denmark, and the Minister of Justice has already, with praiseworth speed, declared his intention to bring in a short bill providing for execution by means of the guillotine and within the precincts of a prison.

A young girl of the Sioux nation is described as chiefly remarkable for her fine dark eyes. Why not call her a Black-Eyed Sioux-then?

HANGING THE WRONG MAN.

A Little Sketch of Western Lynch Law.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

You see, William Bovers was as much to blame as any of us, and being he was the man who was hung, he ought to have entered into particulars to a further extent than he did.

I shall always blame him that he didn't.

William was placid. I knew him for three years, and only three times did I know of his countenance undergoing a change for even a second.

Once he met a grizzly face to face, and that placid expression gave way to a look of surprise and interest. He was pursued on another occasion by twenty-four Indians, and his countenance expressed homesickness. The third change is what I am going to tell you about.

There had been a good deal of robbing and killing around the camp that summer, and somehow it had been impossible to lay a hand on one of the perpetrators. The men had become roiled and desperate, and it was generally understood that the first offender who fell into our clutches would step off the head of a barrel to be brought up suddenly by a rope and a limb.

One day when some of the boys were returning from Pot-Luck Creek with flour and pork, they came upon the placid William Bovers in a bad situation. He was bending over the body of a man named Powers, who had been settled by the thrust of a bowie, and his hands were bloody.

The placid William was nabbed.

What did he do? Nothing at all.

What did he say? Why, when the boys laid hands on him he quietly remarked that he discovered the body only five minutes before, and was inspecting it in hopes to discover signs of life.

Too thin.

And too placid to fit that crowd.

The camp didn't waste any valuable time over William's case. Within the hour a court was convened, William was arraigned, and the dead body was placed in sight of all.

Circumstances were against the prisoner, but there were some things we forgot. William had been a quiet, honest, civil resident of Diamond Gulch. He had never been known to carry a bowie-knife. He had been down the trail to wash some shirts, and had discovered the body on his return. He scarcely knew the murdered man by sight, and could therefore have had no grudge against him.

The victim had little or no money, while the accused had the biggest pile of any man in camp.

But placid William should have kicked. Which he didn't do worth a cent. He pleaded not guilty in a careless, indifferent manner, as if the result was of no particular consequence to him. He told about going to wash his shirts, and of the finding of the body, but there was nothing anxious about him.

"If you believe me let me go; if you don't believe me bring on the rope!"

That was the sum and substance of his defense, and it was bad for William.

When it was too late we saw where he could have proved his record clear if he had tried to, but we had sent him to answer before the highest court of all.

Well, the court could scarcely fail to convict under the circumstances, and in less than an hour it became the painful duty of the judge to arise and remark:

"William, you have been found guilty of murder. Does it make any great difference to you whether you are hung this afternoon or to-morrow? Weather's liable to change, you know, and we may not have such an afternoon again for a week."

The placid William replied that he would be ready in half an hour, and he was.

He went to his shanty, accompanied by Col. Smith, and when he had disposed of his property and written a letter to a friend in the East, he walked coolly to the gallows tree, mounted the barrel, and never winked an eye when the noose was slipped over his head.

Then came a painful pause.

William was about to be launched into the great unknown.

It is a serious thing to kick a barrel from under the feet of a fellow man and et a rope catch and choke him to death. We felt it so, and when the pause came we could hear each other's hard breathing.

"William Bovers!" solemnly remarked the judge. "you are about to hang!"

"Yes," calmly replied the prisoner.

"And now once more I ask you if you are guilty of the awful crime?"

"No," was the equally calm reply.

But he has been tried, convicted and sentenced and the sentence must be carried out. It was when the man advanced to pull away the barrel that William's countenance lost its placidity. For five seconds he seemed a stranger to us all. A white shadow crossed his face, a look of fear crept into his eyes and his jaws fell.

Then placid William was himself again. He braced right up, shut his teeth and he died with a countenance as unreadable as a stone.

* * * * * *

A week afterward a robber who was fired on and fatally wounded confessed that he was guilty of the murder for which William Bovers had been hung. That was a nice mess for us, and there was many solemn faces as we gathered around the judge and asked him what could be done about it.

"Well, I reckon we'd better have an inquest, if thar be no objections," was the reply, and we had one.

We viewed the rope, the barrel, the tree and the grave, and the verdict was:

"Hung the wrong man and sorry for it."

But placid William was half to blame. He should have seriously objected to being hung.

The Claimant.—Mr. Anthony Biddulph visited the Tichborne claimant a few days ago at Portsea convict prison for the first time since the convict's removal from Dartmoor. The claimant has lost considerably in weight, and has aged very much. He appeared to be perfectly resigned to his position, but is looking forward with hope to the Christmas of 1884, when he expects to be liberated on a ticket of leave.

Now is a good time to sacque you wife.

HOW HE TAMED THEM.

Martin's Way of Ruling Ferocious Beasts.

[From the Baltimore News.]

A curious history, and one that sheds many gleams of light upon the character of beasts in the menagerie, is that of Henri Martin, the lion tamer, who died, ninety years old, quietly at his home "among his collections of butterflies and his books of botany." Martin, according to his own letters, began to cultivate his gift of control over animals in the days when he was connected with a circus, by acquiring an extraordinary power over horses, which he taught every trick known to the profession, and some of which have hardly been exactly paralleled. From this he went on to taming wild beasts, and soon after he had started business as part proprietor of a menagerie he had labored eight months in training a royal tiger and had taught a spotted hyena to pick up his gloves. He was never seen with a whip in his hand; but he crossed his arms and gave his animals the word of command to leap on and off his shoulders, and he considered his method infinitely superior to that of the trainers who go through their business chiefly by the terrorism of a heavy whip and a revolver. Their beasts obey them, but, he said, "they are not tamed as mine were, and when one of them rebels you can judge the tragic result from the tragical end of Lucas."

One day Martin told his wife that he anticipated trouble with his lion Cobourg, who was then in a dangerous state of excitement. She begged him to put off the performance, but he said: "No; if I should do it once I should have to do it every time the animals have caprices." The next night his foreboding were fulfilled. Instead of performing his part properly, Cobourg crouched low and dug his talons into the stage, and his eyes flared. Martin had no weapon at command except a dagger in his belt—"I have said never a whip." Instead of obeying orders the lion leaped at Martin, and a combat occurred, in the course of which the lion took Martin up in his mouth and shook him in the air. Martin struck the animal over the nose for a second time, and then, feeling his strength exhausted, gave himself up for lost, and and turned his back to the beast, so that at the next spring it might attack the back of his neck, and so "make an end of the business." "But two seconds passed—two seconds that seemed to me an eternity. I turned around. The lion's mood had changed. He looked at the audience; he looked at me. I gave the sign to go. He went away as if nothing had happened."

It was fourteen weeks before Martin could perform again, but then the lion worked as well as usual, and continued to do so for four years without any more caprices.

In taming one of his tigers Martin began by taking the brute's attention off the door of the cage, and then, armed with a dagger, went rapidly into the cage and stood looking at the tiger, which, for some minutes, lay motionless, staring at him. Then, feeling a shiver, and knowing that if the tiger saw it all would be over with him, he went swiftly out.

At the end of a fortnight he went again into the cage, and this time staying there half an hour. A third time he paid the tiger a visit of three-quarters of an hour. The fourth time the tiger, trembling at first, lay down before the pigmy who braved it. To tame a hyena, Martin wrapped his legs and arms with cords and protected his head with handkerchiefs, and then, walking into the cage, went straight to the animal and offered it his forearm. The hyena bit it, and the tamer, looking steadily in its eyes, stood motionless. The next day he repeated the experiment, substituting a leg for an arm, "and all the time Martin's black pupils were flashing into the gray eyes of the hyena. The beast gave up, cringed and smelled the feet of the master."

Martin tamed his subjects by his personal influence alone, and Charles Nodier once said of him: "At the head of an army Martin might have been a Bonaparte. Chance has made a man of genius a director of a menagerie."

"Gwine to be a Lawsuit."

We were sitting on the hotel steps at Franklin, Tenn., when a colored man came up and asked the time of day. A gentleman, whom everybody addressed as Major, gave the hour and added:

"Say, Moses, I want a good, stout man to move some fencing for me. I'll give you a dollar to come up and work for me to-morrow."

"Couldn't do it, sah. I'ze got to 'tend dat Peters lawsuit to-morrer."

"Well, next day."

"Next day de old man Brown has his lawsuit."

"Then say Thursday."

"Couldn't do it, sah. Dat's de day Mrs. Simpson am to be tried fur frowin' an ax at Elder Barrow."

"Well, will you agree to be on hand Friday?"

"No, sah. On Friday I'ze gwine seben miles out to 'tend a lawsuit befo' Squar' Marshall."

"Can you come Saturday?"

"Reckon not, Major. More'n likely de Taylor hog-killin' case will come off Saturday."

"See here, Moses," said the Major as he dropped his feet and leaned forward, "can you spare me any one day next week?"

"Can't promise fur sartin, sah, kase some of dese lawsuits may be disjourned ober, you know."

He was only a fair sample of the race. Next day, as I rode out on the Springfield pike, I met five slashing fellows walking at a gait of six miles an hour. After dividing a plug of tobacco among them I asked:

"Going to town?"

"Yes, sah."

"Circus coming in to-day?"

"Reckon not, sah, but dar's gwine to be a lawsuit, an' we's pushin' right 'long for front seats."—M. Quad.

Windows.—From a return just issued by the French Minister of Finance with regard to the window tax, which still exists in France, it appears that there are in that country 3,312,784 houses. Of these 257,390 have but one outlet, 1,853,054 have two, and 1,030,331 have upward of six.

WOODMAN, SPARE THE TREE.

The Climatic Value of Forests—Why They Should be Kept Intact.

[From the New York Herald.]

In a valuable paper before an agricultural meeting at Northampton, Mass., Prof. C. S. Sargent pointed out the vast losses to the country annually by forest fires. The strongest point in his paper—on the permanent damage done by these fires—is that they "destroy not only the growing wood, but the fertility of the soil itself." As this is the season for legislation it is timely to press on legislators the necessity for revising existing enactments to better secure the wasted forests from the wholesale conflagrations to which they are every year exposed. In a recent article Professor Sargent takes the ground that "forests do not produce rain; rain produces the forests, and without a certain amount of rain they cannot exist." Rainfall may not be directly produced in large quantities by the condensation of atmospheric moisture raised by the cloud-chilling forest; but the indirect agency of the timbered land in augmenting the supply of rainfall which permeates the soil and becomes agriculturally beneficial is certainly very considerable. The addition of a single inch of rainfall to the amount which penetrates the soil instead of running off is on every acre over twenty-two thousand five hundred gallons.

But there is another effect of forests which is generally overlooked even by scientists in discussing their physical importance. In historic times marked climatic changes have occurred in Europe and America which can be explained only by the progress of continental deforesting. The able British physicist, Admiral Smyth, in his work on the physical geography of the mediterranean basin, clearly shows that great climatic changes have taken place. The effects of intense winter cold in Italy, Greece and Asia Minor, recorded by ancient writers, he notes, "have been in later ages unknown." In this country it is doubtful whether we will ever have as cold winters as that of 1780, when the Chesapeake Bay "was frozen solid," according to Mr. Jefferson, "from its head to the mouth of the Potomac," and Washington's troops securely crossed on solid ice from New Jersey to Staten Island. Making due allowance for historical inaccuracies it seems clear that while the cold spells of late years have been as intense as those of 1780 and 1856 their duration has not been so protracted. Forests, of course, protect the soil from rapid radiation of its heat and from the frigorific downward currents of the great "cold waves."

But they must also materially retard the passage of these "polar waves" and serve to detain them longer on the continent than would be the case were the soil cleared. The removal of the forests by the spread of civilization and conflagrations thus exposes the soil to increased fluctuations of abnormal cold and heat and enables the heavy masses of cold air to roll over it with greater velocity to the sea. We may congratulate ourselves on the latter effect of soil denudation, and it probably gives us winters of higher mean temperature than our ancestors had. But it is not improbable future investigation will demonstrate that while we thus gain "milder winters" the precipitation of winter and spring is reduced and the agricultural seasons open with disastrous droughts. For it is seen that exceptionally mild winters, like those of 1877–78, 1879–80 and 1881–82, have been marked with deficiencies of winter rainfall and by widespread droughts, with forest fires and army worm invasions in the succeeding spring months, the aridity sometimes extending far into summer. It is to be hoped, therefore, that during the coming winter the preservation of forests will be made a matter of more effective and intelligent legislation than has yet been devised.

Indian Corn.

Dr. Byron B. Halstead, at the winter meeting, in Northampton, of the Massachusetts Board, spoke of Indian corn, the yield of which the present season will approach very near two billion bushels, raised chiefly in six States, and on an area thirteen times as large as Massachusetts, which produced two million bushels and was the first in the world to be planted with corn by civilized man. Corn is of a plastic nature and can adapt itself to widely different influences. The many sorts now grown was probably developed from a single source and from a variety much inferior to our best kinds now. Corn is divided into flint and dent varieties, field or garden, or sweet, pop and husk-covered, the latter believed by many to represent the original habit of growth. From four to forty rows are found in an ear, always an even number. Varieties are cultivated that reach a height of only two feet, while others rear their tops so that a man on horseback can scarcely reach them. The kernels are many shaped and many colored, and the grain varies in weight from fifty-six to sixty-four pounds per bushel. The kernel is made up of the chit or embryo, and starch and oil for feeding it during its early growth. Like most of all other plants it has its roots, stem and leaves. The value of the entire crop of the United States is not less than seven hundred million dollars' worth for each of the hundred days of its growth, though as corn grows but little during cold spells, the money value is increased most rapidly during the hottest days just succeeding showers, when there must at times be twenty or more millions of dollars' worth grown in a single twenty-four hours. The sexual character of the plant was described with its male blossoms on the spindle and the female organs on the ear, giving us the power to cross-breed and make new varieties by careful selection and manipulation. Much can be done to increase the average yield of the country by selection of seed and growing seed especially for planting. A variety with the habit of producing one fine ear is better than one that may produce several small ears. The cob should be small, the husk soft. Early growth is also an important characteristic. The person who is fortunate enough to originate a new variety of marked superiority to any now existing will be classed among the benefactors of the race. America is the peculiar home of the corn plant; England would gladly give a thousand fortunes could she successfully raise this grain, which is every inch a king.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Like master, like man," may be all very well—but suppose you don't happen to like either? What then?

The Washington monument has now 168 courses of stone and is 336 feet 5½ inches high, or 2½ inches higher than the top of the figure of America on the Capitol.

"Have you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on a Staten Island boat. "I've seen a good many fishwomen, madam, if that's what you mean," was the reply.

A Young Inventor.—The youngest inventor on the records in Washington is Walter Nevegold, a lad 15 years of age, of Bristol, Pa., who has patented important improvements in rolling mill machinery.

A young man in Des Moines loved a girl so wildly that he wrote her fifteen letters a day for five weeks. At the end of that time she eloped with another fellow as a matter of self-protection.—*Boston Post.*

A Philadelphia man has bought a schooner and gone in search of seals. His wife wants a sacque for the coming winter, and he calculates to save several hundred dollars by getting the material in this way.

We are willing to take a certain amount of stock in newspaper accounts of Western cyclones, but when an Arkansas paper tells about a zephyr carrying a bed quilt sixty-one miles, and then going back for the sheet, we ain't there.

One sign of prosperous times is the activity among dealers in patent medicines. Or is it an indication of hard times on the theory that the people have less time to fuss over their fancied ailment when they get busy?—*Boston Transcript.*

Health journals say that to retain a sound constitution a man must lie on the right side. Yes, but which is the right side? Every lawyer, preacher and editor in the country thinks the side he is lying on is the right one.—*Texas Siftings.*

Hereafter, when you are in New York, don't drink. One of the Central Park ostriches swallowed a glass of lager beer the other day, and died almost immediately. It doesn't do to touch New York liquor unless you were born in the place, and weaned on it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Dean Stanley is said to have had great love for children, though he was childless. As the Dean might at any time have drawn on an orphan asylum for fifteen or twenty little prattlers, and as he never did do so, it is fair to infer that the Dean was a gentleman of remarkable self-control, and that he never allowed his affections to run away with him.

Oscar Wilde lost his trunk while on a lecturing tour last fall, and his legs were in a state of perturbation painful to see. "'Ere, 'Arry! 'Arry! 'Ere's a jolly go, I say! I 'ave the brawses for the luggage, and the blooming conductor 'as gone and shunted the luggage van off on another line, don't you know! Blawst the bloody luck of it; I cawn't see anythink in this howling country but trouble, you know."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The modern Æsop: A father had four sons, who were very naughty, and often gave the neighbors cause for serious dissatisfaction. For this reason he summoned them in his presence and showed them four twigs of hazel. "Take notice, my sons, that if I should strike you with one of these twigs alone, you would feel little; whereas, if I should bind them all together, it would cause you [illegible] pain." And hereupon he tied them together and gave the boys a sound thrashing.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

They had only been married a short time. [illegible] around him, and warbled, in a low, tremulous voice: "Do you realize, Adolphus, that now we are married, we are only one?" "No," replied the brute, "I can't realize it. I have just paid a $75 millinery bill, and a lot more of your bills, with several outside precincts to hear from, so I am beginning to realize that, as far as expense goes, instead of being one, we are about half a dozen. I can't take in that idea of our being one just yet, not by a large majority."—*Texas Siftings.*

The *News* says a Philadelphia girl refused to marry a young man until she accidentally discovered that his hair and mustache were dyed. Then she blushingly consented. She knew she could throw that up to him if he ever found out that she had a glass eye.

Little Leon H——, aged five, accompanied his mother to a dry-goods store in Chicago recently, to make some purchases. With Mr. Brown, one of the salesmen, the youngster is a great favorite. Addressing him familiarly, Leon said, "Mr. Brown, I know a man up on Twenty-second street who has the same colored name you've got!"

Entertaining a Burglar.

Recently Miss Linda Gilbert, the well-known prison reformer, tried a peculiar method of her own with burglars. Miss Gilbert was sleeping peacefully in her house in New York City, when she was awakened by the entrance of a burglar, who climbed in at the window and proceeded to take possession of Miss Gilbert's watch. When the man's back was turned Miss Gilbert "slid out of bed"—to quote her own words—and touching him gently on the shoulder, informed him that he was robbing a friend. As he was not a Wall street operator, this remark made an impression upon the burglar, and on being informed of Miss Gilbert's name and philanthropic profession he at once begged her pardon, and offered to withdraw. Being, however, a courteous and genial burglar, he finally acceded to Miss Gilbert's request that he would sit down and engage in conversation, and in the course of the next half hour he told his charming entertainer his whole history, or at any rate a story to that effect. When at last he took his leave he carried with him a basket filled with material for an excellent Sunday dinner, together with a five dollar bill and the benevolent wishes of his generous friend. Although Miss Gilbert has since called at the house where he said he lived, she has been unable to find him, and she explains her disappointment by supposing that she made a mistake in the number of the house.

No Rent.—On the estate of Clyth, in Caithness, Scotland, on rent day recently 200 tenants assembled in front of the shooting lodge, where Mr. Sharp, the proprietor, was waiting to receive his rents. A deputation demanded a revaluation of the holdings, which, they said, are excessively rented. The request was refused, Mr. Sharp denying that the condition of the tenants is bad. The landlord's answer having been communicated to the tenants, they unanimously resolved to pay no rent until they got a revaluation, and they also decided not to pay arrears, lest they should be made as a cover for paying current rent. Th crowd then dispersed.