K ⊙ Hinds 1 Jan 87

NEWS AND CITIZEN.

VOL XIV. NO. 31. MORRISVILLE AND HYDE PARK, VERMONT, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1886. TERMS $1.50.

Advertising Rates.

Space.	Rate per Year.
One column (36 inches)	$104.00
Three-fourths column (19½ inches)	80.00
One-half column (13 inches)	60.00
One-third column (8⅝ inches)	50.00
One-fourth column (6½ inches)	40.00
One-sixth column (4⅓ inches)	30.00
One-eighth column (3¼ inches)	25.00
One-eleventh column (2⅞ inches)	20.00
One-sixteenth column (1⅝ inches)	15.00
One-twenty-sixth column (1 inch)	10.00
One-thirty-ninth column (⅔ inch)	7.00
One-fifty-second column (½ inch)	5.00

Fractional parts of a year will be charged as follows:

Eight months,	9-10ths	price of full year.			
Seven	"	8-10ths	"	"	"
Six	"	7-10ths	"	"	"
Five	"	6-10ths	"	"	"
Four	"	5-10ths	"	"	"
Three	"	4-10ths	"	"	"
Two	"	3-10ths	"	"	"
One	"	2-10ths	"	"	"
One insertion,		1-10th	"	"	"

Reading notices, 10 cents per line each insertion, but no charge made of less than $1.00. Probate and Commissioners' notices (3 insertions) $4.50. Liberations, Estrays, &c., (3 insertions) $1.50. Legal notices (3 insertions) 10 cents per line.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
One is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

FATHER RYAN, the Poet Priest.

THE FOG SIGNAL.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"Hark, Joe!"

Toot—t—t—t—!

"There it is, Joe! The fog signal is a-going, and is over in that direction."

As he spoke, Fred Clayton stretched out his arm and pointed in the direction of the Sound. His companion, Joe Palmer, rested on his oar, and both boys listened again for the hoarse scream echoing over the black water. Only water and fog about their boat!

Toot—t—t—!

"There it is again, Fred! Now let us pull for it," said Joe Palmer. "I never got bothered on the water this way. You might as well let a blind man row you. You don't know which way to pull. However, we are all right now."

Through the great, confusing cloud of mist swathing the sea the boys wearily pulled their boat. At last a huge, misshapen form began to break through the fog. Was it some grim giant of the old fairy days wading out from shore, ready to lower the bag on his back, and scoop up boys, boat and all?

"There is the lighthouse!" exclaimed Joe.

Yes, Giant Bag-on-the Back was now only a peaceable mass of granite off in the sea, and the boys pulled round to the other side. There they saw a door high up in the wall of a red tower adjoining the lighthouse of stone.

"What is this thing for, Fred?" asked Joe.

As if to answer for itself, a deafening "Toot-t-t—t" was sounded "Oh, this is the screamer itself? The fog signal must be here," replied Fred.

The vigorous blast died away, and only the sound of the sea was heard as it splashed the iron tower. Joe looked anxiously up to the door from which descended a ladder secured to the tower wall.

"Fred, Fred! There he is! Look up!" said Joe to his companion, who, caught in this bewildering mist and reaching the lighthouse, now wondered what was to be done next. As Fred turned and glanced upward, he saw a weather-beaten face fringed with red whiskers.

"Could you come up?" asked Joe. "We got lost in the fog."

"Oh, yes! Tie your boat to that rope you see down there, and then come up this ladder," said Jones Toby, the keeper of the lighthouse at the North Reef.

Up the red ladder against the red wall the boys excitedly climbed, congratulating themselves that they were going where most boys never have been, inside a lighthouse.

"Well!" exclaimed Jones, looking down with a grin into Fred's brown eyes and Joe's black ones.

"We are—landlubbers," exclaimed Joe. "Came down to the beach, boarding, and took a boat to row off. We know all about boating on our river at home, but this fog came up and we were just lost, you may say. If it hadn't been for you—"

"oot—t—t—t—!" appropriately shrieked the fog signal.

"Isn't she loud!" said Fred

"Bout as loud as they make 'em," remarked the keeper.

"But where is she?" asked Joe.

"Up this way," said the keeper, turning to the right and mounting a stairway to the engine-room where the mysterious feminine was. A young man Abram Perkins, the keeper's assistant, was patiently watching the engine.

"That is all there is to it," remarked Jones. "It is what you call a hot air engine, and that condenses the air in that red tank, and when a valve up there is opened, the air, which is all crowded up, you know, just rushes ag'in a reed-box in that pipe a-goin' up, you see, and makes—"

"Music," suggested Fred.

"That's the long and short of it, boys. It is the air a goin' through that reed-box which makes the music."

"Well, why don't it scream all the time?" asked Joe.

"It is this wheel which regulates that—what you call a cam-wheel. The cam is that projection, as I call it, and it hits ag'in the lever movin' the rod connected with that valve, lettin' the air out of the tank. The moment this projection part or cam is passed, the lever drops and the valve closes. A simple thing, when you understand it. If you will step inside th light and go up to the lantern, and want to look out, you can see what we call the trumpets of the fog signal."

The boys were delighted to receive this invitation, and trotted nimbly after the obliging keeper. By a covered passageway they crossed from the signal tower to the lighthouse. From the storeroom they passed up into the kitchen.

"Isn't this cozy?" exclaimed Fred, as with wondering eyes he looked about the little circular room containing a cook-stove, table, chairs, and closet.

"Folks generally feel to hum here," remarked the keeper, complacently.

"Why, that clock on the wall ticks as naturally as ours on land," declared Joe.

"I guess so," said the keeper. "When it is a stormy night, and we come in here for a bit of comfort"—here Jones laid his hand, not on a bottle, but on the teapot, occupying a corner of the stove—"I don't know of a more cheerfuller place anywhere. Now come upstairs."

He next showed the boys his own room above, then Abram Perkins' room—each holding a comfortable bed, a closet for clothes, and a chair.

"Now, boys, we will trot up to the watch-room, and then into the lantern."

In the watch-room, simply furnished with table and chairs, the boys heard the sound of humming.

"What's that, sir?" inquired Joe.

"That's the wind a-churnin' round the lantern; and do you want to see the lantern? Up this way!"

The visitors mounted to the lantern, and looked with eager eyes upon the lamp inclosed by a large lens, and then Joe exclaimed as he noticed that the upper and larger half of the round lantern wall was one big window divided by its sashes into large panes—"Just like our barn lantern: wick in the center, and glass all around."

"Come out on the lantern deck, boys," said the keeper.

This was a platform of stone that surrounded the tower, and to protect visitors an iron rail rimmed the lantern deck.

"Ugh!" cried Fred, glancing timidly down, down, at the white surf that curled over a ledge not far from the lighthouse. Toward the ocean the mist was banked in huge masses with soft, woolly edges. The keeper was pointing at two red pipes rising from the roof of the signal tower.

"Them are the trumpets!" exclaimed Jones Toby. "You see the pipes end in big trumpets like those the bandmen play."

"Well, why don't this band play? We have had no music since we leit the kitchen," said Fred.

"Don't you see that green p'int over at the left, with the white farmhouses on it? And at the right we can see another neck of land, and boardin'-houses on it. Our rules are that long as you can see the neck and the p'int not to start our fog signal. So Abram down below is a-takin' a bit of a rest."

The boys followed the keeper down into the kitchen, popping off their questions like discharges from a mitrailleuse.

"Don't you feel a storm here?" asked Fred.

"Of course we do. The spray in a storm goes over the lantern, and the big waves pound ag'in the walls as if they would knock the light over. However, we are bolted down to a rock, and think we shall stay long as the rock does."

"How many of you are there in the country?" asked Joe.

"That brings up some interestin' facts, reelly. When the sun goes down and the keepers all touch up their lanterns—all at sunset, mind ye—it would make a good regiment if all them keepers could come together. Why, of lighthouses we have—well, if you should build 'em right out into the Atlantic, put all the lighthouses and lighted beacons and stake-lights we have in a row, settin' 'em a mile apart, they would reach, according to the last published report, eight hundred and sixty-four miles. Wouldn't that make a lively torchlight procession goin' over the mid ocean?"

"Oh!" said the boys with their mouths, and looked it also with their eyes.

"Well, how many men does it take to run all these?" asked Joe.

Jones scratched his head, and said he must look at the report to get the exact number.

"I have it handy, though, boys."

He took a book down from a shelf in the cupboard and read: "Light keepers, including laborers in charge of Western river-lights, 1,927."

He looked up. "There, think of that! Put 'em all in a body, and let 'em go marchin' by, drums a-beatin' and flags a-flyin', wouldn't they make a lively little army! I said regiment before. Bless me, they'd make an army, all good and true, knowin' no master but Uncle Sam. Think what a country you have got, to employ all those to keep all the lights a-goin'—"

"But are there not some small ships that—"

Fred hesitated.

"Oh, you mean vessels in the service. We will see what it says."

Jones now read, in an oracular way, as if lecturing at an exhibition in an old-fashioned country school-house: "In the construction, care, and maintenance of these aids to navigation there were employed: steam tenders, twenty-four; steam launches, three; sailing tenders, two.' Now, keep your eye on that. Imagine the lighthouses and lighted beacons and stake lights—but I left out the lightships, and there are twenty-nine of 'em—imagine that line stretchin' out into the open ocean, headed by the lightships, a-burnin' and a-shinin', a-movin' toward Queen Victoriy! Then there are the vessels employed, you know, in other parts of the service; but all brought together, say, off here, makin' a splendid fleet, sails up and a-shoot-in' round; and then we will have the light keepers and the men in the Western river lights all massed on the shore and a-marchin', their drums beatin' and flags flyin'! Wouldn't that make a sight to be proud of?"

By this time the keeper was in a very enthusiastic mood. His long arms were making vigorous flourishes, his bright eyes were sparkling and snapping, and his red hair seemed to have caught a more vivid shade from the sunset now flaming in the west and shooting long, trembling rays through a deep recessed window into the kitchen.

"My!" thought Fred; "you might stick him on the top of the lighthouse to-night, and they wouldn't need any other light to-night."

It was time to row ashore. The boys heartily thanked the keeper, and went back to their boat. The fog was now drifting eastward. The ocean was settling down into an evening rest; the waves broke gently on the shore. As the boys beached their boat the sun was just dipping below the green rim of the valley.

"See—see, Joe!" exclaimed Fred, as he stood on the hard sand and pointed toward the ocean. "He has done it!"

Not that Jones Toby had, according to Fred's fancy, mounted the strong sea tower, kindled into flame by his enthusiasm and flashing out a ruddy light, but down in the lantern the keeper, now in a mild, official mood, had promptly attended to his evening duty. There, as the sun went out of sight, above the frothing breakers, above ledges stubborn and pitiless, glowed a soft, silvery, starlike light, sending out its steadfast warning.—*Christian Union.*

Saw His Aunt.

A romantic story is told by a Belfast, Me., sea captain named Veazie. His ship had struck a sunken ledge off the coast of China, and was rapidly filling. The crew were anxiously thinking of pirates, when their worst fears seemed realized by the appearance of a Chinese man-of-war, from which an officer, dressed as a high mandarin, took a boat for their vessel. His first salutation, however, was to the captain's wife, whom he addressed as "aunt." The mandarin proved to be a nephew of Mrs. Veazie, named Reuben McCaslin, from Penobscot, Me., who had sailed away from his home at the age of sixteen years, and was at this time a commodore in the Chinese navy.

The Make-up.

"There's something inexplicable about the mental make-up of a woman," replied Foggs, to a female acquaintance. "There's that Mrs. Smith, for example. She's utterly unable to handle a horse, and yet she drives her husband around as though he were a baby."

"Ah, you forget," replied the lady; "the horse, you know, is a very intelligent animal."—*Boston Transcript.*

DROPPING OFF.—When a man jumps from a horse car without waiting for it to stop, says an exchange, and the car goes right on as though nothing had occurred it should serve to remind the man that one day he will leave this world in about the same manner, while the world will proceed as though nothing remarkable had transpired.

JO. ANDERSON'S COMPANY.

SHE LOVED HIM, AND DID NOT KNOW HE WAS A DETECTIVE.

He Learned, as He Started Out to Do, that She was an Incendiary and a Horse Thief and has Told the Authorities About Her.

[From the New York Sun.]

GOLDEN, Col.—The New York ranch, a somewhat famous place, is situated a few miles from this town. A mile away from that is a mine owned by one Anderson, who has a daughter named Josie. The country round about is given up generally to stock raising. For some time previous to the first of April last a good deal of cattle and horse stealing had been done in the vicinity. The people who lived on the New York ranch were suspected, but as the family consisted only of a widow and her sons, both young, it was thought at first that the suspicions were unfounded. At length, however, absolute proof of their guilt in one case was found, and the mother, a Mrs. Gifford, and one of her sons was arrested. Their trial soon followed, and on their conviction the woman was sentenced to one year in prison and the young man to five years.

As soon as Mrs. Gifford was placed in custody she made an arrangement with a man named Rothman by the terms of which the latter was to live on the ranch during her absence to take care of the property. Mrs. Gifford had only been in the penitentiary a day or two when, one dark and stormy night in April, the New York ranch was destroyed by fire. Rothman's family were on the premises and were awakened from a sound slumber by the roar of the flames. Escaping in their night clothes, they were unable to save any of Mrs. Gifford's property and but very little of their own. The next morning Rothman found a girl's straw hat near the ruins of the ranch, and in the soft earth were the footprints of a horse leading up to and away from one of the rear doors of the burned building.

As Mrs. Gilford had an insurance of $3,000 on her property in the State Insurance Company, the agent of that corporation in Denver was soon on the ground, and to him Rothman made known the facts which had come to his knowledge. Satisfied that the ranch had been burned for the insurance the agent returned to Denver, and a day later a detective made his appearance. After a careful investigation and a close inquiry into the antecedents of Mrs. Gilford he came to the conclusion that that woman had had as a confederate in her cattle and horse stealing operations, and probably in the conspiracy against the insurance company, no less a person than Miss Josie Anderson. It therefore became his duty to make the acquaintance of the girl.

Pretending to be the agent of wealthy English speculators, he called at the Anderson place to negotiate for the purchase of the old man's mine. He found the owner willing to sell, and after a protracted dicker the sale was made, the detective agreeing to pay Anderson $3,000 for the property. During all this time, however, the detective had not given his whole time to business. He found Josie Anderson to be a sprightly and vivacious girl of eighteen, with a stout body, a round, rosy face well bronzed, clear blue eyes, and an abundance of wavy brown hair, and it was not long before the mountain girl and the gay agent were making love most industriously. Josie could ride a horse as well as any man in the State, and her cleverness with the rifle was amazing. Together they took many long rides, and before the mine had been purchased the agent and Josie were engaged to be married.

On one or two occasions the girl in conversation with her lover referred to the fact that she had been suspected of burning the New York ranch, but her companion cleverly turned the subject off by pretending that it was too painful and preposterous for him to hear. He liked the wild free life that she led, he said, and thus in each other's company, they were seen day after day in mountain and valley, until in every household it was common talk that Josie Anderson had made a great catch, and that if she would behave herself in the future she might be somebody after all. In the course of time the girl referred once more to the New York ranch fire, and evidently with the object of increasing the admiration of her suitor, said that a detective in Golden had accused her of the crime, and that she had put him to flight by raising her six shooter on him.

"You are a brave girl," said the agent, stroking her hair, "and I am proud to be loved by a woman like you."

"I never loved anybody but you," she answered, "and I never will."

The agent then said that detectives were scoundrels, and at great length he recounted some of his adventures with them, showing in every case how he had outwitted them in their attempts to familiarize themselves with matters which concerned him alone. The girl approved of his course, complimented him on his shrewdness, and mentioned the burned ranch.

"But you didn't burn the ranch, did you?" he asked.

"Well, I did," she replied, looking him straight in the face, and then on one of their rambles she gave him in detail all the circumstances. For two or three years she had been actively engaged in stealing cattle and horses. The cattle were all driven to the New York ranch and butchered, but the horses were sold at various places. When Mrs. Gifford and her son were arrested, Josie visited the former in jail at Golden and learned for the first time that the ranch was insured. Mrs. Gifford suggested its destruction, and Josie agreed to bring it about, first going there to remove from the room in which Mrs. Gifford's goods were stored, those that were of most value. This room was accessible from the outside, and the key to the door was placed in the girl's keeping. The next night, without assistance, Josie rode to the place, and, gaining an entrance, put Mrs. Gifford's silver and best dresses into a bag and carried them off. The night following this, while a heavy storm was in progress, the young woman again rode to the ranch for the purpose of destroying it. On her saddle, besides a brace of revolvers, she carried a suit of male clothing, securely rolled in a bundle to be used in case of pursuit. On nearing the ranch she found the lights all out in the portion occupied by the Rothman family, and, riding up to the door of which she had the key, she quietly dismounted and entered. Once on the inside the girl ripped open a straw bed, scattered the contents around, and fired them. Then going outside, she mounted her horse and waited until she saw that the flames were spreading satisfactorily, and presently dashed away. On leaving the place her hat blew off, and as she could not find it readily, she continued her flight without it. Instead of going home, she continued on to the Berry ranch, where she arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning, and where a bed was given to her.

When the detective lover heard this confession, which tallied exactly with his own theory of the case, that he expressed renewed admiration for the girl's bravery, called her by various terms of endearment, and spoke of the pride that would fill him when he could call her his wife. Thus encouraged, the girl rattled on:

"Why, that's nothing. I've done things fifty times worse than that. I've navigated piles of horses and cattle in my day, and in many cases I have butchered the cattle with my own hand on the same night that I navigated them. I've got $2,000 that I've saved in one way and another, and when Mrs. Gifford gets out of prison and secures her insurance money, I'm to have $500 of that for the part I took in the job."

The detective continued his attentions to Josie until a few days ago, taking her to Denver on several occasions, to go to the theatre and to make purchases for her wedding outfit, and at last, getting from her lips enough evidence to send both her and Mrs. Gifford to the penitentiary, and all in the hearing of third persons who were concealed about the rooms in Denver in which their conversations were held, he quietly left Golden, and has not been seen here since. No prosecution has yet been begun, because the insurance company will make no move unless Mrs. Gifford doe, and as everybody around here is afraid of Josie, no one is anxious to appear as a complaining witness against her. It is believed, however, that her arrest will soon be made. A rumor got out last night that she had been lynched, but it was found to be untrue.

A man who saw Miss Anderson yesterday and spoke to her about the detective, says that she colored up, and, grasping her revolver, observed:

"I've met smooth ones before in my day, but he's the slickest man I ever saw, or ever expect to see. I'd like to draw just one bead on him!"

His First "Sparkling."

In early times there lived in Indiana a man by the name of George Boone, a descendant of the celebrated Daniel Boone. He would have stood well in those days when there were giants in the land, if there ever were such. He was near seven feet high, with large bones and muscles; his hands were large and his feet were of extreme size in length, breadth and depth. The following anecdote was one Boone used to relate himself, with evident relish, after he became one of the State senators.

I was about eighteen years of age, when, for the first time, I took into my head to go a-sparking. One of my neighbors, a few miles off, had a pretty daughter that, I thought, would just suit me.

It was late in the fall, and the weather pretty cold; still it was too early to put on shoes, for those primitive times. When Sunday afternoon came, I dressed in my best butternut-colored suit, made some six months before, but soon found that the pantaloons reached only just below my knees, and my coat stretched over me as tight as an eel-skin dried on a hop-pole.

I started barefoot, wading the creeks and muddy bottoms till I reached the house. The family were about sitting down to supper, and invited me to eat. Sally sat by my side. They had mush and milk, and plenty of it. The old lady, who was dishing out the pudding, told me to pass my bowl. I reached out my hand with the bowl; but I had made no calculation of the size of the table, the space between the big milk-pitcher and the bowl, nor the width of my hand. With all my embarrassment, I struck the milk pitcher in some way and upset it, and out went the milk over the table, Sally and myself. She jumped up and went, shaking with laughter, into the other room. I saw all was lost. I saw nothing more of her.

When the clock struck ten, the old lady said,—

"Mr. Boone, won't you wash your feet and go to bed?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"Here is an old iron pot—all I've got that's fit," said the old lady.

I took the pot and found it so small that I could only get my feet into it by sliding them in sideways. But I got them in. The water was hot and I soon found them swelling tighter and tighter; I couldn't get them out.

I said nothing, though the pain and anxiety was so great that the sweat rolled down my face.

The clock struck eleven.

"Mr. Boone, are you done washing your feet?" sleepily inquired the old lady.

"What did this pot cost?" I've got to break it," I groaned.

"A dollar."

"Bring me the axe."

She brought it. I took the axe, broke the pot in pieces, handed the old lady a dollar, opened the door and started for home.

I never went there again.

An Object Lesson For the Clerk.

A guest about to leave a Washington hotel the other day found an item charged on his bill of $21 for six quarts of champagne. He had been at the hotel for six days and had drank a pint of champagne each day at dinner. This was the manner in which he proceeded to have the error corrected: After having packed his trunk, keeping out a sufficient number of articles to fill to the bursting point a small hand-bag, he packed the bag, and, with that in one hand and a pair of heavy hunting boots in the other, went down to the office and asked for the bill clerk. When that functionary appeared the following conversation ensued:

Guest—Mr. Blank, will you do me the favor to put these boots in that bag?

Clerk—Why, what do you mean? Why don't you put 'em in yourself?

Guest—To tell you the truth, I can't get 'em in.

Clerk—Then how do you expect me to get 'em in?

Guest—Well, I don't know; but you got six quarts of champagne into six pint bottles, so I thought you might be able to get those boots into that bag.

The clerk went behind the returns and corrected the bill.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sure to Happen Finally.

A Chicago paper says that Mr. E. D. Chandler and Mr. Marvin Hughitt, General Manager of the Northwestern Railway system, were once telegraph operators in the same office. Mr. Hughitt accepted an offer from the Illinois Central Company, became a train-despatcher, and soon rose from that position to be its General Superintendent. After he had begun to rise he urged his old office mates to "catch on" to railroad business. "If you will go at train-despatching," he said, "it is only a question of time when you will get to something better." Chandler wouldn't do it. He had tried it for a short time, but found the strain on his nerves too much for him. He was in constant terror of running two trains together, and he says his hair would have turned gray years ago if he had kept at it. "Every train despatcher gets two trains started towards each other on the same track sooner or later," he claims. "He may be able to stop one of them in time to save a wreck and loss of life and property, but sooner or later both will get away from him. I want none of that kind of responsibility."

LET us try to help ourselves first, and then, if we fail, we cannot be accused of indolence.

THE SUNDAY PULPIT.

WORLDLY DISADVANTAGES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS.

A Synopsis of Dr. Talmage's Sunday Sermon in the Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage spoke to an immense throng Sunday morning upon worldly disadvantages and discouragements. Said he:

There are a vast multitude of people in seemingly disadvantageous circumstances, and in the swarthiest Anglo Saxon that I can manage I propose this morning to address them, not as a nurse counts out the eight or ten drops of a prescription and stirs them into a half glass of water, but as when some one by mistake has taken a large draught of opium, or Paris green, or bella donna, and the patient is walked rapidly around, and he is shaken up, and he is pounded until he gets wide awake. The fact is that some of you have taken a poisoning draught of discouragement, and the greatest of all doctors sends me to-day to rouse you out of the lethargy. In the first place, there are many who are laboring under the disadvantage of an unfortunate name given by parents, who thought they were doing a good thing. Many a time at the baptism font, while I have lifted one hand in prayer, I have lifted the other hand in amazement that parents should afflict a child with such a dissonant and repulsive nomenclature. It has not been so much a wonder to me that some children have cried at the baptismal font as that others have smilingly received the names which would be a lifelong obstacle. It is no excuse, because parents or a rich uncle have unfortunate names that therefore they should afflict a child with it. Because they are Scripture names is no reason why you should entitle a child Jchoiakim or Tiglathpileser. At this very altar I have baptised one by the name of Bathsheba. What under all the circumambient heavens could be a reason for a parent giving to a child the name of that loose and infamous creature of Bible times is to me beyond imagination. I have sometimes at the baptismal font felt like the Rev. Dr. Richards of Morristown, N. J., who, when a child was presented for baptism, and the name announced, said: "Hadn't you better call him something else." You have no right to impose upon a child a name suggestive of flippancy or meanness. When we have so many names in our language that are agreeable, why this frequent assault and battery of the cradle? If we suffer a loss, it is a terrible loss. And yet what a multitude of people are under these disadvantages? Cheer up, my brother. God will make it up to you in some other way. If resources are taken from one part of your nature, they will be added somewhere else. Oh, how much has been accomplished by men of subtracted physical equipment. S. S. Prentiss, the orator of the Southwest, went limping all his days, but no foot put on any platform of his day resounded so far as his club foot. Beethoven was so deaf he could not hear the crash of the orchestra rendering his own oratorios. Then there are a great many people under the disadvantage of lack of early education. In the next generation ignorance will be a crime. Through free schools and multiplied educational opportunities there will be no excuse for ignorance. I believe in compulsory education, and if in these times parents do not put their children under educational advantages they have only one right left and that is the penitentiary. But there is a great multitude of people who have come to midlife who had no early advantages. They tell me so. Many of the successful merchants of our time and men high up in political preferment could not write an accurate letter on any subject, and they are entirely dependent upon their clerks and their deputies and their stenographers to make things right. I had a friend many years ago, who lived in Washington and made his fortune by writing speeches for Congressmen, or fixing them up for the Congressional Record after they were delivered. The millionaire illiteracy of this country is beyond measurement. But, now, suppose a good, sensible hearted man finds himself in midlife with this lack of early advantages—What shall he do? Do his best.

Taming Wild Animals.

"I remember the first time a man ever went into a lion's cage," said the veteran circus man, Eaton Stone. "It was back in '28—before Van Amburgh's time. It was down in New Orleans. His name was Lane, and he had charge of a lion and lioness named Ajax and Nance. One day Ajax took sick and Lane determined to go into the cage and physic and nurse him, satisfied that the lion was too sick to do him much injury should he seek to attack him. Ajax showed such an appreciation of his kindness that he insisted on licking Lane's hand with his tongue and rubbing his head against his knees. I forgot to say that before going into the cage Lane had Nance partitioned off in one end of the cage. While she seemed to understand what Lane was doing for her mate and appreciated the kindness as highly as he did, Nance would try to get Lane to let her lick his hand and paw him, and one day he decided to go into the cage without shutting her off to herself. As he expected, she was as affectionate as she could be, and joined Ajax in his demonstrations of kindness and affection. When Ajax recovered Lane announced that he would go into the lions' den, but the public was afraid to come to the show. The announcement of 'Daniel in the lion's den, a religious exemplification,' did not take, and there was no such lithographing and pictorial work done in those days.

"I always made friends with the animals in the shows I traveled with, and firmly believe in the intelligence, almost human, of the brute creation. There seems to be a sort of freemasonry among animals by which they communicate with each other. For instance, if there is a man in the circus that the animals do not like you can bet your life on it that from the start a new animal added to the lot will show this dislike with the others, even before he has had any experience with the unlucky man."

The Best Sort of Manners.

S. S. Merrill was the most genial-looking and bluffest-mannered man I ever met. I worked for him for years, and I ought to know; but I want to say that he was, after all, beneath his gruffness, the very kindest man I ever knew. I remember standing once in a drug store in Milwaukee where he was buying a cigar, when a little girl, the daughter of a Milwaukee railroad man who had been ill for a long time, came timidly in with a prescription. The clerk refused to fill it, saying:

"Your father owes us too much now, and can't have any more till he pays up."

Mr. Merrill swung around and nailed that clerk with his eye. "I charge that bill to me, S. S. Merrill, and give the girl anything she wants hereafter."

It sounded like a gunshot, but he meant it as kindly as a blessing.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

MAZEPPA'S REAL STORY.

The Cossack Who Created so Great a Sensation in the World.

A portrait of Mazeppa, painted from life, has been discovered in Kief, in Southern Russia, and is being engraved by the Russian academician, Demetry Knowkowsky. It will surprise nearly every one who hears that Mazeppa was a real, living man who could sit for his portrait—he seems so like a purely mythical being, like Bellerophen or like one of the Amazons. Yet he was a real man and cut quite a figure in his part of the world 200 years ago.

Joan Stephanovitch Mazeppa was a Cossack, who made successful war upon the savage Tartars who desolated Southern Russia, driving them back to the Caspian. This so recommended him to Peter the Great that he invited the Cossack to his court and covered him with honors and gifts. But when Peter set him against the invading Swedes under Charles XII. he betrayed the Russian and went over with his followers to the enemy. Peter defeated them both and drove them into Turkish territory, where fearing to fall into the hands of his former relentless master, Mazeppa killed himself. He had before this hidden all the treasures which he had amassed in his wars and through gifts from those he had served, in caverns in the hills around Kief. The portrait now discovered was probably hidden at this time.

The incident by which alone we know him actually did occur. He was by birth a Cossack, but when very young he was sent to serve as a page in the court of the Polish king. There his beauty and bravery won him great favor, especially with the ladies. With one of them, the wife of a certain noble, he was suspected of too great an intimacy, and the jealous husband ordered him to be bound naked to the back of a wild horse that had never been ridden. The horse was a Tartar horse, from the Steppes, and when loosed he rushed madly back to his native country with the unwilling rider bound to his back. The Cossacks received the unhappy youth when nearly dead from exhaustion, and he grew up among them remarkable for strength and bravery. Byron got his story out of Voltaire's "Life of Charles XII.," and worked it up into his dashing and attractive poem. A story so dramatic was at once seized upon for adaptation to the stage, and it was presented here as early as 1825, by an Englishman named Hunter. He was also a very handsome man and made a great stir in the town. This was at the circus which is now the Walnut Street Theatre. The picture of Mazeppa bound to the horse's back, which everybody knows so well, was painted by Horace Vernet, one of the greatest of French artists. Vernet, of course, got his inspiration from Byron, to whom we all owe whatever knowledge we have of the brilliant Cossack rider and soldier.

Mazeppa's real motives for betraying Peter are not certainly known. The Poles, who look upon him as a hero, always maintain that he had in view the welfare of the Polish nation, and they point to the fact that he stipulated with the Swedish king for the independence of Poland. If this be the truth, it gives a certain dignity to the act, but the Russian story runs more in accord with what otherwise is known of him. They say that he was led to go over to the enemy by the bloodish temper of a certain Polish princess. This would better correspond with the rest of his adventurous career. Few men, however, who are simply adventurers, get their actions recorded by a historian like Voltaire and celebrated by a poet like Byron, and painted by a master like Vernet and get to be known by all school boys who speak the English language, and all this not from any act of glory, but one of suffering merely. A better man might find it disagreeable to be personated before the public by some of the persons who have represented Mazeppa in this city in recent times.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Nick in His Boot Heels.

The Treasury official who does considerable railroad travelling says he has made an amusing discovery which, if properly carried out, insures unusual care and attention from employes on parlor and sleeping cars. The tourist who has been initiated is provided with the most comfortable seat in the dining car, receives special care and attention from the waiters, and is always sure to have a lower berth in the sleeper. Should any of his fellow passengers become jealous at the marked courtesy shown their comrade and inspired with curiosity to know why the distinction is made they have only to look at the heels on the shoes of the favored one and they will observe that there is a small "nick" or notch there. Inspectors or "spotters" of the palace car service are constantly travelling over the railroads to see that the passengers receive proper attention. They do not intend to have their connection with the company known to the railroad officials, but frequently the latter "drop" to their little game and stamp them so that they will be known all along the road. The porter in gathering up the boots and shoes in his car cuts a "nick" in the hind part of the heel of the shoe belonging to the inspector, so that the other porters will recogize him as soon as they look at the shoes. The Treasury official in a mysterous way became aware that a nick in the heel of his shoe would greatly facilitate his comfort and pleasure in travelling. He tried the experiment and it worked to his entire satisfaction. He found he was served with the best provisions the buffet car afforded, his shoes received the brightest shine, and although he had been obliged to purchase an upper berth the conductor on the sleeper kindly placed a "lower" at his disposal. It is probable that a new system for tagging the "spotters" will be adopted in the railway service, now that their trade mark becomes known.

Settling an Egyptian Conspiracy.

Some few years ago, says Joaquin Miller, when nearing the upper rapids on the Nile, we were forbidden the right of passage without heavy tribute. A big row was at once inaugurated in true Oriental fashion by the fellahs, and a noise like "an army with banners" was all about our ears. We had several Englishmen on board, each one of whom swore loudly that he would write to the *Times.* An American, from Boston, I think, swore at the black and rebellious natives in the most villainous French I ever heard. And, as I am an American, I have heard a heap of bad French in my day. Another man, from Chicago, perhaps, went and dug up a couple of old pistols from the baggage-room.

But meanwhile a grizzled old fellow, who had hardly been heard from all the way up, got on land with a big, heavy hickory stick, and he argued it out with that hickory stick in less than two minutes. He did not talk either in the French, English or Chicago language. In fact, he did not talk at all. But in less than two minutes every one of the conspirators who was not sprawling on the sand was pulling at the ropes, and we never had another word of trouble. And the grizzled old fellow with the stout hickory cane turned out to be an old California ranchman.

A BATCH OF STRAY JOKES

GATHERED IN FROM ALL QUARTERS FOR US TO SMILE OVER.

Could Go to Bed—Not Much at Home—The Mosquitoes—Why She Married—She Came from Limerick—It Comes High—Wanted the Watch—She Needed Spectacles—Dots and Dashes, Etc., Etc.

HE WANTED HER.

A telegraph operator was one day trying to call up an office in a small town in the interior of the State, where the instrument was presided over by a woman.

He was about giving up in despair, when the operator in another small town a few miles from the first, ticked out the query:

"What in heaven's name do you want?"

"I want Miss Brown, at Burgville," replied the telegraph man. "I have been trying to get her for the last half hour."

"That is nothing," came the reply. "There is a young fellow clerking in a dry goods store there who has been trying to get her for the last three years, and he has not succeeded yet. Do not get discouraged.—*Chicago Rambler.*

HE HAD 'EM.

"Why, look here, landlord," said a fussy old gentleman, who had just finished his first night at a pretty Long Island watering place, "I spent the night fighting mosquitoes. I should have been devoured by them had I not fought them incessantly."

"They are bad," said the landlord, "leastwise they was bad to them as ain't used to them."

"But there was nothing in your letter to lead me to suppose you had mosquitoes here. Bless me, sir, I think you wrote me that you had no mosquitoes."

"Quite likely I did, sir," said the landlord. "'Twould be true if I said it. We hain't got the mosquitoes. They've got us!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHY SHE NEEDED SPECTACLES.

"How old would you take me to be, Mr. Snooks?" she lisped, looking unutterable things at him.

"I dunno," he replied, twisting nervously about in his chair.

"I'm awfully old, I assure you. I've seen twenty-three summers."

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he replied earnestly.

"Why, Mr. Snooks! Glasses at twenty-three?"

"Yes; your eyesight must be bad."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should think so," she replied.

"Because I'm afraid that about twenty-three summers have gone by that you haven't seen."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WANTED IT.

The story is told of a Chicago Communist who was addressing a crowd on the inequalities of the rich and poor. He was in the midst of his fiery declarations when a voice rang out:

"You've got a gold watch, and I haven't any. I want yours."

The speaker was nonplused. Recovering himself, however, he said:

"I bought that watch and paid for it."

"Don't make any difference," persisted the voice, "you've got a gold watch and I hav'n't—I want it!"

The talker was fairly checkmated and had not much more to say.—*Chicago Living Church.*

A STOPPER.

Two ladies called at the office of a Milwaukee newspaper the other morning and asked for the proprietor. Both appeared greatly grieved and indignant. One was in tears.

"What is the trouble?" inquired the business manager.

"Why, I told your reporter yesterday that I had lost my dear little spaniel, Gyp," answered the tearful one, "and he put the item in this morning's paper under the head of 'Matters of Minor Importance in and About Town.' I want to stop my paper, if you please."—*Chicago Journal.*

GOING HIM ONE BETTER.

Agnes—"Did you see the big shark, Mister? The hotel man saw him out here yesterday."

Guileless Clamdigger—"Yes, mum, he was right of the pint about ten minutes ago an' the sea serpent c me along and swallowed him!"

Agnes (triumphantly)—"Now, Arthur, didn't I tell you so! What do you think of that?"

Alfred—"What do I think of it? Why, I think we have struck a bigger liar than the hotel keeper."—*Austin Siftings.*

WASN'T AT HOME MUCH.

Smithkins, in a restaurant with a friend, was bragging to him about the hired girl they had at his house, how industrious, clean and economic she was.

"But she must have been pretty near perfect to have lived six years with my wife," he added. "She's a tough one to get along with."

"But you have lived with your wife much longer than six years," said the friend.

"Yes, but you see I ain't at home much."

WHY SAUL DID IT.

A Christian clergyman once went to an orthodox synagogue with a Jewish friend. He listened to the congregation chanting "Mizmar L'David" with usual congregational discord, and was told by his Jewish friend that it was sung to the same tune in the days of David.

"Ah!" said the clergyman, with a sigh of relief, "that accounts for it. I have often wondered why Saul threw his javelin at David."—*Hebrew Standard