

# The National Tribune

A Monthly Journal devoted to the Soldiers, Sailors, and Pensioners of the United States, and the instruction of the Family Circle.

Published by The  
NATIONAL TRIBUNE COMPANY.

Vol. IV, No. 9.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1880.

TERMS, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.  
Specimen Copies sent Free on Request.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord, 1875, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## Deacon Day an' the Highway Cow.

The best o' bein's will have their cares,  
Ther's always sumthin to cross our way,  
To worry an' fret us in our affairs,  
An' sech was the lot o' old Deacon Day,  
He had his trials—I'll tell you how  
He was pestered, fur years, with a highway cow.

The hue o' her hide was a dusky brown;  
Her body was lean an' her neck was slim,  
One horn turned up, an' t'other down;  
Her eyesight was keen; she was long in limb;  
With a peaked nose, with a short, stump tail;  
An' ribs, like the hoops, on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear,  
She hed been a target for all things known;  
On many a scar the dusky hair  
Would grow no more where it once hed grown;  
Many a pebble, shied an' shot,  
Hed left upon her a lastin' spot.

Many an' many a well aimed stone,  
An' many a brickbat of goodly size,  
An' many a cudgel, swiftly thrown,  
Hed brought the tears to her ugly eyes,  
Or had bounded off 'n her bony back,  
With the noise like the sound o' a rifle-crack.

Many a day had she passed in pound,  
Fur wrongfully helpin herself to corn,  
An' many a cowardly cur an' hound  
Hed been transfixed by her crumpled horn.  
Many a tea-pot an' old tin pail  
Hed the farm boys tied to her stumpy tail.

Deacon Day was a pious man;  
A frugal farmer upright an' plain;  
Many a weary mile he ran  
To drive her out o' his growin' grain.  
Sharp were the pranks she used to play,  
To get her fill an' to get away.

She knew when the Deacon went to town;  
She watched an' waited till he went by,  
He never passed her without a frown,  
An' an evil gleam in each angry eye,  
He would crack his whip, in a spiteful way,  
Ez she bounded along by his "one-hoss shay."

He used sit on the Sabbath day,  
With his open bible upon his knee,  
Thinkin o' loved ones, far away  
In the better Land that he longed to see,  
When a distant beller, borne thro' the air,  
Would bring him back to this world o' care.

Frequent she came to his farm to call,  
Liftin' his bars with her crumpled horn;  
Nimbly scallin' his garden wall,  
Helpin' herself to his green sweet corn,  
Eatin' his cabbage, one by one,  
Skippin' away when her work was done.

Often the Deacon homeward came  
Hummin' a hymn from the house o' prayer,  
His hopeful heart in a tranquil frame,  
His soul ez calm ez the evenin' air,  
His forehead smooth ez a well-worn plow—  
To find in his garden that highway cow.

His angry passions were quick to rise,  
An' stridin' forth with a savage cry  
With fury blazin' from both his eyes,  
Ez lightning's flash in a summer's sky,  
Redder an' redder his face would grow,  
An' after the critter he would go.

Over his garden, round an' round,  
Breakin' his pear an' his apple trees,  
Trampin' his melons into the ground;  
Overturnin' his hives o' bees,  
Leavin' him anery an' badly stung,  
Wishin' the old cow's neck was rung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall,  
The years went by, with the'r work an' play,  
The boys o' the village grew strong an' tall,  
An' the gray haired farmers passed away,  
One by o' c, like the leaves in Fall,  
But the highway cow outlived 'em all.

The things we love, are the first to fade;  
The things we hate, will endure for years,  
The death of the wicked seems long delayed,  
There is a climax to all careers,  
The highway cow, at last, was slain  
In runnin' a race with a railway train.

All into pieces at once she went,  
Jest like savin' banks when they fail;  
Out o' the world she was swiftly sent;  
Lestle was left but her old stump tail.  
The farmer's gardens an' cornfields now  
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.

## A Narrow Escape.

One cold, rainy night I found myself in the city of Paris—the city of all cities, where vice is never slumbering, but stares you in the face on every side in the most bewitching forms imaginable.

Some matter connected with my profession brought me there—but after registering my name at the Hotel de Ville I found that I should have some idle hours before my business could possibly be done. I thought I would stroll out and admire beautiful Paris by gas light. But a heavy mist hung over the city, and all the beauty (if it can be called beauty) was the flickering of a street lamp ahead. I sauntered along, unconscious of the distance, until I found myself on the banks of the Seine. I was about retracing my steps when I saw a brilliantly lighted house on one side of the street.

I resolved to enter, to ascertain the way back to the hotel. I crossed the street and ascended the broad marble steps, which reminded me of some of our Fifth Avenue residences, as they are of the same style. I rang the bell and immediately a very polite Frenchman opened the door, bowing and smiling as if I was some great personage. I requested him to inform me of the nearest route to the Hotel de Ville. His face assumed a very important air as he answered:

"Monsieur will step within and inquire; I am not allowed to converse with visitors."

I stepped into the hall and was soon ushered into an elegantly furnished apartment, and at a glance took in the surroundings. Seated around a large coffin-shaped table, sat several men playing cards, who seemed to belong to the better class, and who staked their all on luck, if their dress was indicative of respectability; and at one corner of the room I noticed a long box, out of which dropped small, red balls, with numbers on the side. Every few moments the cry of "keno!" would arise from a long row of men seated at a table near the window fronting the street. The truth dawned upon me that I was in a gambling hell, so common in Paris, where ladies go ignorant to invest in the game of chance.

Distinguishing the proprietor of the house, I gained the desired information.

He very hospitably offered a cup of coffee, at the same time saying:

"Mon-sieur must be wet and coffee is very good in hot weather."

I took the coffee and drank it and offered some change in payment. He held his hands up and shrugged his shoulders in astonishment, and seemed to be offended. I apologized and accepted his invitation to accompany him and hear an explanation of the games. He explained how the game was played and what the cards and checks on the table were for.

In ten minutes I understood how to play the game of ruin and misery which had blighted many a happy home (in the New as well as in the Old World) of that boon called happiness, leaving nothing but desolation and despair.

Finally, I became so interested in the game that I seemed to be as much excited as the players themselves. And an incomprehensible resolve prompted me to participate in the game. I thought to myself it would do no harm, as I would only play one game. O! human nature, how weak thou art. When, in our own estimation, we are strong, we find too soon that we are weak.

I paid for my checks and quietly waited for the game to proceed, picturing myself as a gambler and all that was wicked.

But musings were broken by hearing the criers call the numbers, and one after another, I covered my cards with the numbers corresponding, until the line of numbers was covered, and then in trembling tones I cried "keno!" and immediately a man came and gave me a large amount of gold. How long I played I know not, for I was blinded by excitement and knew not when to stop. At last a voice called in French, and the bank was broken for the evening, and I was the winner—with a heavy bag of gold.

I arose from the table and was about leaving the room, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder and a voice said:

"Monsieur may I ask your name?"

I turned around and beheld the proprietor. I answered: "My name is Summers, from the United States. What can I do for you?"

"You may deem it quit impertinent in me Monsieur Summers, for asking your name; but I thought perhaps you never would be heard of again and by knowing your name I might throw some light upon your murder."

"Murder!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Monsieur, I presume that you are aware that all eyes are fixed upon you, and as they know that you are a stranger in Paris they are liable to take advantage of your ignorance of the city and waylay you before you are half way between here and the hotel. I have kept this place for fifteen years and I feel bound to protect all who enter this house. I propose that you remain here until morning, as I can accommodate you with a room where you can sleep in safety. Take a glass of Madeira with me? 'Tis of the best quality."

I weighed his words carefully and determined to remain all night. It is true the house was in a very desolate portion of the city near the Seine, but his politeness and his frank manner convinced me there was nothing to fear. We sat up until all the guests had departed, and feeling the effects of the wine I concluded to retire. At

his urgent request I consented to drink another glass of Madeira, and immediately after I became quite dizzy, and could scarcely stand erect.

I was assisted up stairs and ushered into a room comfortable furnished. After locking the door I put the bag of gold on a table and began examining the department.

The room contained an oaken bedstead which stood in the centre of the floor. It was the most singular piece of workmanship I had ever seen, as the head and foot rose to an equal height, both made of massive wood at least three inches thick. If they had hinges, I thought, they would meet perfectly when let down. On the walls were hung three pictures, one representing the execution of Louis XIV., the gory head, staring eyes, and matted locks dropping into a basket with the fishermen sitting around laughing and taking a stitch every time a head dropped into the basket.

The other was the death of Robespierre, the inventor of the instrument of man's depravity, and the third picture which hung at the foot of the bed seemed to me like a jumping-jack, with its hand about to lift off its hat, which had a large plume stuck in it. I threw myself upon the bed, thinking of the illustrations upon the wall of the blood-stained pas, which conspired to create a feeling of dread. I endeavored to keep awake, as I now had serious suspicions regarding the keeper of the house. I felt myself being carried into the land of dreams, and I tried to cast off the spell. I would open my eyes and look languidly around but at last I fell asleep.

How long I slept, I knew not, I had a faint recollection of something giving way under me, and awakening with a start of terror, I listened. All was still as death. I heard the faint sound of a bell in the distance strike two o'clock. My eyes wandered to the picture on the wall at the foot of the bed.

Good heavens! the picture in the frame was moving! the hand was lifting the hat from its head, and I can see the plume move.

What can it mean?

My attention is so absorbed in the movements of the picture, that I noticed not the sinking of the bed. I see the foot of the bed falling, and feel the head almost crushing me.

One herculean effort, and I managed to regain the floor.

The bed by this time looks like an immense sofa, and the bottom has fallen out and the cushioned sides have taken its place. Lifting one of the ends up I can look down in the dark murky Seine. I turn away with an icy shudder and thank God for my narrow escape. While meditating upon the modes of escape a panel in the door opens, and a hand is thrust through to open the door.

In a moment I have one of the pictures down and snap the cord, quick as lightning tie the hand to the door-knob. A smothered oath reaches my ear, but I wait no longer. I snatch the money from the table and jump from the window into the street. Bruised and bleeding, I managed to reach my hotel.

The next day, followed by two or three stout gendarme, I reached the place of my terror the night previous; but the birds had flown. The door had been battered down to extricate the individual's hand which I had tied so firmly.

To this day the vividness of the ordeal which I had passed through is strongly impressed upon my memory.

## General Garfield.

General James A. Garfield, Republican nominee for President of the United States, is a native of the State of Ohio and forty-nine years of age. Born in poverty, his early life was one of labor and toil, but through industry and the force of native ability he has risen to distinction. Saving some money he went to a college in Massachusetts where he graduated in 1856. He was soon a member of the State senate. Entering the Union Army on the breaking out of the war, he rose to the rank of Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General September 20, 1873. Elected to Congress he has served in the 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, and 45th Congresses and was re-elected to the 46th Congress and has now been elected Senator from the State of Ohio to succeed Hon. A. G. Thurman in 1881. General Garfield is a man of fine presence. He is about six feet tall, stout build, brown hair, full beard, deep set expressive eyes, large and broad forehead. His brain indicates both large, reflective, and perceptive faculties. He is of pleasant manners, readily approachable, and wins friends through geniality. As a public speaker he has few superiors, being ready in delivery and strongly argumentative. If elected to the White House, his ability and statesmanship will soon bring his name on the list of our most eminent Presidents.

A very good hit was made last night by one of the defeated candidates at the primary election. A gentleman approached him with, "Well, Mr. —, how do you feel?"

"Well," said he, "I feel, I suppose, pretty much like Lazarus did."

"As Lazarus did?"

"Why, yes," said he; "Lazarus was licked by dogs and so was I."

When a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as simple before as behind, the father exclaimed "Goodness, he won't know whether he is going to school or coming home!"