

### THOMAS COUNTY OAT.

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#### A YEAR AGO.

A year ago I held in mine her hand,  
And to the pulses quickened and dissolved,  
White - or her face a light from Heaven's own  
and  
Seemed all the mystery of death to solve.  
She raised her weary eyes to mine and  
sighed—  
Sighed as a flower - or which storm-clouds  
bead  
When long the promised sunshine is denied,  
And cold and heavy rains from Heaven de-  
scend.  
She tried to speak. I knelt beside her bed,  
That one last wish she might to me impart.  
A whisper came, and then the spirit fled,  
Like some sweet thought long prisoned in  
the heart.  
A year ago! I twined the lilies white  
About her shroud, and with the coffin's lace,  
For she had loved them; all the long, long  
night  
They press their waxen lips upon her face.  
I hear the funeral bell toll sad and long—  
My heart reverts to that day the sound—  
And then there came a prayer—a pause—a  
song,  
And flowers next were heaped upon a  
mound.  
I turned aside and homeward bent my way,  
Alas! the face I loved so long—not there—  
Sweet memories arose to gladden my day,  
But sadder ones to mock my heart's de-  
spair.  
Where is she now? You think the grave can  
hide  
A friend so true within its dungeon deep?  
Ah! no; she walks ever by my side,  
And watches o'er me when I chance to sleep.  
We stroll abroad oft at the twilight hour  
To memory's garden. Under memory's tree  
She pulls the silver mask from under a flower,  
And sends its tender secret unto me.  
She guides my pen along uncertain heights,  
When unattended I could never go:  
The candle of success she often lights,  
When the flame flickers and the wick burns  
low.  
She leads me to the grave and says: "Not  
here,  
But there," and points me to the Heavenly  
gate;  
And when upon my cheek there falls a tear  
(For sometimes yet my heart grows deso-  
late),  
I feel upon my face her own soft hand,  
And glimpses of her robe sometimes have  
been seen,  
O, happy thought, how strong is friendship's  
band  
When out of Heaven an angel friend can  
lean.  
A year ago! Sad, sad, that parting day,  
And sadder still the last, the long adieu.  
Death called the angel of my heart away—  
The angel that opens Heaven to my view.  
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### TOO MUCH HURRIED.

#### Why Uncle Joel Failed to Set the Old Speckled Hen.

All the good people of Pogannac would have told you that Uncle Joel Potter was one of the best men that ever lived; but even those who liked him most were forced to admit that he was "just a little slow." But to his wife he was far beyond the "little." As she emphatically asserted, he was "as slow as molasses in January."  
It must have been one of nature's strange laws of "attraction of opposites" which brought this couple together; for while Uncle Joel was slow, plodding, dreamy, Aunt Hannah was quick, energetic, ambitious—a notable housekeeper, who could do the work of two women while others were planning what to do; whose washing was on the line of a Monday morning looking like rifts of snow, long before most of her neighbors had finished breakfast.  
To her energetic nature, her husband's slow movements and lack of ambition were thorns in the flesh not unworthy, perhaps, to be compared with the Apostle Paul. The fifteen years more of life which Uncle Joel had seen, and a crippled limb—the result of an accident in boyhood—may have had much to do with his lack of energy; but more of it was nature, an inheritance from his mother, an intensely religious woman, who, the neighbors said, "could work all day in a half bushel an' never get out o' n'." And Uncle Joel's highest dream of happiness was to sit in his arm-chair by the south window, in the spacious old kitchen, and read aloud to himself by the hour from the big Bible lying in his lap, his low, droning monotone driving Aunt Hannah to the verge of distraction.  
"Here Joel, I want a pail of water!" she called, one morning when he was thus reading, and she was elbow-deep in the floury mysteries of the bread bowl, "an' n' d' be all day about it; I'm in a hurry."  
"Yis, yis, Hannah," Uncle Joel remarked, reading along softly, his finger following his eyes over the page. "An' they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they—"  
"An' they that wait on their wives shall renew their youth, I reckon," Aunt Hannah interrupted, sharply.  
"I'm certain sure you'd have to be born again afore you did it. Come, git that water, I'm in a hurry, I tell ye."  
"Yis, Hannah, I'm a-comin'."  
"An' so's Christmas, an' it'll git here first, I reckon. I wonder if there ever was another such a slow mortal in this world!"  
And rubbing her hands free from the dough, she caught up the pail and had drawn the water and returned before Uncle Joel had finished his all-important chapter, and rising slowly from the chair limped across the kitchen.  
"Why, the pail's full, Hannah," he said.  
"Full, of course it's full!" Aunt Hannah snapped. "Did ye a'pese I was a-goin' t' wait all day? I rather guess they'd be a lot o' work done in this house if a body was to wait for you."  
"But ye shouldn't be in sich a hurry, Hannah," Uncle Joel interposed, mildly; "the Lord took six days t' make the heavens and the earth, an' a' least best t' try an' do every thing in a minute."  
"I should think he took six years to make you, an' then didn't finish ye off till Saturday afternoon jest at night. You've been behindhand ever since ye was born."  
"Well, well, Hannah, we won't quarrel about it; ev'ry body can't be so spy

as you be, an' the race isn't allus to the swift."  
"But ye'll find the battle'll be t' the strong—an' right here in this kitchen, if ye don't stir yer stumps lively."  
"But what shall I do, Hannah?" and Uncle Joel looked around in helpless bewilderment.  
"Do? Why, just go out an' set the old speckled hen. I've told ye to more'n a dozen times. She'd had time t' clear an' hatch whilst ye was gettin' ready t' do it."  
And Aunt Hannah, catching up the first thing that came handy, which proved to be Uncle Joel's soft felt hat, proceeded to fill it with eggs.  
"Here they be, and don't be all day about it!" she called, coming out of the pantry holding the hat with both hands and depositing it in the soft, fluffy depths of the feather cushion in the big rocking-chair.  
Hurrying back to the pantry, she returned to her baking, while Uncle Joel hunted around for his hat and cane, which were always missing when needed.  
"Good mornin', Miss Potter," came the next moment to Aunt Hannah's ears, as her next-door neighbor walked into the kitchen without knocking; "busy as ever? What a master hand ye be t' work! I wonder if ye ever stop long enough t' eat and sleep?"  
"Well, somebody's got t' work where there's eight mouths t' feed an' eight backs t' keep clo's on." Aunt Hannah answered, without stopping a moment in her sifting of sugar and measuring of flour for her cakes.  
"Did ye hear what a muss they had over t' Mose Potter's, last night?"  
"No; what's up now? They're allus havin' a time there. I wonder how that woman can be sich a fool as t' live with sich a man."  
"So do I. But this time t' was n' any o' their quarrels. Didn't ye know 'bout the fellers from Dobbs' factory a-comin' up t' t'ar an' feather Mose?"  
"My goodness gracious, Miss Brown, ye don't mean it?"  
And Aunt Hannah stopped in her work of breaking eggs to raise her hands in astonishment.  
"Do take a cheer an' set down, and take off your bonnet," leading the way into the kitchen, and setting a chair for her visitor. "Do tell us all about it."  
Aunt Hannah deposited her two hundred pounds rather heavily on the soft feather cushion on the huge rocking-chair, and commenced beating her eggs in a mulberry crock-bowl—she could not stop work even long enough to gratify her curiosity—and the twined steel fork with which she was doing the work had not the efficiency of the modern egg-beater.  
"Well, ye see," Mrs. Brown began, pushing the huge framework of pasteboard and gingham back from her face, "Mose's wife took her t'ar-work home yesterday an' got her money for it. Ye know Mose use t' carry it, and he wouldn't let her hev the money for t' jest spent jest he'd a minter, an' she an' the children had t' go hungry half o' the time—for Mose never'd bring nothin' in to speak on."  
"I know it; an' I've told her time n' ag'in she was a fool t' work so an' t' that crazy lummox git hold o' her money," said Aunt Hannah, tearing her eggs more briskly in her indignation. "He'd set behind the stove all last winter an' sing 'The Lord Pervide,' an' wouldn't lift his finger t' provide for his younguns himself. The hypercrit!"  
"Well, yessie," Mrs. Brown resumed, "she le'rt better n' t' let him carry home any work; so yist'rday she an' Jane took a big bundle out to the city, an' when she got back, Mose told her to give him the money, 'n' she wouldn't t' do it. He was mighty high over it, an' threatened what he'd do if she didn't let him have it. But she'd got her back up, an' ye know Sally's pretty kinder set when she sets out t' be, 'n' Mose couldn't scare her with a cent. She jest told him the money were her'n; she earn't it, 'n' he shouldn't tech one penny on't. Then she sez she jest grabbed her by the arm an' throat, an' tried to git it, 'n' she kicked an' pulled till she got away from him; but her hair'd come down in the tussle, an' he grabbed her by that, an' afore she could git away he'd pulled out a lock as big as my thumb. Her head look just awful when she came over to our house, an' told on't, an' her arm an' throat was black an' blue where he'd pinched'er. I told her I'd go straight t' Squire Pease n' make complaint against him. An' she started; but afore she got there she met Dave Tuttle, 'n' ye know what a high-flyer Dave is; 'n' as soon as she told him 'bout Mose, Dave sez, sez he:  
"Mrs. Potter, ye jest go right straight back n' get the young'uns 'n' yer clo's, an' if Mose says any thing, jest tell him you've made complaint against him, an' he dasset tech ye, an' I'll get my team n' meet ye here in half an hour, an' fetch ye to my house, an' ye can stay till ye can make a shift some way."  
"So she got the young'uns an' things—an' mighty few things there was, too—an' Dave fetched them home with him."  
"What did Mose have t' say for himself when Sally came back?"  
"Never said nothin', only asked 'er where she was goin', an' she told him 'twas where she'd be better off than she'd ever been with him. She says he kinder hauled in his horns, as if he was a little afeared, an' he let'er go without sayin' nothin' more."  
"The mean scamp! Lucky for him I wasn't his wife!" said Aunt Hannah, fiercely. "I'd a-learnt him what's what afore this time."  
"Well, yessie, Dave went an' told them fact follows how mean Mose had used his wife; an' they'd allus had kind o' a grudge against him, an' didn't want no better fun 'n' t' scare him half to death; so they just rigged up in old clo's, an' turned their coats wrong side out, 'n' backed their faces, so's he couldn't tell none on'em. Then they got a big bag o' feathers an' a little o' tar, an' came up there an' tried to git Mose out, but he smelt a rat, an' they couldn't raise him. They pounded on the doors an' told him they'd break'em down, if they didn't let'em in, but he never let on he heard'em. Bimeby some o'em got the bog-trough an' threw it through the win-

most sensible thing they ever done. A hog's trough is the best thing they could find for sich a hog."  
"They staid 'round there purty nigh half an hour, and one or two on'em got in through the broken window an' looked in an' low, but they couldn't find hide or hair o' Mose. Arter they'd been gone a spell, Lish went over an' hollered t' Mose 'n' told him they'd all cleared out, and nobody shouldn't tech him if he'd come out. But he never showed himself; an' Lish lit a candle an' went all over the house, from garrit t' sullen, but he couldn't find nothin' o' Mose nowhere; but jest as was a-goin' t' give it up, he heard Mose call in a kind of a scart whisper:  
"Lish, is it you? Be they all gone?"  
"An' as true as ye live, there was Mose down on' four—a-crawl in' out of a hog's head 'way under the sullen stairs. He was all covered with ashes an' dirt, an' he shook jest like a popple leaf. He was scart all to death, an' hung t' Lish so, not to leave him alone, that he had to fetch him home with him. He put him in the bed up garrit, 'n' I never knew nothin' about it 'till mornin', or there'd a-been music, ye better b'leve. I jest made Lish take that bed out inter the yard, an' it's there now; nobody'd never wanter sleep no't arter that nasty crit'er'd been sleepin' in it."  
"Well, I declare for't," Aunt Hannah said, spitefully, at the close of the narration. "I wish t' goodness they'd a-ketched him an' tarred an' feathered him an' rode him on a rail out o' town. If I owed the Old Scratch a dozen sinners an' he wouldn't take Mose Potter n' call it even, I'd chest him out o' the hull on't! He's the biggest old hypercrit that I ever see."  
"There, there, Hannah!" Uncle Joel interposed, mildly, coming out of the pantry, where, during the recital of his neighbors' misdemeanors, he had been hunting high and low for something he could not quite remember. "Judge not, lest ye be judged."  
"By their fruits ye shall know 'em," Aunt Hannah retorted, sharply. "An' if a man don't show nothin' but hog-gishness 'n' hypocrisy, I dunno where's the sin in calling him a hog an' a hypercrit, an' you needn't stand up for him, nuther. He's got more devils in him than ever was cast out o' Mary Magdalin, anyhow."  
"Well, Hannah, 'twas a woman the Lord cast'er 'em out. The Bible don't say as he ever cast seven devils out of a man."  
"No, he left 'em all in the men, an' they're there now," was the triumphant retort.  
Under this scathing rebuke Uncle Joel retreated to the pantry and continued his search.  
"What in the world are you sputterin' 'round that butty' for?" his wife called, as the clatter of pans and dishes first drew her attention to Uncle Joel's trespass upon forbidden ground.  
"Why, I'm lookin' for them eggs, Hannah. Ye told me to set the old speckled hen, didn't ye? An' I can't find the eggs nowhere."  
"Mercy on us! And you've been all this time about it? I thought you'd set her half an hour ago."  
And rising from her chair, Aunt Hannah started hurriedly for the pantry, when an exclamation of "O Miss Potter, do see!" recalled her.  
And what a sight! There, in the feathery depths of the chair cushion, was the old felt hat crushed as flat as a pancake, and all that remained of the dozen eggs was a mass of broken shells, whites and yolks mixed in a manner not common in cake-making. Her dress was plentifully plastered with the mixture, and every movement sent drippings of it down to the floor.  
In her eagerness to hear her neighbor's story she had sat down without looking behind her, and the soft depths of the cushions had given no warning of the mischief she was doing.  
"My goodness!" was all she could say, as she stood looking upon the horrible mixture.  
"Well, Hannah," said Uncle Joel, "I never thought ye was in sich a hurry to hatch them eggs that ye'd set on 'em yourself."  
And for the first time in her twenty years of married life Aunt Hannah had no retort ready; and the old speckled hen was not set that day.—*Jennie Porter Arnold, in Hartford Times.*

### OLD MOUNT ETNA.

Construction Wrought by Various Eruptions of This Treacherous Volcano.

The celebrated volcano of Mount Etna is once more in a state of eruption. Ever since a record has been made and kept of Etna its great disturbances have been preceded by earthquakes, loud explosions are heard, rifts finally open in the sides of the famous mountain, then smoke, sand, ashes and scoriae are discharged, cinders are thrown out and accumulate around in a conical form, and at last lava rises through the cone, often breaking down one side of it, where there is the least resistance, and flowing over the surrounding country.

There have been some seventy-nine recorded eruptions, the most of these of a harmless character. A few only have been violent. The most noted of these eruptions occurred at widely separate periods, but their effects will not be forgotten while man inhabits the earth. In the year 1169 an eruption took place which overwhelmed Catania, when 16,000 inhabitants perished in the burning ruins. Just 500 years later—that is, in 1669—thousands and tens of thousands perished in the streams of lava which rolled over the adjoining country for forty days. In the month of May, 1830, several adjacent villages were destroyed, and showers of lava reached near to the Eternal City itself. On November 12, 1832, the town of Bronte was destroyed, and in August and September, 1852, violent eruptions occurred. Violent eruptions also took place November 28, 1868, and May 26 and June 7, 1879.

The loss of life during the Christian era has been very great, while the destruction of property is uncounted. The condition of the region around the volcano proper may be readily guessed when it is explained that there are two cities, Catania and Aci Reale, and sixty-three towns or villages on Mount Etna. Indeed, it is much more thickly populated than any other part of Sicily or Italy. No fewer than 300,000 persons live on the mountain. The area of the region described as the mountain is approximately 490 square miles. The height of the mountain is 10,868 feet. The radius of vision from the summit has been variously stated, but the mean distance is probably not far from 150 miles. The reason for the large population is found in the fact that the surface soil is extremely fertile, and the vine flourishes, as well as grains, olives, oranges, lemons, figs and others fruits. The forests are extensive and valuable. The desert region, which is nearest the openings of the cones, is embraced between the limit of 6,300 feet and the summit. It occupies an area of about ten square miles, and consists of a dreary waste of black sand, scoriae, ashes and masses of ejected lava. It remains in autumn, winter and spring permanently covered with snow, and even in the height of summer snow may be found in sheltered places in the neighborhood of the summit.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

### A DEPLORABLE FATE.

A Sane Man's Long Confinement in a French Lunatic Asylum.

Jean Mistral, the supposed lunatic, who has been confined for years in the Montpelier Asylum for the Insane, has finally been liberated after a hearing in his case by the Tarascon tribunal. His fortune, with the accumulated interest, now amounts to 65,000,000 francs. His story is a peculiarly sad one. He is now searching for his wife, whom his relatives expelled from France in 1837 because she refused to return for an annuity of 500 francs to acknowledge herself a woman of bad character. Jean Mistral is a cousin of Frederick Mistral, the poet, and is now an old man, much bent and with a frigid manner. He is completely broken down and his nerves are shattered. His experiences in the madhouse were dreadful and totally wrecked him physically, although his mind is sound. He refused to believe that he was to be heard by the tribunal after so many years of disappointment and neglect until he was actually taken there. Then he burst into tears, and it was some time before he was sufficiently composed to talk.

The president of the tribunal reassured him and then he told his story lucidly, and in a straightforward, logical way answered all the tests of sanity and satisfactorily demonstrated that there was no legitimate ground for his incarceration. He said he had married when a young man without the consent of his parents an opera-singer named Dombrowska. The marriage took place in Posen. The refusal of the parents to recognize the marriage was based on the absence of dot, as the bride brought nothing with her but vocal talent and the money which she had earned by it. Mistral's parents declined to allow any income, and he and his wife lived for some time on the proceeds of her operatic engagements. After a while Dombrowska's voice failed, and then they became itinerant musicians and managed to eke out a scanty subsistence. The wife at last consented to a temporary separation in the hope that her husband would become reconciled with his parents, and be relieved from the hardships which he was obliged to endure.

As soon as Mistral placed himself within reach of his relations they had him arrested on a charge of lunacy. From that time to this he has not seen his wife or heard any thing about her. Now that he has come into the family fortune he will probably spend the rest of his life in trying to find her if she has not died in the meantime.

The Paris newspaper *Voltair* took up cases of this sort three years ago and began a vigorous agitation in behalf of sane persons confined as lunatics. This instance excited wide interest and so flagrant a case of wrong will probably lead to the repeal of the lunacy law as it now exists in France and remedial legislation on the subject.—*Paris Cor. London Times.*

### MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

The Blackest Spot in the Dark History of the Mormon Church.

Early in September, 1857, the company of emigrants that had been ordered out of Salt Lake valley, and compelled to take the southern route to the coast, entered the meadows and encamped with the intention of resting and recruiting before crossing the desert. Nothing occurred to alarm them the first day, and when night fell they took no precautions except such as had been customary with them during the journey. The valley seemed a haven of safety, and they laid down to rest with thankful hearts, but while they slept a plot for their destruction was maturing. The Nauvoo legion, obedient to "orders from headquarters," had surrounded the unsuspecting emigrants on every side. A portion of the legion, painted and disguised as Indians had been sent on in company with savages less cruel than themselves to attack the train. The remaining companies of Mormon militia had other orders. At daybreak the guard at the emigrants' camp perceived dark forms moving upon the surrounding hillsides. He aroused his comrades, and as the dusky figures showed more plainly in the growing light they decided that they were Indians and that an attack was intended. It was necessary to think and act quickly, and a barricade was formed at once with the wagons of the company, but before their hurried preparations for defense were completed the sharp crack of rifles and the whizzing of bullets denoted that the battle had begun. It was already only too plain that their assailants greatly outnumbered them, and from savages, as they supposed them to be, no quarter was expected, but love stronger than death nerved their arms and strengthened their hearts for the contest. Let the father who reads these lines by his own fire-side, with the bright heads of his children clustering around him, ask himself against how great odds he could fight if a cruel and lingering death menaced his darlings. Let him take his youngest born on his knee, and while the soft, baby eyes are uplifted to his face let him measure, if he can, the anguish of those fathers, who turned from a last look at just such faces to meet the fierce onset of their murderous foes.

All day long the unequal battle raged. At night the fire of the assailants slackened, but the light from piles of burning sage brush showed that they still surrounded the emigrants' camp on every side. Before sunrise a murderous rain of bullets recommenced, and again continued until nightfall. The third day was a repetition of the first, but on the fourth day access to the springs was cut off, and the horrors of death from thirst stared them in the face, yet they fought with desperate courage, and when the sun went down they still held their position and kept the foe at bay. The morning of the fifth day found them worn, exhausted, tortured by burning thirst, but with hearts as undaunted as ever. Late in the afternoon the steady firing of the besiegers ceased, and when they looked out to ascertain the cause, they saw a party of white men approaching, their leader bearing a flag of truce. Let it be remembered the emigrants had never doubted that their assailants were Indians, and the sight of white men coming as they believed to the rescue, was as welcome as a vision of angels. In answer to the flag of truce a little girl was dressed in white, and placed on one of the wagons. In view of what followed, this act was full of unutterable pathos. Truly, they had decked a lamb for sacrifice. The white men, as they drew near, proved to be a body of Mormon militia, headed by their officers, who were also the bishops of the surrounding settlements. They represented that they had done their best to induce the "Indians" to leave, but they would not do so unless the emigrants would agree to give up their property, stack their arms and march out of the valley under the escort of the militia. The emigrants, seeing no other prospect of saving the lives of their families, agreed to these hard conditions. After making the required surrender they were divided into three companies. The women and children went first, under the escort of a detachment of the legion. The men followed at some distance, guarded by another body of militia, and a wagon containing the wounded brought up the rear.

And now comes the blackest page in this chapter of treachery and murder, a page that the most callous historian might shrink from recording. At a given signal from the officers in command, the unarmed men were shot down, and when the last one lay dead or dying on the bloody soil, the slaughter of the women and children and the butchery of the wounded began. When the sun set that night on the reddened and trampled meadows, one hundred and nineteen mangled corpses strewed the ground. Of all the company that entered the valley none remained alive except some of the smaller children. Why they were saved when so many other children were shot down without mercy, none but the perpetrators of the deed can explain.

The two oldest of the children thus saved were for some weeks in the care of a friend of the writer, and from them many of the details of those dreadful five days in the meadows were obtained. All the property of the murdered emigrants, even to the clothing and jewel taken from the bodies of the dead, passed into the hands of the Mormon leaders, and these helpless orphan were returned penniless to the States where relatives or old neighbors or their parents received them.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—They had a preference: Young lady (to young Mr. Muscle, who expects to win name and fame by a trip from Boston to New Orleans on his bicycle).—"And so you are really going to New Orleans, Mr. Muscle? Mammy and I were there last winter, you know. 'It's a delightful city.' You know Mr. Muscle (impressively). "Yes, and I expect to cover the entire distance on my bicycle." Young lady—"O, do you? Mammy and I preferred to go by water."—*New York Times.*

### WOODEN MEN-OF-WAR.

The Transition Period From the Sailing Vessel to the Steamship.

In referring to the navy of the past it is impossible to avoid recalling the feeling of pride with which an American seaman—officer or man—walked the deck of his ship. This feeling was common to the naval and commercial marine. Our wooden ships that sailed the ocean from 1840 to 1860 were the finest in the world. The old frigate Congress in 1842 was the noblest specimen of the frigate of the day, and the sloop of war Portsmouth was unsurpassed as a corvette. The clipper ships of that period need no eulogy beyond their own record. These ships were the models for the limitation of all maritime nations, and among the constructors of the period can be recalled, without detriment to many others omitted, the names of Lenthall, Stears, Pook and Delano. The poetry of sailing reached its zenith during this period.

But there is no sentiment in progress; its demands are practical and imperative, and the great motive power, steam, was being crowded to the front even during this the greatest development in the era of sails. Advanced ideas could not be resisted, and steam was admitted as an auxiliary; but our development in naval construction still stood us in good stead, and enabled us to supply ships with auxiliary steam-power, which continued to be prominent for many years as standards to which others found it to their advantage to conform.

Before the final abandonment in the navy of sailing ships, pure and simple, an effort at a compromise was made by limiting steam to side-wheel vessels, and a number of fine ships were built in the forties, which did good service, and were a credit to the country, answering as they did the demands of the time. The Mississippi, Missouri, Susquehanna, Saranac and Powhatan carried the flag to all parts of the world for many years, some of them enduring to bear their share in the late war, while the Powhatan is even now borne on the list of vessels of the navy.

The Princeton, of great fame, and the San Jacinto, were the only ships with screw propellers that appeared in the period under consideration, the use of the screw being considered of doubtful propriety, to be tested by tentative experiments. These ships have long since disappeared, but the screw remains and side wheels are relegated to boats for inland waters.

Confidence being established in the screw-propeller, construction on the principle of auxiliary steam-power was decided on, and ships of different classes were added to the navy in such numbers as the varied duties required.

There were those at that time who, wise beyond their generation, recognized the full meaning of the advent of steam, and saw that it must supplant sails altogether as the motive power for ships. These advocated that new constructions should be provided with full steam-power, with sails as an auxiliary; but the old pride in the sailing ship, with her taunt and graceful spars, could not be made to yield at once to the innovation; old traditions pointing to the necessity of full-sail-power could not be dispelled; it was considered a sufficient concession to admit steam on any terms, and thus the conservative and temporizing course was adopted of retaining full-sail-power, and utilizing steam as an auxiliary.

The United States Government was not alone in this policy. It was the course pursued by all other maritime nations, and for some years the United States retained the lead in producing the most perfect types in this new phase of naval construction.—*Rear Admiral E. Simpson, in Harper's Magazine.*

### LEGAL NOTE.

The Accomplishment of a Prospective Member of the Dakota Bar.

Two residents of this Territory were talking of a young man, a friend of one, who was coming out from the States. Said one of them:  
"What are you going to have him be when he gets here?"  
"Well, I don't hardly know whether to advise him to set up for a doctor or a lawyer."  
"Why not have him say he's a newspaper man?"  
"I might of course—he really has had a little experience in that business—used to drive the dray that carried the paper over to the editor down there where he lived—but he has always been used to living pretty well, and I don't know as he'd like it."  
"Yes, that's so. Guess you'd better call him a lawyer."  
"Yes, I reckon. Court will be in session here then, and he can stop in and get admitted to the bar while he's coming over from the depot."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

### The Shah's Eldest Son.

Nearly half Persia, a territory of 250,000 square miles, is now under his almost independent rule. He resides at Isphahan, and there keeps a court quite as brilliant and luxurious as that of his father, at Teheran. When in his teens he was very headstrong and vicious, and many acts of cruelty are recorded against him. His arbitrary ways were once too much for the people of Shiraz; they revolted, and the Prince had to run away. Later on, as he became older, he mended his ways, and he is now generally liked. He is said to have amassed enormous riches, not always, though, in a way which Western people would call straightforward and honest. Every now and then he enters into commercial affairs, meddles with the opium and grain trades, and makes considerable profits. He is an Eastern prince of the old type, entirely unscrupulous when the furtherance of his own ends is in question.—*London Globe.*

—A Japanese with an income of \$1,000 a year is considered a wealthy man, and a farmer who has \$100 laid by is ranked among the capitalists of his district. In all the Empire, out of a population of 37,000,000, there are less than 10,000 paupers.