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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor
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Two Romances.

Youth's Companion: The son of a leading lawyer in New York, some years ago, was attracted by the innocent face and quick wit of a Welsh chambermaid in his father's house, and declared that he preferred her to all the fashionable beauties who had courted his notice.

His family protested, but to no purpose. The only concession he would make was to consent to go to Europe for three years before marrying the girl. In the meantime having an independent fortune, the lover placed her at one of the best schools in New York.

The girl was ambitious and devoted to her affection to the man who had chosen her. He returned, found her more lovely than ever. They were married, and the lady is now one of the leaders of society in the city where they live—a noble, refined, charming woman.

An eminent jurist, well known in Pennsylvania in the early part of this century, was "making the circuit" on horse back, and stopped for dinner at the house of a farmer.

The daughter of the farmer waited on them, and the Judge, who had been a cynic about women, observed the peculiar gentleness of her voice and a certain sweet candor in her face. After dinner, the farmer said:

"Mary, bring the Judge's horse." Mary started to the field, which was inclosed by a barred fence. Laying her hand on the topmost rail, she vaulted lightly over.

"I saw," said the Judge afterward, "for the first time, a woman with the mind and body I should require in my wife. I called again and again at farmer C's. At last, I sent Mary to school for a couple of years, and here she is," nodding to the stately matron who presided at his table.

The sons of the Judge and this real Maude Muller all attained distinction—one, like his father, at the bar; another was an eminent divine, and a third was a Southern candidate for the Presidency. All were noted for their fiery eloquence, their high sense of honor, and a certain appetite for fighting, which was well sustained by strong physical health.

The Judge had not been mistaken in Mary's qualities of mind and body. M. Pasteur, a nephew of the celebrated chemist of that name, has recently adapted an old discovery to great practical use. It is a well known fact that the crossing of the great African desert is accomplished by means of caravans composed of camels, horses, etc., the water for which has to be transported on the back of the consumer.

This lesson to a great degree their freighting capacity. M. Pasteur has established suitable works at the numerous termini of the routes for separating the water into oxygen and hydrogen. As the latter is sixteen times lighter than the former, and is the gas used in balloons, it carries the oxygen and a considerable part of the camel, besides furnishing light on dark nights. He unites the gases by the simple means of explosion when desired for use.

The French Government has created M. Pasteur a commander of the Legion of Honor for his great adaptation.

They Are Not Strangers, Mamma.

Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die. Hold me fast. Oh, I can't go," "Jenny," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But she cried out again despairingly: "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there." She was a little country girl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home.

In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go." But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward; but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand quivered in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision.

But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would gladly have died in her place. "Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are not strangers, I'm not afraid." And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes, till at last it seemed as if he soul leaped forth upon its radiant wings, and in that moment her trembling form re-lapsed among its pillows, and she was gone.—(Mrs. Helen Williams.)

SOMETHING WONDERFUL.—The most astonishing claim yet made in behalf of electricity is that it has been proven that it is practicable not only to speak with a distant friend, but to see him. According to the *Otago Times*, Dr. Guirrah, of Victoria, has invented an apparatus, called by him the electroscope, which accomplishes this. The paper in question says that a public test of this instrument was made in Melbourne in the presence of some forty scientific and public men.

"Sitting in a dark room, they saw projected on a large white disk of white burnished metal the race-course at Flemington, with its myriad hosts of active beings. Each minute detail stood out with perfect fidelity to the original and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses it was difficult to imagine that they were not on the course itself and moving among those whose actions they could so completely scan."

SELECTING SEED CORN.—The bad stand of corn which many farmers get is no doubt due in a great measure to the seed used. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives his way of selecting it, which, if followed, would likely obviate the difficulty: "Before I cut my corn I go through the field myself, and select the earliest ears, which are shown by the ripe husks. I select only large and perfectly filled ears, growing on good stalks, without any faults. I cut these stalks up, culling again when husked, and again when spring comes. I never have any trouble from poor seed, and I have beside an extra fine, large and early corn. It takes only a few years to change any corn for the better, in this way."

Solomon Fagly, a farmer, was rescued with great difficulty from his burning residence near Peru, Ind., by two brave neighbors. After being rescued he broke away from his pursuers and climbed into the blazing garret to save some money hidden there. When his body was found his hands were full of the gold for which he had lost his life. He had spent his life in hoarding up a little store of money; he had nothing to live for when it was lost.

In an address at the ceremony of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead in New Orleans, Jefferson Davis said that Albert Sidney Johnston was the strong pillar of the Confederacy, and that Lee, Jackson and Johnston would compare with the leaders of antique or of modern times.

Picking up Items.

"Ah," said one of the country lawyers who got to Congress, on being introduced to Mr. Haskell, of the *Boston Herald*, at Washington, "glad to see you, Mr. Haskell. You're down here, I suppose, picking up a few items for your paper?" The Washington journalists were amused at this, and because they reckon Mr. Haskell's income from his newspaper at ten or twenty the Congressman's. But it is not the income of the man to whom this frequent remark is addressed which constitutes its offensiveness, but the prevalent assumption that the main errand in life of the journalist is to "pick up a few items." Picking up items is an honorable branch of the profession, and one which public men are often very grateful to have well done, but it does not define the scope of a journalist's work much more accurately than "hoss cases" do the professional labors of an average lawyer.

This conception of the journalist's work is about on a par with that of another class of professionals, old women of both sexes, who think the great anxiety of an editor's life is to "get something to fill up" his columns.—(Springfield Republican.)

A striking feature of Russian coronations has always been the feast provided for the poor of Moscow in honor of the joyful occasion; but where, as its dimensions in olden times were decidedly scanty, at the forthcoming coronation, if the press is correctly informed, it will be given on a scale of truly Imperial magnificence. When the Empress Anne was crowned two oxen were roasted whole, and a couple of fountains of white and red wine comprised the bill of fare. At the coronation of Alexander III. there will be provided no less than thirty thousand vedros of beer and sixteen thousand of mead, to wash down eight hundred thousand pies, weighing three quarters of a pound each.

In April, 1880, Miss Anna L. Hoffman, of New Albany, Ind., was run over by a railroad train and her right arm and left hand cut off. Through skilled treatment her life and her left arm were saved. A reporter who visited her a few days ago found her in good health, cheerful, and making herself generally useful. By aid of an artificial hand, made by her father, she can pump and carry water, bring in coal, write a good hand, and play the piano almost as dextrously as an unmaimed person.—(Philadelphia Press.)

There is a good story told of the late Baron Rothschild. His son, who greatly patronized cabs, was in the habit of giving the drivers about five times the amount to which they were entitled. One day Baron Solomon hired a cab and tendered the legal fare. "Much obliged," said cabby; "but your son always gives us three, four, five and even six times as much." "Ah," said the Baron, "he has a rich father; I haven't!"

At a dinner party a few days ago a young married lady, who is celebrated for originality in matters of dress, appeared in a black satin dress, with a waistcoat or vest composed entirely of natural flowers. Only small flowers were used, and they were sewed on a foundation of muslin. The effect was "perfectly lovely."

An adventurous American, who was shooting small game in Germany, said to his host that there was a spice of danger in shooting in America. "Ah!" said the host, "you like danger with your sport. Then go out shooting with me. The last time I shoot mine bruder-in-law in the schmachach."

A piece of rose point lace at the London Aquarium six and three-fourths yards long, is valued at \$5,000. There are 96 sprays to each inch of the fabric, and each spray cost two day's labor, showing that it required seven years' work of a skilled workman to complete the trifle.

The Right Kind of a Woman.

A young married woman being asked if she did not have a sort of an uncontrollable hankering to march to the ballot-box and cast her vote for law and liberty, and freedom, and equal rights, both civil and military, as viewed from womanly standpoint, said: "Ballot-box be mashed! I'd rather rock a cradle with a good baby in it than rock the throne of every principality on earth by my suffrage." This is the kind of woman to have around the house, according to the anti-woman's suffrage idea. It is claimed that such a woman lays over the thin-faced, dyspeptic novel reader of history who demands the ballot, by an overwhelming majority in both houses in the mind of the young man looking for some one to split the kindling, build the fires and fry dough nuts for him.

A LAZY CLIMATE.—On two occasions I have witnessed brakes whistled down and a train-load of passengers stopped in the pine woods, while the conductor slowly ambled off to a neat cottage in a little orange grove and kissed his wife and a large family of children ranged along on top of the fence. I think it was his wife, but there was some speculation in regard to it. Animate and inanimate nature are alike affected. The leaves on the trees are too lazy to fall.—(Chicago Inter Ocean Florida Letter.)

It is estimated by persons thoroughly familiar with the subject, that under the new law reducing letter postage and regulating the pay of Postmasters, the receipts of not more than one office in every four, on a general average, will be in excess of the Postmasters' salaries. Under the existing law it is said all Postoffices, however insignificant, contribute about two-fifths of their receipts to the Government.

A young fellow in Texas married his landlord's daughter. At the end of a week the old lady presented her bill for twice the amount of his previous board. He thought he was going to get board free and refused to settle. On his return from the theatre with his bride, he found the door locked and their joint wardrobe piled on the sidewalk.

There is pathos in this from the *Boston Transcript*: "Here I've been talking for half an hour!" exclaimed an auctioneer, "and I haven't got an offer." "Half an hour, indeed!" murmured an elderly maiden, "what's half an hour to many long years, and still no hopes of an offer?"

There is an old Latin proverb which runs in this way: "Anger manages everything badly." How curious it is that whenever a man is in the wrong and wont admit it, he always gets angry and calls bad names! Among the floods of the season, the last one on the lower Mississippi not only took the cake, but it carried away a whole bakery. The baker saved himself by paddling off in a dough trough.

PRETTY TOUGH.—The difference between John G. Carlisle and old "Carro Gordo" Williams is simply the difference between brains and brass—between brawn and guts.—[Breckenridge News.]

Ered Gebhardt is reported to be studying "Pygmalion" for the purpose of supporting the Jersey Lily in his performance of "Galates." It is not announced when his debut will be made.

"What can a lady do?" was the subject of Rev. Gilbert's sermon in Mayville Sunday. Wonder if he remarked that they could give half the road on a muddy crossing, but wouldn't?

If you have a boil, roast a carrot and make a poultice of it. If the boil is on another man let him grin and bear it. It's good for the system.

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