

The Weekly Messenger.

Published Weekly

—AT—

St Martinsville, L. a.

—BY—

EASTIN & BIENVENU.

The Italian Government has devised what may be a useful plan for diminishing the number of duels. Dueling in Italy is allowed under certain conditions, and it is supposed that many duels are due to the fear of those challenged that if they do not fight they will be treated as cowards. In future any Italian who calls a countryman a coward because the latter will not fight will be made to pay an extremely heavy fine.

A visitor from Manchester, England, is astonished at the high average maintained in every social circle in the United States. He is reported to say: "The working classes—in whom I am most interested—are morally, mentally and materially in advance of the similar classes in any European country. Physical comfort is the primary desire of the artisan; but he cannot live anywhere else so comfortably as in the United States."

The Augusta, (Ga.) Chronicle says: "Seventeen year locusts abound in the West. There is a well defined 'W' on each wing of the locust. The superstitious attach to their visitation the importance of a warning from Providence, and maintain that the 'W' signifies war. It is a fact that in 1874, when occurred the first of any recorded visits of the pest, the Crimean war was inaugurated. Seventeen years later in 1891, they again appeared. That year marked the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war. This year."

A St. Louis physician says: "The quinine habit is gaining strength every day. Dizziness, that you hear innumerable people complaining of in these days, can be traced to the excessive use of quinine. The good effects, that it is nearly always certain of, are lost by excessive doses. Too much quinine will also produce congestion of the ear and vibration of the auditory nerves. The growing habit of taking quinine for neuralgia and other like complaints, without consulting a physician, is altogether reprehensible and may lead to very serious results. Many cases of deafness are produced by overdoses and long-continued use of the drug."

Dr. George M. Sternberg, United States army, has returned to Baltimore, says the Sun of that city, from his trip to Havana, whither he was sent by the Government to investigate the yellow fever. He made numerous autopsies in the military hospital in Havana, the results of which confirmed the conclusions reached in his previous investigations in Havana in 1879, and in Brazil and Mexico the past year, that no micro-organisms or bacteria have been found in the blood of yellow fever patients, consequently the claims of Dr. Domingos Freire of Brazil, and Dr. Carmona y Valle, of Mexico, that they found germs are unsupported by Dr. Sternberg's autopsies. He does not, however, assert positively that no germs exist and may not be discovered in the future. If, adds the Sun, the positions of Drs. Freire and Valle should be established by further researches, protective inoculation against yellow fever would be the great boon conferred on mankind.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

The Steamer City of Sidney, which arrived at San Francisco from Hong Kong and Yokohama, brings through the Japanese journals the particulars of the volcanic eruption of Bandai bank on the 15th of July. The details of the catastrophe came in a somewhat despoiled form. The Choya Shinbun dispatched a special reporter to the scene. According to his account the villages surrounding Bandai heard the strange rumbling sounds and felt the shocks of the earthquake from 13th. These phenomena continued intermittently for two days and nights, but not being attended by any serious result no great disquiet was felt. On the morning of the 15th, at about 8 o'clock, smaller Bandai San trembled and roared violently. Immediately afterwards ashes began to fall, the sky suddenly grew dark and the rumbling sounds continued, accompanied by violent earthquakes and flare of dazzling flame. The crest of the smaller Bandai San appeared to be lifted bodily upwards and then to fall again with a tremendous noise. Then followed showers of red mud, mingled with large stones, spreading havoc around. Such, indeed, was the nature of nearly all erupted; and mud with no small stones, but accompanied occasionally by heavy rocks. Nearly 500 were killed.

Princess Tiroque, of the Mohawk tribe, Six Nations, made an interesting and instructive temperance address at a recent meeting of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, Washington, D. C. The Princess wore a rich satin dress, the skirt of which was hand-painted with flowers in a fine style of art.

KERRECTED.

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule down thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest way.
I heard some talk in the village about her fly-
in high.
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter
dew ter fly.
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk
ontell
She come in her reglar boardin' round ter
visit with us a spell.
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever sence
they could walk.
An' it tuk me aback ter hear her kerrectin' him
in his talk.
Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he
hain't his beat fer work;
But I sez ter myself, "look out, my gal, yer
afoolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderfully patient, an' said it a
mournful way
He psoned he was behind hand with the do-
in's at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' fer some o' my
Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say, "them air,"
stid o' "them in" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann ker' at him stiddy, mornin'
an' evenin' long.
Tell he dassent open his mouth fer fear o'
talkin' wrong.
One day I was pickin' currants down by the
old quince tree,
When I heard Jake's voice a-sayin' "Be ye wil-
lin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann kerrectin'—"Air ye willin' yeen
sh'd say?"
Our Jake he put his foot down in a plum de-
cided way,
"No whamin' folks is a-goin' ter rearrangin'
me!
Hereafter I say craps, them is, I calk late, an'
I be,
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark
ter what I say,
But I ain't a-goin' ter take no sase from folks
from Injun Bay.
I ask ye free an' final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry
me?"
An' Mary Ann sez tremblin' yet anxious-like
"I be!"

F. E. PRATT.

THE FISHER-BOY'S HUNT.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"AN! Dan! Dan!"
Dan Fuller was crossing a bleak, rocky hill on his way to his home in a sheltered little nook at the foot of the hill. He heard, or he thought he heard, somebody calling. He stopped abruptly. He turned his excited face toward the sea tossing restlessly to the east of the hill.

"Seems like Will calling," said Dan, eagerly.
He listened again. It seemed to come once more:
"Dan! Dan! Dan!"
Was it that or only the wind blowing over the white-capped waves in the bay and then moaning through the firs at the foot of the hill? A boy's excited imagination would explain all the rest.
"It is Will!" said Dan.
Will was Dan Fuller's brother. The autumn before he had gone to the eastward in a Gloucester fishing smack which never made harbor again. The wild, wrecking sea somewhere covered every trace of the fisher-boy from Gloucester. Will and Dan had had a strong desire to try their luck in a fishing trip. The mother had consented that Will might go, but Dan must stay at home. Notwithstanding his brother's loss Dan had an overmastering desire to try his hand. Since his brother's death that pitiless sea somehow fascinated him more than ever.

"I must surely go now," he said, hurrying home, that gusty day, across the hill.
The Widow Fuller, as her neighbors called her, was busy with her preparations for supper in the little red farmhouse cozily tucked into a niche in the hill. Arthur, the oldest son, who thriftily managed the farm, had just gone out to the long barn that snugly sheltered the cattle.

"Mother," said Dan, as he entered the kitchen, addressing her very abruptly, "I must go to sea."
"Oh, Dan!"
"I think mother," he said, lowering his voice, "I think I heard his voice. It sounded just like him."
"His voice, Dan? You mean Will?"
"Yes, coming over the hill," he answered, soberly.

"She said nothing more. She knew Dan's nature; that hasty opposition would be harmful. She asked Arthur's advice.
"Well, mother," he said, "you know those two boys were just crazy for one another. Will's gone and Dan's more restless than ever. I think he has a salt-water trouble that only salt water will cure, and you might as well let him go now as any time. You don't want me to say that, but it's the way I feel."
It was decided the next day that Dan might go. He did not tell everything in his heart. He believed that in all probability Will was lost, but we all know that when out of that great, sad mystery, "Lost at sea," there comes neither face nor form nor voice to bring any positive intelligence, the heart clings to a very faint, shadowy hope that perhaps someone dear to us may yet be alive.

"I shall never be satisfied," Dan would say to himself, "till I go to the Banks where Will was last seen."

When the neighbors knew that Dan Fuller was going off in the fishing-schooner, the "Jaunty," from the port

of Gloucester, there were many good wishes expressed. Ben Lovis did not say anything pleasant. He was a stout, heavy boy about Dan's age. He had been an old rival of Will Fuller in the days when together they went to school, or swam off the beach below the hill, or fished in a dory that swung lazily in the swell off Rocky Point. The rival had become a bitter enemy. He had said hard, untrue things of Will Fuller. The vessel in which Will went off fishing had not had a good name at Gloucester. Ben had seen it, came home one day and maliciously commended it to Will, who ventured his all when he concluded to go in it. Dan was not going to try his luck save in a good craft. His chest was packed. His mother had this parting wish for him: "Be a good boy, Dan, and if—you think—that Will called—you—then—if—if—anybody wants or—or—you ever want to—to do wrong—you hear his—voice—calling you away—away from—"

Her last words were smothered in the apron with which she was wiping away the tears that glistened on her cheeks.

The "Jaunty," was a schooner built for the fisheries, rigged fore and aft, and rated at "eighty tons." When Dan went down into the cabin he cried, "Ain't this cute!"

It was a little cabin, tiers of bunks occupying its sides, and in the centre was a table that Black Bob, the cook, had set with all the tempting items of a chowder dinner.

"Hello! There's Dan! Set right down!" cried Clipper Tim Jeffrey in a loud, hospitable voice.

Besides the skipper, Dan did not think that he knew one of the hands at the table, but his stage ride to Gloucester had given him an appetite sharp and strong. A chilling wind was blowing out of the east, and the little cabin was warm and sheltered and homelike.

"Isn't this splendid!" exclaimed Dan, half way through his first plate of chowder.

"Is it," said a low voice behind him. "Wait until ye've tasted salt water down by the Banks."

Dan turned and there was Ben Lewis. "You here?" said Dan, abruptly.

"O' course I am! Don't greenhorns need to be told what to do by somebody?" asked Ben, with a sneer.

"Well," replied Dan, "if I am all that, it will be like one sculpin telling another sculpin how to bite at a hook."

The sculpin is one name for a fish that has an immense cave for a mouth, and if its name were changed to "gulping," it would be very appropriate. The men at the table laughed heartily. Skipper Jeffrey yelled out, "Purty good!" Ben scowled and looked sullen as a fog-bank. He did not make any other attack on Dan that day or the next, but, although he was silent, Dan was very sorry to see him.

"If I had known he would be here, don't believe I should have come," thought Dan.

Then he thought of Will, of the great sea which, while covering up all traces of Will, might yet reveal some sign of him or the vessel in which he had sailed. "I am glad I am here," thought Dan. "I will do the best I can."

Favorite resorts of the Gloucester fishermen are the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and also banks known as the "Georges." The fishermen go in small vessels, braving the wildest weather for the sake of the fare that these fishing grounds promise.

Peculiar dangers attend these trips. Sometimes their vessels lie in the pathway of the huge iron racers between Europe and America, and down into the ocean may be pressed the daring little Yankee vessel. One method of fishing is that old-fashioned way, by hand, and the other is that of the trawl, a long, stout rope from which hang many fishing lines. The lengthy trawl is stretched out and buoyed up, and then to the suspended hooks rush the greedy cod, many of them never going away again. The setting and hauling of the trawls may be attended with serious risks when the fogs settle down thick and blinding, and the trawlers anxiously ask, "Which way is the schooner?" It may be stormy weather, too, upon the Banks, and the little craft may not outride the gale.

Dan Fuller worked diligently, and every opportunity that he had, when other vessels met the "Jaunty," he asked again and again if anything had been heard of Will's vessel, the "Fish-Hawk."

"Oh, she is lost, sure!" was the answer given more than once.

"Didn't you know that?" asked one skipper. "I thought the 'Fish-Hawk' was given up long ago."

Dan always had a sorrowful face after these interviews.

Dan and Ben Lewis worked side by side, but Dan knew that he did not work with a friend. Ben lost no opportunity to show that he was Dan's enemy. This had been specially noticed just before the breaking loose of a heavy gale out of the northeast. How the wind whistled through the rigging of the "Jaunty!" Every shroud, stay, ratline, became the wire of a harp, firm, tense, and resonant in the wild wind playing upon it.

Again and again Dan seemed to hear Will's voice calling, "Dan! Dan! Dan!" Then Dan would shake his head mournfully. The sea was swollen into huge, frightful billows, and they were crested with foam, which, breaking, would be flung down their green slopes till they looked like great monsters, mad and frothing. The "Jaunty" was anchored but the strain on her hawser was very severe. While one moment there was room for doubt whether she would be kept from drifting, another moment a great sea might sweep over her deck. There was room for fear that these huge hammer-like billows might seriously pound and bruise her.

"Look out!" cried Dan to Ben.

"Look out yourself!" snarled Ben.

"I mean to!" said Dan, gripping a coil of rope one end of which was fastened to a ringbolt.

"Babies tie up!" was Ben's sneering comment on Dan's prudence.

The next moment, Ben was going over the vessel's rail in the strong, fierce grasp of a sweeping billow! Dan clung for his life.

"Good enough for him!" muttered Dan.

It was then he seemed to hear a voice, "Dan! Dan! Dan!"

He looked up amid the flying spray. "It is Will!" he moaned.

He seemed to hear his mother's voice, too, saying, "If you ever want to do wrong, you hear his voice calling you away from it."

The next moment Dan had kicked off his heavy boots, was climbing the schooner's rail, still clinging to one end of that rope, and then threw himself into the sea. Ben was just ahead, turning now and with ghastly face looking toward the schooner. He could swim, but he was no match for Dan, who was called at home a water-dog. In that confusing, driving sea, amid those terrible billows swelling, towering, Ben's strength would soon have been exhausted. He could now make out that somebody was coming from the schooner toward him. He could make out a face. He caught a glimpse of the rope. It aroused him to new effort. He swam harder. There, in the terrible sea, Dan and Ben met, and Dan shouted, "Hold on to this!"

A dozen strong, brown hands were laid on that line to which Dan and Ben clung.

"Easy, boys!" shouted the skipper to his men. "Pull stiddy! Look out for breakers!" Clinging to any chance support as they pulled, they drew out of that maelstrom of death the two young fishermen.

A month after this the "Jaunty" sailed, one Tuesday, into Gloucester harbor. Wednesday Dan was at home in the little red farmhouse, telling about his trip.

"Mother," said Dan, soberly, "I thought I might hear something about Will at the Banks, but I didn't hear a word about Will. I heard him calling me, one fearful storm."

"You did?"

"Yes, mother."

He did not tell her he had obeyed the voice and rescued Will's enemy. Others told the mother about the rescue.

"Didn't pick up anything about Will, mother, but I feel nearer to him," said Dan.

Widow Fuller started, urged by some unknown fear. Arthur was observant. He noticed her agitation.

"Mother," he said, at dusk, when they were alone, "guess I wouldn't encourage Dan to talk about Will—"

"I don't, Arthur."

"You see, it lays in my mind just this way, the boy is crazy to find his brother, and I believe it was the secret of his going away. Don't you see, mother? Now, he thought he heard Will, but it was only Dan's mind a-workin'."

She was silent.

"Folks that talk that way about them that are gone will—I don't know, but it makes me shiver."

It did not make Dan shiver. When a fever set in which the doctor said could be traced back to Dan's exposure in that storm at the Banks, Dan was out of his head and talked about Will, but these thoughts were not unwelcome. They seemed to make a restful music in the sick boy's soul.

"Arthur, he's no better," moaned the widow, "the doctor says he can't be well again, and he's all the time a-talkin' about Will. Can't find him, you see, Hark!"

A summons from Dan's Bed.

"Open the window!" he said.

They raised the window toward the sea, and the gentle hushed roar along the sands, could be heard in the chamber of death.

"Hark!" said Dan, looking up, a soft, bright light shining in his dark eyes. "Don't you hear him?"

"Who is it?" sobbed his mother.

"Hark!" don't you hear Will? He's a-calling! He's come! I knew he wasn't lost! Oh, no—no—"

The next moment the fisher-boy had found his brother and they were joined forevermore.—Christian Union.

A Terrible Bedfellow.

The Gettysburg Post-Compiler tells this startling story.—Mrs. T. J. Eby lives with her husband on a farm near Mahanango, Juniata County. They have a three-months-old baby, and the youngster had a terrible experience the other night. Mr. Eby had been in the habit of putting the babe in its carriage and placing it under a tree in the yard. The child also slept in the coach at night. A night or two ago Mrs. Eby heard her baby uttering a half-suppressed cry. It was soon still, however; but later in the night the mother was again awakened. This time the child continued to cry, and Mrs. Eby took it to bed with her. The next morning the woman was about to put baby in the carriage again, when she was surprised to find a large black snake coiled among the blankets. She killed and burned the reptile. The child's neck was marked with red streaks, which indicated that the snake had coiled around the child's throat. Mrs. Eby thinks that the reptile tried to suck the milk out of the child's throat. The little one has nearly recovered, but was sick for a few days.

There is a man in Palatka, Fla., who imagines that he is a teapot. He is perfectly sane on every other subject, but nothing can convince him that he is not a teapot, and earthen at that. He sticks out one arm to represent the spout, bends the other to represent the handle, makes a hissing noise to represent the escaping steam, and then, if any one comes near him, is very uneasy lest they hit him and break off his handle or his spout.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

THE BEST THE FUNNY MEN CAN DO IN WARM WEATHER.

A Disability Pension—Music in the Air—A Poser on Papa—Summer Bills—Some Advice, Etc., Etc.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

Miss Clara (retired for the night)—Ethel, wake up; there is the sweetest music you ever heard in front of the house. I just expected that Charley and his friends would serenade us to-night. Miss Ethel (excited)—Oh, Clara, isn't it lovely? Oughtn't we to drop some flowers from the window?

Miss Clara—Oh, I think so (dropping a bunch of roses with great caution). There, Ethel.

Voice (below)—Mein Gott in Himmel, ve no lif on roses.—Sun.

A WILL.

Grieved Sister—O, Harold, you don't know what I would give to see you go to work with a will.

Wayward Brother—Go to work with a will, eh? Well, my dear sister, you just wait till uncle dies and you'll see me do it, if the will doesn't suit me.



AS THEY DO IT IN BOSTON.

Elderly Lady (to platform guard, at Boston and Albany station)—Which car do I want to take?

Polite Railroad Man—You will pardon me, madam, for answering your question with another, but the solution of the proposition depends, to a somewhat broad extent, on where you want to go.—Time.

IT DID NOT COUNT.

Ethel—Is it true, Clara, that you are engaged?

Clara—Yes, dear.

Ethel—When is it coming off?

Clara—Why, you silly thing, not at all. It's only a summer engagement, and doesn't count.—Washington Critic.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

"I cannot give you a definite answer to-night, M. Paperwate," said the girl softly; "you must give me a month to think it over."

"Very well," was the young man's response, "and in the mean time I can think it over myself."

FULLY INSURED.

"So Reddy has been drowned. Pretty rough on his family."

"Oh, no, not so bad. The family's all right. He had a ten thousand dollar life insurance policy; but it may be rough on Reddy himself."

"Oh, no, he's safe enough. He had a fire insurance policy, too."

A PROFIT.

Customer (to restaurant proprietor)—That coffee I just had wasn't as good as my mother used to make by a long shot.

Proprietor—It's the best we can do, sir, at five cents a cup. I s'pose your mother got ten for her's?

AN UNRELIABLE SON.

Father—You have given up your position again, I see.

Son—Yes, father.

"That's the third or fourth time this year you have left your position. I don't think you would stick to your business if you did nothing but sell fly-paper."

IN HIS LINE.

"What a terrible clamor that man does make!" remarked Mrs. Yeast, as a clam vender passed the house.

"Well, that's his business," remarked her husband.

"What's his business?"

"He's a clammer."

DANGERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Attorney—Miss Someage, you are the plaintiff in this suit for breach of promise. I believe?

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. Squint, here, is the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Someage, you may tell the court how and when he promised to make you his wife."

"It was on the 3d of September last, sir. I went into his photograph gallery, and asked him if he would take me, and he said he would."—San Francisco West.

ROBINSON'S CHOICE.

"What? Leave these cool breezes for a summer in Canada?"

"Well, my husband is there—and"—

"Goodness! The idea of his going there!"

"Well, he preferred Canada to Sing Sing."

COLLECTIONS SLOW.

Brown—Can you let me have the \$5 you owe me, Robinson?

Robinson—Can't do it possibly, old man; I'm just off for a month's vacation, and will need every cent I've got.

Brown (a month later)—How about that little \$5, Robinson; can you let me have it now?

Robinson—Wha-at! Why, mad alive, I'm just back from a month's vacation!