

# The World

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NO. 50

## THE ALL OF THE YEAR.

Of the sime are yellow,  
The apple are made,  
The corn is ripe in the ear,  
The birds leave off nesting,  
The earth begins resting,  
Because 'tis the fall 'o' the year.  
The crickets are calling,  
The red leaves are falling,  
In the field the stubble is bare;  
The day of the clover  
Will be over,  
I came in the fall 'o' the year.  
Since summer is fitting,  
Friend it is fitting,  
The heart shall make double cheer;  
So let us go smiling  
With love life beginning,  
Be gone 'tis the fall 'o' the year.

## How it Was Cleared Up.

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Ginnett, who was hardly ever known to be in a hurry, bustled into the front office with a check in his hand.

"Here Kendall," calling me from my desk, "I must have the money on this before the bank closes and there isn't a moment to lose."  
I clapped on my hat and took the check and was off.

The paying teller, as I entered the bank, already had his thumb on the spring which held up the small sash with its pane of ground glass which was accustomed to drop every day so exact at the instant the hand of the bank clock pointed to three, that one might have supposed the same machinery governed both.

"You're just in time," said the punctual official.  
"And that only after a sharp run on you," I answered.  
The bad joke was either unnoticed or treated with contempt. The money was counted out in silence, the spring touched, and the sash fell.

Within half a block I encountered Elnathan Ganche, a fellow-clerk, hastening to meet me.  
"Mr. Ginnett was obliged to take the first train to B—," said Elnathan, "and couldn't wait your return. Another leaves half an hour later, and he wishes you to follow on that with the money."  
"Where will he stop in B—?"  
"Oh, I had nearly forgotten to tell you that. At— at the— House."  
A glance at my watch proved that I had no time to spare. A smart walk brought me to the depot, whence the train started a minute after I had taken my seat.

It was night when I stepped from the train— A touch on the shoulder made me turn quickly.  
"Your name is Kendall?" said a sharp-visaged, keen-eyed man, in a mixed tone of question and assertion.  
"It is," I answered.  
"George Kendall?"  
I bowed stiffly, thinking the stranger a little inquisitive.

He held up his finger and a couple of policemen approached.  
"You must accompany these gentlemen and myself," said the sharp-visaged man. "May I ask why?" I returned.  
"You shall learn in good time," replied the other. "You might find it embarrassing to receive the explanation here."

A hack was called, which all four of us entered without further parley, which I saw was useless.  
After a rapid drive of several minutes we alighted before a building with a bright light over the door. The sharp-featured man immediately entered, followed by the two policemen and myself.

"A man in uniform, behind a desk, took down my name, and such other particulars as I supposed it is usual to note on such occasions. Next I was put through a rigid search. Among other effects found upon me was, of course, the roll of bills I had drawn from the bank.

"Perhaps you can explain how you came by these," remarked the sharp-featured man dryly.  
"Certainly," I answered. "I drew them from the Bank to-day, on my employer, Mr. Ginnett's check with which he sent me to bank for that purpose."  
"Isn't it a little singular," continued the questioner, "that after getting the money instead of carrying it to Mr. Ginnett, you took the next train to B—?"  
"Not at all," I replied, quickly. "I came with the money here at Mr. Ginnett's request."

"How do you account, then, for his telegraphing a description of you far and wide, and offering a reward for your arrest?"  
I was thunderstruck at the announcement, and my confusion was interpreted as an additional evidence of guilt.

I was locked up over night at the station house, and next day was taken back as a prisoner to confront my employer and answer the charge of embezzlement.

I had, as yet, entertained no suspicion of Elnathan Ganche. I felt sure he had fallen into some mistake, not yet cleared up, in communicating to me Mr. Ginnett's message, and was confident that Ganche's testimony would put everything to rights.

Judge of my surprise and indignation when on the witness stand, the villain denied having given me any instructions from Mr. Ginnett, or even having seen me after I left the counting house with the check.

I told my own story, but it was heard with incredulity. The evidence of the paying teller, Mr. Ginnett and Elnathan Ganche—every word of it true except the infamous suppression of a single fact by the latter—left the examining magistrate no room for doubt, and I was fully committed for trial. I was not long in divining Elnathan Ganche's motive. We had been rival suitors of Martha Hale, and my love had been preferred to his. Elnathan yielded with a good grace, seemingly, and even professed to be my friend—a profession I accepted the more readily, because I felt a secret pity for his disappointment.

His perfidy was now apparent. His plan was to fit upon me and such other particulars as I supposed it is usual to note on such occasions. Next I was put through a rigid search. Among other effects found upon me was, of course, the roll of bills I had drawn from the bank.

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proaching trial, of the result of which I spoke despondingly.  
"I wonder at your staying here to wait for it so patiently," said the jailer.  
"It's hardly a matter of choice," I answered.  
"Well, a strong, active young fellow like you might find his way out, one would think."  
There was a curious twinkle in the cunning old eyes which excited my attention.  
"I'm but old and feeble," he continued; "what's to hinder you, now for instance, from bidding me hand and foot, and after changing clothes with me, taking these keys and departing at your leisure?"  
"I'll do it!" I cried, springing to my feet in an instant man owes no submission to the law's injustice!"  
"Come, don't get excited," whined the jailer in a tone of mock alarm. "I'll not drive you to the use of force, which would be useless to resist."  
And to see the cheerfulness with which he submitted to the substitution of his garments for mine, one would have supposed it would have been a friendly exchange.

With strips torn from my sheet, I bound the docile keeper hand and foot, placed him in an easy posture on the bed, gagged his mouth comfortably, took his bundle of keys, locked him in, pulled his hat over my eyes and soon was a free man.

Before morning I was miles away, and at the next stopping town shipped as a common sailor.

In a foreign land I began life anew, and in a few years succeeded in gaining a comfortable living. But what value wealth, or even life itself, when not shared by her whose absence made all else worthless?

At times I was tempted to write to Martha. "But no," I said, doubtless she too believes me guilty. How can she do otherwise in the face of the evidence and my own flight?"

One day I was met and recognized by an old friend traveling abroad. Instead of shunning, he met me cordially.  
"Why have you never returned to visit your old home," he asked, "or at least communicated with your friends?"  
"A strange question," I replied. "You cannot have forgotten the cruel suspicion."  
"Surely you have heard how all that was cleared up!"

"Cleared up!" I exclaimed with that tremor of the heart one experiences at a sudden glimpse of hope which he dreads to see extinguished the next moment.  
"Quite cleared up," replied my friend.  
"Elnathan Ganche fell a victim to the epidemic last summer, and on his death-bed he acknowledged all."

"And Martha Hale?"  
"Still single and as beautiful as ever, though a trifle melancholy at times. Her friends say there is a certain person whose presence, they think, would cheer her up mightily."  
The next steamer carried me home, where everybody had me welcome, and Martha no the least warmly. She has quite explained the mystery of the jailer's conduct. He had lived as a domestic in the family of Martha's father when he was a child, and was devotedly attached to her.

How he and she plotted together against me, it would be a branch of confidence to tell.

Various combination of ammonia and borax have been suggested in Paris for rendering textile fabrics unflammable. Here is one applicable to all kinds of goods: Sulphate of ammonia (pure), 8 kilos; carbonate of ammonia, 2.5 kilos; boracic acid, 3 kilos; borax (pure), 1.7; starch, 7 kilos; water, 100 kilos. It is simply necessary to steep the fabrics in a hot solution composed as above until they have become thoroughly impregnated, then dry, and they are dried and dried sufficiently to enable them to be ironed or pressed like starched goods. A second composition to be used for theatrical scenery (or the mounted but unpainted canvas to be used for this purpose), and also woodwork, furniture, door and window frames, etc. It is to be applied with a brush like ordinary paint. It is composed of boracic acid, 5 kilos; hydrochloric of ammonia or sal ammoniac, 15 kilos; potassium persulphate, 5 kilos; gelatine, 1.5 kilos; size, 50 kilos; water, 100 kilos; to which is added a sufficient quantity of a suitable calcareous substance to give the composition sufficient body or consistency. Another composition, applicable to all kinds of paper, whether printed or not, including securities, books, etc., is formed of sulphate of ammonia (pure), 8 kilos; boracic acid, 3 kilos; borax, 17 kilos; water, 100 kilos. The solution is heated to 122 degrees Fahrenheit. If the paper be in sheets or printed, it is simply immersed in the solution, spread out to dry, and afterward pressed to restore the gloss destroyed by the moisture. The above composition insure a high degree of incombustibility. The proportions of the several ingredients are given as examples only, and may be varied as found necessary in practice.

Fire-proof Compositions.

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Form of Lightning.

A flash of lightning is a very large spark of electricity; just the same thing that one sees given by an electric machine in a lecture on natural philosophy, the only difference being that the best machine will not give a spark more than a yard long, while some flashes of lightning have been estimated to be several miles in length. According to their appearance, various names have been given to these sparks in the sky, though in reality all the several kinds are of the same thing. On a warm summer evening one often sees the clouds on the horizon lit up with brilliant glows of lightning unaccompanied by any sound of thunder. To this appearance the name of heat lightning has been given, and the warm weather is often assigned as its cause. In point of fact, the heat lightning is only that of a thunder shower so far off that, while the observer can see the flash, no sound of thunder reaches him, and the intervening clouds veil and reflect the flash until it becomes a glow instead of the sharp streak usually seen. Where the flash, starting from one point, branches out and divides into several parts, it has received the name of "forked lightning." This is usually seen when the discharge is near the observer. Single flashes bearing a zigzag or crinkled aspect are denominated "chain lightning," probably from their resemblance to a chain thrown loosely on the ground. Again, when several discharges occur from about the same place at the same time, and are screened by rain or clouds so as to light up the heavens with a broad, bright glow, the title of "sheet lightning" is applied. There are, however, one rare manifestation, called "ball lightning." In this phenomenon, a small globe or ball of apparent fire rolls slowly along the ground, and after a time suddenly explodes, scattering destruction around. There are but few instances of this on record, and no very satisfactory explanation has ever accounted for this curious appearance.

Loas in Trackee.

A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and while we are telling it the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follow them, fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop seven hundred feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over one hundred feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully two hundred feet per second. One log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so to the right side of the chute, and is descending the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like a reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs one hundred and fifty feet vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket falls into the pond seventy yards from the log it struck.

## Uncle John on the Advent of Winter.

The last rose of summer has faded and gone. Fanny and parasols have been laid away, and dusters have become an abomination. The summer of 1879 has taken its place on the shelf, and its joys and pleasures, along with its dust, perspiration and heated misery, now exists only in memory.

No more summer night strolls in the moonlight; no more delightful plunges in the water; no more mosquito music, and no more flies in the butter.

Well, let it go. There are some pleasant features about summer, but give me the crisp and bracing air of winter—the invigoration which comes from exercise in the frosty air.

I never like the languor and laziness that seem to attach to warm weather. When the mercury is fooling around the 100 degrees mark on the thermometer, people seem to move and breathe as if they were maintaining life under protest. You rise in the morning as if it was a great exertion to get out of bed, and even the operation of eating is performed as if it were a penalty inflicted for some kind of crime.

There is nothing like cold weather to stir up a man's energy. It brightens the eye, hastens the pace and stimulates the ambition. Even the average tramp, on a sharp and frosty morning, enlivens his gait so that you can see him, without taking sight by a telegraph pole.

Winter is not looked forward to with longing by the very poor, who dread the necessity of coal and clothing; but fortunately there are not many people in the United States, proportionately, who are in danger of suffering from want. The "hard time" exists no longer. Business of all kinds is booming, and everybody feels confident and happy because of the auspicious outlook. All who are ready able and willing can get remunerative employment, and hence nobody need quake when the whistle of winter is heard.

Winter in the country is the jolliest of the seasons. Farmers don't have the benefit of the theatres and kindred amusements such as we have in the city, but they have glorious sleigh rides, joyous social gatherings and many accessories of pleasure that city folks never experience.

City folks don't know what winter fun is, unless there has been a mighty change since. I was a boy, some fifty years ago. It takes the blood in the old man's veins to jump and thump even now to think of the sleighing parties we used to have in the country. None of your starched affairs, with a driver perched up on a box in front and the sleighers sitting like starched mummies in the seats. None of your dress parade sleigh-riding through streets, passing hundreds of other sleighers, all starched and stiff and conscious of being on exhibition. No dragging through chocolate-colored snow, no bumping on the stone pavements, no twenty-five dollars to pay to the liverman the next day for your alleged fun.

Such is city sleigh-riding. But the country variety, when I was a boy, was a very different thing.

The old two horse sled, with the box full of clean straw. No seats, so starch, no dress parade. A dozen boys and girls squatted, miscellaneous in the straw, with enough buffalo robes to keep the party warm. The whip cracks and away we go. Over the country roads, through the spotsless snow, and nobody looking at us but the man in the moon, who seems to roughly wiggle his left eye. Everyone is talking. Eyes sparkle like the stars in the snow, cheeks glow like carnation roses, and happiness reigns supreme.

But the sleigh-rides are not the only attractions of country life in the winter time. There are the singing-schools, the spelling-bees and social parties.

Ah, yes, the spelling bees, how I used to enjoy them! Two rows of boys and girls, hand-spelling words fired at them by the local school teacher, and the horse made in the ranks by misspelling! Well I remember once when all was spelled down but myself and Matilda Jane Tompkins. Matilda was a sweet little girl and I was sweet on Matilda. We were on opposite sides, of course, and as the hard words were given I trembled for fear she would miss first. At last I spelled Cincinnati with two "t's," and the look of pain she gave me showed that she would rather have missed herself. I saw Matilda Jane about a year ago. She has grandchildren older than she and I were at the time of the spelling-match, and she has got into the habit of wearing her teeth in a glass of water at night.

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## Feeding Snakes.

As a feeder the snake is mighty irregular, and his appetite is always about four times too large for his organs of digestion. They have long since found this out at the Philadelphia "Zoo," and the superintendent is just now endeavoring to know how he will be able to find the proper food for the serpent family under his care.

The small species of land snakes feed on toads, lizards, grasshoppers and other members of the insect and reptile world, and at times it is very difficult to supply the demand of these voracious "varmints." The King and calico snakes belong to this same class, but if famine should occur these two species are cannibalistically inclined, and would weather the hard times by swallowing each other. In the big case in the snake house are twenty-six boas, the largest of which is 14 feet in length and 24 inches in circumference. The business of the boa is simply to slither about to wait for its prey, and then to the himself up in a graceful knot and doze calmly for several weeks, while the spectators gaze on him and speculate on his easy job, and what they would do were they to encounter him alone in a jungle with nothing but a Barlow knife as a weapon of defense.

Though not particular about his food, the boa is not so catholic in his choice of food. He will eat any reptile or mammal up to and including a man. Nature has provided him and other members of the reptile family with an accommodating head, the roof of which in a manner lifts off and allows the introduction of toothsome morsels that would crowd a quarter peck measure to make a meal.

But the appetites of the snakes are not limited to the world of reptiles. One of the Zoo has been feeding on boys and rats, and just now rabbits and rats are being scarce. They have been tempted with sportive and innocent little kittens, and an occasional pup has been placed at their disposal, and at times spring chickens and pigeons; but the boa cannot stomach a cat.

Not long ago a snake, named "Hercules," was fed on the feathers of a turkey. Hercules is that his diet is reduced right down to rats, with now and then a rabbit to regulate his liver. Every zoological garden grows immense crops of rats, and rabbits are popped into the world in astonishing numbers. But the appetites of the snakes are not limited to the world of reptiles. One of the Zoo has been feeding on boys and rats, and just now rabbits and rats are being scarce. They have been tempted with sportive and innocent little kittens, and an occasional pup has been placed at their disposal, and at times spring chickens and pigeons; but the boa cannot stomach a cat.

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## The Art of Stealing.

Although in Paris, and perhaps all over the Continent, our country is popularly supposed to be the training school for the ablest thieves; and the headquarters of the *pique poquette*, there are evidences that the French capital can produce in abundance a hardly inferior article. Glancing at random over the columns of a serious and well-informed Paris paper, we find three paragraphs close together, each containing an account of robberies effected in a masterly style which would do credit to the East end of London.

An individual arriving at the Orleans terminus fell in with a man who represented himself to be a boot-maker from Bordeaux. They walked into the town together, and were presently met by a Pole, carrying a heavy hand-bag, full, he said, of gold and banknotes. The latter soon found an excuse to leave the precious bag in charge of his new friend, exacting at the same time the deposit of his purse "as a guarantee of good faith."

It is unnecessary to add that he never returned, and that the bag, on being opened was found to contain lead and rubbish.

On the same day, in a cafe in the Boulevard St. Michel, three or four persons sat down and partook of some refreshments, after which one of them went up to the counter and asked for change for a 100 franc note. The five gold pieces were duly counted out to him, and he took them up, holding the note in his hand all the time. The moment he had safe hold of them, however, he rushed out suddenly by the door, and was quickly in a cab which his companions had brought to a convenient place outside. This is said to be the fourth time that the same trick has been successfully played quite lately in this one boulevard.

The last of the cases reported, and, perhaps, the most ingenious, is that of a messenger sent out to deliver a valuable packet from one of the ladies' shops to a customer in the *Vincennes*. He was oppressed with the heat of the day, and sat down on a bench when an individual accosted him with the question "whether he would like to be mesmerized." The obliging offer was declined, but the mesmerist would not take any refusal, and began to "make passes" over the face of the victim, who soon succumbed to the charm.

When he awoke he found himself deprived of his bag of merchandise, but also his gold watch and chain, his hat, and even his boots. The charmer must be a magician worthy of a place in the "Arabian Nights."

An Amateur Mesmerist.

At a small party up in the Western Division, one night last week, a highly comic young man said early in the evening that he had a bulky idea for having some fun at the expense of a quiet and inoffensive guest who was expected later.

"I'll do it," said he, "I'll mesmerize you." "I'll do it," said he, "I'll mesmerize you." "I'll do it," said he, "I'll mesmerize you."

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