

Beaver & Gephart

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A STITCH IN TIME.

It started with the black and white exhibition last year. I was going through with my Uncle Mark, and he stopped in front of a picture labeled "The Chemist," and I asked uncle what he thought of it. I had been working down at the School of Mines myself for the past month, but had said nothing about it to Uncle Mark. "I hate the sight of all of them," cried the old gentleman, irascibly. "Since my aunt eloped with a young whippersnapper of an apothecary's clerk, thirty years ago, and brought disgrace to our family, I feel my fingers itch to destroy all their drugs and villainous compounds. I heard you talking last summer about taking up something of the kind, Mark, and if you had you'd have been ten thousand dollars poorer than you will be now. I'd not have left you a cent, sir—not a penny, sir. The Hepworths have always been gentlemen, and I should be sorry, sir, to see one of them become a syrup-mixer." "But, uncle, there is a great deal of difference between a chemist and a drug store clerk. Every great scientific man must understand chemistry, and even if—" "Don't you tell me, sir. I know 'em all, sir. These chemists are all alike, sir!" "Well," I replied, meekly giving in, "why didn't you say something to me about it at the time?" Then, fearful lest he might find me out, I added: "I might have gone on and become a chemist for all you said about it then." "I don't want to influence you, Mark. You can go and do as you please for anything I shall say. I have no authority over you, and don't want any. Only, I didn't intend to leave my money to any apothecary, sir." "This was pleasant, to say the least! I firmly resolved to leave the school of mines instanter. I had taken it up on the sly, intending to surprise my friends by the discovery of a new metal or some such exploit. I always washed my hands in weak acid before leaving the laboratory, and changed my clothes and had hitherto gone on undetected. So I felt I was safe if I stopped. "By the way, Uncle," I said, "think I shall go into business. Can you recommend me to any one of your business acquaintances? I should like to commence as soon as possible." Uncle Mark looked very much pleased. "That's right, my boy; that's right. I'll see what I can do for you. Meanwhile, I see pretty Miss McGregor over there, and I would be cruel to keep you away from her any longer, so, au revoir, Mark. Come and dine with me this evening," and the kind old gentleman slipped off in a moment. I instantly shot into the next room to Miss McGregor's side. She also was standing there looking at "The Chemist." "Well, Miss Flora," I said "what do you think of it?" She turned quickly and stretched out her hand. "Good-morning, Hepworth," she cried smiling. "You were not at all startled?" I said, holding her hand—such a sweet little hand, that it was a positive pain to let go—"and yet you did not hear me come up?" "No," said she, letting her hand still lie in mine; "but it seemed so natural to have you standing there," and then she suddenly blushed, and drew her hand out of my vigorous grasp. "That is," she added, "I mean that—that is—" "She was growing rosily red, so I came to her rescue. "You mean, Miss Flora," I said, with a faint attempt at jocoseness, "that I have inflicted myself on you so much lately that you have come to look on me as an inevitable, although tiresome incubus. Well, I admit that I have haunted your steps very much lately, and if it annoys you, you must send me packing. I don't wonder that you become awfully bored." "I did not mean that, Mr. Hepworth," she said, hastily. "Miss Flora, my name is not Mr. Hepworth," I interrupted. She looked at me a little astonished. "Your name is not Mr. Hepworth?" "No. That is, not to you. My name is Mark, Miss Flora, if you please." "But I don't please," she said, with a pleasant little laugh. "That is—not yet. Why, I have only known you for a half-year! But to change the subject, are you going to Mrs. De Morris Brown's next Tuesday night?" "I haven't been asked that I know of," said I, sadly. "I don't know Mrs. Brown."

RUNNING THE BLOKKADE.

Vessels Built Specially to Defy Federal Pursuit. Some Exciting and Valuable Captures by the Union Blockading Fleets. The vessels built for blockade running were built for the purpose. They were long, narrow, low side-wheel steamers, with sharp bows that cut the water like a knife, powerful engines, raking funnels, and two masts, rigged as schooners. The hull rose only a few feet above the water. They were painted a dull gray, so that even in the daytime it would be difficult to see them far away. The forward part of the deck was covered over, so that they could run through heavy seas. Before the war there was little commerce between England and the Bermuda Islands, but now the harbors were alive with ships—great sea-going steamers from England loaded with arms, cannon powder, goods of all kinds—returning to England freighted with cotton. The blockade runners brought the cotton from Wilmington and Charleston, delivered it to the large steamers, took on board the goods, arms and ammunition, and steamed back to those ports, always planning to run past the blockade vessels in the night. When coming in all lights were put out, the steam was blown off under water. A man up in the "crow's nest" on the forward mast kept a sharp lookout for the Union vessels. The pilots knew every channel and sand bar. The blockade runner was only a runner, not a fighter. If he came too close to a war ship he took to his heels. The runners were so swift, the war ships so slow, that they were rarely captured when the chase was a stern one. It was a hard, exciting service which the blockade fleets endured. During the day the vessels cruised along the shores, looking into all the inlets, or sailing eastward to discover any approaching blockade runner, but at sunset they came close in-shore; almost under the guns of Fort Sumner at Charleston, or Fort Fisher at Wilmington. All lights were put out, except the one lantern at the masthead of the Commodore's vessel. Men were up in the rigging straining their eyes through the night to catch sight of the swift runners. On an October night, 1863, the Venus from Nassau approached Wilmington. The lookout up at the masthead of the steamer Nasemond discovered her. Lieut. Lamson, commanding the Nasemond, when he had a duty to perform was always ready. The fires were blazing under his boilers—the steam was up. In an instant the Nasemond was a way. "Give her a shot!" he shouted. The long rifle guns flashed. The shot shattered the foremost of the Venus; another shot goes through her cabin; the third crashes through the foremast, killing a sailor; the fourth strikes the hull below the water line. The vessels are fast, going fourteen knots an hour. The captain of the Venus sees that he cannot make the harbor and runs for the shore. She strikes hard and fast; the crew leap into the water and reach the sandy beach. The Nasemond lowers her boats and takes possession of the vessel. The Venus cannot be moved; she is set on fire and the Nasemond, at daylight, steams away. "There she is!" the lookout of the Nippon shouted it at daybreak a few mornings later. Captain Breck, commanding the Nippon, saw a side-wheel steamer close in shore making for Wilmington Harbor. Another blockader was in pursuit. The Nippon was in position to intercept the runner—the Ella and Anna. The captain of the runner sees that he is cut off and he determines to run the Nippon down. Captain Breck sees the situation. "Ready, boarders!" he shouts, and the sailors, who have been thoroughly drilled, seize their pistols and swords. The cannon of the Nippon send a shower of canister. The next moment there is a crash, and the bowsprit of the Nippon breaks like a pipestem. Over the rail swarm the boarders, and the next moment the Ella and Anna is theirs, with 300 cases of rifles and a cargo worth \$118,000. The vessel is renamed the Malvern, and becomes one of the blockading fleet. A great many blockade runners were captured and destroyed, but the profits were so enormous that others were willing to run the risk of being captured for the high wages they received. A captain received \$5,000 for each successful trip, each one of the crew \$250, the chief engineer \$2,500 and the pilot \$8,700. A little boy had his long curls cut off the other day, and was annoyingly reminded of the fact by the remarks of all his friends. Going with his family into the country, soon after his arrival he came running into the house in great sorrow, crying, Mamma, mamma, even the hens laugh at me. They all say 'cut-out-cut, got your hair cut.'

Brain Power.

Abundant Opportunity for Its Exercise on the Farm. About the best use a farmer can make of himself is, to devote the present long winter evenings to an increase of his mental activity. Farms differ in their productiveness, mainly according to the amount of intelligence that is brought to their cultivation. Brain power may be increased by a thorough knowledge of the present condition of the farm, and its worth as a machine for making money. What crops have paid, and what have been raised and sold at a loss? What per cent has it paid on the capital invested? In the case of the gain, what secured it? Was it the manure applied; or the frequent tillage, or the extra amount of rainfall? In case of loss, was it the want of fertilizers, was the crop choked by weeds, or was the seed poor, and the crop damaged by late planting? This accounting for failures is as profitable as bragging over big crops, without making any record of the process of obtaining them. Brain-power may be increased by planning improvements. There may be several acres of peat-swamp or bog meadow, producing only brush and bog hay, hardly worth cutting. There is a good outlet, and it can be drained three feet or more deep. Cipher out the cost of draining, and of making it produce three tons of clover or timothy to the acre. Would not the sight of the wavering heads of the grass be more pleasing than the cat-tails, flags and skunk cabbage, that now waste their sweetness upon the desert air? There may be an acre of swale, underlaid with hard-pan, over which ferns, weeds and aquatic grasses run riot during the whole summer. Is it not time the bottom was knocked out of it, by tiles laid three or four feet in the ground, and the superfluous water compelled to go out through those instead of creeping lazily over the surface? It can be made the best grass land on the farm. Why not make it so, and handle the dollars that come from maximum crops? Brain-power can be increased by reading and digesting the instructive contents of agricultural papers. They are full of facts, showing just how to do it, and the process is made so luminous with illustration, "that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein."

Fun and Facts.

Words spoken in anger are sure to bring regret. It is more noble to make yourself great than to be born so. "What is laughter?" asks a philosopher. It is the sound you hear when your hat blows off. Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said, "Mamma, I guess they're having a sewing society." The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays; so home-light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words. Grace seeing her aunt write a message on a postal-card, called for an envelope, saying, "I'm going to write a letter, too, Aunt Jane; but I don't want it to go bareheaded like yours." The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men. An eccentric man, living on a farm on the edge of Rhode Island, was very averse to taking life. When asked why he didn't slaughter his fat pig, he replied, "I haven't the heart to kill it, for it seems so much like one of the family." "Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat while eating turn its head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the Professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once." An Irish judge had the habit of begging pardon on every occasion. One day as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on a prisoner as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I beg his pardon—bring him up." A DEFINITION OF ARISTOCRACY. "I like the Americans immensely," said an Englishman who had been hospitably entertained in America. "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asks his Yankee host. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" "The aristocracy," said the nobleman surprised. "Why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact the aristocracy." "Oh," said the American, smiling, "we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."

Anecdote of Senator Sumner.

Senator Sumner took quite an interest in me, and had an especial fondness of catching me by the ears. Often have I attempted to pass the senator, while he was walking to and fro on the floor of the senate, only to have both my ears seized good naturedly, and to be asked some kindly question. I shall always remember one of these adventures—for it was an adventure! He had sent me on an errand. Having returned, reported to him the answer, and received his deep-voiced thanks, I started to move away, but he had caught me, and continued his slow march. I in front, Indian file. As he was a tall man and I a very small boy in comparison, I had to walk on tip-toe to ease the pain, and even then it seemed as if my ear would come off my head. The worst of it was that he at once became so lost in thought that he forgot he had hold of me and mechanically paced up and down, with his long strides, while I danced a wild war dance, for a few minutes—it seemed to me hours—to the intense amusement of all who observed it. The more I struggled the more did I increase the agony, but I at last managed to wriggle away from his grasp. The sudden emptiness of his hands caused him to realize the state of affairs, and he begged my pardon so energetically, and the spectators smiled so audibly, that the proceedings of a senate were interrupted and Mr. Colfax actually had to tap with his gavel to restore order. But it was, after all, an honor to be noticed, even in that fashion, by so distinguished a man as Senator Sumner. He had the widest reputation of all the senators, and the first question most visitors to the senate would ask was: "Which is Charles Sumner?" There are twenty millions of people in Austro-Hungary who never read a newspaper.