

Beaver & Gephart

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The dinner was a merry one, the savant seemed to be an interesting man—in brief, I passed an excellent evening. The air had been heavy the whole day, and in the evening a storm came on. Thunder-claps succeeded one another without interruption; the rain fell in torrents.

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The Walled-in Room.

Being the Terrible Adventure of an Irish Naturalist.

I opened my eyes and looked around me. A man was leaning over my bed; I knew the man stood a woman with a bonnet with great white wings on the sides, holding in her hand a moist compress. The room was plain and neat, with clean white walls. On a table, covered with a great napkin of yellow linen, I noted a number of strange objects—rows of little vials, and a brown earthen jar filled with bits of ice. Through the muslin curtains, which belled out from the window in the balmy air, I could see a patch of blue sky and the tops of green trees bending lightly in the breeze. Where was I? It seemed like a long dream that I had had; I could not think.

The man gently lifted my head, and gave me a few drops of some liquid which I swallowed with avidity. "Well, Mr. Furniss," he said, "how do you feel?" "Oh, what?" I cried. "Where am I?" "You are in my house, my dear sir, and we shall take good care of you." Now, he added, replacing my head on the pillow, "be quiet and go to sleep."

I gazed at him for a long time, and all at once I recognized Doctor Bertram, the celebrated specialist in insanity. A shudder passed through my frame. Why was I in Doctor Bertram's hospital, instead of in my home, near Phoenix Park, with my books, my herbs, and my microscopes around me? His hospital was for mad people—and that Sister of Charity, those vials, that bowl of ice—my God, I must be mad! But why?—how?

"How long have I been here?" I asked, after a time. "For four weeks, Mr. Furniss. But you must be quiet and sleep. Now do not try to talk." "For a month! Was it possible? What had happened? But even as I asked myself these questions, little by little I went off to sleep, and I saw, in a billowy meadow, a road covered with blood and bordered on either side with monstrous microscopes shaped like trees, a road on which two little girls played a pitch and catch with a severed head, while Dr. Bertram, conspicuously benumbed with a religious cap, rode astride of a dead horse, which reared, and pranced, and kicked till he could scarcely keep his seat.

The next morning I was better; and day by day I improved, though that horrible nightmare came to me each night. But it grew less and less distinct, and in a few weeks it almost ceased to trouble me. One evening the doctor whom I had not seen during the day, seated himself near my bed. "My teeth chattered. My hands were wet with a thick moisture. I felt as if I had gone to bed in a charnel-house. I remained there in that awful fear, minutes, hours, months, years, centuries—I do not know how long, I lost all idea of time and place. All was silent. From without the noise of the storm and the whistling of the wind came to me softened and sad, like moans. I could not picture to myself the assassin who was coming—who was there perhaps. In that state of horror, I fell on my knees, with a dull, faint, rosy and frank, with her doll and her great hat; I could see her sleeping in her father's arms; now and then she slightly raised her eyelids and disclosed her eyes, which seemed to me to be bold, implacable, cruel, murderous.

The door opened, but as softly as the scratching of a mouse. I bit my lip till the blood came, to keep from crying out. Now a man stepped in with gliding tread, with infinite precautions to avoid touching the furniture. It seemed to me as if I could see the cruel, clutching fingers gliding over my clothes, searching my pockets. Then the steps came nearer, seemed to graze me. I felt that the man was bending over the bed, that he struck one fierce blow. Then I knew nothing more.

When I recovered consciousness, the room had become silent again. But bright held me nailed to the spot. As length I tried to escape, with what caution you may imagine. On tiptoe I gained the door, which had been closed. Not a sound, not a breath. Feeling my way, I passed into the hall. I waited to see a head thrust suddenly from out the shadows, a knife gleam in the dark. But no—the brute, gladdened with crime, slept without remorse. I descended the stairs, drew the bolt of the door, and, half fainting, with the blood frozen into my veins, I fell into the gutter of the deserted street.

Doctor Bertram had listened to my recital with the deepest interest. "And there I found you, Mr. Furniss, and in what a state! Could you recognize the house?" "Yes," I replied; "but to what end?" "Well, let me cure you, and then we shall go together to the house of these assassins."

Eight days later the doctor and I stood in Lower Abbey street, I recognized the terrible house. All the blinds were drawn; inside of the door a placard was placed, bearing the legend: "To Let."

I inquired of the former residents from a neighbor. "They have been gone a month or more," she replied. "It's a great pity, for they were very nice people."—Translated from the French of Octave Mirbeau.

A couple were riding out in the country, when they passed a barnyard in which were two calves. The young lady observed: "Oh see those two little cowlets." "You are mistaken," remarked the young man, "they are not cowlets but bullets."

Now, here's somebody who objects to women wearing laundried shirts from around their collars, after the manner of men. Pretty soon somebody will object to women supporting their husbands, but a good many of them will continue to do it, just the same.—EX.

SURE DEATH EITHER WAY.—"Did you hear the sad news about Jinks?" asked Gus Snobberly of Charlie Knickerbocker. "No, what is it?" "He was drowned while rowing a boat in Central park." "Couldn't he swim?" "That would make any difference. Swimming in the Central park is strictly prohibited, and the park police enforce the law, you know. If he had to swim he would have been clinked to death."—Texas Sitings.

TWO KINDS OF CAPITAL.

The Comparative Value of Money and of Knowledge and Skill.

In 1848 two young men graduated from an interior college. When they were about to leave for home the president shook them heartily by the hand and wished them success in life.

"Ah, doctor," said one "it has come to Jim already. He has a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. But I have capital to begin life with."

Jim's fortune was a large one for those days. He had invested it and for a few years lived on the interest of it. The investment proved a bad one, and he lost every thing. He had neither trade, profession nor business habits. Hence he remained for the rest of his life a poor man. His countenance, knowing that success depended on his own efforts, studied a profession which, without a dollar of capital brought him a competency, and at last wealth.

Young men are apt to estimate money alone as capital. That one of their number who has inherited money, they think, better equipped for the struggle of life than any other. They should look into the comparative commercial value of money and of knowledge and skill, before they are quite so sure of that. Figures, in this case, tell nothing. Of late years, money in this country has decreased in value as a money-getter, while human ability has increased. That is, the income from money invested at interest has diminished while the compensation for service rendered has become larger.

For example, a capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon three thousand dollars in Government bonds; and an uneducated mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to the interest of twenty thousand dollars at four per cent. A teamster in Montana, or a cow-boy in Colorado, finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as much as would be forty thousand dollars invested in the same lands, even if he could buy them at par.

The lawyer or physician in a country town who earns his two thousand dollars annually, if suddenly debarred from practice would receive sixty-six thousand dollars in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor-in-chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to him in hard cash, the capital of half a million.

Such estimates, of course, vary with place and time, but they will serve our purpose if they convince the boys and girls who read them that they had power of brains and hands, while the power of brains and hands remains actual money yielding capital more permanent and secure, and far more satisfying, than any gold bearing bonds.—Youth's Companion.

General Donaldson's Fortunate Mistake. From the Century we quote the following war anecdote, by R. H. Eddy: Prior to such estimates of course, vary with place and time, but they will serve our purpose if they convince the boys and girls who read them that they had power of brains and hands, while the power of brains and hands remains actual money yielding capital more permanent and secure, and far more satisfying, than any gold bearing bonds.—Youth's Companion.

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Having occasion to purchase mules for the army, he ordered a person in whom he had confidence to visit the contingents Northern States, inadvertently saying to him, "Buy as many as you can,"—not supposing he would be able to secure more than a few thousand at the most. Some weeks afterwards, just before the attack upon Hood's army, General Donaldson, on meeting his agent, inquired how many mules he had been able to secure. To the amazement of the general he was informed that twenty thousand or more had been obtained. Upon which the general exclaimed, "I am a ruined man! I shall be court-martialed and driven from the army for not limiting you in the purchase. You have procured many times more than I had any idea or intention of purchasing; but the fault is mine not yours. I ought to have been particular in my order." In an extremely disconcerted state he went to his home, believing that such a thoughtless act on his part could not be overlooked by the commanding general.

He had scarcely reached his house before a messenger came from General Thomas with an order for General Donaldson to come immediately to headquarters. This seemed to be the sealing of his fate, and in a state of trepidation bordering on frenzy he appeared before General Thomas, whom he found in a mood, apparently of great depression. Soon after Donaldson entered his presence General Thomas said, "How many mules have you?" "With some perturbation he replied, "Upwards of twenty-five thousand." "Twenty-five thousand, did you say?" repeated the general. "Is it possible that you have this number?" Donaldson accepted my most heartfelt thanks; you have saved this army! I can now save transportation and can fight Hood, and will do so at once."

BILL NVE ON "EQUAL RIGHTS. The Spirit of the Declaration of Independence Not Understood. It is wrong to consider the variety of equality contemplated by the Declaration of Independence as likely in any way to be mistaken for a kind of communism of brains. We can safely say that the time will never come when the men with vast aggregations of brains will have to divide up with those who simply have an opening for brains. That kind of communism would be a mighty good thing however, for the people who claim that political equality is a chestnut.

If the man who dreads the day when equality is a settled fact could work it some way to have brains divided up equally and could be around when the division is made he would be ahead. But the equality referred to in the Declaration is not that kind. It is the kind that does not chisel out the poor man's vitals in the matter of wages and then compel him to buy everything he needs of his employer at a big price. It is the kind that protects the toiler who appeals to the law as promptly and efficiently as it does the

swollen, stiff-necked imitation lord, with his hired brains and his bogus great.

Equality in America ought to mean that the bravest, ablest and best men should rule the state and the nation. Then the United States senate will not look like a mass meeting of plumbers. When equality is better understood and becomes something besides an empty name, the term "political pull" will lose its significance, and the average voter will not even need a political pull to operate an election day cigar.

There has never been a better banner to fight under since the world began than that of freedom and equality before the law, and the banner that has this device written on it in plain, running hand, will generally be found at the head of the procession.

The man who is born in America finds, as soon as he does so, that his inside pocket is a small package of inalienable rights, among which are life liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If he happens to be born into our set he uses these inalienable rights with perfect impunity, swapping about among some of his more unfortunate companions until he also has his inalienable rights. He then proceeds to make a nuisance of himself.

Universal equality before the law has not been asserting itself very much lately, but the man who trends on the tail of its coat is liable not to get home in time for lunch, and when he does get home the chances are that he will bring a lobe of his liver with him in his pocket-banker's bag.

There is a little contemptible fear lurking about the breast of a few one horse Americans that some one may spring suddenly upon them and charge them some day with being the equal of somebody.

Their fear is entirely groundless. They fear to go to bed every night feeling perfectly secure in the comforting consciousness that they will wake up in the morning free from any such charge, and no man will ever go to them and insist on an equal division of brains with them unless he is a man whose brains are so abnormally large that they actually pain him.

DON'T FRET AND WORRY. Words of Advice for Exhausted and Nervous Housekeepers.

"Every one of these doors creaks so horribly that it almost sets me wild," exclaimed a tired housekeeper, trying to rest a little after the labors of a wearisome day. Now this was not the first, perhaps it was the twentieth time she had made the same or a similar remark about the creaking of the doors, when with the aid of a bottle of oil and a feather she might have made them swing noiselessly and saved herself all the annoyances she had suffered.

It is a great deal easier to make suggestions than to follow them; but it seems to me that the "golden rule" for housekeepers might be this: If any thing goes wrong for which there is a remedy, apply it as soon as possible; do not fret, but make the best of it.

I believe that often it is not the work that makes us feel so thoroughly weary at the end of the week as worrying over it. I remember of fretting a good deal over some Thanksgiving pies, complaining that I always spoiled them by putting in too much of one thing or another, when my sister quietly remarked that perhaps I put too much anxiety into them. I saw the point, and resolved henceforth to do the best I could with my cooking, and to worry less over results. Of course I had afterwards better success, and far more peace of mind.

There are days in the experience of every housekeeper when every thing seemed determined to go wrong, and a perfect avalanche of little troubles and perplexities seem to overwhelm one. Then, indeed, is she that rule her spirit "better then he that taketh a city."

But how often at the close of such a day have we to look back and seen that all came right at last in spite of our forebodings, and we have wished so much that we could have been self-controlled and sweet-tempered through it all.

It is so natural to magnify little troubles instead of remembering that they are not worth fretting about. If at breakfast the biscuits are a little too yellow, and the steak a trifle overdone, in almost every case no one will be troubled about it, you are not.

If the coffee is not just exactly right no one will notice it, unless you call attention to it by some disparaging remark. Especially should we guard against a habit of fretting because of the discomfort it causes those about us, and the bad influence it has upon them. If the housekeeper frets the children do the same, and the servants also, for nothing is more contagious and we have anything but a happy household. However badly things may go, nothing is gained by worrying over them, and if we can not always be bright and cheerful, we can at least endeavor to be as good as we can pass over and the same influence is surely will in due time.—Ch. Watson's Work

Table with 2 columns: Newspaper Laws and Advertising Rates. Includes rates for square, column, and line advertisements.

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