

BEYOND THE GATES.

Harriet Mabel Salding, in Christian Intelligencer.

Sometimes in dreams I see it,
This city fair and grand;
Its doors of Jasper brightness
Stand forth on either hand.

Dear City of the Holy,
For the walks of palm I long;
For the love that maketh love,
For the faith that maketh strong.

Take Thou my hand, my Saviour,
The way is dark and wild;
Far off, a star, the white,
It beckons on thy child.

A DEAD SHOT.

In the summer of 1874, when Martin G. Scott was much thinner, more dandified looking man than he is now, there were seated at one of the little round marble tables before the Cafe Ricci, in the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, two young Frenchmen, the cheeks of one of whom bore a red mark as if some one had brought his hand sharply against it.

Mr. Scott bowed again, and so much was the attention of the audience riveted upon him that no one noticed Wainwright standing quietly against the wall, feeling cautiously with his hands behind him for a small, round, white object.

Mr. Scott bowed once more profoundly to his distinguished audience. Especially did he extend his salutation to that portion of the room where, pale as death, now sat the thoroughly alarmed M. Ferrier, and who in the redoubtable American marksman had recognized the man he had insulted at the Cafe Ricci.

"I will now give you an imitation," said Scott, in an offhand manner, "of a western cowboy practicing on the head of a ten-penny nail at fifty paces. I will fire first at the large bull's eyes, so as to get my hand in."

He lifted the two long duelling pistols and fired from them alternately, pulling the triggers like lightning. Above the noise of the explosion could be heard the tinkling of the balls as each bullet struck fair and square in the center.

When the smoke cleared away not a mark was visible on the white portion of the target. He had fired twelve shots and every bullet had struck the bull's eye.

Scott turned and bowed modestly to his audience in acknowledgment of a vociferous round of applause. As before, he looked over to the seat occupied by M. Ferrier. The Frenchman's face looked more anxious than ever, and he exchanged hurried whispers with his second.

"I'll now show you, gentlemen," continued Scott, "a somewhat more difficult feat."

hand some apology to Scott, who, with a magnanimity which provoked applause, thereupon immediately apologized also, which so affected M. Ferrier, that after the fashion of his countrymen, he would have thrown himself on M. Scott's breast and wept.

And thus was the duel between M. Scott and M. Ferrier neatly averted by the ingenuity of M. Wainwright.

M. Maupassant was a distinct gainer by the hoax, for in addition to the splendid reputation it gave his gallery, he immediately received the remaining 250 francs from M. Wainwright. The electric bell, wire and batteries which Wainwright had purchased that morning, and with the aid of the ingenious mechanic put in such admirable working order, were also given by Wainwright to the worthy proprietor of the whole outfit for cash, even to the little button which Wainwright had pressed so efficiently every time his friend Scott fired off his blank cartridges.

Well, he was the hero of Paris for at least a fortnight, and was pointed out on the boulevards as the greatest shot in the world. His popularity continued until a ballet dancer in black skirts caught the public fancy and cut him out. And thus it is ever with "the bubble reputation."—Austin Granville in Romance.

Found By His Family.

All doubt as to the identity of the poor, half-demented old soldier, the pathetic story of whose wanderings from poor house to poor house since he was reported killed at the battle of Shiloh has been told in the newspapers, has now been cleared up.

Though his faithful old wife and other relatives felt sure they recognized him as William Newby, his own memory was very weak and indistinct at first. There were neighbors, too, who doubted still that the veritable William Newby had come back. They had cause to doubt when they thought of the long dead soldier lying in the Shiloh trenches and accounted for on the army records as William Newby. They had deeper cause to doubt when they saw the strange wreck claimed to be William Newby look into the faces of his wife and children and mutter sadly: "I do not know you. I was never married."

But on Saturday, says a recent letter from Mills Shoal, Ill., to the New York World, the awakening came. Standing opposite his white haired wife, with her voice still sound in his ears and the familiar scenes of his boyhood spreading before his eyes, memory returned to William Newby in a flash.

"Phebe," said the poor, old wreck, calling his dear wife by the dear name he had murmured in farewell thirty years before, "I know you now. You are my wife and I have come home to you and the children."

And the faithful woman who had been waiting hopefully, but tearfully, for such a recognition, burst out sobbing and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

I knew you the very moment I set eyes on you, William," she cried. "I would have known you anywhere."

On Sunday last there was a big dinner at the Newby farm. The entire Newby family was there. During the progress of the meal the old man laid down his knife and fork, and looked long and earnestly at his wife.

"I declare, Phebe," he said, "I don't believe you've changed a bit since the day I left you to go to the front. It must have been the fault of my old eyes that I didn't know you at first."

During the days following the sudden return of memory Newby had evinced the most insatiable curiosity as to the life of his family in the many years of his absence, seeking to trace a resemblance between the children of 1861 and the middle aged men and women 1891. He was especially interested in hearing how his wife had "managed" as a widow, and whether his loved ones had known "hard times" while he was wandering half-witted and helpless.

Mrs. Newby is still hardly able to talk of her husband's homeless wanderings without tears.

"I can stand all the story well enough," she said, "except when I think of his having been in the White County Poorhouse right here, three miles from his own home, for eighteen months before we found him. That seems cruel almost."

And it is the poorest poorhouse I struck in all my experience," said Newby, laughing, "even if it is in my own county."

It transpires that about two years ago Newby drifted through his native county. Within two miles of his own home his own nephew took the pitiful-looking tramp in his house and gave him a good dinner. Newby told his wife of this Sunday, adding:

"And you know, Phebe, everything seemed so familiar to me then, but some how or other I couldn't straighten it out, and I went away just like a stranger."

Four Girls of Spirit.

The little village of Bartlett, twelve miles from Memphis, has not yet ceased discussing a sensational scene that occurred there on Thursday evening, in which four of the leading village belles, with long switches in their hands, administered to a well-known young man a severe chastisement for certain reports said to have emanated from him.

The young man in the case is Robert Yates, who lives at Bartlett, and until a short time ago was employed by the Tennessee Paper Company in Memphis. His parents are of the highest respectability, and he has stood high both at Bartlett and Memphis. The young ladies who covered themselves with glory are Misses Hanson (daughter of Judge Hanson, formerly of Shelby county), Lillie Smith, Josie Smith, and Mattie King. They are pretty and bright.

It had come to the ears of the ladies that young Yates had made a statement to the effect that he could successfully assail the virtue of any lady in Bartlett, with the exception of two or three. This remark was reported to have been made in the presence of some boys, who conveyed it to the ladies. The four girls concerned determined to take the matter of punishment into their own hands without consultation with their male relatives, and they laid a plan to encompass the desired end.

Yates came to Memphis on Thursday, and was due to return to Bartlett in the evening about 5 o'clock. The girls were in waiting for him when he alighted from the train, each armed with a stout switch. He had not proceeded far from the depot when they surrounded him. One seized him, while the others belabored him with their switches.

He tore away from his captors, but was seized again before he had gone but a few steps by a boy, who held him until the girls had given him a terrible thrashing. They grasped their switches by the slender end and laid the heavy end on his face, arms, and back until he cried for mercy. The girls were there for punitive, not cautionary purposes, and they did not desist until they had accomplished their object. The scene was witnessed by half the population of Bartlett.

Deepest Hole in the World.

One of the most important scientific explorations into the depths of the earth ever undertaken will be carried out near Wheeling, under the joint auspices of the United States Government and the city of Wheeling.

Some months ago the Wheeling Development Company began drilling a well near that city in search of oil or gas. It was determined to bore as far as possible. The hole has already reached the depth of 4,100 feet, within 500 feet of the deepest well in the world. In this distance a dozen of thick veins of coal have been passed, and gas both struck, but not in paying quantities, and gold, quartz, iron, and many other minerals found.

The hole is eight inches in diameter and the largest of any deep well in the world. The other day Professor White, State Geologist, arrived from Washington, where he had succeeded in getting the Government Geological Survey officers interested in the exploration, and the result is that the hole will be drilled to a depth of one mile. Then the Government will take up the work under the direction of two expert officers of the Geological Survey and drill into the earth as far as human skill can penetrate.

The idea is to take the temperature and magnetic conditions as far as possible, and by means of an instrument constructed for the purpose, a complete record of the progress and all discoveries made will be kept and will be placed in the Geological Survey exhibit at the World's Fair.—Philadelphia Press.

The First Martyr of the Revolution.

All of the school histories and popular text-books give us to understand that on April 19, 1775, at Lexington, Mass., the first blood of the American war of independence was shed. Within the last few years historians, who have been giving the matter much attention, claim Westminster, Vt., as the scene of the first tragedy in that memorable conflict and one William French as the victim.

At that time was a part of New York. The people of the Vermont district were badly worked up over the royalist question, and had decided not to allow the regular session of the King's court to be held in Westminster that spring. Accordingly, when the court officers were sent they were accompanied by a body of royal troops; the people were exasperated, and assembled in the Court House to resist.

The court officials and troops arrived orders were given for the people to vacate the room. This they refused to do, when the troops of George III. crossed the grounds and fired into the little band of patriots, "wounding some," the accounts say, "and instantly killing William French, who was shot clean through the head with a musket ball."

French was buried in the churchyard at Westminster, and a stone with the following inscription was erected to his memory:

Wm. French, of Westminster, March 12th, 1775, by the hand of the Cruel Ministry tools of George ye 3d at Night, in the 23 year of his Age.—St. Louis Republic.

MUST BE LADY FLIES.—She—Isn't the room full of flies to-day? He—Very full, and what's odd, they all appear of the female persuasion. She (astonished)—How do you make that out? He—Don't you notice how the most of them are sitting on the looking glass?

Curious Facts About Seas.

The oceans and seas are the great reservoirs into which run all the rivers of the world. It is the cistern which finally catches all the rain that falls, not only upon its own surface, but upon the land as well. All of this water is removed again by evaporation as fast as it is supplied, it being estimated that every year a layer of the entire water surface of the globe, over fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds to fall again as rain.

The vapor is fresh, of course, and if all the water of the oceans could be removed in the same way and none of it returned it is calculated that there would be a layer of pure salt, 230 feet thick left in the bottoms of these great reservoirs. This is upon the supposition that each three feet of water contains one inch of salt, and that the average depth of all oceans is three miles.

At the depth of 3,500 feet the temperature is uniform, varying but a trifle between the poles and equator. In many of the deep basins on the coast of Norway and other Arctic countries the water often begins to freeze at the bottom before it does at the surface. At the same depth, 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. Waves do not travel—that is the water does not move forward, although it seems to do so; it remains stationary. It is the rising and falling that moves on.

The pressure of the water increases rapidly with the depth. At a distance of one mile the pressure is reckoned at about one ton to the square inch, or more than 143 times the pressure of the atmosphere.

To get correct soundings in deep water is difficult. The best invention for that purpose is a shot weighing about thirty pounds, which carries down a line. Through the shot or "sinker" a hole is drilled, and through the hole is passed a rod of iron, which moves easily back and forth.

At the end of the bar a cup is dug out, the inside being coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, a sling holding the shot in position. When the bar, which extends below the shot, touches the bottom the sling unhooks and the shot slides downward and drives the lard coated cup into the bottom. In that way the character of the ocean's floor is determined.

If the surface of the Atlantic was lowered 6,565 feet it would be reduced to exactly half its present width. If the Mediterranean were lowered 660 feet Italy would be joined to Africa and three separate seas would remain.

Consultation at Sea.

A certain physician in a large New England town had acquired an unenviable reputation for making his bills as large as possible without much regard to the state of his patient's purses. There persons who furthermore said that it really seemed as if there were "visits" on his bills which never had existence anywhere else.

But he was a skilful physician, and his tendency to overrate his services only served to amuse some of his patients who had plenty of money, and were not especially sharp in looking after it.

"Why," said one man to another, speaking of the doctor, "he brought my daughter Jennie up from an attack of pneumonia, when two other physicians had said there was no hope for her; but when she was quite well again he charged me with three calls he made, to inquire in a friendly way how she was getting on?"

"That seems a little forced," admitted the other man, "but it's nothing compared with the experience I had with him, at the seashore a year ago. We happened to be in bathing at the same time one day, and I swam up to him, and inquired for his wife."

"She's very well," said the doctor. "And your daughters?" I asked. "They're perfectly well, both of them," replied he, rather shortly. "I thought, so I said, 'I'm delighted to hear it; remember me to them,' and swam away."

"And what do you think I received from him a week or two later? An itemized bill—one item."

"To consultation at sea, five dollars!"

Although no one has ever seen that bill, the story clings to the doctor's name to this day, after a lapse of many years.

St. Louis Republic.

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