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Soul Time is Summer Time.

"I wandered forth alone," sang she,
"When summer flowers were young,
And birds made merry songs for me,
The summer woods among;
And gayly, gayly danced the rill,
And balmy was the air;
But there was something failed me still,
Though all the land was fair.

"The blossoms all are dead," she sings,
"That graced the summer time;
And summer birds have spread their wings,
To seek a softer clime.
The wintry sky is dark above;
The silent woods are bare;
But thou art near me, oh, my love,
And all the land is fair."

Longing.

Near in the forest
I know a glade;
Under the tree-tops
A secret shade.

Vines are the curtains,
Blossoms the floor;
Voices of waters
Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's
Lances of gold
Pierce, or the moonlight
Is silvery cold,

Would that an angel
Led thee to me—
So out of loneliness
Love should be.

Never the breezes
Should lisp what we say,
Never the waters
Our secret betray.

Silence and shadow
After night reign,
But the old life be ours
Never again.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE INN AT THE GAP.

I was just starting out in the world, and was twenty-two years old. I had graduated the previous year, and had just been trying to get an appointment as an army surgeon; but, failing in this, went westward, to find a place in which to commence and make my reputation. Savannah was my native place, and from there I started to find my way into Kentucky. I should have gone out earlier in the season, but I did not get off on my expedition until the last of November. In those days there were not even regular lines of stages over many traveled routes; but parties would join together and get somebody who had a covered wagon to carry them through from point to point, and divide the expense. It was so on the especial time that I passed through the Gap.

There were six of us altogether; but the only one with whom I made any acquaintance was a soldier on furlough, going into Kentucky on a visit to his relatives. He was a fine-looking, bluff fellow, with an off-hand way of telling his camp-life experiences that pleased me very much, and made me regret exceedingly my want of success in getting my applied-for surgeonship. I had not gone very far with Sergeant Beach before I confessed that I liked him very much, and agreed to go with him to his home, and look around in that neighborhood for a settlement. He, on the other side, seemed disposed to extend a sort of protection over me, for in those days I was rather a puny specimen, and looked as though I might need something of that kind.

Before three o'clock on the day of our setting out we had dropped our passengers, one by one along the road, until Sergeant Beach and myself were the only ones left. About that time it came on to snow, the wind driving it into the wagon, and making everything very uncomfortable, in spite of the warmth of our clothes. Down it came, faster and faster, until it turned out as heavy a storm as had ever been seen in that part of the country. The driver wanted to turn back, but we would not permit it, and urged the tired horses on in the hope of reaching a village. At last the effort was of no use; and while the panting horses stopped to get a little breath we asked the driver whether there was not any place about there where he could stay for the night.

The man hesitated, and then, being urged, answered: "Yes; there's a tavern just below here in the Gap, if ye like to stay there."

"What is the matter with it?" was Sergeant Beach's question.

He didn't know. Had never seen anything himself, but had heard a great deal of talk. We might stay there all night if we liked; but as for him, he'd go back a mile or two anyway, and get stabling for his horses, and come over for us in the morning. We tried to say something to the man, but it was of no use; and so we were obliged to consent to the arrangement, and the horses were once more urged forward, and in a few minutes we found ourselves hallooing in front of a large, u-painted board house, a rarity in this part of the country, with not a sign of a light, for it was then after dark, glimmering through its windows.

With some trouble we aroused the inmates, and got admittance; and the landlord, a large, sullen looking man, who eyed us and our baggage very strangely, kindled a fire himself; while his wife, a slatternly woman, went about getting us some supper.

Very soon there was a smoking dish of some kind of stew upon the table, smelling rather good, and some hot corn bread. To my astonishment, though the sergeant drew up to the opposite side of the table at the same time as I did, he at once turned to the landlord and asked whether he had nothing cold in the house. Yes, he had a cold chicken. I declared I would rather have the stew; but a quick kick under the table broke me off before the preference was half expressed, and the landlord left the room to get a chicken, as well as to boil some eggs which Beach had ordered.

He had scarcely time to whisper to me, impressively, to do as I saw him do, and eat nothing but what he eat, when the landlord returned with the fowl. I did not exactly understand the matter, but I obeyed orders, and eat as I had been instructed, all the time much annoyed by the slipping in and out of the landlord and his wife, one of them, as it were, continually mounting guard over us.

At last, the sergeant, as I thought, simply to remove the silence and restraint, spoke to the landlord.

"Anybody stopping here for the night, landlord?"

"Nobody but a traveling parson," answered the landlord, sullenly. "He's going into Tennessee to try for biz'ness."

"What's his name?" was Beach's next question.

"Name—name?" was the landlord's answer, as though thinking. "Let me see! Guess it's Graham, or suthin' o' that! Yes, it's Graham."

"May be Mr. Graham would come in and have a little talk with us."

The landlord went out to bring in Graham. In a few minutes they returned, Graham making an awkward bow as he entered, and saying something awkwardly that at once struck me as unlike a clergyman; for however uneducated were the traveling preachers of those days, they were all men who knew and practiced the amenities of life, and were at ease in whatever society they were thrown. The sergeant gave him one quick reading glance, as he came in, and then welcomed him to the hositalities of the supper.

The evening soon passed away, with no desire to prolong it, for Graham quickly showed himself an ignorant man, without conversation. The landlord was recalled, and a request was made for our rooms.

I had scarce got into my room and commenced undressing myself, when my door, which had no fastening, opened, and in walked the sergeant, carrying his haversack, and without his lamp. I was surprised, and made some expression of it.

"Hush! man, if you know what you are about! We're in a den of thieves and murderers! I shall stay here to-night, and sit in that chair!"

I opened my eyes wide. The sergeant directly examined the door, and found it without fastening but the latch; and then the other, leading into a side room, which was in the same condition. Without addressing another word to me, he went, in a business-like way, to his haversack, and took from there, first, a pair of holster pistols; and secondly, the barrel and stock of a carbine, separated for ease of carriage. The last he put together in a few moments, and loaded with a brace of balls; the first he examined carefully, reprimed, and handed me one of them. Then taking the lamp, he set it carefully on a stool, half-way between the door and the chair on which he proposed to sit, and then coming up to me, issued his orders.

"You take up your position on the bed, and watch that door, pointing to the one leading from the side room. Don't fire until I have done so and missed, and then take the best chance you can get."

"Why, you don't think, sergeant, that those two men will attack us?" I asked, deprecatingly; for though I did not like the way the landlord acted, I had no thought there was any danger.

"Those two men!" he whispered, frowning. "Two! for all we know, there are a dozen in the house. That landlord's wife was no woman. It was a man, as certain as I am!"

A shudder ran over me at this, for I instantly remembered that the woman had a sharp and masculine look, that added much to the unpleasantness of her being in the room below. I kept still some time thinking of this, and within fifteen minutes I distinctly saw the door I had been bidden to watch open, and the shadow of a head cast upon the wall. The sergeant was within my line of sight, and with the movement of the door I could see his carbine rise, and hear the click of the hammer. A moment elapsed, and the door slowly closed, and once more all was still. I lay perfectly quiet, not daring to speak to the sergeant, and so another hour rolled past. Then, once more, that door opened as before, and once more the shadow appeared, once more the carbine rose, and the click was heard, and once more as silently the shadow disappeared, and the door was closed.

It was a long and weary night that we watched without speaking, and notwithstanding the danger, I could not sometimes avoid falling into a few minutes' doze, from which, every time that I would start up, there sat the sergeant, immovable as a statue, his carbine resting on his knee, and facing the door.

Morning came at last, the first streak of daylight, and we began to stir. The agreement with our driver was that he was to be with us at daylight, whether it continued to snow or not. The drift was deep, but it had ceased to fall, and punctual to his promise, the man was before the house with his wagon. I thought he gave a start of surprise as we made our appearance at the door. As on the night before, the sergeant declined the cooked dishes and coffee, and calling up the cold fowl and a few more eggs, we made our breakfast.

"Keep your eyes open, and your hand on your pistol all the time, but under your coat!" was Beach's whispered injunction to me, when we had finished eating, and were about going to the wagon.

No sooner were we seated in the vehicle than Graham made his appearance, and begged that he might be allowed to go on with us for a few miles to a house where he was to stop the rest of the day—a favor that, to my surprise, Beach instantly granted.

We were no sooner under way, say a quarter of a mile from the house, than I saw the sergeant began to feel rapidly in his pockets, and about his person, a move that astonished me as much as it did Graham, Then suddenly he burst forth with: "Heaven and earth, doctor, I've left my wallet and all my money under my pillow! I must go back."

For an instant I was staggered, but I saw there must be something in it, and kept silent.

"Can't your friend go for it?" Graham asked.

I made no response, only wrapping myself closer in the wagon blanket.

"I'll go, if you want me to," were Graham's next words, doubtfully. "I wish you would, dominie," was Beach's rather coaxing response. "You're a younger man than I am; and, you see"—this he said whisperingly—"I don't like to trust everybody."

Graham gave a rather pleased spring from the wagon, and went off rapidly towards the house, disappearing at a turn in the road. No sooner was he out of sight than Beach instantly brought his pistol to bear upon the driver, and addressed him: "See here, stranger, I don't know anything about you. You may be all right, but I am determined to look out for myself. I want you to drive on just as fast as the law allows ye, and a little faster. Go it now, and if ye slack up, or make any signs, you're a dead man. Lay on the lash."

The driver gave one astonished stare at the sergeant, and without a word in reply, gave the horses a cut that astonished them, and away we went through the snow at a rate that threw the light, dry drift all over us. That was the way we went for nearly seven miles, until we reached a village, where we had the good luck to come across a recruiting party, the officer in command of which was an old comrade of the sergeant. A few words from Beach told the whole story, and the agreement was settled to make a raid upon the house that night, and bring whatever mystery there might be within it to a conclusion.

Are you sure you're right, sergeant?" I said, after the arrangement had been made.

"Sure I am right!" he echoed. "Do I look like a man to make mistakes? See here, doctor; I knew that fellow, Graham, in a moment. His real name is Hawkins. He has forgotten me, but I shall remember him to his dying day. He was with us at Plattsburgh, and deserted after committing robbery and murder, and I was one of the men detached to pursue him. We overtook the scoundrel, but did not succeed in getting him, though that scar that you saw upon his cheek is my own mark. I knew it the moment I saw it, the very slash of my saber."

Sergeant Beach wanted me to stay behind that night when they went down to visit the inn at the Gap, but that wouldn't suit me, so on I went. We had made all our arrangements in advance. Two new men, unknown to the landlady, were to go in citizens' dress, and put up in the inn, and when fairly housed, long enough to draw together those who operated within its bounds, we were to rush in and take the party.

The thing was well managed in all respects but that of being too quick. The two sent in became timid, and gave the alarm too quick, the result of which was we surrounded the house, and, rushing in, took only the landlord, his wife and the assumed preacher prisoners. A search through the premises at once disclosed the dread nature of what had been going on there for years. Clothing and effects of murdered men, blood stains, and papers that would only have been relinquished with life. Bedding, with the fresh blood-drip upon it, and knives that spoke positively of a murderous use.

The soldiers had not been five minutes in the house before they had turned the landlord's wife into a hard featured, muscular, grey-eyed rascal, young, but full of villainy; and we had not been ten minutes on our route with the prisoners towards some place of security before the landlord gave in and made free confession, charging Graham with being the inciting cause and working the whole thing.

Graham's mouth twitched fearfully, especially when, after an hour's travel and examination of the sergeant under the full glare of the sun, his memory came back as to who he was. Then, perhaps feeling that his life was gone anyhow, he made one dash into the swamp skirting the road, and although he was twice warned to stop, kept on, plunging desperately through the black mud. A half-dozen carbines playing on him at once, finished the matter. We saw him fall, and sink in the dark, slimy mud, going gradually all under, and after standing nearly fifteen minutes watching the spot, the conclusion come to was that he never would trouble anybody any more, and so we went on.

The landlord and his pseudo wife were carried down to the county town, where the court was then in session; and the result was that a cloud of witnesses, springing from all directions, made them responsible for a score of murders. In less than a month from the day of their capture they were swinging upon one gibbet; and the night of the hanging some quiet party from somewhere about the country took a walk over to the Gap inn and made a bonfire of it.

The Potato.

Of all products of the soil there are none, except perhaps a few cereals, whose cultivation ought to be better understood than that of the potato. It is the most valuable of our vegetables, and the most generally grown, and it is also the one which has been most often affected by serious disaster. It is, however, at intervals during the current century that the potato crops have suffered most. In 1822 much loss was felt by the potatoes rotting almost as soon as they were out of the ground. In 1831 and 1838 the "taint" destroyed the crops. In 1845 and following years murrain, or "potato disease," as it was specifically called, led to famine and much suffering. During recent years dry rot, aphides, fungi, or some unknown cause, has affected the potatoes, and in many instances destroyed them. Three centuries nearly have passed since this vegetable was introduced into Europe, and although there are recorded instances where the supply was almost ruined by frosts, it is chiefly within the last fifty years only that it has failed from disease. Whether the art of cultivating the potato has been lost; whether we have imperceptibly glided into methods of culture that are not suitable; or whether any change has come over the plant itself, are questions undetermined. But there seems little room for doubt that the subject is one which deserves the most careful attention of practical agriculturists and men of science. It is one which so intimately affects the interests of the community generally that it cannot easily receive too much attention. While, therefore, we have to record the appearance of a new form of the disease in Europe, it is gratifying to know that the progress of it is being carefully watched and all the phenomena closely examined. It appears to be very prevalent, and generally spread throughout the country. At the same time it is remarked that English varieties, and American varieties when grown from imported seed, are perfectly free. For example, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick is a row of Regents in perfect health; next to them a row of Early Rose from English seed utterly ruined, and next to them again a row of the same kind from imported seed, in the best condition.

Some Valuable Shorthorns.

A remarkable collection of shorthorn cattle is now attracting attention in New York city, where they are awaiting shipment to England for breeding purposes. They number fourteen in all, and have been selected by competent and experienced buyers from every part of the United States and Canada at the almost fabulous cost of $125,000. They are the property of Mr. George W. Fox, the foreign partner of A. T. Stewart. Of the fourteen valuable animals three are from Kentucky, eight from New York, two from Indiana, and one from Canada. The two most valuable are from the celebrated plantation of Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Woodlawn Park, Kentucky, and for them Mr. Fox paid the sum of $30,000. One is a bull and the other a heifer. For the former $12,000 was paid, and for the latter $18,000. This very choice selection of our purest and best pedigree stock cannot fail to raise our prestige in the old country. They have been chosen for personal merit, and are to join one of the most important herds across the Atlantic. It is no easy matter to ship this valuable lot of animals, and therefore Mr. Fox and his numerous agents are personally superintending the preparations made for their accommodation. Numerous carpenters are preparing stalls between decks, which will be heavily padded, so that no matter how much the vessel may roll and toss the safety of the animals will not be in danger. The animals will be conveyed from London to the estates of Mr. Fox, located at Litchfied, Staffordshire, and at Winslow, Cheshire, which are among the largest and most celebrated of cattle raising districts.

The Lazy Daughter.

Among the worst features of a badly minded daughter, we would first single out indolence, or, to use the rough and more expressive English word, laziness. A lazy, sofa-lolling, lie-a-bed late in the morning young woman is an affront to her sex, and in her own family more a curse than a blessing to her mother. She is a burden, and to her father an object of contempt. She is also a great promoter of domestic strife, and a shocking example to her younger sisters. Such a being crawls, instead of walking with tripping alacrity, through life. She dawdles instead of works, her speech is vulgar, and altogether her ways are very bad indeed; and to add to her misdeeds, her health suffers through her folly, and thus she wantonly imposes a grievous tax on the purse and patience of her parents. For a girl to be idle in the flush of her youth is to invite any and all kinds of calamities to befall her with blistering anguish, and, depend upon it, the downward career of most afflicted women may be primarily traced to this early and wicked habit, for it is nothing else, it being as easy for a young woman to be industrious as the reverse.

French Artists.

The *Figaro* gives the following dialogue of two French artists strolling through the exhibition. One asks of the other:

"How are you getting along?"

"Oh, very well," is the answer. "I ask now twelve thousand francs" (twenty-four hundred dollars) "for a head, and twenty thousand" (four thousand dollars) "for a full-length portrait."

"Those are my prices also."

They walk on a little further.

"How many orders have you got at those prices?"

"Not one. And you?"

"Not one either."

The Old Story.

Miles McNamara lives at or near Guelph, Ontario. He came to Windsor on Dominion day to participate in the annual celebration. He spent the day pleasantly and retired at midnight with the intention of rising early, in order, as he said to the clerk of the hotel, "to put in a day or two in Detroit" before his return home. He accordingly arose early Friday morning and took the first ferry boat for Detroit. On touching American soil he celebrated the event by taking a "drop," which he did at one of the saloons on the dock. This accomplished he walked leisurely up the avenue. He saw many beautiful things in the show windows, and stopping now and then to see them he attracted the eagle eye of a sharper, who walked up to Mr. McNamara and touched him lightly on the shoulder. Miles turned, and before he had time to say a word the stranger, grasping both of his hands in his, gave him a cordial shake of welcome. Mr. McNamara looked him in the face and quietly asked with whom he had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance.

"Forming an acquaintance, indeed," indignantly remarked the sharper. "Don't you know me, or are you near-sighted?"

Miles shook his head dubiously, and answered that he didn't think they had ever met before.

"Here is my card," said the sharper, drawing a printed pasteboard containing his full address, "Henry Little, M. D., Detroit," out of his coat pocket. "Now do you know who I am?"

McNamara said, musingly: "Little? Little? why I never knew a doctor by that name in Guelph."

That was precisely what the sharper wanted, and having ascertained where Miles came from he had but little difficulty in getting his name. He knew all about Guelph, of course, mentioned the names of several prominent residents of that town and soon succeeded in ingratiating himself into McNamara's confidence.

Saturday morning shortly after daybreak the watchman of a vessel at the foot of Rivard street heard a sudden splash in the water, just off the bow of the boat. Rushing thither he saw a man struggling in the river. He grasped a pike-pole and hauled the drowning man ashore just before he made his final plunge. He was laid out on the dock, rolled over, and turned up side down until the water had been dumped out of him. In an hour he was able to converse, when he related his meeting with "Dr. Little," and added the old, old story—whisky, females, more whisky, cards, a drive and drugged lemonade. The last thing he could recall was being thrown out of an Atwater street saloon, from whence in his stupor he wandered to the river and fell in. On searching his pockets he made the discovery that his wallet, containing over fifty dollars, and English lever watch were missing. The thieves had also stolen his wedding ring and a penknife. Sympathizing people gave him shelter until his clothes were dry, when they supplied him with a small sum of money and sent him over the river, where some merchants, to whom he told his story, bought a railroad ticket and started him for Guelph.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Talking Match.

The death of Joshua George, of Warner, says the Concord (N. H.) *Monitor*, has revived the recollection in the minds of his old neighbors of an occurence in which he took part many years ago. Mr. George was a very great talker. He would talk by the hour, and never seem to grow weary. But he once found his match in Mr. Ellery Brown. He, too, was a great talker, as well as a great devourer of newspapers. These men often met and talked and argued. Mr. George was sharp, often witty, and had always to have the last word. Mr. Brown was deep, and, like the late Horace Greeley, had the current intelligence of the papers at his tongue's end. One warm summer afternoon, toward night, they met in the street near Mr. George's residence, and engaged in a friendly conversation. Mr. Brown was unusually full that day, for some political news of a cheerful nature had been received, and Mr. Brown was explaining it to Mr. George, who did not care anything about politics. Well, they talked until the sun went down. The hour of ten had come and gone, but they heeded it not. Neighbors went past them, perhaps stopped a few moments, and then hurried home, for the hour was getting late. Midnight came, and these men were there, the full moon looking down upon them. The small hours came, and still they talked. It was Greek met Greek. One was determined to stay as long as the other. In the morning, as neighbors arose and looked out to catch the cool breeze, they saw Messrs. George and Brown still standing where they had left them many hours before. Finally, as the sun was coming up, they parted, each going to his home. It is not positively known who had the last word, but the chances are in favor of Mr. George.

Singular Grass Rotation.

Wherever the pastures of western Missouri have been destroyed by the grasshoppers, new varieties of grass have sprung up which the oldest inhabitant never saw before. The principal of these is a green bunch grass of luxuriant growth, which now covers pastures and dooryards where only blue grass has grown for many a year. Stock eat it with avidity, and some persons contend that it is a buffalo grass, while others see in it a resemblance to other grasses of the plains and mountains west of us. A Kansas city paper says: We hope that its development will be studied by some expert in the botany of this continent, for its origin may throw a new and important light upon the origin or migration of the locusts. The seed was evidently brought here and deposited by the swarm that laid eggs in this region last fall. If brought here from Kansas or Colorado only, its identity would surely have been determined ere this by old plainsmen who are so numerous hereabout. It has put forth no seed stalk as yet, and perhaps in this climate it may not go to seed this year. Who will first inform us whence it came and what may be expected from it?

A Sociable Steer.

About six months ago Mr. F. A. Wright, while walking down a pleasant lane near Osceola, Iowa, was met and accosted by a restless steer, who suggested a little promenade. Mr. Wright had no objection, so he turned around and went back on his track, so as to go the same way as the steer was going. Then the steer waltzed him down that lane, in and out of the fence corners across a forty acre lot, under a bridge, through a stackyard, around a barn three or four times, under a haywagon and out again, through an orchard over a pair of bars, into a milkhouse, through a blackberry patch, and up a shell-bark hickory, and, while trying to climb the tree after him, the steer fell and broke his neck, and, if the owner of that sociable animal didn't bring suit against Mr. Wright for malicious mischief in killing that steer! But the jury discharged the murderer without a struggle, and piled the costs on the prosecutor.

Origin of the Express Business.

Travelers on the Long Island sound of about thirty-seven years ago might have observed on board the steamer then running between Providence and New York an undersized, delicately built, sanguine looking young man who accompanied the vessel on alternate trips, and constantly carried in his hand a small carpet bag of half a bushel capacity. He was William F. Harnden, and his bag contained the beginnings of the express forwarding business of the United States, which, with the exception of the railways and telegraphs, now surpasses all other private enterprises in the world.

Born at Reading, Massachusetts, in 1812, he was employed as conductor of the first passenger train that ran in New England, and was afterward promoted to the position of ticket agent on the Boston and Worcester railway. The sedentary deskwork did not suit him, however, and in 1837 he came to New York in search of more congenial employment. At the corner of Wall and Pearl streets stood the old Tontine coffee house, a famous resort for the merchants and shipowners of those days, and in connection with it there was an admirable newsroom, conducted by James W. Hale, a local celebrity, who afterward extended his fame by promoting a cheap postal system in opposition to the government. Mr. Hale was a man of varied experience and a genial disposition. He was one of the most active men of his day, and Harnden went to him for advice in seeking employment. Hale became interested in him, and in the course of a few days advised him to establish himself as an expressman between New York and Boston—a business never before transacted and a name never before assumed.

As there have been other claimants to the honor of having originated the enterprise, and as Mr. Hale is still living, I will repeat a statement which he made to me in July last. There was never a day, he said, that inquires were not made at the newsroom for some person going to Boston or Providence. Some wanted to send small parcels to their friends, others letters or circulars; but the most frequent applicants were money brokers who wanted to forward packages of Eastern bank notes to Boston for redemption. If, an acquaintance was found on the boat he was pounced upon without ceremony and burdened with the packages, which were sometimes worth many thousand dollars. But if a friend did not appear the things were often intrusted to entire strangers, with the moderate request that they would deliver them immediately after their arrival. Merchants and brokers seeking gratuitous transportation for their letters contributed largely to the excitement attending the departure of the steamer, and many persons will remember the nights of anxiety they have passed on the sound when such unexpected wealth has been temporarily thrust upon them. "When Harnden called upon me for advice," Mr. Hale stated, "I thought of the daily inquiries made at my office, 'Do you know anybody going to Boston this evening?' and I immediately advised him to travel between the two cities and do errands for the business men. I also suggested that the new enterprise should be called 'The Express,' which gave the idea of speed, promptitude and fidelity."

Harnden hesitated for several days, doubting whether the scheme would be profitable, but eventually he decided to try it, and bought the historic traveling bag, which is still preserved in Boston. A small slate for orders was hung in the newsroom, and the patrons of that institution were Harnden's chief patrons. The old merchants had become so accustomed to transportation of smaller articles without cost that they did not readily observe the advantages "the express" offered, and at the end of two months Harnden found all his capital absorbed. His receipts were less than his expenses, and he would have discontinued the service had not some friends procured free passages for him on an opposition steamboat. With the passage money as a subsidy, "the express" prospered, and the business so increased that Harnden soon engaged an assistant.

Funny Cures.

Cæsar held that to die quickly was to die happily; so, too, thought one whose case was cited by Montaigne as an instance of fortune playing the physician. Jason Phereus, troubled with an incurable imposthumation, resolved to end his pain by dying in battle, and throwing himself in the thickest of the fight was run through the body, which caused the imposthumation to break, and his wound healing he found life enjoyable after all. This lucky hero, who could brave death better than he could endure pain, owed his cure to a foe. A quinsy afflicted cardinal had to thank a monkey for a like good turn. The physicians had left him to die, and as he lay, hopelessly waiting for the end, the dying cardinal saw his servants carry off everything that was movable, without being able even to expostulate with the thieves. At length his pet ape came into the room, and, taking the hint from the provident lackeys, looked round for something he could appropriate. Nothing was left but the cardinal's hat; this the ape donned, and, proud of novel headgear, indulged in such odd antics that his all but dead master burst into a hearty fit of laughter; the quinsy broke, and the cardinal recovered, as much to his own astonishment as to the dismay of his plundering servants.

About a Monkey.

I was making a cake one day, preparing for company, and the monkey followed me into the pantry and watched everything I did. Unfortunately dinner was announced in the midst of my work, and I left it, making him get out, rather against his will. I knew him too well to trust him in the pantry alone. After dinner I returned to my cookery. Having carefully locked the door, I was surprised to see my pet there before me. His attitude was ominous; he was on the top of the barrel two-thirds full of flour, and busily occupied. He had got hold of my egg-box, broken two or three dozen, smashing them in the flour barrel, with all the sugar within reach. These he was vigorously beating into the flour, shells and all, stooping now and then to take a taste, with a countenance as grave as a judge's. In my dismay and grief I did not scold him. Yet to see my materials so used up, and we living in the country, and guests coming! He had a most satisfied air, as if he meant: "Look! the main operations of the pantry are now ever." I had forgotten the broken pane of glass in the window.

The Swordfish.

The swordfish is allied to the mackerel, which it resembles in form, and is a swift swimmer. The sword is a most formidable blade, consisting of a strong straight bone, sharp and flat, projecting horizontally from the nose, of which it is a prolongation. The swordfish is found in considerable numbers off the island of Martha's Vineyard, coast of Massachusetts, at this season of the year. Its flesh is considered excellent food by many persons, and the annual catch is quite large. The ordinary length of the body of the fish at full growth is fourteen feet, and its sword six feet, or twenty feet in all.

POSSIBLY INNOCENT.

A Fear that a Citizen of Georgia was Unjustly Hanged on the Charge of Murder.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Commonwealth*, publishes some remarkable statements concerning the execution of Lloyd and Holsonbake in that State in 1872 for the murder of Judge Fish. Judge Fish was in 1871 appointed judge of the district court of Macon and two other counties by Bullock, then Governor of Georgia. A short time afterwards he was assassinated in Oglethorpe one night while on his way from the railway depot to his residence. A reward of $6,000 was offered by the executive for the arrest and conviction of murderers, and in a short time Lloyd and Holsonbake were arrested as the guilty parties and placed upon trial. The theory of the prosecution was that Lloyd, an old man over sixty years of age, had been an applicant for the position of district judge, and that he hated his successful opponent. Making Holsonbake believe that improper relations existed between Fish and Holsonbake's wife, he induced him to waylay and murder his supposed rival. The prisoners were placed in a room where detectives were concealed, and it is said that their conviction was secured principally by the statements of the dectives of the conversation they had overheard. They were sentenced to death, and an applicativn having been made to the supreme court for a new trial that tribunal approved the judgment of the court below, and the execution was ordered to proceed. The friends of Lloyd maintained that he was the victim of a conspiracy which had been prompted by the large reward offered by the governor. Young Lloyd, a son of the condemned man and one of the solicitor generals of the State, made every exertion to secure executive clemency for his father. But Gov. Smith, guided by the verdict of the superior court, declined to interfere. The execution took place a short time afterward.

Upon the scaffold Holsonbake admitted that he was the guilty party, saying: "I am the man who took his (Fish's) life." Lloyd, upon the contrary, solemnly protested his innocence of the crime with which he was charged. He is reported to have spoken as follows: "He was in his sixty-second year; had never had a difficulty; never had been arrested; never paid a fine or costs; had lived an honorable and useful life; had never himself, or in collusion with others, entertained one iota of criminal feeling against any man." He declared that Jones, Farrow, and the detectives had hatched the matter up. "I swear," said he, "that before you and my God, before whom I shall soon appear, I am innocent. If I had dreamed of such a thing, I would not have allowed it." He said his death was a conspiracy, and W. C. Jones was at the bottom of it; his blood would cry for vengeance; and concluded: "I put my blood on him (Jones) for three generations, and call on God to witness it. Jones got Stubbs out and exerted himself to convict me. I want all of Mr. Fish's family to know it. I am innocent."

The *Commonwealth* intimates that Lloyd's plea of innocence was true, and he was unjustly done to death by parties who procured his conviction for the sake of the reward. That paper says:

These protestations of innocence, coming as they did from the very lips of death, excited in the minds of those who heard and read them many doubts of the man's guilt and a nameless suspicion that a foul conspiracy had been made to swear away the life of an innocent man in order to obtain the reward. This suspicion grew in the minds of some until it became so tangible that they determined to ferret the thing to the bottom, and when it became known that one of the parties, now holding rank in the United States civil service, had been awarded $2,000 of the bloody money, the clew was so direct that they had no further doubt about it, and went to work directly at the root of the matter. One of the detectives was confronted, and, while the dying words of Lloyd was read, he confessed that it was true, and that they had "put up a job" in order to get the reward. Shortly after this, this detective was killed, and his lips were closed forever. Now his widow has been seen, and she reluctantly confesses that her husband, while in the agony of remorse, had confessed to her that he had been a party in swearing away the life of Lloyd, and that it was all done to get the money. The facts of the case have been ingeniously worked up, and the testimony in the case has been forwarded to Washington, to be laid before the Department of Justice, as its matter materially affects the character of one of its officials.

The Sensation of Suicide.

A Paris newspaper gives this extract from the notes of a young fellow who tried to commit suicide and was cut down before suffocation was complete. He was delighted to return to life, and it is noted that would-be suicides who are rescued from their self-sought fate rarely renew their attempts to shuffle off this mortal coil: When I stood on the chair the mirror on the mantelpiece involuntarily attracted me; and I looked at myself as I fastened the slip-knot around my neck. Blood flowed to my head, for my face was very red; something took place at the same time in my optic nerves, for it seemed to me that my face suddenly began to make grimaces. My eyes and nose changed places incessantly, like the pieces of a kaleidoscope. I kicked the chair from under me and fell with the sensation that I had been struck on the top of my head with a hammer. I did not at first feel the rope around my neck. The only very clear impression which followed the blow with the hammer on my skull was that of great heaviness in the head. It seemed to me that my head was larger and heavier on my shoulders than the great bell of Notre Dame. At the same time I felt an immense night falling in and around me. Then I felt extremely cold at my lower extremities, and at the same time an acute, terrible pain in my neck, which was produced by the rope, which cut my skin and sawed my veins. Then I felt nothing. Evidently this was the moment when my good aunt Cecil entered my room and cut me down.

Sugar in Beetroots.

Here is another chemical jotting, but it is one that has more connection with the industrial welfare of Ireland than with medicine. Professor Cameron, the well known Dublin chemist, has recently been devoting his attention to the sugar yielding power of beetroot grown in Ireland, and he has shown that the beetroot crops produced in that country are superior in that respect to those grown on the continent. On account of its mild winter and the absence of severe drought in summer, the climate of Ireland has been well adapted for the culture of beet. Good Irish roots yield from ten to twelve per cent. of sugar, the average being that thirteen tons will produce one ton of sugar, worth £24, in addition to £4 worth of molasses, and refuse, pulp, etc., used for feeding cattle; and as about twenty tons per acre may be considered a fair average crop, it will be seen that the speculation ought to be a successful one.

A "Bonanza of Health" is what they call a new sulphur spring reached by an artesian boring at Hopkinsville, Ky.

A Pennsylvania Funeral Feast.

Some time ago, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, I was present at the funeral of the wife of one of the most respectable and influential Germans. Respect for her memory was shown by the expense lavished on her funeral. The Germans universally consider it the greatest mark of respect they can offer to attend the funeral, and most pressing business of the farm will be suspended for that purpose. In this case, as we approached the house, for the distance of one-fourth of a mile carriages were hitched as closely as they would stand along the public roadside, fields were thrown open, and the interior fences used for the same purpose. The large double house, porches, balconies, and grounds were packed with people. It being known that my husband was to be there in an official character, a way with much difficulty was made for us into the interior of the house. Religious services were held in German and English, and then the body was conveyed to its last resting place on the farm, all wealthy families having private burial grounds. According to a beautiful custom among the Germans, just before proceeding to the burial, the corpse was removed just outside the threshold, and with the warm sunshine of heaven once more resting on the pale face, the last kiss was given, the last farewell taken. During the absence at the grave the rooms were cleared and tables set everywhere, one private table always appropriated to the immediate family, they being treated on the occasion as guests. The other tables were filled promiscuously by whoever chose to take a seat. As soon as any one had eaten he vacated his seat, which was immediately filled by some other person. When seen by attendants a change of plate was made, but sometimes the *debris* of the first eater was just shoved to one side of the plate.

It was estimated that 1,000 people ate on this occasion. The cellar, extending under the house, was arched overhead and whitewashed, and its freshness and cleanliness looked the very perfection of housekeeping. Around it were suspended swinging shelves, and on the floors tables set forming aisles; these were all filled with provisions as closely as they could be set. In another part were tubs containing hundreds of pounds of golden butter prints. In the kitchen and summer kitchen, always an adjunct of a wealthy farmer's establishment, in fireplaces hung huge copper caldrons, such as are used for making apple butter, of the capacity of two barrels, filled with coffee, and as it was used they were replenished by the coffee makers. A farmer's smoke-house always contains a great quantity of choice meat; besides, in this case a bullock had been slaughtered and boiled the day before. During eating there was a constant replenishing of the provisions. The attendants on these occasions are the wives and daughters of neighboring farmers, and their work is gratuitous. The surplus provisions in this case were given to the poor, and for days they streamed along the road with well-filled baskets.

This might be considered a more than ordinary funeral, but this is the style of them. In the case of the death of the father of this family, who had been a sort of patriarch among his people, I asked the managers of the funeral how much provision they had made for it. "Well," they said, "if it had not been for the long spell of rain and sleet, making the roads very bad, it would have been a big funeral, so they had only made provision for seven hundred or six hundred;" and at a funeral of a child of a neighbor, whose age was about seven years, the baker, on my inquiry, told me she "had made seventy loaves of bread, a batch of light cake, and one hundred and fifty pies." When a funeral takes places in the summer, and the house is not of sufficient capacity to hold the tables, the thrashing floor of the barn is used, or some sheltered out-of-door place, such as an orchard or under the shade of trees. The table furniture for the occasion is either borrowed from neighbors or hired from a store.

There are several superstitions connected with death and funerals in the country which are a strange blending of the ludicrous with the mournful. One is that if the mother of a family is dying, the vinegar barrel must be shaken at the time to prevent the "mother" in it from dying. Said a man once, in sober earnest to me: "I was so sorry Mr. D. was not in the room when his wife died." "Where was he," inquired I. "Oh, in the cellar a-shaken' the vinegar barrel; but if he had just told me, I would have done it and let him been in the room to see her take her last breath." We will charitably hope the object of this superstition was to divert the husband from his grief, and not the fear that his next winter's pickles would lack acidity. Another is that the last person that goes out of the house at a funeral will be the next one to die, and as the audience begins to thin, you may see people slip very nimbly out of a back or kitchen door to avoid being that "last one."

Anecdotes of President Lincoln.

Hon. C. M. Depew relates that when he visited Washington in 1864 to look after the army vote, he had occasion frequently to refer matters directly to Mr. Lincoln, who one day was reminded of a story, which he declared was one of the only two anecdotes original with him, notwithstanding his reputation for story telling. "I only apply the good stories others tell me," the President said. The story which he thereupon proceeded to tell Mr. Depew was to the effect that many years before, when practicing in Illinois, he had appeared for the defendant in a case of assault and battery, in which the complainant did not seem to be very much injured, although he had been through a long series of brawls. In the course of the plaintiff's examination Mr. Lincoln asked: "How much ground did you fight over?" "About six acres," was the reply. "Don't you think," asked Mr. Lincoln, "that that was a mighty small crop of fight for so much ground?"

At the recent college commencement Speaker Blaine quoted from a letter of President Lincoln to Gen. Hooker after the latter had suffered a defeat. Mr. Lincoln wrote to the general: "I don't know whether you are on the north side of the river or the south side, but don't, for God's sake, get on both sides; for if you do you'll be like an ox on a rail fence, that can neither gore one side nor kick the other."

French Economies.

An American traveling in France thus remarks on one of the characteristics of the people—one which would be called "meanness" in this country, but of which nothing is thought in France: When a Frenchman in a cafe puts two of the little slabs of white sugar in his coffee, and the remaining two in his pocket, it is not meanness, but economy. The four consecrated to the demitasse are paid for; and the purchaser may carry them home to the canary bird, present them to the children of the concierge as a means of maintaining pleasant relations with that person, or keep them for can sucree. Life is not large as in the United States, where there is elasticity in the incomes. Here they are fixed; so much a year, month, and day. The line about the budget of expense is rigid, especially in the case of small rentiers, who abound in France.

The North Polar Region.

In an article upon the occasion of the sailing of the new British discovery expedition to the north pole, the London *Times says*: At present there lies within a few we