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What My Life is Like.

My life is like the summer rose,
Blooming 'neath the morning sky,
That when the shades of evening close
It fades and falls but not to die;
For o'er that rose's humble bed,
Lingering fragrance still is shed,
That breathes of sweet life yet to be,
And such, I know, may come to me.

My life is like the ocean main,
That rolls its waves on Tampa's strand
The rising flood will ebb again,
And leave behind the shining sand;
And as that ebbing tide shall pour,
Back to the waveless quiet sea,
So, when life's troubled dream is o'er,
A holy calm will come to me.

"Good Times."

Twp happy words like far-off chimes
Sound cheerily to men: "Good Times."
Half-hushed in distance t' ough they seem,
Their peal calls back hope gone astray,
And sings of help not far away—
A daily trust, a nightly dream.

Ah when, ah how, shall be fulfilled
This deep desire, of God instilled?
Mock not the yearnings of our race,
The forethought of some final good
Which first flashed into human mood
When sword flames blanched the first man's face!

For poet, warrior, saint and king
Have served those chimes "Good Times" that ring,
In strength of deed and song and prayer
And shall we say that, serpent-like,
Man on himself must turn and strike
The fangs of death, in last despair?

Despairing that the earth should know
An ending of the reign of woe?
Nay, hearken! Still that song, "Good Times"!
Through storm and shine, from sea to sea,
That music, wrought invisibly,
Floats still, to fill all lands and climes.

Like bells of churches built for Christ—
The meek, rejected, sacrificed.
The Promised and the Promiser—
Like holy bells, this glad refrain
Shall greet the coming year again,
And set fond hearts with joy astir.

Yet dream not that the goal is won,
A thousand courses round the sun
Have steeped the world in broader light;
But woe is me!—look back, look back;
The fairest seasons in our track
Are but dead leaves, and dim as night.

And lo! where echoing spires arise
And kiss, to-day, the morning skies,
To-night the shapes of wrong and shame—
A quicksand shoal of faces—pass
And writher from the glare of gas
Back to the wild haunts whence they came.

What though the wheels of trade go round
And streets are filled with jocund sound?
The weather-vane of work and play
And gusty grief can make no law;
But One long since the plan foresaw
And fashioned bright or dark our day.

Ah! man, your church-bell and your praise
And all your fortunate-seeming ways
Shall scarcely bring you to the mark!
Of truth of book and good of gold
What worth, unless your heart shall hold
The everlasting morning spark?

—*George P. Lathrop, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Bill and the Widow.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her, he's awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night-gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But, then, it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I dont bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week to come, Nell."

So saying, Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields, we will take a look at Billy Smiley.

He was a rather good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good old soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred-acre farm as any in Norwich, and a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance, like a rooster on a grasshopper.

But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though since she had been a widow he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed., "only Barnum's show, that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his gal are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak to her. By jingo, if I was a single man, I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to a knot hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Sockrider!" said Bill; "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he! Well, so have I, and a new harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine, and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the best of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarcely help laughing outright; but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage to talk up to her—until at a distance of about a mile from the house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the plank, they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill or paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely dumbfounded at his piece of ill-luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth had cost him so much, and, the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider.

Well, he must try and get them somehow and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and, besides, if he did, he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road, to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water, but his teeth didn't chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water and came out with his teeth in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting.

"Whoa!, whoa! Stop you brute, you, stop!"

But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in a capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got from Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and the animal took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else.

The widow heard the rattling of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley and that he didn't offer to get out, she went out to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her face towards him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. She did not offer to go. He did not ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider! He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go—of course she would. But wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry, he said; and he would go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

What a scrape," said Bill, and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and wriggled into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in there swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse, just now?"

"No, sir, I am not. You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up those lines, will you, please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," she said; "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh, my," said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out. As she did so a long silk neck-tie showed over the end of the boot.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a neck-tie?"

"Yes," said he; "I bought it the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

Then they went on quite a distance, he holding her hand in his, and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unhitched, and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start, which came very near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on again?"

"I can't," said Bill. "I've got—that is, I—I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she, tenderly, "what is the matter? Do tell me!"

She gave his hand a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling-bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance, and went over the low back buggy.

The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past her head, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was up in a moment, and, leaning over the back of the seat, was humbly apologizing and explaining, when, Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped.

Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than had Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was likely to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind.

Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed. got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks, and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night; but will conclude by saying that they all went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

Interesting Statistics.

Kansas leads every State in the Union in the yield of corn per acre, being forty-three and five-tenths bushels. New Hampshire comes next, with a yield of forty-two. Vermont follows with thirty-nine; Ohio, thirty-six and seven-tenths; Wisconsin, thirty-four; Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska, thirty; Michigan, twenty-nine; Missouri, twenty-seven and eight-tenths; Minnesota, twenty-five and four-tenths; Texas and Illinois, twenty-six each.

Illinois takes the lead in the oat crop, growing 43,789,581 out of the total 282,107,159 bushels.

Iowa produces the largest spring wheat crop of any State, the production of the United States being 112,549,533 bushels, and that of Iowa 28,707,312 bushels, while Wisconsin ranks next, with 24,875,435 bushels.

Ohio raises the most winter wheat, 27,625,759 of the 175,195,193 bushels produced in the United States, and also more than half the flax produced in the country. The wool yield of the State is one-fifth that of the United States and double that of California.

Pennsylvania supplies one-fifth of the rye produced in this country, or 3,577,641 bushels out of 16,918,795.

California produces the largest barley crop, or 8,783,490 out of a total of 20,761,305 bushels, and also nine-tenths of our native silk cocoons.

New York is the largest cultivator of buckwheat, raising 3,904,030 of a total of 9,821,721 bushels.

Mississippi takes the lead among the cotton-growing States.

Kentucky grows more than half the hemp crop of our country.

New York produces more than one-fifth of the hay crop, or nearly twice as much as Pennsylvania, which furnishes the next largest figure in that line. New York furnishes, also, more than two-thirds of the hop crop of the country.

South Carolina supplies nearly half the rice produced in the country. Georgia is next, or 7,000,000 pounds ahead of Louisiana. Nearly all the rice comes from these three States.

Of the 272,734,841 pounds of tobacco produced in the country, 105,305,828 pounds are grown in Kentucky. Virginia comes next, with 33,086,364 pounds.

Louisiana contributes nearly all the sugar and molasses from cane, and Vermont nearly one-third of the sugar of maple, while New York produces one-fourth the sugar from maple.

Ohio and Indiana produce each one-eighth of sorghum molasses

New York grows one-fifth of the whole potato crop. North Carolina produces more sweet potatoes than any other State.

New York raises one-fifth of the national supply of peas and beans.

California produces more than one-half the native wine.

A Menagerie at Auction.

The paraphernalia and animals composing Montgomery Queen's circus and menagerie were knocked down piecemeal to the highest bidder in New York recently. The *World* says: The sale was occasioned by the financial embarrassments of Mr. Queen during the last season, resulting in a total wreck of his establishment and a handsome fortune. The affair drew together a large crowd of spectators, as well as quite a number of showmen from abroad. It was not until the animals were reached that the general interest became intense. The bidding was slow at first, but afterwards became quite spirited, and when a little competition was indulged in some one would sing out, "Go in there; don't let the East get away with the West," and other pleasantries of a similar nature. The relative value of the animals seemed to have no effect upon the prices offered. An African claud was sold for $205 to Mr. Burr Robbins, who bought a white deer for $20, a leopard for $25, four spotted hyenas for $84, three kangaroos for $246, a hippopotamus for $190, an Esquimaux wolf for $100, a striped hyena for $37.50, a zebu or sacred cow for $32. Mr. W. W. Cole bought a zebra for $230, an African lion and lioness, performing animals, three years old, for $200, a wild boar for $500, twelve cockatoos for $156, two monkeys for $62, an emu for $100 and an elephant for $1,500. Messrs. Sells Brothers bought a wild gazelle with silvery feet for $25, a gnu for $675, a royal Bengal tiger for $600, a two horned rhinoceros for $3,600 and six camels and two dromedaries at an average of $102.50 each. The St. Louis Geological Garden bought a pair of gazelles at $50, one pair of tiger cats at $60, and one pair of California lions at $300. Altogether the sale was an exceedingly interesting one, and while the prices realized were not one-fifth of the actual value, yet, under the circumstances, it could hardly be expected to be greater.

Old Bridges in China.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical skill and science of the Chinese at an early period, is to be found in their suspension bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Ham dynasty. According to the current testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sangleang, the commander of the army under Kaon-tsoo, the first of the Hams, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of the Shensa to the west of the capital. Hitherto, its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road the required height he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another over a deep chasm. The bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, flying bridges, and are represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still exists in Shensa, stretching four hundred feet from mountain to mountain over a chasm of over five hundred feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travelers. It is by no means improbable (as Mr. Pauthelier suggested) that as the missionaries to China made known the fact over a century and a half ago that the Chinese had suspension bridges, and that many of them were made of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar construction by European engineers.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

How Human Beings Are Inwardly Burned to Death.

Cases of human beings who have suddenly died from the effects of internal combustion are very singular. The following case is a very remarkable one. It is that of Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger in the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich. She was aged about sixty, and had contracted a habit of coming down from her bedroom every night, half dressed, to smoke a pipe. On the night of the 9th of April, 1744, she got up from bed as usual, and her daughter, who slept with her, did not notice her absence until next morning, when on going down into the kitchen, she found her stretched out on her right side, with her head toward the grate; the body extended on the hearth, with the legs on the floor, which was of deal, and it had the appearance of a log of wood which had been consumed by a fire without apparent flame. The girl, on noticing her mother's body, ran and got a couple of vessels of water which she poured upon the body, and immediately a fœtid odor and smoke was given off which very nearly smothered the neighbors who had come to the girl's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, and lower portions of the body had also been partially burned. The woman it was said had drank a large quantity of spirituous liquor the night before in consequence of being overjoyed at hearing of the return of one of her daughters from Gibralter. There was no fire in the grate from which the cotton gown she wore could have been ignited and the candle had been burned entirely out in the socket, while near the consumed body were found several articles of clothing and a paper screen, which had sustained no injury by the fire.

And still another case is found in that of Madam Millet, who kept a lodging house at Rheims, France, and who got intoxicated very nearly every day. This woman was found consumed at a distance of a foot and a half from her hearth, on the morning of the 20th of February, 1725. Only a part of the head, a little of the extremities and three or four vertebræ were left of the body. The flooring under the body was consumed, but articles of clothing and wood near the body were still intact. Jean Millet, the husband of the deceased, stated that his wife had been unable to sleep the preceding night, and had gone into the kitchen to warm herself; at about two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a strong and infectious odor, and having run to the place found the remains of his wife in the condition described. Inquiry into the cause of Madam Millet's death was prosecuted with the most untiring diligence. It was unfortunate for M. Millet that he had a handsome servant girl in the establishment, for he was charged by his prosecutors with having concerted with the girl to put Madam Millet out of the way, and had studiously arranged the above details to avert suspicion from the real cause of his lady's death. He was convicted, but a superior court, to which he appealed, declared the combustion to have been the result of natural causes, and to have been spontaneous, so that the male Millet came off victorious.

It is a notable fact that in nearly all cases of spontaneous combustion men as victims are conspicuous by their absence; a case, however, is given by Dr. MacNish.—*St. Louis Post.*

A Four Days' Bear Hunt.

The Orange (N. Y.) *Press* says: A Sullivan county Nimrod, who resides near Fallsburg, was out attending to his sap trees, when he descried a bear near one of the sap-buckets. He ran home with all the speed he could possibly make, and summoning his neighbors, told them of the immense bear he had seen—the largest ever known in that section. In a short time a party was organized, and off they started. They kept on his trail all that day, and spent the night in a neighboring house. The second morning they were early on the war-path, and, although they were still on his track, they did not see the bear. On the third day they had a similar experience, and, although the traces were fresh, bruin still kept out of their sight. On the morning of the fourth day they separated somewhat, and made the hunt more comprehensive. About ten o'clock the party heard a gun, and rushing in the direction of the sound, they saw a valiant hunter climbing a tree as fast as possible, with his unloaded gun at the foot of it, and, looking in the other direction, they saw the bear getting off at his best gait. The shot of the hunter had wounded the animal in the foot and he was limping badly. The frightened hunter was persuaded to come down the tree, and the party got off and finally surrounded the bear. Several well-directed volleys at point-blank range brought him down, and they gathered about the dead bruin to take a look at their prize. He had dwindled from a monster, as at first reported, to a small, half-starved animal, weighing about 150 pounds. The animal had not hybernated as is their custom, and was terribly lean in consequence.

Postal Card Troubles.

Postal cards are very handy to use and withal a great convenience, but the chances that one of them will fail to reach its destination are much greater than in the case of a letter. This is not because of any fault on the part of the Department but the result of carelessness on the part of the sender. There being no privacy to the cards, and the messages they bear being generally of minor importance, leads the post-office officials to treat them with little consideration when once they go astray. "Bushels of them are burnt every month in this city," said a clerk in the Boston post-office, recently. "We make no effort to return them to senders, but simply throw them aside." The slips which will consign a postal card to the limbo of the unredeemed are many. Anything (except a stamp) stuck to either side; failure to put the address on the side designated for it, and the writing of anything except the address on the stamped side, are among them. A good plan is to first address the card and then write the message. Large numbers of cards are daily received at the various offices with no written or printed address in the proper place.

Food as Medicine.

Dr. Hall's views in regard to the efficacy of food as medicine, when discriminatingly used, seem to be reasonable. He relates the case of a man who was cured of biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning this patient rose with a wonderful sense of rest, refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cooled and cleansed by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food will be used as a remedy for diseases successfully. For example, he instantly cures the spitting of blood by the use of salt, epilepsy and yellow fever by watermelons, kidney affections by celery, poison by olive or sweet oil, erysipelas by pounded cranberries applied to the parts affected, hydrophobia by onions, etc. So the thing to do in order to keep in good health is really to know what to eat, and not what medicines to take.

The Story of an Invention.

It may not be generally known that an important invention in connection with the manufacture of carpets originated as follows: An operative weaver, in one of the largest establishments in this country, was engaged in weaving a carpet that in its finished stage would appear as a velvet pile. At that period this description of carpet was woven much in the manner of Brussels, the loops being afterward cut by hand—a slow and costly process. These loops are formed by the insertion of wires of the requisite thickness to form the loop; they are then withdrawn. This weaver—whether by cogitation or as the result of a bright thought—came to the conclusion that if these wires were so constructed as, on being withdrawn, to cut the loops, thus instantly completing the formation of the pile, it would be a great saving of labor and time, and a great economy. Taking one of the rods, he changed its form to the required shape, ground a knife edge upon it, took it to his looms, and inserted it in the web—all the while maintaining strict secrecy—and with some degree of excitement watched its weaving down until the moment for its withdrawal. This came, the rod, was drawn out, the loops were cut, and the experiment was a perfect success, the pile being cut with great evenness.

The weaver, with a shrewdness often wanting in inventors, doubled up the rod and hid it away, wove down the line of cut loops upon the roll, then "knocked off," or stopped his loom, and proceeded to the office of the mill, where he demanded to see the principal. The clerk demurred to this, asking if he himself could not do all that was required; but no, the weaver persisted. Then the manager tried, with the same result; only the principal would suit the weaver. The employer was informed of the operative's persistence in determining to see him; so he at once ordered him to be admitted. This was done, and the weaver stepped into the well furnished and handsomely carpeted office of the manufacturer. His employer addressed him: "Well, John" (for so we will call him), "what is it you want?" "Well, maister, I've getten summut yo mun hev," replied John. "Wodn't yo like a way nt makkin t' loom cut th' velvet piles?" continued the weaver. "Yes! that I would!" replied the employer; "and I will reward any man handsomely who brings me a plan of doing it," added he. "Awm yore man, then," said the operative. "Wod'll yo gi' me?" he further asked. After some further conversation a bargain was struck, and a sum agreed upon, which the weaver should be entitled to claim in the event of his plan for automatically cutting the pile of the carpet being a success. Arrangements were made its trial; the weaver made his preparations; the master, the manager, and one or two confidential employees gathered around the loom upon which the experiment had to be made, all others being sent outside the range of observation. The new form of wires were inserted, woven down, and withdrawn, leaving a well cut pile upon the face of the carpet. The weaver had won his reward, for it was honorably paid. An annuity of £100 was settled upon him, which he continued to enjoy until within a recent date, and for anything we know to the contrary may be enjoying yet. He retired from the weaving shed, determined to spend the rest of his days in ease and comfort. His employer secured by patent the benefits of his invention, it being one, among several others, which contributed to place that manufacturing establishment in the foremost rank in the trade, while its owners attained wealth and social eminence as the reward of their prudent enterprise. —*Textile Manufacturer.*

Mining Fish Out of the Ice.

The Carson (Nev.) *Appeal* has the following: In the general freeze which has converted the lake into a sea of ice, Emerald bay has been frozen solid. It is one vast ledge of ice from the surface of its transparent waters to the bottom. More than ever is that beautiful bay a "gem of purest ray serene," crystalized as it is and firm set within its rock-bound shores. From some cause best known to themselves, the fish, especially the trout, have fairly swarmed there. When the great and sudden freezing came it imprisoned them by hundreds of tons all over the bay. There they are fixed, like a bee in a drop of amber. Of course the fishermen of the Rubicon and its neighborhood are reaping a rich and novel harvest. The present abundance of fish in the Carson market is due to this remarkable occurrence. Monk says that the bay presents a wonderful appearance. He says in all truthfulness that Sailor Jack and some associates have actually sunk a winze in the ice between the boat landing and Captain Dick's island, and that by dint of tunneling and sinking in the solid ice they are actually mining out the imprisoned trout by the cart-load. Hank says he has an interest in one of these extraordinary "claims," and that he has every reason to expect prompt and numerous dividends. This class of phenomena occurs only at rare intervals. In 1845, Back Cove, an arm of Casco bay, was a scene of such freezing as this. All sorts of salt water fish, such as frequent the more shallow bays and estuaries, smelt, tom-cod, eels and flounders were frozen in and captured by the million. The tom-cod, when thus frozen, may be thawed out in cool water and restored to life. For this reason this small member of the finny tribe is known as the "frost-fish."

Hard to Digest.

At a certain boarding house in this city is a young man whose occupation is the "art preservative," and whose labors occupy him during those hours when the majority of mankind is asleep. Of course he gets hungry, and is accustomed to get a lunch when he starts out for his nightly toil. This lunch is done up in a paper and placed on a table in the hall of the boarding house, from which the young man takes it when he goes out. One evening this week as he went out, he saw two bundles lying upon the table and unthinkingly took the one nearest and carried it away. About midnight that unfailing monitor, an empty stomach, warned him that lunch time had arrived, and with high hopes and a keen appetite he took out his bundle and opened it, but was struck all aback to find instead of his coveted food a small package of neatly folded handkerchiefs, which had been placed upon the table by the laundryman for one of the other boarders. Language fails to do justice to the denouement, and so we draw the curtain.—*New Bedford Evening Standard.*

The Farmer's Independence.

During these times of business failures, when men supposed to be millionaires, by reverses have become bankrupt, none is so free and independent as the owner and occupier of an unincumbered farm. Financial panics and depressions may come and go without seriously affecting him. For the products of the soil there must be, under all circumstances, a ceaseless and remunerative demand. Out of the numerous business failures throughout the country, but a small per centage are those of farmers, who, as a rule, go on prospering despite all monetary vicissitudes and fluctuations.

SOME NEW YORK DUELS.

The Meeting between De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout—Almost Incredible Marksmanship of Capt. Martin Scott.

It is a notable fact that the most determined duel of which I have any record, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*, was fought in New York State, and very near the metropolis of that name. The meeting was between DeWitt Clinton and John Swartwout in 1802. It appears probable that if the dispute in which this duel originated had taken its natural course the most famous duel in any history—that between Hamilton and Burr—would have been omitted. Clinton and Burr had a very fierce and truculent political dispute, which finally became personal. Before it had fairly come to an issue, John Swartwout became involved in it, taking Burr's place. He challenged Clinton, who accepted. On the field Clinton remarked "that he wished he had the principal (Burr) before him." If his wish had been gratified there is little doubt that his fatal precision of shot would have put Burr where he could not have killed Hamilton three years later. Mr. Swartwout insisted that he should have an apology, and prepared one that he insisted Mr. Clinton should sign. Mr. Clinton, of course, declined, and the parties went to the field.

Mr. N. S. Smith, who was Swartwout's second, says: The gentlemen took positions and fired without effect. At Mr. Riker's request, I asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied. He replied: "I am not," and the third shot was exchanged without injury. I then asked Mr. Swartwout, "Are you satisfied, sir?" He replied, "I am not. Neither shall I be until the apology is made which I have demanded. Until then we must proceed." I then presented a paper to Mr. Riker for Mr. Clinton's signature, containing the apology demanded, observing that this paper must be signed or we would proceed. Mr. Clinton declared he would sign no paper on the subject; that he had no animosity to Mr. Swartwout, and would willingly shake hands and agree to meet on the score of former friendship. Mr. Swartwout insisted on the signature of the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining, they stood at their posts and fired a fourth shot. Mr. Swartwout was wounded in the left leg, about five inches below the knee. Being asked if he was satisfied, Mr. Swartwout replied: "It is useless to repeat the question; my determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed." Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartwout; was sorry for what had passed; proposed to advance, shake hands, and bury the past in oblivion. During this conversation, the surgeon, kneeling at his side, extracted the ball from Mr. Swartwout's leg. The fifth shot being fired, Mr. Swartwout received a ball in the left leg, about five inches above the ankle. Still, however, standing at his post perfectly composed. At the request of Mr. Riker, I asked: "Are you satisfied?" He forcibly answered: "No, sir; I am not. Proceed." Mr. Clinton then quit his post, declining the combat, and declared he would fire no more. Mr. Swartwout expressed himself surprised that Mr. Clinton would neither apologize nor give the satisfaction required, and, addressing me, said: "What shall I do, my friend?" I answered: "Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required, refuses taking his position, and positively declares he will fight no more; his second appearing to acquiesce in the disposition of his principal, there is nothing further for you to do now but to have your wounds dressed." The surgeons attending dressed his wounds, and the gentlemen returned in their respective barges to the city.

One of the most widely-known men of any time is Capt. Martin Scott. Martin Scott was, from his earlier days, a remarkably fine pistol and rifle shot. While plowing in the field one day he received a letter which enclosed him his commission as ensign in the United States army. He had never applied for this position, and to the day of his death never knew how it came to be tendered to him. He accepted it, however, and was soon famous throughout the whole army as the best shot of his day. Upon the authority of Col. R. B. Marcy, United States army, I will give a sample of this shooting. A playing card, with a spot about the size of a dime, was tacked upon a tree seventy-five yards distant. Capt. Scott then took a muzzle-loading squirrel rifle and proposed to see how quickly he could load and fire three times. He began, and in one minute and twenty seconds had loaded and fired three times. Of course this was very quick work, allowing hardly any time for aiming. The firing was almost instantaneous. When Col. Marcy went to examine the target he found one hole exactly in the center of the bull's eye. He remarked, however, that the other two shots had missed the target entirely. Capt. Smith smiled, called for an axe, split the log, and found the three balls imbedded in the single hole. These shots were all off-hand. Col. Marcy says that he has seen officers who vouched for the truth of the following, having seen Capt. Scott do it: He would take two potatoes, and throwing them into the air successively, would put a pistol ball through both of them as they crossed in the air, one going up and the other coming down.

The first duel in which Capt. Scott was engaged was under the following circumstances: He was stationed on the frontier, at a military post of Council Bluff. The officers were, the most of them, fond of a social glass, and addicted to card playing, and they considered a man who abstained entirely from like indulgences as wanting the proper spirit. Capt. Scott never drank a glass of liquor and never played a game of cards, and while he was very liberal in his intercourse with his brother officers he was exceedingly parsimonious in his own personal expenses. The officers around him took umbrage at this, and gradually withdrew from all intercourse with him, until he was absolutely put into coventry by all save three of his associates in arms. He submitted for a long time to the insults and persecutions and then held a council of war with his three friends to determine what was best to be done. They told him that only two alternatives were left him—one was to throw up his commission and the other was to challenge the first man that should insult him. He readily chose the latter course, and his determination became known throughout the post His skill as a marksman and his undoubted nerve protected him for a good while, no one caring to needlessly risk an encounter with him.

At length, however, an officer from a neighboring post, who was a celebrated shot, and had brought down his man in about half a dozen duels, was sent for. He took the first opportunity to insult Capt. Scott. The insult was given at mess table, and a challenge immediately followed. In telling of the duel afterward, Capt. Scott said that he went to the ground considerably agitated. Being utterly opposed to dueling, he had determined to throw away his fire. Just about that time he accidently overheard his antagonist say that he had a very disagreeable job on hand that morning, viz., the "shooting of a Yankee." This raised Capt. Scott's indignation, and he determined from that moment to punish his opponent. When the word was given the men fired together. Capt. Scott received a slight flesh wound, and sent a ball whizzing through his opponent's lungs. It is mentioned, as a fact that this shot saved the man's life. He had consumption before the duel and recovered afterward. I hesitate, however, to recommend this as an inevitable cure for the consumption. It is a remedy, however, that is apt to either cure or kill.

What He Wanted.

The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and measured the location for the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors, pulling out drawers and kicking furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs, and called down:

"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I want to know where that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew! I've looked the house over and can't find it!"

"Why, we never had one, Richard."

"Didn't, eh? We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

"But you must be out of your head," she said as she descended the stairs. "We've kept house seven years and I never remember seeing you bring a corkscrew home."

"Oh, yes, I'm out of my head, I am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing machine drawer and turned over the contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away!"

"Well, Richard, I know that I have never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six. The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything!"

"The house is kept as well as any of your folks can keep one!" she retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to show you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'll boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" he yelled, as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, you'll be going for York State, if you don't look out!"

"I'd like to see myself! When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives."

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close up to her, he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and slowly said:

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four! You said corkscrew!"

"Did I!" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table. "Well, now, I believe I did."

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed, falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said tenderly, lifting her up.

"Oh, Richard!" she chokingly answered.

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if hung up in the hall.—*Worcester Gazette.*

How Bancroft Writes History.

A Washington letter gives the following: Mr. Bancroft's method of writing his history, the result of the experience of long years, is peculiar and interesting, and he thinks it gives him a grasp on those conflicting conditions in literary work—comprehensiveness and compactness. He has two secretaries, a "reference" secretary and a "writing" secretary. They do the work, while he does the thinking and dictation. When he begins a new volume he lays out a plan for it as minute and detailed as an architect makes the plan of a house. First he decides upon the time which it shall cover, then the epochs of important events which it shall include. A large volume of blank paper is then taken, ruled, and dated like a diary, and under each date are entered, with the precision of an accountant, all the occurrences of that day in every corner of the globe which relate in any way, near or remote, to the American republic. This duty is performed by the "reference secretary," and for a single volume requires the labor of years. With each record are references to the authority upon which the record is based, and the circumstances in detail under which the information is obtained. Every existing work, document, and paper is consulted; every history of tradition of any reliability is carefully gleaned. This diary being completed, Mr. Bancroft takes what he calls a "topic book"—a large blank book, like a banker's ledger, which is classified under different heads; for instance, during the Revolutionary war, a page would be assigned to every military or official character, and such heads as "Army," "Finance," "Foreign Affairs," "