

HOW HE FOOLED HER.

Bungay, the real estate agent over at Pecader, suspected that Mrs. Bungay didn't care so much for him as she ought to. So one day he went up to the city, after leaving word that he would be gone two or three days. While there he arranged with a friend to send a telegram to his wife, at a certain hour, announcing that he had been run over on the railroad and killed.

Then Bungay came home, and slipped into the house unperceived, he secreted himself in the closet in the sitting room to await the arrival of the telegram and to see how Mrs. Bungay took it. After awhile it came, and he saw the servant girl give it to his wife. She opened it and as she read it she gave one little start. Then Bungay saw a smile gradually overspread her features. She rang for the girl, and when the servant came, Mrs. Bungay said to her:

"Mary, Mr. Bungay's been killed. I've just got the news, I reckon I'll have to put on black for him, though I hate to give up my new bonnet for mourning. You just go over to the milliner's and ask her to fetch me up some of the latest styles of widow's bonnets, and tie a piece of black crape on the door, and then bring the undertaker here."

While Mrs. Bungay was waiting, she smiled continually, and once or twice she danced around the room, and stood in front of the looking glass, and Bungay heard her murmur to herself:

"I ain't such a bad looking woman. I wonder now what James will think of me?"

"James!" thought Bungay, as his widow took her seat and sang softly, as if she felt perfectly happy. "Who in the thunder's James? She certainly don't mean that infamous old undertaker, Toombs? His name is James, and he's a widower; but it's preposterous to think that she cares for him, or is going to prowl after any man for a husband as quick as this."

"Mr. Toombs, Bungay is dead; run over by locomotive and was chopped all up."

"Very sorry to hear it, madam; I sympathize with you in your affliction."

"Thank you, it is pretty sad. But I don't worry much. Bungay was a poor sort of a man to get along with, and now that he's dead, I'm going to stand it without crying my eyes out. We will have to bury him, I suppose?"

"That's the usual thing to do in such cases."

"Well, I want you to 'tend to it for me. I reckon the Coroner will have to sit on him first. But when they get through if you will collect the pieces and shake him into some kind of a bag and pack him into a coffin, I'll be obliged."

"Certainly, Mrs. Bungay. When do you want the funeral to occur?"

"Oh, most any day. Perhaps the sooner the better, so's we can have it over. It will save expense, too, by taking less ice. I don't want to spend much money on it, Mr. Toombs. Rig up some kind of a cheap coffin, and mark his name on it with a brush, and bury him with as little fuss as possible. I'll come along with a couple of friends; and we'll walk. No carriages. Times are hard."

"I will attend to it."

"And, Mr. Toombs, there is another matter. Mr. Bungay's life was insured for about twenty thousand dollars, and I want to get possession of it as soon as possible, and then I shall think of marrying again."

"Indeed, madam!"

"Yes; and can you think of anybody who will suit me?"

"I dunno. I might. Twenty thousand you say he left?"

"Twenty thousand; yes. Now, Mr. Toombs, you'll think me bold, but I only tell the honest truth when I say that I prefer a widower, and a man who is about middle age, and in some business connected with cemeteries."

"How would an undertaker suit you?"

"I think very well, if I could only find one. I often told Bungay that I wished he was an undertaker."

"Well, Mrs. Bungay, it is a little kind of sudden; I haven't thought much about it; and old Bungay's hardly got settled in the world of the hereafter; but business is business, and if you must have an undertaker to love you and look after that life insurance money, it appears to me that I am just the kind of a man. Will you take me?"

"Oh, James! fold me to your bosom!"

James was about to fold her, when Bungay, white with rage, burst from the closet and exclaimed:

"Unhand her, villain! Touch that woman and you die! Leave this house at once, or I will brain you with the poker! And as for you, Mrs. Bungay, you can pick up your duds and quit. I've done with you. I know that you are a cold-hearted, faithless, abominable wretch! Go, and go at once! I did this to try you and my eyes are opened."

"I know you did, and I concluded to pay you in your own coin."

"That's too awful thin. It won't hold water."

"It's true anyhow. You told Mr. Bungay you were going to do it, and he told me."

"He did, hey? I'll burst the head off of him."

"When you are really dead, I will be a good deal more sorry, provided

you don't make such a fool of yourself while you're alive."

"You will? You will really be sorry?"

"Of course."

"And you won't marry Toombs! Where is that man Toombs? By George, I'll go for him! He was mighty hungry for that insurance money! I'll step around and kick him at once while I'm mad. We'll talk this over when I come back."

Then Bungay left to call upon Toombs and when he returned he dropped the subject. He has drawn up his will so that his wife will be cut off with a shilling if she employs him as the undertaker.

COMMON AND NORMAL SCHOOLS.

From the Doylestown Democrat.

Governor Robinson of New York State makes the following allusion to the schools of the State:

"In my former messages I have given fully my views in regard to the proper scope and extent of the schools that should be maintained by general taxation. All my subsequent observation has confirmed the opinion expressed upon this subject. To the extent of giving to every child in the State a good common school education, sufficient to enable him or her to understand and perform the duties of American citizenship, and to carry on intelligently and successfully the ordinary labors of life, the common schools are and should be objects of the deepest concern to the whole community. To a few who desire and are capable of a still higher education, and who have an ambition to shine as professional men and in the arts of literature, music, painting and poetry, the door is wide open for them to win distinction in these callings. But to levy taxes upon the people for such purposes is a species of legalized robbery and even the recipients come to know it. Their sense of justice cannot fail to condemn it; it lowers their standard of morality and helps to debauch instead of purifying, public opinion. It also breeds discontent on the part of those who are educated to something above that for which they are fitted. It readily disqualifies them for those duties and labors to which alone they are by nature adapted, so that not only great injustice but great demoralization is the result of a system which collects money by force from one to educate the children of another man, for callings which they can never fill. The argument sometimes advanced that this system is a benefit to the poor is an utter fallacy. The children of the poor man generally leave the schools with a common school education and go to work for themselves or their parents. Yet while the poor man's children are thus at work his little home is taxed to give to the children of others a collegiate education. Nine in ten of those educated in the so-called high-schools at the public expense would far better pay their own bills than to have them paid by the people of the State. These views are so manifestly just, that I have no doubt they will ultimately prevail. Indeed there seems to have been already a cessation of efforts to establish high schools, academies and colleges and support them by taxation. So far as I can learn, the Normal schools established in various parts of the State are, with two or three exceptions, wholly useless and fail almost entirely to accomplish the objects for which they were established, and for which the State is annually paying large amounts of money from the treasury. I recommend an inquiry into the working of these institutions, and discontinuance of all those which fail to accomplish the purpose of their establishment."

The above is what Governor Robinson says about the higher class of schools supported at public expense. We believe he is right. The founders of our system of common school education never intended it should extend beyond teaching children the rudiments of English education, at the expense of the public. But in course of time it has been extended until the purse of the taxpayers is made to pay for the higher branches of education, for the sons and daughters of men who are abundantly able to pay themselves, and should be made to pay. It is very seldom the children of the poor get beyond the district school, where they receive the benefits the system was intended to confer. Those who attended our Normal schools are the sons and daughters of men in good circumstances, who can afford to pay their children's board and tuition, which the poor man now helps to pay. We would dispense with the Normal schools and save that expense to the people. We do not believe they have been a benefit to the cause of education. It used to be the case, that every village in the State had its Academy or classic school, where boys and girls could receive a good solid education at their parents' expense, and boarding schools were numerous. But the Normal schools have shut up nearly all these. Private boarding schools cannot compete with institutions supported mainly by the State, unless they are sectarian and have a powerful religious organization at their back. There is not a Normal school in the State that is self-supporting, and if State aid were withdrawn we think they would all go down. They are constantly asking appropriations, and generally getting them. The Normal schools have broken up the academies and private boarding

schools, and parents are obliged, in most instances, to send their children a considerable distance from home if they wish to give them a better education than the district school afford. We believe the cause of education would be advanced if the Normal schools were closed to-morrow. It would re-establish the Academy and local classical school where parents could give as good, if not a better, education to their children, and a large amount of money would be saved to the taxpayer.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

The appropriation to meet claims arising during the next fiscal year under the recent pension act, the appropriations for Mexican veterans excluded, will distribute a vast sum in such small amounts as to carry relief to thousands of needy families—as well as many not very needy—all over the Union. We say all over the Union, for it is true that every section will get some portion of it, although the greater portion will, of course, go to those states which furnished the most men for the union army, and in which the veterans still reside.

As nearly as can be ascertained from data at hand in the pension bureau, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut will get, through the Boston agency, \$2,080,000; Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, through the Concord agency, \$2,040,000; Eastern New York, New York city and Long Island, through the New York agency, \$1,450,000; Western and Northern New York, through the Canandaigua agency, \$1,900,000; Eastern Pennsylvania, through the Philadelphia agency, \$1,800,000; Western Pennsylvania, through the Pittsburgh agency; \$1,450,000; Ohio, through the Columbus agency, \$2,600,000; Indiana, through the Indianapolis agency, \$1,850,000; Michigan, through the Detroit agency, \$1,150,000; Minnesota and Wisconsin and territories of Dakota and Montana, through the Milwaukee agency, \$1,200,000; Nebraska and Iowa, through the Des Moines agency, \$1,100,000; Colorado, Kansas and Missouri, through the St. Louis agency, \$1,500,000; California, Oregon, Nevada and territories of Washington, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, through the San Francisco agency, \$200,000; Kentucky, through the Louisville agency, \$760,000; Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina, through the Knoxville agency, \$880,000; Illinois, through the Chicago agency, \$2,210,000; Maryland, Delaware, city of Washington and District of Columbia, through the Washington agency, \$1,900,000; Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Florida, through the New Orleans agency, \$360,000.

In addition to bearing her share of the public burden imposed by the regular pension rolls and the liberal maintenance of four splendid houses for volunteer soldiers, the South must contribute her proportion of this large total and all the other millions that may follow before the provisions of this act are complied with. Yet we hear no howl of indignation from that section, and the "Confederate brigadiers" in the Capitol do not indulge in any of those tirades so common on the part of Radicals when any measure for the benefit of the Southern people is suggested.

The Southern soldiers have no pensions, and do not want or expect any. The maimed veterans of the Confederate armies have no homes provided for them, nor do they ask or look for such provisions. The South is poor, while the North is rich. And yet we see the representatives of the South cheerfully voting for pension bills and the support of homes for those who triumphed over them in the great civil contest, and the people of the South uncomplainingly bearing their share of the taxation consequent upon such expenditures. On the other hand, we find the North fairly ablaze with alarm and indignation at the proposal to rebuild the walls of an ancient seat of learning in the South, which was destroyed by the Union army. The contrast is suggestive.

SHOW US THE DOCUMENTS!

General Brisbin, U. S. A., says of the resources of Montana: The yield of grain is prodigious. Mr. Forbes raised a field of wheat of twenty acres, which yielded him 82 bushels per acre. Mr. Raymond, of Lewis and Clarke county, raised 102 bushels on each of a number of acres. Mr. Burton had a field of barley which cut 113 bushels per acre; a field of oats 101 bushels, and a patch of land in potatoes on which he dug 613 bushels per acre. The largest yield of wheat in Montana on a single acre of land was 113 bushels. These figures are not fancy estimates, but sworn to by disinterested parties, and the production is an actual fact. The figures will seem astonishing, if not impossible, to Eastern farmers, but they are true, and can be provided if necessary. The average yield of wheat is thirty-eight bushels per acre. The root crops grew enormously, and I have had a good opportunity to observe them in our fine gardens at Ellis. Peas, beans, tomatoes, cabbage, cucumbers, melons, potatoes, beets, parsnips, turnips, onions and squashes attain remarkable size and flavor. We have had potatoes weighing four pounds each, and rutabagas seventeen and a quarter pounds.

EYESIGHT AND READING.

HOW THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS UPON THE EYES MAY BE AVOIDED.

From the London Times.

M. Javel, in a recent lecture, tries to answer the question, Why is reading a specially fatiguing exercise? and also suggests some remedies for this fatigue. First, M. Javel says reading requires an absolutely permanent application of the eyesight, resulting in a permanent tension of the organ, which may be measured by the amount of fatigue or by the production of permanent myopia; secondly, books are printed in black on a white ground. The eye is thus in presence of the most absolute contrast which can be imagined. The third peculiarity lies in the arrangement of the characters in horizontal lines, over which run our eyes.

If we maintain during reading a perfect immobility of the book and the head, the printed lines are applied successfully to the same parts of the retina, while the interspaces, more bright, also affect certain regions of the retina, always the same. There must result from this a fatigue analogous to that which we experience when we make experiments in "accidental images," and physicists will admit that there is nothing more disastrous for the sight than the prolonged contemplation of these images. Lastly, and most important of all, in Mr. Javel's estimation, is the continual variation of the distance of the eye from the point of fixation on the book. A simple calculation demonstrates that the accommodation of the eye to the page undergoes a distinct variation in proportion as the eye passes from the beginning to the end of each line, and that this variation is all the greater in proportion to the nearness of the book to the eye and the length of the line.

As to the rules which M. Javel inculcates in order that the injurious effects of reading may be avoided, with reference to the permanent application of the eyes, he counsels to avoid excess, to take notes in reading, to stop in order to reflect, or even to roll a cigarette; but not to go on reading for hours on end without stopping. As to the contrast between the white of the paper and the black characters, various experiments have been made in the introduction of colored papers. M. Javel advises the adoption of a slightly yellow tint. But the nature of the yellow to be used is not a matter of indifference; he would desire a yellow resulting from the absence of the blue rays, analogous to that of paper made from a wood paste, and which is often mistakenly corrected by the addition of an ultramarine blue, which produces gray, and not white. M. Javel has been led to this conclusion both from practical observation and also theoretically from the relation which must exist between the two eyes and the colors of the spectrum.

His third advice is to give preference to small volumes which can be held in the hand, which obviates the necessity of the book being kept fixed in one place, and the fatigue resulting from accidentally images. Lastly, M. Javel advises the avoidance of too long lines and therefore he prefers small volumes, and for the same reason those journals which are printed in narrow columns. Of course every one knows that it is exceedingly injurious to read with insufficient light, or to read too small print, and other common rules.

M. Javel concludes by protesting against an invidious assertion which has recently been made "in a neighboring country" (Germany, no doubt), according to which the degree of civilization of a people is proportional to the number of the short-sighted shown to exist by statistics; the extreme economy of light, the abuse of reading to the detriment of reflection and the observation of real facts, the employment of Gothic characters and of a too broad column for books and journals are the conditions which, M. Javel believes, leads to myopia, especially if successive generations have been subjected to the injurious influences.

MUSIC.

"CLAIR," in the Altoona Tribune.

Music, like many other arts, is derived chiefly from the ancients. Of its origin no certain knowledge can be obtained. There are many fabulous stories attributing its origin to the heathen gods. It was in all probability coeval with man, and it is also probable that the vocal music preceded the use of instruments. The simple elevation or depression of the voice in expressing the different passions and emotions of the mind would, most likely, have led to its discovery, and the idea of regulating it might have naturally been obtained from the modulated song of birds. A portion of the songs of the blackbird is well-known to consist of true diatonic intervals. "Music is the only one of all the arts that does not corrupt the mind." And hard must be the heart that music cannot touch. It lifts us above ourselves and all the petty trials of life; it makes us feel grander, nobler and holier. We know that the voice of any human being becomes touching in distress, and even on the course-minded and low, religion, and the higher passions have made the deepest impression. I have never known man, or woman, with even a spark of noble feeling, whose voice at

times did not deepen to a chord of grandeur or soften to the notes sweet as the music of Apollo's lyre. We are surrounded by unwritten music. There is no sound of nature not musical. God is the great musician; the sounds which He made are all harmonious, because they are governed by the Great Author of all harmony. The gentle winds of summer blow lightly over the waterfalls and brooks, bringing a sound to our ear sweeter than any written music, yet the wind at best is but a fitful player; playing now fast, now slow, now loud, now low; never twice the same. I once heard a legend of Scotland, which I think is beautiful. It is believed by the Highland peasants that to the ear of the dying (which before death always becomes exquisitely acute), the perfect harmony of nature is so entrancing as to make him forget all his pain and suffering, and to die gently like one in a pleasant dream. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from within and bear him out into the open sky that he may hear the familiar sounds of nature. The old Philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he declared that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned), were lacking to complete the harmony. All honor be to those whose aim in life is proficiency in music. Have courage and perseverance and you will succeed in this grand art.

FROZEN TO DEATH IN VIRGINIA.

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE EXPEDITION THAT EXPLORED LOUISIANA TERRITORY.

Captain Tom Lewis, colored, nearly 90 years old, was found frozen to death in the public road in Albemarle county. He was farming in a small way in the county, and it is supposed that he had gone out to cut some wood. Capt. Lewis had led an eventful life, and was famous as the last survivor of the Lewis and Clark Expedition to explore the Missouri river.

Merriwether Lewis, the oldest son of Mrs. Marks, of Locust Hill, by her former marriage with Colonel Wm. Lewis of the Revolutionary army, was Private Secretary to President Jefferson shortly after the purchase of the Louisiana Territory, and was selected to explore the Territory. He had permission from the President of selecting his aid and companion, and he chose Lieut. Clark of the regular army. The company was organized with about 30 private soldiers and commanded by Capt. Lewis and Clark. Capt. Lewis also took along one of his slaves, a youth named Tom. Tom was remarkably black, and neither comely in person nor attractive in manner. Tom was Capt. Lewis' favorite body servant, and stuck by his master to the last. Capt. Lewis often told how Tom had saved his life after the expedition had crossed the Rocky Mountains and was about to descend the Columbia river. Lewis was in the wilderness with no companion save Tom, who had been christened "Captain Tom Lewis," and which name stuck to him to the day of his death. The two were attacked by three Indians from the tribes then in that country. Captain Lewis was seriously wounded in the thigh. He sent the only ball in his rifle through the head of one of his assailants. The other two rushed on him, and would have slain him had not Tom hurled one insensible to the ground, and with the butt end of the gun of his master brained the other. He was Herculean in strength. He went through all the trials and hardships of that great expedition without flinching.

The Lewis and Clark expedition terminated in 1805. Capt. Lewis came to his mother's home, near Joy Depot, in Albemarle county, and went thence to St. Louis, the capital of Missouri Territory, of which he was then Governor. On his return he stopped for the night at a little inn on the roadside somewhere in Tennessee. In the morning he was found dead in his room, with his throat cut, whether by another for some unaccountable purpose or by himself remains a mystery to this day. Tom was his body servant then, and knew more about this mystery than any one else, but he always shook his head when asked and said: "This is a matter the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarle county, and with savings bought a small farm, which he occupied on the day his death. It is supposed that a from febleness and exhaustion he fell in the road, and not being able to rise was frozen to death. This ends the list of survivors of that historic expedition.

Saint Paul and the Infidel.

A Christian was speaking to an infidel of salvation through Christ.

"Pshaw!" said the infidel, in a tone of disgust, "this preaching of the cross is to me perfect foolishness."

The gentleman smiled.

"You and St. Paul agree exactly," he said, quietly.

"How so?" asked the scoffer, in some surprise.

Turning to Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, the other read, "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness."

The infidel was so struck by the truth of this statement that he felt impelled to read the Bible for himself.

He began at once, and the result was his conviction of its truth, and his acceptance of the Gospel that he had despised.

A MULE'S RESERVED POWER.

From Louisville Courier-Journal.

This mule looked like he was 128 years old, and was dead standing upon his feet. He was hitched to a pine-bodied spring wagon, with a high dashboard. The "team" was standing on the levee in mute silence, while the old darkey who "driv" it went aboard the boat. A tramp could make a barrel of money selling pictures of that mule labeled "patience." His long, flabby ears hung down each side of his head like window awnings with the rods out of them. His face wore a sober look, while out of his mouth hung a tongue eight inches long. His tail swung down from the rear end of his hurricane roof like a wet rope, while his whole body seemed motionless as death itself. Presently a red-haired urchin, with an old boot in his hand, walked up in front of him, and, looking in his face, saw that the mule was asleep. He walked around, climbed into that wagon, leaned over the dashboard, lifted that mule's tail, and let it come down in time to catch a death-grip on that boot-leg. That mule woke up so quick that he kicked the boy and the dashboard twenty feet into the air. He changed the position of his ears, hauled in his head between his knees, and from the fore shoulders to tip of his trunk was in lively motion, and he didn't look like he was more than two years old, the way he was kicking that old wagon-body into kindling-wood with his heels. He had it all to himself, and was doing fine, when the old darkey rushed up the hill, got in front of him, and grabbing him by each ear, shouted, "Whoa! I tell you. Wats de matter wid you? Who-up!" and, looking around at the crowd, yelled: "Will some o' yer gemmen git dat er boot-leg out while I hole him? Kase de waggin's mine an' I jis borrowed de mule." But no one ventured, and when we left his heels had almost reached the tail-gate, and the old darkey was still yelling "Whoa!"

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

A JURY REFUSE TO RENDER A VERDICT WHEN DIRECTED BY THE COURT.

From the Altoona Tribune of March 6.

The famous "Brandin case," which has been the courts some twenty years, came to an extraordinary close on Friday at Pottsville. The court directed the jury to find a verdict for the defendants. The jury heard the order, but when the clerk of the court said, "Gentlemen of the jury, harken to your verdict as the court has recorded it," etc., not a man in the box stirred or opened his mouth. The court again directed the jury to find a verdict for the defendants. No attention was paid to this order either, whereupon Judge Pershing intimated to the jury that they should do as directed. One of the jury, Mr. Godfrey Leonard, then stood up and said, "Well, if we are here for nothing I suppose we have nothing to say." He then sat down and the verdict was recorded as the court directed, although not a single juror complied with the order to return such a verdict. The verdict was decided on law points by the court, who intimated that it was not necessary to place the case in the hands of a jury. After their discharge, the jury gave vent to their feelings. Several of them, of their own accord, said: "If we see anything in the papers about us rendering a verdict for the defendants we'll deny it, because we didn't find such a verdict. We were told to find a verdict for the defendants; but we were sworn to do our duty to the best of our ability, and we couldn't render such a verdict." "How did you want to find?" "For the plaintiff," was the reply. "Every man of us want to find a verdict for the plaintiff." Plaintiff's counsel are very wrathful on account, as they say, of the manner in which they were treated by the court. Plaintiff's counsel will carry the case to the Supreme Court, and have already taken steps to prepare paper book.

A Mother Who Gave Ten Sons to the Army.

A very remarkable case of patriotism of a family has been developed at the War Department. Some time ago Congressman Deering, of Iowa, applied to the Secretary of War for the discharge from the regular army of a young man named Norman M. Merchant, of Battery B, United States army. The favor was asked by his mother, who said she was 72 years of age, had given ten sons to the defense of her country, and as she was now unable to support herself she asked that her eleventh son might be discharged from the military service, so that she could have care and attention in her declining years. Upon investigation the Secretary of War found the names of the ten sons whom she said she had given to the defense of her country, the regiments in which they served, and the military record of each, in every particular as she had stated. The Secretary of War immediately ordered the discharge of the eleventh son, and wrote the old lady a letter, in which he extolled her patriotism, and thanked her in the name of the United States for contributions to its list of defenders.