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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

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H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

COMING HOMP.

"Come, Kitty, come!" I said;
But still she waited—waited,
Nodding oft her pretty head
With "I'm coming soon,
Father's rowing home, I know,
I cannot think what keeps him so,
Unless he's just belated,
I'm coming soon."

"Come, Kate!" her mother called,
"The supper's almost ready."
But Kitty in her place installed,
Coaxed, "I'm coming soon.
Do let me wait. He's sure to come;
By this time father's always home—
He rows so fast and steady;
I'm coming soon."

"Come, Kit!" her brothers cried;
But Kitty by the water
Still eagerly the distance eyed,
With, "I'm coming soon;
Why, what would evening be?" said she,
"Without dear father home to tea?
Without his 'Ho, my daughter'——?
I'm coming soon."

"Come, Kit!" they half implore,
The child is softly humming
She hardly hears them any more;
But "I'm coming soon"
Is in her heart: for far from shore—
Gliding the happy waters o'er—
She sees the boat, and cries, "He's coming!
We're coming soon."

Besieged.

I was sixteen years old the first fall I ever tried to trap beaver. It was in October of that year that I met with the following adventure:

I had been looking forward to a jaunt for beaver all summer. The fall before, while trapping mink, on what was called Wild Stream, I had discovered a little lake, deep back in the woods, with a beaver dam at the outlet which ran down a thickly-wooded hollow.

It was late one bitter, cloudy afternoon when I found the lake. I had six miles to go to get to my camp, and merely had time to notice that there were two beaver houses a hundred yards or so above the dam. That night it began to snow, and I went home without revisiting the place that fall.

But I had kept the locality well in mind, and as soon as the crops were harvested, I set off with my traps up Wild Stream, determined to have those beaver.

Following up the hollow about four or five miles, I built a camp about two miles below the outlet of the lake; not daring to build it nearer, for fear the smell of my fire might reach the beaver. There I passed the night, and about ten o'clock next forenoon went up to the dam with my traps.

It was a nice little lake, surrounded with black growth, and right across the outlet the beaver had run as pretty a dam as ever hunters set eyes on. It was "crowning" up stream, and a few rods above it were three huts, which stood up out of the slack water as large as a good-sized haycocks.

I concluded there might be from fifteen to twenty beaver there; for they generally live in families of from four to ten. And besides the three perfect houses, there was a fourth, which I at first took for an unfinished house. But on going around to the other side, it looked to me more like a hut that had been broken into; for there was a ragged hole in the top of it as large as a bushel basket.

I looked all along the shore to see whether there were any tracks either of man or creature, but discovered nothing except some scratches on an old log that lay partly in the water. These scratches, however, were evidently the marks of claws.

There were no beavers in sight, for it is rare that they show themselves, either ashore or swimming, by daylight. But I could hear one "slap" the water now and then inside the houses.

I thought that I would set my traps at first along the bank at each end of the dam, where I saw they had slides and playgrounds. Afterwards, I would dig out a canoe, or make a raft, and put down traps around the houses, at the doorways where they come out under water.

The huts stood out ninety or one hundred feet from the shore, where there was considerable depth of water. There was a great quantity of sticks with the bark peeled off, floating about in the pond. These came from some poplars a little above, several of which the beavers had felled into the pond. The bitter inside bark of the poplar affords to the beaver its choicest food.

I set my traps with a "sliding-pole," taking a great deal of pains with them, so as to get the beavers into just water enough to drown them. It was a rather nice job and kept me busy until near four o'clock, and four o'clock does not come till near night in October.

By the time I got back to my camp, it was sunset. I kindled a fire, and cut off a few slices of my pork, and had just got it well to cooking in the spider, when I heard the most startling screech in the woods that can well be imagined.

It sounded away up towards the lake. I knew very well that no lynx or bear could make such a noise as that. It flashed on my mind in a moment what had broken the beaver-house.

One is always liable to run across a *Felis concolor* near a beaver village at that season of the year. The beavers now and then afford them a choice meal; and before the frost seals the ponds and hardens the walls of the huts, they stand a chance of capturing the intelligent creatures.

One of the old "wood sachems" was, no doubt, lurking about the huts, and likely enough, had been watching me while I set my traps. Now he had taken my track, and was following along after me. I had heard old hunters tell how these creatures would follow a man around—till dark.

If I had had a tight camp which I could have got into, I should have felt better. But I had only a little bough shed. And my gun was a cheap four-dollar fowling-piece; good enough for partridge and small game, though the lock was not always to be relied upon to snap a cap.

I thought it all over—pretty fast—and concluded that the best thing for me was to be going.

I had made my bough-shed close beside the brook. Without stopping to even take off my spider, I caught up my gun and ran down the bed of the brook, six or eight rods, so as to leave no fresh tracks for the beast to take.

I may as well own that I was scared. Yet I thought the creature would likely enough smell the pork and prowl around my camp awhile.

I ran rapidly for the first mile or two, then settled down into a dog-trot. I had gone about a mile or a mile and a half more, I should think, when I heard that same ugly, raspy screech again, not half a mile back.

That made my heart jump, for I had begun to think that I had given the old fellow the slip. If I didn't run then, never a fellow did!—over logs, rocks, and through windfalls and brambles.

I knew it was a race for life, and I ran like a fox. But in less than three minutes I heard the animal again, and it seemed as if he wasn't a hundred rods behind me.

I was hot enough with running, but that screech sent a cold chill down my back. The beast was coming right up to me!

It was an awful place to run in—all logs and roots. Forest fires had killed the old pine growth, and the trees had fallen across each other, every way.

It was getting dusk, too. In one of my tumbles I came near going headforemost into a great hollow log, and lay for an instant breathless.

But a crashing in the bushes not far behind told me that my relentless pursuer was close at hand. It was no time for picking out nice hiding-places. The hole in the log seemed to offer a refuge, and I threw in my gun, and then backed into it myself, feet first.

I kept backing till I was as far as I could get, and there I lay and panted. I had got back ten or twelve feet.

For some minutes, I could hear nothing of the panther. Then I heard him moving about with soft, catlike steps. A moment after, the hole at the of the log darkened, and I caught a glimpse of two fiery orbs, that gleamed with a pale flash.

In my frantic haste, I had thrust my gun into the log muzzle foremost. It was useless. I could not turn it in there; yet I held the butt ready to thrust with.

The creature, however, did not attempt to crawl in. After an eager look, the eyes disappeared; and a little after, I heard the beast at the other end.

Then I heard him smelling along the outside of the log. When he got his nose just off against where I lay inside, the animal gave vent to a quick growl, and began to dig!

It made me shiver to hear him put his nails into that log! I expected nothing but he would have it open and claw me out.

But I suppose the outside of the log was tolerably sound and tough; for after digging like a fury for a few seconds, he stopped, and then I saw the pale gleam of eyes at the hole again.

I halloed and yelled at him. But the eyes continued to regard me steadily, and they seemed to grow larger and larger there in the dark.

Then it went back to the other end, and pretty soon began to dig once more. I could hear the splinters tear off. How long it would take the creature to get through the log, I could only guess, but I got out my knife and opened it.

The animal kept digging at the log for a long time, first at one end and then at the other, but never once tried to crawl in. It was lucky for me that this was a tolerably sound log.

Then he changed his tactics. He left off tearing at the log, and I rather thought he had gone away. But as it was very dark, I concluded to stay where I was till daylight.

It was not a very uncomfortable position. But there were plenty of great black ants that kept running over me, and now and then I got a bite, sharp as a needle. My fright wore away, and being very much exhausted with my run, I fell asleep several times. But it was a tedious night at best.

After it was light, I determined to venture out. But first I thought it would be well to try an experiment.

So I put my cap on the butt of the gun and stuck that out, and moved it around a little. I was just going to draw it back, when, *pounce!* came the creature and grabbed off the cap, its ugly claws scratching on the gun butt.

That made my heart jump. The sly brute had been lying in wait all the while, watching for me. He played around for a few minutes; but after that I heard nothing more of him for the day.

Yet I dared not come out, and I passed some hungry hours. I had already been twenty-four hours without a mouthful of food.

Just at night I thrust out my cap again. The animal did not spring at it; yet I was still afraid to crawl forth after the example I had had of its slyness.

The night that followed was, without any exception, the most uncomfortable twelve hours I ever passed. I was faint with hunger and from lying so long stretched out, it seemed as if I was coming in two in the middle. I ached all over, and was in a fever from thirst.

Towards morning it began to rain. I reached my hand out, and sucked off the drops that fell on it. As soon as it had grown fairly light, I poked out my head and took a quick glance right and left. Not seeing anything of the panther, I crawled out and tried to jump up as quickly as I could, for I was still afraid that the animal might spring upon me from behind. But I was so stiff and cramped that it was some moments before I could get up straight.

I then started down stream for home, and went as fast as I could, for I was afraid that the animal might still be hanging around, at no great distance.

The folks said I was a comical, not to say pitiful, object, when I reached home, bareheaded, covered with wood stains, and my clothes torn to strings.

I did not go up there beaver-hunting again that fall.

What is in the Bedroom.

If two person are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound—that is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part and in part absorbed by the bed clothes. If a single ounce of wool or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe though there can only be an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with the smoke unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs the damp odors from the body are absorbed into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated and thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed?

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

Interesting Facts Concerning Wild Geese.

Mr. Henry Faucett, of Dilworthtown, Chester county, at one time purchased a pair of wild geese from which he has raised a flock of seven. These geese have become very tame and more readily caught and handled than his domestic ones, but still they have a strong desire to to migrate, and to prevent this he has been compelled to clip their wings. On Sunday morning he was surprised to find his flock had increased to eleven, and were quietly feeding in his barnyard. They have since remained there and in the immediate vicinity, evidently endeavoring to persuade Mr. Faucett's geese to accompany them. They keep in the immediate vicinity, at no time going more than a mile distant, when they will alight in some wheat field and again return. They disappear at night, and notwithstanding Mr. Faucett has made strenuous efforts to discover their roosting place, for the purpose of capturing them, he has been unable to do so. On Wednesday morning they returned with an additional number, making the flock eighteen. They fly very close to the ground, at no time soaring higher than the house top. When they alight they keep the same position as when flying showing that they hold themselves in readiness for any alarm that may be given. Another singular circumstance is given of their movements, which is that each bird has his place in the procession when flying which was shown by the shooting of one next to the leader. Since then that place is vacant and the following one keeps his station in the line as he did before his predecessor was shot.

Colors in Horses.

It is a curious fact, that while the various shades of gray, from steel-grey to pure white, and the grey that turns white after seven years old, are the most common colors among Arabs and other Oriental horses of the Arab class, there is not a single grey horse of any shade of any reputation on the English turf, and has not been for more than thirty years. Bay and chestnuts are the prevailing colors of English thoroughbreds. In the Arab studs bred in Wurtemberg, in Russia, and in Hungary, which were exhibited at the Vienna and Paris Horse shows, grey—and particularly flea-bitten grey—was the prevailing color. Brown is also a common color amongst the Syrian Arabs. Chestnut is the favorite Arab color. On the English turf, bay, chestnut, and brown are the colors of the more popular sires of modern times, and is something like that order in proportion of numbers. In breeding superior carriage horses or any riding horse, a good bay, with black legs, is the best selling color. Greys are out of fashion and difficult to sell. Brown, with tan muzzle, is the most fashionable harness color. Dark chestnut is a good color in every respect, but many purchasers object to a light chestnut; yellow bays with mealy legs are still worse to sell. It is a curious fact that thoroughbred sires, unlike pedigree bulls, can rarely be depended on to produce their own colors in their stock. A chestnut sire will get bays and browns as well as his own colors. Roans are more esteemed in trotting sires, but can least of all be depended on for reproducing their own colors, which are in fact a mixture of several colors. The only roans on the English turf of any repute were all of the Physalis blood, and in the hands of the late Lord Glasgow. They varied from a red or strawberry roan (the best of all that class of colors) to a deep blue roan, the last a bad color to sell in half breds, and requiring to pass muster, extraordinary action. The disfavor in which this color is now held was shown on the dispersion of Lord Glasgow's stud, when a purchaser could not be found for one of five roan stallions, even at 50 gs. A hunter of any color with a character will find purchasers, but hacks of any staring color hang on hand. On the continent, on the contrary, where riding horses are chiefly required as chargers, or for parade purposes, grey is the favorite color. You may see more grey horses of all kinds in Paris than in all England. The cart-horses are nearly all a grey-white. The Percherons were originally bay, but as the postmasters preferred grey they became grey. If, by any fluke, a grey horse were to win the Derby or St. Leger, we should see a number of grey race-horses, and consequently of half-bred horses.

The Helping Hand.

It was more than fifty years ago that a beggar named Anthony stationed himself regularly at the Barrier de Passy, soliciting alms from every passer-by with an astonishing degree of pertinacity. This spot was not far from Paris; and nearly every Sunday a young man walked from that city to take the diligence here, which conveyed him to his mother's house in Versailles. Anthony's importunities were very annoying, and to rid himself of these, rather than with a desire to help the beggar, he always bestowed a trifle in charity.

One day in the summer, on reaching the barrier, he found Anthony, as usual, exercising his lungs to the utmost, vociferating loudly, "For the love of heaven, bestow your alms on a poor man, messieurs et mesdames; the smallest trifle will be gratefully received." In the midst of his outcries a middle-aged gentleman stopped and looked at him. The gentleman had a pleasant face and was handsomely attired, and the beggar instantly continued louder than ever his proclamation of poverty and need of help.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the stranger, "what are you making such a noise for; there is no need of begging unless you choose."

"Monsieur is pleased to jest," replied Anthony.

"By no means; I was never more serious," returned the other. "You lead an idle life, and it is wrong."

"But I have no other means of getting my living," said Anthony.

"Are you lame?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Are you blind?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Well, you are not deaf, and certainly not dumb, as any one half a mile off can testify. Now listen to a lesson from my experience. I was once a beggar, but the scales fell from my eyes in time to abandon so disgraceful a business. I left Paris, and went into the provinces, where I begged old rags and soon collected enough to sell at a good price to a paper maker in Paris. I continued these efforts until I was able to buy rags and sell again, and, by diligence and perseverance, I at length became rich enough to purchase an ass with two panniers. Through honest toil, my business continued to increase, and see the result. I own two houses on one of the best streets in Paris and have 10,000 crowns a year. But remember!" and the old gentleman put an exclamation point, in the shape of an emphatic forefinger, on the nose of Anthony, "my success came through honesty. All I can add is 'go thou and do likewise.' Here is a crown to begin with, it is more than I had; but if you prefer your present life, and I find you here next week, I shall report you to the police."

With this threat the stranger departed, leaving the youth and the beggar in a state of amazement. Indeed the latter was so bewildered that he stood with the crown in his hand, his eyes and mouth wide open, gazing intently at nothing. Suddenly he darted away and was never again seen in the guise of a beggar.

Many years after this the young man had business in town, and strolling through the city, he entered a book-seller's shop to purchase a book that had called forth considerable criticism. Three or four young men were busily engaged, while a stout, well-appearing young man, was giving orders, with the air of proprietorship.

His face was very familiar to the newcomer, but it was not until he spoke that Anthony and the book-seller were discovered to be identical. The recognition was mutual. Anthony grasped the young man's hand and led him back into a well-furnished parlor, and then gave him his history, from the time they parted at the barrier.

He said he had followed the stranger's advice, bought rages with the crown, and was prosperous. He finally became the partner of a paper manufacturer, and married his daughter, and could now count his ten thousand a year.

A Railroad on the Rigi.

Two hours' ride on Lake Lucerne, southeast from the city, brings us to the Rigi, an isolated peak, and one of the most remarkable of the whole Swiss Alps; not on account of its altitude so much as its position and character, commanding as it does the view of more than twenty lakes, nearly a dozen cities and villages, and mountain peaks innumerable on every side. Its northern escarpment looks sheer down six thousand feet on Lake Zug, into which a person standing upon the brink seems almost able to hurl a stone. The summit is reached by a railway, which is a masterly piece of civil engineering. Judging by the eye, the incline ranges from thirty to fifty degrees from a horizontal; and the car, holding sixty passengers, is propelled by the engine which puffs and labors in the rear, and masters the incline, not by bite of its wheels, but by a third and cogged rail in the centre between the other two; the motion of the piston axle is geared down to a slow movement of the driving pinion, so as to give the engine increased power; and the car moves about as fast as a good brisk walker would travel on a level road. Everything connected with the road is constructed upon the most scientific principles, and with a view to absolute safety. A few of the arrangements will readily illustrate this fact and they are as follows: The car, being propelled, cannot run away if the coupling should break, as the engine is behind it going up, and before it in coming down; the car moves at so slow a rate that it can be brought to a dead halt in a second of time; powerful brakes are attached both to the engine and the car, and bind upon the cogged wheel shaft, and not upon the smooth track wheels; but above all is the fact that the brakes are not used at all, except for auxiliary restraints, as the steam in the descent is let into the cylinders on the reverse side of the piston head, and thus becomes a resisting, instead of a propelling power. Of course, any unscientific mind can readily comprehend the fact that if the steam has power to push the car up, the same steam in the reverse order can prevent its coming down. Even the old lady who dreaded to embark upon the canalboat, fearing accident need not hesitate to scale the Rigi, and enjoy the magnificent panorama, not presented to many in a lifetime. The day was cloudy as it often is, when we were there; but when about to return in the last car down the fog lifted for half an hour, and presented a landscape lit up by the rays of a setting sun, never to be forgotten by those who were witnesses to its glories.

How to Throw a Fly.

Seth Green, who has wide fame as a fly fisher as well as a fishculturist, gives the following hints to anglers, which are timely, as the trout season is now open: "I am asked a great many times, What is the secret of fly-casting, or how is it that I take the prize when I throw? There are three principles: First, quick out of water; second, give the line time to straighten behind you; third, throw. I will explain these principles more definitely. Raise your rod to an angle of about forty-five degrees, back of you; then make a quick stroke forward; make the stroke without carrying your rod forward. When you take the line from the water it should be done with a quick jerk; then give your line time to straighten behind; then give it the same stroke forward that you did to get it out of the water. Why so many fail in fly-casting is, they throw the rod backward too near the ground behind them, and when they make the forward stroke, when the line gets straightened out, it is some distance above the water and kinks back, and when it falls upon the water it lies crooked and is some distance short of what it would have been if it had struck the water as soon as it was straightened out. If a fish should strike at your flies at this time, you are pretty sure to miss him. By never throwing your rod back more than on an angle of forty-five degrees, and making the stroke forward, your line goes straight out and the flies go to the point you desire. Great care should be taken when you have thrown the line behind you that the line is given time to straighten before making the stroke forward. I have thrown seventy feet of line against a strong wind, first by giving my rod a quick, strong back stroke, carrying my rod not farther back than an angle of forty-five degrees, and giving the line time to straighten behind me, and making the same stroke forward that I did to get it back of me. I nearly forgot to mention that it is more important to have your line fit your rod than than it is to have your coat fit your back, unless you are a fop, and if you are, my advice is to not go a-fishing. You may think it strange that I should tell you three or four times over in the same article that in order to do good fly-casting you must not throw your rod back only just so far, and then wait for your line to straighten behind you, and when your rod is up to make a quick stroke forward, without carrying your rod forward even a little, before you deliver the line."

Pay as You Go.

The best of all rules for successful housekeeping and making both ends meet is to "pay as you go." Beyond all countries in the world, ours is the one in which credit is the most used and abused. Passbooks are the bane and pest of domestic economy, a perpetual plague, vexation and swindle. Abuse by servants at the store and the house disputed constantly by housekeepers and dealers, they are temptations to both parties to do wrong.

"I never had that."

"We neglected to enter this."

"I forgot to bring the book."

"Never mind, we'll make a note of it"—and so it goes.

But the worst of it is that housekeepers are tempted to order what they have not the means to pay for, and when the month or quarter comes for settlement they are straightened.

A family can live respectably on a very moderate income if they always take the cash in hand, and buy where they can buy to the best advantage. Then they will be careful first to get what is necessary. Extra comforts will be had as they can afford them. But it is bad policy to buy on credit. No wise dealer sells so cheaply on credit as for cash.

Stammering.

Stammering is the result of a functional disorder of that part of the brain which presides over the faculty of speech, according to an article by Dr. Hammond on the Voice. This is proved, he says, by the fact that all stammerers can at times speak as well as other persons. "There is no defect with the organs of speech, no paralysis of the tongue or lips; but there is a condition present which, at times, especially when the subject is excited or interested, or specially tries to do his best, prevents the normal systematic articulation of certain syllables. And this appears to be due to an impossibility of co-ordinating the muscles by which speech is effected—of bringing them into harmonious and systematic action." Dr. Hammond was a stammerer at nineteen, but entirely cured himself, mainly by the performance of some slight muscular action synchronously with the articulation of the difficult syllables. "With each troublesome word," he explains, "especially with one beginning a sentence, I made some slight motion with the hand or foot, or even with a single finger, and I found that this plan enabled me to get the word out without stammering. In this procedure the attention is diverted from the effort to speak to the performance of the muscular action mentioned, and hence the speech becomes more automatic than it is with stammerers generally. And this is the whole system of cure. In consists in efforts to render the speech automatic." He occupied two years in curing himself.

A Heroic Light-House Keeper.

The Acadians have a tradition that God enjoined perpetual silence and desolation on Labrador and Anticosti when he gave them to Cain for a heritage. However that may be, it is certain that, while other wilds of the earth yield to man's conquest, these vast wastes remain ever void and empty. The Indians called the Island Natiscotte—the country of wailing—and under the modern corruption of Anticosti it has added to its terrible renown. Its whole history, from the day it was discovered by Jacques Cartier, in 1534, to the present, is a record of human suffering. Here and there, however, there is a tale of heroism worthy of a nobler scene. In August, 1869, the family of Edward Pope, keeper of the Ellis Bay Light-house, was stricken down by typhoid fever, and, to add to his misfortunes, the revolving apparatus of his light broke. The government steamer had gone; and Pope had no means of communicating with the marine department at Quebec or elsewhere. The light revolved or flashed, as the technical phrase is, every minute and a half; and if it flashed no more it would probably be mistaken by passing vessels in that region of fog for the stationary light at the west point of the island, and thus lead to dire loss of life. Pope found that with a little exertion he could turn it and make it flash, and at once determined to fill the place of the automatic gear. Accordingly, this humble hero sat in the turret, with his watch by his side, turning the light regularly at the allotted time every night, from 7 P. M. until 7 A. M., from the middle of August until the first of December, and from the first of April until the end of June, when the Government steamer came to his relief with a new apparatus. All through the first season Pope's daughter and grandchildren were ill unto death, with nobody save him to nurse them. He waited on them tenderly through the day, but as night fell on the iron-bound coast he hastened to his vigil in the turret, doing his duty to the Canadian Government and to humanity with unflinching devotion. In the second season his daughter, who had lived through the fever, took turns with him in the light-room. This may have saved a thousand lives. He died in 1872, and his deed has never until this day been chronicled, for of the heroes of Anticosti, as of the long roll of her victims, the world knows nothing.

Within an Ace of Death—Some Extraordinary Escapes.

Colonel Gilmor relating the story of a fight in which he figured, says in his "Four Years in the Saddle:"

"Turning half-round in my saddle to call on my men, I received a sudden shock and felt deathly sick, and at the same instant saw a man trail his gun and run off. I killed him before he had gone three steps. His ball had passed through two coats and stuck in a pack of cards in my left side pocket. They were quite new, the wrapper not even having been broken open. The suits were each distinct. The bullet passed through all, stopping at the last card, which was the ace of spades."

Such another literal illustration of the phrase "Within an ace of death" is not upon record; but hair-breadth escapes are common in war. At the battle of Laon, Steffens saw a shell strike the horse of a Prussian officer. Entering near the shoulder, it caused the poor animal to make a convulsive spring and throw its rider, the fragments of the shell being projected on all sides while the rider jumped up from the ground unhurt.

Amazingly nigh death, although in blissful ignorance of the fact, was the Confederate staff officer marked down by a Northener's rifle, and only saved by the officer commanding the platoon happening to recognize in him a client of the insurance office of which he was secretary, and striking up the leveled weapon with: "Don't shoot! we've got a policy on him."

The sword of justice is not always rightly directed, and sometimes comes near perpetrating murder. A young New Yorker named Wells, went one evening to Booth's Theatre. Taking with a fit of coughing, he left the theatre intending to go home; but after going some little distance, it came on snowing so fast that he retraced his steps. As he strode along, two men came rushing down the street, one of them dropping a gold watch and chain, which Wells picked up, and then went after the loser, running into the arms of a policeman, who marched him off to the station to explain matters. Presently a messenger arrived in hot haste, saying the thief was wanted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Wells was taken there, and brought face to face with a man lying on a lounge, covered with blood.

"Is this the man who stabbed you?" asked the officer.

"It is," said the poor fellow, falling back, never to speak again.

Wells was tried for the murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; and hanged he would have been, if a fort-night before the day fixed for his execution a prisoner in Sing Sing had not confessed on his death-bed that he had robbed the man of his watch, then stabbed him and run off, afterward dropped the watch as he ran.

Major Duncan vouches for the truth of the following tale. In 1837 the Christino general, Escalera, was murdered at Miranda by the mutineering regiment of Segovia. About two months later, Espartero and his army arrived at Miranda; and on the 30th of October the whole force was paraded outside the town, the regiment of Segovia being flanked by artillery and other regiments. Accompanied by his staff, Espartero rode up to it, and told the men he had come to ask for his old friend and commander, their chief, Escalera.

"Where is he?" he cried. Then, pointing to the dead commander's resting-place, went on: "He is there, foully murdered! I call upon all of you who are true soldiers to give up the names of his assassins."

Twice he made the appeal, and silence was the only answer. Espartero then ordered the regiment to be numbered off from the right, and every twentieth man to be brought to the front and be prepared for immediate execution. At this a sergeant stepped forward and named ten men as the actual murderers of Escalera. These were marched and placed in a line with their backs to a broken wall, one only protesting his innocence as he was dragged to the end of the line. Before the fatal volley was fired he darted nimbly round the corner of the wall and ran along the front of the troops, but was recaptured, and taken back to his allotted place. A voice from the ranks cried out that they had the wrong man, the real criminal being a soldier of the same name in a hospital at Burgos. Espartero ordered the man to be removed, while the rest received their deserts. Upon inquiry being made at Burgos, the guilty one was found there, taken from the hospital and shot, his namesake of course being set free.

A snake once prevented a thief committing something worse than theft. A woman of Oude and her daughter once alighted at the station of Hurdee, and hired a conveyance to take them to their village. When they had gone half a dozen miles on their way, the driver pulling up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewelry; and upon their demurring tied the pair to the vehicle and seized the trinkets. Then bethinking himself that the dead woman could tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife; but slipping from his grasp, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand in the water to recover the knife; and as he clutched it a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be-murderer's hand. He succumbed to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting anybody. The women were discovered by some villagers, and released; but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police coming on the scene, removed the body to the police station.

Dining on the Scaffold.

Two negroes recently executed in Virginia made a request that they be permitted to take their last meal on the scaffold. The sheriff consented to this whim, and the execution was delayed somewhat on this account. The prisoners said they only wanted coffee, cornbread and molasses, but they wanted a good deal of it, such as it is was. Accordingly a woman in the neighborhood went to work and prepared the meal. In the meantime the murderers sat composedly, the observed of all observers. About twelve o'clock the repast was ready. A rickety old table and two chairs were loaned for the occasion. These were placed on the scaffold, and on the table were a pot of steaming coffee, two pones of cornbread, a mug of sorghum, plates, spoons, &c. Smith took his coffee without cream, but Christian called for some of the lacteal fluid. The cook had forgotten to send any, and after a little delay it was brought. Then the men began their meal. It took them nearly one hour to eat it. They laughed a great deal, and when they had cleared the dishes they remarked: "The old woman gets up a first rate dinner." Then they each smoked a segar, and at one o'clock they arose on the scaffold, and confessed the crime for which they were condemned, and said they would go straight to glory. At the close, and just before the ropes were tied, they requested the crowd to sing the hymn, "Peace, peace, on the golden shore." Christian had a fine tenor voice, and Smith sung a pretty fair bass, and after the tune had been raised they both joined in with a good will. All of the spectators sang; and altogether it was a musical feature of the show that might have been enjoyed by disinterested spectators had not the occasion been such a serious one. At 1.15 o'clock all was ready. Smith and Christian said, "Farewell" in a loud voice, the prop was knocked from under them, and the sentence of the law was carried to its completion.

Gold Lace.

One of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable is the making of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down—and so on, until the gold is about one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. The rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness; that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

He Got Them.

"Will you give me two cents?" inquired a tramp of a man whom he found standing on the corner of a street in New York.

"Two cents!" repeated the person addressed, meditatively.

"It ain't much?" went on his trampship, in a low piping key.

"If I thought you really needed it——"

"I do need it," he broke in.

"Do you want to get across the river?"

"No, sir, I don't; New York's good enough for me."

"Do you want to buy bread for a starving family?"

"No, sir; I ain't got no family; I'm a single man, I am."

"Do you want the money to play policy with?"

"Indeed I don't."

"Well, what do you want it for?"

"Now, then, I'll tell you. You see I've got three cents myself—and I'm a truthful man—and I thought if I could prevail upon you to give me a two-cent nickel, I would go off quietly and have a beer."

He got the two cents.

Brought to Terms.

In a certain police court a witness recently appeared who had refused to obey a subpœna, and who was accordingly brought to terms with the aid of an attachment. When the police justice asked him what excuse he had to offer for his contempt of court, he replied at the time they wanted him in court he was standing at the altar 'gittin' married.

'May it please your Honor,' hurriedly interposed a bachelor lawyer who had overheard the apology, 'I respectfully suggest that the man is already sufficiently punished, and I beg the court to deal with him mercifully in view of his recent affliction."

'Ah!' replied his Honor, 'so it strikes me. You can go. You are discharged, sir, and may heaven have mercy on you!'

A Desperate Affair.

Recently a stage was stopped and the passengers robbed some distance from Nevada. When the news reached that place Sheriff R. B. Gentry rallied a *posse* and repaired in all haste to the scene of the robbery. The *posse* consisted of Steve Venard, James H. Lee, Albert Gentry and A. W. Potter. An examination of the spot showed that the robbers had turned out of the road and gone down the river parallel with it. Venard and Lee got on the trail of the robbers and followed it over the roughest of all imaginable ground for the distance of a mile and a half. It was evident which way the robbers went. Lee went back to take the horses around to the road at the crossing below, the rest of the Sheriff's party having previously gone in that direction. Venard, left alone, followed the trail. He came to Meyer's Ravine, at its debouchure into the Yuba. He saw that the pursued had gone up the ravine to a crossing. He was alone in one of the wildest and roughest of spots in that wild and rough region. The hills hung steep above. Rocks, trees, brush and logs were in profusion on every hand. Venard was armed with a Henry rifle. The waters of the ravine came tumbling down its steep bed of bowlders, with a rush and a noise which rendered no other sound audible. The hero of the hour proceeded with caution. A huge rock arose twenty feet in height in the midst of the muddy water; other similar rocks surrounded it, altogether forming an island. A tree or two grew upon the lower end of the island in the midst of the rocks, their branches and foliage partly covering the rocky rampart above. Below the island, at a few feet distant, was a precipice of fifteen feet or more, over which the waters of the ravine tumbled. Venard attempted to cross the stream at the head of the fall. He walked on a short log to a rock. Above him rose the huge mass of granite, buttressed in front by two smaller rocks. Between these latter was an alley which led up to the base of the Titan. His position was such as to look up the alley. At the base of the great rock, Venard discovered the object of his search. The leader of the gang was sitting on the ground and in the act of drawing his revolver. Venard instantly leveled his rifle upon the robber, who was not more than twenty feet distant. At the same moment he saw another of the gang pointing at him over the edge of a rock. There was no time to change his aim. He fired; the leader fell back shot through the heart. The other robber attempted to shield himself further behind a rock, leaving the point of his pistol exposed over the top. The exposure was fatal; Venard covered the spot with his unerring Henry. No sooner did the head of the robber peer above the rock than his brain was pierced with a bullet. There was yet another, but he was not to be seen. His pistol might at that moment be pointing at Venard. The latter, quick as thought, clambered up to the lair, to beard him in his den. He found the treasure, took the pistols from the dead, covered quickly the former with earth and leaves, and proceeded to hunt the missing robber. Crossing the stream and ascending the steep mountain beyond, he discovered the robber running up the acclivity, sixty yards or more ahead. Venard fired and the robber fell. Another bullet, and the last robber rolled down the hill—dead. Venard now sought his companions. They all proceeded to the scene of the tragedy, recovered the money, and by two o'clock of the same day the Sheriff's party deposited the cash with A. D. Towers, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent in this city. After the Sheriff's party had left Nevada, Wells, Fargo & Co. offered a reward of $3,000, which was paid. The Company also presented Steve Venard with a magnificent Henry rifle, gold mounted and beautifully inscribed, and Governor Low appointed him on his staff, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, "for merit