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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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Love, if pure—no powers can break it,
Nor its peaceful life annoy.

Darkness always gathers strongest
Where love's power is little known;
There its shadow dwells the longest.
As a tyrant on a throne.

In the garret or the palace,
Home is home, where'er it be,
Love should rule it free from malice,
Spreading peace and harmony.

Pleasant words at home returning,
Bring kind answers back again;
Each from each be ever bearing—
Love is its bright golden chain.

Oh how grand, arrayed in beauty,
When love's power guides all at home;
As a sentinel on duty,
It remains—whate'er may come.

Loving hearts are ever ready
To add pleasures every day;
By their life power, firm and steady,
Blessing all within their way.

May love's sun be ever shining,
In each home o'er all the land;
By its mystic grace entwining
Heart to heart and hand to hand.

Flowing onward as a river;
In its silent majesty;
God's true presence to deliver
Hearts and homes from misery.

Wronged and Righted.

Several years ago I was a member of a dramatic company doing the interior Pennsylvania towns. At G——, among the "sights" pointed out to the stranger is a huge tree, and about four feet from the base the bark has been cut in the form of a cross in dimensions about two feet by three feet.

"What is the meaning of that?" asked I of my "guide"—the clerk of the post-office—as I pointed to the cross so deeply graven in the tree.

"There's a story goes with that," said he, "and it's been the cause of my being against capital punishment ever since."

"A story?"

"Yes," interrupted he, "and one that even the youngest child in our town has learned to relate. Let us sit here, and I'll tell it you."

Lighting a fresh cigar, he began the following, and I will give it in his own words as near as I can:

"Let's see—it's now almost forty years since the events which I am going to relate occurred. Two miles to the west, over there, is an old run-out coal-pit, or I should say, a pit sunk for coal, but which never yielded much of the 'dusky.' One of the men employed in the first working and sinking was named John Harris, a collier from over the water. He was a sort of superintendent or boss of a gang of the workers, and had built himself a neat little home about a mile from here, between this place and the pit. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his wife having died in England. The daughter was a beautiful girl just turning her eighteenth year, and was the magnet that drew all the gay young gallants for miles around. Among the number of swains who were ready to 'fight, bleed or die' for her were Henry Lewis and Charles Jenkins. Both figure prominently in my tale; so I will name none of the others who had entered the lists for favor from Lucy Harris.

"It appears that Lewis, a quiet, orderly young fellow, had the inside track in the affections of the divine Lucy, and accompanied her to all the merry-makings, feasts, etc., to the envy of all others, but to none more so than Jenkins, who flattered himself that, were Lewis only removed from his track, he could come in winner of the hand of the fair one. Old man Harris really favored the latter, being, as he often remarked, a 'youngster of the right sort, and none of your milk and water babies,' which eulogium of the talents of Jenkins was occasioned by the fact that old man Harris in his drinking bouts found a right good companion in Jenkins, and one who could 'down' as much 'mountain dew' as he, while, on the other hand, Lewis was about the only teetotaler among the visitors at the Harris house. In his carousals the old man swore roundly that Jenkins alone should possess the hand, if not the heart, of Lucy, and forbade Lewis from coming to his house. Clandestine meetings, of course, followed between Lucy and the latter, but not unknown to the vigilant Jenkins, who was watching the lovers for all that was out.

"Things reached a crisis when the old man, informed of these meetings, took to drinking harder, and swore by all the gods to rid the earth of that dough-faced baby who was trying to steal his child away from him. Lucy, who had of late been treated shamefully by the old reprobate, used to come here to this spot to hold tryst with her lover, or to weep alone in anguish over her unhappy life, made now doubly wretched by her continued opposition to her father's wishes.

"Jenkins came to the house one beautiful day in May, and having brought a plentiful supply of whiskey with him, the old man was soon under the 'influence,' and Jenkins was not far off, either. Lucy, seeing how affairs stood, silently stole from the house, and wended her way towards her favorite spot—here. She was seen to leave the house by Jenkins, and he immediately followed her, ascertaining first that Harris was in a drunken sleep, and oblivious to all around him.

"The knoll yonder near the tree was the only place around here for quite a distance free from brush, and through a little lane Lucy would come here to pray, weep, or meet her lover. Just as she reached here on that fatal day—fatal to her, at least—she heard a crackling in the brush, and, thinking it was Lewis who was keeping his tryst, her eyes brightly kindled and a smile illumined her face. But when the burly form of Jenkins burst into the clearing, her smile changed, and a look of loathing and contempt greeted him as he rudely accosted her.

"'Thought it was the other one, did you? Well, I'm tired of this shilly-shallying, and I'm going to end this thing. You have got to be mine at last, so you can make up your mind to that.'

"'What do you mean?' asked the terrified Lucy.

"'It means that you are in my power now—no one near us—and I'm going to make you mine by all means.'

"He seized her as he spoke, and, notwithstanding he was a powerful man, her strength and the liquor he had imbibed made the struggle a desperate one. Seeing that he would probably be foiled in his evil desires, and now thoroughly maddened by the whisky he had drunk and the girl's almost superhuman exertions, he whipped out a large pocket-knife and threatened to kill her unless she quit struggling. The sight of the knife lent extra strength to the unfortunate girl, and just as she was about to overpower the brute the knife was sheathed in her bosom. She fell at his feet and again and again did the murderer's knife seek her heart. After his paroxysm of rage, the sight of the now inanimate body filled him with fear, and, dropping the knife, he ran from the spot. He quickly made his way to the house, where the old man still lay in his stupor. Then did the first thought of concealment of the crime enter his mind. He raised the old man from his slumber, and easily convinced him that he was but just dropping off to sleep when he roused him, and bantered him to finish the bout. The old man took it all in, and together they had a right merry time finishing the jug. Here was an alibi; for he could make the old man swear that he had not left him a moment that day.

"A short time after the murderer had fled from his victim, Lewis, who had an appointment with Lucy at that hour hastened to the rendezvous. Imagine his horror when his eyes gazed upon the one object on earth dear to him, cold, lifeless and bloody. With an awful shriek he clasped her in his arms, trying to warm her back to life by his own heart beats. Then, kneeling by her corpse, he swore to avenge her death, and then, almost crazed by the blow, he continued to call on her he loved

"Some miners passing that way discovered him, and taking him into custody, delivered him to the authorities at G——, who, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, lodged him in jail on a charge of the murder of Lucy Harris. Public sentiment was about equally divided, and when the trial came on the court-room was crowded. The defense was a denial of the murder, and the knife, which was proved to have been the prisoner's, he claimed to have lost several days before the murder. The prisoner could not be roused out of the apathy which had seized him, and to all the exhortations of his friends he made answer that the sooner all was over the sooner he would join *her* above. Notwithstanding an able defense by his lawyers, he was found guilty of the murder and sentenced to be hanged.

"The trial and verdict convinced nearly all that he was indeed the murderer, and the most charitable gilded his fearful crime with 'emotional insanity.' However, guilty or not, preparations for his hanging went on, and the eventful day drew nigh.

"Jenkins was the loudest voiced of all firm believers in the guilt of Lewis, and it was observed that he of late drank heavier, and the sun neither rose nor set on him except as a drunkard. The night before the day appointed for the hanging he was seized with delirium tremens in the then principal saloon of the town, and, to the astonishment of the bystanders, in his delirium he again went through the bloody tragedy. The Judge who had passed the dread sentence was sent for, and, giving Jenkins into the custody of several constables, he had a magistrate to take down the sayings of the now raving maniac, and all were soon convinced that the real murderer of Lucy Harris was before them.

"The Judge went to the cell of the condemned, and with a glad heart he communicated the joyful news to the prisoner, and told him he would be a free man to-morrow, and thanked God the real murderer had been found, and that an innocent man had not suffered. The Judge and magistrate, on their own responsibility, released Lewis, and the trial and conviction of Jenkins soon followed: for when accused of the murder and shown the damning self-accusations, he wilted and made a clean breast of it. The gallows erected for Lewis served to "shuffle off" the real murderer of Lucy Harris, for Jenkins was swung off in a short time afterwards.

"Lewis, as soon as released, came to this spot, the scene of the tragedy, and carved that cross on the tree, and every day during life he would come here, kneel and pray to be worthy of being united with her above. His reason was shaken by what he had gone through, and the Judge cared that he wanted for nothing. The people here call that 'Lewis' Cross,' and Heaven knows he did carry a heavy cross. He kept it white and clean while living, not allowing a fibre to grow in any of the incisions. He died about fifteen years ago, and once in a while one of the town people cuts out the cross as it fills up, so as to perpetuate 'Lewis' Cross' as long as the tree stands."

Caution Against Lightning.

People generally suppose that there is no danger to be apprehended from lightning until there have been sharp reports of thunder quickly following the flash, and indicating a near explosion of the electric fluid. Such is not the case. When the celebrated James Otis, of Massachusetts, the great orator of the Revolution, was killed, it is said that but a single bolt fell from the cloud during the shower. He had often expressed a wish for a sudden death, and had remarked that when his time should come, he should prefer to be struck dead, instantaneously, by lightning. One day he was standing in his front door watching a small cloud which had arisen and from which rain drops had begun to fall. There was a single flash and he lay lifeless on the floor in accordance with his often expressed preference. Numerous other cases could be cited, showing it is not safe at any time during a thunder shower to stand by an open window or door.

"A Mighty Good Stick."

"Confound that scaly sinner; that's the third time he's skinned my hook," and he yanked up his fish pole and prepared to rebait. It was on the sunny side of the bridge and for three hours, the two fishermen had silently sat and the fish had been equally silent. Attaching a dainty morsel so that the point to be taken could not be seen, he chucked his sinker into the water and then continued:

"Just out by them 'ar sticks I pulled up a monstrous eel, weighed four pounds and a half."

"H'm, h'm," remarked his companion.

"Yes, four pounds and a half after it was dressed. Well, you can jedge how big he was. When I made the children's shoes in the winter I lined both pairs with his skin, and had 'nough left for another pair. I was fishin' for blue fish, too, but the tide got kinder low, and the bait got among the grass, and Mr. Eel he went for it. Couldn't think what I'd run across. I switched my pole this way an' that way an' then I knew 'twas an eel. I sorter let him play with the line till I guessed he might be tired an' then I pulled him in."

"Pull up hard?" queried the listener.

"I sh'd say so. This pole jest doubled right up and the tip was out here within a foot o' my hand, but 'twas good for him. I'd risk this pole with a ten pounder. It's a mighty good stick. Hello: there's a whopper!"

Just then the "mighty good stick" broke off short, and both fishermen seized hold of the line and pulled for dear life till the fish on the hook was landed. It was a blue fish and they took it into the nearest counting room and had it weighed on the postal scales.

"It'll cost you just six cents to send it at letter postage," said the obliging clerk.

"It must have been my other pole that I pulled the eel with," was the only comment of the sundried fisherman.

Improving the Indian.

At Traverse City we were joined by a man from Boston who had "Injun" on the brain. He shook hands with every redskin he could corner, patted on the head every papoose he could reach, and the sight of a bark wigwam would send him off on a journey of three miles along the sandy beach. When we got up to Old Mission "Hiawatha," as we called this Boston man, found plenty of food for his characteristic. Lots of Indians were loafing around—greasy, slovenly redskins who hardly knew enough to catch fish, and the Bostonian let himself loose. He was the friend of the red man from the word "go." His charity extended to the Indian and no further. The ingenuity of the Indian surprised and delighted him, and after paying three dollars for a bark lamp-mat worth about twenty-five cents he exclaimed:

"Why, sir, give the red man half a show and his ingenuity would outshine the white man's in no time at all! He has been knocked down and stepped on and kept down, but I'll improve him if I have to stay here all summer."

The next day, while we were hunting around for harvest apples, we came upon about twenty Indians on the shore. One was using "Hiawatha's" fine comb; another had his tooth-brush cleaning the sand out of a sore heel; a third was trying to wind up his watch backwards; a fourth had his wallet; a fifth had his hat and cane. The Boston man had a bottle of perfumery in his satchel, and one old squaw was pouring the contents on the soles of her big, black feet, and then smelling each foot in succession. Her face bore the broadest, blandest smile one ever saw, and was darkened only when her husband came along and drank up what perfumery she had left.

They sailed away down the bay in their canoes, and an hour after we came across the Boston man. His enthusiasm had so carried him away that he had spent the night in a wigwam. While he slept and dreamed of improving the poor indian, the poor Indian had remained awake and improved his chances. It was a sad blow to the trusting man, and when we took up a shake purse to send him across to Petoskey, he had only one wish. He wanted to be turned loose in a paddock with all the red men of Michigan for about half an hour.

A Desperate Bear Fight.

In the early part of this century the western portions of North Carolina were infested by wild game, among which was the elk, now entirely extinct in the South. The last elk was killed in Mitchell county, it is said, about 1824. Some time about 1815, a party of veteran and daring hunters were in the mountains of Buncombe, engaged in a hunt for these animals. They spent several weeks usually in such expeditions, sleeping in the forests, always in danger from wild beasts. One evening, just before nightfall, the party returned, one by one, to the rendezvous, all save one very old man, a most enthusiastic and tireless sportsmen. Knowing his habits, his absence caused little remark, but as time slipped on and he came not, it was determined to make a search for him. While preparing to do this the well-known report of his rifle rang out on the air and then all was still. The noise of the report came from a canebreak, a quarter of a mile away. Taking lights, two of the hunters made their way thither and found their comrake but a few rods from the brake, lying on the ground so badly injured, as to be helpless and well nigh exhausted. In reply to inquiries he said he had tracked a bear and fired at him wounding the ferocious beast. he thought, fatally. On going up to his prize the bear arose and seized him. A terrific struggle ensued between the two. Losing his knife in this contest the hardy hunter said he had no other means than to seize Bruin's nose in his teeth. He declared that he had done this, and with such effect as to bite off the tip of the entire end of the nose. The earth near by was bloody and trampled, but his comrades ridiculed the idea of his having bitten off the bear's nose He continued to assert it and said that the bear, discomfited had fled and taken refuge in the brake, where he would wager he then lay dead. The wounded man was taken into camp and his injuries attended to At daylight next morning several of the hunters went into the brake, and there found the bear shot through the body and with the tip of his nose bitten off. The old hunter lived many years but always spoke with peculiar pride of his having thus overcome the bear, and exhibited a score of wounds made by the animals claws, as proof of the story.

Fifty Revolvers.

Capt. Akey, who killed a man in Nevada recently, was mining in Tuolumne county, Cal., when the war broke out and with a number of other residents, volunteered his services. A company was raised, all good men, and he was elected captain. Much to their disappointment, the Government decided to keep them in California, and they were ordered to Humboldt Bay. Akey's head was turned by the authority conferred upon him, and he began a series of petty persecutions which almost drove his men mad. They bore it for months, until it passed beyond the limits of endurance, and then they resolved to end it. This resolve took the form of a determination never to obey another command of Akey's. This was nothing more nor less than mutiny and was punishable with death; but the boys preferred that to the tyranny under which they had groaned and suffered so long. An order had been received to proceed from Humboldt Bay to Red Bluff's and Akey went by way of the ocean to San Francisco, while the company crossed the mountains. They were encamped on the bank of the Sacramento river when he arrived, and the crisis came as soon as he put his foot in camp. He called the company out on parade, and ordered all those who had resolved to repudiate him to step to the front. Ninety men, the entire company, firmly took the steps The Sheriff of Tehama County was with him and turning to that officer he asked dim if he would assist him in arresting the orderly sergeant. The officer replied that he would, and the two started to do so, when they were both covered with fifty revolvers, the ominous click of which sounded painfully intense. The Sheriff took to his heels, and never stopped until he reached the ferry, a quarter of a mile distant, but Akey confronted the angry men as coolly as if nothing extraordinary was happening. The color never left his face, nor did a tremor disturb his equanimity, although he fully realized that the men were thirsting for his blood. Nothing but his bravery saved him, for they had fully determined upon killing him, but as he ran his eyes up and down the line and said, "Boys, the odds are too much," they respected his courage, dropped their weapons, and allowed him to slowly retire. The upshot of the affair was that he was relieved of his command, and after an investigation of the circumstances, was discharged from the service.

The Oak Tree.

A long time ago, two lads, called Edmond and Oswald, came before a court of justice. Edmond said to the judge: "Three years ago, before setting out on a journey, I entrusted to this Oswald, whom I then considered my best friend, a valuable ring composed of precious stones, but now he will not restore the ring to me."

Oswald laid his hand upon his breast and said, "I swear by my honor that I know nothing about this ring. My friend Edmond cannot be in his right senses."

The judge said, "Edmund can you bring forward any witness to prove the fact that you entrusted the ring to his keeping."

Edmond replied "Unfortunately, we had no witness except an old oak tree in the field, under which we took leave of one another."

Oswald said, "I am ready to swear I know as little about the tree as about the ring."

The judge said, "Edmond, go and bring me a branch of that tree; I desire to see it. You, Oswald you wait here till he returns."

Edmond went. After waiting a little while the judge became impatient and said: "What can be keeping Edmond so long? Oswald open the window, and see if he is returning."

"Oh sir," said Oswald, "he could not possibly have returned so soon. The tree is quite an hour's walk from here."

Then the judge said, "Oh you wicked liar, who wished to confirm your lie by an oath before God, the righteous Judge who sees into all hearts. You know where the tree is."

And so Oswald was obliged to give up the ring, and was condemned to a long imprisonment.

Ventilation.

Many persons complain of always getting up tired in the morning. This is very often due to defective ventilation of the bed clothes and bedding. Feather beds are too soft and yielding, and partially envelop the sleeper, thus producing profuse perspiration. Again, it is a common error to suppose that by simply opening a window at the top a room can be ventilated. People forget that for proper ventilation there must be an inlet as well as an outlet for the air. In bed-rooms there is often neither, and if there is a fire-place, it is generally tightly closed. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that foul air goes to the top, but chief impurity, the carbonic acid falls to the bottom. There is nothing so efficacious in removing the lower strata of air, as the ordinary fire-place, especially if there is a fire burning.

Modern School Punishment.

A writer off for a holiday, concluded to pay a visit to the old boarding school where he passed some of the pleasantest hours of his life, owing to the kind manner in which the principal kept his unruly boys under restraint, and gives a glimpse of the method employed to subject the refractory to discipline, which is in cheerful contrast to the flogging and bread and water discipline but too common in such institutions. He says: "As we approached Judd's bridge, about five miles from the school we overtook two boys on the road, one of whom wears a wooden bootjack strung about his neck and dangling on his breast; but he carries his burden lightly and cheerfully. As we came up to them I drew rein and they both paused by the roadside.

"Well, boys," I ask, "where do you hail from?"

"We're from the 'Snuggery' sir."

"I thought so," said I with a laugh, in which they both joined. "But what are you doing with that bootjack?"

"Oh, you see," said one with a roguish smile, "Charlie and I were having a little tussle in the sitting room, and he picked up Mr. Snug's bootjack in the corner and began to pummel me with it, and just as we were having it the worst, and rolling on the floor, Mr. Snug came in and caught us, and now we're paying for it."

"How so?" I inquired, well knowing what would be the response.

Oh, you see Mr. Snug held a diagnosis over our remains, and said he thought we were suffering for the want of a little exercise and ordered us on a trip to Judd's bridge."

"And the bootjack?"

"Oh, he said that Charlie might want to play with that some more on the way and had better fetch it along," and with a mischievous snicker at his encumbered companion he led him along the road in a hilarious race, while we enjoyed a hearty laugh at their expense.

And this is a *punishment!* Yes, here is an introduction to one phase of a system of correction as unique as the matchless institution in which it had its birth—a system without parallel in the annals of chastisement or school government, and which for thirty years has proved its wisdom in the household management of the Snuggery.

Again during the writer's visit, two boys were called before the principal, when the following took place:

"I called him a galoot sir."

"You called him a galoot, and then he threw the base ball club at you—is that it?"

"Yes sir, but I was only playing."

"Yes," resumed the voice of Mr. Snug, "but that club went with considerable force, and landed over the fence and made havoc in Deacon Farrish's onion bed; and that reminds me that the Deacon's onion bed is overrun with weeds. Now Willie," continued Mr. Snug, after a moment's hesitation, with eyes closed and head thrown back against the chair, "Saturday morning—to morrow, that is—directly after breakfast, you go out into the grove and call names to the big rock for half an hour. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And George," continued Mr. Snug, with deliberate, easy intonation, "to morrow morning, at the same time, you present yourself politely to Deacon Farrish, tell him I sent you to ask him to escort you to the onion bed. Afwhich you will go carefully to work and pull out the weeds. You understand, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

The Death of Louis XVI.

On the 29th of September (A D. 1792), Louis XVI. was conveyed to prison in the old home of the Templars. One after another they heaped insults upon the royal persons, and at length brought the king to trial. All condemned him as guilty against a nation; then came a struggle as to what should be his punishment. There were two parties in the Assembly: first, the non-Christian Girondists, who sought a republic, the original leaders of the Revolution; the second, the Jacobins, who sought the utter demolition of the old faith. The Girondists were averse to the death of the king, but voted for it for fear of their more sanguinary rivals; the Jacobins urged his condemnation, and procured it. The king's cousin, Philippe, duke of Orleans, amid shuddering, voted for his death. Out of seven hundred and twenty-one votes Louis XVI. was condemned to die by a majority of twenty-six. The king alone bore the sentence calmly. On the night of the 20th of January (A. D. 1783), he saw for the last time on earth the queen, his two children, and his sister, Mme. Elizabeth. They parted at ten o'clock; the king and queen gave their blessing to the Dauphin. Then in the course of the night the king made his confession to the Abbe Edgeworth, and early in the morning received the blessed Eucharist from the little altar in his chamber, and joined in the office for the dying, while the roll of the drums were gathering the attendants for his execution. At nine o'clock he came forth and looked up to the tower where his wife and children were imprisoned, then calmly took his place in the chariot of death All along the way he held his mind in prayer, uttering the Psalms in supplication of our Lord God. They were long in reaching the fatal spot. As they passed on there was a great crowd of people, sad and silent. At length they came to the Place Louis Quatorze, where the obelisk of Luxor now stands at the end of the gardens of his palace; the executioner bound the hands of the king behind his back. "Endure to the last, in likeness to our Saviour," said his confessor. He came to the foot of the scaffold and mounted it, looked out upon the people, and said with a loud voice. "I am dying innocent; I forgive all who have made me die, and pray that my blood may never fall upon France and you." Then the drums were beat and drowned the last words. The blameless king was seized and laid beneath the axe, and, amid the prayers of many a one concealed and the awe of the vast multitude, the blow fell. The king's lifeless body was taken to a dishonored burial, while he himself went to meet the loving countenance and the glorious welcome of the King of kings.

Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind has lately proved valuable in several interesting cases. Henry Kuhn, at the bottom of a Dubuque well, drove a pickaxe into the slide, and stood under it when he saw the earth laden bucket falling, thus saving himself from being crushed. John Carey, when lightning struck the New Haven mill of which he was foreman, knocked down three of the panic stricken operators, who were madly rushing toward the narrow exit, and so prevented a dangerous jam on the stairway. Mrs. Dunkin of Long Prairie, Minn., was threatened with an axe by her crazy son, she said, "well, if you want to cut my head off let's go to the chopping-block." He nodded, and they passed out to the woodpile. It was dark; addressing him with: "Now I'll put my head on the block, she drew the white kerchief from her neck and threw it down and slipped away. The lunatic struck the kerchief a heavy but harmless blow. Julia Clarke, a San Francisco factory girl, was caught in a machine by her long hair. She seized a pair of shears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she was not drawn between the wheels and killed, as she otherwise would have been. Ten men started down the shaft of a Nevada mine in a small skip. The donkey engine broke and the miners felt their vessel sink downward with lightning speed. Deathly fear turned every face white. In the panic most of them clutched the skip to wait for the crash. At the first intimation of disaster Patrick McCarthy the enginter at the top of the shaft, seized a a heavy plank and thrust the end between the pinion shaft and the reel, from which the cable was running off. The drum was revolving with terrific speed, and the friction produced streams of fire and smoke. But the engineer's thrust was exactly at the right point, and the end of the board soon checked the descent, bringing the skip to a standstill a few feet from the bottom.

The Man That Owns The Railroads.

Not long ago a woman of New York was passing along Fifth avenue near the cathedral, and seeing some men at work in a large lot as if preparing the ground for a building she stopped and put some questions to a man who seemed to have charge of others:

"What are you going to build here?"

"A house ma'am."

"A large house?"

"Yes, ma'am, a pretty good sized house, I think."

"Do you know the owner?"

"Oh, yes'm."

"Well, do you know if he want's to borrow any money."

"Can't say anything about that, ma'am."

"If he does, I could let him have some. I have some money that I should like to put out as a building loan in this neighborhood."

"Well, ma'am I dunno whether he wants any or not."

"You might mention it to him and he could come and see me."

"Yes'm; but it might be better for you to see him."

"Does he live near?"

"Yes'm 'taint very far."

"And you think he might want some money?"

"Well, he might, you'd better see him."

"What's his name?"

"Vanderbilt, ma'am."

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Mr. Vanderbilt, ma'am, the man that owns all the railroads."

Then that clever woman of business walked hastily away without even thanking the man for all the information he had given her, and the probabilities are that she won't call on Mr. Vanderbilt to offer him a loan on his Fifth avenue palace."

How to beat Faro.

There was once a young man residing in Gold Hill who was known as an inveterate gambler. For ten years he had worked steadily at his trade, and at the end of each month had lost his wages. Finally, becoming desperate he had married a bright young lady who had some knowledge of woldly affairs and human nature. Knowing her husband's weakness, she determined to turn it to good account for the advantage of the family. Her plan was to start a faro bank. Accordingly she procured a layout, box, case-keeper and necessary checks. At this point her greatest difficulty was encountered. She had no capital. Going to an experienced gambler and stating the case to him, she was able to borrow $200, the gambler well knowing that he had a dead thing on getting his money back. The preliminaries being arranged, the husband readily agreed to play against his wife provided she would agree to "ring the bell" for the drinks once in a while. The fair dealer acquiesced and the game commenced. At the end of an hour and a half the female portion of the company had possession of the month's wages. The next month the same experience was repeated. In a short time the $200 had been repaid the gambler, and a fine embroidered layout was made by the thrifty wife. Soon after she began to buy diamonds and invest in stocks. Her next stroke was to build an elegant mansion; then she kept her own carriage, and finally made a tour of the world, accompanied by her husband and three children, and prosperity thus began has never decreased. The family now live on B street, Virginia, and is reconed among the high-toned class.

An American Play.

A fascinating young professor of phrenology has his head shaved and mapped out into town lots in order to illustrate his lectures with a live model. These squares are picked with figures and pictures illustrative of the different passions and motives. Rich miner comes in to have his bumps felt and exhibits belt containing several millions in gold dust. Professor mesmerizes miner, drives a tack into his bump of memory, and flees to foreign lands. The victim, like all miners, never combs his hair, and so the tack remains undiscovered while he wanders around supposed to be crazy and begging his bread. Meanwhile the phrenologist endeavors to change his appearance, but the charts on his head being picked out in India ink, it refuses to be obliterated. Hence he lets his hair grow, and starts out to paralyze all Europe as a sort of American Monte Christo. Meanwhile the heroine, who has been drifting around during the foregoing scenes with lots of good clothes on, marries the miner, and the very first yank she gave him after the honeymoon out comes the tack, which at once restores his memory. The couple at once begin the hunt for the villain who is doing the bonanza business on the continent under an assumed name, After a weary search through Europe and the third and fourth acts the miner bethinks him that all shoddy Americans call on the Pope and so proceeds to Rome and enlists in the Swiss guards who are always on duty during receptions at the Vatican. In the last act the Pope enters and begins to "recep." "Hats off!" howls the captain of the guards to the usual gang of velvet-vested Americans who are eating peanuts and talking stocks on one side of the room. The captain details the new recruit to knock this on down with his halberd. To avoid being hammered as specified the obstinate individual reluctantly takes off his hat. He had considerable hair on his head, however, and the miner is again disheartened. When the Pope passes the rude stranger instead of bowing low, like the rest of the line, simply says: "Howly, Pious?" without bending his head. This again excites the avenger's suspicion, and he goes out on tiptoe, returning presently from r. u. e. with a step-ladder, which he softly places against a pillar behind the suspected man and then climbs up so as to have a bird's-eye view of the top of his head. In a small bald spot in the centre he beholds a blue square, marked "No. 46, combativeness," and a picture of two prize fighters. "At last!" shrieks the miner, jumping down on the prisoner's head with his boots, and the play ends with the villain being dragged off to execution, while the whole company dances in front of the footlights as the curtain goes down with the calcium on the miner in the centre.

Sitting Bull on the Warpath.

"What do you call this, is it a Zulu?" Justice Morgan gazed curiously at the queer sunburnt wild looking specimen of manhood before him as he asked the question in the Police Court, New York City.

"No, sir," said Officer Wall, of the Thirty-seventh street police station, who arrested him.

"Where did you find him?"

"Running wild on Eighth avenue. The first thing I knew he was comin' for me with his head down, and having some doubts as to what he might be I jumped one side and he fetched up agin' the wall of a house."

"Indeed, did it hurt him?"

"I don't think so, for he turned round at me again and says, "It's bettah you go way quick.' I asked him what was the matter with him and he said he was Sitting Bull on the warpath."

"What do you think of yourself now?" asked His Hanor, turning to the prisoner, who gave an unpronounceable name."

"Me don' know; no speaka Englis."

"Oh, you speak 'a' good enough—'a" said His Honor.

"Me fight-a mit Guster an' he get'n shot. Me get a chance an' lun away."

"Aha! fought with Custer, eh! That accounts for the Sitting Bull business. It's a pity you hadn't got shot."

"Me no care-a."

"Well, you can go up to the Island and play bull there for awhile—six months."

He dropped his head, but the officer kept him at a safe distance in front of him until the door of the ten day house shut on him.

Some Interesting Facts.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one 75 per cent., and the other 90 per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press seven and and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residus remain. A man is chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in 172 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump up through the watery particles, run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap various properties may be communicated to the growing plant—timber in France, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over the roots of the tree. Dahlias are colored by a similar process.