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

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THE ERRING.

Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour,
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Deal gently with the erring!
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage!
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path,
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring!
Thou yet may'st win them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be—
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee!

Miss Lawson's Money.

'Clark, there's been a robbery at 84 G——, street,' said my chief, one morning June, 1872, as I entered the office. "I want you to go there and see about it at once. There's a reward of $1000 offered.'

Of course I lost time in starting for 84 G——, street, which I found to be an unpretentious-looking little cottage, standing in the midst of quite a large and uncultivated garden. I was shown into the parlor, and a minute later was joined by a short, stout, elderly lady, who introduced herself as follows:

'Mr. Clarke, the detective, I presume. I am Miss Harriet Lawson, the owner of the house, and the person who sent for you. Suppose we proceed to business at once.'

I signified that such was my desire, and the old lady proceeded in her abrupt manner:

'Of course you want to know all I can tell you about the robbery. Well, it is not much that I know—it's all a mystery to me. Yesterday afternoon I drew the sum of six thousand dollars from the savings bank. I locked it up in my safe, and when I went to get it this morning, for the purpose of paying a note which fell due to-day, it was gone. That's all I know about it.'

'What sort of a safe have you got?' I asked.

'You can see for yourself,' replied the lady. 'Step this way.'

I followed her to an apartment on the floor above.

'That is my room,' she said, as she openened the door, 'and there is my safe in the corner.'

'It has a patent combination lock,' I said, 'and bears no marks of violence.'

'Just so,' interposed Miss Lawson, 'and that's what puzzles me. Last night I set the lock at a new combination, and I slept in that bed, right in sight of these all all night, with the key under my pillow. I am a very light sleeper, and I don't see how any one could have possibly removed the key and opened the safe without wakening me.'

'Did any one beside yourself know the combination?'

'No; but—well, I hate to confess I was such a fool—but the truth is, I was afraid I might forget the combination, and so I wrote it on a slip of paper, which I put in my top bureau drawer.'

'Unfortunate. Well, Miss Lawson, who lives in the house besides yourself?' I asked.

The old lady looked me steadily in the eye.

'Nobody in the house took the money. I will not allow such an idea to enter my head.

'That is not an answer to my question, Miss Lawson.'

'Mr. Clark,' said the old lady, "but two persons besides myself slept in the house last night. They are my servant, Barbara, and my companion, Miss Alice Trafton. Neither of them knows anything of the matter.'

'Still I would like to examine both,' I persisted.

'I will not allow it!' exclaimed the old lady, angrily. 'Barbara Heath is an old, trusted servant, whom I have had for many years, and Alice Trafton is the daughter of a dear, deceased friend, has been my companion for two years past, and will be my heiress. They are both above suspicion. I will not permit you to question either of them.'

'Then, madame, I throw up the case. I will bid you good morning.'

'Stop!' she cried, as I was leaving the room, 'what do you mean?'

'I must conduct the case in my own way, or not at all.'

Miss Lawson reflected.

'I suppose you must have your way,' she said, 'but do not let either of them think they are suspected for a moment. If you will step down to the parlor I will call them.'

Two minutes later Miss Alice Trafton and the servant, Barbara, stood in my presence. The former was without exception the most beautiful girl I had ever seen—a blonde, with a wealth of shining, golden hair, and a pair of glorious blue eyes that sent an electric thrill through my frame as I looked into them. Her companion was a tall angular, middle-aged woman, who stared at me with manifest displeasure.

I first questioned the servant, who answered my inquires with great promptness. She heard no noise during the night, and knew nothing of the affair except what Miss Lawson told her that morning. This was her testimony, after hearing which I dismissed her, and turned my attention to Miss Trafton, who seemed to be laboring under great embarrassment. The color came and went on her beautiful face as I questioned her, and several times she seemed on the point of bursting into tears. Presently I asked her:

'You were in the house all night, were you not, Miss Trafton?'

After a moment's hesitation, she answered in an almost inaudible tone of voice:

'I was not, sir?'

'Why, Alice, exclaimed Miss Lawson, starting to her feet, what do you mean?'

'I will not attempt to deceive you,' said the young girl: 'I was absent from the house between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock.'

'After I supposed you were abed and asleep! myself!' exclaimed the old lady. 'Where were you?'

'That,' said Miss Trafton, 'I cannot tell you, aunt.'

'Cannot tell me!' gasped Miss Lawson.

'And you will not tell me?' I asked.

'No, sir:' was the gentle but firm reply.

'That will do, Miss Trafton,' I said "You may go.'

When she was gone, I turned to Miss Lawson and asked:

'Was Miss Trafton aware of that memorandum in your bureau drawer?'

'Yes, sir, she was,' replied the old lady; 'but do not, I beg of you, think of suspecting her. She is incapable of such a crime. Rest assured she has some good reason for refusing to tell me where she was last night—some reason which she will divulge to me when we are alone.'

I made no reply, but as I arose to take my leave I said:

'I will commence work at once, and will communicate with you immediately when I succeed in making any discovery.'

'No matter what your suspicions may be, promise me that you will not let Miss Trafton know them until you are absolutely certain of her guilt,' pleaded Miss Lawson.

'She shall suspect nothing if I can help it,' I said.

All that day, while I was at work on the case, Miss Trafton's beautiful face haunted me. Do what I would, I could not drive the thought of her from my mind. In all my life I had never seen a woman to whom I felt so strongly attracted. But I resolutely steeled my heart against the softening influence of her lovely face, and determined not to let it stand between me and the conscientious performance of my duty as an officer.

Three days passed, and the afternoon of the third day, as I sat in my office summing up the results of my investigations, who should rush in but Miss Lawson.

'Mr. Clark,' she said, dropping into a chair and beginning to fan herself violently, 'I could not wait for you any longer, so here I am. Have you discovered anything?'

'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'I have discovered where Miss Trafton went between the hours of eleven and twelve that night. She has not told you yet, I presume?'

'No, sir; despite my pleading, nay, my commands, she has refused to tell me. Where did she go?'

'She went to the corner of Broadway and Eighteenth street, where she met a man to whom, under the light of a street lamp, she paid a sum of money.'

'Good heavens! are you certain of this?'

'I have it from the lips of an eye-witness.'

'And who was the man?'

'I don't know, Miss Lawson. That's what I am trying to find out.'

'Have you a description of him?'

'A rather vague one. He was described to me as tall, slim, and wearing a black moustache. Have you any idea who it was?'

'Not the slightest. Oh, this is terrible! Mr. Clark, I would have staked my life on the virtue and integrity of that girl. And even now I will not believe her guilty. Perhaps she can explain it all. But, sir, I have news for you. I've had more money stolen.'

'More, madam? When?'

'Two hundred dollars last night and the same amount the night before. Both sums were taken as before, from my safe. Now, Mr. Clark, I have a proposition to make to you. I want you to keep a watch on my house to-night. At eight o'clock this evening I will send both Alice and Barbara out upon errands, and while they are gone you can come. I will conceal you in the spare room, which is directly opposite my apartment. You can sit there in the dark, unseen and unsuspected, and watch, and I am confident that your vigilance will be rewarded by some discovery of importance.'

At the appointed hour that evening I presented myself at Miss Lawson's cottage. I was at once ushered into the spareroom. At nine o'clock Miss Trafton and the servant returned. Half an hour later the entire household was in bed.

The place was still as death as I sat there, a dark lantern by my side, watching and waiting. The clock struck ten, and I had seen or heard nothing to excite my suspicions. At eleven my watch was still unrewarded. I had but little faith in any desirable result from my vigil, and looked forward to the long, dreary night which was before me with anything but pleasurable emotions. But I was destined to be happily disappointed. As the half hour after eleven struck I heard a slight noise, and a moment later Miss Lawson's door opened and the old lady appeared a loose wrapper thrown over her, a lamp in her hand.

Her eyes wore a strange meaningless stare. She did not, as I at first expected, enter my room, but proceeded with noiseless tread along the passage-way. Instantly, a suspicion of the truth entered my mind, and I arose and followed her.

She went down to the lower floor, then turned into a passage-way, walked the whole length of that, opened a door and descend a flight of stairs into the cellar. Arrived at this apartment, she proceeded to one corner where a number of boxes and barrels were stored, and knelt upon the ground. She then drew from her pocket a roll of bills, which she placed in one of the boxes. Then rising to her feet, she began to retrace her steps.

Of course the reader understands by this time as clearly as I then understood, that Miss Lawson was a somnambulist.

As she reached the foot of the cellar stairs, I stepped forward and awoke her. For a few moments she seemed at a loss to comprehend her position, then, as she gradually recovered the use of her faculties, she said:

'Why! have I been walking in my sleep again? I thought I was cured of that trick long ago.'

'That's just what you've been doing, madam,' I said. 'But don't go up stairs yet. Look here,' and I stepped to the corner, where she had knelt, drew forth the box and displayed the contents before her.

'Why here is every penny of the missing money!' she exclaimed. 'How came it here?'

'You put it there, Miss Lawson. You have been robbing yourself all this time.'

For a moment the old lady stood transfixed, then she cried:

'Exactly! I see it all now!' I have been so worried about the safety of my money, that the idea has preyed upon my mind while I slept, and this is the result. Well, thank heaven it is all explained now. I knew Alice could not have had anything to do with it. And now she must explain about that man. I'll have her up at once and make her tell me all about it. I cannot sleep until I know all.'

Despite my remonstrances, Miss Lawson rushed up stairs and knocked at Miss Trafton's door crying:

'Alice—Alice, put on your wrapper and come out here at once. I want to see you.'

'In a moment, aunt,' said the wonderful voice of the young girl.

I would have withdrawn, but Miss Lawson bade me remain.

'I want you to be convinced, as I am certain you will be when the truth is known, of my poor Alice's innocence," she said.

In less than a minute Miss Trafton emerged from her room, wearing a loose cashmere wrapper, and looking more beautiful than ever.

In a few moments Miss Lawson explained the situation to her, and then asked.

'Now, Alice, who was that man you met that night?'

'I would gladly have kept the truth from you, dear aunt,' said the young girl, her voice trembling with emotion; 'but as you know so much now, it is better I should tell you all. When, at the death of my mother, you rescued me from poverty and misery, and gave me a home in your house, I did not tell you that I had a brother who had gone astray—who was even then an inmate of the state prison. You were so good yourself, and your ideas on such matters were so strict, that I thought it best to keep this a secret. But I have from time to time secretly communicated with my brother, and last week, upon his release from prison, I had an interview with him, at which he told me, to my horror, that another warrant was out for his arrest on a charge of which he swore was innocent. He begged of me to raise him some money so that he could leave the country, and begin life anew in a foreign land. I had saved nearly three hundred dollars from your generous allowance, dear aunt aunt, and this I promised to give to him on the night that your money disappeared. He was the man that I met on the corner of Eighteenth street and Broadway. He is now far away from New York. Now you know my secret. Can you forgive me?'

For answer, the old lady clasped Alice to her breast. How I envied her! I now took my departure, first receiving a cordial invitation from the old lady to call again.

I did call again, and—well, Alice and I were married six months from that night,

Coal Fields of the World.

The coal fields of the world, so far from being in danger of exhaustion, as alarmists are fond of asserting, have in fact as yet barely been touched. The South Wales coal field is, after that of the Clyde Basin, the largest field in Britain, and contains almost as great a vertical thickness of strata as any coal field in the world, amounting to upwards of 10,000 feet. Of this total depth only 120 feet are pure coal. As the lowest coal bed must have at one time been exposed to air or water for the growth of the plants which formed the coal in their decay, the South Wales coal field testifies to a subsidence of the earth sufficient to have brought some of the highest of the Alps to the sea level. The time required for so great a transformation is estimated as 640,000 years. It is only, however, to a depth of 4,000 feet that, having regard to the increased heat of the earth as we descend, coal can be obtained; but, even with this limitation, the supply left in the veins of the district is sufficient to supply consumption at its present rate for 1,800 years. Great Brian will more and more cease to supply an extraneous demand in addition to that of her own manufactures. Not only has the splendid mining region of Pennsylvania been developed, but in India, in China, in Australasia, and at the Cape vast supplies of fossil fuel have been discovered. Economies in manufacture or diminishing the rate of growth in coal consumption, and any increased use of electricity as a motive force tends to make the same quantity of carbon go much further in effecting mechanical results. Steam coal set to drive an engine which produces the electric light will result in illuminating power which exceeds a hundred fold that produced by a like amount of gas coal heated in retorts. The thickest bed of mineral fuel is in Russian Poland, and coal of various qualities—black, brown, anthracite, etc.—crops up not only in Belgium and the north of France, and along the Prussian Rhine, but in Saxony, where it is the foundation of the wealth of Chemnitz, in Westphalia, Hanover, Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia, in the Asturias and elsewhere in Spain, in several governments of Russia, and in Nova Scotia, Brazil and Chili, while native anthracite is worked as railway fuel in Switzerland, Savoy and Italy. The annual produce of the world is 289,000,000 tons, of which the British Isles furnish 134,000,000, the United States and Germany coming next with 50,000,000 tons apiece. The production of Bengal in 1879 was 523,097, that of New South Wales was 1,444,271 in 1877; but in each case the merest fringe of the coal district has been reached; vast accumulations, readily accessible, remain behind.

I'm Sleepy.

A gentleman of high social and business standing in New York, was making a trip on one of the Sound steamers last fall, when he was approached by a quietly-dressed and soft-spoken young man, who made a few general remarks and then asked:

'Are you open for business to-night?'

'Yes; I'm always ready for business,' was the reply.

'Thought so. Your clothes are all right, and you talk political economy like an orator, but your face gives you dead away. I spotted you as soon as we left New York.'

The gentleman was dumbfounded, and while in this condition the other queried:

'Shall it be an even whack up?'

'I—I—'

'I think we are certain to strike sugar in this crowd.'

'My friend, I fear I am ignorant of what you are driving at. What business is it you wish to talk over?'

'Come, don't try any of that on me. I'm willing to make a fair divide.'

'Of what? There's my card, sir; and I should like to see yours.'

The stranger took the card, looked it over, gave the merchant a close inspection, and then answered:

'Well, I'm beaten for the first time in ten year! Are you going back on this line?'

'Yes.'

'Then you should have some one along who can swear to your identity, and you'd better hand your card to every man who comes within six feet of your nose! Good evening—I'm sleepy!'

It was two or three days before the gentleman could make out what it all meant, and it is said that he is now trying to change his facial expression.

Greek Cleverness.

When Demades, the orator, remarked that the swords of the Spartans were so short that they could be swallowed by conjurors, Agis, the young king of that name, replied: "We find them quite long enough to reach the enemy." This is attributed by him to Leotychidas, son of Aristo: "A snake having twined itself around a key, which was declared by the years to be a portent, Leotychidas remarked: 'It would have been more of a potent if the key had twined itself round a snake.'" In passing sentence on two rogues, Philip of Macedon ordered one to leave Macedonia with all speed, and the other to try to catch him. No less astute was his query as to a strong position he wished to occupy, which was reported by the scouts to be almost impregnable. "Is there not," he asked, "ev n a pathway to it wide enough for an ass laden with gold?"

THE GOLDEN LINING.

Life to-day is dark and dreary,
Sadly we sit repining,
But the clouds will roll away
And show a golden lining.

Though they now obscure the sky
And sadly drops the rain,
If our faith is placed on high
The sun will shine again.

Sad misfortunes and great losses
Hide the sun, behind them shining,
But ere long they'll roll away
And show a glorious, golden lining.

They are for the best, you'll find;
God has caused them for a warning;
They make up the nights in life—
Every night must have its morning.

Rich For One Day.

Charles Jones lived in Bunkersville. He was strictly honest, and he was poor. Jones had, as many poor men have, a large family, and when winter arrived it found him out of employment and almost out of bread. By doing odd jobs, however, he managed to keep body and soul together. One morning he arose in very low spirits; he was to eat his last crumb of bread for breakfast.

"What must I do?" he cried.

"Trust in Providence," answered his faithful wife, breaking in upon his soliloquy.

"Well, I will. I'll go down the street and see if I can get an odd job or two"

He had scarcely gone a square when an acquaintance coming toward him said:

"Hallo! Jones, looking better than usual this morning; no wonder, though; I believe I would feel jolly, too, were I in your place. Allow me to congratulate you, sir."

Poor Jones was completely staggered. Formerly he had received only a cool nod of recognition from Mr. Williams; now it was a kind word and a hand offered to shake, and congratulated, too! And for what? He could only stammer;

"Mr. Williams, I—I—really—I—what do you mean?"

"Oh, of course! Expected you would be proud and stuck up," explained Mr. William; adding, "Give you two weeks to get over that."

And with this lucid explanation of his conduct, Mr. Williams passed on.

"He is crazy!" exclaimed Jones.

While looking in amazement at the retreating form of the supposed maniac, a hand lightly touched his shoulder which caused him to turn and face Mr. Graball.

'How are you, Jones? Glad to see you,' said Graball extending his hand.

'I—am pret—pretty we—well,' essayed the astonished Jones.

'Of course you are,' continued Graball. 'And how modestly you assume your new *role*! I'll tell you, Jones, you know you wanted to borrow twenty-five dollars of me the other day; I didn't happen to have it just then, but yesterday I collected my rents; so this morning, when I sat down to make out your check, I thought I might as well make it fifty instead of twenty five.'

Thrusting the check into Jones' hand, he was about to depart, when he added:

'I forgot, Jones; my wife says you must dine with us next Sunday. Be sure to come and bring your wife and children.'

As Graball whisked out of sight, Jones tried to collect his thoughts. After a miserable attempt, he determined to go home and consult his wife; she might solve the riddle that puzzled him.

Arriving at home, amazement was only to be suceeded by wonder and surprise, for, in passing through the hall into the kitchen, he found his wife unheading a barrel of flour, and his daughter putting away a lot of beef.

'Is it you Charles?' said his wife.

'I don't know, Mary; just stick me with a pin, till I see.'

'No, indeed, I shall not! But just think of it, Charles! The grocer sent up this barrel of flour this morning that he refused to trust you for last week, and the butcher's boy stopped with some meat, when you know he has refused us all along. When I asked him what was the matter, he only winked and said we could settle at the end of the month. Mrs. Stingy, our neighbor, sent in two pounds of butter, saying she was sorry she didn't have it yesterday when we wanted to borrow a cupful, but as her butter man had just come, she could spare us two pounds.'

'And I've got a check for fifty dollars!'

And Jones, overcome by such munificence, sat down and gasped for breath.

'I wonder what it means?' faintly inquired Mrs. Jones.

'Give it up!' shouted Jones, despairing of ever solving the riddle.

Suddenly a loud knock was heard at the front door.

'If that is any person with a corner house and lot, refuse it! Tell them we won't have it!' yelled Mr. Jones at his wife, as she rushed to see who it was. 'Oh, it is you, is it?' he said, in a relieved tone, as Miss Tellall, the village gossip, was ushered in.

'Of course it is! But, law me! I won't get mad at that. I told brother James that I expected you would be kind of fussy like and excited; almost every one is that has a fortune left them.'

'What fortune, madam!' demanded Jones.

'Yes, what fortune?' added Mrs. Jones.

'You don't mean to tell me you don't know that a fortune has been left you? Well, I'll read it to you."

Miss Tellall then pulled out the "Bunkersville *Beacon*," and read as follows:

"We are glad to know that our friend, Charles Jones, has come into a handsome fortune, left him by an uncle who recently died in England. Good luck could not have fallen upon a more worthier man. We congratulate him."

"That was what Williams wanted to do, but I thought he was crazy," moaned Jones.

"This accounts for it all, then," exclaimed the practical Mrs. Jones.

"Miss Tellall this is a great mistake; I have had no fortune left me," said Jones. "And further, I never had an uncle in England; it's some other Jones."

"Law me! do tell! Well, I'll go home and tell the folks, so they won't worry about you. You see they thought you might be sick, and would need careful nursing. But if you haven't got a fortune—you are not sick, are you? No? Well, then, good-by!"

"I knew it," laconically exclaimed Jones, as Miss Tellall departed.

"Knew what?" asked his wife.

"That there was a power behind the throne."

"Charles," said Mrs. Jones, "hadn't you better go down and see the editor of that paper? Perhaps he can explain."

"A wise suggestion, my dear, and one which I will immediately improve."

The next morning the Bunkersville *Beacon* contained the following correction:

"In yesterday's issue, we said Charles Jones had come into a fortune. That gentleman called upon us and wanted to know when it was. We told him it was a mistake—a typographical error—that was all. It should have been Janes. We appeased Mr. Jones' disappointment by giving him the paper free for one year, but would say this is the only case in which we shall deviate from our rule of two dollars a year in advance."

"He needn't have spoken of his charity so prominently," commented Jones, after reading the paragraph.

"Certainly he shouldn't," replied Mrs. Jones. "But then we can't help it now. Well, I'll send that butter of Mrs. Stingy's home."

"Yes; and you had better tell her that we appreciate——"

"What! The butter? No, Charles, its altogether too strong."

"If you would have allowed me to finish, I would have added that we appreciated the motive which prompted her to be so kind——"

"Law me!" interrupted Mrs. Jones. "You can take it yourself if you want a person to be so very fine."

"Never mind; we won't quarrel about it."

Jones, after he found out the reason of all his excessive kindness, went to Graball and offered up the check which had been given him. But Graball saw that he had been caught by his own cupidity, and thought the best way to get out of it with grace to himself was to make a present of the money to Jones. But Jones wouldn't listen to that; so it was settled that the money was to be loaned, and Jones was to take his own time to pay it. After paying the butcher and grocer, he had a neat sum left which served for all present necessities; and soon after business picked up and Jones obtained a permanent situation

He and his wife often laugh over the time when he was rich for a day.

Jones and the Baby.

'It seems to me,' said Jones to his wife, who was walking around the room, with the baby in her arms, 'that woman makes a great deal of unnecessary fuss about putting a child to sleep. Now, I would chuck him into bed, and let him squall it out.'

It seems to me, 'said Mrs. Jones, quietly, 'that all men are born idiots.'

Jones couldn't, for the life of him, see what the fact had to do with putting the baby to sleep, but he wisely held his peace.

The next evening, Mrs. Jones came into the sitting-room, where Jones was reading the market reports, and said:

'I am going down to mother's after that recipe for yeast. Baby is asleep, but, if he should wake, I presume you could put him to sleep again—men are so handy with babies.'

'All right! I'll put him to sleep in less than no time; run along, my dear,' said Jones, cheerfully.

Mrs. Jones vanished, and Jones resumed his paper.

Soon after his wife's departure, Jones heard a little premonitory grunt from the vicinity of the bedroom.

'Hullo! what's that?' exclaimed, Jones, as he assumed a listening attitude.

He soon found out, for the juvenile member of the Jones family set up a series of yells that would have done credit to a prima donna.

Jones dropped his paper, rushed into the bedroom, seized his offspring, and carried him wrong end up back into the sitting-room.

The suddenness of the attack, and the unusual position, so astonished his babyship that he forgot to scream for a few seconds, but when Jones righted him up, and offered him a pair of sleeve-buttons for playthings, Johnny shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and began again with renewed vigor and determination.

Jones abandoned the sleeve-buttons, and tried to "cuddle" the baby up after the maternal fashion, but baby sternly refused to "cuddle;" and, with a degree of energy for which Jones was wholly unprepared, and which evinced a total lack of respect for the "author of his being" Johnny grabbed the paternal whiskers with both hands and howled louder than ever.

Jones released himself, smoothed his cherished whiskers, deposited his heir on the sofa, retreated to a safe distance, rubbed his face carefully, smiled in a vague kind of a way, as if he didn't know exactly where the fun came in, and wondered "what the dickens Maria would do under similar circumstances.'

Baby put his fist into his mouth, and looked as if he wondered what his paternal ancestor would do next.

There, now,' exclaimed Jones, immensely relieved, 'he is papa's pitty little sonny, so he is.'

'Sonny,' promptly resented this by a long drawn yell that struck terror to the soul of his dismayed parent.

Jones was at his wit's end; He grew reckless. He whistled to that baby; he sang; he made faces; he cut a series of antics that would have driven a ballet-dancer mad with envy; but all to no purpose. Baby had evidently taken a contract to furnish so much yell in a given time, and was bound to do the square thing.

When Mrs. Jones returned, she found a demoralized—looking man wandering around the house, with a baby on one arm, while with his disengaged hand he wiped the perspiration from his manly brow with the tail end of the baby's night dress.

'It seems to me,' remarked Mrs. Jones, as she took the baby, 'that men make a great deal of unnecessary fuss about putting a baby to sleep. Now, I—'

The front door closed with a bang—Jones was on his way down the street to 'see a man.'

Throwing the Hatchet.

In the fourteenth century the situation of public executioner to the city of Florence became vacant, and as it was a place of considerable emolument there were three candidates. A day was appointed for public display of their several abilities. The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from the shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising held in his hand a short hatchet, and when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approached him, and in a low whisper inquired if he could swim well. On being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to spring on his feet and cross the river. The executioner then put on a fierce look, swung his weapon round his head, but, instead of making it descend on the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect that the body continued running some time after the head was off! From this rather improbable incident the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

Norton's Duel.

Four years ago, said Henry Norton, I was in Deadwood. I had returned from an expedition up the Yellowstone river and published a book on my research. Deadwood was at that day what Leadville is at the present time—all life and fire, glitter and riches. There were no beggars in the streets and every man was the possessor of gold, mining stock or unlimited credit. I was at the Dakota House and passed my evenings, in the main, at the theatres. At one of the theatres a woman whom I had known in Detroit three years before was singing ballads. She was too noble a woman to tread the boards of any stage, but, like many others, gifted with a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, she found in the variety stage an easy avenue to a livelihood. She was a woman, every inch, and was always accompanied by a young sister to and from cities and their Michigen home. Being an old friend, she felt perfectly at home in my company, and we were together much of the time. No man in Deadwood, except myself, would she permit to act as her escort, and the consequence was that it was not many weeks until I was envied by half the men in the camp. On one night I refer to, after the theatre, I went down to the barroom of my hotel for the purpose of taking a drink before retiring. While pouring out a glass of whisky a stranger walked up and accosted me, saying:

"'You are Mr. Norton, I believe?'

"I answered him in the affirmative and invited him to drink. He hesitated a moment and then called for a lemonade with 'a light stick,' and asked me to accompany him out to the street.

"'You are a man and a gentleman and I am the same. I love Miss —— (mentioning the name of my actress friend) and she could love me, I am certain, were it not for you.'

"I raised my hand to strike him down, but the muzzle of a revolver, the butt of which was in his hand, deterred me. I stepped back a couple of paces.

"'I have thought this matter over,' he continued, lowering the revolver, 'and have determined that one of us must die. I could have shot you down any night and none would have been the wiser, but I am frank enough to make you a proposition.'

"But I shall offer no objection to your marrying Miss ——," I said hurriedly. "She is nothing more than a dear friend to me. Go ahead and win her, man.' I thought him crazy and believe to this day that he was not in his right mind.

"'No,' said he slowly, with determination, 'this world is not large enough for us two men. I will kill you before this night is over, or you will have done me the same favor. You are armed and shall have an equal chance for your life; we will go up the valley a little ways and there settle our quarrel like men. If I kill you, none shall ever know whether the cases were right or wrong, and if I fall it will be with no malice toward you.'

"He took my arm and we walked up the street together. It seemed like a duel to me, and yet there was the man anxious to murder me at my side. I began to grow nettled and was sufficiently reckless before we reached the Bismarck stage road to have fought him with bowie knives had he demanded it. Then, too, I was angry at the free manner in which he had spoken of Miss ——. Up the valley we strode. Presently my strange guide and enemy halted and said:

"'You will stand here and I will step ten paces further on.'

"I obeyed the directions

"He paced off ten strides and, removing his hat, faced me, revolver in hand.

"'Hold on," said I. "If your mind is fully made up to shoot me, at least let me know your name.

"'That makes no difference to you,' said he. 'It's as good a one as you can boast of. Please be ready to fire when I count to three."

"I am a clever shot with the pistol and can shoot the spots from the cards at twenty yards, and felt perfectly confident, no matter how good a shot was my antagonist, that I could kill him at ten paces. I drew my derringer and cocked it carefully. I was standing with my back to the moon and he was a little above me, and the moon shone full on his broad brow. He leveled his weapon and began to count. As the fatal words were slowly pronounced I raised my revolver and at the word 'three' pressed the trigger. We fired at the same instant and I felt the wind of his bullet by my head. He sank to his knees without a struggle and fell upon his face in the snow. My being in the shadow a little below him and the moon's rays on his pistol barrel had, even at so short a distance, disturbed his aim. I walked forward, turned over the body, which was still warm, and looked down into his face. My bullet had sped true. There was a small, bluish-looking hole, from which the blood had not yet sprung, in the centre of his forehead. If any one heard the pistol shots they paid no heed, and, not wishing to be arrested and charged with murder, I walked down the valley over the hard beaten snow and returned to my hotel.

After a minute's pause Harry Norton relighted his cigar, emitting a cloud of smoke through his nostrils and continued:

"The following afternoon I saw quite a crowd assembled at the city undertaker's. I elbowed my way through the crowd and asked an acquaintance standing near what caused the commotion.

"'Some cuss got sick of the camp, went up the valley last night and committed suicide. The wolves were hovering about and picked his bones pretty clean before one of the men from the Homestake mine came down town and found him.

"He might have been murdered?" I answered in a questioning tone.

"No, he committed suicide,' was the reply. His revolver was found in the road and one chamber had been emptied. He just got homesick and went up there and 'called' himself and the wolves had a good meal and he can't be identified. He was not murdered, for over $200 in bills were found scattered around.'"

"I walked away and shed no light on the mystery. In Deadwood where people came in and departed by hundreds every day, mysterious disappearances were rarely reported. I am in ignorance as to the name of the man whom I shot down in that strange duel, and though I remained in the Black Hills for some time afterward, I never paid another visit to the theatre where my lady acquaintance was playing. That is all."

The amount of losses in the United States by fire during 1879 as reported to Insurance Companies, was $77,763,-709; add to this the uninsured losses that are reported, and it will fall but little short of the $100,000,000 claimed as the annual loss in this coun Canada is not included in these rep

"I NEVER did see such a win storm," said a man in a coffee-r

"And, pray, sir," inquired a w be wit, "since you saw the wind storm, what might the color be?'

"The wind blew and the s rose," was the quiet rejoinder

—There are only three fire in all Paris.

Droll Blunders.

By the insertion of one letter in place of another, a newspaper, not long since, reporting the danger that an express train had run, in consequence of a cow getting upon the line, said: "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into *calves*."

A ludicrous story is told of a bailie, whose studies in natural history seem to have been rather limited. The following case came before him one day: "A man who kept a ferret, having to go to the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return. The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The owner was very angry, and brought a claim against his neighbor for damages. The fellowing was the decision of the learned bailie: "Nae doot," he said to the man who had been left in charge, "ye was wrang to open the cage door; but," he added, turning to the other, "ye was wrang, too. For why did ye no clip the brute's wings?"

It is also told of a certain Glasgow bailie that when visiting Paris as one of a deputation from Glasgow to Louis Philippe, the king said, when showing the party through his library, where he had many of the English classics: "You know Milton very well?" "Oh, bless you, yes; bless you, yes," said the bailie, cheerfully, delighted that something had been mentioned that he *did* know. "Yes, your majesty, I know Milton very well." (Milton is a little place in the neighborhood of Glasgow:) "we're just building slaughter-houses there."

By the bad arrangement of clauses in composition, ludicrous blunders are sometimes made. A Wisconsin paper announced that the board of education had "resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high." In an English paper an advertisement appeared, under the heading of "To Let," of "A house for a family in good repair." *Punch* noted this, and conjectured that "a family in good repair" must mean one in which none of its members were cracked. "The brooches would have been sent before but have been unwell," was a note of apology sent to Dean Alford by his jeweler; and "Two sisters want washing" was an advertisement which appeared in the Manchester *Guardian*.

An amusing style of blunder is the "bull," for which the Irish get most credit. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of his country: "Her cup of misery has been overflowing, and it is not yet full!" It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that "he left no children behind him except a brother, who was killed at the same time." Irish also was the corner who, when writing home from India, praising the much-abused climate as really one of the best under the sun, added: "But a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they eat and they drink, and then die; and then they write home to their friends, saying it was the climate that did it!"

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent minded. It is declared of him that when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat at Hagley, "he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim."

A New York paper gives the following story in illustration of the absent mindedness of the great Johnathan Edwards. When out riding one day, a little boy very respectfully bowed and opened a gate for him.

"Whose boy are you, my little man?" he asked.

"Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the answer.

On the return of Edwards, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. He thanked the little fellow, and again asked:

"Whose boy are you?"

"Noah Clark's sir—the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

Some blunders arise from misapprehension. A bishop of Oxford sent round to the church wardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, including the question: "Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" The church warden of Wallingford replied: "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his obfuscated condition would permit. He counted: "One, two, three;" then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch muttering: "Tipsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "private."

"Dear Doctor: You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit" (a ten-pound note), "and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me."

The lady, in fact, had been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition!

The Rev. Mr. McDougall, of Paisley, used to tell the following story: One day he was taking a simple friend from the country to see Garthavel; but passing the exchange on their way to the asylum, he took him to the door to look in. The man, who thought they had got to their destination, stood behind Mr. McDougall, and staring eagerly over his shoulder at the merchants stepping up and down and gathering in eager groups, exclaimed with surprise, not unmingled with awe:

"Is't safe, man?—they're a' loose!"

Polly's Prayer.

A parrot was present on board ship during very bad weather, when the sailors knelt on deck in a circle to pray for deliverance. The parrot watched their movements, no doubt, for he correctly remembered the circumstance. It is said the captain came up from the cabin, where he h been to examine the chart, while t were at prayer, and cried aloud:

"Leave off praying, you lo to the pumps! we're near

On arriving in port." clergyman, and in in the vicar's ing after

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Iowa's butter and cheese product last year was worth $19,000,000.

—There are 23,000 feminine farmers in Great Britain.

—A Philadelphia candy factory uses seven tons of clay per month.

—Twelve bodies have thus far been cremated at Washington, Pa.

—The decrease of the public debt in March was $6,192,819.14.

—The public schools of the United States cost $80,529,000 per year.

—Papier-mache buttons were made in 1778.

—There are in Great Britain and Ireland 22,936 doctors.

—Gold in the Bank of England amounts to £15,500,000.

—Bottles of glass were first made in England about the year 1558.

—The first United States Congress met in New York, March 4, 1789.

—The New York street cars carry annually a hundred million passenger.

—Shoe pegs require annually for their manufacture 100,000 cords of timber.

—It is said that Col. Thomas A. Scott of Philadelphia is worth about twenty millions.

—The celebrated Italian embalmer, Paolo Gorini, lately died at Lodi, aged sixty-eight.

—Canada has 6,459 sailing vessels and 918 steamers, with a gross tonnage of 190,159 tons.

—About 100,000 bushels of hemp seed are annually consumed for bird food in the United States.

—St. Louis acknowledges a little municipal debt of $15,907,000. It was $12,379,000 in 1874.

—George Aldridge, one of the survivors of the "Light Brigade," is now running an omnibus.

—The destructio by fires in the city of New York last year averaged about $265,786 per month.

—The first tame sheep in the United States were brought from England to Virginia in 1609.

—There was in Germany in 1878 510 paper mills which together produced 3,600,000 cwt. of paper