THE LOOM OF LIFE.

J. B. SALISBURY.

The loom of life with sturdy beat—
The tramp, tramp, tramp of human feet—
Is weaving now a silken veil,
A living web, so fair, so frail,
Yet every thread is dearly bought—
A flashing gem for human thought.
The warp was drawn when morning stars
Attuned their harps to golden bars,
Which echoed down the hills of space,
And suns and worlds, with maiden grace,
Joined in the song, piercing the air
With darts of tone. 'Twas music rare
As long the lines of quiv'ring light
That chased away the gloom of night,
There hung as jewels there and long
The swaying tentacles of song.
God's throne, the strong and sturdy beam,
Held fast the threads of light agleam,
And souls slipped down the golden way
To mate with forms of sordid clay.

BARRE CENTER, N. Y.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

BY C. F. CARTER.

WITHIN the grimy corner that served for a telegraph office in the Warren Depot, one stormy November evening, a rosy-cheeked girl sat at a table receiving a message. Her task finished, she tossed her pen aside, and, looking out at the dripping landscape, exclaimed impatiently:

"Dear me, isn't this awful! I do wish that poky old Ironsides would come and relieve me. It will soon be dark, and then how will I ever get home through those oceans of mud?"

A solemn-looking young man, who had been furtively watching the operator's every movement, shifted his elbow into a more comfortable position upon the high counter and declared that was a hard one.

"Thank goodness," resumed the girl. "I haven't far to go. I'm glad I'm not a brakeman, obliged to be out in this storm all night. You don't have to go out to-night, do you, Mr. Dunlap?"

LICK HIM! I'LL BREAK HIM IN TWO!"

"Yes, we're marked out on number nine."

"That's so; I remember taking the order, now. You're to have the 242. That's Jack Bronson's engine, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply, in such a dry tone that the operator turned with an amused smile and said:

"I don't believe you love your neighbor Bronson as yourself."

"Can't say that I do," replied the young man. Then, as though moved by a sudden impulse, he stepped to the side of the rosy-cheeked operator, and, bending down until his mustache almost brushed her ear, exclaimed:

"Dora—Miss Cheney, I mean—I can't bear to see you treat that Jack Bronson just as friendly as you do me any longer. I want you all to myself, for I love you, Dora."

"Do sit down, Mr. Dunlap," said Dora. "Some one will come in. This is so very unexpected, and besides, you know, I'm already—— Good-evening, Mr. Bronson!"

The door had suddenly opened, revealing the astonished faces of Jack Bronson and Ironsides, the night operator.

"Charley," said Ironsides, as he stepped in and shook the water from his dripping hat, "I saw yer partner, Shanty, as I came along, and he told me to tell you to come down to the car."

Charley pulled his cap over his eyes and hurried out, wild with mortification and despair. So they were already engaged, were they? He turned toward the river, with a vague notion of throwing himself into its turbid waters, but changed his mind and started back to his way car. Reaching the car, he bolted in and flung himself upon a locker with a dismal groan.

Shanty was lying upon his back on the opposite side of the car, smoking vigorously. He was a man who never troubled himself about the affairs of others; but the conduct of his partner was so extraordinary that he stopped smoking, raised himself upon his elbow, and, after gazing a moment in speechless wonder, inquired:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothin'."

"Git fired?"

"No."

"Got the colic?"

"No—oh, no."

"Well, what in thunder does ail ye?"

"Are you a friend of mine?" asked Charley, impressively, suddenly starting up.

Shanty's only answer was a look of astonishment.

"You see," went on Charley, "I told Dora I loved her—I mean—Jack Bronson—confound it, they're goin' to be married," he concluded, in desperation.

"Well—you—are—a—dandy," drawled Shanty, in a tone of withering contempt. "D'ye mean to let that dinner-table railroad man cut ye out like that?"

"How can I help it?"

"Lick him."

"Lick him! I'll break him in two. But I'm afraid that won't help the matter any."

Shanty was prevented from expressing his views upon this point by the entrance of the conductor with the announcement that it was leaving time.

As soon as Ironsides made his tardy appearance Dora had encased herself in waterproof and rubbers, and, accompanied by Jack Bronson, started home. Jack was not at all pleased with the scene he had witnessed upon entering the telegraph office, and determined to intimate to Dora that the frequent presence of that brakeman in the telegraph office was very distasteful to him; but Dora prattled on so prettily that he hadn't the heart to chide her. By the time they had reached the Cheney mansion and were seated before a bright fire, he had nearly made up his mind to let the matter go, when, by a happy inspiration, he saw an easy way out of the difficulty.

"Dora," said he, suddenly, "will you marry me!"

Dora was so startled by this abrupt question that she was unable to reply for a moment, and Jack, remembering the old adage that "silence gives consent," concluded she was too much overcome with emotion to speak, and so put his arm around her waist reassuringly.

"Mr. Bronson," said Dora, rising to her feet, "I am very sorry. I never meant to encourage you to think we could ever be more than friends."

Jack was completely overwhelmed by this unexpected reply. He, too, rose to his feet.

"I suppose from that that some one else has won your affections?"

Dora made no reply.

"Then" continued Jack, in the most sarcastic tone he could command, "I am sure I wish you much joy, but I must confess I am a little surprised at your choice." And he walked majestically forth, slamming the door as he went, leaving Dora standing in the middle of the floor, speechless with indignation.

Not until he had nearly reached the end of his run that night had Jack passed through successive stages of anger, disappointment and chagrin and recovered his usual complacency sufficiently to remark to his fireman:

"I understand, Jim, that Dora Cheney is going to marry that brakeman, Charley Dunlap."

"That so?"

"Yes; pity to see that girl throw herself away on such a good-for-nothing brute, ain't it?"

"That's what it is."

"Somebody ought to tell old Cheney what's up. He'd stop Mister Dunlap's little game."

"Ye-ep."

"I never did have any use for that Dunlap. If he ever crosses my path I'll drive him into the ground—notion to do it anyway on general principles."

A week later a solitary figure walking down the quietest of Warren's quiet streets had his attention attracted by two persons coming out of the Methodist parsonage. One he recognized as Dora Cheney; the other was a well-dressed stranger, who improved the opportunity to press a kiss upon Dora's unresisting lips as he assisted her into a waiting buggy. This proceeding so engrossed the attention of the solitary figure that he did not notice the rapid approach of a man from the opposite direction, equally intent as himself upon the scene across the street.

There was a muffled thud, a mutual recoil, a glare of recognition, and Charley Dunlap and Jack Bronson

"GOOD EVENING, MR. BRONSON,"

each instantly became serenely oblivious of the other's existence.

Upon reaching Mrs. Johnson's boarding house Charley was met at the door by the landlady's daughter, Angelina, her eyes sparkling with the complacent consciousness of interesting and exclusive gossip.

"Oh, Charley," she exclaimed eagerly, "what do you think? Dora Cheney's gone and married a drummer from Chicago. He's awful handsome, and his name is Harry, and they've been engaged ever so long—say what makes ye look so funny?"

He Didn't Mean To.

Mamma—Now, Johnnie, dear, you'll keep nice and clean if mamma dresses you up nice in your pretty white suit, and puts on your lovely Fauntleroy sacque, won't you, dear? We're going to have company for tea, and mamma don't want them to see her little boy all dirty; you'll be very careful, now?

Johnnie—Yes'em.

Mamma—That's a good little boy. Here's a cooky for you, dear.

An hour later:

Mamma—Why, Johnnie Kiser! What under the shining sun have you been doing? Just look at your clothes! Look at them! literally and completely spoiled! What have you been doing? Say?

Johnnie—I wasn't doing nothing but just throwing dirt on Dicky Rogers, 'cause he throwed some on me; and then we made a little dam in the gutter, and had some fun rolling down that clay bank back of the house afterward, and—that's all. I—I didn't mean to get dirty.

Mamma—Oh, no! you never mean to do anything! I declare if you're not enough to try the patience of a saint! Dear me, dear me!—*Drake's Magazine.*

Nothing Good Enough.

Managing Editor—H'm! I understand that you are a graduate of a school of journalism. Am I right?

Applicant—Yes, sir. I have a diploma showing that I have finished my course with high honors.

Managing Editor—H'm! Yes, I'm sorry, but we haven't any position on this paper quite good enough for you. —*Somerville Journal.*

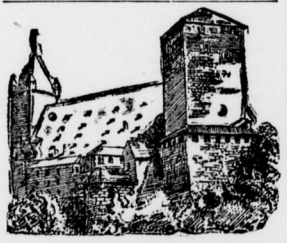
CASTLE OF NUREMBERG

IN IT ARE STORED MANY RELICS OF A BARBAROUS AGE.

The Spanish Stock, the Iron Virgin, the Rack, the Guillotine, the Mock Fiddle and Other Frightful and Harrowing Instruments of Torture.

BY HERMAN JUSTI.

That endearing term, "the good old times," as applied to the distant past, is to a great extent a misnomer. Those persons who are not content with the present would have found away back in the middle ages, that the road to Jordan was a hard road to travel. We march through the stately banquet halls and rich chambers of European palaces, never thinking to look beneath the surface, into the dungeons, or of peeping into the tower. The great and favored at best had a short tenure upon pleasure and popularity, the extremes of which were a poor return for what they endured when these were withdrawn. These thoughts occurred to me as I passed leisurely from chamber to chapel,



FIVE-CORNERED TOWER OF NUREMBERG.

and chapel to cell in this splendid castle of Nuremberg.

In the five-cornered tower the reader will naturally take a lively interest. Men and women, doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves, mechanics, and laborers who lived in the olden time were either made familiar with the tower itself or its decrees. This tower is the oldest structure in Nuremberg. In it we find all the instruments of torture known to history. The rack, thumbscrews, and guillotine are found in every European museum, and the red gown worn by the executioner is

THE IRON VIRGIN.

also quite common. There are instruments of torture other than these to be seen here that are rare, but I cannot say that they were known only to the great dynasty of which this town was the center. Some of these instruments suggest novel modes of punishment, and there are some of them that even in this advanced age might be applied with harm to few and profit to many, but I shall not attempt to point out which to adopt and which to reject. In that remote age the trials which women had to undergo were shocking, and I hope that at this juncture no irreverent reader will remark—"they were indeed good old times."

The penalty for drunkenness varied. For the first drunk the offender was obliged to wear the "Spanish cloak." The "Spanish cloak" is a churn-shaped device that incloses the body from the neck to the knees, the arms passing out through arm-holes. This coat he was obliged to wear for a stated period, and if the offense was repeated, heavy weights were fastened to his wrists and thus burdened he was marched through the streets.

Those convicted of bearing false witness against their neighbors, very properly were more severely punished. An iron or steel contrivance, oval shape, was placed in the liar's mouth, and this had an attachment with which the trap was expanded. Pity its use has been abandoned.

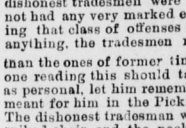
Milkmen in those days, it would seem, were honest, since no provision was made to punish them for mixing water with

MOCK FIDDLE WORN BY DISHONEST TRADESMEN.

milk. The baker and dishonest tradesman, though, were severely punished. If a baker's loaves were below the required weight, he was carried to the market place in a mock Sedan chair, his arms hanging out of the windows, and weights fastened to his wrists. This may account

THE VIOLONCELLO.

for the honesty of our latter-day bakers. The complaint that now is their bread is too heavy. The severe torture to which dishonest tradesmen were subjected has not had any very marked effect in lessening that class of offenses in our day. If anything, the tradesmen now are worse than the ones of former times, but if any one reading this should take the remark as personal, let him remember that it was meant for him in the Pickwickian sense. The dishonest tradesman was placed in a spiked chair, and the neck inserted in a mock fiddle. There were several sizes of these instruments, the use of them being regulated by the magnitude of the offense.

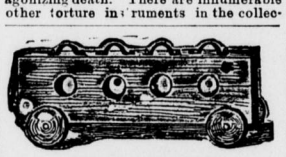


MOCK FIDDLE WORN BY DISHONEST TRADESMDN.

The name of Isaac Rosenheim has come down through five centuries as the last man punished for dishonesty in business. His name is on the chair and this fact is specially noted, but the practice for which he paid the penalty still continues.

THE TORTURE FLUTE.

The thief was put just one scale higher than the dishonest tradesman. Instead of the fiddle he wore the violoncello, and also iron bracelets and ankle bands. There were also instruments for every variety of petty offenses. Persons convicted of obscenity or blasphemy carried around the iron flute. This flute was fastened around the neck and the fingers were caught and held in the spring ratchet which was made in imitation of the keys or stops. Wives who disobeyed their husbands wore one of the mock fiddles, and if they persisted in disobedience or rebelliousness they were carried to the market place to receive the jeers and jests of their neighbors. If two women quarreled they were yoked together and also taken to the market place and subjected to the curious gaze of the multitude. Unchaste women were obliged to wear a crown of iron thorns and a long heavy plait of straw. Then we find in the collection the thorn cradle, the torture bed, and the stretcher, with its grooves, rollers and pulleys. On the stretcher the bones were slowly broken and limb torn from limb. These were resorted to, it is said, in extreme cases; and yet it is impossible to conceive how any crime could justify such a death. The most frightful instruments of torture are the Spanish Stock and Iron Virgin, which were used to punish real or alleged political offenders. The unfortunate victim was first put in the stock, and here he was kept for days in the hope of extorting confession of some secret which it was believed the accused would divulge. The hands were fastened in the clamps and the feet or ankles in the stock. Failing after a certain time to extract information, the poor wretch was placed in the Iron Virgin and slowly crushed to death. Beheading seems bad enough, but beheading is mild punishment compared with this slow and agonizing death. There are innumerable other torture instruments in the collec-



THE SPANISH STOCK.

tion, but the ones enumerated will suffice to show that there is a sad, dark background to the rose-tinted pictures which are generally given of the "good old times."

The part which Nuremberg plays in Goethe's great tragedy of "Faust" has given to that ancient city a prominence that otherwise it would not enjoy, though it deserves it fully. At least to Goethe is due the credit of having increased an appreciation of its artistic beauty. In England Mr. Henry Irving has recently awakened a fresh interest both in "Faust" and Nuremberg, and has perhaps created an interest among a large class of English readers and play-goers that never before heard either of the picturesque town or the great tragedy. In doing this he rendered a signal service to art, to German literature and to play-goers in England. During the summer of 1885 Mr. Irving spent his vacation in Nuremberg, studying every phase of life in that city and every peculiarity of architecture. He was accompanied by distinguished painters who shared the great English actor's enthusiasm, and sympathized with his desire to reproduce Nuremberg on the

NASSAUER HOUSE; REBUILT 1400.

Lyceum stage. Those who were fortunate enough to witness the result, and have the advantage also of knowing Nuremberg, can testify how faithfully this was done. The fidelity with which St. Lorenz Platz has been transferred to the stage was complete. The church, the Fountain of Virtue, the home of Marguerite, and the famous old Nassauer House form a historical, romantic, artistic and architectural combination hardly equaled in the world. The mind that can not transfer itself to the scenes of bygone ages of which these monuments are witnesses must be indeed prosy and matter-of-fact.

What Makes a Cat Tread Softly.

"Grandpa, what makes a cat tread softly?" asked little Tommy Findout of his aged relative, as the pair sat down to improve their minds when the evening lamps were lighted.

"It is a faculty provided by an all-wise Creator, my son, which enables the cat to walk softly," replied the old man, as he laid down his paper and beamed on the youthful seeker after knowledge.

"All members of the cat tribe are endowed with a noiseless tread, which greatly facilitates their capturing their prey. You have doubtless noticed that the pedal extremities of the feline are furnished with soft, velvety balls or coverings instead of hoofs. These balls extend below the claws, which are drawn up when not in use, enabling the cat to walk across a board floor without the slightest noise."

"Oh, that isn't what makes a cat tread softly," said Tommy, when the old man had finished.

"No? What is it, then?" asked grandpa.

"Rats," replied the boy, while a happy, happy smile lit up his ingenuous face.—*Chicago Times*

Shopkeeping in Paris.

French Girl—Papa, a man who looks like an American is observing those gloves in the window. What shall I ask for them?

Shopkeeper—Twenty dollars.

Man (entering)—How much?

Girl—Twenty dollars.

Man—Sar-r-r-r!

Shopkeeper—Forty cents, m's'eer.—*Omaha World.*

CO-EDUCATION in college is a success, but it isn't so much of a success as it would be if most of the girls who are co-educated in college were better looking.

MIGHTY MEN OF MUSCLE.

FEATS OF STRENGTH THAT EXCEL THOSE OF THE ANCIENTS.

Prospective Contest Between Sampson, Sandow, St. Cyr and Gallagher—Giants Who Snap Trace-Chains and Bend Strong Iron Bars with the Utmost Ease.

COMETIME within the next few weeks lovers of athletic sports in this country will in all probability be treated to a novel and surprising contest. Sampson, Cyclops, and Sandow, the trio whose feats of strength have been exciting a furor in London; Louis St. Cyr, the Canadian Hercules, and Denis Gallagher, the wonderful strong man of Buffalo, are expected to meet in a public trial of strength and skill, such as has never before been witnessed in the United States. If half the feats said to have been accomplished in England and elsewhere by these men are duplicated here, the exhibition will be one well worth seeing, and will be notable among nineteenth century athletics.

It is pretty hard to believe all the tremendous stories that are told of those fellows who are coming here to show us just what real physical strength means. For many weeks past a short-necked man with stout legs and a big biceps, calling himself C. A. Sampson, and spelling it with a "p," to show that he wasn't related to the other Samson, who was so badly tricked by Delilah, has been astounding London audiences by his performances with a young fellow who modestly con-

DENIS GALLAGHER.

cealed his identity under the imposing name of Cyclops. They have been performing at the Westminster Aquarium, and sending out all sorts of challenges from the stage to men who labor under the hallucination that they can lift a ton or two with comparative ease. Finally, after Sampson had offered a prize of $500 to the man who could do the feats done by Cyclops, his pupil, and $2,500 to any better man than himself who might turn up, Eugene Sandow undertook the task. He fairly won the premiums offered by Sampson, but the latter, probably through chagrin, refused to hand over the money.

Some highly amusing stories are told about these contests. Sampson, who is not the herculean person in appearance that his feats would seem to imply, is a native of Metz, the son of a French mother and a Spanish father. He speaks seven languages, plays sonatas on the piano with the delicate touch of a girl, and has a biceps measuring 14½ inches in repose and 19½ inches when he wrestles with an iron rod or a wire rope. His chest measurement is 44 inches, but when he inflates his lungs he adds several inches to his figure. Cyclops, his pupil, is 21 years of age, and a magnificent specimen of physical development.

Sandow is a Pomeranian, and was born at Konigsberg twenty-two years ago. For four years he has been trained by Prof. Attila, one of the best-known athletic teachers in Germany. His development is superior to that of Sampson, his chest measurement being 45½ inches, and his biceps and forearm each from 1 to 1½ inches larger than those of his rival. He weighs 202 pounds when in condition. Sandow performed in London before the leading sporting men of England, eclipsing Sampson's most difficult feats, breaking chain bracelets and wire ropes with his forearms, and bending heavy iron rods by striking them across his chest, his arms and his thighs. The bracelet chains, which had a resistance of 2,500 pounds, were snapped like pipe-stems. Among those who witnessed these extraordinary trials of strength were the Marquis of Queensbury, Lord de Clifford and Captain Molesworth, who acted as judges. As the Pomeranian snapped length after

SAMPSON BENDS THE IRON BAR.

length of the steel chain bracelets with his biceps and burst the wire ropes with his pectoral muscles, men rose in the audience and waved bank notes of big denominations as an invitation to Sampson to beat the white-skinned Sandow if he could; but the former sulked and declined. Sandow then, after lightly tossing a 150-pound dumb-bell in the air a few times to keep his hand in, while the judges consulted, performed a trick that caused Sampson to collapse. He placed a chain around his back and neck, and proceeded to lift the 150-pound dumb-bell with his hands. The chain snapped, the Britishers yelled, and the referee declared that the Pomeranian had beaten the Metz man out of sight.

When these two, with Sampson's incognito comrade, Cyclops, cross the Atlantic, they will meet competitors worthy their prowess. Louis St. Cyr, the "Canadian Hercules," who has challenged Sampson and Sandow, is 26 years of age, and is a man of superb development, standing 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighing 323 pounds; his flesh and muscles are as hard as oak and he is probably the best weight lifter ever seen in this part of the globe. Another challenger is Denis Gallagher, a muscular athlete who formerly resided in Buffalo, and whose specialty is Lancashire wrestling.

St. Cyr and Gallagher have both appeared in public contests. The former has put up a 245-pound dumb-bell from floor to shoulder and from shoulder to arm's length with one hand. On March 28, 1886, at St. Henri, Canada, he lifted a platform on which seven men were seated, and which, also, contained seven dumb-bells and a barrel of flour, the whole making a dead weight of 2,378 pounds. He repeated this feat six months later. Immediately after this, he placed a barrel of flour upon his

ST. CYR WITH THE 250-POUND DUMB-BELL.

shoulder, and followed this up by 3,500 pound of pig iron with a plank as the hold. His tremendous development will dwarf both Sampson and Sandow and render a contest among these giants decidedly interesting.

There are other great Americans who will in all probability enter the list against the herculean foreigners when they arrive. William B. Curtis, the sporting editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, is a famous amateur athlete. He has lifted with the harness 1,250 pounds in New York City. David L. Dowd, of Springfield, has lifted 1,442½ pounds with hands alone; H. Leussing, of Cincinnati, has a record of lifting 1,364 pounds; G. W. Winship, of Boston, 1,200 pounds; Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn, O., 2,737½ pounds; Dr. John Lucas, of Belleville, Ill., 2,700 pounds; and C. O

SANDOW'S GREATEST FEAT.

Breed, of Lynn, Mass., a barrel of flour weighing 226 pounds, with his hands alone. All these men compare favorably with the foreign champions. A carpenter named Sterns, of Granite Corners, N. Y., aged 80 years, shouldered a 4,000-pound cannon.

No Chance for Hankinson.

"You have thought me presumptuous in seeking your—your friendship, have you, Miss McGinnis?"

The proud beauty shook her head, and the costly diamonds in her ears sparkled and flashed in the mellow light like an arctic aurora borealis, with the radiant dog star for a center, whirling and glittering in a jeweled kaleidoscope. The sight dazzled the eyes and dazed the brain of Marcellus Hankinson, and confused images of a paradise luminous with rainbows, shimmering sunsets, the glory of melting black eyes, and pervaded by the intoxicating perfume of musk, patchouli, and cinnamon essence danced before his vision.

"No, Mr. Hankinson," she replied.

"Ah—er—thanks!"

The young man ventured to take her hand.

"Asphyxia McGinnis," he said, in a rick baritone tremolo, in all the eleven months and sixteen days during which I have enjoyed your acquaintance I have never conducted myself otherwise than with the utmost respect, have I?"

"You have not, Mr. Hankinson."

"I have never seemed to—aw—feel my oats, as it were?" he went on anxiously; "never stayed later than 11 o'clock on ordinary nights nor later than 9 o'clock when we were reading Browning or Schlegel?"

"I think not, Mr. Hankinson."

"We have seemed to coincide in our views of philosophy, the tariff, the Schleswig-Holstein question, and the comparative value of the various foods as regards nutrition," persisted the young man, "while in the matter of dialect stories we have—we have always jibed exactly."

He edged himself a little forward in his chair and proceeded:

"In view of all this, Asphyxia, and moved by a resistless passion that—that yanks me right along on its tempestuous bosom, I am emboldened to——"

"Please say no more, Mr. Hankinson," said Miss McGinnis haughtily. "I did not at first apprehend the bearing of your remarks."

"Is it possible that you did not know what I was going to say? Do you pretend, Asphyxia McGinnis," he demanded, hotly, "that you were not encouraging me—that you didn't egg me on?"

"I certainly did not, sir. Such an idea never entered my head. I may as well tell you, Mr. Hankinson, that my heart is not free. I may as well tell you"—the proud heiress of millions breathed a tremulous sigh, the haughty look faded from her eyes and her voice sank to a low, dreamy murmur, like the echo of a distant waterfall—"papa is going to Europe next week to buy me a prince."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SINCE Humboldt witnessed fish thrown from the volcano Cotopaxi, in 1803, it has been found that the phenomenon is repeated from time to time during eruptions, and that it occurs also in other volcanoes of the Andes. The fish are sometimes ejected in vast quantities. All belong to one species, which exists in some of the lakes on the sides of the mountains.

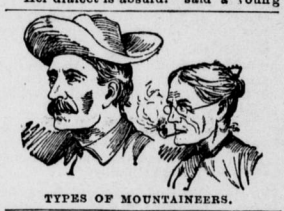
CHILDREN OF NATURE.

Strange Characteristics and Manner of Life of the Tennessee Mountaineers.

THAT powerful novelist of the Southern school, Charles Egbert Craddock, has been silent for a time. Her works are read very little nowadays, and no talk is heard of her at all. It would seem that she has been so unfortunate as to fail to awaken a popular response, although the critics and reviewers everywhere received her with open arms. But few writers, if I may be excused for advancing an opinion which has been advanced oft-times before, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*, approach this marvelous woman in strength and in range of vision. The field, too, which she has so ably worked has proved particularly rich to her. Setting aside the dogmas and violent denunciations of the anti-dialecticians, we find her work to be little short of wonders—the polished, well-conceived silhouettes of a delicately poised genius.

We who have formed an acquaintance with that strange creature, the Tennessee mountaineer, are better enabled to appreciate the intensely realistic pictures which Miss Murfree has drawn. There is, nevertheless, an amusing diversity of comment on her work by Tennesseans.

"Her dialect is absurd!" said a young



TYPES OF MOUNTAINEERS.

lady friend, who should know some time ago. "'Obligated'—'you-uns' in the singular! Whoever heard such?"

"She attempts realism, and yet is most realistic," said a bright writer, a member of the old ante-bellum school, but who has long since ceased taking an active part in literature. "Feeling and romance and subtle, intangible senses in a mountaineer? They are as insensate, as incapable of such, as that bowlder there?"

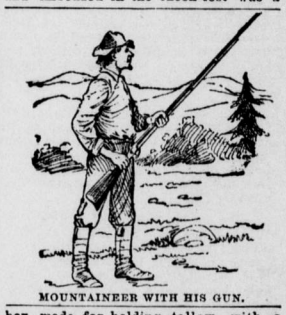
Could I have politely said that the speaker was blind—was dispossessed of that fine, sympathetic insight necessary to the full appreciation and understanding of the things he enumerated, wherever they exist?

The child of this wild wilderness could be nothing else than an anomaly. That curious animal known as the human being is but an odd creature at best—with mind attuned and in a manner adjusted by culture or sophistication. Without a solitary trace of such, or the rudimentary parts of that thing known tangibly to some as education, he must prove interesting at least.

Ethically, such is the Southern mountaineer. As he lives now in the great smoky mountains, so his father and his father's father lived before him, generations back into the days of Nolichucky Jack and his "yelling devils of the mountains."

The house he lives in—cabin is not the word and hovel is tainted by ill-usage—is generally a two-roomed structure of logs, with a lean-to kitchen of pine poles. Here the family hearthstone is. The structure may be 100 years old. Over the door hangs a rifle—perhaps a lengthy, flint-locked affair, time-honored, but serviceable still. This rifle is the greatest institution known to the mountaineer and his family, and I would like to speak extendedly of it. It is looked up to by the younger members of the family with a sort of undefined awe.

I once tried to purchase one of these weapons, which was quite as ancient, to the best of my knowledge, and fully as conservative, as the hills themselves. It was an enormous gun; the barrel was fully five feet in length and an inch in diameter, and it was proportionately heavy. The stock was perfectly straight, and imbedded in the cheek-rest was a



MOUNTAINEER WITH HIS GUN.

box made for holding tallow, with a handsomely engraved silver cover. The action of the piece was of the kind usual with hair or double-set triggers, and the "touch" or pull was as nice and strong as it was the day the gun left the shop of its maker. This latter I judged to be a Spaniard, by the inscription on the elaborately and quaintly graved lock. I was quite entranced with the weapon, and as I said before I offered to buy it, desiring to preserve it as a relic of my tour among a strange people. I might as well have offered to purchase the mountaineer's grandmother! That gun was his god of love and of war; it was the household Penates in one. It had occupied its throne of buck-horn hooks above the door since the day which the memory of the aged grandfather at the fireside failed of. I could have bought, perhaps, the roof over their heads, the weedy clearing which they called their "gyarding," and everything else they happened to possess, even the mangy "cur-dog" lying asleep in the shade, but as to that rifle—ah no!

Disagreeable Agreement.

It is dangerous to make a confession unless one really means it, and we may add that it is sometimes dangerous to take a confession as honestly meant.

A husband and wife, between whom a little unpleasant passage had occurred, had made the matter up, and the wife said, as if to clear her conscience.

"Oh, well, I suppose I have my faults."

"Yes, my dear," said the husband.

"What?"

"I simply said yes."

"That I have my faults!" exclaimed the wife, indignantly. "What are they, I should like to know?"

"Well, to begin with——"

"No. I don't want to hear."

What Ailed Sarah Jane.

"What a noise Sarah Jane is making up-stairs," Mr. Turtledove remarked to his spouse as a sound of revelry by night, with incidental crashes of furniture, came from the attic.

"Yes, my dear," Mrs. T. replied; "Sarah Jane will insist on sitting on all the chairs in her room at once."

"Why don't you take some of them away?"

"Because there is only one," was the somewhat exasperating reply of Mrs. T.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE beer drinker's hopes are in hops and they hop to the bier.