

Old Vaughn's Dam.

"HAMPSEE a dunce! Well may be so; but arter what I've seed, it 'od take a smarter schoolmaster than you to make me think so."

It was old Riley Vaughn who spoke, and although old Riley had no education, his hard sense and sound judgment were respected by all the men who sat there in the village post-office waiting for the mail. He had grown prosperous by dint of hard work and good judgment, and his neighbors were accustomed to ask for and to respect his opinions.

"I did not say precisely that, Mr. Vaughn," replied Penruddock, the schoolmaster. "I only said that my best efforts to educate the boy were rendered futile and nugatory by reason of his inexplicable inability to grasp and retain so simple a thing as the accidence of the Latin verb."

"That means, in plain English, that he ain't got no grip on what you teach him, don't it?" asked Riley.

"Yes, that is what I mean," replied the schoolmaster, with something like a shudder at old Riley's English. "But I will make an honorable exception in the matter of mathematics. He seems instinctively to grasp arithmetical principles."

"Yes," drawled old Riley; "one of your boys tole me Hamp could figure out how long it 'ud take for a cistern to get full if they was three pipes o' different sizes a runnin' into it, an' two others o' still different sizes a runnin' out."

"Yes, he is expert in the practical applications of arithmetic; and yet even in arithmetical his standing is not good, because he seems incapable of mastering the exact terms of the formulæ and rules."

"Well, now, look here," said old Riley, rising and striking the counter with his big fist: "it jest comes to this here; the boy ain't got no grip on your words an' things, but he's got a good grip on ideas an' principles, an' it's my belief that's the inside o' sense. I don't want to be unnecessarily offensive, but you an' all school-masters like you ought to teach parrots. They don't want no ideas; they just want the words, an' that's your notion o' learnin'. That's the trouble o' this county down here; men learn words an' kin make speeches, but he can't do nothin'. Now I've seed that Hamp See do what nary a man in this county could do. I bo't the fust reapin' machine as was ever seed in these parts, an' when it came it was all to pieces, an' packed in boxes. I sent one arter another for all the blacksmiths an' wheel-wrights an' carpenters hereabouts, to set the thing up, an' I'm blest ef one of 'em could make out which end of the thing was foremost.—Not one of 'em could put any two pieces together. That 'ere boy hung 'round all the time, with his forred creased up like, an' finally he says, says he, "Mr. Vaughn, let me try." "Well, try, says I; an' ef you get her together, I've got a five-dollar bill fer you." Maybe you won't believe it, but afore noon that very day that there reaper was reapin' wheat like a dozen hands. The boy just seed right into the thing. Now, I say ef he's a dunce, the sooner most people in these here parts loses their senses an' gits to be dunces, the better it will be for all concerned." And with that old Riley stalked indignantly out of the post office.

Notwithstanding all that old Riley could say, however, public opinion was against Hamp See. It was certain that he was dull in his lessons. He could not keep up with Penruddock's classes, and instead of studying his Latin verbs, he was perpetually interrupting the schools by asking Mr. Penruddock to explain things like thunder and lightning, and the presence of shells in the rocks in the mountain, and the curious way plants have of taking care of themselves—things which had no relation to the work of the school. It was agreed that Riley Vaughn could know nothing about education, because he was not himself educated. It was even said—and this came to Riley's ears—that he was even prejudiced against education.

Even Hamp's mother was discouraged. Hamp was always "pottering," she said, instead of attending to his books.

"Why," she said, "he's been fooling with a spring up on the hill back of the house the whole season through. He's laid pipes to bring the water down here, and now he's turned the whole house into a mill." Then she could show her visitor what Hamp had done. He had constructed an ingenious water-wheel with which to make the most of the power afforded by the spring, and had set it at a variety of tasks. A stretch of line shafting passed under the roof of the house, and bands were passed through the floor to the churn and sewing-machine, and even the sausage chopper could be attached at will. "I don't deny that it's handy, and saves work," said his mother. "And now he's made

a sort of fan in the dining room, and has set that going too, so that it keeps the flies off the table. If I had a baby in the house, I believe he'd make the water rock the cradle. But its discouraging about his studies. Mr. Penruddock is in despair and says he don't know what is to be made of the boy."

The summer proved to be a very dry one, and the gardens especially suffered for water. When the people began to complain Hamp had an idea. He always had an idea when an emergency arose. He went into his mother's garden and worked all day, digging a trench down the middle, and making little trenches at right angles to the main one, so that each bed was surrounded by them, and the larger beds crossed as well. He was very careful to keep all these trenches on one level. When he had finished, he laid a drain from the water-wheel to the main trench, so that the waste water, after running the wheel, was carried into the garden and emptied into the trench.—Little by little the main trench filled; then the water trickled into the smaller trenches, and as the spring from which it came was a never failing one, the garden was supplied with water throughout the day, all that hot summer, and such a garden nobody in that region had seen that season.

People said that Hamp See was a handy sort of boy; but they were sure to add, "It's a pity he's so dull."

One day old Riley Vaughn was offering extravagant prices for horse, mule or ox teams to haul stone. He had taken a contract to supply from his quarry the stone for a railroad bridge over Bushy Run, and now the time of delivery was near at hand, and no teams could be had. All the horses were at work on the crops, and it began to appear that old Riley must either lose money on the contract by hiring horses and mules and teamsters at ruinous prices, or forfeit the contract itself. He tried in every direction for mules and wagons, offering twice the usual wages, but still he could get very few. He was in real trouble with a loss of several thousand dollars threatening him.

One day Hamp, who knew what trouble Riley was in, went down to the creek, and, cutting several twigs, began setting them up at a distance from each other, and sighting from one to the other. The few teamsters who were at work watched him curiously, but they could not make out what he was doing. He went up the creek with his sticks, moving one at a time, and always carefully sighted from one to another, or rather from one over another to a third. In this way he worked up to the quarry, which was immediately on the creek, nearly a mile above the point where the bridge was to be built.

"Mr. Vaughn," said he, "I've an idea that will help you out of your difficulty."

"Will it hire teams to haul stone?" asked Riley.

"No; but it will enable you to haul stone without teams."

"If it will— Well, let me hear what it is," said Riley, changing his purpose while speaking.

"Raft the stones down," said Hamp.

"Now look here, Hamp See," said old Riley. "I've stood up for you, an' said you wa'n't no dunce when every body else said you was; but this here looks as ef they was right an' I was wrong. How in natur' kin I raft stone down a creek that ain't got more'n six inches o' water in it, a-bubblin' around among the stones of the bottom?"

"Well, you see," said Hamp, "I've leveled up here from the quarry, and there's only two feet fall, or a little less, and the banks are nowhere less than five feet high; and so, as there's a good deal more water running down in a day than anybody would think, it's my notion to build a temporary dam just below the bridge—you've enough timber and plank here to do it with two hours work with your men—building it say, six feet high, there where the banks are closest together. Before noon to-morrow the water will rise to the top of the dam, and run over. When it does, you'll have six feet of water here, and four feet at the quarry, and your men can push rafts down as fast as they can load them."

"How do you know there's only two foot fall?" asked old Riley, eagerly.

"I've leveled it," said Hamp.

"That is you figgered it out with them sticks?"

"Yea."

"Are you sure you've got the right answer?" asked the old man, wild with eagerness.

"Perfectly sure. You see, it's simple. I plant my sticks—"

"Never mind about how you do it; I can't understand that ef you explain it but look me in the eyes, boy. This thing means thousands o' dollars to Riley Vaughn ef you've got your answer right. I kin understand that much; an' ef you've worked out this big sum right for me, I'll choke the next man that says you're a dunce just 'kase you don't

take kindly to old Penruddock's chat-terin' sort o' learnin': I'll do it, or my name ain't Riley Vaughn, an' that's what I've been called for nigh onto fifty-five years now."

Old Riley was visibly excited. He called all his men to the place selected and set them at work building the dam, while Hamp looked on and occasionally made a suggestion for simplifying the work. The dam was finished at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at six o'clock the water had risen two feet six inches, while the back-water had passed the quarry.

"There," said Hamp; "that proves my work. The water is level, of course, as far up as back-water shows itself, and we have two feet six inches at the dam; so the fall is two feet."

"It looks so," said Riley, who was also eagerly watching the rise of the water. The workmen had all gone home, all of them convinced that this attempt to back the water a mile up the stream was the wildest foolishness; but old Riley and Hamp waited and watched.

"It doesn't rise so fast now," said Riley.

"That's because it has a larger surface; but it still rises, and the surface won't increase much more now, as there's a steep place just above the quarry, and it can't back any further up."

The two waited and watched. Midnight came and the measurement showed three feet six inches depth at the dam. Still they waited and watched. At six o'clock in the morning the depth was four feet two inches. Then Riley sent a negro boy to the house with orders to bring back "a big breakfast for two." At seven o'clock the breakfast arrived, and the measurement showed four feet three inches and a half.

"It's a-risin' faster again," said Riley.

"Yes; the level is climbing straight up the bluff banks now, and not spreading out as it rises," said Hamp.

At nine o'clock the depth was four feet eight and a half inches, and the men in the quarry had a raft ready, and were beginning to load it. Ten o'clock brought four feet eleven inches of water, and at noon there were five feet and four inches.

"I've missed it a little," said Hamp. "I said the water would run over the dam by noon, and it has still eight inches to rise before doing that."

"Well, that sort o' a miss don't count," said Riley. "You've worked the sum up right anyway, an' the water's deep enough for raftin', and still risin'. It'll go over the dam in two or three hours more, an' I'll do what I said; I'll choke any man 'at says that John Hampden See's a dunce or anything like it. An' that ain't all," said the old man, rising and striking his fist in the palm of his hand. "They've been a saying that old Riley Vaughn didn't value education; now I'll show 'em.—I'm a goin' to make this dam a permanent institution. I'm a goin' to build Vaughn's and See's foundry an' agricultural implement factory right down the creek there an' put a big lot o' improved machinery in it; and I'm a goin', to send my partner, John Hampden See, off next week to get the rest of his education where they sell the education as is good for him—not a lot o' words, but principles an' facts. You tell your mother your a goin' to New York right away, boy, an' 'at old Riley Vaughn's a goin' to foot all the bills outen your interest in the comin' factory. You'll study all sorts o' figgerin' work an' machine principles in the big School in New York what's called the school o' Mines, an' then you'll go to all the big factories an' things."

The scheme was carried out. Hamp spent three years in study, and returned an accomplished mechanical engineer. He went into the factory as old Riley's partner, and his work has been to improve machinery and processes. The firm own many patents now on things of his invention, and the factory is the centre of a prosperous region, in which Mr. Hampden See is a respected citizen.

How He told the Times.

A GOOD STORY, told at the expense of a well-known ex Judge, is going the rounds of the lawyers' offices, and it is heartily appreciated by those who best know the irascible but good-hearted disposition of the old gentleman. It was an admiralty case, where he is most at home. The deposition of a sailor, who was soon to die, had to be taken at his bedside in Brooklyn, one day last week.

"How long," the ex-Judge snapped out at the first question on cross-examination, "do you think it was after the vessel left the wharf before the collision occurred?"

The sailor was himself something of a character, and not so near death but that he appreciated the vital importance of "getting back on" a cross-examining lawyer.

"Waal," he drawled out, "bout ten minutes I s'd Judge."

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up. "Man, how long do you thing ten minutes to be?"

"Just about ten minutes," was the unruffled reply.

"How do you generally measure ten minutes?" persisted the lawyer.

The old sailor turned slowly in bed and eyed his questioner. Then he turned slowly back again and said indifferently: "Waal, some-times wid a watch and sometimes wid a clack."

This made the old man a little mad.—He jerked his watch from his pocket and said in a querulous, high-pitched voice: "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you when to begin, and you tell me when ten minutes are up."

The sailor slyly winked at the lawyer on the other side, and he took in the situation in an instant and made no objection. The ex-Judge stood with his back to a mantle on which a little clock was quietly indicating the time to the sailor, who lay facing it.

"Aye, aye," the sailor said, and remained silent.

After three minutes had passed the ex-Judge became impatient and exclaimed, "See here, are you going to keep us here all day?" But the sailor made no answer. As five, six and seven minutes went by he became almost wild in his assumed anger at the man for keeping them so long beyond the time. But not until the hand of the clock was on the exact notch of ten minutes did the sailor speak. Then he said carelessly: "Guess the time mus' be 'bout up."

The Judge put up his watch and sank back in his chair, "Well," he said, "of all men, dying or alive, that I ever saw, you can measure time the best."

It is said that the ex-Judge does not even yet know what made the other lawyers double themselves over with laughter as they did at the last remark of his.

A Curious Snake.

Along the Upper Brazos and in Western Texas, where flourishes the horned frog, is the strangest snake known to naturalists. He is sometimes called the glass snake. He is from two to four feet long, with a striped back. He is not poisonous. His way of defending himself when attacked by a powerful foe is similar to that of the 'possum or skunk. Instead of fighting back he breaks into a dozen pieces, and every piece, distinct in itself, lies apparently dead on the ground. Sometimes the pieces are a foot apart. When the foe disappears, the pieces gradually come together, unite into one snake and crawl off. The naturalist will naturally ask if the pieces are entirely separated. I answer they are.—No film or tendon holds them together; you can chop the ground with an ax between the pieces. Mr. H. Edwards, whose post office address is Montgomery Alabama, showed me one of these snakes at Waco. He has it still alive, and will prove by the living snake or by answering a letter from any naturalist the accuracy of this story. The glass snake which Mr. Edwards showed me had lost the tip of its tail. When I asked the owner how that happened, he said: "The snake went to pieces one day and before it got together a hungry kingsnake, which I still have, swallowed the tail." Mr. Edwards has several kingsnakes. Like the glass snake, they are not poisonous; still they kill the largest snakes in the bottom. They make a spring at a large snake or rabbit, coil instantly around its neck and strangle it—choke it to death. A kingsnake five feet long will strangle a dog or a rattlesnake. When the kingsnake springs at a glass snake, the glass snake breaks into pieces and its foe might as well try to strangle a basket of clothes pins or a painful of sardines.

Three Impossible Things.

(1) To escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but did not succeed. Therefore manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you. (2) To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed luster. (3) To form an independent character except when thrown on one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, surrounded on all sides by tall trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protector, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character which he could not otherwise have obtained.

Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel. Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal disease, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters, if taken in time. 30-40

DR. J.C. JACOBS' OIL
TRADE MARK.
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals Dr. JACOBS' OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.
BOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
May 3, 1881—1y

MUSSER & ALLEN
CENTRAL STORE
NEWPORT, PENN'A.
Now offer the public
A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
DRESS GOODS
Consisting of all shades suitable for the season
BLACK ALPACCAS
AND
Mourning Goods
A SPECIALITY.
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
MUSLINS,
AT VARIOUS PRICES.
AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS.
We sell and do keep a good quality of
SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS
And everything under the head of
GROCERIES!
Machine Needles and oil for all makes of
Machines.
To be convinced that our goods are
CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,
IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.
No trouble to show goods.
Don't forget the
CENTRAL STORE,
Newport, Perry County, Pa.
USE
PURE
TINTED GLOSS
PAINT!
DON'T
make experiments on your buildings with untried and unreliable articles at your expense.
DON'T PAY
for water and benzine \$1.00 to \$2.00 per gallon.
DO BUY
the Lucas reliable and guaranteed Tinted Gloss
PAINTS.
Circulars and Sample Cards of Paint mailed on application.
JOHN LUCAS & CO.,
141 North Third Street,
13 6m Philadelphia, Pa.
HELP Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered. Liberty always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for an eight in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who enters fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address **STIMSON & CO.,** Portland, Maine.
STATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Rev. S. S. Richmond late of Terous township, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. P. O. Address—Landisburg, Perry County, Pa.
All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to
ALBERT E. RICHMOND,
Clerk. H. SMILEY, Adm'r.
May 10, 1881.