THE OLD BARN.

The light flashed in past each shrunken board,
And blazed in the fragrant hay,
Where the wifely hens their eggs had stored
In bowls of the new made hay!

And there went the iris-spattered
On the cross-beams to and fro,
Telling the sweetness of her love
To her mate, as white as snow.

There through the open, knot-hole door
Swift swallows hustled past
To their bracket-nests the rafters bore,
Glued to their sides so fast!

Lulled to sleep 'neath the "dishing" roof,
By the drone song of the fly,
While the horse "marked time" with his falling hoof
Stamping the floor hard by.

It was joy to be in the quiet place
In the sunshine and the rain,
And we would feel it quite a grace
To be put there once again!
—The Current.

MRS. WARNER'S PURCHASE.

Mary Warner was the richest woman in California, if not, indeed, the richest woman in the world. Her husband had accumulated his fortune in railroad ventures, and had died before he had time to lose it again. Possessed of sound sense, and blessed with judicious advisers, Mrs. Warner divided her investments between improved real estate and government securities, and devoted herself to the improvement of her leisure. Two years after her husband's death she celebrated her fiftieth birthday. Her house on California street was one of the most magnificent in San Francisco, but during the protracted interval of her mourning it had not been the scene of any such festivities as its generous size and costly garniture befitted.

Mrs. Warner acceded to her friends wishes and left her quiet home at Menlo park to entertain all San Francisco at the "Warner Palace" without great reluctance, but certainly without enthusiasm. The music, the flowers and the supper were the best that could be had. Mme. Luque, a woman who had subsided from the brief prosperity of the Ranch Luque Mines into a position of decent independence upon Mrs. Warner's bounty, made all the arrangements and relieved her friend of even the task of entertaining her guests.

Mrs. Warner ensconced herself in a cosy corner of the conservatory, accompanied by Mr. Richard Headly, the managing editor of the San Francisco Journal. Mr. Headly was only 39 years old—a young man to control the most important daily in San Francisco—but his discretion and ability had more than justified his advancement.

"Well, Dick," said Mrs. Warner, "and why haven't you been down to Menlo lately? You are not going to forget your old friends now that you are becoming a great man, surely?"

"No, indeed, dear Mrs. Warner," said Headley, "but the responsibilities of my position, as what you call 'a great man' keep me pretty busy. You see, every man on the staff, from the city editor to the sporting reporter, thinks that he would have filled poor Duncan's berth infinitely better than I do, and I have to work with both hands to keep out of trouble."

"I always knew you had it in you, and I'm as proud and happy as can be. But what is this I hear about the Journal changing hands?"

"I'm afraid its true. Cashman wants to go abroad and loaf the rest of his life, and I don't blame him. He's made more than enough money, and he may as well enjoy it. I think it will be bought by a syndicate, headed by the Flynns."

"And how will that affect you?"

"Throw me out in short order. The Flynns have never forgiven me for attacking them when I was on the Herald, and they would give my chair to old Parsons, anyway. There's no use pretending I don't feel badly about it, because I do. I shall have to start fresh somewhere else, and shall hardly have such luck again."

Mrs. Warner looked at him kindly, and put her hand on his arm. It was not a pretty hand; as a girl's hand it had been almost too round and dimpled, and it had lost all of its shapliness since then.

"Dick, how much does the journal make?"

"Fifty thousand a year in round numbers. Sometimes there are big subsidies that run it over that, but fifty thousand is a fair estimate."

"And how much does Mr. Cashman expect to get from this syndicate for the paper?"

"They talk about capitalizing it at 10,000 shares at $160 each, but I think about $700,000 will come to Cashman. The paper is worth that fairly enough."

"And what are your plans, Dick? You talk about making a fresh start, but where will you make it?"

"I think I shall go east. Reece, the man who writes the column of causene every Sunday, you know, wants to go back to England, and he is anxious to have me go with him. But I don't fancy making such a change. I have written so much Americanese that I don't think I could get into the swing of the formal English style; and then it seems like running away, too."

"Dick, I'm going to be a great society woman now. Mme. Luque wants me to go abroad and live at Nice—but I'm like you, fond of my own country and I mean to live here and make the house pleasant for young people. That is what a rich old woman ought to do isn't it?"

"Old woman, indeed! You're as young as any of us now, Mrs. Warner!"

"Indeed I'm not. I'm developing a taste for buttered toast—and that settles the matter, Mr. Duffon says. But I'm going to entertain a great deal, all the same—and I'm dreadfully afraid of the society columns in the Journal. Suppose they should say that the flowers at this reception only cost $600 instead of $700. It's an awful power, that society column, and I should like to propitiate it. Why shouldn't I buy the Journal, Dick?"

"I would if I were you—five cents a copy or 15 cents a week. I thought you did, already."

"No, I'm not joking at all. If it is $700,000 I have that much in shape that I could use it, and you could be my sole editor. Will you?"

"No, Mrs. Warner, I won't. It would not be a wise investment. It pays well, and all that, but a newspaper is such a ticklish property—so easily destroyed—that it ought not to be owned by any one who doesn't run it. One month's blundering would take 50 per cent. off the value of the Journal."

"But you are not a blunderer. Listen to me, Dick. I am not doing this for you; I would really like to own a newspaper. There is something grand about it. I would not buy it if you were not here to run it for me. But I know that it will pay me better than any investment I have now; and if I didn't make as much out of it as Mr. Cashman, is [illegible], I know Dick, that you would [illegible] clean, wouldn't you? Will you help me try the experiment? We will see if a daily newspaper can not pay without publishing wicked advertisements. I have heard you talk, Dick, and I know what you would do. There should be no blackmail, no illiteracy, nothing that I would not be proud of. Help me, Dick."

"Mrs. Warner, I would give ten years of my life to have such a chance. I would work for $1 a day to do it and live on it. I wasn't getting much more when I first knew you. But I can't do it. I am nothing to you that you should do so much for me."

"No one would know, Dick. Mr. Jardin would buy it, and no one would know whom he was acting for. And surely, no one would be jealous of an old woman like me doing you a good turn. Is there any one who might be jealous, Dick?"

"No, indeed. But I shouldn't feel right about it. I don't see how I could do it. Unless—do you like me very much, Mrs. Warner? You have been so kind to me, but then your heart is so big. Do you like me personally?"

"Of course I do. You know that."

"Then will you be my wife?"

Mrs. Warner blushed as she had not blushed for ten years.

"Oh, Dick!"

"Will you?" and Headly took her hand—not in a love-like fashion, but very affectionately.

"How could I, Dick? I'm old enough to be your mother. People would call me the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; and I wouldn't mind that; but they'd call you Ashmead Burdett-Coutts. Bartlett Burdett Coutts, or whatever it is."

"You are only seven years older than I."

"But I am a widow. You wouldn't feel comfortable, Dick—your friends would chaff you."

"I don't think they would; men don't chaff me very much. I don't pretend to be in any Romeo condition, but I am very, very fond of you. I don't say that if you had no money I would ask you to marry me; for I am not in a position to marry any woman; I may be looking for work a week from now. But if my position on the Journal were an assured one, I don't know any woman in the world whom I'd rather make my wife. You see I feel a good deal older than I am, and I can't bear the society girls, the bread and butter kind bore me to death, and the others I remember my mother too well to marry."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! I don't know what to say. I love you as well as I love anything in the world. But it must be only mother love after all. I'm such an old woman, Dick, such a very old woman. I'll marry you on three conditions—that you take the editorship of the Journal; that we are to be engaged for a year; and that no one is to know anything about it till a month before we are married. I know we shall be laughed at, Dick; but I shall be proud of you, as proud can be, and perhaps we shall be happy. No, don't kiss me, Dick; there must be none of that nonsense between us, dear Dick."

"I will make you happy if it is in me to do it, and I know I can make the Journal such a paper as you would like to own."

Ten months later the Warner palace was again the scene of unlimited festivity, and Richard Headley and Mrs. Warner again sat on a tete-a-tete sofa under the great red camellia.

"Well Dick," said Mrs. Warner, "and how is everything down town to-day?"

"Very much as usual. I have finally committed myself to the irrigation scheme. It is such big money for us that I was a little afraid of being prejudiced. But on the whole I think it is right. But there's another scheme which we must talk about before the end of the month, and that is our marriage."

"It isn't the end of the month for a long while yet, Dick, and you must go and dance with Nellie, now, isn't she a dear girl, Dick? She grows more and more like my poor little sister every day. You must be very nice to her Dick. It has been dull work for her at the Sacre Cœur; I want her to brighten up now that we have got her."

Dick obeyed like a dutiful fiance, and more than one of the guests remarked how fine a couple he and the tall and slender Nellie Keane made. During the next night he tried to talk several times with Mrs. Warner about the announcement of their coming marriage; but she put him off with the merry declaration that she was too young and pretty a woman to tie herself down any before the necessary time.

"I think at any rate," said Dick one night, "that you ought to tell Mme. Luque and Nellie; they ought to know a little sooner than anybody else. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know, Dick. Tell me, what do you think about Nellie? I do so want her to have a happy life, and she is such a dear, sensitive child that I can't help worrying about her sometimes. She's been a little distrait and odd for the last few days, and I hoped she had outgrown all that here with us. She will make some nice fellow a dear, good wife, won't she, Dick?"

"Oh, yes. By the way, are you going to the benefit to-morrow night?"

"I bought a box, but I don't care much for 'Fedora.' It's too heartbreaking, somehow, Dick; and we old women don't like to be harrowed. Miss Dacre will play it very nicely, though. Isn't she pretty, Dick?—her eyes just like Nellie's—or are they not so dark?"

"About the same, I fancy. Well, if you are not going I will run up here for about half an hour, at 9 o'clock.

"You work too hard, Dick; why don't you have a managing editor? You used to do all the work for Mr. Cashman.

Oh, work does me good. It's about the best thing in life, after all; isn't it?"

"That doesn't sound like a happy man, Dick. Are you quite sure that you are happy? You know you coerced me into this engagement anyway, Dick, and I really think you might let me off now. You see I got you to take care of the Journal for me. And now that you have made such a lot of money for me, I want to back out of my bargain."

"You are the most atrocious jilt in the world, madam; but I'm not at all the sort of a man to be jilted. Suppose we go down to the supper room now."

"No, Dick. I don't want any supper. I have been headachy all day, and I am going to slip off quietly and go to bed. There is Mme. Luque now; ask her to come up stairs to me for a moment. Good-night, Dick, dear—let me kiss you. I have never kissed you, and to-morrow will be your birthday. There, good-night, Dick, dear Dick'. And Mrs. Warner went up the broad steps to her bedroom, when Mme. Luque came bustling up to her, with expressions of alarm and offers of care. Mrs. Warner laughed at her.

"Its nothing but fatigue, Marie, and yet I don't feel as if I could sleep. Let me have your chloral, will you? Send it to me, and you must go, dear, and do the honors. I know the dose, and a night's sleep is just what I need."

Mme. Luque went down stairs; the maid came with the bottle of chloral and Mrs. Warner sat down by the fire while her hair was brushed.

"Please, ma'am, will you have Edmonds telephone for the doctor? You're not well, ma'am."

"Quite well, Jane. I'm a little tired, that's all—a little tired, and I want sleep."

"And the chloral to do it! Isn't it wonderful, ma'am? A sup out of a bottle, and you go to sleep. Doctors are wonderful, ma'am."

"Yes—they do a great deal for us. Good night, Jane, you need not wake me in the morning, but let the doctor come to my room when he calls."

"Yes ma'am;" and Mrs. Warner knelt by her bedside: "Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil. Forgive us our trespasses—forgive us our trespasses" —the prayer was not finished and Mrs. Warner lay down on the sofa by the fire dressed in her wrapper. Dick's picture stood on a little table beside her. She looked at it thoughtfully. Then she took a picture of Nellie from the mantelpiece and placed it by Dick's. They were a handsome couple—as people said. Dear Dick. What a splendid fellow he was; true as steel! She kissed his picture. They were waltzing down stairs. She could hear the cadence of the Minola. Then a fire bell sounded from the next street. Joy and sorrow—feasts and disaster. She went to the window and raised the curtain.

The sky was red with flame—a fire down near the mission. Poor men's houses destroyed perhaps. Ah! Dick was always good to the poor, joy and sorrow, feasts and disaster—light and darkness in every life—new wine in old bottles and old wine in new.

She poured some chloral into the glass. Sleep was the best of life—after all.

When Mrs. Warner was found dead in her bed from an overdose of chloral every one who knew her mourned. "Rich people like her are rare," said the poor—and her friends remembered how pleasant her house had been.

A year later Dick Headley married Nellie. They are happy enough, but they have no children. The Morning Journal, bequeathed to him, flourishes and prospers, but Dick worked at it as hard as ever. And every Sunday morning, early and alone, he walks out to a tomb at Lone Mountain, opens the door, and lays on the stone within a red rose and a copy of the Sunday Morning Journal. It is a great edition now—the Sunday Journal. But there is room in the tomb for many more of the closely folded papers. No one can see them through the door, and they lie there—unopened—bought by the dead.

Lions and Tigers Surprised.

Philadelphia Times.—The cat animals in the carnivora house at the "Zoo" took their first outing recently. Superintendent Brown had told Keeper Shannon that if the day was pleasant he might give the brutes a little fresh air and exercise in their roomy outside cages. When the sun came out warm and bright in the morning—keeper Shannon opened the gate leading from the first inside cage to the outer one, and the jaguar, who is a sedate old fellow who has been there many seasons, walked out and gave himself a sun bath. George and Minnie, the loving couple of lions, were next let out. When the door was raised they made a rush for the enclosure and then made a combined assault on the iron bars of the outside cage. They shook them with their paws until the entire row of cages trembled to their foundations, and then, when they found that they could not break out to absolute liberty, they showed their appreciation of their extended liberty by leaping over each other's backs and going through the funny antics of a pair of kittens.

The two leopards, who were given the liberty of their outside cage, were more sedate and went about quietly munching grass like a yoke of old oxen. The fun came when Tiger Jim 2d was offered the liberty of his outside yard for the first time. When the gate was raised he was a little suspicious and examined the back part of his cage closely. When he discovered that the gate was open he seemed to suspect that some trap had been laid for him and instead of going out went to the front of his cage and crouched down, as though waiting further developments. Nothing happening, he made another investigation, and closely examined every bar of the tunnel leading to the outside cage. Then he walked into the yard, feeling his way at every step. In the meantime the big numa, or mountain lion, had been turned out in the second cage above, and sat there watching Jim 2d in his tour of investigation. Finally their eyes met, and Jim, with a roar that startled the guards in Fairmount Park, made a spring and struck the intervening bars with all four feet.

The numa struck an attitude of defense and yelled back to Jim as defiantly as though he knew they could not reach each other. Then Jim caught sight of George and Minnie and the three roared at each other until the surrounding woods and hills resounded. After a time they all settled down to the quiet enjoyment of the bright sunshine that they had not basked in for six months, and had a thoroughly enjoyable day of it.

The animals out yesterday occupied alternate cages, so that they could not fight with each other between the bars, and to-day the other half of the cat animals will be given a run in the outside cages.

Sleeping in Church.

The Philadelphia Record has interviewed a number of preachers and others on the subject of sleeping in church. It finds the practice quite general, though the ministers bemoan its sinfulness. The Record says:

A physican who was asked for reasons why people became drowsy in church, and if there was any remedy for chronic cases, said that the drowsy feeling in church was often due to bad construction, to overheating and to the general quiet and composing surroundings. "I have often," said he, "advised patients of mine who are troubled with insomnia to try a quiet church where the preacher was not too energetic in his manner, and in most cases the result has been gratifying. The poor man who has become almost wild through want of sleep generally obtains relief and falls off into a gentle and refreshing slumber. Many people suffering in this way take a ride in a railroad train for relief and often get it, but nothing has succeeded as the Sunday morning service in a quiet church. If those people, however, who do not need to sleep in church, and do not want to, would drink very strong tea or coffee before going to the church, they might find it effective, but by no means healthy. Why do you see the bald-heads nodding most in church? Because the old are more susceptible to the influence of such surroundings. The women seldom go to sleep, because they are so dressed that to sleep would be almost impossible. If the men would lace themselves up tight they might keep awake, too, but in the words of Gen. Knickerbocker 'They cawn't do it, you know.'"

UNCLE JOE'S STORY.

N. Y., Sun.

"I was huntin' and trappin' along the Columbia river on the Oregon side," said Uncle Joe, a veteran of the plains and mountains, "and while I was right in the Injun country I kivered my tracks so well that it was weeks before they got on to me. I built a brush hut in the heavily timbered bottom, and the cheerful manner in which I moved around that neighborhood would have done credit to a cat. I used the bow and arrow altogether in killin' game, and my trap brought me in a back load of furs about as fast as I could take keer of 'em.

"I guess I had bin located about six weeks, and had become sort o' careless, as was nateral, when I got a sudden eye opener. One afternoon I cum plump on the moccasin track of an Injun, and from the way it circumlocuted around, I soon made up my mind that he was huntin' fur me. I was a bit puzzled at first, because there was only one track, but by and by I figured out how it was. It was either some Injun who had slipped off to trap by hisself for a few days, or it was some warrior who had had his suspicions aroused and was doin' a leetle investigation on his own hook. If he got my scalp he was so much ahead, and glory awaited him. If he got nothing he would be laughed at by the rest of his tribe, for none of 'em would know of his adventure. The minit I diskivered his footprints I pulled myself together fur bizness, and I hadn't follered his trail over twenty rods before I found that he was follerin' an old trail of mine.

"It didn't take me a minnit to realize that one of us had got to die afore that hunt would be ended. It was a case of fish or cut bait with me. I should be follered if I left the bottoms, fur that redskin wanted my life, and I couldn't stay if he did. On his side, it would never du fur him to abandon the place arter he had diskivered that I was alone. He must stake his life agin mine and abide the issue. Mebbe you can realize sunthin' of the feelin' which comes over a man when he knows that he is bein' tracked by somebody who demands his life. I'd rather have had a whole tribe of redskins come whoopin' and yellin' down on me than to know that a sarpent was dodgin' and crawlin' along my trail, silent, determined and implacable. I hit the feller's trail about half a mile from the hut, and the hour was about 3 o'clock. I knew that he must sooner or later strike one of my fresh trails and bring up at the hut, and instead of follerin' him as he follered my old trail I broke off after a few minutes and made directly fur the hut. Near by was a mass of rock which offered a square hidin' place, and if I could reach it without bein' seen I should have an advantage. That is, it was reasonable to believe that he would show up within shootin' distance durin' the next twenty-four hours.

"I made the tailest kind o' tracks when I once got started. I had to take the chances of his having found the hut an' bein' in ambush, and I'm not disputin' that it was a great load off my mind when I got safely settled among the rocks. I dashed into the hut and got my rifle and a hunk of cold meat, and in twenty seconds more I was safe for the time being. Jist what direction the varmint would approach from I could not guess, but he would be still more puzzled to know what had become of me. Fur the first hour the place was as silent as a graveyard, and I was lookin' and listenin' as only a man can when his life is at stake to git a hint of the whereabouts of the enemy. I finally got a sign. A buck deer cum runnin' past me in a way to show that he had seen a human bein' not fur off, and I figgered that the redskin was approachin' from the east. He had made a complete half circle of my hidin' place. Fur the next half hour I used my eyes and ears until my head ached. I knew the varmint was approachin' the hut, but he was comin' so cautiously that I could not tell the exact direction.

"The sun was now gittin' purty low, and I allowed that if he didn't show up purty soon I'd be badly boxed up fur the night. I was all on aige and skeercely able to hold myself, when, all of a sudden, the silence was broken by an awful yell, follered by a cry from some human bein'. It wasn't 'way off, but right there within stone's throw, and I riz up as if I had springs under me. Right there before my eyes, and not a hundred feet away, a panther and an Injun was havin' it hot and heavy, the beast usin' his claws and teeth, and the redskin cuttin' and slashin' with his knife. I was so astonished that I couldn't move for a minit or two and when I got ready there was no use in movin.' The two varmints rolled over and over a dozen times, too badly mixed for me to tell which was which, and then the panther kinder drawed out of the fight. He might have got fifteen feet away when he keeled over and kicked in a way to tell me that he'd got his full. The enjun uttered a faint whoop as the panther drawed off, but when I reached him he was as dead as a door nail. He had fit it out hand to hand, usin' his huntin' knife, and I'm tellin' you he was a terrible lookin' object. The beast had tore almost every inch of clothin' off'n him, and he was bit and clawed until he was like raw beef.

"Well, I figgered it out purty easy. That panther had stowed hisself away on a limb calkelatin' to make it hot fur me. I reckon he didn't git up there until arter I had ambushed myself, and when the redskin cum crawlin' along the beast didn't stop to see whether he was white or black. I was a panther skin, rifle, tomahawk and huntin' knife ahead, and, although I remained there for three weeks longer, I saw no further signs of Injuns."

The Mighty Fallen.

About a month after the inauguration of President Cleveland, says "Towle" in the Boston Traveller, a prominent polititian from Delaware went to Washington with the idea that a good, fat office was awaiting his acceptance. He was a friend of Secretary Bayard, he had a good soldier record and he stood well at home. One day he met an old friend on Pennsylvania avenue, in whom he recognized the colonel of the regiment in which he had served. The colonel was asked what he was doing, and he responded that he was night watchman in the treasury department. Upon hearing this the rage of the Delaware man knew no bounds. He raved and swore that the colonel should be occupying such a lowly position after his brilliant service to the country. Days and weeks and months passed. The face of the Delaware office-seeker became as familiar about the up-town hotels as those of the "majahs and jedges" who have been doing Washington since the close of the war. Finally, one day the man from the Blue Hen state, who wanted nothing less than a foreign mission, called upon his old friend, the colonel. Said he: "Old fellow, I've got a place at last. I've been appointed night watchman in the state department. Please lend me a quarter to pay the notary so that I can be sworn in." He got the quarter, and is now a full-fledged guardian of a portion of the vast property of the government.

A Torpedo Boat.

Nautical Gazette.

The Goubet sub-marine torpedo boat is of iron, sixteen feet five inches long, three feet three and one half inches wide, and five feet ten and one half inches deep, including the look-out dome.

The weight of the boat, with its water reservoirs empty and without the crew, is 3,196 pounds (1,450 kilograms), and its displacement when submerged is 4,056 pounds in sea water (1,800 liters). Its buoyancy is merged by the weight of the crew and the water admitted to the reservoirs.

Each man requires about 400 liters (fourteen cubic feet) of air per hour. To provide for this a reservoir contains air at a pressure of fifty atmospheres, in sufficient quantity to last the crew of two men for ten hours. The carbonic acid and other acids are absorbed by chemicals and an air-pump expels the foul air.

To drive the boat at its maximum speed of five knots a power of forty-two kilograms (553 H. P.) is required, and may be furnished by a Siemens motor, working from accumulators. (This would necessitate a weight of 4,000 pounds for motive power.)

There is no rudder, but a universal joint in the screw shaft permits the screw to move through an arc of 90 degrees on each side.

In submarine boats it is essential that the trim should be very exact, as otherwise the motive power might cause the boat to jump out of the water or dive to unsafe depths. To maintain the trim in the Goubet boat there is a water tank at each end of the boat connected with a double-acting pump, which draws and delivers in opposite directions, according to the direction of motion of its operating shaft. This shaft ends in a crown wheel, which may gear with either of two wheels on a shaft at right angles to the first, and revolving constantly in the same direction. As long as the boat remains with its axis horizontal the boat is motionless, but on any change of the axis a pendulum throws the pump into gear with one of the two wheels on the second shaft, and water is pumped from the lower to the higher tank, bringing the boat to a level axis.

The torpedo is carried outside the boat and is secured by a bayonet-catch controlled from the inside. On arriving under the enemy the torpedo is released and rises by its reserve of buoyancy until it catches on the vessel's bottom by spikes with which its upper surface is provided. The torpedo boat then withdraws, maintaining its connection with the torpedo by unreeling a wire. When the boat is at a safe distance the torpedo is exploded.

The boat is also provided with a small torpedo which, when released, rises to the surface and explodes, forming a signal which, by its noise and the color of its flame, calls attention to the boat and indicates the depth at which it is. The torpedo may also carry up a telephone wire.

A large weight is attached to the bottom of the boat by a screw and nut, and may be released at any time, thus permitting the boat to rise.

In case the motor breaks down there is an arrangement for working two oars, which habitually trail alongside. When in use they open at the stroke and close at the recover.

To attack a vessel the boat proceeds along the surface until it is thought necessary to dive, when the captain directs the boat at the enemy by the sight-vane; the other man maintains the course by compass, and the boat sinks by admitting water to the tanks.

It is stated 300 of these boats were ordered for Russia in 1881, and the fifty were delivered in 1883. The early form of the boat was driven by manual power.

Rosecrans a Fatalist.

"Gen. Rosecrans was the most fearless, as well as the most peculiar, man in the powder business that I ever met. Some years ago he was experimenting with nitro-glycerine and chloride of potash. He was also trying to make a new kind of percussion cap. Every afternoon he would go out to the old stone quarry and make experiments with dynamite there, the mayor having granted him permission to do so. He had taken quite a fancy to me, and he'd come around and take me out there with him. I never saw a man experiment with explosives as carelessly as he did, and as I did not care to be blown to pieces myself, I kept warning him of the risks he kept incurring. His only reply was," 'When a man's time comes it comes.' He appeared to be a fatalist, and would not believe that a person could be killed before it was allotted for him to die. One day he had some nitro-glycerine in a pan and was doing something with it. I knew that it would explode in the hot sun and said, 'General look out. That's going to explode.' He did not seem to care, and I warned him again, but he kept on with his experiments, repeating that phrase of his about a man's time coming only when it was appointed. He needed some tool that was lying a short distance off and went over to get it. He was about twenty or thirty feet away when the nitro-glycerine exploded. It did not phase him in the least. He remarked without any emotion, 'Well, that was a pretty close call,' and resumed his experiments. It was a wonder to me how he ever escaped death out there."—San Francisco Call.

The Cowboys Hate Mormons.

Miles City Cor. Philadelphia Record.

The climate of Montana is not particularly healthy for Mormons, principally, I believe, because the soil contains so many wideawake bachelor cowboys, who are badly in need of wives themselves. The royal cowpunchers of Montana hate a Mormon male as they do a snake. Being unable to get a single helpmeet themselves, although being better able to support a dozen where a Mormon cannot support one, it riles them to have some long-haired, rascally elder come along with four, five and possibly six wives, and settle down with the utmost gall and cheek on a government claim. There are about 25,000 more bachelors in Montana than there are women altogether. Nearly all of these 25,000 have splendid ranches, farms or claims of some kind, and need only a wife to complete their cup of happiness.

It is no exaggerated picture I am drawing, for the vast territory of Montana contains innumerable bachelor homes, and these bachelors would make the best of husbands if given half a chance. The little town of Maiden, a few miles north of here contains not a single unmarried lady. The small village only ten miles west of us is simply a community of bachelors. These thousand of young men, middle-aged men and old men, all have comfortable bank accounts, and would marry on the slightest provocation, so to speak. Each one is calculated to make some woman happy, and would give the damsels who cared to risk her future with him all the ready cash she could possibly spend in this world. No wonder our bachelors hate the Mormon males who have more than their share of female blessings.

Glimpse of Four Murderers.

New York Letter:—"Gracious, but there's a quartet!" exclaimed my companion in a Broadway walk. I looked at the four persons who had excited his interest. They stood on a Madison Square corner, and were above the average in good looks, while their clothes were fashionable without being foppish, and they had a distinct gentlemanliness of manner.

"Four murderers," said my friend.

He was wrong in his harsh characterization. He ought to have been satisfied with the declaration that each of them had killed a man. The fact that they were there alive was proof that the law had not deemed them deserving of the gallows. They had gone throught the ordeals of trials, and were entitled to the full benefits of whatever justification the juries had found in their behalf. Two were professional sporting men—Jeremiah Dunn, of Chicago, the slayer of Jimmy Elliott, and John Scannell, of this city, who slew John Donnelly—and they were out on the fruitless errand of getting a license for the Sullivan-Mitchell sparring match. Police Superintendent Murray had positively assured them that the match could not be fought without a show license, and the Mayor had emphatically declined to issue one. They stopped by chance in front of the hotel kept by Ned Stokes, the killer of Jim Fisk, and on Stokes emerging, they asked for his advice as to whether a gleam of hope was left to the enterprise. He was telling that he saw none, when along came General Daniel E. Sickles, the marital avenger before whose bullet Key fell, and they accosted him for a legal opinion. Sickles made a brief reply, not calculated to lift their spirits, and passed on. But the sight of the quartet was curious. Dunn had escaped punishment through a plea of self-defense, and Scannell through emotional insanity. After one conviction and capital sentence, Stokes had once stood in the shadow of the cross-tree, but on second trial had been sent to prison; and Sickles had been justified by twelve men for retaliating upon his wife's lover. Each believes himself innocent of any crime, and I am not reviving their cases to condemn them, but merely to describe a strange Broadway gathering.

irst Use of Breech Loaders.

Among the interesting addresses made at the Gettysburg reunion was one by Gen. Berdan, the commander of the famous Union sharpshooters who did such effective service at the battle. Gen. Berdan revealed the fact that breech-loading rifles were first used in war on that occasion and by his men, to whom he made this statement:

You are as well known among military men in Europe as you are in this country, and you are regarded as the men who taught the world the superiority of breech-loaders over muzzle-loaders. Some of you may not be aware of the fact that the sharpshooters' was the first command that fired at any emeny because Prussia had the breech-loader called the needle-gun, but it had never been tested in action. It was left for our corps, therefore, to prove the importance of this arm of the service. But what a struggle we had to get breech-loaders even for this small command of picked riflemen! My application was opposed by every department and by the commanding generals. They stated officially that breech-loaders would spoil my command, that the men would fire too rapidly, that they would even shoot each other by accident, that there was nothing like the Springfield musket for soldiers, and some even went so far as to advocate the old system of ball and buck; but after constant efforts for almost a year I succeeded in getting an order from President Lincoln direct, not only to arm my command as I chose, but to appoint my own officers. The startling results you produced with these breech-loaders caused the world to adopt them within ten years.

The Strain of City Life.

Read the following facts with regard to Chicago: From 1852 to 1868, population increased 5.1 times what it was in the first period. The deaths from nervous disorders increased 20.4 times. Chicago is perhaps a fast place, but the figures are significant of the wear of city life on the nervous system. Is not this strain of the nervous system a peculiarly American danger? To be sure, all brain workers in all countries are liable to it, but in our country climatic influences increase the tendency. Under these influences we have developed national characteristics, showing in form and feature.

We do things in a hurry. We are in haste to get rich. We are in haste to be wise. We have no time for exercise. We have no time for play. Both exercise and play are, by serious people often looked upon as a waste of time for adults, however good they may be for children and young people. A boy must be a man before his time, and a girl must be prim and staid, and must not romp like her more fortunate brothers, but must be a sober woman after she had entered her teens. It seems as if the battle of modern life (Eat ast of modern city life) was a battle of the nerves. "From nursery to school, from school to college, or to work, the strain of brain goes on, and strain of nerve—scholarships, examinations, speculations, promotions, excitements, stimulations, long hours of work, late hours of rests, jaded frames, weary brains, jarring nerves all intensified by the exigencies of our school and city life." The worst of the mischief is, that this strain falls most of all upon those from nature and circumstance least able to bear it—upon our women. Public opinion frown upon their exercising like men. Yet, with a nervous system more sensitive than man's, they need the very exercise (out of doors) which, by a mistaken public sentiment, they are often forbidden to take. The healthy housework is often deputed to a servant either because too hard for our American girls or too much beneath them.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Flower Waste.

The "Gates Ajar," the "Broken Pillar," the "Cross and Crown," the "Sheaf of Wheat," and another hideous inventions of the funeral florist called the "Vacant Chair," were all there, says the Freeman's Journal. Enough money had been spent in these useless and ostentatious things to keep the dead man's family for several months. His coffin was piled high with "floral emblems," and twenty-five carriages waited around the corner to join the regulation six which were permitted to stand before the church door. This was a pleasing way of "getting ahead of the priest," who had wisely forbidden that more carriages than the half dozen should attend any of his parishioners' funeral. The next week the friends of the deceased were engaged in arranging a collection for the procuring of a sewing machine for—so the printed card of appeal said—"a starving family."

Family Discipline.

"Well, Johnny, I suppose you frequently get your little hide tanned at home?"

"Oh, yes, I get a licking every once in a while."

"Who gives it to you?"

"Sometimes pa and sometimes ma. It all depends on which of them has nothing else to do at the time."

He Was Thankful.

New York Graphic: Hostess: Now let us sit down to dinner. Host: Is there a clergyman present? Hostess (glancing around): No, not one. Host: Well, let us thank God.

The good deacon who lets himself be persuaded by a worldly daughter to take her down to the beach on Sunday dosen't feel entirely free from the qualms of conscience until he sees another good deacon whose worldly daughter has persuaded him to do the same thing. And then he is also filled with holy astonishment that Brother Jones should do such a thing that he stops thinking of his own misdemeanor, and puts in his time wondering what the church people would say if he should give Brother Jones away.

A Bloomington calf swallowed a bible the other day. Religion acquired that way is apt to produce indigestion.

Sunday school Teacher—"Methusaleh lived nine hundred years." Boy—"That was pretty tough on his sons-in-law."

The color produced by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, is permanent and natural.

To promote digestion, to keep the body healthy and the mind clear, take Ayer's Pills.

Grandsir Merrill was an old-time saint who always blacked his boots Saturday night, and if he found Sabbath morning that he had a little too much gloss on them for a christian, he carefully removed some of the shine before going to meeting.

Brown's Little Joke.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown who wittily replied: "Yes, but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicine that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angles' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Parson Downs says he is surrounded by vipers. That's just like a viper; never cares a cent who it goes with. It's a wonder a viper has any kind of reputation left, it's so wickedly careless.—Burdette.

$500 Reward

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for years made a standing, public offer in all American newspapers of $500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douche," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get $500 in case of failure.

The publisher of a weekly paper in a small town who thinks he discovers a "crying need" of a daily, is apt to find a need of crying if he starts one.

Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection." Their gentle action and good effect on the system, really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them.

Lieut. Israel, the African traveler, has been arrested at Hamburg for fraud.

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

There are some men so violently opposed to capital punishment that they won't hang wall paper. They let their wives do it.

If your Digestion is Poor, Improve it
By using Carter's Little Nerve Pills. 25 cents.

Prof. Wm. Scherer, the German historian and author, is dead.

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

Princess Dolgorouki, widow of the late Czar, was once a Spanish actress.

Distress After Eating

is one of the many disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia. Headache, heartburn, sour stomach, faintness and capricious appetite are also caused by this very widespread and growing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves the headache, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

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