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Under the Wagon.

"Come, wife," says good old Farmer Gray, "Put on your things, 'tis market day; Let's be off to the nearest town— There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot! No, we'll leave old Spot behind." But Spot he barked and Spot he whined, And soon made up his doggie's mind To steal away under the wagon.

Away they went a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face. "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, But I'm very glad he's left at home. He'll guard the barn and guard the cot, And keep the cattle out of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot, The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started home, just after dark— Home, through the lonely forest. A robber springs from behind a tree; "Your money or else your life!" said he. The moon was out, yet he didn't see The little dog under the wagon.

Old Spot he barked, old Spot he whined, And Spot he grabbed the thief behind And dragged him down in mud and dirt. He tore his coat and tore his shirt; He held him with a whisk and bound, And he couldn't rise from the mire ground; While his legs and arms the farmer bound And tumbled him into the wagon.

Old Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife; And now a hero, grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day; And every where his master goes, Among his friends, among his foes, He follows upon his horny toes, The little dog under the wagon!

AFTER MANY DAYS.

An old man lay in the little chamber off the best room of Abram Linmar's unpretentious farmhouse, listening half unconscious to the sound of voices, now in stern demand, again in humble pleading and protestation. His long gray hair and beard swept the snowy linen of the pillows, against which his bronzed, sunken face seemed darker and more hollow; his bony fingers beat the coverlid in anger and sympathy, as his ear followed the words of the speakers, and a glitter sparkled in his eyes, which had, for five weary weeks, been glazed and galled with fever.

"I wish they'd come in," he muttered to himself; "I want to know all about it; I was asleep at the first and can't guess how it begun, but it is evident the good people of this house are in deep trouble."

He had hardly ceased when the door of the apartment opened and Dame Linmar stepped in with the noiseless foot of the anxious nurse. Seeing that her patient was awake and was looking eagerly and inquiringly at her, she approached the bedside and spoke to him in a voice as sad and mournful as sorrow can train a woman's tones to be.

"Awake, sir? Has the talking in the other room disturbed you?"

"It has not broken my rest, but what I have heard has disturbed my mind. What is it? I only know that somebody gives you till next Monday morning to leave this comfortable home."

"It is about a mortgage, sir. But here comes my poor, old husband; he will explain it better than I can."

At the word the door opened again and Abram Linmar entered with bowed head and limply pressed lips.

"He's gone, Janet, and taken the very last grain of hope I nurtured. Not even the memory of the service I rendered him two-and-twenty years ago in saving his life when he was at the mercy of the highwaymen availed anything, and we shall have to leave the roof that has sheltered us so long, doubly dear to me as the work of my own hands and the scene of great associations."

"Farmer Linmar, excuse the impertinence of my curiosity," said the low voice of the invalid, "I know a little of your trouble. May I not know all?"

"Alas, sir," replied the hopeless host, "the story is short as our future stay within these walls will be brief. Five years ago my son in New York, being embarrassed, I borrowed from my next neighbor, a very wealthy man, the sum of eight thousand dollars and gave him a mortgage on this—my farm of one hundred acres. Instead of gaining relief, my son became more embarrassed, failed utterly, and from the grasp of his disappointed creditors I have paid two thousand of the principal and now tender a third thousand, and beg that my creditor will not proceed to extremities. But I plead to a stone. He acknowledges that for years he has coveted my land, separating, as it does, two parcels of his own, and, indeed, he has made me many offers for it; now that he has the power to compel a sale, he swears that he will force the matter and outbid any competitor, as he has the means at his command. He says that he offers me in return all the money and interest I have paid to him in consideration of my quietly surrendering possession, and I suppose I must. There's no other way."

"And I have been a charge on you in such dire extremity," said the sick man, feebly, "it would have been better for you to have left me to die by the roadside, broken down and fever parched, where you found me. Many a precious dollar you must have parted with in my long illness for physicians and their nostrums. I am too weak to even thank you properly."

"Say not so. The little you have had in money or attendance will never help to impoverish us. It was bread cast upon the waters and it will return." The good farmer said this almost cheerfully, for he reflected how much better off at worst he and his dame and daughter Maria were than the homeless, friendless old man who lay in his care.

"After many days, after many days," continued the sick man, finishing his promise. "But I am afraid, farmer, that neither you nor I will live till it comes back."

"Why, don't talk so, sir," broke in Dame Linmar, "it's been a real comfort for us to do the little we could for you. We are only paying a debt we owe. Our boy died away from home among strange

men, and they were good and kind to him when things were so bad that he would not let us know, fearing our great distress; yet the kindness he got from strangers were glad to pay back in instalments."

"Would that I could aid you, as I have read of men apparently poor and helpless doing for those who have succeeded or shown kindness to them, but my poverty is no disguise. I am poor, indeed; absolutely without a dollar or a friend in the world. Coming this way I was only wandering in search of death to avoid the almshouse, and it grieves me that I should have fallen where I am so heavy and unfortunate a charge."

"Say no more, sir, or you will take from our performance all the merit which attaches to it," said the farmer; "we would be in little more than you if we would afford so little relief grudgingly or withhold it."

"You speak like one who knows man's constant dependence, even in his highest fortune. But you have not yet told me who is this inexorable creditor. Tell me, that I may correct good report, if such it be, as comes to my ears."

"He is rich, respected and of excellent repute. His name is Asahel Penocost."

"No stimulant could have so strengthened the weak muscles of the invalid as the simple pronouncing of that name did. He rose to his elbow, his deep set eyes glowing with the fire of excitement."

"Asahel Penocost," he repeated; "do you know where he came from?"

"Yes. He settled in these parts nearly forty years ago, coming from near old Gloucester in Massachusetts. I've heard say, though information on that point is not very definite."

"How old a man is he? Was he married when he came here?"

"He is about seventy years of age; he brought a wife and one son with him. It was the dame, true to her womanly instincts, who was readiest when neighbors were asked or asking."

"Yes! yes!" eagerly continued the sick man, "and the son—what became of him?"

"He quarreled with his stern father, Asahel Penocost, some say, and went away over twenty years ago, and has not been heard from since," replied Mrs. Linmar. "He was too gentle and true a lad, though, to have been born of such a father."

"Triumph and defeat in a single breath," murmured the invalid, sinking back.

Presently he revived and said to the farmer, slowly, yet with firm accent:

"You need not concern yourself further. What county is this?"

"Wayne."

"Then you have the ablest man in Wayne county to help you for your debt. I said just now I was the poorest; I was mistaken. When Asahel Penocost comes on Monday to seize your farm, tell him that Marcus Whitney is your security for further discharge of the mortgage and warn him to accept whatever terms are proposed."

Monday morning came, and with it Asahel Penocost, a deputy sheriff and a seignior man. Farmer Linmar and his wife had spent an uneasy interval, notwithstanding the assurance of their involuntary guest; and every attempt they had made in their quiet, unobtrusive way to gain insight into the reason of the stranger's confidence had been met with evasion too patent to be further questioned. The first they knew of the old man's name was when he called himself Whitney; of his career, connection with the rich, arrogant neighbor Penocost, or his intentions, they were as profound as their troubled confidence. He had been removed from the bed in the little chamber to the old haircloth sofa, which stood between the two windows that lighted the best room, and sat, propped up with pillows, his eyes closed and head thrown forward, while the preliminary demands were made by the creditor previous to turning the business over to the sheriff's officer.

"You can't pay, and won't accede to my most liberal proposition!" exclaimed the great man, with an unctuous and sonorous voice, "then you'll have to take the consequences." Turning to the officer, and waving his hand in a circle that seemed to sweep already with a creditor's grasp the goods and lands of the unfortunate debtor, he said: "Mr. Bimble, you will please to—"

"Wait a minute," said the invalid, sharply, giving a termination not intended to Penocost's invocation. "Please to wait a little, Mr. Bimble, till there is need of your interference."

"And pray, sir, who are you?" demanded Mr. Penocost.

"Security for these good people's debts, and their protection against the avarice, greed, and persecution of Asahel Penocost Whitney, formerly of Little Salem, Massachusetts, who is—"

"Your only brother, who is?"

"Your old brother," interrupted the pale and terror-stricken man; "for Heaven's sake, forbear."

"You didn't lose your memory with your name," sneered the invalid, "though your presence of mind forsakes you. You never expected to see me again?"

"I knew you would come some time, sure as death, but not so very soon."

"Soon! Call you eight-and-thirty years soon! You have enjoyed the fruits of wrong doing, fraud—aye, theft—longer than Heaven permits most men to do. I thought I was under his power not to rise again, when I sunk fainting into the ditch a mile or so from here, six weeks ago; but now I see I was simply subject to its wise, just, and fortunate decrees. See! Asahel Whitney—calling yourself Penocost—here is a paper bearing your debt in money to me. You took everything I had in the world, and if I can strip you I'll do it. Here is the amount compounded annually at six per cent; it amounts to two hundred and eighty-six thousand and forty dollars. Can you pay it?"

"Have you no mercy?" Will you not hear me?" begged the now humbled man in tears. "Farmer Linmar, plead you to him to listen to me; he will grant you so much."

"I'll say this much," returned Mr. Linmar, "he that hath no mercy on his fellows will hardly get it in his direct need."

"You almost steel my purpose, while

you do dissuade me," said Marcus Whitney. "I need mercy, and I'll show it, though I'm afraid it is misplaced. Thirty-eight years ago, my brother, standing there, was trustee for my portion of our father's estate. I was married and away at sea, my wife and child in his care, as well as the money that had been left to me. I had been gone for five years, during all of which time my letters to my wife were suppressed, and those to me were falsified. When I came back to Little Salem it was to find my family all gone. My wife had been persuaded of my death and married with my brother, who had sold out and gone no one knew where. From that day to this I have wandered up and down in the land seeking my own, till my footsteps were led hither. A year's time will do then, tell me, now, where is my son?" This demand was made in so earnest a tone that it told of no compromise; that debt, at least, was to be stoned in full.

"I don't know," replied the shrinking man. He recognized that he might be forgiven many of the paltry dollars claimed, but this claim for flesh and blood would not be forgone a jot nor tithe."

"You are telling me true?"

"It is no time to do otherwise now. When we quarreled I told him he was no son of mine, and he swore he would not bear my name; he left, and left no trace to track him by, though I tried hard at the time. Some ten years ago I heard that he had taken his mother's name and was calling himself Lambert Morrison; whether the information was true or not I cannot say; but, true or false, that is the last I have ever heard."

"Go you out into the world and seek my boy till you find him; seek as I sought you, in poverty, hunger, dirt, sorrow and madness, for weary, weary years. Bring him to me only and I'll forgive you every penny that you wronged me of." The father spoke, and, speaking, told the sole object of his life's secret. Money is nothing to a man going down to the grave, but love and kin all.

"Already the bread has returned," said the farmer, detaining Asahel Penocost, who was turning to leave the house. "Your son," he continued, addressing the invalid on the sofa, "is in New York, if Lambert Morrison and the handsome, bright boy Morris Penocost, I remember, be one and the same. Wife, get those letters. It was he who named our boy in his last illness and closed his eyes, I might have known it. They were playfellows, and he would not see his friend suffer, unaided, and he had too sorrowful remembrances to allow him to disclose his identity to us in Wayne."

The farmer was right, and within ten days the missing son was clasped in his father's arms and bore the third name of his life, the right one, at last—Lambert Morrison Whitney.

The fall of the proud squire was generally hailed in Wayne, for he was one of those men whose temperament was few friends, and whose station repelled them. He received at his brother's hands enough to yield him a modest income, and busied himself in the indistinguishable throng of the great city. Marcus Whitney lived on in Wayne, and gladly bestowed his benediction upon the marriage of his son and Farmer Linmar's only remaining child Maria; that her I, she was "child" to the farmer and dame, though turned of twenty-six—and peace and happiness have crowned the succeeding days of the warm-hearted people so strangely thrown together.

THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

A Sketch by a "Sun" Reporter with Gen. Crook's Prospecting Party.

After the first ascent, which was very steep, our trail was not difficult, and mended through beautiful pine groves and lovely little valleys, literally covered with flowers, whose delicious perfume made redolent the air. Plats of excellent grass and rippling trout brooks were frequently encountered, and after traveling about fifteen miles we bivouacked upon the main branch of Tongue river, here a swift running stream of about fourteen inches in depth and half as many yards in width, containing no fish.

Numerous signs of large game had been observed, and several of us immediately started in pursuit while the remainder made fires and got ready our scanty repast. The pines had been badly scarred by bears in search of their resinous sap, but no "bruins" were seen, and but a single blacktailed deer repaid our hunting exertions. The mosquitoes were almost unendurable, their numbers being doubtless increased by the presence in our neighborhood of numerous lakes and lagoons, some perennial but most of them consisting exclusively of melted snow water. The only means, indeed, by which we could rid ourselves of these troublesome pests, until the cool night air of the mountains drove them to shelter, was by sitting in the smoke of our camp fires about which we now gathered.

This was always the most charming hour of the day. Numerous stories of adventure and romance were told over our cups of hot, black coffee; and, thoroughly tired and hungry, every one seemed to enjoy his rations of bacon and hard tack. A bit of nicely broiled venison was, however, a very grateful addition; and the best and most expeditious process for its preparation was shown us by Gen. Crook, who is an adept in this and all other frontier arts. He is, indeed, a thorough mountaineer, as our experience has enabled us abundantly to testify; and to those who know him, a most kind and affable gentleman.

"Don't go at this as though you were at a clam bake," he said. And then cutting a slender willow stick and removing the bark, and sharpening both ends, he stuck thereon alternately a cross-section of filet and slice of bacon, the whole being suspended by a large piece of the latter. One end was inserted in the earth, before the fire, the meat being upon the other and held in position by a notch. When done, he thrust his stick into the ground in front of his tent, saying: "The bacon both salts and flavors the venison, the stick is your plate, and the fresh green grass furnishes a seat, napkin and spread combined; what more do you want?" Some one in the party made an impromptu sugar cake, by soaking a cracker in water, sprinkling moistened sugar upon it, and baking over live coals. These are campaign expedients.

As we were without tents, we wrapped ourselves in blankets and slept under the friendly shelter of fir trees. Bedtimes in the morning were stirring, and after a hasty breakfast resumed our march for the summit. In a little while the Indian trail, which here diverged from its direct course and led up the canyon of Tongue river, became almost impassable. Everywhere the ground was moist from the innumerable little trickling rivulets proceeding from the melting snow above and having their confluence with this stream. Unfrequently they were subterranean, and our route lay through a continuous and steep, and numerous crossings of the torrent were a necessity. Added to this, we passed through burnt districts where the devouring element, aided by the wind, had destroyed the pines for miles, and leveled them with the ground in almost inextinguishable confusion. It was the exception, indeed, when our mules did not step over a log or bough, and our progress was consequently greatly impeded. Cascades of numerous boiled and seethed about us, the roar of their waters in such confined space deafening the ear to any other sound.

Where fire had not interfered the canyon was well wooded with pine, fir and cottonwood; and many beautiful groves and romantic spots were traversed. Its walls were almost perpendicular and often of solid granite. Everywhere the scenery was most picturesque and beautiful. Emerging from the forest the crest became visible, and our trail led over a bank of snow, evidently with a solidly frozen crust when crossed by the Indians, but which, when attempted by us, broke, and our mules, sinking to their bellies, were only extricated by hatchets.

The ascent upon the side slope was difficult and somewhat dangerous; but when accomplished the result more than repaid our efforts. We were above timber line, which here is at an elevation of nearly twelve thousand feet, and in a region of perpetual snow. On two sides the view was magnificent and extensive, embracing the Wind river and Heart mountains, one hundred miles distant, and snow-capped like that upon which we stood, and the intermediate basin containing the Big Horn river, whose waters were plainly visible. The undulating surface of mountain and prairie presented an exceedingly picturesque aspect. About us—above and below—were bald peaks, immense areas covered with large bowlders almost exclusively of granite and banks of snow. To the north, Tongue river forced its way through a gorge of limestone, many hundred feet thick. Below us, but on the very backbone of the range, lay a large and deep lake, covered with ice, in reservoir to both slopes; its waters, in zig-zag streaks of foam, rushing along the bottoms of immense canyons, reaching down to a common center, east and west. On the latter side these constitute the headwaters of No-Wood creek, a tributary of the Big Horn river, in the vicinity of which gold has been supposed to exist in large quantities.

Abandoning the Indian trail which led across the lake, now impassable to us, we pursued our way down the most southerly gorge, a distance of about five miles, Gen. Crook and Lieut. Schuyler meanwhile going in pursuit of a flock of mountain sheep, which had been seen

grazing upon a neighboring point. Our descent was difficult and almost impracticable; and just here I must acknowledge and do justice to that much abused and vituperated animal, the mule. Mounted upon horses, our journey would have been well nigh impossible; but with the sure and cautious tread of their long-eared consorts, it was accomplished in safety. We had not been long in camp before Gen. Crook and his aide-de-camp joined us, having each killed a very fine specimen of mountain sheep. Both were bucks, and their horns very large. From the number of these animals in this vicinity, the region, mountain range and river derive their common name—"Big Horn."

The existing flora astonished me by its extent. On the very summit of the snowy range I found eight or ten varieties of flowers, one of which, greatly resembling the ordinary forget-me-not, was very abundant, and usually accompanied by a similar blossom, but red in hue.

How to Keep Your Husband's Love.

Make up your mind, from the beginning, that whatever happens, you will never lose your individuality, nor give in one iota to his opinion; air your differences upon every possible occasion; it will teach him to respect you, and furnish unlimited food for the gossip. After the honeymoon is passed, and before, if you think it necessary, grow slack in regard to your personal appearance, and, if he has any remarks to make, tell him "that you didn't know when you married him that he was able to dress you like a queen, and you hadn't discovered it yet, for the matter of that; but, if he wishes you to set up for a queen, you are ready and willing to do it. As it is, as you are obliged to do the work of servants, you claim the privilege of looking like them; if he has any objection, you shouldn't object to his hiring a girl."

If his love does not seem to be growing under this management, become careless about your house, and inform him, if he remonstrates about it, that "your house is not a home such as you are aware; if you had a palace such as you always imagined you should be mistress of, you should, probably, take some delight in keeping it looking nicely; as it is, you can't see the use in it."

When at home be in the "blues" conventionally; look on the dark side of everything; never give your husband a word of encouragement from one year's end to another, but prophesy his eternal ruin, financially, upon every available opportunity. In view of which get every can you can from him to make a show away from home.

Endeavor to get up a flirtation with every man you meet in society. The remarks he will hear concerning your conduct will certainly fill him with undying love.

Saub him and tyrannize over him in the presence of his bachelor friends, before whom he is solicitous of appearing as the most amiable man in existence, and to whom he is particularly anxious to rehearse the delights of benediction. The mortification he will feel at the frustration of his laudable desire will most assuredly produce a reaction in your favor.

Prescott's Capture.

The cruelties of the British Major-General Prescott while in command on Rhode Island, are even yet the theme of many a traditional story told among the old people down that way. His capture, however, is a matter of history, and its manner romantic enough for any novelist.

The bold act was planned and carried into successful execution by Lieut.-Col. Barton, of Providence, whose descendant in that ever patriotic city yet glory in his heroism.

Prescott, well guarded, with troops all around him, and almost within call, at the time had his headquarters at the house of a Quaker named Overton, about five miles from New York, on the Ferry road. The sound was full of English war vessels, which made the expedition much more hazardous.

Early on the night of July 10, 1777, Col. Barton left Providence with four swift rowing whale boats, manned with swiftest rowing whale boats, and landed near the house of Overton as he could.

Creeping carefully toward the house, close by the numerous camp fires of the enemy, at midnight Barton had the house surrounded.

A sentinel at the door hailed and demanded the countersign, but Barton sprang inside his guard, secured his musket, and the sentinel was bound and gagged before an alarm could be given.

Barton, with four men, one a large and powerful colored servant of his own, now entered the house. They found Mr. Overton only of all the household up, reading the Bible.

"Old man, where does Gen. Prescott lodge? No harm to you if you speak truly, but tell or you die a quick death." Mr. Overton did not speak but, pointed to the ceiling overhead, indicating that his chamber was directly over them.

Leaving one man there as a guard, Barton sprang up stairs and, followed by his servant, approached Prescott's door and tried it. It was locked, and the servant, drawing back across the hall, made one rush at it with his head and sent it inward off its hinges.

Prescott, just awakened, sprang to get his watch from the mantel, supposing the intruders to be robbers; but Barton laid his hand on his shoulder, and, with his drawn sword at his breast, told him not to speak a loud word or he would kill him instantly—he was his prisoner.

Prescott begged for time to dress, but Barton knew that every second was precious, and throwing a cloak over the general, told him to march—he could dress while they crossed the sound in his boat.

The general's chief-of-staff, Maj. Barrington, hearing the noise, tried to escape, but fell into the hands of Barton's men, outside, and soon, with the sentinel and general, bound and gagged, he was hurried off past their own troops to the boats.

Darkness and Providence favored the bold exploit, and at sunrise Barton was, with his prisoners, within the patriot lines.

Prescott was forwarded to the headquarters of Gen. Washington, where he was treated only too kindly, and soon after exchanged for Gen. Lee.

The moment he got into power in his old command again, Prescott resumed his infamous barbarities.

Fashion Notes.

Serge, especially white serge, is very popular.

Scarf bandeaux on hats have suddenly come in vogue.

Silver ornaments are very fashionable this summer.

English mohair makes a serviceable traveling dress.

Polonaises increase in variety and complications.

For dressy occasions fancy grenadines are in great demand.

An effort is being made to revive the fancy straws of 1840.

Batiste and silk are being mixed in one costume this season.

Gold braid is more used for handsome dresses than was expected.

Tunics, with sleeveless jackets, are worn longer than last year.

Floral fringes for trimming evening dresses have met with a success.

Indian shawls and Persian shawls are cut up to make mantles for seaside wear.

Strange ornaments are made of scales and claws, to be worn in velvet diadems and bows.

Silver Byzantine chains of open pattern, with a large cross suspended on them, are much worn.

A hat with pointed crown, made of coarse straw and called the "Celadon," is a popular shape for country wear.

Bathing dresses are still made with blouse and trousers, out in one, of blue flannel, with red or white trimmings.

The fan of fans in Paris at the present time is painted on kid, and has the sticks quite plain on the right side and carved on the left.

To be in style at present ladies are obliged to appear extremely thin. Embonpoint is altogether incompatible with fashion.

The most serviceable dress for traveling is some kind of dust or brown colored beige of French manufacture; it wears and stands rain best.

For carriage and evening wear in Paris red is much worn, also pale blue, but very little white; cream color abounds and is covered with gay embroidery.

Simple traveling costumes are made of Scotch gingham; their trimmings consist of either platings of the same or Smyrna lace, and the mode is a polonaise worn over a black silk skirt.

The newest novelty in the jewelry department is a set for the ears and throat made of the very small feathers taken from the colibri. These ornaments are very brilliant and show lustrous flashes.

The favorite fans of the season are Australian or Indian birds on navy blue silk, mounted on tortoise shell sticks; European birds, such as the nightingale, linnet, swallow or sparrow, on eoru silk; fishing sails, painted in the cream shades on pale blue; and chalk landscapes on gray flannel.

An Anecdote of Custer.

Custer was a very severe disciplinarian, and it was only by the most supernatural daring in the face of the enemy that he was able to maintain a place in the esteem of his men. In illustration this incident is related: When Rosser followed the rear guard of the army of the Shenandoah so pertinaciously in 1864, Sheridan was finally irritated at Rosser's impudence, as he kept pounding away at our pickets with his cavalry in front of Strasburg, and finally ordered Custer's division out to drive him back. Rosser's cavalry were drawn up in plain sight of our lines. Custer formed his cavalry for the charge, and then rode out toward Rosser slowly, all alone. Rosser was an old friend at West Point. Custer was a very striking figure, with his long yellow hair floating over his shoulders, his red necktie, his dashing hussar jacket, and a wide brimmed bandit looking hat thrown backward on his head. He rode slowly out, entirely clear of his command, toward Rosser, making his hat, and made a royal cavalier salute to Rosser, dropping his hat to the horse's side. He then rode slowly back, placed himself at the head of his command, and ordered the charge. The charge was so sudden and impetuous that Rosser was swept before it like the wind, and he was followed at a run to Rood's hill, miles distant, without ever having a chance to reform, and with only one piece of his artillery left. Sheridan used to say, laughingly, that that one piece of artillery went over Rood's hill so fast that only one wheel touched the ground.

A Cat Crusade.

Says the New York World: Mrs. Swissheim expresses wonder that any song birds are found in the United States, since cats are so numerous here, and proceeds to show pretty conclusively that they have done more than man himself to exterminate some of our most valuable prairie fowls. This calls to mind the statement made some years ago by a patient observer of the habits of these beasts of prey; he declared that two cats upon his farm killed over three hundred young partridges in one season. And more recently the protest came from Kansas that these animals were killing off the birds that ate the grasshoppers. This is a very bad report for pussy. Now the economist pertinently asks if the food which the fifty or sixty thousand feline prowlers of our city consume were saved, whether there would not be more left to feed some of the starving children; and to put the finishing stroke upon the business, Mrs. Swissheim intimates very strongly that the cat is in a measure responsible for the grasshopper plague. After this it will be difficult to find a modern Cowper to defend the sleek and bloated hypocrite that purrs before the grate fire, and that is only waiting for night to come, to banish sleep.

The spiritualist lecturer who noticed a lady in deep mourning taking her departure from the hall prophesied better than he knew when he told her that the spirit of her husband desired to communicate with her. "I know it," said she; "he's waiting at the door."

Milk Poisoning in England.

At a meeting of the sanitary board of St. Pancras, Dr. Thomas Stevenson, medical officer of health, made some disclosures which have come under his notice in references to the London milk supply, arising out of three cases of enteric fever, which had been reported as having occurred in well appointed houses in the Regent's park. One circumstance was common to the whole of these houses—namely, that the milk supply was from the same source, and the mother of one of the patients had complained that the milk was "dirty."

He at once communicated with the milk vendor, who declared that he had taken every care with his utensils and otherwise to prevent such a thing happening. Having stated that he had the milk direct from a country farm, Dr. Stevenson wrote to the medical officer of the district in which the farm is situated, and had received a reply to the effect that a closer place for mischief to proceed from it was difficult to imagine. Until the last few days the cows on the farm had had access to a pond containing crude sewage, a culvert opening directly into it. The house of the farm was skirted with a sewage pit. There was also a shallow fifteen-foot surface well, containing only a few inches of filthy water, and from either of these sources came the water supply. The dairy of this "farm," so called, was simply an offset from the scullery of the house, badly ventilated. The farmer admitted that he not only supplied the vendor who had the milk walk in Regent's park in question, but the medical officer had ascertained that he also supplied one of the largest refreshment companies in London. The members of the sanitary board thanked Dr. Stevenson for his valuable report, which they considered of the highest importance. It was resolved to request the medical officer of health to further continue his investigations and report again at the next meeting.

Things Worth Knowing.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident:

For dust in the eyes avoid rubbing; dash cold water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut compress it above the wound; if a vein is cut compress it below.

If choked, go upon all fours and cough.

For slight burns dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with vasoline.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

Of the champagne drunk in the United States three quarters is bogus.