Special Resuests

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. 2. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.

4. All changes in advertisements must ech us on Friady. . With the

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

The plains were wide and vast and drear, The mountain peaks seemed cool and near, The sun hung low toward the west, "So near," we sighed, "are we to rest." But journeying through the closing day, Our feet are weary of the way; Far, far before our aching sight The plains lie in the waning light.

The mountain peaks that seemed so near And held our rest forever there, Are far across the desert lands. We vainly cry with lifted hands :

Oh hills, that stand against the sky. We may not reach you ere we die; Our hearts are broken with the pain, For rest and peace we may not gain. Upon the plains we faint and fall, Our faces toward the mountains tall; Our palms are clasped, but not to pray; Bo die we with the dying day.

HORRORS OF DRUNKENNESS

SOME OF THE PRENOMENA OF ALCOHOL IZED BRAINS

We were four. We sat talking in the lobby of a Denver hotel. It was 11 p. m. The talk was languishing, when the wide doors opening to the street were thrown apart violently, and a tall, heavily built man walked in. His soft hat was tilted backward on his head. His step was uncertain. He was druuk. We recognized him as Dalton, a miner from the Snowy Range. Seeing the group sitting around a table, he came toward us, and with a drunken smile, said, "Howda, boys ?" Then, before we could greet him, he turned away, saying careleasly, "It is cat night for me. 1 may as well go see the creature." Entering the elevator, he disappeared.

Wondering what Dalton meant by "cat night." I asked one of my companions the meaning of the phrase. He replied. "A phantom cat comes to Dalton during the night following his third day of hard drinking. It is a warning to him to put on the brakes."

"Tell me of it." I said. Complying, he said : "Dalton sprees. He drinks at long intervals, and never in moderation. When the wild desire for alcohol assails him, resistance is seemingly impossible. He turns his mines over to his foreman and comes to Denver. He drinks excessively the first day, still more the second, and he turns himself loose on the third. He is a heavy and very powerful man, and can drink an enormous quantity of whiskey before succombing to it. I have known him to drink forty glasses of liquor in one day, six of them before breakfast. By the end of the third day Dalton is very nervous. Soon after he fails into his first drunken sleep on the third night he always dreams that he comes into his room ; that a noise, as though something scratching on the carpet under his bed, attracts his attention ; that looking under the bed. he sees a large yellow tomeat, with a bristling tail as big as a rolling pin. The cat is tearing the carpet with its sharp claws. Indifferent to cats, or dogs, or any animal that walks on earth, he undresses and gets into bed. Instantly he is smitten with paralysis, He cannot move. His brain works without friction and is wonderfully clear. His vision is penetrative. He can see through the bed, and sees the cat on the floor in the corner. His clear sight pierces through the disguise of the creature and he realizes that it is an eye-destroying, flesh-eating devil. He known that the fiend will come out from under the bed and jump upon the footboard. Standing there with arched back and swelling tail, the creature will utter frightful cries prepartory to leaping, with distended claws, on his face and tearing out his eyes. Dalton becomes afraid of the cat. He tries to call for help. He strives to move. His efforts are vain. The cat leaps to the footboard, and glares at him with distended flery eyes. Again he struggles to throw off the paralysis. He cannot move. The cat, with a horrid cry, springs on his upturned face. Under the spur of this supreme horror he rallies, and, with an exhaustive effort he awakens. He is unnerved. He trembles like a timid woman, His heart bests quickly. It takes three or four days of perfect rest and solitude to restore his nervous system. He drinks no more for months."

and the voice spoke tauntingly, saying drinking. He shuts himself up in his "To-night you shall see me." An irre room, and drinks alone. In two days he will drink a gallon of the best sour mash Bourbon whisky money can buy. He sistible force drew us to our bedroom. The column of vapor descended the stairs and entered it and floated out of always begins drinking in the evening. The third evening he goes to bed in a the window. Then we sought to escape from the dreaded voice by hiding in beastly state of intoxication. At about dark corners; but the voice tauntingly midnight his vision comes to him. He called us forth. dreams that he went to bed, and slept "Finally, in despair, we entered the soundly until awakened by a hard, white, flickering light. He lice awake

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parlor, and there the end came. Forth from the solid wall strode a gigantic wondering what causes the light, and naked negro. His fiesh was scored as bears a loud knock on his bedroom door. though with a whip. Blood marked the trail as he walked. He stalked toward Come in!' he cries. The door is thrown wide open and a man who has as. With an exultant grin he glared been freshly flayed stalks in. The fiercely at us. Then he slowly stretched flayed man smiles in a ghastly manner. and nods in friendly recognition. The flesh is gone from his mouth. His teeth out his hand, as though to grasp my wife's vellow hair. An overpowering grin mockingly. He stations himself base and cowardly terror seized me. opposite the bed and leans against the My only fear was that the black spectre wall, his shoulders making a bloody would grasp me instead of my wife. mark where he leans. His lidless eyes She clung to me with twining arms, marmuring, "Protect me ! Save me !" roll and his tongue lolls. The bedroom Basely I thrust her from me toward the outstretched hand of the gigantic black. door remains open. My friend looks out of the door and into the street. There She looked at me lovingly, not reproachhe sees a long column of flayed men fully, and with a kind, forgiving smile on marching rapidly down the road. Stragher face, fell dead at my feet. With glers drop out from the column and enineffable scorn the negro pointed his ter his room. When ten men have horny index finger at me and said. "A entered, his bedroom door closes. The coward ! The first of his race," and disflayed men, who are covered with fresh appeared with a crash that always blood, walk silently around the room awakened me."" looking at him. They point their

The ex-Confederate ceased talking for an instant while he lit a fresh cigar, and then he said: "That is Johnson's vision. It pever varies a particle, and he sees it if he drinks so much as one glass of whisky. Of course you all understand that there is not any ground for the vision. It is, from beginning to end, an alcoholic phantaem.

"Then there was Wallace," and the narrator smiled at his memories. "His was a queer case of physical recollection of a flight and drunken hiding. Wallace got drunk in town (I am talking of Northern Alabama), and while drunk got into trouble. Being hard pressed, he drew his pistol and killed his opponent, who was a worthless creature. creatures, gathered in an excited crowd. Wallace, partly sobered, realized his danger, and resolved to get out of town if possible. His horse stood in the shed. Wallace kept the crowd off by pistol shooting, that may have been a little indiscriminate, until he was mounted. By this time some of the dead man's friends were also mounted. Wallace fed and was hotly pursued. His plantation was some eight miles the other side of the river. The pursuing horsemen cut him off from the bridge by riding up a side street. Seeing this he turned his horse and rode down the river bank at full gallop. It was quite dark by this time. After riding about a mile down the river bank he spurred his horse . into the stream. His horse carried him across safely and clambered up the opposite bark. "Wallace rode into the heavy forest at the full gallop. He remembered no more of that night's experience. The next morning he awoke in a darkened room. He was lying on a rough, dirty floor. Staggering to his feet he felt around his unknown quarters until he found a hole in the floor. A ladder had been thrust through this opening and projected a couple of feet above the floor. He descended the ladder and found himself in a basement, one side of which opened on a gulch. It was an abandoned still house. He saw the tracks made by his horse, but the horse was gone. He did not know where he was. It was ten o'clock before he found a road he knew, and noon before he reached home. His horse returned home during the previous night. Ever after, when Wallace got drunk in that town, he would wake up the next morning in the dark attio of the deserted still house. He always turned his horse loose and had to walk home. When he left the country and the old associations were broken, he quit riding around at midnight to hide in dirty attics." It was growing late. Our party bade one another good night and wandered FARME WILLEBON. off to bed.

COLONEL PELTON'S WIFE. THE ROMANTIC STORY OF AN APACHE RAID.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1884.

Marrice a Beautiful Spanish Girl and while Bathing They are Attacked by Indiana -Recomes Her Avenger-How They Finally Met.

Colonel Albert C. Pelton, whose beautiful 22,000 acre ranche is out toward the Rio Grande, near Laredo, has been the Peter the Hermit of the Texans for years. He has believed that he has held a divine commission to kill Apache Indians. Colonel Pelton came to Texas in 1844, a common soldier. By talent and courage he rose to the rank of colonel, and gually in 1847. commanded Fort Masne. That year he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl at Albuquerque, N. H. Her parents were wealthy, and would not consent to their daughter's going away from all her friends to live in a garrison. The admiration of the young couple was mutual, and parental objection only intensified the affection of the lovers. The Spanish girl's nature is such that, once in love, she never changes. Finally, after two years' entreaty and devotion, Colonel Pelton won the consent. of the parents of the beautiful Spanish girl, and they were married and removed to Fort Macrae.

Then commenced a honeymoon such as only lovers, shut up in a beautiful flower-environed fort, can have. . The lovely character of the beautiful bride won the hearts of the soldiers of the fort, and she remained a queen among these rough frontiersmen. One day. when the love of the soldier and his lovely wife were at its height, the two. accompanied by the young wife's mother and twenty soldiers, rode out to the hot springs, six miles from the fort, to take a bath. While in the bath, which is near the Rio Grande, an Indian's arrow passed over their heads. Then a shower of arrows fell around them, and a band upon them, whooping and yelling like a band of demons. Several of the soldiers fell dead, pierced with poisoned arrows. This frightened the rest, who fled. Another shower of arrows, and the beautiful bride and her mother fell into the water, pierced by the ernel weapons of the Apaches. With his wife dying before his eyes, Colonel Pelton leaped up the bank, grasped his rifle and killed the leader of the savage fiends. But the Apaches were too much for the colonel. Pierced with two poisoned arrows, he swam into the river and hid under an overhanging rock. After the savages had left, the colonel swam the river and made his way back to Fort Macrae. Here his wounds were dressed. and he finally recovered, but only to live a blasted life-without love, without hope, with a vision of his beautiful wife. pierced with poisoned arrows, dying perpetually before his eyes. After the death of his wife a change came to Colonel Pelton. He seemed to think that he had a sacred mission from Heaven to avenge his young wife's death. He secured the most unerring rifles, surrounded himself with brave companions, and consecrated himself to the work of revenge. He was always anxious to lead any and all expeditions against the Apaches. Whenever any of the other Indians were at war with the Apaches, Colonel Pelton would soon be at the head of the former. One day he would be at the head of his soldiers, and the next day he would be at the head of a band of Mexicans. Nothing gave him pleasure but the sight of dead Apaches. He defied the Indian arrows and courted death. Once, with a band of the wildest desperadoes, he penetrated 100 miles into the Apache country. The Apaches never dreamed that anything but an entire regiment would dare to follow them their camp in the mountains. So when Colonel Pelton swooped down into their lodges with ten trusty followers, firing their Henry rifles at the rate of twenty times a minute, the Apaches fled in consternation, leaving their women and children behind. It was then that there darted out of a lodge a white woman. "Spare the women !" she cried, and fainted to the ground. When the colonel jumped from his saddle to lift up the woman he found she was blind.

YOW A PASTING THIEF ESCAPED. Peter C. Supuli Pelgue Foolishness in Order to Attain His Freedom.

The escape of Peter C. Smull, the fasting horse-thief, from the jail at Belvidere, N. J., was very cleverly managed. At 7 o'clock in the evening Sheriff Bowers found him very week and complaining of pain in the stomach. The Sheriff then went down town on busines

PEOPER

Half an hour later Smull rattled at the door leading to the Sheriff's residence. and the call was responded to by Lizzie Bowers: a young lady of twenty summers. He asked her to get him some cigars. She refused, mying that none of the men were about, Ten min after this Smull again called Miss Bowers, and asked to have his coal-oil lamp filled. Smull's cell is in the old jail. Miss Bowers opened the door of the new jail adjoining to let John Price, colored, into Smull's apartment to fill the lamp.

By this time Smull, who stood inside of the door in his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, a thin one, a Derby hat, furnished by a prisoner. Price passed in the door, and finding Smull ready, ran out, followed by Smull and Theodore Carling. Miss Bowers grabbed Smull, but he broke her hold, pushed her aside and soon joined the other prisoners on the street. Miss Bowers screated for help. Her mother came and both stood in the hallway powerless with fright until too late to see which direction the prisoners had taken.

At the time of their flight a high wind and snow-storm prevailed, and the night was the coldest of the season. Smull was thinly clad, having on the clothing that he wore at the time of arrest, two months ago. The day before he escaped he moved about in his cell in a stooped position, and appeared hardly able to walk. When he ran from the prison he was as straight as an arrow, and appeared strong. His cell was viswho found everything in order and a lot of estables on a stand. A small gold cake, brought to Smull by his mother four weeks ago, was found with the inside removed. The Sheriff is positive that this was all that Smull has eaten since he has been in prison. Carling was awaiting trial for highway robbery and Price was serving a sentence for arceny.

The Rain of Fire. November 13, 1833, is a date to be

S2 & Year.

Hu Timpon

remembered. It was just about fifty years ago that there occurred in the United States a memorable "rain of fire" known as the great fall of meteors. Its greatest intensity was in the hour which brought daybreak ; but it was an impressive and awe-inspiring scene from about 2 o'clock till broad daylight, and the exhibition was only shded by being swallowed up in the beams of broad day. It seemed a veritable rain of fire. The negroes of Virginia and other regions South were

frightened nearly to death; every well was said to contain one or more magness, who had gone down by rope or bucket, to escape the "day of wrath and day of burning." The tremendous spectacle frightened

thousands of steady-going people hereabouts. But there was in reality no cause for fear. Our planet, in its swift flight, had brushed the skirts of one of the two vast meteor-streams whose orbits, one in August and the other in November, touch the orbit of the earth. The law of gravitation, aided perhaps by a little deeper than the customary mixing of orbits, chanced to produce, at that junction, a far greater shower of meteors than usual, and it fell chiefly upon that hemisphere that was most

fully presented to the body of meteors. These appear to be bodies of various sizes, aggregated in a great stream, millions of miles long, and having an orbit, like any of the planets. The August stream is said to be 90.000.000 miles long, and the November stream is of unknown extent.

Owing to burning, caused by the friction which our dense atmosphere involves, to foreign bodies plunging through it at that tremendous rate, few of these so-called meteors ever reach the surface that are larger, when found, than an apple-or, perhaps (to continue the bucolic character of the comparison), a pumpkin. They are set on fire and burned up in falling-and most of them fall in the shape of unnoticed ashes, or "meteoric dust." Now and then a big one is found. Meteors weighing tons have fallen on the earth-and perhaps some that were of more stupendous dimensions than anybody now imagines. All have a semi-vitreous "iron-stone character. Untold millions and quadrill ions of metors were visible on fire, in the air, and falling in a rain of fire, in those dark hours before the dawn, on the 13th of November, 1883.-Hartford The secret of success in making pas-Times.

Aller THE FEOPLE Deal C. E. E. C.

Retes of Advertising

One task, one in

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SHILL OVER.

THET THE SETUATION.

A German farmer was on trial in one of the justice courts the other day for amoult and battery, and had planded not guilty. When the cross-examina tion come the opposing counsel sak "Now, Jacob, there was trouble be-

tween you and the plaintiff, wasn't

"I oppect dere vhas."

"He said something about your dog being a sheep-killer, and you resented it, ohr

"Vhell, I calls him a liar." "Exactly. Then he called you som

hard names?" "He calls me a sauer-kraut Dutch mans,"

"Just so, That made you mad." "Oof course. I vhas so madt I shake all oafer."

"I thought so. Now, Jacob, you are a man who speaks the truth. I don't believe you could be hired to tell a lie." "Vell, I plief I whas pooty honest."

"Of course you are-of course. Now, Jacob, you must have struck the first

The other lawyer objected, and after a wrangle the defendant turned to the court and said:

"I doan' oxactly make oudt how it vhas. I like to own oop dot I shtruck first, but I haf paid my lawyer \$5 to brove de odder vhay. I doan' like to tell a lie, but I feel badt to lose der money!"-Detroit Free Press.

A TERRIPLE REVENCE.

" That was a very brilliant wedding last evening, and, by the way, the bride was an old fiame of yours, was she not ?" " Yes, the fickle, heartless thing, as soon as that foreign count put in an appearance she jilted me."

"I see by the papers that among the wedding presents were ten mi clocks. Rather odd that so many different persons seould hit on the same things for presents. But why are you smiling ?" "Ah! revenge is sweet! revenge is sweet !"

"Does he know, while suffering from this alcoholic nightmare that it is a

nightmare ?" "Tes," my companion answered, "he knows it. But he also knows that if he .ices not awaken, and so prevent the yellow tomcat from getting in his work the at will kill him. He is in deadly fear

"The warnings some drinking men redown !" over a grave unmarked by stone and wife?" surrection, and, rushing to the Major's dat sich of us as git to dat better land in the gray of the evening, and stayed ceive are very strange," said the oklest known to but a few aged people now living who remember his burial. He "Tou do, ch ?" "Oh, Albert, I knew you would house, attacked it and wrecked his won't be lookin' around fur houses, dogs, all night. The recollection of these of our party. "I know several men who come !" exclaimed the poor wife, blindly property, so that to repress the rich cows an' cats. We'll be busy wid our horrows, that had escaped my memory, fills a pauper's grave, having died in the vicinity of 1810 or '11, at the house are sprease, who have warnings, genersching her hands to clasp her husterrified me. My wife saw that I an' hart in't likely ally visions more or less horrible, but inband. "How's sugar ?" had to be called out. In the secon could whistle fur a dog if we owned one. variably the same, when they approach the wall behind which the jimjams lurk. Probably the most striking case is tha. unnerved, and clung closely to me. Of course there was joy in the old of a Mr. Hurlburt, who resided at what "That's cash." duel Major Steinmann was his De hereafter of man, an' perticklerly of repeating in trembling tones, "I am anche when Colonel Pelton got back with his wife. The Apaches carried the is now known as the Poor Farm, and to "Tes and colles ?" wounded in the shoulder; and, according members of dis club, am of fur mo' conafraid, I am afraid, I am afraid." I to the latest news, he will, as soon a convalescent, be recalled to Berlin. "Cash-all cash. whose care he had been bid off as a sam to us."-Detroit Free Press. of a gentleman who inherited his dis-tried to restore her courage, but I could not. I looked at her, and saw that she, tried to restore her courage, but I could wounded woman away with them. The public pauper by public anotion as the poison caused inflammation, which finally lowest bidder, according to ye ancient Ar a party the other night a your four, rice, home, drink, it may be, for a year. Then he too, recollected the dreadful tale. We en-A Borrow paper relates that an old lestroyed her eyesight. custom, and as recorded upon the town man got a girl into a corner and be will put his business into such a shape desvoted to leave the house, but could gentleman from the country who visited that he can leave it for a few days and not. Then we sought refuge in the par-When I saw the colonel in his Texas records. That he was the leader with-The old men shoul und whispering to her. It was very we ranche he was reading a newspaper to out a doubt there is abundant proof, some to her, and just as she was ab that he can issue it for a few cays and be devoise his energies to getting drunk. He is not of the least trouble to any one when he is though pounded out with a war club. to faint she plactled the company by the sing sigh, and replicit and that to his memory should be and this brought immediate polici,- worth a sunt. I wish to are down clothe Philadelphia Chronicle. in and the

eering and grinning at my friend. After desperate efforts he awakens, and the vision disappears. It is his warning to quit drinking, and he heeds it, too."

bloody fingers at him. At a signal

from the man who first entered they all

march out. Presently they return, each

carrying a flayed and bloody corpse.

The blood has dried on the live men

while they were absent, and it flakes

from them as they re-enter the room

with their ghastly burdens. The

corpses are placed on the floor in a row,

side by side. At a signal from the

leader of the skinless horrors, they

straddle the dead bodies, and bending

over, grasp them around the waists.

Then straightening up, with the legs of

the dead men between their own, they

move around the room in a weird dance,

now advancing, now retreating, then

oircling around the bed, and always

Then spoke an ex-Oonfederate artillery officer : "Most sprees have visions, all of them horrible, that are nature' warnings to them to quit drinking. But there is another class of illusions arising from an unwise use of alcohol, which suspect are much more common than is generally known. The men who suffer from these illusions are apt to conceal their troubles, being ashamed to coufide them to their most intimate friends. I know of two cases fliat may interest you. They are queer manifestations o alcoholic disturbances of the brain.'

We gathered closely around the table, and all of us, as one man, demanded the stories. The ex-Confederate officer said: "Johnson was raised on the dea Islands. He married shortly before the war. He entered the Army of Virginia. His wife, to whom he was devoted, died shortly after he left her. After the surrender Johnson came West. He is a well-educated, courageous gentleman. I will tell you of the vision that invariably arises before him if he drinks at all. I will tell it in the first person, just as he told it to me. Imagine that Johnson is talking : 'Whenever I drink. I am haunted by a vision that arises before me as soon as I am asleep. It is this : My wife is by my side, her soft hand lovingly slipped in mine. We are walking up an oyster shell path toward our Sea Island home. Entering our house I realize that it has been deserted, and an unaccountable feeling of dread rolls over me in an icy wave at this discovery. Then my wife speaks, saying, softly, "I am afraid." Instantly my mind is flooded with the recollection of a dreadful horror that I had not thought of for years. I remember that we had shandoned the house because it was haunted. Our experience, as I recall it, was that a spirit walked nightly in the attic, and, after a short walk, descended the stairs. When the door at the foot of the stairway opened before the ghost a column of whitish vapor floated sinuously into the hall ; then, turning to the left, it entered my

room and passed out of the window. "Supplemented to this horror was another manifestation of rare occurrence and at highly irregular intervals. This was a voice accompanied by footsteps. Sometimes heavy footsteps, at others as if the infirm steps of age were tottering around the house. Again they crept

WON'T DO IT.

The Hon. John Pearidge Wesley, Secretary of the Jones Cross-roads Lyceum, Virginia, informed the Lime-Kiln Club. by letter, that on the 6th day of August next his society proposed to open a debate, free to the world, on the query: "What am de hereafter of animal crea tion ?" It was hoped that the Lime-Kiln Club would send at least four of its leading orators to participate in the debate.

Haverill, N. H., finds," says the Boston battalion waited upon the inspector and invitashun," replied the President, "we knew the voice to be that of a negro of his dread of the cat lies the fear of asked the colonel. Journal, "a small graveyard which conseverally called him to account for his shan't let de inquiry worry us a bit hideous aspect and gigantic size, whom death resulting from alcoholism. The tains the remains of brave McIntosh, "No, my father lives in Albuquerque. offensive words, when from each of the While it am a sad thing to part from : one of my ancestors had scourged to cat is only a faint shadow cast by the My husband, Colonel Pelton, and my the leader of the Boston Tes Party. four Major Steinmann accepted a chaldog which has stood by us fur a doze death. That voice threatened us with approaching jimjams, that stalk spectre-like in the vestibule of his brain." mother were killed by the Indians." For seventy years spring flowers have lenge. In the first encounter he wounded y'ars, time spent in wonderin' whar' direful disasters, and made the night blossomed and winter winds have blown his man, on which the people rose in in-"Great God, Bella ! Is it you, my will bring up am time wasted. I reckon hideous with its cries. It always came

"How came you here, woman, with these Apaches ?" he asked.

"I was wounded and captured," she said, "ten years ago. Take, oh, take me back again !"

Plain Pastry for Mince Ples.

try is to work quickly, in a cool room and to keep the pastry as cold as possible. Even in making plain pastry only the best flour and butter should be used the flour should be freshly sifted and the butter worked with the hands in plenty of cold water until it assumes a waxy appearance and touch ; if it is worked quickly and lightly, it will not stick to the hands; when the butter is of the proper consistency it should be patted with the hands into a cake about an inch thick, wrapped in a floured towel and put in a dish set on ice in summer, or out of doors in winter, so that it may become quite cold while the paste is being prepared; allow half a pound of butter to a pound of flour. After the flour is sifted mix with it : tenspoonful of salt, and, with a sharp knife, chop into it one third of the butter; then quickly mix with it enough ice-water to make a dough which does not stick to the hands; the mixing may be done with the knife or the hand, but it must be done quickly; next, lightly flour a smooth pastry-board or marble slab, lay the dough on it and with a floured roller roll it out about half an inch thick; out the rest of the butter in thick slices, and lay it upon the dough, with spaces of about an inch between the slices; dust flour lightly over the butter, and fold the paste over it in such a way as to completely inclose it; then gently roll it to the thickness of an inch, dust a little flour over it, fold it several times and again roll it out; if the butter shows anywhere through the paste, put it in a floured towel and cool it for about fifteen minutes; then roll it out, fold it and roll it again two or three times, and use it for pies. If the pastry is cold and the oven hot, the pie crust will be good when baked. If the crust browns before the contents of the pie appear to be cooked lay a piece of paper over it.

"THE TRAVELER ALONG THE highway four Captains commanding the four along the inside of the partitions. Then of this out, though he knows it is but an mile or so above the village of North companies comprised in the Oldenburg "While we am much obleeged fur de the voice groaned, as if in pain. I alcoholic phantom. And underneath "Have you any relations in Texas ?"

How a Brig Was Saved.

The brig Louiss Caipel, Captain Park er, of Yarmouth, N. S., arrived at Newport, after encountering the most extraordinary hurricanes and gales the cap tain over knew. He thinks the vesse and all on board would have been lost but for the fact that he had a large cargo of fish oil.

The waves swept continuously over the vessel and finally the deck load the casks containing the oil. While She will begin by trying to reg were nearly swept overboard ; but in a few minutes the oil trickled on the deck through the scuppers and into the ocean and almost as soon as the oil reache the water the waves were less boisterou and in less than a half hour there was an unmistakable diminution in the force and number of the waves that broke over the ship. In an hour they had almost entirely subsided.

The chief mate says he has never be fore seen oil used but he is enthn in the declaration that the fish oil seved the brig, cargo and crew.

Indignant Officers

The manners of the Prussian officer on parade leaves much to be desired But it is soldom indeed that one hears of such language being used to soldiers and officers as was addressed the other day to the battalion which seems to constitute the entire military force of the Oldenburg Grand Duchy. Major Steinmann of the Prussian army had been sent to inspect the Oldenburg troops. and probably had been instructed to do his best toward bringing them up to the Prussian level. After reviewing the four companies, and finding the men deficient in smartness he called them "Oldenburg oxen." This insult went to

the hearing of the Oldenburgers. The

"What can you mean ?"

"Don't breathe a word and I will tall you. I am acquainted with most of that cruel firt's friends, and it so happened that nine of them, not knowing of my previous love, came to me for suggestions about a wedding present. I confidentially advised each of them to send her a clock, and afterward I added another clock myself. Ha! ha! the villain still pursues her ! I am avenged avenged !"

"Mercy, man! are you mad ?"

"Never was more same in my life. "Then how in the world can the esentation of ten valuable clocks contitute revenge ?"

"Hist? Can't you see? She will, of course, put them in different rooms, and began to slip, when he gave orders for then will not have a minute's peace a number of small holes to be bored in until she gets them to run together. this was being done the men engaged them herself. In six weeks she will be a raving maniae."-Philadelphia Gall

SHE WANTED & FIGHTING COURT

"Your Honer," said a middle aged Irish woman to Justice Murray in the Hariem Police Court, "I come here agin Mrs. Houliban."

"What's the trouble?" asked Justice MINTEY

"Bure, Judge, I own a wee bit of ahouse on the rocks, near the Park, and it has two rooms, so it has. Well, one of me rooms I lets to Mrs. Houliban. and when I axed her for the rint divil cint did I get."

"That's an action for a Civil Court." "A Oivil Court, did yer say, Judge? When a woman throws stones through me winder when I az her for me rint, is

that civil ?" "Decidedly not."

"Thin what do I want wid a Civil Court. Sure, I want me rint."

"Ton will have to go to the Civil Court, my dear, woman. I can do nothing for you. They will get your rent for you.

As the lady went away she remarked . To the divil wid a Oivil Court. Mm. Houliban threw stones in me winder and sure it's the fightin' court I want." -Truch

DIDN'T BUT BUR.

A tough old debtor in a town near the Hudson river entered a grossry the other morning, and shoul for a long time looking at an exhibition of ping tobaceo. The grocer feit certain that the old man wanted credit, and he determined to head him off. He therefore observed: "I have to sell that tobacco for each

"Tes, sir. Tobacco is cash on the