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BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1876. VOLUME XXIV.---NO. 30.

Scandal.

When cannibal savages after a fight
Make a feast of the bodies of those they have beaten,
The grisly repast yields a keener delight
From the knowledge that every unfortunate wight
Would have deemed it the deepest disgrace to be eaten.

Though the custom is fast dying out in Fiji,
As the influence of Western example increases,
In civilized countries you oft-times may see
A circle of friends in the highest of glee,
All busily picking some neighbor to pieces.

And the best of it is the neighbor is not,
As in islands barbaric, a person deceased;
His flesh has been baked in no caldrons or pot;
They don't even trouble to serve them up hot;
For the victim still lives in the midst of the feast.

Some good natured friend p'r'aps, may make him aware
Of the nature of these hungry monsters' employment;
And, though in reply he may stoutly declare
That such vivisection won't hurt him a hair,
Yet he writhes at the thought of their fiendish enjoyment.

Still one comfort remains. In the isles of Fiji
No possible vengeance is left for the victim.
He is cooked and defunct. But in Europe he's free
To seek satisfaction; and sometimes we see
That he wounds in exchange for the wounds which have pricked him.

Then beware, Mrs. Smith; beware, lovely Miss Brown;
Young Jones, whisper nothing that isn't quite true;
Be a little more careful of others' renown,
For Thompson in yonder recess has sat down
With Miss Green, and is quietly cutting up you!
—*Belgravia.*

THE BETTER WAY.

One evening, as the twilight was dusking into deeper shades, Farmer Welton stood in his dooryard with a gun in his hands, and saw a dog coming out of his shed. It was not his dog, for his was of a light color, while this was surely black.

The shed alluded to was open in front, with double doors, for the passage of carts; and the shed was a part of a continuous structure connecting the barn with the house. Around back of this shed was the sheepfold.

There had been trouble upon Farmer Welton's place. Dogs had been killing his sheep—and some of the very best at that. He had declared, in his wrath, that he would shoot the first stray dog he found prowling about his premises. On this evening, by chance, he had been carrying his gun from the house to the barn when the canine intruder appeared. Aye, and in the barn he had been taking the skin from a valuable sheep that had been killed and mangled with tigerish ferocity.

So when he saw the strange dog coming through his shed, he brought his gun to his shoulder, and with a quick, sure aim, fired. The dog gave a leap and a howl, and whirling around in a circle two or three times, he bounded off in a tangent, yelping painfully, and was soon lost to sight.

"Hallo! What's to pay now, Welton?"

"Ah—is that you, Frost?"

"Yes. Ye been shooting something, haven't ye?"

"I've shot a dog, I think."

"Y-e-s. I seed him scootin' off. It was Brackett's, I reckon."

Before the farmer could make any further remark, his wife called to him from the porch, and he went in.

Very shortly afterward a boy and a girl came out through the shed as the dog had come. Down back of Welton's farm, distant half a mile or so, was a grist mill, with quite a settlement around it, and the people having occasion to go on foot from that section to the farms on the hills could cut off a long distance by crossing Welton's lot. The boy and girl were children of Mr. Brackett. When they reached home they were met by a scene of dire confusion. Old Carlo, the grand old Newfoundland dog—the loving and the loved—the true and the faithful—had come home shot through the head, and was dying. The children threw themselves on their shaggy mate and wept and moaned in agony.

Mr. Brackett arrived just as the dog breathed his last. One of the older boys stood by with a lighted lantern, for it had grown quite dark now, and the farmer saw what had happened.

"Who did this?" he asked, groaningly.

"John Welton did it," said Tom Frost, coming up at that moment. "He's been losin' sheep, and I guess he's got kind of wrathy."

"But my dog never killed a sheep—never! He's been reared to care for sheep. How came he down there?"

"He went over to the mill with Sis and me," said the younger boy, sobbing as he spoke; "and he was running on ahead of us toward home. I heard a gun just before we got to Mr. Welton's, but, oh! I did not think he could have shot poor Carlo."

Mr. Brackett was fairly beside himself. To say he was angry would not express it. He had loved that dog—it had been the chief pet of his household for years. Literally boiling with hot wrath and indignation, he started for Welton's.

John Welton and Peter Brackett had been neighbors from their earliest days, and they had been friends, too. Between the two families there had been a bond of love and good will, and a spirit of fraternal kindness and regard had marked their intercourse. Both the farmers were hard working men, with strong feelings, and positive characteristics. They belonged to the same religious society and sympathized in politics. They had warm discussions, but never yet a direct falling out. Of the two Welton was the more intellectual, and perhaps a little more tinged with pride than was his neighbor. But they were both hearty men, enjoying life for the good it gave them.

Mr. Welton entered his kitchen, and stood the empty gun up behind the door.

"What's the matter, John?" his wife asked, as she saw his troubled face.

"I'm afraid I've done a bad thing," he replied, regretfully. "I fear I have shot Brackett's dog."

"Oh, John!"

"But I didn't know whose dog it was. I saw him coming out from the shed—it was too dark to see more than that it was a dog. I only thought of the sheep I had lost and I fired."

"I am sorry, John. Oh, how Mrs. Brackett and the children will feel. They set everything by old Carlo. But you can explain it."

"Yes, I can explain it."

Half an hour later Mr. Welton was going to his barn with a lighted lantern in his hand. He was thinking of the recent unfortunate occurrence, and was sorely worried and perplexed. What would his neighbor say? He hoped there might be no trouble. He was reflecting thus when Mr. Brackett appeared before him, coming up quickly and stopping with an angry stamp of the foot.

Now, there may be a volume of electric influence even in the stamp of a foot, and there was such an influence in the stamp which Brackett gave; and Welton felt it, and braced himself against it. There was, moreover, an atmosphere exhaling from the presence of the irate man at once repellant and aggravating.

"John Welton, you have shot my dog!" The words were hissed forth hotly.

"Yes," said Welton, icily.

"How dared you do it?"

"I dare shoot any dog that comes prowling about my buildings, especially when I have had my sheep killed by them."

"But my dog never troubled your sheep, and you know it!"

"How should I know it?"

"You know that he never did harm to a sheep. It wasn't in his nature. It was a mean, cowardly act, and you shall suffer for it."

"Brackett, you don't know to whom you are talking."

"Oho! We'll find out. Don't put on airs, John Welton. You ain't a saint. I'll have satisfaction if I have to take it out of your hide?"

"Peter, you'd better go home and cool off. You are making yourself ridiculous."

Now, really, this was the unkindest cut of all. Not all the mad words of Brackett put together were so hard as this single sentence; and John Welton put all the bitter sarcasm in his command into it.

Brackett broke forth into a torrent of invectives, and then turned away.

Half an hour later John Welton acknowledged to himself that he had not done exactly right. Had he, in the outset, in answer to Brackett's first outburst, told the simple truth—that he had shot the dog by mistake; that he was sorry, and that he was willing to do anything in his power to make amends—had he done this his neighbor would probably have softened at once. But it was too late now. The blow had been struck; he had been grossly insulted, and he would not back dawn.

Mr. Brackett was not so reflective. He only felt his wrath, which he nursed to keep it warm. That night he hitched his horse to a job wagon, and went to the village for a barrel of flour. Having transacted his store business, he called upon Laban Pepper, a lawyer, to whom he narrated the facts of the shooting of his dog.

Pepper was a man anxious for fees. He had no sympathy or soul above that.

"You say your dog was in company with two of your children?"

"Yes."

"And this passage over Mr. Welton's land and through his shed had been freely yielded by him as a right of way to his neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, ever since I can remember."

"Then, my dear sir, Welton is clearly liable. If you will come with me we will step into Mr. Garfield's and have a suit commenced at once.

Mr. Garfield was the trial justice.

All this happened on Friday evening. On Saturday it had become noised abroad in the farming district that there was not only serious trouble between the neighbors Welton and Brackett, but that they were going to law about it.

On Sunday morning John Welton told his wife he should not attend church. She had no need to ask her husband why he should not go out. She knew he was unhappy, and that he could not bear to meet his old neighbor in the house of God while the dark cloud was upon him. Nor did she wish to meet either Mr. or Mrs. Brackett. So they both stayed at home.

Peter Brackett was even more miserable than John Welton, though perhaps he did not know it. He held in close companionship the very worst demon a man can embrace—the demon of wrathful vengeance—and in order to maintain himself at the strain to which he had set his feelings, he was obliged to nurse the monster. He did not attend church on that day, nor did his wife. Two or three times during the calm, beautiful Sabbath, as he glanced over toward his neighbor's dwelling, he found himself beginning to wish that he had not gone to see John Welton in such a heat of anger; but he put the wish away, and nursed back his wrath.

On Monday, toward noon, the constable came in from the village and read to John Welton an imposing legal document. It was a summons issued by Wm. Garfield, Esq., a justice of the peace and quorum, ordering the said John Welton to appear before him at two of the clock on Wednesday, at his office, then and there to answer the complaint of Peter Brackett, etc. The officer read the summons, and left with the defendant a copy.

It was the first time John Welton had ever been called upon to face the law. At first he was awe stricken, then he was wroth. He told himself that he would fight it to the bitter end. And now he tried to nurse his wrath, and became more unhappy than before.

On Tuesday evening Parson Surely called upon Mr. Welton. The good man had heard of the trouble and was exceedingly exercised in spirit. Both the men were of his flock, and he loved and respected them. He sat down alone with Welton, and asked him what it meant.

"Tell me calmly and candidly all about it," he said.

After a little reflection Mr. Welton told the story. He knew the old clergyman for a true man and a whole hearted friend, and he told everything just as he understood it.

"And neighbor Brackett thinks, even now, that you shot the dog, knowing that it was his?"

"I suppose so."

"If you had told him the exact facts in the beginning, do you think he would have held his anger?"

This was a hard question for John Welton, but he answered it manfully.

"Truly, parson, I do not think he would."

"Were you ever more unhappy in your life than you have been since this trouble came?"

"I think not."

"And, if possible, neighbor Brackett is more unhappy than you."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. He is the most angry and revengeful."

A brief pause, and then the parson resumed:

"Brother Welton, with you are needed but few words. You are more a man than Brother Brackett. Do you not believe he has a good heart?"

"Yes."

"I wish you could show how true and good your heart is."

"Parson!"

"I wish you could show him that you possess true Christian courage."

"Parson, what do you mean?"

"I wish you had the courage to meet and conquer him."

"How would you have me do it?"

"First, conquer yourself. You are not offended?"

"No. Go on."

And thereupon the good old clergyman drew up his chair and laid his hand upon his friend's arm and told him just what he would have him do. He spoke earnestly, and with tears in his eyes.

"Brother Welton, have you the heart and courage to do this?"

The farmer arose and took two or three turns across the floor and finally said:

"I will do it."

* * * * *

On the following day, toward the middle of the afternoon, Peter Brackett stood in the doorway with his head bent. He was thinking whether he should harness his horse and be off before dinner, or whether he would wait until afternoon. He could not even put his mind to ordinary chores.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how the trial will come out! I s'pose Welton'll hire old Whitman to take his case. Of course the office'll be crowded. Tom Frost says it's noised everywhere, and that everybody'll be there. Plague take it! I wish"—

His meditations were interrupted by approaching steps, and on looking up he beheld neighbor Welton.

"Good morning, Peter."

Brackett gasped, and finally answered:

"Good morning," though rather crustily.

Welton went on, frankly and pleasantly:

"You will go to the village to-day?"

"I s'pose so."

"I have been summoned by Justice Garfield to be there, also, but really, Peter, I don't want to go. One of us will be enough. Garfield is a fair one, and when he knows the facts he will do what is right. Now, you can state them as well as I can, and whatever his decision is, I will abide by it. You can tell him that I shot your dog, and that your dog had done me no harm."

"Do you acknowledge that old Carlo never harmed you—that he never troubled your sheep?" inquired Brackett, with startled surprise.

"It was not his nature to do harm to anything. I am sure he would sooner have saved one of my sheep than have killed it."

"Then what did you shoot him for?"

"That is what I am coming at, Peter. You will tell the justice that I had lost several of my sheep—killed by dogs—that I had just been taking the skin from a valuable wether, that had been so killed and mangled—that I was on my way from my house, with my gun in my hand, when I saw a dog come out from my shed. My first thought was that he had come from my sheepfold. It was almost dark, and I could not see plainly. Tell the justice that I had no idea it was your dog. I never dreamed that I had fired that cruel shot at old Carlo until Tom Frost told me?"

"How? You didn't know it was my dog?"

"Peter, have you thought so hard of me as to think that I could knowingly and willingly have harmed that grand old dog. I would sooner have shot one of my oxen."

"But you didn't tell me so at first. Why didn't you?"

"Because you came up so—so—suddenly"—

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Brackett, with a stamp of his foot. "Why don't you spit it out as it was? Say I came down on you so like a hornet that you hadn't a chance to think. I was a blamed fool, that's what I was."

"And I was another, Peter; if I hadn't been I should have told you the truth at once, instead of flaring up. But we will understand it now. You can see the justice"—

"Justice be hanged! John, hang it all! What's the use? There, let us end it so!"

From her window Mrs. Brackett had seen the two men come together, and she trembled for the result. By-and-bye she saw her husband, as though flushed and excited, put out his hand. Mercy! was he going to strike his neighbor? She was ready to cry out with affright, the cry being almost upon her lips, when she beheld a scene that called forth rejoicing instead. And this was what she saw:

She saw these two strange men grasp one another by the hand, and she saw big bright tears rolling down their cheeks, and she knew that the fearful storm had passed, and that the warm sunshine of love and tranquility would come again.

Absurdities.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* regards the custom of drinking healths and vindicating one's self by violence as absurdities. It says: Why should it be an honor to a gentleman or lady to have a company around a dinner table fill their glasses with wine, when his or her name is mentioned at a particular moment, and drain them simultaneously? They drink one's health professedly. The act really promotes the health of no one. Physiologically it cannot have that effect, but rather the contrary, in the mass of cases, while it can hardly be recognized as a religious exercise, in which the wine drinking is a kind of libation, or sacramental accompaniment of a prayer for the welfare of the person named. Fashion renders it possible to do what is simply ludicrous. Thus, at a large dinner party, a gentleman will send word by a waiter to a lady at a distant part of the table that he would like to drink wine with her. Perhaps she is on the same side with himself, so that he cannot well see her motions. Accordingly he relies on the waiter to tell him when she has her glass in hand and is prepared to exchange compliments, and at a given signal, having asked: "Is she ready?" swallows his wine! And then both feel quite complimented and indebted to one another!

But how would it seem, were a slight change made in the custom? Let it be supposed, that the master of ceremonies should say: "I propose that we should eat the health of the lovely Miss Smith, the queen of beauty;" and that, thereupon, each should take a bit of roast beef, or a morsel of turkey, on the top of his or her fork, and, at a given signal, all the bits should simultaneously be conveyed to their mouths, with a general interchange of smirks. Or when the dessert and fruit comes on, suppose a gentleman to send word to a lady that he proposes that they eat one another's health in a slice of orange. In these cases there would be a compliment of the personal attention, and the actual taking of something nutritious and healthful; but to drink one's health in a glass of ordinary wine—in three instances out of four, a compound of whisky and poisonous drugs—is a very contradictory proceeding.

Wearing the Breeches.

Mr. Merriwether paused at the gate, as he adjusted his continental oilcloth coat and gave his torch the proper slant over his shoulder, to shout to his neighbor across the way: "It is a time that demands men; men of nerve and intelligence and courage, men of clear ideas and pure convictions, and the citizen who stands idly waiting when the country calls him is heartless and negligent and unpatriotic." And then Mrs. Merriwether's voice was heard floating over the front fence like the song of a bird in the night: "Erastus Merriwether! If you go off without splitting up wood enough for the kitchen stove, I'll do some haymaking in that carrotty hair o'yourn that'll make you wish this country never had a President." And it is just such chilling influences as these that shut so many of our best men out of active public life.

Autumnal Diseases.

The season of fevers, says the New York *Tribune*, has set in all over the country: yellow fever in the South, typhoid in one direction, malarial of different types in others. A few nights of sharp frost would doubtless clear and clean the air of them, but in the meantime it behooves every man to look to his own health and that of his family. Physicians, as a rule, concern themselves but little with preventive measures, and in fact neither do the average Americans who are their patients. In theory we all are convinced that each disease has a rational account to give of its origin, but we act as if we held the old doctrine that they came by the visitation of God and not from a defective drain pipe or rotting garbage in the cellar. There is but little danger of yellow fever in the Northern cities. The season is far advanced, the quarantine is strictly enforced, and, the surest safeguard of all, the popular dread of the disease is so great that wherever it appears each man becomes a health officer. There are commoner forms of fever from which we have reason to apprehend much more danger. The intense heat of June and July has told upon every man and woman who remained in the cities during those months. It has lessened their stock of vitality to an exceptional degree, and in consequence rendered them susceptible to poisonous influences in the air. In this month there are always malarious fogs arising from the decomposing vegetable matter in low-lying meadows and gardens—a danger which nothing but the early frosts will cure. The chief preventive measures to be adopted are to protect the body by flannel next the skin, never to go out in the morning without a full meal, and to keep the digestive organs in healthy condition and the mind cheerful.

Typhoid fevers are communicated, on the contrary, by conveyance of animal secretions. At this season every householder should look to the condition of drains and water pipes on his premises, and not let squeamish delicacy hinder him from reporting nuisances on the premises of his neighbor. It is amazing to what pollution of the air, in their sumptuous dwellings, churches, steam and horse cars, Americans will submit in silence. There is another class of fevers which originate in decaying vegetable matter, dampness, and the poison generated by bad ventilation in overcrowded houses. If every respectable man would see that the laws of health were enforced in his own neighborhood, there would be little fear from this especial messenger of death. In case of attack from fever, the usual course is to apply all domestic remedies before calling in a physician. The headache, languor, etc., appear so slight a series of symptoms that it is natural the whole family pharmacopœia of pills, draughts and stimulants should be tried before outside assistance is summoned. The truth is, however, that the remedies for each kind of fever widely differ, and the home practice too often gives the surest help to the disease in its fatal work.

Our advice, then, to readers is, in brief, to keep the fever out of their houses, but after it is once in to leave the fight with it to more skilled hands than their own. In no country, too, is the matter of disinfection so neglected as in our own. The patient being dead or cured, his friends leave the disease to go on its way unchecked, while with due precaution of disinfecting bedding, clothes, walls, etc., it might be stopped short. A free use of carbolic acid or chloride of lime is beneficial in even a house where there is no illness. But best of all is fresh, clean air, and plenty of it. These counsels are hackneyed beyond question; but that they are needed is proved by the fact that eight out of ten, even of cultured families, disregard them.

A Bungling Execution.

Francis Ept was hanged at Cochocton, Ohio, for the murder of Abraham Wertheimer on the twentieth of November last. Ept, who was born in Germany, was thirty-three years of age. At precisely one o'clock P. M. the fatal trigger was touched, and Ept's body fell six feet and a half; but the fall did not break his neck, or even cause strangulation, the knot having slipped to the front, so that he was held by the back of his neck. A local paper, describing the terrible work, says: The noose slipped around in such a manner that its knot was over the hanging man's chin, and the fall not having broken his neck, but merely for a moment stunned him, he was now, amid the agony of death, crying for relief. "Let me go, let me go!" he shouted in German. "Oh, have mercy on me, oh, have mercy on me! Oh, God, the Father, have mercy on me! Oh, let me go, let me go! Oh, Mother of God, help me! Father Epping, cut the rope and let me go!" Cries of horror sprung from the audience, while the sheriffs and Father Epping ran to the edge of the scaffold platform. "Shoot him and put him out of his misery," suggested a bystander. "Oh, shoot me, shoot me!" ejaculated Ept, who was now fully sensible; "I was ten years a soldier; shoot me, and don't hang me like a dog." "Pull him up!" said one of the sheriffs. Two strong men seized hold of the rope and dragged the dangling victim, hand over hand, to the platform. Here he was placed in a chair, while his cries, moans, and pleas for mercy would have melted the heart of a stone. "Courage, my son," said Father Epping; "think of the sufferings of our Redeemer, and be a man." "Oh, Father Epping, for God's sake cut the rope and save me," prayed the quivering wretch. Thus he cried until the trap had been readjusted, and then he was again lifted on to it. Now his nerves were unstrung, as well they might be, and he was almost as limp as a rag. He never ceased begging for mercy, and, in the midst of his cries, the trap was sprung, and this time the work was effectively done.

What he Found.

A country gentleman was in the habit of entertaining his friends almost weekly, and discovered that regularly some small article of plate was missing, a caster top, a salt spoon, a napkin ring or something of the kind. He suspected his servants, and to make sure one night, when the guests had assembled, he said:

"I tell you what! Let's do without servants to-night and wait on ourselves!"

The odd suggestion was greeted with applause and peals of laughter. The servants were turned out; the meal was seasoned with sparkling sallies at the expense of the clumsiness of this or that guest, and when they had all gone the host took stock and discovered that two-thirds of the spoons had gone too!

Odd Fellowship.

In the month of February, 1819, Thomas Wildey and John Welch, two Englishmen, then residing in Baltimore, Md., inserted in the Baltimore *American* an advertisement in the following words: "Notice to all Odd Fellows.—A few members of the Society of Odd Fellows will be glad to meet their brethren for consultation upon the subject of forming a lodge. The meeting will be held on Friday evening, the second of March, 1819." This was the first lodge formed in the United States.

In the Way of Advice.

"P. H. A.," the writer of a letter in the New York *Sun*, asked:

"How is a laboring man to get his living the coming winter? Crops have come in so poor that buckwheat, the main food of the poor class of people in this section in winter, will be worth from $1 to $1.20; and yet what few business men here intend to do business this coming winter say they shall reduce wages to $1 per day. Now, I would like to know how a laboring man can pay $30 per year rent for the poorest house, and perhaps $15 more for firewood, $1.25 per bushel for potatoes, eighty to ninety cents per bushel for corn, and wheat $1.40 per bushel, and clothe a family of five or six little children?"

This is a hard state of things, which is not allayed by the fact that millions of human beings will survive this winter in Europe under conditions far harder than those depicted. Many an agricultural laborer in England, where the wages are higher than in some other countries, and where, moreover, families of even eight and ten children are not uncommon, has to get along on three dollars a week. His house costs him at least $25 a year, even inferior parts of meat he cannot get at less than twelve cents a pound, bread is somewhat dearer than here, the garden where he can raise vegetables does not average one-eighth of an acre, and fuel costs him at least $25. Yet he lives, and rears children. The French and Belgian peasants live on less, and live better, in some respects, and yet actually saves, because skilled in economy, and knowing how to turn every atom of food to account. The people of this country have been so wasteful in times of plenty that a hard time finds them unable to meet it. "P. H. A." would be astonished were he to taste the nourishing, savory broth which a French peasant can make out of bones, a morsel of meat, vegetables, herbs, and such dry scraps of bread as an American housewife would throw away. A glance at a poor man's garden in this country will, nine times out of ten, show how little he and his wife know how to turn it to account for the table. With land so cheap as it is here, a French peasant would be living in clover. A very large proportion of the distress in the country regions to which "P. H. A." alludes arises from ignorance of that domestic economy which hard times have taught the people of other countries.

The Late James Lick.

James Lick, the philanthropist, died in San Francisco. He had been sinking for some time, and death resulted from the mere decay of nature. His career in the world of commerce was singularly successful. He was born at Fredericksburg, Pa., in 1796. He was engaged in commercial pursuits in South America from 1821 to 1847, when he went to California and invested in real estate and other enterprises, which resulted in the accumulation of a great fortune. In 1874 he assigned $2,000,000 from his estate to trustees for various public and philanthropic purposes, including $700,000 for a telescope and other apparatus at Lake Tahoe, $300,000 for a school of mechanical arts in California, $250,000 for public monuments and $150,000 for public baths in Sacramento, $150,000 for a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and other large sums to various benevolent societies in San Francisco. The selection of suitable persons to guard these vast charities has always been a source of trouble and uneasiness to Mr. Lick. Since the last change in the trustees of his charitable fund the deceased has frequently expressed himself better satisfied with the condition of affairs, but has manifested considerable concern at not hearing from his son, John Lick, of Fredericksburg, Lebanon county, Pa., to whom both letters and telegrams had been sent requesting his resignation as one of the trustees. All the rest of the old board have tendered their resignations, though they have not yet been confirmed by the court.

The trustees say the business is in such shape that no complications can ensue in carrying out Mr. Lick's designs, though there is some fear that the action of John Lick implies his intention of contesting matters in the courts. The total value of the trust fund is estimated at about $5,000,000.

A Cheeky Man's Projected Visit.

A gentleman of Philadelphia has received the following letter, which explains itself:

Troubles never come singly, and now I am going to ask a particular favor, and sincerely hope you may not think strange of it. The plain facts of the case are: I am out of funds, and would like to ask a small loan—a mere trifle—so I may get rid of my hotel bill, pay for some pictures, a pair of boots, etc. I would like to have say $40, though I might get along with $35 if you could get me a pass over to your city. Now, this may seem like pressing matters a little; but I always did believe in keeping up appearances; it gives one credit, you know. My friends, including B., are away—this is my reason for writing to you.

If I get over to your city, and if it suits me, I will make a short stay at your own home for say a couple of weeks or so. Now I hope this will be altogether convenient and agreeable, if not, don't hesitate to be candid. I am not one of the kind to feel hurt.

My mother-in-law, wife and two boys will join me in Philadelphia, and if it would make no difference to you or your family they will make their stay at your home with me. My mother-in-law being somewhat of an invalid, does not breakfast until eleven A. M., and then requires attention which can't be had except where she may feel perfectly at home.

I thought best to mention these little matters so you may not feel annoyed.

Awaiting a favorable reply, I am very truly yours.

P. S.—I have heard of your hospitality, and I hope shall find in you a brother. I feel anxious to be in your city during the visit of the Chicago consistory, which I think will be about this time.

A Terrible Onslaught.

A terrible onslaught was made upon the Catholic Christians at Ning-Kuoh Fu, in the province of Ngan-huwy, China, when a crowd of about 1,000 soldiers and ruffians, under the guidance of officials, burst into a chapel during service time and brained members of the congregation. The men entered the chapel, interrupted the service, forced the officiating priest upon his knees, and demanded that he should cease promulgating the doctrine of the T'ien chu sect. The priest declined to make the promise, whereupon a scene of indescribable uproar ensued, during which frightful outrages occurred. The priest was tortured and eventually put to death, being hacked to pieces; a little child whom he had adopted was torn limb from limb, and the corpse of another father was taken from its grave and brutally ill-used. The members of the inland mission have all left the neighborhood, and the Roman Catholics have now a guard around their house. The chief conspirator was a military mandarin named Wu, who has openly expressed his malignant hatred of the Christian religion.

The Wheat Supply in England.

The London *Times* says: The wheat crop this year is the conclusion of a history full of alarms and surprises. Mr. Caird tells it very pleasantly in all its bearings and consequences, and reminds us, by the contrast, of the mysterious and gloomy tone with which the staff of life was always discussed as late as thirty years ago. In some respects the present state of things far surpasses the direst predictions of that day. We are dependent upon foreigners to an extent never then imagined. While the average consumption is about twenty-three million quarters, or, as the customs' returns state it, one hundred million hundredweights, during the last harvest year we have imported—happily, it seems, somewhat in excess of our wants—sixty-three million hundredweights, or not far from two-thirds of our whole consumption.

Half of this came from the United States, and so much of our wheat supply depends, therefore, not only on the good will of that country, but still more immediately on her commercial state, which is very variable. The profit itself has to be nicely calculated, and in Mr. Caird's opinion the prices which have lately prevailed yield little or no profit. Such a fact is slowly appreciated, but when the American farmers have once acted upon it and stopped supplies, it takes time to reverse that movement and meet a rising demand. Five per centum of our wheat imports come from British India—where we have lately had to feed a famished population. A good deal comes from Turkey and Egypt, which, Mr. Caird observes, will have to send us wheat because they both want money and can no longer get it by simply borrowing. He suggests, however, that in present circumstances Turkey cannot be depended on for any considerable supplies. France is too much in our own condition to be sure of sparing us wheat when we happen to want it; in fact, if she has not to compete with us in the open market, that is about as much as can now be expected. She has had a poor harvest of other grain and produce, and may want all her own produce and more. The wheat crop of Canada is much lower than usual.

Here, then, is the very state of things which a generation ago was prophesied as the last page of our national decline and fall. When all the world, including our jealous rivals, found us dependent on them for more than half of our daily bread, they had only to put their heads together and destroy the proud nation that had so oppressed and insulted them. The consummation has come. It finds us year by year growing less wheat, and the foreigner growing, if not absolutely more, at least more than pays him.

How a Bird Flies.

The most prominent fact about a bird is a faculty in which it differs from every other creature except the bat and insects—its power of flying. For this purpose the bird's arms end in only one long, slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers (coverts) on the upper side, which make up the wing. Observe how light all this is: In the first place, the bones are hollow; then the shafts of the feathers are hollow, and, finally, the feathers themselves are made of the most delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness. Well, how does a bird fly? It seems simple enough to describe, and yet is a problem that the wisest in such matters have not yet worked out to everybody's satisfaction. This explanation, by the Duke of Argyle, appears to be the best: An open wing forms a hollow on its under side like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air caught under this concavity lifts the bird up, much as you lift yourself up between the parallel bars in a gymnasium. But he could never in this way get ahead, and the hardest question is still to be answered. Now, the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the fore arm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is merely the soft flexible ends of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding the easier would rush out here, and, in so doing, would bend up the ends of the quills, pushing them forward out of the way, which, of course, would tend to shove the bird ahead. This process, quickly repeated, results in the phenomenon of flight.

Size of Countries.

Greece is about the size of Vermont.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine.

The great desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester.

Great Britain is about two-thirds the size of Hindostan, one-twelfth of China, and one twenty-fifth of the United States.

The gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the sea of Kamschatka, bay of Bengal, China sea, Okhotsk or Japan sea. Lake Ontario would go in each of them more than fifty times.

The following bodies of water are about the same size: German ocean, Black sea, Yellow sea; Hudson's bay is rather larger. The Baltic, Adriatic and Ægean seas, and the Persian gulf are half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

A Horrible Tragedy.

A horrible tragedy occurred on the top floor of No. 201 West Twenty-third street, New York. Julius Blank, aged thirty-eight years, a native of France, by occupation a professor of music, shot his wife Mary, aged twenty-eight years, in the head with a large revolver, inflicting a mortal wound. He then caught up his little child, Amelia, aged three and one-half years, and placing the deadly weapon close to her head, fired, causing almost instant death. Before the child had expired he ended the terrible deed of blood by blowing out his own brains. The noise of the pistol shot attracted the attention of neighbors, who rushed in only to find the child and father lying dead in pools of blood and the mother unconscious and dying. Within ten minutes a police surgeon was on the scene, but nothing could be done for the only surviving member of the fated family. Her wound was fatal. She was, however, quickly removed by an ambulance to a hospital.

The causes that led to the terrible crime and the details of the tragedy are unknown. No person could be found who witnessed the shooting, and only surmises of insanity afford an assignable cause. The father and murderer was totally blind, and supported his family by giving music lessons.

Lionizing Bank Robbers.

The St. Paul papers do not like the idea of bank robbers being lionized as they are. One of them says:

"Bob" Younger seems to have been a big man during his Madelia receptions, and the ladies who showered bouquets and sympathy upon the bloody bandits dwelt tenderly upon "Bob's" sweet voice and winning smiles, and wept at his mention of his dead mother and living sister, would do well to preserve a small portion of their sympathy and tears, perhaps, for the mothers and sisters, and wives and children of good citizens shot down and butchered in cold blood by this precious gang of outlaws within the past few years. Don't let's have any sickly sentimentality over these vampires just because they are caged at last and their bloody work ended. "Bob's" voice may be full of melody, his face manly, his smile attractive and his bearing courteous, but his hands and the hands of his associates are steeped in the blood of countless victims, and if they could die a thousand deaths justice would hardly be appeased. Northfield and Madelia did a brave and noble work, covering themselves with glory and conferring honor upon the State. Now don't let the simpletons "slop over" with tears and bouquets for these outlawed wretches. "Bob" and his brother will kindly "forgive" the woman whose son was the bearer of information that led to their capture—they will "forgive" everybody just now.

Bob would "forgive" them if they would give him his revolvers and turn him loose again. There ought to be too much good common sense in Minnesota to lionize this most villanous band of highwaymen, and we hope to hear no more of it. It is hardly probable that Northfield and Faribault people will continue this shower of sympathy and bouquets. They have had a taste of the James and Younger metal before "the memory of their dead mother and living sister" had overtaken them, and there are two homes in mourning as a consequence.

What he Will Do.

The late Mr. James Lick's son and heir, John Lick, is described by the Philadelphia *Times* as a tall, raw boned man, about fifty years old—if his long, stringy, iron gray beard, wrinkled, careworn features, and generally smashed up appearance meant anything—dressed to look his best—and his best was a country beaver hat, a suit of well brushed black, made by the village tailor, and a pair of shoes from a freshly imported "box" of shoes from the manufacturers. At Philadelphia, on his way to the California, he said to the reporter: "I am going to start to-night from here, and am only waiting now for a friend of mine who has just come on from there. He is going back with me. Wa-al, the way things is I don't want to say what I'm going to do. He was my father and was about eighty-one years old. I am his only child. He has one sister living. 'Did I first read of the death in the newspapers?' Oh! no; I have a pocket full of telegrams here, but I won't answer them. I know what I'm going to do." And here Mr. Lick showed that he had a good deal of firmness of character, and could, in the way of bargain, cavil on the ninth part of a hair. The reporter found this "one trustee who refused to resign and allow his father to make a rearrangement of the trust" bent upon foiling him in the matter of the important answer to the question: "Do you mean to attempt to break the deed and will?" It was no use. He would not answer either flatly or by indirection.

Remarkable Storm Phenomenon.

At the head of Cabin creek, says a correspondent with Gen. Crook's command, a furious and remarkable storm assailed us. The heavens were suddenly transformed from a serene to an angry and menacing aspect. The wind broke loose, and rain was hurled from the clouds in huge drops. The sun was just setting, and, despite the dark mood of nature, there was an azure disk of the sky in the west suffused with a golden tinge. While it was yet glowing, hailstones as large as walnuts dropped like bullets, cutting leaves and twigs from the trees in an instant, and then amid the deafening roll of the thunder and the fitful glare of the lightning, two great rents appeared in the clouds, and the moon and a dozen stars looked down out of their upper chamber into the gloom. The strange phenomenon lasted a quarter of an hour—sunlight, starlight, moonlight, rain, hail, wind and lightning, all displayed at the same moment. A faint rainbow formed before the lingering reminiscence of the sun was gone from the west. Then the sky assumed a consistent blackness, and the storm grew in wildness until it reached a passionate climax of giant tears, liquid and congealed, more violent than ever, and then subsided.

Horned Men in Africa.

A paper by Captain J. S. Hay, on the horned men of Africa, was read at the recent meeting of the British Association. He also exhibited sketches of two Africans with horns. Mr. Hyde Clarke said it was very difficult to assign any reason for the appearance of the horns, but there was no doubt that Captain Hay had seen them. One way might be that they had been inserted or inoculated into the face; but Captain Hay informed them that it was the object of the parents to remove the horns, which he regarded as a natural growth. One suggestion was that this was a class of malformation, of which there was a memorable example in the case of the "porcupine man," who had horny plaits on various parts of his body. He had not heard from anybody any sufficient explanation with regard either to its being a natural phenomenon arising at birth or its being artificially produced in the manner to which he had referred. It was remarkable that the horns were peculiar to the male sex. The subject was very obscure and had not been sufficiently investigated by anthropologists, because there were great prejudices to taking it up.

The Island of Corea.

The Japanese mission that lately visited Corea reports the houses of the poorer classes as being but six or seven feet high. Salt fish, tobacco, and straw sandals are the chief staples of local trade; the houses devoted to government purposes are of brick, and of mean construction. The walls of the town are composed of brick, earth and stones, and the highways are wretched. The inhabitants wear undyed clothing, and a very long sleeve is a mark of superior rank. The hats are broad brimmed, and tied under the chin with a cord or ribbon. Etiquette requires that they should be kept on the head during salutations. The hair is worn long, and fastened on the top of the head by pins. The dress of the women resembles that of Europeans, but the members of the mission did not see any. The soil is generally poor, and an old tree is rarely seen. All trees reaching a suitable size are cut for firewood. The only mines worked are those of iron, but others of copper, gold and silver exist. The horses are exceedingly small, and the main articles of exportation are the skins of cattle and pigs.

A School Question Decided.

The supreme court of Illinois has rendered a decision of great interest in connection with the public schools. A girl in Winnebago county belonged to a class that was required by the rules to study bookkeeping. Her parents did not wish her to pursue that study, and refused to provide her with text books. They were notified that they must do so, or the girl would be expelled. Returning to the school without the books, she was ejected. Upon this suit was brought against the principal and directors for trespass. The jury in the court below found for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at $136. A motion for a new trial was made and denied, and the case was appealed to the supreme court. That court has just rendered a decision affirming the judgment. Several points are discussed and passed upon in the opinion, but the chief one is this: The school law of Illinois declares that orthography, reading in English, penmanship, arithmetic, English grammar, modern geography, and the history of the United States shall be taught in the public schools, but to this section is added a proviso that nothing therein contained shall prevent the teaching of other and higher branches. The reasoning of the court is that it was the design of the law first to secure to every child instruction in the branches enumerated, and that while other studies may be introduced they cannot be made compulsory.

Who Introduced Them?

Potatoes, it is said, were first introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh; but the fact is by no means proven. It seems very strange, if he did introduce the potato into Ireland or England in 1584 or 1585, that John Gerards, who was at that time gathering material for his great work, "The Historie of Plantes," published a dozen years later (1597), was not aware of the fact, for he gives a figure and description of the Virginia potato, but not a word about Sir Walter Raleigh being its introducer. The famous German botanist, Clusius, obtained some potato tubers while residing in Vienna in 1388, from the governor of Mons, in the province of Hainault, who procured them from an attendant of the Pope's legate, but none of these men mention Sir Walter Raleigh, and they had probably no knowledge of him or his Virginan enterprise. Of course it is of no particular importance to us whether Sir Walter Raleigh or somebody else has the honor of being the first to carry the potato to Europe, but we mention the above facts in history to show upon what slight foundation honors are bestowed, especially if the recipient happens to be a person of mark.

Barkus was Willing.

In a trial of a divorce case recently in the supreme court of Michigan, the following letter to the judge was introduced in evidence, forming a unique piece of documentary testimony. The names of parties are omitted:

JACKSON PRISON, June 11, 1876.

HON. JUDGE COCHRANE:

Dear Sir—I take the opportunity to inform you that I had a subpœna served on me to be in court on the twenty-second of June, this month; that my wife has applied for a divorce. I don't know on what grounds she has applied, but I hope and trust from the bottom of my heart that your honor will be kind enough to grant it to her, as I am positive that we never could be reconciled to each other again, as God knows I never had a day's luck from the first of our acquaintance. Although I am here in prison, wearing the convict's stripes, it would make me a happier man to hear that we were divorced than for me to have a pardon sent to me for my liberty from this prison.

Praying that your honor will grant it her, Respectfully and truly yours,
—— ——, State Prison,
Jackson, Mich.

United States Currency.

The amount of United States national bank circulation redeemed, retired, and surrendered from Jan. 14, 1875, to Oct. 1, 1876, is $46,489,471. Amount issued between the same dates, $16,881,575, showing a decrease of national bank circulation of $29,607,896, leaving the amount of national bank notes outstanding on Oct. 1 (not including the circulation of the national gold banks, $2,099,190) $322,253,554. The amount of greenbacks deposited from June 20, 1874, to Oct. 1, 1876 (including $3,813,675 previously deposited for the purpose of redeeming the notes of insolvent and liquidating banks), $64,503,856. Amount of circulation redeemed by the treasurer between the same dates, $42,462,912, leaving on deposit with the treasurer on Oct. 1, 1876, $21,860,943, for the purpose of retiring the national bank notes outstanding. Amount of greenbacks retired under the act of Jan. 14, 1875, $13,505,260, leaving outstanding on Oct. 1, 1876, $368,494,740.

A Little Too Fast.

A favorite programme with the hotel dead beat is to hand a large sealed envelope, stuffed with paper, to the clerk and ask him to take care of those "three hundred dollars for a few days." The game has been played at one of the Detroit hotels, and the clerks were on their guard. A seedy looking old man registered at the same hotel a few days afterward, and after dinner he handed the day clerk an envelope marked "180," and asked that it be put in the safe.

"You can't play that trick on me, mister!" replied the clerk, and he tore the package in two. As he held up the ends his eyes began to bulge out. He had tore eighteen new $10 dollar bills in half, and he had insulted the owner. One reason why he wasn't at his post the balance of the afternoon was because he was pasting those bills together.

Currency Outstanding.

The following is a statement of the United States currency outstanding at this date:

Old demand notes............	$66,732 50
Legal-tender notes—new issue.	26,338,102 00
Legal-tender notes—series 1869	217,674,753 00
Legal-tender notes—series 1874	59,650,121 00
Legal-tender notes—series 1875	64,831,464 00
One-year notes of 1863.........	60,015 00
Two-year notes of 1863........	18,550 00
Two-year coupon notes of 1863.	24,650 00
Compound interest notes.......	323,240 00
Fractional currency, 1st issue..	4,294,740 93
Fractional currency, 2d issue...	3,116,873 47
Fractional currency, 3d issue..	3,065,301 22
Frac. cur'y, 4th issue, 1st series	4,023,127 55
Frac. cur'y, 4th issue, 2d series.	1,060,081 10
Frac. cur'y, 4th issue, 3d series.	1,601,834 65
Frac. cur'y, 5th issue.........	12,696,359 70
Total........	$398,846,343 12

A GENEROUS MAN.—The custom in some post-offices of forwarding unpaid letters and appealing to the receiver for repayment in a little poster pasted on the backs of the letters was initiated in Newark, N. J. A benevolent gentleman saw a bundle of unpaid letters to foreign addresses, took pity on their far away owners, and not only paid their postage, but, for years afterward, the postage of all such letters. He paid for the letters twenty years, including at the last domestic letters in his charity, and kept his name a secret.

Items of Interest.

A Nevada miner staked the savings of years on faro, lost, and then killed himself.

Inquiring mind (reading)—"It says here, ma, 'His remains were taken to their last resting place.' Why do they say 'his remains'—wasn't he all there?"

The Corpus Christi (Texas) *Times* has been studying human nature. It says:

To owe, is human,
To pay up, divine.

Another instance of the beauty of going to law has just transpired at Perth Amboy, N. J., where it cost a man $800 to get a $49 verdict against a railroad company.

A Western chap, in describing a gale of wind, says: A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out.

The old mania for Persian cats with long tails has again broken out among the Daimios of Japan. An enterprising captain of a merchant vessel sold three a short time ago for $3,200.

A granite block weighing thirty tons was recently taken from the quarries near Hallowell, Me. Another block weighing forty tons is soon to be brought out. It will require forty oxen to move it.

The French minister of finance lately caused to be opened two boxes which were supposed to contain documents of no value. They were full of jewels, which had been packed away since the Commune.

A close fisted man invited a friend to dinner, and provided only two mutton chops. Upon removing the cover he said: "My friend, we have a Lenten entertainment; you see your dinner before you." Taking the two chops upon his own plate, his friend replied: "Yes, but where is your dinner?"

Father Beckx, the general of the Society of Jesus, whom some have regarded as the possible successor to Pope Pius, was born at Sichem, Belgium, February 8, 1795. His father, a poor grocer, died when his son was very young, and his mother had to sew and wash to bring up her five sons, of whom the general was the oldest.

The late Major Hunter, who, when young, had charge of the island of St. Helena, stated that the most marked peculiarity in Napoleon's appearance was a tightness of skin over the face, and especially the forehead, producing the effect of statuary. This he had only observed in one other person in the course of his life.

A person who was looking at a house the other day said he couldn't afford to pay so much rent. "Well, look at the neighborhood," replied the woman. "You can borrow flatirons next door, coffee and tea across the street, flour and sugar on the corner, and there's a big pile of wood belonging to the school house right across the alley!"

The Rev. Mr. Spooner (tenderly to eligible widow)—"How beautifully emblematic is this of the relations of man and wife. See how the graceful ivy, womanlike, clings for support to the stalwart oak. Ah, dear madam, a husband's fond protection"— Widow—"And supposin' the hoak is too little and the hivy too big—what then, Mr. Spooner?"

Mrs. Wombwell died recently in London, aged eighty-nine. She was married when very young to the originator of traveling manageries. Mr. Wombwell died in 1851, and from that date until 1866 his widow carried on the undertaking successfully. In the latter year the extensive collection was divided into two menageries, and presented to two of her nieces.

"It is impossible!" said I to a French peasant lad who was telling me a tough story about a miracle working chair in a neighboring church. "There's nothing impossible," he answered, "but a stick with but one end; and if you go to Chartres you'll see it." "See what? the stick, or that there's nothing else impossible?" he replied. "Neither; but you will see Chartres."

A curious calculation has been made in the printing office of a Paris newspaper. Assuming that a good compositor handles 24,000 letters a day, and that his hand moves one foot with each letter in taking and setting the type, it will be seen that his hand travels 48,000 feet, or nearly ten miles a day, and in the course of a year, excluding Sundays, travels fully the distance from Paris to New York.

At Fossville, Cal., lives old Mr. Foss, a noted stage driver of the Pacific coast. He has retired from business, having grown rich, and now keeps a refreshment saloon on the stage road. He has a collection of whips given him by different associations and friends, which hang on racks in his hall as trophies. One of them, given him by the late Mr. Ralston, is valued at $10,000, and is mounted with gold and richly set with jewels.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this: He was standing one day besides a frog pond and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous big bullfrog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

In the London divorce court, lately, a woman prayed for dissolution of her marriage on the ground that she was insane at the time it took place. She was then so prostrated with grief at the loss of her husband as to lose her reason, and a man in a much humbler station of life than herself persuaded her to marry him. She has since been in an asylum, but was now sane. The evidence being perfectly satisfactory, the marriage was dissolved.

Two-thirds of the willow for the manufacture of willowware in the United States is imported from Europe at a cost of $5,000. The cultivation of the willow is contemplated by some Americans, they thinking that by cultivating superior grades of basket willow they can make a profit of $150 per acre. A manufacturer asserts that fully 5,000 articles are constructed from willow shoots—chairs, sofas and baskets being the most common.

The Turkish restaurants at dinner time are a wonderful sight. The guests squat round a mat, the host brings in a whole sheep and tears it open with his hands, whereupon the guests seize upon the rice, with which the interior of the animal is stuffed, and after kneading it in their fingers into balls till it is quite brown, they put it into their mouths, the flat cakes of horrible, indigestible maize bread supply the places of napkins, and are then eaten.

Buffalo Bill said recently to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Press*: "Custer's charge was not mad or ill-timed. Custer charged when, had he been supported as he fought to have been, he would have won a glorious victory. He was not supported. Reno stood inactive when only a ridge separated him from Custer when the latter was being butchered. Reno is to blame, and I told him so. Benteen wanted to go and support Custer, but Reno ranked him and he was powerless. The command was not in the hands of the proper men. They are too old, and lack the dash and vim and vigor for such a warfare."