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DARTHULY.

By WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

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CHAPTER I.

The blacksmith's shop at Hiawassee gap was a literal cave, half way up the side of a huge cliff. Across the roaring river a still higher line of cliffs extend for a mile or so, rising perpendicularly to a dizzy height, until their corrugated brows recede into the gently swelling outlines that usually round out the more southerly summits of the Chilhowees. A narrow road twisted sinuously up the sides of the gorge to a kind of basin hollowed out of the overhanging rocks, where, beneath a beetling crag, yawned the smithy, its sides, roof and floor of nature's own carving, while its front was partially boarded with slabs from the little sawmill at the mouth of Greasy creek, three miles above.

A small cabin of split logs, clay daubed, and with a "stick chimney," also nestled near by amid a truck patch of half an acre, that occupied all the available space within this veritable "crow nest" peering over the precipice, 800 feet above the little ferry and government stillhouse below. A faroff glimpse of the broad ridges and meadows of the Tennessee valley could be seen below the gap, while above the distant mountains, seemingly tumbled one above another, bounded the view toward the east.

A spring bubbled from a cleft in the mountain side, which here burst upward into the vast precipice that lowered over the blacksmith's home. Under the hollies and oaks thereby was the smith's wife, "batting" clothes upon a block, with a portion of the week's wash sprinkling the bushes around her.

Jim Cheek, her husband, a huge, slow motioned, blue eyed giant, swung himself slowly up the trail leading from the ferry. He paused to admire his wife's plump figure and brisk, supple movements. Wonder had also mingled with his admiration ever since—two years ago—he had taken her from the great hotel at White Cliff Springs, where, though only a waitress, her airs and graces had impressed themselves upon his primitive imaginings as those of a queen in disguise—a wonder that, with her fresh, dark beauty and vivacious manners, she could have seen anything in him to love and cling to.

He knew but little of her past, nor had their wedded intimacy added much to his previous knowledge, except that she was from Nashville, that her parents were both dead, and that she—alone in the world—had drifted from one employment to another down to Chattanooga, thence to the town of Athens, and from there to her summer's berth at White Cliff. The blessed sense of relief that comes to a world tossed feminine waif, in the hope of realizing a home of her own, had rendered Jim's awkward movements, bovine wit and simple ways not only endurable, but attractive to her. Thus it came about that in transfixing him with wonder at his own success she had come to share his humble lot with the same grace and vivacity that had fascinated him at the great hotel, whither the mountain folk were wont to resort in ramshackle vehicles to dispose of their poultry, butter and eggs.

How quickly she had adapted herself to the narrow, toilsome, isolated existence of the mountains! "She reely talks jest like we uns," thought Jim. "She makes like us in all her belongin's, and yet somehow she ain't nary a bit like us, atter all. I wonder if hit's only a make believe, jest ter please me and that thar young un?"

"That thar young un," the visible result of their union, was a blue eyed, brown haired baby, scarce 18 months old, that now lay asleep upon its blankets under a holly bush, while its mother sang to the resounding accompaniment of her paddle in a manner confirmative of Jim's reflections:

"Some folks say the niggers won't steal,
But I ketched seven in my cornfiel!
Run, nigger, run!
Patterol ketch you!
Run, nigger, run!
Hit' almos' day!"

"Durn me, how she can sing," said he to himself as he leaned across the top rail of the fence watching her. Glancing up from her work, she saw him there, and in her impulsive way dropped her paddle and was at his side in a moment.

"Now ye're at hit ag'in," said she, "ye great big mountain of laziness. Ye're jest got ter be punished right here."

The nature of the punishment belied the severity of her words and consisted in seizing his ears, pulling his big head down to a level with her own and planting a sounding smack upon Jim's elephantine lips.

"Who wouldn't be a-loaferin in sech company?" remarked the proud husband, smacking his lips like a boy over his candy. "But I'm jest pes' about ye, Darthuly. Ye never take no time ter rest onct ye git started ter work. 'Pears like ye wuz afeerd ter spell yerself."

"Listen at this yer man," she replied playfully, yet with a serious drop of her large black eyes. "Ain't ye allays a-hammerin and a-blowin in that thar shop, and shouldn't I do my part as well? Reely, Jim, I'm a master sight better off ter be busy, and—there's a man and horse right now at the shop door a-waitin fer ye, and here ye air a-courtin me as ushel."

"Hit's the new ganger as comed last night ter the stillhouse. He wants a new shoe on his critter's off fore foot. Don't ye hurt yourself a-workin, honey, jest bekase ye can."

With this chronic injunction on his lips Jim hastened to the shop. Darthuly looked after him a moment, then suffered her gaze to wander down to the brawling river below and upward along the opposite cliffs, until her eyes rested absently upon the swelling summits of the mountains. The sun shimmered upon the distant pines sharply outlined against the sky above her, while the wind, whistling down the gap from those aerial heights, toyed with her

She turned suddenly.

tumbled curls as its monotonous sough mingled with the roar of the waters below.

The white steam from the stillhouse whirled upward into invisibility against the green background of spruce and fir clinging to the cliffs. The tinkle of a cowbell floated down from unseen heights above; a large hawk hung lazily in midair over the wildest crags. Surely beneath the wind and the river's roar there was a Lethean glamour in the air, harmonizing the savagery of nature with the peaceful influences of the hour.

Was its charm working upon her mind as she leaned upon the fence, oblivious of her task, or had she really given heed to Jim's admonition "to be keerful" and rest? The sprightly decision of her face had given way to an expression of gentle and regretful sadness. Once or twice she sighed; then her thoughts seemed to find a disconnected utterance.

"So good, so true, so watchful of my comfort. Why cannot I love him as he does me?"

The mountain dialect had disappeared from her lips. Its absence seemed to render her conscious of the incongruity, for in her next murmur it was resumed.

"He's just as honest and as open as daylight, while I—I have erbleeged ter be jest the other way." Then, as her feelings again grew more intense, she once more became natural. "God knows I don't want to be false, yet what will not a poor woman do for a home and shelter—and love? He has given me all these, but—what have I given him in return?"

There was a soft crushing of gravel behind her. She turned suddenly. A medium sized, slender young man, having crisp, brown hair, a tawny mustache and keen gray eyes, stood before her. As they saw each other his carelessly polite salutation was merged in a glare of surprise and an after smile of exultant pleasure. With a quick exclamation she covered her face with one hand and extended the other as though to ward off his approach.

"Well, Meg," he said in a low, calculative tone, "you're about the last person I expected to meet here."

As he eyed her the relentless composure of his smile seemed cruel in its contrast to the agitation she exhibited as she finally gasped:

"You—you here?"

"Well, yes, I'm here, and devilish surprised to run up with you, Meg. But what's your game now? Trying the virtuous dodge, eh? Making this susceptible elephant of a blacksmith your victim, I suppose."

She raised her face and confronted him with blazing eyes at this innuendo.

"No thanks to you, Dick Bufford. Think how you have served me—me! Think what I have endured because I was once weak enough to trust you!"

As this confession slipped from her lips they trembled under its influence, despite the revulsive anger with which his presence inspired her. His eye never left her face, as, playing with his watch chain, he replied:

"How many had shared your love before I came along? There, there. Don't get excited. You couldn't help getting jealous, and when I left you in Atlanta I never thought we'd turn up together again on this footstool. You wouldn't let me so much as wink without a quarrel, and I finally soured on it."

"Why are you here?"

She demanded this in a quick, peremptory tone, flashing a glance toward the smithy, then fixing her eyes on his handsome, imperturbable face.

"I'm gauging for the government. Am to be here for a week. May stay longer, now I've seen you. Blame me, Meg, but mountain life agrees with you. You're prettier than ever."

In an easy yet imperative way, which she seemed powerless to oppose, he took her dimpled chin between thumb and finger and looked at her with a kindling light in his eyes, then released her, saying:

"I was a fool to run away from you, Meg, my girl. I'll have better sense this time."

The cry of an infant came to their ears from the holly bush by the spring. The wretched mother, roused from the spell which his manner and words had thrown over her, in spite of the reproaches she cast upon him, darted back a step, with averted face, crying wildly:

"Go away from here, Dick Bufford! I am a wife and a mother. My husband works in yonder shop. You have my reputation in your power, but I say beware how you handle it. I'm a desperate woman, Dick. This is my home and shelter. You left me none when you forsook me three years ago. Oh, Dick, for God's sake spare me for—for the sake of my husband and child, if not for your own sake or mine!"

The passionate anger with which she began melted into piteous appeal as she started toward the child. He seized her hand, whereat she stopped as though an electric shock had pervaded her system, while he said:

"D— it, Meg! I glory in your spunk. Carry it out to suit yourself and don't fear me. I'll never peach. I was a fool ever to leave you, and I'm your friend now. Blame me, but you're the pluckiest woman in the state, and Dick Bufford is your slave."

Having thus delivered himself, he let her go and strolled back toward the shop, smiling and soliloquizing:

"Meg in the respectable line! She carries it well, considering it's her first attempt. D— me, but she's a thoroughbred. She must have been hard pushed, though, to saddle herself with this thick pated son of Vulcan for a—a—husband, didn't she say? Fancy Meg with a husband! And now there's a squalling brat to complicate matters. Poor thing! She's been in the work so long she's got used to this state of affairs and thinks I'll interfere. Maybe I will. Meg, my girl, I begin to see that you're the woman for me, after all. But you won't fear me when I do interfere. Oh, no, I know you too well."

He entered the shop, chatted easily with honest, unsuspecting Jim until his horse was ready, then, mounting, rode down the mountain side, humming the threadbare air of "Sweet Violets."

Darthuly Cheek grasped her crying baby, with a fierce nervousness of manner, and set soothing it mechanically. Through her mind forbidden thoughts and impulses, long dormant, were rising tumultuously over the contented apathy of feeling that since her marriage had superficially reigned within a heart by nature fervid, jealous, impulsive and now, alas, rebellious against the renunciative faith wherein the purity of womanhood so often finds refuge against passion and desire. Her only audible exclamation was:

"God help me! I cannot help myself."

CHAPTER II.

For the next few days the course of events ran smoothly on the surface. Dick Bufford, with loquacious urbanity, soon made himself a general favorite. At the stillhouse a knot of admirers usually gathered round him at leisure hours, while many of his offhand sayings became as current conversational coin to be flipped from tongue to tongue, accompanied by a slow horseplay of bucolic wit and laughter.

Bije Teeters, the proprietor of the stillhouse, "'lowed that Dick Bufford had more sense in the holler side of his noddle than all the balance of Uncle Sam's gaugers rolled inter one. He's p'intedly got sense enuff ter let whisky alone. Just a dram now and then, nothin more, and bar'ls of hit a-settin round. Oh, he's a master man!"

The fact that a man could be a gauger and not a drunkard presented to Mr. Teeters' imagination the juxtaposition of qualities humanly recognizable only on the score of superlative abilities. Jim Cheek was so carried away by Dick's transcendant cleverness that when the latter in a careless way suggested boarding with him during the brief time his official duties rendered his stay imperative our honest blacksmith assented at once.

"Don't ye bring him here," said Darthuly to her husband that night when he announced that Bufford would bring his traps up "termorrer."

Jim gazed at his wife in mild eyed astonishment and noticed that she looked pale and worried.

"Thar now, Darthuly, ye do look pestered, but hit won't be for more nor a week. Money's money these yer hard times, and I'll help ye when I can git outen the shop."

"Don't ye bring him here," she said pleadingly, placing her hands on his shoulders and looking earnestly at him. He totally failed to comprehend the nature of her disapproval and said mildly:

"Hit's already agreed on. I can't very well back down now. But I don't see why ye should be so pestered about hit, Darthuly."

She withdrew her hands, and her great, dark eyes blazed petulantly as she replied:

"Ef that thar feller comes here, Jim Cheek, and anything wrong comes of hit—'member, I've warned ye."

She withdrew abruptly to the kitchen, leaving Jim to look after her regretfully, as he scratched his head and acknowledged to himself that "women were powerful cur'ous. A man can't jest never tell which side of the fence they're a-goin ter lean ag'in."

Bufford soon made himself quite as much at home there as he had elsewhere. Darthuly avoided him, seldom speaking to him except when necessary—a state of things which he ignored by treating her with systematic deference and politeness. This became grateful to her, in its very contrast to the boorish absence of courtesy prevalent among the mountaineers. Even Jim, with the kindest of hearts, had few of the minor urbanities of manner that so smooth social intercourse under unfavorable circumstances. He was loving and true, yet he never handed her a chair or offered to get water or deferred gracefully to her varied whim as Bufford constantly did, regardless of her cold indifference or studied ignoring of his civilities.

"Why, Darthuly," said Jim one day, when they two were alone, "I reely can't see what ye mean by snubbin the gauger so, like yer allays a-doin."

Her only reply was to raise to his her wonderful eyes, their clear depths troubled by a sadness now habitual to them. As he looked, a slight blush appeared on her cheek and she withdrew her gaze, but said nothing. Indeed she moved, as she herself felt, like one in a dream, dreading to awake, yet palsied by the helplessness that was upon her.

Dick petted the spoiled baby, allowing it to pull his hair and slobber over him with a jovial placidity that caused Mrs. Cheek to eye him furtively when she was not observed. He said no more to her of their mysterious past, and she felt grateful for his forbearance. Yet one morning, while Jim was clinking away at the shop, as he sat playing with the child, he looked up suddenly and detected her watching him intently.

"Ah, Meg, Meg," he said in a new and tender tone, "to think of you with a baby like this gets away with me"—

"Not that name here!" cried she, cowering as though his words had been blows. "I cannot endure it. Let it be dead forever."

In her earnestness she dropped her mountain dialect even while mindful of the danger attached to the mention of her former name. Reaching up quickly, he took her hand, saying:

"Do you wish me to be as one dead, too, Meg—Darthuly, I mean?"

His voice rang with the old time fervor, and his gaze seemed to scorch her averted eyes like the heat of an unseen flame. Ah, Jim, why are you not here, to pluck the image of outraged wife and motherhood from the chasm over which it hovers? She struggled to release her hand, more faintly, however, as his grasp strengthened. Then, plucked her baby from his lap, rushed into the house, shut the door and locked it.

He realized his power and mercilessly used it. But at the first touch of his hot lips upon her own she sprang from him, as he resistlessly drew her toward him, their eyes met, and with a shuddering sigh she fell on her knees, with her head upon his shoulder.

He sat for awhile gazing at the opposite cliff, frowning in silent disapproval, unconscious of their meaning and indifferent to their eternal calm. Then he got up, strolled past the shop and on down to the stillhouse, humming softly to himself:

"I'll await my love;
I'll await my love," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A week passed. In a day or two more Bufford was to leave. The great hotel at White Cliff had opened for the season.

Jim Cheek started for there one sunny day with a load of eggs, butter and "gyarden truck."

Darthuly complained of headache and would not go. An anxious, troubled look darkened her face. Outwardly she seemed to avoid Dick more than ever and would follow Jim's motions with her eyes in silence, being so utterly unlike herself that the blacksmith again wondered helplessly over the miseries of feminine development.

"She's allays been a-gabbin and a-takin on so much that I can't see where hit's all gone ter," he hinted confidentially

The memory of that fair vision was all that remained to him of her.

tially to Bufford, who ventured the vague opinion that "she would come round after awhile, like they all do."

Jim loaded up and set out. His steers were half way down the road to the ferry, when Darthuly came running after him, with the baby in her arms. She caught his hand and exclaimed:

"Take us along, Jim. I can't bear ter see you a-leavin this mornin somehow."

"Why, how's thish yer, Darthuly? Jest a bit ago ye didn't keer ter go. Bein as ye've got that pesky headache, I reckon ye'd better stay. Teeters' gal is a-goin ter stay ternight, and Mr. Bufford'll be thar ter keep the buggers off, and I shall sartinly git back termorrer. Why, honey—why—durn me ef I can onderstand women ennyhow!"

She was sobbing upon his arm, but would give no reason for this strange behavior, and Jim, after some hurried cogitation, concluded that she was "a gittin a little teched in the head"—a vague complaint, embracing pretty much every phase of emotional disturbance peculiar to females.

"Thar now, Darthuly, ye git right back ter the house and lay down awhile. Git Jane Teeters ter help ye cook, and let that thar washin alone until I gets back."

Thus soothing and petting her, yet puzzled in mind, though utterly unsuspicious of the real cause of her agitation, he finally got away, leaving her standing on a projecting rock, gazing with tear blinded eyes after him.

"Be back today?" queried Bufford from the stillhouse door as he passed.

"Reckon not. The steers can't hardly make hit in a day."

He crossed the river on the flat, and as his wagon disappeared round a bold bend of the cliffs he, following behind, looked back. His wife still stood upon the rock, her baby playing at her feet and her bright calico dress fluttering in the breeze blowing down sweet and cool from the mountains.

The memory of that fair vision was all that remained to him of her, except the child, for eight long years.

He returned on the following day to a ruined and deserted home. Dick Bufford and Darthuly had disappeared. There was a motherless babe crying upon the bed and a scrap of paper left upon the table telling him that he had no wife; that she was gone with another; that she was sorry, but could not help it; that he must regard her as one dead; that he would care for the child, for its own sake if not for hers, whose heart was deservedly breaking; that her past life had been impure; that she had deceived him, yet had believed she loved him, until the tempter came clothed with the power and glamour of a former triumph over her youthful trust and love, to lure her back to sin and ruin.

When he at last arose, crushed, miserable, yet dumbly patient, he threw the wretched apology into the fire and, gathering his babe to his arms, soothed it through the night, while fighting off by grim endurance his own pain until morning came again.

Silently he endured the flow of neighborly comment and consolation, and quietly he went about his double duties, with a stoicism apparently untouched by tenderness, except when alone with his child.

He never inquired after or searched for the guilty couple, nor were their names ever mentioned by him. The past, as far as she was associated with it in his memory, was dead. His great struggle with himself for months was to make his sorrow and his shame subserve the welfare of his child until the pure indifference born of duty done should reward his lacerated heart with a lasting peace.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE GENESIS OF GOLD.

Conflicting Theories as to the Deposits of the Precious Metal.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Through the combined agencies of heat, pressure and electricity diamonds, rubies and other precious stones may be produced in minute forms by science, and it is not improbable that processes may yet be devised for their creation equal in bulk and purity to the best yields of the laboratories of nature. A diamond is but a lustrous bit of carbon, but gold is gold and nothing else, whether considered as a salt or a solid. It combines with other metals and may be separated from them, but no combination or other substances can produce it. Since the days of Tubal Cain, who probably worked in gold as well as iron, it has been the dream of the alchemist that the baser metals might be transmuted into gold, and in every century except the Nineteenth Rosicrucians and other reputed leaders in the black arts have wasted their lives in the hopeless undertaking.

Concerning the origin of gold and the methods of its deposition various theories have been advanced and much has been written. No one of the explanations, however, is without its contradictions, and a definite solution of the mystery is as yet an unaccomplished achievement. Let it be said that some fundamental facts in relation to gold are generally accepted. It is admitted that the waters of the seas contained chloride of gold—enough in the aggregate, perhaps, to gild the surface of the earth—and that in its primal condition it is probable that gold was and is a metallic salt in the form of a chloride, sulphide or silicate, or of all them, as determined by conditions. Could it be ascertained through what agencies this salt was originally evolved gold might be produced by imitating the processes of nature, as in the manufacture of small diamonds from carbon, but this is a sealed book to science, and research will probably never be rewarded with the secret.

Until recently the generally accepted theory was that molten silica carrying gold in metallic or some other form was forced up into fissures in the cooling crust of the earth when the world was new, and that the gold now found in gravel and other deposits was at the same time or subsequently fused from the quartz that held it and scattered by glaciers and the action of the elements. There are some weak spots in this theory. As the gold would be volatized by the intense heat of the molten silica. It is not shown by what means it afterward uniformly permeated the quartz in a metallic form and as the clearly defined walls of quartz viens were more readily fusible than the quartz itself, an explanation is in order of the reason why the walls should not have fused and mingled with the molten silica. We do not say that these apparent inconsistencies disprove what is known as the igneous theory, but they certainly weaken it.

This theory has been attacked by learned geologists in both hemispheres, among whom are Professors Bischof, Le Conte, Skey, Lobley, Newbery and others, and more recently by J. C. F. Johnson, author of "The Genesiology of Gold." To it they oppose what may be called the infiltration theory. They admit that volcanic action had much to do, not only in the formation of mineral veins, but in characterizing their metallic constituents; but that action, they assume, was largely hydrothermal. To this theory the original occurrence of gold as a metallic salt is a necessity. It is claimed that when water began to form in large bodies on the cooling surface of the earth it penetrated into the heated regions below, and millions of geysers were started to spouting their mineral impregnated waters in every direction. Where the crust was thin explosions and upheavals followed. Into rifts and chasms these waters returned, to be again ejected, or to be the cause of further explosions. Later, as the cooling process continued, fissures became more abundant, and as the dry land began to appear mineral lodes were formed and the waters, heavily charged with silicates, carbonites of lime, sulphides, etc., in solution, commenced to deposit their contents in solid form.

Taken altogether, these were rather strange geologic conditions from which to commence the upbuilding of a habitable world. But, admitting that they existed, and that the chemical agencies of the period were favorable to the production of metallic salts, and the task of accounting for gold in quartz veins that were previously barren is regarded as easy by the advocates of the hydrothermal theory. For instance chloride of gold, now found in sea water, was more abundant in the azoic age than it has been since. Says Prof. Johnson: "Sulphide of gold would have been produced by the action of sulphuretted hydrogen; hence our auriferous pyrites lodes; while silicate of gold might have resulted from a combination of gold chlorides with silic acid; and thus the frequent presence of gold in quartz is accounted for." Yes, it is accounted for, but in a very misty and unsatisfactory manner.

Prof. Le Conte throws a better light on the theory by assuming that mineralized waters flowed for long periods up and down fissures, continually, impregnating the ores with their deposits. But if gold originally occurred as a mineral salt, when and how did it take a metallic form? "Probably," answers Mr. Johnson, "in just the same manner as we now precipitate it in the laboratory. With regard to that found in quartz lodes finely disseminated through the gangue, the change was brought about through the same agency which caused the silicic acid to solidify and take the form in which we now see it in the quartz veins. Prof. Newberry thinks it probable that the salt of gold was in the same solution that deposited the pyrites. This is a chemical possibility, but it adds another complication to the hydrothermal theory.

But the great, smooth nuggets of gold gathered from gravel deposits and river channels, and never found in quartz veins—how can they be accounted for without falling back upon the smelting process? Professor Johnson argues that they are the results of electro-chemical growth. He says there are three gold salts in nature—silicate, sulphide and chloride; that all these are soluble in the presence of certain re-agents, also found in nature, and through which they may be deposited in metallic form; hence, if gold was formed in quartz reefs from solutions in mineral waters, it follows that much of our alluvial gold—all that was not ground out of exposed veins by the elements—may have been similarly derived. The argument is that, as mineral salts may be made to deposit themselves in a metallic state on any suitable base, such as iron sulphide, for example, it is reasonable to presume that alluvial nuggets, beginning with a pyritous base, owe their growth to successive depositions of films of metallic gold derived from its salts. As a nugget may be thus created in a laboratory, the inference is not irrational that nature may have employed the same process in creating the coarse golds of the gravel deposits.

Yet the facts remains that all alluvial gold nuggets have not been so formed. Some of them, found in California, have shown undeniable traces of having been deposited in a molten condition, and barren quartz is everywhere found in the mineral belts of the Pacific coast, from which the gold seems to have been abstracted by fusion. It is true, as contended, that a degree of heat sufficient to fuse quartz would volatilize the gold associated with it if exposed to the air; but why should not the cooling and hardening quartz, still holding the gold in fusion, have expelled it by shrinkage, either in globules, represented by the melon seed gold, of the old channels, or occasionally in combined thousand of them, constituting the great nuggets of the placers? The laboratory furnishes proof that they may have been electro chemically formed, and in some instances the nuggets themselves plainly testify that they were created wholly by fusion. Which was the process? Nature did not employ them both.

Concerning these conflicting theories we venture no opinion. Violated law, as understood by man, crosses the path of both of them, and no alleged solution of the mystery of gold-making has a more solid foundation than that of surmise. It may yet be discovered that both theories are wrong.

WHY HE WAS DEFEATED.

Hannibal Hamlin, the "war" vice president, possessed a keen wit and a merry, fun-loving nature. The following anecdote, found in the "Lives of Twelve Illustrious Men," is one which Mr. Hamlin took great pleasure in narrating. It generally happens, as in this case, that when a man amuses himself at the expense of another, the punishment follows closely upon the offence.

When Hamlin was speaker of the Maine house of representatives—away back in the "forties"—there was in that body a certain gentleman of faultless attire, pleasing manners, good address and some reputation. But he had one foible: his hair was very thin, and he was highly sensitive in regard to it.

To hide his approaching baldness he had a habit of carefully stroking with bandoline or other preparation each particular hair in its place. One day, while in the chair as speaker, Mr. Hamlin, in the innocence of a good and joke-loving nature, sent for this gentleman, and looking fixedly at his smooth and polished pate, said with a chuckle:

"Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that you've got one of the hairs of your head crossed over the other."

"You insult me, sir! you insult me!" replied the member, with unexpected and altogether unnecessary indignation; and then refusing to listen either to reason or explanation, he left the speaker's desk and returned to his seat.

When Mr. Hamlin became a candidate for United States senate this gentlemen was a member of the upper house of the Maine legislature. Although a member of the same party, and only one more vote was needed to secure Mr. Hamlin's election, he positively refused to vote for the man by whom he believed he had been insulted.

He was defeated for a seat in the senate—by a hair. But when the next vacancy occurred he was elected.

PAWNBROKER'S SIGN.—People who are compelled to go to their "Uncle" for temporary advances on personal property have often speculated as to the origin and significance of the three balls which are the most conspicuous exterior advertisements of the establishment appertaining to the aforesaid "Uncle." The pawnbroker's sign was, originally, the arms of the famous family of the Medici in Italy, whose ancestor was a physician and adopted as his device three pills. The Medici became bankers and money lenders, and amassed enormous wealth from lending money at the high rates of interest prevalent in their time. When banks were established in other cities than Florence, the Medici sign of three suspended balls became the mark of a bank, and the practice spread into France, Spain and Germany. By and by, however, as this sign was adopted by a lower class of money lenders, who made advances on personal property, it fell into disrepute among the higher grade of financiers, and, being dropped by the bankers, was still continued by the lower class, and finally was restricted entirely to such money lenders as received pledges as security for loans.—Globe-Democrat.

A HORSE ON THE CONGO.

It is hard to conceive of a people to whom the sight of a steamboat is familiar, but who have never known of the existence of horses. Such a people were, until recently, the blacks living along the reaches of the Congo river, where steamers have for some time occasionally plied, but where no horse had ever been brought.

Not long ago a Belgian inspector, visiting a place on the Congo called Mutchie, brought with him, on the deck of the steamer, a good horse. The boat had no sooner made fast at the landing than all the blacks of the place were assembled, gazing with astonishment at the animal.

One of them, who had traveled a little, declared that it was "a white man's elephant"—which was, perhaps, not a bad description, from the point of view of the Central African who had never seen a horse before; but the general opinion seemed to be that it was a kind of goat which the white man brought with him to eat, for the white man is notoriously fantastic about his food.

All this time the horse had stood with his head toward the crowd of natives, tranquilly munching some grass which had been given him. Now he turned part way around, and began to switch his tail.

Then a shout arose from the crowd; they declared that the tail was false—that it was "stuck on" by the white man. To undeceive them, one of the whites seized the tail and pulled at it with both hands. This amused the Negroes to such a point that they rolled on the ground in the violence of their laughter.

"Now," said the white man, "you come and do as I have done. He will let you pull his tail."

But nothing would induce the Negroes to touch the horse. Some of them, indeed, had to be held by the others, to prevent them from running away, so great was the fear which the horse inspired.

By and by a chief—a brave man and a wealthy one, after the native standard—made bold to advance and express to the inspector his extreme admiration for the horse, and to announce that he desired to purchase it. He knew that it must be a precious possession to the white man, and therefore he would offer a large price. He would give the white man four goats for it!

He was much disappointed when the owner refused this munificent offer. The goat is the standard of value in this part of the Congo region. When the first steamboat came up the river, a chief, as soon as he had recovered from the astonishment which the sight inspired, went to the captain and asked him how many goats he would take for the steamer.—Youth's Companion.

CHEAP WHEELS.—A cycling authority says that one of the greatest factors in the continued growth of the number of devotees to the sport is the low priced wheel. The makers of strictly high grade wheels, who value their products at anywhere from $80 to $125, with $100 as the almost universal price, are doing more business than ever, and do not appear to be affected by the competition of cheaper machines which can be bought at almost any price from the recognized standard all the way down to $17, which is about as low a point as has yet been reached. These cheaper machines, particularly those of medium grade, which are the most salable, have made it possible for thousands to ride who because of the cost or lack of interest would not have started had it been necessary to buy at the long established price.

MONUMENTS OF GLASS.—A company of glass workers have recently discovered that ordinary plate glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest marble or granite, for glass is practically indestructible. Wind, rain, heat or cold will eventually crumble the hardest rock, and one can seldom read the inscription on a gravestone 50 years old, but a glass monument will look as fresh after the elapse of centuries as on the day of its erection, and the inscription can be made ineffaceable. The thick plate glass from the side port holes of steamers will resist the stormiest sea and is practically unbreakable.

☞ Scatter the seeds of kindness. Few of us realize how unkind we often are when we do not mean to be so. It is quite sad to think of the amount of unkindness often practiced in one family in the course of even a day. The child begins by fretting about his food at the breakfast table, which worries his mother and spoils the comfort of her breakfast; or he is disobedient, and speaks disrespectfully to his father, and the father goes out to his long day in the city with a heavy heart instead of a light one.

NUMBERING BANK NOTES.—All United States bank notes are printed in sheets of four of one denomination on each sheet and are numbered and lettered twice. All notes of which the number when divided by four shows a remainder of one have a letter A upon them; if the remainder of two, the letter B; of three, the letter C, and those which have no remainder, the letter D.—Ladies' Home Journal.