

## JASPER COOPER'S LETTER.

### A JUVENILE STORY.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

"He who does one fault at first, And tries to hide it, makes it two."  
(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

"You've proof of my skill as a marksman now. All I needed was a little time to get my hand in," said Nathan, triumphantly. "We will have the game-bag fall by night."

His face was flushed with a sportsman's pride, and he took off his hat and wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Now you had up a while and let me try. I'm going to drive at something, anything that comes next," I said.

About five minutes after, Nathan cried:

"Look! There's a bird on the top of that tree with the broken branch," pointing toward it.

My eye followed the direction of his finger. A beautiful bird, with a deep red breast, was an inspiring sight; but I paused a moment.

"I'm not going to shoot pretty birds like that," Nathan, like that one," I declared with emphasis. "I'll kill partridges, for they are good to eat, and crows and hen-chickens, that do mischief."

Nathan laughed.

"You'll get over being particular soon," he rejoined.

I took my gun from my shoulder and was taking out the ramrod in order to put in powder and shot.

"What isn't your gun loaded?" asked Nathan, greatly surprised.

"No, I'm going to load it now."

"Seems to me, you are an old kind of a hunter, to tramp an hour with an empty gun, ha ha ha!"

"What difference does it make?" I answered, with spirit. "I haven't been ready to use it before. I guess there's time enough to load my gun."

"Very well, shoot after your own fashion; look, Jasp., there's game for you," laughingly glancing toward an open space in the woods, close to a path.

My eyes followed Nathan's finger, and to my surprise I saw, about six rods from us, a little, brivelled old woman, in a faded calico dress, a plaid shawl and a red hood.

She was not a stranger, and coming upon her unexpectedly as we did was not pleasing to me.

Her name was Lucy Robinson. She had been digging roots for medicinal purposes, and a half-filled basket was a little way from her. When she saw us shearose from the ground and stood with her great black eyes fixed scowlingly on me.

She lived in a small old house near the school-house, with half a dozen cats for only companions. She picked berries, and sold them, and made baskets for a living, which found ready purchasers.

I did not like her, and she did not like me.

During the summer, she reported to Mr. Lowe that I had broken her windows one day during a recess of school hours.

The accusation was false. I had teased her by petty tricks, and I had provoked her to hot anger by frightening her cats and calling her names, but the thought of breaking her windows or injuring her property had not occurred to me—not in any way.

Strongly as I denied her charge, I could not prove it to be false; and I was punished by Mr. Lowe for the supposed offense. Since then I had felt very angry with old Lucy Robinson, and when we saw her in the woods, the idea of retaliation darted into my mind. I determined to frighten her well and pay her for the wrong she had done me.

Without a moment's hesitation, I put my gun to my shoulder and leveled it at her.

"You told Mr. Lowe a wicked lie about me; you got me punished. I didn't break your windows; you know I didn't; and I'll shoot you, old witch!" I cried, in a loud tone.

At that moment, Nathan caught a glimpse of a woodchuck, making for its hole. He had not yet finished charging his gun after firing at the woodpecker, and he started to run.

Believing mine to be unloaded, he pushed me and jostled my arm, causing a sudden pressure of my finger upon the trigger, and to my horror,

my gun, still pointing at Lucy Robinson, went off with a loud report.

The old woman screamed and staggered, and a small stream of blood appeared trickling from her sleeve down to her hand.

She looked at me a moment, pale and terror-stricken; then she placed a hand tightly over the wound, and fled with long steps from the woods toward her home, groaning and crying with pain at every step.

Nathan and I gazed after her retreating figure till she was out of sight, and then looked with horror into each other's eyes.

"You hit her!" exclaimed Nathan, wildly.

"I didn't mean to. I only wanted to frighten her," I gasped.

"You threatened to shoot her. She'll show her wound and tell of it."

"I didn't know my gun was loaded. I pointed it at her just to scare her, and make her go off to another part of the woods, that's all."

"You'll be arrested for this."

"You'll have the constable after you before long, you will."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?"

"I don't know," replied Nathan, greatly alarmed. "You've wounded old Lucy. She'll tell you leveled your gun at her and said you'd shoot her, because she got you punished."

She can make out a big story against you, and she'll do it. I wouldn't stand in your shoes for a million of dollars; no, I wouldn't for any amount of money."

I felt an icy tremor running over my frame, but did not speak.

"Every one will take her word for it, and think you meant to kill her," continued Nathan. "If she dies of that gun shot wound, you'll be tried for murder, and have to go to prison and, maybe, get hung."

"What can I do?" I asked, faintly.

My knees were so weak they had hardly power to hold me up.

"If I were you, it seems to me I should clear out—get away somewhere out of sight of everybody. You are in an awful fix, Jasper. I wouldn't stay around here a minute."

"Where can I go?" in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know; but you must clear out right off. It's the only way to save your self."

Nathan was pale, and so much excited, I saw he was not a wise counselor. His affection for me made him see my dreadful situation in its full horror, and his great anxiety to help me prevented him from knowing how to advise me rightly. As we walked slowly out of the woods, I tried to look the calamity full in the face.

Alarmed as I was, I still had enough of my wits left to know, if I fled from suspicion, I should certainly involve myself in greater difficulties; but I was unable to decide what course to pursue. More than an hour we wandered about over the fields and down the road. I did not dare go home, and my mind was tortured with terrible forebodings of what was to come. By this time, Nathan had begun to get a little over his excitement, and now strove to encourage me.

"I shall stick by you, Jasp., through thick and thin; you may be sure of that," he said, firmly. "I'm your friend, no matter what comes."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" was all I could say.

"There's one thing in your favor, Jasp. You've lots of friends, good ones, too. We'll all work for you to get out of this scrape."

This was some comfort—to be told there were those who cared for me and would pity and try to help me.

Slowly we walked till we came to a bridge. Here we stood some time, talking dolefully, till the sound of hoofs was heard, and soon Sheriff Clapp appeared on horseback, coming on a brisk canter toward us.

I felt sure he was in pursuit of me, but determined to stand where I was and meet him firmly, though my heart was beating violently and trembled all over.

He leaped from his horse, and laid hand on my shoulder.

"Jasper Cooper," said he, "I arrest you for firing a gun at Lucy Robinson with intent to kill. Come with me."

I saw it would be useless to offer

resistance, and though the blood felt as if it froze in my veins, I walked by his side in desponding silence.

Nathan drew my arm in his, and half supported me.

"I know where he's taking me to," I said, in a low voice to him, while my teeth chattered fast. "I'm on my way to the lock up. What I want you to do for me, Nathe, is this: go home and tell Margaret O'Brien just what I've done, and all that's happened. She's a good girl. You'll find her in the kitchen. I think. Tell her to keep it from mother by all means. If she she knows it, she'll get worse, but as soon as father comes let him know it from beginning to end; then I want to see him."

"I will do just what you want," responded Nathan, sorrowfully.

"If this thing goes against me, it'll get me into State's prison, I'm sure. Oh, dear, I don't know what's coming next."

"Now don't be so down hearted. You didn't mean to hit old Lucy, and I guess it can be proved you only meant to frighten her. It's a tight place you are in, but I guess you'll come out clear, Jasper."

A few moments more we reached the lock up. It was a temporary prison in the basement of a large public building. It had a barred window and strong iron door. Into this place I was conducted by Sheriff Clapp. Nathan shook my hand long and warmly.

"Keep up courage, Jasp.," was his parting injunction. "Keep up good courage; it's the only way. Good-by."

His voice quivered, and I felt he had a good many misgivings about me.

The door closed after them, and the key was turned.

I was a prisoner indeed. I cannot describe my agony of mind when the sound of their feet died away; Sheriff Clapp going one way and Nathan another.

The sun went down behind the edges of distant hills, and a twilight of purple and gold followed. Evening slowly advanced. The moon arose and shone in through the barred window, and I stood by the window in solitary confinement.

I could see quite a distance down the street. Few people were out. The light from many lamps shone from many windows over the quiet town, I could faintly discern through the trees the upper story of my own home, and I wished I could know how my poor sick mother had been since I saw her. What a dear good mother she was! No love was as true and tender as hers and that of my dear indulgent father. I thought of him, too, and how distressed he would be, on his return, to know about me. Oh, if I had heeded their teachings, I should not be here. On went the hours, and the church clock struck one.

A deep stillness had overspread the town. I had endured suspense and forebodings till it seemed as if my mental powers could bear no more torture, when the low whining cry of a dog was heard at the door outside. It was Cesar, and the next moment his foot was striking against the door for admission.

I started up. Courage was suddenly imparted by the arrival of my dog. A friend was there, and though he was but a dumb animal who could give me no help, he loved his young master, and had come even to his prison to be with him.

Cesar is a good dog!" I called to him. "He doesn't forget poor Jasper; no he doesn't!"

I knew the dog wagged his bushy tail in response, for it kept striking on the iron door.

"Cesar didn't think he'd ever find his master in such a place, did he?" tears running again down my cheeks.

"Bow-wow-wow!" came from within.

"Master can't open the door and let him in; wants to, but can't, 'cause it's locked and master can't open it." The dog appeared to understand something of the import of my words, for he was quiet several minutes, and then came another "bow-wow-wow!"

"Too bad, Jasper can't let him in; good dog, noble dog! Master loves him and he loves master; so we do—yes, yes, and he's sorry for

master and wants to help him!"

A whining cry was his answer. "Be a good dog and lie down, real glad he's come; lie down, Cesar!"

The obedient, intelligent animal became quiet at once. I could hear him moving about a little. Then I was sure he was stretched before my prison, acting as a guardman for me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### How Hair Cloth Is Made.

Many people understand of course how hair cloth is made, but for the edification of those who do not we will explain the process. In the first place horsehair cannot be dyed. It repels coloring matter; so to make black cloth it is necessary to secure natural black hair. The horses, in many cases absolutely wild, running unrestrained, are regularly coraled and shorn. Of course black hair is preferable, but sometimes gray stock is utilized. Not only the tails but also the manes are cut; the hair is bunched. These bunches seldom contain hairs of less length than two feet; some are even three and three and a half feet, and the thickness of the bunches is usually two or three inches.

The hair cloth looms are provided with what we may call a nipper, in place of a shuttle, and the nipper is so finely actuated that it travels across the warp and seizes from the bunches one hair only—the jaws of the nipper being too fine to grasp more than one—and carries it across the weft threads, dropping it into the exact place. The action of the loom mechanically forces the hair next to its predecessor, the warp crosses upon it, snugly holds it in its place, the nipper travels back and seizes another, and so on and on. The delicacy and almost human accuracy with which each separate hair is placed between the warp threads is really incredible.—New York Telegram.

**Hindsight in Excess.**

"The most remarkable case of hindsight I ever came across," said the old railroad superintendent, "occurred on my division several years ago. A young man named Brown was operated at a way station about ten miles this side of Alliance. He was a good boy all over, and I had my eye on him for promotion. But one winter's night, after ordering a freight train to come west, he let No. 10 passenger express go east. How he made the blunder he never could explain.

"On a single track road nothing under heaven could prevent a wreck, and Brown realized that before the rear lights of the passenger train were out of sight. Most men would have lost their heads at the thought, but Brown didn't. He remained at his instrument and telegraphed me as follows, 'Send wrecking train at once; trains 10 and 37 in collision.'"

"I went out with the wrecking train at once, picked up Brown on the way, and found a bad smashup, sore enough—though the engineers of both trains had sighted each other in time to avert a frightful catastrophe. Of course I had to discharge Brown, but if his foresight had been equal to his hindsight what a splendid railroader he would have made."

**The Time to Marry.**

All was going merrily last week at a very interesting wedding in the town of Petaluma until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding ring. In vain he felt his trousers pocket for the missing trifle. Nothing could be found except a hole, through which the ring had evidently fallen into the high boot which is affected by young men of that country. What was he to do?

"Take your boot off," said the parson.

The suspense and silence were painful. The organist, at the priest's bidding, struck up a "voluntary." The young man, sitting on the altar rails, removed his boot. The ring was found—also a hole in the stocking, which led the worthy divine to remark:

"Young man, it's time you were married."

One half of the potato crop of Washington county, N. Y., has been ruined by rot.

### THE PRUNING KNIFE.

#### A Talk with Gen. Robert R. Hemphill of Abbeville, About the Policy of the Reform Party.

Gen. Robert R. Hemphill, Senator from Abbeville, was in the city yesterday, and a Reporter for The News and Courier inquired of him as to the probable course of legislation during the present session of the General Assembly. Senator Hemphill has always been identified with what is popularly known as the reform element of the Democratic party, served three terms in the House and is on his second term in the Senate. He is chairman of the committee on education and the committee on printing.

In response to inquiries he said that many people misunderstood the purpose of the recent movement. The admission of Tillman would be characterized by moderation. No sweeping changes are contemplated. The pruning knife will only be applied to abuses known and admitted by all to exist. There will be no horizontal reduction of salaries, but changes will be made where the pay is too great for the services rendered. The economical changes will be of continuing effect in the line of economy. There has never been any intention to abolish the two mill educational taxes. More attention will be paid to the common schools than heretofore, and if anything he taxes for common schools will be increased. The people in the country have long felt the want of a better system of schools and they are perfectly willing to extend increased aid to them.

The new Administration will use its efforts to put down lynchings, to enforce the laws with impartiality, but in mercy, to equalize taxation and to maintain the honor and credit of the State. The penal and charitable institutions of the State will be supported with judicious liberality and educational institutions will be made more efficient but conducted more in accordance with the necessities of the people. There will be less display, but better results. No plans for these reforms have yet been formulated, but moderation will be the rule.

No conference has yet been held as to the election of United States Senator. There is considerable opposition to Senator Hampton, because of his letter to Col. Fry. He was not expected to say anything unkind about Judge Haskell, knowing their former relations and appreciating them. They did not expect any commendation of him, however. Senator Hampton still has a warm place in the hearts of the old soldier element in the General Assembly. None of them have forgotten his devotion and gallantry, and they are disposed to look upon his course as an "error of the head and not the heart." They will not vote against him unless they feel that it is necessary to make the reform movement a lasting success. Even then they would do so with great regret.

**Some Very Foolish Things.**

Expecting to go to Heaven on a wife's church membership.

Doing mean things and expecting to keep them secret.

Preaching for money and expecting to gain converts.

Trying to worship God with enmity in your heart toward your brother.

Neglecting your family to do missionary work.

Telling a ten dollar lie to hide a three cent sin.

Preaching one way and walking another.

Praying for God to bless you and continue to live on good terms with the devil.

Shouting in class meetings and saying spiteful things on wash day.

Trying continually to maintain an attitude of "Good Lord, good devil."

Saying mean things of people behind their backs and treating them with the utmost deference, whenever you meet them in public.

**A New Kind of Negro.**

LA GRANGE, Ga., Nov. 26.—Henry Ferguson, colored, died here from the effects of a bite on the hand three months ago by Joe Strozier. Blood poisoning ensued, and he could get no relief. The negroes claim that Strozier is a blue gummed negro, and regard a bite from one of that kind as poisonous as that of a rattlesnake. Very few negroes would have anything to do with his burial on account of their superstitious fears in regard to a death of his character.

An epidemic of typhoid fever is raging in Clementville, Ohio. Twenty-five cases have proved fatal.

### Tillman's New Sewing Machine.

Governor-elect Tillman, like a true Alliance man, recently ordered through the State Alliance Exchange a new sewing machine. Manager Donaldson forwarded the order to the manufacturer of the "Farmers, Alliance" sewing machines. The manufacturer learned that the machine was to be for Governor Tillman and has just sent it to Manager Donaldson for inspection. It is one of the handsomest and most striking ever manufactured and is unique. It will be an ornament to Mrs. Tillman's apartments at the State House and to an ordinary observer looks like a desk. The top can be used as a writing desk, and when Mrs. Tillman wants some sewing done she will simply raise the top and turn it over to one side. A mechanical contrivance raises the top part of the machine to a level with the top of the desk and all that remains to be done is to attach the belt to the wheel and the pedal, which rests in the bottom of the desk. The machine is a light running one, and the machinery is the best made. The desk is handsomely carved and painted, and the wood is of the finest ash and French maple. Manager Donaldson is well pleased with the machine and will box it up and send it to Governor Tillman in a few days.

**JAY GOULD GETS EVEN.**

**How It Comes That Mr. Wanamaker Has to Mortgage His Home.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Postmaster General Wanamaker has had to pawn the house he lived in order to meet current financial obligations. Two weeks ago it was reported that he was "long" of Reading stock purchased on a margin, and that Jay Gould was getting a tight twist on him in revenge for his official advocacy of a limited government postal telegraph. This was denied at the time by Mr. Wanamaker's Philadelphia partner, and it was maintained stoutly that the postmaster general was financially sound. Whether the statement was true or not, certain it is that from some cause Mr. Wanamaker has found it necessary to go into the market for money, and he has not only borrowed it on stock collaterals, but has obtained a loan of \$50,000 on his house in this city.

A deed of trust from John Wanamaker to George Crawford et al. on sub lots 7 and 8, square 126 (on 1 street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets Northwest), to secure the payment \$50,000 to Amanda and H. C. Ford, was made some time ago and recorded yesterday at the City Hall. There is a rumor that the papers were held back until yesterday at the special request of Mr. Wanamaker.

This is the house which ex-Secretary Whitney occupied during the Cleveland administration. Mr. Wanamaker bought it from Mr. Whitney for something like \$90,000.

**Origin of the Artesian Well.**

The sedimentary rocks in their great thickness enclose a succession of water sheets or water levels occupying distinct stages, and extending with uniform character under whole countries, like the strata to which they are subordinated. It is proper to remark here that by the term water sheet is not meant a real bed of water bedded in a cavity between solid masses that serve as walls to it, but water filling the minute interstices or the cracks of a rock. Continuos and regular in sand these sheets are usually discontinuous and irregular in limestones and sandstones in which the water only occupies more or less spacious fissures.

When natural issues are wanting human industry is able, by boring, to make openings down to the subterranean waters which it causes to jet up to the surface, and sometimes to a considerable height above. The thought of undertaking such works is a very ancient one. The Egyptians had recourse to them forty centuries ago, and they were executed in France in 1136 at Artois, whence the name of artesian wells has been given to them.—Philadelphia Record.

**BROTHER AND SISTER WED.**

**A Strange Romance Which Began at Castle Garden 25 Years Ago.**

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 17.—A romance of unusually unfortunate and pathetic detail was revealed yesterday when two detectives from Toronto Mr. and Mrs. Asa Barr of Kansas City, Kan., the relationship of brother and sister and the heirs to fortunes left by a relative of Mrs. Barr's deceased mother. Two waifs—mere babies, brother and sister—were abandoned twenty-five years ago by German immigrants at Castle Garden. They were legally adopted—one by a man named Asa Barr, the other by Mrs. Evans. Mrs. Evans moved soon afterwards to Philadelphia, where she brought up her adopted daughter, giving her a comfortable home and good education. Twenty years later the boy, grown to manhood and having taken his adopted father's name, moved also to Philadelphia, where he followed the trade of a painter.

Chance drew the brother and sister together. Barr was captivated with the girl and wooed, won and married her. Soon after they moved to Kansas City, Kan., where Barr continued in his trade. Not long ago Mrs. Evans died. Quickly following her death occurred that of a relative in London, Canada, who died rich and intestate. His fortune would have passed to Mrs. Evans as the nearest relative, but her death having occurred her adopted daughter became the heir. The attorneys sent detectives to trace the heiress, in their investigation of the case they discovered the true relationship of Mr. and Mrs. Barr to be brother and sister. They arrived here yesterday and revealed to the unfortunate couple the facts.

The terrible knowledge prostrated Mrs. Barr, and her husband is grief stricken. No issue has resulted from their marriage. Legal proceedings will at once be instituted to sever the marriage bond and Mrs. Barr will go to London, Canada, to claim her fortune.

**A Lawyer with an Eye to Business.**

Belfast has a lawyer who deserves success. He not only has an eye to present business, but one for the future. He does considerable marrying and was heard the other day to say to a young couple whom he had just married: "Married life in the best regulated families has its troubles, and should either of you come to the conclusion that you have made a mistake don't forget to call on me, and I'll get you a divorce cheaper, than any other lawyer in town. That balance of seventy-five cents you owe me for marrying you can hand in any time." The young couple departed in a doubtful manner, as if they were half inclined to be divorced at once and saved costs.—Belfast Age.

Don Cameron is not going to have a walk over for the Senatorship from Pennsylvania. Delamater, defeated candidate for Governor, announces that he is not a political corpse, that he proposes to enter the Senatorial ring against Cameron, and make it lively for somebody. He has a grievance. He feels that he has been slaughtered for somebody else's short comings, that Cameron is largely responsible for the slaughtering by doing nothing to prevent it, and that he wants his personality vindicated. It is not thought that he can be elected, but he has many strong friends in the western part of the State who believe that he didn't get fair play from some men in his own party, and if they can't elect him they will do their level best to beat Cameron.

**A freshman was killed in a riot at Michigan University.**

The painting "Angels" was sold to the French Government for \$150,000.

John T. Walker, Son & Co., silk importers, of New York, have failed for \$1,100,000.

The grave of Roscoe Conkling, near Utica, N. Y. is daily bedecked with flowers by loving hands.

Betty Benson, of Bradford, Pa., although only 25 years of age has been married six times.