& dethick & Hins V. Sigher

Singley for Lang Discount. At the present era, when physical outine is a part of the curriculum of our most intellectual schools, and is so generally regarded as a necessary element to-mand, supplying and maintaining the mand body for the sound mind, it is worth while to consider a recent statement of eminent physicians that the more expresse of singing is a great help toward the prevention, cure or alienation of lung diseases. In the incipient state of such diseases it is even said to be a powerful aid to a cure. It is, indeed, somewhat earlous that the medical fraternity have not exploited the theory of lung exercises by singing more fully heretofore than they are now doing, for the action of calisthenics in developing the chest and of gymnastics in strengthening muscular see have for years been a universal practice, aithough as a matter of fact the mere physical exercise of singing brings into play an extraordinary number of muscles that can hardly be suspected of action in connection with the throat expansion. It was disclosed by statistics sheemen of all kinds—and too many of in Italy some years ago that vocal artists them were of a disconition to take mixen. were usually long lived and healthy, and that brass instrument players, who bring their lungs and chest into unusual activity, have not had a consumptive victim among them No matter how thin or weak the voice, children or young people should be encouraged to indulge

Goethe as Host.

it may occasion. - New York Tribune.

In his last years Goethe had become in which the doctor was pressingly invited to come to Goethe that same evening, and it was added that a carriage would come for Voigt in about an hour. Voigt naturally gladly obeyed the sumdition to Goethe himself. Reimer, the post's secretary; Eckermand, afterward the poet's Boswell, and one or two other men whose names are unrecorded.

eyes. No one spoke a word, but each man had before him a bottle of red wine. Voigt wished to announce himself and to inquire what were his excellency's commands, but Reimer whispered to him crew had assembled in the gangway and quietly: "Hush! Excellency is thinking." demanded to see him. He rose, buckled Silence again settled down upon the on his sword and went out. In the starparty and the men speed thei wine board gangway were about forty of the noiselessly. At last, at 10 p. m., the men, headed by a stout, burly, dark marty broke up. Goethe dismissing his visaged fellow named Basard. He was party broke up. Goethe dismissing his friends with his usual formula, "I wish my friends a good night." The next morning excellency could remember his companions. He wanted it under-nothing about the invitation to Voigt. stood that there was no particular leader Some idea must have crossed the poet's in this business, but that the terms of and speaking with the professor, but the idea had vanished and left no trace, so that Voigt returned to Jens without having learned why he had been so suddenly and needlessly summoned to Weimar. -

A Life Seving Drest.

The problem of a life saving dress which shall be what its name implies is one that has often been attempted, but in one point or other is as yet unsolved.

A Michigan diver claims, however, to have discovered a solution.

The dress is a combination of a diver's it and the famous Paul Boyton rig. It differs from the latter in that it is not infiated, and resembles the former in that a helmet with contrivances for seeing and breathing forms part of the outfit. principal garment resembles a child's nightdress, being wide enough at the neck to admit the body, and possessing arms and legs. The neckband is fastene with a simple contrivance, and it is claimed that by means of a series of overlapping folds in the junction between the headpiece and the lower garment a person increed can breathe freely.

Around the waist is a peculiarly con-

structed life preserver, capable of sup-porting ten times the weight of a large man, and at the feet are leaden soles, the object of which is to maintain the wearer in an upright position in the water. It is claimed that a person can rig himself or herself-the garment is fitted for wotoen as well as men-inside of two minutes, and that when once incased sinking is an absolute impossibility. The inventor claims that fully 50 per cent. of people who are supposed to have been drowned are in reality killed by exposare. To obviste this difficulty the rubber suit is constructed with a view to re taining the heat of the human body and at the same time to protect it from the water. - Chicago Tribune.

Semetimes Ten Cun't Always Tell. A wise man says: "A young man need hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel." That depande a great deal on whether he dete or And that, again, depends largely on what the young men is when he goes in. If he is simply hars wood, and the very best quality of best wood at that when he goes in, he goes in for good. He down't come out enything. I don't have others be goes, but he doesn't mon where he goes, but he doesn't come out again. It won't do to put all young men into the fire. Unless the tempering process to considered a good way to get rid of those. And then when you put the young man of iron into the

are a mare or on who take BING TO ME.

Out of the alleger wallerier a sung Beautitul, bad, suft and low; Les the loveliest usuals sound along: ring each note with a wait of wea, Dim and dream,

As hope's last tear, Our of the silvace trake me a hymn. Whom supple are like shadows not and the

Out of the stillness of your beart-A thousand congs are sleeping there-wake me a song, thou child of art! The song of - hope in a test despain, Dark and low,

A chant of wea. Out of the stillness, tope by tone. Cold as a snowfake, for one moss.

Out of the darkness flash see a cong. Brightly dark and darkly bright; Let it sweep as a tone star awarps along. The mystical shadows of the night.

Sing it sweet, Where nothing is drear or dark or diss And carth word sours into beavenly hymn

NIPPING A MUTINY.

Our guniout lay in the Mississippi, attached to Porter's flotilla, and I was acting as chief engineer. Our captain was a volunteer officer, an excellent sailor and a brave man, and if he had a fault it was that of over indulgence to his crew Said crew was a motley collection, made up almost entirely of rivermen-flat boatthem were of a disposition to take advantage of kindness. They had no conception of duty, save that which was forced upon them, and they had evidently shipped with the impression that they would have

but little work and little danger. We were on the eve of stirring events. Word had come to us that we were to in song. There can be no happier medirun the batteries of Vicksburg; and we cine, and if hearers sometime suffer, they knew there was warm work in store for should be encouraged and strengthened us at Grand Guif. One morning, upon to bear the infliction in view of the good going to the fireroom, I found that two of the stokers, who should have been on duty, were absent; and, upon making inquiry, I heard that they had refused to do any more work. I called them to me, monosyllabic and serious and was also and asked what they meant. One of at times very forgetful. One afternoon them-an ill-favored fellow, who had a husear from Weimar came riding rap- shipped at New Orleans-answered me idly into Jena and drew bridle at the that his time was out, and that he wanted door of the professor. This hussar was his discharge. I informed him that, acthe bearer of a note from Goethe to Voigt, | cording to the rules of war, he must continue to do his duty until his discharge was received. He laughed at me, and said he would like to see me make him work after his time was out.

I observed that quite a number of the crew had followed my stokers to the mons and was driven to Weimar to wait door of the fire room; and, from the upon the poet. Arrived at Goethe's well glances which were exchanged, I was known room Voigt found there, in ad- satisfied that the defection was not confined to my department.

I sought the captain and told him what had transpired. "I know it-I know it," he said, nervously. "Nearly half the crew have re-

They were all sitting around a table fused to do further duty, and demand to and Goethe wore a green shade over his be paid off and set on shore. They have not yet spoken with me, but I expect them every moment." While we were conversing, the officer

of the deck came into the cabin and informed the captain that a number of the demanded to see him. He rose, buckled a buily and a blackleg. As the captain approached this man stepped forward, and said he had been chosen to speak for enlistment of forty-two of the men had expired, and they desired to be paid off and set on shore.

The captain spoke to them at first very moderately. He explained to them what were the rules of war. He told them that the mere expiration of a given time could not absolve as enlisted man from his allegiance. Any open opposition to constituted authority before they were regularly discharged would be mutiny: and if such mutiny could not be quelled the efficiency of the service would be destroyed. Then he appealed to their patriotism. Would they back out and sneak away just as an opportunity was offered to face the enemy? The men treated his appeal with scorn

and contempt, and swore that they would do no more duty. And it was plain to be seen that they meant what they said. They were desperate char-acters, and fully believed that there was not power enough on board to overcome them. As I have said, they constituted nearly half the crew and we knew that the other haif could not be depended apon to resist them with arms.

Finally, the captain told them he would go and see the commodore and explain the matter to him; and the men went forward, swearing that they would never return to duty, let come what would. When the captain's boat was ready be

asked me to accompany him, as the first demonstration of mutiny had been made to me. We found the commodore just sitting down to dinner, and he invited us to join him; and while the meal was in progress the captain told his story. Por ter listened very attentively, and at its conclusion he said, with a smile: "All right, captain, I guess there won't be much trouble, I will come on board during the afternoon and see if I can

straighten things out for you."

After this the commodore turned the pavereation upon other subjects, and when we had eaten, and amoked our pipes, we returned to our vessel:

And Commodore Forter was not far behind us. At 8 o'clock he came on board, accompanied by a lieutemant and twenty marines. His first move was to direct the crew to be mustered aft; and while this was being done the marines were drawn up on the starboard side of the quarterdeck in two radks—the crew quarterdeck in two ralks—the cryw tering upon the opposite side. When rae quist the commodore advanced

all was quiet the commodore advanced from his position against the tail rail and addressed our men, "Look ya, my men," he said in his abrupt, authoritative way, "I am in-formed that some of you refuse to do formed that some of you reture to do duty. You know very well that you can't be discharged today. The thing is impossible, and the good of the earvice will not permit that you shall salues to obey your officers. As the roll is called those who are not willing to do further duty will, in answer to their assess, or forward to the forecastle. The others forward to the forecastle. The others

The steward commen burn as well as hone weed, if you keep it as the fire long enough. "How long to these who had appeared at the gasqway narword to their names you; how do I know? Ask the wise man, he began it. -- Burdatte in Brooklys

Back.

one very crisis is an extend that white there were marry to be for the court of the crisis of the critis of the cr

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

The marines corked their rifles, and brought them to their shoulders, the muzzles covering the closely huddled muck upon the forecastle. Most of the mutineers paled and trembled. This was worse than running the natteres of Vicksburg. "Look ye," pursued the commodors.

drawing out his watch. "I will give you just one-buil minute—not one second morel in thirty seconds I shall fire! Now, report for duty or stay where you

Perhaps five ecconds passed, during which a stillness like the hush of death reigned upon the dial of his watch, and his lips were ready to pronounce the fatal word. The spirit of insubordination was growing weak in the presence of a power that held life and death at Even hearts extranged would turn once more will. A few seconds more and my two stokers broke from the gang and came aft, and they came not alone. Through the gap thus opened others followedfollowed in a continuous line-until the forecastle was vacant. Every man had

reported for duty.

Porter put up his watch and stepped

"Captain," said he, as he came upon the quarterdeck, "I have an order for you, and I will assume all responsibility in event of its execution. The first man of your crew who refuses to do duty shoot him on the spot!"

But our captain had no call for turning his pistol against his own men They had discovered what mutiny really meant, and had no desire to experiment therein again-at least while the broad pennant of Commodore Porter was in sight.-New York World.

Necessity of Thorough Ventilation. If a single ounce of cotton he burned in a room, it will so completely saturate can scarcely credit such good fortune. the chamber with smoke that one can hardly breathe, although there is but a said. single ounce of foreign matter in the air. every half hour during the night, the air would be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there could be an open door or window for it to escape. But prove it?" the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed by the cotton burning are far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of two persons who have each lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping. For while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are again absorbed into the lungs as well to ask in addition-that you remain as into the pores of the skin. A little silent about it. The fact of my changed more thoughtfulness would impress upon every one the importance and necessity of having sleeping rooms well ventilated Air should be admitted in not only during the day, but whilst we are asleep. Another very important item of the health of our beds is that every morning after getting up the sheets, blankets and other coverings should not be rearranged without being left about for a few hours. It would be a great advantage if they could be sired for that space of time. This may seem a trifle, but trifles make up the sum of our health, comfort and existence. - Herald of Health.

The Path of Fame.

Perhaps we may safely say that the mind of every great man is shadowed by melancholy. Greatness is not an easy triumph; toil, suffering and fear darken the path which leads to fame; the final victory scarce compensates for that which was endured in achieving it; the recollection of early trial saddens and softens later success; often the most ardent spirit would hesitate and turn back were it not for the consuming desire to excel which impels the toiler onward and never permits his weary brain to more than briefly flag in its task. Melancholy is not pessimism. The pessimists are those who have never striven and succeeded. A touch of sadness tinges the minds of the greatest, the wisest and the best. Truly great men are rare.

Extraordinary combinations of circumstances alone produce them; there must be a meeting of the man and the event; both the mind and the occasion must be ready, and when the time comes the great soul, taught patience, courage and sagacity, leaps to its opportunity and the flood of enthusiasm and ardor overwhelms all obstacles; without the evers discipline of waiting it could not have succeeded, but in the hour of trimelancholy. The recollection of their own disappointments gives them more sympathy for human suffering, and they can judge, with tenderness, our follies and our frailties. A few lofty and far seeing intellects lead, though their influence may for the time be unfelt, and when they teach wisdom and mercy the lerson will not be lost.—Louisville Courier-Journal

Peculiar to the Trade.

There is one thing peculiar to the hat and cap trade, and that is the manner in which stocks are ordered. By correspondence we agree with different manufacturers on a date on which we will most their representatives. Half a dozen companies, for instance, manufacture a similar class of goods. We don't want similar class of goods. We don't want to go east and visit each of the factories. and we don't want to visit one and buy there. Neither do we want to have one agent call on us one week, another another week, and so on. Hence the arrangement for the agents of compet-ing houses to meet us at the same time, the result apparently being satisfactory to all concerned.

It does seem quite novel to see half dozen or more names written on a hotel segistes, one after the other, all from hew York, and to be told they are drummers for one line. The hotel clerk will probably tell you they are hat men, of course if when, of course, if you are suspicious, you immediately begin to form a frame work for a trust, or at least a combine work for a true, or as seast a combina-tion on prices. I presume this is the only branch of business in which this is likely to happen. It is possible in ours mainly for the reason that all styles and purchases are made away in advance of the season. For instance, though winter goods, ordered mouths ago, are not all in yet we are now ordering the meter

House's Raise for Wellers.

The Bouget Shippelines displain red
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IF I SHOULD DIE TU-NIGHT.

lf i should die to-sight My friends would knot upon my quiet face, Before they hid it in he resting piece. And desce that death had left is almost fair, and inging anow white flowers against my hele, Would smooth it down with tearful tendersons, and fold my hands with linguring covers— Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night de would call to mind with loving the By receiving deed the key hand had wrought; Some kindly deed the frozen lips had sald; Errands on which the willing feet had sped. The memory of my selfshoes and pride. My hasty words, would all be put solds.

And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

to me. Recalling other days removefully The eyes that chili me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yore, perchance Would soften in the old familiar way; For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow; The way is lonely let me feel them now Think gently of me, I am travel worn; My faltering feet are pierced with many a thora Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I picult When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need The tenderness for which I long to night.

-Robert C. Y. Myers.

THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

Two men and in conversation. The cooling wind played gently with the short brown curls of the younger, while his handsome eyes and face were lighted by a bright, animated expression. "I Are you sure there is no mistake?" he

"Perfectly: here are the documents. Should an ounce of cotton be burned Prove your identity; prove to our satisfaction that you are Ralph Hamilton and you are a rich man. Can you

") can, immediately. But this is indeed a welcome change; to spring from deep poverty to such wealth in a moment by the death of an unknown relative, seems almost incredible. I am grateful to you. Metcalf, for your pains in so soon weeking me, also your interest in my welfare. I have one favor only circumstances need not be made known as vet I shall not after my style of living for a while, but shall fulfill an engagement to become the private tutor of two small boys residing, strange to relate. in the same place where lies this new estate. In taking the property you say an required to assume the name of its former owner. This I will do after a few months spent in the neighborhood as a poor teacher. I have met sad rebuffs during the days of my poverty, and I have no idea of being made a victim of some fortune hunter, so I will win some good woman for love's sake, then settle

down and enjoy myself."

In a beautiful residence sat two ladies, Mrs. Corsair and her daughter Zoc, while a third, a niece of the elder lady, Blanche Gilmore, stood with a light hat in her hand, as though she was just re-turning from a walk. They were discussing the appearance of a new tutor who had undertaken for a time, on trial, the education of the two sons of the family. Charley, one of these boys, had just appeared, and, looking from the window, whispered:

Now, girls, there he comes. Tell me if what I said was not true." Yes indeed!" exclaimed both young ladies, as they surveyed the fine figure and handsome face approaching; and when the young man smiled pleasantly upon Charley, Blanche thought she had never seen so handsome a man, while

Zoe whispered: 'If the young heir of the Belmont property prove one half as handsome

A splendid estate, with a residence of almost royal magnificence, lay within sight of their pretty bome, and had just, through the death of old Belmont, a childless widower, passed into the hands of a young relative, expected soon to visit the premises. Zoe Corsair and her prudent mother had decided to appropriate both owner and estate as soon as possible after his arrival. The new tutor, Mr. Hamilton, soon became a great favorite with his pupils. Living as he umph the melancholy of past failure did in the family, he soon became well cannot wholly disappear. Perhaps it is acquainted with all, while he evidently best that great men should be subject to admired the beautiful Zoe, who treated him with cool politeness. Of Blanche he saw little. She was the only poor relation, depending upon her uncle for support, therefore compelled to bear every imposition and caprice her worldly, selfish aunt and cousin saw fit to inflict Only little enjoyment was hers; a solitary spot, a deep ravine wildly romantic and secluded, not far from her uncle's residence. Thither she went one beautiful afternoon about October 1, tripping along down the small winding path that led to the depths below. But suddenly

she pansed, a groan and a faint call for help arresting her steps. Hastening to the spot where she judged the sufferer to be, she saw a man lying at the foot of the ravine, motionless and now quite In a few minutes she was beside him, and, on lifting his head from the ground, she found Mr. Hamilton, the tutor, un-

CODSCIOUS. Running to the stream of water, she dipped in her handkerchief and bathed

At last he opened his eyes and gazed iong and vacantly upon her.

"Ah. yes, I remember. I did fall. I leaned over to pluck a flower and lost my balance. But I feel better again, thanks to you for your care, and I will see if I dannot rise."

"Lean on me, Mr. Hamilton. I think I san get you up to the path, if ir is too steep to the road, and from thence, after st, home,

Slowly, yet surely, leaning on the young girl for that support he was so accustomed to give to others, he crept accumomed to give to others, he crept along, often stopping to rest, until at last the level read was gained, and from there tile own rithers to which a physician was soon summoded, and his limb set and bruises attended to.

Lying thus believe appear he allow a circulation of sir, the young men. Jay half dozing, when he accidentally heard the following conversation, not, of course, intended for his ears:

"A pretix piece of work, this," said

"A pretty piece of work, this," said like. Cover, who was an intensely self-ifs worker. "Who is to nice access?" worker. "Who "And to a misstable tutor," inter-rupted the agently selfet Zos.
"I drould be very gind to take charge of the tory very gind to take charge

while a soft voice murmured by the invalid's side:

"You are not sleeping, I con. What shall I do for your relieft"
"I feel quite comfortable, thank you, except a headache, caused by the sudden

"Let me bothe it. then." How soft her fingers were; how gentle her touch, and what a depth of womanly pity beamed from those large, brown

About two weeks after the accident Blanche wandered once more to her favorite resort, and scating herself at the foot of the descent she was soon lost in a deep reverie.
"This is a charming spot, Miss Blanche,"

said a well known voice behind her, "and I see is a favorite of yours. Now that I know how to avoid its dangers, I also am charmed with its deep repose and picturesque beauty."
"I am glad you like it," was the reply of the young lady, as she blushed slightly when he seated himself by her side. "But yours is the only face I have ever seen

when here, and I cannot but wonder how you discovered the spot." "One of my little pupils told me of it, and that day when I fell was my first visit. Thankful am I that you were in

the habit of coming here, else I might have died alone and unmissed." "Alone, I grunt, but not unmissed, for

your pupils love you. I would like to tell you, dear Miss Blanche, how strongly attached I have become to my tender nurse and how much I long for her to return my devoted affection. Dearcut, can you love a person occupying so humble a position as tutor to your uncle's children? If you can, and if you will allow me to present my deep love and consent to be my wife, it will be the delight of my life to try to make you happy." Then he drew her up toward him and their lips met.

No opposition was offered when Mr. Hamilton asked the hand of Blanche Gilmore from her uncle, all thinking that their poor relative did well even in

marrying a tutor. In the meantime the news came that the Belmont owner was soon to take possession of his property. One of his oddi ties was that on the evening of his return a large party of friends and the select neighbors were to assemble to bid him welcome. This party, as it happened, was to take place the evening before the marriage of Blanche. Cards of invita-tion had been left at Mr. Corsair's, and, much to the surprise and chagrin of Miss Zoe, Blanche was also remembered.

"Just as if we wanted to introduce our poor relations," she said, scornfully. wonder that the tutor also was not in-

The evening came. The rooms were thronged, but, singular to remark, the young owner had not as yet made his appearance. The guests were received his most intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, and the latter, as soon as Blanche had been introduced, managed to draw her to one side, and in another moment Zoe wondered, as she saw them leave the rooms together. About half an hour later, after all the

guesta had assembled, Mr. Metcalf said: "Ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Belmont back again my plate was gone, goose has just arrived and in a few minutes and all. So I jist cast my eyes down to will be pleased to meet you and introduce to all assembled the beautiful young lady who to-marrow morning will become his bride. Scarcely had he finished speaking

with Blanche hanging on his arm, her face radiant with happiness. 'Our late tutor!" cried Mrs. Coreair. "Impossible!" cried Zoe, sinking into a

when the young man entered the room

chair. "It is quite true, madame," said the young man, "and now let me hope to see you all at our wedding to-morrow." All were present except Zoe, whose I. Mister, laugh if you please, but I don't disappointment was too great to permit half like such tricks upon travelers. If St. Paul News

Preferred Authors. It is sometimes made a question of curious inquiry in a social circle composed of persons of literary tastes, that, supposing one was banished to a desert is land, there to pass his remaining days, table cloth, and what do you think?—with the privilege of taking with him the works of a single author to divert the lf there wasn't I wish I may be shot. tedium of his exile, what author would he choose? Whom would one select for his sole intellectual companion for the re-mainder of his life? Certain it is the author must be one who has written much, for the days to come would stretch out many and long. He must be a dweller in the kingdom of the imagination, and must sound every note in the gamut of human thought and word. Above all, he must have the power of saying what he has to say in a way to interest a drooping and dolorous spirit, depressed with thoughts of a home never more to be seen. Under such circumstances, what work would one choose?

A Frenchman would certainly choose the volumes of Voltaire, while no German would hesitate over the fifty vol-umes of Goethe. The Italians would choose Dante, and the Spaniard, after ome hesitancy over the 150 volumes of Lope de Vega, and the paitry dozen of Cervantes, would finally choose the lat-What an English speaking person would choose is susceptible of but little controversy. The exile would turn to Shakespeare as his only solace in such an emergency. - Chicago Herald.

The Cure of Angian Posturie Angina pectoris (agony of the breast) carries off many people, the last of a hom, according to the newspapers, was the novelist, Rev. E. P. Ros, who expired in noveist, Rev. E. P. Ros. who expired in one day because of its crushing anguish. Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan (ac-cording to the published reports of that time) likewise succumbed after twenty-four hours of incontrollable pain. Just how those patients were treated I am un-able to say, but Dr. Richardson, of Lon-don hour before Gen. McClellan's death able to say, but Dr. Richardson, of London, long before Gen, McClallan's death, had received a prime of \$3,000 france from the Academy of Medicine in Paris for having discovered an almost infallible remedy for angina pactoris by the administration in very small deese of 1-100 to 1-25 of a grain of nitro-giyeselnet This discovery entities Dr. Richardson to the never ending gratitude of every suffering man, woman or child very suffering man, women or child

ted with angina pectoris. always carry tablets of persons who with them, and I am equally certain that all these people, by the use of nitroglyserine, are tring in comparative consfort, who would otherwise have fallen under the insupportable torture of that form of heart namely in the most that form of heart neuralrie, the most ing of a lion, a parcel of monkeys and a sebra. On a certain occasion he said he Pallen in Belford's Magazine.

It is cortain that neither Dr. J. T. Onifictis, who did not die by the tratrement of death united, or supposed to be called, after him, nor Dr. J. B. V. Gulllotine, who had such crudit as was due to the invention, was the real inventor of the guillatine, though one or other of them may have recommended it, and dlary in my personne, of which the lost entry is dained 1488. The book is full of the lost of the lost is full of

OLD DAVY CROCKETT, M. C.

THE MAN WHO SAID HE COULD WHIP HIS WEIGHT IN WILDCATS.

Associate of the Famous Congressman from the Wild Woods of Tonnesson-The Story Found in the Columns of an Old Philadelphia Publication.

The celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Davy Crockett attracted public attention to one of the most remarkable men who ever lived in this state. Comparatively few of the present generation are familiar with the characteristics of the famous Indian fighter, pioneer,

hunter and member of congress. In looking through an old scrap book today I found several copies of The Ariel, a literary and critical gazette published in Philadelphia. The number of Jan. 28, 1829, contains the following story of Davy Crockett, which may not prove uninteresting just at this time:

Davy Crockett, a Tennessee member of congress The facetious Mr. K., of Ohio, tells a good story in which this congressman from the wild woods of Tennessee figures as the hero. The reader will suppose Davy returned from the first session he had the honor of representing the people in congress. He is to suppose further, that Davy has fallen in with a number of his constituents at a raising, and is telling them of his visit to the president.

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE. "The first thing I did," said Davy, after I got to Washington was to go to the president's house. Think's I, who's ifraid? If I didn't I wish I may be shot. Says I, 'Mr. Adams, I am Mr. Crockett, from Tennessee, 'So?' says he; 'how do you do, Mr. Crockett? and he shook me by the hand, although he knowed I went the whole hog for Jackson. If I didn't wish I may be shot. Not only that. but he sent me a printed ticket to dine with him. I've got it in my pocket yet. if I haven't I wish I may be shot." Here the printed ticket was exhibited for the admiration of the whole company.) "I went to dinner," said Davy, and walked around the long table looking for something that I liket. At last I took my seat just beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites when I looked away up the table at a man called Tash (attache). He was talking French to a woman on tother side of the table. He dodged his head and she lodged hers, and they got to drinking wine across the table. If they didn't I wish I may be shot. But when I looked and all. So I jist cast my eyes down to t'other end of the table, and sure enough I seed a white man waiking off with my plate. Says I, 'Helloo, mister; bring back my plate.' He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may suppose, and when he set it down before me how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it wasn't I wish I may be shot. Says be, 'What will you have, sir?' And says I. You may well say that after stealing my goose, and he began to laugh. If he didn't I wish I may be shot. Then says my plate with bacon and greens, and whenever I looked up or down the table I held my plate with my left hand. If I didn't I wish I may be shot. When we

six of 'em. If I didn't I wish I may be shot." HIS WAY OF ELECTIONEERING.

were all done eating they cleared every-

thing off the table and took away the

Then I saw a man coming along carry-

ing a great glass thing with a glass han-

die below, full of little gless cups with

something in them that looked good to

sat. Says I, Mister, bring that here.

Thinks I, let's taste 'em first. They were

mighty sweet and good, and so I took

The Ariel of Feb. 7, 1829, contains the following: "The Hon, David Crockett, member of congress from Tennessee, who has been made the hero of a most laughable story by a waggish Kentucky editor. has taken that matter so seriously to heart as to publish certificates of his conduct on the occasion alluded to. Mr. Clark, of Kentucky, and Mr. Verplank, New York, have both certified that his conduct at the president's house 'was marked with the strictest propriety."

We are told that Mr. Crockett is a sensible man, but suppose that it is true that he has something of the "half horse, half alligator" in his manners. The Middlesex Gazette, noticing him in the following manner, gives something betwirt a caricature and a true picture of Mr. Crockett and a large portion of his conttituenta:

"In some of the western states great muscular force is an indispensable requisite in a successful candidate for public favor. This Mr. Crockett-or, as he is familiarly termed, Davy-possessed in an extraordinary degree; and, while his competitor was telling the people of his great merits, Davy was giving practical evidence of his by grubbing up a stump which two ordinary men would have shandoned in despair. This striking demonstration of statesmanlike qualities was irresistible to the yeomenry of Tennesses, and the election of our worthy Davy was by acciamation.

"While on his way to Washington he "While on his way to wasnington ne secured his companion that he could wade the Mississippi with a steamboat on his back, whip his weight in wildests, and 'ride a streak of lightning bare backed.' Davy is the man who proposed to whip all the animals in a meangeric, consists. zebra. On a certain occasion he said he intended to speak in the house of representatives, for he saw no reason of being

diffident, as he could flog may men in it."

The fact that Davy preduced evidence in refutition of the charges made against him by the "good Mr. E., of Ohio," does not detruct from the interest of the story. -Hashville (Tuna.) Ame ima.

Another engineer has been discovered on the Union Pacific road who has a reaking process street in the services breast for fast reasting. His corriery extends from Branchen to Ogden, are may-five miles, and it is about the rough The track which through the property of the pr In a Tight Flats.

The following story concerning a brave woman's adventure with a mountain lion is told by Aunt Saily Tinkham, a pioneer of '89: "When Jim an' me went up the Divide

in '68 thar wan't no settlers in that ken-

try. I never was a handy woman with

a gun, an' to this day to the theayter claps my han's over my ears and shets my eyes when firin's goin' on; but Jim an' Ed Gay, who was along, says when they went huntin': 'Now of anny animals comes let 'em alone an' they'll go 'long bout their business. 'I allus cal'lates to,' says I; and arter they was gone I set an' knit an' knit. The chompin' of the mules feedin' was some company an' the setter pup tied to the wagon wheel was authin blive, of he was a big skeercrow. The fust thin' I seed was the mules a-oavortin' by, draggin' the ropes they'd been picketed with, an' then the pup give an awful howl. My hair riz right up, fur comin' down the mountin, jest beyond the ashes of our camp fire, was a great vailer brute like he'd come out of a circus, an' a-lashin' his tail like our old Tom when a fight was on. I never thought. I jest flung my sunbunnet at him, saying 'Shoof' like he was a neighbor's cow. He looked sorter surprised with his great green eyes, and begun advaracin' towards the poor pup, that jest flattened out like he knowed his hour hed come. That roused my ugly fur. I set a store by thet pup, an' I run into the tent, where the evil one put inter my mind to fetch out a tin can full of powder. I took the lid off and slung the can right inter that heap of hot ashes of our camp fire beyond the wagon where the beast was jest layin' for a opring.

"Fur a min'it I thought it was the day of jedgment. Then I humped round, put the fire out on the tent with a pail of water I'd got for supper. I never heered nowthin' that day, but the nup wan't burnt much an' the men didn't scold bout the wagon top's bein' burnt off. seein' I was so game, they sed. They 'lowed though the pup wan't wuth it, fur powder was high." "And the mountain lion?"

"Thar was a chunk of yaller fur on a tree an' I never looked no farther,"-Patience Stapleton in Once a Week,

Counting Gum Chewers on a Train. She was dressed in one of the cool, simple but charming gowns which are the style. A mass of fluffy, sunny curls clustered about her forehead and neck, and the aristocratic looking Psyche knot into which was twisted a wealth of shining hair. A clear eved young fellow sat not far away and looked at her with evident admiration. Her complexion was perfect, her eyes large and expresive and of the rich purple of the amethyst. But there was some indefinable defect about her mouth. The lips were red and shaped like Cupid's bow. The flaw was not in them. Yet surely something was not satisfactory about the girl's appearance. It is -yes, it is evident that one rosy cheek is fuller than the other, just where it slopes away to the white, smooth neck. There is a swollen jump which suggests toothachs. The young man feels a pung of pity

thrill through his entire being.

Suffering becomes much more pathetic when the sufferer is young and beautiful. He games intently at her. Slowly er dimpled thin drooms, the Cupid box of her lips looks as though it were being drawn to dart an arrow through his heart. The swollen protuberance dimppears. Then the jaw closes forcibly apon the quid of gum and an expression of complacent meditation steals into the fair creature's carulean eyes. The thrill of sympathy fades from the young man's bosom as the color fades from two cost calico in the rain. Then he arose and a spirit of inquiry came strong upon him. It was upon the excursion train from Bethany park, and resolutely he passed slowly through the ten coaches and made an enumeration. On the train were sti persons. Of this number 78 men and boys and 200 women and girls west chewing gum.—Indianapolis News.

An Ancient Pas.

In an after dinner speech the other day Professor Norton told the following story of a famous pun: "I was spending as evening with an English justice, famed for his knowledge of the wit of the Est lish bench and bar. I tried to match his stories with such shining specimens as I could think of from the contributions our American lawyers, reserving for the last the famous pun of Judge Hoer 10garding a friend of his, 'who,' he said, first got on, then got honor and then got honest. To my surprise, Mr. Justin Wills scarcely smiled at his sally. In deed, his manner rather savored of # fense. 'That is a good story,' he remarked dryly, but I fear I must dampen yes enjoyment of it somewhat by talling you that it was borrowed from our side of the water. Mr. friend, Sir Fredsick one of the most gifted of passess as well as of lawyers, said Mr. Judia Wills, with some severity, 'made that par originally, in my bearing, many year ago. Against this view i prosested valiantly that Mr. Justice Wills presses

to write to Sir Frederick without delig That gentleman's reply confirmed own belief. He admitted borrowing pun from America. His letter was charming that I sent it to Judge I received this reply: The letter whit you were so kind as to forward b would once have given me great plants but, alast it arrived too late. Tweels ago, in looking over an old her sell ane of the date of 1627, I came an what I had fondly believed to be 1976 pun, very likely an old one the Buffalo Couriet,

Dumine and the Calif. My tather had takerted free grandfather remarkable syring rhich I had the first experience of which I had the tire on the own to the or 15 years of age. One was to the Gymness the end of the play it released in the life greated powered a depended maybe the breaky word and expended maybe the breaky word and expended maybe to the life of the breaky word and expended maybe to the life of the breaky word and expended maybe to the life of the breaky word and expended maybe to the life of the life him. He gave at a Who stood upright b which we prepared to

See of the service of the few days for few days for from the few cases of have not forgotten the principal street, but a princip