GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886.

A PEACEABLE WARRIOR.

Since he had come into France with the invading army, Walter Schnaffs considered himself the most unfortunate of men. He was fat and not fond of walking, and he suffered dreadfully with his feet, which were flat and heavy. He was a peaceable, kindly soul, with nothing valiant or warlike about him. He missed the four little ones at home that he doted on, and he longed desperately for his fair young wife, with her tender, caressing ways and her kisses. He liked to get up late and go to bed early; to eat and drink well, without being hurried; and now death might carry him off at any moment from all the good things of this world. How he hated all the cannons, and rifles, and revolvers, and swords, with a deadly, unreasonable, and, at the same time, well-founded hatred. The bayonets in particular were his special aversion, for he felt that he should never be agile enough to protect his fat body from those weapons.

At the beginning of every battle his legs used to weaken under him, and he would certainly have fallen if he had not remembered that the whole army would have to pass over his body. His very hair stood on end at the whistling of the balls. For months he had been living in fear and anguish.

His regiment was marching toward Normandy. One day he was sent out reconnoitering with a small detachment. with orders to explore a part of the country and then fall back. The country seemed quiet; there were no signs of any defensive preparations. The Prussians wers marching quietly down into a val-ley cut up into deep ravines, when they were suddenly brought to a standstill by a brisk fire of musketry. Twenty of their men fell, and a squad of francstireurs rushed out of a little wood and charged with their bayonets.

For a moment Walter Schnaffs stood motionless, too surprised and terrified to think of flight. The next moment he was wild to turn and run; but, unfortunately, he could only run like a snail compared to those lean Frenchmen, who came bounding along like a herd of goats. About six feet in front of him there was a wide ditch filled with brush-wood and dead leaves. He jumped straight into it. without thinking of its depth, as you might jump off a bridge into a river. He shot like an arrow through a thick hedge of thorns and briars that tore his face and hands, and fell heavily, sitting on a bed of stones.

Looking up, he could see the sky through the hole he had made. That treacherous hole might betray him, so he began to crawl cautiously on his hands and knees along the bottom of the ditch under the entwined branches, scrambled away as fast as he could from the scene of combat. Then he stopped and sat down again, crouching like a hare in the long, dry grass. For some time he could still hear shots, and grouns, and shouts But the struggle gradually died away and ceased. All became calm and quiet

The night fell, filling the ravine with darkness. The soldier grew thoughtful. What was he to do? What would become of him? Should he rejoin the army? But go back to a life of fear, and anguish, and fatigue and suffering, that he had been leading ever since the beginning of the war. No, he really had not the courage to do it! He should never be able to bear the long marches and brave the perpetual dangers.

All at once he thought: "Supposing I was to be taken prisoner!" And a wild longing came into his heart to be taken prisoner by the French. Prisoner! It would be the saving of him; he would be fed and housed, sheltered from all danger of swords and bullets, safe in a good. well-guarded prison. A prisoner! Oh, what a dream of bliss! And he made up his mind at once: "I shall deliver myself up as a prisoner."

He stood up, determined to put his plan into execution without losing a moment. But as soon as he was on his feet a whole growd of unpleasant reflectians and new terrors assailed him. Where and how was he to give himself up as a prisoner? All sorts of awful pictures-pictures of death-passed before his mind. He would certainly run the most fearful risks if he ventured out into the open country with his pointed helmet. He might meet a band of laborers. Laborers who, as soon as they spied n lost Prussiah—a defenseless Prussian would certainly kill him like a mad dog; massacre him with their pitchforks, and would mash him to a jelly, they would make mince-meat of him, with all the brutality of an exasperated, vanquished

Or supposing he came upon the francs-tireurs? Oh, those francs-tireurs! A set of madmen without law or disripline who would be ready to shoot him down for fun, to while away an hour, and laugh at the figure he would cut. And he pictured himself standing with his back against a wall, with the muzzles of a dozen guns pointed at him-he could really almost see the little round black holes watching him.

Or he might even meet the whole of the French army itself. The advance guard would certainly take him for a spy-for a cunning and intrepid scout ho had come out by himself to reconnoitre-and they would fire at him. He fancied himself standing in the middle of a field, he could hear the irregular shots of the soldiers crouching in the brushwood, and felt the bullets entering his flesh, as he fell riddled like a sieve with shot. He sat down again in despair. He could see no way out of his difficul-

It was quite dark by this time. The night had fallen dumb and black. He sat quite still, trembling at every slight unknown sound that reached his ear in the darkness. A rabbit, squtting down on the edge of his burrow, almost put Walter Schnaffs to flight. The owls' Walter Schnaffs to flight. The owls' shone upon a pointed steel. The castle screeching tore his very soul with sudden stood black and silent; only two windows were lighted up on the ground-floor. All at once a thundering voice extent, and peered into the darkness;

and every moment he fancied he heard footsteps near him.

After suffering all the tortures of the damned for interminable hours, he saw the sky beginning to lighten through the branches overhead. A feeling of immense relief came upon him; his limbs lost their stiffness; his heart beat more quietly; his eyes closed. He slept.

When he woke the sun was high up in the sky, he guessed it to be about 13 o'clock. Not a sound disturbed the dull silence of the fields; and Walter Schnaffs began to feel the pangs of hunger. He vawned, his mouth watered as he thought of the soldiers' rations of good sausage; and he had a gnawing pain at his stomach. He got up and walked a few steps; his legs trembled under him, and he sat down again to collect his thoughts. For two or three hours he sat there weighing the pros and cons, changing his mind every moment, downcast and unhappy, pulled in every direction by conflicting arguments.

At last he fixed upon one plan that

eemed to him sensible and practicable. This was his plan: To watch till one of the villagers should go past, alone and unarmed, and without any tool that could be dangerous, and go out and meet him, and put himself into the villager's hands, making him understand that he surrendered.

He took off his pointed helmet, which night have betrayed him, and cautiously put his head out of the ditch. Not a solitary creature was to be seen on the horizon. Here on the right a little village sent the smoke up from its roofs into the sky-the kitchen smoke. There on the left he could see a grand castle, flanked with towers, at the end of an avenue of trees. He waited there till the evening. It was a painful time. He saw nothing but flights of crows.

Night came upon him. He lay down at the bottom of the sheltering ditch, and slept a feverish sleep haunted by nightmare-the sleep of a famished man. The dawn rose again over his head. He returned to his post and watched. But the country lay deserted and empty as it had done the day before; and a new fear entered into the heart of Walter Schnaffs, the fear of dying of hunger. He could see himself lying at the bottom of the ditch, on his back, with his eyes shut; and beasts-all kinds of small animalswould come round his dead body, and devour it, attacking every part at the same time, creeping inside his clothes to bite his cold skin; and a great crow would come and pick out his eyes with its sharp beak.

Then he lost his head altogether, fancy ing he was going to faint away from weakness, and never be able to get out of the ditch. And he was just preparing to start for the village, come what might, and dare everything, when he saw three laborers going toward the fields, with their pitchforks on their shoulders, and he plunged back into his hiding-place.

As soon as the shadows of evening darkened over him, he dragged himself slowly out of the ditch, and bent and fearful, with a beating heart, set out for the distant castle, choosing it in preference to the village, which seemed to him like a den of tigers. The windows of the lower story were lighted up. One of them even was open, and there came out 'a strong smell of roast meat-a smell that penetrated into the nostrils and down into the stomach of Walter Schnaffs. That smell electrified him, it took away his breath, and, drawing him irresistibly toward it, put desperate courage into his heart. And suddenly, without stopping to think, he presented himself, in his belmet, at the opening of the window. Eight servants were sitting at dinner, round a large table. But, all at once, one of the maid-servants dropped her glass, and sat staring, open-mouthed. They all turned round to see what she was looking at. They caught sight of the enemy. "God help us! the Prussians the enemy. "God help us have attacked the castle!"

There was a scream, a single scream, made up of eight screams in eight different tones-a cry of deadly terror. Then there was a tumultuous uprising, a pushing, and scrambling and a wild flight toward the door at the end of the room. Chairs fell, men knocked down women and trampled them under foot. In two seconds the room was empty and de serted, and right in front of Walter Schnaffs, standing stupefied before the window, was the table laden with food.

After a few moments hesitation he stepped over the window-sill and went up to the table. He shook with famine as he had with fever; but he was still held back and paralyzed by his fears, He listened. The whole house seemed to shake; doors banged, and footsteps hurried across the floor above. The Prussian strained his ears to catch the confused sounds; then he heard dull thuds as of bodies falling on the soft ground at the foot of the walls-human bodies jumping out of the first-floor windows, every movement, every sound ceased, and the great castle was as silent as the grave.

Walter Schnaffs sat down before one of the untouched plates and began to eat. He devoured great mouthfuls, as if he he was afraid of being interrupted before he had had time to swallow enough. He threw the morsels into his mouth with both hands, as if he was throwing them into a pit; he ate so fast that great lumps of food stuck in his throat and had to be washed down with copious draughts of water. He emptied all the plates, and all the dishes, and all the bottles, till he was drunk with food and liquor. Red, and stupid, and hiccoughing, with dull head and greasy lips, unbuttoning his uniform to breathe, he was utterly incapable of stirring a step. He shut his eyes—his brain was heavy; he crossed his arms upon the table and laid his head down upon them, and went off gently to the land of dreams.

The crescent moon shone dimly above the trees in the park. It was the chilly hour before dawn. Shadows, many and silent, glided about among the shrubs,

In an instant doors, and shutters, and vindows gave way before a rush of men, who burst in, breaking everything, taking possession of the house. In a mo-ment fifty soldiers, armed to the teeth, sprang into the kitchen where Walter hnaffs was sleeping peacefully-fifty rifles were placed against his chest; h was thrown down, rolled over, seized, and bound hand and foot.

He was breathless with amazement, too besotted to understand what was going on, beaten, battered, and half mad with fright. All at once a stout soldier, bedizened with gold, put his foot upon his chest and roared:

"You are my prisoner! Surrender; "The Prussian only heard one wordprisoner-and he gasped out: "Ya, ya,

The victors, blowing like grampuses picked him up, bound him to a chair, and examined him with great curiosity. Several of them sat down, quite wornout with fatigue and excitemant. Schnaffs was smiling now-he was safely made a prisoner at last. Another officer came in and announced:

"The enemy have taken flight, colonel; several of them seem to have been wounded. The place is ours."

The stout soldier, who was mopping his forehead, shouted, "Victory!" And he wrote in a little book that he took out of his pocket; "After a desperate struggle, the Prussians were obliged to beat a retreat, carrying off their dead and wounded, reckoned at about fifty men. Several have fallen into our hands.

The young officer asked: "What is to be done now, colonel?"

"We must fall back in case the enemy returns with artillery and reinforce-ments." And he gave the order to fall back.

The column re-formed in the dark, under the castle walls, and moved off with Walter Schnaffs in its midst, bound and held by six warriors, each holding a revolver. Reconnoitering parties were sent out to clear the way. The column moved forward very cautiously, halting from time to time. At daybreak they reached the Sous Prefecture of La Roche Oysel; it was the national guard of that town that had accomplished this feat of arms. The whole population was watching for them, anxious and uneasy. When they caught sight of the prisoner's helmet there was a tremendous uproar. The women brandished their arms; some of the older ones wept; one old grandfather threw his crutch at the Prussian and hit one of the guards on the nose.

The colonel shouted: - Mind the prisoner does not escape!"

At last they reached the town-hall. The prison door was opened, and Walter Schnaffs was thrown in and unbound. Two hundred armed men mounted guard around the building, and then, in spite of sundry symptoms of indigestion which began to torment him, the Prussian, wild with joy, danced around his cell-danced like a madman, throwing up his arms and legs, and giving vent to shouts of maniac laughter, danced till he fell exhausted against one of the walls.

He was a prisoner! Saved! And that was how the eastle of Champignet was retaken from the enemy after only six hours' occupation.

Col. Ratier (in private life a tailor). who performed this gallant feat at the head of the national guards of La Roche-Oysel, was decorated.-Translated from the French for The Argonaut by Helen Bourchier.

There Is Something in a Name.

There's something in a name, especially far an actor or author. No man bearing the name of Smith has ever been heard of as an actor, though some have attained distinction in literature and politics. I met Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, the Scandinavian author, at Mrs. M. E. Palmer's reception on Friday evening, and some acquaintances were chaffing him about his peculiar name. "My name?" he said, laughing; "I wouldn't take anything for it. It is a part of my capital. It is my trade-mark. I might have had some success without it, but it has helped out. I signed my first story 'H. H. Boyesen.' When The Atlantic came out with it the editor had substituted 'Hjalmer Hjorth' in all its jawbreaking glory for the simple initials. I saked him about it. 'Why, "H. H."
wouldn't attract attention,' he said. Anybody could be "H. H"-Henry or Hiram, or even Harriet or Hannah. But "Hjalmer Hjorth"!--it smells of the North sea and sounds of the sagas and vikings. Folks will remember it-especially if they try to pronounce it.' So it has proved. I wouldn't take anything for it."—"Halston" in New York Times.

Fishing with Axes in Florida.

Eight miles below Charlotte harbor in coast in which you can wade fearlessly 1,500 feet from the shore. It is on this coast that men go "fishing with axes." In certain seasons large fish, weighing fifty pounds and upward, to escape from the pursuing porpoises plunge into this shallow water, in which men stand ax in hand, and in which they are ruthlessly murdered. From the hungry porpoise they fly to evils they know not of, and become a dainty morsel for remorseless man,—Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Russian government has decided to establish a "university" at Tomsk in Silveria. Like our western frontiersmen the dwellers of the Tundra have imbibed with their raw native sir a penchant for rough and ready independence, and the arrival of the government text books will probably be followed by a consignment of patent knouts.—Exchange.

The Giant Trees of Australia. Evidence of the decay of forests in Australia is found in the present exisence of a few trees far exceeding in size any of those about them, and supposed to be survivors of a departed race of giants.-Arkansaw Traveler

A Valuable Dictionary Propos A dictionary for the scientific echnical terms in all languages is projected by Professor Vilanova, and is indersed by the international geological congress.—Exchange. DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

How a City Sprang Up in the Desert-A Vast Human Ant-Hill.

As the pan-washing and cradling of the adventurous prospector of '49 has given way, on the Pacific slope, to the operations of organized and scientific mining industry, so the individual operations of the individual diamond diggers of Griqualand, South Africa, in 1871, with their rude bucket and windlass, followed by the inclined wire, have been replaced by skilled labor. Tunnels have been blasted through solid rock, shafts have been sunk hundreds of feet into the earth, and yet the precious bits of carbon are found in quantities to supply the greed of avaricious man and furnish a living to thousands and wealth to a

In 1872 what is now known as Kimber ley was called De Beer's New Rush and had already been yielding up its carbon crystals until a city of tents and corrugated iron houses, with one huge music hall and between 300 and 400 drinking places had clustered around the enornous excavation, whence the earth had been removed by single bucketfuls. This marvelous result of the labors of the human ants who swarmed in its depths and on its borders was the spot which became known the world round as the Kolesberg Kopje before it became the Kimberley mine, Some idea of the size of the Kopje and

the number of people working on it daily will be gathered from the statement that at the time now spoken of 800 claims, each being thirty feet square, and an average of about thirty men-say twentysix black and four white-worked in each claim, giving a total of 24,000 working there. The first licenses to work claims at the Kopje were issued on the 20th of July, 1871, and in little more than a year the claims were carried down so deep, many over eighty feet, that none of the roadways were left standing complete, though immense portions of them having the appearance of huge broken walls remained.

"The kopje has been aptly described as a vast human ant-hill," says a writer of the period referred to, "I do not know a more effective simile. Human beings are everywhere moving about with an activity and in numbers, like ants. They pass over the narrow roadways, glide down the face of the excavation, or are at work at a depth which dwarfs their statures into that of mere miniature men. Here men are feverishly risking their necks day after day in the pursuit of wealth. They pass over places where a false step-the slipping of a foot or the incorrectness of the eye in measuring a distance-will cause their death. They climb up ascents that to the expert seem unascendable. They slip down repes that are only fastened to frail tree branches driven into the loose earth. They stand on ledges that are perhaps forty feet away from the roadway above, and forty feet above the bottom of the claim below. They wheel barrows along narrow pathways that would startle even some expert mountaineers. They work beneath tottering masses, and every now and then these fall, maiming and killing.-Detroit Free Press,

Draining the Everglades of Florida.

In the southern central part of the state, however, extending from latitude 26 degrees 30 minutes to latitude 28 de grees 30 minutes, is a network of little lakes, rivers and swamps, which was long considered unfit for any of the purposes of civilized life. This region is between forty and sixty feet above the vel of the sea, so that there is no reason why it should be considered undrainable. The lakes and awarens have been formed by the rank vegetation, which for centuries grew, decayed and fell into the rivers, thus damming them up and partially flooding the surrounding country.

The company organized by Disston, of Boston, obtained from the government a grant of all the lands which should be drained by it. The company brought down dredges and began its work by clearing out a channel from the Lake Okeechobee to the Atlantic a distance of forty miles. If the project is ever carried out, it will shorten by about 260 miles the sea voyage between points on the Atlantic coast and the gulf ports. The company also intends to drain the southeast Everglades by the same method employed in reclaiming the northern swamps.—Florida Cor. Cincinnati En-

The Headquarters of Beelzebub,

If Beelzebub means "Gnat God," the temple of that deity ought to be effected at Barras, near the junction of the Amazon and the Rio Negro. Even at Fonta-boa, some 800 miles further inland, the mosquito swarms surpass any conception a North American could have formed in stern Arkansas, but at the mouth of the Rio Negro the great plague becomes so absolutely intolerable that neither commercial advantages nor exuberant fertility the virgin soil has thus far nduced any Caucasian bipeds to make

the delta-their permanent home. The lower eighty feet of the atmosphere ere literally saturated with clouds of winged blood-suckers. Thousands and thousands of them hang like a gray mist about every tree, and hover and hum over every pool, and a drunken man falling to sleep in the open air would prob-ably be bitten to death before morning, The wood-cutters at the steamboat landing wear gauze veils, like Carmelite nuns, and defend their cabins with a battery of ever-smoking pestazotes-"stink-pots," filled with a smouldering mixture of dry dung and waste tobacco leaves,-Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

A Knotty Point in Theology.

There is a story told of Drs. Chalmers and Stewart, who argued on the street corner on some knotty point of theology, with Scottish pertinacity, until it was time to separate, when one of them remarked: "You will find my views very well put in a certain tract," of which be gave the title. Upon which, to his surprise, his antagonist replied: wrote that tract myself.-The ArgoHINTS FROM THE JAPANESE.

How We Could Learn from the Mikado's

People to Simplify Our Homes. We have been looking at some Japan ese dwellings, interiors. How simple they are! how little furniture or adornment! how few "things" to care for and be anxious about! Now the Japanese are a very ancient people. They are people high breeding, polish, refinement. They are in some respects like the Chinese, who have passed through ages and cycles of experience, worn out about all the philosophies and religions then on, and come out on the other side of everything. They have learned to take things rather easily, not to fret, and to get on without a great many encumbrances that we still wearily carry along.

When we look at the Japanese houses

and at their comparatively simple life, are we warranted in saying that they are behind us in civilization? May it not be true that they have lived through all our experience and come down to an easy modus vivendi? They may have had their bric-a-brac period, their over-loading-establishment age, their various measles stages of civilization before they reached a condition in which life is a comparatively simple affair. This thought must strike any one who sees the present Japanese craze in this country. For, instead of adopting the Japanese simplicity in our dwellings, we are adding the Japanese excentricities to our other accumulations of odds and ends from all creation and increasing the incongruity and the complication, of our daily life.

What a belpless being is the housewife in the midst of her treasures. The Drawer has had occasion to speak lately of the recent enthusiasm in this country for the "cultivation of the mind." It has become almost a fashion. Clubs are formed for this express purpose. But what chance is there for it in the increased anxieties of our more and more involved and overloaded domestic life? Suppose we have clubs—Japanese clubs they might be called-for the simplification of our dwellings and for getting rid of much of our embarrassing manage!-Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Hag-

A Boy Without a Country.

Some years ago Charles Busch, a naturalized German-American, accompanied by his pretty Italian wife, sailed for France to accept an engagement as a tenor singer in one of the opera companies in Paris. En route, a child, who named Charles Herman Busch, was born to them. The mother died shortly after reaching France, and the father soon followed her. The child, having been born on the high seas, was literally without a country. The French authorities refused to administer upon the father's estate or provide a gurdian for the infant, because neither of the parents was a citizen of the republic. Consul Shackelford could do nothing without permission from the government.

After two years' delay this permission vas finally granted. The American colony in Paris became interested in the child, who is said to be remarkably bright and precoclous, and a fund has been subscribed sufficient to rear and educate him until his 16th year, when an cadet at the naval academy at Annapolis. The little fortune of \$27,000 francs, the proceeds of his father's estate, will be evested for him and placed at his disposal when he shall have finished his ducation.-Washington Cor. Chicago Nown.

He Knew It Must He There.

The name of the late Charles L. Davis, Esq., of Portland, stands on the list of Maine's great lawyers. His intellect was subtle and his diction choice. He made one of his nicest and most involved arguments before Judge Colt one day. After he had addressed the court learn-edly and warmly for an hour or more he asked: "Does your honor see the thread of my argument?" "I don't quite see the thread of your argument, Brother Davis," said the court, with a smile, "but I plainly hear the spinning of the wheel." Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

John Burroughs as a Vegetarian.

John Burroughs finds that since he gave up the use of meat his health has been materially improved. "I find I need less physical exercise, that my nerves are much steadler, and that I have far fewer dull, blank, depressing days; in fact, all the functions of my body are much better performed by abstaining from meat."-Chicago Trib-

German Test for Watered Milk. A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle. but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.-Chicago Tribune.

Putting the Matter Plainly. A doctor is called to a man suffering from asthma. His visit over, he is stopped in the entry by the sick man's wife "Well, doctor, what do you think of my poor husband?" Reassure yourself, asthma is a patent of longevity.

you?"-Detroit Free Press. Law for the Protection of Birds It is recalled by Forest and Stream that the first effective law for the protection of insectiverous birds was prepared by Henry William Herbert. The original

"But you will cure him of it, won't

draft is still in existence.-Enchange. It is better for the general health of a community to have one good-natured man in a neighborhood than four doctors.-Chicago Ledger.

Gold and Platinum Jewelry. The association of gold and platinum is being made use of to produce new effects in jewelry.

Artificial ice is used on some of the English steamers,

THE SUMMER TIME OF 1668

When the Plague Breathed Upon the People of London-Terrible Realities.

When the terrible pestilence first reathed upon the people, there passed one night over the city a comet "of a faint, dull, languid color, and its motion very solemn and slow." What may be thus described has been seen since, but in an age of "fortune-tellers, cunning men, and astrologers," this event gave birth to many strange stories and pre-dictions, to dreams and interpretations of dreams, and to a great dread amongst the simple and ignorant, and even the educated people. In this hour of terror the turn of these money-makers had come; grave men in velvet jackets, bands, and black cloaks frequented the strets; their houses were hung with signs and inscriptions. "Here lives a fortune-teller; here lives an astrologer; here you may have your nativity calculated," and so on. And from the doorways, here and there, one saw the sign of "Friar Bacon's Brazen Head," or that of "Mother Shipton," or the "Merlin's Head." To the proprietors of these newly-hung signs

terrified people flocked in great numbers. The streets, with their shops and mansions side by side, which a few weeks before had been gay, with throngs of effeminate courtiers and dandies, old soldiers, wealthy citizens, and whistling apprentices, were now thronged with wagons, carts and coaches, loaded with women and children, with tents and bedding; and numberless men upon horseback clattered over the stones, some with and some without servants, carrying baggage, all hurrying away from the doomed city. Morning, noon, and night, the lord mayor's door was besieged with people, eager for passes and certificates of health; and morning, noon, and night, the city rapidly emptied itself.

The gates were closed in vain, the walls had withstood armies, but death crept through them, over them, under them, stalked in the streets, stared through cottage and palace window slike, and before it pale people fled. Adding horror to all this confusion, there ran through the streets distracted creatures proclaiming the destruction of the city, and one was reported to have run almost naked, "with a voice and countenance full of horror," repeating continually, "Oh! the great and the dreadful God!" We are told that at the coming of the terrible realities of the visitation, sectarian distinctions sickened and died away. Denominations were reconciled, "the people flocked without distinction to hear the preachers, not much inquiring who or what opinion they were of. But after the sickness was over that spirit of

charity abated." So commenced the plague, while all who could afford to fly had fled before it, which after all was very few compared with those who remained. Quickly peo ple died in such numbers that they could no more toll the bells or even bury the dead in coffins. Like a fire, the distemper raged most fiercely in lines, one house conveyed it to the next, leaving ruin and desolation behind, and devouring street after street till the whole town was wrapt in the burning of its dreadful flame. About June, the lord mayor, Sir John Lawrence, and his aldermen prepared, and on the first of July published, compalsory "orders" for the ninety-two parishes within the city

By these regulations all infected houses were to be shut up and guarded by specially appointed "watchmen," one by day and one by night. No one was suffered to leave these-houses, and it was thereby hoped that the plague might

be stayed, "if it should so please God."

The noble conduct of the lord mayor and his officers strangely contrasted with that of the king and his court, who all fled away at the beginning and left things to look after themselves. During September the plague reached its height; there died as many as 1,000 a day, and the bills of mortality for the months of August and September registered 59,870, from all diseases. Including two days which the bills are short of the two months, there died of the plague glone

the terrible aum of 50,000 people. Yet was it impossible that these counts should register the true tale of death; hundreds whose names were not known perished in the river, voluntarily quenching their burning agonies in its waters. According to the city records, the distemper destroyed 68,590 persons in all; but this figure, prodigious though it is, for the reasons assigned above is probably far below the actual number,— Robert Woburn in Sunday Magazine.

We were intensely interested in the play, though we could not understand one word of it. It was a combination of high tragedy, comedy, burlesque, pantomime, society play, spectacle, and melo-drama. All the standard characteristics of each style of performance were conspicuously present. The interest never lagged, and the changes were as rapid and varied as those of a kaleidoscope, There was no little effort at scenic display. The stage revolved in two parts, an inner and an outer circle. scene was going on in front the fiext was prepared behind it on the central turntable and revolved into place in proper time; when the dead bodies of those killed in the previous scene were whirled off by the outer circle. Wings and borders were used very similar to ours, but the main part of the muchinery was built up on the central revolving stage. What is Steele Mackaye's "double

Best Decorated Men in Prussia. The best decorated man in Prussia is the crown prince of Germany, who has seventy-two orders and decorations to plant on his breast, which make him look as if he wore a breastplate. Count Puckler, the marshal of the place, comes next with fifty-one; Ifismarck follows with a modest forty-eight.—Inter Ocean.

compared to this?-Japan Cor. Inter

To appreciate the good qualities of our friends is one thing; to bear patiently with their defects is another,-Philadelphia Call.

The frugal snall, with forecast of repose, Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of

Refreats to his small domicile again Touch but a tip of him, a horn—'tis well, He curls up in his sanctuary shell.

He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will he dreads no "quarter

Himself he boards and lodges; both invites And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights. He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure Chattels; himself his his own furniture,

And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam, Knock when you will—he's sure to be at

LITTLE MANNERISMS OF SPEECH.

Everybody Is More or Less of a Nulsan at Times-Contradiction.

Everybody has some little mannerism of speech or gesture that he never knows he has. They chaff the English about "Don't you know?" but I wonder how many of the Americans, who use the expression constantly know they do it. "See?" is a common addition, period, interjection and exclamation. several men who in telling anything say "And so forth and so on" three times a minute; and "All that sort of thing" is a most frequent expression with any num-

The man who interludes his conversation with "Don't you think so?" is more of a nuisance, because you never know whether he expects you to answer him or not. "Say!" is an abrupt and harsh way of attracting attention; yet ladies are most given to the use of it. Everybody is more or less a nuisance at times. One man sits perfectly still and talks so deliberately and slowly that you get mad either because you know five minutes before he gets there what he's going to say or you have to wait so long to find out. Another fellow talk so fast and so much that you get tired of the subject, however entertaining. A third fellow gets up and walks about in the most irritating way while he's prosing. A fourth begins about one subject and goes all over the earth before he gives

you a chance to get a word in. But the most universal impulse in human nature is to contradict, and nearly everybody does it. The man who agrees with you in everything is awfully pleasant for one trip, but you never make a great friend of him. He does not com-pliment you, because he generally ends by producing an idea in you that he either knows as much as you or he is agreeing with you from indifference, I like a man who contradicts and sticks

up for his contradiction. Argument is the sult of social life.—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

Manufacture of "One-Stave" Barrels. Flour handlers and others who use barrels are just now interested in a "onestave" barrel, manufactured near Detroit. While the size and shape of this barrel are the same as the ordinary kind, the body of the barrel consists of a single sheet of timber held by hoops. The timber used is elm, which is cheap and dant. Canada is the main supplies. The logs will be rafted over during the season of navigation, and brought by rail in winter time. The logs are taken from the boom or yard into the sawmill and cut into two-barrel lengths. Thence they go into a steam chest, where they remain until thoroughly steamed. In this condition the log is converted into thin sheets, or vencering, used in the body of the barrel. By a special process a two-foot log becomes rolls of wooden sheeting in a minute's time. There remains upon the mandrel an eight-inch core, which is utilized in making barrel heads. These sheets go next to a sanding machine, by which both sides are made perfectly smooth. After passing through a cutting and grooving machine they are so cut by a goring machine as to adapt them to the shape of a barrel. Thence they go to a drying-house. From the dry-house they go to the sizing saws, where they are cut the desired length,

The headings are shipped in barrels.-Boston Budget.

when they are ready for the cooper shop

or for shipment. They are shipped in bundles and in the "knock-down" to be

put up at their point of destination,

Three thousand of them can be stored

and forwarded in an ordinary box car,

Concerning the Hog of Honduras While it would grieve me to offend the modest vanity of the swine-breeders of the states, truth compels me to say that with all their efforts, and perfect as they fancy their Poland-Chinas and Berkshires, those gentlemen have not succeeded in producing anything resembling the hog of Honduras. But when by some unaccustomed circumstances the hog of Central America has had food enough to put a little flesh on his smple stock of bones, that flesh is incomparably superior in flavor to the oily gross

product of the north.-Chicago Tir The Value of Militia in Riots.

. These discussions or exchanges of opinion as to the value of militis, compared to regular soldiers, are all right, but I tell you some respect is paid to the but I tell you some respect is paid to the militia in times of disturbance. Of course they will shoot high, and everything like that, and they will shudder at the thought of shedding blood, where the regulars will shoot to kill, their only thought, aim and object being to obey orders. But oftentimes it is not necessary to shoot. The uniform and the sight of a cun does a great deal. It sight of a gun does a great deal. It awas, -W. H. Trask in Globe-Democrat.

Was Well Versed in History. The school was celebrating the birth-day of Oliver Wendell Holmes. "And now," said the teacher, "who is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes?" And the school shrieked out, "Verssed in war, versed in peace, versed in the hearts of his countrymen!"—Burdette in Brooklyn

A German metallurgist has int an apparatus for pumping molten has by steam pressure.