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The Greensboro Patriot.

OUR COUNTRY—FIRST AND ALWAYS.

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Stale Librarian

THE DESERTED ROOM.

I was heartsore as I felt how that in that great city there was wealth being squandered and luxury around me while I was literally starving, for my poor living was telling upon me fast. What should I do? What should I do?

It was with weary iteration I had said these words and wept till tears came no more, and a dull, stolid feeling of despair had come upon me. I had almost shrunk away in the streets from the bright faced, happy girls I passed, and at times I found myself asking what had been my sin that I should be thus punished.

I lay awake that night for many hours watching the light from the street lamp playing upon my ceiling; and at last, towards morning, the remembrance of words I had often heard came to me with a calm sense of repose, trust and restfulness, and I believe I fell asleep at last with a smile upon my lips, repeating a portion of that comforting sentence ending, "Are ye not much better than they?"

It was a bright, sunshiny morning when I awoke to hear some one knocking at my door, and hurrying on a few things, I answered.

"Oh! I was just a going to take 'em down again," said my landlady harshly. "Some folks can afford to lay in bed all day; I can't. Here's two letters for you. And mind this, Miss Laurie; I never bargained to come tramping up to the top of the house with letters and messages for you."

"I'm very much obliged, Mrs. Rudlock," I said gently, as I took the letters with trembling hands, while, muttering and complaining, their bearer went down stairs. It seemed very hard then, but I believe it was the woman's habit, and that she was not bad at heart, but warped and crinkled by poverty, hard work and ill usage from a drunken husband, whom she entirely kept.

One letter I saw at a glance was from Minna, the other was in a strange crabbed hand; and I longed to read them; but exercising my self-denial, I dressed, I fit my tire, and prepared my very frugal break fast before sitting down and devouring Minna's news.

What right had I to murmur as I did last night, I asked myself, when she was evidently so happy and contented? and then I opened, with fluttering hand, the other letter, and was puzzled by it at first; but at last I recalled the fact that three weeks before I had answered an advertisement in the *Times* where a lady wanted a companion.

The note was very brief and curt and ran as follows:

"If Miss Laurie is not engaged she can call upon Mrs. Langton Porter, 47 Morton street, Park Village South, at eleven o'clock to-morrow (Thursday)."

"At last!" I said to myself joyfully, and with beating heart I prepared myself for my journey, for the appointment was for that morning.

Justice I had pretty well timed myself for my walk a sudden squall came on, the sky was darkened, snow fell heavily, and in place of a morning in spring we seemed to have gone back into winter, for the snow lay thickly in a very short time, and the branches of the trees in the squares were whitened.

At six o'clock was this disheartened me, but I thought my way bravely on, and just at eleven I rang timidly at the door of an important looking house, and was superciliously shown, by a stout, tall footman in drab livery, into a handsomely furnished room. Everything in the place I noticed was rich and good; heavy curtains hung by window and door, skins and Eastern rugs lay on the polished wood floor, and a tremendous fire blazed in a great fire-place, and the flames danced and were reflected from the encaustic tiles with which it was surrounded.

"I'll take your note in," said the footman, as I handed it. "You can sit down."

I preferred to stand, and as soon as I was alone I relieved with fear and cold, as I caught a glimpse of my pale, sallow face in a great mirror. Every moment I expected to see the owner of the place, but I remained standing wearily for an hour, and then I sighed and turned wistfully to look at the door, wondering whether the footman had taken in the note which I had given him as my passport.

"I started, for close behind me, having entered unheard, was a rather plump tall lady in black. She was dressed as if for going out, and well wrapped in furs.

"Oh! you are waiting, she said, harshly, and a shade of displeasure crossed her face as she looked full at me till my eyes dropped. "There, Miss—Miss—Miss"

"Laurie," I suggested.

"Yes, yes; I know," she said, sharply; "it is in my note. Pray, why in the name of common sense did you not sit down? Take that chair. Now, then, have you been companion to a lady before?"

"No, ma'am," I replied; and then in answer to her questions, all very sharply given, I told her so much as was necessary of my story.

"I don't think you will suit me," she said. "I've had misery enough, and I want some one cheerful and pleasant, a boy whom I can trust and who will be a pleasant companion. There, I'm sure there's not such a body in London, for the way I've been imposed upon is dreadful! I've had six in six months, and the number of applications I have had nearly drove me out of my senses. I've half one since you wrote me—a creature whose sole idea was herself. I want one who will make me her first consideration. I don't mind what I pay, but I want some one tall and lady-like; and you are not pretty, you know."

I shook my head sadly.

"Humph! Well" she went on, "you won't be so giddy and be always thinking of getting married. There, you need not blush like that; it's what all the companions I have had seem to think about. You don't, I suppose?"

"I am engaged to be married," I said, bending down my head, "in a couple of years."

"Ho! Well, he mustn't come here, for I'm a very selfish, pragmatical old woman, and if I engaged you—which I don't think I shall do—I should want you all to myself. What is he?"

"A settler—abroad," I faltered.

"Ho! That's better, and perhaps he'll settle there altogether without you."

I bowed at her indignantly, and she laughed.

"Ah! I know my good girl. I haven't lived to eight and forty for nothing. How old are you?"

"Twenty," I said, shivering, for her rough way repelled me, and I longed to bring the interview to an end.

"Why, the girls cold," she said roughly. "Hum, twenty! Here, go up to the fire and have a good warm. It's dreadful weather. There, pull off your bonnet and jacket. Put them on that chair, and go closer to the fire; I've a deal to say to you yet, for I'm not going to engage any young person and have to change directly."

I obeyed her, trembling the while, for I was very weak; and she went on asking me questions and making comments.

"I don't like your appearance at all, you look pale and unhealthy. Not a bit like a girl from the country.

"I am very sorry," I said; "but, indeed, ma'am, I have excellent health."

"Then your face tells stories about you. You play of course?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're warm now. Go and play something. Can you sing?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then sing, too; and look here, Miss—Miss—Miss—"

I was about to tell her my name, but remembering the last rebuff, I was silent.

"Now, look here, my good young lady, how am I to remember your dreadful name? What is it?"

"Laurie, ma'am," I replied.

"Of course it is; I remember it quite well. Now go and play and sing something, and mind, I don't want my ears deafened with fireworks, and the drums split with parrot shriek bravuras. Sing something sweet and simple and old fashioned, if you can," she added ungraciously.

I crossed the room and sat down to the magnificent piano, and for the next five minutes I seemed to be far away down in the old home, as I forgot where I was, in singing my poor dead father's favorite old ballad, "Robin Adair;" while, as I finished, I had hard work to keep back the tears.

"Ro—bin A—dair," she said, as I rose, in a not imposing voice. "Now let me hear you read. I always make my companion read to me a great deal; and mind this, I hate to hear any drone like a school girl. Go over there into the corner of the window and stand there. Take that book; you'll find the mark left in where Miss Belleville—bah! I believe her name was Stubbs and her father a green grocer—left off. Now then, begin."

She pushed a lounge chair close up to the window and sat down with her hands in her muff, while I stood there, feeling like a school girl and ready to drone, as I began to read with flattering voice what happened to be Thackaray's most beautiful chapter—The death of poor old Colonel Newcombe. I knew my voice trembled at times, and a strange sense of choking came upon me as I went on battling, oh, so hard to read those piteous heart stirring lines! But I was weak and suffering. I was faint with hunger and exertion, sick with that despair of hope deferred; at last the room, with its costly furniture, seemed to swim around before me, a cold perspiration bathed my face, and with a weary sigh I caught feebly at the curtains and then fell heavily upon the polished floor.

I have some faint memory of being lifted and wheeled in a chair whose castors I heard chirrup to the front of the fire, and then, as my senses began to return, I seemed to feel arms round me and a pleasant voice saying, half aloud

"And she just lost her poor father, too—to set her to read such a thing as that! I declare I'm about the wickedest, most thoughtless and unfeeling old woman under the sun."

Then there was the refreshing odor of a vinaigrette, and the sick feeling began to pass away.

"I—I beg pardon," I faltered, trying to rise.

"I beg yours my dear," she said, tenderly. "Sit still, sit still. Now, then, try and drink that."

Some sherry was held to my lips and then I was almost forced to eat a biscuit. They, however, rapidly revived me, and I found Mrs. Porter had torn off her bonnet and mantle and was kneeling by my side.

"That's better, my dear," she said, smiling at me, as she passed her arm around me and drew me nearer to her and kissed me, in a gentle, motherly way. And now this was too much, for I was weak and hysterical. I could fight against harshness, but her tender words and ways unlocked the floodgates of my grief, and I laid my head down and sobbed as if my heart would break.

An hour later, after she had literally forced me to partake of the breakfast that was ordered up, she sat beside me, holding my hand, and more than once I saw the tears steal down her pleasant face, as she won from me, bit by bit, the story of my troubles and my bitter struggles here in town.

At last I rose to go, trembling and expectant. Would she engage me? It was more than I dared to hope.

"Sit still, my child," she said, tenderly. "It has pleased God to make me—a childless, widowed woman—his steward over much wealth, and if I did not make this a home for one of his tempest smitten lambs, I should be a worse woman than I think I am. Stay with me. We shall be the best of friends."

I stayed—stayed to know her real worth and to win her motherly love—stayed to find, when John Murray returned, that his love was greater for my sister than for me, and patiently resigned my love to her, and then battled with a long illness when they had gone together to the far off home. But every day gave me a new lesson on misjudging too hastily. That is ten years since; and I am still in my peaceful, happy home, though only "as companion to a lady."

GOOD NIGHT.

"AS COMPANION TO A LADY."

THE FANDANGO.

HOW IT IS DANCED IN SPAIN—THE MUSIC AND THE DANCERS.

A contributor to the New York *Evening Post*, in describing the district around Malaga, Spain, writes as follows:—

On our return to the village we found it full of life and motion. There were to be two balls given in honor of the great national saint's day. There was a fine moon in a cloudless sky. Groups of idlers in gala dresses were walking to and fro, and from many a window lights shone forth, and the sound of merry-making could be heard. We proceeded first to the fonda or village inn. Here, in a dingy apartment, a small bar held forth enticements in the way of coffee, aguardiente, liquors, etc. to all who entered, and in close proximity the courtyard, its entrance decked with a solitary lantern, offered the scene of operations for the night. But the crowd was great, the region of the roughest, and the company of that lively, demonstrative class who might have tossed Sancho in his blanket in the days of old, and having broken his neck, thought of it afterwards as only a trivial casualty. We decided, therefore, to seek a less plebeian scene at the village schoolmaster's.

The school-room, where the aristocratic ball was to be held, was a long, low apartment, well lighted, and packed with young and old; about the open door loitered a crowd of riff-raff, over whose battered sombreros a boy on horseback craned his neck to see what was going on. At one end of the room stood the master's desk, and the walls were decorated with maps and samples of penmanship; at the other end shone resplendent the family fire-place, bright with suspended pots and pans and gaudy delf. As strangers, we were cordially received, and places given us in the front row of seats, at the very feet of the dancers. Now, one characteristic of a Spaniard is that it he cannot praise and boast of himself he will of his own friend, and so shine by borrowed lustre; and we had heard all day, to our infinite amusement, the explanations of our companion to his village acquaintances as to who and what we were—"Americans," he had emphatically announced, "from the great Republic." I learned that I had personally been Secretary to the President, and last, but far from least, that both of us knew Latin! To know Latin, is, in the estimation of a Spanish peasant, equivalent to being next door to heaven and first cousin to the parish priest. So it is easy to imagine how we shone!

But to the dance! The music on the present occasion consisted of two pairs of castanets, a pair of cymbals and a violin, accompanied by the singing of a stout woman in the corner, and the rhythmic clapping of hands, thrown in like a gratuitous blessing by the surrounding spectators. Immediately before us sat a number of pretty young girls, neatly dressed, and with those usual adornments of Southern women, magnificent black hair decked with flowers, and sparkling soft dark eyes. A young man occupied the floor, or rather the very small part of it left by the crowd for the performance of the dance, while another sat in reserve near by to relieve him when fatigued; for, though there were a dozen or more female dancers waiting to perform, there were only two partners to be divided between them. The fandango, or national dance of Spain, portrays the passion of love, and its successful rendition depends as much on the individual talents of the performers as that of a play upon its actors. The young man before us was of a fine athletic form, well displayed in his Andalusian costume, with a crimson scarf bound tightly around his waist, a velvet sombrero, a jaunty vest, and white stockings reaching from the tasselled knee, glittering with its silver buttons, down to his shapely feet. He stood a little while looking around with a bandit air, and then approached a young girl and signified his lordly will to dance. She rose, and they fell back into the middle of the arena. Then began the dance, for which the audience composed themselves with nearly as much anticipated pleasure as for a bull-fight. With castanets in either hand, and arms rising or falling at the moment's impulse, the dancers began swaying backward and forward, now advancing, now retiring in languid undulatory movements; sometimes there would be a sudden passionate start, subsiding into coy reluctance; sometimes a sweep around each other's persons, thus changing their point of attack or vantage ground; sometimes there would come a quick and impetuous movement of daring, entreaty, or coquettish allurement; relapsing into the wave-like dance, charming beyond expression, while through it all the shrill, crude music shrieked and wailed, the beating of the hands told time, and sharp cries of Ola! Ola! rang through the room as the audience waked to the passion of the play, and the actors warmed into the true dramatic meaning of the dance. When, subdued by the mimic suit of her partner, the maiden touches his shoulders on either side with the tips of her fingers, the andanzo ends.

STEEL PENS.

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Steel pens are manufactured from the best description of steel that can be obtained, that made from Swedish iron being usually employed in its manufacture. For making a steel pen, the metal is first rolled, while red-hot, into plates about three feet in length and four inches broad. The plates are annealed by being made hot and slowly cooled, and all oxide is removed from their surfaces by immersing them in diluted sulphuric acid, which dissolves it away. The plates are then rolled into sheets the thinness of a steel pen. These sheets are cut into pieces, and are afterwards punched out into flat pieces, the size and shape of the future pen, care being taken, in doing this, that the length of the pen should correspond with the fibres of the metal. The hole at the end of the nib, and the side slits that give flexibility to the pen are now made, and are cut at a small press. Although in its present state the steel of which the future pen is made is so soft that it may be bent between the fingers like lead, yet it is not sufficiently soft for the process it has to undergo before it assumes a perfect state, and then it is again softened by annealing. This is performed by again exposing them to heat and allowing them to cool slowly. When this is done, the name or trade-mark of the manufacturer, ornamental device, or other impression is stamped on the surface of the metal. Up to this time the future pen is perfectly flat; it is now made to assume its curved state. For this purpose it is placed in a groove beneath a press, and a convex die descending powerfully on it bends the metal in the required shape. The pens are hardened by exposing them to a white heat and then suddenly throwing them into a vessel of oil, any oil that may adhere to them being afterwards removed by shaking them in a cylinder. It is now necessary to temper the metal to the degree of elasticity required for writing. For this purpose the pens are placed in a cylinder closed at one end, which revolves over a charcoal fire; this process being not unlike the manner in which coffee berries are roasted. By being exposed to this heat the surface of the steel changes its color. It becomes a grey, a straw-color, a brown and, as the process is continued, a deep blue. The pens are then placed in a metal cylinder containing the powder from broken crucibles, sand, &c., and caused to revolve rapidly, by which means the surface of the metal becomes perfectly clear and bright. After this the backs of the nibs of the pens are ground. This is done by applying them for an instant, one by one, to the surface of a revolving wheel. Then the slit between the nibs is cut, by means of a small die press. The steel pen is now finished, and only requires to be colored brown or blue, by exposure to heat until it assumes the tint required. The pens are then varnished, by being dipped into shellac, dissolved with spirits of wine or naphtha, and exposed to a moderate heat to dry them.

GERMAN SOLDIERS.

HOW THE EMPEROR'S TROOPS ARE TRAINED.

A correspondent writes:

The broad outlines of German military economy, the principles on which the machinery of war are created, organized and set in motion are sufficiently well known. But we are less thoroughly informed about the training of the private soldier, about the processes by which a raw recruit is transmuted into an effective, integral, and automatic unit of the company and the battalion. It was just this matter which a staff officer in the Russian army—Colonel Kaulbars—was sent to Germany to study, and upon which he has lately published a report in a Russian official journal. The facts collected by him have attracted much attention from the French and English press, and a glance at some of them may aid us to understand the perfection of the German army as an instrument of combat.

The striking point of the whole system—next to the rigorous application of universal liability—is the short term of active service. From this principle the axiom is deduced that not a moment is to be wasted in stage effects, the flourish and strut to which so much time is given in an English barrack yard, the sole aim of training being to promptly render the conscript an efficient soldier in the field. Of the many divers ways, however, by which this conversion of the inexpert civilian into the accomplished combatant may be compassed, the special method chosen by the instructor is a matter of absolute indifference provided the end be attained. The degree of independence and responsibility thus devolved upon the company commander is another remarkable feature of German military education. To illustrate the extraordinary freedom from interference enjoyed by the trainer of raw material, Colonel Kaulbars cites the case of a General whom he heard express to a captain a strong disapproval of the latter's method. The commander paid no attention to the strictures, and at the inspection of his company, which took place presently, came off with flying colors, whereupon the General owned his error and publicly congratulated the captain upon his superior sagacity. We are further told that sometimes two captains of the same battalion will be carrying out rival systems of training, their superior officers watching both without the slightest intervention, but leaving the question of fitness to the result of the inspection.

The country needs a supply of soundly drilled, but not elaborately finished soldiers, out of which to construct its battalions, regiments, etc., and to create these units is the captain's work. Accordingly, the recruit, on joining is handed over to the latter as a stick of green wood, to be returned at a fixed date as a pliant, seasoned, manufactured implement. Processes will be wholly disregarded if intentions will go for nothing; the authorities will look to results only, on which depend the present standing and future advancement of the manufacturer. But the captain, though responsible for the work, and compelled to expend an immense amount of thought, anxiety and trouble on a seemingly small field of labor, is not the executive; the chief instructor is one of his lieutenants, chosen by himself, the other trainers being taken from among the non-commissioned officers. It is the captain's duty, however, to teach these instructors how to teach; he has to provide not only for drill, but musketry, gymnastics and theoretical knowledge, there being no specialists in a German barrack yard to whom any part of the work is intrusted; the company officers do it all. In their turn these subordinate instructors, once chosen, enjoy substantial independence, and a faulty selection may therefore ruin a year's work. From this judicious distribution of responsibility it results that nowhere in the world does "awkward squad" training receive such strenuous and fruitful attention as in Germany.

From the time of a recruit's joining, which takes place in November, an old soldier or non-commissioned officer is told off as his compulsory companion; the conscript must deposit his money in the captain's hands, and give this officer a full accounting in writing of his past life, which, owing to the territorial system of enlistment, can be easily verified. Worked but lightly during the first few days, the recruit soon finds himself with little or no time at his own disposal, not less than ten hours a day being exacted for drill and instruction during the fourth week of service. This strenuous training goes on in the hands of the captain and his assistants, until the middle or end of February, when the first authentic test of the recruit's competence takes place. Throughout the German army, says Colonel Kaulbars, the inspection of the recruits forms one of the most important events of military life, exciting the liveliest interest, not only among the officers of each regiment, but of all officers in the garrison. It is conducted by the colonel of the regiment, in presence, however, of the General commanding the army corps, and often of the Emperor, and everything is carried out with the utmost precision and formality. There is nothing farcical or perfunctory in these proceedings, as is too often the case in other countries. The inspection takes place during the actual course of instruction, and not after it is concluded. No time is lost in preparing for the inspecting officer before his arrival on the ground, nor is any special preparation possible, since no fixed day is set apart for the test, and notice of it is only given on the previous evening to those concerned. In a word, the scrutiny to which the German recruit is subjected is exhaustive, sharp and trustworthy.

The same shrewd expedient of localized responsibility and scrupulous non-interference with the specific officer in charge is adopted for each stage or period of instruction. As the commanding officer of the battalion does not venture to thwart or advise his captains, so no interposition or even suggestion is offered by the colonel of the regiment when the former is working companies together in battalion formation. But because the recruit has advanced a step in his education, he is not suffered to forget what he has already mastered, or to outgrow the automatic abandonment of self to the volition of his company commander, and, therefore, after he has begun to drill in battalion he still finds himself three days a week under his captain's hand in company work. It is by this unique combination of the development of individual initiative on the part of every officer, with complete self-surrender on the part of the private soldier, that the Germans have sought to make their army at once the toughest and most flexible of instruments, to adjust it to the onerous, intricate, and unforseen requirements of the modern battlefield.

—It was not believed that the Paris Exhibition of 1878 would be a financial success, yet the Government Commissioners already feel that they are out of financial difficulty. The cost of buildings and maintenance is estimated at about $9,000,000, and a revenue of nearly $7,000,000, is already assured. The attendance has exceeded expectations.

MEN WITH QUEER NERVES.

THE JUMPERS OF MAINE—A REGION IN WHICH SOME STARTLING THINGS ARE SEEN.

A correspondent who has just returned from a tour writes:—

In February last I was riding in a sleigh from Shirley to Greenville, in Maine. I was a commercial traveller, and my companion in the cutter, Mr. Long, was an old schoolmate from New York, now a sawmill owner of Greenville. Riding just behind us in a rude pung were two Canadian Frenchmen whom he had hired to work in his mill. At the foot of a long hill I sprang from the sleigh to warm my feet by walking, and as I leaped out, the board seat, on the extreme end of which my friend sat, tipped up and he fell out into the deep snow. He jumped up and laughed. Just then I saw the Frenchmen tumble backward out of their sleigh exactly as Long had done. It was a ludicrous mimicry, and I could not understand it. We stopped their lazy horse and laughed at them as they came up, but they only pointed at Long, muttered something in mongled French and shook their heads seriously. One of them struck on his head and sprained his neck.

"What" said Long, "I'd no idea those fellows were jumpers."

"Jumpers?" I asked, "what's jumpers?"

"Why didn't you ever hear of jumping Frenchmen?"

"Never in my life."

"These are jumping Frenchmen. They tumbled out of that seat just because they saw me tumble, and they couldn't have helped it to save their lives. This country is full of jumpers."

"Can they control their conduct in any way?"

"Oh, yes; in most ways, when they are not startled; but you jump one of them and you jump over he goes."

"Jump one of them! Come, explain. You'll have to make your joke plainer."

"No joke, 'pon honor. By 'jumping' one of them I mean surprising him. Startle him in any way and you set him going at once. I'll show you a lot of them when we get to Greenville."

We were in the upper half of Maine. Greenville is at the lower end of Moosehead lake, which is the source of the Kennebec river, and the centre of a vast lumber region. It contains some fifty houses, among which are two large hotels, which are filled with pleasure-seekers in the summer. More than half of the men employed in the woods in winter are Canadian French, or half-breeds—unkempt, half-clad, and so ignorant that not more than one in two hundred can read print or write his name. Most of these, I was told, are jumpers.

"Now," said Long, as he ushered me into the dining-room of the hotel, which was a small hotel, through the window of which we could see a dozen red-shirted men at supper. I followed him in, and as he entered the room he raised his hands suddenly above his head, pointed his forefingers at the ceiling, and said: "Sich!" so as to be heard by all. The men around the table instantly sprang up, pointed their forefingers at the ceiling, and everyone said "Sich!" One knocked over his chair, another knocked over some crockery was broken by the jump, and the table received. The two Frenchmen who had followed their employer also repeated the same gesture and said "Sich!" The men around the table finished, and then turned pale as they resumed their seats. They recognized Long as he saluted them in their peculiar French-Indian patois; but they were surly and indisposed to talk. We soon withdrew.

"Well," said Long, "they're jumpers."

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"They couldn't have helped it if their lives had been at stake."

I wanted to investigate this strange phenomenon, if, indeed, it was genuine, but I was to start next morning for Bangor.

"I have never seen any of these queer creatures down along the coast," I said.

"No," said Long, "they are confined to Canada and the frontier—mainly in the lumbering region. There are thousands of jumpers in Maine. By the way, you are coming back in April. Just make a stay of a fortnight and I'll show you more jumpers than you can count, and more odd and exciting tricks than you ever dreamed of. Jumpers come out of the woods in the spring, and they will be loafing around here in April, drinking whisky and spending their winter's earnings."

I promised I would do it, and I did. I stayed there nearly a month. What is as a fact. Jumping Frenchmen are thick as dogs, and they are more intelligent. Jumping or shoving suddenly when startled is peculiar to most of them. I saw as many as twenty-five together. Touch one of them when he was not expecting it, on the neck even on the hand, and he would cry out, tremble, turn pale, and catch his breath, and his crying out would be pretty certain to start the others.

There are many different kinds of jumpers. Some, when startled, fiercely strike out directly in front of them, hitting whatever is in the way. As I made it a business to watch these men, I saw a good deal of this hitting, most of it harmless, as they generally struck one another. The blows they give one another, as it is called, is their principal sport. It is a game of watch to see a man who is struck by a sudden blow on the neck, turn and hit whatever is in his way. If one poured a pitcher of water down the back of a jumper, he would spring