THE PATRIOT.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Was Established in 1821
P. F. DUFFY, Publisher and Proprietor.

The Greensboro Patriot.

OUR COUNTRY—FIRST AND ALWAYS.

Established in 1821. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1878. New Series No. 542.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 wk.	1 mo.	2 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 yr.
1 in. - -	$1.00	$2.50	$4.00	$5.00	$8.00	$12.00
2 " - -	1.50	4.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	18.00
3 " - -	2.50	6.00	8.00	10.00	18.00	24.00
4 " - -	3.00	7.00	10.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
5 " - -	4.00	8.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	36.00
¼ col. -	6.00	12.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
½ " -	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	50.00	80.00
1 " -	15.00	20.00	35.00	50.00	80.00	140.00

Specials twenty-five and locals fifty per cent. higher.

Court orders, six weeks, $7; Magistrates' notices, four weeks, $5; administrators' notices, six weeks, $3.50—in advance.

Double rates for double column advertisements.

EVERY MAN'S DUTY.

[illegible]

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

[illegible]

thinking of, asleep in this damp night air?"

Slowly she opened her large eyes and gazed around with a bewildered expression.

"Dear Alice, do rouse yourself," I cried. "It is past ten o'clock, and grandma will be crazy."

She obeyed the movement of my hand, sat up, and allowed me to wrap my shawl around her. I gathered up her scattered drawing materials, and again begged her to rouse herself and go home.

"Yes, we will go," she said; "but I have been dreaming so long, I can scarcely find the boundary line between my dreams and reality."

"What were you dreaming of?"

"Oh, so many things! I must have been sleeping a long time, for the last I can remember the sun was setting, and I thought you would soon be here. I was awake then, I am sure of it. All at once there came from up the glen a faint sweet strain of music. Then I distinguished voices singing, and presently I was surrounded by a crowd of people thronging all about me. Their garments brushed me, and their fingers touched my hair, but they never seemed to see me. Suddenly they vanished, one beautiful lady alone remaining. She stood just there, behind that long branch. She was all in green, and I could scarcely distinguish her from the trees. She spoke to me with a charming smile, and then lifting her white hand, waved it slowly through the air. I looked, and papa stood beside me. I could not move or speak, but his dear eyes looked into mine for a moment; then the figure slowly faded. As I gazed other figures came by, brightening and fading before my eyes. I saw yourself and Frank, grandma just as she used to look, and many more, all familiar faces, all persons who have had some part or influence in my life. Last of all came one I did not know. I turned to ask the lady who he was. She made no answer, but smiled and held up a ring. I thought I knew him for my future husband, and turned to look at him again. As I did so, I thought he bent over and kissed me on the lips; then slowly faded as the others had done. The next I remember, you were calling me. Now don't laugh, Charlotte," she added, catching the expression of my eyes.

"Indeed, love, I shouldn't think of such a thing. I am too deeply impressed by your doubtless prophetic vision."

"Now, Lottie!"

"Well, dear, why not? Remember this is the eve of St. John, and your birth night. Every one knows that children born on Midsummer eve are the especial favorites of the fairy folk, and subject to their influence on that night. It is plain enough that the lady in green was your fairy god-mother, and your vision must be prophetic."

Alice laughed, but in a shy, absent way, and her pretty blush was visible even in the starlight. In answer to my raillleries, she admitted that before falling asleep she had been indulging in fancies about fays and the like, naturally suggested by the place and the time; but as for the young man, she positively declared she had never seen, or imagined, or previously even dreamed of, such a being as the least possessing hero.

Alice was upcrafty next morning, not a whit the worse for her green wood nap, and very busy with her drawing. I supposed she was finishing the thorn-tree sketch; but happening to look over her shoulder when she had been at work for an hour, I saw it was a portrait on which she was engaged. It was the likeness of a young man, apparently twenty-eight or thirty years of age.

"Who is it, Alice dear?"

Alice laughed but blushed a little. "It is the face I saw in my dream last night," she said.

"Is it possible?"

"It is the best likeness I have ever made. That is, in every feature, the face that was bending toward me when your voice broke the spell of my dream."

"Well, my love, you have wonderfully vivid dreams. We must take care that you do not sleep under the starlight too often."

Frank Baldwin arrived that afternoon, and we hastened our preparation for the parture. He kindly offered to assist us, and stood round, man fashion, in the way, putting things in the wrong trunks, and making confusion generally. We were limited in trunk room, and Alice declared it quite impossible to get in her voluminous sketching books. They were accordingly laid aside to be left till they could be sent for, or until we should make our regular visit next year. Frank, roaming restless about, tired of our inattention, spied the books, and begin to look them over. He was silent for some time; but at length he looked round with an exclamation of surprise.

"Edward Granger's portrait! Alice, where did you ever see Ned Granger?"

"I never saw him to my knowledge. Pray who is he?"

"He is the friend of whose adventures with the 'in India I have frequently written home. Is this your drawing?"

"Certainly."

"Is it meant for any one?"

"It is a fancy merely."

"Well, it's a most surprising accidental resemblance, considering you never saw Ned; and of course you never could, as he is at this moment on his way home from India, where he has lived for ten years—since you were a child in the nursery. By the way, I see that the *Mogul*, in which Edward sailed, has been spoken only a week out. So we may expect to see him very soon."

A day or two later we were at home, and quickly launched on the stream of gayety ever flowing through my stepmother's house. Fresh from our six month's seclusion at the farm, we entered with zest upon this new course of pleasure. Frank Baldwin was our constant ally. Alice had always been rather his favorite, as, indeed, she was everybody's; for beauty is a born queen even in the nursery. She had changed in his absence from a sweet child to a lovely woman; and he seemed enchanted with her now that I began to think this brother by adoption might become one in reality.

We had been home a week, when one day, on returning from a drive, we learned that Frank's friend Granger had arrived. A good deal fatigued with traveling by sea and by land, he was still in his room, but would join us at dinner. There were no other guests, and Alice and I went up to dress. I do not know that we "prinked" more than usual that day; but I remembered feeling quite satisfied with my fresh summer toilet, and Alice looked supremely lovely in the pale green organdy, which would have been fatal to a complexion less dazzlingly fair. "You look like the queen of the fairies," I said, and I wondered why she should blush so at the merely flattery.

The blush had not quite faded when we entered the drawing-room, and Frank brought forward his friend. Mr. Granger was presented first to me, which gave me an opportunity to quietly observe him while he paid his compliments to my sister. I saw his eye light with a flash of admiration for her singular beauty; but this expression was succeeded by one of perplexity, which did not pass away for some time.

As I studied the face of the stranger, I was instantly reminded of Alice's drawing of what I called her "dream lover," and I no longer wondered at Frank's surprise on seeing it. It was indeed an astonishing resemblance. You could have sworn it was the same face. Not only was every feature the same, even to the cut of the beard and the parting of the hair, but the expression of the whole was identical: the same soul seemed looking through the eyes. Whether Alice noticed this or not, I could not tell. She was talking in a gay and animated manner, and there was a soft light in her eye and a flush of pleasure on her lovely cheek which made her even more than usually charming.

I have no occasion to prolong this story by making mysteries; so I may as well say that the case of Mr. Granger and my sister was one of love at first sight. Their two souls melted into one at their first meeting, and the affection which then sprang into life seemed to grow with every day. There were no serious obstacles to fret the current of their loves; therefore its course ran smooth. My father's only objections rested upon the fact that Alice was still so young and their acquaintance so brief. Against the match itself he had nothing to urge, as the young man's family, character, and fortune were all he could ask. So the young couple had their own way; and the ever-beautiful drama, so old, yet eternally so new, went on once more.

For me, I hope not to wholly lose the reader's respect when I confess to a slight feeling of superstition in this matter. The singular circumstance of Alice's midsummer-night dream, so strikingly and so quickly put in process of fulfillment, would present itself to me in the aspect of a prophecy. It was easy to laugh, and talk of coincidences, but such talk explains nothing. "Dreams are but dreams," says the German proverb. Is it always true? Are there not, may there not be, mysterious intelligences which, when our grosser senses are locked in slumber, have their hour of communion with human souls, and breathe into our consciousness the loftier thoughts, the purer emotions, the larger knowledge, of theirs?

It was a fine morning in June, nearly a year from the period when this veracious history commences. In the cheerful breakfast-room of my sister, Mrs. Edward Granger, still lingered a party of three, the young mistress of the house, her husband, and myself. I had arrived the previous evening and having been separated from Alice during the six weeks which had elapsed since her marriage, we had, of course, many things to talk over. So, though the morning was wearing away, we still sat there, Mr. Granger considerately leaving us to ourselves while he read his paper by the window. I had forgotten his presence, till a sudden exclamation from him drew my attention to his part of the room.

I had come to Alice's from grandmamma's, where I had been making a visit, and had brought with me among my luggage the portfolios of sketches and drawings which she had left behind last year. They were lying on the table, and Edward, having finished his paper, and getting no attention from us, amused himself by examining them. When we turned round, he was standing in his hand the spirited sketch of his own features which was so well remembered.

"Why, Alice," he said, "where did you get this?"

"I made it of course."

"But I never sat to you."

"No; I drew from memory."

"How came it among these things that Charlotte brought from your grandmother's?"

"I left it there last summer."

"What a little story-teller! At that time you had never seen me."

"No, not any picture of you; yet I had drawn you as you see."

"What does she mean, Lottie?" said Edward. "The original of this must have been myself or my double."

"Precisely. It was your double. Alice knows that as well as I do."

"Will you ladies please explain," said my brother-in-law, throwing himself back in whimsical perplexity.

Alice laughed. "You will not believe if I tell you," she said, seating herself upon his knee.

"Well, love, tell me for all that."

Alice began the story gayly, but as it proceeded, her sportive tone became serious, and her large violet eyes deepened with an expression of earnestness and wonder. When she ceased, it was with a cheek somewhat flushed, and a sensitive quiver of the lips which she could not quite control. Her husband had listened at first with smiling interest, but this soon gave way to an ominous look of exaggerated gravity; and when the story was finished, he burst into a peal of uncontrollable laughter. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes; and when we thought he had done, he suddenly started off again, and laughed till he was tired. Alice and I joined in the mirth, but my sister not very heartily.

"My dear little girl," cried Edward, as he could speak, "do you hope to persuade me that you really dreamed all that about the green lady?"

"But it is true Edward."

Edward went off again.

"And you dare aver that you were asleep. I am confident you peeped."

"You impertinent boy! Small advantage in peeping, when you were not there."

"Do you presume to say you did not know I was there?"

"What do you mean Edward?"

"I mean that my recollection of that kiss is as vivid as your own, only I do not pretend to have been asleep."

"My dear Edward, at that time you were on the Atlantic, a week's sail or more from home. It was ten days after the eve of St. John that you reached our house, and you had only arrived the day before."

"My dear child, who told you that I had just arrived from India?"

"No one, perhaps; but we supposed so, of course."

"Nevertheless, on that night of the 23d of June I was near enough to get my first kiss from your lips." It was a mercy Lottie did not enclaim, though. I had just time to gain the shelter of the thorn trees before she came round the point."

"Now, Edward," cried I, in amazement, "explain your part in this mystery."

"There is little mystery about my part. It is true that when Frank Baldwin left Calcutta I was intending to come home in the sailing vessel *Mogul*, which belongs to our firm. But as I found it would be necessary for me to go to France any way, I took the steamer route by the Isthmus of Suez, and was in Marseilles before the *Mogul* had passed the Cape of Good Hope. I stand in France several weeks, crossed over to England, and took the steamer from Liverpool to Quebec, arriving on the 20th of June. It happens that one of our clerks in Calcutta, a faithful, excellent fellow, has a mother and sisters living on a farm not far from S——, and I was the bearer of letters and gifts from him to them. I might have sent the things by express, of course, but I thought the women might like to see and talk with some one who had come from Fred; so, having plenty of time at my disposal, I concluded to visit them myself. You see, no one in New York knows of my arrival, or expected me for a fortnight. I made a detour, and reached S—— on the afternoon of the 23d. I spent several hours with Fred's family, telling them every thing I could think of about him, and praised him to their hearts' content—the good fellow deserves it all. It was quite late when I started to walk back to the town. The evening was so fine that I felt in no hurry to reach my hotel, and I strolled along quite regardless of the way. Perceiving a foot-path which seemed to lead through some pleasant fields to a brook, I left the main road to explore it. Where I went I am sure I can not tell; perhaps you, who know the localities, can form a guess. I know that I passed through a deep lonely glen from which the brook issued, and following the windings of the stream, had just succeeded in making my way through a dense thicket of old thorn-trees, when I was startled by the sight of a female figure lying on the grass. I drew near and found a young girl, not dead, but sleeping sweetly. What brought her there at such a time was a mystery. The delicate texture of her dress and the gleam of a heavy gold bracelet on one of her round arms showed that she was not probably under the necessity of choosing such a bedchamber. If I had remembered what night of the year it was—the chosen hour of the people in green—I should probably not have attributed to her a mortal character at all, but should have supposed that she had merely arrived too soon at the rendezvous, and was waiting for her sisters to begin the greenwood revel. Whether under such a supposition I should have ventured to take the liberty I did I dare not say; but as it was, I think my guilt had some extenuating circumstances. The dewy red lips through which the sweet breath came so softly!—why it was not in human nature to resist the temptation! Blushing to the soul for the depravity of my race, I admit my crime."

"Your contrition is somewhat tardy, Sir," replied the blushing Alice, trying hard to frown. "Pray, how long were you there?"

"It could not have been more than five minutes at most. I was revolving the chances of getting another kiss without waking you when I heard footsteps, and had just time to gain the cover of the trees before Charlotte appeared. I hurried away across the fields, and reached my hotel about midnight. Next day I started for St. Louis, whence I had just returned when I reached your house."

"And did you then recognize Alice?"

"No. I remember that at first sight her face seemed slightly familiar, but the impression passed away. Until to-day I never for an instant associated her with the heroine of my almost forgotten adventure. In that uncertain mingling of twilight and starlight, features were not accurately distinguishable. The only wonder is how she managed, undetected, to get so good a view of mine."

"Now, Edward," cried Alice, in a tone of real distress, "you surely do not believe——"

He stopped the reproach with a kiss. "No, darling, of course I do not believe anything of the kind. But, Charlotte," he added, "what a strange thing it is, this blending of events actually passing around us with the fantastic images of our dreams! What faculty of the mind is it which remains awake to take cognizance of things outside the closed yellows?"

"The *proprietary* faculty, it would seem in this instance," I answered, with as much gravity as I could assume. "But perhaps that is peculiar to the dreams of Midsummer eve."

Edward laughed. "It is an odd thing, any way," said he.

I think it odd myself, but it is true.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

I.

The sun was setting behind the hills of Maldon one June evening, when an acrobat with his wife was seen plodding along the road.

They were weary and sad. The acrobat himself was a man about thirty, of dark complexion, with raven black hair curling over his forehead. His eyes were black and piercing, and there was something in his look which bespoke a nature above that of a mountebank.

His wife was some years younger, and carried an infant child at her breast. She, too, had the appearance of a person superior to her lot, and her face was comely to look upon.

Almost opposite to him was the lodge and gateway of a gentleman's park.

As he came nearer and looked through the gate he saw between twenty and thirty children, in holiday attire, playing upon the lawn before an old and spacious mansion.

The acrobat's eyes kindled as he looked in at the bevy of holiday-makers. Here was a grand chance for him.

Had there been any one there whose permission he could have asked he would have done so. But there was no one but the children themselves; and therefore, addressing one of the oldest, he asked her if they would like to see some of his feats. The girl smilingly replied that they would.

And now the eyes of wonder opened as wide as they could go. And so intent was the little audience in watching the acrobat, and so intent was Duval in catching his brass balls, that none of them perceived that Sir William Windus was approaching with his gamekeeper. He came forward with rapid strides, and when within a few paces of Duval he called out to him in a voice of thunder.

"Vagabond! how dared you enter here?

For a moment Duval stood astounded and dumb at this sudden interruption. He saw before him a gentleman much taller than himself, in shooting coat and boots, with a felt hat; narrow-shouldered, his bearing that of an aristocrat, with a strong dash of a bully.

"Come, pack up your trumpery, and begone," said the baronet.

"I meant no offense, your honor; nor to harm any one or anything belonging to you. I saw the children and made bold to enter, thinking it would please them to see my——"

"Oh, that's a very old story," said the baronet. "When thieves and gipsies prowl about gentlemen's parks we all know that their intentions are perfectly innocent!"

"Do you call me a thief, sir?" demanded Duval, his dark cheek coloring and his eyes flashing fire.

Sir William saw the fierce spirit that was struggling in the acrobat's breast. He felt that he could not bear the steady gaze he fixed on him, and that his proud and overbearing nature had met its match. His blood boiled with rage.

"Impudent villain!" he at last exclaimed, stamping on the ground, "do you dare to beard me, to browbeat me with your insolent look? Take that!" And lifting his arm he brought down his whip with a thud upon the acrobat's back that could be heard as far off as the lodge.

Mad with rage, frenzied with insult, Duval, with a tiger spring, rushed at the baronet; and dearly would Sir William have paid for his rash act if the acrobat could only have had one blow at him, delivered with the prodigious strength of his muscular arm and athletic shoulders. But as Duval rushed forward, Leo, one of the hounds, sprang upon the acrobat and intercepted his attack.

"Down, Leo, down!" cried Sir William, and the dog sprang away from the man and sat down by his master's side.

"Now put him out," said the baronet, as he turned away and walked off toward the hall.

"It's no use making any more fuss about it," said the good-natured gamekeeper, as Duval sprang upon his feet, his face and hands covered with dust and blood. "You were wrong in the beginning. Be advised and go your way quietly."

And Duval was advised; the more easily because of the appealing look his wife gave him as she gently wiped the blood from his face. He clenched his hand, and litting it toward heaven, cried out, in the agony of his heart,

"My God! I ask only this favor of thee—that I may one day be revenged!"

II.

Two years passed, and a beautiful lady lay reclining upon a sofa in the large and richly furnished drawing-room of a count mansion.

Suddenly the luxurious silence of the room was disturbed by a loud clamor in the hall.

Sir William and Lady Windus started up.

"What is the matter?" demanded the baronet.

"Oh, Sir William! oh, my lady!—oh, my dear good lady—"

And then Emily shrieked three or four times, and, turning white as death, fell back in a chair.

Though Emily's information was neither copious nor distinct, it conveyed forcibly enough that the children were in danger, and that a boat had something to do with it.

The truth was, that Emily and Miss Joan had been sent out in the pony phaeton, under the charge of the page, for a drive; that William, seeing the equipage, ran his boat inshore; and that, as Emily declined to venture on account of her tendency to bile, and her dislike to sharks, he took his sister of his own lordly will and authority, under his protection. The boat struck, and went down; and, by the greatest good fortune, William, with Joan in his arms, was able to reach the point of rock on which he now stood.

What were the feelings of Lady Windus when she reached the shore, and beheld her children on a small spot of rock, with the sea all around them—smooth almost as glass, it is true—but with the tide flowing, and every minute covering a fresh portion of the rock on which her babes were standing.

But could nothing be done?

Sir William took his station on the road which ran along the shore. He was followed by the old gamekeeper; by Emily Carter, who had recovered; by the housekeeper, and the stable-boy.

Well, was there no one there who could swim?

Unhappily Sir William could not, nor the gamekeeper.

The tide was rising.

Smooth as glass—smooth, specious, and smiling as a lying hypocrite—it was rising, and Lady Windus could see that already it was licking the feet of her children.

"Look, look, William!" she exclaimed, at the same time directing her husband's attention to the rock; "he lifts her up. The water is at their feet! My God! can we do nothing?"

Yes, it was true.

The water was at their feet.

William had raised Joan in his arms, and as he saw his mother direct the baronet's attention to them, he called out, though she couldn't hear him—

"All right, mamma; there's plenty of time yet."

Plenty of time!

The sea was flowing in. Often as the party on the shore turned their eyes in the direction in which the stable-boy had ridden to procure a boat, there was nothing in sight.

Lady Windus had fainted.

Sir William stood, the picture of agony, looking at his children.

"Are those your children?" asked a man who stood at Sir William's side, but whose approach had not been noticed.

The baronet did not turn to look at the speaker.

It was some seconds, indeed, before he recognized that any one had addressed him; but when he did so, he replied, in a deep whisper of despair—.

"They are."

The man's gaze was fixed upon the children.

Sir William's was fixed upon him.

He thought he remembered him, and so he did,—it was the acrobat.

It was Duval!

Duval, who had prayed for vengeance as the sole favor for which he would trouble Heaven.

It was Duval, at whose door, if he could be said ever to have had one, all the miseries of like had knocked, and at whose hearth they had seated themselves.

For did not she, whom he had loved more than himself—Martha—did not she lie in her cold grave, with her baby by her side, in the same pauper's coffin?

And now—what was left to Duval?—Only to wait for death.

Nay, something more—to live for revenge!

For no boat made its appearance; the tide had risen six inches more, and now they saw the boy kneel down in the water, and look up as if he were praying.

And only Duval could save him and his sister—only Duval.

He alone, of all who stood there, could breast the flood to the rock, and back again with the boy.

Why not tell Sir William so? Why not, indeed? Is not revenge sweet?

And still the tide was rising.

Lady Windus, restored for a moment to consciousness, opened her eyes; but no sooner realized her position than she relapsed into insensibility.

"Sir William," said Duval, "I see you remember me! Once I thirsted for revenge upon you! For two long years I thirsted for it, and prayed for it. Heaven has sent it to me!"

A bright light shot from his eyes as he said this, and then he slowly walked down to within a few paces of the water. He undressed, he waded into the sea until it came up to his breast, and then throwing himself forward, struck out for the rock.

We shall not describe the joy with which the parents, who had watched in agonized suspense the acrobat's attempt to rescue their children, received them back into their arms; but while they were fondling them, Duval had dressed and slipped away. He had regained the road and was pursuing his journey with a light step and light heart, for he had his revenge.

No, not all of it! Sir William no sooner missed him than he set out in pursuit of him.

"Here," exclaimed the baronet, when at last he came up with him, endeavoring to pay a well-filled purse into Duval's hand. "You have saved my children, and are entitled—I say entitled—to a reward."

Duval drew back his hand.

"I have had it!" he said quietly, and turning from him, pursued his journey.

And the proud baronet stood looking after him, rebuked and humbled.

BEWARE OF LIGHTNING.

HOW TO AVOID DANGER DURING A THUNDER STORM.

Chamber's Journal remarks: Under what conditions is damage from lightning possible, and what are the means by which the risk may be lessened or avoided? An isolated tree, standing either upon a wide plain or upon an eminence, is obviously likely to determine a lightning discharge, to "attract the lightning," to use a common expression. The top of the tree is the nearest point to the cloud, and since the tree is a better conductor than the air, a line drawn vertically through it to the cloud may be the shortest and easiest course along which the electricities may pass. But when the charged cloud arrives directly over this point, the tension is sufficient to overcome the resistance along that line, a discharge will take place and the tree will be struck. But if the tension be not sufficient, the cloud will pass harmlessly over. Hence it appears that a person standing during a thunder storm beneath a tree so situate is exposed to some risk. On no account, therefore, should the traveller take refuge under an isolated tree; generally he will do well to avoid its neighborhood altogether; but should he be overtaken by a storm when on a plain with no shelter near, the tree may still be made to afford him some protection. If he takes up a position near it, but not under its branches, he will probably escape unhurt, should the lightning descend upon it. The safest distance from the tree is that which is equal to its height. To approach much nearer than this is to incur the risk of being within the influence of the stroke; to remain at a much greater distance away is to place one's self in the same condition of isolation as the tree itself. It will have been remarked by all observers of the phenomenon that whenever a tree has been struck [illegible] an isolated position. In describing the position as one of isolation, however, it is not meant that the tree is necessarily standing alone, but that it is not one of a numerous group. When there are many trees together their collective conductivity is often sufficient to cause an indestructive discharge of the electricity. This is especially likely to happen when the trees are wet with rain, for then their surfaces are covered with a film of water, which is a good conductor. For the reason, the danger from lightning is much less after rain has begun to fall than before, when everything is dry. It appears, therefore, that the safest situation during a thunder storm is in the midst of a wood, particularly if the neighborhood of the tallest trees be avoided. In such a place of shelter the traveller may take refuge in full assurance that he will there be effectually shielded from harm. The greatest risk of injury from lightning is undoubtedly incurred by persons travelling across a wide and very flat plain, because in such a situation they are the only elevated objects. To lessen the risk which may here be somewhat serious, advantage should be taken of whatever undulations of surface may exist, to keep upon the lowest ground. No doubt the prostrate position would in these circumstances afford greater security than the erect. It happens not unfrequently that animals are killed by lightning under a tree to which they had betaken themselves for shelter. In these cases the tree is struck partly in consequence of its isolation, and partly on account of the presence of the animals beneath it. Usually there are several, and often many of them assembled together, huddled probably by mirror into contact one with another. The air, heated by their bodies, rises above them laden with moisture, developed mainly from their breath. Who has not noticed the cloud of vapor that in the early morning and in certain states of the weather hangs over a flock of sheep or a herd of kine? The column of moist air ascending through the branches of the tree toward the cloud offers, in consequence of the comparatively high conductivity of water, a favorable passage for the electricity. A herd of cattle under an isolated tree is thus exposed to a double risk; also it is evident that these animals are in the open country less secure from injury than human beings, who cannot affect the atmosphere in a like degree.

FEMALE BORROWERS.

A FEW SENSIBLE REMARKS ABOUT THEM.

In the last number of the *Rural New Yorker* Mrs. A. E. Story has the following sensible remarks on female borrowers, which many rural readers will heartily appreciate:

Does it ever enter into the mind of the woman who complains of the borrowing propensity of her neighbors that the lenders are themselves in a great measure responsible for the borrowing? Certainly it is that borrowers would soon "cease from the land" if there were no one found to encourage the thriftless habit. The habit of borrowing grows upon one as habits generally do, whether good or bad, and the woman who begins by borrowing an occasional drawing of tea, or a ball of thread, will soon ask you for your latest magazine, and that before the leaves are hardly dry, or your best table-cloth when she says "company," as thought you must lend them. Her ways "in the wash" is always forgotten for tea, sugar, or other such things, and forgets is, she knows you have them and will lend them to her.

If her aunt's cousin is going to be married, and she is going to the wedding, she is sure not to have time to get ready for so grand and particular an occasion, and so you are asked to ransack your boxes and drawers for something that will set off her old dress and make her a fitting wedding guest. She will remind you while you are doing this that her complexion and style of features are peculiar, and that only certain things—which she mentions, and which she knows you possess—will become her.

You have been years it may be, getting the conveniences of housekeeping about you, and your neighbor, who has been too slack or thriftless to do the same for herself, uses them. She lets her tub fall to pieces in the sun, and then does her washing in yours. She runs her candles in your molds, twists her stocking yarn on the wheel your grandmother left you, sifts her pumpkins through your colander, and grinds her spices in your mill, and you may count yourself furtunate if, when these things are wanted by yourself, you do not have to go after them.

"Please, ma'am, will you lend me a little salve? Tommy has cut his thumb."

"Mother would like to borrow a little kerosene, if you have it to spare."

"Pa has lamed his back so he can't work, and ma wants him to read to her; could you lend him a paper?"

"We want to go visiting this afternoon, and would you please let us take the baby's carriage?"

This is the way you are pestered, almost daily, if you belong to the great army of lenders and are so unfortunate as to live next neighbor to a chronic borrower. You bear it with a meek submissiveness that has become habitual with you, until Mrs. Slack comes in some day and requests the loan of your switch, as she is going West on a visit to her dear mother, and her hair—which is getting thin—"couldn't have been nearer the color of yours if it had all grown on one head," and "while she is there and thinks of it, she will take a fine-tooth comb if you have one handy."

An ominous flush leaps into your face at this, and your neighbor goes home empty-handed, doubtless to call you the meanest woman alive, but she comes back next morning for your traveling-bag, and you lend it, thankful that the woman has a mother out West, and hoping that her visit will be a long one.

Now some of these troublesome people will read this article. They will borrow the paper to read it and so sponge both on the publisher and subscriber who has paid for it, and unless the heading should provoke their ire as suggesting something "personal," they will want to see whether some woman they know of "catches it."

My dear friend, if you are an habitual borrower, this is for you. Don't you neighbor is better than what you send back! Don't you know that you don't always return quite as much as you get? And don't you know, too, that it is possible for the neighbor to get out of tea while she is waiting for you to pay what you owe her! And don't you sometimes forget to pay it at all? Don't you know that you burn her brass kettle every time you have it to "make up your preserves?" and that you dull the knives of the sausage-grinder and then fail to sharpen them? Have you never thought what trouble you cause your neighbor when you oblige her to send to your house, for the flat irons every time she wants to use them? And has it never occurred to you that you are doing her an injury, not only in the wearing out of the various conveniences which her forethought has provided, but in appropriating to your own service time which belongs to her and to her family, and to which you have no manner of right?

GREAT GUNS.

A series of trials will be begun towards the end of the present month on the artillery range at Zossen with a monster piece of ordnance, the construction of which has just been completed in Krupp's well-known gun factory, and which, it is stated, is to form the armament of one of the new armored gun vessels of the German navy. The gun has, according to a description of it given in a German military paper, a calibre of 35½ centimetres, or 13·6 inches, its bore being, therefore, nearly two inches larger than that of the 38-ton guns with which the Thunderer is armed; while the length of the piece is 10 metres, or nearly 33 feet; the gun being, therefore, longer than the 80-ton guns which are to form the armament of the Inflexible. The projectile fired by it weighs 11 centners, or rather more than 1,200 pounds; the charge consists of 120 kilogrammes, or 264 pounds of powder; the bursting charge of the shell of 30 pounds of powder; and it is expected that the extreme range of the gun will not be far short of two German or over nine English miles. Altogether, therefore, the new gun is a far more powerful weapon than the 30·5 centimetre, the heaviest piece of ordnance hitherto existing in the German navy; the weight of the projectile thrown by this latter being 740 pounds, and charge 158 pounds. Renewed experiments are also about to be undertaken with the Krupp armored gun, several important modifications having been introduced into its construction since the trials which were made with it last year at Bredelar, alterations which will, it is confidently anticipated, be found to have effectually remedied the weak points in the design which prevented the first experiments from being entirely successful.

WHAT WE NEED.

We need able and educated men in agriculture and manufacture, and there is not a department under those titles that may not be elevated, not alone in name, but in its permanent value as a factor in its well being by such recruits as our colleges might furnish.

Students fresh from the university are too apt to forget that there is something practical in life to which their education is only an introduction, and that if it helps them in law, in medicine, and in theology, it will also be an aid to them in those other pursuits which are equally associated with national progress and prosperity.

A few "matter-of-fact sermons like Dr. Peabody delivered, just at the time when young men's minds and feelings are the most receptive might lead them to indulge less in thoughts of being carried through life on beds of flowery ease, and more of following avocations which will in the end yield not only pleasure, but profit.

Varieties.

—Since 1855 Australia has coined 48,000,000 gold sovereigns.

—The death-bed hath no keener pang than remorse over lost opportunities.

—Over one-third of the oil produced in Pennsylvania comes from McKean county.

—Elopement, marriage, twins and divorce is the one year's experience of an Indiana girl.

—Newspapers are used in many public schools of the West instead of books for reading lessons.

—The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

—A single firm of Sheffield, Eng., has this year ordered 50,000 dozen of American hay rakers.

—Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has no family. He lives generously, and is very social in his tastes.

—Over in Bohemia it is considered unlucky for a lover to visit his sweetheart except on Thursdays and Sundays.

—A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence is to live twice.

—There are shiploads of boots and shoes lying at the London wharves, shipped thither by Americans who miscalculated on the war prospect in the east.

—In order to save coal, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company gives its firemen one-half the coal they save out of a specified amount for running the trains.

—Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid.

—There is much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season than be wanting in it.

—One of the Chinese censors has memorialized the emperor to stop all the arsenals for a year and apply the money thus saved to the relief of the sufferers by the famine.

—A piece of a marble slab from the wreck of a ship sunk twenty years ago off Long Island, has just been recovered and found to have been completely honeycombed by sea worms.

—How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!

—Everything in Egypt down to the fish hands, and it is said that the fortification of the Khedive would hardly be noticed if he should get out some fine day.

—One of Bismarck's little amusements is to keep as souvenirs the pistols and other weapons with which his assassination has been attempted. He has quite a large and varied collection.

—A Binghamton, N. Y., wife, the other day, found a letter in her husband's old clothes given him to mail eleven years ago, the non-receipt of which has estranged two families ever since.

—Out of 294,382 men admitted into the French army in 1877, only 4,962 were unable to read and write. This is regarded as a very strong proof of the stride education has made in that country.

—It is a great thing, when our Gethsemane hours come, when the cup of bitterness is pressed to our lips, and when we pray that it may pass away, to feel that it is not fate, that it is not necessity, but divine love for good ends working upon us.

—A large number of Roman coins have been found at Baconsthorpe, near Holt, Norfolk, England. The discovery was accidentally made by a laborer while at work. The coins, of which there are some thousands, were found enclosed in a broken urn. They are in an excellent state of preservation, both observe and reverse being perfectly distinct.

—A Bavarian mystery has been cleared up thirty-nine years after its occurrence by the discovery of a skeleton at Wurzbug, which a son has identified by a defect in the teeth and by the spectacles found with it as that of his father, a Jewish pedidler, who mysteriously disappeared in 1839 with considerable money on his person. Subsequent investigation has shown that a servant in the stable under which the remains were found, who has since died, knew of the money the Jew carried, enticed him into the stable, killed, robbed and buried him.

—The Princess of Wales has sent her wedding bouquet-holder to the Paris Exhibition. The Princess Alice's fan is already there. The latter was the gift of his Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh, and is an object of great beauty. It was designed and manufactured by Hodson & Ryder, of New Bond street, and is formed of cristal de roche studded with pink coral and Indian gems, the ring for the finger and chain attached being ornamented with pearls of large size. It is made to open, with a secret spring, which throws out four supports to stand upon the table, or it can be carried in the hand.

—Mr. Grattan Geary, editor of *The Times of India*, has arrived in Paris from Bombay, having proceeded overland through the Sultan's Asiatic territory as far as the Mediterranean. He was obliged to ride on horseback over a thousand miles through a wild country touching the line of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, now infested by many roving Kurds. In order to catch a steamer at Alexandretta, he traveled a hundred miles in the saddle without rest. He visited Babylon on the way, and found a native engaged in digging up the remains of ancient palaces to sell on speculation as old bricks.