VOL. III.

LOUISBURG, N. C., TRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1874.

DARRY RESERVED THE CANA sheeling determined there constant there and i

The Deserter.

Well! an supposin he did desert What's that to thee, surly Dan? Thou hast no lads in thy own cot, Or thou wouldne't talk so, my man !

But stop till thou'st heard it all out, Dan, Till you know how it ended down there, An' you won't blame the lad nor the widow When you hear what they both had to bear.

I was down at the cottage this mornin' When the soldiers marched up to the door, An' said as they'd got the Queen's orders To take away Georgie once more!

An' in they all come, the Queen's soldiers, With their handcuffs for poor George's

The Queen's got more right than the mother-Neither him nor his mother resists! Poor lad, he warn't fit for a soldier, With his nineteen years only just told

He was mad with his lass when he 'listed.

An' his life for a shillin', he sold, Yes, sergeant, he'll "stick to his bargain," He's there, in the room at the back, An' as truly as blood-hounds ye've scented

An' followed the lad on his track! But he starved for a week in the marshes Afore he crawled in at that door! An' weary, broke down, an' half dyin'. He dropped, faintin' dropped, on the floor

So step gently, sergeant, step gently, For God's sake, men, don't let your guns

An' the mothers who bore ye, an' nursed ye, For this mother's sake shall ye thank! An' the big bearded men laid their muskets Alongside the old cottage wall An' we all of us went in so softly

You couldn't ha' heard a footfail! An' there she was, bent o'er his pillow. ... Her face hidin' his from our sight, An' her hands in his black hair was twinin'

An' lookin' like dead hands! so white! The sergeant's hand placed on her shoulder, The sergeant's voice whisperin' low, Made her start, made her rise, made the hot

Down her pale face quickly flow! "What will ye?" she wailed; "want ye

Come ye me an' my poor lad between ?" "He must," says the sergeant, "go with us! He belongs to his country, his Queen !"

"Stand off! he is mine! come not near him! He has breathed in these arms his last No Queen nor no army can claim him.

He belongs to his mother, and Death!" An' my heart a'most stopped in its beatin' As I looked on the widow's white cheek,

backward. An' the sergeant in vain tried to speak! The light in his young eyes had darkened,

His voice with Death's silence was dumb Never more, Dan, shall poor Georgie answer Friend, mother, or trumpet, or drum!

Once more she cried out, "Get ye gone, men! Your comrade no longer does heed Your words, or your threats, or your lashes :

My poor lad from this oath Death has An' she fell on her knees by his beside,

An' kissed the dead face o'er an' o'er-Thou needn't be 'shamed o' thy tears, Dan Let 'em come, if they ne'er come afore!

It was said as young Georgie had 'scaped 'em. So he has! the Queen's order is naught. No laws nor court-martials can touch him ; The Lord his discharge, Dan, has bought.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

I was horribly lonesome. What could I do with myself? It is only about Christmas time that the responsibility phant by lottery. "It's most deuced of my individuality hangs heavily upon | cool," I said. me: my business engrosses me for the most part, for I had been more success- man, rising; "et's do in the house." ful in money matters than in any other interest in life. But now the holidays wraps, he was as much at home as if he were here. Everything in my neat had always lived there. The first thing chambers were orderly and comfortable, he did was to harness a chair at the and I had a real satisfaction in the feel- head of the lounge with an old pair of ing that they belonged to me. But suspenders, and then get on himself how lonesome they were. A fellow just and commenced driving, "talking cherished her. How this thought torpassed my window with a covered basket on one arm, and on the other a happy looking weman chattering gaily as she walked. Well, I might have had a wife, if it had not been for Charley's He was evidently all right; but what a wife, if it had not been for Charley's

blame? Love goes where it is sent, use. I advertised him in every possible they say, and I really suppose they way. Nobody claimed him, and I concould not help loving each other. Poor cluded he had dropped out of the Emma! Proud, splendid woman; I clouds for my especial benefit. Pershould like to know what her fate has the bread I had thrown upon the been. It seems strange that I have waters had been metamorphosed into never heard one word from them since that Christmas eve on which they eloped. She was to bave married me before another Christmas, but Charley was younger and handsomer than I, and there were such brilliant indications of genius about him. Strange that they have not been realized; and surely they have not, or I should have heard. O if I could only see them again. I had forgiven them both before the expiration of the first year, in my anxiety about them; for how could I forget the charge of my dying mother? "Take him, Paul," she said, "be good, and tender, and true to him all the days of your life. No matter with what ingratitude he may repay your kindness-forgive him not only seven times but seventy times seven. Be to him more than a brother, my trusted child; fill my vacant place for him. Say to yourselfit will be true there is no crime on earth that would cause my mother to cast one of her children out. The more abandoned, the more wretched they become, the more my affection shall comfort and solace them; until, at last, with a patience that never wearies, and a zeal that never flags, and a love whose strong wings bear all burdens upward, I will land them within the portals of that eternal

them within the portals of that eternal home where sin and sorrow can come no more forever."

And now four years had slipped down the thread of time, each adding to my anxiety, until I felt that I would give all my accumulated wealth for the sight of their dear faces once more.

I will get away from these torturing thoughts, I said; I will go out and the service of the poor animals were at least, and concluded to sleep on it as succeeding days I found out, partly by guessing, that the sechildren were twins. Who had not ceased to look him when misery and want became his portion. He died in all my previous years, injured, though still in possession of his senses, but the poor animals were at least, and concluded to sleep on it as succeeding days I found out, partly by of life, he had resolved to quit it, that these children were twins. Who had not ceased to look him when misery and want became his portion. He died in a few hours after long rescued from found mystery for years. I will just the Seine. down the thread of time, each adding to my anxiety, until I felt that I would give all my accumulated wealth for the sight of their dear faces once more.

seek some adventure, praying my good say, in passing, that though a little respirit to lead me where I can make a sentful at first at what seemed an un-

make happy with a gift. Why, here is a whole bevy of ragged little urchins, woman, who in spite of all my efforts shivering around a pastry cook's win-dow. Now, good spirits, whose duty One summer eve, as I sat in my little it is to inspire us to generosity, I shall sitting room with the children at din-

On Christmas morning as I passed to so sacred a trust." out of my door, I found a child sitting quietly on the steps eating a bunch of raisins. He looked hearty and comfortably though poorly clad, that at first I thought he must belong to some first I thought he must belong to some came to me that the next event hapof the neighbors. But no. I had look- pened. ed at all of these longingly and so ten-

rich baby contralto.

matter-he did. He took a wet raisin When the night came, she appeared on the room and attacked old Mr. Wilson, from out his rosy mouth and handed it to me.

When the hight came, she appeared on the stage in character, exquisitely and soon left him dying. Miss Wilson that you will lose no more strength than to me.

began to look uneasy.
"Ain't oo dot enough?" he said.

"O no, not half enough yet."
"Es oo dot enough now? dey'll make While the soldiers with bent heads stepped oo sick," and he actually put all the rest, a good-sized handful-into his own | rainbow, and then the curtain fell and mouth. Well, it was not fair, but I re- I heard a scream from some woman in tical.

"Dotty," he said. "Where is your mother?"

"Don't know." "Where is your father?" " Don't know."

"Where do you live?" "Me's doin to live with oo !"

" With me ?" "Es-my mammy told me so." is your mammy?"

know dat?"

me lots of pretty sings." I felt like the man who drew the ele-

In the house, and divested of his horse" most uproariously. "Get ape, now, won't oo? Get ape.

perfidy—yes, and Emma's too, for I sort of a fix was I in? Well, to consuppose she was as much to blame as dense the matter, I gave him in charge of the landlady, and went out to see if I wonder if either of them were to I could find his mother. It was of no last I could say: meat, and in this shape had returned to me sooner than I expected. I would be careful how I made another compact with my spirit friends. But even yet it seems that they had not fully recompensed me for my kindness to the children of the past Christmas.

I was sitting one evening with Dotty by the fire, some six weeks after his advent, when there was a shuffling in the hall, and soon a tiny rap at the door. I opened it, and a little girl came in timidly with her finger in her mouth. At first the light dazzled her, but she soon peered around the table and espied Dotty. He, too, had seen her, and with a little scream he rushed towards her, and then commenced the most extravagant demonstrations of joy I ever wit-nessed in my life.

Of course, I was curious to know what it all meant, but they did not answer my questions. They did not seem to hear them. It was "Oh, Dotty," and "Oh, Lilly," kiss-kiss-kiss, and "Tum up to de fire, Lily, et me shake de snow off oor clock;" and "Where was that of a man who threw himself did oo dit dat petty horsey, Dotty?" from the Point de Solfeune into the and then more exclamations and more Seine, holding in his hands bag wherein kissing. I was utterly bewildered, and he had placed his cat, his dog, and two after cudgeling my brain to an extent caparies. He was taken out terribly undreamed of in all my previous years, injured, though still in possession of

Christmas for somebody though I may not have one for myself. I put on my wraps and started. The streets were thronged; how brilliantly the lights shone and what an array of Christmas cheer they illumined. And then to see the toys—O, if I had only a child to make happy with a gift. Why here is

commit no act of disinterested benevo- ner, I became conscious of some strange lence to night; but will make these influence near me, and glancing around youngsters happy if you will grant me I saw her through the open window, some reasonable recompense. So I just melting out of sight in the dim called them in, and bought as they darkness. And many a time after I directed. They were so engrossed and caught partial glimpses of a thin, wasted so joyful that they forgot to thank me, form, but never once was I in a position and departed with arms full of good to catch or detain her. At last, moved things for their different homes. But by compassion for what I knew to be in when they were gone the old lonely that poor mother's heart, I posted an

when they were gone the old lonely feeling returned to me, and I thought uncomfortably of my bachelor Christmas again.

I passed the next day somehow. I gave a good deal to friendless little ones on the street—God's children—still holding firmly by my compact with my spirit friends, and asking frankly for reimbursement. Why not? Have not we the promise that if we cast our bread upon the waters, after many days it will return to us?

On Christmas morning as I passed

that poor mother's heart, I posted an advertisement on all conspicuous places of thing like this:

"If the mother of Dotty and Lily will come to me openly she shall see her children without reserve. But in to case she shall have reasons of her own for not coming, I would like to let her know that he to whom she gave them thanks her with a humble and happy heart for her precious gift, and will pledge himself never to prove recreant to so sacred a trust."

There was an exhibition in Lily's derly, I knew them as well as if they had been my own. I thought I'd speak to him.

school, and she was to have the leading character in some theatrical performance. She was pleased and excited and some one within inquired, "Who's "How do you do, young man?"

quite beyond her natural self. She there?" She answered, "It's me; let and bread are cooling, corrective, and with me in." The old man, recognizing her what the palate most craves. Don't be rich baby contralto.

I did not know what to say next. No rehearsed it again and again before me.

the most thrilling and brilliant action voice, opened the door. At this juncafraid to go without meat a month or ture both Stewart and Fyffe sprang into "Aint oo hungry, poer man?" he aid.

"Aint oo hungry, poer man?" he aid.

I declined his hospitality, but his lips

I declined his hospitality, but his lips

The child is lose no more strength than is common to the time, and that you will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and that you will lose no more strength than is living still and is perfectly well. The was the first time I had ever seen her out of short dresses. Who was it she I declined his hospitality, but his lips

The three then repair hand-organs, and that you will lose no more strength than is living still and is perfectly well. The will not suffer from protracted heat, as when dining on the regulation roast.

The three then repair hand-organs, and that you will lose no more strength than is living still and is perfectly well. The was the first time I had ever seen her out of short dresses. Who was it she prehension. quivered, and tears came into his eyes. some one at some time of life just like "O, yes," I said quickly, seeing what ailed him, "I would like to have some raisins;" and stooped down beside can tell? until the last act, when the him. His face instantly cleared and he curtain tails upon her in tableau-with commenced feeding me-alternately hands crossed upon her breast, with putting one grape in my mouth and one tender eyes upraised, the whole wealth in his. I thought I was doing him a of her pale golden hair falling in one favor; he knew he was doing me a curling, misty cataract down to her favor, and as the grapes disappeared waist, the innocence of angels radiating

served my opinion of his conduct, and the audience. The scream pierced my asked him his name. ings, there came a perfect revelation of are easily soiled, particularly as the preall the inexplicable events of the past vailing colors are quite light, and as it few years—so full of quiet content for costs some time and money to have me, so full of agony to others. In vain, them cleaned at the dyer's, we let our for some moments, I struggled to penetrate the crowd whence issued the terrible cry. At last I reached her, pale, prostrate, lifeless. "Stand back," I little sweet milk and a piece of white

now dat?"

Her splendid fragrant hair, whose touch
"And she said you were to live with upon my cheek and shoulder had once tuned my pulse to the delicious mad-"Es; she said if me would, oo'd div dening rhythm of love, was now "half gray, half ruined gold." She knew her children, and they brought her all the long garnered affection of their fresh | part of the glove in rubbing it, and see and at last, with many promises of reunion in that world where we hope to

rectify the mistakes of this, we parted. Charley had died before the twins were born, and poverty had pursued her relentlessly-bitterly. O, if she had only come back to the heart that cherished her. How this thought tor-tured me, how it wore upon me and darkened my life for years. And now those lines of Whittier's ring their end-less refrain through my tortured brain.

they come near the summits they are chilled by the cold sir, and tumble

A Wholesale Suicide.—A very sad and peculiar suicide in Paris recently

A FORGOTTEN CRIME.

A Corpse Supposed to be that of the of the McKeesport Murderers of 1857.

A man, giving as his name Luther Ballard, applied for work on Farmer Miller's farm, near Six-Mile Run, Middelsex county, N. J. After he had worked three or four days he went away, and was found dead in a clump of woods near the farm, an empty whisky bottle by his side, leading to the inference that rum had been instrumental in his death. On his left arm was the name of "B. Stewart" pricked in India ink. On his person was an old, soiled.

and ragged envelope, addressed to "Benj. Brown, Calais," post-marked from Brownsville, Pa. A letter was sent to that point, and the evidence elicited revives the story of a tragedy of 1857, and points to the dead man as

one of the principals.

In the latter part of April, 1857, an old man named Wilson and his sister, who lived near McKeesport, Pa., were found in their house horribly mangled and dying. In McKeesport suspicion pointed to Charlotte Jones, a niece of the murdered couple. She was watched closely, and having at length been thrown into the McKeesport jail, she made a confession, implicating Charles Fyffe of McKeesport and Benjamin Stewart, a coal boat laborer, who lived alternately in Brownsville and in Mc-Keesport. She said that Fyffe, who knew that the old couple had money, hadurged her to poison them. She

and she refused.

Afterward, at the solicitation of Fyffe house, and secured \$1,400 in State

Fyffe and Stewart were soon afterward arrested, and after a long trial sentenced to be hanged. Charlotte Jones and Fysic suffered on the scaffold, Stewart having been taken with

"Your mammy told you so? Where cried, "she's mine! O, Emma, or brown soap. Fold a clean towel three or four times, spread it over your "Her don'd off."

"What is your mammy's name?"

He looked me over from head to foot, mentally gauging the extent of my idiocy, and then answered, scornfully:

"Mammy named mammy; don't oo

"Her don'd off."

"There is little more to tell. I took her to her eld home—to the very chambers her belief in the west Indies. Nicola and had not enough money to pay his shortly after in the West Indies. Nicola and Ettore, my two own brothers, were both educated early in life, and have made fine musicians. Nicola and old, and worn beyond her years always write of it by the left hour times, spread it over your dress, and spread out the glove smooths by upon it. Take a large piece of white flannel, dip it into the milk, then rub it upon the soap, and rub the glove down ward toward the fingers, holding the ward toward three or four times, spread it over your "Mammy named mammy; don't oo and old, and worn beyond her years. wrist of it by the left hand. Continue now dat?"

Her splendid fragrant hair, whose touch this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, but if colored, looks dark and entirely speiled. Now let it dry, and then put it on your hand, and it will be soft, smooth, glossy and clean. Take care, however, to omit no young hearts. But even that could not | that all the soiled parts are thoroughly save her. She faded from us daily, cleaned. This process applies only to white and colored kid gloves. For black gloves that are soiled, turned white and otherwise injured, take a teaspoonful of salad oil, drop a few drops of ink into it, and rub it all over the gloves with the tip of a feather; then let them dry in the sun. White kid

"The animal ran away and was froth-!) go tadt tduot on ad man madt tadt ing at the mouth. The child was cut of liv second The Cholers, and down, and falling en the deep sloping snow-fields they roll down the sides of the mountains, and are thus gathered into great winnows along the foot of the snow banks. Bushels, scores of bushels, hundreds of thousands of bushels are collected in this way."

It is well known, says an exchange, that the germs of cholera will lie dormant during the winter and revive with rational, and sometimes he would get bushels are collected in this way."

The Abuse of Appetite.

Upon this subject a medical writer makes the following reasonable suggestions : The appetite is one of the least appreciated of nature's gifts to man. It is generally regarded in this work-a-day world as something to be either starved or stuffed—to be gotten rid of at all events with the least inconvenience possible. There are people who are not only not glad that they have been endowed with sound, healthy bodies, for which nature demands refreshments and replenishments, but they are actu-ally ashamed to have it known that they are sustained in the usual manner. The reason of this we are at a loss to conceive. Everybody admires beauty, and there can be no true beauty without good health, and no good health without a regular and unvarying appetite.
We are disinclined to let appetite take any responsibility on itself. If we happen to consider it too delicate, we try to coax it, perhaps stimulate it with highly-seasoned or fancifully-prepared food. There are times when this may seem necessary, as in the case of a

person so debilitated as to depend for daily strength on what he eats. But, usually, the cajoling process is a mistake. If the appetite of an individual in fair bodily condition be occasionally slender, it is no cause for alarm, and it should be allowed to regulate itself. It may safely be considered nature's pro-test against some transgression, and it At certain seasons, as in spring and

is wise not to attempt coercion. summer, the appetite of even the robust hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit,

ing his family history to a correspond- tected. ent of the Chicago Post: "My parents," he said, were show people. My father, Francesco Barili, was a celebrated composer of Rome. He married one of his pupils, who traveled a seadow with as little delay as possible.

A Davenport newspaper speaks of a doctor in that city "looking with a deep meaning smile upon a large lot of green cucumbers in the market." On this country and the was observed to been derived the pale golden hair falling in one curling, misty cataract down to her waist, the innocence of angels radiating from her, and weiling her girlish form with a gentle grace, so wonderfully pure, so tenderly touching.

Through the happy tears that filled in New Jersey was sent to Brownsmy eyes I saw a halo encircle her like a rainbow, and then the curtain fell and I heard a scream from some woman in the andience. The scream pierced my

Cleaning Kid Gleves:

Jones and Fyfic suffered on the scan-fold, Stewart having been taken with small pox was a celebrated composer of Rome. He married one of his pupils, who traveled a season in this country, and was popular the fact of a man by that name having in one of his pupils, who traveled a season in this country, and was pepular the fact of a man by that name having to Spain, and there Carlos and Adelina were bern. Adelina's native city is Madrid, not New York, as many suppose. Amalia was a well-known prima was only a bootblack; yet he filled his donna in this country, and married niche in the world with exceeding Strakosch. Carlos was a noted violin- honor. The whole gamin tribe reist of New Orleans and New York, and spected him, for he was the benefactor died not long ago. Carlotta and Ade-line have a fame which is world-wide. himself. He was always called in to Clotilde married Alfred Thorn. He settle their disputes, and his decision made fine musicians. Nicola is now in willing to divide his cash with any of New York and Ettore in Philadelphia. his fellows who were unfortunate In 1845 my mother was singing in Vaenough to want bread. Thus he built lencia, in Spain. Amalia was a young girl. She was kept very busy, and deep respect of all his associates. It was with surprise that they missed him roam about much as we liked. One from his accustomed corner one day. day, while we were strolling the crook- It was with deep sorrow they heard should be noset. His church is I ed streets, who should arrive but a tatthat he was very ill. Sharkey lived with big steamboat, and he can walk tered young musician in want of aid. his sunt, and the little bootblacks or there without upsetting it.

A Minnesota Girl's Little Trick.

Another of those devices that some those lines of Whittier's ring their endless refrain through my tortured brain:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen.

The saddest are these—it might have been."

It was years before the remainder of
the poem took root in my heart, but at
last I could say:

"O, well for us all some sweet hope fies
And in the hereafter angels may
And in the hereafter angels may
And in the hereafter angels may
And Indian Bellcacy.

"Mm. McGinnis, a child seven years
A writer on Indian life says: "In the

"Of age, died in Bellevue Hospital, New

"O' all sad words of tongue or pen.

"A young lady of Hutchinson, who is
fair to middling in looks, puts on a
steeping saffron leaves in boiling water
for eight hours, and then wetting the
gloves with a spenge dipped in the
cotion. The color can be graduated by
the strength of the dye. A handful of
saffron leaves the penson

"O, well for us all some sweet hope fies
Roll the stone from its grave away."

Sad Case of Hydrophobia.

"Wm. McGinnis, a child seven years
of age, died in Bellevue Hospital, New

The saddest are those can be dyed yellow or brown by
the latter method. White kid
gloves can be dyed yellow or brown by
the latter method. White kid
gloves can be dyed yellow or brown by
the latter method. White kid
gloves can be dyed yellow or brown by
the saffron leaves in boiling water
for eight hours, and then wetting the
popular, and who dwells in a bonse
that he was deal.

And still they lingered with the was deal.

And still they lingered with the was deal.

And still they lingered with the was deal.

And still they lingered with swollen
is fair to middling in looks, puts on a
glove deal of style, and wonld like to be
popular, and who dwells in a bonse
that he was deal.

And still they lingered with swollen
is fair to middling in looks, puts on a
glove deal of style, and wonld like to be
popular, and who dwells in a bonse
that he was deal.

And still they lingered with the wa A writer on Indian life says: "In the sand deserts vast swarms of grasshoppers are hatched, and while yet their wings are undeveloped and they cannot fly they are caught in great quantities, swept up by the bushel and roasted in pits like the ant. or on trays with hot embers like seeds. They are then ground and the flour is boiled as mush, or made into cakes, and grasshopper cake is considered a great delicacy. Later in the season clouds of grasshoppers leaving the warm plains below hoppers leaving the warm plains below hoppers leaving the warm plains below in the season clouds of grasshoppers leaving the warm plains below hoppers leaving the warm plains below in the season clouds of grasshoppers leaving the warm plains below hoppers leaving the warm plains leaving the warm plains below hoppers leaving the warm plains below hoppers leaving the warm plains leaving the warm plain

dog, and would show a disposition to burgh has evidently destroyed the violence. He never, however, showed germs which unquestionably existed in any disposition to bite either myself, those cities last year. It is to this that his father, or any of his cities.

"He got on, as I thought, pretty make its appearance anywhere in the well, until about the murning of his country this season. It is certainly death, when he said to me: wiolence. He never, however allowed germs which unquestionably existed in any disposition to bite either myself; those cities but year. It is not this that the faller and the contributes hand any state of the got on, as I thought, pretty make its appearance anywhere in the well, until about the morning of his country this season. It is certainly death, when he said to me:

"Mother, I know I have hydrophobits, but I will bite none of year."

"He then became awfully violent, we have the fact that cholers we are still unable to put a stop to the spread of searlet. The man who has been assaled in this manner finds it difficult to say "no" when the pinch comes. The given to his cups, and afficient with one of these optical deceptions, drops in to move from there to the hospital in an and which still annually slays its thought of the age. To contribute money to the same ambulance, where my poer child died when he said to me and whole still annually slays its thoughts, moved from there to the hospital in an and whole still annually slays its thoughts, moved from there of the complete of the same shore cholers with the contribute of the second from there to the hospital in an and whole still annually slays its thoughts, moved from there of the default of the age. To contribute money to default and the natural eye of that man and see its but of the age. To contribute money to default and the natural eye of that man and see its but of the age. To contribute money to default and the natural eye of that man and see its but of the age. To contribute money to default and the natural eye of that man and see its but of the age. To contribute money to default and the natural eye of that man and see its but of the age. To contribute money to default and the natural eye of that man and see its but of the age. To contribute money to default winding approach, and it amounts to the same thing in the end.

LATENT POISON IN THE SYSTEM.

Undue Popular Apprehension on the Sabject of Hydrophobia ... Prompt Cauterination a Sure Preventive.

Very many people, says a well-known surgeon, writing to the Tribune, are becoming intensely nervous about hydrophobia, to a degree which is totally uncalled for; but when we take into consideration the fact that no cure many years ago read, "William Shot into consideration the fact that no cure many years ago read, "William Shot and Jonathan Fell." fate, sooner or later, of every one who has been inoculated by the bite of rabid dogs, it does seem as if efficient action of some sort is needed for public protection, and that we ought not to permit our sympathy for "canine friends" to jeopardize the lives of human beings. I have used the word inoculated, because not every one bitten is inoculatwelve of those bitten dies of hydrophobia. Some, of course, are bitten by dogs only supposed to be mad. Some escape inoculation, and others, owing to the long period of time it sometimes continues latent in the system, die of other diseases before its development. other diseases before its development. Bites upon parts uncovered by clothing are more fatal than upon parts that are covered, for the reason that the poison is exclusively in the saliva; and as the teeth pass through the clothes they are wiped dry, and no saliva comes into contact with the wound. I will relate a case which came under my observation about six years ago. A man and child were bitten by the same dog, almost at is apt to fail, and the relish for meats hand, and the child also upon the hand, right enough, for animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headaches, and is generally unwholesome, unless and is generally unwholesome, permit treatment. The percents of the unless sparingly used. On the other child pulled off the glove and washed boat captain, "but then, stranger, he the wound with warm water and soap, and about an hour afterward the wound was thoroughly cauterized with the so; and if you like, live purely on a solid nitrate of silver (lunar caustic). vegetable regimen. We will warrant The man died three months after with

The Patti Family.

The Patti Family.

Antonia Barili, a half brother of Adeina and Carlotta Patti, has been tell-

A Petty Prince, Poor "Sharkey" is dead. True, he He claimed to have talents, but no op- washed their hands and faces and went portunities. A benefit concert was by twos and threes to see him, and proposed. He wanted Amalia to sing, were admitted to his bedside. The boy who was standing by began joking him, and mother granted his request. The was really dying. He whispered a word telling him to mind and put in plenty and about the pavement in front of the

and New has 500 words; Scribner's 900; The Overland 500, and the Galand New has 500 words; Seribher's 900; The Overland 500, and the Galaxy 735 in its single, and \$25 in its double column pages. The Atlantic has given as high as \$250 an article to Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Agassiz, Felton, Parton, and a few others, but this is altegether exceptional, \$10 being its general rate. Harper often allows \$12.50 to \$15 (the latter for illustrated articles) a page, and in rare cases even more. Lippencott's rate is from \$5 to \$8; that of Old and New \$5, the Overland only \$4 (gold); Seribner's, ordinarily from \$8 to \$10 (much higher sometimes for specific articles), and the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page, not in the Galaxy's \$10 per page, not ary's \$5 to \$10 per page. nod T

Facts and Fances.

The old-fashioned woman's crusade -A boy's head and a fine-toothed comb. It requires a xty love letters to in-fluence a breach of promise suit jury in

A Lebanon (Ky.) gent, in ardently greeting a long-parted wife, broke one

Dandelion salad is now one of the

dainty dishes served daily in some of the French restaurants.

An old cynic says: — With many women going to church it is little better than looking into a bonnet shop."

James T. Fields says that whenever he hears of a pretty good scholar," he is reminded of a pretty good egg!

The Japanese Government has issued notification that, after the 1st of August next, the exportation of rice and wheat will be prohibited.

"Yes, sir," said a Michigan Fourth of July orator, "Putname went right into the wolf's den, dragged her out, and the independence of America was secured."

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph is convinced that the light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins exce

never owned a steamboat which could hitch past the White Queen.

There are wicked people who are glad that there are but two men in the country who can repair hand-organs, ing assurance that "there are changes

lina and Carlotta Patti, has been tell- any evidences of the malady can be de-

A young fellow in a Western town was fined \$10 for kissing a girl against her will, and the following day the damsel sent him the amount of the fine. with a note saying that the next time he kissed her he must be less rough about it, and be careful to do it when

Mrs. J. R. Carson, of Toledo, O., enjoys the distinction of the first lady who has ever occupied the position of superintendent of a rathread. Mrs. Carson is superintendent of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad, with which she has been connected in various capacities almost from its infancy.

Spurgeon says he never had the should be upset. His church is like a big steamboat, and he can walk here An Irish glazier was putting a pane

of glass into a window, when a groom

tattered young maestro was Maurice or two to each, and they went out of Strakosch, and so he came into our the house to give the new-comers a for some time, but at last silenced his place in the small room beside the little bed. They all noiselessly came and wid ye, or I'll put a pain in your head went, but still lingered on the steps without any putty." without any putty. and about the pavement in front of the house. Presently one of the boys Stamboul, last month, when over 500

What Writers Receive.

The price paid for magazine articles by the publishers is not fixed, but the maximum is usually about \$10 a page, the pages varying from 500 to 1,000 to 1,000 to 1,000 to 1,000 have 750, Harper's has 1,000, while Old

How Legislators are Bribed.