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To Spring.
"O thou with dewy locks, who lookst down
Through the clear windows of the morning,
Turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir halls thy approach,
O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions; none forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy
pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

Oh, deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her brow; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head.
Whose modest tresses were bound up for
thee.

THE FOX TRAP.

When I was a boy I lived in one of
those rustic neighborhoods on the out-
skirts of the great "Maine woods."
Foxes were plenty, for about all those
sunny pioneer clearings birch-partridges
bred by thousands, as also field-mice
and squirrels, making plenty of game
for Reynard.

There were red foxes, "cross-grays,"
and "silver-grays;" even black foxes
were reported. These animals were the
pests of the farmyards, and made havoc
with the geese, cats, turkeys, and chick-
ens. In the fall of the year, particu-
larly after the frosts, the clearings were
overrun by their night and morning.
Their sharp, cur-like barks used often
to rouse us, and of a dark evening we
would hear them out in the fields,
"mousing" around the stone heaps,
making a queer, squeaking sound like a
mouse, to call the real mice out of their
grass nests inside the stone heaps. This,
indeed, is a favorite trick of Reynard.
At the time of my story, my friend Tom
Edwards (ten years of age) and myself
were in the turkey business, equal part-
ners. We owned a flock of thirty-one
turkeys. These roosted by night in a
large butternut tree in front of Tom's
house—in the very top of it, and by
day they wandered about the edges of
the clearings in quest of beech nuts,
which were very plenty that fall.

All went well till the last week in Oc-
tober, when, on taking the census one
morning, a turkey was found to be miss-
ing; the thirty-one had become thirty
since nightfall the previous evening. It
was the first one we had lost.

We proceeded to look for traces. Our
suspicions were divided. Tom thought
it was "the Twombly boys," nefarious
Sam in particular. I thought it might
have been an owl. But under the tree,
in the soft dirt, where the potatoes had
recently been dug, we found fox-tracks,
and two or three ominous little wads
of feathers, with one long tail feather-
drift. Thereupon we concluded that the turkey
had accidentally fallen down out of the
butternut—had a fit, perhaps—and that
its flutterings had attracted the atten-
tion of some passing fox, which had,
forthwith, taken it in charge. It was,
as we regarded it, one of those unfortunate
occurrences which no care on our part
could have foreseen, and a casualty
such as turkey-raisers are unavoidably
heirs to, and we bore our loss with
resignation. We were glad to remember
that turkeys did not often fall off
their roosts.

This theory received something of a
check when our flock counted only
twenty-nine the next morning. There
were more fox tracks, and a great many
more feathers under the tree. This put
a new and altogether ugly aspect on the
matter. No algebra was needed to
figure the outcome of the turkey busi-
ness at this rate, together with our pro-
spective profits, in the light of this new
fact. It was clear that something must
be done, and at once, to, or ruin would
swallow up the poultry firm.

Rightly or wrongly, we attributed the
mischiefs to a certain "silver-gray" fox
that had several times been seen in the
neighborhood that autumn.

It would take far too much space to
relate in detail the plans we laid and
put in execution to catch that fox dur-
ing the next two weeks. I recollect that
we set three traps for him to no purpose,
and that we borrowed a foxhound to
hunt him with, but merely succeeded in
running him to his burrow in a neighbor-
ing rocky hillside, whence we found it
quite impossible to dislodge the wily
fellow.

Meanwhile the fox (or foxes) had
succeeded in getting two more of the
turkeys.

Heroes, it is said, are born of great
trials. This dilemma of ours developed
Tom's genius.

"I'll have that fox," he said, when the
traps failed; and when the hound
proved of no avail, he still said: "I'll
have him yet."

"But how?" I asked. Tom said he
would show me. He brought a two-
bushel basket and went out into the
fields. In the stone heaps, and beside
the old logs and stumps, there were
dozens of deserted mouse-nests, each
a wad of fine dry grass as large as a quart
box. These he gathered up, and filled
the basket.

"There," said he, triumphantly,
"don't them smell mousey?"

"They did, certainly; they savored as
strongly of mice as Tom's question of
bad grammar."

"And don't foxes catch mice?" de-
manded Tom, confidently.

"Yes, but I don't see how that's
going to catch the fox," I said.

"Well, look here, then, I'll show ye,"
said he. "Play you's the fox; and play
'twas night, and you was prowling
around the fields. Go off now out there
by that stump."

Full of wonder and curiosity, I re-
turned to the stump. Tom, meantime,
turned out the mass of nests, and with
it completely covered himself. The pile
now resembled an enormous mouse-
nest, or rather a small hay-cock. Pretty
soon I heard a low, high-keyed, squeak-
ing noise, accompanied by a slight rustle
inside the nest. Evidently there
were mice in it; and, feeling my char-
acter as-fox at stake, I at once trotted
forward, then crept up, and, as the rustling
and squeaking continued, made a
pounce into the grass—as I had heard it
said foxes did when mousing. Instantly
two grey brown hands from out the nest
clutched me with a most vengeful grip.
As a fox, I struggled tremendously. But
Tom overcame me forthwith, choked me
nearly black in the face, then, in dumb
show, knocked my head with a stone.

"D'ye see, now!" he demanded.

I saw.

"But a fox would bite you," I ob-
jected.

"Let him bite," said Tom. "I'll risk
him when once I get these two bread-
hooks on him. And he can't smell me
through the mouse-nests, either."

That night we set ourselves to put
the stratagem in operation. With the
dusk we stole out into the field where
the stone heaps were, and where we had
often heard foxes bark. Selecting a
nook in the edge of a clump of raspberry
briars which grew about a great pine
stump, Tom lay down, and I covered
him up completely with the contents of
the big basket. He then practiced
squeaking and rustling several times to
be sure that all was in good trim. His
squeaks were perfect successes—made
by sucking the air sharply betwixt his
teeth.

"Now be off," said Tom, "and don't
come poking round, nor get in sight, till
you hear me holler."

Thus exhorted, I went into the barn
and established myself at a crack on the
back side, which looked out upon the
field where Tom was ambushed.

Tom, meanwhile, as he afterward told
me, waited till it had grown dark, then
began squeaking and rustling at inter-
vals, to draw the attention of the fox
when first he should come out into the
clearing, for foxes have ears so won-
derfully acute, that they are able to hear
a mouse squeak twenty rods away, it is
said.

An hour passed. Tom must have
grown pretty tired of squeaking. It was
a moonless evening, though not very
dark. I could see objects at a little dis-
tance through the crack, but could not
see so far as the stump. It got rather
dull, watching there; and being amidst
nice cozy straw, I presently went to
sleep, quite unintentionally. I must
have slept some time, though it seemed
to me but a very few minutes.

What woke me was a noise—a sharp,
suppressed yelp. It took me a moment
to understand where I was, and why I
was there. A sound of scuffling and
tumbling on the ground at some distance
assisted my wandering wits, and I rushed
out of the barn and ran toward the field.
As I ran, two or three dull-whacks came
to my ear.

"Got him, Tom?" I shouted, rush-
ing up.

Tom was holding and squeezing one
of his hands with the other and shaking
it violently. He said not a word, and
left me to poke about and stumble on
the limp warm carcass of a large fox that
lay near.

"Bite ye?" I exclaimed, after satisfy-
ing myself that the fox was dead.

"Some," said Tom; and that was all
I could get from him that night.

We took the fox to the house and
lighted a candle. It was the "silver-
gray."

Tom washed his bite in cold water and
went to bed. Next morning he was in a
sorry and a very sore plight. His left
hand was bitten through the palm, and
badly swollen. There was also a deep
bite in the fleshy part of his right arm,
just below the elbow, several minor nips
in his left leg above the knee, and a rag-
ged "grab" in the chin. These numer-
ous bites, however, were followed by no
serious ill effects.

The next day, Tom told me that the
fox had suddenly plunged into the
grass, that he had caught hold of one of
his hind legs, and that they had rolled
over and over in the grass together. He
owned to me that when the fox bit him
on the chin, he let go of the brute, and
would have given up the fight, but that
the fox had then actually attacked him.
"Upon that," said Tom, "I just deter-
mined to have it out with him."

Considering the fact that a fox is a
very active, sharp-biting animal, and
that this was an unusually large male, I
have always thought Tom got off very
well. I do not think that he ever cared
to make a fox-trap of himself again, how-
ever.

We sold the fox skin in the village and
received thirteen dollars for it, whereas
a common red fox skin is worth no more
than three dollars.

How, or by what wiles that fox got the
turkeys out of the high butternut, is a
secret—one that perished with him. It
would seem that he must either have
climbed the tree, or else have practiced
sorecery to make the turkey come down.
—Scribner.

Modern statesmen—Men who promise
more than they perform.

The Blind Member of Parliament.

A writer says: The visitor to the
House of Commons, waiting at the door
of the stranger's gallery and watching
the members of Parliament as they file
in by the main entrance, will no doubt
have his eye particularly arrested by a
tall, fair-haired young man, evidently
blind, led up to the door by a youthful
petite lady, with sparkling eyes and
blooming cheeks. She will reluctantly
leave him at the door. The British
Constitution would be quite upset were
a woman to invade the floor of the House
of Commons after the chaplain's incanta-
ment had been heard, even so far as to
conduct her blind husband to his seat.
So she has to consign him to a youth
who stands waiting to lead the blind
member to his place. As she turns
away many a friendly face will smile, and
many a pleasant word attend her as she
trips lightly up the stairway leading to
the ladies' cage near the roof of the
house. The whisper passes around:
"One day, perhaps not far off, she will
take her seat beside her husband, and
remain there." And certain it is that
when ladies have the suffrage the first
female member of Parliament will be
the lady of whom I write—Mrs. Fawcett.
Not one-half of the members of that
body are so competent to think deeply
and speak finely on matters of public
policy, while not the daintiest live doll
moving about London drawing-rooms
surpasses her in the care of her house-
hold, her husband, and her child. The
two whom I have mentioned are as well-
known figures as any who approach the
sacred precinct of the Legislature. The
policeman, bow as they pass; the crowd
in the lobby make a path; the door-
keeper, Mr. White—the most amiable
Cerberus who ever guarded an entrance
—utters his friendly welcome.

The strangers ask who is that, and a
dozen bystanders respond, "Professor
Fawcett." No one can look upon him
but he will see on his face the characters
of courage, frankness, and intelligence.
He is six feet two inches in height, very
blind, his light hair and complexion and
his smooth beardless face giving him
something of the air of a boy. His fea-
tures are at once strongly marked and
regular. He narrowly escaped being
handsome, and his expression is very
winning. His countenance is habitually
serene, and no cloud or frown ever passes
over it. His smile is gentle and winning.
It is probable that no blind man has
ever before been able to enter upon so
important a political career as Professor
Fawcett, who, under forty years of age,
is the most influential of the independ-
ent Liberals in Parliament. From the
moment that he took his seat in that
body he has been able—and this is un-
usual—to command the close attention
of the House. He has a clear, fine voice,
speaks with the utmost fluency, has none
of the hesitation or uneasy attitudes of the
average Parliamentary speaker. He
scorns all subtleties, speaks honestly
his whole mind, and comes to the point.
At times he is eloquent, and he is al-
ways interesting. He is known to be a
man of convictions. The usual English
political theory that you need not prove
a thing right in principle if you can
show that it, for the time, works without
disaster is one which Professor Fawcett
ignores. He defends the right against
the wrong, with little respect to conse-
quences. He, Sir Charles Dilke, P. A.
Taylor, and Auberon Herbert are inti-
mate friends, and are looked upon as
the four irreconcilables of the House of
Commons.

A Tender Legislator.

An incorruptible legislator is a being
to be tenderly regarded and mentioned
with awe. There are not so many of
them in these days that even one should
be permitted to waste his sweetness un-
remarked. We are accordingly enraptured
to present to public admiration a
Missouri gentleman whose constituents
lately summoned him to his home on a
certain Saturday evening. The incor-
ruptible sniffed gold-headed canes and
ice-pitchers in the ambient air. With-
out one poor minute's hesitation he
plunged into the telegraph office and
sent the message that he'd rather not
come, because, as he observed, "I un-
derstand that it is the intention to make
me a present of something appreciative.
I am," he continued gently, "and al-
ways have been, opposed to public dis-
plays to officials in the way of presents,
addresses, etc." And then he burst into
this noble and lofty expression, worthy
alike of the man and the statesman: "If
you have concluded to do anything of
the kind, give it to my wife."

Frightened.

The Tribunal de Justice at Mons, in
Belgium, was lately the scene of an
affair which, though ending in no alarm-
ing results, was sufficient to render it
uncomfortable for the judge and others
present. A bankrupt was being ex-
amined as to the genuineness of his
statement of accounts, and the "Procureur
du Roi" hinted that he had made
away with some of his property. This
so enraged the individual that he imme-
diately drew a revolver from his pocket
and took aim at the "Procureur," who
made a hasty flight, and then at the
judge, who followed the example of the
"Procureur." In half a minute the
whole court was cleared; the bankrupt
followed the example of the others, and
has not been heard of since.

RETRIBUTION AT LAST.

A "Wild Man" in the Woods of
California Found to Be the Au-
thor of the "Wayside Murder"
in Ulster County, N. Y.

J. N. Masten, of Wurtsboro, N. Y.,
has received a letter from a relative in
San Francisco, Cal., formerly resident of
Ulster county, N. Y., giving the particu-
lars of the killing of a desperado in that
State, known as the "Wild Man of
Colusa," who proves to be Jeremiah
Smith, the perpetrator of what is known
as the "wayside murder," near Home-
road, near his residence, by pounding
them to death with a stone. He then
fled, and a large reward was offered
for his capture. At least twelve men answer-
ing his description were arrested in dif-
ferent parts of the country, but none of
them proved to be he. He was traced
by detectives as far as Utah, and there
all trace of him was lost.

About three or four years ago there
appeared in the sage brush in Colusa
county, California, a strange human being.
He was dressed in the skins of animals,
and was always armed. His hair and
beard were of extraordinary length. He
haunted small settlements, and when
there were no men around made raids on
the houses, securing whatever plunder
was to be had. He came to be the ter-
ror of the county, and narrowly escaped
with his life several times when surprised
by men who were hunting him. A few
weeks since he made one of his visits to
a house where the inmates refused to
comply with his demands, and the door
was barred against him. He emptied
the contents of three revolvers in the
house, seriously wounding a woman, and
then retreated to the swamp. The next
day a party went out to capture him and
succeeded in doing so. He was lodged
in the county jail.

The particulars of this affair were seen
by Mr. Masten in a copy of the San
Francisco Chronicle. The description
of the wild man answered that of Smith
so nearly, including a finger missing
from one of his hands, that he wrote to
his relative, inclosing a photograph of
the murderer. When the letter was re-
ceived in San Francisco the party to
whom it was addressed proceeded to
Colo county, and found that the wild
man had escaped from jail. He showed
the letter and photograph to several
men, who declared at once that there
was a great resemblance between the
picture and the wild man. A search was
at once instituted for the escaped pris-
oner. Several men, among them Mr.
Masten's relative, followed him for a
while through the thickets, and finally came
up with him. He at once showed fight,
and commenced firing at the party. The
fire was returned, and the man fell. Mr.
Townsend, the former Ulster county
man, went up to him and recognized him.
Smith died in a few hours. He had
eluded justice for nearly seven years.

The Centennial.

The New York Herald takes the fol-
lowing view of the Centennial question:
The address of General Goshorn to
Governor Tilden, calling the attention of
the Governor to the coming Centennial
celebration in Philadelphia, is a docu-
ment of interest and importance. We
are glad to know that the Governor has
expressed a deep interest in this celebra-
tion. He sees, what many of our best
citizens have failed to see, that even in
its most selfish aspect, apart from any
national value, New York will make ten
dollars through the Centennial for every
one that is made in Philadelphia. In
other words, the Centennial exhibition
is practically held in New York, and our
State should promptly take an active
part in the movement. Pennsylvania
has done nobly her share. New Jersey
has followed. Why should New York
be laggard in a good work in which the
fame of the State is not alone concerned,
but the interests of her citizens? We
trust the Governor will promptly con-
sider the appeal of General Goshorn,
and that our Legislature will make a
response worthy of the enterprise and
generosity of New York.

"Lady" and "Gentleman."

A writer says: "Lady" and its cor-
responding "gentleman" may, because of
this adjective force which adheres in
them, appropriately be used as predi-
cates, provided they stand alone. But
for the same reason it is utterly inap-
propriate to use them as predicates or in
any other form with an adjective attached.
The rule is not optional, but one which
good sense and cultivated usage have
combined to fix with iron strictness.
The highest breeding, we know, tends
always to approach the utmost simplicity
both in manner and in language, and
prefers such wholesome, downright
terms as man, woman, girl, to any affected
substitute. Severe as it may seem, any
violation of the rule we have hinted at
casts a shade of suspicion on the educa-
tion and antecedents of the culprit.
When our neighbor at the hotel table
describes a guest opposite as a "very
intelligent gentleman" or "a charming
young lady" he does no more, it is true,
than is common enough among number-
less worthy and amiable people; but he
is wrong for all that. The taste of a
sensitive hearer easily takes offense at
such slight matter, and the sin against
style is apt to create a prejudice in re-
gard to more essential things.

Burn the Old Letters.

The fact that in almost every case the
ends of old letters are used in evidence,
induces an exchange to say: There is no
higher appeal to honor than that which
a confidential letter implies. The winged
word may be lost forever, but the writ-
ten word remains. It is the most un-
questioning love which puts itself at the
mercy of a correspondent, which writes
what it would hardly whisper, and takes
its chances of being advertised and
trumpeted to the four corners of the
earth. Does not such tender frankness
demand even a nervous care and caution
on the other side? A blow for a kiss
is bad enough. Ingratitude is the op-
probrium of our nature. But what blow
can be bitterer to a sensitive woman than
to find confidence misplaced, trust dis-
regarded, and the sanctum sanctorum of
her soul thrown wide open for the curi-
ous to stare at its hoarded and hallowed
treasures? Such mockery of good faith
is intolerable between man and man—it
is tragedy pure and simple when it
poisons the peace of woman. Did she
write this loving sentence for the whole
world to read? Did she spread out all
the tenderness of her soul upon the bil-
tered page, that coarse jesters might
translate it into their own foul dialects,
and construe it according to the un-
cleanness of their own besotted na-
tures?

Yes! it is certainly better to burn let-
ters of affection than to hoard them in
this most uncertain world. Burn, if you
would not have the deepest secrets of
your soul made the sport of attorneys!
Burn, if you would not have your friend
pained by even an accidental disclosure
of kindness! Burn, if you would have
your costliest secrets continue undiv-
ulged! Burn for your own sake and
for the sake of others! Give trembling
hopes and gentle assurances, the first
day faltering promise, the last welcome as-
surance, the golden and silver sen-
tences, the record of dreams and all of
doubts, the lines traced when all was
nighted—give the sweet and bitter and
the bitter-sweet, earnestness and play-
fulness, deep appeal and trivial jest—all
to the friendly fire!

The Civil Rights Bill.

When the House got through with
the Civil Rights bill, says the New York
Times, there was not very much left of
it. The amendment offered by Mr. Kel-
logg, of Connecticut, and accepted by a
very large vote, striking out all that
related to schools, took from the bill its
most important feature. By the bill as
it passed the House, all persons within
the jurisdiction of the United States are
entitled to the equal enjoyment "of
the accommodations, advantages, facili-
ties, and privileges of inns, public con-
veyances on land or water, theaters and
other places of public amusement." The
bill provides for its own enforcement,
first, by means of suits by persons
wronged against persons guilty of the
crime for damages to the amount of five
hundred dollars for each offense; and
second, by a criminal suit for a penalty
of from five hundred dollars to one
thousand dollars, or for imprisonment
for thirty days to a year. The success-
ful employment of either one of these
bars the other. Jurisdiction in cases
arising under the act is given exclusively
to the Federal courts; Federal commis-
sioners are required to institute proceed-
ings against all who violate the act, and
district attorneys are directed to prose-
cute such proceedings under a penalty
of from five hundred dollars to five thou-
sand dollars, or a forfeiture of five hun-
dred dollars to the party aggrieved. The
fourth section of the bill prohibits ex-
clusion from jury duty on account of
color, and makes any officer charged with
getting a jury violating this section
liable to a fine of not more than five
thousand dollars.

A New Grass.

After General Sherman made his
march to the sea, says a Savannah (Ga.)
paper, all in the wide track of waste and
desolation that he made with the tramp
of his footmen and the iron feet of his
cavalry there sprang up a new and un-
known grass from the soil, which the
farmers called "Sherman clover." It
would grow up in the most unexpected
places, and it is said would root out
Bermuda grass; and, as a strange
similarity, we now hear that after the
Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, in many
districts of France a new vegetation
sprang up, evidently the result of the
invasion. It was believed that this
vegetation would become acclimated,
but very few of the species introduced
in this way appear likely to continue to
flourish. In the Departments of Loir
and Loir-et-Cher, of one hundred and
sixty-three German species, at least one-
half have already disappeared, and the
surviving species diminish in vigor each
year. Scarcely five or six species appear
to manifest any tendency to become ac-
climated. Can any of our naturalists
account for it?

CLEMENS.—Some people imagine that
Mark Twain is exceedingly smart. We
knew him when he was grinding platis-
tides for the Virginia Enterprise, that
paper says, and he was a notoriously
lazy grinder. He would sit at his edi-
torial table for hours, drumming on a
cracked guitar, while the compositors
were waiting for copy, and when re-
minded of his duty by the foreman
would say: "This working between
meals is killing me!" And he was the
healthiest man in the Territory.

Fixing Up Burned Money.

It will be remembered that a few
weeks ago a northern express car was
burned near Washington. The govern-
ment alone had \$5,750,000 in it, and the
private property amounted to nearly half
as much, including jewelry—enough to
fill seven safes.
Up in one of the sunny, well-lighted
rooms of the United States Treasury
department at Washington, four ladies
from the Treasurer's office are at work on
these charred treasures, and their pro-
cess is one of the most interesting fea-
tures of the service. All the safes were
transferred from the cars to the Treas-
ury, and a committee were selected from
those most expert at such work. First
the private safes were opened, and in
these were found about \$100,000 worth
of diamonds, a hundred watches, old
gold and silver coins, and—alas! for the
course of true love—a package of love
letters and a tress of pretty brown hair.
Picking out the valuables was compara-
tively easy work, for though many of
the safes had fallen from their settings
it was not hard to find them. The gold
was blackened.

The money in the government safes is
so charred that at a breath it crumbles;
and yet it is expected that four-fifths of
it will be deciphered. Each little shriv-
elled piece is detached with a thin knife
and laid on rough blotting paper. Then
the ladies examine it with magnifying
glasses, and after deciphering as much as
possible they paste it, face up, on a strip
of thin paper; and so, bit by bit, a whole
note is pieced out. It is such trying ex-
ercise for the eyes that those engaged in
it can work only three hours at a time
and on bright days. The trust reposed
in them is great, for the money is deliv-
ered directly to them, and remittances
made on their reports without further
questioning. After the terrible fire of
October, 1871, Chicago sent two hun-
dred and three cases of burnt money, ag-
gregating, at owners' valuation, \$104,
997.98. It came in sheets, in bundles,
in tiny packages, crumpled and crushed
as careless hands had pushed them into
side pockets or purses. Each little parcel
was swathed in cotton as carefully as
if it were the most precious jewelry, and
as the black, brittle packages were un-
rolled, it seemed really impossible that
anything could be made of such cinders.
Yet out of that \$104,997.98, \$126,541.33
was redeemed and returned to the own-
ers or banks. Boston profited by Chi-
cago's experience, and packed her burnt
money so carefully that nearly all of it
was redeemed. Eighty-three cases, con-
taining \$88,812.90, came from Boston,
and \$88,290.80 were returned to her, be-
side a number of policies, notes, bills
and other valuable papers. The most
skillful person on this committee is a
lady who has had much experience in
such work. Once she deciphered \$185,
000 out of \$200,000 that had been in the
hold of a burned ship for three years,
and Adams Express Company, which
was responsible for the amount, gave her
\$500 in acknowledgment of her services.
Another time she and her associates
worked faithfully and long over some
bonds a crazy cashier saw fit to throw
into the fire. The bank asked for only
\$100,000, but the ladies picked out
\$145,000; whereupon the directors, with
reckless extravagance, presented the
committee with \$20—about four dollars
apiece!

School Farming.

Dr. Horace P. Wakefield, principal of
the Massachusetts State Primary School
at Moulton, in an address said that farm-
ing has paid well there under his care,
the net profits being about \$2,800. His
family consisted of 500 children, and he
had five cows, mostly Ayrshires, to
feed them. They used nearly all the
milk at the school, with three barrels of
flour, five or six bushels of meal, and in
their season, a cart-load of cabbage,
daily. It was a bad policy to sell hay
and starve cattle. He found, seven years
ago, when he took charge, 1,300 gallons
of milk were produced, which has now
increased to 21,000. He had endeavored
to get a thorough breed of Ayrshire
cows, and would rather have them weigh
800 than 1,200 pounds. He detailed his
method of feeding, recommending mixed
food of bran and water twice a day, hay,
roots, etc., good ventilation, and warm
barns. He cut his hay from June 10th
to the 15th, harvesting 220 tons. Hay
at Moulton requires more making than in
Vermont, being near the sea-shore. The
School Farm comprises 230 acres, of
which one hundred were pasture and
forty woodland. Fifteen are dressed
from the water-closets and laundry. The
soil is some thirty inches deep, twelve of
black loam, eight yellow subsoil, and
there is a hard-pan of blue gravel that
will not leach through. If you plow and
plant deep, the roots get down to the
bottom. A top-dressing of gypsum, one
hundred pounds to the acre, he had
found most profitable. The pastures
now carry nearly double as much feed as
six years ago.

All Gone.

Capt. Selden, of the United States
revenue steamer Gallatin, saw a signal
distress flying on the Duxbury Pier
light-house, and, on approaching as near
as the ice would allow, learned that the
inmates had had no communication with
the outside world for forty-nine days,
and that their fuel and water were ex-
hausted, and that they had been on an allowance
of half a pint of water a day. After two
hours' vigorous cutting through the ice,
the Gallatin's crew reached the light,
and furnished relief.

HARD TO PLEASE.—The New York
Times says that last year it declined to
publish the Beecher-Tilton matter and
people took the papers that did. Now it
is publishing it and its subscribers are
indignant about it. It thinks the
great public is hard to please.

At Palermo, Italy, recently, a father and
son were engaged in building a scaffold
on which a murderer was to be executed,
when they quarrelled, and the son stab-
bed the father to death.

What Three Women Said.

The other day, in the cars, I sat be-
hind three women for an hour or two.
They were all friendly to each other,
and they didn't mind my presence.
"Did you hear about Sarah Lamb?"
asked one.
"Goodness! No!" answered the other.
"Well, Sarah's got her pay, I tell
you!" continued the first. "You know
she was a whole year trying to catch
that red-headed widower. Well, she
finally married; and what do you think!
They say that he swears at her—actu-
ally uses oaths—when things go
wrong; keeps her from going to
church; is set against company, and
won't let her use above two eggs in a
sweet-cake!"

"Mon-ster-ous!" exclaimed the oth-
er.
There was a moment of silence, and
then one of the trio spoke up: "Did you
know that Mrs. Lancy had a new em-
press-cloth dress?"

"You don't say!" exclaimed the oth-
ers.
"Yes, I do—I know it for a fact, for
she wore it past our house the other
day. That dress never cost less than
seven dollars—the bare cloth—and then
there's the making and trimmings
thrown in! Just think of a woman in
her circumstances going to such an ex-
pense! Why, if I hadn't seen it with
my own eyes I couldn't believe it!"

"It's awful!" exclaimed the others.
"And the worst of it is, she seems to
hold her head so high!" continued the
first. "I've heard that her grandfather
had to go to the poor-house when he
broke his leg, and yet she holds her head
up with the best of us! Of course, I
don't want to back-bite any one—it
isn't my nature to talk behind people's
backs—but I will say that I shouldn't
wonder if such extravagance brought
that family to want for bread before