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Second Thoughts.
Where the wood-paths broke in twain,
Doubting, Ebbly checked her rein,
"If I take these paths," mused she,
"I shall meet with some one."
Nay, but that would never do,
"I should be sure to meet some one."
So the other path she pressed,
"I should be sure to meet some one."
Who is that with Dolly there?
That has made her ride so far?
"Somebody," mused she to herself,
"I should be sure to meet some one."
Dolly told her choice to-day;
And there, among the greenwoods dim,
Dolly told her choice to-day;
Whispering what her heart conceived,
"Truly, second thoughts are best."

THE STORY OF JIM.

The home of Jim stood on the left bank of the Mississippi river, surrounded on three sides by a low, swampy cotton-wood forest. When the stream was high the forest was a great lake of water, and even when it was low there were every-where green, festering pools, and a rank growth of fan palmets and briars. No neighbors lived within five miles of the hut, for it is not for the interest of the woodchoppers to be near each other. They locate far apart, so that a boat wooding at one place may find it necessary to take in a fresh supply of fuel by the time the next is reached.

The hut had two rooms neatly furnished, but very clean. It was a dreary, desolate spot enough, but marks of thrift were everywhere visible. The yard was full of turkeys and chickens. Pass where you would, Simon Rost, the owner, was either hauling his wood, or piling it on the lower bank, to be convenient to the boats, and Mrs. Rost might be seen spinning, knitting or sewing.

Jim, too, their only child, a sturdy, bright-eyed, freckle-faced boy of about twelve, took his part in the general industry. He cut and dried the palmetto from the swamp, and braided it into the nicest kind of hats and baskets. He drove the wagon and helped to cord the wood. To him, that great dreary swamp, which stretched for miles back, was a perfect paradise. Such a quantity of fish and crawfish in the pools; such lots of squirrels and rabbits to be snared, and so many birds to be shot!

He had a gun of his own that he had bought from the sale of his hats and baskets, and was a very good marksman. Then there were hickory nuts, chestnuts and walnuts to be gathered in the autumn on a ridge about four miles from the hut; so, take it altogether, though you may wonder how a boy could live in such a desolate place, without any playmates, it is certain that Jim thought his home the most delightful in the world.

To be sure, he was often sick with chills and fevers. The long, gray moss which only grows on malarious spots hung thick on the trees around the hut. Whenever you see that "epiphyte," or air plant, you may understand that it is a harbinger that disease hangs out to scare you from the dangerous locations.

One morning everything in and around the hut was a strange, dull look. The Mississippi had been slowly and steadily rising for many weeks, and the forest was on one sheet of water. Mr. Rost had thrown up a levee around his yard and house, and they were comparatively dry; but the water had now nearly risen to the top of the levee; a few more inches, and it would be over.

But this was not the worst calamity that lay in their path. In trying to save some of his wood, Simon Rost had placed it on a clumsy raft. The raft had gone to pieces, and the man had barely escaped with his life. He swam ashore, but the exposure and grief at his losses brought on an attack of "pernicious fever," the most fatal disease of the Mississippi coast.

He lay moaning and tossing with delirium. It was impossible to get a doctor, and not even a neighbor could be called in to assist the unhappy wife in her ministrations.

Little Jim did what he could. He cooked their simple meals, and swept and cleaned the hut, so as to save his mother as much trouble as possible. The water mark that he had put out the night before was no longer visible. Evidently the river must have been rising more rapidly within the last few hours, and he ran down to the levee to see if this was true. As he stood there looking over the dreary gray waste of water, his mother joined him.

"Where's the mark?" she asked, anxiously.

"The river's risen clean over it," answered the boy. "Look here, mam, (for mammy), we can't stand four inches more of water without going under. And besides, here's two little holes—swallow holes, I reckon—in the levee, and the water's seeping through 'em. I'm a-goin' to stop 'em right up." So down on his knees went Jim, scraping up mud and filling, and plugging in the holes.

"Noddin' do that," said the mother, with a sigh. "You can't keep the river from comin' over to night or to-morrow, and it's bound to do it unless God helps us. If it won't break through, and will only come over gradual like, it might give us a chance."

"Then why not start right off, mam?" he asked, eagerly. "We can take the skiff here and pull up to Uncle Sam's by night. It ain't more than six miles."

"It would kill your father," and the poor woman's voice shook. "He couldn't be taken out in all this rain. No, we must take our chances, but you, Jim, you had better go right off. You ain't very strong, but I reckon you can

pull to Sam's some time to-night. The current is powerful strong, though, so you'd better keep well in shore, till you get nearly there. Go, Jim, go."

The boy had not answered her when she first spoke; in fact, he did not seem to take in the meaning of her words. But when he did, he sprang to his feet and turned a white, set face toward her.

"Go!" he cried. "Did you mean I was to go, mam, like a sneak, and leave you and dad to be swept away? No, you never could have meant that, I reckon. But of you did, it's all the same thing, for here I stays, and of you and dad goes, why, I reckon you would leave me behind. Don't get downhearted, mam. Why, we've got lots of chances yet."

The woman signed and looked hopelessly around, but to her more experienced eyes, the chances of escape were slim, indeed.

"First and foremost," cried Jim, cheerily, unhooking the chain of the skiff from its staple on the levee, "first, you've to help me, mam, to haul this skiff up to the house, and tie it to the doorposts. I heard dad say that was to be done, so if the water come with a rush, the boat would be handy to step right in."

So they pulled and tugged at the skiff until it was dragged to the doorsteps and securely fastened by a rope which extended within the house, and which was tied to one of the rafters.

By this time the sick man had awakened from his restless sleep, and Mrs. Rost's heart sank within her when she perceived that his fever and delirium had increased within the last hour. She knew something of the treatment of this disease in its early stages, but it had now passed beyond her knowledge of its proper treatment. She could only watch and pray by the bedside, and wet his parched lips with water.

Meantime, Jim was as busy as a bee, preparing the boat. The boat was too small to hold any cumbersome articles, and their valuables did not make a large package; so there was quite room enough. Mrs. Rost watched her son's labors with silent interest, but when he concluded by lashing in the bow of the boat a large fire-pan used in deer hunting at night, and filled it with split pine knots, her astonishment was great.

"What on earth are you doing with that fire-pan, sonny?"

"Why, you see, mam" (nodding his head knowingly), "if we're obliged to start at night, it'll be handy to have a light on the dead-end account, you know, and so as the steamboats won't run us down in the dark."

Mrs. Rost looked approvingly at her boy. And that reminds me. Why not we can take your father comfortable like to Sam's? I reckon it won't cost much."

The pulling of a boat just round the point below took Jim in hot haste to the levee. The boat, however, kept near the opposite bank, and the Mississippi in high water is a mile wide in many places. Jim's shouts did not reach the man on the boat, nor did they see the handkerchief he waved at the end of a long pole. Even had the officers on board the steamer heard or seen them, they would probably not have heeded, for there were several ugly snags on the side of the river where Mr. Rost lived, and very dangerous when hidden by the water.

But after boat passed that day. Poor Jim shouted until his voice failed, and waved until his arms ached, but to no avail. Dusk came on, misty, rainy, and Jim crept disconsolately within.

"Taint no use, mam," he said, shaking the rain from his dripping hat. "The boats won't stop, nohow, and we've just got one inch and a half of bank before the river comes over."

"Can't be helped," answered his mother, with a deep sigh. "Seems to me, Jim, your father is easier and quieter like now. Come and look at him."

On tiptoe the boy approached the bed. He had hardly reached it when his mother sprang to her feet and shrieked aloud.

"O merciful God, it's come!"

Jim did not need to ask what had come. The levee had broken, and a great wall of water hurled itself against the hut, staying in the front, and lifting the boy off his feet. He was prepared, however, for the emergency.

"Don't be scared, mam," he cried cheerily. "I've got the rope in my hand, and the skiff's safe."

The water was rushing like a milldam through the fissure in the hut, and Mrs. Rost, who deep in it, was holding on to the floating log on which her husband lay.

She could swim as well as Jim himself, and so she managed to keep from being swept away, until the skiff into which Jim had scrambled was pushed to her, and Mr. Rost lifted carefully in. She got in then, and taking up an oar, Jim and she managed to push away from the hut just as it was borne down by the rushing tide.

"Keep the skiff well in shore, Jim," said his mother; "the current is running too strong here." So, with all their strength, the boat was propelled near the shore; at least, near the trees which grew on the bank, for the river had covered the land for miles back of its banks.

Jim now lighted the pine knots in the fire-pan. In spite of the rain, which had

increased, they sent up a clear flame, making the dreary night and the dark, rushing waters more hideous than any imagination could picture. Mrs. Rost stooped down to cover her husband, and almost shrieked as her hand touched his cold, clammy forehead. She felt his pulse. It was feeble and fluttering.

"Pull for dear life, Jim," she said. "Your father is worse. Watch for the big oak tree, if it ain't swept away, for you know Sam lives just opposite it."

It was long past midnight when the oak was reached. The water there was calm, and the current comparatively weak. Mrs. Rost laid down her oars and stooped over her husband. It only needed a touch to assure the poor woman that never more would that still pulse thrill with the pains or pleasures of life. He was dead. She covered her face with her hands, and tearless and silent, sank beside him.

At any other time, Jim would have wept and moaned like other children at the loss of a good father whom he loved. But now, with the whole responsibility of the situation thrust upon him, unable to leave his oars for a minute, or they would have drifted down the tide, the brave boy choked down his grief, though his heart seemed breaking.

"O mam," and there was a pitiful quaver in his voice, "you've got me left, and I'll be a good son to you always. Don't go on so, mam, please don't. Help me to cross the river to Uncle Sam's, for you know I can't pull across myself."

He knew right well this cry for help would rouse his mother. She rose, and still mute, took her oars, and they turned the bow of the boat to the opposite shore.

Then commenced a struggle against the strong, rapid current, to which all their previous efforts had been child's play. They were dashed against snags, and whirled in the roots of floating trees. The torch in the bow only threw its light on dangers when they were upon them, and they were conscious that instead of crossing where they had intended, the tide was bearing them far below.

Poor Jim's little arms ached as if they would drop from his shoulders; but in spite of the ache he would manage to say, at intervals:

"Cheer up, mam, I reckon we'll be at Uncle Sam's pretty soon now."

Suddenly a sound smote upon the boy's quick ears which froze the blood in his veins. In spite of the driving rain and the muffled sound, he recognized the puffing of a low pressure boat. Were they in its line of way?

In answer to the agonized question, a dull, red eye, not a hundred yards from them in the mist, seemed driving full upon them.

He gave one cry of warning to his mother. "Pull to the right, mam, a steambot's on us," and put forth all his strength in a last, superhuman effort.

Either Jim's torch was seen, or his mother's despairing cry, when she recognized the danger, was heard on the steambot, for a signal was given, and the engine was stopped. It was too late, however, for the little skiff was swept against the sides of the huge vessel. Jim threw one arm around his mother, and dropping his oars, cast the other against the side of steamer, as if to shield her. One moment of intense agony, and he lost consciousness.

When he recovered it was to find kind faces bending over him, and his poor mother weeping beside him. He strove to utter the usual formal, "Cheer up, mam," but when he tried to raise his arm and put it around her, he fainted again from the pain. His arm had been crushed in the collision, and he would never be able to use it again.

"It was the most wonderful escape I ever did see, gentlemen," said the captain of the boat, a few hours afterwards, and when the boy's arm had been dressed, and he was laid in a comfortable berth.

"As the skiff was almost swept under the side that boy threw the rope up, and two sailors caught it. It was more than touch and go with him. I can tell you. The boat swamped, almost before we got the woman up, and she says her dead husband was in it. Now, look here, gentlemen, I've wooded with Rost for two years, and I know he and his wife to be good, honest, industrious folks, and Jim, there, a boy in ten thousand. They've lost their all—Rost is dead, and Jim's arm broken, or worse. Let us take up a collection for them."

The response was unanimous. In a few minutes two hundred dollars were collected among the passengers, and placed in Mrs. Rost's hand. In answer to her tearful thanks and expressions of devout religious thanksgiving, the captain, Capt. B., answered:

"It is no more than our right, madam, to assist you in your present trouble, and no more than yours to accept it without shame. As for Jim, he will henceforward be my care. I like the boy. I honor him, madam, for his pluck, and he shan't want no education if I can give it to him."

For more than a year now, Jim has been to school, and from what one of his teachers told me, he has grappled with the difficulties of learning very much with the same cheerful resolution with which he met all the troubles of his past life. He shows a decided talent for anything connected with the exact sciences, and if any of our young readers, in years to come, should hear of a James Rost who has distinguished himself in any walk of life, they will remember his little true tale.

The Open Polar Sea.
Two vessels of the British navy—the Alert and the Discovery—have left Portsmouth, England, on a voyage of Arctic exploration, the chief end of which is the discovery of the North Pole. It may safely be asserted that no expedition has ever started on a similar cruise so perfectly equipped for the task set before it. The officers and crew, numbering one hundred and twelve, who man the two vessels, have been carefully selected for their mental and physical fitness for the work. The ordinary seamen are all between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-one, and have been chosen out of several hundred candidates from all branches of the service. No one has been passed who exceeded the maximum height of five feet nine inches, or who was under the minimum of five feet six inches, whose character and intelligence were not above the average, or whose teeth were not sound enough to enable him to support life for a lengthened period on hard biscuit. This careful and minute attention to details has been carried into every department of the expedition. The special feature of the equipment is the unrivaled perfection to which the construction of the sledges and the general organization of that mode of travel have been carried. One ship will probably proceed as far north as eighty-two degrees before wintering. From that point the journey to the Pole by sledges is calculated to be about six hundred miles, and the most elaborate preparations have been made for enabling this part of the enterprise to command success. Commodore Markham sails in the Alert as the chief of the expedition, with Capt. Nares as the navigator who is to guide the vessels through the Polar sea.

A Missionary at Sea.
We were in the Gulf stream, knocking about in a pretty rough sea. The effect on a missionary stomach was the same as that upon the stomach of all handmen. I remember one morning when the decks were in a very disagreeable condition in consequence. After repeatedly cleansing them, the patience of old Pease, the first mate, was exhausted. He accordingly wrote with a piece of chalk on the companion-way:

"Passengers feeling sea-sick will please go to leeward."

Soon Brother Bradley emerged from the cabin with a rising breakfast. The notice caught his eye, but not understanding its significance, he staggered about for a moment, and then gave occasion for another application of the swab to the decks. This done, he looked meekly into the face of Mr. Pease, who was regarding him with a mingled expression of pity and contempt.

"I noticed the direction," blandly observed the divine, "but I am not aware what leeward means."

"Why, it means the lee side of the ship, of course," replied the second mate.

"And which is the lee side?"

"Which is the lee side? Well, it's 'tother side of the weather side."

"And which is the weather side?"

"The weather side! Sometimes it's the starboard and sometimes it's the larboard (for the term larboard was then in use). It's the starboard, now we are on this tack."

"Really," said Brother Bradley, "you must excuse me. I don't understand those various terms. What's a starboard? What's a larboard? What's a tack?"

Placing his arms a-kimbo, while the tottering missionary steadied himself by the belaying-pin, Pease regarded him for a moment as an object beneath the pity or contempt that he had at first bestowed upon him, and then, with an expectant earnestness, he exclaimed:

"Now, ain't you a pretty fellow for a missionary? Going to convert the heathen, and don't know two sides of a ship twenty-five feet apart! You'd better go home in the first vessel we speak, and make two or three coasting voyages, and then try it again; perhaps you'll learn something."

Desperate Suicide.
The body of a man was discovered floating in the Seine, and from all appearances the police concluded that some murder had been committed. He was dressed very poorly, and although no marks of violence were found on his person, his legs had been lashed together and his arms were tied down to his sides so as almost to exclude any possibility that a suicide had been committed. An inquest was opened, and the result was that the identity of the body was established beyond all doubt, as also the fact that a suicide had been committed. It appears that the man's name was Gaspin, and there is every reason to suppose, as it is known that he was an excellent swimmer, that he had tied himself up as he did for fear that his instinct of self-preservation should prove more powerful than his determination to finish his life. Poverty is supposed to have been the cause which tempted him to commit the act. At one time he was a man in a good position, with an income of £1,000 a year; but he squandered his money and lost it at the gambling table, falling lower and lower, until he was at last obliged to work on the roads for the parish.

A Child Disaster.
The Holyoke disaster doubtless brings up in the recollection of those who have lately been in Santiago de Chile a corner plot of sodden ground, with a monument in its center, marking the spot of the dreadful disaster in 1862. A Roman Catholic cathedral was full of women—two thousand of all classes, it is estimated, being present. The interior was decorated lavishly with colored paper and light cloth, and illuminated with lanterns. Twenty thousand candles and camp-lamps were burning. A breeze swung a flame against the altar drape, and the congregation was almost instantaneously enveloped with fire. As at Holyoke, the single doorway was soon blocked, and egress rendered impossible. Only a few of the women escaped. Nearly every household lost a member, and the city has not yet recovered from the event.

Items of Interest.
The estimated value of the last French vintage is \$400,000,000.

There are many men who care not who fights the battles of a country so long as they are allowed to be its rulers.

As high as \$1,050 has been paid for a front seat at a performance of Judie, the Parisian comedian, at St. Petersburg.

Politicians occupy a perilous position, morally. To make their public characters bright they generally kill their private virtues.

There is said to be less drunkenness among the colored people of the South than among the white inhabitants of New York.

When you see a lot of laundry girls at work, how natural it is to exclaim, in the words of England's post-laureate: "Wring out, wring out!"

A St. Louis attorney has recovered one cent damages for having been called a "shyster." The jury explained that they could do no less for him.

The death-rate of St. Louis in 1874 was only 14.45 in 1,000, and its health officer claims that it is the healthiest city of its size in the world.

Graham bread is said to be excellent food for the children on account of its superior bone-giving qualities. You can feed a child on that bread until he is all bones.

A little pet dog of Magnolia, N. C., died all of a sudden recently, and a stinging snake four feet long, and a rattlesnake a foot long, were found in his intestines.

It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer that you can generally tell a newly married couple at the dinner table by the indignation of the groom when a fly alights on the bride's better.

It is said that an onion grower, in Massachusetts, who refused three dollars a barrel for his crop, lately sold two hundred and twelve barrels for fifty dollars, the best offer he could get.

The omission of a comma once gave a very awkward meaning to the inscription on a tombstone: Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.

"Come, come, my dear," said an indulgent mother to her eldest boy, "the sun has been up these two hours, and here you're not yet out of bed."

"Oh, well, the sun goes to bed at dark, and I'm up till midnight," was the reply.

Mr. C. B. Denio, of Vallejo, Cal., has had presented to him a brick from the great wall of China, and proposes to give it to the Old Fellow. The brick is fourteen and a half inches long, seven and a half wide and two and a half thick.

If you want to bring an American boy up right, appeal to his patriotic feelings. There is a lad in this town whose mother cured him of a bad habit just by saying to him one day, when she felt very nervous: "Willie, George Washington never cracked hickorynuts with his teeth!"

He leaned on the fence pouring out warm vows of love and admiration to the lovely being on the other side. It was dark. "We could not see her face; but she said: 'Pray desist. You are too waddling. Only a week ago you told the same story three doors below here.'" They parted.

There is a family at work in a cotton mill in New Brunswick, Me., which consists of father and mother and twenty-four children, all the children large enough being at work. The woman is the fourth wife; a brother of the husband, living with his fifth wife in Montreal, has twenty-five children.

A remarkable verdict was returned at the Cheshire quarter sessions at Kettleford, in England, the other day. Two men, who were accused of destroying fish by putting chloride of lime into a stream at Woodford, were, after a long deliberation by the jury, found not guilty of the offence with which they were charged, but were, with solemn formality, pronounced guilty of "fishing," with which they were not charged. The chairman, Sir Henry Mainwaring, characterized the verdict as the silliest he had ever heard in his life. The men were, of course, discharged.

The Pig and the Ventriloquist.
At Macon fair, France, a ventriloquist, named Comte, saw a countrywoman driving a pig before her, which could hardly move, so laden was it with fat.

"What's the price of your pig, my good woman?"

"A hundred francs, my good looking gentleman, for my service; if you wish to buy."

"Of course I wish to buy, but it's a great deal too much. I can offer you ten crowns."

"I want one hundred francs, no more and no less; take it or leave it."

"Stay," said Comte, approaching the animal; "I am sure your pig is more reasonable than you. Tell me, on your conscience, my fine fellow, are you worth one hundred francs?"

"I am mused, and my mistress is trying to take you in."

The crowd that had assembled around the woman and pig fell back in terror, fancying them both bewitched, while Comte returned to his hotel, where the story was told with sundry additions, and he learned that some courageous persons had gone up to the woman, begged her to be exercised, and thus drive the wicked spirit out of the pig.

The Shooting Nuisance.
With the return of summer days and singing birds, a most chronic nuisance, the callow sportsman with dog and gun, to hunt birds and animals, the natives with his prowess and the smell of gunpowder. He has none of the instincts of sportsman, to whom we are indebted mainly for our game laws, and for the fines and penalties that are laid upon their willful violators. The chap we have in mind is generally an idle, ignorant vagabond from the city, who wants the fame of a mighty hunter, and so dresses in sporting jacket and long-leg boots, invests in shotguns and metallic powder flasks, in setter dogs and whisky. He can hardly tell one bird from another, and is more likely to shoot domestic ducks and geese, than the wild waterfowl that visit secluded spots at this season. He shoots birds upon the nests, birds feeding their young, and all birds alike, whether they are the farmer's friends or not. This great nuisance, which was formerly confined mainly to the suburban districts, is now widely scattered almost everywhere, like thistle-down along the lines of our railroads. Every depot far inland is haunted with these verdant and downy youth, who come to kill and to destroy. They by no means confine their destruction to wild animals. They stroll over your farm with as much freedom as if they owned it, shoot chickens in the absence of woodcock and quail, and broil them under your nose, worrying with their dogs your sheep and poultry, throw down your fences in digging out rabbits and woodchucks, shoot into your notices to sportsmen, or tear them down, run over the growing crops, and if interfered with, treat you to the foulest slang and curses of the grog shops. This is a great evil, and extends much beyond the personal inconvenience of the farmers, that are most exposed to the depredations of these vagabonds. They greatly reduce the number of birds, and so multiply insects that prey upon our crops, and reduce the profit of our gardens and fields. It is settled, so far as anything can be, by the studies of men best acquainted with the habits of these birds, that almost all of them at some season of the year live largely upon insects. They are the conservative force in nature, designed to keep insect life in check. If the birds eat some fruit, they save a great deal more, by devouring the various caterpillars and "worms" that prey upon the bark and leaves of fruit trees, and upon the fruits themselves. It is only in exceptional years that we are able to get fair fruit in the older parts of the country, where there has been the greatest destruction of birds and where insects abound. Our finest displays of fruit come from the newer States, where there are fewer insects. The promiscuous slaughter of birds, so prevalent in the early summer, is a nuisance that ought to be abated. We need more stringent legislation, and a better enforcement of the laws against transgressors. With very few exceptions the birds should be protected from early spring to autumn. They are the farmer's best friends."

The German Ocean Once Dry Land.
The German ocean, or North sea, like the English channel, is supposed to have been once an inland plain or valley raised far above the sea level. The sea has but recently invaded this pressing plain, submerged its forests, and super-seeded its river courses. The buried trees of its sunk forests are still standing, rooted in their own vegetable soil, although beneath the waves. Cromer forest, which dips into the waters from the coast of Norfolk, is the most famous of the submerged forests of the German ocean. This ancient woodland has been traced at low tide for more than forty miles. At certain seasons, and especially after great storms, the stumps of oak, alder, yew, and Scotch fir are seen standing upright in the water. The condition of the wood and of the fir cones (some of the latter obviously bitten by animals) tallies so exactly with the land here, that it is almost certain that the physical history of our country.

The remains of land animals, too, as well as of the forests they inhabited, are discovered in the bed of the German ocean. In his "Physical Geography of Norfolk," Mr. Woodward tells us that in less than fifteen years the fishermen of the village of Hingham dredged up from their oyster beds as many as two thousand teeth of mammoth. Bones and tusks of mammoths have also been found up from these watery depths. It is said to be the same as the European mammoth, instead of terminating, as it does to-day, with the coasts of Norway and France, stretched far westward in one unbroken arc, beyond the present coast of Ireland. These were the flourishing days of the forests of oak, chestnut, alder and yew, which are now submerged in the German ocean and the English channel.

Leisure Hour.
A man at a hotel sat down at the breakfast table and speedily demolished a hearty meal. He then ordered another breakfast, and on its being placed before him, he suddenly covered his nasal organ with his hands and started for the door, apparently taken with bleeding of the nose. He passed through the hotel and ran across the street to a pump, from whence he soon boiled down the track and made off.

He Left.
A man at a hotel sat down at the breakfast table and speedily demolished a hearty meal. He then ordered another breakfast, and on its being placed before him, he suddenly covered his nasal organ with his hands and started for the door, apparently taken with bleeding of the nose. He passed through the hotel and ran across the street to a pump, from whence he soon boiled down the track and made off.

Liast-Col. Long.
of the Fifth Maryland regiment, while addressing his soldiers the other night about their participation in the Bunker Hill contest, told them that their headquarters would be at the Boston Institute of Technology, and he wanted them all to keep in such a condition during their sojourn that they would have no difficulty in pronouncing the name of their barracks.