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*Some Day.*  
Some day, some time, a sweet no rest  
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.  
Some time, some day, our eyes shall see  
The faces kept in memory.  
Some day their hands shall clasp our hands  
Just over in the morning lands.  
Some day our ears shall hear the song  
Of triumph over sin and wrong.  
Some day, some time, but oh! not yet,  
But we shall wait and not forget  
That some day all these things shall be,  
And rest be given to you and me.  
So wait, my friend, though years move slow,  
The happy time will come we know.

## A STORY FROM A WHALER.

"Chips," whom I knew for months by no other name, was carpenter of the whaler *Gazelle*, of New Bedford. He was twenty-three years old, six feet high, and strong as an oak tree. He was the favorite of the ship—and no wonder. He was tender and gentle, perhaps because he was strong; he was peaceful, because he was powerful. And the soft word that turned away wrath, with the gentle hand to soothe a sufferer, is often needed in the whale-fisheries. Most of the foremost hands of the *Gazelle* were rough Portuguese lads, from the western islands, on their first voyage. They were treated with coarse contempt by a few American seamen and by the officers. The only "white man"—as the Yankee sailor loves to call himself—who was kind and patient with the rude boys was Chips; and he was never tired of showing or teaching them something of what he knew. He was one of those useful fellows who do not believe in keeping knowledge to themselves. He had never been to sea before; but, during the first two years of his voyage, he had attended to so many things besides his own easy work that he was looked on as one of the best and coolest whalers aboard. Although exempted from standing watch he had insisted on doing so from the first day out. At night, if the weather was good, he would sit on the main hatch, in the center of a ring of Portuguese lads, and with wonderful patience teach them to make splices and knots, and to speak English. He never tired of doing this or any other kindly thing for them. In the daytime, if there were work for him at his trade, he still had them around him, explaining everything as he sawed or planed, just as if he wished to make them as good carpenters as he was himself.

On Sunday, when every one brought his letters and pictures on deck, Chips showed the only signs of isolation he ever gave. He was the only one on board—except myself—who had neither pictures nor letters—neither face nor word to remind him of home. When the ship touched at some port with a post-office, and every one else ran for his letters, Chips remained aboard—he knew there was none for him. In one of the boy's albums he found the picture of an old, white-haired woman—the lad's mother—and every Sunday after he asked for that album, and always gave it back when he had turned to that picture.

The *Gazelle* had been cruising for three months a few hundred miles off the coast of western Australia—the great penal colony of England—and during that time had not fallen in with a single sperm whale. One raw afternoon, with a harsh breeze and a rising sea, at last we heard the long, sibilant cry, from the mast-head: "He blows! there—so—blo—was!" Four times, at regular intervals of about forty seconds, the cry was repeated; and then we knew it was a sperm whale.

It was five in the evening when the first cry was heard, and the sun went down at half past six with scarcely five minutes of twilight. As a rule, on board American whalers, when whales are seen late in the evening, the boats are not sent down, unless the course of the whales and the speed of their travel are carefully noted. When "one course" a school of sperm whales will move at the rate of about six miles an hour; when "feeding" they keep on the same "ground," not moving more than a few miles a day. When seen late in the evening, the ship is steered during the night according to the observations, and often finds the school in sight in the morning, when the boats are at once sent down.

This course was not followed on the evening in question. It was not a school we saw, but a "lone whale," and one of extraordinary size. The night promised to be a rough one, and the whale's motions were strangely irregular, as if he had lost himself in an unknown sea.

There is something solemn and mysterious in the sight of "lone whales," and marvelous superstitions are current among whalers respecting them. Through spending year after year on the great waters, whalers become more impressionable to supernatural things than other men; and long observation of the shoals or schools of the vast creatures they pursue tends to fill them with amazement and awe when they meet with a solitary leviathan, who has abandoned all fellowship with his kind, who lives by his own law—lonely, mighty and terrible!

Soon after the cry from aloft we saw the whale from the deck, only a short distance from the ship, and my sight

had seen him long before had not his white, bush-like spout been lost in the angry whiteness that was fast spreading over the sea.

For a moment all eyes were fastened on the long body, like a great, black tube, over which the waves washed. Every face was wonder-stricken at the immense size of the whale. Capt. Gifford had been examining him through a glass, which he handed in turn to each of his officers. "What do you say, Mr. Hussey?" he inquired of the first mate, who glanced at the setting sun and answered: "Go down, sir; we can do it."

"Mr. Joseph!" and the captain turned to the second mate, an old Portuguese of extraordinary size, and perhaps the most famous whaler alive. "Go down, sir, if we want to get that fellow; we'll never see him again."

The two other officers were younger men, and of the same mind. There was no time lost in further consultation. "Swing the boats!" shouted the old man.

The lines and irons had already been thrown in by the crews. A "heave oh!" and a straining sound, and in one minute the four boats struck the water, and the men were settled on the thwarts with the long oars out. The sun was low, and large, and red, and the whole western sea and sky were magnificent in crimson, and gold, and black. The picture was one of the finest I ever saw. The rising sea was jet black, except where it was bloody; a broad road of crimson shimmered from the ship to the sun; the long body of the whale, even blacker than the sea, was plainly seen in the ruddy glare; and life was added to the immense scene by the four white specks—the whaleboats—closing to a point as they drew near the motionless monster.

It was not until the boats had left the ship that we realized how threatening was the weather. Every moment the sea came wilder and heavier against the vessel. Only now and again, as they were lifted on a sea, could we catch sight of the brave little boats. The breeze grew stronger every minute, and before the first boat neared the whale, was whistling through the rigging in the wild way that tells of a coming gale. The captain regretted the lowering of the boats, and soon signaled them to return. But the men were excited, and refused to see the signals. Filled to the gunwale, the seas lashing over them every moment, on they went where only a thing so nearly perfect as a whaleboat could keep afloat. As the first boat swung round to run down to windward on the whale the red sun stood fairly on the black field of ocean.

Talk about the bravery of soldiers in battle, or of men ashore in any enterprise you please, what is it to the bravery of such a deed as this? A thousand miles from land, six men in a twenty-eight-foot shell, coolly going down in a stormy sea to do battle with the mightiest creature of the world! It is the extreme of human coolness and courage, because it is the extreme of danger. The soldier faces one peril—the bullet. The whaler, in such a case as this, has three mighty enemies to fight—the sea, the gale, and the whale.

We saw the harpooner of each boat stand up as they came within hearing distance and send in his two irons. All the boats were fast before the monster seemed to feel the first blow. There came the fight—the cruel and unnatural fight between vast power and cunning skill. The black water was churned white as the flukes struck out in rage and agony. The sun disappeared, and the gale screamed wilder in the rigging. We could no longer see the boats from the ship. The few men on board cowered up the topsails, and by this time the night was dark as pitch and the gale had whirled and howled itself into a hurricane.

It was fearful to think of the four small boats out in such a sea as was then running. We on the ship had to cling to the rail or the rigging; the terrible strength of the waves swept the heavy vessel about like a cork. I saw the captain's face a moment as he passed the binnacle-lamp, and it was absolutely deformed with grief and terror—not for himself, brave old sailor! but for his boys in the boats.

"Who's at the wheel?" he shouted; "send a steady man to the wheel!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered a deep, quiet voice; "I've got the wheel."

That was Chips, and I walked aft to be near him. Just then a long hail came through the darkness, and we saw the flash of a boat's lantern, on the leeward quarter. In a minute more a line was flung aboard, and we soon had one crew safe on deck. It was the mate's boat.

"Where are the others?" was the first question. "Fast to the whale," was the answer; "and there are no lanterns on the boats."

One of the men from the boat relieved Chips at the wheel, and he went forward to rig lanterns at the fore and main tops. When this was done we stood together on the forecastle, looking and listening for the boats. Suddenly he turned to me and said: "We're going to lose some one to-night. While I was at the wheel it seemed as if something whispered in my ear that we were going to lose one man to-night."

I said he was growing as supersti-

tious as old Kanaka Joe; and he answered: "I can't help it. It did seem that I heard that whisper, and so plain was it that I nearly dropped the wheel in terror."

Another shout from the sea cut off further talk, and we soon had two more boats at the davits. The absent one was Mr. Joseph's; and we knew that through thick and thin he would hold on to the whale. It was hours before we found him; and when we did he refused to cut his line from the carcass. The captain cried to him that he could not hold the whale in such a sea. But the old whaler shouted back: "He's a hundred-an'-fifty-barrel; and, if you don't take the line aboard, we'll stick to him in the boat!"

Soon after, as the gale was moderating, the line was taken in, passing through a strong iron brace, screwed on to the starboard rail just forward of the taken amidships, from which it was tacked back and made fast to the windlass-bits at the foot of the mainmast. It was a new line, of stout Manila hemp, and its strength was put to a fearful test. A hundred fathoms astern of the ship it held the monster carcass; and, as the vessel rolled heavily to the sea, the strain on the line was terrific. Standing forward of it, I laid my hand on the line as the strain came, and I felt it stretch and contract like a rope of India-rubber.

Mr. Joseph's boat had come alongside, and the captain, standing on the starboard rail, was shouting to him through a trumpet. The line from the whale, passing from astern to the brace forward, and back to the bits amidships, made an acute angle, inside which the captain was standing. I saw and noted this as I passed forward, and I noticed also, in the dark, a tall man, who seemed to be leaning against the line. "I hope he's forward of it," I said to myself as I went on with what I was about.

I had not taken six steps from the spot when I knew that something strange had occurred. The ship steered, as if the wind had ceased. I heard no sound greater than the storm; but, instead, I seemed to hear a stillness. I ran amidships and grasped for the line. It was gone! A rush to the rail, and all was clear. The strain had torn out of the brace. The mighty pull of the whale astern had jerked the line straight, like the cord of a gigantic bow, and the captain, who had been standing on the rail, had been struck by the flying rope and thrown senseless far into the sea.

All this had been seen by the men in the boat before any one on board had realized the affair. In less than a minute the cry of "Saved!" reached us from Mr. Joseph; and, in a shorter time than can be imagined by a landsman, the boat was dangling at the davits, and the injured commander was being cared for in the cabin.

Hard rubbing and rum are the potent remedies on a whaler; and by dint of these the captain opened his eyes in a quarter of an hour. He had been stunned, but not seriously injured.

He was amazed at first seeing the mate and myself standing over him with a rum bottle. But without a word he realized the situation.

"How is the weather?" he asked. "The wind has gone down," said Mr. Joseph. "We're under foresail, jib and reefed topsails, and running right away from the whale."

"Gone?" said the old man. "Gone," answered Mr. Joseph, ruefully. "Stanchion dragged, and the line parted, and eight thousand dollars went without an owner."

"Tell Chips to see to that broken rail," said the captain, closing his eyes, drowsily. "Ay, ay, sir," said the old second mate as he stamped on deck.

I heard him stop at the after hatch, where the boat steers and carpenter lived, and call "Chips" two or three times. At last there was an answer, in another voice—not Chips'; then a sound of hurried feet on deck, a shout down the forecastle, and a shout back in answer. "There was no Chips there."

Two minutes after, a heavy foot came aft to the cabin stairs, and Mr. Joseph, with a white face, entered. "I knew what he had to tell. I knew now—just as if I had seen all—who the man was whom I had seen leaning against the line."

The captain looked at the second mate. "Chips is gone, sir," said the old sailor, with a tremor in his rough voice; "Chips was knocked over by the line, and we've gone four knots since it parted. I've put her about, and we're running down again."

There was dead silence. We all knew the search was hopeless. No man could swim in such a sea; and we had a thought, though no one spoke it, that brave, strong Chips had been killed by the line before he struck the water.

All night we beat about the place where we thought it had occurred. The wind and sea fell, and the moon came out in great beauty to help us in our sad search. Every man on board staid on deck till the sun rose, and then we looked far and vainly over the heedless swell of the unbroken sea. Chips was dead. The rough Portuguese lads found it hard to believe that the kind heart and strong hand of their friend was gone forever. We all knew that the best man in the ship was taken away.

Two years afterward, when I found myself in Boston, I took from my sacred things a letter, which I had found

in Chips' chest. It was addressed to a woman, with the name and number of a Cambridge street. I found the place—a small frame house, with lots of Chips' handiwork around it. His mother met me at the door, an old, white-haired woman. She seemed to have been waiting and watching for somebody. A few words told the whole story. The letter was for her, and she read it over—the letter of her only boy, asking forgiveness—and, as she read, the white head bent lower and lower till it met the thin hands; and I turned and left the little room I had darkened—with all its poor ornaments worthless now—and, as I walked toward Boston, I could not help thinking that God's ways are often wofully far from being our ways.—*Appleton's Journal.*

## Trapping an Audience.

Some years ago an eccentric genius, Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture in Easton, Pa. Now, temperance was not in favor among the male portion of that town. The women, however, were all in for the "pledge," and consequently, on Hunt's first night, not a man showed himself in the hall. The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced; but instead of temperance, he put them through on the vanities of dress, etc. They were great stuffed feather sleeves then. They—the sleeves—caught it, then their tight lacing, and soon through the whole catalogue of female follies: not a word about temperance. And the ladies went home hopping mad, told their husbands about it, and voted old Hunt down to the lowest pitch.

He had announced that he would lecture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed they commenced to come in, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle, the building was comfortably well filled with men. The old fellow looked about, chuckled and muttered: "Hogs, I've got you now!"

After the crowd had got quiet a little the lecturer said: "Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now,' and I will tell you. Out West, the hogs run wild; and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap around his body, and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather around to see what's the matter, and they shoot them at their leisure. Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to-night to see the fun, and I'll roast you," and so he did, pitching into their favorite vice with a relish and a gusto.

## Killing off Newspapers.

An effort is being made to drive business from the *Bulletin* and *Call*, two newspapers in San Francisco, and thus cripple them, on account of the stand they took towards the Bank of California and its president, Ralston. Similar movements are not uncommon in California. Indeed, the rise and success of the *Bulletin* are due to a popular demonstration which ruined in one day the leading daily paper published at the time on the Pacific coast. In 1856, and for years before, there was no more ably conducted, prosperous or popular journal published in California than the *San Francisco Herald*. It enjoyed the confidence and respect of all classes of the community, and no one doubted that it was destined to retain its high position for an almost unlimited period. The vigilance committee was formed in San Francisco in 1856. It originated in the indignation of the people at the assassination of the editor of the *Bulletin* as he was leaving his office in broad daylight by a miserable man, who had been cruelly and persistently assailed in his personal relations by the editor of the *Bulletin*. It was proposed to take the life of the culprit without the forms of law, and the *Bulletin* passionately advocated this course. The *Herald* insisted that law and order should be maintained, and that the established courts should be allowed to deal with the assassin. The vigilance committee would not listen to this counsel. Its executive committee met and resolved that all patronage should be withdrawn from the offending journal. In a few hours the *Herald* lost all its advertisers and subscribers, and in a short time ceased to exist. The *Bulletin* became the favorite, and was firmly established. It changed hands many years since, and has long been considered a very valuable property. Its owners purchased the *Call* in 1871 at a very large figure.

## A Malady.

A malady known as the foot and mouth disease is affecting cattle and sheep in England, more especially the stock imported for slaughtering. The method of checking its ravages adopted by the government officials is the entire slaughter of every tainted herd or flock upon their arrival in port. In one instance only three sheep in a cargo of fifteen hundred had the disease, yet all were killed. The effect of this will be either to stop the supply altogether, or to vastly increase the price of the animals that pass the ordeal of inspection. The enhancement of the cost of meat is a prospect that agitates John Bull all the more because the grain harvest is deficient in Great Britain.

## A Year Ago and Now.

They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat, that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon. He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand rested on the gatepost and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet, musical voice: "And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loveliest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful," she answered, coquettishly. "True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who, darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?" "Never, never. No woman could ever take your place in my heart."

"Oh, quit now! That ain't right," she murmured, as she made a feint to remove his arm from around her waist. "Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered, passionately, "until you have consented to be mine, and I drew her nearer to him and held her tightly until he obtained the coveted boon. It seemed but yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality at an early in the morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, and heard a gentle voice exclaim: "No, sir; you've stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until three o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door to worry me and wake the baby. Now take that and sleep on it."

It seems but yesterday, that little scene at the gate, but when we accidentally became a witness to this latter scene, we remembered it had been longer.

## Waiting to be Scindled.

Whenever a person who has been engaged in some swindling operation through the mail is arrested, says Orange Judd, his letters, not being called for, are sent to the dead-letter office, and then the post-office authorities have a chance to see to what extent this kind of correspondence is carried, and those at the dead-letter office can know who are the foolish victims. It appears from these facts, and other evidence, that no scheme can be started, so absurd or improbable upon the face of it, but a large number are ready to catch at the bait. Let an advertiser that he can for ten dollars make a return of one hundred dollars or more, the readiness to believe whatever appears in print, and to trust the representations of absolute strangers, is perfectly astonishing. The old saying that "the people want to be humbugged" is in a great measure true, and it is a melancholy phase of human nature that there should be always a large number of persons ready and waiting for any swindle that may be offered. All the forms of insanity have not yet been studied, and in our opinion the morbid desire to try every new quack medicine, or to invest in improbable schemes, as such forms of mental disease, as kleptomania. When some new swindle is offered, there are a few not so far gone with the disease, but they have sufficient caution left to lead them to inquire as to its character, but for one who does this, hundreds walk straight into the trap.

## William Tell a Myth.

The romantic legends which enlivened the historical text books of our boyhood frequently fare but ill at the hands of modern inquiry; but it is not often that they suffer so signal and, we may add, so painful an explosion as the legend of William Tell has recently suffered from the researches of the Historical Society of the old Swiss cantons. The conclusions arrived at on this subject by the learned body in question are thus stated by the *Cologne Gazette*: "There never was a Landvogt Gessler nor a William Tell. Tell never refused to lift his hat, never fired at an apple on his son's head, although the very crossbow with which the deed was done is exhibited in Zurich; he never crossed the lake of Lucerne in a tempest of wind and rain; he never boldly jumped upon the Tell plate, never spoke his speech in the defile at Kussnacht, and never shot the Landvogt. What is more, the inhabitants of Uri Schwyz and Unterwalden never met by night on the Roth."

## To Egypt.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Herald* learns, from what it regards as trustworthy authority, that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has accepted a three-offered appointment from the Khedive to become commander in chief of the army of Egypt. It says that he is making his preparations to assume the position at an early day, and that he is to have supreme control of the army, with a salary of \$25,000 per annum, and the sum of \$100,000 to procure an outfit.

Twenty-one million of francs have been so far subscribed in France for the sufferers by inundation.

## LITTLE CHARLEY ROSS.

The Letters which his Father Received from the Boy's Kidnappers.

At the trial of Westervelt in Philadelphia there were offered in evidence the twenty-four letters which Mr. Ross received from the kidnappers of little Charley Ross. The counsel for the defense made strenuous but unsuccessful exertions to keep the letters from being placed in the hands of the jury. The letters were then offered in evidence, and afterward Mr. Hagerst read them aloud to the jury. The court room was crowded at the time, and the most intense interest was manifested throughout the reading. This was the first time the contents of the letters have been made public. For cold-blooded assurance they excel anything of a similar nature, and it is no wonder they caused Mr. Ross four months' illness. During the reading Westervelt listened intently. The handwriting was rough, the orthography very bad—no doubt purposely so, as the composition of the letters was at times good. The first letter was dated July 3, and was received twelve days after the boy was stolen. It contains the following: "We is got him, no power on earth can get him out of our hands. If any approach is made to our hiding-place, this is a signal for annihilation." The second letter, dated July 6, says: "We set God, man, and devil at defiance. If you love money more than the child we will make an example of your child." In the letter of July 16 the kidnappers say: "If you give us the money you get your child alive; if not, dead. If detectives approach our hiding-place the child will be killed."

A letter dated Philadelphia, July 7, tells Mr. Ross "to let them know as soon as he is ready whether he will pay \$4,000 as a ransom, in good money. He is out of the power of every human being to detect him. Tell them to offer \$100,000 reward for the abductors and see if it will bring them. His blood will be upon your head, and not ours." The kidnappers, under date of the 9th of July, say: "We is set our price—we ask no more, we take no less. It cost \$1,000 to prepare this work, and we have him in a place where no one can approach without the signal." By the 13th of July the men became bolder, and said that "the whole detective force combined could not get one of us." A letter of July 15 says that a visit to the boy revealed the fact that he was in good health and that his hair had not been cut off, while a later letter says that it is probable the clothing he had on when he was stolen has been destroyed, and that the boy's hair has been cut short, and that he has been put in girl's clothes. The first letter in regard to his appearance mentions the fact that any arrests that "will be made will be of innocent parties whom we do not care about," and that "if one of us should be taken into custody the boy will be killed in three hours." On July 18 the kidnappers say that the money would never be solicited the second time, and that Mr. Ross did a wise thing in not giving those letters to the press. From Philadelphia, July 24, the abductors say: "If you send the money, and we don't get it, that will be our loss, and you will have your boy returned." In a letter of July 23, the idea of Mr. Purcell, of New York, offering to pay the \$20,000 ransom is ridiculed, and the writer says he would not treat with him if it was for a million; about that time an order had been given to search the houses in Philadelphia, but the kidnappers told Mr. Ross that it would do no good, as Charley was not in that city.

A letter dated July 30, from Philadelphia, directed Mr. Ross to proceed as far as Albany on the rear platform of a car with a white valise containing the \$20,000. "You may go 250 miles before you meet our agent, and may only go one mile," said the letter. On the 1st of August Mr. Ross was told not to flatter himself with the idea that the boy had been placed in an institution, as such was not the case, and that he would not be given up until the money was forthcoming. Letters of August 3 and 4 informed Mr. Ross to have the money ready at any time, as the agent of the men would call, and the money must not be marked or counterfeit. On the 21st of August a letter was received from New York advising Mr. Ross to accelerate his movements, and telling him that he was listening to old women's whims and dreams. On August 26 Mr. Ross was informed that his timely answer saved the child's life, and told the father to ask Walter how the men treated him in the carriage to verify the fact that they had Charley.

Letters afterward followed from Lansing Bay, near Troy, N. Y.; New Haven, Conn.; New Brunswick, N. J.; and Newburgh, N. Y. They were all of the same character, advising Mr. Ross to discontinue with the services of the detectives; telling him that the \$20,000 must be paid within a certain time or the boy's life would be taken, as it was a great expense to keep him. Mr. Ross was also advised to put the boy on exhibition when he recovered him, as he would doubtless then get back the money he had expended.

New London has the largest wharf in the United States. It is 1,150 feet long and 200 and 250 feet wide; has twenty feet depth of water, and covers nearly six acres; the walls are solid stone work, with filling in of gravel.

## Items of Interest.

There are miles enough of railroad in the United States to go three times around the world, and yet there are not enough to go once around among us, which shows what a big country this is.

Thiers complained that the sunshine hurt his eyes and a friend proposed blue spectacles. "Change the color of my spectacles!" said the veteran. "Oh, no! France would be agitated for a month."

Mrs. Bloomer, the woman who is chiefly known to the world by the name she has given to a certain style of woman's dress, still lives at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in on the shady side of fifty, and—wears long skirts.

It appears by the last report of the board of trade of Great Britain that the United States supply about sixty per cent. of all the wheat and flour consumed in the British isles above the home production.

The man who spoke of the Indians as a dying race should immigrate. In 1864 they cost the United States \$2,629,975.97; last year \$8,032,752.93 was required to support them. Either the funeral expenses are inconceivably high or the man erred.

A kind gentleman prevented some boys from stoning a pigeon fastened by the leg, and extorted it with much trouble, putting it tenderly into his bosom. The next day he remarked that it made a much nicer pie than he expected.

Here is a puff of an advertiser by an editor: "Mr. —, the distinguished decorative painter (see advertising column), informs his patrons that his imitation of hard wood is superior to the natural article; the latter, for instance, being yellow oak, his yellow oak."

A little girl came into our house one day, and some apple-parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting a while, she said: "I smell apples." "Yes," I replied, "I guess you smell these apple-parings on the plate." "No, no," said she, "taint them I smell; I smell whole apples."

A woman in New Orleans and her daughter, a girl of eighteen, having been severely burnt by an explosion of oil while filling a lamp, have recovered \$1,250 damages in the supreme court from the Saptorian oil company. This is a timely warning to the innumerable manufacturers of "non-explosive" explosive oils.

A charity patient in a Baltimore hospital was recently searched and more than four thousand dollars in money was found in the old clothes he wore, and he is an owner of two farms near the city. He had been living by beggary, or by sponging upon the proprietors of cheap boarding houses, and now thirty of his small creditors have turned up.

The head cook of a Saratoga hotel, a giant in size, receives \$2,500 for the season, or at the rate of \$1,000 a month, yet it is not considered a large salary. He has thirty-two cooks and assistants under him, and is responsible only to the steward, who is autocrat over 212 waiters, fifty laundry women, thirty-two cooks and assistants, and a constabulary of storekeepers, contractors for supplies and runners.

It is said that there are tricks in all trades, and agriculture is no exception. Some Scotch exhibitors have been detected artificially turning up the horns of their Ayrshire cattle, blowing in air beneath their shoulders to increase the girth around the heart and sewing on false bushy tails. Others exhibiting milch cows have been found feeding them their own milk soap after it was drawn from them.

## A Chapter on Hair.

One of the most curious features about Saratoga beauty is its wonderful mutability. You have the honor of Miss Rosa Snooks' acquaintance. Very well, Miss Rosa Snooks is in the habit of coming to Saratoga every season. Last year she was the rage on account of her beautiful golden tresses. Oh, what a lovely golden hue! how many melting glances were cast on them—shall I say, what lovely hands smoothed them tremblingly? But, whether it was smoothed or not, the fact remains that the hair was of an exquisite light blond, of that hue which poets have immortalized by calling it golden. Such it was, and it dwells fresh and fragrant in your memory. Next season you come to Saratoga. You see Miss Snooks, but you do not recognize her. "Why, there is Miss Snooks," a friend says. You look at the young lady who is pointed out to you; you see a decided brunette, and you declare, "Nonsense! Miss Snooks' hair is as light as this lady's is dark. It cannot be she!" But it is she! You have forgotten, my friend, that women in Saratoga are as changeable as chameleons. To-day they are fair, to-morrow they are dark; to-day they are blondes, to-morrow they are brunettes. I know quite a number of young belles who were brunettes last season and are blondes this; and vice versa. How this marvelous and rapid transmutation is accomplished it would be indelicate for me to say. Next season they will, probably, return to their color of two years ago. This seems very odd; but, as the human heart craves variety, and as I think it rather tiresome for a woman to have the same color of hair all the time, it is, no doubt, very nice, very!