THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

VOL. IV.-NO. 34.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 190.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew when walking thoughtless Through the crowded, dusty way, That some pearl of wondrous whiteness Close beside our pathway lay, We would pauss where now we hasten, We would often look around. Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms are fainting For the shade which we should fling-If we knew what lips are parch ng, For the water we should bring-We would haste with eager fo Msteps, We would work with willing hands, Bearing cooling cups of water, Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew what feet were weary, Climbing up the hills of pain- . By the world cast out as evil. Pour, repented Augdalenes-We no more would dare to scorn them With our Pharisaic pride. Wrapping close our robes around us Passing on the other side,

If we knew when friends around us Closely press to say "Good-bye," Which among the lips that kiss us First beneath the flowers should lie. While like rain upon their faces Fell our bitter, blinding tears, Tender words of love eternal We would whisper in their ears.

Story of a Herring.

My dear sir, will you please to take a reef in your sail and give the herring a chance. To be sure the poor little smoked and withered object is at best but a hunger-andthirst-inspiring mess; but if you follow its career from the time it got lost from somebody's basket until it ceased to be used as a promulgator of human happiness, you will in justice to this odoriferous and much scorned fan, confess that it really had a

For a practical yst modest wielder of fate, give me the herring that "Ted" Harper pretty sister at the Bank theatre.

A deceptive parcel it represented, as it iay on the pavement, wrapped in a white paper, neatly tied around with a string, "Ted" made a grab for it, with a thrill of

"Hang it! a herring!" Oh, the disgust,

ness of hope and the hollowness of life gen- there. erally. He had not helped Longfellow write his "Psalm of Life," but he was the personification of the line, "A d things are not what they seem."

had been a million bonanza, me and Nell that they had been followed. would a-gone to the conternent and got our names in the papers like high-toners-by left for "Ted" and his sister. A letter ac-

This last explosive evidently meant some-

"Say, mister, buy a blind?" "A what?" exclaimed a waiter. value and you don't know what 'tis till

"Get out, you little vagabond! None of your smart tricks here," the bar-tender cried with an angry move toward "Ted;" but Friend. one of the gentlemen present interfered, saying, with a jocular glance at "Ted:"

"Let him alone. Come here, my boy, and give us a peep at your 'blind.' "Ted" made for the door and would have escaped if he had not been caught by the speaker, who laughingly wanted to know what was in the parcel. "How shad I know?" "Ted" retorted,

with the wit of an embryo politician. "'Taint no put-up job, honor bright-"Where did you get it?"

"Found it right outside of this here The gentleman took the package from "Ted's reluctant grasp, fingered it, smelt

of it and with a knowing smile at "Ted," remarked "Found it, thid you, and supposing some of us lost it, thought you would sell it for the reward ("

"Ye-as," the young speculator drawled, looking down at the end of his nose that he was diligently scratching to avoid meeting

the humorous scrutiny of his interlocutor: then added courteonsly: "I must go. My sister, she's a waitin'

for me to take her home, and I guess the theater is out now." "Oh, no, its time enough yet for another

act," the gentlemen replied, detaining "Ted" by general force. "Is your sister young and pretty?" "You bet!" "Ted" cried with enthusi-

asm, "and she is going to be a second Lotta after awhile. You see, she ain't been at it long yet, but she gets enough money already to support me'n her!

"So you are a pair of orphans, are you?" "I should think so. We ain't always claimed: been poor, neither; but after mother died father took opium worse than ever, nobody didn't buy his pictures and he had no money to buy paint. Then 'my uncle'-

ence, who became interested in his worldly ter, staggering with each word. wise ingenious little face, and when his first highest bidder" for a dollar and a half,

"Ted" was simply charmed into open. "Ted" was carried up in their little room tains this summer.

mouthed silence; but when they proposed again disposing of it by auction, and played saying to "Nell:" auctioneer with such advantageous skill that he realized over two dollars by the I am gone; I will fetch a physician." sale, "Ted" began to think he had, indeed, found a bonanza. At this moment the door kisses and tears that rained upon him by opened timidly, and an anxious pair of his sister, and when the doctor came he bright eyes lighted from out a closely-muffled face upon "Ted," "Teddy, Teddy,
what in the world are you doing here?
Come home this minute!" "Ted" rushed
friendly hands ministered to the moaning Nell; found a herring, and it's turned out to be a regier bonanza." Poor "Ted!" man attended to all the doctor's orders, and his excited "give away" of the "blind" "Nell" could only look her fervent graticreated a roar of laughter, and he was sharp tude as he went in and out like some angel enough to see his blunder and joined in the fun of mercy. Once he stooped over and whisat his own expense, while his sister peered pered to her: into a half open door in perplexed anxiety. The gentleman, a handsome fellow, who father."

ing the results of the herring auction in "Ted's" hand, explained briefly how "Ted" scolded the boy for his "wicked trick" and again find a "bonanza" or witness an auc-"I have had such a fright! I waited for him until they closed the theatre and then pened to him. Of course, when I did not agony of her unutterable sorrow. find him there, I started out to look for him, for he had never failed to meet me at alone. Oh Teddy! Teddy! why could it the theatre before. I called and made in- not have been me?" she murmured. quiries everywhere. At last a policeman

"May I walk home with you?" The girl drew back and her face flushed, but she met the gentleman's admiring tell me that my sympathy is not instrusive,

dark eyes, as she replied : "Thank you; I need no company but A short walk brought the two orphans to their neat little apartments, and then signed "Friend?" "Nell" sat demurely and listened to the story of "Ted's" herring. A silence of deep thought followed, "Nell," the sevea-

glances with sly reproach in her own large

teen year-old judge, sitting with her hands you." found one night as he was going after his crossed over her face the picture of bad perplexity, while "Ted" somewhat shamefaced, gazed upon her with a dawning consciousness of having done something wrong. "Teddy," at last his sister said with a sigh, "I don't know what mother would

have said to such conduct on your part, "Golly! maybe it's a bonanza!" he ex- but I know it is only another way of playclaimed, rushing toward a restaurant window near and eagerly scanning his "find," of you. That money has got to go back! his dirty little digits trembling with exc't- Come on; I'll wait outside the door, and we are not beggars yet."

"Ted" began to cry quietly, but he knew the concentrated dissappointment, contained | there was no use protesting; they started in the kick that helpless little fish received on their errand. The girl waited in the as "Ted" flung it from him into the gutter. | shadow of the adjoining hall door as "Ted," "Ted" ran his hands down deep into his, deeply humiliated, opened the restaurant pockets, and meditated upon the shallow- door and found the same crowd gathered

"My sister is much offiged, but she"-"Ted's" throat filled and obstructed further utterances. Laying the money down, he rushed out and joined his sister again, "Hang it all!" he muttered, "if that They gained their home without discovery

The following day a large package was

compained it, which read : "I trust this suit of clothes will fit you thing quite foreign to his mutterings, for nicely, and that you will wear it with credit he made a sudden dive after the abused to your sister, who takes such admirable herring, and, wrapping it into a neat par- pains to make a fine man of you. The incel again, he assumed a mild and business closure she must accept from a sincere like air, although his eyes twinkled with friend to all of her sex who strive honestly some hidden idea, and cutered the restau- to surmount the difficulties besetting their pathway while unaided and alone they battle for place and bread. 'Tis not the offering of charity. It is rendered in the spirit "A 'blind'—a something what's got of a brother to a sister. Be a brave, studi- you dar's goin' to be some tall steppin' ous boy, Teddy, and hurry up into the

> J'en ten-dollar bills constituted the "in-The letter was signed "True

not have felt richer. She knew what it off, Thomas, an' dusted. Befo' I knowed was to make the most of a dollar. The where I was de ossifer cotched me." burden of living had fallen upon her early, and the hundred dollars in her lap seemed to lift a world of care from her mind-coal, rent, victuals and those not considered trifles in a household which consume so many shillings; and Nell only earned eight dollars per week, and here were one hundred dollars to smooth the rough corners of all their needs. Nell bowed her head in her little, womanly hands, and cried as if her relieved heart could not give vent to

its gratitude in any other way. "Ted" had got into his new clothes. They fitted him splendidly. But when he saw his sister weep he went and laid his head on her shoulder and began to force a

tear or two from his beaming eye, just for sympathy, and said: "What's the use of crying, 'Sis?" When all these "spots" is gone I'll be big enough

to earn money.' Nell only hugged his head and cried the more, saving:

"Ain't it awful nice, Teddy? I do wonder where it came from?" "I'll bet you I can guess," "Ted" re-

"Why, who?" wanted to see us home."

"Teddy! How dare you think so?" "Ted" thought he had better retract for fear those new things would go the way of the herring money; for he quickly ex-

"Pshaw? It couldn't be him, you know, names, nor our nothing!"

"Ted" had by this time quite an audi- was completely "used up," he told his sis-

She supported him until his legs refused with a nickle, and the fun of |competition | "shadowed" the two from the stage door. into shillings very shortly, and after a "Nell" recognized him with a singular little the parcel was "knocked down to the sensation of pleasure, and accepted his assistance with a quiet "thank you."

"Undress him and get him to bed while "Ted" was utterly unconcious of the

toward the door, shouting: "Don't scold, lad and gave encouragement to the almost

:'Trust me as you would a brother or

first interested himself in the brother, ad-"What shall I call you?" vanced now to the sister, and, while plac-

"James Overton. The next-night and the following "Nell" did not go to the theatre, for she sat by the came to be detained. The girl blushingly side of poor little Teddy, who would never tion of herring, for he was dead. As if frozen with her loneliness and grief,

"Nell" bent her tearless eye upon the sihurried home, fearing something had hap-lent form her fingers interlaced in the "All are gone, all-all-and I am left

"Not alone, Nellie, my brave little wotold me a little boy was in here. Dear me; man. Let me be your more than brother how scared I was! Come, Teddy," she or friend, if in time of sorrow you can lean said, taking him by the hand in motherly upon me confidentially. Nellie, here at fashion; "and don't you ever be such a poor Teddy's side I tell you that I have bad boy again or I'll do something awful to known and admired you for months, have watched your heroic conduct, have learned to love you. Do not be alone in your sorrow, dear girl, for your grie? is mine-only

> She gave him her hand, saying mourn "It seems as if God had sent you. Tell me here, are you the writer of a letter

and that my presence is a comfort."

"Oh, no. It made poor Teddy so proud and happy. He guessed it came from A few months after poor Teddy was buried, Nellie left her little room for a com-

"I am. You will not be angry?"

fortable home as the wife of James Over-Among the curiosities in their handsome cabinet is a scaled little glass cabinet containing a smoked herring. It is the identical one "Ted" wanted to sell James Over-

Thomas' "Fo' Yeah Ole."

ton as a 'blind."

"Driving recklessly through the streets, Thomas, what do you say to that?" Thomas Fletcher scratched his head and grinned as the question was asked him in the Jefferson Market Police Court.

"I doan' know, boss; dat depen's on the speed I s'pose de unimile is a makin'." "Exactly, and your animal was making

the dust fly this morning, the policeman says," said the Court. "Well, as 'gards dat I neber see hir wait long 'nough for to count de cobble stones on de street, but I doan' tink I was

agoin' so bery fast.' "Why the policeman says your speed was terrific. "I guess he neber seed dat fo'-yeah ole

pefor', or he ain't 'quainted with the pecooliarities of full blooded stock." "Is your animal a trotter?" "I'll match him fo' anyfing agin any oder

ag in dis yere town fo' kiverin' de groun' in less'n free minutes." "Go as you please?" "Doan make a dif of bitterence to me if

I hab de ribbons ober dat nag's tail I tole "I'll have to punish you for driving so

reckless this morning." "I couldn't help it, boss. De nag heard a fellow a scootin' up behin' him, an' as he "Poor little Nell! If the government doan like nuttin foolin' roun his heels, had opened its treasury to her, she could he jes' gib a snort, 's much as to say. 'I'se

> "One dollar this time." "Dat's too bad, boss. Now, if dis ting oes on an' dat hoss keeps up his dustin', "Il hab to eider sell out o' git busted." He paid the dollar and passed out, lookng sad and disgusted.

Slipper Throwing.

The ancient custom of throwing an old slipper after the bride as she leaves her some is still in many places believed to bring luck to the happy couple. But it may be questioned whether the old shoe was thrown for luck only. It is stated in the Holy Writ that "the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of rejecting or resigning it." The latter is evinced in Deueronomy, 25th chapter, where the ceremony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by loosing his shoe from off his foot. And in Ruth we are told that it was the custom in Israel concerning changing, that a man plucked off his shoe and delivered it to his neighbor." Hence the throwing of a shoe after a bride was a marks, a little uncertain whether to express symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by father or guardian, and the receipt of the shoe by the bride-"I think it's that nice big gentleman who groom, even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him.

Lost Children.

A mother one day lost one of her childen, a child of two years, and after a long and anxious search found him in the kitchfor he don't know where we live, nor our en closet, in a huge iron pot, fast asleep. He had been left in charge of a servent, Happily some months passed. Nellie was who had fulfilled her duties by taking the you know him as plays the three balls—he making rapid progress in her business. She child to the kitchen and then going off to got hold of father, and it didn't take long had spoken some lines and received the gossip. A Mrs. D— of Barrington, afto use us up after that." "Ted" said this commendation of the stage manager, and, ter a similar experience, found her missing last with a solemn wisdom, joined with a filled with hope for the future, she flitted child in a bread-trough, sweetly sleeping on sorrowful comprehension of his family trou- out the stage entrance door to meet "Ted" the dough. The trough was a very large bles that was as touching as ridiculous—and tell him of her success. "Ted" was one, used for mixing bread for the shiptouching from its apparent truth, and ri-diculous in its efforts to invite attention to the fact that the limit of the fact that the limit of the scarcely totter along by his sister's side. the fact that the little narrator was not of common "scrub stock."

He had complained of a severe head and throat ache all day, and now the little chap during the absence of his elders from the kitchen, crept in and made himself comfortable. But more amusing than this was the case of a lady who lost her baby, and friend proposed an "auction" then and to support themselves, and frightened and after disturbing the whole community, and there to discuss of the support themselves, and frightened and agriculturally according to the support themselves. there to dispose of that mysterious "blind" heartsore, she attempted to carry him, when in the gradle with clothes beared in so parcel, the good-natured crowd fell into the he was quietly lifted from her hold and taidea with acc a mation. The bidding began ken in the arms of a gentleman who had with a nickle, and the fun of competition "shadowed" the two from the stage door vious search!

A Phantom Train

"Did you ever hear of the Phantom Train?" an old, gray-haired man asked, -The old man might have been sixty or sixtyfive, or for all that a casual observer could tell, he might have been seventy. He was thin and emaciated, and the few straggling hairs in his head were white as snow. His portrait framed in a wood as black as ebbeard was long and fine and vied in whiteness with his hair.

"Did you ever see the Phantom Train? he asked again, having received no answer. There was a silence in the room and no one answered. The gentleman seated next to the writer whispered: "Don't mind him; that's his hobby. "I have seen the Phantom Train," said

"I have seen the Phantom Train more than Impressed by the manner of the old man, and influenced no doubt by natural curiosity to hear a ghost story in which a train played the leading part, the writer requested the old man to recite his ghostlike experiences. He complied without de-

lay, and began: "I'm out of service now, but ten years ago, and for many years before that, I was a switchman on the Hudson River Railroad. own. These people here will tell you that I am crazy on one subject. Don't you bebelieve them. I'm as-

"But about the train?" interrupted one of the party. "Yes, yes; about the train," replied the old man, switching himself back on the main track again as easily as though he had never abandoned it and run upon the siding of mere personal reminiscences. "It was in April, 1865, that President Lincoln's body was brought over our road. I did not see the train, and as I was no great reader of newspapers, I saw no description of it. I want you to remember this. Just one year after the funeral train passed over the

road I saw its ghost. "What? The ghost of a train?" "Yes. It must have been a ghost. I was at my post, waiting for the midnight express, which was due at about 12.30 in the morning. I want you to remember that I had read no description of the funeral-train. I had read of the assassination. and knew that President Lincoln's body was sent West, but I was sick a-bed when the train passed my station and didn't see

"Well, it needed some little explanation for what I'm about to tell you is so extra- people to believe him." ordinary that you might feel disposed to am going to tell you I actually did see." "When did you see it, and what was

"It was the night of April 24, 1866, as far as I can remember, that I first saw it. It station, and had a good while to wait before the next train was due. I was about to retire into my lit house when I heard a sulten, running source that gave me warning of the approach of a train. We expected a freight train that night, which was to leave half a dozen cars on the side track, and the noise I heard seemed to me to come from that train. Knowing that there were no regular trains on the road at that hour, except freights (the midnight train had passed before I heard the Phantom Train), I fixed the track accordingly. The switch was so set that the train could run upon it and detach such cars as it was designed to leave. That being done it would have been my duty to attend the switch on the other end of the siding, so that the engine and the remaining cars might strike the main track again. While I was arranging the first switch the rumbling in the distance became louder and louder, and I knew that the train was not far away. I had posted myself at the upper end of the siding in order to make no more delay than was absolutely necessary. Just as I had completed my arrangements I heard a dull, sullen roar made up of a thousand different noises blended together. Looking down the road I saw a headlight whose power and intensity I had never seen equaled in my experience of thirty There was a chill about the air that I couldn't understand. As I said before, I had things so fixed that the train had to run upon the siding. What must have been my astohishment, then, when I saw rushing along the main track with reckless speed a locomotive draped from one end to the other in crape, and carrying at least a dozen little flags, also shrouded in crape, on her side rails. I could read her name as she passed by me-it was the Constitution—and I could see three men clearly. One man had his hand on the lever, and was peering out into the night, as if in search of something on the track; another was shoveling coal into the furnace, and making a deal of noise about it, and a third, dressed in black, with crape dangling from his arm and encircling his stiff high hat, sat upon a stool doing nothing. You ask me how I saw so much in such a short time? I can't explain it. All I know is, that I saw what I'm telling you. there was something ghastly about the faces of the men, but that might have been caused by the terific rate at which they were speeding along. As soon as the Constitution had passed I ran to the lower end of the siding to fix the switch, which I feared somebody had tampered with. It was just as I had left it."

"You mean that it was so set as to send a train upon the side track ?" "Just so. If that locomotive had been f honest iron and steel it never could have jumped that switch as it did."

"Did you set the switch again?

"No. I hadn't time, for just as I reached I heard a train coming, and my ears were pierced by the shrillest whistle that I ever heard. (Mind, that switch was set to send a train upon the side track. Don't forget that). While I was puzzling my forgot to say that the switch was just above ocomotive. It was not going as fast as the asked: first, but was making what was called express time-say thirty-five or forty miles an hour. I could hardly see any of the iron and steel work of the engine, so thoroughly was it covered with crape, ribbons and black cloth. The hand-rail was hidden from sight by masses of crape, as was also the steam chest, and in front of the boiler rape, and ten little national flags that or- brought in a verdict of justific namented the hand-rail were shrouded in -An unusual number of eagles have the same material. On the lamp I saw a been noticed in the Allegheny moun- wreath of living flowers, which shone in thick on Mount Washington on the 25th made a National Cemetery by order of property of a well-known bell founder the light with a whiteness more than nat- of August.

ura!. The flag of the engine with the name Union in letters of gold, carried crape streamers, set off here and there with osettes of white. Indeed these rosettes appeared almost everywhere to relieve the comber blackness of the crape and cloth. Just below the window of the cab I saw a

ony. It was that of the martyred President! Then I knew that the train was a phantom. Behind the engine were eight cars—and all were heavily draped in mourning. The second of a chocolate color, with streaks of silver to mark the panelling, was almost hidden from sight by the profusion of crape and black cloth it carried. Little silver stars and white roll and said to the dealer, in a loud and the old man, in a tone such as he might rosettes shone here and there among the pompous tone of voice: have used had some one denied the fact; black. As the train passed by I could see the faces of the engineer, two or three brakemen, and several passengers who were seated near the windows, whose

black curtains were raised. They all looked pale and ghostly, but those who moved at all moved naturally, and transacted their business in just the same way that any other train hands would have done. As I stood watching these cars the engine reached the switch, and I expected to see her turn off on the siding. But she didn't turn off. Instead of that, she kept right I'm retired now, but through no fault of my, along on the main track as though there were no such things as switches in the world. The cars followed her as easily as though the going was clear, and in a few seconds all that I could see of the train was

> "What was the object of the first en-"She was probably a 'pilot.' Very ofof her to prepare the way for her.

found the switch set as I had left it!"

"Yes, twice, and both times on the anniversary of that night. Nothing was changed, not even the wreath of flowers, which were still fresh."

As the old man concluded he walked toin his eyes that betokened mental trouble. closed behind him, "poor old Maitwood is ers looked at his hand in astonishment, and gone here (tapping his forehead). He thinks he never read about that funeral "What! do train; but I know he has read everything he could get hold of concerning it. began to tell this story in 1867, and has never left off. And what is singular about it is, that he has persuaded a good many

I give my birds mainly boiled egg and

will be dry and mealy, then mix half and was a phantom train. I was at my switch half with a fresh-baked or dry-boiled potato, with a fork so it will not be pasty but light and delicate. The white of the egg I do not put in as the birds will seldom eat it. The food is prepared every day and in hot weather kept in an ice chest or cool cellar so as not to sour. I put food in the cage and as the bird needs it, put in more from that set away. This is the mocking bird's standard dish when old enough to feed himself but I do not feed much potato to an unfledged bird. With egg alone and plenty of grasshoppers, I have always had good success in rearing the young. need as much care as an infant. The mocking bird must have a variety of food, crackers dipped in sweet milk, oatmeal boiled soft but not mushy, instead of insects, raw beef steak shredded fine, and fed to them once or twice a week, all the grasshoppers they will eat, apples and tomatoes, berries not too acid, a walnut or hickory nut cracked and thrown into the cage-these are good for mocking birds. A red pepper split open and given occasionally is good. In the Fall I boil several dozen eggs, crumble the yolks, thoroughly dry them and put them in wide-mouthed well-corked bottles. A very little of this powdered egg mixed tracted by furious screams in the upper air. with potato makes their chief Winter food. A beef's heart long boiled and hung where Looking up I saw a fish-hawk flying low in it will freeze, then grated, is good to mix a straight line, and pursued at a hundred with their food in Winter. My Frenchman used to keep a tin fruit can with some bran in it in a warm place and if his birds appeared out of sorts he gave them some miller's worms from the bran. A cousin of mine in Texas, gives her birds sour milk curd or Dutch cheese and also fresh butter. but I doubt about the butter. On no account let the birds have any salt or fat meat. Give no cake, but a small lump of sugar may be given occasionally. limed or pickled eggs must be given. The cage should be large, clean and airy, at least 16x25 inches and 25 inches in the highest part. The bird must have access to clean sand and pure water at all times and be allowed to bathe often, for the dry air of fallen fifty feet before the eagle by a pecuto them. They thrive in the dustless, moist | sank below it, and turning almost upon his | homes when lost or stolen. air of a conservatory. A mecking bird well cared for will live for years constantly improving and in beautiful song and winning ways repay all care bestowed upon him. have known birds to be bred in a room of which they had the entire freedom, but it was under favorable circumstances. If the birds foot swells and he holds it up, it is that he was a changed bird as to conduct. from two to one dollar, and settled probably because of gout—he is being fed Visibly agitated, he was urging his flight the bills for inquests accordingly. The

One Gone at Last. It has been frequently asserted that a 'candy butcher" is possessed of more than fact, it is impossible to kill him, snd, while persecuted trayelers often wish to see one. a defunct train boy is such a rarity that even Barnum has never had one on exhibition. But at last one has turned up his stances that is not to be wondered at. One of hearing that the paper was "jest chock headlight threw its reflection upon me. (I full" of yellow fever news, when a long lank specimen of humanity leaned forward a curve), and I saw ano her black draped from a seat slightly in the rear and solemnly

"Youngster, how does your remark reemble the epidemic you're shoutin' about?" The boy gave it up and the attenuated nan remarked:

"You see, one's a yell o' fever and-" The boy saw right off, and before the tranger could finish the sentence he had dropped his merchandise in a wild paroxwas a heavy fold of black cloth. Even the ysm of terror, and thrown himself beneath smokestack had fleecy streamers of black the wheels of the rear car. The jury

Gambling on the Green.

A reporter fell among a group of persons who were comparing experiences on that fruitful field of the cloth of green. One of them said :

"An Evansville gambler told me he went Vicksburg last winter and dropped into a faro-room. Around the table were seated a number of bald-headed fellows, wearing jeans suits, and looking like solid but misguided farmers. The Evansvillian watched them play, and each had a big pile of blue and red chips before him. At last our gambler concluded to go in, and, thinking to make a 'bloody big bluff,' pulled out his

"Gimme a hundred dollars' worth of

"To his astonishment the players paid no attention, and the dealer, without putting down the box, slipped his hand in the drawer and pulled out a little white chip. " 'I never even stopped,' said the Evansville man, to inquire what the blue and reds were worth.""

Another of the group told a story of a friend of his who was in the railroad conscription for 1879 for the Russian business, and was in the habit of playing a small game of poker at five cents ante with. 218,000. the men at head-quarters. The chips were, in technical pariance, called "five and fifteen"-worth five and fifteen cents respectively. He went to Indianapolis to meet some big guns of other roads, and after dinner it was proposed to play poker. He was the lamp of the flagman on the rear car. I a man of moderate circumstances, and not a gambler by any means, playing only for the smallest stakes. He agreed, and the chips were called out "five and fifteen," ten when an important 'special' is on the and he said he would take about ten reds track a 'pilot' is sent on ten minutes ahead and twenty whites. They were counted out, and, as usual among friends, were not "Have you ever seen the Phantom Train to be cashed until the game was ended. The deal was made and he drew a pair of queens. He thought he would show them that he played a liberal game although he got nothing in the draw, and when his turn came to bet he shoved up his ten reds, and inally put in the twenty whites. The othward the door with a dazed, far-away look ers all drew out, one throwing up two pairs and another a flush. He threw down his "Ah!" said one of the party as the door | two queens and raked in the pot. The oth-

> "What! do you bet \$250 on a pair of queens?" "Dollars," said the other; 'no! but

cents, yes."
"Cents!" echoed the first; "why these chips are \$5 and \$15."

friend, jumping up in holy horror. "I was fifteen cents. Why keeps my family three months."

baked Irish potato. The egg is cooked hard, fifteen or twenty minutes, so the yolk thought they were not honestly his own. other gentleman, "who ran a 'doctored road. deck' in a little game one evening. We had played for some time, and Miller dealt We could see as soon as the cards were dealt that every man-had a god hand. They drew their chairs up, tingered their chips

nervously, and the betting began. "It started cautiously, and No. 1 put up as if he was afraid of his judgment. No. 2 doubled it. No. 3 came in and doubled, and so it went until at last every one's watch and chain, studs and pins were up and ticketed for value. Not a man went out, and the excitement was intense when the last bet was up and a call made.

"Then," said the story teller, "every man showed up, and every one of us had four kings and an ace, and Miller sat and hallooed. He had run a doctored deck

citement in a game in my life. Of course, all bets went off.

A Hawk That Could Reason

"I had just left the dinner table, to walk

across the lawn when my attention was at-

A dark shadow flitted across the grounds. yards distance by a bald-headed eagle. The hawk was moving leisurely, so much so that that I was struck by the little dread of capture which his flight exhibited, and the fear that his startling cries betokened. The Robert Miller took first place, missing intentions of the eagle were soon seen. A few strokes of his powerful wings brought 9978. John Tobin made four mistakes, him close to the hawk. The screaming and took second place. fisherman relinquished his prey, which quivered and gleamed in the sunlight like a dren within the Commonwealth of disc of silver as it clove through the air in Massachusetts are requested by the its descent toward the earth. It was a Massachusetts Society for the Prevensmall fish, apparently a perch. We were a tion of Cruelty to Children, to have at little surprised that the rapacious bandit should have devoted his powers to the capliar dip rather than by the use of his wings | Society in returning children to their back, clutched and bore it away. He flew in an opposite direction to that the hawk county, Pa., have resolved to pay off was going. The hawk seemed satisfied to \$15,000 of the county debt-\$10,000 of have escaped with the loss of property, and the loan of '68, and \$5,000 of the loan kept the even tenor of his way. But our of '70. They have also put in force a attention was again arrested by renewed law approved in April last, reducing screams. Looking at the hawk, we noticed the jurors' fees in coroner's inquests with surprising energy. A glance at the new law allows \$1.50 where jurors are robber revealed the cause of the change. The eagle had turned and was again in pursuit. The hawk seemed almost frantic of George Cruikshank's possessions in his struggles to escape. A torrent of took place in London in August. A the proverbial nine lives of a cat, that, in cries. screams, maledictions and imprecations pencil portrait of the Prince Regent as poured from his throat. He vainly beat a dandy of sixty years, with the head the air, flying now higher, now lower, now straight forward. The eagle came down upon him in swifter flight, causing us to wonder as to the cause of the pursuit. In toes, but under such harrowing circum- a few moments, he came almost in contact with his fleeing victim, with outstretched of the Union news company's boys was ex- talons, and poising himself above the hawk plaining in a rather loud voice, the other as if to tear him in pieces, he uttered a loud day, to an old gent who was a little hard shrill scream. Instantly we saw leaving the claws of the hawk, a second fish, much larger than the first. The eagle did not see it until it had fallen a hundred feet. Desisting at once from his threatened attack, and half closing his wings, he plunged swiftly downward below the fish, turned on his back and clutching it, bore of Roscommon, Ireland, on the 15th it off in triumph. The hawk with a wail of vexation and resentment, sullenly continued its flight. The fact suggests a curi-Church, at Ellicottsville, N. Y., there ous speculation. Did the hawk part designedly with the smaller fish? If so, it ex- 1708, and was one of a chime for the much higher order.

the Secretary of War.

BRIEFS.

-The French Academy of Arts has paid \$800 for an Egyptlan papyrus, beleved to be more than 4,000 years old, out in excellent preservation.

-- In Boston there are 7,300 women who pay taxes on \$75,000,000 of property, and 34,000 women in Massachusett. whose property is taxed at \$200,000,000. -Mrs. Annie E. Alsop, of Middle-

town, Conn., has given St. John's Catholic parish of that city \$5000, the income to be used for the aged poor of the society. -The brewers of the United States last year manufactured and sold 9,473,-

361 barrels, 284,200,830 gallons; equal to a little over six gallons per capita for the population. -Up to November 1, 1378, there were ,000,000 feet more of lumber surveyed

at Bangor, Me., than in 1877 to that date, and 5,000,000 feet more than in -The Russian Official Gazette states the number of men levied for the

army, navy and the frontier guard at -Two houses were recently pulled down in Aldersgate street, London, which were the residences of John

Milton and of the famous Countess of Pembroke. -The oldest school teacher in Greene county, Pa, is Wm. Teagarden, of Rich-hill township. He is 80 years old, and is now teaching his seventy-fourth

-The Dalrymple wheat farm, in the valley of the Red River of the North, contains 37,000 acres, of which 13,000 are this year in wheat in a single block, making a field of twenty square miles.

-The last survivor of the nieces of Sir Walter Scott, of Abbottsford, has just passed away at the age of sixtythree-Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte Peat, widow of Major Peat, C. B. of the Bombay Engineers.

-The revisers of the authorized version of the New Testament have recently held their ninety-first session. It is expected that the entire revision will be completed within a year, and that publication will speedily follow.

-Florida is now shipping 6,000 head of cattle monthly to Cuba, with the prospect for an increase in the demand. The shipments of Texas cattle to Cuba "Then take your money," cried our are also large, giving regular occupationd, jumping up in holy horror. "I was

-The Marquis of Lorne is having two beautiful cars built for him in And he quit the game in a hurry, and re- Troy, N. Y., at a cost of \$15,000. One fused to take his winnings, because he is to be used as a sitting room, the other for smoking. Their fittings are luxu-"I think it was John Miller," said an- rious, and they are made to run on any -Fort Wayne, Ind., has a profession-

al frog catcher, who works the canal from that city to Defiance, Ohio. He frogs in a single trip, which retail from twenty-five to seventy-five cents per

-It has been estimated that the leaning associations of the east, hold mortgages on western farms to the amount of \$300,000,000. On this enormous sum of borrowed money the interest account will amount at least to \$50,000,000 per annum.

-Mr. Conrad, sculptor in the New England Granite Works, at Westerly, R. I., is making the model for a medallion head of Noah Webster, as a companion to the one of Dr, Horace Bushnell, to be placed just over the east en-"I don't think I ever saw so much ex- trance to the State Capitol at Hartford, Conn.

-The Cape May, (N. J.,) City Council have passed an ordinance exempting from tax all buildings costing \$10,-000 and upward for three years, 40,000 and upward for four years, 50,000 and upward for five years. The exemption. loes not apply to the real estate or furniture nor to State and county tax.

-The quarterly examination of the elerks in the Box Department of the Post-office in New York, has just endd. Each clerk was given 2,000 cards upon which to write from memory the names of the box-holders and of those only three names, his average being

-The parents and guardians of chilleast one article of clothing upon their

-The Commissioners of Montgomery occupied more than six hours.

-The sale of the "further portion" of a drunken Silenus as a shadow, sold with a few other less interesting designs for about twenty-six dollars. Cruikshank was especially severe on the Prince Regent and Napoleon the

-Mrs. Margaret Turpey, of Flushing, the oldest person on Long Island, cele-brated her 110th birthday recently. The old lady sat in an easy rocking chair in the neat little cottage of her daughter, and received the congratulations of a large number of visitors, whom she welcomed with a hearty shake of the hand. The family record shows that she was born in the county day of August, 1769. -In the belfry of the Episcopal

hibited an intelligence which we have been cathedral which was burned during accustomed to observe only in things of a Napoleon's Russian campaign. Along with other old metal this bell was brought to New York by a sea captain The field, on the Little Blg Horn, as ballast for his vessel. Eventually it was carried to Troy, and became the