# HE BLUE RIDGE BLADE

J. H. HALLYBURTON, Editor and Proprietor.

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COLONIAL RELICE.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Ecvolutionary Cannon Uncarthed in Pennsylvania.

so thick, in fact, that large pieces

his request was a matter which much

puzzled the honest and patriotic Pottses. Finally they hit upon a device. There

was a swamp in the meadows a short

distance away, and there it was deter-

mined to inter the guns. Oxen were procured, and the iron weapons were

ragged across the fields and allowed to

sink down deep in the mud. There they

were safe from being counted with the

For the last hundred years the Potts

family, one generation succeeding another, has remained on the homestead,

wived the idea of selling the entire lot

o a furnace owner, and, in spite of the

emonstrances of his neighbors, who de-dared that it would be nothingless than

acrilege to destroy such historic arti-

The cannon will be melted prepara-

and six-inch bore. Each has the letters

des, he carried out his idea.

VOL. IV. NO. 51.

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes,
Two eyes as sweet and dear
As ever danced with gay surprise,
Or meited with a tear;
In whose fair rays a heart may bask
Their shadowed rays serence.
But, little maid, you must not sak
W hose gentle eyes I mean.

I known a golden-hearted maide
For whom I built a shrine
A leafy nook of murmurous shada
Deep In this heart of mine;
And is that calls and cold recess
To make her home she came—

#### THREE SCENES.

It was the coldest, iclest morning there had not been in November. All over the brown fields shone the frost; the little ponds were skimmed over with a glittering film; in the gardens, the vines, long since dead, shone with the cold smile of coming winter. But, withal, it was a bright, shining

morning, and the smoke from the chimnev lay in the air, soft and beautiful. The sharp ring of an ax sounded regularly from the barn-yard. It was wielded by a boy of thirteen perhaps, but small for that age. His jacket was buttoned closely around him; his cap pressed down upon his curly hair; and his cheeks glowed with the frosty air

and the exercise. He had been cutting wood an hour; meanwhile, in the house had arrived a little girl, brought there by the over-seer of the poor. She stood timidly at one side of the grate fire, the blaze warming her chilled Jimbs. She hugged an old cloak tightly about her, and replied in a low voice to the kind questions asked her by the farmer's wife, Mrs. Wyllis.

The good woman was questioning her pretty closely as to who her parents were, and especially her father's name, and why she had been left in the poormaster's charge; which the poor, shivering child seemed evidently desirous to

avoid answering.
"Seems to me," said a voice by the door behind Mrs. Wyllis, "if I was you, mother, I wouldn't ask her anything more about her father."

Marjory cast a look of thankfulness toward the speaker, who had come in unnoticed, and who was the boy who had been chopping wood.

"You needn't interrupt me, Fred," said his mother. "Of course I want to know all I can about her parents. But I'll leave it till she has taken off her things." And then turning to the girl she said : "Well, I think you'll be a very good

little girl; and I'll take you up-stairs to the room you'll sleep in; then you may come down and help me."

And Mrs. Wyllis led her off, and shortly returned without her.

Fred sat by the fire, his cap thrown off, his chin on his hand. He remained thoughtful a few minutes, then lifting his head, he said:

"What did she say her name mother?

Quite a romantic name-Marjory Bt. James.'

"Who do you suppose she is, any-Marjory, softly coming along the other room, whose door was half open, heard her name, and involuntarily paused.

"I am sure I don't know," Mrs. Wyllis replied. "I shall try to send her to school this winter: you must be kind to her, Fred, and treat her well." "Treat her well! Of course I shall. I declare, she's got about the homeliest phiz I ever saw

"Hush!" said his mother, looking with illconcealed pride at the hand-some face of her boy. "You shouldn't

The boy took up his cap and went back to his chopping, while the girl in the other room stood still for a moment with a flushed face and strangely bright eyes; then she came quietly into the kitchen and began washing dishes.

Fred had every inclination to be kind and on intimate terms with the newcomer. King he was, but it did not seem possible to be very intimate with the poor-house girl. Fred decided in his own mind that she was the proudest piece he ever saw, and he was very much

provoked with himself that he could not help liking her, for she certainly appeared to care very little for him. And so things went on until one day,

after she had been at the farm about two months, there happened an incident which effectually broke down the reserve the child had striven to maintain. It was a warm, thawy day in January, Fred had been out in the meadow half s mile below the house all the morning, when his mother experienced an imper-ative desire that he should return to cut up a pile of oven wood. Mrs. Wyllis di-

rected Marjorty to run down and call him, and bring him back directly. Marjority walked sedately along the

path, through the woods that separted the house from the meadow; and on the orders of the low land, she paused and

looked around for Fred. She could not see him, but she saw the prints of his boots in the soft watery snow. There was but little snow among the trees. but she saw the gleam of black pools of

following Fred's footsteps, which she could faintly discern, but soon she lost them, and could not find them again until, finally, she broke through a tangle of horse-briers upon the bank of a little

pond, in whose dark, stagnant waters she saw the boy for whom she had been sent, his head thrown back, his hands holding fast to a floating log of half-decayed wood, that barely kept him up.

Marjory, stood for one moment recovering her breath, and trying to decide upon what to do. Fred looked in silence at her, an instinct telling him that she would do the best thing. clasped her hands, and cried:
"I will get a long pole and reach it
to you," and turned to find it, while
Fred said despondingly:

"You are not strong enough."

But the frail little arms were mus cular, and seemed now endowed with superhuman strength. With much painful maneuvering on the part of both, Fred had grasped the pole and was dragged to the shore. Overcome by exassistion, the boy sank down at her

when suddenly, with a very blank face, he exclaimed: "Marjory, I don't know where we are! I am host."

It was true. Years after, when Mariory was gone, Fred Wyllis recalled with an aching regret, despite its miseries, that long night's wandering in the wood, when he supported Marjory, who persisted in bravely denying that she was tired; and when, in the gray wintry dawn, they came out upon a highway, five miles from home, and plodded anward, until a farmer that them up in his eart and carried them home to the distracted parents. distracted parents

It was the little garden of the farmhouse, but now over its gaudy, blooming flowers was pouring the golden light of a summer moon. Years had seemed to tell nothing upon the elm, now whispering leafily in that warm air. Looking for the girl who came shivering in rags years ago at that housedoor, we saw her leaning over the swinging wooden gate, a flickering shade darkening the too dark face, for Marjory St. James can never be beautiful. But she had developed a talent for vocal music which was ruly marvelous.

"Have you indeed decided to go?" had just asked the man by her side, bending a handsome blonde head down to his companion, and speaking with an intensity of tone that seemed unnecessary with such words.

"Irrevocably. I would not miss singing with such surroundings. It has been my wish too long to forego it now." She spoke with an earnestness so sincere as in some way to irritate her com-

"You speak that 'irrevocably' in a way that wounds me," said Fred. "As you say that, I feel a foreboding that you will never return to us."

Marjory smiled bitterly, as one who plays with her happiness. "And in that case?" she said, inter-

rogatively. "In that case, Marjory, I shall be utterly miserable," said the young man with sudden energy
Marjory drew back with quick coldness, saying, "I did not mean to provoke

any such phrase." "Oh, no; I am well aware of that," he said; "you repel me to every possi-bly way. But be ice to me, if you will!" he cried, passionately, seizing her hand and holding it to his fast-throbbing heart; "I will risk my happiness to-night in telling you that I love you ove you! Oh, it is an old feeling, but t moves me strangely in the telling of

He paused, with such a sound of emoion in his voice as told even more than nis words.

Marjory stood very still. Could he feel the hand grow cold in his clasp? Until at last, gathering strength, she said, and that it cost her an effort he could see: "Channel a new course for am very proud; prouder, I think, than your mother even, so that I could never be her daughter. Have I not many times heard her say she would think only one thing indispensable for her son's wife-an honest parentage?"

after those words was more drear than inything Fred had ever known; yet he did not really believe but that he could change that determination, only let him gain one assurance of her love. "You do not love," he said, "or you would not let a prejudice of my mother's

weigh more than my happiness. Only say to me that you can never love me, and I will never thus offend you more." He held both her hands now, and the clasp seemed as though it would hold her to him forever: but an indomitable pride sustained her; as she said icily, with tones that belied the feelings o her heart:

"It is enough for a gentleman to know that I will not marry him." And so they parted, never to meet but once again.

Years passed. Winter had far advanced; the night was filled with starry frostiness. The gayest, the most brilliant of audiences was listening to the exquisite "Sonnambula" of Miss St. ames. As the last strain parted her lips in that living melody which so thrilled the hearts of her hearers, the eyes of the singer saw bending eagerly forward the tawny, leonine head, the bright face, the memory of which had never for a moment left her.

The curtain fell between her and the leep glance of those blue eyes, but she leard not the tempest of plaudits. She jurried to her dressing-room, saying to herself, "He will come round to see

But only her attendant came to conluct her to her carriage. Holding her ment at the carriage-steps, a swift leap of her heart telling that a figure under he entered the carriage, and strove to talk interestedly with her maid.

carriage, and several engines dashed past them, and then, the carriage whirled into a cross street, and came full upon the burning building, from whose roof long tongues of flames were springing.

All at once there rose the cry a child was within the building, up above where no one could reach him. Even the intrepid firemen besitated and held back. Marjory had become intensely Her lips parted with her quick breaths, her face glowing.

As she looked, a little, slendor figure n that firery glory Marjory recognized

red Wyllis. red Wyllia. had, however, given a wrong name to She saw him reappear at the window the Court, his real name being William with the child in his arms. He descended the ladder, apparently with the officer met a member of the Society great difficulty. As he stopped upon the ground the child was snatched from his arms by the father, and the girl saw ard's poverty and disgrace. The memthe brave figure reel and fall, and the crowd bustle round him.

With frenzied heart she ran to his The people gave way before this duced to writing, and it was attached to woman, who seemed to come with aut the papers by Justice Flammer and sent

"It is Marjory St. James."

### A SAB CHRISTMAS STORY.

has known.

Honor and Liberty Sacrificed for Bread and Butter-The Affecting Story Told by James Smith to Justice Flammer in the Jefferson Market Court.

(New York Star. ) On Christmas Eve a man who gave his name as James Smith was arrested for breaking the window of John Fleming's plumbing shop, No. 26 West plications to address the Home Secre-Twenty-seventh street, and stealing tary, and to have interviews with plications. eight faucets and three water filters, worth \$12. Joseph Murphy, an employe of Flemming's, saw Smith break church choir for reasons—he obtained to the window with an oyster shell and more comfortable seat, and he was extake the property through the broken cused from labor on Saturday morning pane, and then caused his arrest. Smith was taken before Justice Flammer at organist assured me that he had me Jefferson Market Court, and the evi-dence was so clear against him that the made was something between the chirp magistrate held him in \$1,000

age. When he heard the decision of the | telligent prisoners who came in contact Court he wept like a child, and was with him that his habits and manners so overcome that he could not utter a were vulgar. He was doing his best, by word for a few moments. When he recovered himself he admitted that he broke the window and took the articles, and explained that his wife and child promises to a prisoner who was in the and explained that his wife and child were starving. The thoroughly contrite appearance of the prisoner caused French, if he would aid him, but this the magistrate to take more than a passing interest in his case, and believing it, and that his progress was very slow. that he might possibly be telling the "Claimant" first went to truth, he encouraged the man to tell his

"I am not a tramp, your Honor," time Governor of the prison. He was began Smith. "I am not a criminal. I have been a workingman, and live in the breaking prison rules, and constantly breaking prison rules. rear of of No. 172 Mulberry street. I am an American citizen, and worked as long as the Major remained in command a car-builder at the Hudson River car-shops. On account of sickness I left received visits from his friends, Dr. the works about a year ago. Rheumatism set in, and I lest the use of my tism set in, and I lost the use of my contrary to regulations, in the Govarm, and for one month of the Sanitary Inspectors. I was tale then that I could not live. My wife in duced me to go to the Mutropolitan Throat Hospital in Nineteenth street and Third avenue, and after three

"I had a little money saved when I quit work, but that soon wasted away My wife worked at making straw bats for a Mr. J. Sears, at his manufactory, No. 196 Bleecker street. She made \$2 your love, Fred. You know what your week, and sometimes \$3 a week. My mother thinks of a clouded, perhaps a money did not last long, as the medi dishonorable birth; mine is such and cines were very expensive. I pawned all my clothes to help to support my wife and child. I tried to get work, but failed. I carried baskets around, and, by that means, collected a few pennies By and by my clothes became so shabby and old that I could not go and ask em-The silence that fell upon the two ployment. Then my wife took sick by working too hard. I have seen her sit from 6 o'clock in the morning till 6 the next morning to get as many hats done as would bring in living wages. She at last succumbed to the strain several months ago; from a cold, it went to a cough; then it developed into consumption, and she began to break down. My little boy is at home with his mother; he works now and then caning chair bottoms, making from seven to eight cents a day. Many a day have my wife and child passed without tasting a meal. They have been starving bit by bit. A few kind neighbors have from time to time sent us parts of their meals and

crusts of bread. "Christmas came, and the past all came before me. I thought of better While these thoughts came to my mind, starvation was stering me in the face upon a Christmas morning. grew desperate. Food had been stranger to us for days before, and Christmas had come and not a crust of bread was in the house. My wife was very sick and my boy was crying for bread. What was I to do? I had to get food. I could not see my family starve befere me. I had made up my mind to do something. Before I left the house my wife begged me not to do anything wrong. My heart was full of

sadness. "I walked up Sixth avenue toward my mother's house; her name I don't want to mention, as she is very poor, and my sister work hard for a living. When I

reached Twenty-seventh street it rained, and I went under an awning to keep furs fast about her, she paused one mo-ment at the carriage-steps, a swift leap came to me of stealing. I took an oyster shell and broke one of the side wina distant light was that of him she expected; but it moved away, and with I did not know. I then took out what I bitter contempt for her own weakness, could through the broken pane. When I got the property I did not know what do with it. I know I should not have The sudden pealing forth of fire-bells done it, but I was almost mad at the sounded in upon the even roll of their thought of my wife and child starving

at home; she was a good wife to me."
The man here sobbed violently. Justice Flammer felt satisfied that he had told a true story; but the evidence was so conclusive that he was compelled to hold him for trial in default of \$1,000. Officer McSalley, of the Court Squad, was instructed to visit the prisoner's home. He did so, and found the poor wife and child in a small room in the rear of No. 172 Mulberry street, away up on the fourth floor. The house was reached through a long, narrow alleyway from Mulberry street. Inside a sprang up the ladder that rested against the chamber-window. In that first glance at that face and form enshrined was found by the officer. Her hus-

band's story was fully corroborated. He had, however, given a wrong name to Howard. On the way from the house, for Improving the Condition of the Poor, to whom he told the story of Howber called upon a groceryman near by and ordered \$1.50 worth of groceries to be furnished to Mrs. Howard. The statement of Officer McSalley was re-

thority, and the whisper ran among to the District Attorney's Office.

With the same rigor that he reprenends to the District Attorney's Office.

Wrs. Howard was visited by a Star same indulgence that he shows to him
Sure your eyes are at the level most same indulgence that he shows to him
The papers by Justice Fiammer and sent with the same rigor that he reprenends to the District Attorney's Office.

Wrs. Howard was visited by a Star same indulgence that he shows to him
Sure your eyes are at the level most same indulgence that he shows to himreporter yesterday. She was found wiff.

feet, and a tew illy-concealed tears er caped her eyes as ahe to k his head upon her arm; and he felt an almost uncontrollable desire to kins her; but he refrained, feeling rather doubtful as to how she would take it, besides the fear of compromising his boyiah dignity.

Sooner than he would have liked, she started up to go home, and he was fain to start with her. They plunged on brinkly for half an hour, the boy's wet clothes steaming with his exercise;

Wann auddenty, with a very blant face, he exclaimed: "Marjory, I don't know where we are! I sen hes."

It was true. Years after, when Marjory when an aching regret, despite its miseries, that long night's wandering in the wood, when he supported Marjory, who here is a cape to her persisted in bravely denying that ahe persisted in bravely denying that ahe mand tired; and woulder what her heart his trice, and woulder what her heart his trice to get into St. John's mediant was manded to successful cantal trice, and woulder what her heart his trice, and woul

"I tried to get into St. John's spi-tal, but I do not know how successful I will be, as I have only just made the application.'

The Tichborne Claimant in Prison ["Couriet Life, by a Ticket-of-Leave Man."]

The "Claimant" had left Dartmoor for Portsmouth before my arrival at the place. I heard a good deal about him, of course. He seems to have given an infinity of trouble. His aprectors, Governor, doctor and priest were incessant. He got admitted to the that he might attend practice. The of a crow and the croak of a raven. It Smith is a man about forty years of was generally admitted by the more inman told me that he was very stupid at Dartmoor he seems to have had a good friend in the gentleman who was at that being reported for doing so; but so ernor's office, and extra time was allowed him. The advent of Captain Harris as Governor was a misfortune for Castro, or Orton, or whoever he may be. I may here take the opportunity of doing an act of simple justice to Captain Harris. f as: quite sure that if the son or brother of the Secretary of State were a prisoner under his control, he would be treated with the same indulgence as every other prisoner, and no more. The "Claimant"

"P. W. F."-(Potts' Warwick Furpace); but although originally cut very deep, the let ers are almost obliterated by decay of the material.

The improvement of the art of man-yacturing weapons of war was strikingly illustrated at the yard when these four Colonial engines were dumped beside a couple of thirty-two pounders, each ten feet long, of modern make when next he received a visit did so The outside of these were jet black, and behind the bars, and within the time specified by the rules.

When reported for insolence he was to the now obsolete smoothbore pattern, and came from Fort McHenry. The sentenced to two days' bread and water, two weigh 14,400 pounds. Near these again were a dozen or more rusty old and he got a second punishment for the same offense and some others. By the guns, which came recently from Portdoctor's orders he had eight ounces of ugal as ballast for a ship laden with additional bread per day and eight cork. They are of about five-pound ounces of potatoes, and on meat and soup days he had increased rations. J caliber, and the scarcely decipherable

date "1628" attests that they are two and a-half centuries old. In the shop, presume his friend, Mr. Whalley, worried the Home Secretary into having on the other side of the street, were a him transferred to Portsmouth, where couple of smoothbore guns which did I am told, he is fetching a tolerably good service on the Constitution during easy "bagging." Perhaps the air there her engagement with the Guerriere in is not so bracing, but at Dartmoor his the war of 1812. appetite was enormous. I know men The business of melting down old employed in the tailor's shop who did cannon for remanufacture into rollingnot need all their food, and who gave machinery, or of turning the arts of him some constantly; and the orderlies war into arts of peace, is attaining large dimensions at the Bush Hill works. who carried round the bread were in the habit of yielding to his entreaties to shy him a loaf, if a "good screw" happened to be on duty. By the way, Tens of thousands of tons of iron have been transformed in the same way. In one single week 833 tons of old cannon a "good screw," among the prisoners, means a man who does not do his duty. have been received at the yard from the Government arsenals. I knew a little Irishman who told me that one day he was able to give the "Claimant" six six-ounce leaves, and Mr. Jay Gould's Personal Habits. that he came very near getting three days for his good nature. The big man Mr. Gould's millions now crowd close o those of Vanderbilt. He is a man of was very unpopular with some of his neighbors, who say that he was a bad sleeper, and used to puff, and blow, and

scrub his cell, or keep his cell furniture

clean. But I won't say any more about the fellow. I should think the world

has bad enough of him in all conscience.

Is the Brain a Vital Organ.

The occurrence of the horrible acci-

[New York Star.]

dent in Jersey City is another instang,

of the marvelous, and to the popul mind the receipt of such a wound

that received by the MacEvoy boy wi

out immediate death is something

credible. It is stated that the boy's he

came in contact with a revolving circu

lar saw which cut through the skull and

severed a good portion of the brain, after which the boy survived nearly one

week. Numerous examples have before

been reported which seem to show that

the brain may bear very extensive in-

jury sometime without any very serious

resulting effects. A case celebrated in the annals of medical literature is that

of the Massachusetts laborer whose

brain was removed to a great extent by

a tamping iron blown out of the hole by

a premeture blast. This iron was forced

completely through the head, and

though the man suffered serious symp-

toms for a few weeks, he recovered com-

pletely with nothing left but a slight

change of temper, and died twelve years

after of consumption. The skull is now to be found at the Massachusetts Gen-

eral Hospital in Boston, and contains two

Equally wonderful instances are re-

forcibly reminded that certain parts of

the brain are comparatively insuscept-

symptoms are expressed. The case i

A MAN need only correct himself

showing evil consequences.

very large holes.

finer texture than the old Commodore's son. He doesn't run to fine horses, coatly stables and blooded steeds. At grunt and groan all through the small night when he dismisses his operators hours. He was unpopular with the from the telegraph offices in his own warders, because it was with the house in Fifth avenue, and enter up in greatest difficulty he could be got to

a little book the telegraphic reports of the receipts of the various railroads which he owns, he does not go to a club to carouse, to a banquet, to steam up with champagne, or to a theater; he retires to the recesses of a peaceful library, and with his young sons about him, ads the Latin classics, the world forting, but not by the world forgot-by arge majority. The next morning, , he has the telegraph doing light-service, and he is sending an elechock through Wall street as soon as bulls and the bears come into that for pasture. Mr. Gould is a liberal n, although when he makes a bequest does not have the information writon in manifold and sent to all the newsin manifold and sent to all the newshis gift to the Memphis sufferers, of

000, came from Memphis, as did the rs of the second gift of \$5,000. Mr. Gould being a small man of little physical powers, is naturally not dis-posed to put himself recklessly in the way of the horns of the buils and the claws of the bears. There are some men in Wall street, as Mr. Gould has reason to know, who wish to resent their losses with their fists, and are disposed to follow Maj. Selover's example, and dispatch him bodily down into a convenient area. Accordingly, Mr. Gould keeps his office guarded by a stout Irishman, who prevents the intrusion of visitors, and he has usually a private way to get out into the street. He has, too, it is said, a big Italian bookkeeper who accompan-

ported, and, from an inspection of the medical literature of the day, we are Proper Level for a Woman's Eyes. ible to moderate, aye, sometimes even to great injuries. The white matter, or It may be, however, that the Italian women are forever artlessly unconscious middle part of the brain, is occasionally of the lively admiration that follows entirely destroyed, and no resulting their sex everywhere in Italy, and, receiving in early girlhood their first lesdifferent, however, with the gray matter, which is the sensation, and cannot governesses, as nearly all Roman girls do, carry French precepts with them all through life. "Never look a man in bear the lesst violence without promptly the face," said one of those governesses to her pupils, "it is immodest. Always fix your attention on the third button with the same rigor that he reprehends

proper for a weman's eyes to be."

his millionaire employer.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

One by one the church clocks of Rouen had struck six, and the nest of small, dark streets behind the Rue Jeanne Half a dozen of stalwart horses pulled a wagon into the yard of the Bush Hill d'Arc woke up into light and life. On the fourth floor of one of the oldest and on Company, at Twentieth and Butnarrowest houses a little girl had opened enwood Streets, on a recent afternoon. On the wagon were four cannon. They a door, and went down the dark stair-case to the floor beneath. She had scarcely reached the landing-place, when were so red that at a distance they might have been taken for rolls of clay.

were covered with a thick coat of woman came out. "Not now; not now, Renee," she said in a low voice; "thy mother has been sleeping for the last hour. Thou shalt go in and see her when she wakes." The little girl looked up in sudden

a door opened, and an old grey-haired

at; so thick, in fact, that large pieces ild have been chipped out in some its with a penknife. The passer-by no noticed these musty pieces of ord-ce did not deign a second glance, but employes in the yard eyed the arils with considerable curiosity. Perthela breasts at the moment were "Madame Rueil," she said in a whis-"Madame Rueil," she said in a whisper, "is my mother worse?"
"No, not worse," said Madame Rueil,
"but she has not slept all night, and she has been telling me that it is thy berthday." Madam Rueil sat down in Renee's room; her grey hair was smoothed back under her cap, and her small pale face looked worn and troubled as the light fall moon it. She drew their breasts at the moment were with patriotic fire, for the history cannon is intimately connected in opendence of the country, undred years ago, between Warwick and Valley Forge, a charcoal iron furnace was in operation. It was known as the light fell upon it. She drew Renee towards her. "My poor child," she said, "hadst thou forgotten that it is thy birthday? Thou art eleven tois the "Potta" furnace, from the fact that it was owned by a family of that name. Here the cannon was moulded into form, and here they were lying in 1777, but a few days before the battle of day. Brandywine. General Anthony Wayne were to die, Renee, what would become of thy mother? She is not strong enough to work for herself and for thee, was connected with the Potts family, and fearing that the cannon might fall nto British hands, sent a request only a and thou art too young to earn bread."
"Cannot I work as my mother works!" day before that memorable battle that they might be hid beyond the possibily of discovery. How to comply with

> "Her heart is breaking because she cannot work for thee any longer," said Madame Rueil. "She does not like to take the little food that I can give her,

and if I die she will no longer have a the water and could sit up. shelter."
"My mother has taught me to draw and to do needlework," said Renee; "and I have read, oh, so many books of history! Why cannot I teach?"

and the story of the buried cannon has been handed down. In 1875 the idea of Madame Rueil got up from her chair recovering them occurred to the present with a deep sigh, and went towards the representatives of the race, and before door. "Thou art too young," she said; the year had closed the cannon were above ground. One of the four was and she left the room as sadly as she had entered it. in such a good state of preservation that For three years Madame Rueil had six pound charge of powder was fired tut of it on the first day of the Centen-tial year. Recently Mr. Potts conexercised the most self-denying charity and kindness towards Madame Barentin

and her little daughter. Madame Barentin in her youth had lived in wealthy families as a governess. She had married an artist, who died sud-denly, leaving her with her child dependent on her own exertions. During several years she managed by extreme care and industry to support herby returning to her native air she might back to France. Her father and mother had died before she first went to Engand the only remaining member of her family, Madame Ru-il, was, like herrelf, poor and a widow. Madame herself, poor and a widow. Rueil, Lowever, did much for her even in these days in the the way of sympathy and kindness; and Madame Barentin was glad to become the tenant of the little room over Madame Rueil's in which Renee was now standing. At first all went well. Madame Barentin found almost as smooth as glass. They belong some pupils and as much needlowork as happiness to the now obsolete smoothbore pattern, ahe could do , and she had the happiness of seeing her child growing strong and healthy. So long as she was able to work they lived in some degree of comfort. Then a terrible change came. She could only exert herself after long intervals of rest, and mother and child

> child's sleep by her restlessness. Madame black fichu, that she might take home some of her mother's work to a street

> for work. A woman with a kind face came forward when she spoke, and looked at her with a pitying smile, when she said that she wanted work.
> "What can you do?" she asked.
> "I could teach a little," she said, "although I am small. My mother used to teach. And I could take care of children younger than myself."

leading out of the lower end of the Rue

Jeanne d'Arc, close by the quay. It was

here at the hotels on the quay that the

The kind-faced woman turned to one in an inner room, and said: "This little girl would have been the very person the English lady wanted last year to play with her children. But such an opportunity seldom happens here," she said, turning again to Renee. "If you were at Dieppe, where so many English families stay during the bathing season, you might very likely hear of some one who would have you for a time."

Madame Rueil listened to the pleading voice, but it roused no feeling of hopefulness within her. "Dieppe is forty miles from Rouen," she said; 'it is full of strangers, hurry-ing backward and forward. They would never stop to notice thee. Think of it no more. Thou art too young."
"Oh, Madame Rueil!" cried Renee, "let me go? I could walk all the way in a week. Kind people will give me

perhaps they will let me sleep some-times in their cottages, and I would beg, for my mother's sake I would beg by the road rather than not reach Dieppe. There was a long silence. " Listen, Renee," said Madame Rueil; "in this wide world I have but eight francs-eight francs, which must feed us all for nearly a week, and I know not where to look for more. The railway to

bread as I go through the villages, and

tells me my mother will be well and happy again if I can but get there." Again there was a long silence. Thou shalt have the money, Rence,"

said Madame Rueil, at last. the way.

self for letting her go alone, and without her mother's knowledge, on such a

The train, which was in fact, a very slow one, seemed to Renee to rush along faster and faster as it got nearer Dieppe. and she felt bewildered when it reache the station; but she had made up her mind to find her way as quickly as pos-sible to the great hotels, as she had

done at Rouen.
It was well that the hotels were near, for she saw nothing distinctly, as she feit as if her strength would hardly feit as if her strength would hardly take her there. A good-natured looklng waiter was standing at the entrance
to one of them, and to him she addressed herself, trying to keep her
voice from trembling, and framing her
questions as her experience had taught
her the day before in Rouen.
"Were there any English ladies
in the hotel who wanted a little girl to
speak French; ith their children?"
The manlooked doubtfully at the lit-

The man'looked doubtfully at the lit-tle figure, shabbier still from her dusty

tle figure, shabbier still from her dusty journey. Something in her voice and speech interested him, and he saked her some questions about her home. "An English family were staying here last week," he said, "and asked us to recommend somebody; they have taken a house a mile out of the town, and perhaps they are engaged now. But there they all are!" he said; pointing to Oh, if thou wert but older! If I a group of fair-haired children, who were passing at the moment with their mother and their nurses. "Wait here a moment and I will speak to N. Y. Herald. So was Gen. Grant the

them. Renee watched him as he followed asked Renee, anxiously. "Cannot I them. She saw that the children turned made caps like those that she makes?" hastily and looked at her while he spoke; "Thou art too young to sit at needle-work all day long, and sometimes into the night besides. If thou wert older thou could st go and teach, as thy mother did."

that the mother was coming toward her with a smiling face; and then her poor pent up heart burst into a cry, and she knew nothing more of what was passing till she found herself in the hall of the hotel with some one holding a glass of

water to her lips.
"Tell me where you come from, said a kind voice, when she had drunk about your father and mother.' " My father is dead," she said; " my mother is ill-too ill to work. I have come from Rouen because I was told I

might be able to earn money for her here. My name is Renee Barentin." "Barentin!" said the lady, in great surprise. "Was your mother in Eng- Therefore it cannot rise again. land some time ago? Was her name, too. Renee?" Yes!" said poor Renes, wistfully,

and we have only one friend in the whole world." That afternoon Rence went back to ouen, but she did not go alone. The other of the little fair haired maiden went with her. She had been one of Madame Barentin's pupils, and had often grieved that the had lost sight of has a baby three weeks old—one she governess to whom she had been adopted. self by giving lessons; out siter a time do everything in her power to restore her health failed, and in the hope that Malame Barentin to health, and to rewhen her husband has discharged bor eve her from the anxiety that over- instructions, and made a mistake. Rence into her own family.

At the end of the autumn Madame Barentin was sufficiently recovered to return with her kind friend and ton children to England, where she again iound employment in teaching, and lived in comfort. But every year the nother and daughter spend their well earned holiday in Rouen, where Mad-ame Rueil still lives to rejoice in their

## [Memphis Avalanche.]

Col. Cameron says: "I deny that

Memphis is, or ever has been, a filthy city.' It would satisfy the laudable

became almost altogether dependent on Madame Rueil.

Curiosity of a great many people to know precisely the Colonel's definition One after another the church clocks of the word "filth." There are now again struck the hour, and this time it about 9,000 well-filled vaults in use. was eleven. Renee had her cup of There have been, at a moderate calculacoffee and a piece of bread. She had tion, twice that number, filled with foul helped her mother to dress, and had secretions, covered with a thin layer of read to her as she lay on a little couch earth, and while they are disused their in Madam Rueil's room, where she contents remain to percolate through slept now lest she should disturb her the porous soil, poisoning with their foul gases the drinking water. It is a Rueil was busy in the kitchen; and now notorious fact that a vast number of that all the small household duties had the vaults in use are intimately connected with the cisterns, and the people been performed, Renee put on her little of Memphis drink this cistern water. And yet the Colonel says Memphis is a clean city! A sudden rise of the hermometer sometimes occurs in Bilngsgate, leaving a large stock of fish on the hands of the market women. To English lived, and it was here she asked get rid of their stock before it becomes entirely rotten, the fish-wives load their rays with the partially decomposed fish and perambulate the streets, crying out, "Fresh fish!" "Fresh fish!" Pedestrians the opposite side of the street hold their noses and slide around the next corner of the street with celerity. The dors are too strong for human nostrils endure, and yet most serenely do the fish-wives continue the cry of "Fresh fish." The Colonel must not consider it he fish-women of Billingsgate. The comparison is, however, obvious. Long-time custom has deadened the olfactory nerves of the English fish-women. A ong experience with the odorous nuisances of Memphis has deadened the Colonel's olfactory nerves also, and he ow trusts to his sense of sight alone. He now sees the surface only. To the eye Memphis is a clean city. But the truth must be told. There is a foul rottenness underneath, and every man in the district knows it. Two epidemics succession have made Memphis a focus for the eyes of the whole world to investigate. It is the baldest nonsense to talk about concealing her foulness. The ostrichian policy of sticking her head in the sand and leaving the body uncovered in the vain belief that the body with all its festering sores is in-The time visible, will no longer avail. has come to tell the truth, hurt whom it may, and the truth must be told.

### Some Strange Finds.

The Bank of England has had no end Dispre would take it nearly all. I of valuables committed to its keeping, would help then if I could. Thou seest The vaults of its establishment hold that it is not possible."

"Oh, let me go, Madame Rueil!" cried safety's sake, and apparently forgotten Renee, falling at the old woman's feet by their owners. In 1878 one fell to about town, and stands ready to protect bis millionaira amplease. In the stands are despined for the stands are de bundle of yellow papers. The latter proved to be a collection of love letters of the period of the restoration, which the directors were enabled to restore to id Madaine Rueil, at last. the lineal descendant of the original The quaint old streets were bright in owner. In 1875 a tin box was fished the early sunshine the next morning out of the Seine containing more than when Malame Rueil walked to the station with Renee, and paid for her railing to Paris. The box—set aftoat miles way ticket. They spoke but little by above Paris—had been hermetically sealed, and was furnished with little During the long hours of the night metal sails, that it might eatch the curMadame Rueil had repented of her rent of the river at every point; but it
promise to Renee, and reproached herhad failed to achieve a successful voyage, and laid at the river's bottom for years with its freight of letters for the besieged "Auffray!" "Longueville!" "St Au Parisians, some of whom, however, had the gratification of receiving them five again.

LOVE DISSEMBLED. PROM " AS YOU LIKE IT."

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
The but a peerish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words?—yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases these that hear,
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his longue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a prity redness in his lip.
A little riper and "are listy red
Than that mixed in h." cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwint the constant red and a lingled damnak.
There be some women, Elvins, had they marked
him in parcel, as I did, would have gone hear
To fall in love with him; but, for unypart,
I love him not, nor bate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to childe at me?
He stid mine eyes were black; and mine hair black;
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me!
But that's all one; omittance in equitions.

Clipped Paragraphs CLARA MORRIS WITH HOU DECEMBE 1 pring is the report now current. A MAN of no account-a book-keeper

aut of a situation. To make apple trees bear, pick off all the leaves as soon as they appear THE druggist's song-"A light in the window for thee.'

victim of fete. An African proverb says the idle are

a peculiar kind of dead who cannot be buried. A ROCKLAND weather prophet pro-

licts that the winter will be as hard as a hotel bed. A QUESTION for debate-which cats the most chickens-ministers or owls?

A CLOCK pendulum is bound to keep

time if it has to swing for it. Yes, it's perfectly proper for you to down, you lie. - Elis Perkins. but when THE fashionable society wedding is described as being stiffer than a printing

office towel. Impossible. TRUTH, crushed to earth, will rise again. But if it be crushed to earth, it lies. And if it lies, it cannot be truth. THE youth who sat upon a hot store-

lid, thinking it cold, now lies on hir stomach and reads about the General who burned his bridges behind him. KISSING a girl is like fishing for minnows. There's really nothing in it, but it's huge sport. THE Detroit Free Press tells of a Mich-

ongly attached. She was auxious to With what a grim satisfaction does a

loved, in Madame Rucil's care, to a a fica is that when you put your linger beerful lodging in Dieppe, and took on a flea it isn't there, but when you put your finger on a hornet, it is there WARING Up. - Parson - " Ruther drowsey weather this, Farmer Jones.

'minds one o' sermon time, don't it.'
Fun. An exchange informs us that the Mormon delegate in Congress, Mr. Cannon, has six wives. He must be a man

of some calibre. "LIFE is but a span;" marriage is a double team; youth wedded to old age is a tandem; an old bachelor is a sulky. A FRENCH gentleman meets a young and pretty American girl in Paris. "What in the world are you doing here?" "I'm spending my honeymoon.
"But where is your husband?" "Ol
he's in New York."

The farmer's harvest now has fied,
Cold winter's made his bow;
All you have nice steers to shed,
Prepare to shed them now.

— Yonkers Statesmon.

WHY is it that showmen go to the expence of sending to Africa for zebrus? f they would buy a mule they would get ze-braya thrown in .- Oincinnati Saturday Night. THE Czar has an income of \$145,000

per week. This is partly because he has ver tried to fill a long felt want with a newspaper .- Steubenville Herald. TIME, twelve o'clock. She-"George. did you exhibit in the dog show " He-No; why?' She-"Oh, nothing;

only you are such a remarkably fire setter.'" Exit young man. "If you mean well and doill, God must forgive you," says Beecher. Then wild lick a boy for breaking a window when he means to throw over the house?

PEDAGOGUE-"What is the meaning of the Latin verb ignosco?" Tall student (after all the others have failed to give the correct definition)-"I don't know. Pedagogue-"Right. Go up head."-Exchange.

A CONTENTED sheep is a good sign of settled wether. — Danielsonville Sentinel. personal matter if we compare him to And an agitated buck is an indication that there ram a storm brewing.— Keokuk Gate City. Ewe don't say so! THE French Society of Hairdressers gave an exhibition the other day for the benefit of the sufferers by the Spanish inundations, and they produced some marvels of head-dressing. One lady had a full-rigged frigate mounted on her hair, or rather on a cushion of green gauze set on the top of her head, and another was adorned with a whole A pine scene, chalet, snow-drifts, cows

### blue-bells and edelweiss included.

A Modern Samson. If report speaks truly all the astounding feats performed by the strong men of antiquity, including Hercules, Sam-son and Milo of Crotona, have been capped by the recent performances of a French athlete, Joignery by name, who is at present fulfilling, houses, an engagement in the Berlin Vaudeville Theater. Tossing about huge cannon balls with a sportive grace this person appears nightly on a raised platform in the body of the theater, above which platform is suspended an ordinary trapeze. His ankels are then fastened to the trapeze so that he swings downward a few feet above the central surface of the central stage, and in full view of every one in the house. A horse, covered with gay trapping and begirt with a broad leathern surcingle, to which two strong loops are attached, is then conveyed to the stage, and there, mounted by a full-grown man. When all these preliminaries have been effected, Joignerey seizes the loops in both hands, and by sheer muscular strength lifts the horse and his rider" some inches off the stage, sustaining their combined weight in the air for several seconds, and letting them down again as slowly and evenly as he had raised them. Upon the occasion of his first performance the so panic-stricken by being lifted off its feet that when it was lowered to the level of the platform its knees gave way under it, and the attendants had a great