

POETRY.

The Ten Travelers.

Ten weary, foot-sore travelers, All in a woful plight, sought shelter at a wayside inn One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said, "Have I to offer you? To each of eight a single bed, But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host Could only scratch his head, For of those three men no two Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease— He was a clever man— And so to please his guests devised This most ingenious plan:

A B C D E F G H I L In room marked A two men were placed, The third was lodged in B, The fourth to C was then assigned, The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth was tucked away, In F the seventh man, The eighth and ninth in G and H, And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said, Had laid two travelers by; Then taking one, the tenth and last, He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms, a room for each, Were made to serve for ten; And this is that which puzzles me And many wiser men.

A War Incident.

THE FACTS ABOUT KILPATRICK'S INTENTION TO HANG A BRAVE CONFEDERATE—A WILMINGTONIAN IN THE ROLE OF A HERO.

Wilmington Messenger.]

The Raleigh correspondent of the Messenger related an incident a few days ago concerning the capture of a Captain James, of Wilmington, by Gen. Kilpatrick at Raleigh about the close of the war. A gentleman well acquainted with all the facts informs the Messenger that it was not Captain James to whom allusion should have been made, but Theodore Calhoun James, Adjutant of the Third North Carolina Infantry.

Adjutant James was a native of Wilmington and a brother of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Josh T. James, editor of the Review. Adjutant James lost his right arm at the Wilderness, third day's fight, in May, 1864. It was amputated above the elbow and the surgeons performed the operation on the field. He returned to his home in Wilmington, and after the stump had healed he re-enlisted in the service and rejoined his regiment against the advice and earnest protests of all. After going back to his regiment, however, he found that it was simply impossible for him to fulfill his duties with his mutilated arm and he was therefore assigned to light duty.

He was Provost Marshal of Raleigh for two months previous to the surrender of that city, and much of the time was acting commander. The fact is he was actually in command there when the city was evacuated by the Confederate forces. When the Confederates were leaving the city, Wheeler's cavalry formed the rear guard and began depredations in the city. Mayor Harrison appealed to Adjutant James for protection, and remaining behind to afford what protection he could, James was the last man to leave Raleigh. He was riding out on the city, along Hillsboro street, when he saw a Federal soldier approaching. He was unarmed, but boldly riding up, he demanded of the man that he surrender.

Just at this juncture Kilpatrick and his staff came in view riding into the city, and James himself was arrested. He was carried before General Kilpatrick who said to him: "Young man, do you know what we do with such men as you?" "No," curtly replied James—"and I don't know that I care!" "We hang them!" was Kilpatrick's impatient answer to his own interrogation.

"Very well," coolly rejoined the one-armed James, "you will have to hang me then. I am in your power and cannot help myself."

The Federal General did not hang him, however, but sent him to jail to await trial before a court martial upon the charge of having been concerned in firing on the Federal troops after the city had been surrendered, and upon which charge Lieutenant Wyatt was condemned to death and hanged in Capitol Square. James, however, was never tried, as General Kilpatrick became satisfied by representations made to him by citizens of Raleigh that he had no hand in the affair. He nevertheless remained in jail several weeks and had a good time there. The Rev. Dr. Patterson, the chaplain of his regiment, who was in Raleigh called to see him daily and every day that came the ladies of Raleigh went to see him and carried him dainties and so loaded his cell with flowers that it became a perfect bowler of roses.

The Federal Provost Marshal, in whose charge he was, tried vainly to make him take the oath and be released, but he stoutly declined to do so. The Provost Marshal, who always treated him very kindly, one day told him he was a free man and could go home, at the same time handing him transportation to Wilmington. But he never did and never would take the oath.

Hogan's Awful Fall.

STRAIGHT DOWN FOR 3,000 FEET BEFORE HIS PARACHUTE OPENED.

Springfield Republican.] A most exciting incident took place in connection with the balloon ascension at Stafford Springs a few days ago. "Professor" Hogan, the parachute "artist," who had been engaged to make a balloon ascension, inflated his monster machine and ascended gradually to a height of 4,000 feet, or nearly a mile.

At that enormous height the balloon with its occupant appeared to be about the size of a frog. According to his programme the aeronaut at this point fixed his balloon so that it would fall to the earth alone, and prepared to make his daring descent by means of the parachute which was attached to the side of the balloon by a small cord. The parachute, when inflated, is a sort of cone in shape, the base of which looks like an umbrella, the sides being numerous cords and the apex being a small iron ring, to which the professor hangs by his hand.

Net-work of Nerves.

EACH A COMPLETE TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM IN ITSELF.

Nothing in nature is more marvelous than the net-work of nerves constituting what we sometimes carelessly call our nervous system. Each nerve is a telegraph cord in itself. Each is a part of the whole complex and inimitable system of telegraphy by which messages from the headquarters in the brain are sent to the minute stations in the extremities. If this telegraphic system of nerves were erected on diminutive poles outside of our bodies, it would be a most peculiar exhibit.

Happily for us, our nervous systems are, as it were, a harmonious arrangement of underground wires, carefully buried within us, and deftly concealed from outside observation. We cannot see them, nor know whether they are too slack or too slightly strained. We can tell when they are disturbed, for neuralgic agony shoots along their course from station to station. We are glum, and dismal, and low spirited, the telegraphic apparatus is out of order, and the nerve forces are demoralized. When nerves work wrong, it is as when telegraph poles are shaky, or wires tangled or crossed, or currents irregular, or batteries confused.

According to the irregularity of our nerves, so are our regular moods. If all is right, we are happy and cheery and sunny. But let the batteries blunder, or the currents cross, or the wires become entangled, and we are irritable, sulky, ill-tempered, or angry, as the case may be. In some of our distressful moods we peep and sulk, and misinterpret, and misunderstand. We take offense where no offense is intended, and we impute to others motives which are never conceived by them.

At times when the moods are out of sort, we think the whole world is persecuting us, and we, the afflicted objects of persecution, are above all other human creatures singled out for martyrdom. There are circumstances under which most of us can, without insuperable difficulty, rise from the moodiness which is brought about by letting the nerves have their own way. Mental and physical diet has much to do with it. Brooding over real sorrows and imaginary miseries will make the best of us moody and wretched. Nursing grief and affronts and telling the sad story of our woes has as depressing an effect as narcotic drugs.

Sleeping in unventilated rooms often produces chronic wretchedness, even if these rooms be furnished with the appliances of wealth and refinement. Association with grim persons is depressing and dispiriting. Good health, mental, spiritual, and bodily, is worth working for. It casts out the malaria of moodiness and lifts us into the sunlight of joy. Good health is more easily attained than most folks suppose.—The Christian at Work.

A New Gunpowder.

A new gunpowder, the invention of Mr. Hengst, has recently been tested, and the results point to it as a promising substitute for black powder for military and sporting purposes. The new powder is prepared from straw, which is pulverized, chemically treated, and finished in granular form for use. It is claimed for this powder that it is smokeless, flameless, practically non-fouling and non-heating, and that both the recoil and the report are less than those of black powder, with superior penetrative power. From the powerful character of this explosive, which, weight for weight, is one hundred and fifty per cent. stronger than gunpowder, and is not explodable by concussion, it is probable that in a compressed form it will be found to be applicable to blasting purposes.

Flattery is a sort of bad money of which our vanity gives currency.—Locke.

Miss Grace King.

Among the Southern writers who have recently come into prominence Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, La., has been the shortest time before the public, the first issue of her "Monsieur Motte," in which is told the touching self-sacrifice and devotion of a negress for a destitute and orphaned child, having appeared in the New Princeton Review about two years ago. This story, written with no definite idea of publication, was seen by some literary friends, who, immediately realizing its merit, advised sending it to the New Princeton Review, then in quest of a tale for its first issue. It won the writer an instantaneous recognition both in this country and in England.—Miss

The Stepson of Grandeur.

It will amaze many who have read history to learn that a stepson of Napoleon the Great is alive, an inmate of the celebrated asylum for insane royalty at Doebbling, near Vienna. A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from the Austrian capital, gives interesting information of the princes and princesses, the grand dukes and grand duchesses whom a tainted and decayed Patriarchial blood, stagnating from the want of a healthy and vigorous Plebeian infusion, or a body worn out by years of dissipation has brought within the walls of a mad-house. Among the inmates are the mother of the German Emperor, the heir apparent to the throne of Bavaria and numerous members of the reigning families of the petty German sovereignties.



But the most remarkable patient in the Doebbling institution is the Prince of Montenuovo, son of Count Neipperg and Marie Louise, daughter of one man who was an Emperor by inheritance, and wife of another who became an Emperor by the sword, Napoleon Bonaparte. It does not speak well for the reputation of the ex-Emperor of France that the Prince of Montenuovo was born in 1820, one year before the death of Napoleon, the latter event preceding by a fortnight her marriage with Count Neipperg. The child could not well be called a Bonaparte, as Napoleon had been for five years on the rock of St. Helena, but Count Neipperg quickly solved all difficulties by claiming its paternity, while Marie Louise put in no denial against him. The Neippergs, one of the bluest blooded families in Austria, would not allow the boy to take his father's name, although he was subsequently legitimated by the marriage of his parents, and the old Austrian Emperor created his left-handed grandson Count of Montenuovo.

The Count of Montenuovo in time became a general in the Austrian army, a member of the Privy Council and a Prince. Ten years ago he went insane, and has since been at Doebbling in company with other tainted relatives of kings. In that retreat the illegitimate son of the great French Emperor's wife has been forgotten by the world.

Twenty-five Regiments.

W. R. Bond, in Wilmington Star.] Of the nearly two thousand seven hundred Federal and Confederate regiments the following are the only ones which ever in one battle had over one hundred killed and mortally wounded: 26 N. C.—Gettysburg, . . . 588 4 N. C.—Seven Pines, . . . 399 6 Alabama—Seven Pines, . . . 338 44 Georgia—Mechanicsville, . . . 335 14 Alabama—Seven Days, . . . 324 1 S. C.—Rifles—Gaines' Mill, . . . 306 20 N. C.—Gaines' Mill, . . . 272 32 Mississippi—Gettysburg, . . . 265 5 Texas—Second Manassas, . . . 261 Palmetto Sharpshooters—Seven Days, . . . 254 7 N. C.—Seven Days, . . . 253 3 N. C.—Sharpsburg, . . . 253 4 Texas—Gaines' Mill, . . . 252 2 Mississippi—Gettysburg, . . . 232 29 Mississippi—Stone River, . . . 230 18 N. C.—Seven Days, . . . 224 57 N. C.—Fredericksburg, . . . 224 49 Virginia—Seven Pines, . . . 219 45 N. C.—Gettysburg, . . . 219 4 Tennessee—Shiloh, . . . 217 48 N. C.—Sharpsburg, . . . 217 13 Georgia—Sharpsburg, . . . 217 12 Alabama—Seven Pines, . . . 215 2 N. C.—Chancellorsville, . . . 214 5 Alabama—Seven Pines, . . . 210

How One Dog Came to His End.

Statesville Landmark.] Dogs have many ups and downs in this country and don't live long, even if somebody don't kill them on the charge of being "mad." But few dogs have the honor of meeting death in the manner of the one I am going to tell about.

A certain minister of the M. E. Church, not many years since, was on his way to preach at one of his churches. He stopped to spend the night with one of his flock. After supper, the preacher read a chapter and he and the family knelt in prayer. A very small dog was in the room, and going up in a few feet of the preacher commenced a furious barking. The preacher, with uplifted face, continued his prayer. The little doggie never barked again. The preacher says that he did not intend to kill the dog, but who knows?

In Unity of Race Lies the Strength of Nations.

Goldsboro Argus.] The Northern press, even to that of New England, confesses that the South contains the great body of the pure blooded American white race. Mill owners manufacturers of the East have imported cheap Canadian and Irish labor until the wealth of a few is enormous and the poor native populations have been exiled, and to-day more than half the voters of Massachusetts are of foreign birth. The original Yankees are scattered over all the world and very soon New England will be ruled by foreigners. What its politics will then be nobody knows. For nobody can strike a balance of political agreement between such a heterogeneous mass of un-American humongues.

A Suggestion.

Merchant Traveler.] It was in a grocery store: "Give me a pound of cheese," said an elderly man with blue spectacles on. "Yes, sir," said the grocer, and he went to work with his knife. Just then a horse hitched in front of the store became uneasy. "Whoa!" shouted the grocer. "I beg your pardon," said the man with blue spectacles, who had been gazing intently at the cheese. "Did you remark whoa?" "Yes, sir; to the horse outside." "Oh, to the horse." Well, hadn't you better say it again to the cheese?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Lone Star State.

ROCKWALL, TEXAS, May 18.

MESSRS. EDITORS: According to promise in my other short little note of April 15th I will endeavor to write you again. Crops are fine in this part of the State. Corn is about waist high and just as black as ever the corn is on Cold Water or Coddle creeks bottoms, with which a good many of your readers are acquainted. Cotton is looking well. It ranges all the way from eight leaves down to two, and in fact some is not up yet. We plant cotton here from the last of March to the middle of May. Sometimes the early cotton makes the most and sometimes the late.

I will give your readers a problem to solve which I would be pleased to have answered through your paper: In one hundred yards of my house there is a ravine which is about three to four feet deep. Down in the bed of this small creek or ravine I found the skeleton of a horse. The bones were partially decayed. Now the question is, when or how did these bones get there, for eighteen months ago there was no break of any kind in the land where this mystery is to be seen. I have an idea myself how these bones got there, but I will wait and let some one else give their reasons first, and then I will give mine. We have another curiosity here in this county. There is a man living in the lower edge of Rockwall county who had foaled to him a mule colt this spring which had a head more like a calf than a colt, but the peculiarity of the colt was that it had the ear mark of the man's cattle, just exactly two splits in one and one in the other. The cause is supposed to be from dragging a dead cow off with the mother of the deformed colt while she was in foal. Strange are the works of nature.

New Facts in Alcoholic Heredity.

Popular Science Monthly.] A prominent military man, who had drunk moderately during the war and had abstained from that time on, while attending a dinner with his old comrades, where most of them were intoxicated, suddenly became hilarious, made a foolish speech, and settled back in his chair in a drunken state, and was finally taken home quite stupid. He had not drunk any spirits and had only used coffee and water, and yet he had all the symptoms of the others, only his was intoxication from contagion—the favoring soil had been prepared long ago in the army.

Another case was that of a man who had been an inebriate years ago, but had reformed, says the Popular Science Monthly. He was recently elected to office and gave a dinner to some friends. Among them was a physician who has been greatly interested in these studies. He sent me a long report, the substance of which was this:

On the occasion referred to many of the company became partially intoxicated, and the host, who drank nothing but water, became hilarious, and finally stupid with them. He was put to bed with every sign of intoxication, but recovered, and next morning had only a confused notion of these events.

The third case occurred four years ago. A reformed man, of twelve years' sobriety, went on a military excursion with a drinking company, and, although he drank nothing but lemonade, became as much intoxicated as the others.

This event was the subject of much comment and loss to him socially and otherwise, although he protested and others confirmed his statements, that he did not take any spirits at this time.

He Broke Down at Last.

Morphy, the celebrated chess player, could play several games of chess simultaneously without seeing any of the boards on which the various games were being conducted. It was certainly a wonderful feat of memory, to see how attention and abstraction were retained throughout—a most extraordinary feat, and one performed by him over and over again, as he used to stand alone attacking and defending himself against the several opponents who were arrayed against him. That his brain at last gave way and that he died insane proves that physiology has something to say to memory. Like every other gift, memory must be used with discretion, or else the frail frame with which the mind is associated may be shattered by overstraining and what has been the best may be corrupted into the worst. A wonderful genius may degenerate into an idiot.

For the Ladies.

FRUIT PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one cup of sour cream, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste; serve with sauce.

FRENCH STEW.—Cut up two pounds of beef and add to it a pint of sliced tomatoes; put the meat in a stew-pan and season it well with pepper and salt and a little onion, if liked; then add the tomatoes and an ounce of butter rolled in flour; cover it closely, and let it simmer till the beef is tender.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cut good steak in pieces an inch and a-half long, beat well and season with salt, pepper and rub over them a little flour; put in a stew pan and cook gently; prepare a crust as for a chicken pie line your baking dish with it and put in the steak with bits of butter rolled in flour; cover with the water in which it was stewed and place on the top crust and bake. A quart or a pint of oysters put in layers with the beef adds to its richness.

CREAM A LA FOAM.—1 quart of cream, whites of 6 eggs, 1 cupful sugar, 1 glassful currant jelly. Beat the eggs and cream until stiff; add sugar. Serve upon saucer of sweetened, flavored milk, and dot over with bits of currant jelly. If cream cannot be had in quantities, make as follows: Beaten whites of 6 eggs, add gradually 6 teaspoonfuls powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful orange water. Serve upon saucers of cream and dot over with the jelly.

FRUIT MERINGUES.—Fruit meringues are so delicious and so easily made that it is strange they are not oftener seen on our tables. Make a nice puff paste; line a pie plate with it about a quarter an inch thick. Bake the shell in the oven; prick them if they rise too much. Be very careful in lining the pie-plate with paste to have it filled on, when it will not shrink away in baking. When the shells of the pastry are done fill them with rich apple sauce, stewed and sweetened with, or canned peaches sliced and sweetened; or with quince marmalade, preserved plums, or almost any preserve. Cover each pie of ordinary size with a thick meringue made by beating the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and add two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Return the pie to the oven, and if the heat is excessive keep the door open. Cook the meringue slowly for twenty minutes.

The Story of a Horse.

Kingston Freeman.] It is not often that a dealer in horses gets caught, but a case in point shows how a Roundout dealer was brought up with a round turn. A man named Goodwin, of Palenville, came to this city to purchase a horse. Entering a mart in Able street, the following conversation took place:

"I want to buy a horse." "Good. I have got just the kind of animal that will suit you." "Trot him out." "The horse was 'trotted' out and the man from Palenville instantly recognized the beast. He had purchased it in Montreal, Canada, fourteen years ago. At that time the age of the horse was given as six years. He had owned it twelve years and then sold it to a man who had it two years, thus making its age twenty years. While in Goodwin's possession the animal had acquired the habit of chewing tobacco.

"There," said the dealer, "he's a daisy." "How old is he?" inquired Goodwin. "Seven years. He is as sound as a Spanish gold dollar, and can turn a mile in less than three minutes." "Are you sure the horse is only seven years old?" "Certain sure. I know the man that raised him."

"Give me a chew of tobacco, will you?" said Goodwin. Receiving it he handed the tobacco to the dealer with the remark: "Just see if that horse will chew." To the surprise of the horseman the animal chewed the quid with evident pleasure and whinnied for more.

"Do you know this horse?" he asked. "Well, I ought to," replied Goodwin, "being as I owned him twelve years. He was six years old when I bought him, and another man had him for two years." "Come out and take a drink," said the dealer. "That is the worst I ever was sold in my life."

Who kills all the dead letters? Miss Direction.

In Saxony there is one suicide to every 8,446 people. Virtue and a trade are the best portions for a child. The largest quill toothpick mill in the world is near Paris. The Catholic Church in Australia has 800,000 communicants. Mexico has nearly fourteen thousand miles of telegraph lines. Kansas City houses are employing young women as bill collectors. A watch has 175 pieces. The balance has 18,000 beats per hour. The Roman Catholic population of the United States is 8,157,676. The Maine is the heaviest vessel of the new navy at present contracted for. The newest ring setting is a tiny bust of a jockey with a diamond sash. It is estimated that there are 20,000 more women in Washington than men. A large decrease of Chinese immigration into British Columbia is reported. Yellow fever is still raging in Rio Janeiro, Brazil, the deaths reaching 100 per day. The whole number of members of Baptist churches in the United States is given as 2,297,794. A Chicago paper referred to a State Senator as Mr. thos. h. johnson, and he was sued for \$75,000 damages. The entire Ohio oil district is producing about 30,000 barrels daily, on an average of 300 barrels to a 100 acre tract. Last year 153,000,000 shad and about 80,000,000 trout fry were distributed over the country by the fish commission. Justice Miller, it is thought, will soon retire, thus leaving the President two vacancies on the Supreme Bench to fill. Women are not allowed in a mine near Denver because an accident has followed the entrance of every petticoated person. The State of Georgia has been awarded \$35,555 for money advanced the general government during the revolutionary war. According to the New York Times there were 1,269,945 strangers visiting that city during the recent centennial celebration. While cleaning a revolver, John Whitman, living near Rockport, Ind., was killed. He had been married the night before. Clinton, Ia., has the largest sawmill in the west. Its capacity is 45,000 feet per hour. Eight hundred men are employed. Sara Barnhardt, who has always smoked cigarettes, has now taken to mild cigars. She remains, as usual, fond of newspaper puffs. The Salvation Army has abandoned Berlin, the officers in charge having discovered that the city "is not yet ripe for salvation." The most beautiful woman at the centennial ball, according to the New York Sun, was a Southern girl, Miss Belle Green, of Savannah, Ga. It has been calculated that not less than 20,000,000 of meteors, each large enough to be visible as a "shooting star," enter our atmosphere daily. The watch industry of Geneva, Switzerland makes \$16,000,000 worth annually. Sight-seers pay three-fourths of the steamer and railway receipts. "Papa, where's my Atom?" "Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably." "No, I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to." An English firm has been using petroleum for fuel in a torpedo boat and getting a speed of twenty one knots. The oil is carried in the vessel's double bottom. The total Indian population of the United States in 1886 was 247,761, and the Indians had 212,466 square miles reserved for their use. This is nearly a square mile of land to every Indian. There are 7,000,000 negroes in the United States. In the South there are 16,000 colored school teachers. They have colleges, universities and seminaries, and are worth \$2,000,000 in property. Did you ever figure up how many miles your faithful old Dobbin has traveled? An eastern Maine man has done it and finds that in the thirteen years he has driven his horse he has gone 60,000 miles by the record. In ten years a pair of eastern Maine stage horses have traveled 80,000 miles.