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THE SEASONS.

When that the joyful Spring is here,
And violets blue their heads peer,
When cowslip gold and oxlip pale
Adorn the dell and star the dale,
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my dear.

When Summer with her glorious train
Of sultry hours, reigns once again,
When heavy hangs each rose's head
With languor of much sweetness bred,
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my dear.

When Autumn steals o'er world and wold,
Bespangling many a copse with gold,
When violets open their eyes anew,
And sleeping meadows white with dew,
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my dear.

When Winter, softly passing by,
With snowy plumes veils earth and sky;
When snowdrops in the fields are new,
That death is not the end of love,
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my dear.

—St. James's Gazette.

LA PETITE MARQUISE.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

It was at the time when the woman, the "Austrian Queen," was amusing herself with the play of "Figaro," and the bakers raised the price of bread two sous. Caron Beaumarchais had not forgotten me, his foster mother, and just when I had thought we were to be in the street, Jacques came home and told me that he was to be a soldier. He was to stand guard at Trianon. And after that each morning I used to pass on the high road and sit down at a distance and watch him as he went there. He was a fine fellow, my dear son, my only child. And I was proud of my handsome boy, whom the king trusted so much that he had appointed him to watch over his garden. And after awhile, even the high-born ladies of the court would stop and speak to the handsome guard, and he would answer them as well as any cavalier of the court could do, and then he would come home and tell me of the grand doings of the court, while M. Robespierre would sometimes come in and listen, and the two would always talk about the queen and always my son would praise her, and I who knew of the wrongs of the people did not know who was right and who was wrong. One time M. Robespierre talked about the ladies in waiting, and said there was but one good woman among them.

"And who is she?" asked I.
"M. Robespierre answered: 'The only good woman in the queen's train and chamber, for that matter, is Louise de Lamoignon, and she will soon have to go.'"
"And what, pray, about Mademoiselle de Courty?" asked Jacques.
Robespierre shrugged his shoulders.
"La Petite Marquise," he said, scornfully. "She is as wicked as she is beautiful."

Then Jacques started out of his chair, and strode toward M. Robespierre. "You are an infidel liar!" he said hoarsely. "Leave the room."

M. Robespierre smiled quietly. "You are turning your landlord out," he said. "Very well, Jacques, but you will say that I was right some day. And another thing: When she has played with you long enough, and has thrown you aside, come to me, Jacques, come to me." And M. Robespierre made a low bow to me and left the room, and we never saw him again for a long time.

I turned to my boy amazed: "Why do you take such an interest in this noble lady, Jacques? What is she to you, that you should quarrel with M. Robespierre?"
And he told me, then, how, in the evening, the marquise would stand down to the gate, and while the rest were at their court frolics, she would sit and talk to him. And how she had said kind things to him and told him how she loathed the court, and all its bickering and had rather be the wife of a peasant than marry one of the painted, foppish courtiers. As he told me this I was glad, but not surprised. How could she help loving my boy, who was so handsome and so clever and so good? I can see him now, as he sat before me, blushing a little as he spoke of her youth and her innocent and graceful ways and the pure, honest love he bore for her. Jacques was not a peasant. His grandfather was Le Comte d'Arrelles, and although he himself could have no title (for I married a bourgeois), still he could claim, if he pleased, to belong to the nobility. So after this I would not let him come to the court, but he was not rich, or that his mother was a plain citizeness. But I still heard from Jacques that he had been appointed a captain of the guards (this I thought, through the Ma juse, but I learned afterward that it was through M. Caron Beaumarchais), and was permitted to attend the court receptions, and there he saw her often. He himself became, I thought, more of a courtier than I liked. He dressed as well as any of the nobles, and wore diamonds, and when he came to see me, which he did very seldom, I noticed that he talked of citizenesses as if they were the filth of the streets, and I began to see the hand of "La Petite Marquise," as M. Robespierre called her, in all this. But why should I complain, thought I, if he wishes to raise himself to her station rather than ask her to descend to his? So I tried to stifle the foolish longings of my soft old mother-heart, but do what I could, I could not help feeling angry against the woman who was robbing me of my son.

Sometimes M. Robespierre would come and tell me about the world outside and the court.

"Jacques is promoted again, I hear," he said one day. "I am glad to hear it, for we shall need these men with military people and always will be. Don't fret about him, Mere Perabier, he will come out all right sooner or later. The day will come when Jacques will throw off his gold lace and become again a plain citizen like his friend Robespierre. He has eyes and ears and cannot help finding out the truth about that spider-woman."

"But she would not be so cruel as to play with an honest heart like that of

my boy's, Robespierre? Bad, perhaps, she has been, but she cannot break his heart for the mere pleasure of seeing him suffer? He is so good and so true; he is so good-natured and handsome—"

"You forget, Mere Perabier, that he is plain, untitled citizen. He has no title to his name," said Robespierre, mockingly. "Would she play with his love, say you?" he added, fiercely. "La Petite Marquise will put him to every torture she knows. She will tell him the same moment that she loves and loathes him. She will taunt him with his low birth. She will pour in him every possible feeling of hate, love, jealousy, repulsion, passion, until she tires of him and she comes back to us. People say that our party is hurrying France into revolution, anarchy, and I don't know what, beside. But if a revolution comes, it will not be we who bring it about. It will be these scoundrelly men who are women at the court, down to the painted 'La Petite Marquise!' They are dancing away on a volcano, which is growing hotter and hotter each day."

He stopped suddenly as he heard some one on the stairs. The door opened, and in walked Jacques, my boy, but oh! how changed! He wore no powdered peruke, his coat was torn, and he was wounded in the arm, and a great clot of blood lay over the wound. He staggered slowly to his chair and let his arms dangle down toward the floor, while he gazed vacantly into the air, with a sudden start, like an idiot, or a drunken man. His face was pale as no fear, horror, or anger. It was impossible and expressionless as a mask. His eyes had lost their brilliancy and now looked dull and dead, seemingly sunken far back in his head. He took no more heed of us than if we had not been there, sitting almost motionless in my chair and Robespierre, who stood before the fire, studying Jacques as if he had been a dying frog.

"A volcano, which, as I said, Mere Perabier," he said coolly, "is growing hotter every day, and is causing little eruptions like this one," and he smiled sarcastically on my poor boy.

I went over and knelt before my poor boy, and took his cold hands in mine. "My child," I asked, "what has happened, and what caused this wound on your arm?"

He paid no more attention to me than to shudder and draw away his hand. "Jacques," you tell me what is the matter. I ask it, I, your mother.

"Mother," he said huskily and slowly. "Are you my mother?"

M. Robespierre came forward and stood before him, saying, "Don't ask that, Mere Perabier," he said slowly and calmly as if he were bidding him "bon matin," but his voice seemed, for all its calmness and quietude, to do what mine could not—bring him to his right mind.

"Why do I ask? Is she not a woman? I once thought all women were good and holy saints, but I find that they are lying fiends. Who can say a woman is good? Who can say that this woman, though she be my mother, may yet—"

I thought my mother-heart would break at the words he was saying, and I threw myself at his feet, before he could finish, crying out in my agony:

"Oh, my son, my son," and he stopped and passed his hand over his eyes. "You are right, mother. You are right, at least, I can believe in; but that woman—oh, my God!" and he sank back in his chair and commenced plucking at the fragments of his coat and tearing them into little pieces as a dying man plucks at his coverlet. M. Robespierre walked over to him and laid his hand on Jacques' shoulder.

"Well, mon ami, did you kill him or her?" he said to me in the little harbor by the fountain of Diana. He was—

"Never mind whom. I know 'La Petite Marquise' well enough to guess," interrupted M. Robespierre; "but you—what did you do?"

"I burst in upon them with my drawn sword," I said. "I found them, who once thought my friend, can say that. He fought for love of her, and his love was strong. I fought for hate of her, and my hate was stronger than his love. When he fell I turned to kill her, but she had gone. I rushed through the grounds of the park to find some traces of her, but I could not, so I came here. And now I shall go to see my god-father, M. Beaumarchais, and seek his advice."

"You shall have it," said a voice behind me. I turned and saw M. Caron himself. "Seek your safety in flight, and that immediately! I know all the story. I heard of it just now at the court and came to this house to help you. There is a horse outside. Take it and ride like the wind until you reach the frontier."

"And that means leave France forever," added M. Robespierre.

"Better than than death," said M. Caron, gravely.

"I have a future for Jacques better than that of M. Robespierre. Give me your safety for the present, and revenge for the future! Come with me, Jacques, and I will hide you so safe that Necker can never touch you, with all his spies," and he took his arm and they would have gone out together had not M. Caron stood in the way.

"Rather die yourself, Jacques, than help to kill France," he said, sternly. "I know you, M. Robespierre, and your schemes. A free France, I hope for, but not such a France as you would bring about."

Jacques turned toward him fiercely. "I would rather serve under Danton than La Fayette, M. Caron. There is no one in the court whom I would wish to live. M. Robespierre, I am ready."

(Extract from the stocking of La Rouge, the old woman with the yellow rosette on her cap, who sits near the left of the knitt'g row.)

"This Captain Perabier seems a very squeamish young man. I must watch. When 'La Petite Marquise,' as they used to call her, was being brought along in the tumbril she saw him and called out his name, and instead of slapping her face for her impudence he only turned and looked the other way. When a Tete-d-Mort threw the vitrol in 'La Petite Marquise's' face he rode up and knocked 'La Tete-d-Mort' down with the flat of his sword, and when the guillotine made an end of the marquise, I saw a tear on the big booby's cheek. If he were not such a pig of Robespierre he would be in a cell to night." —G. A. Copeland, in Hatchet.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

A Landslide.

"Well, well!" said the first, as the two met and shook hands. "But I thought you were farming in the western part of the State."

"I was until I lost it," replied the other.

"Lost it?"

"Yes—by a landslide."

"Mountain slide down on your farm?"

"No; farm slide away from me on a \$5,000 mortgage." —Free Press.

Not the Right Answer.

"Darling," he said, as he tried to tickle his wife under the chin, "why am I like the moon?"

"You are not like the moon, John Henry, in any particular."

"Why, how do you make that out, my dear?"

"Because the moon has been full but twice this month."

He says that isn't the right answer.—Newman Independent.

Educational.

Teacher—"Now, what do you understand by brain work?"

Boy—"When a man works with his head."

Teacher—"Correct. And what is manual labor?"

Boy—"When a man works with his hands."

Teacher—"That's right. To which of these classes do I belong when I teach you. What do I use most in teaching you?"

Boy—"A strap." —Siftings.

Naming the Baby.

"What shall you name the baby, Ethelred?" Ah, that's what's troubling you, is it, dear? You don't know whether to call him Jabez, after his rich old uncle, or whether to do him with something in the Clarence, or Eustace, or Ronald line, eh? Well, now, dear child, don't fret about it. You may sit down to a catalogue of the Blankenside Library, and pick out the most ladylike name that the novel-readers ever revealed in; but it won't help him out much. For just as soon as that dear little unborn head gets high enough from the ground to go to school and get punched by its fellow boys, that name question will be settled by a unanimous vote of the whole educational establishment, and he may be Sidney Fitzherbert Marmaduke right up to the handle, but he will go through his school as "Carrots," or "Redtop," or "Strawberry Pete," and he will have to settle down to liking it, too, Ethelred. —Puck.

A Late Discovery.

I met him on Canal street, New Orleans, or rather, he came up to me as I was leaning against a door-post, and asked:

"Be you from Illinois?"

"No—Michigan."

"That's too bad. I wanted to find somebody from Illinois."

"Broken?"

"No, not yet. See here, I'm pizenly bothered."

"Well, I've been a hired man in Illinois for the last thirteen years, gettin' about sixteen dollars a month and board. I've been lookin' upon board as wuth about a dollar a week, but—"

"Well?"

"I just kinder filled up back here at the restaurant—just about half a square meal—just nuff to pitch hay or hoe corn on for an hour, and what d'ye 'spose the figger was?"

"Oh, about seventy cents."

"Seventy pumpkins! It was \$1.30 or I'm a sinner. Say!"

"Yes."

"That's \$3.90 a day for fodder, or about \$100 a month. A hundred a month is twelve hundred a year. Thirteen times that is about \$15,000?"

"Yes."

"Say, I'll be gosh-baked and forever stepped on if I haven't been one of these aristocrats—a bloated bondholder—a gosh-fired monopolist after these thirteen years without knowin' it! Tucked away \$15,000 worth of fodder! Woosh! but I want to meet somebody from Illinois and pint the finger of financial independence at him!" —Detroit Free Press.

Had a Good Trade.

Among the peculiar characteristics of the great jurist was a passionate fondness for martial music, good, bad, or indifferent. Another was the extreme simplicity he affected in the matter of wearing apparel, often being mistaken when in his prime for a workman or a comfortable mechanic. Upon one occasion, while busily engaged upon his great work, he heard the drum of a recruiting party, which had taken its station in the old Capital park, and was beating a point of war. Leaving his task, and approaching the scene, that he might hear the better, he commenced insensibly to whistle the reveille, when the recruiting officer accosted him:

"You are fond of music, my fine fellow?" said he.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the sergeant, "why not enlist? Good bed, solid food, and even carry the banner. You needn't even carry the banner, and are sure of plenty of good. Come, you'll go, won't you?"

"Well, yes," replied the chancellor. "I would, if I had not one very strong objection that I don't think can be overcome."

"What is it?" queried the son of Mars.

"I have a good trade," responded the votary of the Thespian Temple, "and I hate to leave it."

"What is your trade?"

"I am chancellor of the State of New York."

"Whew! beg pardon, excuse me," muttered the crestfallen sergeant. "Strike up—quick time—forward—march!" —Albany Express.

The Parent Decoder.

A Boston inventor has just come to the front with what may be safely called the meeting of a long-felt want. This invention is an ingenious little apparatus for playing the piano, which he calls the Skinderson Patent Universal Automatic Parent Decoder.

Every young lady within the sound of her pen—and most every young man—

knows that one of the most serious obstacles to satisfactory sparking lies in the preternatural vigilance of the mother of the period, who possesses an uncomfortable habit of entering the parlor at frequent and unexpected intervals. This habit necessitates the venerable and still successful device of an occasional drumming on the piano by the girl, which appears to have a singularly reassuring effect upon the mother about making a reconnaissance from the direction of the "settin' room."

Mr. Skinderson's invention is a small box containing a set of hammers worked by clockwork, and warranted to run for the duration of the longest Sunday night. This machine keeps up a fitful but constant tapping on the piano keys, and conveys the impression to those outside that the entire evening is being spent in music. Mr. S. guarantees in his advertisements that the most severely proper of mothers will pass serenely up to bed after the first hour of operation of his apparatus, remarking: "Well, there isn't any hugging going on in there, that's certain," and that the most desperate male flirt can obtain a reputation for being that mythical kind of a "nice young man," so dear to the heart of the average parent, by carrying one of those admirable devices around in his coat-tail pocket.

We wish we were half as sure of going to heaven as the inventor is of making a million dollars, and meanwhile aid the march of real progress by thus calling the attention of young male readers to the above suitable and suggestive gift to their "best" girls. —San Francisco Post.

A Swell's Mishap.

Blackly Hall tells in one of his letters a sad mishap to a swell young New Yorker: A young man with a blonde mustache and the base air of a man of the world strolled into the Russian baths yesterday and sat down, with a gingerly air, on the edge of a marble slab, while he rubbed a savan on with one hand, with great tenderness and delicacy. Both eyes were in mourning, and the youth moved as one who was full of aches and pains. The attendant asked him if he wanted to be scrubbed, and the bath-looked at him a moment and then said: "Scrubbed? No, thank you. I want to scrub myself. I want to scrub something soft, like a spray of cologne or a bit of cotton. I can't stand any bristles now." "What's the matter?" asked the attendant, sympathetically. "Did you meet an accident?" "No," said the young man. "I met a bartender. Some very fresh friends of mine had fun with me last night, and I went to an hotel. I had just come from Montreal, and was wearing a fur coat which cost me a cool \$200, when I fell against the boys. Nothing makes the boys so unhappy nowadays, you know, as to see a fur overcoat on another man's back. It's the fad of the season. But when I put my overcoat on that night after sitting with my friends for a couple of hours, I went uptown to make a call on some ladies. They crowded around me when I got in the house, and began to admire my overcoat, when I discovered a most astounding smell of cheese. It was awful. Everybody smelled it, and I was obliged to get out in the open air to catch my breath. It wasn't until an hour afterward that I found cheese wrapped up in napkins in every pocket of the coat. When I got home I found a letter from the proprietor of the hotel, asking me to return the napkins, calling me a thief and promising to proceed against me criminally. It was late then, but I put on a pea-jacket and went around to lick the proprietor. I struck the bartender first. Here the young man sank abruptly into silence, the attendant leaned over sympathetically and waited for him to speak again. He waited and waited, but not a word was uttered. Finally he said: "Well, sir, what occurred?" "I don't know," said the blonde young man, sadly. "I was so tired when I got up that I fell out of the gutter two blocks below the hotel, I made up my mind that I'd had all I wanted that night."

Poison in Kissing.

In an address delivered before the Utica (N. Y.) medical faculty Dr. O. M. Terry said: Lives are daily sacrificed and diseases are daily communicated by the promiscuous habit of kissing. As a custom it should be abandoned among women in their greetings.

In the sacred precincts of the fleshide, when death has laid its relentless hands on one of its members, the common practice of kissing is liable to induce septemia, and thus other precious lives be exposed to the venomous sting of death. As you can more easily see the action of a drug when given in a large dose, so you will more pointedly the danger arising from kissing by giving an illustration of a malignant disease.

There is no longer any doubt in regard to the inoculability and infectiousness of consumption. It is not an established fact that it is not contagious. When you remember that more die by its insidious hands than from any other cause, but few families or relatives of families can be exempt from it. This being true, should not persons visiting such unfortunate individuals do away with the accustomed mode of greeting by kissing? A disease which has resisted the treatment of the most skilled up to the present day should be prevented if possible. Is it for sacred life to be sacrificed for the sake of conforming to a custom? Change the custom; and other ways of greeting will be equally popular and much more sensible and safe.

Perfume From the Acaecia.

In the manufacture of perfume, the acaecia is the favorite flower with the New Orleans makers. It grows wild, is inexhaustible, costs nothing, and gives results more nearly approaching the delicacy of the violet perfume than that created from any other flower, except, of course, the violet itself, which is considerably more difficult to get in sufficient quantities, and which is expensive, comparatively. In extracting oil of acaecia, the flowers are laid in layers of grease, and it becomes necessary in producing the finer perfumes to change them as often as twenty times, and twenty-four hours being given to each installment. The flowers are placed in the grease in a perfectly dry condition, and gathered after the dew is dried.

FRENCH COOKS.

Their Long Apprenticeship—Cooks and Cooking in General.

The present race of cooks produced by the French through the wealth and attention they bestow on the kitchen are generally regarded as the Cleveland *Ledger*, to be without equal and in consequence the great culinary establishments of nearly all nations are presided over by representatives of that country. Efforts to surpass or at least duplicate their work have been without avail, and it is a fact generally conceded, that they have but few successful rivals. One of the noted men of this class who received his training in Paris, is Mr. Adolph Pillault, who recently took up his residence in this city. He had traveled extensively both in this country and in Europe, and came to Cleveland to act as steward for the Excelsior club. "To be regarded as a thoroughly competent cook in Paris," said Mr. Pillault yesterday, "one must serve an apprenticeship of at least ten years. There is no lack of opportunity, as nearly all the large clubs and hotels in that city make arrangements for the training of pupils in the art. They are of both sexes, and usually serve as assistants. The candidates are in charge of the head cook, who gives practical lessons several times daily, and they are also called upon to prepare their own food. They study for three years the making of pastry, two are devoted to bonbons, and the remaining five years are spent in learning the mysteries of cooking, roasting, and the like."

An exception is made by the Grand hotel, which paid Alexander Chucet, under whom I served, 24,000 francs. Good second cooks command from 2,000 to 3,000 francs. In private families the salaries paid vary greatly, according to the proficiency of the cook. When asked why men were preferable to women Mr. Pillault replied that cooking was a work of art in which women, for some reason, never equalled men. They made excellent second cooks, but in every wealthy family the head cook is a male. In speaking of his brethren in this city Pillault stated that with a few exceptions Cleveland had no cooks, and should any of them apply in New York for a situation they would be relegated to a very inferior position. American cooking, he said, has some very commendable points, but receives no encouragement from the people, who appear to have no regard for the kitchen.

England produces no cooks, and those of Germany, while they excel in their own branches, generally learn the art of cooking in France. The cooks in the courts of England, Austria, Spain, Belgium and Italy are nearly all French, and the same might be said of other nations. The Emperor of Germany employs a French cook, Urbain Dubois, at a salary of 10,000 marks per year. Dubois is the author of a book of recipes which has received considerable attention. The noble families of Europe usually employ from three to five cooks, while the food for the Emperor of Germany is prepared by twelve. The great fault of the cooks of this country is that after having served in the kitchen for three or four months they consider themselves fully equipped with knowledge pertaining to all branches of the art. The Americans excel in the preparation of oysters for the table. The bivalves have not achieved the great prominence as an article of European diet, probably on account of their great cost. The greatest gourmands of Europe in their order are the French, English, Italians, and Germans. The French live for eating, while the people of this country seem bent on amassing wealth. When asked in how many ways a duck could be cooked, Mr. Pillault responded that there were at least fifty different styles in which a fowl of that kind could be prepared for the table. In his estimation the best way to prepare a turkey was by stuffing it with truffles and then roasting. The finest roast that could be served for twenty persons, he thought, should be modelled after one served at the Palace of the Tuileries, December 22, 1867. The cost in this country would be from \$10 to \$15 per plate. The bill of fare was as follows:

SOUP.
Consomme a l'Impetratrice, barley cream.
FISH.
Rhine salmon Geneve style.
Turbot, a la Hollandaise with Rhine wine.
Supreme de Poulet a l'Omelette.
Venison filee au Chateau.
With Chateau Yquem.
Quail coctail a la Rothschild.
Aloyau de Boeuf, a la Normande.
Dindonneau Braize a l'Impetratrice with claret.
Chateau Lafite.
Roast pheasants with cresson.
Garcelle Pot a la Geneve.
Truffles salads du Piedmont with champagne.
ENTREMENTS.
Asparagus, sauté, etc.
Pudding a la Cuberland.
Croule aux ananas.
Gelée Pommee.
DESSERTS.
Ice Cream Alhambra, fruits, cake, etc., with champagne.

How Some Statesmen Write.

Senator Garland, of Arkansas, writes like copper plate.

John A. Logan's signature takes up a whole page.

Judge Gresham pens his name in big black curves.

Senator Hoar's signature is cold and reserved.

Senator Lamar's signature looks like the writing of a monk of the middle ages.

Senator Frye writes his name, State and date without taking his pen from the paper.

The hand of David Davis is as heavy as himself. He uses black ink and punctuates profusely.

Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, uses more ink than any other man in the Senate to write his name.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland, writes a big bold hand. It is the hand of a man in sound physical condition.

The late Senator Anthony wrote a hand modelled on the tracks in the mud of his big turkey farm in little Rhode Island.

Senator Edmunds has an illegible signature, which looks more like the sign on a Chinese tea box than English script. —Cleveland Leader.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The advantage to be derived from virtue is so evident that the wicked practice it from interested motives.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities, the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

The conqueror is regarded with awe; the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man that wins our affections.

Let us begin our heaven on earth; and, being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

Avoid railery; it offends him who is the object of it; he that indulges this humor is the scourge of society, and all fear and avoid him.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does. The value of superior knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a performing manhood.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business; but nimbleness is a full, fair wind, blowing it with speed to the haven.

Man creeps into childhood, tumbles into youth, soars into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

A man's conscience is his sole tribunal; and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost, if he crossed a churchyard at night.

If, by instructing a child, you are vexed with it for the want of docility, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child is all left hand.

Nothing so cements and holds together in union all the parts of society as faith or credit; which can never be kept up, unless men are under some force or necessity of honestly paying what they owe to one another.

"Blame It All on Me!"

A grand crash—a shower of splinters—bump! bump! and the coaches settled back on the rails, and the passengers picked themselves up and cried out to each other that there had been a collision.

So there had. Freight No. 17 was pulling in on the side track, but the day express thundered down on her while the long train was a third of its length on the main track.

Some one had blundered. Some one's wheel was off time. Some one must be held responsible for the accident.

Under the overturned locomotive was the fireman—dead. Near him was the engineer, pinned down to the frozen earth by one of the drivers, and when he had been relieved, a doctor, who was among the passengers, knelt beside him and said:

"Arm broken—leg broken—foot crushed to a pulp. He cannot live."

Who had blundered? Who had disobeyed orders? The conductors of the two trains were comparing watches and orders, when the engineer beckoned them and said:

"I alone am to blame!" he whispered. "I wasn't due here until 10:10, and it was just 10:05 when I struck the freight. I was washed of time—running on her time."

"So it was—so it was," whispered the two conductors.

"This morning when I left home, continued the engineer, "the doctor was there. Our little Jennie—our five-year-old—was sick unto death. In her delirium she kept crying out: 'Don't go, papa! don't leave little Jennie to die.' It was like a knife to my heart to leave her, but go I must. I was leaving the house when the doctor put his hand on my shoulder, and said: 'Tom, my boy, by 6 o'clock to-morrow morning she'll either be dead or better.'"

"What a long day this was to me! he went on after a bit. "When I pulled out of the depot to-night, headed for home and Jennie, I wanted to fly. I kept giving her more steam, and I kept giving on my time. We aren't due till 7, you know, but I wanted to be in at 6—aye! an hour before that. When the thought came to me that Jennie might be dead when next I entered the door I should have pulled the throttle wide open if the fireman hadn't grabbed my arm."

"Poor man!" they whispered as I shuddered with pain and seemed to be exhausted.

"Yes, blame it all on me," he whispered. "No, 16 had five minutes more to get in, and she'd have made it all right, but I stole her time. And now—"

He lay so quiet for a moment that the doctor felt for his heart to see if it still beat.

"And now—that's her—that's Jennie. She's beckoning—she's calling! Right down the track—over the high bridge—through the deep cut—I'm coming—coming!"

And men wiped tears from their eyes and whispered:

"He has found his child in death!"

A Bass Invention of Modern Times.

All nations seem to have possessed drums of various kinds, but always of a comparatively small size. It remained for modern nations to produce the gigantic specimens which are to be found in our orchestras. None of those who have attended great musical festivals, such as the Boston Peace Jubilee or the Handel festival at London, will fail to remember the huge instruments which added their deep, rolling thunder to the mighty mass of tone there heard. Such drums were never dreamt of by the ancients. The necessity for having portable instruments would have excluded them from use, even if their presence had been thought desirable. —Musical Herald.

The First Clock.

The first clock which appeared in Europe was probably that which Eginhard (the secretary of Charlemagne) describes as sent to his royal master by Abdallah, king of Persia. "A horologe of brass, wonderfully constructed for the course of twelve hours, answered to the hour glass with as many little brazen balls, which drop down on a sort of balls underneath, and sounded each other."

The Venetians had clocks in 873, and sent a specimen of them that year to Constantinople. —Jewellers' Circular.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

hold that thoughts are things—adorned with being, breath and wings, And that we send them forth to fill The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our "secret thought" Speeds to the earth's remotest spot, And leaves its impressions, by-and-by, Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it In your still chamber as you sit With thoughts you would not dare have known, And yet make comrades, when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly And leave their impress, by-and-by, Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And, after you have quite forgot Or all grown so, you vanish thought, Back to your mind to make its home, A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair; They have a vital part to play In shaping words and molding fate—Go! your system is so intricate! —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Good Cheer.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

On her beam ends—The sun. Nothing to speak of—A dude. A growing industry—Raising a family.

The story of a teamster's life is nearly always a tale of woe—Judge. The shrewd skating rink man never advertises hard wood floors.—Call.

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