msa_sc3326_scm8207-0489 ©Maryland State Archives

The Transcript,

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, February 10, 1887.

BILL ARP'S JOURNEY.

GOING HOME FROM THE WAR WITH TIP AND THE WAGON.

A Pathetic Story of the Return of the Refugees—Crossing the Etowah—Night in an Abandoned School House—Home Again.

About the close of the year, twenty-two years ago, we made preparations to go home. We loaded a covered wagon with our goods and chattels and some meat and meal and a supply of corn and fodder, and two or three cooking utensils, and a coffee pot, and some coffee made of rye and goobers and sweet potatoes parched and mixed, some sorghum syrup, a puppy dog and a gun or two well loaded, and a few other primitive tricks, and felt amazing rich that we had so much to begin the world with—so much that others did not have.

Our oldest boy was then about 15, and had sense and self reliance like a man, for he had been with me in the army in Virginia, and had been bumped around smartly, and was used to trouble. So we started him and our faithful friend Tip with the covered wagon and team, and we followed after in a one horse rockaway. There were only seven children then and none to spare. The weather was cold and the roads in an awful condition, for they had not been worked in a year or two, and we had to cut our way around the fallen trees and patch up the little bridges and make haste slowly, but we were going home, and that inspired us to encounter everything. We got along pretty well the first day and night, but on the second day, as we neared the Etowah river, we struck that desolate and deserted country known as Sherman's belt—that same Sherman "who was so careless about fire." Steele's bridge was ahead of us and was said to be the only one left. The ferries were all abandoned and the boats gone, so we pressed forward to the bridge, and as we mounted the hill that overlooked it we were surprised to see our boy and Tip and some other refugees carrying plank from an outhouse to the bridge. The floor was gone and they were contriving a way to get the wagons across. They picked up enough plank of one sort or another to lay two rows lengthways across the bridge, a row for the wheels on each side of the wagon. It was slow work and perilous work to put the plank down on the open sleepers, but they did it, and then carefully pulled and pushed the wagons across. The surging waters, away down among the rocks some forty feet below, had no terrors to exiles going home. After getting the vehicles across the bridge the horses and mules were swum across the river a short distance below, and all were safely landed on the homeward side.

The dark and dismal night caught us as we neared an old shell of a school house by the way, and so we halted and took possession and built up a rousing fire in the old log-built fireplace. The house had been used for anybody's stable, but we cleaned up a corner and scattered the myriads of fleas around and put them in circulation, and then spread down an old quilt and put a bed upon it and fixed up the mother and her babies pretty well considering that this was war. An old log stable was near by and it had a long, old fashioned feed trough that was made of half of a hollow log. We put our stock in the stable and fed them in one end of the trough and our big boy slept in the other end with his gun by his side. Tip kept up the fire all night and it shone brightly through the big cracks, and kept the stable and the wagon in sight. Mules and horses were precious then—more precious than gold. By daylight Tip was cooking breakfast and making our coffee, and it did not take long to make our morning toilet. We had to get some water from a branch near by and wash our faces, and that was all. The sun didn't rise that day and the mist and the clouds were thick and heavy. We were soon all aboard and expected to reach Rome and home by night. The road was hilly and rough and grew almost impassable as we got into the dark chocolate lands of Bartow. All the day long we looked and longed to see some living thing—a man, a boy, a negro, a dog, a hog, a bird—anything to break the spell of utter desolation. There was nothing animate except the buzzards that now and then took their heavy flight from some carcass by the way. There was hardly a house left—none that were occupied. No cattle or sheep, no rooster to crow, or dog to bark.

Night—dark—overtook us five miles from Rome, and those five miles are a horror to me now. I think I grew older that night by a year at least, perhaps five. The road could not be seen, and some of the gullies were fearful. But Tip and our boy never faltered nor wilted. Sometimes when the team seemed reluctant they would stop and one go ahead and explore and then try it again. Fences are sometimes a glimmering guide in the darkness, but there were no fences. We had not seen one all the day.

When we reached the suburbs of town the mule team came square up against a fallen tree, and on exploring there were several in the way, for it was an abandoned camp and the trees had been cut down for fire wood. It took us an hour to turn round and find another route. It seemed to me then that we spent half a night right there hunting for a way. But at last we got into the town—the town where street lamps used to burn and a thousand welcome lights were in the windows of happy homes. Now all was dark and lonesome and as silent as the grave. By 10 o'clock we were in front of a kinsman's house, and a glimmering light shone through the curtained window lattice. Oh, happy moment—blessed relief. I actually felt weak from the reaction that followed from the long and intense anxiety.

No wonder that the doors were locked and barred, and the light kept dimly burning. War is horrible enough, but the absence of all law and all restraint is worse, for the weak and defenseless are then at the mercy of the strong. Of course, we found our dwelling sacked and gutted of its furniture. We left it full and found it a skeleton; indeed, the whole town was a skeleton. A good portion had been destroyed by the very able man who was so careless about fire, and what was left was empty. Even the churches were empty—not a pew nor a seat left. My own house had been used as headquarters, and the telegraph wire was still hanging in the parlor. There was not a paling nor plank around the premises. There was a new stable about sixty feet long for the horses of the general and his staff, and the troughs were made of the pews of the churches.

We moved into our house and called it home. We borrowed some beds and bedding and a chair or two from kind neighbors and settled down. I had some Confederate money, but it wouldn't buy much. I gave $3,000 for a chunk of a cow, the only one I could hear of that was for sale in the country. I brought ten bushels of corn down the river and kept it hid out from the scouts and outlaws, but they got half of it, anyhow. We lived through the winter—a hard winter—and I reckon we could do it again, but we don't want to, and are now thankful for the comforts of life and the security that comes from peace and well regulated laws.—Atlanta Constitution.

Along the Coast of Norway.

Navigation along the coast of Norway is very smooth, with no dangers for the timid or the victims of seasickness. Even when running along the coast north and south there are almost all the way outlying islands which break the force of the sea, giving smooth water, while the fjords which run deep into the land, some of them being eighty to 100 miles long, are as completely land locked as an ordinary river. There is at times difficulty in finding anchorage along the coast, the water being so deep that it is necessary to decide beforehand as to where you will anchor.

The Norwegian government takes as much care in providing proper anchorage as in providing lighthouses. You see along the shore at intervals, apparently white bare upon the rocks, which on inquiry, you find to be places where rings and staples have been set into the rock for vessels to fasten to, and small steamers are kept plying along the coast to see that these are always in proper order. Along the whole north coast there is an extremely perfect system of telegraphic communication, cables being laid to the islands. This system is used a good deal to notify fishermen when the fish, herring and others have "struck in" in large quantities at any given locality, so that not only may fishermen go there to catch them, but they may procure barrels and other material for packing.—Col. George Bliss in New York Times.

The late Sir Moses Montefiore was one of the last persons in London who went about in a sedan chair, with four bearers.

PARLOR FUNNY MEN.

POPULAR HUMORISTS WHO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH AND CRY.

Marshall P. Wilder, the Wonderful Face-Maker, Courted and Feted by the English Nobility—Frank Lincoln's Vocal Powers—Amateurs' Trials.

"Don't think I am funny from choice. I had to be either funny or pathetic, and so I chose to be funny," said Marshall P. Wilder not long ago, making one of his terrible grimaces that transformed his smiling face in the most frightful manner and made every one present start up in alarm. "Oh, I can be dreadfully funny when I want to," he said, smiling in the most seraphic manner until he looked like one of Raphael's cherubs. Mr. Wilder is said to be the funniest man in America, and he has become as familiar to most New Yorkers as the city hall building. He goes everywhere. He is seen at the opera, at the theatres on the opening nights, at concerts and lectures, at amateur theatricals, afternoon teas, in Wall street, in the cotton and produce exchanges, on the Broadway cars, viewing the hippopotamus at the park, at the races—indeed he seems like some sprite that can be everywhere at the same time. His funny genius is best seen in the parlor and as an after dinner entertainer he has no equal.

STANDING ON THE PIANO.

"Get up on the piano, Wilder, and give us some fun," is the usual way of asking the popular humorist to display his talents. Mr. Wilder has to be perched on a table or piano to be seen by most people, for he is not a giant in stature. So he mounts the piano, and generally greets his audience with a sardonic grin that would frighten a giant. Having subdued them, he begins to be "funny." He can twist his mobile features into any shape. One minute he will personate some beauty. His great brown eyes become soft and bright, his mouth looks like a rosebud, and the color comes and goes in his cheeks. Then in a second he will look like a villain of the very deepest dye. His forte is in making faces.

This talented humorist is a professional. He is funny very often for nothing, especially in the cause of charity, or when among his friends, but he is generally funny for money.

Last spring and summer Mr. Wilder spent in England, and his humor so charmed the English that he was courted and feted by nobility and all its attendant coterie. He made the Prince of Wales laugh until he cried, and was dined and invited everywhere. Lady Wilde, the mother of the æsthetic Oscar, took a great fancy to the unique humorist, and always called him "a complete poem of humor." He describes her dinner parties as very entertaining. He says she always wore a brooch containing a miniature of her late husband on the corsage of her gown, and that the brooch was continually falling into the soup, but that otherwise she was a charming old lady.

ANOTHER FUNNY MAN.

Another funny man who is seen every winter is Frank Lincoln. At least that is his professional name, but his real name is F. W. Hopkinson Smith. Last summer he became a happy Benedict by marrying a very beautiful Virginia girl. He is the reverse of Mr. Wilder in appearance. He is tall, well formed, and has an open, fair face, lit by blue eyes and framed in blond hair. His face is clean shaven and he has a remarkably fine set of teeth as white as snow. Mr. Lincoln came to New York a few years ago and at once became a favorite.

He has wonderful powers of imitation and can pop a bottle of champagne, send up a sky rocket, fire off a cannon or get off any other pyrotechnic with his voice. In the animal kingdom he is perfectly at home and he has many little sketches of his own which he delights to give. One of the best of these is "The Funeral of a Fashionable Lady's Pug Dog." It is all done in dumb show. Mr. Lincoln comes in, his face expressing deep sorrow, bows mournfully to one or two friends near the door, tiptoes across the room to where the chief mourner is weeping, takes her hand tenderly, and wipes one or two tears from his eyes. Then he tiptoes up to where the imaginary remains of poor Fuggy are lying in state, bends over to look closely at them, applies his handkerchief again to his eyes and passes out of the room. There is nothing on the stage but the actor, yet the whole picture is brought vividly before the imagination.

The other parlor funny men of New York are not at all prominent, and most of them are only amateurs and imitators of the two mentioned. Mr. Edward Fales Coward, the amateur actor, can recite many humorous pieces and is excellent at grimacing and one of the Warren boys is also clever in the same way. A number of young men have endeavored to learn how to tell a joke and illustrate it by grimaces, but most of them have been called failures.

"It is one of the hardest things in the world to be funny, don't you know," one of them says; "because while what you are saying may be awfully comical, yet the fact that a lot of critical young girls and fellows are looking at you makes you feel and look frightened. I'd rather play sad."—New York Journal.

Taking Dispatches by Typewriter.

"The system of taking dispatches by the typewriting machine," said an old telegrapher yesterday, "is proving a great success. By the new process the capacity of a wire is increased 25 per cent., thus enabling the company to perform greater feats of telegraphing than ever before. It takes some time for the operator to learn how to manipulate the machine with sufficient speed to keep pace with a good 'sender,' but when he once masters the thing he can perform 25 per cent. more work than he can with pen or stylus, and perform it, too, with far less exertion and mental strain. So expert have some of the operators become that a great deal of press matter is sent in abbreviated form for no other reason than that the sender cannot 'whoop' the stuff through fast enough by the old process to keep the receiver at his knitting. There isn't a sender living who can 'put it up the back' of the expert typewriter artist."—Chicago Herald.

Practical Joking by Will.

Scientific people have just had a serious disappointment. When, 100 years ago, Sir John Sloane was gathered to his fathers, he left directions in his will that a certain cupboard in his museum should not be opened for the space of a century. Ever since then the cupboard has attracted as much attention as that against which the late Mrs. Blue Beard was cautioned. Many have been the speculations as to its contents. The museum has already a chamber of horrors, which very few of the professional public and not a great many others have had the opportunity of exploring; and it was thought that the mysterious cupboard must contain something wonderful. A few days ago the centenary came round, and in the presence of trustees and lawyers, the long closed receptacle was opened. And what was found? No horrible examples, no curious mummies, no grinning skeletons, but simply a parcel of old letters and papers of no interest whatever to any one but him who placed them there. The disgust of the savants may be imagined, and the conclusion outsiders have arrived at is that the late Sir John was a bit of a practical joker.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Benton and Fremont.

Senator Thomas H. Benton used to reside in this house that I am doing business in, and it was from the front steps of this building that he kicked John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, who was paying his addresses to the senator's daughter, Jessie, at the time. Benton had an intense dislike for the suitor, but Fremont would not be bluffed with any sort of mild treatment like that. He kept on courting, and finally he and Miss Jessie were married. Some years after that Benton presented the maps and plans of his illustrious son-in-law to the United States senate and expounded his cause with characteristic eloquence. A friend of his, well knowing the senator's previous antipathy to Fremont, asked him how it was that he then esteemed him so highly. Thereupon Benton replied: "Oh, you see, Jessie was a better judge of a man than I was."—John Magnire in Globe-Democrat.

Sulphur for a Cold.

Flowers of sulphur sprinkled on a hot shovel and the fumes inhaled while they are fresh is recommended for cold in the head; but Fogg affirms that he will die before he will snuff up burning brimstone. It is not unlikely.—Boston Transcript.

A Waste of Time.

German—Why don't you Americans drink beer as we do?

Young America—How's that?

German—Sip it slowly, and take half or three quarters of an hour to a glass.

Young America (with disgust)—It would take all night to get full.—Life.

Mr. Labouchere is the greatest smoker in parliament, and wants everybody to smoke everywhere.

WHO SAVED THE TRAINS?

Two trains came speeding along the track—
('Twas a bitter cold night in winter time)
And the switchman nodded over his fire
With never a thought of crime.

'Twas a bitter night, and the snow was thick,
The fire was warm and he nodded long,
His senses benumbed by fatigue and cold,
But never intending wrong.

The trains came rushing, laden with lives—
Alas! for them, with no guard at the switch!
For the switchman's lever is mighty to save
Or destroy, and this night 'twould be—which?

His Newfoundland dog lay close to his feet,
With silken ears all alert to hear,
And bright eyes steadfastly keeping watch
For possible danger near.

A distant rumbling smote his ear,
And swift as a flash to his feet he sprang,
Eagerly pulling his master's coat,
And loudly his sharp bark rang.

The switchman rose to his feet in haste,
And saw, through the heavily falling snow,
The howling winds and bitter night,
Two fiery headlights glow!

He sprang to his duty. The trains swept by,
Laden with precious humanity
Peacefully sleeping, not knowing how near
They had been to eternity!

—Traveler's Record.

MANY WAYS OF UTILIZING

The Numerous Things Which Our Forefathers Threw Away.

There are hundreds of things which our forefathers threw away which we find many ways of utilizing. Within a generation the residuary products arising from the manufacture of gas, which were formerly considered worthless, have through new methods of distillation and manufacture been made to yield coal oil, salts of ammonia, naphtha, tar, pitch, creosote, benzole, carbolic acid, paraffine, aniline, napthaline, and by combination with coal, shales, alum, copperas and sulphuric acid. So also is with the contents of the ragpickers' bag. Woolen rags, old stockings, white flannel, carpeting, serge, tailors' trimmings, old coats, gowns and other condemned garments are sent to the shoddy manufacturer, where they are torn into shreds, mixed with new wool and manufactured into cheap and serviceable cloth. Woolen rags are also ground up into flock and artificial flowers and can always be used no matter how old.

Linen cloths are sent to the paper manufacturer and transformed into the best paper. The enormous shop of Marcus Ward & Co., at Belfast, Ireland, depends largely upon the linen manufactories of that place for its paper stock. Cotton rags go to paper makers, while house rags and dish cloths, which are covered with grease, are sold to hop growers for manure. All kinds of paper are sent to the papier mache manufacturer, who produces various ornamental and useful articles, such as tea trays, cigar and tobacco cases and match boxes. Bones are boiled for their grease and gelatine, converted into charcoal and used in sugar refineries, sold to the tanner who manufactures case handles, knife handles and other useful articles, or they are ground up and sold to the farmer as phosphates of lime, forming an excellent and highly valued manure.

Old bottles, vials and fragments of glass are remelted, colored by a unique process and made into flat pieces which are broken up into irregular shapes to serve as mosaic window glass. Pieces of tin and tin cans are sold to chemical works or to manufacturers who melt them into window weights. Old boots are sold to men who patch them up for the cheap trade, or if they are too dilapidated they are ground up with other fragments of leather and compressed into insoles for cheap shoes. The tin and solder are removed from old saucepans and sold to the dealer in these articles. In Paris the utility of everything is demonstrated. Coal and ashes are sold to brick burners, the dye is extracted from scarlet cloths for wood staining purposes, and the bodies of dead cats and dogs are skinned and the hides used in the manufacture of gloves, and one enterprising chap buys bits of bread, grinds them up and resells them to French cooks as bread crumbs.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Clock Was Set.

He was a darky who wanted an alarm clock. This was his mission when he entered Hart's jewelry store After getting in there he informed the accommodating clerk of the nature of his visit, and that individual hastened to wait on him. He wished the clock set, so as to spring the alarm at 3:30 a. m., as that was the hour at which he had to get up, as he worked in a restaurant that required early service. He was particular as to the time he wanted it go off, for he was going to the theatre to spend the earlier part of the evening and was anxious not to oversleep himself the next morning. Tom Rogers, the clerk, a jocose fellow on such occasions, at once saw the opportunity to have some fun at the dark purchaser's expense and took advantage of the same. He set the alarm accurately to go off at 9:30 p. m., put the clock in a box, received the price and handed over the parcel. The buyer put the timepiece into his overcoat pocket, loitered around unconscious of any impending racket until it was time to go to the play. Then he entered, and in company with his best girl took a seat in the gallery. He soon became absorbed in the fate of the hero on the stage and had no thought of his overcoat, that he laid on the chair next to him. Everything was perfectly quiet. Suddenly there was a resounding clatter in the pocket of that big coat. Such a going around and buzzing interrupted the gallery proceedings. The shock aroused him from his reveries and his seat at the same instant. With a frantic clutch he grabbed the coat, clapped his hat over the instrument of noise, vainly endeavoring to still its din.

The colored lady by his side shrieked out in wild affright. A Senegambian philosopher in his rear gravely explained to the startled persons around him that the man had developed into a battery of electricity, and to move away from him or they might get struck. This caused a commotion. While this was going on the clatter ceased with as little warning as it had begun. Silence was restored, all save the audible smiles that circled round the gallery. As soon as the purchaser had recovered from his surprise he took in the situation, appreciated the joke and afterward detailed his experiences to Tom Rogers, saying that "durned thing made him lose a whole act."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Lack of Confidence.

Jim Webster—I was jess sayin' de udder day you was one ob de mos' reckless men I eber seed.

"You is right. I isn't feared of nuffin," replied Uncle Mose.

"Jess what I said. Den, ob course, you isn't afeared to lend me a dollah."

"No, Jeems, I isn't afeared to lend you a dollah."

"Jess what I said. Hand ober de dockerment."

"I isn't afeared to lend yer a dollah, but I does so hate to part with an old fren' forsber. I'se got de dollah, Jeems, but I lacks confidence."—Texas Siftings.

The Methodists are making preparations to send Bishop Taylor, in Africa, another steamboat to navigate the upper Congo with.

The Hare and The Wolf.

A Wolf who had the misfortune to be caught in a Trap was soon espied by the Hare, who approached very closely and exclaimed:

"Ah! you Wretched Fellow! but for my Magnanimity of Character I would turn to and lick you within an Inch of your Life!"

The Wolf thereupon shed Bitter Tears, and the Hare taunted him with cowardice.

"It isn't that!" quietly replied the Wolf, "but it is the Knowledge that I have let so many Hares go Uneaten in the Past."

Moral: John L. will get trapped some day. Now is his time to knock 'em out.—Detroit Free Press.

Tennyson's New Volume.

Lord Tennyson's new volume sells more freely than anything he ever published. The condemnation of the critics is outweighed by the voice of fashion, and Lord Tennyson is as much the fashion now as ever.—Chicago Tribune.

A Merchant's Secret.

A Chicago merchant reveals the secret of the fact that while in cold weather other show windows are heavily frosted, his remain clear and transparent. He has his windows rubbed twice each week with a cloth dipped in glycerine.

The Oldest Fresco.

The museum at Boulak, in Egypt, contains what has been called the oldest picture in the world—a fresco from a tomb at Maydoom representing six geese.—Arkansaw Traveler.

No mother should permit herself to become the slave of the family. The sweetest disposition must become soured under such a strain and with it goes health and spirits.

To soften the hardest old boots or shoes apply the fat from roast fowls with a cloth or brush.

A PISTOL FACTORY.

GATLINGS, SHOT GUNS, ENGINES AND TYPE SETTING MACHINES.

A Rifle on the "Pump" Principle—New Feed for the Gatling Gun—A Big Shot Gun—The Thorne Typesetter's Peculiarities.

In the spring of 1861 the writer was an employe at Colt's shop, and having a leisure hour the other day visited the shop. Through the kindness of an old friend he was given permission to inspect the factory and note the changes and improvements that twenty-five years have wrought. In 1861 pistols and rifles were made. Now, in connection with the improved rifles and pistols, are manufactured the famous Gatling guns, shot guns, Baxter and Disc engines, Thorne's type setting and distributing machine, Waterhouse electric dynamos and lights, screws, etc.

The Colt's self cocking double action pistols are too well known to need any description, and perhaps the same may be said of the new lightning magazine rifle, which works on the pump principle similar to the Spencer gun, and which are called in sportsman's parlance, "stomach pumps." Fifteen shells can be placed in the magazine and fired very rapidly, while the perfect mechanism of the rifle prevents clogging and insures perfect safety. The reputation of the Colt's shot gun is too well established to need any recommendation. The new hammerless double barreled gun is now in great demand, especially among sportsmen who enjoy trap shooting, and the best scores made at these matches are won with the Colt gun. While we point with pride to our superiority over other countries in our mechanical and manufacturing establishments, it is somewhat humiliating to be told that the barrels for all these guns are imported in a rough state, and that none of them are made in this country. These barrels come singly, and the soldering and fitting up is done here, so that all guns are ranged to shoot alike.

THE "CHOKE BORE."

A great improvement over the old fashioned shot gun—and especially is this so for clay pigeon shooting—is the choke bore. This consists in boring the barrel so that it is much smaller at the muzzle, and the shot do not scatter, as in the straight bore. Many of these guns are made to order and choked to suit the fancy of the purchaser. From 300 to 400 is the usual number selected. Perhaps an explanation would make this more intelligible to the majority of your readers, and means simply that the gun as tested at the armory will at a distance of forty yards in a charge of one and one eighth ounces No. 8 shot send 300 shot within the radius of a thirty inch circle.

Some of these guns was recently ordered, to weigh twelve pounds, and it will stand a charge of five drams of powder and two ounces of shot— a miniature cannon, which ought to give the owner a decided advantage in trap shooting over one with a light gun, using only the regulation charge of three drams of powder and one and one eighth ounces of shot.

The Gatling gun is constantly being improved, and through the kindness of one of the firm we were shown the latest improvements. Some sizes of the guns have two feeds, and are so constructed that one hundred shots can be fired in two and one half seconds. One can scarcely believe this unless he has seen it, as it seems impossible that the cartridges can be placed in the gun, fired and extracted so rapidly. A new feed has been invented, by which the loading canister can be disposed with and the cartridges slid from the box into two slots, which hold them by the rim till they fall into the grips, which carry them into the chamber.

THORNE TYPESETTER.

The Thorne typesetter is to one interested in new machinery the most attractive and peculiar machine now made in the shop. And by the courtesy of Mr. Joseph Thorne, the inventor, we were shown its entire peculiar workings. This machine has been recently described, but many improvements have been added, and the working of the machine is now said to be quite perfect. The size of the cylinder has been increased, and eighty-two letters, figures and characters used by the printer can be placed in one machine. The inventor claims that with two men and a boy to feed in the type the work equals that accomplished by six men in the old way; or that by this machine 700 ems can be set up in eight minutes.

All the type used in Gen. Logan's book was set up with one of these machines. They cost $2,000, the indexing and fitting in of the guides for the nicked combination on the type requiring a large amount of skilled and exact labor. To operate the machine requires only the same skill and practice needed to successfully run a typewriter.—Cor. Hartford Times.

AN INTERVIEW IN THE WATER.

How a Woman Once Interviewed John Quincy Adams.

As a boy, being fond of bathing in the Potomac, I frequently resorted thither at early hours of summer mornings. The favorite point for such enjoyment was at "the sycamores," so called because a group of those trees stood on a certain part of the shore. The location was in the immediate vicinity of the present Washington monument. There I had sometimes the honor of attempting to rival the natatory skill of John Quincy Adams. It was his custom to seek the refreshment of the River of Swans—Pow-tow-mack—at the dewy hours of 4 or 5 a. m. My young companions and I encircled him as minnows may swim about a whale, but with no fear, for among children he was as a child.

A strange incident occurred there one day. Mrs. Anne Royal, a stout, aged, and eccentric widow of a Revolutionary soldier, had come to Washington some time before and undertaken the publication of a weekly paper entitled "The Huntress," in size little beyond a sheet of foolscap, blurred print, and more typographical errors than lines. Biographical accounts of gentlemen of the cabinet and of congress were its main features, with notices, too, of distinguished ladies of the metropolis. If the elite furnished her, on her call, with proper data and proper pay, their lives were made glorious in the next number of the unique journal, and they were also presented as angels, either masculine or feminine; but if her visit, as did happen now and then, met with refusal, the imaginative editor would invent wonderful circumstances and attribute them to such personages. These, in publication, startled and even terrified the subjects thereof and all their society friends. So it became necessary to buy off the vengeful madam and to obtain from her a pleasant report.

No paper of the period in Washington, not even the stately and venerable National Intelligencer, could compare in extent of local subscription with the list of "The Huntress." The active and resolute madam would have it, and made it so, by going from house to house, office to office, stores, departments of the government—in a word, everywhere.

The enterprising widow had long sought an opportunity to pay her respects to the Hon. John Quincy, but somehow—perhaps John Quincy knew—fate failed to favor her. She chanced to learn the early summer morning practice of his late excellency, and the very next day repaired to the river and the sycamores. There he was, serenely disporting. She looked on with self congratulation. The swimmer approached the shore at last, nearer and nearer, till he observed her ladyship in waiting, then, the stream admitting, stood, head and neck exposed above the surface.

Thus situated, a prisoner, she addressed him, introduced herself, and held sufficient talk to furnish subject for a fine article in the following "Huntress," which accomplished, she retired, and once more all was "quiet on the Potomac."—Seaton Donoho in Brooklyn Magazine.

A Famous Lithographer's Beginning.

I quite often encounter in the street the father of the American Christmas card. Mr. Louis Prang divides his time pretty equally between Boston and New York. He is a hale and energtic elderly gentleman, whose busy brain is constantly conceiving new ideas full of credit and profit to their originator. In 1860 he was a small lithographer in Boston. He had an establishment that did not earn a living for him. He had no capital but his intelligence, and that made his fortune.

When the war broke out he published a map of the opening of the campaign, and it sold as fast as he could print it. He made a great deal of money on war maps, and got into chromo lithography as his means improved. When dull times came instead of discharging his artists and printers he set them to work on novelties for which he made a market. The first chromos of any value published in America came from his press. They reproduced pictures by famous artists. He risked thousands in these ventures, and though he suffered heavy losses his gains were proportionately great. He grew with the time. He improved lithography in every direction, and he is to-day the master in that art of the whole world.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

OUR SEALS AND COINS.

A PROTEST AGAINST NATIONAL OUTRAGES UPON HERALDIC ART.

The Objections of a Venerable Designer. His Reasons Why—The Bald-Headed Eagle in His Absurd Poses—An Appropriate Device.

"J. Goldsborough Bruff," as he signs himself, has invited the attention of congress to the "unprecedented irregularities" and "absurdities" of the heraldic devices adopted for seals and coins by this government.

Mr. Bruff explains that owing to a lack of knowledge this government made a false start. The art of heraldry was unknown in this country's infancy, he says, and standard works were unattainable. "In consequence thereof the new republic was unable to obtain a proper device for its national signet until July 20, 1782, and the device then adopted of admirable symbolism, is a baseless fabric, not being blazoned upon an escutcheon or shield, and hence we have never had a national escutcheon of heraldic arms, unprecedented in the annals of heraldry. Being thus deprived of that basis, the requisite of all heraldic achievements, the government utilized a subcharge of the arms proper, and as popularly denominated the national shield or escutcheon, which it is not nor ever can be."

Having no genuine escutcheon, no basis or standard to start with, this government has gradually collected an accumulation of designs which Mr. Bruff characterizes as "ranging from indifferent and peculiar to absurd." He goes on to say:

"All nations of the civilized world save our own have enstamped upon their gold and silver coinage the true heraldic arms of their individual sovereignty, and with strict numismatic propriety exclude irrelevant, fanciful ideas. 'The American bald eagle' is displayed in every conceivable attitude and position, and degenerated to numerous species of the United States mint genius.

FREE AND EASY ART.

"The peculiar style of distributing the elements of the national arms over the faces of the coin, including mottoes and legends unregardful of significant propriety, is a remarkable art exhibition of the genius of our free institutions. Compare the dignified propriety represented in the devices upon some of the earlier coinage: Observe, a classic bust with legend 'Liberty,' and reverse, the national arms as adopted, which compare with the handsome female head filleted 'Liberty,' though crowned with grain, etc., as if also to represent the goddess Ceres or Abundance, doubtless a multifold genius, as the motto overhead would intimate, 'E pluribus unum.' Upon close examination a small cap is seem amid the redundant ringlets, apparently falling off. Reverse, a crucified eagle (severely) 'displayed,' minus 'the escutcheon on his breast,' or the eagle volant (without its appropriate motto, 'Excelsior'). As though disgusted with his vicissitude and general bad treatment by the ruling powers he has discarded his 'shield of the Union,' olive branch and three arrows (typical we suppose of thirteen) and ascends to the starry regions of purity and truth. (The square, heavy perspective is good, but why extend his legs, as storks and herons do?)

THE MAD EAGLE.

"In another issue an enraged eagle has discovered the discarded 'American shield' prostrate in the weeds, and having picked up the arrows and branch pounces upon the debased escutcheon, defiantly warning off the despoilers. Mottoes become legends, and legends mottoes. The Goddess of Liberty, duly labeled, rests herself upon a rock, with staff and cap and escutcheon, but looks back apprehensive of some mishap. This is another phase of the ever varying obverse. Reverse of which may be one variety (there are several of them) of the lame eagle: dexter wing horizontally extended, and sinister, or left, nearly closed and vertical, and the usual distribution of stars, motto, etc. The latest absurdity, so eminently puritanical, not in keeping with the times, unauthorized by enactment, is the Gothic legend between the wings of the crucified eagle of 'In God we trust.'

"Our patriotic fathers put their trust in God and kept their powder dry. Oliver Cromwell had engraved upon some bronze guns 'Teach us to shower forth thy praise, O, Lord.' Too lengthy for our coin, but so applied more beneficent—in diffusion of wealth. The most appropriately consistent device for embellishment of the coin of our country would be—obverse: A bust of the laureated head of the Father of His Country, with motto of Liberty. Reverse: The precise heraldic arms of the United States of America, and no other stellar ornament than the constellation crest, and no other legend than the title, value and date, and motto of arms. Such would be creditable to our nationality, and place us among the most favored nations of Christendom."—Globe-Democrat.

A War Correspondent's Style.

Pending the perfection of the plans for "opening the river" at the Leland house, Springfield, Ills., I left Cairo, and by way of Columbus went over to inspect Grant's forces. I found several new correspondents over there, among whom was one Randolph B. de Keim. He first attracted attention one day when several of the bohemians were gathered in a deserted house and were trying in various ways to kill time. All classes of subjects were brought up and discussed, and among others Shakespeare was placed on the tapis. Somebody quoted something from the bard, and some other correspondent denied the correctness of the rendering. After a good deal of talk it was noticed that Keim was silent.

"How is it, Keim?" was asked by some one who observed his lack of participation in the discussion.

"How is what?"

"Blank's quotation from the immortal William. He says that it is so-and-so; is that correct?"

"I can't tell you. I never read Shakespeare!"

"Never read Shakespeare!" and there was a universal laugh of incredulity. "Never read Shakespeare! Why not?"

"Because, gentlemen, I am afraid that it would interfere with my style as a writer!"

Mr. Keim is still before the public as a writer. Whether or not he has been benefited by his refusal to read Shakespeare, or his style has been improved or the reverse by his abstinence, I am not prepared to say.—War Cor. Chicago Times.

A Child's Memory.

It is strange that people reflect not more on how deeply storms, injuries, vile or mean things sink into a child's memory. If this be thought of it is plain there is more loveliness when no forgiveness is needful than when it is granted; nor shall you be able to heal by any entreaty or by any means such a lesion of spirit as you may make in an instant in a young creature. I have heard of a little girl who, taking the dead hand of her brother, said: "This little hand never struck me." Surely a memory richer and fairer than if she could recall a thousand repentances for blows! When this is not only negative but positive, so that one can say: "These eyes always beamed and showed a peace; these hands always labored for me; these feet were ready with service, and these ears had a merciful sense, full of attention which is sympathy"—this is a noon of memory to which recollections of repentance are but dim twilight, half dark.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Wonderful Instinct.

It is a wonderful instinct that tells youth of age, and teaches the child of 6 the weakness of the grandfather of 90. The tenderness and care that mere infants almost will display toward the old man whose span of life is nearly done make one of the most interesting and pleasant of studies. Children have a very clear and shrewd conception of the difference between people of different ages. It does not come down perhaps to a year or two, but decades make a difference. The child of 5 draws a decided distinction in many ways between the boy in his teens, the man of 30, the man of middle life and the gray haired grandfather, and part of the instinct which produces that develops the same distinction with regard to sex, and is even finer in application to women than to men. But it is curious how the child recognizes the nonogenarian, and makes a companion and an equal of him, occasionally showing a sense of superiority.—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

Teething Babies.

Between the fifth and seventh months, the two first lower teeth will make their appearance simultaneously. Prior to this wash baby's mouth out regularly every day with cold water in which is dissolved a little powdered borax. The latter is unnecessary unless there is soreness in the mouth. When baby begins partaking of solid food a small tooth brush with very soft bristles should be used. As this is so rarely done, there are many who will criticise the suggestion. As the result of this practice he or she will possess two rows of sound white teeth until the second ones make their appearance. The

A MIDNIGHT LECTURE.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE TELLS AN ENTERTAINING STORY.

A Train "Misses Connection"—Fast Riding on an "Extra"—Another Delay—A Patient Audience in Waiting—On the Home Stretch.

At 8 o'clock precisely, on consecutive nights, we stepped on the rostrum at Chicago, Zanesville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Jacksonville, Cleveland and Buffalo. But it seemed that Dayton was to be a failure. We telegraphed from Indianapolis, "Missed connection. Cannot possibly meet engagement at Dayton." Telegram came back, saying, "Take a locomotive and come on!" We could not get a locomotive. Another telegram arrived. "The superintendent of railroad will send you in an extra train. Go immediately to the depot!" We gathered up our traps from the hotel floor and sofa, and hurled them at the sachel. They would not go in. We put a collar in our hat and the shaving apparatus in our coat pocket; got on the sachel with both feet, and declared the thing should go shut if it split everything between Indianapolis and Dayton. Arriving at the depot, the train was ready. We had a locomotive and one car. There were six of us on the train—namely, the engineer and stoker on the locomotive; while following were the conductor, a brakeman at each end of the car, and the writer.

"When shall we get to Dayton?" we asked.

"Half-past nine o'clock," responded the conductor.

"Absurd!" we said; "no audience will wait till 9:30 at night for a lecturer."

AT BREAK NECK SPEED.

Away we flew. The car, having such a light load, frisked and kicked, and made merry of a journey that to us was becoming very grave. Going round a sharp curve at break neck speed, we felt inclined to suggest to the conductor that it would make no especial difference if we did not get to Dayton till 9:45. The night was cold, and the hard ground thundered and cracked. The bridges, instead of roaring, as is their wont, had no time to give any more than a grunt as we struck them and passed on. At times it was so rough we were in doubt as to whether we were on the track or taking a short cut across the fields to get to our destination a little sooner. The flagmen would hastily open their windows and look at the screeching train. The whistle blew wildly, not so much to give the villages warning as to let them know that something terrible had gone through. Stopped to take in wood and water. A crusty old man crawled out of a depot, and said to the engineer, "Jim, what on earth is the matter?"

"Don't know," said Jim; "that fellow in the car yonder is bound to get to Dayton, and we are putting things through."

Brakes lifted, bell rung, and off again. Amid the rush and pitch of the train there was no chance to prepare our toilet, and no looking glass, and it was quite certain that we would have to step from the train immediately into the lecturing hall. We were unfit to be seen. We were sure our hair was parted in five or six different places, and that the cinders had put our faces in deep mourning, and that something must be done. What time we could spare from holding on to the bouncing seat we gave to our toilet, and the arrangements we made, though far from satisfactory, satisfied our conscience that we had done what we could. A button broke as we were fastening our collar—indeed, a button always does break when you are in a hurry and nobody to sew it on.

A MISCALCULATION.

"How long before we get there?" we anxiously asked.

"I have miscalculated," said the conductor; "we cannot get there till 9:55 o'clock."

"My dear man," we cried, "you might as well turn round and go back; the audience will be gone long before 10 o'clock."

"No!" said the conductor; "at the last depot I got a telegram saying they were waiting patiently, and telling us to hurry on."

The locomotive seemed to feel it was on the home stretch. At times, what with the whirling smoke, and the showering sparks, and the din, and rush, and bang, it seemed as if we were on our last ride, and that the brakes would not fail till we stopped forever.

A 9:55 o'clock we rolled into the Dayton depot, and before the train came to a halt we were in a carriage with the lecturing committee, going