

THE TOMBS OF THE GREAT.

Where the bodies of the Dead Presidents are resting—A National Mausoleum to be Erected Near Washington.

Washington correspondence: National cemeteries are provided for the dead soldiers throughout the United States, and the distinguished dead in England are laid away in Westminster Abbey. A project is now on foot to provide a national mausoleum near Washington for our deceased presidents and a bill has been prepared to be introduced to the next session of congress to provide for the proposed presidential cemetery and memorial hall where statues could be erected to chief magistrates of the nation have passed away.

At present some of them have neither a slab nor a monument to mark their graves. Gen. Harrison's body rests in a brick vault on the top of a little hill five miles west of Cincinnati. A big flat stone lies on its top, but there is no inscription, and the only beauty about the grave is the fine trees which surround it with their perpetual green. John Tyler's body is buried in the Hollywood cemetery at Richmond, Va., and has not a stone or bust to mark its resting place. Ten yards away is President Monroe's grave, but he was not buried here until after the centennial anniversary of his birth.

Monroe waited twenty-seven years for an appropriate tomb, and he now rests in a vault over which is a large granite sarcophagus, and on it an inscription testifying that it was erected "as an evidence of the affection of Virginia for her good and honored son."

Van Buren's grave, notwithstanding his wealth, is now bleak and bare, without a flower or shrub, at Kinderhook, and a year ago the little granite shaft which stood over the remains of Thomas Jefferson has been mutilated and its inscription destroyed by relic-hunters. Its gates were rusty and its appearance that of a ruin.

George Washington has been twice buried, and Henry Clay showed one day in the senate a piece of the first coffin. Count Vernon is now his tombstone, and the sarcophagus in which he lies is a brick vault overlooking the Potomac. It has but one word on it, and that is "Washington."

The two Adamses are buried in the Unitarian church at Quincy. When John Adams died, he was then president, and he obtained a deed to a burial lot in the cellar of the church, fourteen feet square, and in this he built a granite tomb for himself and his father. Here lie the two presidents and their wives, and on the walls of the church above are inscriptions commemorative of their lives and worth.

The most expensive of the presidential monuments are those of Lincoln and Garfield. Lincoln's monument at Springfield cost \$206,550, and the ground devoted to that of Garfield is said to be worth \$1,000,000, and the monument is to cost \$150,000 more.

There has been a number of stories published in regard to the grave of President Tyler, in that he was first buried at Washington and his body afterward removed from place to place. The truth is that he has never been buried, but was brought, immediately on his death at the capital, to his father's old farm in Kentucky, and there put into a vault. His body has lain there ever since, and there is a gray granite monument, surmounted by a marble statue of the general.

Frank Pierce has a monument of Italian marble at Concord, and, strange to say, the name engraved upon it is Francis Pierce, instead of Franklin Pierce, as he was known to the country. It has the following inscription, and is like the monument of Millard Fillmore at Buffalo, simple to an extreme. James Buchanan lies in a vault in the Lancaster (Pa.) cemetery, and chronicles his life in the date of his birth and death and the fact that he was the tenth president of the United States. It takes twenty-three lines to write the inscription on Polk's tombstone, and it lies in Nashville, twelve miles away from Andrew Jackson, a much greater man, who sums his record up in three. Jackson's body lies in his garden at the White House, beside his wife. The monument above them is of Tennessee limestone.

MORE TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS.

The Cheyennes in Indian Territory Threaten an Outbreak Which it is Feared Will be Formidable.

The war department has received reports from Fort Reno, Indian Territory, dated the 20th instant, to the effect that great excitement prevails there over the threatened outbreak of the Cheyenne Indians. The southern Cheyennes were making preparations to go on the war-path. Troops have been dispatched to quell the disturbances. A few days ago others were sent to quell a local disturbance among the same Indians. The war department officials are not informed as to the cause of the threatened outbreak. If the Indians go on the war-path there will be great difficulty in quieting them. The Cheyennes are reported to be as troublesome to deal with as the Apaches. General Augur, in command of that department, recommends the appointment of a commission to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The southern Cheyennes are located in the western portion of the territory. The country is level and devoid of trees, except along the streams. Owing to its great extent, it is very easy for the Indians to keep out of the way of the troops. The southern Cheyennes are supplied with arms and ammunition. They are said to be good fighters and fight altogether on horseback.

The last trouble with the Cheyennes occurred about nine years ago, and continued for more than a year. It was caused by the Indians of the tribe massacring a portion of a family moving overland from Georgia. The massacre occurred in Kansas. Father, mother and daughter were killed, and the four remaining children taken captive. The daughter, who was killed before she was captured, took the life of an Indian with an ax as he attempted to get into a wagon in which the children were gathered. Prior to this massacre the Cheyennes became unfriendly toward the whites. A number of men disguised as Indians had burned a bridge on the Kansas Pacific railway for the purpose of stopping the train that they might plunder it. After the destruction of the bridge soldiers were sent to capture the men implicated. An officer chanced one day to see an Indian standing alone at a distance. He drew nearer, fired and killed him. The Indian was the son of Lone Wolf, the great Cheyenne chief. When he was buried 400 ponies were killed above his grave. Though Lone Wolf did not himself participate in the outbreak which followed his son's death, it was thought that the shooting of the young Indian greatly induced the tribe to go on the war-path. The massacre of the Georgia family and one year's fighting followed.

A Durango (Col.) special says: A messenger from Dolores Valley arrived this afternoon. He says the Indians killed a man named Gethner, seriously wounded his wife and burned house, barns, etc. The messenger confirms the report that cowboys killed six of a family of Indians. Another messenger who arrived this evening reports that the Indians met Joe Bancherty, a brother of Captain Danberry, of the Twenty-second cavalry, killed him and carried his wife into captivity.

The wind always finds something to blow about.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG.

The Army of Ex-Veterans to Line at Fort Land—The Point for the Next Session.

Portland dispatch: The streets are crowded again to-day with a hundred thousand visitors. Everywhere the uniform of the Grand Army is conspicuous. A secret executive session of the national encampment began at 11 o'clock. The commander-in-chief said four years ago there was a membership of nearly 40,000. On March 31, 1885, thirty-eight departments reported 270,000 members. The question having been raised as to whether late Comrade B. F. Stevenson, of Springfield, Ill., was really the first mover in it of the Grand Army, it is deemed but simple justice to his memory, as well as to his family and comrades, to state that all authentic records confer upon him that very great honor. There was a stiff fight for the place of holding the next session between San Francisco and Nashville. Powerful, pathetic and humorous speeches were made in favor of both. San Francisco received 269, and Nashville 178 votes.

In his annual report the commander-in-chief to-day said: I am opposed to the perpetuation of the Grand Army, believing the commission of our great comradeship will have been fulfilled when the last comrade will have joined the final muster out. Knowing there is nothing in the Grand Army of the Republic inconsistent with the most exacting person or strictest religion, I deemed it for the interest of the order to appoint a special committee to lay its nature and workings before the proper Catholic authorities of the United States that they might know that our organization has nothing to conceal, and that our purposes are commended by all who understand them. The committee reported having fulfilled its mission, and that assurances had been given by Archbishops Ryan and Gibbons that nothing could be found in the Aims of the Grand Army to prevent any good Catholic from becoming a member. The commander-in-chief deprecated participation in politics as an organization, and urged the adoption of a Mexican pension bill and a bill to grant disabled soldiers a pension from the date of disability. Resolutions in sympathy with General Grant were adopted by a unanimous rising vote, amid great cheering.

TEXAS CATTLE.

Serious Conflict of Authority Regarding Their Being Driven Through Kansas.

St. Louis dispatch.—Advices from northern Texas are to the effect that serious trouble is looked for in the Pan Handle, over the driving of southern Texas cattle through Kansas. Thousands of cattle are going up the Fort Worth & Denver railroad to be unloaded at Harold and then driven through. It is claimed these cattle are diseased, and if allowed to go on, will spread the Texas fever along the line they travel. Kansas men are determined to resist with all the means in their power, any effort to drive southern Texas cattle through the neutral strip or "No Man's Land," as it is called. It is said that the promise of Secretary Lamar has been obtained to interpose the strong arm of the government to prevent it, and that the United States marshal with a strong posse armed with government authority, will meet the first herd bound for Kansas, and they will turn the cattle back or prevent their entrance into the neutral strip.

Southern Texas men are very angry over the matter, pronounce the scare without reason, and say their cattle are healthy, and that they will fight before their rights shall be subverted. They are determined to drive them into Kan. as, and claim that Secretary Lamar had guaranteed them protection to go through, and has notified the Kansas men accordingly. Cool headed cattle men say there will be trouble, and think the Government should call a halt on the trail till the question can be settled and the real facts ascertained. In connection with the same matter, advices come from Topeka, Kansas, which say that Gov. Martin has received dispatches from the sheriff of Finney county, in the extreme western part of the state, informing him that 60,000 head of Texas cattle are now gathered south of the state line in charge of 300 armed men, and that an effort will be made to drive through. The sheriff has instructions and Gov. Martin has telegraphed him that the State Live Stock Sanitary Commission has been ordered to Garden City and instructed to confer with them. If the cattlemen persist in the attempt to drive their herds into and through Kansas it is asserted that resistance will be made and trouble and perhaps bloodshed ensue.

Secretary Manning Annoyed.

Washington dispatch: There was an unusually large crowd of anxious people in and about Secretary Manning's office today. Office-seekers begin to look upon Saturday, when the secretary receives no callers, as the day when the petitions and applications that have been pouring in during the week are considered; so on Monday they crowd in to obtain results. Great pressure is brought to bear by some clerks anxious to retain their positions. The secretary is perplexed and worried the most by women. They are the most importunate applicants, and, on the other hand, among those who fear being turned out, present the most pitiful petitions for consideration. In some instances, when dismissals are contemplated, the secretary has been met by the appeals of whole families, claiming to be dependent upon one woman for support.

Shooting at a Charivari.

Earlville (Ill.) dispatch: In the little town of Paw-Paw yesterday afternoon occurred the marriage of Charles Pulver, of Nebraska, and Miss Cora Nettleton, daughter of Mrs. Jane Nettleton, a respected and well-to-do resident. In the evening a charivari party, composed of neighboring farmers' boys, visited the house, where the couple were stopping. The boys were ordered to leave, and while doing so were fired at by Arthur Nettleton, a brother of the bride, the weapon being a double-barreled shotgun. Clarence White, aged 21, was probably fatally injured. William Hackman, aged 25, was shot in the leg, and seriously injured. Others may have been injured. Young Nettleton was arrested and held under bonds to await the result of the injuries inflicted.

A Big Land Sale.

Frederickson & Co., of Ohio, have purchased 300,000 acres of land in Tom Green, Howard and Mitchell counties, Texas, from the Texas Pacific railroad. Frederickson & Co. represent three organizations of colonists, German and Bohemian, by whom land will be laid off into farms. The colonists comprise 330 families, who take with them an aggregate capital of over \$500,000.

PROFESSOR.—"Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class were uncertain. Professor—"What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Pupil (triumphantly).—"Bush!"

OLD MITCHELL'S LAST VICTIMS.

The Dangers That Environ Men Who Meddle with a Swamp Angel.

One of the worst men in the world, so far as reputation goes, is old Martin Mitchell, who lives in the swamp just back of here, writes a Blackfish, Ark., correspondent to *The New York Sun*. He is a terror to the hard men for hundreds of miles around, and yet personally he is one of the most affable old fellows that ever lived. Not one person in a thousand who tells with prodigious adjectives and expletives of the "swamp angel's" ferocity ever saw him. His reputation has grown by degrees, until the old colored people have come to look upon him as in partnership with Satan, and many a black mother and nurse sears her little ones by telling them that "dat ole debil what swums aroun' in de marshes is arter ye!"

Now, the fact is that old man Mitchell, according to his own story and the common judgment of his fellow-men in this vicinity, is a harmless and law-abiding citizen. He has a hut of some kind in the swamp, where he makes his headquarters, but when the weather is good he is just as likely to camp twenty or thirty miles away, wherever nightfall may find him, as he is to be at home. He is a hunter and fisher, and it is probably true that if nobody had ever bothered him he would not have hurt anybody. He has been in the swamp for thirty years or more, killing a man now and then, as occasion seemed to warrant, and making no fuss about it. Heretofore, when these difficulties have occurred, the old man has not thought it worth while to come in and explain matters, or even pay much attention to his victims. If no one claimed them he has buried them in the bullrushes and gone on about his business. The other day, however, he found that he had to kill three men in a bunch, and as this was something unusual, he came to Blackfish to apologize, and eventually went over to Memphis and communicated with the sheriff on the point. This was the first real glimpse of civilization that the "swamp angel" has had in many years, and he enjoyed it much.

Two men named Cummings and Bryson, living at Memphis, came over into the swamps a short time ago fishing and hunting, and knowing old Mitchell only by reputation they fired several shots at him, one of them inflicting a painful wound. The old man lay low for a while, then arming himself he got a canoe and made pursuit. He found the trail a difficult one, but being thoroughly acquainted with every nook in the great river, he knew that unless they took to land he would eventually overtake them. He followed them seventy-five miles down stream and then lost the trail. He waited three or four days without finding a trace of them, but at length he was informed that they had gone north, and he started after them. During all this long chase he passed almost his entire time in his dugout, and only went ashore as he found it necessary in order to lay in provisions.

At length he found them, near his own swamp. He had gone ashore in the brush in order to cook a little coffee, and hearing voices, peered out on the river. There was a boat, with Cummings, Bryson, and an unknown man in it. Seizing his rifle, the old man made for a tree and opened fire, the men in the boat standing up and returning it with great spirit. At Mitchell's second shot Cummings dropped and fell into the river. He next brought down Bryson, who also fell out of the boat. The stranger was then left standing alone, with a revolver in each hand, with which he was making the bark on the old man's tree fly. Mitchell took careful aim and fired, and the stranger dropped in the boat, which was drifting slowly down stream. Satisfying himself that the job had been well-done, the old man got into his canoe and came up to his hut, where he rested a day or two, and then, with the idea of telling how it happened, he came to town and reported.

In conversation Mitchell is very agreeable. He said to the sheriff here: "This here last little difficulty of mine was on a bigger scale than anything that I've ever been in before, and that's what troubled me a little. You see, I know a white man's rights every time, and I wouldn't bother you at all with this matter only I wanted the thing all straight. If it ain't all straight just put your clamps on me. If it is I want to be getting back to business. I've had shooting before, but only one at a time, and everyone of them was of some cuss who wanted to murder me. I'm a harmless man, and yet I never shoot without hitting something. It's been my luck always to be on the defensive. Every man that I've been compelled to kill has come at me wrong, and I wouldn't harm anybody if everybody would let me alone. The reason that I've never been in before is because you were busy, and I knew there w'ant' any cuss against me. If this last thing is all right I'll get back to the swamp." As no complaint has been filed, the swamp angel is evidently to be left undisturbed by the authorities. With a little better understanding between him and the fellows that prowl around his headquarters and take him for a wild man there might be less bloodshed.

Lord Dudley's Heavy Bets.

Those sporting papers which have alluded to the sensational wagers with which the late Earl of Dudley used from time to time to astonish the racing world have somehow omitted to record the last bet which he ever made, and which consisted in laying £10,000 to £4,000 on Petrarch, at Ascot, for the twenty-third Triennial, when Morning Star won. Into the circumstances of that memorable race we have no wish to inquire. Lord Dudley, it is well known, refused to settle the bet for some weeks afterward, and did not engage in any subsequent turf transactions. He had not, indeed, paid a visit to any race-course of recent years, and had long since ceased to take any interest in the "sport of kings." His wagers, as a rule, were very successful ones—were

chiefly negotiated on the classic races. He had £9,000 to £2,000 about Reine for the Oaks of 1872, and in a later year netted an equally large amount by the successes of Marie Stewart, Apology and Spinaway. With many racing men the story of his having offered to bet £20,000 to £10,000 on Macgregor for the Derby of 1870 is very familiar. The late Mr. J. B. Morris was the bookmaker who on that occasion declined the sensational wager, only to see Macgregor beaten a quarter of an hour afterward. His feelings may be imagined.—*Whitehall Review*.

Disposal of the Dead.

"A statement made by the counsel for the Greenwood cemetery association at the recent investigation into the management of the cemetery's affairs is one to make people think more of cremation than ever before," said a gentleman who was present at the investigation to a *Mail and Express* reporter. "This was, that it was most injudicious to allow relatives or friends to be present when remains which had long been in a grave were taken out to be transferred to some other place, because the coffin was likely to have become decayed and the remains had to be taken up with a shovel. Just think of that! I actually believe I'd rather have the urn idea adopted in place of the present burial system, odd as it seems."

An officer of a cremation company, when asked by a reporter for particulars regarding the mode of disposing of the dead suggested by the above remark, said that from all observations cremation is destined, at no distant day to supersede the practice of grave burials because it had none of their offensive features. "As now conducted at Gotha, Milan, and other points of Europe," he added, "cremation is not for a moment to be confounded with the offensive custom of burning on the open pyre, as practiced by the ancients. It is effected in a superior heated air chamber, which allows no contact of flame or fuel with the body, while all the gases and volatile products of combustion are completely regenerated and rendered innocuous and odorless before being liberated. Why, an approved modern crematory might be erected in Madison square, and but for transporting the dead bodies thither, could not be an offense to any one. The process is accompanied with no repulsive sight, sound, smell, noise or smoke."

"What is this process?" was asked. "The body, covered with a pall, is placed on a catafalque in the chapel or reception hall, whence it descends noiselessly by means of an elevator to the incinerating chamber. This, by means of superheated air, has been raised to a white heat at a temperature of about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. When opened to receive the body the in-rushing cold air cools this chamber to a delicate rose tint, and the body, after remaining an hour in this bath of rosy light, is completely decomposed. Nothing remains but a few pounds (about 4 per cent of the original weight) of clean, pure, peary ashes. These are then taken out and put in an urn of terra cotta, marble, or other suitable material, and placed in a niche of the columbarium or delivered to the friends of the deceased."

"What is the usual cost of cremation?" "The cost of such a disposal of the human body, after it reaches the crematory, is from \$10 to \$25, according to circumstances. To this may be added, if desired, \$5 for an urn and \$10 each for a niche in the columbarium, where the urn may be kept, with an inscribed tablet placed in the wall below the niche commemorative of the deceased. Thus the entire expense would not be over \$50.—*New York Mail and Express*.

The Publisher Crushed.

"I am, indeed, glad to hear that you are prospering in your newspaper venture," said a gentleman to the editor. "Thanks," responded the quill driver.

"Yes, I am indeed, glad to hear that you are doing so well. A man who has struggled along so bravely as you have, deserves to be successful. Close application and persistent work demands recognition. See how I have labored, long and most industriously, and can look back to the time when a dollar was as big as a cart wheel, but, by perseverance and hard work, I have been enabled to count my wealth by the thousands."

"Fortune has, indeed, favored you." "It has for a fact, and the heroic efforts of every man should be fully appreciated by those who have a soul within him, and is financially able to do so."

"True, every word of it," said the editor, who was now assured that a two dollar subscription was almost within his grasp, and another honored name would find itself on the "announced list" of his subscribers. But you know as publishers experience great difficulty in collecting our subscription money, we are put off with various excuses, and wear out our souls in our frantic efforts to collect what is due us."

"What is the subscription price to your paper?" asked the gentleman as he put his hand in his pocket.

"Only two dollars," replied the editor. "Only two dollars a year, postage paid."

"Let me see," said the gentleman, "that's only five cents a week, cheap enough. You may send it to me for a year."

The editor smiled a beautiful smile, which was instantaneously transmogrified into a scowl that was a cross between the laugh of a frightened dude, and the snarl of a subdued carion, when the gentleman concluded by saying:

"Here's five cents for the next issue, and you can send your boy to the house every Saturday and collect the same amount. I like to encourage home talent."—*Pretzel's Weekly*.

American carpet-makers are excelling their English competitors in artistic achievements. American artisans and artists have so often shown that they can, if properly encouraged, come off triumphantly in any field of rivalry, that it behooves American buyers to wholly abandon their unnatural worship of European trade marks.—*The Current*.

PENCILINGS FROM LIFE.

"Have you anything to say in mitigation of your crime?"

"Can't say as I have."

"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed, why the full penalty of the law should not be exacted?"

"Well, no; I reckon not."

"You have nothing then, to offer in extenuation of your misconduct?"

"Hold on a minute, Judge; I believe there is one little thing; but I don't know as it will count for much, either."

"Well, what is it?"

"I never write any spring poetry."

"It is enough. The penalty shall be as light as the law allows. Ten days; and you shall have turkey every meal at my expense, for I used to run a newspaper myself."

"I CANNOT marry him, mamma, so please do not urge me further."

"But, my dear child, he is—"

"I know what you would say, mamma, but it cannot be. I will not be his wife."

"Foolish girl! Why will you be so blind to your own interests? He is all that could be wished, and has no bad habits."

"You do not know him, mamma?"

"What do you mean?"

"He eats onions."

"But Cupid is blind."

"That may be, but he can smell, and so can I, and I'll never throw myself away on a man that goes around smelling like a bologna factory half the time, if I have to be an old maid."

"HELLO, Duffy; I heard you was out West."

"Yes I have been, but I got back Saturday."

"How did you like it?"

"Well, I was a good deal disappointed. Things have been misrepresented like the mischief."

"You don't tell me."

"You can't believe anything you hear. Why, bless you, I was even disappointed about the wind. You know what whopping big stories they tell about the wind out there?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you believe them. I did, and I got fooled. From what I'd heard about the tall blowing in the prairie countries I went out west expecting to see a good share of the people laying down and holding on to the grass to keep from being blown away, but I didn't see anything of the kind. You may stand a board straight up against the house, and the wind will hold it there three weeks at a stretch, but when it comes to blowing the hair from a dog's slick and clean, why it just can't do it, that's all."

"I'll own that I love you, but—"

"Blessed girl! And you will be my wife?"

"I say I love you—"

"Of course you do, and you are a darling for doing it. But when shall we be married, my love?"

"It can not be."

"What! Not be! But you said you loved me—"

"Yes; too true; but I can not be your wife."

"But why, my darling? Do your folks forbid?"

"No. On the contrary, my mother favors your suit, and has urged me to accept you."

"Then where's the hitch?"

"Alas! I can not tell you."

"But you must."

"I can not bring myself to do it."

"And why not?"

"I would not wound your feelings."

"Fudge on my feelings! Out with it. What's wrong?"

"Please do not insist."

"But I do insist. Come, what's the trouble?"

"I could never respect you—I saw you kick the dog. Oh, Harry! how could you—boo-hoo!"

"And is that all? Ha-ha! My! what a fright you gave me. I thought it was something serious. There's no drawback about that, and we'll be married as soon as you can get ready. You poor little goose! If every woman had to respect her husband there'd be precious few weddings."—*Chicago Ledger*.

A Fair Distiller.

Miss Bettie Smith, of Fentress county, Tenn., has been arrested on a charge of illicit distilling and has been taken to Nashville. She is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance "The Blue Headed Sap-Sucker and the Rock Where the Juice Ran out." Col. Harvey Mathes, editor of the *Memphis Ledger* says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a startling revelation in Tennessee. At one time Colonel Mathes offered three thousand dollars for the discovery of the author.

When Miss Smith was arraigned before the United States court, she conducted herself with such grace and dignity, that the polite old judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow.

"Miss Smith," said the judge, "to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me."

"It does me too, judge."

"How old are you?"

"Judge, you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. I am twenty years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months and still speaks well of her husband. Now how old am I?"

"I can not tell."

"I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency."

"Why did you go into the business of illicit distilling?"

"Because I wanted to make whiskey."

"I suppose so. How long have you been a distiller?"

"Ever since I was sixteen years old."

"When were you sixteen years old?"

"The year my father died."

"What year was that?"

"The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas."

"Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Remember that if convicted of this awful charge, you will be sent to

the penitentiary. What did you do with the whisky you made?"

"Sold it."

"Who bought it?"

"Well, judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all. Some time ago a party of gentlemen came out into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whisky, but found it difficult to buy any. A while I told a man if he would put his jug down on a silver dollar and go away he might, when he came back, find the jug full of whisky. He did so."

"Would you know the man?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I recognized him in a moment. You are the man, judge."

—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Successful Drummer.

The *Sun* has always maintained that the traveling men, the "drummers," had more enterprise and vigor in their composition than any class of men in the known world. The idea has been illustrated the past few weeks by the drummer Howard, traveling for the Colt firearms company, of Hartford. The company desired to bring the merits of their Gatling gun before the people. It was a gun that they prided themselves on, and all they wanted was a chance to show it. The reaper manufacturers send reapers to Texas early in the season, with experts to work them on the ripening grain, and why should not the gun men go where the rebels were ripe for cutting down. Howard took his sample case of gun and checked it to Win-nipeg. He called on Gen. Middleton and asked for permission to show his goods, and the general told him to pack up and come along to where the crop of rebel half breeds was waiting for the harvest. Howard took his gun and a package of circulars and went to the front, and when the battle was going on, he unpacked his machine and opened on the enemy. He mowed them down right and left, and the Canadian troops stopped firing and watched the Yankee with his pepper box. There was no use in their fooling away time firing their single guns, when Howard could throw a basket full of balls right into the ranks of the half breeds by simply turning a crank.

It was the greatest success that any drummer ever met with, since the agent for a cathartic pill visited a bilious neighborhood years ago and gave away pills to all who would take them. As the farmers of Texas gather around a successful reaper at a trial, and order machines for their own use, so the Canadian soldiers gathered around Howard, complimented him, and shook his hand, and said they would have to have some of those guns. The modest drummer admitted that the slain were not his enemies at all, but he had simply killed them in the way of business, and he hoped there would be no hard feeling. He felt like asking the pardon of the widows and orphans that he had made by his experiments, but business was business, and he hoped they would recognize the necessity of a man earning an honest living, though it became necessary to depopulate a country in doing so. All he asked was a trial of his goods and he would guarantee satisfaction, or it should not cost a cent. To make the affair complete, there should have been drummers present from an embalming establishment, to demonstrate how easily and cheaply bodies could be embalmed, so they would retain the natural appearance until the remains could be taken home. Dealers in coffins at wholesale might have been with Middleton with samples of goods, and the Rochester man who sells those beautiful hearsees might have been present with a few hearsees to sell to the half breeds. War is a peculiar science, and it is necessary, probably, to kill people, but it is not necessary and it is not right for business men to murder human beings in order to sell goods. This case may be overlooked because the rebels who were killed were poor and friendless, but as Howard was not an enlisted Canadian soldier, he had a narrow escape from being a premeditated murderer. If that Gatling gun had been used as an advertisement on the rioters at Joliet, and the drummer had killed anybody, not being an enlisted soldier of the State of Illinois, he would have been murdered, or tried for murder, and his employers, the Colt Arms Co., would very likely have been mulcted in damages for millions of dollars. It is possible they may now. If the families of those killed by Howard can prove that he killed them, as an authorized agent of the millionaires of Connecticut, and they can get justice in the courts, there is no dead sure thing that the experiment of selling guns by killing people for fun, as the ferret kills rats, may not prove the most expensive piece of business ever indulged in by a Yankee rustler. The Colts may be made bankrupt by that one experiment, and few would regret it if they were. There is such a thing as carrying "business" too far.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Small Boy's Ingenuity.

The invention of the valve motion to a steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine at one end of the mines, and a boy (Humphrey Potter) was hired to work these valve levers. Although this is not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open and close the valves.

He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve-lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put into practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.—*Boston Budget</*