THE HERALD.

James A. Garfield.

John Boyle O'Reilly contributes a poem of seventeen stanzas. It is a beautiful production. A few of the stanzas are reproduced, beginning with the sixth:

Gainst things occult our earth-turned eyes rebel;
No sound of destiny can reach our ears:
We have no time for dreaming—Hark! a knell!
A knell at midnight! All the nation hears!

A second grievous throb! The dreams awake;
The merchant's soul forgets his goods and ships,
The humble workmen from their slumbers break,
The women raise their eyes with quivering lips.

The miner rests upon his pick to hear,
The printer's type stops midway from the case,
The solemn sound has reached the roystorer's ear,
And brought the shame and sorrow to his face.

Again it booms! O, mystic veil upreise!
Behold, 'tis lifted, on the darkness drawn
A picture, lined with light, the people's gaze
From sea to sea, behold it till the dawn.

A death-bed scene—a sinking sufferer lies,
Their chosen ruler, crowned with love and pride;
Around his counselors, with streaming eyes;
His wife, heart-broken, kneeling by his side.

* * * * * * *

The end at falls, but hushed, as if afraid,
The people wait, fear-stained, with heaving breath;
'Twill rise again, they know, when he is laid
With freedom in the capitol, at rest.

Once more they see him, in his coffin, there;
As Lincoln lay in blood-stained martyr sleep;
The stars and stripes near shrouded honored bier,
While Freedom and Columbia o'er him weep.

A Curious Court Scene.

After the jury had rendered a verdict of guilty in the case of Edward Earl, charged with the murder of his wife in Hamilton county, N. Y., the Court addressed the prisoner as follows:

"What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?"

The Prisoner—"I don't feel that I could say anything now other than to thank the jury for the verdict. I believe they have done right; I believe I have had a fair, square trial all the way through."

The Court—"There is no doubt, I think, on the evidence, that the jury have done right."

The Prisoner—"In my mind they have done perfectly right; just as I would have them. I agree with the jury in rendering such a verdict as they did; but for all that, I am not guilty of murder."

The Court—"Why not?"

The Prisoner—"To my way of thinking, I believe I was justified in doing just what I did. I don't know as I can analyze the feeling so as to explain it in an intelligent manner, but that has been my feeling. I have been disgraced so that it is a matter of indifference to me whatever becomes of me. I have no thought of happiness in the future whatever. At the same time I believe when a man is compelled to do an act like that to wipe out some injury or disgrace he has received, he ought not to survive the blow, and for that reason I have opposed him (his counsel) and have offered to come to this court and plead guilty to the indictment as it is on paper; but I was not allowed to. I could have saved all this trouble easy enough if they would have permitted it."

The Court—"Is death no terror to you?"

The Prisoner—"None whatever. I look upon death as the greatest blessing that could overtake me. It is life that has been a curse to me for years, and death would have been a blessing I would have welcomed. I don't say that because I am desperate and reckless or because I don't know what death is."

The Court—"After what has been said, but little more remains than to pronounce the sentence which the law fixes. The sentence of the court is that you, Edward Earl, convicted of murder in the first degree, be taken hence to the jail of this county, and there be kept in close confinement until Friday, the 14th day of October next, and on that day, between the hours of 10 in the forenoon and 2 in the afternoon, you be taken thence by the Sheriff of this county and hanged by the neck until you shall be dead; and may God have mercy on your soul."—*Troy Times.*

A Missing Letter.

Five years ago, says an exchange, a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Ga., anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the postoffice, but the postmaster's face always wore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife, with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She, therefore is surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that of her husband. An accompanying note from the postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter-case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spanks the baby to keep it quiet, while she eagerly devours the contents. Heavens! It is from John, who proposes in glowing words, and begs for a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoyed the letter, and out of curiosity communicated with relatives of the former lover. It was found that he is a happy Chicago pork-packer, with a wife and three sons.

Which of Them Ruined the Priest?

One fine day a man, meanly clad and apparently poorly fed, presented himself before Jules Sandeau. "Sir," said he, "you behold before you a great sinner, one who has been severely punished. I am a priest. One day I chanced to glance at a book. It was one of your novels, 'Marienne'—" "Continue, my good man," said Sandeau kindly, not without some of the pardonable vanity of an author. "To make a long story short, sir, I fell. The Bishop suspended me for neglecting the duties of my sacred profession to immerse myself in the fascina—but enough. I do not know a soul to whom to come for momentary aid but yourself." "Here is a louis, my good fellow," said Sandeau, much moved; "come and see me again, and I will see what I can do for you."

Next day, as Sandeau was lounging along the boulevard, he met Mery, looking pensive, not to say gloomy. "What's wrong with you?" "My dear boy," replied Mery, in a hollow tone, "do you know that we authors do much harm in the world without being conscious of the fact? Now, last night, as I was sitting down to dinner, there came"——— At this moment they espied Theophile Gautier bearing down upon them, his visage wrapped in a melancholy not wholly devoid of self-satisfaction. "I say, fellows, he cried to them from afar, "you know there are some idiots who pretend that literature is without any influence upon men, either for good or for evil. Now, one of my books has ruined the career of a man whom I never saw in my life, and whose profession you couldn't guess if you tried a hundred times." "It was a priest—the villain!" cried Sardeau and Mery together. "Who told you?" demanded Gautier. Then, as a sense of the situation dawned upon him, he added, "Oh, I see. Well, he was a clever rascal."

Incident of the Forest Fires.

The scene was more terrible than anything often known, says a letter from the burned district in Michigan. The wind increased so as in some places to destroy buildings and actually take people off their feet, and those who saw it describe the rush of the conflagration as a hurricane of flame, and say that the very air seemed to be fire. At the village of Bad Ax, where the Huron county buildings were, it began to grow dark in the forenoon from the smoke, and in a few hours the pitchy blackness was like that of a cellar, so that it was impossible to see a foot. It was known that there were fires three miles south, but there was no thought of danger until suddenly there came a lurid glare, the flame and wind immediately followed, and in thirty minutes fifty-three of the fifty-five buildings in the place were in ashes. The Court House was of brick, covered with slate, and there people went for protection. The building escaped destruction and those within it was saved, although they suffered badly from heat. There were no lives lost here but that was exceptional good fortune. Reports from some places are too horrible to read. Numbers of people, flying from dangers, were overtaken, and died in the roads, some perished miserably in wells and other places where they had sought safety, and in the terrible time a few women were taken with the pains of childbirth. Everywhere it is a sickening story of suffering and of roasting human flesh in every conceivable way. In some places the heat was almost incredibly intense, and the smoke was everywhere unendurable and caused many deaths by suffocation. The work of destruction was very uneven. Some towns in the district escaped with a loss which seems trifling, while in others apparently no more exposed there are but a few scattering buildings left. The same was true of the villages, some strangely escaping, while others were strangely destroyed. In some fields the grass roots, and it is said the soil itself are burned so that it is impossible to tell whether the land was plowed or not, while in others near at hand crops of grain are left in the shock untouched.

A remarkable thing in the calamity is the presence of mind that was everywhere shown. The people were accustomed to danger by fire, many of them had been through the similar experience of 1872, and there were fewer lives lost than might have been expected. There seems to have been but little panic and few threw their lives away. Nearly all sought to preserve themselves and property intelligently, to have done about the best that was possible, and very much better than could have been expected. Domestic animals and fowls nearly all perished, and it is noted that they died in groups, each with his kind—rarely did cows, horses or chickens die alone, but all sought the companionship of their kind. Great numbers of birds and insects took their way to the lake, and, overcome by the smoke, no doubt, died and were found floating on the surface.

Across the Isthmus.

Among the many suggestions that have been made by civil engineers and others who have contemplated the project of building a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, one has just appeared in a letter written in the Panama *Star and Herald* by a former resident of this city—W. C. Quinby—now engaged in mining at Catipileo, Chili. Mr. Quinby advances the scheme of wearing away the hills of the Andes by what is known as the hydraulic mining system. The theory is based upon the truth that 17,000 gallons or 2,250 cubic feet of water, having a weight of 139,500 pounds, with a sufficient pressure to force it through an inch aperture in twenty-four hours (called a miner's inch of water) will carry off, at a grade of four inches to the rod, ten tons of gravel to a distance of ten miles every twenty-four hours.—*Rochester Democrat.*

It is very evident that two deaf and dumb persons should live in mute-ual companionship.

Boston Beauty.

A Boston letter says: A lady from that exalted State of Ohio was raving to me this morning over the delicate and exquisite skins of these New Englanders. They all have this beautiful, fair complexion, due, it must be, to something purifying and bleaching in the climate. Men, women and children rejoice in a purity and delicacy of tint that is the despair of all the dark and muddy-skinned daughters of the South and West, and this first and cardinal point of beauty, without which a lovely face misses half its charm, and with which the plainest features are redeemed and made fair, gives a Boston beauty the palm over all her rivals. The vaunted complexions of the Baltimore belles are nothing to the sea-shell and rose-leaf fairness of these girls, reared on brown bread and beans and fanned by cutting east winds. A painted face is the rarest of sights on Boston streets. The ladies have little need of artificial aids, and the strict and conscientious notions of the land frown on such small tricks. I remember still the horrified and astonished tone with which a pink-and-white Boston girl cried, "Why, she's *powdered!*" when a celebrated beauty of Washington society was pointed out. Tattooing could not have been viewed with more surprise and aversion than the bluish tint of rice powder and the fadeless bloom of carmine. In no other section of the country is there so much honesty in such matters of the toilet as here, and while Southern girls are notorious and reckless in the way they plaster up their countenances, and California belles stop at nothing in the way of enamel, penciled brows and bleached hair, the Bostonian views them with contempt and suspicion. Only last summer the whole feminine faction of a hotel along the south shore were as a unit against one poor, silly little woman who would get herself up a complexion that surpassed the lily and the rose. Nothing could allay this prejudice, and although her family and standing in the city were known, those other women held aloof from her and fairly froze her out. The gentlemen tried to amend matters and only made them worse by their championship, the ladies asking them point-blank if they did not know paint when they saw it on, and obstinately holding to the sphinx riddle of "Why does she do it?" Argument was useless, and pleas of cutting her for nothing but that, were settled with a deliberate and conciliatorily spoken verdict: "I am sure she can't be nice." Where would the best society, the first families, the Nob hill beauties of San Francisco be if these rigid censors had weight there? Some cities nearer home and the Hub might hide their frescoed faces at such procrustean measures, and Washington drawing-rooms would be more than half depleted if they cast out all who repaired the ravages of time and used the clumsy counterfeits of nature's bloom.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried."

This is the season when the newspaper man's trowsers bag at the knee, the bagging is occasioned by steady attendance upon religious services.

We like a man with lots of temper. It's the man who gets out of temper that we don't like

Making Money.

Some people can hardly make a living and some lay up money. Why is it? Into a village of a few hundred inhabitants a young man came, and was employed as a clerk in a store; he lived there fifty years and laid up $100,000. Other men worked as hard, but did not lay up money. Near the village was a large and beautiful farm. The owner of it had it from his father. He did not drink or gamble, and yet he could not make a living, and so borrowed money, and to secure it gave a mortgage on the farm. In a few years his farm was sold, and he was obliged to move away. A Scotchman, with but little money and a large family, passed by and saw the house was vacant and struck a bargain with the owner. He began to work, to save, and to pay, and in ten or twelve years he was the entire owner. Then he went on and laid up money, and now is a rich man. The art of making money is one that should be carefully studied. If you take a dollar and lend it out at six per cent interest, it will double itself in sixteen years. If you take a dollar and buy something with it, and then sell at a profit, and keep on doing so, you increase your capital. These three ways are the foundation ways of money-making. All business is in one of these three forms. Those who succeed the best are those who know the most about what they do.

An Exchange of Courtesies.

A story is told of an exchange of courtesy between a Scotch minister and his parishioner, which is characteristic of both. The minister was lately inducted into a country living, and in his round of parochial visits, called at the cottage of a little tailor. Taking a seat uninvited, he proceeded to talk, but found it hard work, as he met with no response. The tailor sat upon the table, stitching in sulky silence. At length he spoke. "Sir," he said, "I regard it as unwarrantable intrusion your entering my house, and I ask you in what capacity you come?" "My good man," was the reply, "I come as your parish clergyman—it is my duty to know all my parishioners. I know you don't attend church, but that is no reason why we should not be friends." To which the tailor responded: "I dinna regard ye as a minister of Christ, but as a servant of Satan; if ye come as a gentleman, well and good; but as a minister I refuse to receive you," which could hardly be called courteous, but the tailor's politeness was outrivaled by his minister's who, rising, said: "My good fellow, be pleased to understand that it is only as your parish clergyman that I ever dreamt of visiting you; when I visit as a gentleman I don't visit persons in your position in society," with which he departed.

College Jokes.

A red-headed sophomore recently attended a masquerade wrapped from his neck to his heels in a brown cloth, and with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.

A senior who is dissatisfied with his photographs, has been sending them around to his friends with the following remarks written on the back: "Ersata—1. Imagine more expression in the eyes. 2. Imagine a smaller nose. 3. Think of my natural vivacity in place of the dullness here. 4. Imagine my mustache."

A Cornell man was recently injured by an accidental discharge of his duties.

The Yale *News* presented the following transcript of an official excuse paper: "Please excuse my absence from college duties last Monday and Tuesday. I was confined to my room by seasickness."

A man called out to his creditor "Get out, you Ornithorhynchus?" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An Ornithorhynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"—*Yale Courant.*

"The following was evolved recently from the brilliant brain of one of our juniors, who has evidently been thinking seriously of his rhetoric: 'Most lies are hyperboles. Hyperbole is a figure; hence most lies are figures. But figures can't lie. *Ergo*, a lie is not a lie, *quod est demonstrandum.*'"—*Volante, Northwestern University.*

Eyesight of Readers.

A writer in the *Literary Journal* calls attention to the danger which readers run of injuring their eyesight by the use of bad light. He remarks that engravers, watchmakers and all others who use the eyes constantly in their work, take extra care to preserve them by getting the best possible light by day, and use the best artificial light at night. The great army of readers are careless, and have sooner or later to pay the penalty of their carelessness by giving up night work entirely, and sometimes reading, except at short intervals and under the best conditions. All departures from common type, making the matter more difficult for eyes to take in, increase the danger. The magnitude of the physical labor of reading is not appreciated. A book of 500 pages, forty lines to a page and fifty letters to the line contains 1,000,000 letters, all of which the eye has to take in, identify and combine each with its neighbor. Yet many readers will go through such a book in a day. The task is one he would shrink from if he should stop to measure it beforehand. The best positions and best lights, clear type, plain inks, with the best paper of yellowish tints, and abundant space between lines afford the best safeguards against harm.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Mackay and Flood.

"What kind of a man is Mackay?" inquired a passenger.

"Mackay, J. W.? One of the best men in the world, but his wife is the boss, and John does just what she says. I have known her for years. Yes; when Mrs. Mackay's father used to shave my father and her mother did odd jobs of washing for the boys, she wasn't so slick then, and this Western country was as good as Paris. Last year John and his wife and daughter and the Count rode with me. They were going to Virginia City. Now, you know, John swears terribly, and he doesn't care who hears him. Well, the Count can't speak English, and so his wife acted as interpreter when John spoke to him. How he did swear! It was a caution, and it amused us fellows to see his daughter take it so cool, and tell her husband what he said. Whether she forgot the cuss words or not, I don't know, but the way the Count laughed I should think not. To tell the truth, I wouldn't bet that Mrs. Mackay was in love with the old man, or she wouldn't act so infernally bossy. I tell you, what she says is law, and that's the long and short of it. John, when with the men, smokes a dudheen and is as plain as the hardest working man. His wife, though, is spoiling him, and every time he rides over this line I'll be darned if he ain't crosser."

"How's Flood?"

"Poor fellow, he's a different man. He's plain fellow, one of us, as everybody calls him. He comes as soon travel with a poor man as the richest in the land. He's not much on style, and no one would ever think that he was one of the bonanza firm." He generally summers at Tahoe and I believe he works up this way. Me and Jim always have a good time when he rides with me, and he likes to tell how he used to work on the night shift."

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West Virginia, Aug. 28, 1879.—I received your pastilles and I believe it has cured me, for which I am thankful. Indeed I am. Send me another box. No. 2 for a friend. Your medicine has done wonders for me. I will send you all the money I can.

From a Physician and Surgeon.

Missouri, June 26.—Please forward one dozen boxes of the Pastilles. The patients on whom I used most of one box, in addition to great benefit are recovering, and I think another will see them well.

From a Druggist.

Maryland, Sept. 1, '79.—Last January you sent your Remedy for one of my customers. It has been a perfect cure of him. We have another customer suffering in the same way, and wish one. No. 2 box.

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I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of farm and other machinery, as there is a good lathe in my shop.

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Very Respectfully,

L. T. FOSTER.

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ON HUMAN FLESH.

Patten's Mills, Wash. Co., N. Y. Feb. 21st, 1878.

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