

### "CRUSH THE DEAD LEAVES."

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."  
Gaze not on them with mournful sigh;  
Think not earth has no glory left,  
Because a few of its frail things die;  
Springtime will bring fresh verdure as sweet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."  
Look not back with despairing heart.  
Think not life's morning has been in vain;  
Rich, broad fields lie before thee yet  
Ready to yield their golden grain.  
Autumn may bring the fragrance sweet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."  
Murmur not if the shadows fall  
Thick and dark on thy earthly way;  
Hearts there are which must walk in shade,  
Till they reach the light of eternal day.  
Life is not long and the years are fleet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."  
Bravely work, with a steadfast soul;  
Make others happy, and thou shalt find  
Happiness flowing back into thy heart;  
A quiet peace and contented mind.  
If earth be lonely then heaven is sweet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."  
—Mrs. Harry

## John Minton.

The immense bag of the balloon filled slowly with gas, and began to struggle with the ropes which held it down, swaying from side to side as if it were eager to take flight.

Outside the space enclosed by a rope, was gathered nearly the entire population of several mountain counties, some of the people having walked twenty miles (and carried a baby) only to visit the circus and see the "blown guy up." Inside the inclosure were two men, on whom the eyes of the assembly were fixed. One was a swarthy little man, with black mustache, dressed in tights, who walked around with a great air of professional sang froid.

He was advertised on the show bills as "Professor Zingari, the great Italian Aeronaut;" but his real name was Shanks, and he came from Mud town, Indiana. The other man was not so easy to make out at first. The suit of homespun that clothed his tall, lank form showed that he was a resident of the mountains; but this was surmounted by a face full of eager wistfulness, which contrasted strangely and decidedly with the monotonously apathetic expression on the faces surrounding him. From the conversation of the crowd, one would soon gather that this was John Minton, and that he intended making the ascent with the "Professor," which intention was discussed with great interest by the multitude.

"How high have you ever been?" asked Minton of the professor.

"Oh, I don't know," he responded, "not more'n a mile or so."

"I'd like to be higher than anybody," said Minton, with enthusiasm.

"I wouldn't," said the little man; "a mile is high enough for me. It gets as cold as the devil up there."

Minton did not seem to notice this remark, but stood looking dreamily at "the sightless conifers of the air," drifting lazily through the blue ether, as if he would peer into the secrets.

Owing to the delay that invariably attends the filling of a balloon, it was very near sunset before everything was ready for the ascent.

"Well, I only go up a little ways and then come down again," said the professor, who spoke English with remarkable freedom for a foreigner.

At a word from his companion, Minton cast a rapid, half-defiant glance around upon the crowd. Yes, there she was, with her eyes cast down and her cheeks burning; she could see how little he cared for her—then he seized the rope and climbed vigorously into the wicker-work car, while the aeronaut seated himself below in the trapeze.

"Let her go!" shouted the professor, in a stentorian voice.

Minton's eyes irresistibly sought out one figure in the mass of humanity below.

She stretched forth her arms towards him, and tears sprang to her eyes. But the next moment she seemed to drop away from him suddenly, the cheer of the spectators died away like the sound of an organ when the air fails, and the professor fell out of the trapeze backwards and caught by his feet in a way that made a shudder run through the assemblage, row far below. After ascending steadily for some time, the balloon sprang suddenly upward with a joyous leap, and Minton heard a wild, vanishing cry, like the yell which the multitude gave when they left the earth. Looking over the side of the car, he perceived to his horror that his companion had disappeared.

He looked downwards; all below was wrapped in shadow, except that the sunlight still gilded the summit of old Bald Mountain, away off there to the south. The earth had an indescribably gloomy and forbidding aspect. A strange thrill of exultation passed through him; he felt a premonition of "the joys of a disembodied spirit whose race has just begun."

Leaning far out of the car, he waved his hand toward the silent, sombre earth, and cried out passionately: "Far well to you, far well." He was seized upon by an intense longing to dwell forever in this region of pure ether and eternal sunshine. Springing up he hurled the bags of ballast out of the car, and shouted aloud with insane glee.

The mercury fell rapidly in the barometer, the vault of heaven above him became black, and a sharp pain shot like lightning to his heart.

The air grew intensely cold, blood streamed from his mouth and nose, he pressed his hand over his heart and sank panting on the floor of the car. "Thank God it is all over," said he, as he lapsed into unconsciousness. For his life had not been a happy one there below on this earth; it had been solitary and companionless, and what a meaning is there in these words!

How could it be otherwise? Nature, as if to make amends for wasting her noblest beauties on a stolidly indifferent people, had set down amongst them this man with a mind so keenly sensitive to her charms, and so perfectly attuned to hers, that he reflected with unconscious and perfect fidelity all her varying moods, as a still mountain

lake, nestling among the sheltering hills, mirrors without distorting the ever-changing sky-pagant over it. He did not, as you and I do, with egotistical subjectivity, impose his own moods on nature. The thrilling exuberance of springtime, the voluptuous languor of summer, the dreamy pensiveness of autumn, and the vast and mournful dreariness of winter in the mountains, only relayed by the lyrics of fire-lit interiors and the cheerful hum of the spinning wheel, all found in him a perfect response.

How should he find a sympathizer among these people who scarce could have found one among the most cultured and enlightened? Thinking in the simplicity of his nature, that every one must see things as he saw them, he sometimes tried to express the emotions that surged and swelled within his breast; but each attempt met with painful and humiliating rebuffs. He brooded over this difference between himself and his mates until he came to regard it as a weakness, a something to be ashamed of, and thus he came to avoid human society more and more. So he grew up a solitary outcast, passing often whole days upon the mountains without the sight of a human face.

Speedily comforted him. She smiled upon him from the heavens, caressed him with gentle breezes, and crooned a lullaby over him as he lay outstretched upon her broad bosom; for him, and for him alone, did she array herself in the most delicate colors, for him she displayed those tragedies of the firmament. What canvas could equal that expanse of opalescent sky when the sun sank down in cloudless splendor! Could the skill of any painter hope to imitate those splendid bursts of color, when the king of day rose over the distant mountain tops with a rosy smile?

Alas, how our eyes blinded! Ten thousand dollars for a feeble imitation, but nothing for the great original!

What wonder that his vague day-dreams and fancies should find some nucleus about which to collect! You would hardly have considered plump, placid Mirandy Meeks a poet's love; and yet on this so slender foundation of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and placidity, his glowing imagination erected a vast, aerial superstructure of imaginary qualities. Surely never did ancient knight endow his lady-love, his acquaintance with whom extended no further than a glimpse of her through a window with more extravagant graces of mind and beauties of body than Minton thought he perceived in this girl.

What a subject ve thing is love!

When adipose tissue collects on the body beyond a certain point, it seems to permeate the disposition. Mirandy was just in this stage of amiability, and when her lover poured forth his long pent-up emotions, she looked at him with a smile which arose from the perfect circulation of blood, perfect health, and a wholesome development of body and physical powers which give tone, color, and expression to corporal happiness. But he misinterpreted it, and his eager heart leaped up at the thought that he had found a friend.

The life of seclusion and of plant-like semi-consciousness which he had been leading was now broken in upon, and he returned to the society of his fellow-creatures with a sensation as of a dull constant pain. His joy over this newfound sympathy was of short duration, for Mirandy's father swore with much energy that "he wouldn't 'low no such 'count triffin' feller as him hangin' 'round his darter."

In that primitive state of society, there was not that division of labor which exists among the more civilized. Mirandy's father, who in ordinary life fulfilled the functions of agriculturist, manufacturer, architect, and on occasion even that of priest, now threatened to play the part of judge, jury, and executioner, and glanced significantly at the long rifle in its brackets. She told Minton of the paternal opposition, with her usual serenity of mind apparently not in the least disturbed.

In the mood of despair, occasioned by this, he had gone down to the circus; and when the professor extended his invitation, in a tone of bravado, to the surprise of all, Minton stepped forward with the wild hope of getting away!

When Minton returned partly to consciousness, he hardly knew at first whether he were still in the body or not.

He was enveloped in a sea of roscate effulgence, and on either side of him rose vast mountain-like masses tinged with the same hue. They had none of the steep, jagged precipitousness which lends a savage air to mountain scenery. He appeared to be settling down slowly into a valley. Gradually the rosy hue faded out and the masses became a pure dazzling white. Vague, mobile faces drifted past him; they regarded him compassionately with eyes of deepest blue, and then with odd, grotesque changes of countenance, they went on by. The face of a beautiful woman, with long locks and a sinuous robe trailing far out behind her, passed by; she seemed to bend over him with pity, and he stretched out his hands imploringly; but she averted her face and left him. Then came the face of a venerable old man, with flowing beard as of the finest fleece, who responded to Minton's appeal only by a hideous contortion of countenance.

Above him, he could hear a strange, soft murmur, the sighing of the wind through the cordage, which rose and fell in wild, mournful cadences, which he took to be the voices of the spirits. He lay in a sort of trance; all sense of time and all memory of his past life were completely lost. An unwanted feeling of perfect peace took possession of his soul. "This must be heaven," he thought.

The balloon sank lower and lower, and he lapsed into unconsciousness. Suddenly, the meaning of this change burst upon his mind: he had sunk below the clouds; he was returning to the earth! With the energy of despair he struggled to his feet, and, in spite of the warning blood upon the floor, cast out his hat and coat, the barometer, and anchor. The balloon rose sluggishly through the clouds, and for one supreme moment he obtained a view of that celestial mountain range, so transcendently pure and majestic as to be fit for the throne of God. Then

he perceived that he was slowly gravitating earthward again; with a cry of anguish he fell upon the floor of the car, unconscious.

When he again regained consciousness, he was lying upon the ground and some one was bending over him. A tear fell on his face. He opened his eyes wearily.

"Mirandy, poor girl," he murmured. His head sank, his eyes became glazed; the seal of the angel of death was set on his face.

Suddenly, the clouds parted overhead and a ray of sunshine passed through. The dying man half rose to his feet, and as he fell back into Mirandy's arms, a look of ecstasy came over his countenance, which but faintly reflected the joy of his released spirit as it cleaved its way upward, and still upward, to those bright regions of heavenly bliss which it had so lately quitted.—John Ford Harbour, in *The Current*.

### A DANGEROUS INTOXICANT.

#### Cocaine More To Be Dreaded Than Alcohol or Opium.

The resolution unanimously adopted at the last meeting of the Kings County Medical society favoring the passage of a bill by the legislature which shall place cocaine on the list of poisonous drugs, to be sold only on a physician's prescription, marks a distinct advance in public and professional knowledge of this drug and in methods of dealing with it. Attention has been called more than once in these columns to the dangers of the cocaine habit, and to the increase of it in fashionable circles. From its very nature the growth of the habit is secret and insidious; but our fashionable doctors know and could tell if they would, how many victims it already numbers, and how terrible—more terrible than the results of the alcohol or even the opium habit—are its effects.

Dr. Mattison, who has made a careful study of the subject, added to the other evening no less than fifty one cases showing the power of cocaine. Summing up, he said:

"My experience with a number of cocaine cases makes me two things certain—there is a pernicious power per se in this drug, and it finds in the opium habit a peculiar condition that specially favors its ill effects, making it, for such patients, as has well been said, the 'devil's own device' to further enslave. And this opinion is that of others, for it is the testimony, without exception so far as I know, of those who have had to do with this disease, that as an intoxicant cocaine is more dangerous than alcohol or opium, and that inebriety resulting from its use is more marked and unyielding than any other form."

"Resort is often had to this drug by those who have fallen under the power of alcohol, opium, or chloral, in the hope of curing their loathed habit. As to its effects in such cases, Dr. Mattison said:

"I think it, for many, notably the large and enlarging number of opium and alcohol habitues, the most fascinating and seductive dangerous and destructive drug extant; and while admitting its great value in various disordered conditions, earnestly warn all against its careless giving in these cases, and especially insist on the great danger of self-injecting, a course almost certain to entail added ill. To the man who has gone down under opium and who thinks of taking to cocaine in hope of being lifted out of the mire, I would say, 'don't,' lest he sink the deeper."

"I have yet to learn of a single instance in which such an effort reached success; but know many cases where failure followed, or, worse, cocaine or coca-morphia addiction. And the need of caution against frequent using obtains in other cases, for there may come a demand for continued taking that will not be denied."

Such testimony as this is not likely to be gotten over. The society did wisely in adopting its resolution, and the legislature will do well to heed its request. The passage of such a bill would at least stop the indiscriminate use of this dangerous intoxicant, and might also render physicians more careful in using and prescribing it.—*New York Mail and Express*.

### Wilkin's Wit.

Idleness is Hell's walking delegate. The Jews were the first boy cutters. Man's humanity to man makes countless thousands trust.

Hades is very much like a theatre. The bald dead men are to be found in the pit.

How many men would marry their 'doxy' if they could only do it by proxy. The cast-iron platitudes of life can never harmonize with the philosophy of steal.

The gambler who follows his ante, is often obliged to hunt up his 'Uncle.'

A man wedded to a bad passion hath a vixen for a wife.

Life is a three act drama, youth, middle age and old age. The spectators 'go out' between the second and third act.

Hot gin cocktails mixed with beef tea are the latest. They are called oxy-gin punch.

The only thing that can get over the ground at a livelier rate of speed than an electric current is slander.

There is a manufacturer at Cohoes so opposed to strikes, that he has excluded all clocks from his residence, that strike the hour of day.

### A Classical Thief.

Old Gentleman—This watch looks all right; is it a good timekeeper?

Pickpocket—Excellent! and I'll let you have it for \$10.

O. G. (suspiciously)—That is rather low for a gold watch.

P.—Yes, it is, and I wouldn't part with it for any price, only I need the money very badly.

O. G.—Well here are your \$10.

P.—Thanks! Now, old man, do you know what mythological hero you resemble?

O. G.—I do not.

P.—Why, Jason; because you've got the golden fleece.

### HERE AND THERE.

Mosquitoes are already troublesome in many places in California.

A resident of Altoona, Pa., owns a spinning wheel that is over 150 years old.

A remarkable fall of snow covers nearly all England, blocking the roads in many places.

The university library at Cambridge, England, is to be enlarged at an expense of \$50,000.

Six towns in Windham county, Vermont have elected women as superintendents of schools.

Herr Falbe, the wise Austrian, who says he predicted the recent earthquake, predicts more for April and perhaps a few for May.

A Chinaman who recently left San Francisco, Cal., on a steamer for home, took with him his Percussive rifle.

Dr. McCosh hopes to remain at the head of the Princeton college until it becomes in name and in fact, a full-fledged university.

In Japan paper is made of a substance known as "marine algae." It is strong and so transparent that it can be used in place of glass.

John G. Whittier thinks that if the lagging fund for the Longfellow memorial is ever to be made up it can be "done otherwise than by vigorous personal solicitation."

In boring a well near Pine Grove, Esmeralda county, Nevada, steam of a temperature hot enough to cook potatoes was struck at a depth of sixty feet below the surface.

Already thirteen postoffices in this country have been named after Col. Lamont, Cleveland's secretary, while Secretary Garland's name has been given to only seven.

On one of the principal streets in Thomas ton, Ga., a physician and a shoemaker occupy the same building. Over the door is chalked the sign: "We repair both sole and body."

A New Yorker has invented a musical toy in the shape of a champagne bottle laterally divided, and on the inside of the section is a violin and strings, on which music can be discoursed.

James Taylor, while digging a well on his farm near Excelsior, Wis., found in a bed of gravel twenty feet below the surface a lot of beautiful amethysts and one very large and valuable ruby.

One of the largest stock farms in the world is that owned by the Powell Brothers, near Springboro, Pa. It covers an area of 2,500 acres. The annual horse sales on the place amount to over \$300,000.

A private telegram from Fort Benton, M. T. quotes the following prices of staples in that town: Flour, \$7 per sack; coal, \$50 to \$60 per ton; green willow wood, \$30 per cord; potatoes not to be had at any price.

A farmer at Riverville, W. T., sank a well recently, but instead of striking water he found an immense underground cavity, from which a stiff breeze continually blows, accompanied with the noise like the humming of telegraph wires.

Russia is enduring with singular fortitude the energetic goings-on of Bulgaria, the government of which is so thoroughly hated at St. Petersburg. The czar is supposed to be in a state of rage at the shooting of the rebels, but he has done nothing.

As a result of the recent decision in Washington territory, denying the right of women to vote, Judge Hoyt, at Tacoma, set aside all the Chinese conspiracy cases and all the indictments in that court which were found by a grand jury partly composed of women.

In many parts of France heavy machinery is run by artesian-well power. The deeper the well the greater the pressure. A well a Greenlee has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, and the water is so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals in the vicinity.

The entire population of Forman, in Sargent county, Dakota territory, turned out one morning last week to enjoy the most beautiful mirages ever visible there. All the towns within twenty miles could be distinguished quite distinctly, and some at a greater distance could be recognized.

The devastation of the grain fields of Alameda county, California, by wild ducks and geese at night set the farmers' wits at work to keep them away. The best device so far is to burn candles here and there over the fields. They are protected from the wind by sacks, and have thus far proved efficacious.

The Bibliotheque Nationale, at Paris, is the largest library in the world. The directors have never prepared a catalogue of the books it contains. The earliest nucleus of a library in France was made by the emperor Charlemagne, and some of his manuscripts are still preserved in the present collection.

There is a man in the Yale class of '88 whose great uncle is one of the two oldest living graduates of Yale, whose father was a graduate of '37, who has three uncles, four cousins, and three brothers among the alumni, and who has several brothers and cousins preparing for college. His name is not announced.

They have something like the *lettre de cachet* in Quebec. When a young man becomes obnoxious in riotous living and will not listen to reason, his folks hold a *council de famille*, or family council, and "interdict" him. He goes to an inebriate asylum and does not emerge until the family deem that he has learned reason.

During an exciting game of poker in St. Paul the other day one gambler bet his wife as the equivalent for \$500 and raised his opponent \$250. The latter "called," found he held four trumps to the other's four deuces, and after raking in the stakes, put on his hat and ran. He is a bachelor and is said to have known the lady.

This is the name of a man living in South Carolina: Harmon Dive-Over Jump-Under Come-Hither-to-Me Out-Yonder Go-Fetch-It Jehu Joshua William Hugh Hall Hiram Harvey Kiziah Jones. This is from a tombstone near Wetumpka, Ala. Henri Ritti Demi Ritter Emmi Bistec Sweet Potato Cream Tartar Caroline Bostwick, infant daughter of Bob and Suckey Catlin. It was the name of a little negro girl.

A woman made a wager with her husband in Nashville, Tenn., that she could drink a quart of milk a day for thirty days, in February. Her husband offered to give her a new silk dress if she could; if she failed, he was to receive a new suit of clothes. The guileless and unsuspecting woman finished her sixteenth quart of milk (after a heroic struggle with her rebellious stomach) before she discovered that February had but twenty-eight days.

A cruel joke was perpetrated upon two Clearfield ministers on St. Valentine's day. While in the midst of an exciting trial a couple of telegraph messengers rushed in giving each lawyer a Western Union envelope. The case was stopped to give them time to read the telegrams, and naturally the attention of the whole court was attracted in their direction. When they unfolded their respective misfires both were started by a highly-colored comic valentine representing a slyster lawyer. The judge smiled, the jury laughed aloud, and the victims hurried through with the case and got out of court.

### How to Use a Pistol.

Harry Whitehill, ex-sheriff of Grant county and formerly of New York city, was in Santa Fe during much of the legislative session just closed, trying to pass a bill creating Logan county out of the county of Grant. It took the measure three weeks to die of exhaustion, and as Mr. Whitehill had little to do except watching it, he was never too busy to chat about his old friends in the east. During a long conversation yesterday, he remarked:

"It's funny, but every tenderfoot thinks that all cowboys carry double-acting, or some call them self-cocking, revolvers. There was a time when those weapons were in high favor, but the cowboys soon found that they were positively unhandy instead of being a help to a man in a hurry. Now self-cocking pistols are boycotted. I'll bet four-fifths of the cowboys in this territory have gone back to the old style single acting pistol. Two years ago everybody had a double-acting gun and wouldn't have any other."

"Why, don't they like the new style?"

"No. They discovered that, try as they would, they could not avoid deflecting the muzzle of the pistol to the right while pulling the trigger to raise the hammer. You see all the power is applied from the right hand side of the trigger, where you put your finger in. Now, when you pull the trigger for the comparatively long period necessary to get the double-acting hammer up to the point where the spring is released and it falls, you insensibly put a heavy pressure on the right-hand side and can't help swaying the muzzle in that direction. When the double-acting guns were in style here we used to notice that five out of every six men who got shot were wounded in the left side. Of these about one half were shot so far to the left that the ball simply grazed their ribs. Another large percentage were shot in the inner side of the left arm. Now the cowboy prides himself on hitting the deal center of his opponent. It is always his wish to put the ball right at the juncture of the ribs above the stomach. This is not merely because they want to put on style; the placing of a 48-caliber ball right there prevents your man from coming back at you. Now, as soon as the cowboys began to note this queer feature of the shooting, it became a matter of serious moment to them. They quickly found the fault to be in the self-cocker, which by deflecting their muzzles of course inclined the balls toward the left side of the man facing them in front. That settled the self-cocker. The fact the cowboys were right is proven by the simultaneous disappearance of the new style and reappearance of the old style wound."

"But can't one shoot faster with the new style weapon?" asked the tenderfoot.

"Did you ever see a cowboy shoot?" asked the ex-sheriff with a quizzical smile. "Why, see here, this is a single-acting, old-style pistol. Watch that ace."

Before the words were well uttered the handsome sheriff had got the drop on the growing timber and six shots rang out in such rapid succession that they sounded like the explosion of a small pack of very large fire crackers. During the shooting Mr. Whitehill's left forefinger vibrated along the top of the pistol barrel from muzzle to breech. The six balls filled the tree about three inches apart.

"Now, I carry my pistol fixed this way and it's all ready for use," he continued, exhibiting the weapon. It was of 48 caliber, about eighteen inches long, and handsomely mounted. The trigger was tied firmly back against the inner side of the guard with a raw-hide thong.

"All I have to do with it," explained the ex-peace-guardian, "is to brush the hammer back as far as it will go with my left forefinger while I hold the pistol firmly with my right hand. My right forefinger never goes near the trigger, but helps to hold the stock, and this makes my grip more firm and certain. When I push back the hammer I have only to take my finger off to let it fall and discharge the pistol. You see the trigger being tied back the hammer is always free. One motion is all that is necessary to push back the hammer and fire the shot. The trick is called 'fanning the hammer.' You see I pushed it back with my left forefinger; it instantly fell when I released it, and the next instant my finger was again pushing it back to a full cock. Doing this little act quickly makes your little finger swar back and forth in a way not unlike the fanning motion. That's where it got its name."

"Do all cowboys adopt this plan?"

"Oh, no. Most of them cock the pistol with the left fore finger, but some prefer to leave the trigger free, and with each shot apply the slight pressure of the right fore finger necessary to discharge the weapon. There is no pressure to speak of on the trigger, however, and the aim is never spoiled. With a hair trigger you have only to hold the gun straight and you will get there. When I was sheriff, down in Grant, I always went around with my trigger tied back, and I never carried a self-cocker. Yet I could shoot as quick as any man. If I hadn't I would not be here now. There's Pat Garrett, who used to be sheriff of Lincoln county, which he is now trying to cut in half so as to make Pecos county. He never carried anything but a single-acting gun. When he shot Billy the Kid he put two balls side by side into Billy's heart before the body struck the floor. The first shot killed Billy, but Pat was not taking any chances, and he was working his pistol for all it was worth. Now that second ball had to follow pretty close after the first in order to get to the same spot before Billy dropped, didn't it? That shows that a good man with a good single-acting pistol could do."

"So you would just as leave put your single-acting pistol against the new style?"

"Why, yes. When I tried to arrest a fellow in Grant one day he came on me suddenly and got the drop with a double-action pistol; but his ball went

under my left arm without doing more than scratch me. Of course I went back at him as quick as the Lord would let me, and got there. Now you see why I have a poor opinion of double-acting pistols. That fellow never missed a man before, and if he had had his old pistol I would be a dead man now."

"People out here are good judges of weapons, then?"

"Are they? Well, you can depend upon it that we know good weapons when we get hold of them. I'll bet you can't go on a ranch and give away a 44-caliber pistol."

"Why, because they are too small?"

"Oh no; the boys have simply found out that 44-caliber pistols always 'cutch.' That is, the cartridge chamber always gets hot after one or two shots, swells up and won't revolve. No one knows why this is so, and I can't explain it. But it's a fact, although the manufacturers sit in their offices in the east and call the boys liars by mail—that's safe, you know. The 44-caliber pistol has been the death of many a man, but almost always the man who held it. You see the other fellow got in his work while the 44-caliber was on a strike. For this reason we boycott them along with self-cockers. Give us a good single-acting revolver and we don't ask anything better."—*Santa Fe, New Mexico, Cor. St. Louis Republican*.

### A Case of Mistaken Identity.

Horace Greeley, finding himself in Washington on Thursday evening, soon after the election of Colfax as Speaker, determined to attend the Speaker's reception. He accordingly arrayed himself in his usual neat and fashionable costume, boots like young gobeats, pantaloons rather the worse of the wear, of Chatham-street stock, and a couple of inches too short at that, vest cheap and old-fashioned, black silk handkerchief, tied around his neck as you'd tie a wisp of straw around a bundle of cornstalks, overcoat long, threadbare and dirty withal, the whole surmounted by a hat of the fashion of twenty years previous, hung on the back of his head, and inclining at an angle of forty-five degrees. He made his way to Four-and-a-half street, ascended the steps of the Speaker's house, and fell into the rear of a large and elegantly-dressed crowd of ladies and gentlemen, pressing their way to the parlor. On such occasions there is always a good deal of trouble with the hackmen. They will insist upon disregarding the rules in these cases made and provided, that they shall move to the other side of the street as fast as they are relieved of their gay and precious burdens, so as to prevent a general blockade, and to make way for those who are yet to come.

Sometimes there is quite a row between the masters of outside ceremonies and an obstinate Jehu who attempts to ignore or disregard the rules of vehicular discipline. Mr. Greeley was quietly waiting his turn on the occasion referred to, or rather, was leisurely waiting on the doorsteps for the "rush" to cease, not taking much notice of what was going on around him, composing a tariff article or an amnesic pronouncement for the *Tribune*, perhaps, when a Miles a gentleman, who had been officiating as a sort of outside usher, dashed at him in a fit of great rage, and told him if he didn't move on his blanked old hack, he'd start his team for him and let them go to the warmest of places if they liked. The *Tribune* philosopher reminded his assailant that this was a clear case of mistaken identity. "I'm not a hack-driver, sir, you are mistaken altogether." "Ain't you the owner of that pair of grays?" inquired the officiating Hibernian. "No, sir; my name is Greeley; I've come to attend the reception." The truth now flashed upon the Irish mind that he had grossly insulted the editor of the *Tribune*, and he commenced apologizing. "You see, sir," said he, "we have a great deal of trouble with these hack-drivers, and upon my honor, sir, when I saw you standing there I thought you were the man that drove up that pair of horses." Greeley laughed, said no apology was necessary, and walked in to see Colfax and the reception.—*Ben: Perley Poor, in American Calligrapher*.

### A Left-Hand Fur Glove.

In a quiet village on the Connecticut River, in Massachusetts, where the good people have been in the habit of sending a "missionary box" to the West every year for half a century or more, this very remarkable incident occurred: The usual notice was given from the pulpit requesting the families to send their contributions of clothing, etc., to a family named, to be appraised and arranged for shipment to a clergyman's family in the West. The articles of clothing, in usual variety, were received, and among them was a very fine fur glove for the left hand, the right-hand glove having been lost. The lady donating the glove accompanied it with a note explaining why she sent it, and asked the ladies in charge of the "box" to exercise their judgment as to the propriety of putting it with the rest. The matter was discussed by the ladies who packed the box, and they finally decided to send the old glove, attaching the donor's note to it.

In due time the clergyman sent his letter of acknowledgment, stating that the articles were very nice and acceptable, just what they needed, and they were made happy and warm by the generous gifts of their Eastern friends, adding, "I want to thank you especially for the left-hand fur glove. During the late war I lost my right hand, and this glove is my great comfort as I drive over the prairies when the thermometer ranges far below zero. Please thank the donor for her opportune gift." I know these are facts. No one knew anything in particular about this minister, not that he had been a soldier even. It is a remarkable coincidence, and may interest those who notice providences. "Those who notice providences will have providences to notice." So says Matthew Henry.—*Evangelist*.