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A WEDDING IN THE AIR.

"YOU cannot marry my daughter, young Bergen," Mr. Rowley declared, "until you are worth $20,000. Twenty-thousand dollars isn't a fortune, but it permits a man to start in life."

"Yes, sir," said I, standing hat in hand, near his office desk in Broad street, New York.

"Very well, young Bergen, go and make it, then," said old Rowley, "and after that, ask me for Caroline Elizabeth."

"Yes, sir," said I, seizing my hat in a great hurry, as if I were going to cash a check for that amount instantly, for fear the bank would close, "and thank you very much."

I did not possess 20,000 cents. I had left my country home in Jefferson, N. Y., to make my fortune, and I had not made it. I could look forward to making a decent salary and living on it, even putting a few hundreds in a savings bank for a rainy day; and Caddie—that is what I called her—Caroline Elizabeth did not seem a bit like her to me—Caddie said she could keep house beautifully, and that she could be happy in the very cheapest flat that we shared together.

Suddenly, I ran violently into the arms of another man, who had stopped in the middle of the sidewalk to light a cigar.

"What the dickens—— Hullo, old boy, how d'ye do?" cried this person.

"Millett, by all that's wonderful!" said I. "I thought you were in South America."

"So I was," said he. "Gonzales & Ravello offered splendid terms for a five-year contract, but when I got down to La Guayra, Venezuela, I found the yellow fever in full blast. Boat came out to take us in; looked over the side, saw something sewn up in a sack floating about.

"'What's that?' says I.

"'That, senor,' says the fellow that had come to fetch me, 'that, senor, is the head clerk of the respected Senors Gonzales & Ravello. He is dead of the yellow fever, and they no longer bury the dead, there are too many.'

"'Ah, then you can take me back to the steamer,' said I, and here I am. Confoundedly disappointed, too. I counted on making twenty thousand dollars in the next five years.

"Have Gonzales & What-shis-Name got another head clerk yet?" asked I.

"Not they," said Millett. "There is a lot of commission as well as salary, as I said, a fellow might make $20,000 and perhaps $5,000 more on commission—a fellow with some snap and go in him. But what use——"

I did not stay to hear the rest.

With a brief "good-bye," I rushed away, leaving Millett staring after me, sought the office of Gonzales & Ravello, in South street and presented my credentials to the senior partner.

"You may go at once," he said. "We need a new head clerk; ze former is a little indispose; he wish to retire. Matters are confuse in consequence. You are needed."

I signed the agreement and proceeded to extract from Mr. Rowley a promise that if I returned at the end of five years with the sum he insisted upon, I should wed his daughter.

Caddie wept bitterly. She asked what use was anything at the end of five years. She wondered if I knew we would be dreadfully old by that time. She was sure I should fall in love with a black-eyed Venezuelan lady, in a high comb and lace mantilla, and forget her. But she—oh! she would be true. She would be old and ugly, but she would be true as steel.

I reached my destination in safety, and found that I had secured a splendid position. The yellow fever was dying out; and at all events, they were used to it there. I took every precaution, and I did not take the fever.

I began to make money. I wrote to Caddie as often as circumstances would permit, and our course of true love was running very well considering, when I received a most frightful letter from old Rowley.

"YOUNG BERGEN—Merely because I mentioned the well-known fact that he was a liar and a thief, that abominable contemptible, cowardly and untrustworthy speak your Uncle Tomkins has called me some of the most offensive names in the English language. I have pulled his nose, he has beaten me with his cane which I took from him and broke over his confounded back. It all happened in the stock exchange before a thousand witnesses. He was taken home in an ambulance and as soon as he is well enough I am goin to have him arrested for felonious assault and have him sent to prison.

"After having been so insulted by your uncle, I as every one knows the most inoffensive law-abiding gentleman in New York must renounce the honor and pleasure of being connected with him by marriage and forbid you to write or speak to my daughter again. I have made her take her oath that she will never marry you. I did it gently though firmly, but she knows the value of an oath. O. ROWLEY."

"P. S.—She has just got me to permit her to write you a farewell letter of explanation. I have yielded to paternal weakness and permitted this. You must not reply. O. R."

"Papa has told you all," she said. "I love you, and I never will marry any one else. When he set out this family bribe I said at first, No sir, if you please I don't wish to be undutiful, but I will not." When he locked me up on bread and water I still refused, but when he got his pistols both of them loaded, and held one at each of my temples, and said he should count one, two, three, and then I should be dead before he got to four, I gave in.

"'Swear,' said papa, 'that you will not marry this young Bergen as long as you are upon this earth, or sail upon the waters thereof. Swear it, Caroline Elizabeth, if you wish to live. Otherwise you die, with my curse on your head.'

"It was an awful scene, but I put my hand on the Bible, and said after him, 'I will not marry my Henry as long as I am upon this earth, or sail upon the waters thereof, but I will love him until I die.'

"'Just as you please about that,' said papa. Then mamma had nervous prostration, and she is only just getting well, and I wish I were dead. Your broken-hearted CADDIE."

I read the letter over a dozen times; that clause about the waters of the earth seemed to bar every way of escape.

Even mid-ocean would not seem to invalidate her vow to so conscientious a creature as my little Caddie. I wrote to Caddie, despite her father's edict, but no answer ever came to me, and probably my letter never reached her.

At last, however, the New York Herald brought tidings which, while they were tragic, were hopeful. Mr. Rowley was dead. There was a glowing obituary notice of him in the paper, but I heard afterward that he died in a fit of rage, caused by a dinner that did not please him.

As soon as it was possible to do so, I asked for a vacation, and returned to New York. Reaching the great city, I flew at once to Madison avenue, and was speedily ascending the stoop of the residence of the late Mr Rowley. No one forbade me to enter the door, and soon Caddie, her eyes red with weeping, came to me in a black dress, and threw herself into my arms.

"Poor, dear, darling papa was just getting the bible to make me swear that I wouldn't ever speak to you, when the angels took him," she said.

I looked as serious as possible, and shook my head.

"As he did not, you may take a little walk with me to-morrow, may you not?" I asked.

She answered "Yes, dear," and I went away and made another call. It was upon a young clergyman. And when he learned my plans and heard my story, he agreed to my request. It was the year 1879. Coney Island had but recently been transformed from a primitive summer resort to the land of hotels, booths, showmen, and concert halls that it has now become.

It was to Coney Island that I took Caddie, and there met the Rev. Mr. Nutley, a young clergyman, who bowed and blushed and introduced us to his married sister and her husband, and his younger sister, who smiled and showed her dimples, as though she knew a little secret.

We walked about the Island, visited Manhattan beach, had lunch together, returned to the more populous West end, and bought milk of the milkmaids, who drew it iced from the monstrous effigy of a cow, in the kiosk.

"There is the captive balloon," said my friend, the clergyman, just then; "let us all go up in her."

An ascent was about to be made. A short interview with the manager won us permission to have it for ourselves for half an hour. We stepped in it ascended the ladder, screamed and clung to each other, and in a minute or two we saw the world far beneath us. We were no longer of it.

"If the rope should break!" gasped Mr. Nutley's sister.

Nobody made any addition to this remark. Suddenly, I grasped Caddie's hand.

"My dear betrothed wife, we are no longer upon earth, nor are we upon the waters thereof. Our position absolves you from the oath you took upon the family bible. You pledged yourself to nothing concerning the air. It was only land and water. I have consulted Mr. Nutley, who is an expert in such matters. Being a clergyman he is willing to marry us while we are in this balloon. He knows all the circumstances."

"My dear Miss Rowley," said Mr. Nutley, "I feel that it is quite proper of you to take a literal view of an oath you took under compulsion. Your excellent father, I am sure, would have it so if he could send a message from a better world. We all have moments of passion, in which we do things of which we repent. I believe he has repented of offering you that oath, and I believe, being what it was, you may marry in the air with all propriety."

"We think so, too!" chorused our friends.

Then Caddie, blushing and weeping, drew off her little glove, and my friend Nutley united us in the holy bonds of matrimony, in the presence of witnesses.

How the news got about I do not know, but we were saluted with cheers as we descended to the earth, and were mentioned in the World next day as a couple who sought notoriety by being married in the captive balloon.

MY FRIEND NUTLEY UNITED US.

Caught the Thief.

In course of transit between New York and New Orleans a packet of paper money had been opened and its contents considerably reduced. Two of the seals had been broken and one had been resealed by thumb pressure. Mr. Carvalho, an expert in matters of identification, endeavored to find out the thief, and with this view obtained wax impressions of the thumbs of all the officials of the express company through whose hands the packet was known to have passed. The impressions were photographed and enlarged, and one of them clearly agreed with an enlarged photograph of the thumb-impressed seal. The thief was thus detected.

Crocodile Birds.

Two or three species of birds are known to accompany the crocodile whenever he appears above water. Many a hunter has had his prospects for a shot spoiled by the alarm giver to the reptile by his watchful attendants. When they see any one approaching they will fly at the crocodile's nose, giving loud cries, and the beast never waits to investigate, but instantly shuffles into the water at his best speed.

Long Philadelphia Streets.

Philadelphia has some long streets. Second street, fifteen miles; Germantown and Ridge avenue, ten miles; Broad street, nine and three-quarter miles; Frankfort avenue, eight miles; Fifth street, six and one-half miles; Market street, five and one-half miles.

HER EYES NOT GOOD.

But She Could Tell Honest People Across the Street.

One of the smartest, shrewdest business women in New York, able to push her trade at a minimum of effort, is the old newspaper woman at the corner of Forty-second street and Seventh avenue, and the thriving stand is situated at the Seventh avenue corner.

It is a bleak, unprotected corner, and the old woman, finding it too exposed, has taken her stool under the shelter of an opposite Broadway store. This is far enough off not to know where to look for her, if needs be, and affords an apparently good opportunity for dishonest persons to cheat, yet the old woman never loses a cent. She learned from her distant niche to size people up pretty well, and is on hand pretty promptly if she suspects unfair play.

A lady recently wanted to buy a paper, but had nothing less than twenty-five cents. Looking up and down and around about, and seeing nobody in charge of the stand, she decided after some moments' waiting that she would have to let the paper go. As she turned away without it she heard a loud call from the cubby-hole niche at the opposite corner, and could see the old woman bidding her in pantomime to take the paper along. In pantomime also she replied, indicating that she couldn't as she hadn't got the money. Then the old woman hobbled forward in haste and began to give the conscientious lady a good sound rating.

"Ain't you foolish," she said, "and bothersome to bring me over here when you might just as well take the paper along?"

"But I'm a stranger. Why should you trust me to do any such thing?"

"That's all right. I know why. Don't you think I can tell honest folks from over there? I know the other kind too, right quick. Next time pick up your paper and pay when you come past again. Don't drag me over here for nothing. It's enough, with my rheumatism to scramble over here after the cheats."

Etiquette of Introduction.

In point of precedence in presenting, there is none; only the younger woman to the older, and the man to a woman, a professional man always by his title. The woman in her own home should always shake hands when a guest is presented; men should shake each other's hands. The Southern fashion of a woman's extending her right hand to a man is charming. It is now carried out to some extent in New York. At a ball the introductions should be distinctly formal. Handshaking is not correct, and here again common sense comes in, for it is most awkward for a woman to place flowers and fan while shaking hands. No man, when presented to a woman at a dance, should fail in asking for her card. His introduction means a dance.

What is the best form o' presenting people? None so good as the simplest. "Miss Brown, may I present my dear friend, Mr. Jones?" is all that is most elegant. At any function less important than a large ball it is always pleasant to add a little note of interest to the presentation, which breaks the ice and leads the way for conversation. These matters may seem a bit trivial at first, but the omission of them does not lead to pleasurable results.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Relic of a Southern Boom.

One of the relics of the late Southern boom can be found in the Shenandoah valley of Virginia. It is a ten-acre cornfield, in the midst of which is a large brick block and several electric light poles. It was formerly a 300-acre farm, and the entire tract was purchased by speculators for the purpose of building a town there. At the sale the farmer who sold the land in the first place became so excited that he bought in lots for the entire amount of his purchase money. Then he built the block and became a merchant, using all of his available funds. The town was a failure, the property sold for debts, and instead of a 300-acre farm, with money in bank, the old man has a ten-acre tract incumbered by a useless building and electric poles that are in the way of his plow.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Reindeer in Alaska.

According to a report brought back from Alaska by the Behring sea fleet the reindeer brought to that territory by government officials are increasing so rapidly that in a few years they will be numerous enough to relieve the government from the necessity of supplying the natives with food. The beginning of the work consisted in the bringing of sixteen of the animals from Siberia by the general agent of education for the territory. His efforts attracted the attention of congress and an appropriation was made by means of which he was enabled to get 180 more reindeer and to obtain two Siberian herders to look after them.

Cat-o'-Nine-Tails.

English discipline with the cat-o'-nine-tails seems more severe than its survival in Delaware. The cat in the peach state has nine tails of leather, each with a knot, and the law sentences the convict to so many lashes upon the bare back, "well laid on," but the sheriff is the judge of what constitutes a proper laying on and his strokes are usually gentle. It is their repetition that reddens the skin of the victim and it seldom happens that a single blow is of sufficient force to leave a noticeable mark.

An Enterprising Man.

Business is rushing with a repaire of bicycles whose shop is on a road much frequented by wheelmen, between Brooklyn and Coney island. It is said he makes a trade for himself by carefully sprinkling about six papers of tacks every day in the road near his shop.

Editorial Acumen.

Novice—On what theme would Gibbler's Magazine most likely accept an article?

Ben There—On the relative strength of the different baking powders.—Truth.

Reach! the Orang-Outang.

Dude, trying to tease a savant—How far have you progressed in your great work on apes?

Professor—I am just busy with an orang-outang.

HE BELIEVES IN LUCK.

GOOD REASONS, TOO, FOR THE OLD SALT'S FAITH.

Instances of the Good Fortune That Has Attended Ships—How the St. John Escaped the Rocks—The New Ironsides and the Torpedo.

Take away his belief in luck and three-quarters of an "old salt's" faith would be gone.

Cape Horn, which is a small island a mile or two square, is generally regarded as the most southerly land of South America. But in point of fact the "Diego Ramirez rocks," fifty-four miles southwest of the cape, are entitled to this distinction if an island is to be selected. There are three principle rocks, iron-like and barren, and many lesser ones in this group, and it is easy to comprehend what a source of danger they present to the mariner in such a sea and such weather as is there prevalent. Yet the author of "A Landlubber's Log," page 91, says: "The ship St. John had a very narrow escape from being lost on these rocks when on her way home from 'Frisco a year or two ago. She had been running by dead reckoning before a 'westerly' for several days, when one pitch dark night she ran at full speed straight between two of the largest rocks, through a narrow channel a mile long; so close was she to the rocks that the breakers carried away all her starboard rail."

If this wasn't luck what was it?

Figure to yourself a ship driving between a ledge of rocks on a tempestuous night, her sides almost touching. Yet she passes in safety. Had seamanship anything to do with it? They passed through their danger unconsciously.

In "The Atlantic Coast," by Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, United States navy, we are informed that during the first bombardment of Fort Sumpter, April 7, 1863, by the New Ironsides, she lay for one hour directly over a torpedo containing 2,000 pounds of powder. The Confederate officer in charge of the sub-marine defenses made endless efforts to explode the torpedo, but in vain.

Out of a fleet of five vessels, the first to attempt the circumnavigation of the globe, the Victoria, although next to the least, being only eighty-five tons, was the only one to survive the dreadful perils to which her sister ships succumbed and return to the port of her departure in triumph.

What was also very fortunate, her cargo of spices paid very nearly the whole cost of the expedition, which was some $,000,000 maravedis.

If we account this ship a lucky one, we must allow that the historiographer of the expedition, Pigafetta, was no Jonah, says the Philadelphia Times.

He relates in his Primo Viaggio, lib. II.: "I was going upon the bulwarks to fish, when I put my foot upon a spar wet with rain, and slipping, fell overboard without being perceived by any one. When half drowned, it chanced that my hand touched the sheet of the mainsail, which was in the water, and to this I clung and began to shout out, until they heard me and came to my aid with the boat.

Quaint old Pigafetta! It is to be marveled at that when his companions found themselves plowing for months the waters of the Pacific without seeing land, and when they were living on bits of leather soaked in sea water, and rats had become such a luxury that, he says, "we paid half a ducat apiece for them," it is a wonder, proving his good luck, that his unctious and appetizing name did not lead his shipmates to eat him.

Speaking of drowning, said my old friend, Captain Ebenezer Ludhard:

"Drownin' ain't nothin' but suspended animation. All you want is to git out o' the water 'fore it soaks in you too long, an' yer come to life like a fly does.

"Why I know whole nations in the South Pacific that drowns their-selves reglar. If times is dull and grub scarce, they just draw lots to see who shall be drowned. The lucky devils that draws prize numbers, that is, to be drown'd, go down to the reef an' lie flat down in the surf 'till they are drown'd. The other poor wretches wat has to forego this pleasure watch their friends, an' when they see they have enough, drag 'em out, fill the mouth, nose and ears with clay, an' put 'em away in some shady place.

"Thus the population's decreased for the time being by three-quarters or maybe nine-tenths. So there's enough to eat for them that's left to bear the burden of life for the time.

"Then when the bread fruit gets ripe agin they take the drown'd people an' lay 'em in the sun, an' they crawl out like so many flies.

"Accordent? Well, of course sometimes, now and then, jist like our folks here, a husban' will forget to bring his wife out o' the water in time; 'specially if she's been one of them soldin' kind. Or a wife will let her old man lay in the shade too long, while she's helpen some better lookin' feller to come to in the sunlight. But they're a putty fair people considern their dark skins."

Doctors Have Much to Learn.

Only 906 persons in 1,000,000 die from senility, while 1,240 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 27,000 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are deemed pretty accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

Our Friend, the Chicken.

Ornithologists do not tell us that the chicken is the most wonderful of birds, yet the fact remains that in proportion to weight, it is far more important to the human race than any other animal. The census places the egg production of 1889 at nearly 10,000,000,000, valued at $163,441,000, while the chickens themselves were worth $142,644,350.

Wisdom.

Uncle John—Did any of them robbers git a-hold of yew when you was in New York?

Uncle Si—No, by gosh! Every time I see one of them police I dodged inter a hallway or somethin'.

HOW HE WAS RESCUED.

Story of the Battle at Wind River With the Bloodthirsty Utes.

Suddenly, lifting his figure erect and tense in the moonlight, he swept a fierce gesture at the party above, and darted, as still as the flight of an arrow, straight to the spot where the sleeping child lay stretched in pathetic helplessness. He seized it, lifted it, and whirled to retreat just as the jabbering shout of a Piute called the marauders to their feet, writes Leroy Armstrong in Lippincott's.

Here was Higgins' opportunity, and he grasped it with a promptness that proved his mettle. Standing there just where the lieutenant left him, he stilled that savage cry of warning with the first shot of the midnight fusillade; stood there as the officer dashed past him, and shouted swift commands to those who had not so clearly caught the leader's plan of action.

"Stampede them ponies, Martin; send 'em flyin'. Carbines now, Dent. Burn 'em! Burn 'em! Shoot—you fellows up there on the bank. Never mind me. Put the hotness right on 'em!"

He stood there full in the blaze that followed an Indian awakening—stood there one crucial moment that turned the fight in his favor, and then saw, darting forward from the thick smoke of the carbines, a score of soldiers, wild with the excitement of a midnight battle. His stubborn figure was a lodestone to them, and they formed around him for the swift, strong rush that carried the camp in a twinkling.

The shouts, the yells, the cries of pain and Piute rage, the rattling sound of musketry, the roar of fighting hand to hand, the swift retreat, and then the headlong rush of beaten red men to the river—all these were fragments of a whole whose summing up was victory. Penned in, below the riflemen who kept them from their ponies, above the detail led by Dent, and kept from escape to the prairies by that beetling bluff, surprised and riddled by short-range fire, the Indians struggled but a moment, then turned and plunged into the swift depth of Wind river, diving to hide from the bullets that still pursued them, and abandoning, together with the rest of their plunder, the captured child of a murdered family.

LIGHT AND LIVELY.

Mrs. Yearwed—I—I wish to look at some babies' shoes. Clerk—White kid? Mrs. Yearwed—Sir!

Don't fool with a wasp because you think he looks weak and tired; you will find out he's all right in the end.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

Mr. Softleigh—Now, really, how long do you think you could love a man? Miss Fickel—Oh, anywhere between five feet eight and six feet.

Figg—What a peculiar man Dunder is. He has a sovereign contempt for anyone who does not know as much as he does. Fogg—I should think he would.

Elder Berry—Did the natives of Central Africa give you a warm reception? Returned Missionary—Yes, indeed; they were so tickled to see me that they wanted to eat me up.

Mother—How is it that you get so many bad marks at school? Little Johnny—Well, the teacher's got to mark somebody, or else folks will think she ain't attendin' to her business.

"Before we were married," she sobbed, "you would go out with me anywhere." "Well, what of it?" "Now I don't believe you would even go to my funeral." "Ah! wouldn't I, though?"

Boy, who has lost his way—I say, mister, how far is it to Camptown creek? Man, surlily—Find out. I ain't no city directory. Boy—No, you ain't; you're a volume on good manners you are.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

If a crawfish looses an eye a new one will grow in its place.

A goose in Harrison county, N. Y., adopted a brood of motherless pigs.

The musquito's bill is a tool box containing six distinct surgical implements.

Experiments made in English collieries go to prove that the coal dust in the air is the cause of disastrous explosions which frequently follow blasting.

A patriarchal lime tree, known as the Domlinde or cathedral tree, has fallen at Brunswick, Germany. It was eighty-six feet high, and its girth was nineteen feet. There is an undoubted mention of it in a pamphlet written in 1492.

Aerolites, or "meteorites" as they are sometimes called, usually fall singly sometimes in pairs, and less frequently in showers as was the case in New Concordia, Ohio, in 1860, when nearly 200 red-hot stones fell in a field in broad daylight.

Copper is one of the most useful metals as it enters into combination with other metals to form thirteen of the common alloys. Copper in combination with tin, makes bath and bronze metal; with zinc, bell metal; with tin, antimony and bismuth, britannia metal.

One of the Florida wonders is an immense volume of water that boils up in the middle of St John's river at a place known as Devil's Elbow, one mile east of Palatika. Although soundings have been made at that place to a depth of sixty feet no bottom has been found.

Most substances occupy a less space in the solid than in the liquid state; some, however, expand on solidifying, and water belongs to the second and smaller class. This expanding force is of extraordinary magnitude, and hollow bombs made of strong and thick metal have been burst by being first filled with water, and then thrown out into the open air on a frosty day.

The United States entomological commission has shown that our forest trees are veritable hotels, where a multitude of insects board and lodge. The oak provides provision and a home for 300 species of insects and lodgings for 150 more. The elm makes full provision for the wants of 61 species and harbors 40 others. The pine bears the burden of supporting from its own vitality 151 species, while 20 more love its shady retreat.

TORTURE OF HUNGER.

THE DIARY OF A MAN WHO STARVED TO DEATH.

The Story of a Suicide by Starvation as Set Down by the Suicide—He Wondered That Death Did Not Come, Yet He Would Not Hasten the End.

George Marshall Sloan, lawyer, mathematician, socialist and economist, was the strongest and most capable spirit for good among the many who moulded socialistic labor thought in Chicago between the years 1879 and 1886, says the Chicago Tribune. But he ended his own life at last, for though he considered that death was but the relaxation of the power of nature and then the end of all, for fifty days previous he had not taken food. He had addicted himself to the use of morphine. He writes of his intention to starve:

"Certainly there is no object to be served by my living, but I want to die so that it will be manifest that my sanity is palpable, and manifest that I die of set purpose and with deliberation, as the only method of escaping continuous pain."

The subsequent entries of interest follow—a painful, weary story of suffering and anguish:

"August 21st—I am just what I was on September 25, 1893. Nor have I changed mentally in any respect that I can notice. Physically there are changes, of course, and changes again since the date of the letter to the coroner. All the while the healing process of nature has been exerted and new intestine has been made and the old patched up, all of which the autopsy, if properly conducted, will disclose. But I don't know how often I have repeated myself, and after all the sole question is: Has or has not a short cut between my stomach and intestines been built by nature to get around the stricture. I think, in my stomach?"

"August 26, Sunday—The wasting away begins to show in my arms and legs, also in my chest. The fat of my breast is nearly all absorbed. My eyes are weak and my muscles don't obey. I spilled some oil filling the can this evening.

"August 28, Tuesday—Nine days; six more enough. * * * So weak I can hardly stand to arrange my bed. * * *

"September 4, Tuesday—Yesterday used but one grain, and did without for more than twenty-four hours as a last protest that I am not a morphine eater, and that it gives me no trouble to quit it. Now I only took this dose to keep my nerve up, as I am dying and my breath is very offensive. Perhaps it will improve that. I cannot read; I am too weak to hold up the book. Even to write this gives me trouble. I suppose I will last out the day. So often when I thought that I was dying I passed along. Life is so strong in me.

"September 6th, Thursday—How little is needed to sustain life! * * * Ah, but I'm tired of life! Yet the danger of making a miss of it is too great. Now I almost see the ending. The hunger torture is savage; will apply some chloroform to the pit of stomach. Perhaps relief.

From September 16th to September 23d the slowly dying man chronicled faithfully the progress of his scheme to starve himself to death. The internal pain he suffered turned his thoughts to a quicker suicide, but he resolutely forced himself to keep along the path he had chosen.

"Monday, September 24th, thirty-seventh day—Nauseated! I am colder. I notice the circulation is slower in my legs and arms. * * * If I had not passed my word to myself I would take a grain. I am sure it would do it now. Cold! no circulation up to my knees. * * * The capacity for enduring torture seems to outlast everything else.

"Tuesday, September 25th, thirty-eighth day—Nearly blind with pain. * * * My hands are quite cold. Thirty-eight days with nothing to complicate it, so weak at the beginning that I could scarce walk across the room, must change the heretofore accepted ideas of the tenacity of life.

"September 26th, Tuesday, thirty-ninth day—The nausea is savage. * * * I lie exposed that I may be chilled all possible. When I feel like fainting I will cover up. It's wonderful what temporary force the morphine gives. I can now move easily, while before each the least motion gives you pain such as a broken-backed snake must feel as it tries to escape. Yet whence comes the lubricator? I put none in, yet I plainly feel from the injection point as a center, or supply point rather, some occult effect running toward any place on which, when I move, a need for something to assist in granting freedom to the muscles, will be called for. It is not, properly speaking, a force, but a something which makes the use of the will power at that point more easy to exercise. * * * When I attempt to turn in the bed the lubricator seems all gone in my joints, and I creak at each motion. That would be well enough, but each motion tortures. * * * A something impalpable seems to hold up my hand. * * * It is my will, for the muscular force has vanished with the fatty tissues. * * * Whether in this prolonged act I am wrong or right I do not argue. It is my pleasure to quit life, because it offers me a more lingering death, with constant pain in the interval, and to quit it in this manner because against the intellect of one who so departs, surely nothing can be said of a derogatory nature by any one whose opinion is worth hearing."

From the fortieth day his diary shows how he wondered that death did not come. He began to think that starvation would not end his life, and he had curious ideas as to a man's ability to defeat death without food. His diary closed September 29th with "am about blind." He was conscious within twelve hours of his death.

Sacrifice the First.

He had been working all the winter to get a place in the brass band as a cornet-player, and just as his hopes seemed to be on the verge of fulfilment she met him on his way home from the postoffice, and, linking her hand within his arm, walked on in silence until they reached the poplar walk. There she stopped in the long shadows and said: "George, I wish you wouldn't play the cornet in the new band." "Why not?" said he, surprised. "It is a place of honor, and I get a great deal of attention by it, dear." "Yes, I know," she said coaxingly. "It is nice to have you noticed by every one, and all that, but——" She paused and hung her curly head a little lower. "But what?" said he sharply. "Blowing the cornet makes—makes——" Her voice sank to a pouting whisper. "Makes the lips so stiff and hard." George has decided not to be the cornet-player in the band.

GAVE IT UP IN DESPAIR.

Hope Had Vanished and Art Efforts Were of no Avail.

The moon did not shine that night. Consequently it was quite dark. It was better so.

The beating waves moaned on the expansive sandy beach at Hyde park, and the strictly exclusive air was loaded with no hint of one of life's tragedies, no suspicion of the sadness of unfathomed mysteries, of the awfulness of mere existence.

At the proper moment a muffled figure emerged from the darkness and sunk down on the wet sands with face close pressed to a good-sized bundle clasped to her heart.

For the figure was a woman, fair or shrivelled the gloom told not. A woman whose breaking heart voiced its agony in the stifled moans which parted her pale lips in rapid tumults, and the sobs which racked her slender form.

She raised her despairing face to the black heavens. "Oh!" she cried, "must I do it? Must I give you up?"

The hoarse wind tore at her precious burden and her fingers clasped it more tightly. Once more she pressed her face to it.

"I lived but for you," she murmured. "When you came you brought hope into my existence and gave me something to live for. Yet you were on my conscience and the double life galled me. Once under these waters and no one will ever know—it will all be as it was before."

Hastily she rose, held her bundle off at arm's length, clasped it again convulsively and then in a supreme abandon of misery which some few are doomed to suffer, flung it far out into the turbid lake, glanced wildly around and fled as swiftly as she had come.

Gentle reader, she was rightfully heartbroken. She had been deceived; her face was getting worse instead of better, all the time.

The bundle she had cast from her contained:

One jar of Pinkie's satin complexion cream.

One jar of Pinkie's wrinkle eflacer.

Two bottles of Pinkie's skin whitener.

One box Pinkie's eyelash grower.

One jar Pinkie's Flush of Youth.

THE EARTH AND STARS.

Sirius is computed to be 100,000,000,000 miles distant from the sun.

There will not be a total eclipse of the sun visible hereabouts until the twentieth century.

The smallest egg is that of the tiny Mexican humming bird. It is scarcely larger than a pea's head.

The Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California is nearly 500 miles long, 70 wide, and from 7,000 to nearly 15,000 feet high.

Owing to its extreme variability, the star Algol is regarded as one of the greatest mysteries of the heavens. Astronomers believe that some large, dead and dark world revolves between us and Algol.

Professor William Harkness of Washington, states the magnitude of the solar system as 5,575,000,000 miles, measuring across the diameter of Neptune's orbit while the radius of the earth's orbit is 92,797,000 miles, with a possible error either way of 50,000 miles.

Great progress has been made in the study of ocean currents. A model has been made to illustrate the currents of the Atlantic. The water is blown out of various nozzles representing the mean direction of the permanent winds. The movement of the water is made perceptible by a kind of dust sprinkled over its surface.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Compressed air is used to drive certain Paris street cars.

Over 700 patents were issued for the application of electricity to household uses in 1892.

The largest photograph ever taken was seven feet long and four feet two inches wide.

The light efficiency of an incandescent lamp is about 5 per cent, the other 95 per cent being converted into heat.

The insect foes of the farmers are to be exterminated by a new department of the Pasteur institute in Paris.

English capitalists are intensely interested in the case of a Manchester weaver whose eyes magnify objects to fifty times their natural size.

Insomnia now rates as one of the most common and wide-spread complaints of the age, whereas a generation ago it was scarcely recognized as a pathological condition.

A certain chemist is reported to have discovered a new substance, called cryostase, which has the remarkable property of solidifying when heated and remaining liquid at temperatures below zero.

A strong beam with a blue pod was the sensation of the recent Crystal palace fruit show. The plant was obtained by accident from a lot of French seed, but the grower has now fixed the type and can produce it regularly.

The West End street railway of Boston has put in service to special trolley cars for the use of parties wishing private accommodation. They are furnished with easy chairs, and will traverse any city trolley line at any hour of the day or night.

The experiment of cooking dinner for 7,500 men belonging to the guards in a single field kitchen at the Muncheberg station near Berlin, took place the other day before the troops left for their headquarters. The affair was completely successful. Thirty-five hundred weight of beef and 1,500 weight of hams were cooked in eight iron kettles, with a capacity of 640 liters each. Four tons of coal were used.

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JAMES G. REEDER.

Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business July 12, 1893.

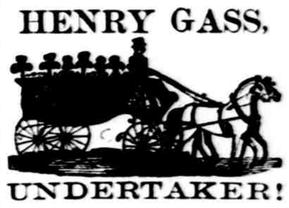
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,407 37
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,794 93
U. S. Bonds	15,200 00
Due from other banks $37,879 23	
Cash on Hand 21,367 56	59,246 79
Total	$333,196 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 50,000 00
Surplus Fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits	4,578 00
Circulation	13,500 00
Deposits	245,119 37
Total	$333,196 36

HENRY GASS,



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