The Columbus Journal.

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THE 49 CENT STORE.

By Amy Randolph.

YOUNG folks are such fools!" said Aunt Huldah Pettibone, with acrimony. "Married, indeed! What does our Katie want to get married for, with a good home and a steady place as a typewriter? Here have I lived these five and fifty years without getting married, of even thinking of it—and Katie, at nineteen, is engaged!"

Neighbor Jackson smiled. He thought, judging from her pronunciation of the last word, that Aunt Huldah Pettibone would have made no contemptible actress. And as he mentally contrasted Katie Fielding's blooming cheeks and violet eyes with Aunt Huldah's Roman nose and her sallow complexion he didn't at all wonder that the old lady had lived here five and fifty years without an eligible offer of matrimony.

"Young folks will be young folks," said he, indulgently.

"And fools will be fools," sharply supplemented Aunt Huldah. "It's nothing against this man who is coming philandering after Katie, but I dare say he's a poor, miserable, shiftless fellow, no better than the rest of 'em. I'd like to see the one that could fool me!"

"So should I," I thought, but did not say. Neighbor Jackson, as he took up the basket of pearl-white, new-laid eggs for which he had been waiting, and departed across the winding meadow path, while Aunt Huldah, returning diligently to her dish-washing, pondered with renewed earnestness as to the general folly and sentimentality of the present degenerate age.

All of a sudden, however, glancing up she saw a nose flattened against the window-pane—the nose belonging to a tall rubicond, not ill-looking man of some forty years of age.

"Go away," said Aunt Huldah.

"Why, Huldah Pettibone," uttered a mildly insinuating voice, "have you forgotten me? Me, Hiram Pearson, that went to California twenty-odd years ago?"

"La sakes alive!" said Aunt Huldah. "And here you're back again, like a bad penny, eh?"

"I'm back agin, sartin," said Mr. Pearson. "About the bad penny business, I won't take it upon me to swear. But I always was a truth-teller, and I'm ready, free and frank, to own up that I've come back for the very same reason that I went away!"

"La!" said Aunt Huldah. "And what was that?"

"Can't you guess it, Huldah?" inquired Mr. Pearson, with a look of indescribable languishment in his little gray eyes.

"I never was no hand at conundrums," said Aunt Huldah, dryly.

"Then I may as well speak it out—for love of you!" said Mr. Pearson.

"Get out!" said Aunt Huldah.

"And I don't care who knows it," added the valiant lover. "I've been in the peddling business, but I could pay no 'tention to it, all along, of thinking of you. And I've tried the

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lightning-rod agency, but there ain't no lightning could electrify you out of my mind. So, here I be, Huldah Pettibone, with my heart in my hand, and you may take it, or you may trample it under foot, just whichever you please!"

"That's all nonsense," said Miss Pettibone, not without an incipient simper at the corner of her lips.

"And now," pleasantly added the middle-aged lover, "I've opened a forty-nine cent store at Cranch's Corners, but I can't put no spirit into my business so long as I'm thinking of you. There now!"

Miss Huldah could not but smile. Even fifty-five years old there was a certain satisfaction in being made love to!

"I'll defy Dr. Rosebury to say I never had a beau after this," thought she, but she only said, with a toss of the head: "Ef you can leave off sulking long enough, you'd better come in and have a bite of something to eat and a cup of cold coffee."

"I don't care nothin' about eating," said Mr. Pearson, but, nevertheless, he entered and made a good meal. And afterwards he sat down in the parlor and retold his marvelous California experience to Miss Huldah, and explained to her the wonderful financial successes of forty-nine cent stores in general and his in particular.

"I'm bound to be a millionaire before I die," said he, "but, all the same, I shan't enjoy a cent of my money, Huldah, if you don't enjoy it, too!"

"Nonsense," said Miss Huldah.

But Mr. Pearson, who had succeeded in getting hold of her hand, gave it a gentle squeeze by way of answer, which expressed a world of tender meaning.

At the week's end Katie Fielding, who always came home of a Saturday afternoon, to keep her Aunt Huldah company until Monday morning, ran into the buttery, where the old lady was screwing down her patent jars of canned blackberries.

"Why, Aunt Huldah!" she cried, rosy and breathless, "who on earth is that old loafer smoking his pipe in the back garden? I never was so startled in my life as when I saw him!"

"Old loafer, indeed!" cried Aunt Huldah, bristling up. "I'm sure, Catherine Fielding, I don't know who you could ha' seen. The gentleman as smokes once in a while out there is Mr. Hiram Pearson, the rich merchant, as is just settin' up business at Cranch's Corners—you've heard of the Forty-Nine Cent Store there, haven't you? All the country's a-talkin' about it. It's a-goin' to revolutionize commerce—and Mr. Hiram Pearson's a-goin' to be your uncle!"

"What!" cried Katie, with wide-open blue eyes. "You never mean to tell me, Aunt Huldah, that——"

"Yes," said Aunt Huldah, "I'm goin' to be married. Why shouldn't I? Miss Burdett Coutts got married, and I'm a good ten years younger than she is. And he's loved me faithfully this thirty-odd years—and I'm to be a lady and keep a pianny and a hired gal and a canary bird—all of my own!"

Katie knew not what to say. She stood gazing at her aunt in breathless surprise and dismay.

"Dear Aunt Huldah," said she, "do let me understand. Are you really in earnest? Have you actually made up your mind to this important step in life during the one week in which I have been absent from you?"

"Yes, I have," said Aunt Huldah, giving a screw to the last jar of blackberries which cracked it half way down the side. "So there!"

And then she related the whole story of Mr. Pearson's long and constant love, his financial successes, and the great enterprise now in process of completion at Cranch's Corners.

"And, of course," added unsuspecting Miss Huldah, "I considered it a very great privilege to be able to invest my little savings in a business like that, as is sure to return at least a hundred per cent. And I told Hiram that you had some money in the savings bank at only four per cent that you would be glad to place with him if——"

"Not if I know it!" cried Katie, with spirit. "Dear Aunt Huldah, stop and consider! The very looks of this man proclaim him to be a swindler! Has he given you any security for all this money?"

"Security!" cried Aunt Huldah. "What security do I need? Ain't we to be married just as soon as I can get my wedding dress made?"

"But you never have given him your money!"

"Why shouldn't I?" said Aunt Huldah. "Yes, I have. And I'm to have cent-per-cent interest for it, once the Forty-nine Cent Store gets well under way. But it ain't that so much," she added, with elderly bashfulness, "as it is that we love each other—me and Hiram. You'll like him, Katie, when once you get acquainted with him. He ain't no insignificant whiffet like Abram Holley, your young man! Make haste and help me to get out the best table-cloth—he's to take tea here to-night!"

"But you'll let me consult Abram Holley about the matter, Aunty," pleaded Katie. "He's a lawyer, you know; he'll understand——"

"I don't consult nobody but myself," said Miss Pettibone, loftily. "I'm a phrenologer, and a physiognomer and a judge of people's character. And I've knowed Hiram Pearson more years than you've been born; so just dish up the apple-sauce, and leave off talking, while I go out and call Hiram to tea!"

"Dear, dear," said Katie sadly to herself, as she poured the stewed sweet apples into the blue-edged bowl which would have crazed a votary of the ceramic art. "What a fool Aunt Huldah is! To think of getting married at her age!"

But Aunt Huldah called and called and only echo replied.

"How provoking," said Miss Pettibone. "He must be gone to the post-office."

If he had, however, the postoffice was a long way off, for Mr. Hiram Pearson never came back. Neither did Aunt Huldah's coupon bonds, her little bag of gold eagles, nor her five one hundred dollar bank notes, which he had so kindly offered to invest. And, upon inquiry being made at Cranch's Corners, the Forty-nine Cent Store was found to be but a vision of Hiram Pearson's fertile brain.

And Aunt Huldah was left to bewail herself in tears and impecuniosity. Not even the neighbors sympathized with her. They only smiled shrewdly at one another, and said, under their breath:

"No fool like an old fool."—New York Ledger.

Steward's Fees.

The voyager, if he is not seasick, is dependent for comfort first on the table steward. To this man it seems to be the rule to give $2.50 for one, or $5 for two or three persons in a party, whether one is served in regular courses or orders what he pleases from the bill. Late suppers might increase the fee. One's next best friend is the deck steward, if he is attentive and has followed out suggestions about the steamer chair and rugs. Sometimes one can eat on deck when it is fatal to go below, and then, if the deck steward is obliging he deserves the larger part of what would go to the table steward in regular course. If the weather is at all fair it is most agreeable to find one's chair well placed and the rugs dry every morning, especially if one is inclined to seasickness. Moreover, this steward is the one who continuously brings sandwiches and broth on deck and, as he is obliged himself to fee the cook's assistant to get these articles prepared, it is clear that he should be well remembered at parting if any one is. On many lines his pay, like that of most of the stewards, is not higher than $12 a month and the company, on general principles, keeps back one-third to pay for breakage. Another third goes to the cooks in fees. Where, therefore, would he be without his tips?—Scribner's Magazine.

Content to Remain.

Hicks—"Did you see any mountain climbing while you were away?"

Wicks—"No; the mountains seemed to be satisfied to remain as they were. They didn't seem to care to get any higher. But we saw some people climbing the mountain."—Boston Transcript.

All Imaginary.

The signs of gladsome spring are seen,
and Pan attunes his pipe.
The lambkin gambols on the green,
Mint sauce is getting ripe.
—Philadelphia Record.

THE CUBAN POLICY.

"LEADER" BAILEY OBJECTS TO THE PRESIDENTS PLANS.

Business Conditions Improve Notwithstanding Continued Heavy Imports—Free Silver Theories Exploded—Peru's Adoption of the Gold.

Washington, May, 1897.—(Special correspondence)—The knowledge that citizens of this country were suffering and in want of food and shelter brought instantly from President McKinley a message recommending an appropriation of $50,000 for their benefit. It is understood that the President is only awaiting for more detailed information, from special representatives whom he has sent to Cuba, before taking equally vigorous action in regard to other matters there. When it is remembered that the first three weeks of McKinley's administration witnessed the release of practically all the Americans who were in Cuban prisons on the 4th day of March, and that his action for the relief of those who were suffering for want of food was equally prompt, the contrast between his actions and those of President Cleveland is strongly marked. When it is remembered, also, that the objection of a Democratic "leader" prevented the prompt passage of the relief bill in the house, the contrast between Republican and Democratic methods is still more sharply outlined.

Republican vs. Democratic Methods.

The President, who learned only a few days ago from his representatives in Cuba that American citizens there are suffering for food, shelter and clothing, sent to congress on Monday a message pointing out this fact, and asking an immediate appropriation. A resolution making this appropriation was offered in the senate by a Republican as soon as the reading of the message, and passed by a unanimous vote. A similar resolution was offered in the house by Mr. Hitt, a Republican, as soon as the reading of the message was finished, but its immediate consideration was objected to by Congressman Bailey, an alleged leader of the Democratic party of the house. That any man representing only his own congressional district or himself individually could have thrown himself between 800 suffering American citizens and relief freely offered by the government of the United States seems incredible, but that a man professing to speak for a great party could have done so is even more astounding. But it is a fact, nevertheless, and Mr. Bailey was successful in preventing the passage of the measure for at least three days.

Why? Upon the alleged ground that he wanted to couple with it legislation recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans. In point of fact, it was a political trick to try to restore himself in the graces of the Democracy, which had been accusing him of subserviency to Speaker Reed and his methods. Mr. Bailey was willing to stand between 800 suffering and starving American citizens and relief for an indefinite length of time for the sake of again making himself solid with the Democracy. He knew that the house of representatives would not pass a resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans in the short space of time that it was necessary to pass the relief resolution. The senate has been debating that kind of a resolution for not only days, but weeks and months. So his demand that the resolution of the recognition of belligerency should be coupled with that of appropriating money for immediate relief was not only unnecessary but unreasonable, and sure to cause delay to the relief measure. Yet since it would attract attention to Mr. Bailey, and possibly reingratiate him in the regard of the Democracy, hundreds of American citizens can starve while Mr. Bailey thus masquerades.

Foreign Goods Still Coming In.

The importers who are rushing goods into the country have the double purpose of making an extra profit by raising the price on them when the Dingley bill goes into effect and putting the law into disrepute by making its receipts light during the first year. The importations in April were the largest recorded in the recent commercial history of the United States. They amounted to $101,305,131, or nearly double those of April, 1896. The rate at which importations have increased since importers became aware that a protective tariff bill would be soon adopted is indicated by the following figures, which show the value of imports since the month in which McKinley was elected.

IMPORTATIONS.

November, 1896, $50,043,285; December, 1896, $58,960,660; January, 1897, $51,354,016; February, 1897, $50,237,377; March, 1897, $76,344,946; April, 1897, $101,305,131.

Yet in the face of this showing comes the recent announcement by a leading commercial agency that the sales of goods in April were within a small fraction of the amount in the most prosperous business year which the country has seen for a long time. That there is a genuine revival in business activity is apparent, not alone from this announcement, but from the statements of the press, irrespective of party, in every section of the country.

Money Circulates.

An interest rate of three and a half per cent is very low; yet a railroad company which put a hundred million dollars of bonds upon the market recently at that rate of interest had no difficulty in finding capital to accept them. The people who are industriously insisting that the United States should have more money find it difficult to hold this position when such quantities of money are seeking investment at so low an interest rate.

Free Silver Theories Punctured.

Some of the assertions of the silver orators of the last campaign read curiously now. For instance, that one in which they insisted that farm products and silver kept pace in rise and fall is especially amusing, in view of the fact that farm products have steadily risen in value in the past eight months, while silver has gone in the other direction. Silver has, in the last few weeks, reached the lowest point in its history, while wheat in that same time has reached a selling price double that which existed at the very time that these arguments were being most vigorously presented. The Kansas Populists are reported in a state of distress over the condition of the country. Prosperity has set in in that state without the adoption of the free coinage of silver or any other of their numerous nostrums of this character. Prices of cattle, hogs, wheat, corn and farm products of all kinds have advanced and there are more signs of activity and prosperity following the rejection of the free coinage of silver than the state has seen for many years.

These disgusted gentry are now making bon-fires of their recent campaign speeches in which they insisted that the low farm prices in this country were due to the treatment which silver had received. The country rejected their proposition for the free and unlimited coinage of silver and simultaneously with that action prices of farm products began to rise and have steadily advanced, while silver has steadily gone in the other direction.

Peru's Action a Blow to Silverites.

Little Peru is just now the subject of a good deal of attention from all parts of the world by reason of the fact that on May 10 her new currency system went into effect. This system creates the gold standard and prohibits the importation of silver coin, the purpose of this prohibition being to maintain the standing and nominal value of the silver coin already in the country. Commenting upon this action by Peru, the Macon Telegraph, a Democratic paper, says: "The statesmen of little Peru are wiser than the new breed of our own country, who spring from the mining camps of the west."

G. H. WILLIAMS.

Protection Takes Long Strides.

The most significant sign of the times in the political world is the revolution now going on in the South, its awakening to the loss it has suffered from the Democratic "tariff for revenue only" system, and its rapid conversion to the Republican doctrine of protection. That this change is now going on is beyond dispute, and is proved by the utterances of dozens of Democratic newspapers in every Southern state. Some of them, to be sure, are grudging in their admissions that the Southern people are becoming advocates of protection, but that very effort to belittle the movement only goes to prove the strength it has already attained.

The Times of Canton, Miss., published in a section that has no coal, iron or manufacturing interests, comes boldly out with the following statement:

It is plainly evident to the intelligent and watchful observer of passing events that the time is not far distant when the material interest of the South will in all probability work a revolution in sentiment on the tariff question. Protection is now sought from Egyptian long-staple imported into this country, and rightly so. The sugar interests and various other interests will seek protection. The laboring people will want it from the pauper labor of Europe—like the labor element North. The recent election was carried by the laboring people of the North, not by being bought up or intimidated by employers, but from a sensible and well-defined idea of protection. The political complexion of the South cannot long remain as it is now; negro domination and force bills are things of the past. We are in a state of transition, both financially and politically.

A Democratic newspaper of New Orleans says:

Suitable protection on sugar for ten years will, in all probability, enable us to produce our own supplies of sugar, and save that large outlay of cash annually given to foreigners for that purpose.

This is from the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch:

Well, it does look a little inconsistent, from a political point of view, for cotton planters to be asking for protection. But since pretty much everything else is to be protected, and free Egyptian long-staple cotton would put the Sea Island cotton raisers at the mercy of the New England cotton manufacturers, it would be inconsistent with common sense for the Sea Island planters not to try to protect themselves.

One of the strongest admissions that the Wilson bill has hurt the South is from a Vicksburg, Miss., paper, and reads:

The discovery that for every dollar's worth of trade our lumber manufacturers have gained abroad they have lost three dollars' worth at home is a stubborn, conclusive fact that Wilsonism is not the thing for Mississippi's lumber interests.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Currency Reform.

The first need of the government is for revenue sufficient to meet its expenses. The Republicans propose to meet that need by passing a bill to increase revenues. The Republicans believe, too, that a protective measure, which will encourage American industries, will help to restore prosperity. They propose to pass such a measure. The Dingley bill, even as modified by the senate, is a bill for protection and revenue.

When the government has plenty of revenue it can correct the deficiences in its currency system. The best elements of the Democrats, who honestly want currency reform, must admit that they cannot get as many as a half dozen of their party in congress to agree to retiring greenbacks, which is the only measure of currency reform they suggest.

The way to get rid of greenbacks, and all the other floating obligations of the government, is to provide plenty of revenue, and put the people of the country at work.—Louisville Commercial.

A Dead Bicycle.

A man in Lewiston, Me., where bicycles are taxed, refused to pay a tax on his bicycle because it is worn out and useless. He demands to know of the assessors whether they could tax a man for a dead horse. If not, he wishes to know why he should pay for a dead bicycle, with a punctured wheel.—New York Tribune.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

"A Way They Have in the British Navy"—How the Sailors Rate Pitt With the Lords of the Admiralty—War Sketches.

A Voice from the Grave.

THERE once was a pirate, greedy
and bold,
Who ravaged for
gain, and saved
the spoils;
Till his coffers were
bursting with
blood - stained
gold,
And millions of
captives bore
his toils.

Then fear took hold of him, and he cried:
"I have gathered enough; now, war should cease!"
And he sent out messengers far and wide
To the strong ones only, to ask for peace.

"We are Christian brethren!" thus he spake;
"Let us seal a contract, never to fight!"
Except against rebels, who dare to break
The bonds we have made by the victor's right."

And the strong ones listen; and some applaud
The kindly offer and righteous word;
With never a dream of deceit or fraud,
They would spike the cannon and break the sword.

But others, their elders, listen and smile
At the sudden convert's unctuous style.
They watch for the peacemaker's change of way;
While his war-forges roar by night and by day.

Even now, while his godly messengers speak,
His guns are aflame on his enemies weak.
He has stolen the blade from the hand of his foe,
And he strikes the unarmed a merciless blow.

To the ends of the earth his oppression runs;
The rebels are blown from the mouths of his guns.
His war tax devours his subject's food;
He taxes their evil and taxes their good;
He taxes their salt till he rots their blood.

He leaps on the friendless as on a prey,
And slinks, tail down, from the strong one away.
The pharisee's cant goes up for peace;
But the cries of his victims never cease.
The stifled voices of brave men rise
From a thousand cells; while his rascal spies
Are spending their blood money fast and free.
And this is the Christian to oversee
A world of evil! a saint to preach!
A holy well-doer come to teach!
A prophet to tell us war should cease!
A pious example of Christian peace!

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

"A Way They Have in the Navy."

The commissioners of the admiralty were making their annual inspection, says Punch. The weather was fine, so their yachting expedition had been exceptionally pleasant. They had seen the ships and the guns. At that point they had stopped short.

"And now you say that the whole of the machinery is worked from the central tower?" queried the first lord.

"Yes," was the reply. "The vessel is steered, the guns are worked and the fires are stoked all by electricity."

"An ingenious contrivance," remarked the second sea lord.

"Very," consented the superintendent. "And, as recruits are scarce, convenient."

"Well, with the inspection of this last first-rate battleship our inspection concludes. I think we have seen everything?"

The colleagues of the speaker whispered a suggestion.

"To be sure—I had forgotten it. We have seen the ships and the guns. But we have not inspected the men. So perhaps we might overhaul the crew of the present vessel. Mr. Admiral, will you kindly beat to quarters?"

Thus invited, the officer whistled and the summons was answered by a head appearing out of the central tower.

"And who may you be?" asked the first lord.

"Please, your honor," came the reply, "I am the crew."

"The crew! What crew?"

"The crew of this here vessel; and I can tell you, lords and gentlemen, that it's precious lonely working a big ship like this without a messmate!"

And the lords of the admiralty—having nothing better to do—made a note of the objection.

Grant as a Boy.

Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley and Batavia, however, go far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was, says Hamlin Garland in McClure's. A boy of 13 who could drive a team 600 miles across country and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered or lied or swore or quarreled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things without resorting to trick or mere verbal memory—such a boy, at this distance, does not appear "ordinary," stupid, dull or commonplace. That he was not showy or easily valued was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, in his native judgment and in his knowledge of things at first hand.

Even at 16 years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan or started upon any journey he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy.

At Jackson's Tomb.

The tomb of Andrew Jackson, at the Hermitage, Tennessee, is about fifty yards from the mansion. Both "Old Hickory" and his wife lie buried there. Upon the slabs is the following inscription:—

"General Andrew Jackson, born March 15, 1767, died June 8, 1845. Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor; even Death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

The tomb has been fenced in by a substantial iron railing. Outside this railing are the graves of the adopted son and his family—viz., Andrew Jackson, Jr.; Mrs. Sarah Jackson, his wife; Mrs. Marian Adams, sister of Mrs. Sarah Jackson; Earle, the artist; Samuel Adams, son of Mrs. Adams; Dr. John M. Lawrence, husband of the "Little Rachel" of General Jackson's household; their daughter Mrs. Susie Lawrence-Winn, and the graves of one of two infants of the family.

He Kept His Seat.

During one of the naval engagements of the late war a sailor by the name of John Davis performed an act of bravery that has rarely been equalled. While the battle was at its height a shell entered the Valley City, of which ship Davis was gunner's mate, and exploded on the berth-deck, setting it on fire.

Capt. Chaplin, the commander of the vessel, jumped down into the magazine, and while directing his men to extinguish the flames, passed up with his own hands the loose cylinders of powder. The fireworks on board became ignited. Rockets whizzed and blue lights blazed up in the very midst of the ammunition. The shell room caught fire, and it seemed as if the Valley City must be blown to pieces.

John Davis, appreciating the danger, and desirous of doing all in his power to avert it, jumped up on an open barrel of gunpowder and sat down on the head, covering it with his person as well as he could to protect it from the showering sparks.

Capt. Chaplin, seeing him quietly seated while everybody else was at work, ordered him in peremptory tones to "get down and help put out the fire."

The young gunner's mate stayed where he was, and replied calmly:

"Don't you see, sir, I can't? For if I do, the sparks will fall into the powder. If I get down, captain, we shall all go up!"

Notwithstanding the terrible danger, Capt. Chaplin could not repress a smile, and Davis' heroic action was rewarded after the battle by immediate promotion.

Great Man's Compliments.

While it is well known that Daniel Webster, in speaking of General Taylor's candidacy for the office of president, pronounced it "a nomination not fit to be made," he never failed to do justice to the general's military abilities and eminent service in the field. One one occasion he paid the old soldier a delicate and well-deserved compliment. General Taylor was complaining of the crowds of people who daily besieged him soon after his accession to the presidency.

"They interfere," he said, "with my official engagements, and violate my domestic retirement, but still I do not wish to turn my back upon my friends."

"You never did upon your enemies, general," Mr. Webster instantly replied.

A compliment of another sort, and much more surprising, considering its source, was one given by Mr. Webster, though the object of it was not present to hear. Some one was speaking of the remarkably beautiful eyes of a handsome woman, and one young enthusiast said, "They remind me, with their long, dark eyelashes, of artillery in ambuscade."

"They should rather be compared to heat lightning," said another.

"Not so," put in Mr. Webster, with a perfectly grave face, "for you must certainly be aware, my dear sir, that heat lightning never strikes!"

Queen's Plunder.

In his new history of the British navy M. Oppenheim declares that the plunder during Queen Elizabeth's reign was not so great as is supposed. He says: "So far as pecuniary receipts were concerned, there were only two really great captures during the queen's reign. Her share of the St. Philip, taken by Drake, in 1587, was £46,572; Drake's own, £18,295; the lord admiral's £4,238, and private adventurers', £44,787. A still richer haul was made in the Madre de Dios, taken in 1592, which, by the account of her purser, carried 8,500 quintals of pepper, 900 of cloves, 700 of cinnamon, 500 of cochineal and 450 of other merchandise, besides amber, musk and precious stones to the value of 400,000 crusados, and some especially fine diamonds."—New York Tribune.

The Deepest of Wells.

Men of science are interested in all very deep borings in the earth on account of the opportunity which they offer for experiments on the internal temperature of the globe. Gas and oil wells sometimes attain a great depth, and after they have ceased to be useful in other ways are turned to scientific account. The very deepest hole that man has yet succeeded in making in the earth is said to be near Rybnik, in Silesia, where the boring through strata of coal and rock has reached a depth of about 6,770 feet. The deep boring in America is believed to be an oil well at Pittsburg, which has reached a depth of 5740 feet, but is to be bored much deeper for the sake of the information it may furnish to science.

One set of London decorators [illegible] taken up the worship of the [illegible] deities. It holds religious services [illegible] place in Holborn filled up as a [illegible]

LEGALLY SETTLED.

A Dispute Over the Value of a Mustache Settled.

At the Hall county court yesterday his honor, Judge Bedwell, gave his decision in the case of Silvester vs. Levaggi, which was a claim for $80 damages for an assault on plaintiff, the assault consisting of the defendant cutting off one of the waxed ends of the plaintiff's mustache, says the Lincoln Mercury. His honor said it was clear that an assault had been committed, and a very grave one, for which defendant was liable, he should say, for heavy damages. But fortunately, the plaintiff, having received the assault, himself accepted a most extraordinary and strange situation, for the defendant then volunteered to sacrifice a portion of his own mustache as a sort of mitigated penalty for the loss the plaintiff had sustained. The plaintiff thereupon accepted the situation, took the scissors and cut off a portion of the defendant's mustache. It was true that the plaintiff lost an inch and a half. It was also true that defendant lost one-eighth of an inch. (Laughter.) Looking at the point of law which had arisen, the question was the proper term to apply to plaintiff's action in cutting off defendant's mustache. The term "waiver" had been suggested, but he thought it was "accord and satisfaction." He was satisfied it was, and it took him back to a very little old case indeed in Dyer—" Whenever the plaintiff has consented to receive, and has actually received, satisfaction and recompense for the injury he has sustained the cause of action is discharged, although the satisfaction and recompense were not one hundredth part of the value of his loss." "In this case," continued his honor, "as I do the fractions, it is the twenty-seventh part. (Laughter.) A twenty-seventh the defendant has given and the plaintiff accepted. According to the authority of that case it is accord and satisfaction and the plaintiff must lose his verdict. The verdict will therefore be for the defendant, without costs."

Interesting Facts About Gold.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking. Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts, and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye. A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square, which if intersected by parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other, and distant only one-hundredth part of an inch, will produce 25,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the aid of a glass. The surface of any given quantity of gold, according to the best authorities, may be extended by the hammer 310,814 times. The thickness of the metal thus extended appears to be no more than the 566,020th part of an inch. Eight ounces of this wonderful metal would gild a silver wire of sufficient length to extend entirely around the globe.

Our Big Country.

The distance across the United States is found to be 2,625.2 geographical miles from the lighthouse six miles north of Cape May, N. J., to the lighthouse six miles south of Punta Arenas, following the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude as closely as possible. This is conceded to be about the mean breadth of the country. A glance at the map will show that the United States is much wider toward the north and much narrower toward the Gulf coast, but the thirty-ninth parallel is about as fair an average as can be drawn. The measurements were made by triangulation—that is, by taking observations from fixed landmarks and verifying them by astronomical tests. This distance across the continent thus obtained is 140 feet longer than that reported by Bessels in 1856, and 98 feet longer than that reported by Professor Clark in 1866.

Scotland's Fast Train.

It is now claimed that the Caledonian early morning train from Carlisle to Aberdeen is the fastest train in the world. An expert in speed who made the trip says that for twenty miles the average was 72.8 miles an hour, and for two miles 81.6. The whole performance is described as the ordinary work now on the Caledonian, and far in excess of English times. The engine was the Dunalastair, which, in addition to large cylinders, has the largest boiler of any locomotive in Great Britain. In ten years the Caledonian has reduced the time from Carlisle to Aberdeen from 7 hours 22 minutes to 4 hours and 31 minutes.

IN LATE SERMONS.

Knowledge.—Man has a thirst for knowledge as natural as his thirst for water, and a curiosity as natural as his appetite for food, the more he knows the greater his thirst.—Rev. C. W. Gulletto, Methodist, Cincinnati, O.

Pulpit Truth.—It is no part of the preacher's business or commission to deceive men. Better, even, that his words should wound to the quick than that he should sooth the soul with a lie.—Rev. J. W. Riddle, Baptist, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Pope's Power.—The fact that the Pope has at times in the world's history had power to depose kings was due to special political circumstances and not because of power conferred upon him.—Rev. Joseph Riordan, Catholic, Santa Clara, Cal.

The House We Live In.—The house of character in which we are to dwell in heaven must be built upon the rock of earth. It must be able to withstand the floods of false reasoning and the storms of selfish passion.—Rev. John Goddard, Swedenborgian, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pain.—Pain is pain. I do not think much of the pain I shall have a million years from now. It is my pain today I would be rid of. It is the hell on earth that hurts. When we dispose of that there is no possible danger of any other.—Rev. M. W. Reed, Independent, Denver, Col.

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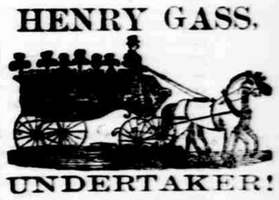

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