A WILDCAT AT HOME.

Running Down Big Game with Bow and Arrow.

(Copyright, 1895, by Maurice Thompson.)

High up in the mountain region of North Carolina, near the Tennessee line and not far from where the great Blue Ridge breaks into diverging spurs which fret the picturesque bank of Cherokee Georgia, we took possession of a shack beside a spring. Our front doorway gave upon the sharp, rocky decline sweeping down to a trout brook, and our back door opened into a shallow cave or cleft in a natural wall of stone. It was a cool, lonely place, where for three days, or so long as our provisions should last, we proposed to have our headquarters, while we angled and shot round about. The shack had been built years before by sand diggers or chestnut gatherers.

It was late in October, but the weather still had its hot smack of summer at midday, with deliciously chill nights to sleep through; the air dry, the leaves scarcely touched by frost; indeed, an unusually fine autumn was at its prime; and by day the sun swung over the arch of cloudless blue from rising to setting, and at night the moon, near its full, dashed a strange splendor over grim peaks and dusky valleys.

Will and I had the thought of large game in our heads. A deer, a wolf, a bear, something worth telling about must come to bag if possible, for there is no bottom to the well of a youth's imagination, no horizon bound to his ambition. To say the truth, I was then almost a man in size, although but a boy in years, and Will was muscled like a race horse for speed and strength. We were beginning to feel the need of danger to give tone to our sylvan life.

I may as well tell you at once that we did not kill a deer or a wolf, but the dash of danger came quite suddenly and to our satisfaction when we were least expecting it.

Will had killed two fine trout in a pool just below the shack. This was early on the third morning of our stay. He was bringing

I caught Will's arm as he was on the point of making a hasty shot.

his beautiful catch up the difficult slope by a zig-zag route through the labyrinth of tumbled rocks and dense clumps of mountain laurel when his quick eye saw an animal, long, sleek and of a brownish gray color, lying in a horizontal fissure or space between two strata of a cliff not ten yards distant. It was outstretched and looked very vigorous and lithe, with short ears, a broad head and muscular limbs.

I knew that something had stirred Will's blood. As soon as he came in sight the pallor on his face showed through the tan, and his eyes burned with excitement.

"Maurice," he said under his breath and giving the look of one who has met fate, "there's a panther down yonder."

It was my turn to feel a chill and have a short breath or two.

"A panther, where?" I demanded, half incredulous, yet knowing that Will had seen something of the sort.

"Right down there," indicating the direction by a jerk of his head. He had his rod in one hand, his fish in the other. "It's lying in a large crack between two rocks half way up the second cliff this side of the brook." His lips looked dry.

"A panther?" I repeated.

"It must be, and asleep; stretched out like a cat."

I took a few more deep breaths to get my nerves steady and bring my stampeded wits together. My own tongue felt furry.

"A big one?" I presently inquired.

"No, that is I think not; a young one, not quite full grown. It never saw me; didn't wake up."

We looked hard at each other and I remember well the expression of Will's countenance and the trepidation in my own breast. Of one thing you may rest assured, however, scared or not neither of us had any mind to shirk this grand opportunity. If that animal had been a Bengal tiger our duty would have appeared to us in the form of attack, with no doubts about victory. We went to the mountains for big game. We had hoped for danger, now it was time to show our metal, but I do not deny that the thought of a rifle flashed into my brain while I was setting my bow string and selecting a dozen heavy steel-pointed arrows.

Looking back at the adventure now, I see how foolhardy boys are and how much they need a level-headed man to take counsel of in times of emergency. We went right down to attack that wild beast without attempting to count the possible or probable cost. The exhilaration of danger made our blood tingle.

This is no melodrama, no blood-curdling fiction that I am writing. Therefore, not to hold you in suspense I state that it was not a panther, not even a young one, we

We could hardly make our friends believe it was the legitimate trophy of our archery.

were going to beard in its den. It was, however, a dangerous animal which might easily bring us to grief should we give it but half an opportunity and at the time we thought it a panther. Credit us with foolhardy courage, at least.

With commendable carefulness, however, we proceeded down the mountain's shaggy side, Will leading the way, until we were very near the rock escarpment in a cleft or parting of which the enemy was sleeping, or rather crouching, for when we saw it it was wide awake and glaring at us with elongated, cruel looking eyes.

"There it is," Will whispered huskily. "It sees us."

At a glance I knew what it was. Instead of a young panther, an enormous full-grown wildcat confronting us, ten yards away. It was crouching on its belly.

I caught Will's arm as he was on the point of making a hasty shot.

"Be cool," I said. "It's a wildcat. Let's go carefully and make sure. It's a big one. Hold on a moment."

I wanted time to think and collect my nerve force.

"It won't do to miss," I muttered, "remember, a steady aim and drive your arrow with all your might."

At ten yards there was little chance of missing so large an animal if we took reasonable care with our aim.

Meantime it had turned itself with a squirming motion so that its breast was fairly presented below its broad, flattened head. The danger was that we might overshoot, being so near and standing on lower ground than the animal occupied.

"Not too high, Will," I added, as we began to draw. "I guess it at nine yards."

As he spoke the cat sprang down the face of the rock and disappeared in some bushes at the bottom.

"Look out, it's coming!" cried Will.

And it was coming. I heard it on the ground, scrambling toward us on the dry leaves.

It probably did not mean to attack us; I am not sure, but the next moment we saw it emerging from the thickest part of the cover and looking decidedly ugly. It was not moving fast, nor did it pause when we confronted it with drawn bows. It's motion was that of a common cat when creeping toward its prey. There was a detestable gleam in its yellowish eyes.

I shot first when the animal was not more than six yards away. Will's bowstring rang the next moment and with a scream not comparable to any other sound I have ever heard the wildcat leaped high, sprawling its legs in the air and fell backward hard hit by both arrows and then it began snarling and snapping furiously.

It was a savage brute and would have made bad work could it have reached us, but we shot rapidly, while it tore around madly with tooth and claw, and every arrow told, the range was so short.

When we reached home with the pelt of that wildcat we could scarcely make our friends believe that it was a legitimate trophy of our archery. I had a bullet pouch made of it soon afterward, which with a fine powderhorn attached was captured by some of Sherman's men when on the march through Georgia they plundered my father's plantation house two miles west of Calhoun. If any good man has possession of that pouch and powderhorn now, he will know it by the inscription on the horn's butt, "M. T., 1860," and please send it home. I shall be glad to pay the express charges and good measure of thanks besides.

In 1867 we killed another and still larger wildcat in Florida. In all, we have bagged five, the last one near old Ducktown copper mines in old Tennessee, but the largest of all in Clark county, Kentucky.

I do not advise boys to get it into their heads that it is nothing but fun to go bow-shooting after wildcats. True, I have never been hurt by one of these creatures, but they are dangerous game and you must be right nervy when you tackle one. The other day, not so very far from where I live, one sprang from a tree upon a man and almost tore him to pieces.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

HANNAH AND JOE.

The Interesting Career of Two Faithful Little Eskimos.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Sarah K. Bolton.)

In the year 1851 Captain Budington of Groton, Conn., passed the winter in Cumberland inlet, west of Greenland. Here he met Joe and Hannah on the island of Kim-ick-su-ic, so called because its flat center, covered with grass, resembles a dogskin. Hannah was 12 years old, dressed in fur pantaloons and short fur overdress, and bore the name of Too koo-li-too, in her own language. Joe was a good deal older, and his real name was Ebierbing.

A few years afterward a merchant from Hull, England, Mr. Bolby, met them at Cumberland gulf, where they had come off the island to trade, and prevailed upon them to take the long journey to England. When he reached home he made a large company, and in the presence of these guests the young woman Hannah was married to Joe. Mr. Bolby took them to several places in England and Scotland, and they were finally presented to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The queen was deeply interested in these people from the far north, in British America, and asked them to dine with her. If the queen was pleased with the sincere, uneducated, fur-dressed pair, Hannah was no less pleased with the gracious queen in her elegant home, so entirely different from a snow hut. She always said Victoria was "very kind, very much lady." After two years they returned to Cumberland inlet, and in 1860 Charles F. Hall, the explorer, met them.

Everybody in both England and America had become deeply interested in the fate of Sir John Franklin. He had left England in 1845 with two ships, the Erebus and Terror, with 134 persons in search of the North Pole. After two years relief parties were sent out to find them. Lady Franklin spent all her large fortune in sending out ships to search for her missing husband.

ESKIMOS KNEW OF FRANKLIN'S DEATH.

Finally, in 1850, the graves of three of the men were found at the far north, on Beechy island, west of Hannah's home, so that the course which Franklin took was known. Four years later Dr. Race of England heard from the Eskimos that a large company of white men had starved on King William Land, far to the northwest of Baffin's bay, and he obtained from the Eskimos many articles which belonged to Franklin and his men.

After England had spent over $5,000,000 in searching for Franklin it was ascertained that both his ships had gone to pieces in the ice off the west coast of King William Land, and that his poor men had starved and frozen as they wandered over the ice in a vain search for food or friends. Then skeletons were found in boats or snowbanks, and their boots, watches and silver had become the property of the Eskimos. Sir John died two years after the ships left England, and must have been buried in the ocean.

HANNAH AND JOE AS EXPLORERS.

Some persons believed that the Franklin party were not all dead. Charles Francis Hall was an engraver at Cincinnati, O. He was poor, and with no influential friends, but he felt that the Lord had called him to the work of finding some of the Franklin men. He read all he could find about Arctic life. He asked of prominent men and learned societies money, and, finally, after enough obstacles to discourage any other man, obtained enough to build a boat and put up 1200 pounds of food for the journey. A New London firm gave him a free passage on one of their ships, and he went, in 1860, to the far north, discovering relics of Sir Martin Frobisher's expedition made 300 years before. His boat was lost, so he had to return to America, and brought with him Joe and Hannah, who had been with him two years, and who were devotedly attached to him.

In 1864 Hall started again with Joe and Hannah, and north of Hudson bay lived five years among the Eskimos, eating their raw food and living in their igloos or snow huts. Joe, with great skill, would kill a walrus, which sometimes weighs 2,000 pounds, or would watch two whole nights near a hole in the ice where the seal comes up to breathe, that he might spear it for his master.

In 1866, May 14, the only child of Joe and Hannah died while on one of Hall's journeys. According to custom the distracted mother, at the plain funeral, carried the dead baby in a fur blanket suspended from her neck. Captain Hall put this note in the fur cap covering the head of the child: "These are the mortal remains of little King William, the only child of Ebierbing and Too-koo-li-too, the interpreters of the lost Franklin Research Expedition. God hath its soul now and will keep it from all harm."

Later Hall visited King William Land and brought away 125 pounds of relics of Franklin and his men. Among these was a complete skeleton, proved from the filling of a tooth to be that of an officer of the ship Erebus. Hall felt sure now that all the party were dead. Joe and Hannah came back to the states with Hall, bringing a little 3-year-old girl which they had adopted. They bought her of her parents for a sled. Hannah named her Sylvia Grinnell, after the Grinnell family, celebrated for their gifts toward Arctic research, but her real name was Punna.

A THIRD TRIP TO THE FAR NORTH.

Captain Hall made his third voyage in the ship Polaris in 1871 for the North Pole, taking his devoted Joe and Hannah and little Punna. He reached a higher point in Smith sound than had been reached by any other vessel at that time, and anchored in a harbor protected by an iceberg 450 feet long and 300 broad, calling the place Thank God Harbor. In the autumn of this year Hall died very suddenly, and his men spent two days in digging a grave only two feet deep. He was buried at 11 in the forenoon, but so dark was it in that high latitude that lanterns were carried. Poor Hannah sobbed aloud at the death of her best friend. The party on the Polaris determined to return, got caught in the ice, and it was determined to abandon her and throw the provisions and clothing out on the ice. In the midst of this work, in the night, the ship drifted away, with fourteen persons on board, leaving on a piece of ice 100 yards long and seventy-five broad Captain Tyson and eight white men and nine Eskimos, including three women and a baby 8 weeks old. Hannah and Punna were among them.

GAL TWO—HANNAH & JOE

A dreadful snow storm came on, and the shivering creatures huddled together under some musk ox skins. Later they built a little house from materials thrown out of the ship and floated down Baffin's bay and Davis strait, the ice constantly crumbling and the sea washing over them. They used up all their boats save one for fuel, and were only kept alive through the heroic efforts of Joe and another Eskimo, Hans, who caught some seals for them, which were eagerly eaten uncooked, with the skin and hair on. They had only a little moldy bread, and the sufferings of the children from hunger were painful to witness.

Once, when nearly all were dead from starvation, Joe saved them by killing a bear. He and Hannah refused to leave Captain Tyson and the party when they were drifting past their home at Cumberland inlet, even when it was probable that the Eskimos themselves must be used for food by the famished white men. After drifting 1,500 miles in six months (196 days), one of the most thrilling journeys on record, the party was rescued off the coast of Labrador by the English ship Tigress.

EARLY DEATH OF THE LITTLE ESKIMOS.

Hannah and Joe settled at Groton in 1873 in a little house purchased for them by their good friend, "Father Hall." Joe became a carpenter and Hannah made up furs and other articles on her sewing machine.

Two years later, in 1875, their beloved little Punna died, at the age of 9. She was much beloved in the Groton schools.

The next year Hannah, at the age of 38, died of consumption, her health broken by the exposure on the ice floe. She had long been an earnest Christian, loving and reading her bible daily. She was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Captain Budington and others, saying at the last: "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor creature home." A handsome stone marks the grave of the faithful Hannah in the cemetery. Joe came often to the graves on the hillside of Groton, and said at last: "Hannah gone! Punna gone! Me go now again to King William Land; I have to fight; me no care." He went with Lieutenant Schwatka in the Franklin search party, June 19, 1878, and never returned to the United States.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Harper's Round Table: "Waldo," said Mr. Bostone, "your mamma tells me that you called her a mean, stingy thing today."

"Yes, father, I did," replied the boy, with a sob.

"And don't you know it was very wrong of you to do so?"

"Yes, father. The word stingy and mean convey the same idea, and I was guilty of a bit of tautology of which I am heartily ashamed, but in the heat of my wrath at her refusal to bestow a second morsel of pie upon me, I completely forgot all questions of rhetorical import."

Somerville Journal: First Little Girl—And isn't your cat afraid of mice?

Second Little Girl—Oh, no, not a single bit.

First Little Girl—That's queer. And she's a lady cat, too, isn't she?

New York Mercury: Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, we have read the story of Rebecca waiting at the well. Who can tell me why she waited there?

Willy Doo—I can. Her sweetheart was a milkman, and she knew that was the surest place to find him.

Detroit Free Press: Mother—I am not whipping you because you went in swimming, but because you told a story about it.

Boy (blubbering)—Well, if you didn't want to whip me anyhow, what did you ask me about it for?

Chicago Record: Sunday School Teacher—Why did the naughty children mock the prophet Elisha when he went up the hill?

Little Johnny—Because he had to get off his wheel and walk.

EDELWEISS.

(Written for The Bee.)

High up above the haunts of fevered men,
As if some angel sought its pure repose,
And near to heaven as things of earth may be,
The edelweiss blooms in the Alpine snows.
As soft and velvety its stainless white—
(And they say, too, who live below, as cold)
Howbeit 'tis the emblem of young love,
Cloud-kissed and rare the floweret doth unfold.

The slow plebeian herdsman hath no skill
To tell the love to which his life doth cleave;
He knows the song his heart sings all day long,
And yet the words are fettered there at eve.
There's not a bird that carols to the morn,
There's not a bee which sips the sweet-ened rose,
Nor anything in nature's noble realm
But seems to him that deep love to disclose.

And often, when the Alpine evening wanes,
The musing swain looks up with tender eyes,
Marvels how much his life might still contain
If, when the morning mellowed in the skies,
His hand might pluck this blossom of the snows,
In truth, they say it hath so strange a claim,
It wins the maid whose heart had else been cold,
If it is found and given in her name.

Precipitous, alas! the mighty peaks,
So delicately poised that but the stride
Of some light, erring foot doth often send
An avalanche a-down the mountain side.
And here it grows! What brooding poet gave
The pure significance it proudly bears,
There where the mountaineer may search in vain;
There, high above men's murmurings and cares.

KATHRYN RUSH.

PRESSURE OF THE DEEPS.

Grave Consequences of Diving One Hundred and Sixty Feet.

The steamer Alfonso XII., having on board ten boxes of gold coin, each box worth $50,000, struck on a rock and sank at Grand Canary while on a voyage from Cadiz to Havana in 1886.

It was ascertained, says the Boston Traveler, that the specie was at a depth of twenty-six and two-third fathoms—160 feet—and grave doubts were entertained of the possibility of any diver being able to withstand the tremendous pressure incidental to such a depth, viz., sixty-seven pounds to every superficial square inch of his body.

Experiments at this depth were made off Dartmouth, and two men, Lambert and Tessier, were found equal to the perilous task, dresses having been prepared which would remain water-tight at this great depth.

An expedition was sent out by the Marine Insurance company, the divers to receive a reward of 5 per cent, or $2,500 on each box recovered. Lambert got up seven boxes and Tessier two. So terrible was the pressure that neither man could stay below for more than a few minutes, and Lambert, for some time after his return, suffered from chronic paralysis of the bowels, by which he was in many respects reduced to the hopeless condition of a babe in the cradle. Probably a tightly sealed kettle, sent down empty to the same depth, would have been crushed flat.

As it was, the divers only succeeded in finding nine boxes out of the ten, $50,000 thus remaining below.

A subsequent expedition went in search of this box, and the diver, after being down for twenty minutes, was hauled up, only to die. Not a whit discouraged, another expedition went out with two divers from Germany.

The first of these was promptly hauled up half dead, only to be sent ashore to the hospital, raving mad; the other went down, but returned, declaring that no box was there. Whether he really got so far as the lazarette from which the nine boxes were taken is open to doubt. The pressure at such depths must be positively crushing.

In the accounts of one of the deep sea dredging expeditions it is mentioned that when the trawl was raised from a great depth the pressure proved to have been such as to crush together the wood of the trawl beam, so that the knots started out of it.

The Keystone Iron works of Reading, Pa., have resumed operations after three years' idleness.

DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS

"Say Not that the Former Times Were Far Better Than These."

HERE IS EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY

How the Daddies Managed to Live Without the Conveniences of Our Day—The Marvelous Changes Wrought in a Single Century.

It is common with some men, especially those advanced in life, to complain of the present and to contrast it with "the good old times," to the advantage of the latter. The habit of decrying the age in which we live is old; even in the days of Cicero there were croakers who lamented the departure of ancient times and customs, and it may be, so common is this habit to people advanced in years, that even Adam in his old age grumbled to Eve about how the times were changing, and that the world was different from what it was when he and the mother of mankind were young. But nothing is more certain than that the world is wiser, better, happier today than ever before. So rapid has been its progress in all directions that in comparison, the people of even a century ago were savages. It is difficult for us, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, accustomed as we are to the conveniences and comforts of modern life, to understand how our grandfathers could have lived without them. The world has moved so fast and gone so far that many things now deemed indispensable and within the means of the poorest, were then regarded as luxuries obtainable only by the very wealthy; while by far the greater portion of appliances in everyday use were then absolutely unknown. Their day had not then come. A glance into any history of discoveries and inventions shows that the world has made more progress in the last 100 years than the preceding ten centuries.

NO RAILROADS.

A hundred years ago there was not a mile of railroad track, not a locomotive, not a railroad car, not a railroad invention, not a telegraph line, not a phenograph, not a typewriter, not even an effective system of shorthand in the world. The steamboat was an experiment whose success was greatly doubted; steam engines were looked upon with grave suspicion. In England the common people regarded Watt as a necromancer; in America there were a few steam engines which had been brought from the old country, but not much was thought of their working power. A hundred years ago there was not an accordion nor an apple-parer in existence. Balloons were in their infancy, blast furnaces unknown. There was not a gas pipe, not a gas jet in the world, nor even an Argand lamp, and coal oil, procured in very small quantities, was sold in little vials as a specific for rheumatism. The poor used a "rush" light, made by dipping a dried rush into the most convenient sort of fat or grease; the middle classes used candles of tallow; the rich burned sperm or wax. Chinaware was not in common use; a few years before 1790 a factory was set up by Wedgewood, and was not at that time a success. The circular saw was in the hands of its inventor. The farmer shelled corn by hand and with the assistance of a cob. Whitney was busy with the idea of a cotton gin, which he was completing in 1793. The features of the people were preserved for future generations by means of oil paintings or crayon portraits, for daguerreotypes and photographs were unknown.

MINES AND LETTERS.

Miners were subject to constant danger from explosions, for there were no safety lamps. People left one page of letter paper blank, folded it over the rest, and sealed it with wax, for envelopes were not made. Letters were not stamped; postage was paid at the time; the letter paper was unruled, for there were no ruling machines. No rubber bands were in existence to hold papers together, for India rubber had not yet been brought from the depths of the Brazilian forest; papers were sewed together in place of being fastened with convenient clamps, and were then tied with the traditional red tape. Handkerchiefs were known only to the wealthy, and seldom made use of by them, being first made popular by the Empress Josephine, who had bad teeth, and concealed the deformity by holding a handkerchief before her lips when she laughed. Linen collars and cuffs were unthought of, and starch was little used by either rich or poor. The farmers cut grain with a sickle, for the scythe and cradle had not been invented, while harvesters, reapers and mowers and twine-binders were undreamed of. There were no horse railroads in the streets, no stages save for long journeys, no ice machines, no ironclads, no rifled guns. The knitting was all done by hand, for stocking machines were not in existence, nor were lightning rods nor lifeboats. There were no road wagons; musical instruments were scarce and costly. There were a few clavichords and harpsichords, and although some of the greatest composers had finished their work, their compositions had not been heard on the instruments best adapted to them. Bach never heard his compositions played on a piano. Nails were made by hand. There was no straw paper; there were no paper bags, nor skates, nor steel pens. Coal tar was not in existence, so there were no aniline dyes nor flavoring extracts. The power press had not come into being; printing was done by hand; nor was there any stereotyping.

NO REVOLVERS OR BANKS.

There were no revolvers for the use of the criminal classes; highwaymen armed themselves with horse pistols a foot long, giving a report like a young cannon. There were no savings banks, no seed drills, no sewing machines, no machines for making shoes, no steam fire engines, no stem-winding watches, no street sweepers, for sweeping was never done save at crossings. The streets were unpaved; at the corners and on both sides of the way, stepping stones were placed about a foot apart that pedestrians might be kept out of the mire, and these steps, on a rainy day, caused frequent conflicts between citizens anxious to keep their feet out of the mud. There were no tacks, and consequently no jokes about stepping on these instruments of torture. There was no machine-made thread. Vaccination had been in use about ten years, but had not come to America, and in England Jenner sometimes found it necessary to have himself attended by a guard to prevent violence from the common people. There was no wooden pavement, no wood paper; very few rooms in America had carpets on the floors, sand being used instead. There were no factory-made chairs, no water pipes in the streets; there was no water in the houses save what was carried in by hand; nor were there any house furnaces. Cooking in winter was done in iron pots before a mighty hearth, and in the outhouses in summer. The windows would not lift, for window weights had not been invented. The sashes sometimes opened outwardly like our shutters, but were not often used in this way, for the importance of ventilation was not understood.

MEDICAL COLLEGES.

A hundred years ago there were no medical colleges worthy of the name in America; a young doctor learned his trade from an old doctor, and in the course of six months' study acquired the art of mixing the big doses which were then in common use. There were no drug stores, with their long array of bottles labeled with unpronounceable names. Most of the chemicals now in use are of the present century. No patent medicines were employed. In the spring of the year people drugged themselves with huge doses of senna and manna, as well as of rhubarb, of brimstone and treacle. Ague fits were common, but there was no quinine for their alleviation; pounded Peruvian bark, at an enormous price, answered the purpose. There was no morphine, no bromide of any kind, no chloral. There was no mercy for the sick man. "Bleed him till he faints," was the favorite precept of more than one physician. In New England, at least, there was no chance to escape the church service. The preacher often preached for four hours at a time, noted his audience very carefully, and any member of the flock absent without sufficient excuse was waited upon the next day by the constable, hauled before the magistrate, admonished, and upon a second offense, was fined and put in the stocks. A wealthy clergyman was unknown; the preacher was paid in kind, and received during the year a little of everything that his flock ate and wore. Each parishioner deposited at the door of his spiritual adviser a little corn, a few potatoes, a little wood, a little salt pork, a little hominy, some oats, a fowl or two, some fish, a piece or two of corn beef. Rich editors were as scarce as wealthy preachers; their subscribers paid their dues in wood, corn and wheat; the editors were apparently always asking for money and never getting it.

CARRYING THE MAILS.

There were no regular mails, for the mail carrier was never sent out until he had enough matter to pay the expenses of the trip. The mail between New York and Boston, in 1794, was carried in a single pair of saddle-bags, and when its quantity had increased so that two pair were necessary, the carrier rebelled and struck for higher wages. No facilities for traveling existed. A man starting from Massachusetts to Virginia made his will and bade his friends farewell, as though he never was to see them again. Two stage coaches plied between New York and Boston, were from six to nine days on the road, and passed each other on the way. In the cities of 100 years ago there were a few street lamps fed by whale or train oil, but they were seldom lighted, except on gala occasions, for everybody was in bed shortly after dark. A century ago there was no sleep for the boys in the churches of New York or Boston, for a man with a pole stood ready to prod the sleepy youth and thus keep him alive to a sense of the spiritual condition. Nor was there any escape from the collection, for a deacon passed round with a bag at the end of a pole, to which a little bell was attached to call the attention of the drowsy contributors. No organs were used in the churches, and the singing was so slow that one preacher testifies he had time to take breath twice on one note. Our great-grandfathers had no coal, nor were they fortunate enough to possess matches. When the fire accidentally went out during a long winter's night a boy was dispatched in the morning with a shovel to the nearest neighbors to bring fire. If there were no neighbors an effort was made to kindle a blaze by a handful of whittled shavings, ignited by powder touched off with flint and steel. Stone houses were few, those of brick still fewer. In the country log houses were fashionable, and in cities most of the houses were of frame work. There was not a chromo in America, nor were there any statues; marble cutting was unknown. There were no visiting cards, no engraved invitations, no paper boxes.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

Our great-grandfathers had no mercy on prisoners. In Newgate, Conn., an old mine served as a prison. Descent was effected to it by means of a ladder, and, for further security, the prisoner was fastened to the floor by one foot, and to the ceiling by means of a chain passed round his neck. The treadmill, stocks and pillory were in every parish, and hangmen kept knives for cutting off the ears, slitting the lips and trimming the noses of offenders, and also manipulated the branding irons. Counterfeiters were marked with a "C" on the forehead; thieves were marked with "F" for the Latin "fur," or "T" for the English "thief." Swearing in public was not allowed; the oath 'by God,' used in Massachusetts, was punishable by the stocks, ten lashes and a lecture from the preacher. Gradations in profanity were made. "By Christ" was punishable by the stocks and fine, without the lashes; "G—d d—n" by a fine of 10 shillings, and plain, simple "damn" was worth 5 shillings. There was no surgery. The hod carrier today, who falls off a ladder and is carried to a charity hospital, receives better medical and surgical attention than all the money of George III could have purchased, or than all the wheat raised on George Washington's farm could have secured. There were no amusements; the most worldly-minded sinners indulged only in dancing and cards. There were no theaters save in two or three cities, where the play began at 6 o'clock, and the managers stated that they would be obliged for any old plays their patrons did not care to use. In New England, 100 years ago, a bitter controversy was going on as to whether "theater going" should be allowed. Somebody hired a barn in Boston, put up a sign, "Exhibition Room," over the door and sent a bell man up and down the streets to announce that "moral lectures would be given by several performers at one time," but while the "School for Scandal," a moral lecture in several fitts," was being delivered by a company of lecturers, the players were arrested and the play stopped.

MANUFACTURES.

There were no manufactures in New England, and New York was of no importance as a port of entry. All the rice, pitch, tar, wheat and corn exported were sent out from southern ports and the New England states were regarded as too poor to feed their own people. There was not a cotton factory in the world, for the fiber could not be separated from the seed save by hand. Linen factories had not yet come into existence; every housewife raised her own flax and made her own linen. Ready-made clothing stores were unknown; every housekeeper made all the clothing used by her entire family, herself spun the thread, wove the linsey woolsey cloth, borrowed a pattern, adjusted it to her own notions and made every article of clothing worn by self, husband, sons and daughters. There was no unity of language in this country. Dutch was spoken in New York as much as English; German might be heard in many of the Pennsylvania settlements and Scandinavian was common along the Delaware. Gaelic was spoken along the North Carolina mountains, French in South Carolina, Spanish in Florida and English in Georgia, the Central and New England states. No macadamized roads connected the colonies and no galloping horses were allowed in the city streets under penalty of a fine of 3 shillings and 6 pence. The women did no shopping and the store keeper sent out no flaming advertisements. Normal schools were yet in the future; Sunday schools with their millions of scholars were unknown. The teacher of the district school boarded around among his neighbors and patrons and impressed ideas on the youthful minds by means of a stick. Educational appliances were of the simplest possible description, consisting of a spelling book and a manuscript arithmetic owned by the teacher. There were no slates, no paper pads, no lead pencils; a copy book was made from half a quire of paper. The copy was set by the preceptor and the writing done with the pupil's own pen manufactured from the quill of a home-grown goose. There were no base ball games and no boating. Gymnasiums were unknown and sawing wood was considered appropriate exercise for young men. There were no dude college graduates; the Yale student had no privileges and no dainty dishes were set on his table. In the college boarding house his rations consisted, for breakfast of a pint of coffee, a biscuit and some butter. Mondays and Thursdays were "boiling days," the others were "roasting days." On "roasting days" he had for dinner two potatoes and bread in addition to his roast. On "boiling days" there was cabbage, potatoes and pudding, usually plum duff, boiled dough with a few raisins scattered through it. For supper he had a slice of bread and a bowl of milk. If he wanted more he had to buy it for himself.

FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES.

Our great grandmothers had few flowers, save such as grew wild. They knew nothing of the hydrangea, which did not come from China until 1840; nor were they familiar with the maurandia vine, the salvia or the tiger flower, which came together from Mexico about 1822. They did not have the thumbergia, which was not brought from the East Indies until 1823; nor the "Wandering Jew," which reached North America from South America at the same date; nor the bleeding heart, which came from Siberia in 1810; nor the coleus, which emigrated from Java in 1861; nor the lemon verbena, which came from Chili in 1794. The calla lily was not known in America, and was rare in England, though it had come from the Cape of Good Hope in 1731; thes milax was scarcely more familiar, though it had come from the same part of Africa in 1732, and the heliotrope, little better known, though it emigrated in 1757 from Peru. The strawberry geranium was just beginning to attract attention, having come from China in 1771, and the mignonette was unfamiliar though brought from Italy in 1752. The cyclamen had come from Cyprus in 1731, but was not widely diffused, while the dew plant had not yet come from the Cape of Good Hope, nor the dahlia from Mexico, and the petunia had just arrived from South America. The vegetable gardens were hardly better cared for than the flower plats. The tables of our great-grandfathers of 1794 were well supplied with flesh food and groaned under the weight of salt pork, salt beef, dried or jerked beef and venison, bear meat, buffalo, moose and elk beef and salt fish. Their meats were mostly salt or dried, for no ice was put up and there were no butcher shops. "Killing a beef" was an event; all the neighborhood was invited; each family took a part. For vegetables they had cabbages, onions, leeks, potatoes, dried beans and a few peas. Indian corn was plentiful, but turnips were scarce and little eaten, for they were thought to be bad for the eyes. The egg plant and cauliflower were unknown, although the latter had come to England from Cyprus in 1603, but they had not yet reached America. Tomatoes were grown among the flowers, called "love apples," and thought to be poisonous. Radishes were known, but little used. Lettuce and cucumbers were used in England, but not in America. There was no sweet corn; the succulent snapbean was not yet developed, and asparagus was not in favor. Parsnips were occasionally grown, but not liked.

FRUITS.

For fruits they had apples dried for winter use, pears used fresh, and a few trees of peaches. The grape, the strawberry, the raspberry, the dewberry and blackberry grew wild, and were sometimes picked for use, but the fruit was small, sour and inferior, and there was no thought of cultivating these plants. The watermelon, cantaloupe and muskmelon were unknown, while oranges, bananas, pineapples and other tropical fruits would not bear the long ocean voyage, and consequently were not seen once in a decade. A hundred years ago there was no talk about political parties, for, aside from Whig, understood to mean a man in favor of American independence, and Tory, a man in favor of the continuance of British rule, political parties had no existence. Slaves were held in all the states and slave trading was considered a legitimate form of business enterprise in which the pious New Englanders engaged as earnestly and zealously as did the natives of the south. Human beings were openly bought and sold, and kidnaping Indian children for slaves was a lucrative business. The multiplicity of religious denominations was yet a thing of the future. The faiths of the colonists were few and simple. The New Englanders were Congregationalists, the Virginians were Church of England members, the Catholics were most numerous in the Carolinas and the Methodists were just making a start. The morning papers were yet in the future. Boston had the News-Letter, founded in 1704; the Boston Gazette, established in 1719; the New England Courant, 1721, and the Columbian Sentinel, 1776. Philadelphia had the American Weekly Mercurie, 1719. New York had the Gazette, 1773, and the Royal Gazette, founded in the same year, and Worcester, Mass., had The Spy, established in 1775. All were weekly, and consisted of shipping news, local matters and an occasional very cautious expression of opinion on matters of public interest. There were no telegrams, of course, and the news letters, when dealing with political matters, rarely ventured on publishing names, but darkly hinted at the persons alluded to. The advertisements consisted mostly of legal notices and rewards offered for lost animals and runaway slaves. The printing press was manipulated by hand, for steam was not applied to printing until 1814. The editor was called the printer and was liable, civilly and criminally, for everything that appeared in his paper, and was held to an accountability so strict that a few years of the business generally made him anxious to find another job. Such were the good old days—days when every man raised his own tobacco in his front yard and smoked it in a pipe, the cob of which grew in his own field; when every woman made her own soap with lye from the ash hopper, mixed with vile smelling grease saved for a year in her "fat barrel;" kept her butter in a bucket hung in the well and her milk in the spring house; days when the young gentlemen had neither cigarettes nor canes, and the young lady neither her candy nor chewing gum, and the small boy could not make the immortal Fourth hideous with firecrackers, because he had none. Men may praise the good old times for their simplicity, but not even the veriest croaker would be willing to see them return.

THE ARMY MULE.

A Beast that Has Made His Mark in the History of the Country.

Unless you have seen actual war you can hardly imagine what an immense number of wagons an army requires. There are so many things that must be taken along. Ammunition, food, clothing, medicines and surgical appliances, tents, forage for the animals and material for the repair of the wagons themselves form the bulk of the baggage, but there is a deal of miscellaneous stuff besides. Indeed the supplies required are so great, says the Philadelphia Times, that a large force cannot operate more than 100 miles from its base without clinging to a railroad or navigable stream.

If we take an army corps at its average strength, say 25,000 men, it would need a train of from 600 to 1,000 six-mule teams. This immense train would stretch for ten miles behind the troops. It would cost about $1,000 per team, or from $600,000 to $1,000,000.

An army contains from two to eight corps, each requiring the transport facilities above stated. Just before the battles of the Wilderness the Army of the Potomac had 125,000 men. The train consisted of 4,300 six-mule wagons and 835 ambulances. In addition to this each man carried on his person fifty rounds of ammunition and three days' cooked rations, while three days' beef ration were driven on the hoof.

When the terrible battles took place this great number of ambulances was only sufficient for use on the field. The wounded had to be transported to the rear in wagons that were going back for supplies. As those wagons were wholly without springs you may imagine that the poor soldiers endured great suffering.

The Fifteenth, one of the four corps that marched with Sherman to the sea, numbered 20,000 men at the start. It had 856 six-mule teams and 150 ambulances; 225 wagons were loaded with ammunition, 300 with rations and the remainder with miscellaneous supplies. Eight wagons had nothing but shoes and socks. Each wagon at the start carried five days' forage for its own team, but after the campaign was well under way this item ceased to be carried. Sherman's famous "bummers" found plenty among the farmers.

When an army moves it would be impossible for the troops and their supply wagons to march on one road. If they did the column might be 100 miles long. Instead, it is customary for the different corps, each with its own train, to march on separate and parallel roads.

Before the war the regular troops out west performed some wonderful marches, relying wholly upon supplies carried in wagons. Railroads did not exist in that part of the country; in fact, it was a wilderness.

In 1857 the Sixth Infantry marched from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to Benicia, Cal., a distance of 2,100 miles. The journey took six months. The immense wagon train of 149 six-mule teams was under charge of Captain Hancock, who afterward became famous. Hancock did not lose a wagon or even a wheel on the entire trip, and in his conduct on this occasion gave evidence of the great ability which he afterward exhibited as a general officer during the war.

As a draft animal for our baggage wagons, the mule has been used for a long period. He can pull as much as a horse and can better stand the poor food and rough service which are necessary accompaniments of a campaign. We tried horses in 1861, but on account of the immense numbers of them which died from exposure and hard work the experiment was quickly given up.

Mules are abundant in this country, and of the very best quality. St. Louis is probably the best mule market in the world.

Some one has called the mule the best soldier we had in the war. It is certain that the service he rendered is beyond calculation. Some teams were conspicuous, as witness the history of this one: It was fitted out in Berryville, Md., in April, 1861. A year later it was transferred to Washington, and in May was sent to Fort Monroe to join McClellan's army. It followed the latter up the Peninsula, was at the siege of Yorktown, the battle of Williamsburg and in the swamps of Chickahominy. Participating in the Seven Days' battles, it finally brought up at Harrison's Landing, whence it went back to Washington. It then hauled ammunition for the second battle of Bull Run, followed the army to Antietam and from there to Fred