

A MAN LOADED WITH POWDER.

Saving Life Under Most Extraordinary Circumstances.

Three noble heroes of the late war met in Louisville, Ky., and held a little reunion all by themselves. Col. Watts led off with a blood-curdling tale of his narrow escape from a horrible fate.

"It was just before the battle of Shiloh," said the Colonel, "when I was engaged carrying dispatches from our division to another located about 100 miles south of us. Every precaution had been taken to head off all communication, and the greatest care had to be exercised in keeping dispatches and the like secret, so that in case of the carrier being captured nothing of a tell-tale nature could be found upon him. When I entered the scouting service I had four of my front teeth knocked out and had them replaced by false ones. These were hollowed out behind and admitted of a good-sized message being secreted therein.

"On the trip that I started out to tell about, I had my dispatch secreted as usual, and was riding along very peacefully in the disguise of a farmer going to the mill, when I was suddenly surprised by the enemy. I pretended to be very much enraged at them making me their prisoner, but there was no getting out of it, for they had kinder dropped on me. They proceeded to search me and compelled me to take off every stich of clothing. These they ripped up into ribbons, but of course they found nothing and I was beginning to feel safe, when, standing before them there, perfectly nude, one of the fellows stepped up to me and slapping me on the back, said:

"Ain't he fat? He'd make good beef."

"The slap was so vigorous that out popped my false teeth. That settled it. The jig was up, and I began contemplating my fate. Seventeen men jumped for those false teeth at the same time, and it didn't take long for them to find the dispatch, which read: 'Send us 300,000 men at once.'

"So you were on your way for reinforcements, were you?" said a big, red-nosed Captain, sneeringly. "Well, we'll just help you along on your journey. Bring up that mortar."

"Great heavens! thought I, they certainly don't intend to blow me to pieces. The mortar was brought up and planted and pointed in the direction in which I had been traveling.

"Double-charge her and stick this fellow in head first," said the Captain. They double-charged her and then forced me in head first. Vivid recollections of everything mean that I had ever done in my life fitted across my mind, and, boys, I actually prayed. But while I prayed I felt them ramming the charge home, and I concluded that my prayers were of no avail.

"I smelled the powder right in front of me, and a happy thought struck me. Something told me to eat the powder, and I began on it. At every jam of the ramrod I swallowed an extra-sized mouthful, and when the ramming ceased I could see daylight through the touch-hole. A fuse was inserted and touched off, and no doubt the fiends retreated to safe distance to watch my flight into Alabama. I heard the fuse sizzling as the fire drew near me, but I felt safe, for not a grain of powder had I left lying around loose. The fuse went out with a sudden spurt, and I felt that my life had been saved. The would-be murderers couldn't understand why the gun missed fire, and they began drawing the charge to see what ailed her. Just about the time, they got me out a lot of our cavalry charged upon them and I was saved; but, boys, I can taste that saltpeter and sulphur to this day."

The Shadow of a Hand.

In the year 1846, the inhabitants of Dieppe were thrown into a state of the utmost consternation by a series of robberies and murders, evidently the work of one man. No trace of the perpetrator could be discovered, though one of his intended victims who had narrowly escaped, averred that he had only three fingers on one of his hands. The Government offered a large reward for his apprehension, and the police displayed the greatest activity. In the outskirts of Dieppe there lived an elderly lady, of the name of Beaumaurice, alone with one servant, in a rather solitary house. She was the widow of an officer, and noted for her strength of character and personal courage. The excitement prevailing in the town made no visible impression upon her, though the contrary might have been expected from one in her lonely position.

On the 30th of April, Madame Beaumaurice, who had been suffering all day from nervous headache, retired to her bed-chamber at about 10 o'clock in the evening. Feeling very tired, she sat down in an easy chair to take a little rest. Before her stood the dressing-table, draped with curtains reaching to the floor. A lamp was burning behind her, on a little table. The lady had begun to undress herself when she saw something that stopped the beating of her heart. There appeared on the floor the shadow of a man's hand. The hand had only three fingers! The position of affairs was clear enough; the murderer was concealed under the dressing-table. The lady kept perfectly still and considered what was to be done. After a few moments' reflection, she went to the door and called her servant, and asked her, as soon as she made her appearance: "Mary, do you know where Mr. Bernard lives?" "Yes, Madame." "I had quite forgotten that I have 5,000 francs to pay tomorrow morning. You had better go at once and get the money." "Very well, Madame." "And lest he should hesitate about giving you the notes, I will give you a written order to take to him." The girl waited, and her mistress wrote: "Dear Mr. Bernard, the murderer of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is in my house. Come immediately with two or three gendarmes, and take him into custody.—Helene Beaumaurice." She gave the note to the servant maid and sent her away. Then she sat down again and waited. Yes, the lady sat a whole hour in the room, in the presence of a notorious murderer who lay concealed under her dressing-table. There she sat—calm, cool and resolute. The

shadow of the hand appeared from time to time on the floor—the only token of the dreadful presence. When at length the gendarmes arrived, Jacques Reynaud was taken prisoner, after a desperate struggle, and shortly after paid the penalty of his crimes under the ax of the guillotine.—*Pohl's Illustrates Hans-Kalender.*

Dueling, Past and Present.

Twenty-five years ago, at the table of a gentleman whose father had fallen in a duel, the conversation fell upon dueling, and after it had proceeded for some time the host remarked, emphatically, that there were occasions when it was a man's solemn duty to fight. The personal reference was too significant to permit further insistence at that table that dueling was criminal folly, and the subject of conversation was changed.

The host, however, had only reiterated the familiar view of Gen. Hamilton. His plea was, that in the state of public opinion at the time when Burr challenged him, to refuse to fight under circumstances which by the "code of honor" authorized a challenge, was to accept a brand of cowardice and of a want of gentlemanly feeling, which would banish him to a moral and social Coventry, and throw a cloud of discredit upon his family. So Hamilton, one of the bravest men and one of the acutest intellects of his time, permitted a worthless fellow to murder him. Yet there is no doubt that he stated accurately the general feeling of the social circle in which he lived. There was probably not a conspicuous member of that society who was of military antecedents who would not have challenged any man who had said of him what Hamilton had said of Burr. Hamilton disdained explanation or recantation, and the result was accepted as tragical, but in a certain sense inevitable.

The most celebrated duel in this country since that of Hamilton and Burr was the encounter between Commodores Decatur and Barron, in 1830, near Washington, in which Decatur, like Hamilton, was mortally wounded, and likewise lived but a few hours. The quarrel was one of professional, as Burr's of political, jealousy. But as the only conceivable advantage of the Hamilton duel lay in its arousing the public mind to the barbarity of dueling, the only gain from the Decatur duel was that it confirmed this conviction. In both instances there was an unspeakable shock to the country and infinite domestic anguish. Nothing else was achieved. Neither general manners nor morals were improved, nor was the fame of either combatant heightened, nor public confidence in the men or admiration of their public services increased. In both cases it was a calamity alleviated solely by the resolution which it awakened that such calamities should not occur again.

Such a resolution, indeed, could not at once prevail, and eighteen years after Decatur was killed, Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, was killed in duel at Washington by William J. Graves, of Kentucky. This event occurred forty-five years ago, and the outcry with which it was received even at that time—one of the newspaper moralists lapsing into rhyme—was the only gain from the duel that it confirmed an unspoken resolution of the public to keep the repeaters in order. From that day his fortune was made.

A Rude Theology.

"Sam, you are getting pretty well along in years," said an Austin lawyer to an aged darkey; "don't you feel afraid you will die some day?"

"No, boss, I isn't a bit afraid of death. It's how to scrib along and get a libbin' in dis worl' what's bodern' me, heah, heah!"

"Don't you think you will kinder wince when old man Death knocks at the door and says, 'Come along, Sam, we have got use for you in the other world?'

"Not a bit, boss, not a bit. I'll tell you about dat. Did you ebber go to der cirkus?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Did, hay? Well, after de show was all ober an' yer was streamin' out of de front door of de canvass, didn't yer neber feel sober-like, an' as though yer'd spent yer 50 cents fer nuffin'?"

"Well, Sam, that about illustrates it."

"Yes. Well, when de icy han' ob death is laid on yer pulse, dat's jes' about how yer will feel. Yer'll feel as if yer wanted ter go hum an' see de ole folks an' de chums what's gone afore, an' yer'll just feel tired an' out of sorts, an' all yer'll want is ter rest, just rest. Dat's my theology, boss, an' I done got through carin' what de preachers say."

Texas Siftings.

Edison as an Operator.

"Edison used to work the other end of a circuit with me," says a telegraph operator, "and I knew him when he was in Memphis some thirteen or fourteen years ago. He always looked ratly and never spent his money on clothes, but the reason was that he was always tinkering with some new contrivance or other, and spent his money in paying for material to work out his inventions. He used to take press in Memphis. He was as fast as they make 'em, and his copy never gave a telegraph editor a bit of trouble. He had a way while waiting for copy of drawing caricatures, illustrating the character of news he was getting, and putting them along in the spaces of the copy he sent into the press. This made one of the papers up there, I forgot which, red-hot, and it opened up in him and had a good deal to do with his being fired by the manager. Edison didn't want the fool editor to print his funny pictures in his telegraphic news. He only drew them for his own amusement. When he went to Boston with his yellow linen breeches on in the middle of winter, the manager of the office, finding he was an expert, hired him to keep the repeaters in order. Edison worked a part of two days, and then was caught by the manager of the office feeling with some contrivance of his own. 'Thought I hired you to keep those repeaters in order,' said the manager. 'You did,' said Edison, 'but I've put a kink or two into them that will make them keep themselves to order.' From that day his fortune was made."

Legal Intelligence.

Not long since an Austin lawyer was appointed by the District Judge to examine a candidate for admission to the bar. The young man was rather deficient in Blackstone and Greenleaf. It looked very much as though he lacked the requisite preparation. "Do you know what fraud is, in the judicial sense of the word?" inquired the examining attorney. "I don't—I hardly think I do," was the stammering reply.

"Well, fraud exists when a man takes advantage of his superior knowledge to injure an ignorant person."

"So that is it, is it? Then if you take advantage of your superior knowledge of law to ask me questions I can't answer, owing to my ignorance, and, in consequence thereby, I am refused a license, I will be injured and you will be guilty of fraud. Won't you, Judge?"

The lawyer was very thoughtful for a few moments and then added, reflectively:

"My young friend, I perceive you have great natural qualifications for the bar, and I shall recommend that a large, handsomely-engraved and richly-embossed license be granted you, in spite of your ignorance."—*Texas Siftings.*

A tourist leaning out of a nook, Fell on his head near a brook, The hurt he received St. Jacobs Oil relieved, And he says it cured "like a book."

Great oaks from little acorns spring,

Great aches the little toe-corns bring;

But for every corn

That ever was born,

St. Jacobs Oil is just the thing.

A Last*Legal Resort.

"There doesn't seem to be any justice left in this country for murderers," observed an Austin merchant to a companion; "juries are continually disagreeing, and law and order are suffering a relapse."

"I know a good way to enforce the law, if they would only do it."

"How would you proceed?" inquired the Austin merchant, with some show of curiosity.

"Why, you say that juries are always disagreeing, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'd put the murderer on the jury, and then he would be sure to be hung, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but then he wouldn't mind it much, as long as he got a \$2 jury fee for being hung."—*Texas Siftings.*

TAMPA, TENN.—Rev. D. F. Manly says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of indigestion and nervousness after physicians failed."

A NEBRASKA man refused to marry a girl because she powdered her hair. He couldn't let himself down to her pale.

VIGOR, strength and health, all found in one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

Suitable for Boston.

In his trial sermon before a Boston church a preacher said: "The children of Israel repeatedly on the point of manumission, but at the very last moment the Lord afflicted Pharaoh with suricular ossification." He received a unanimous call.—*Troy Times.*

The Baltimore dog-catcher rides on horseback and snares his unsuspecting victims. He makes about \$40 a week at the business.

Blood Infected with Malarial Virus.

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The girl who bangs her hair often makes the woman who bangs her husband.

Personal—To Men Only!

THE VOLTAIC BELL Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

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