

THE BAD BOY.

"Say, you think of about everything mean that is going, don't you?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in to show that his black eye had been cured. "The minister explained to you yesterday how you caused him and your father to lay and soak in the water for about three hours, one hot day last summer, in the lake, and they both blistered their backs. The minister says the skin has not stopped peeling off his shoulders yet. What caused you to play such a mean trick on them?"

"Oh, it was their own fault," said the boy, as he looked with disdain on a watermelon that was out of season, and had no charm in October. "You see, the night the sociable was at our house, the minister and some of the deacons were up in my room, which they used that night for a smoking-room, and while they were smoking they were telling stories about what fun they had when they were boys, and I remember one story the minister told about finding some girls in swimming once, and stealing their clothes, and making them wait till night, and then a girl had to fix herself up with newspapers and go home and send a wagon after the rest of the girls. The minister thought it was awful cunning, so when the church had the picnic last summer on the bank of the lake I remembered about it. Beats all, don't it, how a boy will remember anything like that? Well, after dinner I saw a pa whisper to the minister, and they took a couple of towels and a piece of soap and started off up the lake about half a mile, and I knew they were going in swimming. Well, it didn't take me very long to catch on. I got an over-dress that one of the girls had been wearing to wash dishes, and a shawl, and stole a hat belonging to the soprano of the choir, and a red parasol that a girl left under a tree, and I went down in the woods and put on the clothes, over my pants and things, and when pa and the minister had got in the water and were swimming around, I put up the parasol and tripped along the shore like a girl picking flowers, and when I came to the stump where they had put their clothes I didn't look toward the water, but acted tired, and sat down on the stump and began to fan myself. You'd a dide to see pa look. He crawled up on the beach, in the shallow water, and said, 'Elder, do you see that?' The elder looked, with himself all under water except his head, and said, 'Merciful goodness! Squire, we are in for it. That interesting female is going to sit there and read a novel through before she goes away.' I peeked through the fan and could hear all they said, while I pretended to read a novel. They swam around, and made a noise, but I was deaf, and I thought it wasn't any worse for me to sit on the stump than it was for the minister, when he was a good little boy, to steal the clothes of the girls. I stayed until I got tired, and didn't hear them when they hollered to me to go away, and after awhile they got water-soaked, and had to do something, so the minister broke off a piece of a tree and dressed himself in it, and came toward me, and said: 'Madam, excuse me for troubling you, but if you will go away while I get my clothes, I will take it as a favor.' I pretended to be insulted, and got up and walked off very indignant, and went back to the picnic and returned the clothes, and pretty soon they came up, looking as red as if they had been drinking, and the picnic was ready to go home. Somebody told pa it was me, but I don't know who it was who gave it away. Anyway, he chased me clear out of the woods with a piece of sapling. That was the time I told you I was too tired to ride, and walked home from the picnic. Pa has forgiven me, but I don't believe the minister ever will. Don't you think some of these pious folks are awful unforgiving'?"

"Oh, people are not all so good as you and I are!" said the grocery man, as he watched the boy making a sneak on bunch of grapes. "But did you go to the circus?"

"Circus! Well, I should assimilate. And it is a wonder I am not there yet. But whatever you do, don't ask pa if he was at the circus, 'cause he will kill you. You see pa and I drove up to the race-track, where the circus was, in the evening, and after the circus was out we waited to see the men take the tents down, and after they had gone we started to drive home. It was darker than a squaw's pocket, and I drove out on the race-track, and the old horse used to be a racer and he picked up his ears. Pa took the lines and said he would drive, 'cause we were out pretty late, and ma would be nervous. I told pa I didn't believe he was on the right road, but he said he guessed nobody could fool him about the road to town, and bless me if he didn't drive around that track about eight times! Every time we passed the grand stand, which pa couldn't see, on account of his eyes, I laughed; but I thought if he knew the road so confounded well I could ride as long as he could. After we had rode around the track about eight miles and I was getting sleepy, I mildly suggested that maybe we had better stop at a house and inquire the way to town, and pa got mad and asked me if I took him for a fool. Then he drove around a couple of times more, and the man that keeps the track he came out with a lantern and said 'hello!' Pa stopped and asked him what he wanted, and he said, 'Oh, nothin', and pa drove on and told him to mind his business. We went around the track again, and when we got to the same place the man was there, and I guess pa thought it was time to inquire the way, so he pulled up and asked the man what he was doing there, and the man said he was minding his own business. Pa asked him if we were on the right road to town, and the man said if we wasn't in any hurry he would like to have us drive on the track all night, as it was a little heavy, and he wanted to get it in condition to speed the colts the next day, but if we had to go we could drive out the gate and take the first left-hand road. Well, pa was mad, and he wanted to know why I didn't tell him we were on the track, but I told him he seemed to know it all, and it was dangerous to advise a man who knew it all. He didn't speak all the

way to town, but when we put out the horse he said: 'Henery, if this thing gets out your pa will have the reputation of being drunk. If you tell of it you are no friend of mine.' So I shall not say anything about it, 'cause it is a mean boy that will go back on his pa.' And the boy went out whistling 'She's a Daisy.'—*Peck's Sun.*

Triumph of Surgery.

Modern surgery is able to provide a man with a new nose, new lips, new eyelids, and an artificial throat. It can do more; it can, by the process known as skin-grafting, provide him with a new skin. The following description of the process is reported by an English surgeon:

"The patient, a pretty little girl of 8, was admitted into St. George's hospital. Two years previously, her dress had caught fire, burning both legs from the hips to the knees severely.

"After a year's treatment the left thigh had healed up; but the right one had never got better, and presented a terrible ulcer, extending all down the outer side.

"For four months she lay there without any signs of improvement. On the 5th of May, the child was brought into the operating theater, and placed under the influence of chloroform.

"Two small pieces of skin were snipped from the back with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and imbedded—planted, in fact—in the granulations or 'proud-flesh' of the wound—two tiny atoms, scarcely bigger than a pin's head, and consisting of a little more than the cuticle or outer skin which we raise in blisters by rowing or exposure to a hot sun.

"Five days later, no change was visible; and by-and-by the operation was considered to have failed, since the pieces of skin had disappeared, instead of growing as had been expected.

"But twelve days after the operation, two little white cicatrices appeared where the seed had been sown; and in my notes I find that a week later these were big enough to be dignified as 'islands of new tissue.'

"The most wonderful part of it was that, not only did these islands grow and increase rapidly in circumference, but the fact of their presence seemed to stimulate the ulcer itself, which took on a healing action around its margin.

"Several more grafts were implanted subsequently, including morsels from M. Pollock's arm, from my own, and from the shoulders of a negro; the last producing a white scar-tissue like the rest. In two months the wound was healed, and the little patient was discharged cured."

No science has made more rapid progress during the last century than surgery. The skillful surgeon is becoming one of the best friends of mankind.

The Chair of State in Westminster Abbey.

Many things were strange to me in this Pantheon of Britain, where each loyal Englishman covets a place, but the strangest sight was the Queen's chair, used only on coronation days in that ceremonial of utmost pomp and splendor.

I had supposed the chair of state, which took part in the most splendid pageant of the proudest city on the face of the earth, was of ivory and precious stones, cloth of gold, jeweled and dazzling to the sight. But no, as the ancestors of the Empress of India, so sits she. This old arm chair is of carved oak, almost black, very dirty and dilapidated. Part of the carved back is broken off, the remainder scribbled over; the velvet covering, if velvet it was, is worn down to the ragged foundation. The arms thereof are covered with dirt, as if greasy fingers had been wiped on them. Perhaps they are royal finger-prints, and the divinity which doth hedge a king forbids covering them with the work of plebeian hands. On its own merits it would hardly bring \$10 in a furniture shop, unless some crazy hunter of antique bric-a-brac should take an insane liking to the four badly-carved lions which support the heavy seat. The historic chair holds associations more precious than gold, than much fine gold; phantoms from out the stillness of the past fit before us as we stand beside the time-worn, dusty relic. Long lines of Kings "come like shadows, so depart;" for in this chair every English sovereign from Edward I.—second founder of the Abbey, who lies in its center (1065)—to the time of Victoria (1837) has been inaugurated and enthroned.

Edward I. originally intended the seat of the chair should be of bronze; but afterward had it adapted to the Stone of Scone, on which the Scottish Kings were crowned, which is imbedded in the Plantagenet oak. It was his latest care for the Abbey, and brings to the place a mythic charm with its many legends and varied traditions. They veil the nakedness and shabbiness of the antique seat with such grace that we begin to comprehend why it is allowed to remain unaltered in the alterations of many centuries.—*Independent.*

A Rising Country.

The Puget Sound region of Washington Territory—and that means an area larger than the State Massachusetts—is destined to do and see great things in the near future. It has a wealth of the finest lumber which finds a market even in the Orient, great agricultural resources, coal and iron, excellent harbors, ready connection with Portland and the East, and a broad and deep outlet, in the Fuca straits, to the Pacific ocean. And then it has a mild climate and a "live" class of people, a fair sample of whom are those who are building up, as if by magic, the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, on the banks of the sound. Seattle is already a solid town, with all the modern improvements, and has a bustling, ambitious, public-spirited population of nearly 10,000. Either Seattle or Tacoma—they are thirty-five miles apart—will be the great Puget sound metropolis of the future, and Oregon's now substantial and lively city of Portland will have to look out for a powerful competitor in trade, manufacture and general prosperity.—*Ex-Gov. Shuman, in Chicago Journal.*

The latest improvement in bulls is educating them to work a tread-mill.

BENTON COUNTY'S HORROR.

The Butchery of Ada Atkinson—Confession of the Murderer—A Thrillingly Dramatic Scene in Court—Unsuccessful Attempts to Lynch the Brute.

On Thursday, the 11th day of October last, a most cruel and unnatural murder was perpetrated near Oxford, Benton county, Ada Atkinson, the young daughter of Farmer Atkinson, being the victim. She had been left alone at the house that day, the other members of the family having absented themselves on various errands. The only human beings who are known to have been near the house were some hired farm laborers, three or four in number, and their work called them no nearer to the fatal spot than a quarter of a mile. In the evening about dusk an elder sister of Ada returned home, and was horrified to find the poor girl lying upon the floor of her room dead, her throat cut from ear to ear, and the inanimate body hacked and slashed and mutilated in a most cruel and inhuman manner. The news spread like wildfire, and the whole neighborhood for miles around was thoroughly aroused. The horror and indignation brought by the fiendish and bloody deed was such as is rarely witnessed in any community. The populace would gather in knots and talk in undertones. When neighbors would meet neighbors they would converse for a few moments in the usual tones, but immediately they would begin to speak in whispers, and bystanders would know the butchery of Ada Atkinson was the topic under discussion. Detectives were at once summoned to the scene of the awful crime. The murderer left no clew by which his bloody hand could be traced up. He had covered up his tracks well. Upon the farm was employed a man named Jacob Nelling, well advanced in years, who enjoyed a bad reputation. Suspicion naturally pointed to him. After two or three days' fruitless work of the detectives, the suspicion of the neighbors grew into a positive conviction that Nelling was the author of the foul deed. The wretch became aware of this, and to save his own neck, denounced a fellow-workman named Jacob Ladd—an honest, manly young fellow—as the murderer of Ada Atkinson. Very few believed in Ladd's guilt, this turn in the affair serving rather to strengthen the belief that Nelling was the true murderer. Both were placed under arrest, however. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, a public hearing was held. Nelling was the author of the foul deed. The case was taken up by Judge Coffroth, the county seat of Benton county, in the presence of several hundred citizens and the officials and lawyers of the county. The case was taken up by Judge Coffroth and Col. Dehart, of Lafayette. The examination of Nelling was entrusted to Judge Coffroth, and he did his work well. He asked a series of questions, cross-questions, led the fiend into contradictions and admissions that left no doubt of his guilt in the minds of those present. Notwithstanding his self-accusing words, however, Nelling stuck to his story, and swore that he saw him go into the house late on the afternoon of the murder, carrying with him an ax, and that he made a remark before entering the house which led him to believe that "something awful was going to happen." After Judge Coffroth had finished questioning the witness, one of the most thrilling and dramatic scenes ever witnessed in the courts of justice was presented. Young Ladd was placed upon the stand, and in a plain, straightforward manner, told his story, which directly contradicted that of Nelling. When he had concluded, Judge Coffroth, addressing Nelling, said, in his clear, ringing voice: "Nelling, is that the man who came to you in Atkinson's yard on the afternoon of the murder and went into the house?" Nelling pretended to look scrutinizingly at Ladd, who openly faced him, and then said in that same monotone: "That looks like him."

"Stand up, Ladd," said Judge Coffroth. "Nelling, stand up, and face him," said the judge. The two men stood looking at each other, not three feet apart—Ladd with the natural complexion of a man, and Nelling with a dogged and now palpably forced glare that a brassy criminal uses because he must perforce look into the eyes of innocence. "Jacob Nelling, do you solemnly swear that you saw Jacob Ladd enter the house on the afternoon of the murder?" asked Judge Coffroth impressively. "I do," said Nelling, in his strained tone, and then he added, in his clear, ringing voice: "Nelling, is that the man who came to you in Atkinson's yard on the afternoon of the murder and went into the house?" Nelling pretended to look scrutinizingly at Ladd, who openly faced him, and then said in that same monotone: "That looks like him."

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rest of the cutting, but I suppose I did it all. I remember of the member of for killing her in this manner, and I did not attempt to ravish her, and had no desire to do so. As I left the house I went to the milk-house and washed my hands and the knife in the bath, which had been lying on the end of the milk-tank near the door. I threw the water in the yard, and I hid the knife in the grass. I do not get my clothes bloody, because the blood did not fall. It seems to me that I hid the knife in the grass, and I might have twisted it when I cut her throat. After washing the blood off my hands and knife I went back to the house and hid the knife in the grass. I do not get my clothes bloody, because the blood did not fall. It seems to me that I hid the knife in the grass, and I might have twisted it when I cut her throat. After washing the blood off my hands and knife I went back to the house and hid the knife in the grass. I do not get my clothes bloody, because the blood did not fall. 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