

## UP HILL AND DOWN HILL

A Suspicious Liveryman and a Frolicsome Horse.

BY J. C. MILLER.

I was in the habit, in the days of, say, ten years ago, of making through Central and Northern Iowa a winter business trip. I recollect, I think it was in February, 1875—at least it was winter—it had been very cold, and about the 10th of February a rain and what promised to be a general thaw set in. The ice moved out of the rivers and creeks, and the wagon roads became almost impassable with mud—a serious matter in those days.

I arrived at Dubuque, at which place I expected to get letters from the house. The only thing I got was a telegram, short and to the point. It said: "Go to McGregor for mail."

The next day found me in McGregor, and there I found a letter from the financier of the house that ordered me to Wancomia, a small interior village, twenty miles from any railway.

The letter said: "Your friend Wilkins" (I call the merchant Wilkins; of course that was not his name) "in Wancomia does not answer letters, and drafts made on him all come back unpaid. Go there and stay there until you collect your friend's account in full."

The order was peremptory. I could not escape. I must go.

I made inquiries as to the best way of getting to Wancomia. I found after a little trouble that the nearest railroad town was Calmar. So to that village I took the next train. I arrived in Calmar at about 9 a. m. February 12. I found there was a small livery stable in the town, and to it I immediately went. And to the man of spavined horses and buggies I told by business; I told him I wanted a team and where I wanted to go.

The first thing he said to me was, "Who do you know here?"

I told him that I was profoundly happy to state that I had no acquaintance in the bailiwick.

"Well, then," he said, "in that case you will have to put up for the rig."

I asked him to explain.

"Well," he said, "it is just like this, the last drummer that got a rig from me, about a month ago, has not come back yet; in fact, he stole the outfit. He was a chap like you, he knew nobody here, and I made up my mind that strangers must put up the cash for the rig, or no rig of mine can they drive."

I said to him, "My friend, I am not the proprietor of the great mercantile house I represent. I am simply a traveling salesman, and I never carry over \$50 with me. When you ask me to deposit the value of the rig, you ask an impossibility."

Well, to make a long story short, we argued the matter in all its bearings, and I finally convinced him that a horse and buggy would be safe in my hands. The way he expressed it was this:

"I'll be d—d if I don't try a stranger once more. Harness 'Black Billy.'"

The horse—a large, rather good-looking beast, was hitched to an ordinary buggy, and I jumped in. After I had got into the buggy, the livery-man became communicative, and gave me full instructions as to the route, saying:

"I do not think you'll get over the creek at the Fort. If you cannot get across, of course you can come back; it is but six miles to the creek and twelve miles from the creek at Fort Atkinson to Wancomia."

In the midst of a drizzling rain, I started. I had proceeded, I think, about a hundred feet, when the livery-man called out:

"Hello, stranger!" "Hello! What do you want?" I replied, stopping Black Billy.

"Let that hoss go down hill his own way, or else you will have trouble."

"Is he balky?"

"No, but he goes down hill his own way, and if he does not have his own way he will kick thunder out of the whole outfit."

"Does he run away?" "No; he only gallops down hill."

"Are there many hills?"

"You bet—lots of them."

I deliberated. I took out the financier's letter, read it over once more, looked at "Black Billy," and then drove on. I heard the livery man and a few of his cronies laughing, and I feared for the outcome of the trip.

I soon reached the brow of a hill, probably three hundred yards, and about the same distance to ascend if I ever got to the bottom alive. Billy assumed the style and appearance of a war horse on parade when he commenced the descent, and I do him the credit to say that he went down that muddy hill like a racehorse when he commenced to gallop. I was a good deal scared, but after he had made two or three jumps I got over my tremor, and I got mad. I seized the whip, resolved that in climbing the hill I would be master of ceremonies.

We reached the bottom in safety, and Billy commenced lazily to climb up the other side. I took a tight hold of the reins and laid the whip upon his back as soundly as if I owed him a grudge of long standing. Billy galloped up the hill to please me. A few hundred yards further along the same thing occurred again. "Black Billy" went down the hill like a racer, and with the help of my whip he went up the hill at the same speed. By this time we were both tired and "Black Billy" was broke.

He went slowly down declivities after that. If that was my wish he evidently was tired galloping up hill.

One hour after I left Calmar I came to the creek at the Fort.

The creek was ordinarily about ten feet wide. Now it was about sixty, and running like a mill-race.

I was making direct for the creek; there being a well-defined road-bed running to the water, and I could see where it came out of the water on the other side. My horse was arrested by a farmer on the other side who hallooed to me:

"Stranger, stop! This creek is fifteen feet deep."

"Is there a bridge?" I replied.

"There was yesterday, but it is under water three feet at least."

"Is the bridge midway between the approach and exit of the roadway?"

"Durned if I know what you mean! It is right straight in the middle if it is there at all."

"Have you a horse?"

"Yes, lots of them."

"I will give you a dollar to ride one of them over the bridge and show me where it is."

"Give me five dollars and I'll do it."

"You get out. Get up, Billy!"

The water came into the buggy about three inches, but we got across all right. I drove right along, paying no more attention to my quandom bucolic friend than if he had been one of his own fence posts. In due time I arrived in Wancomia, not, however, without losing my way a couple of times; but I arrived before dark, fed my horse, got my supper, and went down to Wilkins' store. On inquiring if the proprietor was in, I was told he had gone to West Union, but was expected home that night. So I went back to the hotel, retired, and slept the sleep of the just. At 8 a. m. the next day I was in Mr. Wilkins' place of business, and I was greeted with, "Hello! what the d—l brings you out here in this storm?"

"I have brought a statement of our account, and I have instructions to collect it."

"Times are terribly close. I cannot pay it now. I will soon, however."

"Would you advise me to take board here by the week or month?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, only my instructions are to stay here until you pay in full, and here I stay until I get the money."

Wilkins looked at me about a minute, then went to a safe and brought out a large roll of bills, and, without another word, paid the account, with interest.

I sat on the counter and told him stories for about half an hour, then bade him good-by, and twenty minutes thereafter "Black Billy" and myself were hurrying back to Calmar. When I arrived, about 3 p. m., the following colloquy took place at the livery stable:

"So, I see you got through all right. Like 'Billy' first-rate?"

"Good horse. How much is the bill?"

"Three fifty."

"Cheap enough. Here is the money. Good-by."

"Good-by."

"By the way, 'Black Billy' went down the first hill on the full gallop, almost scaring me to death, but it would have done your heart good to have seen how I and the whip made him gallop up hill. After two or three hills he was as gentle as a lamb. Good-by."

He wrathfully exclaimed: "Durn you, if I had known this, I would have made you pay fifty dollars for your ride. I will get square with you if you ever come here again."

I have never been there since, and if I am forgiven for that trip, I will solemnly promise I will never visit that village again.—*American Commercial Traveller.*

### Deviation of the Pendulum.

A simple method of rendering visible the deviation of the Foucault pendulum has recently been devised by Mr. Campbell. The bob of the pendulum is replaced by permanent magnet of a cylindrical form, placed with its axis coinciding in direction with the suspended wire. On a point vertically beneath the center of suspension is swung horizontally a light bar of some magnetic material, carrying a mirror from which is reflected a beam of light. On putting the pendulum in vibration in the vertical plane which contains the bar, the latter follows the deviation of the pendulum, which is thus rendered very visible by the corresponding reflection of the luminous beam.

### The Secret of Success.

Improvidence is the besetting American vice. No other civilized nation in the world has so large a proportion of men, young and old, who live up to and beyond their income. In no other country does the versatility of the people and the wide range of opportunity conduce to such frequent changes of vocation as are seen here. Our people are not lacking in "dig." We are, as a race, great workers. But our restlessness and ambition to get on rapidly lead to frequent changes, and the saving habit is not now so characteristic as the spending habit. For the mere amassing of wealth, Hamerton is right in saying that "the instinct of accumulation is worth all the rules in the world."—*New York World.*

EARLY in the present century there were about 100 professed florists in the United States, and their combined greenhouses covered 50,000 square feet of glass. There are now over 10,000 florists, occupying 50,000,000 feet of glass, or about 1,000 acres of greenhouses.

### Letter from the Corners.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS.



M. R. EDITOR: Les see wher was I when I struk off so sudden to go over to Blodgerses with Jonathin to see whot wus rong with the thins; but it want the twins at all, but little Sophrony thet hed got her self choked most to deth on a piece of chicken gizzard; but I shuk her a few times an slapped her on to her back an out flew the gizzard, an I tell you ef Jonathin and Sairy Jane want glad to see it cum; but she is a gettin a long all rite now. I was a tellin you about the fuss the school marm an the widder hed, want I?

Wal the schoolmarm finally got red in the face an tolle the widder that her dotter shouldn't go to school to her another day. Ses sue, "I'll assine fust," an up she gits an goes over to another place, and all of the swimming folk they goes an shakes hans with her. O but the widder was mad, but she hed foun one schoolmarm she couldn't boss.

An then the schoolmarm cut the widder out with Jerry to, and it do look kind a hand on the widder. Landlakes alive, Mr. Editur, you'l think we air alays havin a fuss of sum kyand heer to the Corners, but I insure you it is a real quiet respectable naborhood. An the schoolmarm ses Kilkenny Corners is the most opprobrious name it cood hev.

I cum mity nigh a furgittin to tell you about the time we hed over to Uncle Lige Purdy's university an his wife Letisha, she that wus Letisha Nelson; an I mus say the Nelsons wus alays master hans at keepin house, and Letisha's house is alays as clean as sope an watter an elbow greece kin make it, but then the Nelsons is related to my grandmother on her motherrs side, so praps that accounts fur it.

But, as I was a sayin, Mr. Editur, we give em a big surprise on their fortieth university. Everybuddy roun beer went, and the school marm an precher, to.

My! sech sites an piles of grub es was tuk in. There was apple pie, an pumpkin pie an squash pie an pertater, an mince an cranberry pies, an I don't know how many other.

I baked a big weddin cake in my dish-pan, an the school marm helped a rite smart lot a puttin the shugar an aig on it—she called that a frostyng it. An I mus say it did look awful nise. When she had finished it she stepped back an put her thums into her arm-holes an ses "No flies on that." I tolle her I sh'd hope not.

Well, as I was a sayin, everybuddy tuk a heap of feed. Miss Roper and Peter's wife brung a hull ham, biled, an three chickings, and a pale full of cookys, an I don't remind what all elts, but there was plenty fur all and lots lef. I cood see Willam Henery coold hardly wate fur us to git the vittles onto the tables; he was a dodgin here an thar a wantin to holp an a tastin of everything, til it is a wunder to me that he cood ete a bite of dinner, but he did. Arfter we had got things onto the table then we hed the Presbyterian precher to give in the things. We hed got em sum cheese an a sophie an a pare of spectickles apiece an sum knew nives an fork, an a lamp that you cud hang up by a chane to the top of the room. Mis Roper, Peter's wife, sed they was awful fashionible an so we got em one. But les see; I got a leetle alayed of my story. Willam Henery he sez I slays do.

Heigho, I must go to gittin supper, fur the schools marmes new bow is a comin to take her to see a play that is a goin to be in Sackville to-night; it is a theather play, but I dont no as it is enny thing weeked. Enny way the school marm is a goin. An the Widder is hoppin mad. Yourn trewly,

HESTER ANN SCOPER.

—Chicago Ledger.

### Made Him Indignant.

An old fellow stood leaning on a gate. A young woman cautiously approached.

"May I come in?" she asked.

"No, you kain't!" he exclaimed.

"Ain't you never goin' ter let me come?"

"Never."

"Please."

"Go on away, now. Clear out."

The woman went away, and a man who overheard the conversation went up to the old fellow and asked him why he had driven the woman away.

"'Cause she's my daughter an' didn't marry ter suit me," he answered.

"Didn't she do well?"

"No, she flung herself away, when she moult hit the nail squar' on the head."

"Don't you think that her husband will make a living?"

"He moult do that, but a livin' ain't the thing. The feller has got land an' hogs an' horses, but the feller that I wanted her ter marry has got three o' the best fox-hounds in the county."

"Yes, but has he got anything el-e?"

"Anything else? Why, blast yo', ignunt hide, what do you mean? Look here, you'd better go on now, fur I don't believe it's a good idee to have you loafin' erbout the neighborhood. Anything else? Go on erway now, or I'll set the dogs on you!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

CLANS are said to have arisen in Scotland in the reign of King Malcolm II., about 1008.

He who says what he likes may hear what he does not like.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

### A CHRONICLE OF HAPPENINGS IN HOOISERDOM.

Shocking Deaths, Terrible Accidents, Horrible Crimes, Proceedings of Courts, Secret Societies, and, in fact, Everything of Interest to the Hoosiers.

"Your name is not Charley Allen. It is Charles Lispenard, and your people live in Brooklyn, N. Y." These are the words that were addressed to Charles L. Allen, a prominent citizen of Logansport, some three months ago by a farmer residing in Benton County, this State, and here is the sequel: One bleak evening in the fall of 1863 a small boy 6 years of age was hurrying through a street in Brooklyn, N. Y., with a basket of shavings on his arm, which he had obtained at the factory near by. As he ran he was seized by a big burly man, hurried into a cab and driven away. Days, weeks, months, and years went by. The mother had a good living and spent hundreds of dollars in search of her missing boy. She finally settled in the belief that he had strayed away and fallen off the pier. Charley fell into the hands of a farmer named Allen, who resided in Benton County, this State. He finally drifted to Logansport, was married and settled in a comfortable home. The name sounded peculiarly strange now, and revived memories that had slumbered long. Mr. Ed McConnel became interested in the case, and addressed a letter to George Ryall, a young lawyer who resides in Williamsport, a suburb to Brooklyn. The latter found that a family had lived in a certain ward, but had moved away long since. With this much of a starter, the record of the ward school was examined for the year 1863. Sure enough there was the name, Charley Lispenard. Ryall also learned that a brother of the missing boy had lived in the ward until he was a young man. George W. Lispenard was found occupying a position in a jewelry store, in Brooklyn. The story was quickly told to George Lispenard's mother. Letters passed between them and Charles Allen, and the identity was completely established. Charles L. Allen is the abducted Charley Lispenard. Mr. Allen Lispenard at once left for Brooklyn where, doubtless, there will soon be a joyful meeting.

Lawyers Plan to Relieve the Supreme Court.

The lawyers of the Montgomery County bar met for the purpose of taking action in regard to the present crowded condition of the Supreme Court. Resolutions were adopted favoring an amendment to the State Constitution increasing the number of judges to nine, with a chief-justice, and that the court be divided into three sections, the Chief-Justice to preside alternately over each section when in consultation; in the event of a disagreement the case is to be brought before the full bench; that when the case was a charge for murder it has to be brought before the full bench. The following committee was appointed to confer with a similar committee of the Indianapolis bar: Judge E