

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 yore, 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 Waucoma, 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 Waucoma 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 Waucoma. 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 liveryman 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 Waucoma."

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

"Hello, stranger!"

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

"Let that boss 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 liveryman 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 speed was arrested by a farmer on the other side who halloed to me:

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

"Is there a bridge?" I replied.

"There was yesterday, out 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 quondam bucolic friend than if he had been one of his own fence posts. In due time I arrived in Waucoma, 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—d 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 a 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.

Improvvidence 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 NOTHING HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.



MR. EDITOR: Les see wher wus I when I struk off so suddent to go over to Blodgerses with Jonathin to see whot wus rong with thet wins; but it want the twins at all, but little Sophrony thet hed got herself 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 of Jonathin and Sairy Jane want glad to see it cum; but she is a gettin a long all rite now. I wus a tellin you about the fuss the school marm an the widdler hed, want I?

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

An then the schoolmarm out the widdler out with Jerry to, and it do look kind a hard on the widdler. Landsakes alive, Mr. Editor, you'll think we air alwys a havin a fuss of sum kyand heer to the Corners, but I insure you it is a reel quiet despectable 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 thet wus Letisha Nelson; an I mus say thet the Nelsonses wus alwys master hans at keepin house, and Letisha's house is alwys as clean as sope an watter an elbow greece kin make it, but then the Nelsonses is related to my granmother on her mother's side, so praps that accounts fur it.

But, as I wus a sayin, Mr. Editor, we give em a big surprise on ther fortyeth university. Everybuddy roun heer went, and the school marm an preacher, to.

My! sech sites an piles of grub es wus tuk in. There wus apple pie, an pumkin pie an squash pie an pertater, an mince an cramberry pies, an I don't know how meny 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 thet a frosty nise. When she had finished it she stepped back an put her thumbs into her arm-holes an ses "No flies on thet." I tole her I sh'd hope not.

Well, as I wus 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 whot all elts, but there wus plenty fur all and lots lef. I cood ses Willam Henery coodnt hardly wate fur us to git the vittles onto the tables; he wus a dodgin here an thar a wantin to help an a tastin of everything, til it is a wunder to me thet he cood ete a bite of dinner, but he did. Arfter we had got things onto the table then we hed the Presbyteryan preacher to give im the things. We hed got em sum cheese an a sophie an a pare of spectickles apiece an sum knew nives an forks, an a lamp thet you cud hang up by a chane to the top of the room. Mis Roper, Peter's wife, sed they wus awful fashinable an so we got em one. But les see; I got got a leetle ahead of my story. Willam Henery he sez I alwys do.

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

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

—*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 mount er hit the nail squar on the head."

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

"He mount do that, but a livin' ain't the thing. The feller has got land an' hogs an' hosses, 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 else?"

"Anything else? Why, blast yo' ignunt hide, whot 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!"—*Arkansas Traveller.*

CLANS were 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 HOOSIERDOM.

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 month 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 McConnell 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. C. Snyder, A. D. Thomas, P. S. Kennedy, and W. H. Thompson.

Indiana Patents.

Patents have been granted to Indiana inventors as follows: Jeremiah A. Barber, Newville, fence; Frances M. Beck, Wabash, shaft-bearer; Charles A. Copeland, Rockland, steering apparatus for traction engine; Louis G. Gustabel, Monticello, hame tug; Franklin F. Harman, Honey Creek, corn-planter; Thomas B. Harrison, assignor to Harrison Type-writer Company, Anderson, type-writing machine; Robert C. and G. E. Hawley, South Bend, apparatus for beating grain; Samuel Hobson, Rockport, portable fence; Clement Hoover, Winchester, head-rest; Albert P. Sibley and G. O. Ware, South Bend, bushing for split pulleys.

Wabash Board of Trade Will Boom the Town.

The Wabash Board of Trade met and elected officers as follows: President, H. V. Shively; Vice-president, Alvah Taylor; Secretary, Warren Bigler; Treasurer, Enos Powell. A board of nine directors was also chosen. Now that the city is abundantly supplied with natural gas, active measures will be inaugurated by the board to boom the town and induce manufacturers to investigate the superior advantages of this point as a location.

Where Rabbits are Plenty.

There has probably never been a time in the history of Blackford County when it was so well supplied with rabbits. Six miles south of Montpelier a "Rabbit Club" has been organized, and the members hold a match hunt every Saturday. Up to last Saturday the club had a grand total of 675 rabbits. The members expect to raise the number to a thousand at the next hunt.

Fatally Injured in a Runaway Accident.

Mr. Clark S. Hickman was driving in the north part of Rochester, when his horses became frightened, ran away, and threw him out in such a manner as to injure him so severely that little hopes are entertained for his recovery. Mr. Hickman is a retired merchant and one of Rochester's leading citizens.

Minor State Items.

By the explosion of a half-filled tank of benzine, in the Monon yards, at New Albany, Edward Weber and Peter Kirby were badly burned.

Citizens of New Albany will make one more trial for natural gas. Boring will commence at once.

—Samuel Davis, aged 22, living near Waistner's school, Washington County, went out before daylight to feed the stock. Not returning for breakfast, his parents, on searching for him were horrified to find him dead, hanging from a picket fence, which he had attempted to climb.

—An organized band of thieves is operating in Ripley County, and the forages at different points are becoming alarming. During the past week numerous robberies were perpetrated in the county, and all planned by the same gang. Boots and shoes and other wearing apparel have been found under haystacks and other places of hiding.

—While the Crawfordville Hose Company was at the burning house of Mrs. Gardener, some person turned in another fire alarm, which caused a lively hustling around among the boys and hose. It was ascertained that the second alarm was false. In the rush and excitement two buggy axles broke, throwing the occupants out, one of them being the fire chief, and Henry Schenck had his leg so badly injured as to require medical attention.

—While coon-hunting near Columbus, James Green was attacked by a catamount, but succeeded in killing it. Mr. Green was badly injured.

—August Faeling, whose domestic troubles led to his imprisonment in the County jail at Fort Wayne, fell in the corridor and fractured his skull.

—While hunting, Beckner Ward, of Lafayette, was shot and seriously injured by his brother, who mistook the former's fur cap for a squirrel.

—The members of Warsaw district, North Indiana M. E. Conference, have recommended to Bishop Merrill the appointment of Rev. A. J. Lewellen as Presiding Elder, a place made vacant by the death of Rev. James Greer, of Warsaw.

—Goshen will enjoy the free mail delivery system after Feb. 1.

—Columbia City keeps comparatively free from tramps by putting them to work on the streets.

—The Board of Directors of the Indiana State prison, in session at the institution, re-elected Capt. James B. Patten, warden; Maj. Richard Conner, clerk; H. L. Wolf, physician, and W. B. Barnhill, chaplain. The board prepared its annual report, which includes the annual reports of the chaplain and physician, and will forward the same to the Governor immediately.

—Mamie Ward, of Valparaiso, was recently scalded by upsetting a can of hot water on herself. Her right arm and side were seriously injured.

—The family of John Van Meter, a Whitley County farmer, has had its full share of misfortune. About fifteen years ago Mr. Van Meter became insane, and is still confined in a strong room in his house, his wife all that time attending him constantly. A few years ago his daughter died, and the other day Mrs. Van Meter was found in a cornfield, violently insane. It is thought her condition was brought about by too close attention upon her husband. There are hopes of her recovery.

—Non-partisan temperance work has received an impetus in Decatur County, through the influence of Hon. Ansley Gray, the eloquent orator of Oberlin, Ohio. An I. O. G. T. lodge has been organized at Adams.

—The hotel of J. A. Carroll, near Goshen, was burglarized of \$300 in money and some silverware.

—The following figures gathered by the State Statisticians show the extent and character of the fencing, as to rods, used in this State: Rail, 87,656,768; board, 8,051,947; wire, 4,070,215. Total number of rods, 99,781,930.

—John Walda fell from a scaffold at Fort Wayne and was fatally injured.

—While painting a barn at Lafayette Blucher Miller fell from a scaffold a distance of twenty-seven feet, and died from the effects of the fall. He was 27 years old and unmarried.

—Representatives of the Standard Oil Company are prospecting for oil near Windfall, Tipton County, and have already secured the right-of-way through several farms. They are still engaged in leasing lands, and will sink the first well about the first of January. They claim that a superior quality of oil exists in this county and much interest has been aroused in the matter.

—Mrs. Ellen Motweiler, one of the victims of the recent Floyd County tragedy, is still living, but is suffering intensely. She cannot recover, as the brain continues to ooze out of the wound in her head. Benson, the murderer, will be confined in the Jeffersonville prison until his trial, owing to threats of lynching.

—Adam L. Kramer, an old soldier, employed as an engineer at the Kenower furniture factory, in Huntington, while engaged in oiling the journals of the machinery, fell into the pit in which the ponderous fly-wheel revolves, and was so horribly crushed that he died in two hours. He leaves a family.

—The Christian Church at Charlestown bought a large bell at Louisville and sent a team to Jeffersonville to get it. While the driver was absent a man drove up, loaded the bell on his wagon and disappeared with the outfit. When the Charlestown teamster returned home he was met by the entire population, whose rejoicing turned to the deepest disgust when they found they were robbed of their bell. Nothing has been heard of it.