

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - AUG. 9, 1879

TWO EDITIONS

Of this paper are published. The FIRST EDITION, on Friday Evening, has a large circulation in the surrounding towns, where it is sold by newsboys and agents.

The SECOND EDITION, on Saturday Evening, goes into the hands of nearly every reading person in the city, and the farmers of this immediate vicinity.

Every Week's issue is, in fact, TWO NEWSPAPERS, in which all advertisements appear for THE PRICE OF ONE ISSUE.

SUPERSTITION.

HOW IT HAS INFLUENCED DISTINGUISHED THEATRICAL PEOPLE.

ANECDOTES SHOWING REMARKABLE VERIFICATIONS OF SIGNS AND PRESENTMENTS.

Reminiscences of the Elder Booth, Gustavus Brooke, N. B. Clarke, Edmund Keane, Macready, Cooke and Lucille Western.

New York Dispatch.

The old saying that "superstition is the natural outgrowth of ignorance," is scarcely true in view of the fact that in the present age the most intellectual have their belief in omens, predictions and portents. The howl of a dog, a peculiar shape to a cloud seen over the left shoulder, to dream of a dancing butcher knife, to stumble in going up stairs, to begin a task on Friday, are by no means the most foolish of the superstitions which have fastened themselves upon the minds of people of all ranks and calling.

There is not a little of this inclination to superstition among the people of the theatrical profession. They, too, have their signs and portents of coming good or ill, sickness or health.

THE THIRTEEN GLASS GLOBES.

There is one of our most famous metropolitan managers who is singularly given to these weird fancies—so much so, in fact, that at one time not many months since a few of his more intimate friends entertained grave doubts as to his sanity or fitness to longer bear the strain of his professional work. He is not only a manager, but a playwright, and has been and is a man of tireless energy in pushing his schemes to their final issue. But in whatever he does, in whatever he undertakes, he is a close observer of the portents and omens which may precede or arise during the progress of his task.

Upon one occasion, on the eve of the production of a new play, in the preparation of which he had labored hard, he was standing in front of the theater, conversing with his business manager, and at the same time directing the arrangement of a series of glass globes which were to be placed in position. As the last one was fixed by the workman over its burner he uttered a cry of terror, and throwing up his hands, exclaimed: "I'm lost—the play is a failure—do it, I am!"

"What is the matter?" asked his astonished business manager.

"Matter! Look there—see—there are thirteen globes—thirteen lights. It means death or failure—failure!" and he rushed into the theater as if pursued by some horrible phantom.

The play, however, despite the fatality of thirteen lights, was not a failure, although it had by no means the long run he anticipated for it; nor was there any death among the company, or his family.

THE HUNCHBACK.

At another time, as he came out of his private office, he saw entering the gateway leading to the orchestra seats a little deformed man, with a hump on his back large enough to have satisfied even Barry Sullivan in his "make up" of Richard III. No sooner did the manager's eye rest upon this being than he pushed his way through the crowd, and confronting him, extended his hand. The hunchback, without thinking, the hand was extended for some other purpose than salutation, dodged back outside the gate. The manager followed him into the vestibule.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the manager, placing his hand upon the shoulder of the little well-dressed Quasimodo, "but have mistaken you for a friend of mine. I—"

"All right, sir," said the dwarf, relieved of his fears as to the hostile intention of his interlocutor; "but you will oblige me by removing your hand from my shoulder."

The manager went off smiling, and looking as happy as if he had struck a bonanza.

"To see a cripple or deformed person—especially a hump-back—enter your house or place of business and not speak with him, or shake hands or touch him before he crosses the threshold, is a sure sign of misfortune to the owner or occupant." So says the Book of Signs and "Portents," and by this the anxiety of the manager, to come in contact with his humped backed patron, may be readily appreciated.

THE COFFIN IN THE FLATS.

"All through his theatrical career," said his business manager, "he has more or less given heed to these old womanish fancies. For instance, in the last season I was with him the scenic artists left in the interlacing of the foliage of a 'wood flat,' an open sky space that was almost perfect in its outline of a coffin. My own hunting manager saw it, and shuddered. He came and told me, and added, 'This is my last season here—that is not the only warning I have had. On the opening night of the season, contrary to my orders, the doorkeeper permitted a woman to pass the Book of Signs and the staid boys turned on three lights in my private office—everything is against me—everything.' And the last season was not by any means a success."

THE ELDER BOOTH AND THE HORSESHOE.

In one of his engagements the elder Booth played in Baltimore after his first arrival in this country, at what was then known as the "Old Mud Theater"—one of these "omens" made itself apparent to him.

He was announced as Richard III. In those days there were no coupon seats; a card was simply placed upon the seats sold upon which was printed the word "Taken." The box seats were all "taken"—and upstairs everything was "sold."

At seven o'clock the great Richard was entering into the theatre. Over the doorway of the dark, narrow entrance leading to the stage was nailed an old horseshoe. As Booth passed in the horseshoe fell to the floor directly behind him. That night he was re-

markably tame in his acting. A cloud seemed to deaden his spirit. He scarcely did more than speak his lines. After the third act one of the company, Mr. Colbert, said: "Are you ill, Mr. Booth?" "No—I never felt better in my life—personally—but—"

"But what?" "I have a childish superstition about little things, sometimes. When I came in a horseshoe fell behind me from its fastening above the stage door. Something frightful will happen to some one now in the theatre before morning."

Colbert smiled, and said: "Suppose, Mr. Booth, it had fallen before you?"

"Then, if omens argue anything, it would have argued good luck to me. I wish I had picked up that shoe."

During the last act the omen of the falling horseshoe had a verification. A man in the third tier, leaning over the rail, lost his balance and fell to the pit below, striking upon one of the occupants of the benches. When he was taken up he was found to be dead—his neck was broken. The man upon whom he fell before striking the floor was so seriously injured that many weeks his life was despaired of. The most singular part of the occurrence was that the victim of this accident was a blacksmith—belonging to Ellicott's Mills—and in his pocket was found a worn horseshoe, exactly in make and general mark of workmanship the counterpart of that which had been nailed for "good luck" above the stage door of the Mud theatre.

"You see," said Mr. Booth, sadly, "omens are not always foolish. I had a strange presentiment—it is realized by death."

THE WEIRD DREAM OF A PLAY. Gustavus Brooke, the day before he left London to embark in the ill fated steamer upon which he was to have sailed to Australia, met his friend Greeves at a favorite resort in the Strand.

"So you are really off to-morrow?—but not for long, I imagine?" "Yes," said the tragedian, in an unusually grave tone; "yes, I am afraid I may never return."

"Nonsense. What makes you have such gloomy ideas as that?" "I'll tell you, Greeves. I had a strange dream last night. It was this: I dreamed that some fellow—an author—came to me with the manuscript of a play, and wanted to sell it to me. I saw in great letters upon the cover of the book the title. It was 'The Hunchback.' I turned over a few pages and came to a sketch in ink of the closing tableau, intended to illustrate the way in which the stage should be set. Standing upon the deck of a sinking ship was a man clinging to the rigging. The despairing face of that man was a perfect reproduction of my own features. The sketch of that agonized face, so perfect a picture of myself frightened me out of my sleep. Greeves, I tell you that dream means something serious."

"Pshaw!" said Greeves. "It means too late hours and too late dinners." Brooke went his way and met the verification of the vision of his slumber.

N. B. CLARKE'S THREE LIGHTS. "I am going, my boy," said N. B. Clarke to a brother professional, who entered the dining room apartment, just as the physician departed. "I am going."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "You're good for many years yet."

"Am I? You think so, do you? Last night my wife had three lights burning in this room—three lights," he repeated faintly; and that means—death."

A few hours after that surely enough death rang down his life curtain upon the last act of all.

EDMUND KEANE'S DREAM. Edmund Keane once wrote from London to a friend in Dublin: "I am glad you do not believe in such omens. For my part I scarcely know whether I should or not, were I the victim of such nightmares. I never had but one such dream, and that was on the night prior to the opening of a new play. The dream should come to me in my sleep at the time of his grave clothes, the more readily when you know that I had been thinking of his deplorable condition an hour before I slept. I had fallen asleep at eleven of the clock on my mantel shelf—and I awoke half an hour after. In that brief space I had a dream, and in that hour almost to the moment. But as I next day, died. Was that his spirit—this shrouded form—or my imagination? I leave you to solve the question."

MACREADY AND THE TOAD. To Macready the sight of a toad in his dreams gave him more nervous anxiety for hours after than could the "substance of ten thousand men armed and led by shallow Richmond."

One day at Drury Lane rehearsal, Mr. Ryder said to the great tragedian: "Mr. Macready, I had a queer dream last night—very queer—I saw sitting on a huge rock a—"

"Great God!—ah—a toad!" exclaimed Macready; paling at the very thought of it.

"Toad—no; a pair of gigantic bullfrogs doing the fencing scene in 'Hamlet.'"

The great interpreter of Lear turned away in disgust at this overtopping of his toad omen.

David Garrick regarded the appearance of a sword or knives in a dream as an omen of impending danger.

COOKE'S DREAM. A week or two before his death, George Frederick Cooke had a "distressing vision" of a scene in Richard III.—the scene in which the coffin of the dead king is brought on. As thought as he in the dream uttered the lines, "Stay, you that bear the corpse," etc., that there suddenly appeared upon the black velvet pall, in white letters, his own name. It is possible, however, that Cooke's vision may have been the result of an over-fatiguing and a superfluity of "great draughts of Rhenish," or other equally potent spirit at the old shades, in Thames street, which, in his time, was the resort of all "good fellows and true" of the town. Poor Cooke. He lies quiet enough now in the old churchyard on Vesey street and Broadway.

LUCILLE WESTERN'S DREAM OF HER SISTER'S DEATH. Lucille Western had something of faith in the weird signs and forerunners that come when least expected "from out of the vague and boundless Dream-land." She once informed an intimate friend that she knew a month before the sad event occurred that her sister Helen, then playing in Philadelphia, was soon to die, or meet with some fearful accident.

"I saw the whole scene of her death—the room, the persons at the bedside, the very color of the walls, the position of the windows and her face as she lifted up her hand for the last time—I saw it all, and I shall never forget the dream and its fearful realization, as long as I live."

"If you ever stumble the first time you enter the theater in which you are engaged, you can make up your mind either your stay will be short or you'll

have trouble," said a veteran comedian, the other evening. "You may laugh as much as you like at it, but it's so; and a trip on the carpet while you're on the stage means—well it means more than a fall or a bruised knee in trying to save yourself. You remember Andy Evans? He slipped and on her first entrance the first night she played at the Fifth Avenue and in three months—she died almost friendless and forsaken. Call these things—these trivial happenings, accident, or what you like, they have a meaning to those who have the gift of reading the language of omens and forerunners."

Perhaps the old comedian is half right after all. Who can tell?

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BOOTH.

New York Times. The play was "Richard III.," and at an early hour the theatre was crowded almost to suffocation. It was almost time for the curtain to rise, and Booth was not in the house. Messengers were sent in all directions, but still he was nowhere to be found. The minute-hand went round the dial of the great clock, with what seemed to the anxious watchers to be extraordinary rapidity; the manager was in despair; but still Booth did not come. At last it was time to ring up the curtain, and just as the stage manager was about to go before the audience and announce that an unforeseen accident, and all that sort of thing, would make it necessary to postpone the performance, the back door keeper cried out, "Here's Mr. Booth."

"Where, where?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Here, at the door," was the reply, and in a moment the attention of everybody on the stage was directed to the back entrance.

It was true, the great actor was there, but in anything but a proper condition to play Richard III. In fact, he was so drunk—"unwell," Mr. Gilbert charitably calls it—that he was not able to stand on his feet. Still the manager, who was already in a state of nervous prostration, saw that he was to play Richard, and went on with his part. All went well during the first scenes, and the manager and the leading members of the company were just congratulating themselves upon what they believed to be the happy outcome of what might have been a serious difficulty, when suddenly Booth gave signs of again collapsing. There was no help for it, however; they must go on with the play.

John Gilbert, who was playing the sick King Edward, made his entrance with the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, and the rest, and as usual was conducted to the middle of the stage. Then, after a few speeches by the King and other characters, it was time for Richard's entrance. As Buckingham spoke the line, "And in good time, here comes the noble Duke," Booth was pushed on the stage, but for once his will failed him. He could not keep upon his feet, and, instead of making a speech he fell. "Good morning to my sovereign King and Queen," he staggered over to where Gilbert, as the King, was reclining, looked at him for a moment, and, winking one eye good-humoredly, said, in a tone audible to most of the audience, "Get up, John, and let me lie down."

Booth, who was in a state of great confusion and shouts of laughter, and the play, so far as Mr. Booth was concerned, was at an end.

THE PRICE OF CORN. Hawkeye. The following article conveys a sound moral in a merry way, and after being laughed at may well be soberly pondered by farmers and others who are slow to see that the laws of trade "work both ways."

"No," the honest farmer remarked in tones of the deepest dejection, "the big crops don't do us a bit of good. What's the use? Corn only 30 cents. Everything and everything's dead and agone. I won't pay our taxes, let alone buy us clothes. It won't buy us enough salt to put up a barrel of pork. Corn only 30 cents! By jinks, it's a livin', cold blooded swindle on the farmer, that's what it is. It ain't worth raisin' corn for such a price as that. It's a mean, low robbery."

Within the next ten days that man had sold so much more of his corn than he had intended that he found he had to buy corn to feed through the winter with. The price nearly knocked him down.

"That!" he yelled, "30 cents for corn! Land alive—30 cents! What are you givin' us? Why, I don't want to buy your corn! I only want some corn! 30 cents for corn! Why, I believe there's nobody left in this world but a set of graspin', blood suckin' old misers. Why, good land, you don't want to be able to pay a nation's bank with your corn! Thirty cents for corn! Well, I'll let my carriage horses run on corn stalks all winter before I'll pay such an unheard-of outrage price for corn as that. Why, the country's flooded with corn, and 30 cents a bushel is a blamed robbery; and I don't see how any man, looking at the crop we've had, can have the face to ask such a price!"

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN. The best lawyers always tell the best stories, and with none the less zest when at their own expense. Not long ago Counselor C. was before a Surrogate in a case where the question involved was to the mental condition of the testatrix. The witness under examination, herself an aged lady, had testified to finding Mrs. Seaman falling, childish, and that when she told something she looked as though she didn't understand.

Counselor C., cross examining, tried to get her to describe this look, but she didn't succeed very well in doing it. At last, getting a little impatient, he asked, "Well, how did she look? Did she look at you as I am looking at you now, for instance?"

The witness, very demurely, replied: "Well, yes; kind of vacant like."

"I hear a whisper," said the minister. He was soaring a little in his sermon, imagining an angel to be hovering near and speaking. The deacon was just drowsy enough to be startled by the remark, and to reply, hastily: "I guess it's the boys in the gallery."

LOCOMOTIVE LONGEVITY. Scientific American. The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bone. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers and fire boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles and other parts, thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired, and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop, while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse-flesh does not find its way to the butcher's shambles.

A QUERER STORY. DIEDN'T MIND KILLING THE PARENTS, BUT THE KID BOTHERED HIM. Madison Star.

Our friend Charlie Bannell was then running messenger on the J. M. & L., and he tells us the story. Bluff old Jack Mills, rough but kind hearted, was the engineer. About a mile and a half this side of Columbus there is a fine stretch of road, and Jack had "pulled her wide open" to make up lost time, and the old engine and train were rocking along at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. A country road runs parallel with the track here some distance and finally crosses it. But a short distance from the crossing on the day we refer to, there was suddenly discovered a man evidently half drunk, in a two horse country wagon, and in it was his wife with him. The man was standing by driving like mad, but the train was so close upon him that no one dreamed of his attempting to cross, but making a sudden turn to the left, he endeavored to cross the railroad track. By the time the wagon was fairly on the track the locomotive struck it, mashed the wagon to splinters, killed the horses and mangled to death the man and woman. The train ran some distance before it could be stopped, and when it was finally checked, make up your mind for the engineer, Jack Mills, swearing like a trooper; his engine all "mussed," and he was damning the drunken fool in the wagon for his criminal carelessness which brought on the accident. Jack was hot. As he turned to get on his engine to reverse the train to the scene of the accident, his eye caught sight of a tiny pair of baby shoes, which had been among other purchases of the man in the wagon, and knocked out. They had fallen on the boiler of the locomotive, and there they rested as gently as a dove sitting in a cannon's mouth. A flood of recollections of the little meat market watching and waiting for their parents, who would never come, thoughts, it may be, of little feet at home, were too much for the true and tender heart of the rough and hardy engineer, and he leaned on Charlie Bannell's shoulder and sobbed aloud. Just then the little shoes, as I said, he said between his teeth, "I didn't mind so much runnin' over that d-d drunken fool who tried to cross ahead of us when he couldn't, but the little one, Charlie, the little kid that's waitin' for 'em, that's too rough!"

"LUCKY BALDWIN'S" FARM. A San Francisco letter says: E. J. Baldwin, every where known as "Lucky Baldwin," worked on his father's farm when young, in Indiana. After twenty-five years of trial at various pursuits, he drifted into the bonanza district, Nevada, and in a few years, by well judged ventures in mining stocks, realized some millions. He became publicly known by building "The Baldwin Hotel," now on Market street, San Francisco, 275 by 210 feet. Included in the structure is Baldwin's Theater. The whole, including furniture, cost \$3,000,000. Traveling through Los Angeles county, he fancied and bought a Spanish grant of 60,000 acres of bounded land. Seated in the center, and laid it out in princely style. Of this, 13,000 acres are moist bottom land, needing no irrigation. Outside of this he has artificially irrigated six miles of eight-inch pipe, and beautiful lakes are formed here and there with rustic bridges and other adornments. Some fine rustic cottages are the homes of his many of working people. All sorts of farm buildings are tastefully arranged, and flowing artesian springs of pure water abound. The orchard has 1,200 acres, with 18,000 orange and lemon trees, 2,000 almonds, 500 Italian chestnuts, 80 acres of English walnuts, 500 acres of choice grapes, innumerable apples, pears, plums, peaches and figs. He has 60,000 eucalyptus trees of twenty-seven varieties, and 3,000 of the graceful pepper trees, our most ornate evergreen and drooping variety, bearing a profusion of pepper looking spice berries. A broad revenue is laid out, three miles long by 120 feet wide, lined on each side with eucalyptus trees. In the center is a row of pepper trees, making a grateful shade in that sunny clime, and the air is cooled by innumerable fountains. Soon a mansion in keeping with the surroundings will be erected on a rising knoll overlooking this fair land, and some grand and airy villa with garden and cultivated fields, will enrich the landscape and make this charmed spot a paradise, where the proprietor can pass his declining years in peaceful contemplation of the romance of his creation.

WEAT SCORES A WOMAN. From Pack. Notice a woman when she receives a telegram. How it does scare her! She trembles like a dish of jelly, and imagines all sorts of things. Her husband has fallen down the hatchway at his warehouse. Her Johnny has gone out sailing and is drowned. Her sister Maria has been scalded to death. Nothing short of a fatal accident quite fills the bill of her imagination. When she finally summons courage to tear open the envelope, she finds a warning from her husband warning her that he will give a customer home to dinner, and she immediately calls the children together and instructs them not to ask twice for raspberries, as there's just enough to go around, and give the visitor a few extra.

BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION. Wilmington (N. C.) Herald. "The poor wretch" is poor—very poor. The small farmers of the North cannot compare with these in absolute destitution of money.

"Doctor, do one of them, who had slowly recovered consciousness after being terribly injured by an exploding grindstone; 'doctor, I reckon I'm pretty badly bruised up, ain't I?'"

"Yes, my man; you are hurt just about as badly, to stand a chance of recovery, as any man I ever saw."

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WAY THEY TREAT VISITORS IN BOSTON AND CHICAGO.

"Many years ago" to young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow clerks on Kirby street. John went to Chicago in its muddy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and ere his hair was grey, became a well-to-do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open hearted.

James remained at home. He, too, prospered, married, raised a family, and became one of the "solid men of Boston."

Now, it fell out, that when John's eldest son—he called him Jack—was twenty-one, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy Pearl street counting room, deep in the Advertiser. Jack presented the letter and stood hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it twice.

"So you're John's son?" he said. "You don't look a bit like your father."

"Then there was a pause, Jack still standing. "What brought you to Boston?" he asked.

"Well, sir, said Jack, 'father thought I'd better see his old home and get a taste of salt air.'"

"Going to be here over Sunday?" "Yes, sir."

"My pew is No. 4, at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you. And there the interview ended.

Now, it chanced that not long after, James' son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunted him up in his office.

"Well, my son," said a pleasant voice, before he had closed the door. "My name is James—sir, and I thought—"

"What! You don't mean to say that—Of course you are. I might have known it. Where's your baggage?"

"At the hotel, sir."

"At the hotel? Well, go and get it, and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gentleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam.

"Well, go right up now. There's plenty of time for a drive this afternoon. This evening you can go to the theater with my girls, and to-morrow you and I will take a run on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stock-yards, and have a trip on the lake, and you must go home to-morrow."

"But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow."

"Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see the city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, anyhow."

And he did. In fact, he's there now.

A FLIRT JUSTLY PUNISHED. Forney's Progress describes an interesting scene in a theater. The flirt for once met her match: Seated in the orchestra a certain lady and gentleman; the former much enamored of the latter, in fact desirous of winning him. The lady, however, has flirting tendencies, and indulges them with a handsome person in the circle. The escort is not unobservant of this little by play, and finally asks smilingly: "Do you know that gentleman, lady, whom you are flirting?"

An embarrassed negative is the reply. "Then excuse me a moment." The escort immediately crosses the theater and puts a similar question to the other conspirator. "Sir, are you acquainted with the lady at whom you have been smiling this last half hour?"

"Would you like to be?" pleasantly. Very much surprised, "Certainly." "Then come with me." A moment later the escort introduced the not altogether comfortable pair. Then the mild expression leaves the insulted gentleman's face, and he says sternly, "Now, sir, you may accompany my lady home." With a bow he takes his leave, and the woman who never hears his voice again.

THE POCASSET MURDER. Boston Dispatch. Freeman, the Pocasset Adventist murderer, now in jail at Barnstable, is still in the same frame of mind as he has been since the death of his daughter. He refuses to take any legal advice for his coming trial. Should the State furnish him counsel, he says he will not have any points of the tragedy smoothed down in order to make a good defense. Should counsel be furnished, and attempt such a policy contrary to Freeman's idea of the exact facts, Freeman says he will interrupt him on the spot, and have the statement made right. Mrs. Freeman continues in a lamentable condition. A few days after her arrest she seemed to see the enormity of her deed, and to feel the force of her bereavement; but latterly she has fallen under the old delusion. She now thinks her husband died perfectly right, and defends his entire course. Both of them are perfectly contented in their confinement, and talk rationally upon every subject except the murder.

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT. An English architect, Mr. Tite, has been "figuring up" the cost of the great pyramid near Gizeh. Its original dimensions at the base were 761 square feet, and it has a perpendicular height of 480 feet, covering four acres, one rood and twenty-two perches of ground. It contained 70,028,000 cubic feet of stone;