

Blind!

Come out in the orchard, Roger; the air is cool and sweet.
Here, I'll give you hand, old fellow, we'll walk to the orchard seat.
The wife's been sayin' that lately you've been up to your giddy tricks;
We cannot allow that, Roger, in a boy of seventeen.

Blind! Why, that is the reason you ought to be light and seat; (It won't last five years, you know, that your eye-light went away); And it pleases me that the Master in His wisdom don't let me see it To give up the play of the weeds, Roger, the blooms that in memory dwelt.

Your hair, who shall say it is white, Roger? It's all white and black now. And Nature has rubbed on your cheek, Roger, the rosie roses that grow 'Tis I that am aging quickly—I'm eighty-one.

And my sunken cheeks are yellow, and I'm something more than gray!

I see all the winter snows, Roger, when the gay field flowers are seen;
And the red leaf falls from the oak tree, like an old man's deathbed tear.

I see all the green mossgrown, the aisle we so oft have trod;

For the parson over the hill, Roger, has an easier road to God.

The railway runs through the meadows where the blackberries used to grow;
The hill field isn't the dear old spot of fifty.

And I'd like to lay on the rascal a whip with a million knots.

As made of our cherished school ground "dearable building lots."

But you—you fortunate fellow—can sit in the garden gloomy,
That carries your spirit's vision from the jewelled long ago;

Can laugh at the mighty hummers that are smashing our gods of clay,

For all that is dearest and best, Roger, you're safely stored away.

—Thomas Frost

ON THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE.

A few years before the war I was a clerk in the store of my brother-in-law, Nathan Ritchie, in Pittsburgh, and at just that age in which a young man begins to take a real serious interest in girls, and, naturally, to get into all sorts of scrapes and troubles therefrom.

The Washington county farmers used to come into town then on their wagons, bringing along not only big loads of grain, wool, flax, poultry, and other produce, but their wives and daughters as well. They would drive in one day, put up over night at the old "Farmers' inn," down near the Smithfield market, and the next day would make their necessary purchase and go home.

I got to know personally a great many of the farmer folks, and had occasion—or took it—to observe that there were plenty of very fine young women among them—buxom, full-bosomed, bright-eyed, red-lipped girls—full of health, vivacity, and natural honesty. But old man Dan Elder's daughter Jennie seemed to me the flower of the flock, and I assure you that, as far as I could, I made it an object of interest for the Elder family to do its trading at our store.

Jennie and I got quite friendly, and began to have a hopeful suspicion that she was pretty near as glad to see me when she came to town as I was to see her. Once I got her and her father to go with me to a theater, the first time either of them had seen a play, but he got a notion that there was something wrong about stage plays and would not let her go again. Still the old fellow seemed to take a sort of liking to me, and after he had got to know me quite well, nearly two years from our first meeting, he invited me to visit his place out on Raccoon creek.

About a week afterward I hired a good saddle horse and rode out to pay that visit. It was easy enough to find "Uncle Dan's" place, for everybody within radius of ten miles about it seemed to know him, and I reached his house just at dusk. I thought it was a good omen when the dogs were so much more friendly than country dogs generally are in greeting a stranger, and was sure of it when Jennie said, "Old Boss wouldn't be so good-natured if he did not know that I was expecting you. He must have heard me talking about you."

That evening the whole family, Jennie, her father and mother, an elder brother, and two sisters—went to a dance, about two miles distant, and, of course, I went along. At least I seemed to do so. In point of fact, I went to Paradise. I sat beside Jennie in the big wagon, with my arm around her while we went through dark patches of forest; danced with Jennie. I don't know how many times; waited upon Jennie at supper, rode home beside Jennie, with renewed utilization of forest shadows; and even snatched a kiss from Jennie ere she fled to her room. Under such circumstances how could I be expected to be more than vaguely conscious that there was a big, hulking, clod-hopper named Jim Arney, who scowled and glared at me as if he would like to eat me? What the mischief did I care for Jim Arney? But the fellow wouldn't be ignored. The very next afternoon, feeling that it was not quite the proper thing for me to loiter around the house all day, I borrowed brother Dave's rifle and went out to shoot a squirrel or two if I could find any. Suddenly at a turn in the road I was confronted by Jim Arney on horseback. Eyeing me with an insulting affectation of scorn he snarled:

"You're a pretty looking dandy from town, ain't you?" I replied that candidly speaking. I really did think I presented a rather agreeable contrast to him.

He flushed angrily, and speaking in a voice thick with passion, retorted:

"I break your back if Jennie hadn't said I was to leave you alone," I told him I would secure his pardon for all the back-breaking he could do on me, and invited him to "wade in," but he rode off on his way, and I went on squirrel-hunting.

Leaving my course to chance I strolled higher and higher up a gently sloping hill until I came out suddenly at the top of a precipice several hundred feet in height, which I subsequently learned was called the "Devil's Backbone." The face of the cliff was as sheer as a wall, but rough with great holes burrowed here and there in the soft sandstone by the elements, and with narrow ledges, on which trees and shrubs grew, masking all the rocky declivity with foliage. The tops of tall trees were down below me, and far in the depths beyond their roots I could catch glimpses of the creek, like a silver thread. Around where I stood bushes grew thickly up to the very verge of the precipice, with trees occasionally among them leaning over it.

An impudent, chattering gray squirrel sat upon his haunches in a tree or the brow of the cliff, barking at me, and I shot him. He fell and lodged on a little ledge full twenty feet below the top, where I stood. I made up my mind to get the body of the little beast, and the difficulty and even positive danger to be encountered in doing so

were only incitements to achieve the feat. Laying my gun upon the ground, I seized a tough bush, swung over the edge of the precipice, and lowered myself to a point where I got a foothold, and a second bush that would bend still lower. Before making the second descent I made the first bush fast, in its bent position, to the second, to have a way secured for return. Then I went to the ledge where the squirrel lay. In stooping to pick it up, I carefully let go the bush by which I had swung down, and it sprang back instantly to its normal position, a dozen feet above my head. I was securely trapped in a place from which I couldn't safely get away unaided, without I could have flown like a bird. Not a friendly twig was within ten feet of my clutch; the precipiced dropped sheer down hundreds of feet right at my toes, and the ledge was so narrow that I had barely room to stand upon it. I yelled for help, but, of course, nobody heard me. I took off my stockings, unraveled them, tied a stone to the yarn, and tried to swing it over the bush above me, almost throwing myself off the ledge in the effort. The effort was a failure. I was hoarse with futile howling. Night fell, and the darkness seemed very cold. I managed to sit down, with my legs dangling over the edge of the ledge; but was afraid to sleep for fear of falling off. An owl perched near me, hooting in great enjoyment of my predicament.

The night seemed years in duration. And there surely never was a slower dawn than that upon which I looked from my open-air prison. By this time I was weak with hunger and wild with thirst. A little after sunrise I was startled by a gunshot from the valley far below, and the vicious "spat" of a bullet upon the rock near my left ankle. It made me fling my legs up so suddenly that I came near toppling off my perch. "That, now," said I to myself, "is no doubt Jim Arney who has discovered me, and is popping away at me in safety; the cowardly assassin." But, as I learned afterward, I wronged him. The bullet was fired by a hunter, whose sharp eyes saw only my foot; and at that distance, thinking it an owl, took a snap shot at it. Thank heaven his aim was not better.

About 9 o'clock I heard the welcome baying of old "Boose" from the top of the cliff. The whole Elder family and some of the neighbors were out hunting for me, having occasioned much alarm; and when I shouted a whole chorus of voices answered me at once. Ropes were procured, and I, with no little difficulty, was dragged up to safety, where I received so warm a welcome from all—and especially from Jessie—that I felt compensated by fortune for what I had suffered. The old man said, in a dryly sarcastic way, that he thought I rather "over-valued the squirt!"

I have often gone out to "Uncle Dan's"—less frequently since Jennie and I have been married—but have never had any inclination for fooling about the "Devil's Backbone" any more. No; I have never heard that Jim Arney came to any bad end. He simply married some other girl than Jennie.

Attended to His Own Business.

For cool self-possession or a remarkable display of indifference in trying and exciting times the descendant of Ham when he wants to be is hard to discount, says the St. Louis *Republican*'s Man About Town. This fact was forcibly illustrated in an incident connected with the recent trial of the Chambers case at Ironton. It will be remembered that one of the principal witnesses for the defense was Frank Jenkins, a negro and eye-witness of the tragedy. Frank was whitewashing a chicken-coop only a few feet away when the shooting occurred. On the direct examination he told his story in a plain, straightforward way, and his evidence was very material. The cross-examiner propounded the usual questions and made a strenuous attempt to tangle the witness in giving his testimony. Concerning the facts immediately preceding and at the time of the shooting a question would be asked Frank, to which he would give a prompt reply, and then the attorney would ask:

"What did you do then?"

"I just went on whitewashing the chicken-coop."

"But, when the defendant appeared with the gun and it seemed as if some one was going to be hurt, what did you do then?"

"I kept on whitewashing the chicken-coop. It was none of my business, and where I came from, in Woodward county, Kentucky, I long ago learned not to interfere with two white gentlemen engaged in settling a question of honor. I turned up one end of the coop and kept right on with my whitewashing."

"When the shot was fired what did you do?"

"Kept right on whitewashing."

"Did you do anything when they removed the body?"

"Yes; kept right on whitewashing."

The judge smiled, the spectators apreciated this wonderful display of disposition to attend strictly to one's own affairs. Throughout the whole time Frank was in the witness box he retained this same calm, collected demeanor, and any attempt to move him was more than futile. Notwithstanding all this seeming indifference, though, there wasn't a happier being in the court room than Frank when the verdict of the jury was announced, and the last account The Man had of him was still "painting."

Boston Transcript.

NEW ENGLAND MOONSHINERS.

Yankee Farmers Who Make Cider Brandy and Maple Rum.

The thrilling novel that might be written about the New England "moonshiners" has not yet been published. Miss Murfree and others have "done up" the illicit distiller of the Tennessee and North Carolina mountains beautifully. Literally, the crooked manufacturer of apple brandy and maple rum in the Green and White mountains is not so highly esteemed as this bearded Tennessean of the incomprehensible dialect. But why shouldn't he be? His surroundings are just as picturesque, his business as perilous, his resistance sometimes as desperate, and his personality often as peculiar.

There is certainly a great deal of illicit liquor manufactured in the New England States, where prohibition is the law. Generally the illicit manufacturer would be glad to pay the United States license. He could pay that and make money out of his business, with the aid of the demand secured by prohibition. Besides, he fears the United States revenue authorities, and he does not fear the State authorities. Uncle Sam has a nose to smell out his still; the State has not. But the payment of the Federal license has so often betrayed the moonshiner to the State authorities that he generally prefers to do without it. He makes his business wholly illicit, therefore. The profits are great, but the business is risky. If the distiller is caught in the act, or a customer betrays him, everything that he has in the whole world may be forfeited.

The place selected for a still in our northern hills, is generally a cellar, and the distiller is almost always a farmer. In this region there is always running water to be had anywhere; the farmer conducts a quiet lead pipe to his scene of operations, brings in a still from the adjoining State, sets up a kitchen stove, connects his apparatus with his chimney, and everything is ready.

Probably his line of business is cider brandy; possibly it is maple rum. Both liquors are very meritorious decoctions, alcoholically speaking. The apple brandy is raw-edged and not very palatable, but it is pure and wholesome.

The maple rum is very smooth and palatable, and, when made by an expert, is regarded by connoisseurs as equal to the best Melford.

To make it, maple molasses is diluted and fermented into a sort of beer, and that is distilled into rum. Four quarts of maple molasses will make five quarts of excellent rum.

Generally this illicit distilling is done on behalf of regular customers at so much a gallon; the ordinary price for distilling is \$1.25 a gallon, and the liquor is sold at \$3 a gallon.

Sometimes the manufacture is carried on under the cloak of the distillation of wormwood—a product of the northern woods—which the law allows the manufacture of. Some wormwood distillers up that way have got rich, but not out of wormwood. In many places the local authorities would never disturb a quiet distiller of illegal liquor, but the law puts a terrible premium upon treachery. One maple-rum manufacturer supplied his father-in-law's table with a dainty product of his still for some time; but by and by the father-in-law informed upon him, wholly for the sake of the twenty-five dollars' reward which the law gives the informer. The old man had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter's husband's fine farm taken away from him, for up that way a distiller's farm is held for his offence, and the man left at middle age penniless in the world; and the old villain got his twenty-five dollars. There are some things in the world that are worse than making maple rum, and Maine law it seems puts a premium upon such villainy.

All this, of course, is carried on in the farming districts. The large towns and villages have laws of their own, and the liquor they dispense is obtained more or less openly from outside States where it is sold. It is the farmers, who have not easy access to these bars, who resort to the illicit manufacture of liquor. As a result, hundreds of men become more or less expert in making intoxicating drink who would otherwise have not the slightest inkling of such a process; and though the majority of these would not think of making liquor for profit, they do not hesitate to make it for their own use. There is even a very good substitute for lager beer brewed in the hills; and many of the farmers brew a drink which they call spruce beer from maple sap—a very pleasant beverage, notwithstanding heady properties under certain circumstances. It is quite possible that the throwing of the people of northern New England upon their own resources in the matter of liquids will develop an aptitude for domestic manufacture which will result in famous beverages yet to be born.

Boston Transcript.

Feminine Fancies.

Brush and brush your hair if you want to get that lovely gloss that society girls are so eager for. Give your hair 200 strokes every night before jumping into bed.

Don't be afraid of brushing it too much, writes a Boston *Globe* contributor.

The more you brush the more gloss you get. If your eyebrows are thin brush those, too, with a tiny brush, and if they don't curve to suit you get a tiny comb and train them to go. Brushing keeps them in good shape and it is much easier to brush than to trim them. Besides, if you do not understand how to trim them you are apt to look funny until they grow out again.

If you wish to keep away wrinkles sleep on your back. I know you will have bad dreams if you do so, but I had rather put up with the dreams than the wrinkles.

Hadn't you?

Sleeping on your side causes wrinkles under the eye.

Be sure to both wash and wipe your face toward your nose, for the nose never wrinkles. By wiping toward it you prevent those little wrinkles near the ear which are so plainly seen.

When you smile, do it with the eyes and mouth, and not with the face.

Laughing makes wrinkles, but keep on laughing, only don't do it with the face.

I have just taken four moles from my face and it is very badly done. You can do it yourself, only be careful, for it burns.

Get 5 cents worth of muriatic acid,

and three times a day, touch the mole with a toothpick dipped into the acid.

It will come off in about a week leaving a red spot on the face. Leave that spot alone and it will heal by itself.

They say "moles are signs of beauty,"

but I prefer the beauty without the moles.

A recent number of the *Walrus* (Was.) Times had the following ad:

"Wanted a saddle horse for a woman weighing 360 pounds."

A Lost Kentucky Mine.

One of the most persistent, and one of the most elusive traditions Kentucky is that of "Swift's Silver Mine." Half a dozen mountain counties claim to have within the borders of each the original mine, but as no search has ever revealed the existence of argentiferous ore in any of them, half a dozen other counties claim that a mistake may have been made, and hope the wonderful mine may be within their own limits. Every now and then some person crazed on the subject makes his appearance with a map or chart, assuming to show by actual survey the location of the long lost mine.

John Swift was in East Tennessee and eastern Kentucky as early as 1761, accompanied by two Frenchmen, and somewhere in that region they coined, or pretended to coin, large quantities of silver money. There were no mints in the United States then, and Swift was arrested upon the suspicion of being a counterfeiter. This was in North Carolina. The coin turned out to be pure silver than that of the British mint, and he was released. Swift left Bell County, Kentucky, because the Indians were troublesome, and he gave a lady of that country the journal of his wanderings. His journal gave a vague account of about \$40,000 in crowns which he and his companions concealed at various places in the mountains of eastern Kentucky to facilitate their journey and secure safety. Ever since that journal became public search parties have hunted for the hidden wealth as persistently as ever Eastern people hunted for the hidden treasure of Capt. Kidd, or the Southern people searched for the secret treasure trove of Capt. Blackbeard.

It goes without saying that nobody has ever found any sign of the treasure. True, there are more or less plausible traditions in various localities. For instance, in Carter county ancient tools and instruments used to coin money were found at the foot of a cliff many years ago. The crumbling away of a ledge of the cliff had allowed the tools to fall from their concealment. It is claimed, also, that one of the first settlers of Carter county found near his pioneer cabin a quantity of peculiar cinders so heavy as to cause him to have them tested. The result was the extraction of sufficient silver to make several silver spoons, which, it was said, were as late as 1870 at \$40,000 in weight of members of the family. Crucibles, furnaces, cinders, and other relics of mineral smelting, upon a small scale, have been found in several counties and attributed to a vicinity of Swift's silver mine. In 1871 three Cherokee Indians visited Wolfe county and carried away two sacks full of some weight substance, which the residents in the neighborhood united in believing was some of Swift's silver. The presence of the Indians was well known, their object plainly guessed, yet nobody watched them closely enough to discover the place where they procured their treasure.

Cashing Forged Checks.

The most criminal trade in this country is that of certain money lenders who advance cash at usurious rates of discount on paper which they know to be forged. There are several of these miscreants among the habitues of Delmonico's, where they are as well known as their victims themselves, says the N. Y. *World*. They rely for security on the fact that his family will take the forged paper up rather than allow the young scamp to be criminally exposed and punished.

One of the most notorious is now threatened with the loss of part of his plunder at least. His victim in this case was the son of a retired merchant of large means and unblemished social record. He secured from the user an advance of nearly \$10,000 on three checks, apparently drawn by the father of the negotiator to his son's order. The forgery was, I am told, so flagrant that it might have been detected by a child. The money was paid on the checks, less a savage rate of interest, and was lost in a couple of days at the race track. Then the young scamp became alarmed and made a clean breast of it to his father. The latter promptly shipped him out of the country to either Africa or South America—exactly where, however, is not currently known.

Then the family lawyer was called in and the user was summoned. He boldly demanded payment of the checks in full, under threat of sending them in to the bank and so bringing the forger to justice and light.

Happy thought! He walked up to the wheel, rested his hands on the top of it, and finished his dinner in a comfortable leisurely fashion and