

MANUAL OF ARMS.

"Present arms!" There they are Both stretched out to me— Strong and steady, smooth and light, Fair as arms can be.

"A WONDERFUL CURE."

"What's that black figure agin the white snow?" asked Mrs. Getchey, sitting on her far-sighted specs, as she sat at the window upon a threatening Monday morning.

fresh meat to cook for dinner. Praps you'd fancy a steak or a chop. Salt meat's a gettin' sort o' monotonous.

It was just a week afterward that the younger Mrs. Getchey made her appearance in the bedroom of the melancholy Mrs. Dorking.

"How are you feelin' to-day?" she asked, in the carefully modulated accents of sympathy.

Mrs. Dorking shook her head backward and forward among the pillows with closed eyes.

"I'm m'able, thankee," she said.

"It must be a comfort to you havin' Abby Jane here," said Mrs. Getchey, seating herself in the splint-bottomed arm-chair beside the bed.

"Havin' who?" said Mrs. Dorking, opening her eyes wide.

"Why, Abby Jane—the young woman your husband's got down stairs to help with the housework, you know," explained Mrs. Getchey.

Mrs. Dorking sat up in bed.

"A young woman," she repeated, "to help with the housework?"

Mrs. Getchey nodded.

"Dan'l wasn't goin' to say nothin' about it to you," said she.

"He calculated it would only fret and worry you. But he found he couldn't get along and do everything himself. And Abby Jane's right smart. I jest wish you could see how white the clothes is out on the lines. And how nice she's scoured up the kitchen tins and bleached the old curtains and polished the brass candlesticks! She's a one to turn off work, now I tell you!"

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Dorking.

"She's a bakin' pie, now," said Mrs. Getchey; "dried apple, with plenty of fennel seeds; and pumpkin, and a cranberry tart for Elder Swift. Elder Swift is to be here to tea, and he's dreafter partial to cranberry tarts and short cake."

Mrs. Dorking turned very red in the face.

"Invitin' company, be they?" said she; "and cookin', a lot o' things in my own house and never consultin' me! Him and his hired gal, indeed!"

"Dan'l calculated you was too feeble to be bothered," said Mrs. Getchey, consolingly.

"I ain't so feeble as he'd like to make out that I be!" muttered Mrs. Dorking.

"I was a thinkin' a spell ago about sittin' up a little while. Just hand me my stockings, will you, Aurilla Ann?"

"I wouldn't try to sit up," said Aurilla Ann; "you ain't able."

"Yes, I be!" snapped the hypochondriac. "Who's the best judge of my feelings, you or me? What sort of a lookin' gal is this that's bossin' my kitchen while I'm in bed?"

"As pretty as a pink," said Mrs. Getchey; "cheeks as red as peonies; hair as black as a coal; and she steps off as light as a thistle-down."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Dorking. "Give me my double gown, Aurilla Ann. I mean to see arter this business myself; and if Daniel Dorking thinks I'm goin' to put up with such treatment as this—"

"Better take my arm," suggested Mrs. Getchey.

But the late invalid impatiently rejected her offered assistance.

"Lemme alone!" said she; "I can walk as well as ever I could. Why shouldn't I?"

And Mrs. Dorking went down stairs into the sitting-room, where her spouse sat very close to a pretty young woman, both engaged in examining the pages of a "Universal Atlas."

Mr. Daniel's hand rested familiarly on the pretty girl's shoulder, and the pretty girl's hands of black hair were close to Daniel's own iron gray locks.

"Daniel!" almost shrieked Mrs. Dorking. "I'm astonished at you, that I be!"

Daniel Dorking started up, with an exclamation of surprise; the atlas fell from the pretty girl's knee.

"Why," cried the farmer, "it's Maria!"

"Yes, it's Maria!" announced Mrs. Dorking; "and about the last person in the world that you wanted to see, I guess!"

"But, to her surprise, Daniel Dorking's face relaxed none of its beaming cheerfulness."

"Won't you kiss me, Maria?" said she.

"I?" gasped Mrs. Dorking. "Kiss you?"

"It's Jenny," said Daniel; "my youngest sister, Abigail Jane, from the old farm at home. I wrote to her low bad off we were here, and she's come, bless her little heart, to stay all winter with us. We was goin' to surprise you, as soon as you felt a little particle better. But we didn't expect any such good luck as your comin' down stairs yourself, did we, Jennie?"

"No, indeed! smiled the pretty girl. "But now that you are here, Maria, we'll make you comfortable!"

Mrs. Dorking now turned to Mrs. Getchey.

"You never told me she was Daniel's sister, from Vermont," said she.

"You never gave me time," said Aurilla Ann, with an odd spark under her eye-lashes.

That was the way in which Mrs. Daniel Dorking was beguiled down stairs; and she never "took to her bed" again.

But neither was she ever known to admit that she was fanciful and foolish. No, no! Mrs. Daniel Dorking was not to be caught in that trap. She always alluded to that season as "the time of my dreadful illness;" and the doctor called it "a wonderful cure," and sent in a big bill.

"I guess we were the true doctors," thought Mrs. Getchey and Jennie Dorking, looking archly at each other. Helen Forrest Graves.

Things in General.

Some idea of what a first-class iron-clad fleet would cost the United States may be obtained from a few French figures: An ironclad was launched at L'Orient last month which had been nine years building, and cost 20,000,000 francs, or about \$4,000,000. It will take another year to fit this costly vessel for action.

More than 2,000 years before Christ glass was made with a skill which showed that the art was old. It is supposed to have been known to the Antedunians.

The receipts of the greatest day of the Centennial were \$118,673, while the best day of the New Orleans enterprise has brought only \$11,000, hardly more than half the average daily receipts in Philadelphia.

Lemons sell at wholesale in New Orleans for less than one-third of a cent apiece; coconuts, 3 cents; bananas retail at 15 to 75 cents a bunch; Louisiana oranges \$4 a barrel; sugar, 44 to 6 lb., for 25 cents, large oysters on half shell, 13 dozen for 25 cents, very fine and fat. Everything else is correspondingly cheap, except butter and poultry.

Spools are made in immense numbers. One factory turns out 100,000 gross a day and consumes 2,500 cords of birch wood annually. The number of yards of cotton on a spool is determined by the size of the spool. The cotton is never measured, but the spool is gauged to hold 100, 200 or 500 yards.

There are about 200,000 commercial travelers in this country. Their average salary is \$1,500 a year and expenses. Over 25,000 belong to associations for mutual protection, life insurance, etc.

The authorities of Rock Island, S. C., have prohibited bicycle riding on the principal streets between the hours of 9 o'clock in the morning and 5 in the afternoon.

Invalids who depend upon cod-liver oil to sustain their vital forces should be careful to get a pure article. Cotton seed oil is now doing for the cod-liver product what it long since accomplished in the matter of olive oil.

The City of Mexico has 16 daily papers. They correspond in size, general appearance and typographical accuracy with third-class daily papers in the United States, but are far behind them in general management.

"I never knew a thing to be right that I have not fought for gladly, and I have never asked whether it would make me popular or unpopular," said Mr. Beecher to his congregation the other day.

A great many persons think the capital of Louisiana is New Orleans. This is incorrect. By the State constitution adopted in 1879 the seat of government was changed from New Orleans to Baton Rouge.

Stories of the performances of elephants which are making their annual round indicate that the circus is again on its flourishing way. Elephants are crossing bridges with their usual caution, are stealing apples from the street corner on their procession, are knowingly performing wonders. There is no chance for the monkey when the elephant begins to move and the spring heralds its coming.

A letter describing the markets of New Orleans says that everything is sold by the eye, and there is no standard of measure. Nine-tenths of the hundreds who sell in the noted French market of the city do not know what a bushel or a peck is. They buy their vegetables by the lot and place them on little piles on tables. These piles are of different sizes and prices. The buyer looks at the piles and buys that which he thinks is biggest and best. Sometimes buckets and boxes are used to measure, but they are of all kinds and shapes.

An Historic Cannon-Ball.

Portsmouth (Va.) Letter to Boston Transcript. We found the old St. Paul's erected 150 years ago, almost the only building that escaped the great conflagration of the town in 1776. It is an object of much interest, is built of brick, and the walls have the bluish-glazed appearance caused, it is said, by extra heating of the kiln; and there, three feet below the eaves, in one corner, on the side facing the river, half imbedded, was the famous cannon ball. When the fissure was first discovered the ball was missing. It was supposed to have been displaced by the heating of the walls when the interior of the church was burned in the war of the Revolution. About eighty years after, a man having an idea of cause and effect, given the hole, reasoned that the object that caused it must be somewhere in the vicinity, and digging in the ground below the spot was rewarded by finding the identical ball fired into the town by the Britishers so many years ago. It weighed twenty pounds and a half, but it was thought its weight had been diminished by corrosion and that it was originally a twenty-four-pound shot. It was afterwards cemented into the original cavity, and there it rests, amidst the ivy, and, as the books say, is a "fit and lasting monument of British folly and oppression."

Anthracite coal was first used as fuel in the United States by two Connecticut blacksmiths, named Gore, in 1769-9; first used as domestic fuel by Judge Jesse Fell, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., in 1808. One authority credits Father Hennepin with being the discoverer of coal in this country about the year 1680.

LIFE IN HAVANA.

The Social Life and Curious Customs of the Cubans at Home—Extravagant Ways of Doing Things.

From a Havana Letter in the New Haven Courier.

The Cuban matches are way behind the age. I have never yet succeeded in lighting one without burning the tips of my fingers, and have concluded that their one redeeming virtue is the persistency with which they burn when once lighted.

No true-born Cuban will carry his satchel to the depot, however small it may be, or however short the distance. I hear refined ladies ejaculating "Dios mio!" or "Jesus!" or "Ave Maria Purissima!" over the slightest occurrence with the same innocent nonchalance with which I have heard the French ladies say "Mon Dieu!" and the German ladies say "Mein Gott?" This fashion of making common use of names that are sacred is demoralizing the world over.

The Moslem wonders "if God is going to have it rain to-day," and even the Bedouin robber prays that "the peace of God may rest upon you;" and this show of piety has robbed sacred themes of all their power with those people. The Catholic church has gone further in Cuba, and even the streets, the stores, the people, the ships, the sugar plantations are named after saints or Christian virtues. As in Canton, China, the translated names of some of the streets are high sounding in the extreme, as for instance that of the "street of Pious Works." Hotels, brick-yards, jails, regiments and tobacco shops all advertise themselves under such titles as Sacred Heart, Faith, Hope, Charity, Conception, Annunciation, etc.; while likely enough the proprietor's first name was Jesus. Thus the people come to be careless in the use of hallowed names, although a capacity for literal profanity is not one of the accomplishments of the Spanish language.

Whatever the people do they do extravagantly. I have seen a young man with three monster gold rings on one little finger; and both ladies and men plaster their faces with powder till they look ghastly beyond description.

If you look into the sitting room of a well-to-do family you will observe two long rows of cane seat rocking-chairs, placed exactly opposite each other, and leading usually to a window. The arrangement has an aspect of stiffness which you will at once feel; but this aspect of stiffness is sensibly emphasized when you learn that it is an inflexible Cuban rule for the ladies to sit in one row and the gentlemen in the other. There is no twilight in Cuba. The sun drops redly out of sight in the Gulf, and it is night. The day has no aftermath; the stars hurry to supply the place of the departed orb, and away to the south—the southern cross augments their industrious twinkling.

One would think Havana harbor would be full of excursion steamers, but I have never been able to find one. The Havanaes have not yet discovered this popular American variety of amusement.

Nature is very kind to the lower animals in these latitudes. The hair of the pig comes out, leaving him sleek and shining, while the wool of the sheep undergoes a change in texture. But nature does not single out the Cuban hen for such favors. On the contrary, the feathers of the hen remain as numerous as anywhere else, and in view of the fact that there is no cold weather, the hen is deluded into laying all the year around, her product being such diminutive eggs as you may see at any bodoga in town.

It is customary to keep the volante and the family horses in an apartment in the house.

You will have no difficulty, if you are out bright and early any morning, in seeing the Cuban milkman about supplying his round of patrons. He drives his milk kine before him from house to house, and directs the lacteal stream into such a dish as the family may provide, right in the presence of the housemaid. Thus the citizens are assured of an undiluted liquid, though I sometimes fancy I would prefer to have the product of those emaciated, bruised Cuban cows diluted—and that very sensibly. I have seen the same system in other countries, notably with goats instead of cows in the cities of Athens and Cairo.

Gambling is as popular here as in New Orleans, and I guess more so, although I have not entered any dens analogous to those of the Rue Royale as yet. Monte is the only game prohibited by law.

The street cries are extraordinary, though not to be compared with those of Japan. You will not hear them at all, perhaps, at one of the swell hotels, any more than those of Yokohama in one of the foreign hostleries there. But once get into real Havana, and you will fancy a riot must be brewing. You hurry down stairs expecting to witness some shocking atrocity, but find that it is only the man with fruit, onions, or eggs for sale, complacently notifying his run of customers of his readiness to serve them. Sometimes he is on foot loaded down, and again he is accompanied by a shambuling old crate of a horse who bears the burdens while his master does the bawling.

Akin to this is the method of signalling by a shrill hiss—so common in Paris. The newsboy a block away, the cabman on the other side of the street, the waiter at the further end of the cafe, are all summoned by the everlasting "Pa-t!" And, strange to say, there is a penetrating quality in the signal whereby it may be heard above all the rattle and roar of the street traffic, and at times when an ordinary "Hallo!" would be impotent.

I cannot educate myself out of noticing small things, and must therefore confess that it always makes me mad to see the natives wear the heels of their shoes flattened under the heel of the foot after the heathenish fashion of the Turks and Arabs.

Of course there is a perfect passion for military display.

And yet I have not witnessed a drill

or parade yet that was equal to the average amateur torch-light procession in American political campaigns. The bayonets point everywhere and nowhere in particular, and the dangling arms suggest motions such as Florida trees might be supposed to make when agitated by a shifting cyclone. The Cubans pay nearly twenty-five millions a year to keep up this empty show.

I believe it is in bad taste in the States for a person to say "Miss" in the case of a married lady. "Senorita" may be used instead of "Senora," however, and the person addressed accepts it as one of the fulsome compliments which the people are always bestowing.

Beggars are numerous, though not to the extent characteristic of most tropic countries. I have seen one Chinese leper by the wayside craving alms.

Gorgeous-plumed peacocks practice their unearthly screeches on the roof tops, ungainly buzzards wander over the suburban fields, and jerky green lizards are liable to leap upon your hat when you sit down under a tree.

THE BULL RUN ROUT.

How the Gallant Boys Came Back from the First Battle of Manassas.

From Advance Sheets of S. S. Cox's "Three Decades of Federal Legislation."

With bated breath Congress awaits the issue. Its business lags. Its members gossip in the rear of the seats and in the cloak-rooms. At length despatches come. They are read at the Clerk's desk. Then Bull Run comes in—preceded by the Pickway contractor's cattle on a stampede. Then come intelligent contrabands and an incongruous array of wearied soldiers in muddy uniforms. What of the Senators and Representatives? Chandler, Wade, Richardson, Logan, Gurley, Morris and Riddle return safely. Ely is borne by his resistless patriotism, darkly and fearfully afar. The Black Horse Cavalry of the enemy carry him into Richmond. Libby Prison receives him, and his goodness of heart and ample means enable him to aid his fellow-prisoners. Mr. Riddle relates how his company had been charged upon by wild riders and sable horses; "It seemed," said he, in a deliberately pensive description, "as if the very devil of panic and cowardice seized every mortal soldier, officer, citizen and teamster. No officer tried to rally the soldiers, or do anything, except to spring and run toward Centreville. There never was anything like it for causeless, sheer, absolute, absurd cowardice, or rather panic, on this miserable earth before. Off they went, one and all; off down the highway, over across fields towards the woods, anywhere, everywhere, to escape. Well, the further they ran the more frightened they grew, and although we moved on as rapidly as we could, the fugitives passed us by scores. To enable them better to run, they threw away their blankets, knapsacks, canteens, and finally muskets, cartridge-boxes and everything else, we called to them, tried to tell them there was no danger, called them to stop, implored them to stand. We called them cowards, denounced them in the most offensive terms, put out our heavy revolvers and threatened to shoot them, but all in vain; a cruel, crazy, mad, hopeless panic possessed them, and communicated to everybody about in front and rear. The heat was awful, although now about six; the men were exhausted, their mouths gaped, their lips cracked and blackened with the powder of the cartridges they had bitten off in the battle, their eyes starting in frenzy; no mortal ever saw such a mass of ghastly wretches. As we came on, borne along with the mass, unable to go ahead or pause, or draw out of it, with the street blocked with flying baggage-wagons, before and behind, thundering and crashing on, we were every moment exposed to imminent danger of being upset, or crushed, or of breaking down; and for the first time on this strange day I felt a little sinking of the heart and doubt whether we could avoid destruction in the immense throng about us; and nothing but the remarkable skill of our driver and the strength of our carriage and endurance of our horses saved us. Another source of peril beset us. As we passed the poor, demented, exhausted wretches, who could not climb into the high, close baggage-wagons, they made frantic efforts to get on to and into our carriage. They grasped it everywhere and got on to it, into it, over it and implored us every way to take them off."

No more graphic picture has since been presented of the race of this army from an imaginary pursuit. The pencil of a David could not do it justice. No colors can be harmonized for such a chaos. De Quincy's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" is far less veracious and not more thrilling.

Senator Vest's Remarkable Dog.

Washington Letter to the Memphis Appeal.

"I have a dog," said Senator Vest, who had just heard a precocious crow story, "who is very sagacious. One morning he watched intently while a negro boy blackened my shoes. The following morning he came to where I was sitting with a blacking brush in his mouth. You may not believe it, but that dog got down on his haunches, spit on my shoes, took the brush in his teeth and rubbed away like a house on fire. But I must admit that he did not get up much of a polish. One Sunday, while I was living at Sedalia, this dog followed me to church. I noticed that he watched every movement of the preacher. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling of dogs in my backyard. I went out to see what was the matter. My dog was in the wash-dish, standing on his hind legs in an old dry goods box. He held down a torn sash with one fore paw and gesticulated wildly with the other, while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs, even more sadly than the preacher I heard that morning." The narrator of the crow story "threw up the sponge."

The Locomotive in Winter.

Mechanical Engineer.

A locomotive cab in winter is a dreary place. It is bad in day time, but on a winter night, when the snow flies fast, the locomotive cab is a good place to keep out of. Even in the day it is impossible to see anything if a snow storm prevails. The rails run right up into the air. Nothing can be seen ahead but a jumping-off place. The windows are frozen up or covered with snow, and from innumerable cracks and crevices around the floor where it joins the boiler come draughts that bite and sting. The engine caws like a crow—laugh, laugh, now fast, now slow, according as the drift cover the track or uncover it for a brief space, and when it strikes a drift it throws the snow in blinding clouds all over itself, just as the spray flies over a vessel shipping a sea. The track is rough, for the frost has disturbed it, and the engine lurches ahead, staggering to and fro like a drunken man.

There are few more impressive spectacles in the world than a powerful locomotive laboring through a heavy snow storm. To the observer beside the track it looms up through gloom tremendous and awful. The locomotive seems the embodiment of the Death Angel, moving swiftly and noiselessly. The snow has muffled the whir of the rolling friction of the wheels on the rails, and the train glides by like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream. With its black breath, its snorts of fire, its hoarse voice, it is truly Apollon, the destroying angel, and the man must be unimpressible indeed who does not feel a thrill at its advent.

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