A PEACEMAKER.

The mountaineer of Tennessee is a curious combination He is ignorant, but courteous, unlearned, but sharp, poverty poor, but open handed, suspicious and cunning, yet scorning any unfair advantage. He is shiftless, but virtuous, most always a sinner, as the word goes, yet holding to some of the commandments with a grip more tenacious than a Chris tian's. I have eaten his hoe cake and possum, slept before his rude fireplace. walked and hunted with him, studied him from all sides, and yet he is as much of an enigma as the day I first saw him

One evening, after a hard day's climb in the mountains beyond Athens, I came upon a log cabin near the road. I said evening, because everything after 12 is "evening" in the south It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon A man sat on a log at the door smoking and whittling. three children were playing about, and a woman sat on the door sill with elbows on her knees and her face in her hands As I came near the man looked up and said

"Howdy, stranger?" The woman slowly lifted a face the color of a sunflower, gazed at me for half a minute, and then added

The children sat down on the log in a bashful way, each sucking a finger, and the father pocketed his knife, knocked the ashes from his pipe and continued "Make yerself right to hum, stranger Children, bring the gourd, and you, Jen.

hunt up a bite to eat I explained that all I asked was a drink of water and some information about the route, but he spoke up with considerable "You must stop with us to-night.

There's no other place for ten miles whar' they are fixed to take you in " I demurred and he insisted, and I finally sat down beside him We had starcely begun a conversation when the

woman looked up and drawled. "Sav. Hi What?"

"Better git yer gun."

"Why?" " 'Cause Robinson's coming."

The man rose up passed the woman, and next moment came out with a rifle in his hands He stood on the log and looked down the road, and as I cast my eves in that direction I saw a man leave the road

"Yes, that's Robinson," muttered my host "Stranger you'd better squat! Children, lay low! Jen, look out fur yourself!"

I sat down on the ground beside the log, while the children took cover on the other side The woman never moved. "Who is Robinson and what does he

want?" I finally asked Lives down on the creek, and wants to shoot me," was the calm reply
"He's gittin yer range. Hil" remarked.

rather than exclaimed, the woman.

came to our ears "He couldn't hit a barn at the end of his gun!" muttered Ili, who stood with rifle ready to raise to his face

There was a long silence, and then he stepped down and said Guess we'd better go in, stranger

Robinson's an onery skunk, and is prob ably creepin up on us for a clusser shot Jist don't mind us, but make yerself to hum.

. The door had not been shut to after us as we entered the cabin when a bullet struck it This aroused the spirit of the woman, and she exclaimed There, Hi Skivens, didn't I allus say

Robinson was a coward?" "Yes, you allus did " "And you hev got to wipe him out?"
"Yes, I hev Tain't no use puttin' up

with him no moah ' 'Have you and Robinson been at this thing very long?" I asked, as I sat down

Bout three years. "It's what they call a feud, is it?" That's the name, I guess. I'd have had him twice if my gun hadn't missed

fire, and he s hit me once Only a trifle, though," added the woman, as if I would regard the wound as a stain upon his honor

"I'd like to see the man as could kill pop!" exclaimed the oldest child, a girl "Go long. Nancy, and take that with

you!" said the mother, as she bestowed a sound cuff on the ear Robinson now fired a bullet through the only front window and uttered a war

whoop. "Goin' to stand it?" queried the woman as she looked over to her husband.

"In course not Stranger, I'm sorry for this muss That onery Robinson has took advantage of your bein here to raise a furze Don't blame it on to me. Lexcused him and asked him for the

origin of the feud. He could not give a clear reason, and after ten minutes' argument be consented to let me go out and talk with Robinson I opened the door, waved the only white cloth the woman could find in the house, and soon after went out. Robinson was behind a tree

across the road "Howdy, stranger?" he queried as I me up. "Has Ili surrendered?" came up. "Has Hi surrendered?"
When I told him that I had come to act

as a peacemaker he laughed the idea to "Didn't he tell a hull bar room full of fellers at Athens that he could put me on

my back!" he howled. And what else?

"Didn't he call me a sassafrax chewer and make fun of my shootin'y"

I went back to ill, and he roused out. Didn't he brag of how he could out-

jump me?"
"What else?" "Didn't he say we run off durin' the frm.-Washington Letter.

I went back to Robinson, and just as darkness settled down i patched up a truce. He was to come into the cabin and talk matters over, being guaranteed protection. When we entered Hi sat on the edge of the bed, rifle in hand. The two men glared at each other a minute, and neither the wife nor children seemed to have a quicker heart beat. Robinson finally placed his gun in a corner, went over to Hi with extended hand and said

"We've bin onery long 'nuff. I know you kin out wrassie me." "Yes, we've bin powerful enery," re-plied Ht. "I allus knowed you could out jump me."

And I chewed sassafrax." "And we run off durin' the war." That settled it. The wife act about getting supper, and it wasn't ten minutes

before Robinson was trotting one of the

And the pioneer, whose rifle was at half

cock and only two feet away, replied "Purty fa'r, child as they run. No. Jen isn't chillin any this sezun Say. Jim, let's fix fur a hunt tomorrer I got track of a b'ar yesterday up vere a piece. And they went off together in the morn ing before I was up -M Quad in Detroit Free Press

Photography for the Girls.

The marriageable young ladies in aristocratic French families are often at a loss as to how they are to employ the time be tween the final departure from the convents or the boarding schools and the ar rival of the bridegroom The bals blancs, the daily rides, walks and drives in the Bois; the occasional visits to the theatre and the opera, the courses of water color drawing, or the matutinal manipulation of the inevitable piano are not enough to fill up the leisure hours of French young ladydom.

A new pursuit has accordingly been devised for the occupation of the spare moments of blooming maidens who are awaiting what Ben Jonson calls the "Goblin matrimony " This is the practice of photography, and we are assured that a photographic apparatus is now fitted up in the boudoir of nearly every young heiress the Confederate batteries. in the noble faubourg Friends, ac But there was a combination in the Federal quaintances, servants and favorite dogs camp that was equal to the emergency; of the fair votaries of the art are said to be remarkably adroit in using their the most modern plan Very recently, too, a young lady who was married "out" of the Faubourg St Germain received, among other contributions to her cornot have been disdained by Nadar himnelf. - London Telegraph.

When Railroads Were a Novelty.

Out in one of the suburbs of the (late) Boston and Lowell railroad, where at present there is a wilderness of pretty villas and cottages, there still lives an aged couple who were inhabitants of the same neighborhood in the days long ago tefore the railroad was built, and when it was usual to go to Boston in one's own carriage Well, these people were at that time young and well to do, and they read with interest the stories in the papers of the new means of conveyance that was about to be introduced. They talked it over a good deal and canvassed the prob able effect upon the system of being hurled along over the ground in cars at the bewildering rate of fifteen miles an Then they compared these harum scarum cars with their own comfortable carriage, and the husband then and there announced his decision

"I have thought it all over, and I've made up my mind that we won't keep a

That was the originally prevalent idea, perhaps, concerning the railroad—that one should keep his own car, just as he did his carriage, and hitch it on when the locomotive came along!-Boston Tran script "Listener

Alma Tadema's Famous Picture.

Next moment a bullet whistled over my head and the report of Robinson's rifl, nary painting of "The Roses of Helio gabalus," a writer in Life, London, says "When the great artist and his wife were in Venice some two years ago they were exceedingly popular in Venetian society and on leaving. Mrs. Tadema was literally deluged with bouquets of pink roses. In traveling, however, the flowers soon began to fade, and Mrs Tadema amused herself by tossing the leaves about. Mr Tadema, like all good artists, is ever on the watch for a bit of color or a fine scheme, and the falling rose leaves aroused his enthuslasm at once 'Why not paint them?' he thought Having chosen 'The Feast of Roses for his subject, the next difficulty was to find the rose leaves Imitation leaves were sent from Paris-some of paper, some of thin silk, but none seemed to produce the right effect. At last it was arranged that a large box of real roses should be sent from the south of France every week, an awning was placed on the balcony, and the artist's two daughters took turns in tossing the leaves. As a result of this care and pa tience Mr Tadema's rose leaves are the finest piece of work in this year's Acad -New York Tribune. emy.

A Vegetable Barometer.

A remarkable little weatherwise plant is now said to be on exhibition at the jubilee flower show in Vienna According to the account supplied by the proprietor. of this natural curiosity, it belongs to the family of the sensitive plants, but it is so extremely meteorometric that it not only moves if touched, but will close its leaves forty-eight hours in advance of any change in the weather. It seems, more over, to be the most catholic of barometers, for it foreteils not only rain and wind storms, and "set fair," but earthquakes and other subterranean movements. short, the new mimosa is so accomplished a vegetable that one learns with some disappointment that it fails to forecast a fall in rentes, while its pinnules display not the faintest agitation on the eve of the most warlike Russo Austrian rumors .-London Standard

Society in Waihington.

There is still considerable society in town, and we manage to keep the ball One of us celebrated the wed ding of one of her kinswomen at a church recently in a very quiet way, and a day or so before the occurrence I was talking to her about the event.

"Aren't you going to give some sort of entertainment?" said { "Yes," said she, reflectively. "I believe we are to have what is usually ter-minated a lunch, but there will be noth

ing elaborative. As long as a few of us remain in town we will keep up its reputation for culture and thorough conversance with good

A Skull as a Money Box.

At the Bologna exhibition is to be found the skull of Donizetti, the composer. it is attached a printed statement to the effect that it was rescued from the house of a pork packer of Bergamo, whose children had used it as a money box. It is surely a curious and suggestive fact that within that skull, where once immortal melodies delighted the mind of gentus the vulgar clink of a tradesman's gold should for so long a time have mocked that fleeting phantom men call fame.— New York World.

The Fate of Old Moons. "What becomes of the old moons, pay"
"The old moons, my son? Well, they
dle of newmonia, to be sure."—Lynn
(Mass.) Item. A PLUCKY MULE.

children on his knee and saying

Mighty peart youngster. Hi Seems to
take arter both of ye Wife hevin any
childs this summer?

CONFEDERATE CANNONADE CONFEDERATE CANNONADE.

> Hauling a Load of Ammunition Under Fire from Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner-A Critical Moment-The Last

Sometimes the mule is called upon for special service, requiring qualities for which he does not generally receive credit. The lines were tightening about Charleston when Admiral Dahlgren's fleet began operations in the harbor, and rendered it practicable for the troops on shore to advance with some hope of being able to hold points previously untenable. During the night a detachment of the Teuth corps dislodged a picket post on the eastern end of Morris island, and when daylight came had thrown up quite a formidable beginning for a field work. But the place was within easy range of Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner, and every Confederate gun that could be brought to bear began to drop shell into the little earthwork. It was thought that an attempt was about to be made to carry the place by assault, and, while there were men enough to hold it, they were a little short of ammunition. The only practicable road was a mile and a half of hard, smooth sand beach, commanded from end to end by

But there was a combination in the Federal are all faithfully photographed, and some namely, a fleet mule and a placky driver. The mule is mentioned first, only because he has long since kicked his last kick, but the cameras, which are all constructed after driver, if he still survives, will acknowledge that without the mule be could not have done what he did. It may be assumed that the mule had a good feed of oats before he was called upon to run the gauntlet, and possibly beille de noces or "wedding presents," a the driver, too, may then have felt justified costly and superb camera, which would in fortifying the inner man. Be that as it may, just before noon a few boxes of ammunition were thrown into the lightest available wagon, and, after looking the harness over carefully, the driver took his seat in the shelter of the sand hills. The mule stood with his extensive ears raking aft and a wicked gleam in his eye, as if the oats were

beginning to rise into his brain, 'Good-by, boyst G'up, mule!" and the equipage started down through the dry sand e hard level of the beach. Mule shook his head and executed a demi-volt when he felt the damp sand under his feet, but driver soothed him with endearing words. It had not not yet dawned upon the Confederates that the expedition was intended for the relief of the garrison. But presently the gleam of intelligence was indicated with a rush in the shape of a shell from the southeast angle of Sumter. It struck the water fairly in line, ricocheted, and burst over in the marsh; but it was the signal for action. Up went the whip, and the mule gathered his mighty hind legs under him. For a moment it was uncertain whether he was going to kick or run, but a few remarks from the driver convinced him that there was demand for forward movement, so he "lit out for all he was worth." At least thirty guns commanded that stretch of beach, and they pounded away as fast as they could be fired. Now and then a shell would burst rather too near the mule's ears for comfort, and he would sheer violently and try to make for home. But the gallant driver plied the lash,

and held him to his work. At length a ten inch shell tore up the beach and exploded so near that the mule was entirely demoralized; but not so his driver. Leaping down from his seat he caught the mule by the head, backed him rapidly round once or twice, and was off again on the keen jump before the gunners could get his range as a fixed object. On he went, and at last dashed into the redoubt; but there was no shelter in it for the mule. His ears waved conspicuously above the low

lying parapet. The ammunition boxes were tumbled out unceremoniously, and the mule's nose pointed for home! With the lightened load and the prospects of unlimited forder, he beat the previous record. But the Confederate artillerists were on their metal now. They had failed to stop the supplies, but their hearts burned for revenge. Their shots now came more from the rear, and bets were freely offered with no takers, on what the result would be should the mule have a fair chance to kick a ten inch shell, as it were, "on the fly." The crescendo scream of shell chasing him up the beach, lent wings to his heels, and he fairly flew toward the sheltering sand hills. There were only a few rods more to be covered. when some careful gunner made a close calculation as to the lengthening range, and pulled his lanyard almost in the nick of time, The huge mass of iron struck the beach, as it seemed to the anxious spectators, exactly behind the wagon, and the next instant nothing was to be seen there but a cloud of white smoke and brown sand. In an instant, however, this floated away, and the mule was seen vigorously reducing to kindling wood

what was left of the quartermaster's wagon, And the driver, where is he! Well, he was apparently knocked over by the explosion, but he got on his feet in a moment, and, having cut the traces, was on the mule's back in another, waving his hat in response to the cheers that rolled across the water from Yankee blue jackets, from Confederate garrisons, and from the dark blue masses that crowned the distant sand dunes,

It is a pity that the driver's name has not been preserved, for his daring act certainly deserves recognition and reward. Perhaps he received both, but the writer has been unable to find mention of the fact.-Adrian Rexford in American Magazine.

Books That Have Helped Me.

All the articles which have been written about "the books that have helped me," tacitly assume that what helps me will help you, or that Brown, on learning where Jones got his mental provender, will order home a supply of the same, and live on it. Nothing can well be further from the truth. Wherever these articles do not gratify a harmless vanity, they are interesting simply as the literary experience of one more or less respectable human being, and nothing more. Every man who loves books and reads them, and makes any good use of them, reads in the line of his own tastes and temperament and pursuits. He is not, and for the most part cannot be, helped by another man's books, supposing books to be anything more than repertories of facts. All must, of course, go to the same sources of information, or in other words must consult the same books of reference, but every man who reads for culture, or for encouragement, or inspiration, or power, must choose his own books. Books that have helped Brown may be interesting to Jones, because he loves Brown and likes to watch the working of his mind; but they will not necessarily kelp Jones. In fact, the time he spent on them might be time utterly wasted, unless there existed the closest similarity in pursuits and in character between the readers. - New York Post.

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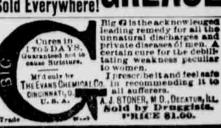


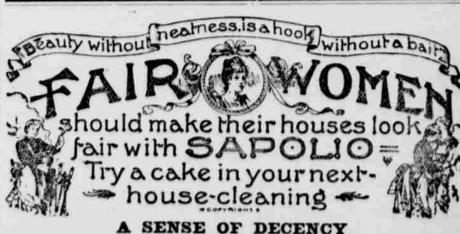
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