

# A TRUE STORY.

Strange Results of a Remarkable Dream.

## A DREAMER ON THE WITNESS STAND.

Among the Scotch-Irish settlers in Washington county, in 1813, was a family named Blymire, who occupied a comfortable farm and house. Rachel, the daughter, was engaged to a young farmer in the neighborhood. On a Saturday evening in July, having finished her week's work, she dressed herself tidily and started to visit her married sister, who lived on a farm about five miles distant, intending to return on Monday morning. She tied up her Sunday gown and hat in a checkered handkerchief and carried her shoes and stockings in her other hand, intending to walk in her bare feet, and put them on when she came in sight of her destination, after the canny Scotch fashion. She left home about seven o'clock, in order to have the cool of the evening for her walk. The road to the farm was lonely and unfrequented. The girl did not return home on Monday, but no alarm was felt; as the family thought her sister would probably wish to detain her for a few days, and it was not until the latter part of the week that it was found she had not been at her sister's. The country was scoured, but in vain the alarm spread and excited a degree of terror in the peaceable domestic community which would seem inexplicable to city people, to whom the newspaper had brought a budget of crime every morning since their childhood. To children raised in those lonely hamlets and hill farms, murder was a far off, unreal horror; usually all they knew of it was from the doings of Cain and Abel, set off with hideous wood-cuts in the family Bible.

The girl had left home on Saturday night at seven o'clock. That night, long before ten o'clock (farmers going to bed with the chickens), a woman living in Greene county, about forty miles from the Blymire farm, awoke her husband in great terror, declaring she had just seen a murder done, and went on to describe a place she had never seen before—a hilly country with a wagon road running through it, and a girl with a bundle tied with a checkered handkerchief, her shoes and white stockings in the other hand, and walking briskly down the grassy side of the road. She was met by a young man—the woman judged from their manner the meeting was by appointment; they sat down on a log and talked for some time. The man at last rose, stepped behind her, and, drawing a hatchet, struck her twice on the head. She fell back on the wet, rotten leaves, dead. Presently this young man was joined by another, also young, who asked, "Is it done?" He nodded, and together they lifted the body and carried it away out of her sight. After while they came back, found the bundle of Sunday finery and the shoes and stockings, all of them stained with blood. There was a ruined old mill near the road; they went into it, lifted a plank in the flooring, put the bundle, shoes, etc., with the hatchet, underneath, and replaced the plank. They then separated and went through the woods in different directions. The farmer's wife told her dream to her husband that night; the next day (Sunday) going to a little country church, she remained during the intermission between the morning and afternoon services. The neighbors, who had come from a circuit of twenty miles to go to church, gathered, according to their homely habit, in the churchyard to eat their lunch and exchange the news. Our dreamer told her story again and again, for she was impressed by it as if it had been a reality. After the afternoon services the congregation separated, going to their widely scattered homes. There were thus many witnesses ready to testify to the fact that the woman had told the dream the morning after the murder was committed, at a distance of forty miles, when it was absolutely impossible that the news should have reached her. There were no telegraphs, we must remember, and no railways, in those days—not even mail carriers in those secluded districts.

When the story of the girl's disappearance was told over the country at the end of the next week, the people to whom the dream had been repeated recalled it. Now-a-days, the matter would only serve as good material for reporters, but the men of those days still believed that God took an oversight even of their dreams. Might this not be a hint from Him? The Rev. Charles Wheeler, a Baptist clergyman of Washington, well known in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia a generation ago, and Ephraim Blaine, Esq., a magistrate, father of the present Senator from Maine, and as popular a man in his narrow circle, drove over to see the woman who had told the dream. Without stating their purpose they took her and her husband, on pretense of business, to the Blymire farm. It was the first time in her life that she had left her own country, and she was greatly amused and interested. They drove over the whole of the road down which Rachel Blymire had gone.

"Have you ever seen this neighborhood before?" one of them asked. "Never," she replied. That ended the matter and they turned back, taking a little cross-road to save time. Presently the woman started up in great agitation and ex-

claimed, "This is the place I dreamed of!" They assured her that Rachel Blymire had not been upon that road at all. "I know nothing about her," said she, "but the girl I saw in my dream came along here; there is the path through which the man came, and beyond that turning you will find the log on which he killed her." They did find the log, and on the ground the stains of blood. The woman, walking swiftly, led them to the old mill and to the board, under which lay the stained clothes and the hatchet. The girl's body was found afterward, buried near a creek close by. Rachel's lover had already been arrested on suspicion. It was hinted that he had grown tired of the girl, and for many reasons had found her hard to shake off. The woman recognized him in a crowd of other men, and startled her companions still more by pointing out another young man, from the West, as his companion in her dream. The young man was tried in the town of Washington, for murder. The woman dreamer was brought into court, and an effort was actually made to put her on the witness stand; but the men could not be hung on the evidence of a dream. Without it there was not enough proof for conviction, and the jury, unwillingly, we may be sure, allowed the prisoners to escape. It was held as positive proof of his guilt that he immediately married the sister of the other accused man and removed to Ohio, then the wilderness of the West.—[Lippincott's Magazine.

## A ROYAL SCHOOL-MASTER.

In a recent lecture, Mr. Joseph Cook said that the Crown Prince of Germany, though not a Rationalist, is a man of most liberal views in theology. His wife, Queen Victoria's daughter, was a pupil of the celebrated Rationalist, Strauss, and her opinions are hostile to the supernaturalism of Christianity. The fear among German Christians is that, when the present emperor dies, the new court will not be so favorable to Christianity as the present one. But the following anecdote shows that the Crown Prince is gifted with a kind heart, and so values the Bible as to distribute copies of it among children.

A charming trait is related of the German Crown Prince. He and the Crown Princess often visit the village schools of Bornstedt and Eiche, near Potsdam.

On Wednesday last, he unexpectedly made his appearance at the Bornstedt school, and entered the room occupied by the third class for the purpose of seeing a new appointed master, of whose method of teaching his Imperial Highness wished to judge in person.

He then proceeded into the next room for the purpose of inspecting the first class, and hardly entered it when a messenger arrived with a telegram summoning the master (Mr. Mathias) to come to his mother, then dying in a village near Spandau.

The Crown Prince insisted that the master should instantly depart in obedience to the last request of his mother. "But how can I leave the children?" objected the master.

"Never mind," answered the Prince. "I will take the class till eleven o'clock, when the vicar comes to prepare candidates for confirmation. Run away, and may you find your mother still alive!"

Thus were the Bornstedt children examined for a whole hour in history by the heir to the throne, who possesses an intimate knowledge of the great Reformation period, and gave his pupils the benefit of it.

When the clock struck eleven he drove up to the vicarage, intimated the departure of Mr. Mathias to the Vicar, and announced his intention of being present during the religious instruction.

He staid until the end, listening attentively and freely distributing praise where it was merited. Before leaving he promised the school a new set of Bibles, instead of the superannuated copies at present in its possession.—[Youth's Companion.

## KIND AND COURTEOUS.

The Boston Journal reports the following scene as having taken place at the corner of Winter and Washington streets, Boston, where men, women, horses, carriages and cars jostle each other:

Two pretty girls were walking down Winter street; they were handsomely dressed, and were chatting and laughing with the delightful abandon peculiar to the rosyate period of youth, and they seemed the very last persons who would be interested in suffering humanity.

A dirty and ragged beggar woman, evidently nearly blind, was crossing Washington from Summer street, and was in great danger of being run over by an approaching team.

One of these same pretty girls darted to the crossing, took the beggar woman by the arm, and hurried her over to the sidewalk, where she left her in safety, and then walked up Washington street with her former companion as if nothing had happened.

**BEEFSTEAK WITH TOMATO SAUCE.**—Take a dozen ripe tomatoes, skin and scald them (canned tomatoes may be used); put them in a saucepan with half a pint of good beef gravy; season with salt and pepper, and put them to stew for an hour. When the steak is nicely broiled send it to the table with the sauce in a tureen.

They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and horses under treatment, and large numbers of men are searching the ruins for the groom.

# THREE DOCTORS.

The Condoned Mistake a Young Doctor Made at the Outset of His Practice.

## "DISCOURTEOUS AND UNPROFESSIONAL."

The other evening they were having a jolly time over in Schneider's back room, when Bill Matson came in and apologized for being late, saying that his grandmother had got the measles, and he had been after a doctor for her, at the same time winking slyly at Schneider.

"Sho! You don't say so!" ejaculated Blifkins, as he stirred up the sugar from the bottom of the glass and crowded the lemon peel up against its side. "You will have to be careful with the old lady, Bill, especially when she gets to teething. What doctor did you get?"

"Jones."

"He's a good one. I've known him ever since he commenced practicing. He got into trouble the first thing by saving a man's life, but he don't do so any more."

"Tell us about it, Blif!"

"You see, there was old Noxon, who used to have a row with his wife about three times a week. He got cranky, and made up his mind to shuffle off, so he filled up with laudanum and went to bed. When the old lady found him he was colder'n a wedge. She went to screaming, and as fast as the neighbors came in, sent them off after a doctor. Some of them went in one direction, and some in another, and it wasn't long before the doctors began to congregate."

"Smith got there first and looked the old man over. 'Dead,' says he, and went away."

"Then Brown came in. 'Dead,' says he."

"Jones was the third one in, and he rammed a stomach-pump down the old man's throat and pumped up the drug store. Then he reversed the action of the pump and flooded the old man with water, and after sloshing him around for awhile, same as if he was rinsing out a cider barrel, he pumped out the water, and then flooded him again. Noxon wasn't in the habit of taking so much water in his'n, and pretty soon he began to gasp and kick. Before morning Jones had him all right, and went away feeling dead sure that there was but one first-class doctor in the world. A few days afterward he presented his bill."

"'What's this for?' says old Noxon. 'For saving your life the other night,' says Jones."

"Well, I didn't ask you. I never employed you, and I'll not pay it. You'd no business coming in here and jamming your old pump down my neck. Brown is my family physician and I'll not pay anybody else," says Noxon.

"So away went Jones to Brown's office and tried to get him to induce old Noxon to pay the bill."

"Jones," says Brown, looking out over the top of his spectacles, "I never thought you was a bad sort of fellow, but you've done a very foolish thing, and it serves you right to lose your bill. It's a good lesson to you, and I hope you'll profit by it. Didn't I say he was dead?"

"'Yes,' says Jones. 'Didn't Smith say he was dead?'"

"'Yes,' says Jones. 'Well, that settled it! The man was dead, and you had no right to say that he wasn't. When two old, experienced doctors, like Smith and I, say a man is dead, it's unprofessional and discourteous for a young man, a beginner in practice, to dispute their word. We'll forgive you this time because of your youth and inexperience, and will vush the matter up for you, but be very careful in the future and make no more such mistakes!'"

The first sensation the diver experiences in descending is the sudden, bursting roar in the ears, caused by the air driven into the helmet from the air pump. The flexible air hose has to be strong enough to bear a pressure of twenty five or fifty pounds to the square inch. The drum of the ear yields to the strong external pressure, the mouth opens involuntarily, the air rushes in the tube and strikes the drum, which snaps back to its normal state with a sharp, pistol-like crack. Peering through the goggles eyes of the glass in his helmet, the diver sees the strange beauties around him clearly, and in their own calm splendor. Above him is a pure golden canopy, while around and beside him are tints and shimmering hues, including all colors, which are indescribably elegant. The floor of the sea rises like a golden carpet inclining gently to the surface. The change in familiar objects is wonderful. The wreck of a ship seems studded with emeralds, glittering in lines of gold; piles of brick assume the appearance of crystal; a ladder becomes silver; every shadow gives the impression of bottomless depth.

It is said that the bats of Java seldom fail to attack such persons as lie in the open air with their extremities exposed; and they are so dextrous in this operation that they can insinuate their aculeated tongue into a vein, and continue to draw the blood without being perceived; and that during all the time they are engaged, they agitate the air with their wings in so pleasing a manner as to throw the sufferer into a sounder sleep than he was before.

The mouth of a wise man is in his heart. The heart of a fool is in his mouth, because what he knoweth or thinketh he uttereth.—[Bible.

## FACTS OF INTEREST.

The Governor of New Jersey has signed the bill legalizing labor strikes.

The French National Library, the largest in the world, and twice as large as that of the British Museum, contains 2,078,000 volumes.

The 200 Irish girls who have left Ireland for New Hampshire probably do not know how poor matrimonial chances are in that State. Go West young women, if you would find husbands.

The State Homeopathic Medical Society of Massachusetts has petitioned the Legislature to authorize the erection of a new Insane Asylum, at a cost not exceeding \$200,000, to be put under the care of homeopathic physicians.

That Louisville is in earnest in undertaking the greatest exposition ever held in this country, except the national centennial exposition of 1876, is evidenced by the fact that her own people have freely supplied all the means required, and no outside assistance has been solicited.

The Southern exposition will be held at Louisville, Kentucky, beginning August 1, 1883, and continuing one hundred days. At the time of this writing over \$252,000 have been subscribed by the people of Louisville, and is now being paid in, and new subscriptions are being received daily.

The University of Michigan has acquired by purchase the Shakespearean library of Col. E. H. Thomson, of Flint, in that State. It contains every known edition of Shakespeare's works, besides histories, commentaries, biographies, and nearly everything in the way of books and pictures that has ever been published upon the subject. Col. Thomson had refused \$20,000 for the collection.

The annual rental of pews at the Brooklyn Tabernacle took place the other evening. Only the pews on the ground-floor were offered for sale; the gallery is reserved for strangers. The ground-floor pews number 350, and have a seating capacity of 1500. The fixed rentals amount to \$14,000. The premiums amounted to \$3250, making the total rentals \$17,250. Mr. Talmage was very much pleased with the result.

Open-air restaurants make a feature of all Mexican towns. In the larger cities they open at night under the great "portales," or covered streets, which almost invariably surround the plazas; at any time from sundown to the following sunrise one may get thereat a very good meal of fried chicken, tortillas and coffee for a sum varying from 12 1/2 cents to 15 cents; while a less ample meal can be had for sums ranging from 3 cents upward. Mexicans, who must, live at an astonishingly small cost.

France has already done much in the application of electricity to agriculture, and she is now being followed by Germany. The new motive power promises to be very valuable to the farmer. At an agricultural gathering recently held at Ladenburg, some interesting experiments were made in the use of electricity, instead of steam, for the threshing of wheat. Messrs. Piette and Krizik lit up electrically the space reserved for machines, and at the same time utilized the current to drive an ordinary threshing-machine. The cylinder attained a speed of 1400 revolutions per minute.

Not far from Melbourne, Australia, is a milk-condensing factory, capable of condensing 1000 quarts per hour, or about 8000 cans per day. The machinery was taken there from the United States, as was the Superintendent also. All the water is taken from the milk, and the finest Mauritius sugar is then mixed with the milk, at the rate of about one and a half pounds to the gallon. Milk is delivered at the factory by neighboring farmers at fourpence—about eight cents—per gallon. From 1500 to 1600 quarts per day are now received. The condensed milk can be sold for about \$1.50 per dozen cans, without loss.

From a comparison of the latest English mail and cable advices it would seem that the prospect for wheat at present in England and Scotland is the most unpromising ever known at this time of the year. Even with favorable weather henceforth the crop, it is stated on good authority, is certain to be disastrously short, and another year of great agricultural distress is believed to be inevitable. The gloomy outlook renders it likely that the Government will soon introduce into Parliament some measures for the relief of the agricultural classes, and especially of small farmers, by an adjustment of the arrears of rent in Great Britain of the same nature as that lately introduced into Ireland.

A citizen of Paducah, Ky., recently became possessed of a litter of pups of an utterly worthless breed, but, being a humane man, was averse to slaughtering them. So he proposed to the Captain of a steamer that he should take them up the Tennessee and try to give them away to the denizens of that region. The Captain assented and told the owner to put them in the basket, cover the same with mosquito-netting and invoice them to some person in Florence, Ala., at a value of \$25 each. This was done, and the basket of pups placed at the foot of the cabin stairway, where they were surrounded by an admiring throng, the Captain occasionally speaking a good word for them. Before the boat reached Johnsonville every pup in the basket had been stolen and spirited away by the admirers of choice dog-flesh on board. Why is it that horse jockeys and dog fanciers are so tricky?

# ARTEMUS WARD.

His Interview With the Father of Kate Bateman, the Actress.

## A HEARTY LAUGH AT BATEMAN'S EXPENSE.

In 1865, when Miss Kate Bateman was playing an engagement in Philadelphia, there occurred a very amusing encounter between Charley Brown (Artemus Ward) and "Pa" Bateman, as he was familiarly known, the father of Kate.

Mr. Bateman was, as he certainly had good reason to be, excessively proud of the histrionic talent of his daughter, and it was upon the day following one of her greatest triumphs that he first met Artemus Ward, that irrepresible vag being introduced to him by Mr. Frank Drew, the actor, as plain "Mr. Brown."

"And you are the father of the greatest actress the world has ever seen."

Mr. Bateman gave unmistakable evidence of his entire belief in and proud consciousness of the fact.

"Pardon me, sir," said Ward, in a voice full of emotion, as he seized Mr. Bateman's hand in a vigorous clasp, "will you permit me, sir, to shake hands with you again?"

Mr. Bateman was much affected by this hearty endorsement.

"And now," continued Ward, "if I might be so bold as to offer a suggestion, permit me to say, that were I the father of such a child, I—but that could not be. Permit me, I beg, impulsively, and clutching wildly at Mr. Bateman's arm, 'permit me once more to shake hands with the father of Kate Bateman.'"

This ceremony performed, Ward resumed:

"I was about to say, Mr. Bateman, that you are too modest in the introduction of your daughter to the public notice—too modest by far."

A gesture of impatience from *pere* was apparently unnoticed by Artemus, who continued:

"While you probably have some conception of the great gifts with which your daughter is happily possessed, you doubtless fear that a father's pride may lead you to unwarranted lengths. But believe me, sir, believe me," (this with a voice choked with emotion) "there is no step which you are not warranted in taking to advertise the talent of so great an artist. I, sir, would have advertised her appearance here in every paper published in this city."

"But my dear sir," interrupted Mr. Bateman, "she has been advertised in all of the papers here, every day for six months."

"I would," continued Ward, "entirely oblivious of any interruption, 'have had the town billed from end to end with great posters, with Kate Bateman's name upon them in letters a foot long.'"

"But, good heavens! man," interpolated Mr. Bateman, "the whole country is billed in letters four feet long."

"I should have had fine lithographic portraits exhibited in each of the principal stores."

"I did, I did!" shrieked Mr. Bateman.

"I would have gathered the members of the press together and banqueted them," a step which Mr. Bateman had taken a few days before, and for which he had just paid out \$500. "In short," concluded Ward, brooking no interruption and smiling placidly the while, "I would allow the world to think me vain if they would, but I would never consent to hide such a light under a bushel. Never! never!" and then he walked away.

"What d'ye say that fool's name is?" asked Bateman, turning upon Drew.

"That," said Drew, "Oh, that's Charley Brown, Artemus Ward, you know."

"Oh, hell!" muttered the old man, but he couldn't refrain from joining in the laugh, though it was at his expense.

## THE CASHIER AHEAD.

A new bank which had been established in a town in Indiana had engaged the services of a watchman who came well recommended, but who did not seem over-experienced. The president, therefore, sent for him to post him up a bit, and began:

"James, this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your first duty must be to exercise vigilance."

"Yes, sir."

"Be careful how strangers approach you."

"I will, sir."

"No strangers must be permitted to enter the bank at night under any pretext whatever."

"No, sir."

"And our cashier—he is a good man, honest, reliable and thoroughly trustworthy, but it will be your duty to keep an eye on him."

"But it will be hard to watch two men and the bank at the same time, sir."

"Two men—how?"

"Why, sir, it was only yesterday that the cashier called me in for a talk, and he said you were the squarrest man in Indiana, but it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you and let the directors know if you hang around after hours."

Canst thou wait? Then thy success is secured; for patience is success.

Patience is the panacea, but where does it grow, or who can swallow it.

## A MISPLACED PLASTER.

"What's the matter, Invalid?" inquired Patience, alarmed, as she hurriedly awoke him.

"A bull had me in the corner of the fence," groaned he.

He was in great suffering, and she opened the medicine chest, got out materials for a mustard plaster, and a little spirit lamp to heat it with, and went to the end of the car to prepare it.

"Make it hot and strong," muttered he, with great restraint preventing himself from crying out with the pain.

His wife, with the plaster all ready, soon came back softly, so as not to awaken anyone. The car was darkened, and all the sections looked alike, and, for a moment she was confused, but a smothered snore, which sounded like a groan, near at hand, assured her. She quickly drew aside the curtain and clapped the poultice "on the spot it would do the most good." The invalid just then poked his head out, a little further down the aisle, and, in smothered tones, called, "Quick, Patience, quick!"

She gave only one leap, like a shot fawn, into his section, drew the curtain, and nearly swooned away.

"Great Scott! what's the matter?" whispered he.

She managed somehow to gasp out what she had done, and, presto, the invalid was cured; for he shook up his whole interior organization so hard in the effort to restrain a big guffaw, that he actually scared the pain away.

"That man, whoever he is, will be boiling, piping hot pretty soon," was his sole comment.

In about fifteen minutes the stillness of that car was broken by a volley of shrieks that raised the hair on the head of every one.

The whole atmosphere seemed to grow a lurid blue color with expletives.

## A WAGISH JUDGE.

A genial old gentleman relates the following reminiscences of his younger days, when residing at Fort Gibson on the Mississippi river:

A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused.

On my name being called, I informed His Honor, the judge, that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve.

"Where do you live?"

"I am stopping for the time being at this place."

"You board at the hotel, I presume?"

"I take my meals there, but I have rooms at another part of the town, where I lodge."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the judge, "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder. The court does not excuse you."

"How do you like my new and cosy little dining-room?" asked the Widow Flapjack of one of her favorite boarders, a member of the legislature.

"It's very small," replied the solon, looking around, "but I perceive that the proportions are as well preserved as in a boarding-house in Austin."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," replied the widow with great dignity.

"I mean the smallness of the dining-room corresponds exactly to the small amount of grub we boarders get for our money."

"Time and again have I helped you to a second piece of pie, when the other boarders only get one, and this is the thanks I get for it," said the widow in a agonized voice, bursting into several tears, and sobbing convulsively, as she buried her face in her handkerchief.—[Texas Sitings.

There comes a wail from sundry Americans in London, that if a man happens to be hungry after midnight there is nothing in the world to be got except a roasted potato served from the uninviting basket of an itinerant vender. How much happier we are here in this respect. From ten at night to one in the morning one can sup like Lucullus without the slightest difficulty. After that a "bite" such as a rabbit, a devilled crab, a chop or a steak—not to speak of oysters—is obtainable all over town. And then, shortly before daybreak, should the belated traveler again feel the spur of appetite, the lowly open-all-night establishments down town are always ready to furnish a cup of coffee or tea, cakes and a steak, well cooked and at a moderate cost. As long as one has the wherewith he can always find the desired article.

A point in etiquette recently decided a law suit in a queer way. A traveler on a German railway train attempted to eat a lunch while on the journey. While putting a piece of bologna sausage in his month the train stopped suddenly, causing his cheek to be badly cut on the edge of his knife, which he was using. The man sued the company for damages, but his claim was not maintained on the ground that it is a breach of etiquette to eat with a knife.

The photographer who can make a flattering picture is more successful than he who makes a correct likeness.

Kind words are like bald heads; they can never dye.