

Ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont is said to have been almost the only exception to the rule that the Supreme Court practice of a lawyer soon dwindles after he becomes a United States Senator.

Lucy Stone, the advocate of female suffrage, says that the women of America ought to do something generous for the relief of unfortunate Anna E. Dickinson while she lives, and not wait to expend their money on a monument to her memory.

Italy is offended at the frankness of the German Chancellor for acknowledging lack of confidence in the efficiency of the former country in the event of war. This frankness, the New York Mail and Express thinks, may result in the dissolution of the triple alliance.

"Murder will out" is a pithy saying, but somehow or other, philosophizes the San Francisco Chronicle, it conveys a meaning that results do not always justify. If any one has a doubt on this point let him review some of the mysterious murder cases of recent years.

Of the 300 girls who have been educated by George W. Childs, the Philadelphia Philanthropist says that the teachers and nurses and the graduates of law and medicine have all been successful. The educationists have made the most money and the musicians earn salaries ranging from \$500 to \$5000.

It is estimated that grocers and peddlers make a profit of at least \$1,247,000 every winter by selling coal by the pail in the tenement houses of New York city. A pail of twenty-one pounds costs ten cents, or double what it would be could the tenement-house population purchase its coal by the ton.

It is now nearly seventy years, recalls the New York Press, since Dr. John L. Warren of Boston set afoot a movement for establishing the first gymnasium in New England. Commending the project, Daniel Webster pronounced "truly alarming" the number of young men then leaving her colleges pale faced and narrow chested.

Reports from the natural gas regions in Northwestern Ohio and Central and Northern Indiana are calculated to produce the impression that this wonderful fuel is giving out. Manufacturers, it seems, are beginning to use the cheap oil, also found in that part of the country, in place of the gas, and with most satisfactory results.

They are having so many suicides of late in Denmark that the government proposes to pass a law requiring that the bodies of all suicides shall be sent to the dissecting-rooms of the universities. They have already got such a law in Sweden, but it doesn't appear to dissuade people from making away with themselves there when they take it into their heads to do so.

It may yet be, suggests the Atlanta Constitution, that the turpentine forests of South Georgia will become rubber forests. The discovery made by Dr. H. A. Tilden some months ago, that isoprene, which can be prepared from turpentine, under certain conditions changes into what appears to be genuine rubber, has been followed up by experiments, the result of which points to an early utilization of the new process. It is now announced that Bouchardat has produced the same change by heat, and the product is a material resembling pure Para rubber in every way, and amenable to vulcanization.

Bergman to Appear as a Witness. PITTSBURG, Feb. 9.—An order has been granted for the production in court to-day of Anarchist Bergman, who attempted to take the life of Chairman Frick. Bergman is wanted as a witness in the case of C. Knoll and Henry Bauer, who will be put on trial as accessories to the attempt to murder Mr. Frick.

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITZ.

(CHAPTER IV.—Continued.)

"I can't stay a minute, Mrs. Baird; I've got to ride all night. There's trouble coming, and I have ridden all the way up here to give warning."

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Knoxville. The woman's face became agitated.

"Soldiers?" she asked.

"Yes. Some of Harris' cavalry. But I managed to get twenty-four hours' start; we'll have good time to prepare for them. No time to waste, though. Must find Baird and some others before daylight. Where is he?"

The woman's face put on a peculiar look.

"I don't know for sure, Mr. Brandon. But from what I've seen going on for a day or two, I'm pretty sure that he and a lot more have gone up to the head of Crampton's Gully, to do for a rebel up there. Wally would be sure not to tell me much about it till it was all over."

"A rebel?" Brandon said. "I thought there were none but Union people about here."

"There ain't none—but him; and he's been here only a month. Dan here was telling me since his father went away how they smoked the fellow out. He's a bad one; a rebel spy, they think."

Mr. Brandon became interested.

"Have you seen him, Dan?" he asked.

"What is he like?"

"Good enough looking fellow, sir; tall, black hair, smooth face. Come up here from Knoxville, they say. Goin' by here yesterday he dropped a letter; I picked it up and gave it to dad. The old man read it, and said sure that showed him a rebel."

"Do you remember the name on the outside of the letter?"

Mr. Brandon had suddenly become much excited. He leaned from his saddle, and anxiously waited the lad's efforts to recall the address.

"It was Cap'n something," he said.

"Pears to me the next name was Charles. Tother one I can't remember; never heard one like it."

"It wasn't Smedley?"

"That's just what it was. Cap'n Charles Smedley."

"Great heavens! Mrs. Baird," the husband exclaimed, "it is possible that your husband has gone to hang that man?"

The woman was silent and trembling.

"He has, sure," answered young Dan.

"Why do you know him?" Mrs. Baird asked, in an unsteady voice. "Ain't he a rebel and a spy?"

"No—no more than I am. My God, what an unfortunate mistake! When did Wallace leave here?"

"An hour after sunset. It would take him some time to get his men together, and there was more coming from over the Black Ridge. O, I hope you'll save him, sir, if he ain't guilty! I hate that kind of fool to have a man killed that wasn't guilty; and my husband into it, too! Oh, sir, please ride."

But Mr. Brandon needed no incitement. He wheeled his horse and spurred him out to the road and on up the ascent. There was a long, hard ride yet before him, and over that difficult way he ceased not to urge the weary animal during those lonely and critical hours. We may not accompany him up on every step of that route. His thoughts, his generous sympathies, were now all bent upon saving the innocent victim of the overstrained loyalty of these Union mountaineers. He was tormented as he rode by doubts, and fears; he might be too late, and then the stain of murder would forever rest upon these people, his friends; and he should himself be haunted by the harrassing recollection that he had not been able, with every effort, to save the innocent. There are moments when all men pray; and Graham Brandon prayed that night as he rode.

He was to be in time—just in time—with not a moment to spare!

As he entered the gully the moon shone out full from behind the clouds, and he saw the trees and a group of men about one of them. He saw a man suspended four feet from the ground, horribly struggling. At a wild gallop he dashed up, jumped from his horse, and tearing the rope from the hands that held it, rapidly lowered the victim to the ground.

Half a dozen rifles instantly covered him.

"Hold!" he cried. "Don't you know me? I'll explain it all. This man is not a spy; he is not a rebel."

"It's Brandon!" Wallace Baird exclaimed.

"See it!" cried Hankins.

The mountaineers crowded around to shake his hands and welcome him. He put them aside.

"Not now, my good friends; we must look after this poor fellow. You have been making a terrible mistake, thank God that I was in time!"

He knelt by the unconscious Smedley, loosened the rope, and fanned him with his hat. He shuddered as he saw the livid mark about the neck. A hatful of water was brought and dashed in Smedley's face. He sighed and opened his eyes.

"Why, Brandon?" he whispered. "Did you die, too?"

CHAPTER V.

THE ALARM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Graham Brandon tied his horse to a tree, and directed the men to carry Smedley into the cabin. They obeyed with alacrity. Had the latter been sufficiently revived at the moment to notice what was going on about him, he would have been astonished at the implicit, unquestioning obedience yielded to Brandon by the mountaineers. They handled the victim just as he had been with the gallows with an awkward but anxious tenderness, and they stole furtive glances at his preserver to see whether he was angry with them. One of them fanned Smedley, as he lay on the blankets, and

other applied water to his head, and a third, under the direction of Brandon, pressed his chest, and aid the return of respiration. The rescued man soon opened his eyes again and looked about him. From the faces of the mountaineers his glance turned to that of Brandon, and he smiled faintly.

"He's all right," one of the men said.

"He's going to live."

Brandon sat down and seemed to be undergoing some mental convulsion. He was strong of body and stout of heart; but most men cannot pass through such a tremendous experience as he had seen in the last hour, and not be shaken by it. Some minutes passed ere he could speak.

When he had sufficiently collected himself to talk, he looked up. Some of the men who were not attending to Smedley were standing before him, hat in hand, waiting an opportunity to speak to him.

"We hope, sir," said Wallace Baird, "that we haven't offended you in what we've done. You're our good friend; you've proved it often enough since last spring. We're countin' on great things from you, sir, as the war goes on; we can all trust you, and every man in these mountains that hasn't gone to Kentucky and West Virginia to enlist for the Union, leaving only enough at home to take care of our women and little ones—every man, I say, would be proud, any time, to follow you to the field."

"Thank you, Baird; I hope I have deserved this confidence."

"That you have, sir. As to this man, here, you say he ain't a rebel, and a spy, why that settles it. But things looked mighty suspicious agin him."

"You have been badly mistaken, Wallace; it is what I should call an excess of zeal. Who accused him? What proof was there against him?"

Baird named the items, one after another. Mr. Brandon looked at the sketches, read the letters, laughed at the idea that the possession of "Harris' Tactics" was an evidence of sympathy with the rebellion, and listened attentively to what was said about Smedley's confession that he was a native Mississippian, and of his journey toward Knoxville.

"Well, what of it all?" he briskly said.

"Tennessee has gone out of the Union just as much as Mississippi has—neither has, for good; but really think you men would want to fight, wouldn't you, if anybody said that you were rebels merely because you were Tennesseans? Wouldn't you?"

"Here's one that would," said Burt Hankins, doubling two great fists.

"What's the difference, then? Here's a man who fled from his home for fear he couldn't keep his loyalty true, and remain there. Did he tell you that? And that he'd fought for the old flag in Mexico, when he was a mere boy?"

The mountaineers were silent.

"And as for his object in starting for Knoxville, and his reason for not going on when so near there—I'll tell you what will make you believe all that. He came to me more than a month ago, when he passed through there, coming up here. Every man who comes into that place is watched, and he found Harris' agents dogging him about. He learned that I was a zealous but quiet Unionist, and he came to me, telling me precisely the same story that he told you—not quite so much girl in it, to be sure, for he did not have to show me the letter—and he said he was afraid of being conscripted right there into the rebel army. He said a good deal to me about what he did in the Mexican war, and he gave me his true name. Just the same as that on the envelope. And he said that rather than raise his hand against the flag that he had suffered and shed his blood for, and under which the country had become great, he would die twenty times! Yes, he said it; and you can tell how my heart warmed to him, just as I see that yours do now. That night I got him safely out of the city, and I did not see him again till an hour ago, when I found you fellows hanging him. Maybe he'd like to hang me; you might as well. Don't you suspect Lincoln?—he's from Kentucky, you know."

"Now, please don't, Mr. Brandon," Baird cried. "We're dreadful sorry for our blunder. We'd do anything we could to show the gentleman how bad we feel about it. He never told us that he saw you at Knoxville, and how you helped him on."

"It would have done no good had I told you," came a feeble voice from the blankets. "You were determined to take my life."

The mountaineers hung their heads and were silent. Who shall say that they did not suffer keenly from the conviction of the wrong they had done? They looked awkwardly from Smedley to Brandon, anxious to speak, but unable to command the language in which to utter their thoughts.

Mr. Brandon understood them, and walked over to where the rescued man was sitting up.

"Captain Smedley," he said, "there are no truer hearts for the Union, North, South, East or West, than the men about you. They have been over-hasty with you, and they are full of sorrow for what they have done. Now that they truly know the man and what you are, there is not one of them but would give his life to protect you. Give them a chance to aid you, and they would go hungry and sleepless in the effort. Try them."

Smedley looked at his late would-be executioners, and saw eager approval in their faces.

"I thank you all," he said. His voice was returning, as well as his strength. "We will say no more about what has happened. I may be able to prove to you soon that my love for the Union and the flag does not sleep with mere words."

Brandon, well pleased, turned to the men and spoke in sharp utterances.

"Attend to me now all of you," he said. "It is no ordinary case, and that brought me up here at this time. My trust is so important that I would not trust it to any messenger I could find. Your lives, the safety of your homes, your wives, and your children depended upon this intelligence reaching you promptly. Governor Harris' commandant at Knoxville has organized a cavalry expedition to sweep and scour this part of the Clinch Mountains. I saw them mustering in the streets. I counted nearly five hundred horsemen, all armed with guns, some with sabers. I believe I got twenty-four hours' start, yet with

hard riding they may reach a place where they can strike at you by sunset of the day that has begun. Yes, I think they will strain every nerve, for my absence will be noticed; they know me well, and it must easily be guessed where I have gone."

He paused and watched the effect of his intelligence on his hearers. He saw their faces get hard and their hands clenched upon their gun-stocks.

"What will you do?" Mr. Brandon asked.

They all looked at Wallace Baird. Determination sat upon their hardy faces, but they were naturally slow of speech and turned to their spokesman.

"We all think alike, sir," said Baird. "We know how to use our arms, and we've got enough of 'em, such as they are. Some of us has been in small brushes already since spring, and none of us is afraid to get into a big one. Maybe there's secesh soldiers enough in Knoxville to burn these mountains out, drive away the women and children, and script the men for rebellion. I don't say there ain't. But before they do it, they've got to fight. Yes, by mighty! Fight's the word. How's that, boys?"

A loud and prolonged cheer shook the roof; heads were tossed up and fists shaken in the air. Brandon sprang on the box, and, quivering with excitement, exclaimed:

"Glory for you, men of Clinch!—you've said what I expected. I'm with you, heart and soul; and I'm going to fight with you too. The war is going right on; the time comes when Union men can no longer hang back, but must take up arms. That time has come for me; I realize what it will mean for me to be seen fighting among you; but I'll stand up to the consequence. Look at this, boys, and shout for it! Remember that you are fighting for that, as well as for your homes and your families."

He drew a small flag from his breast and waved it over his head. The shouts broke out afresh; the mountaineers crowded about him; they yelled, sang, tossed up their arms and pressed their bearded lips to the ensign of their country. Burt Hankins felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked around and saw Smedley.

"Hand it to me!" he cried. "Do you distrust me? Let me kiss it. I'll fight for it now among you as I fought for it when I was a boy."

He was still weak, but strong arms held him up while he saluted the flag. Approving shouts and cries greeted his words and act.

"Now to business," Mr. Brandon said. "Baird, how many men can you muster here by this noon, or about twelve hours hence?"

The mountaineer gave rapid thought, and spoke as he thought:

"Some have gone off and 'listed in our army; some have been snapped up and taken away by the secesh cavalry; some are old and a few sick. I should say forty-five can be reached in time."

"Good! All armed?"

"Well, as for that, each man has what he'll shoot, if it's not the best, and that'll kill, if it hits; and the boys mostly know how to hit."

Brandon surveyed the arms that were before him. He counted four sporting rifles, five flint-lock muskets and three double-barreled shotguns.

"Big bucksot," said a man who carried one of the latter, tapping the barrels affectionately. "Six for a load, and they speak like—"

"I think they'll do," rejoined Brandon, "if the others are generally armed as well as you seem to be. Now, Baird, you must send these men around—you know how to do it, and where—and rally all that can be found by noon. Take my horse."

"I'll do it. Rally here?"

"Yes; then we'll march and get a good position in the rocks, and wait for the enemy. I think we'll better decide on that now. You know better than I. Where shall it be?"

"Down at Buzzard's Pass, I reckon."

"Gow's is just as good," ventured Hankins.

"Neither will do. You can't defend either of them."

It was Charles Smedley who spoke, and he spoke in quick, sharp tones, as if he were commanding. The men looked at him in silence.

"I repeat it; those places are worthless for defense. Each one can be flanked, if the enemy will dismount fifty men and pass them up the ravine below. Not only could they flank you in this way but they can gain your rear in strong force and drive you over the bluff into the road. They could capture every man who was not killed, if there force is as large as Mr. Brandon thinks."

"I could not be mistaken," the latter said. "Allowing for some scattering and some small expeditions on the way, they will come up here four hundred strong."

Both Wallace Baird and Burt Hankins looked with a kind of awe upon Smedley. The idea of fighting flanked both of them; but neither had thought it necessary to pay any attention to the position where the enemy was to be met, further than to secure a barrier against the charge of the cavalry; but here was a man who had been among them but a month, and who with the eye of an experienced soldier was able at once to seize upon the position in the vicinity of which nature had made a strong against attack from below, and to discern the weak ones.

His simple reasoning went direct to their understanding.

"Why, that is," Baird remarked. "What would you advise, sir?"

"There is one spot which I know is absolutely impregnable. There may be others; this one I have noticed. It is at the elbow where the road turns into the Little Blue Pass. The rocks there are so steep that they can't scale them under fire; and those rocks command the only ravine by which the position could be flanked."

A splendid place for a stand! Baird exclaimed. "Just the spot. My house is not far below."

"Yes," replied Smedley. "I'd advise you to drive your stock up, and bring in your wife and children."

The mountaineer understood him, and anxiously filed his face.

"My God, sir," he said, "ain't there no other place below that?"

"None where fifty men on foot can fight a hundred cavalry. I regret it, for your sake; but so it is."

"Let it be so, then," said Baird, and his face became hard and heroic.

"I'll send all this, boys," said Smedley, and you see that a man must be as great a thing as a mountain, or anywhere else, I mean. Charles Smedley for our Captain."

A shout of acquiescence greeted the proposition. Smedley's pale face glowed with pride. He had his revenge, and was justified for the late outrage. He took out a leather case, unlocked it, and produced a handsome infantry sword and belt.

"You see that I am what I pretend to be," he said. "Never shall I part with that weapon and its belongings. It would money buy them. They were the gift of Gen. Scott himself for my confidence in me now I will lead you was 2 o'clock. Wallace Baird gave some directions to his companions, and all left the hut and scattered in different directions."

Charles Smedley and his rescuer were alone together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Select Sayings.

Any kind of courage is desirable. Neutral men are the devil's allies. A great, strong heart is never overcome.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy. Hypocrisy and knavery are Siamese twins.

Misfortune is one thing—impudence another.

An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.

Buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits.

Disappointment is the school of achievement.

Risk anything before you risk your reputation.

Shrink from your task and you will be despised.

AFFAIRS in Mexico appear to be in a condition that promises serious trouble there at no distant time. There is now every indication that a widespread feeling favoring revolt prevails throughout the republic, and is on the increase. It is not the result of any recent act or acts on the part of the administration. According to a secret revolutionary proclamation, it is the growth of a long period of time, during which President Diaz is charged with having usurped the role of dictator. Catrino Garza is named as the leader and supreme chief in the revolutionary movement, and a call is made to the people to take up arms under his standard. It is proposed to overthrow Diaz and hold an election four months after the capture of the Mexican capital to revise the national constitution so as to give true political freedom to the people. All who oppose in any way the schemes of the revolutionists will be treated as traitors by them. Two hundred prominent Mexicans are said to have caused the promulgation of this incendiary document. Its premature publication is almost certain to lead to an early collision between the powers that be and those that desire to be, and a determined, bitter and sanguinary civil war would seem to be inevitable.

The home built at Atlanta, Ga., principally through the efforts of the late Henry W. Grady, for the homeless Confederate veterans, will be sold under the auctioneer's hammer. The directors of the home resolved upon this course because the Legislature refused to make any provisions for its support. Georgia is a great, rich State, and her best people will doubtless be heartily ashamed of the parsimonious littleness of her statesmen. If Georgia has any love, or even respect, for her poor and crippled and once courageous veteran soldiers, she has a mighty poor way of showing it to the world.

HERE'S a chance for the female emancipators of women to get up and assert themselves. The galleries of the English House of Commons from time immemorial open to the fair sex, have been barred against them on the specious plea that the ladies have been misconducting themselves while occupying its vantage ground. This means the loss of a valuable position, ladies; if you can't get into the galleries you certainly can never hope to occupy the seats on the floor. Contest the point tooth and toe, and it is your only hope and worth the fighting for.

A GENTLEMAN who a few months ago tried to squeeze the financial stuffing out of his associates by cornering the corn missed it by \$50,000. He has paid the debt with interest, and encomiums upon his honesty are falling in showers. It seems to be forgotten that some people who never tried to gamble in corn may have in them the crude elements of honesty.

MR. CLEVELAND has returned to the sender a frank over the line of an express company. Mr. Cleveland has prospects of a fairly remunerative situation, and believes that by only he can pay his own bills.

OMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS EVERY DAY LIFE.

Some Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

A French statistician, who has analyzed the military and other records with a view of determining the height at different periods, has reached some wonderful results. He has solved some perplexing problems regarding the past of the human race, and is also enabled to calculate its future to determine the exact period when it will disappear from the earth. Recorded facts extend over nearly 100,000 years. It is found that in 1611 the average height of man in Europe was 5 feet 5 inches, or say five feet nine inches. In 1790 it was five feet six inches. In 1840 it was five feet five inches. At the present time it is five feet three and three-fourths inches. It is deduced from these figures that of regular and gradual decline in stature, and then applying the backward and forward method, and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first men attained the surplusage of sixteen feet, nine inches. Only there were giants on the earth in those days. The race had already degenerated in the days of Og, and Gomer, a quite degenerate offspring of Adam. Coming down to later times, it is found that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was nine feet, eight inches. But the most striking result of this scientific study is the application of the same method to the law of diminution to the future. The calculation shows that by the year A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches at that epoch there will be only 15 men on the earth. And the conclusion of the learned statistician is irresistible—that the end of the world will come, for the inhabitants will have become so small that they will finally disappear—"finishing by disappearing," the French idiom expresses it—the terrestrial globe."

MR. WALTER B. HARRIS, who has returned to England from Tahiti, writes a letter to the London Standard which seems to prove beyond doubt the existence of the so-called "dwellers of Mount Atlas," about whom so many legends have been written of late. Mr. Harris counters a number of these stories and collected a good deal of material from them from their neighbors, whom they inhabit the most inhospitable parts of the mountains to average of tribute. But he does not believe in the pygmy or troglodyte theory. He says: "I think that the small people about Atlas are not 'pygmies' as they are, in fact, merely a certain section of the Shiel tribes, who, at the high altitudes at which they live, and the extremes of climate that subject to, from their poverty and inability to grow crops, from the soil and bad quality of such food as they are able to collect, have, in the lapse of centuries, become of almost extraordinary stunted growth. Why then have they not been seen by former travelers? The answer is simple. Both Sir Hooker and Mr. Joseph Thomson, the only Europeans who have visited the Atlas, were during their travels entirely in lands governed by the British, and the proximity of these Kais to the 'small people' to a distance who would never on any account enter their castles. It is for this reason that the existence of a stunted race, which people must have failed to attract their notice."

FRANCIS W. JAMES of Port Townsend, who, with J. B. Webster and others, was of the pioneer population of the Territory thirty odd years, stated in a letter to Mr. Webster that the Makah tribe of Indians of Plattery, just south of Vancouver, are increasing in numbers, which is unusual, and that they are as well as the community of Indians as exists in the United States, made so by their own unusual and the increased vigor of the Eskimos. These Indians now have their own schooners, and cruise, and are very successful. They have noted whalesmen, and engage extensively in the cod, halibut and salmon fishery. There being very extensive halibut banks a few miles seaward from Cape Flattery, which are now annually visited by numerous fishing fleets. These were discovered by Mr. Webster and other white men in 1839 and quickly of the fish caught and cured for export. During the next few years by his company. Port Angeles is sixty miles from Cape Flattery and was thirty years ago without inhabitants, but is now a city of 5,000 inhabitants, and a grand future before it.

On Christmas Day, when the stranded American ship Cyrus was in a gale, First Mate William Shell was knocked overboard and lost. He had climbed to a firm hold and had taken a firm hold, and was steady himself, when the boom got adrift, and swinging truck him and hurled him overboard. One of the crew, who was on the line to a life preserver, saw him go overboard. Suddenly he tightened as though a monster had seized it. "I have him," he shouted, "I have the line!" yelled the captain, and the line threatened to part, a moment later it was fastened to the ship's side.