

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for the moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His expression in respect to the fact that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun would dawn he would be with his Father.

He replied: "Oh, no! You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, and her tears were so hot that they fell upon his face, and that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "I am not to die to-day, but to-morrow."

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and declared that he thought of his friends about him and wept softly.

"Very good, very good; it is all right," she said, as she turned to her husband and tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much to be desired to tell her but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Colonel Fontaine, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about one o'clock. General Jackson asked him: "Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "I am glad they are very kind; my only wish is that I have always desired to be on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and transfer, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would also refer to his aides in the old way, and then the scene was changed. It was at the next table in conversation with members of his staff: now with his wife and child; now occasional interviews of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying: "I will not delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Dear A. R. Hill, be prepared for death; I have the authority to the front with you." "Dear Major Davies," then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An incident in a scene of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his countenance, and then he passed upward, and raised his hands, and said calmly and with an expression of repose:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." "An hour with an army of struggle or pain no spirit passed away."—Detroit Free Press.

Ben Franklin's Watch.

Benjamin Franklin, 1776, Philadelphia.

Inside the cover at the back is an old-fashioned jewel's card showing that the watch was repaired Jan. 24, 1877, by Thomas Dyer of Philadelphia. On the heavy gold face the words "W. Tomlinson, London, 1811," show where the time-piece was made. Little of the history of the watch is known, except that after Franklin's death it was owned by his son-in-law, Richard Beche, who took it to a Philadelphia hotel, while on a visit from his home in Benslow, Bucks County, Pa.

Mrs. Groff purchased the watch many years ago from an aged friend, long since dead, who had owned it so long that he had forgotten how it came into his possession. It is thought that the watch was presented to Franklin when he represented the Independent Colonies in the British court in London. The watch has been in Mr. Groff's possession nearly forty years, during which time it has never been repaired, and still keeps accurate time.

See Sound Mechanism.

The introduction of the metaphone on the car, or machine for magnifying sound—is said to have been in prospect for many years. The design is to enable a person to hear or speak at a distance, and it is constructed of two large cone-shaped tubes, eight feet long and three in diameter at the large end, which diminish to an apex in the form of paper tubes small enough to place in the ear.

Between these tubes are two smaller ones, connected in the same manner, but not more than half the diameter. By placing the rubber tubes in the ear and speaking through the smaller cones the person can hear and be heard at a long distance, and it thus aids mariners in listening for the sound of foghorns, or in conversation with persons on shore or on other vessels at a distance.

And to a Church in Cuba.

A traveler reports a common scene in a Cuban church:

Each pious dame brings a little candle, or rather a small-sized negro candle for her. She kneels, but in a few minutes sits. An ill-behaved person would say "spites." Tired with the course of the ceremony, she at length reclines, in the middle of the service the floor is given with a chattering of ladies' feet, and the candles inside of the chandelier.

At certain places in the ceremonial it is necessary for everybody to place themselves in a kneeling posture, and there is a general struggle to attain this end. To see two or three hundred women scrambling at once from a kneeling position to a sitting posture, has a tendency to destroy the solemn feeling which should have under the circumstances.

HAIR AND CHARACTER.

The Observations of a Reflective Barber. "It is a fact," said the barber, "that a better idea of character is oftentimes expressed by the beard than by the countenance. The art of reading character by the beard is taught as a science in Paris under the name of 'philography,' and I understand the book is shortly to be published in which the principles of this science will be given in detail.

"Did you ever notice that people of very violent temper have always close-growing hair? It is a fact that every man having close-growing hair is the owner of a decidedly bad temper. It is easy enough for a man to note at a single glance how a man's hair grows. Then I know how to handle him.

"The eccentric man has always fine hair, and you never yet saw a man of erratic tendencies who at the same time had a sound mind that was not refined in his tastes.

"Fine hair indicates refinement. You may have noticed that men engaged in intellectual or especially in aesthetic pursuits, where delicacy is required, have luxuriantly fine, luxuriant hair and beard. The same men, as a class, particularly painters, are always remarkable for their personal peculiarities.

"The brilliant, slightly fellow, who, by the way, is almost always superficial, has generally a curly beard. If not, his hair is curly. It is easy to bring a smile to the face of a man whose hair is curly. He laughs where colder natures see nothing to laugh at. But that's because his mind is buoyant and not deep enough to penetrate to the bottom of things.

"There is a good deal of difference between coarse hair and hair that is harsh though it requires an expert to distinguish it. For example, a man's mustache may be as fine as silk and yet cannot be trained to grow into a graceful curve. That's because the hair is harsh, very rarely a good memory. They forget very easily, and often leave a cane or an overcoat behind them in a barber's shop. They are great procrastinators and are bad at keeping appointments.

"Think over your acquaintances and see if the man who is habitually slow has not a mustache or beard of a lighter shade than his hair. It's always the case. These are the men who come in late at the theatre and get to the station just in time to miss the train.

"But philography is a science. It takes years of study and observation to acquire it. From long practice and a natural liking for the art, I have attained considerable skill in discerning character."—Household Words.

Making A Whistle out of a Pig's Tail.

It has commonly been supposed that the wit of man was not equal to the task of transforming a pig's tail into a whistle. Hence the familiar expression to indicate the impossible runs, "You might as well try to make a whistle out of a pig's tail."

But the world was long ago taught that some things can be done as well as others—that an egg, for instance, although in theory as averse to standing on end as a pig's tail is to becoming a whistle, will readily assume that position just as soon as a masterful genius like Columbus comes along. A few weeks ago the Rochester Democrat, having occasion to refer to pigs tails and whistles, took occasion to assert that the latter could not be fashioned from the former, whereupon a reader of that paper proceeded to convict it of error by forwarding to the Democrat's sanctum an undeniable whistle fashioned from an obvious pig's tail, "carefully packed in a neat box."

Some of the visitors to the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 doubtless remember seeing among the attractions of one of the departments another of these tradition-dofying instruments. As has been before remarked, we are living in a great age.—New York Tribune.

MOTHER'S MENDING BASKET.

Over and under, and in and out, The swift little needle flies; For always between her and idleness The mending basket lies; And the patient hands, though weary, Work lovingly on and on At tasks that never are finished; For mending is never done.

She takes up the father's stocking, And skillfully knits in the heel, And smooths the seam with a tender touch,

That he may no roughness feel; And her thoughts to her merry girlhood And her early widowhood go, And she smiles at her first pair of stockings She knit so long ago.

Then she speaks to the little maiden Seemingly to knit at her side, And tells her about those stockings Uneven and shapeless and wide—"I had to ravel them out, my dear; Don't be discouraged, but try, And after a while you'll learn to knit As swift and even as I."

She takes up a little white apron, And thinks of the woful face Of her darling when she came crying—"Oh, mamma, I've torn my lace." So she mended the child's pet apron; Then took up a tiny shoe, And fastened a stitch that was broken, And tied the ribbon of blue.

The maiden has wearied of working And gone away to her play; The sun in the west is sinking And the close of the quiet day.

Now the mother's hands are resting Still holding a stocking of red, To the far off future have fled.

"O! where will the little feet wander Before they have time to rest? Where will the bright heads be pilloved When the mother's loving breast Is under the spring's blue violet, And under the summer grass, When over her fall the autumn leaves, And the storms of winter pass?"

And a prayer for her heart she utters: "God bless them, my dear ones all! O! may it be many, many years Ere sorrow to them befall!" To her work from the mending basket She turns with a heart at rest; For she knows that to husband and children She is always the first and best.

Ledger.

Making A New Baby at your house.

"I hear you have a new baby at your house?"

"Yes, and she is a excellent cook."

"How's that?"

"Well, she has been making us stir-ab at already."—Boston Budget.

OLEOMARGARINE.

To THE EDITOR, Dear Sir: The tragic incident it records, and my own sufferings from a persistent infliction of sham butter, compel me into verse. Only feet (poetic) can carry my sentiments on this occasion. You will, I am sure, agree with me that even lame feet are better than no feet at all. A fellow-sufferer contributes, as his share, the accompanying sketches.

We hope that our tale will be of service to the public. What we have smelt, and felt, and seen of the hypocrisy of cheap "butter," emphasizes our wish that the people should be protected by law against its fraudulent sale.

H. E. F.

Down at the hotel, They put on the table each day A big yellow dish, Exciting the wish They'd speedily take it away.

There—pray let me tell— We dispense with a bell To call down the fat and the lean; The boarders they look— Ah! poor wretched folk— As led by the smell of Margarine.

The table well set, The poor victims—"you bet"— They cluster around like the bees; They tackle the ham, The gravy and jam, But the Oloo falls them to pieces.

Why He's Crept Out of Meeting.

At a prayer meeting in an Indiana town the other evening, after several of the good brethren had "led off," the deacon in charge observed:

"Brother Bedloe will now lead us in singing 'Rock of Ages.'"

There being no response, the deacon queried:

"Isn't Brother Bedloe present?"

"No, sir," responded a voice near the door.

"Brother Bedloe just heard that wheat had gone up in Chicago two cents a bushel, and he's gone over town to try and fix up a shortage."

Absent.

"My dear friend," said a long-haired countryman to the biographical expounder of a dime museum, "is that unfortunate being really a Cannibal?"

And he indicated a South Sea Islander from Corkwick who was sitting on a divan.

"Convert him," said the biographer, with disgust. "Do you s'pose the great American public would pay ten cents to see a Christian?"—Life.

Evidently Not a Practising Physician.

Pompano: "So Doctor Hackemup is about to retire from practice?"

Bromley: "Indeed? I was not aware of it."

"I have the strongest reason for believing so from an act of his this morning."

"What was that?"

"I saw him kick a banana peel off the sidewalk."—Philadelphia Call.

The Dedications.

First dude, in a cafe: "I say, old chappy, they have just added a Duduculus to the exhibits at the Zoo. Now what the deuce is a Duduculus?"

Second dude: "I don't know, Cholly, but I think that is what those beastly fellows who work, call us."—Philadelphia News.

Hand-painted.

"This china is all hand-painted," said a clerk to a prospective customer.

"That is perfectly proper, sir, perfectly proper. I live in a hand-painted house."

And when the customer left, it just dawned on the clerk that china couldn't be painted by foot.—Puck.

She Couldn't Fool Willie.

"Mamma," said a little-year-old boy, what do de angels do wen dey get tired of flyin'?"

"Oh, I don't know, Willie. I suppose they sit down and rest."

"I dess I dot you dere, mamma. De angels ain't dot anything to set on, 'cept de back of der necks."—Newman Independent.

Too Much Treat Already.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gilligan. How is Patrick?"

"Sure, he's no better, sir."

"Why don't you send him to the hospital to be treated?"

"To be treated, is it? Faith, an' it's the delirium tremens he has already."—Boston Beacon.

A Model Husband.

"My dear sir, it is current that you are a veritable slave to your wife. Now, a man should have some independence; he should fix the line somewhere."

"I know it; I fixed it last night," was the doleful response.

"You did, eh? Glad to hear it."

"Yes, I fixed it. It was from the back stoop to the henhouse, and contains Republican's washing."—Binghamton Republican.

WILD BILL AND THE CLERGYMAN.

"Go on with thy account of the thunder shower," said the Quaker clergyman.

"Well, as I was telling you," said Wild Bill, placing his pistol in his pocket and looking the Quaker Indian Commissioner straight in the face like a truthful man, "I say as I was telling you, I seen clouds making to north'ard and I knowed it was going to settle in for thick weather."

"I told my son to look out, and in less than half an hour there broke the doggondest storm I ever seed."

"Rain! Why, gentlemen, it rained so hard into the muzzle of my gun that it busted the damned thing at the breech! Yes, sir. And the water began to rise on us, too."

"Talk about your floods down South! Why, gentlemen, the water rose so rapidly in my house that it flowed up the chimney and streamed 300 feet up in the air! We got it both ways that trip, up and down."

"Do we understand thee is relating facts within the scope of thine own experience?" demanded the clergyman, with his mouth wide open.

"Partially mine and partially my son's," answered the truthful Bill. "He come down!"

"But you can get some idea how it rained when I tell that we put out a barrel without any heads into it, and it rained into the bung-hole of the barrel faster than it could run out at both ends!"

"Which of you saw that, thee or thy son?" inquired a clergyman.

"We caught it together, my son and me," returned Wild Bill, "till my son got too near the barrel and was drowned. Excuse these tears, gentlemen, but I can never tell about that storm without crying."

"Verily the truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," said the clergyman. "Verily it is."—[Ell Perkins.]

Intellectual Hair Dressing.

Miss Angelina (to Miss Belle, her rival, just now surrounded by a bevy of admirers): "Oh, dear, do tell me how you do your hair up so charmingly? What do you do to it up? It looks so intellectual."

Miss Belle (who wears her hair high): "Well, I'll tell you, dear. I generally do it up over brains, and (sweetly) I don't think you can carry them at the hair stores."—Boston Journal.

Cartier, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, his lawyer, his reticence as a judge, his general qualities as a man, all combine to make him a favorite.

Among his earthly possessions he owns a fine ranch in the Great Bend, Kansas. This place is in charge of his son.

Young Cartier loves the good things of life. The good things of life cost money, and sometimes the young man has felt it necessary to make a draft on his fond father.

Last spring Judge Cartier informed his son that he would pay him a visit during the summer vacation of court. The young man saw his opportunity and improved it, going to a friendly ranchero, he borrowed a "bunch" of cattle; i. e., about a hundred head. These he drove over to his own ranch.

When the senior Cartier arrived, the son took him out and showed him the fine "bunch" of cattle he had bought at a bargain. The elder Cartier was delighted, and when the youngster explained that he needed a couple of thousands of dollars to finish paying for the cattle, he at once gave his check for the amount.

After the Judge had completed his visit, the son cashed the check, returned the "bunch" of cattle to his friend, and the time he and his fellow-ranchero had in jail spoken of approvingly by the Great Benders.—[The Hatchet.]

Young Ladies in France.

A lady writes to the New York Herald in reference to French customs with regard to young unmarried women. She says:

"One day I called on a friend, Mlle. Emelle, daughter of the Baroness of M., one of the most respected families of the Faubourg St. Germain. Emelle was shocked at my boldness, and assured me that she never was out alone but dressed in her lift."

"Not long after I went with a friend to call on a young French girl who was about to be married. We found the fiancée in anything but an amiable frame of mind, owing she explained, to her inability to receive her future husband, who had called three times. Her mother was suffering from rheumatism and could not accompany her to the drawing room, so she was compelled to go away without seeing her."

"Another incident occurred while I was at school in Paris. The girls returned from the New Year vacations and imparted the news that Emile B. would not come back, as she was going to be married. She was barely seventeen and had a small fortune of 50,000. The gentleman in question had proposed to her grandmother for her hand and had been accepted. On the day of the wedding we all went to the church and waved Marie 'Good-by' on her way to Italy."

"Three months after she returned alone, despoiled, ill-treated, penniless and deserted."

"Such a thing is never known in France as a young lady being wooed before marriage, but once the ceremony accomplished everything is open to her."

Cook Books and Matrimony.

The young man of slender income who hesitates to marry because his sweet heart doesn't know how to cook should not wait. There is high authority for the affirmation that any bride who loves her husband can, by the aid of modern invention and a good practical cook-book, learn in three months all the art and mystery of preparing the daily dishes that are eaten by ninety-nine hundredths of our people.—Philadelphia Record.

THE SYMPATHETIC SNAIL TRICK.

A Chapter of Amusement for Lovers. Believes and Friends.

No give a person a lock of your hair, or, as China, a pair of your finger nail, is to show your perfect trust and confidence in him (or her) by putting yourself implicitly and entirely in his (or her) power and keeping.

Whatever has once belonged to anybody, and far more therefore whatever has once formed an actual physical part of his person, puts its present possessor so fully on raps with the original owner that he can to a great extent control that owner's destinies.

In all magical ceremonies, whatever their purport—whether to avenge one's self upon one's enemy, or to gain the favor of the unkind and irrisponsible object of one's affections, or to bring back the heart of one's now faithless lover—it is almost necessary to throw into the mystic cauldron, or to burn with the fated image, a lock of the person's hair, or a rag of his clothing, or at the very least something or other that has once belonged to him.

Here is a little illustrative modern superstition which may help to make clearer the frame of mind that renders such strange forms of belief even now possible.

It is known as the sympathetic snail trick. To communicate with your lover at a distance, take two snails, and feed them on lettuce in a box together for a week or ten days before his departure for parts unknown. Then let your lover take one of the snails with him, while you keep the other in a box at home.

Arrange beforehand a fixed day and hour for communicating with one another, and at that hour take your own snail out of its box and lay it on a slip of paper, on which you have written out a copy of the alphabet. (It shows the antiquity of the superstition that the letters must be capitals, in Roman form, not in script hand.)

Induce the snail to travel along the line up to the letter you wish to halt at (the inducement usually assuming practical shape in the point of a pin), and then stop him.

If the experiment has been properly performed, your lover's snail (put out similarly at the same moment, like a molluscan travesty of the Corsican sponding slip and stop accurately at the same letter.

You can thus spell out as many words as you choose in the exact, easy and convenient fashion which the departed human spirit has independently invented for communicating through the medium of a 5 o'clock tea table with its surviving relatives.

If the communication doesn't come off, that is because you, about your faithful lover, has forgotten or neglected the appointed hour, or has ceased to love you, or has otherwise in some way or manner misconducted himself.

Perhaps, also, in the case of places far distant from one another, such as England and Australia, sufficient care may not always be taken by the unscientific swain to insure the correction of the local hour to Greenwich mean time; and the sympathetic snail may thus be made to walk about needlessly in his box at dead of night while his companion at the other side of the world is rejoicing in the full enjoyment of the antipodal noon tide.—[Longman's Magazine.]

Cartier's Cattle.

There are few men in Washington better known or better liked than David K.

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NO MORE ROOTS.

"No, I didn't lose that leg in the war," replied a stranger, as he leaned up against the cold wall of the post-office.

I used to claim that my leg was shot off at the battle of Antietam, but one day something happened to cure me of lying. I was stumping along the highway in Ohio, and stopped at a farmhouse to beg for dinner.

"Where did you lose that leg?" asked the woman.

"At Gettysburg."

"Sit down till I call my husband."

"He came till I called him, and I was away where my regiment was stationed in the battle."

"In the cemetery," I replied.

"Oh! Well, my son Bill was in the cemetery, too. I'll call him in."

"Bill soon came in, and he wanted to know what particular gravestone I took shelter behind. I said it was a Scotch granite monument."

"Oh," grunted Bill. "My broter Bob was behind just such a stone, and I'll call him in."

"Bob came in, and he swore a mighty oath that he was there alone. He sort o' prompted that monument, and remembered the inscription to a word."

"However, to give me the benefit of the doubt, I was asked to name my company and regiment."

"Company 'B,' Fifth Ohio, I promptly answered."

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