

God's Pictures.

BY G. B. TORRANT.

Oh ye who live 'mid towering walls
Of brick and mortar, wood and stone,
Come where the open sunlight falls,
Where Nature makes her beauties known.
Forget awhile the toils of life,
And cast aside each anxious care;
Leave far behind all scenes of strife,
And look upon God's pictures fair.

The skies are bright, the fields are green,
The birds are gay, the winds are free;
Man cannot imitate the scene,
His efforts are but mockery;
He cannot paint the morning dews,
He cannot sketch the evening shade,
Nor copy God's eternal views,
That change, and change, but never fade.

Oh, thirsting soul! Oh, hungry eyes!
Think not ye shall be satisfied
With works of men: The fields, the skies,
The hills and mountains—these abide,
Go, climb some mountain height,
Where grandest scenes for you unfold;
There view God's pictures with delight,
There feast the eyes, there fill the soul!

A WICKED MAN'S DOOM.

Shot While Sitting at a Table Counting His Money

While Seaborn Sheffield of Arlington, one of the wealthiest citizens of southwest Georgia was sitting at a table counting his money, the loud report of a shotgun was heard, followed by still another. It was at a late hour in the evening. Tom Maury, a colored boy, who was asleep in the room when awakened by the shots, saw the aged man with his head dropped upon the table, and his blood flowing over the bank notes which he was in the act of counting. The bullets had shattered the lamp shade and passed through the head and shoulders of the dying man. While the affrighted negro was taking in the situation he heard

THE SOUND OF RETREATING HOOPS, but by the time he reached the door the riders were too far gone to distinguish them. In a few minutes Ben Taliaferro and Rufus Lawrence, the sons-in-law of the murdered man, with their wives, were on the spot. The alarm was quickly spread through the country, but there seemed to be little desire to hunt down the assassins.

Mr. Sheffield was the son of one of the original pioneers of the county, having been raised in boyhood among the Indians. His father was a notable man, and accumulated quite a fortune. His children were Seaborn and three sisters. The sisters married men who have become prominent and well to do, rearing large families. Seaborn, however, lived a bachelor all his life. He was thoroughly irreligious, only enjoying his passions and accumulating lands and cattle. He had at the time of his death 15,000 acres of the best land in the country, 1,000 head of cattle, besides other property, which made him a very rich man for that part of the country.

This man's amours in white and black have been the scandal of the community for forty years. He dwelt alone in a rather shabby house, where he lived a life which would shame a Turk. In his younger days he confined himself principally to white conquests, the illicit results of which were three daughters. These girls he finally took to his home, and for a time it looked as though the parental instinct would save him. He seemed to love the children, took great pleasure in their company, and when they grew large enough he sent them for several terms to a female college, where they became quite accomplished and returned home charming young ladies. It was then that they were

SHOCKED BY THE DISCOVERY that their father had installed in the house, as their brother, a mulatto named John Sheffield. The old man insisted upon keeping his variegated family under the same roof, while he still continued his disgraceful career. Quarrels ensued in which the father invariably clung to his black son. The girls finally married respectable young farmers, and leaving home John Sheffield became the sole idol of his father's heart.

Sheffield, on taking his daughters to his home, had formally adopted them as his own. He opposed their marriages violently, and never became reconciled to his sons-in-law, while they, in turn, had but little respect for him. John Sheffield, holding such a warm place in his father's affections, gained a certain amount of respect from those who honored the old man's gold. He openly married a white woman, though it was a violation of the law which prohibits the union of whites and blacks. This marriage met with his father's full approval, and ever after that the old man was on the warmest of terms with his mulatto son.

It was then that John, seeing the complete mastery he had over his father, became carried away with his importance, and fell under the displeasure of the whole community. Frequent raids would be made on Mr. Sheffield's herds by cattle thieves. John would lay the blame first on one neighbor and then on another. Many of them were arrested and taken to court, only to be acquitted. These continual raids and arrests of innocent parties aroused the people to the necessity of self-protection. A vigilance committee was formed, which had but little difficulty in discovering that John himself was the thief

STEALING THE CATTLE and selling them in the Albany market. As soon as he discovered that the people were on his trail John skipped out, and found refuge in Alabama. Sheffield grew furious over what he regarded as slander against his son and scoured the country to find him finally bringing him back to the paternal roof. He did not do this, however, until he had spent about \$5,000, disposing of the charges against his son.

Seaborn Sheffield had reached his 65th year, and was very feeble. He said that the persecution of his son John, as he called it, was instigated by his daughters, who wished to get him out of the way so that they might get all his property. In the first week in September he was heard to declare that he would will all his property to his negro son, and cut off his white daughters altogether. On the day before the assassination Mr. Sheffield received, through the Post Office, the following letter, which was found on his dead body.

Headquarters K. K. K.
You, Seaborn Sheffield, are hereby notified that your case has been duly considered, and the fact that you have, or intend giving your property to John Sheffield, duly considered, and now unless you make a good and lawful will in the next thirty days, giving your entire property to your white daughters, it has been fully decided that, between two sons, you shall be riddled with buckshot and your degraded soul sent to the hell where it belongs. "A hint, &c."
By order of the Captain, BLOODY BONES, RAW HEAD, Secretary and First Sergeant.

The letter was written in a plain, legible, business handwriting, but the writer apparently attempted to disguise his chirography by writing backward.

In the excitement consequent upon the announcement of the assassination, rumors were rife as to who could have been the guilty party. Some thought the assassins were the men who had been so ruthlessly prosecuted in connection with the cattle stealing, while others believe that John Sheffield, in the belief that his father had already made the will in his favor committed the crime to gain speedy

POSSESSION OF THE PROPERTY.

The most singular theory of all, however, comes from the dead man's three sisters. Knowing that their brother's children, white as well as black, were equally illegitimate, the aunts naturally antagonize them all, and believe that the property should revert back to the blood kin, in lawful wedlock. Consequently these old ladies say that Mr. Rufus Lawrence, Mr. Sheffield's son-in-law, committed the deed, and they adduce as their reason for alleging it that every time Mr. Lawrence approached the dead body during the night the wound gaped afresh. They affirm that this is positive and convicting evidence. Investigation, however, fails to clinch the crime upon any one, and the only satisfactory feature of the tragedy is the discovery that Mr. Sheffield had made no will, and that his lawfully adopted white daughters will come into possession of the estate.

BURIED TREASURE.

A Scrap of History Two Centuries Old.

In August, 1680, the Pueblo Indians and their more savage allies, in a combined movement, drove the Spanish settlers from Santa Fe and other points in the northern portion of the territory from their homes. At the same time the missions throughout New Mexico were destroyed, and the Franciscan and other monks slaughtered when they fell into the hands of their merciless enemies as were also the natives who had embraced the Christian religion and refused to become apostates. The refugees from Santa Fe and other points north, when but a few miles from Socorro, were so sorely pressed that they were about to succumb to

THEIR SAVAGE FOE, when a large body of armed men from this point came to their rescue and defeated the rebels. The united Spanish forces retreated to Socorro, then known as the mission of San Miguel. The poor, hunted Spaniards, finding no other means of testifying their gratitude named the place "Socorro," which means succor or relief—a name it has ever since borne, though the parish continues to be well known as that of San Miguel.

Accessions to the population of Socorro continued to arrive rapidly from the various missions which had been destroyed and depopulated by the insurgent Pueblos, and this great increase in their number made sad havoc with the supply of provisions in the place, and as the crops in the vicinity had been destroyed it soon became evident that the town would, sooner or later,

HAVE TO BE ABANDONED by its brave defenders. Another danger also menaced the place in the form of a rapid concentration of Indian forces who, having devastated the other settlements, were rapidly surrounding Socorro, and would soon present such an overwhelming superiority in numbers that retreat on the part of the people of the city would be impossible. As these facts became more apparent a council was called, which resulted in a decision to withdraw from the place during the night and retreat to El Paso. No sooner was this decided upon than it was rapidly put into execution, and the church treasures, consecrated bells and church ornaments, as well as much private treasure, under heavy escort was conveyed to a point within the present city limits and in the dead of night were buried.

The evacuation of Socorro took place quietly, and when the sun arose the savages entered the place, plundering what was left, and set fire to the town. The gallant inhabitants escaped to El Paso and Socorro remained in its abandonment and solitude until the year 1816, when it was reoccupied, principally by settlers from Belen. La Jova, and other points above. Twenty-five years ago a Mr. S. Vrian made some effort to

RECOVER THE TREASURES which had been buried so long, but failed. There is no doubt whatever as to the fact of this cache having been made, and sooner or later some one more lucky than the others will stumble upon this wealth by accident or as the result of systematic search. This will add several pages to the church records, which will no doubt be recovered at the same time, and throw light on the history of this territory which is now wrapped in mystery and oblivion.

An Old War Horse.

The Rev. J. G. Wood relates the following story, which was told to him by a relative of the involuntary heroine. Some years ago an elderly gentleman died, leaving to his widow all his property, including an old and staid horse which had been driven for many years. It so happened that there was a review in the neighborhood, and the old lady, who was stone-deaf, drove over to see it. During the manoeuvres a regiment of cavalry passed her, and as they did so the trumpeter blew on his instruments some signal which she from her deafness did not hear, and if she had heard would not have understood. The horse however both heard and understood the trumpet-call. Old as he was, he sprang off at full speed, galloped into the ranks, and put himself in line with perfect accuracy. The signal to charge was then given, and off went the horse with his comrades. The old lady shrieked and dragged at the reins to no purpose. Where the regiment went the horse went. When it wheeled he wheeled, and when it charged he charged, dragging its expostulating mistress after him throughout the whole of the manoeuvres. She was however a spirited dame, and stuck to the chaise. After the review was over, the officers crowded round the old horse, who evidently had belonged to the cavalry, and offered a very high price for him in order to make a regimental pet of him. The offers however were refused, as the lady valued the horse for association's sake. Neither her husband nor herself had the slightest idea that the horse had belonged to the army.

The bootblack and the college professor work for the same object—that of polishing the understanding.

HEALTH.

THE NOSH, AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

The cavity of the nostrils is in part formed by certain so-called "turbinate"—swelling out, like a top—bones, covered with a very sensitive membrane, particularly liable to be temporarily irritated by dust, oil, and odors, or to become thickened by morbid growth. Some point in it is the seat and centre of the sneezing paroxysm.

Of late years it has been found to be the seat of many reflex neuroses—nervous ailments at a distance from the disturbing cause. Such—and some of them of the most distressing kind—had long been treated without success, before the true source of the trouble was suspected.

Dr. Beard ten years ago proved it to be a neurosis, or nerve affection. It is now shown to be independent on a special excitability of the nerve of the nasal membrane which covers the turbinate bones. The excitability may be temporary or permanent. In the latter case, the membrane is generally swollen and hypertrophied—thickened and enlarged.

Of like origin is one form of asthma, which is permanently cured by removing the disturbing cause—perhaps a polypus within the nasal cavity.

The same cause is true of some coughs of a spasmodic character. Many cases of eye trouble, characterized by smarting, intolerance of light, inability to use the eyes in reading, may be wholly due to the same cause. The following is a case: Said the young lady, "When I rise in the morning, my forehead and eyes pain me very much. My eyes feel dry, and it is hard to open them to the light."

The nasal membrane, in this case, was found to be swollen, so as to obstruct the passage. The removal of the swelling was followed by immediate and permanent relief, and the ability to use her eyes without inconvenience.

Neuralgia above the brow, and hemicrania—pain confined to one-half of the head—may have the same reflex origin. Treatment of the nasal passages wholly cured a boy whose schooling had been interfered with for years by a severe and persistent headache.

Says the *Medical Record*, "Hack, Traenkel and others have demonstrated that many hitherto obscure neuroses display a relation to certain conditions mostly found in the mucous covering of the turbinate bone, anteriorly, which enabled them to cure the former by removing the latter. Among the neuroses referred to, nightmare, asthma, cough, supraorbital neuralgia, giddiness, and hay fever are the most prominent."

HOW TO BECOME STRONG.

One of the secrets of muscular recuperation is in stopping when fatigue begins from exercise. He or she who is not the fresher in body and mind for the exercise taken has had an overdose of what in proper measure would have proved a benefit. The gain in strength is shown and felt in the increasing ability to do more and more without exhaustion. The measure of success is not in the greatness of feat accomplished, but in the ease with which the exercise is indulged in, and in the absence of exhaustion after it. There are occasions frequent enough in which people in the struggle of life are forced beyond their powers of endurance, and there is no need to carry into the pursuit of recreation the fatigue which exacting work imposes. For beginners this is important; after a time one can take more exercise and feel no fatigue.

HEALTH "DON'TS."

Don't neglect your house-drains, nor the drainage about your house. The first condition of family health is a dry and sweet atmosphere. With dry walls, a dry cellar, and drains that carry off refuse without letting in foul gases, half the battle for good health is won.

Don't let your wells or springs be infected by drainage, or from other causes. Pure drinking-water is indispensable for health at home, or anywhere.

Don't keep the sun out of your living and sleeping rooms. Sunlight is absolutely necessary for a right condition of the atmosphere that we breathe, and for our bodily well-being.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds, and will not fall victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated; keep out of draughts; wear flannels; and with the exercise of a little common-sense in various emergencies, colds will be rare. If colds were a penal offence, we should soon find a way to prevent them.

Don't neglect personal cleanliness, but use the bath with moderation and in accordance with your general health. The daily cold bath is right enough with the rugged, but it is a great tax upon the vitality of persons not in the best health, and should be abandoned if the results are not found to be favorable, and tepid water used instead. Each man in these things should be a judge for himself; that which is excellent for one is often hurtful for another.

Don't have much confidence in the curative nature of drugs. Remember that Dr. Good-Habits, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Exercise are the best doctors in the world.

DEATH IN AWFUL FORM.

A Thousand Koreans Perishing Daily From Cholera.

Private advices received in San Francisco state that cholera is still raging fiercely in Corea. No idea can be formed of the extent of the scourge. It has more than decimated the capital, where, out of a population of 200,000, the death rate is 1,000 per day. About as many Koreans as there are people in the State of California have been swept away already and it is hard to say where the plague will stop. Corea is described as an "appalling pest spot." Never was there a more frightful record of the ravages of disease on mankind. The story of the plague of London is beggared by what is now going on in Seoul. They are beginning to give over the task of burying their dead and the city is threatened with positive extinction.

A Very Remarkable Dog.

A solemn man recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself and called for a bill of fare. It was given to him.

"What would you like to have sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man reflectively, "gimme some oxtail soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered and turning fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint at an adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with a squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

A Lucky Man.

A singular piece of good fortune has befallen a Stourbridge man named Richard Lightowler Wilkinson, a carpenter. He has within the last few days had an intimation that the late Mr. W. C. Willis, a mine owner in the neighborhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has left him an estate of the value of £25,000 and £1,450 in money, in recognition of his having saved his life in the year 1882. In the spring of that year Wilkinson was at work in the neighborhood where Mr. Willis resided, between Wallsend and Newcastle. He was walking along the Tyneside after work one evening when he saw Mr. Willis coming in the opposite direction. The latter was seized with sudden illness, and staggered and fell into the river. Wilkinson, though he could not swim, jumped into the water, and with some difficulty got Mr. Willis out. He was speechless for some time, and when he sufficiently recovered Wilkinson assisted him home. He gave him five shillings at the time, and said he should never forget the service he had rendered him that night. He asked Wilkinson particularly as to his name and other matters, and wrote them down at the time. Shortly after this Wilkinson left the neighborhood of Newcastle and thought no more of what had occurred. It seems that Mr. Willis, who was a widower without family, died a few months ago, and that since then efforts have been made to find Wilkinson, and he was told of there being an advertisement in the paper for some one of his name, but at the moment he attached no importance to it. Recently two strangers presented themselves at his mother's house, questioned him closely as to his name and the fact of his having at one time lived at Newcastle, and intimated that he might expect to hear of some good fortune. Since then, his identity no doubt appearing clear, he has had a formal intimation of the bequest of the large property above stated for his gallant services in saving Mr. Willis's life, the latter having well kept his promise that he would never forget what he had done for him.

Having watered my own horse, I continued my journey, pondering on what I had seen and heard at this wayside pump.

It is a pretty hard thing to say of a man that he cares more for an old horse than for his wife, and even Farmer B. would resent such an accusation. But the query rose, why was it that he spoke so much more pleasantly to his horse than to his wife? And I wondered whether he had been as quick to note the faded appearance of the latter, with the deep wrinkles forming about her face.

And, if so, had he been as prompt in his conclusions to lift some burden from her shoulders, and in every possible way try to make life easier for her?

I remember how readily he had excused the faults of his horse, how he had used patience and kindness in dealing with them, and I wondered if his wife's faults had received the same degree of leniency at his hands.

It had been a matter of study with him to learn the peculiarities of his horse, that he might so shape his actions as might best conform with them. Had he ever thought of trying this plan with his wife? Or had he left most of this adapting business for her to do?

Again, I remembered how his eyes had brightened, his voice softened, and how he had shown genuine affection for his horse, as he stroked and petted her with a feeling of pride. I wondered how often he showed as much for his wife. And why was it? Was she less deserving? Or was she less able to appreciate any token of affection?

Sixteen years ago he could talk of his love in as fervent tones as any one. Why the change? Had the story become an old one until it seemed not worth repeating? If so, why had not the habit of petting his horse been laid aside for the same reason?

Al! Mr. B., I am afraid these would be hard questions for you to answer. I am quite sure that you still love your wife; but the trouble is that you have allowed your tongue to get rusty on the subject.

You do not wish to have her overwork herself and grow prematurely old; and yet you have carelessly overlooked the fact that she is doing so. If you allow things to go on as they are, you may wake up to some very painful truths, when it is just a little too late.

Permit me to suggest that you take some spare hour to think over and study this matter. See what can be done to lighten the wife's burdens and increase her pleasures.

Do it in a manly, generous spirit; and do it to-day. Every effort of yours in this direction will make her a better woman, a better wife and better mother.

And it will make you a better man. You will be a gainer in every direction, and will find it to be an investment that will pay larger dividends than any money you ever invested, or the biggest crop you ever raised on your well-managed farm.

FARM.

HOMERS AND WIVES.

"She's a fine animal, and as good for her years as can be found in this country," said Farmer B., as he patted the arched neck and smoothed the long mane of his fine looking mare, exhibiting not only a great deal of pride, but of genuine affection.

"How old?" he continued, in answer to my question. "Sixteen, last June, the fourth day. I raised her from a colt, and she was born the same year I was married."

"Gentle? Well, gentle enough for me. She has a few tricks but they were born in her—can't get them out to save you. But then they don't mount to much, when you get accustomed to them."

"She used to shy at everything she saw, and kick in the stall, but I've broken her of those habits. Done it through kindness, too. She won't stand no beating. She's pretty high strung, she is, and what gentleness won't do with her, can't be done at all."

"Would you sell her?" I asked.

"No, sir," was the emphatic reply. "No separating us 'Till death us do part," as the parson says. She's been a faithful beast, and no one else could understand her and get along with her as I can."

And again he smoothed her glossy coat, as he coaxed her to drink.

"Fallin' off a little, I do believe," he added, as he passed his hands over the plump sides. "That won't do, old Kate. We must add a little more grain, or drop off some of your work."

Just then a woman came to the pump for a pail of water. She was leading a child by the hand, and vainly trying to quiet it, while another, some two years older, was following close to her heels, crying for a drink of water. The woman was plainly but neatly dressed, and her general appearance was such as to win a favorable impression. Her face, which showed that she had not seen more than thirty-five years, was well marked with deep lines of care, telling plainly that she had borne an ample share of the burdens of life.

"Do try to have dinner on time, to-day, wife," said Mr. B., addressing her in a fretful, harsh tone, quite different from the one he had just been using to his horse. "I am tired of waiting ten or fifteen minutes every day for my dinner."

The wife's quiet answer showed that she had become accustomed to this tone and style of address. She filled her large pail to the brim, and with it in one hand and the fretting child on the other, hurried her steps towards the house.

The pump at which this occurred was near the roadside, and answered the triple purpose of furnishing water for the traveling public, for Mr. B.'s barn and for his house. In point of convenience, however, it was farthest from the house.

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Jim Webster's Luck.

"Sam, can yer lend me a dollar that yer has no use fur?" said Jim Webster to Sam Johnson.

"Certainly, Jim; I'm pleased to accommodate yer," said Sam, handing Jim a dollar.

Jim was so surprised at his luck in getting the money that he bit the coin to see if he was awake or merely dreaming, and in doing so discovered that the dollar was made of lead.

"That yer is a countefit, Sam; I didn't think you'd do me that way."

"I know it's counterfeit, Jim; yer asked me fur one I had no use fur, an' I give it to yer; I'm always kind to my friends."

Considerate.

Hostetter McGinnis is a male fiend. He was taken to task by Gilhooly, who said, reproachfully:

"You have been courting all four of those Longcoffin girls all summer, why don't you marry one of them?"

"I'll do it, Gilhooly, but I don't want to do anything to forfeit the esteem of the other three."