

UNCLE JOE DAPPLE'S STORY.

We were a hungry jury, kept out by an obstinate judge, who told us the case was a very plain one, at the same time taking good care not to tell us on which side it was so plain.

Most of the testimony on both sides, we were convinced, was false; and the problem to be solved was one not unusually presented in law-suits—to find out the truth by striking a balance between contradictory lies.

"Somebody tell a story," suggested the foreman. "Mr. Dapple, you're an old settler, and must have met with some adventures in pioneer times that would be worth telling."

"Well I have seen some queer things, but I am not much at narrating them. If you'll excuse mistakes, I'll tell you about a case that might have turned out a great deal more seriously than this one."

"Go on," was urged.

"This is how it was," began Uncle Joe, clearing his vocal hatchway by rolling an immense quid into one cheek. "When I'd made up my mind to come out here and buy, mother, as I call my wife, made me a belt to carry my money in. Them was the days before greenbacks, and bank-notes were no great shakes if they got too far from home."

"Well, I kissed mother, and bid her good-bye one morning, and set out to hunt a new home for us, carrying the price of it in hard cash. One night I stopped at a cabin and asked for lodging."

"You can have it," was the answer, "that is, providing you don't object to sleeping double, for another stranger is here before you."

"I didn't exactly like the idea, but houses were scarce in them parts, and not caring to risk going further, and faring worse, taking my saddle-bags on my arm, I led my critter around to the stables, proprietor showing the way. When old Roan had been looked after, we went into the house."

"The other stranger was sitting by the fire, and gave me a sharp look as I came forward, I noticed he kept watching me sharp, I didn't fancy his looks much; but after a spell he managed to be quite friendly, and it was always my way to meet that sort of thing half-way."

"He, too, was on the look-out to buy, and we compared notes on the subject till bed time. Our host was one of them sort o' chaps that listen a good deal without saying much, and his wife looked as if she daren't say much if she would."

"We paid our bill before going to bed. The other traveler said he was going to start before day; but as our roads lay but a little together, I concluded I wouldn't rise so soon for the sake of only that much company. Sunrise was early enough for me."

"Our sleeping room was one end of the cabin partitioned off by itself."

"It's a long time since you and me slept together," said the stranger, when we were both ready to lie down.

"So it is," said I. "Which side do you take?"

"Front," said he, "if it's all the same to you."

"All the same," said I, jumping in.

"The stranger followed, and I don't know what he did, but I soon fell asleep."

"I don't know how late or early it was when I woke up, feeling chilly. The moon was shining bright through the window. The clothes were turned over from the front side of the bed, and there stood my bedfellow, leaning over me with a big knife in one hand, a fumbling at the buckle of my belt with the other."

"Of course you grasped the arm that wielded the knife with one of your hands, and the villain's throat with the other," interrupted the bustling juryman.

"Well, no, I didn't."

"You cried out, then?"

"Nor that, either."

"Well," said the bustling juryman, "I'd like to see the man that would rob me without a struggle for it. Suppose he had killed you—what, after all, is death? Only an eternal sleep philosophy tells us."

"That may be," said Uncle Joe, "but I wasn't a bit sleepy just then."

"No, no," laughed the foreman, "I never heard the 'eternal sleep' theory better answered."

"Well," continued Uncle Joe, "I lay still as a house till that pesky critter uddoze my belt and slipped it from under me, while he did as gently that I hardly felt it, wide awake as I was. Then he pulled the cover over me, and tucking it in as careful as a mother could have done, he buckled my belt around him, finished dressing and slipped out."

"And you lay there, and let yourself be robbed without uttering a word?" again broke in the bustling juryman.

"I didn't see no good in speaking," said Uncle Joe; "I knew he'd sock his knife into me if I so much as chirped, and take his chance of cutting his way through the hand-locks afterward, if he had woke up. No, I

didn't say a word, but just turned over and took another nap, and in good time got up, mounted old Roan, and rode off, just as if nothing had happened. I got to my journey's end that day, and bought my land the next."

"But your money?" the foreman reminded him.

"Oh, that was all right," said Uncle Joe. "Why, didn't the robber get it?"

"He got the belt," Uncle Joe answered.

"You see, mother and me knew that money bolts had got to be so much in fashion, that they were the first thing every robber went for, and once they got a man's belt they'd go off contented. So what does mother and me do but fill my belt with pewter buttons, and mother she sewed the double eagles into the lining of my coonskin jacket, which the fur on the outside kept from showing, and there I carried them safe enough."

We were still laughing at Uncle Joe's story, when the bailiff rapped at the door. The Judge wanted to see us. His honor had had his supper, and feeling in better humor, he discharged us from durance.

HUMOROUS.

SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A case of misunderstanding occurred up in the country last week. Riding up to a hotel in Courtland County, we saw the big, smart landlord with his boys, all smoking short pipes on the balcony, while his wife was sweeping around the chairs.

"Hello! Do you keep this hotel?"

"No, sir, I reckon not; this tavern keeps me."

"I mean, are you master here?"

"Waal, sometimes I am (poking at the old lady's broom), but I guess the boys an' I run the stable. Take your horse?"

"Got anything to drink around here?"

"Yes, everything drinks around here."

"Any ales?"

"Touch of the rheumatiz myself; folks generally healthy, though."

"I mean, have you any porter?"

"Yes, John's our porter. Hold his horse, John."

"I mean any porter to drink?"

"Porter to drink? Why, John can drink, an' if he can't drink enough, I can whip a right smart o' lickin' myself."

"Pshaw—stupid! Have I got to come down and see myself?"

"You can come down, Shaw Stupid, and see yourself ef ye want to; there's a good lookin'-glass in the bar-room."

LORD PETERBOROUGH'S RUSE.

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a young lady who was fond of birds; she had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee house near Charing Cross, and entreated him to get it for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it, and getting one of the same color, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access; contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose, and upon her return took his leave.

He continued to frequent the house to avoid suspicion, but forbore saying anything of the bird till about two years after, when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, "I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it; I dare say by this time you are sorry for it."

"Indeed, sir," answered the woman, "I am not, nor would I now take any sum for him; for would you believe it? from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note."

A GOOD PROSPECT.

A servant girl, who lived with a lady in Edinburgh, surprised her mistress by giving her warning. The lady inquired the cause, and found it was sweethearts.

"And who is the lad?" inquired the mistress.

"Oh, he's a nice lad; a lad that sits in the kirk just forenent me."

"Are you sure he intends to marry you?"

"I dare say he does, mom."

"Have you had much of each other's company yet?"

"Not yet."

"When did you last converse with him?"

"Deed, we hae nee conversed any yet."

"Then, how should you suppose that he is going to marry you?"

"Oh," replied the simple girl, "he's a been lang lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speakin'."

A PRECAUTION.

Mr. Bellows has been paying attention to young Miss Snively for some time, and a few evenings ago he called for the purpose of making a formal proposal.

Miss Snively, it would appear, has had other and unfortunate love affairs in the past, and a melancholy experience has made her singularly cautious.

After talking with her for a while, Bellows hemmed and hawed, and blushed; and then, suddenly seizing her hand, he was about to

plump the question right, when Miss Snively interrupted him.

"Ah, excuse me for asking you, Mr. Bellows, but are you going to propose?"

"Well, I—that is, I should say that—that I did, perhaps, cherish some—some—as it were some—idea, that is to say—well, yes."

"Oh, very well," rejoined Miss Snively; "very well; but just wait a moment, please, while I call my aunt downstairs."

"Wh-wh-wh-what for?" asked Bellows, in astonishment.

"Why, so that I can have a witness in case I'm obliged to sue you for breach of promise, of course. The last man who proposed got off; but I reckon you won't if I know how to fix things. Wait a minute."

And then, as Miss Snively went out in search of her aunt, Bellows glided through the front door, and, crashing his hat down over his eyes, he dissipated love's young dream, stifled his grief, and went home to bed. Miss Snively will not sue.

ARKANSAS POKER.

HOW FOUR ACES WERE BEATEN BY FIVE JACKS.

The following incident is related of Scipio Choteau, a half breed Creek Indian and negro:

He was asked if he was the man who had four aces beaten.

He answered: "Yes sah; I's the man."

"Will you have any objection to telling it?"

"I's afraid it will git me into trouble; but if de judge is willing," appealing to the foreman, "I will tell it."

The judge consented when Scipio said:

"You see, I lives on the cattle trail from Texas through the Creek country to Kansas, and I was in the road one day, and I meets a gentleman ahead of a big drove of cattle. He say, 'Old man, do you live in dis country?'"

"I says, 'Yes, sah.'"

"He says, 'It's a mighty poor country. How do you make a livin'?"

"I says, 'Sah, tis putty good country; we has plenty of meat and bread, and I makes a good livin' a——'"

"He says, 'Old man, do you ever play keerds?'"

"I says, 'Yes, sah; I does sometimes.'"

"He says, 'Would you have any objection to play a little draw?'"

"I says, 'No, sah.'"

"So we set off our horses along side de road, and sat down, and I pulls out the keerds. Well, in a short time I beats de gentleman out of sixty-two dollars and a half, and I t'ought I had him; so I puts up a hand on him—for I is, do I say it myself, a mighty smart hand at keerds—and I know'd he would hab tree jacks and I would hab tree aces, and in de draw I know'd he would git de oder jack, and I would git de oder ace. So he raises a bit, and I raises on back, till at last I put up all de money I had wiinned from de gentleman and all the change I had, and I know'd I had him. Well, in de draw de gent got de oder jack and I got de oder ace. De gent wanted to bet, but I claimed a sight for de money, and told him I had an invincible hand dat could not be beat."

"He says, 'Old man, dem is right good briches you is got on; how much did dey cost?'"

"I says, 'Yes, sah; dey cost me ten dollars.'"

"He says, 'I'll put up ten dollars agin dem.'"

"I says, 'Berry well, sah, but I tells you I got a invincible hand.'"

"He puts up de money, and I holds up my legs and he pulls off de briches and lays dem down."

"Now, sah," I says, "I told you I had a invincible hand what can't be beat, I's got fo' aces."

"De gent says, 'Old man, did you ever hear of five jacks beatin' fo' aces?'"

"I says, 'I's heard it, sah, but I's never seed it; and if you can prove me of it, de money's yours.'"

"De gent well, he says, laying down one keerd, 'Ain't dat de jack ob clubs?'"

"Yes, sah," says I, "dat am de jack ob clubs."

"He lays down another keerd, 'Ain't dat de jack ob hearts?'"

"Yes, sah," I says, "dat am de jack ob hearts."

"He laid down another: 'Ain't dat de jack ob spades?'"

"Yes, sah," I says, "dat am de jack ob spades."

"He laid down another: 'Ain't dat de jack ob diamonds?'"

"Yes, sah, dat is de jack ob diamonds."

"Den he runs his hand in his bosom, and pulls out a great long pistol and points it at me and says, 'Ain't dat jack 'haul'?"

"I says, 'Yes, sah.'"

"Ain't dat five jacks? And don't dat win de money?"

"And I says, 'Yes, sah, dat is Jack 'haul, and dat is five jacks, and five jacks beats an invincible hand.'"

"So he puts de money in his pocket and ties my briches on 'hind ob his saddle and tells me to scatter and I did."

"You see, it served me right, for I t'ought de man was a green Missourian when I put up de hand on him, but he was an Arkansas chap, and I finds deen mighty sharp, judge."

SCIENTIFIC.

THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

Much is nowadays said and written about the promotion of scientific research, and although everybody is convinced of the importance of doing something, no one is agreed upon the ways and means. It is certainly important to do all we can to help on the progress of invention and discovery; but how to do this, in a way that will not result in more harm than good, is a problem by no means easy of solution. We do not set out with the expectation of being able to settle the question, but our experience with this class of topics entitles us to do a little talking on the subject.

We should say that protection by patents must stimulate the inventive talent of the country. No one would make special effort to perfect a machine or apply a new principle unless he was tolerably certain of reaping the reward of his labors. It is with invention as with the acquisition of wealth; unless the law protects us in the enjoyment of both, anarchy prevails and society can make no progress. It is a well known fact that in Germany a vast number of philosophical principles and mechanical laws have been worked out, but they have remained unapplied for the reason that the government failed to afford any protection from the immediate appropriation of them by any one who choose to apply them. Other nations have seized upon the material ideas and have put them to practical use, and Germany has lost the benefits that a wiser legislation would have secured to the country.

Another way in which scientific enquiry can be promoted is by the dissemination of correct information upon the commonest affairs of life. There must be sufficient intelligence in a community to offer sympathy and not opposition to the pioneer in new enterprises. A knowledge of common things is indispensable to the growth of scientific ideas. The soil must be well tilled before the seed can take root, and this tillage must be done by teaching, books and journals. The history of invention affords abundant proof of the slow growth of important discoveries in communities where persons in authority have been too ignorant of the first principles of science to understand or appreciate the efforts of some genius who was far in the advance of his age. We can cite the steam engine in illustration. Papin, a French refugee, while residing at Cassel, in Germany, invented a steam pump and steam engine, which he applied to the propulsion of a boat down the river Falda as far as the ancient town of Munden, in Hanover where the river Weser begins. Before going any further, it was necessary for him to obtain the permission of the Hanoverian authorities, and he made application in due form, and also wrote to the celebrated philosopher, Leibnitz, to aid him in the matter. Leibnitz, with the keen intuition of the man of science, at once understood and appreciated the importance of the wonderful invention, and made every effort at court to secure the favorable consideration of Papin's application, but his labor was in vain; the minister of foreign affairs could see no good likely to arise from the introduction of steamboats and he sent an order prohibiting the new invention from sailing on the waters of the Hanoverian kingdom. The river boatmen at Munden, hearing of this decision, got up a mob and destroyed the boat, and Papin himself was driven out of the country. This illustration of the importance of general information may be said to be an extreme case, but it is nevertheless true and goes to show what a baleful influence an ignorant minister can exert upon the destinies of a country. We came very near having a similar misfortune in our own country. It is within the memory of many persons now living how violently some of the members of Congress opposed all appropriations in aid of Morse's telegraph. Some of them threw great ridicule upon the project, and proposed to extend the wires to the moon. It required years to disseminate sufficient information on the subject to inspire the faith and confidence of moneyed men in this strange enterprise. These illustrations will suffice to prove the importance of sowing the seeds of knowledge broadcast as a means of promoting scientific inquiry. The question whether it is wise and expedient to grant Government or individual aid to promote investigation is not so easy of decision. It is a delicate responsibility to say that, if a certain course of investigation were to be pursued, it would inevitably lead to important practical results and that therefore the State ought to come in and help the needy inventor. The liability to abuse and the doubt as to the constitutional right of the State to help individuals would seem to put a veto upon this method of aiding science. Individuals can, however, do as they please, and we have numerous instances of money being left by men of fortune to afford aid to scientific men in one form or another. Prizes, medals, fellowships, rewards and pecuniary assistance have been the method pursued to accomplish the will of the donor. There has been a great deal of curious experience in reference to the effect of this way of encouraging scientific inquiry. The University of Oxford in England is notorious for the immense endowments it has received, and is equally famous for the small results achieved. It is stated by Sir Benjamin Brodie that \$600,000 per annum are expended by the colleges of Oxford in sub-

sidies to students and for the endowment of fellowships. And he very pertinently asks: What return does the state receive for this vast expenditure of money? The unavoidable result of endowments in England has been Parliament at work to investigate the whole business, and it may well occasion some anxiety to ourselves. We have imitated the example of the mother country, and would perhaps do well to proceed with a little more caution. Is there, then, really no practicable way in which to promote scientific research? We shall not attempt to answer the question but can say: Suppose we organize a society for the promotion of scientific research, to consist of a board of trustees, who shall have the entire management of the property, and who will give aid when they think it will be judiciously employed. Such a board of trustees must consist of scientific men, not lawyers, merchants, or clergymen, such as make up the majority in all college boards, but the best known scientific men of the city. They would be excluded from voting to each other any of the income, but must use the money to aid pure science where they see that it can be used to the best advantage. It often happens that an endowment is made of a professorship in a college because the incumbent is an investigator and first class scientist, but it does not follow that the successor will be equally eminent; on the contrary, it generally happens just the other way. If the money had been put in the hands of a separate board of scientific men, they would not pay out the income to the incompetent successor, but would search out some other institution where the proper individual was to be found. Here is an idea for our scientific men to work up, and we should be glad if it leads to something practical and useful.—Scientific American.

A CONFLICT WITH A WHEELBARROW.

The following must have emanated from a person who had experience in tumbling over a wheelbarrow (and who has not?) to have enabled him to so graphically describe the sensation:

If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles towards the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over, on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it, either, for it will tangle his legs and arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself in fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

SCIENTIFIC PISCATORY INGENUITY.

An English missionary to China, the Rev. George Smith, says that, on one of his aquatic excursions, he saw some Chinese fishermen at their vocation in a way to quite astonish him. They had a model of a fish made of bright tin, which was slowly dragged along at the end of a line fastened to the boat. The fish in all directions swam towards the decoy. It seems to possess a peculiar fascination. Far back in the rear was another boat, carrying a net; when it was judged there were fish enough congregated about the object of their attraction, the oarsmen slackened a little while the net men approached and dropped the seine, widely extended; they then gradually brought the extremities together, and generally made a successful haul.

Those same people with long hair practice another adroit method of fishing, which might be practiced here with equal advantage. They have a highly bright varnished strip of board along the outside of the gunwale of a boat, at an angle about that of the roof of a house. When ready on the fishing ground torches are lighted. The varnished board intensifies the light, and throws it at an angle far off into the water. Curiosity, or some other sentiment, prompts the fish to follow up the rays. They rush on with such speed that when they see the boat, which seems to be an obstruction, they leap over the rowlocks inside, just where they are wanted.

Another method practiced, which the observant missionary often saw, was by trained cormorants. They dived down from the boat and rarely failed to bring up fishes in their bills. To prevent them from swallowing the captured prey, each had a metallic ring on its neck, through which nothing could pass. Occasionally it was removed that the birds might be encouraged with a few morsels of food.

Both science and art are recognized in these bland and childlike piscatory processes.

A little boy carrying home some eggs from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother when he told of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of 'em."