

# BETTER THINGS SHALL COME TO PASS!

Better things shall come to pass!  
When the reign of pride doth cease  
Throughout the world;  
When the rule of selfishness  
Is downward hurled;  
When the light of knowledge shines  
In every heart,  
And the clouds of prejudice,  
Flung back, depart:—  
Then may men look up again,  
And behold, as in a glass,  
This inspiring truth revealed—  
Better things have come to pass!

Better things shall come to pass!  
When to man his fellow man  
Shall kindly turn:  
When the flame of mutual trust  
Doth brightly burn;  
When might's fetter by its light  
Shall be riven,  
And the earthly mind reflects  
The grace of heaven:—  
Then may men look up again,  
And behold, as in a glass,  
This inspiring truth revealed—  
Better things have come to pass!

Better things shall come to pass!  
When the weak become the strong,—  
Aye, strong in truth;  
When the old retain the faith  
They had in youth;  
When the wilful blind shall see  
Each face to face,  
And the bitterest foes are clasped  
In warm embrace:—  
Then may men look up again,  
And behold, as in a glass,  
This inspiring truth revealed—  
Better things have come to pass!

Better things shall come to pass!  
When the happiness of all,  
And not the few,  
Leads the great ones of the land  
To think and do;  
When our prisons vainly wait  
To strengthen crime,  
And the last in pauper walls  
Has spent his time—  
Then may men look up again,  
And behold, as in a glass,  
This inspiring truth revealed—  
Better things have come to pass!

Better things shall come to pass!  
When the law of Love prevails  
O'er all the earth;  
When justice and forbearance  
Spring to birth;  
When men shall strive together,  
And contend,  
O'er power, o'er greed, o'er scorn,  
For God's great end—  
Then may men look up again,  
And behold, as in a glass,  
This inspiring truth revealed—  
Better things have come to pass!

G. LINNEUS BANKS.

## BREVITIES.

England is agitated over the right of certain preachers to be called "reverend." So is America.

Bergh, in his lecture at St. Louis, claimed for the rat a higher place, so far as utility is concerned, than the gambler or thief holds.

The complete essays of Sidney Smith can be bought in England for sixty cents, and those of Macaulay for seventy-five cents.

The editor of the Troy, Ill., *Bulletin* says that he couldn't make a living there with his paper alone, but that he was leader of the band and pitcher in the base ball club, and that helped it out.

The Chicago *Tribune* of a recent date contained "the particulars" of twenty-eight new cases of deaths by criminal violence—a fearful catalogue for a civilized and Cristian country.

Mrs. Fish, it seems, has rebuked our Premier for his desire to employ female clerks in the State Department, by the slightly staggering conundrum: "Hamilton, when will you get over being a boy?"

A truly happy day.—Well, Leonora, what have you and Harold been doing at Aunt Mabel's to day? Had dinner. And what did you do after dinner? Had tea. But what did you do between dinner and tea? Had some cake.

It is humorously suggested that the South Carolina Republicans nominate a ticket "composed entirely of honest men." The plan is good enough, but the difficulty would be to find in the party in that State any candidate willing to run on such a platform.—*Ex.*

A Walla Walla paper says: "New grain is coming in in small lots, but we are sorry to say that the ruling prices are very low—the prices per bushel for oats, barley and wheat all ranging from 30 to 40 cents. This is too low. A horse won't eat 30-cent oats with anything of a relish."

# I Want to see the Responsible Editor.

That very clever story, "The Tyranteler of the Calvins," just now going the rounds, recalls an incident which took place in the New Orleans *Picayune* office many years ago, when George Washington Reeder presided over the police columns. Reeder was very small, not over four feet six inches in height, singularly youthful in appearance, and given to a pompous, overwhelming, elaborate politeness, which, in connection with his diminutive stature and magnificent costume, generally reminded one of a benevolent but highly diplomatic tom-tit. Apart from his journalistic pursuits, Reeder had quite a name in the theatrical line, being a dilettante comedian of considerable merit. Everybody liked him, laughed kindly at his little peculiarities, and respected the brave and chivalrous spirit which they had found to be among his characteristics.

To see Reeder in the editorial room receiving an irate party, and particularly one of the rougher species, was a privilege to be eternally grateful for. His microscopic size, his gorgeous toilet, his profuse courtesy, and his grandiloquent address were simply amusing. Callers with well-defined injuries, but limited intellect went away in the firm conviction that Reeder thought them the purest, loftiest, and most persecuted of mortals. Entering the *Picayune* office with the rooted purpose of mangling and bruising the chroniclers of their complications, they would retire believing that Reeder was too angelic for this world, and that his references to them were made only after a bitter struggle with remorseless duty and at the expense of a bleeding heart.

He was perfectly ready to fight, however, whenever the case demanded it; and thereby hangs a tale.

One day an enormous, rough, ferocious looking man entered the office and inquired for the editor. Much to his sorrow, Reeder had to say that the editor was absent.

"I'm sorry o' that," said the big man, sitting down and depositing a large, mangy carpet-bag near his chair. "I stopped over one day just to see him. I'm from Texas, you know, and I saw something about Texas in this morning's *Picayune* that sorter riles me. I was going home, but I thought I'd like to see that editor before I went, so I could tell the boys what passed. I want to see him alone for about two minutes—that's all." And here the visitor's voice grew plaintive and his fingers played with the hilt of a Colt's army revolver which hung in full view from his belt.

"I regret extremely, sir, that the editor happens to be out just now. I feel sure, from the impression you make on me, that he would esteem it a privilege to meet you. He would like you to take back to Texas his assurances of friendship and admiration. Couldn't you, my dear sir, couldn't you call a little later?"

"Well, I guess I will come again, long as I'm here till to-morrow, anyhow. You see, it would make things easier like if I was to meet that editor."

About six in the afternoon he returned. Nobody but Reeder happened to be in.

"So sorry, my dear sir, but the editor has not yet appeared. Pray be seated, sir, and permit me to enjoy the accident which has made us acquainted."

"Now I think this a rather hard case," said the brawny Texan, who said he was beginning to be impatient. "Here's a paper that pitches into Texas, and so to speak, bull rags the Texans, and when I call to see them about it there's no one in. Where I live things are different. If a paper makes any unpleasant remarks about a gentleman, we always know what to do. We just walk around to the office, and the editor is there ready to give it to us any way we want it. But here you have other fashions. You go for Texas like blazes in the morning; and when I call—being the only Texan in town—to chew up the editor a little, and swap bullets with him in a genteel way, I can't find the man. I don't like it. If a paper banter fellows this sort of way, it ought to have a responsible man."

"Pardon, me," says Reeder, stepping daintily into the middle of the room, with one hand thrust into his bosom, and his face literally

beaming with good nature. "Pardon me, a thousand times. I quite misunderstood you. I supposed you wanted to see the chief editor only. If it is the responsible man you're seeking, that's another thing."

"Certainly. That's all I want; a responsible man—somebody I can rassel about this article. That's what I've been saying all the time."

"Behold him! George Washington Reeder, at your service, sir. I'm the responsible man of this paper, sir."

The astonished giant looked at Reeder, and then at his pistol, which was nearly as large as Reeder, and his face became a battleground where surprise, disappointment, disgust and amusement struggled for predominance. Then he stuck the pistol back into the case, picked up his carpet-bag, and eyeing Reeder all over with disparaging regard, blurted out the exclamation:

"Hell!"

And left, a swindled and injured man.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## OH MOSES!

Governor Moses says it's no such thing. He didn't steal South Carolina poor, ruin its credit, cheat its creditors, and run the affairs of the State on radically wrong principles. On the contrary, he brought the finances out of their embarrassment, put the creditors in the way of getting part of what was due them, and is a virtuous man and a reformer generally. Oh! Moses!—*Cleveland Herald.*

Governor Moses, of South Carolina, is a candidate for re-election. In case he secures a nomination he will have a pretty fair nucleus of workers, in the convicts he has pardoned out of the penitentiary. In fact they, in the aggregate, form a very considerable party. Of the convicts pardoned by Moses during the past nineteen months, the *Charleston News and Courier* has collected a list which shows the remarkable number of 421 names. Besides these it says there were 25 or 30 others pardoned in a batch, and no record was made of the performance. Of the 421, 21 had been convicted and sentenced for murder, 25 for manslaughter, 16 for rape, 5 for infanticide, 33 for burglary, 24 for arson, 12 for malfeasance in office, and the rest for less heinous crimes. Every county official who has been sentenced for malfeasance in office has been pardoned. Concerning the strength which this motley army of rascals will give Moses, the *News and Courier* says: "Around each criminal has gathered a small circle of friends of the same kidney. Four hundred and twenty-one pardons should be equal to a body-guard of 4,000 criminals and friends of criminals who may be relied on to do the Governor's dirty work in November. Of course the four thousand may not keep their promises; but they are expected to do so, and, as the character of Moses is irretrievably gone, it matters very little whether he rolls in the gutter every day or only once a week. Playing a desperate game, he will make every card count; and his main reliance is the support of a band of adherents who can commit any crime to help him and themselves, because his re-election will enable them to steal and kill with impunity."—*Gold Hill News.*

## Decoction of Stramonium for Hydrophobia.

French priests who have resided for years among the Cochins Chinese have stated to me that hydrophobia is extremely common in that portion of the East, and that the native doctors experience no difficulty in curing it every time—provided they see the patient in the early stages of its development—by giving their patients a decoction of the leaves of the stramonium in doses large enough to keep them delirious for twenty-four hours, after which period they allow them to recover; and it is said that the hydrophobic symptoms, which have disappeared on the induction of the delirium, do not return. I believe that this mode of curing hydrophobia was published by some of the returned missionaries in the Parisian papers. I know nothing of the truth of these alleged facts, but if I had a case of the kind to treat I should certainly think the remedy worth a trial.

Some slight confirmatory evi-

dence I can give, which, however, as I got it second hand, must be taken for what it is worth. When in practice in Ceylon, East Indies, I knew a very intelligent half-caste physician, who had been regularly educated at the British Medical School at Calcutta; this man told me the following story:

One of his children, aged about eight years, was bitten by a cat, supposed to be afflicted with hydrophobia. The bite was cauterized and healed up, but some few months afterwards this child was seized with unmistakable symptoms of this fearful malady. The father, in despair—knowing no remedy himself—sent for a native Cingalese doctor, who professed to be able to cure this disease. The doctor came, administered a decoction which produced in the child a delirium similar to that caused by stramonium. He kept the child under the influence of this drug for some two days and nights. At the end of this period he discontinued his medicine; the child made a perfect recovery, and was seen by me in perfect health. The father, who knew nothing of the statements of the French priests, told me that he believed the drug given by the old native doctor to have been a decoction of stramonium, a plant which grows wild in profusion all over the Kandian hills, and the seeds of which are constantly used by the natives for the purpose of hocusing those whom they wish to rob. —*Medicus in San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Montana Freight Rates and Routes.

During the present freighting season there have been complaints from the towns, other than Helena and Deer Lodge, of a discrimination in freight rates having been made against them by the U. P. R. R. The unreasonableness of the alleged discrimination against Virginia, Bozeman, Missoula and other towns induced us to doubt its having been made. It was, however, to some extent a fact. While consignees at Helena and Deer Lodge received their freight over the U. P. from Omaha to Ogden at \$1.25 per cwt., without regard to classification, consignees at all other places in Montana were charged \$1.50 per cwt. The occasion of this was a misstatement of facts by some one to Mr. Vining of the Union Pacific Co.—statements to the effect that shipments elsewhere than to Helena and Deer Lodge must necessarily come over the U. P. R. R., and the additional rate could be compelled without diverting their patronage. The agent's ignorance of distance, facilities and the topography of the country led him into the error of establishing the discrimination which has resulted in the evasion of the extra rate by many shippers in these places by having their goods marked to Helena or Deer Lodge. Mr. Vining's attention being directed to the facts he saw the error, but owing to the lateness of the information, and the complications that would occur in revisions and rebates, he concluded not to change the schedule this season, but make it uniform next. Even the \$1.50 rate is very low as the distance is 1030 miles, and the largest shippers of Utah are charged \$2.50 for the same service. The U. P. has, however, to make these low rates on Montana shipments to compete with the Northern Pacific and "Diamond R." Line, and it is probable we will have as low or lower rates next year. The latter route, owing to several adverse circumstances—the late, wet season, the establishing of a new road, and the inefficiency of the steamer service—has not been a success this year, and there is much well-founded dissatisfaction among shippers. Many lots of freight shipped from the East in March have not yet reached consignees, occasioning direct and indirect loss in business. While this will doubtless be radically remedied by another season, and Montanians will, other things being equal, give preference to the Northern Pacific route, it is still evident that the U. P. route will yet reacquire much of the business which has been diverted from it this year. There has been but slight difference in through rates on the two routes, the figures ranging from 4½ cts. to nearly 7 cts. The average rate has been, though lower than previous seasons, and the advantage of active competitive routes fully impressed upon shippers not only in receiving goods but in loading and unloading. That the Northern route

should be sustained and the competition maintained is self-evident. That the Utah Northern will soon extend their road over to the stage road, and perhaps to Snake River, thereby giving that route greater advantages in economical transportation, is highly probable, as it is now becoming manifest that the distance saved by wagon freighting from Franklin instead of Corinne, does not justify the re-shipment over the narrow gauge, while its extension through Marsh Valley would insure to it all the Montana travel and transportation. The uncertainty of the river during the fall months will throw the bulk of shipments during the remainder of the season over the U. P. R. R., and Corinne is making a strong effort, apparently not unavailing, to at least have that the shipping point for the larger part of the freights for Montana until the narrow-gauge is extended considerably north. —*New North West, Aug. 22.*

## Bicycle Race.

On Monday last, says the London *Times* of Aug. 8th, the race for the captaincy and sub-captaincy of the Middlesex Bicycle Club took place from Bath to London—a distance of one hundred and six miles. The start was made from the front of the Abbey, and all the competitors were up to time. Mr. Sparrow, who accompanied the race, started them at eight minutes past five o'clock, and, owing to the great number of people assembled, there was some difficulty in passing through the crowd. In a few minutes, however, they were out of the town, and the running was very sharp. Walter and Tyne were leading. Some of the competitors had to dismount and walk up Box Hill. They all passed through Chippenham at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and Calne, nineteen miles, was reached in one and a half hour. They passed through in the following order: Walker, Leaver, Tyne, Percy, Goulding, Spencer and Pearce. No stoppage was made until Marlborough was reached, (thirty-two miles,) Walker, Tyne, and Leaver coming in together, the distance being got over in two and three quarter hours. Spencer passed Sparrow and Goulding. From Marlborough to Newbury (eighteen miles) Walker and Tyne led the way. At Hungerford, Goulding's machine gave way through striking a large projecting stone while going down hill. After an attempt to repair it he got as far as Thatchem, where he was compelled to take the train for London. Walker and Tyne performed the journey from Bath to Newbury (fifty miles) in four and three-quarter hours. Leaver and Percy were making good time as far as Woolhampton, but soon after Leaver dropped behind, and was passed by Spencer at Reading. Walker soon after made a spurt, and Tyne saw no more of him. At Twyford Spencer overhauled Percy, and they had a smart race as far as Colbrook, where Percy stopped to rest. The arrivals at the club-room in Kensington were as follows: Walker, 3:14; Tyne, 3:50; Spencer, 5:12; Percy, 6:58; Leaver, 7:35. Walker was somewhat jaded at Hounslow, but, upon his arrival at the goal, he started, after a few minutes rest, to meet the remainder of the competitors. The time made by Walker is one hour less than the fastest stage coach ever performed the journey from London to Bath in, and is also the best bicycle traveling on record, the pace of the winner exceeded ten and a half miles per hour, including stoppages. Mr. Sparrow, the starter, although upward of fifty years of age, followed the competitors on his bicycle, and performed the whole journey in fifteen hours, including stoppages.

## Revolutionary Archives.

Where can be found, in the city of Paris, the most curious deposit of historical records? At the Sous-ise-House, the Foreign Office, the Palace of Justice, the City Hall, or the Prefecture of Police? By no means. Many of these splendid buildings were burned by the Communists and their records destroyed. But the deposit I am going to tell about bids defiance to flames and petroleum, for it is contained in the belly of Henry the Fourth's horse, a statue in honor of that monarch, Pont Neuf, a bridge on the

Seine.