

## TAKING TOLL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q—, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day he drove off towards Lancaster, in his wagon, among other things, was a gallon demijohn. On reaching the town he called first on the grocers' with the inquiry.

"Have you any common wine?"  
"How common?" asked the grocer.

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."

"Yes; I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I sell at a dollar."

"Very well—give us a gallon," said Mr. Smith.

The demijohn was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that day was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her ten minutes or so. As he stepped into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijohn was a little in his way, and so lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones,

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."

"O, certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest of pleasure."

And so the demijohn was left in the lady's care.

Some time afterwards Mr. Jones came in and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijohn.

"What is that?" was his natural inquiry.

"Something Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q—?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has here?" said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijohn.

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips.

"Bring me a glass."

"Oh! no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch his wine," said Mrs. Jones.

"Bring me a glass. Do you expect I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No, no! Bring me a glass."

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guileless of grape juice as a dyer's hat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones. "Pretty fair wine, only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband, laughing. "No harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation he said to the keeper of the store:

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones'. I left a demijohn of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into antimonial wine."

"Oh! certainly," replied the store keeper.

"Here Tom!" and he called for his boy.

Tom came and the store keeper said to him:

"Run over to Mr. Jones' and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes sir," replied the lad, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had himself disposed of a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he burdened it.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijohn again. The cork was removed, and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of." And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it and the store keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let me have the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspreading his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily, from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send for the doctor, Ki'ty, quickly! O! how sick I feel! Send for the doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel sick?"

"Oh! yes. As sick as death!" and the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the doctor or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one direction and then in another, and finally, after telling the boy to run for the doctor, called Jane, her single domestic, and started her on the same errand.

Off sprang Jane, at a speed far outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately, the

doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his profession would permit, armed with a stomach pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"Oh! doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? what have you been taking?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long flexible India rubber tube, and pump, pump, pump, went the doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There," said the doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote." And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down, to take place of what had just been removed.

"Do you feel any better now?" inquired the doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger is past?"

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it passed into the system."

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith was just stepping into his wagon when a man came up and said to him,

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison."

"What?"

"Poison!"

"Who? Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, and they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him. And without waiting for further information, he spoke to his horse and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith in a serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The doctor has taken it all out of his stomach. Will you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The doctor was still by his side.

"Ah, my friend," said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding his friend.

"The wine you left in the gallon demijohn."

"That wasn't antimonial wine."

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no, it was wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No!"

"Why, the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The doctor arose from the bedside, and Mrs. Jones exclaimed.

"Well, I never!"

"Good day!" said the doctor, and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose paralyzed nerves was again flowing, from the brain, a healthy influence, "but don't say anything about it! Don't for the world!"

"I won't, on one condition," said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"You must become a teetotaler."

"Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well, and now good bye."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the teetotalers, the story of his taking toll was all over town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that it became an old story.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW GUN.—Mr. James Mackay, timber merchant, of Liverpool, has recently invented a new principle of gunnery, which promises to be a dangerous rival to all systems extant. The principle in all rifled cannon appears to have been to allow as little windage as possible, and to make the shot fit the grooves of the piece, taking from them a rotation in its flight. Mr. Mackay, on the other hand, has conceived the plan of having the grooves so arranged that, while the shot fits closely to their outer edge, the grooves are left open for windage. By this arrangement the gas has to travel some feet further than

the shot; and in doing this imparts a rapid and perfect "spin" to it. The shot are of cylindrical form, perfectly smooth, with conical heads, and cupped at the other end in proportion, so that each shot is perfectly balanced from the centre of its length. Mr. Mackay in his patent also claims a peculiarity in the wadding, which is of sawdust, by which at the movement of the first ignition of the powder the elasticity of the wadding moves forward the shot slightly; the effect is that the whole of the powder is burnt, and the shock on the breech of the gun considerably lessened. Mr. Mackay has had a gun made upon this principle by the Mersey Steel and Iron Works Company. It is of wrought iron, weighs nine tons, has a bore of 812 inches, and in other respects corresponds with the general features of the ordinary 6 pounder. There are twelve grooves, and, as the shot do not enter these grooves, it allows of a much sharper twist than in ordinary rifled guns. The velocity has been found to be 1,640 feet a second; the utmost range has not yet been tested. Messrs. Laird and Company, of Birkenhead, are now building an armour-plated vessel called the Agincourt, for the Government, and it was agreed to test the gun against a section of the side of that vessel. Tuesday morning was fine and clear, and the gun was fired against the target, resulting in a complete triumph of the gun. The target consisted of an outer plate, 7ft. square and 5 and a half inches thick, of rolled iron; next came 9 inches of teak, then an inner plate or skin three-fourths of an inch thick, then angle iron and ribbing, and finally a backing-up with timber balks and supports 18 inches thick. The plates were stated on competent authority to be the best that can be made of rolled iron. Messrs. Laird supplied the whole and expressed confidence in the strength of the target. The gun was fired in the presence of Mr. James Mackay, Mr. D. Mackay, Mr. Bouek, and other gentlemen, shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning. The gun was charged with 30lb. of powder and a cast steel shot, weighing 167lb. made by Messrs. Thomas Firth and son, of Sheffield. The range was 500 yards. The shot struck the target with a dull thud a little below the bull's-eye on the right, and in the very strongest part, where it was backed up by the rib of the ship's side, the angle-iron, and the timber balk. At the point of impact a perfectly circular hole was cut. The shot then powdered the teak, passed through the inner skin and the angle-iron, shattered the timber balk into fragments, and was picked up 82 yards beyond the target, together with a circular piece of the iron armour, about 80lb. weight, it had carried with it through the back supports. The sand showed that it had spun to the last. About seventy fragments of iron, bolts, and fragments of the inner skin and angle-iron were picked up 100 yards from the target. The shot when found was reduced from 13 inches to 11 inches in length, and increased about an inch and a half in diameter at the end which struck the target. The other end was uninjured. The whole target was forced back about six inches, and so much deranged that no more shots were fired. Sir John Jones, Captain Fisher, R. N., Captain White, R. N., Mr. Nicholson, (civil engineer), Captain Ironman, and many other gentlemen, inspected the gun and targets during the morning; and all expressed the greatest astonishment at the performance of the gun.—[Reynold's Newspaper.]

A LECTURE TO NEWSBOYS.—There was, as usual, quite a collection of newsboys about the Republican office on Saturday afternoon, waiting for the evening edition to appear. We extended a formal invitation to one of our reporters to make them a speech, which he did as follows:

Little boys! you live in an eventful era. You ought to feel proud of it. You ought to feel thankful that your lot was not cast in any era ere A. Lincoln was President, and the cotton era, et cetera, began.

We advise you to grow. Get to be big boys as soon as possible. There never was a greater inducement for little boys to grow than at the present time. Provisions are plenty, and you can grow large in stature. Greenbacks are plenty, and you can grow rich. Grow rich, and you can grow whatever you please. [Big boy, with a deep, bass voice—"Bully."]

It is not unlikely that you may have had some queer notions instilled into your mind at the beginning of this era—that "honesty is the best policy"—"be virtuous and you will be happy"—"never tell a lie"—and all that. You don't believe them, do you? [Loud cries of "no." Of course not. You wouldn't be successful, if you did. They are out of fashion now. You wouldn't have any thing to do with things out of fashion, would you? ["Nary time."]

What should be the chief object of life? [Voices—"To get rich." Y-s, you're right. Well, how will you get rich? [Small boy—"Steal cotton." That's right. You can't begin too soon. Steal it out of your grandmother's ears if you have a grandmother and she has cotton in her ears. Steal it anywhere and everywhere. Steal it on the levee. Levy black mail if you can catch any one else stealing it. If a police officer catches you stealing, bribe him, and keep out of the calaboose. If you are proficient in all this, then by-and-by, when you get older, you can go to Memphis, or Helena, or Vicksburg. Then you will be sure to get rich. Then you can go to Congress, or drink whisky punches at fifteen cents a drink as often as you want to." [Great enthusiasm.]

"Remember that this is a great country. Esteem it an honor to have been born in this country. It is the most extensive land of the free and home of the brave that we have had for some time. Generations yet unborn know this, and are gazing proudly at the star-spangled banner as the emblem of liberty and equal rights.

Now, when you grow to be men and find the Government of your country in danger, will you do anything towards maintaining it? [Loud cries of "yes." Good! what will you do? [Several voices—speculate in cotton—get to be Government contractors and Brigadier Generals.] That's right, you can go now and sell your papers.—[St. Louis Republican.]

A NEW PLAN FOR TAKING RICHMOND.—The American Coal Trade Review suggests to General Grant a new method of taking Richmond, viz: by shutting up the rebel supply of coal, which it thinks could easily be done. The greater part of the coal used by the Confederates for manufacturing and other purposes, comes from the mines lying on both sides of the James river, a few miles above Richmond. The area of this coal-field is about twenty miles from north to south, with an average breadth of five miles. The coal is bituminous, and for the production of gas. These mines were probably the earliest worked of any in the United States, mention being made of them in the American Journal of Science, of 1818, as having been in operation thirty years previously. The works, as now carried on, are at a greater depth than have ever been reached at any other mines in this country—the deepest shaft sunk being about eight hundred feet. All other mines in Virginia and Tennessee being either in our possession or of limited extent, it is suggested that if the mines above Richmond should be seized, and the supply of coal shut off, we might "freeze the rebels into submission."

CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—The German Reformed Messenger has received a letter from a friend in China, in which it is stated a great discovery is reported to have been made by a surgeon of the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure of small-pox. The mode of treatment is as follows: when the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, by general orders, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

GENERAL ROUSSEAU'S GREAT RAID.—General Rousseau has returned to the main Union army in Georgia after his long raid, which was pronounced by General Sherman, in a general order to his troops, "the most successful of the war." General Rousseau left Decatur, Alabama, July 10, with 2,700 men, and reached Coosa River on the 13th. He had but just crossed the river, with a portion of his command, when the enemy, four or five thousand strong attacked them. After a five hours' fight the rebels were defeated. A camp of 700 conscripts was broken up at Talladega, and the men scattered. A quantity of Confederate stores and iron works were destroyed at this place. At the crossing of the Tallapoosa river the enemy was again encountered and beaten. The railroad was first struck at Loochapoka on the 17th, and the work of destruction commenced at Chewa Station, the rebels were encountered and driven back, leaving 40 killed and wounded on the field. All the culverts, bridges and track thence to Opelika were destroyed, and a train of cars, sent out to reconnoitre, captured. Two hundred pounds of bacon, five thousand pounds of tobacco, a large quantity of whiskey, seven hundred sacks of flour, and four hundred and fifty bales of cotton were burned. The command then returned to Marietta with 500 horses and mules. No private horses were injured, and no pillaging was permitted. The report that General Rousseau entered Montgomery is untrue, but his success in all other respects was complete.

A KING DEAD, AND MOURNED.—King William I. of Wurtemberg, is dead. He was born on the 27th of September, 1781, and in 1816 was appointed to the throne, succeeding his father, Frederick II, who had joined the cause of the allies. He granted the present liberal constitution in 1819, a permanent modification of which was unsuccessfully attempted by the estates during the revolutionary period of 1848-9. Always thoughtful and caring for his subjects, he was a most popular monarch, and was beloved and respected by all his people. The news of his death was received with manifestations of deep regret, and he will be long remembered as a just and upright King, who had always in view the welfare of his country and his people.

THE WAR IN CHINA.—The Chinese newspapers give full accounts of the repulse of the Anglo-Saxon contingent under Col. Gordon at Chang chow-foo. The fighting was desperate. It is said, however, that Gordon will surely take the city, and it is considered probable that with its fall the Taping rebellion will come to an end. In the assault no fewer than six European officers were killed and 21 wounded. The officers did nearly all the fighting when the storming was to be carried out.