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# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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**CHOP OF ALL KINDS.**

**Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain. Longberry a Specialty.**

DAVID ROOP & SON.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE END OF THE WAY.

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick with the dust and the heat,
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am going
Will more than my trials repay,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best;
I know in His Words He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him
In the city of unending day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear:
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day;
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,
I know I'll receive a glad welcome
For the Saviour Himself has said: Come!
So when I am weary in body
And sinking in spirit I say,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;
There are cordials for those who are faint:
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

—LONDON CHRISTIAN.

## Select Story.

### OLD SEATON'S PLANS.

**Excellent Reasons Why He Concluded to Alter Them.**

"Matters have reached a certain p'int, and C'lum must hear to reason."

So said old Luke Seaton to his wife one evening in the autumn of the year.

"If he were a old man there'd be some excuse for the fuss she's a-makin'; but he's young and well-favored and owns a quarter-section o' good land, mostly paid for by his own hard ti'l. Any gearl ort to think herself lucky: an' C'lum must hear to reason. Look inter the almanac, mother, and see when the moon changes. The pig's just right; fat enough 'n' not too fat; but we mustn't slorter in the decrease, kase why, the meat'll shrink in fryin'. First quarter comes next Tuesday? Well, that'sas good a day as any for pig-killin,' and better meat than fresh ribs and tenderlines few folks 'u'd crave, even for a weddin' supper. Pig slortered and put up on Tuesday, bakin' done on Wednesday, and weddin' on Thursday—that's the layin'-out. Call C'lum."

Mrs. Seaton, the meek spirited Lady Capulet of this story, obeyed, and presently Columbia, her daughter, entered. She was a tall, handsome country girl, with a face bright and sincere. When her father's "layin'-out" was repeated to her, she shook her head, and said with slow scorn:

"I wonder that you should suppose you could make me do it!"

The old man raged and raved. He abused his daughter, and abused her mother for not having taught her filial obedience, and ended by abusing a certain young man named Ralph Bryan, who had made love to Columbia, and who Columbia favored.

"The good-fer-nothing, weakly drug store clerk, 'thout a dollar's wuth o' land or live stock in the world!"

"He has that that's better than land or stock," said Columbia; "he has brains and a good heart."

At this her father fairly danced about in his angry excitement.

"You take up for him, do ye? Well I've settled all that. He's hed his orders, and you've had yourn. He keeps off'n this place, or sure as my dog Bull's got teeth in his head, they gits sot in his scrawny shanks. Brains and a good heart! To think of a feller with nothin' in the world but brains an' a good heart, havin' the base fortytood to ask a man o' my means for his only darter!"

Then, we grieve to say, Columbia forgot the fifth commandment and spoke words to her parent's dishonor.

"Ralph Bryan is above us all. He condescended when he came to ask for his wife the daughter of a man prond of his ignorance; a man who could never be persuaded to learn to read and write!"

"Ye sassy jade!" growled the old farmer, savagely. "Insultin' yer own father, who more'n half desarves it for sparin' ye from the work to go to school, 'stid o' makin ye hoe corn summers and shell the same winters! But all the same, he's hed his orders, and you've hed yourn. Sure as your name is Columby Ann Seaton, so sure you'll be married to William Hay- next Thursday. Figger out what you want from town for the supper fixin's, and I'll git the same tomorror; and if ye behave as a good girl ort, I'll do, by ye, in the matter o' outsettin' in a way that'll surprise ye."

"I'll never marry Bill Haywood," said Columbia, firmly. "Why, he has scarcely asked me! I have never spoken a hundred words with the man in my life!"

"Well, ye'll hev a chance to speak several hundred with him before ye die of old age. And if he hasn't asked you, he's asked me, which amounts to a good deal more in this case. D'ye hear that? Nobody can't say a word ag'in him, and, if it wa'nt for the widder Lockery, and her game makin', damagin' tongue, the gearls 'ud be crowdin' each other off 'n the floor for a chance to stand up with him."

The widow Lockery, in her own peculiar, serio-comic style, did give William Haywood a rather grotesque setting forth, somewhat as follows:

"I'd heerd as how Billy was ruther too avaricious for a young man, neglectin' hisself and keepin' a mean, onda cious kind of ol' bachelor's hall, all on account of savin'ness. But I said 'twas to his credit to be savin'. It's creditable to save it, in all reasonable and becomin' ways; but there's a kind of 'conomy that's both unreasonable and unbecomin'. Well, one day Lavynie's little boy kem and told me that Will Haywood wanted some o' my cut-short beans to plant with his corn; so, when he was givin' his corn the first plowin', I took a little poke o' them beans and started 'cross lots to the field I knew he was workin' in. I kem close up to him afore he saw me, and had a chance to look the critter over; and I tell you he was a sight! Not that he's such a humly wretch. He's tall and well put up, with a fairish face, only his eyes have a narrer, borin' sort 'o squint. But the way he was dressed! Hickory shirt—that's all right. Cowhide boots—all right, too. But he hed on galluses made out'n a old pair o' buggy reins, and a mangy old plug hat that was his father's—the nap peeled off in places. And his trousers—they was the worst! I hardly know how to tell you about them; he was wearin' them onmentionables in such an onmentionable way. You see they hed begun to show signs of of givin' out, and to make 'em last longer he had actually reversed 'em—put 'em on front backwards and back frontwards. Sure's you live, the bulges his knees hed made were, at the back of his legs! Well I stood there! Presently I went on to tell him how to plant them cut-shorts; but I'm blest if I know to-day whether I tol' him to put six beans to a hill, or a bean to six hills! I kep' a fillin' up and a fillin' up; and when I turned to go home, I got the off eye of his old hoss, and then I hed to laugh. The critter gimme such a droll look, and the corners of his mouth kep' a twitchin' like he was goin' to bust right out! When that young man started on arfter his plow, I secretly pronounced him a annymated skeerarow.

"Well, I sontered homewards, and as I passed Seaton's I saw the old man ont puttin' a new groundchunk under a panel o' fence. He riz up and said: 'Good mornin',' and I returned the compliment in a proper manner. Then I said sort o' slow and airnest:

"'I just seen Billy.'

"'Well,' the old fellow snapped out, 'Billy's all right, I guess.'

"'No,' says I, 'he ain't all right by a long shot.' Seaton turned to his work a minute, and then turned back to me and said:

"'Look here, now, Miss Lockery, I know what you mean by the smiles. Don't go a-tellin' all over the kentry how Billy looks when he's about his work. I know how that boy is wearin' off his clothes, and I know the reason why. He still owes some on the last piece of land he bought—the Wells eighty—and when he gets that paid off and is clean out o' debt, his garments will come 'round again, to their nateral and proper position, Billy's all right, I tell ye; and the gearl ort to feel prond that he wants fer his wife!'

"'Well,' says I, 'if that's the way the land lays, I pity C'lum.' Then I ponied home."

Mrs. Lockery was not the only one of the simple, friendly neighbors who, in their hearts, pitied Columbia. Young Haywood was a niggard from from childhood. He was, moreover, accredited with a domineering will and sullen temper. He was a meaner man that Seaton, and more to be dreaded, inasmuch as he was quieter and had more latent force than the older skinflint.

The day after he laid down the law to his daughter, as before related, Seaton went to town with a load of wheat to sell. He was charged with various small commissions in the grocery and confectionery line, by Mrs. Seaton. Columbia had nothing to say. In the secrecy of her chamber she penned a few lines to her lover, and her little brother Tom undertook to deliver the letter at the imminent risk of being seen by his father.

Tuesday morning came, and with it the pig-killing. Old Seaton himself revelled in it, and it was a not altogether unpleasant episode to his wife; while the two boys, Hiram and Tommy, were made glad by the unwonted turmoil, the scalding and scraping, the hanging up, head downwards, of the sleek carcass, and, later on, by the white, curly tail given them to roast over the coals to eat with salt.

Columbia kept in the back ground. Once, as her father and mother were looking over a box of dried herbs, in search of summer savory for the sausage, she heard the former saying:

"She'll be all right when the time comes. Bill was in town Saturday and bought a hull new suit of store clothes. I told him not to come 'round 'fore Thursday; that C'lum was awful busy, and that she was all right for the weddin'. You see, I knew she would be. Bill goes to Briertown to-day for the license."

That evening, as supper was preparing, and the farmer's family were assembled in the wide, bright kitchen, there came a resounding rap at the door. The big dog bristled and growled, but a word from his master quieted him. Seaton himself opened the door, and was confronted by an Irish tablecloth peddler, footsore and weary, who with many bows and much palaver asked for supper and a night's lodging.

"I guess ye may stay," said Seaton. "We'll give ye a sheer o' such as we've got, and charge ye for it." These weemen will tak' it in truck. Ye can pay 'em outn yer pack."

"I'm immense obleeged to yer," said the peddler, swinging his heavy pack from his shoulder to the floor. "An' its the rare foine towels an' hankerchiefs I'll show the leddies in the mornin'."

An hour or so later, down under the big sycamore by the "run," or brook, Columbia stood talking with Ralph Bryan.

It was their first meeting since th message Tommy had carried on Satu day. Ralph urged a clandestin marriage, but Columbia would n consent. She was sure of only or thing. She would never marry Hay wood. She would refuse at the la moment, and bear her father's wrat

"I shall be banished from hom and I would not care for that, onl on mother's account. I can hire out and take care of myself—there, dear I only meant till you were better able to take care of me. It would be folly for us to marry now. You must take your last course of lectures, get your doctor's diploma, and practice your profession at least a year before we marry. We have often settled that between us."

Then Ralph broke out into hot, hard words against Bill Haywood.

"Why couldn't he have set his gopher's eye on some two-fisted giantess, like the widow Morse! She'd be a mate for Bill. When her renters in town fall behind on quarter-day, she carries out their furniture with her own hands, nails up the shutters, locks the door, and puts the key in her pocket. Why couldn't Bill have thought of her? What made him want my Anna?"

"Things ought to be so different!" moaned Anna herself. "Father ought to favor you, you have done so well to support and educate yourself: and in a year or two we could be married with all good reason on our side. Now I do not know what will happen!" and the strong girl broke down crying.

Something did happen within the next hour that let a sudden glow of cheering light over the dark prospect.

Soon after supper Seaton lay down on the calico lounge in the kitchen, to doze away the evening till bedtime. The packman was shown to his room upstairs, where, after naming his family saints, he prepared to go to rest. He stretched his tired back and arms, with audible yawns, then took off his shoes and stockings, and proceeded to anoint his inflamed and blistered feet with "Socerer's salve," a patent preparation, composed mainly of essential oils, whose pungent odor soon found its way to every corner of the house. Old Seaton drew his breath with deep snores, and the dream-elves were busy in his brain. Suddenly he awoke, and sat bolt upright. He snuffed loudly twice or thrice, then, fixing his wife with his glittering eye, he shouted in a whisper:

"Jane, me woman! Do you know we're bein' kluryformed! Can't you smell it?"

Mrs. Seaton, who was knitting by the lamp, sniffed softly and said:

"Yes, father, I do smell something smells like medicine o' some kind."

"Medicine!" cried the old man; "It's kluryform, and we've got to be a budgin' or we'll be put to sleep and robbed. It's that dastardly tramp upstairs. He knows I sold that load o' wheat Saturday, and he knows where I put the money. I dreamed a bit ago he was holding a bottle to my nose. Git them boys out o' bed, quick! Where's C'lum? I don't know what to do—she'd think of something!"

Mrs. Seaton hurried excitedly to waken Tom and Hiram, who slept in a "recess" off the kitchen. The boys kicked and whined at being told to rise, then rolled over and went to sleep again. She then ran out on the back stoop and called her daughter. As she re-entered the kitchen, her husband exclaimed:

"Look at them varmints o' boys! They are not getting up at all! Pore, innercent lambs, to be smothered in their sleep? Wake up, ye young whelps, and dance 'round here, or ye'll get a tech o' the strap!"

Just then Columbia entered. After admitting that she "smelled something" she suggested to her parent that if he thought the peddler was practicing upon them, to fetch the man downstairs, and put him out of the house.

"Ye'd like to hev me shot or stabbed, would ye?" cried the old coward. "He's armed to the teeth, I'll warrant. Don't let 'em set down, nor don't set down yourself, if ye vally yer life and property. Open all the winders, but don't go away, for I want ye should keep your eye on the red chist. I'm going to load my gun and keep my guard on the outside; there's more of 'em not far off. You Clumby Ann, run over to Abe Mott's and tell him to come here to wunst. I dassent tackle that rascal alone."

Columbia started to perform her father's order, leaving him charging his fowling-piece with buckshot and touching up the sleepy boys with his gunstock. The path to Abe Mott's lay by the old sycamore, where she found Ralph still waiting, anxious to know the meaning of that frightened

[redacted]

ing frankly on the new corn that stood shocked on a certain portion of his estate; namely, the "Wells eighty."

He determined to devote the remainder of the broken afternoon to cleaning and priming his double-barrelled gun, and, when the moon had risen, he would try for a shot at the marauders. The "Wells eighty" was disconnected with his main farm, and to reach it he had to go through a lane that skirted Seaton's orchard. He was skulking along on the errand we have explained, when he suddenly came upon the old man, likewise armed with shotgun. The instant he came in sight, Seaton yelled, "Take him, Bull!" and fired, the charge blowing away the upper half of the ancestral stove-pipe hat. Billy returned fire promptly, peppering his would-be father-in-law's left arm and shoulder. At the same moment he was seized from behind by Seaton's big dog. The half-crazed old man rushed upon his antagonist with a clubbed gun, just as the latter drew a hunting-knife and plunged it with fatal effect into the dog's neck. Seaton's ill-aimed blow was parried, and the two men gave each other a look of enraged recognition. Haywood then fired the remaining charge into the body of the writhing dog, and disappeared on a loping run. The old farmer tumbled down in the dust beside Bull, muttering: "Blood and carnage! Blood and carnage!"

They got him up—his wife, Columbia, and Ralph Bryan—and were taking him into the house, when the peddler came limping out, his bandaged feet radiating the condensed perfume of a Germany pharmacy. Columbia managed to say to him:

"Don't let father see you. Get your pack and sleep on the haymow."

"I will, mum," he whispered, "and light out airly. An, its murtherin' dhrunk the owld man is," he remarked to himself, as he climbed the ladder to the hay-loft.

The next morning Seaton, sitting bolstered up in bed, held a conference with his valued friend and trusted adviser, Abram Mott, who counseled him in this wise:

"Just keep this young fellow right by ye for a few days. He knows more about surgery than half the old sargints in the kentry. You mind when that drunken Jim Stiles got run over and his head peeled? Well, Ralph Bryan was on the ground, and he just straightened out that torn skilp, and stretched it to its place, and patted it down and sewed it up, neat as a ball-cover, and it got well! See that with my own eyes! He's a doctor, all but the diplomy, and the beauty of it is, he dassent charge ye. You've got right smart of fever now, and you'll be laid up for a week anyhow; and if ye git a doctor out from town he'll make a bill that'll take half yer summer's crop to pay. Just keep this chap right by ye—says he's willin' to stay—and you'll come out all right in a few days. He's got the most o' them shot out o' ye now, and he can pick the rest out at odd spells, when you feel like lettin' him."

As this good man was leaving the house he gave Columbia's ear a sly pinch and said:

"Look here, my chicken; jist credit yer Uncle Abe with doin' ye a good turn in yender."

Seaton was quite ill for a week or two. He was also strangely subdued and chastened in spirit. He seemed to have forgotten a good many things. He seemed to have forgotten to ask how Ralph happened to be there that night. He forgot to inquire after the peddler. He also forgot that he was the first offender in the shooting affray. He only remembered that he was a poor old man, who had been fired upon and wounded upon his own land, and that his faithful and beloved dog was dead. He would whimper and moan awhile, then drop off to sleep peacefully, wishing plagues of mildew and murrain on his old-time favorite, Billy Haywood. One day after he was able to sit up, he said to Ralph, who had been his constant, tireless attendant:

"You have acted the part of a son by me, and I'm goin' to act the part of a father by you. Go to Chicago this winter, and git yer diplomy from old Rush, and when spring comes you and C'lum may have yer own way!"

And they did.

On the morning after the fracas, young Haywood set his wits to work to solve the problem, "what to do about it." He was all ready to get married—clothes bought, license procured, etc. As for the Seatons, he well knew that Bull's murderer dare not go near the house for some time to come. Mrs. Morse had often crossed his mental vision, and before noon that day he had actually proposed to the thrifty widow, the motto on whose coat of arms was: "Pay up or pack up."

He then rode back to Briertown and bribed the county clerk with a barrel of winter apples to change the name in the license from Columbia Ann Seaton to Maria Morse; and the next day—the very Thursday farmer Seaton had so firmly fixed for his wedding—Billy and the widow were married.

### An Old Saying and its Origin.

The saying, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," originated from the following circumstance: Will Somers, the celebrated jester to Henry VIII, happened to call at Lord Surrey's, whom he had often by a well-timed jest saved from the king's displeasure, and who, consequently, was always glad to see him. He was on this occasion ushered into the aviary where he found "my lord" amusing himself with his birds. Somers happened to admire the plumage of a kingfisher. "By my lady, my prince of wits, I will give it to you." Will skipped about with delight, and swore by the great Harry he was a most noble gentleman. Away went Will with his kingfisher, telling all his acquaintances whom he met that his friend Surrey had just presented him with it. Now, it so happened that Lord Northampton, who had seen the bird the day previous, arrived at Lord Surrey's just as Will Somers had left, with intention of asking the bird of Surrey for a present to a lady friend. Great was his chagrin on finding the bird gone. Surrey, however, consoled him with saying that he knew Somers would restore it if he, Surrey, promised him two some other day. Away went a messenger to the prince of wits, whom he found in raptures with his bird, and to whom he delivered his lord's message. Great was Will's surprise, but he was not to be bamoozled by even the monarch himself. "Sirrah," said Will, "tell your master that I am much obliged for his liberal offer of two for one, but that I prefer one bird in hand to two in the bush."

Masculine breach of promise cases will never succeed until there are female juries.

### Cooking the Thanksgiving Turkey.

The *American Poultry Yard* thus directs: Choose a fat, tender turkey, weighing six or seven pounds; pluck it, carefully remove the pin feathers, singe the bird over the flame of an alcohol lamp or a few drops of alcohol poured on a plate and lighted; wipe it with a damp towel and see that it is properly drawn by slitting the skin at the back of the neck and taking out the crop without tearing the skin of the breast, loosen the heart, liver and lungs by introducing the forefinger at the neck, and then draw them, with the entrails from the vent. Unless you have broken the gall or the entrails in drawing the bird do not wash it, for this greatly impairs the flavor and partly destroys the nourishing qualities of the flesh. Twist the tips of the wings back under the shoulders, stuff the bird with force-meat, bend the legs as far up towards the breast as possible, secure the thigh bones in that position by a trussing cord or skewer; then bring the legs down and fasten them close to the vent. Pound the breast bone down, first laying a towel over it. Lay a thin slice of salt pork over the breast to baste it until sufficient dripping runs from the bird. Baste it frequently, browning it on all sides by turning it about in the pan. Use a clean towel to turn it with, but do not run a fork into it or you will waste its juices. When it is half done season it with two teaspoonfuls of salt and one teaspoonful of powdered herbs. When it has cooked about twenty minutes to each pound, dish it and keep it hot while you make a gravy by adding half a pint of water to the dripping in the pan, first taking off a little of the superfluous fat, and thickening it if desired with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Serve the turkey hot with a gravy boat full of gravy and a dish of cranberry sauce. The same direction for drawing, trussing and roasting will apply to other poultry and game.

### Moral Influence of Flowers.

That the love of flowers is a mark of social improvement no one can for a moment gain-say. There is a humanizing influence in associating with flowers that, wherever it exists, cannot fail to be productive of good. We were calling on a friend, a man of high standing in the medical profession, whose opinion was always well worth his fee. We found him just home from a hospital meeting, agitated and vexed at something that had gone wrong. He began to speak, full of grievance, stopped short after a few minutes, rang the bell and ordered his servant to bring him a jug of cold water and his scissors. Then spreading a newspaper on his table, he collected all the flowers that were in the many vases in his room, cut their stalks, gave them fresh water and rearranged them. This done. "There, now," he said, "I am all right now. In the whole pharmacopeia there's no better medicine for nervous agitation than that, nothing that sooner gets rid of anger, malice and all uncharitableness, with the physical ills that are sure to attend them, than rearranging cut flowers." And who that has tried it will deny that he was right?

It would be interesting to test the moral influence of association with flowers by reference to the statistics of crime. Such a reference would naturally support the same conclusion; and if so, this prevailing taste for flowers would seem, without a doubt, to merit every encouragement.

### A WHITE RACE IN AFRICA.

Most people who have read Rider Haggard's "She" regard the description of a great white race in Africa as the purest fiction, but such is not the case. South of Timbuctoo and North of the Kong mountains, in the western part of Africa, live the Foolahs, the white race of the dark continent. The people of this strange tribe have good features, skulls modeled like white men, and complexions not darker than the average Italian. In the olden days the Foolahs were slave-traders, although few of their own number were transported. However, an unlucky day came when the genuine white men captured several hundred Foolahs and transported them to Louisiana. Then tradition says, the Creoles refused to believe that the captives were Africans; so they set them free and hung the slavers. These Foolahs settled down in the marshes of Louisiana, and after awhile became civilized. In that part of the State, to this day, you will find tall, dark, rather good-looking white men; who are indolent and fierce, yet hospitable and musical. These people are the descendants of the Foolahs, the strangest people on the globe.

### Pottawatomie Chicken Eggs.

This Red Line wheat and Bohemian oats swindle seems to have suggested another, which, I am told, was put into successful operation down in Logan county. Some fellow went through that county selling Pottawatomie eggs at $3 a dozen, giving each buyer a written agreement to come around later and purchase all the chickens hatched from them at $3 each as soon as they reached the age of six weeks. He disposed of enormous quantities of eggs at this price, and the farmers' wives and daughters set every motherly inclined hen on the premises in joyful anticipation of new dresses and loves of bonnets and the other things so dear to the female heart. The obedient hens went to work with a will and incubated the allotted twenty-one days. Then plump and tender hands with taper fingers gently lifted up the chuckling mothers in expectancy to look at the beautiful $3 "cheepers." But they had not broken through the shell. Then it was considered that it took longer to hatch a $3 chicken than one of the twenty-five cent kind—twenty-eight days, for instance, as in the case of the Thanksgiving turkey. Four weeks slipped by and they came not. Of course, such valuable fowls, like the goose or swan, advanced slowly and required a full month of thirty-one days to hatch. And still they came not. Like the night-haunting owl, or the eagle of the cliff, they deferred their arrival for forty-two days. In the meantime the hens sat on, like Patience on a monument, hoping for the best, until six weeks wore away. Then an egg was carefully broken, and it was discovered that the agent of the Pottawatomie Chicken Company could have safely contracted to pay $300 each for all the chickens hatched. Every egg was hard boiled.

### COMPOSITION OF BRIDAL WREATHS.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulation, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange blossoms on a background of maidenhair fern, and sprigs here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides; but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of faithfulness. The custom of using orange blossoms at bridals has been traced to the Saracens, among whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that in the East the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossms at the same time.

### A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

The people of Switzerland paid this country a graceful compliment in changing their national holiday from the 6th of July to the 5th, in order to keep it simultaneously with ours. It shows that the kinship of republics appeals to the imagination as strongly as the brotherhood of kings. The Swiss celebrate a battle; we celebrate a declaration of principles; both transactions were in harmony with their times. Winkelried, throwing himself upon the Austrian spears and catching their points in his bosom so that his comrades could break the Austrian line, was in his way the precursor of Jefferson, who blunted the weapons of despotism against a stone wall of political principle. Americans, swollen with a sense of their numbers, and their power, and their wealth, and their intelligence, are apt to look down upon the smaller republics of other times and other climes. Perhaps it would be in better taste to withhold our lofty condescension till we have lasted as long as they.

### COULDN'T KEEP A SECRET.

Henry Drayton was always suspicions of everybody except himself, and his own shortcomings he would always lay at the doors of his neighbors. He once sold an unhappy-looking, cross-eyed pup to one of these neighbors, a miller, who was especially enjoined to keep the price he paid for it a secret. One rainy day a number of the miller's friends were in the mill teasing the miller about the pup, and trying to get him to commit himself as to the price he paid for it. "Boys," said the miller, "I promised to keep the price private, and can't tell you; but Drayton is going by now. I will hail him, and get him to tell you. Halloo, Drayton! How much was it I was to pay you for that pup?"

"Twenty shillings, you darned fool, you! I knew you couldn't keep it to yourself, as I have, but would have to go right off and tell everybody of it."

A sure and safe way to remove grease spots from silk is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper. The friction will soon draw out the grease.

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