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Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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Domestic Asides; or, Truth in Parenthises.

"I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you for such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p'r'aps the measles!)

"Your charming boys, I see, are home
From Rev. Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah? though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course to spend the day!—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure:
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!")

THE HUSBAND'S LESSON.

BY C. A. S.

"Gracious heavens! isn't supper ready, yet? And I've waited half an hour longer than usual; I never did see such shiftless works; and the speaker, a strong, healthy-looking man, jerked a chair up to the stove, and throwing himself into it, buried his face in his hands, as though he were deep in a sulky fit.

The woman— the wife—for it was she whom he had addressed, sat on a low rocker, with a two-year-old child folded to her bosom, to whom she was singing sweet lullabies, her foot meanwhile, gently touching the cradle in which, in what seemed a fitful slumber, lay a babe of six months.

Her dress was pinned up about her, a wide, checked apron nearly enveloped her delicate figure, an old hood covered her head, her sleeves were rolled up, and her whole appearance indicated that she had just passed through a day of laborious toil. She looked very pale and careworn, and even sick, and a close observer might have seen tear drops stealing down her cheeks at the rude speech of her husband.

After about five minutes' silence, Mr. Lee raised his head, and asked, in that peculiarly hateful tone, which some men can assume when it is their will, "Are we to have any supper tonight! If we are, I wish to know when. My business doesn't allow me to waste over an hour at a time, waiting for my meals."

Choking down the sob which struggled for utterance, Mrs. Lee answered, very sweetly:

"As soon as I can lay Georgie down, I will get the supper on the table. He has been very worrisome all the afternoon, waking up the baby as fast as I put her asleep, and I thought the quickest way was to give him his supper and put him to bed. I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

"The same old story," muttered the husband. "I wonder what women would do, if they hadn't a child for a scape-goat. I can't imagine what on earth makes our children so cross. I am sure they don't get it from my side of the house, for I am always good-natured myself, except when things go on in this way at home, and a saint would swear then, I know."

Every word, low as it was breathed, sank into the wife's heart; so deeply, too, that she had no power to say, what was the truth indeed, that her children were only cross when she had to neglect them, as she was obliged to on washing days; nor did she add, what with equal truth she might have done, that if her husband would only be the same good-natured, and obliging man at home that he was abroad, her life would be an anthem instead of a dirge, and his a blessing, where it was now too often a curse.

"Gracious!" continued he, as opening the sink-room door, he spied a clothes-basket full of snow-white garments just ready for the line, and a tub of calicoes in the rinse, "isn't your washing done yet? What on earth have you been about today? Seems to me, you're growing lazy; you used to get through at noon. I declare, if things go on in this way much longer, I shall wish I had lived in my father's time, when women were women and not doll-babies. I know my mother never had her washing round till dark. It's enough to discourage any man."

And again he jerked up his chair, threw himself into it, and buried his scowling face in his hands.

If Mrs. Lee had been what is called a woman of spirit, she would have retaliated roundly on her husband. She would have told him that his mother was a strong, healthy woman, with never a day's sickness to break down her constitution, and instead of having three children —all babies together — to attend to, she was never blessed with but one solitary child; that on washing days his father or the hired man always stayed at home and pumped her water, put on her boiler, pounded the clothes, hung out the line, emptied the tubs, and took up with a cold dinner, and a bread and milk supper.

But instead, the wife, who was one of those gentle women, who think submission to a husband's will the wisest course, only answered calmly, that she had worked hard all day, but being half sick herself, the children fretful, and the wash unusually large, the baby having been sick all the last week, and company there besides, she had been unable to get through with it, and she was sorry to keep him waiting.

"It's wasting breath to apologize for what can be helped," growled Mr. Lee, in an undertone. "Ain't that child asleep yet?"

The mother gently bent her face to the little one, and having assured herself that the measured breath of slumber was stealing through its rose-bud lips, she hastened to carry it to its crib, and no woman, similarly situated, will wonder, that, as she pressed a kiss upon its dimpled cheek, she left beside it some pearl-like drops, a little April shower, wrung from her heart by its clouded love.

But there was no trace of emotion on her face when she re-entered the kitchen, save only an added paleness, and quietly, and with that celerity that denoted a practical housewife, she set about preparing the supper. In ten minutes' time it was on the table, and not even Mr. Lee, cross as he was, could find fault with it. The cloth rivalled in whiteness the snowbank that covered the grass-plot; the stone-china glistened like porcelain; the knives forks and spoons were miniature mirrors; the sugar-bowl was filled to the brim with tempting lumps; the cream-pitcher was flowing with its luscious draught; the butter was neatly stamped and golden in hue; the beef, cured by the wife's own hands, was delicately tender and deliciously sweet; the smoking hot biscuits were "light as a feather;" the stewed pears and baked apples were "beautifully done," while the pumpkin pie was rich and yellow enough to suit the veriest 'down easter.' It did not look at all like a washing day's supper, and a king might have feasted there.

The tea, we had almost forgotten the tea, which could have bribed into good nature the crossest spinister, was served; the little four-year-old dumpling of a daughter, the eldest born of the household, helped by the mother to a plateful of "goodies," as she termed the supper, and the weary woman had taken one sip from her restoring cup, when there was a loud, impatient cry from the cradle.

"Don't for goodness sake let that child wake up!" exclaimed Mr. Lee,, "keep her asleep if you can, for if there's anything I hate, it's a child bawling when I'm eating."

So Mrs. Lee left the table and sat down by the little one, and by dint of vigorous rocking, and many careful caresses, and much low humming, succeeded in keeping little Nell asleep while her father took his supper. As soon as he had swallowed the last morsel, he arose and seized his hat.

"I wish you would milk the cow tonight, George," said his wife, timidly. "I have so much to do yet."

"Gracious! ain't that cow milked yet, Rose? Why didn't you ask me when I first came in? I can't stop to milk her now if she has to go till morning. Shiftless works!" And he hurried out.

Poor Mrs. Lee sighed and then wiped her eyes with her checked apron. She had set the milk pail on a side table before her husband came in, and she knew he had seen it, and also knew if he had been good-natured, he would have taken it and gone to the cow without being asked.

But there was no time for her to indulge her griefs now. It was seven o'clock now. So she took up the baby, undressed and nursed it, and then carried it to its night's resting place in the centre of her own neat bed. Then she called Rose, and hurried and tired as she was, failed not to clasp the hands of the child as it knelt beside her, and help it to remember its little prayer, and then to sit by its trundle bed and sing it a sweet, angel-like hymn. Then she took up the pail and went out to the shed, where stood the patient cow, for Mr. Lee, although he lived in the city, and could have bought his milk every day, and thus saved his wife many a weary step, would have his own cow, drink, as he said, "his own milk, and eat his own butter."

The flowing pailful strained, and the pans carried down cellar, she cleared off the table, and then, tying her hood closely on, and pinning a cradle blanket about her shoulders, and drawing on her mittens, Mrs. Lee took up the heavy basket and went out into the cold night air and hung out the clothes. The snow was up to her knees, the garments froze ere they touched the line, the whistling wind swept them about so wildly that she could scarcely pin them, the frost glued her eyelids and benumbed her fingers, and when the hireling task was over, she sank down more dead than alive before the glowing hearth. Her feet, hands and cheeks stung with agony, while, sharp, stabbing pains in her side, warned her of trouble to come.

"Oh, if I were only through," groaned she, and then she thought she would let the calicoes lie, and the mopping go till tomorrow; but when after awhile she became somewhat warmed, arguing that every day brought its own appointed task, she rose, wrung out and starched the calicoes, and hung them on a clothes horse behind the stove. Then she took the mop and pail, and the painted floor was soon free from speck or stain. She was just wringing out the cloth with which she had washed the stone hearth, when her husband returned.

"Gracious, ain't you done yet! What on earth ails you, to be so long about everything today? And now I've got to sit here with this wet floor." And again he jerked a chair to the fire.

Mrs. Lee did not speak. She could usually restrain her feelings, but she was so worn and wearied now, that she felt if she strove to answer there would come a flood of tears. She quietly turned to the sink room and commenced emptying the tubs into pails, that she might the easier throw out the water.

Mr. Lee did not sit very easy in his chair. He had spent the whole evening in pleasant chat at a friend's sitting-room, and in spite of all he could do, something kept swelling under his left ribs, and away down in his heart he felt reproached for not staying at home and assisting his wife. And there she was now, a delicate woman, carrying out suds on this cold night, and he comfortably seated before a blazing fire. If he had seen another man's wife about it, he would have hurried to help her, and even now, cross as he felt, conscience smote him roughly, and, drawing on his boots again, he hurried to the other room.

"Go in now, Rose, and rest yourself; I'll finish," exclaimed he, as she waded through the snow from the sink hole.

"I'm most through," said she, faintly.

"And most froze, too," cried he, as he touched her hand, in taking the pails; and his heart, getting now wide awake, he drew her into the kitchen, seated her in her rocker, and closing the door between them, finished carrying off the water, and then put everything away neatly. When he returned he found his wife in the pantry stirring up a bowl of buckwheat cakes.

"You seem determined to keep busy till midnight," said he. "What else will you find to do?"

"Nothing," said she, "only to grind the coffee, lay the table, pound the steak and wash the potatoes."

"And so you call that nothing? Here, give me the mill." And a most energetic grinding did the coffee have that night, and the steak, too, was nearly pounded to strings. But Mrs. Lee quietly laid the table and prepared the vegetables herself.

"You look tired almost to death," said he, as the work finally all finished up they drew their chairs to the stove. "You shouldn't undertake to do so much, when you don't feel well. There's no need of it."

"Ah," thought Mrs. Lee, "if you had only said so this morning!" But alas for her! In the morning he was always so fresh and vigorous himself, being in perfect health, and sleeping in a cot bed, away from his wife and fretting baby, that he never thought she could feel feeble and weary, and unequal to the day's task.

"I must have my night's rest," he said, when the last little one, proving to be very worrisome at night, he sought a separate couch. "I must have my night's rest, because I earn the bread." But it never occurred to him that his wife needed a good night's rest, that she might have strength to knead the bread. Short-sighted man!

On the following morning Mr. Lee rose, as was his custom, at daylight; built the fire, put on the kettle and then hurried away to open the shop. He always allowed his wife an hour to get breakfast in, and make her own and children's toilet; and no matter how hard the baby cried, or how cross or wayward Georgie and Rose were, he would hear no apology, if all was not in readiness when he returned. "His mother had said, time and again, that any housekeeper who was at all spry, might get a breakfast fit to set before a king in an hour;" and this sentence he dinned into his wife's ears every time there was a failure, forgetting to add that his worthy mother never had three children to cling to her heels, and wash and dress, while she prepared a meal.

He was fated this morning to get a glimpse into woman's minor trials. The house seemed strangely quiet when he re-entered; and when he opened the kitchen door, instead of being regaled with the aroma of distilling coffee, and the odors of broiling steak, browning potatoes and puffing cakes, he found the stove almost cold, and no one present but his eldest born, who was perched in a chair by the table, dabbling with her spoon into the molasses-can.

"Where is mother?" said he, hastily and earnestly, satisfied that something was wrong.

"O, my dear ma sick, I 'spect," lisped Rose. "She fell on the floor all white, and she can't get up. You go help her."

He ran to the bed-room, and sure enough, there lay Mrs. Lee on the carpet in a fainting fit. Now Mr. Lee at heart was a good husband; he loved his wife very dearly; she was his morning star and his vesper light. Away from home he was always boasting of her rare virtues and her exquisite management, calling her a very jewel of a woman; and when everything went right, he was tender gentle and affectionate.

But he was like too many husbands, exacting in the extreme. He never made allowances. Because everything went right the first year he was married, he thought everything ought always to go right. He did not, or would not realize that maternity, especially when so rapid as in this case, makes sad havoc in a woman's strength and nerves, and that duties increase with the birth of each little one. Because his wife had done all her work at first, he thought she might do it always, and ascribed to laziness what was in fact a breaking constitution. Still, had any one called him a bad husband, he would have resented the term with all the eloquence of his tongue and the vigor of his fists. Did he not provide a good home, furnish it well, and supply woodshed, wardrobe and pantry abundantly? Ah, yes! but a wife has higher, holier wants—wants which a husband can supply without putting his hand into his purse — soul-wants which soul-gifts alone can satisfy.

All the love that lay sleeping in his heart's purest depths, leaped up into fresh and beautiful life at the moment, as he saw the pale face before him; and as tenderly as though she were the bride of an hour he lifted her to her bed, and strove to bring back the color to her white lips and the light to her sightless eyes. And sweeter than any music that had ever thrilled his ear, were her first, low faint words. All anxiety, all affection now, he inquired eagerly what ailed her and what he should do first. She had been sick, she said, all night; and when she heard him rise tried to call him, but was too weak to make him hear. She had risen to try and prepare herself a little tea, but sank on the floor at once in unconsciousness.

"Should he go for a physician?"

"Oh, no; it is rest more than medicine, I need."

How those simple words smote his heart.—Rest! Ah! had she not begged for it days before and he would not give it, but required of her instead the faithful performance of all her duties? Repentant, sorrowing, fearful of the consequences he would have given worlds now to have recalled some of his short, stern words.

He moistened her lips with wine, bathed her head with cologne, chafed her fingers, and impressed many sweet, soft kisses on her cheeks. And poor Mrs. Lee, feeble and ill as she felt, was happier at that moment than she had been for months. The distracting fear that had haunted her so long—the fear that, by her short comings in menial labor, she had lost her husband's love, was gone entirely, and a beautiful peace was in her heart; and, soothed by his gentle care and dear caresses, she sank at length into a quiet sleep.

Softly he stole from her with the babe and Georgie in his arms, and began the daily toil he had ever so sternly exacted of his wife. Rekindling the fire, he first attempted the washing and dressing of the little ones, and before he had finished that task he had ceased entirely to wonder that their mother was occasionally a few minutes behind with the breakfast. The greater mystery was how she ever got through in season; for he, by the clock, was a full hour in getting through with Rose and Georgie, the little girl being so daubed with molasses, that he had to plunge her into the tub, as the only way of cleansing her dimpled limbs; and the little boy, taking advantage of his father's back, having played with the coal-hod, till he looked more like a darkey-child, than the son of a thin white-face.

By the time those two were finished off, the baby set up her claims to a little attention, she having been kept quiet by Mr. Lee's giving her, not exactly the looking-glass and hammer, but his wife's spool-box, with its hundred and one neat balls of cotton. A tangled web they were now, more difficult to unravel than life's mysteries; and, in consternation at the evil he had done, the new nurse tossed the whole mass into the glowing fire. Then he undertook to feed the child, and by the time he finished, there was about as much pap on his own and her garments as in her little stomach. And then came the wearisome task of putting her to sleep. First he trotted her, then he walked with her, then he whistled to her, then he rocked her; and finally in despair tossed her into the cradle and told her to lie still and shut her eyes, instead of which she only opened her mouth and cried lustily.

"How on earth do women put babies to sleep?" exclaimed he, as he again lifted it to his knees.

"I tell you pa," lisped Rose, "you must do so," cuddling the child to his bosom; "and then you must sing, O, so sweet and so little," (meaning low) "just like a little sick bird and then Nellie go sleep."

He tried the directions, and succeeded at length into lulling the babe into slumber; and prayed from the bottom of his heart that the nap might last all day.

Nine o'clock and no breakfast yet. He set at work at once about cooking it, for it was already prepared. He had always boasted to his wife about his culinary talents. He drew out some coals and put down the steak. Then he put on the griddle and made the coffee. And now such nice cakes as he would bake. He had always been particular about having hot cakes for breakfast; and his wife never could make him believe it was a serious chore to stand over the stove and bake cakes, tend to the other cooking and mind the children. But he did believe her after that morning's experience. First his griddles were too hot, and half a dozen black-a-moors were flung into the swill pail; then they were too cold, and a dozen white-livered lumps of raw batter followed; then when the heat was just right he forgot them while tending to the steak, which had dried away to the consistency of sole-leather; and the cakes he had dropped on to them, fried away till they were as palatable as a mummy's cheek. "Confound them," cried he, finally, "they won't bake this morning any way, and I believe I'd rather eat cold bread than waste any more time on them." And he flung the whole into the pig's mess and sat down to his meal. Helping the children was another trying affair. "Goodness me, how you do eat, this morning," said he; why I can't get a chance to put anything into my own mouth. How under the sun your mother finds time to eat, I don't see." Ah, Mr. Lee, don't you begin to think women have something to do?

The breakfast over, there was the table to clear, the dishes to wash, the pots and pans to scour, the floor to clean, and all the morning work to do. The bells rang for twelve ere he had finished, and then he felt it was only half done. "But I believe I've got through," said he, as he wiped his hands of the greasy dish-water and the whole affair.

"No you ain't pa," said Rose; "you ain't blacked the stove, nor filled the lamps, nor made the beds, nor milked the cow, nor got the dinner; you be very lazy, to what my ma is."

"Out of the mouths of babes—" muttered he. "I guess however, the stove, the lamps and the beds can wait; but the cow she must be milked."

"Yes; and you ain't skimmed the pans, nor churned, nor fed the piggy; you be'ant half so smart as my ma."

"Well, you hush up, little chatter-box," said he, as he took the pail and went to the shed. "I begin to believe woman's work is never done. I thank the Lord he made me a man."

When he returned, little Rose met him with a pitiful face. "Her ma was crying," she said, "she feel so bad, she most die."

He hurried to the bed-room, and found much to fear, his wife being almost frenzied with agony. Hastily summoning a neighbor, he ran for a physician; and for twenty-four hours had the misery of seeing his dear one in all the inexpressible pain which attends acute pleurisy, when aggravated by exposure and fatigue. And for many weary days and nights he watched with all the anxiety the tenderest love inspires, the face of Dr. Malcolm; ere he read in it the cheering expression which told of hope returned.

We spare you the recital of his minor trials with genteel nurses, who wanted a dollar a day, and watchers hired at night; with crying children, spoiled victuals, broken dishes, dusty rooms, stringless dickies, heelless stockings and shirts which didn't shine. But this we will tell you; that long ere his wife was well, he came to the conclusion that housekeeping was a pretty serious affair, and he was ready to extenuate every blunder she had ever made and forgive all her deficiencies, and worlds would he have given, could he have forgotten how often he had aggravated all her cares by his thoughtless demands on her time and uncompromising views of her duties.

"If she only gets well," he would say to himself, "if God only spares her to me, never shall she shed a tear because of my fretful or stern words. Her life shall be a perpetual joy, brightened and blessed by her husband's love."

Three months had elapsed since Mrs. Lee's fearful sickness had prostrated her delicate form. She had now been convalescent for some weeks, caring for her husband and children's wardrobe and overseeing everything. Once more her house was neat and pleasant to the eye; once more her table was laid with faultless care and her pantry supplied with properly cooked food; once more *all* was right. There was a stout girl in the kitchen and a little maid in the nursery—both willing hands, their mistress being their thoughtful head.

Beside the glowing grate in the cosy, little parlor, she sat one evening, with her husband close beside her. His paper had fallen from his hands and he seemed in a deep study.

"A rosebud for your thoughts," said she, gently, after awhile, holding to his lips a half-blown, monthly rose, she had plucked from her fragrant flower-stand.

"Shall I tell them truly?" asked he.

"Of course, sir," said she, gaily, "speak the truth always."

"Well, then, my own dear rose-bud," said he, drawing her to his knee, and pressing her head to his heart, I was thinking that if you were not quite so pale and had not suffered quite so much I should feel that your illness was the greatest blessing that ever happened in the story of our lives. It taught me a lesson I shall never cease to remember. It taught me that a man can never be too gentle, too kind, too loving, to his wife; that he should never wound her feelings with a frowning eye or bitter lip, because he can never know all the trials she has to bear, nor all the varied duties that use up her time, break down her health and crush her spirits. Rose, dear, I shall be a better husband after this." And he sealed the promise with a hundred kisses.

Tom Marshall's Fine.

Tom Marshall was engaged in the trial of a case in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the Judge struck him so bad that he rose and said:

"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ."

The Judge, interrupting Mr. Marshall, asked for a retraction or he would impose a fine for contempt of Court.

"I confess, your honor," continued Tom, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of court."

"Mr. Clerk, make the fine twenty dollars for a continuous contempt," said the Judge, solemnly.

"Well, Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty."

"Mr. Clerk," cried the Judge, hastily, "remit the fine. The State can afford to lose the money better than I can."

"I congratulate the court upon its return to a sane condition," said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.

"AIN'T you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman visiting her father and mother. "No, little one, I can't say that I am. Why do you ask, Daisy?" "Oh! because I heard mamma ay that your wife always kept you in hot water!"

THE girls at Vassar College have sent President-elect Cleveland a huge sponge cake of their own construction, and he doesn't know whether to cut it into strips and use it for blotting paper or use it for a brush in washing windows.

A ONCE popular and pretty young lady of Newark has just completed a crazy quilt composed entirely of silk neckties contributed by gentlemen friends. It is perhaps safe to say they are no longer her friends.

Hardly.

Smiles upon her face so sweet;
Dressed always rich and neat;
Just to see her is a treat,
In the parlor, on the street—
In the kitchen? Well, not hardly!

Banged and golden is her hair;
She is very, very fair,
With a manner debonnair;
Light and happy, free from care—
Help her mother? Well, not hardly!

Reads the novels, every one;
Flirts a little, just for fun;
To the seaside takes a run,
When the winter season's done—
Make her own clothes? Well, not hardly!

Comme il faut in bagatelle,
Is this dear, delightful belle;
Embroiders quite a pretty spell;
Paints on china very well—
With a dishrag? Well, not hardly!

Marries some good man some day;
Nine times in ten that is the way
The righteous get their earthly pay
(We mean the man); and will he say;
"I thank the Lord?" Well, not hardly!

FIGHT WITH A TIGER.

A WILD BENGAL HOLDS THE DECK.

Thrilling Experience on a Schooner—Escape of the Beast from His Cage—The Crew Driven to the Rigging—A Steam Tug to the Rescue.

A letter dated Philadelphia, Jan. 25, gives the following account of an exciting scene on board a vessel last Saturday evening:

"It is bad enough to fight a tiger in the jungles but worse to tackle him on shipboard," said old Captain Healey, of the tugboat Hercules, last night, he having just returned from one of the most exciting adventures in the list of his many experiences in a long seafaring life. "It was a lively time for the boys on that schooner," continued the captain, and he then proceeded to tell the reporter the whole story. The tug Hercules left Philadelphia Friday afternoon last with a brig in tow. She steamed down as far as Lewes with her tow, and then, after cutting adrift, anchored. It was then 2 o'clock Saturday morning, and the captain concluded to lay to until daylight. "The wind was blowing lively," said Captain Healey, "as I turned in, expecting to get a few hours' sleep before sun up. I think it must have been about 3:30 o'clock when the man on watch ran down to my bunk and shook me, with the startling news that there was a schooner drifting down upon us broadside to. I slipped a pea-jacket on and ran on deck, and, sure enough, there was a five-hundred-ton schooner bearing down upon us with all her sails set. She had her side lights up, but there was nobody at the wheel. What surprised me was that she should drift almost broadside to the wind with her canvas on. The only way I could account for it was that her anchor was down and dragging the bottom.

"She fortunately did not collide with the tugboat, and as she drifted past I shouted in hopes of waking up the people on board, for, to tell the truth, I thought they had all turned in without setting any anchor watch and that the schooner had simply drifted from her moorings. You can imagine my surprise when at least half a dozen voices answered my shout. Some of them came from aloft in the rigging of the schooner and another shout came from the water. As the schooner loomed up through the morning mist I made out the situation of the men. There was one man standing on the foretopmast crosstrees, with a red handkerchief tied in the rigging above his head; another stood up in the main-top shouting, and in the yawl-boat astern were three men, one of whom stood up in the bows of the boat with an oar in his hand, as if he were waiting for somebody or something to show up over the schooner's taffrail. As they drifted past one of the men in the yawl got up and shouted:

" 'Come aboard of us, for God's sake! We are helpless!'

"At first I could not imagine what was the matter, except that the vessel was in the hands of mutineers. This I thought probable, as there were only five men to be seen. There were still two or three men to be accounted for, judging from the schooner's size. The men in the boat still kept shouting and waving at us, so I called the tug's crew, got our anchor up, and started in chase of the drifting schooner. She was not more than half a mile distant when we put after her, and the tug gained on her very fast. She was drifting in shore, and, by the time we got within a cable's length of her, she grounded. By that time I made preparations to board the vessel and capture the mutineers who I supposed had possession of her. I shouted to the men in the yawl to cut adrift and come on board of us, but they had only one oar in the boat. As we got near the schooner I mustered the five men on board the Hercules and counted our weapons. We had three revolvers and a shotgun.

" 'Now let her go for the schooner,' I yelled to the pilot as I reached up for the signal rope and blew three shrill whistles. The last shriek had hardly died away when a terrific, blood-curdling roar that almost took us off our feet came from the schooner's deck. We were almost alongside, and I had barely time to pull two bells to back her when the vessels touched. There was a jar, the schooner trembled, and as the tug slowly drew off another terrific roar drowned the noise of escaping steam. A great monster of a tiger sprang from behind the galley house. Three revolvers and a shot-gun were pointed at the brute. 'Hold on, boys,' I said, 'let us make up our minds what is best.'

"The schooner's crew, who were perched in the rigging, yelled for us to shoot low and kill the beast. I pulled one bell and stopped the tug. By this time the men in the yawl boat had cut adrift and they clambered over the side of the tug. They were Captain Pettit and the mate and the cook of the schooner. There was no time for explanations. We had to work sharp, for a sudden veer of the wind might blow the schooner off and start her adrift again. Captain Pettit had a heavy navy revolver with him and we now slowly steamed around the stern of the schooner and crept up alongside as close as we could with safety.

"His majesty the royal Bengal tiger lay dozing on the starboard side of the galley house. As I pulled the gong to stop the tug he raised his head and I gave the word 'aim!' He looked at us for a moment, and, as he opened his mouth to roar, I shouted 'fire!' The contents of four revolvers and a shotgun were poured at the tiger, and, with a roar of rage and pain that you could have heard a mile off, the animal rose on his haunches. One of his forepaws hung limp. The beast tried to gather himself up for a spring, but he couldn't manage it; he had been peppered in the legs.

"I don't want to kill the tiger," said Captain Pettit, "if we can get him to go back between decks, where his cage is. I am afraid the consignees won't pay freight on him if I make way with him."

"After that we threw chunks of coal, clubs, boards, anything we could get hold of at the tiger, but he only got wilder and roared louder. We were no better off than at first, unless we killed the beast. I then had the fire hose gotten ready and gave the order to pump hot water from the boilers. The boiling water shot out of the muzzle of the hose, and when it struck the tiger, he jumped ten feet into the air and let out a roar that fairly shook the vessel. Again the water struck him and he jumped and roared. We followed him all over the deck, giving him the benefit of the stream at every pause. He climbed half way up the fore-rigging and nearly put the man up in the foretop into a fit. But he dropped back on deck, and as a fresh spurt of steam struck him square in the face he turned tail and jumped down the main hatch, where his broken cage lay.

"In two seconds we were on board the schooner, the hatches were on and the tiger was secured. For an hour after Captain Pettit sat in my cabin and told me and my crew how he managed to get into such a fix. Last Thursday he took the tiger on board at Richmond. He had been sold by Adam Forepaugh to the trustees of Roger Williams Park, in Providence, R. I., to be placed in the menagerie there. In the blow on Friday night, coming down the river, the cage broke adrift from its fastenings and was so damaged that the beast managed to crawl out. The hatchway over his cage had been left open for air, and the tiger took possession of the schooner's deck. They had been drifting for nearly three hours when we sighted them."

The Paper Was not Old Enough.

The New York *Sun* of recent date published the following striking cases of circumstantial evidence: After the big woolen house of Ferdinand and Benjamin Mayer, of White street, which failed for $2,400,000, made an assignment on September 24 to Simon Danzig, James T. Swift & Co., of 59 Worth street, brought suit to have the assignment set aside. Swift & Co., being heavy creditors suspected that the assignment was made with a design of defrauding those who had just claims on the $1,800,000 nominal assets left by the firm. It was found that the firm had made a preferred creditor of Martin Clayburgh, of Chicago, for $11,000, the amount of a promissory note dated July 18, 1881. When the case came to trial some days ago before Judge Ingraham, in the superior court, both the Mayers swore that the note represented a bona fide debt for loans advanced by Clayburgh.

James T. Swift insisted that the note was fraudulent, and called Messrs. Arthur & Bonnel, the stationers who printed it, to prove their assertion. The margin of the note bore the stationers' imprint in tiny letters, with the address, 64 Nassau street. They testified that on July 18, 1881, the date of the note, they did not occupy the premises 64 Nassau street, and that the paper on which they printed the note could not possibly have been delivered by them to any order until after May, 1882, when they took possession of the office at 74 Nassau street.

This testimony created a genuine sensation in the court, but it was not made public until the other day that it was the basis of the indictment for perjury that the grand jury found against the Mayers and under which Judge Gildersleeve required them to furnish $10,000 bail. The court displaced Simon Danzig on the testimony in the same suit, and appointed Thos. L. James in his stead.

"It was a striking circumstantial proof," Mr. Swift said yesterday, alluding to the imprint on the note. "I have heard of only two cases of a similar nature. One was a historical instance in England, where a fraudulent deed that was designed to be introduced as a genuine ancient document was proven a forgery because of the phraseology, which set forth that it was executed during the reign of King George I. It was argued that the king could never have been mentioned during his reign by such a title. He did not become known in history as George I. till George II. ascended the throne. The other case was one in Massachusetts several years ago, where a forged will offered for probate was proven a forgery by the water mark of the paper, which clearly demonstrated that it was not manufactured until after the date when it purported to have been signed."

They had Better Stay Away.

"I like to know about some office under Gleveland?" he said as he beckoned a lawyer across the street from the door of his saloon.

"Well, what is it?"

"I like to know if I vhas to haf some office. My place vhas headquarters last fall for Gleveland glubs, und all der boss tell me I vhas sure of something fat."

"Then you are looking for something?"

"Vell, I dunno. Vhen Gleveland vhas elected der poys began to drop in here. One of 'em he says: 'Vhat bostmaster you vill make for Detroit? By George! I vish I vhas you!' Vhell, dot tickles me, you know, und I treat the crowd to peer. Pooty soon anoder crowd comes in, und one of der poys calls oudt:

"Let dis convention come to some order. We vhas now in der presence of der next boss of der Gustom House. I calls for three cheers for Carl Dunder!'

"Vhen he says dot I feels good all oafer, und it seems right to set up der peer."

"I see."

"Vhell, almost eafery night a gang come aroundt to my place to shake me py der hand, und somebody says:

'Hip! hip! hurrah! Carl Dunder vhas solid mit der coming administration! He picks oudt der fattest office for himself, und he remempers his friends mit der lean ones!'

"Vhen somepody talks like dot I feels shmiley und soft, und I tap a new keg of lager. Now, I like to ask you if I vhas right. My poy Shake says I doan' get so much as a smell of office, undt my old woman says der poys make a fool of me."

"I guess they are right."

"Don't you pelief I vhas der Gustom House?"

"No, sir."

"Nor der Bostoffice?"

"No, sir."

"Don't I haf some place at $2,000 a year?"

"I doubt it."

"Wasn't I even invited down to Washington to see Gleveland go mit der White House?"

"Not unless you invite yourself."

"Vhell! vhell! So Shake und der old woman vhas right, und der poys vhas putting some soft soap on me! Say?"

"Yas!"

"Dot vhas all right, but I like to say something und doan' you forget him! Tonight dot same growd comes aroundt here, und somepody vhil begin to hurrah for der next bostmaster. You ought to be here! Der dog vhil be loose, and I shall haf two glubs handy, and you will see fifteen men in such a hurry to get oudt doors dot you pelief some earthquakes vhas shaking oop Detroit! Shust come aroundt und see how a disappointed office-seeker vhill handle two glubs und a pull dog!—*Detroit Free Press.*

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A Strange Relief that a Physician Stumbled Upon in His Practice.

"Is it true that you have been experimenting with a new cure for diphtheria?" inquired a reporter of Dr. J. G. Johnson, of Brooklyn.

"Do you mean the bedbug cure?" asked the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No news of the bedbug cure has reached me," was the reply, "but I heard that you had been experimenting with corrosive sublimate."

"Same thing," said the doctor. "It is no invention or discovery of mine. It has been known to the reading and intelligent portion of the medical fraternity about a year."

"But why do you call it the bedbug cure?"

"Because the use of it for diphtheria came about in this way: A physician in Pennsylvania, a country doctor, had a patient, a child, very ill with diphtheria. The case had advanced very far before he was called. He found the disease so far advanced that he had little hope of the child's recovery. He gave a prescription and told the child's mother not to send for him unless there was some marked change. As he was leaving the house the mother asked him to tell her what to use for bedbug poison. He gave her the form of a solution of corrosive sublimate and went home. The mother came to him subsequently and said the child was doing well. He told her to continue the treatment. The next day he called to see the child and found it much better. He was a little astonished, but concluded that it would be safe to continue the treatment, and said to the mother. 'I will give you another prescription.' The mother replied, 'That is not necessary. I have plenty of the other left.' 'Not necessary!' said the doctor with surprise. 'Why, I only left you a dose for a day.' 'Well, I have a big lot left,' continued the mother. 'Let me see it,' said the doctor. Then the mother brought out the bedbug poison. The doctor looked at the bottle first with horror, then with amusement, and finally with interest.

" 'Are you sure you gave the child that?' he asked.

" 'I am sure, and the child began to get better immediately,' persisted the mother.

" 'Well, go on with the treatment,' said the doctor. The mother did go on, and the child got well.

"The mother had got flurried, and had mistaken the one solution for the other. The doctor was a thoughtful man. He remembered the circumstance the next time he got a diphtheria patient, and kept on trying until he concluded he had hit upon an almost certain cure. He had the manliness and humanity to give his discovery to the world through a paper read before a Pennsylvania medical society. Then the medical journals took hold of it, and for the last year many physicians in all parts of the world have been paying attention to it. In Germany the blood has been photographed in every stage of the disease, and the improvement under the bedbug treatment actually shown by a series of pictures."

"But is not corrosive sublimate an active poison?"

"Yes; so are arsenic, morphine and strychnine, and lots of other medicines known to be of inestimable value in medicine and surgery. They are useful when they are properly used."

"How do you account for the success of the medicine?"

"It is simply germacide, or the killing of the germs of the disease. We know that in diphtheria there are countless germs called bacteria. They permeate the blood. The corrosive sublimate begins to kill these germs at once, and soon disposes of them altogether. Now you will recollect that the corrosive sublimate was intended to kill a very small insect. The mother's mistake simply gave the bacteria the dose intended for the bedbug. When you come to think of it, it is not so very surprising that a medicine that will kill a bedbug or a man will also kill bacteria."

"But is there not danger that the use of such medicine will poison people?"

"Yes, the same danger that there is in using any other powerful remedial agent. It must be used with care and intelligence. It so happened that the mother who first used it did not do any harm. Others might not have been so fortunate."

"Have any physicians tried the new remedy and abandoned it?"

"Yes; but I think that has generally been the result of timidity. Diphtheria is a terrible disease and requires a heroic remedy. The treatment hererofore has been to brace up the patient with tonics. Various investigations have shown that eighty per cent. of diphtheria patients die of exhaustion. The new remedy eradicates the disease speedily."—*New York Sun.*

The Jug and the Jar.

A FABLE.

A Jug and a Jar which found themselves on a shelf together began to plume themselves on their merits.

"I cost thirty-eight cents," said the Jug.

"And my owner walked ten miles to secure me," replied the Jar.

"I hold two gallons of water."

"And I am nearly always filled with milk."

"My master takes me to the hay-field and gives me the shadiest spot."

"And the women carry me in their arms up and down the cellar stairs."

They were still disputing when the peasant's wife entered the room and said to herself:

"My husband having brought home a new tin pail, I can now throw the old Jug and Jar out of the back door."

MORAL.

Our merits are best known to ourselves; our faults to the world.

LOUISA WEST'S MEMORY.—Miss Louisa West, a girl fifteen years of age, at Georgetown, Ken., committed to memory, accurately, the whole New Testament in six weeks, at the same time attending to her other domestic duties.

"Ah, George, did you propose to Vivian?" "No; she made the proposal before I had a chance to say anything." "She did? What did she say?" "She proposed that I leave the house immediately, and I accepted."

Miss Rosswood, who took part in amateur theatricals: "I'm so tired: I had to stand all the evening." Miss Sharp, who was in the audience: "My dear, you have not had to stand nearly so much as we have."

A COLONY of 3,000 Jews live near Jerusalem who have dwelt there ever since the year one. They speak Hebrew and Arabic.

CHICKEN CHOLERA, the *American Agriculturist* asserts, causes an annual loss amounting to $10,000,000 in this country.

THE entire length of the capitol building at Washington is 751 feet and four inches, and the greatest depth is 324 feet.