CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOOSE TRANSCRIPT.

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WHY?

Why should it be chill
When we look for spring?
Why should the sweet rill
Of the summer sing?

And why should we see
Of the dawning light,
When our life must be
In the drear midnight?

Or why should we grasp
At a mythical star,
And think as we clasp
That we nearer are?

Why should we ever
Be fleeing along,
And finding never
The chorus to song?

Why should our hopes float
High on the wave,
When we know 'twas wrote
Humility 'll save?

And why should we fear
Death's opening door,
When glorious cheer
Is shadowed before?

Or why should we care
If the grave below,
When Jesus was there
So long ago?

Why should we waive
To a little child,
The faith so brave
On which He smiled?

We suffer of woe
Not a tithe to Him
Who paid life's glow
For the price of sin.

S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

A JOB OF WOOD SAWING.

"It's no joking matter, Mr. Allaire," said Jemima Pendexter.

"Of course it isn't, Jemima," said Mr. Allaire, rather more soberly than he had spoken before. "But if you come to that, isn't it a deal jollier, and just as cheap, to laugh as to cry?"

Miss Jemima Pendexter was a tall blooming brunette, with dark brown eyes, hair satin black, and a good healthy bloom on either cheek, and her green gingham dress fitted her as perfectly as if a Broadway *modiste* had cut and made it. Ferdinand Allaire was a handsome young fellow of some five or six and twenty, whose dark sparkling eyes sent out roguish gleams from beneath a pair of arched brows, and whose teeth were as white as a fresh cut slice of cocoa-nut.

"But mother wants the money," persisted Miss Pendexter.

'Not half so badly as I do,' Jemima.

'It's too bad,' pouted Jemima.

'So it is. But really, Jemima, don't you suppose I would pay her in a minute if I had the money? *If.* For I'm not a magician whose word can turn a basket of scrap paper to bank-notes, or make coined gold out of the cinders under the grate.'

'That's nonsense!' said Miss Pendexter.

'Of course it is. Sense is at a discount just at present. Look at that pile of manuscript, if you don't believe me, that no editor will buy; see those elegant oil paintings that De Baudin declines respectfully to hang up for sale! What's a fellow to do?'

'At least,' said Jemima, tossing her handsome head, 'you ought to pay your honest debts!'

'I know that, my dear,' said Mr. Allaire gravely. 'And I've written at least seven earnestly entreating letters to my hard-hearted old uncle, and of the seven answers that ought to have come back, the first one hasn't made its appearance. Jemima, I've an idea!'

'Pshaw!' said Miss Pendexter, trying in vain to maintain the severe gravity of aspect that was rapidly thawing beneath the merry sparkle of the sloe-black eyes.'

'But I have, really. Suppose you take me in part payment of my bill to Mrs. Pendexter. I believe I have the elements of a first-rate husband about me.'

Miss Jemima turned resolutely away.

'Mr. Allaire, I believe you'd joke if you were upon your dying bed!'

And she went down stairs.

'A man might do worse than marry Jemima Pendexter,' said Mr. Allaire meditatively. She's pretty, and she's spirited; and as for her mother keeping a boarding house, that's no particular objection in my eyes. Hallo! what's that commotion outside?'

He threw up the window-sash and stretched himself half way out. Mrs. Pendexter, a stout, thrifty matron in a frill-cap and lilac ribbons, was bargaining with a ragged itinerant of the gipsey order to have a load of wood which had just been deposited at her door, sawed and split and stowed away into the cellar.

'Couldn't do it for less than four dollars, mem,' said the Bohemian of the streets.

'It isn't worth three!' cried Mrs. Pendexter.

'Worst kind of knotty wood, mem.'

'I won't give a cent more than three,' persisted Mrs. Pendexter.

'Werry well, it'll be to somebody besides me,' said the man, shouldering his axe and passing indifferently on.

He supposed that Mrs. Pendexter would call him back and accede to his terms, but he was mistaken in the buxom widow's mental calibre. She was turning indoors again, when, to her surprise, she found herself confronting Mr. Ferdinand Allaire in his shirt sleeves.

'I'm your man, ma'am! said he, rubbing his white palms briskly together.

'My goodness gracious!' ejaculated the widow, 'what do you mean, Mr. Allaire?'

'I mean that little job of wood sawing,' said our hero. Bring on your ax and saw. I'll do it for three dollars, and turn it in towards our small account. Now, then, ma'am, wide awake, if you please!'

'But—I beg your pardon, Mr. Allaire, if you please—you're a gentleman!'

'Very well, what of that? Is there anything to prevent a gentleman splitting up a cord of wood? A great deal more strengthening to the muscles of the arm than dumb bells and Indian clubs, I am sure.'

'Are you really in earnest?'

'Yes, I am.'

And then Mrs. Pendexter, seeing no reason why she should not realize a portion at least of the back board for the third story hall bed room in this practical manner, sent Jack, the errand boy, down after the ax and saw, and Mr. Ferdinand Allaire set briskly to work, whistling 'Banks and Braes' most energetically, as he toiled.

Miss Jemima came and looked out of the window, her eyes shining merry encouragement, and her mischievous mouth framing itself in dimples. Miss Lavinia Jones, the elderly maiden lady who occupied the back parlor, pursed up her lips, and wondered 'what ridiculous freak that madcap of a Mr. Allaire would be up to next?' Young Jessemy of the Occidental Club, nearly got run over, staring back in amazement at seeing Ferdinand at work; and Miss Adele Maurice, with whom he had led the German, three nights before—for our hero was what was called a 'society young man'—stared with all her eyes, and like the Priest and Levite in the parable, passed by on the other side.

'Let her go,' said Mr. Allaire to himself—'what do I care?'

But as an open barouche rolled by and a stick of viciously-minded wood spun from the rending stroke of the ax directly into the velvet-cushioned seat, opposite a tall, white-haired old man, who sat there in dignified state, our hero looked up apologetically.

'I beg your pardon, sir—I didn't mean—' he began, politely.

And then he stopped, in amazement. It was Mr. Laurence Allaire, the very grim old uncle who had refused to countenance the unreasonable nephew who presumed to prefer literature and the *belles-lettres* to a seat in the banking house of Allaire & Algrove.

"Now I'm done past all redemption,' groaned Mr. Ferdinand to himself. 'Uncle Laurence was quite angry enough with me before, but *now* he'll have a text to preach a sermon that will last him the rest of his life. The prodigal eating husks—the Israelites making bricks in a land of captzvity. 'I told you so, and it serves the young scapegrace right.' Now what evil genius sent my uncle Laurence down this street just now, of all times in the world? He cut me out of his will three months ago, now he will add a special clause of obloquy and disgrace. Well, I can't help it?'

Old Mr. Allaire had opened his keen blue eyes very wide at the unwonted sight of his aristocratic nephew splitting wood: but it had not produced exactly the effect upon him which Ferdinand so darkly prophesied. He sat up as straight as ever in his carriage, gravely meditating.

'Stokes!' said he to his coachman.

'Sir?' said Stokes.

'Drive to Mr. Pennawinks.'

'Yes, sir,' said Stokes.

'Didn't know the boy had so much pluck in him,' said Mr. Laurence Allaire to himself, stroking his frost-white mustache. 'The only relative I've got in the world, after all; no use in making an obstinate old stage-uncle of myself.' Pennawinks.'

'Yes, sir,' said the lawyer, from his leather-covered chair, as Mr. Allaire walked into a stuffy little office smelling of law books and stale cigar smoke.

'I want my will restored to its original form, Pennawinks.'

Mr. Pennawinks elevated his shaggy gray brows, but made no other sign of amazement. *Nil admirara* was his motto in legal matters.

'Very well, sir. I'll bring it round tomorrow,' he answered.

'No you'll not. You'll do it now while I am waiting. *Now* is the accepted time for old men like you and me, Pennawinks.'

'Exactly so!' said Mr. Pennawinks. 'So Mr. Ferdinand has reformed?'

'Well—no—I can't say that exactly,' said the old banker, stiffly. 'But there's more genuine stuff in the lad than I had any idea of. I shall invite him to dinner this afternoon.'

But Mr. Allaire had issued his last dinner invitation.

'Apoplexy,' said one doctor.

'Heart disease,' said a second.

'Paralysis—clearly paralysis,' asserted a third.

And Ferdinand Allaire heard the news just as he was buttoning on his gold cuff studs, after finishing the job of kindling wood—the best job, had he known it, that ever he undertook in his life. His uncle Laurence was dead, and he was the heir.

'Jemima,' said Mr. Allaire, composedly walking into the dining-room where the pretty Jemima was polishing goblets, I'm going away.'

'I've heard it all,' said Jemima, 'and it's like a story paper exactly. Who could have thought things were going to turn out so? Not I, certainly?'

'Nor I,' said Mr. Allaire. 'Jemima?'

'Well,' said Jemima, surveying a flaw in the glass of one special chalice with eyes full of resolutely repressed tears.

'You wouldn't take me this morning, when I offered myself to you.'

'Of course that was all nonsense,' said Jemima.

'It might have been nonsense then,' said Ferdinand, 'but it's sober earnest now. I can keep a wife decently now. Jemima, will you have me?'

'Yes, I will,' said Jemima, laughing and crying at the same time.

And that was what came of Ferdinand Allaire's job of wood sawing.

RUNNING A KENTUCKY NEWSPAPER CONSISTENTLY.

I had the pleasure of assisting at the birth of the Louisville *Ledger*. It was a powerful cost. I don't remember the exact number of editors employed on the paper, but it was immense. There was an editor-in-chief, with two or three assistants, a news editor, a heavy corps of reporters and city editors, a foreign editor, a nautical editor, a legal editor, a financial editor, and a number of miscellaneous and unclassified editors. There were so many editors in fact, that the building was uncomfortably crowded, and they were in each other's way.—There was always a scramble for the lounge and the Cincinnatti papers. Many of these editors were amateurs, with rather crude ideas of journalism—gentlemen of a leisurely literary turn of mind, who thought it would be a good thing to stroll into the office once or twice a day, draw off a kid glove, and dash off a profound editorial on national politics, and then stroll jauntily out again, twirling a delicate rattan cane with a horse's hoof or a feminine leg in ivory for a handle. Colonel M. W. Clusky, formerly of Memphis, was commander-in-chief of this rabble of courageous but undisciplined ink-slingers. Colonel M. W. Clusky, is an Irishman, reared in Alabama, where he acquired a most delicious brogue. Personally he is one of the highest-toned, kindest-hearted and most chivalrous of men, and in his time he has been recognized as one of the most vigorous writers of the south. A little work on parliamentary law, of which he is the author, is still quoted in southern legislative bodies. But at the time Colonel Clusky took hold of the *Ledger*, ill-health had greatly impaired his usefulness. He was a gallant soldier in behalf of the lost cause and was literally shot to pieces. The only wonder was that he managed to live. Colonel Clusky made frantic efforts to discipline his rabble, and at the same time endeavoured to cultivate agreeable social relations. It was one of his theories that a man employed on the *Ledger*, must necessarily be a gentleman, and that a man good enough to associate with him in the office was entitltd to be received at his house. About once a week the entire force was invited to his elegant mansion to discuss oysters, champagne, and other creature comforts.

The earlier numbers of the *Ledger* were curiosities in their way. I remember one night when the foreign editor, intensely Prussian in his sympathies, had written an article on the Franco-German war, and Dr. Breckinridge, who strongly sympathized with the French, had written on the same subject. Of course they conflicted, and each was stubborn in insisting on committing the paper to his own views. Colonel Clusky was appealed to. "Gentlemen," said he, oracularly, "by Jove! you must make your ahticles consist. It won't do to have an ahticle in one paht of the papah taking one view of a subject, and an ahticle in anothah column taking anothah view.—Now I don't care a coppah about the frogeatahs or the d——d Dutch, but the papah must be one thing or the othah.—It can't be both." After some further squabbling the foreign man and the doctor being unable to come to an understanding, Colonel Mike called: "Heah! Give 'em to me, I'll fix it up myself." Taking the two articles he cut the head off the Breckinridge editorial, sliced a sentence out of Price's and pasted it on. Then he scooped out an inch or two of Breckinridge editorial, sliced a sentence out of Price's and pasted it on to Breckinridge. And so he continued, taking alternate paragraphs from Breckinridge and Price until he had patched up the most remarkable foreign article ever published in the United States, the whole thing ending with a semicolon. Colonel Clusky was disposed to assert his rights, and took umbrage at the frequent consultations of stockholders. "There's too d—d much buzzin about heah to suit me," he would say. "If there's any buzzin' to be done, I'll buzz myself. By Jove! I've been selected managin' editah of this papah, an' by Jove! I'm goin' to manage it. If these gentlemen ain't satisfied with my management, my resignation's at their suhvice; but I don't want any buzzin' around me. Come, Henry boy, less go an' get a cawktail."

Colonel Clusky had none of the absurd prejudice against personal journalism which some of the sedate and stupid newspapers of the day affect. "Boys," he would say, to mo'ah we must open on 'em along the whole line. I'll go for 'em on the second page, and I wan't Undahwoad to go for 'em in the telegraph, and Hendohson in the commercial, and among us we'll make it hot. It's about my time o' day for takin' a cawktail, and I want the whole fo'ce to go out with me."

Colonel Mike came from a country where the code was in force, and he had an idea that nothing helped a newspapar so much as for some one connected with it to shoot some one, or get shot himself. "The d—d papah's gone to ——" he would say; "ought to have fought a month ago."

When it became necessary to reorganize the *Ledger* force and somewhat condense it, the difficulties of the situation began to manifest themselves. Ordinarily, when a proprietor or managing editor desires to dispense with the services of an employee, it is a very simple matter to drop him a note, politely informing him that his services are no longer required. The discharged employee bites his lip, pockets the note, drawn his salary, causes a paragraph to be inserted in one of the other city papers stating that he has "resigned," or "severed his connection," and then he proceeds to get systematically and thoroughly drunk.—But in Kentucky it is a more serious matter. Kentucky talent takes it as a mortal affront that any proprietor should fail to appreciate it, and is disposed to hold somebody to personal responsibility. Matthew was the Jorkins of the firm, and owing to his divided duties, on each side of the river it was hard to find Matthews. One employee, whose services were dispensed with, spent a fortnight and a half, of his last week's salary in traveling between Louisville and New Albany for the purpose of putting a head on Matthews. Fortunately, however, they never met until the force of the indignity was spent.

CALIFORNIA CURIOSITIES.

From papers published in the Golden State we gather a few large items about small things: The editor of the Santa Barbara Index saw, not long since, on the place of Mr. Clark, at Montecito, a dwarf pear tree thirteen inches high, looking as proud and erect as if its dimensions were Brobdinagian. It is in its third year from a quince cutting, and bore on its tiny branches five good-sized, well-developed pears, all of them fully ripened and picked at New Years. Mr. Clark has a peach tree in blossom, grown from the seed since April, 1872, and on another tree is a peach ripening in seventeen months from the planting of the seed.——They have a sweet potato at San Diego, which weighs twenty-two pounds and is three feet in circumference.——In February, 1875, Mr. E. D. Switzer, of San Diego, planted a couple of orange seeds in his garden. One of these seeds sprouted, and is now a tree several inches high. But what is most remarkable, this tender twig bears an orange which is in every respect, and at present the size of an ordinary marble.—Mr. John Flack, of Healsburg, Sonoma county, has five trees of one variety of pears, and the bear annully five thousand pounds of fruit.——Radishes are growing here now nearly two and a half feet in circumference. If you don't believe it come and see them.—*Ventura Signal.*——A correspondent of the *Alameda Gazette*, writing from Ventura county lately said: "Contracts have been made for planting a good many miles of live fence is already growing here, and when three years old it turns any kind of stock except hogs.—With a board or two in the bottom now and then were needed, it turns hogs also. An experienced gardener contracts to find seed and put this fence in for ten dollars for one hundred and sixty rods.—He warrants living trees six inches high and not more than six inches apart in any place. The farmer prepares the ground and keeps out the weeds. It costs for lumber here, to put up a tolerably good fence around a farm of one hundred and sixty acres about one thousand dollars. besides the labor and expense of hauling and putting it up. A live pepper tree fence will cost forty dollars and about the same amount of labor required by the other fence; besides, it will not burn, but it is a very great protection against fire, and also against the heaviest winds.

☞ Alligator hunting is a profitable employment in Florida since the demand for the hides has sprung up in Europe.—One hunter has killed 900 of the reptiles since December.

STYLES.

We are so glad to be the first—we think—to announce the new era of good taste and simplicity. The hideous and inartistic fashion of trimming the front of dress skirts after a different model from the back has had its day, and with the last of early summer will flee away, never more, we trust, to be seen on the gowns of sensible and tasteful women. The very latest modes from Paris—we speak by the card, for we have seen them ourselves—show that dresses are to be ornamented with great simplicity, and that the lines will be, straight round the skirt. The vast entanglement of ruffles and puffs and plaitings and flounces, is gradually to resolve itself into simple folds and bands and other flat designs. We know every woman will be glad of this, because it will save her many weary hours over something which, when finished, gives her but a modicum of satisfaction. And we are even surer that all men will rejoice, since in footing the bills, every one of them does for some present or prospective she, there will be about a third less to pay for.

Femininely considered, the most stylish trimming on all heavy goods is flat overlapping folds, with a fringe to edge them; and on all thin goods, not subjected to the wash-tub, bias ruffles, rolled on the edge and placed with spaces between. Very pretty polonaises of pique and kindred stuffs are simply hemmed to the width of two inches, and have three rows of machine stitching near together as a finish. The more elaborate ones are ornamented by a single row of Hamburg work, which is durable and not very expensive. Whole suits of white lawn are not so much used as formerly; the cheaper way of wearing a light over-dress and waist, or polonaise, above a dark skirt having replaced them.

It is always wiser and more tasteful to have washable garments as plainly trimmed as possable. Not one of us can be regardless of damp and dust, if our gown be so covered with ruffles and tucks that we know its 'doing up' will cost us at a launday the price of the whole dress; or, if done in our own kitchen, a day's ill-temper from the handmaid. And yet clothes should pass so thoroughly from the mind of the wearer, from the moment the toilette is complete, that nothing but the intuitive and unnoticed care to preserve them from unseemly contact should concern him or her until their removal.

It is quite remarkable that the Parisians have to teach us not only taste, but neatness. No imported street-dress trails on the ground. A French lady would scorn to sweep the sidewark with her gown, and could not be made to believe that a lady of any nationality would do aught so untidy. But with shame let us admit that Americans, some of them genuine ladies, do this disgusting thing.

Many of the French suits have no over-skirts; but the skirt is trimmed nearly to the belt in a simple fashion, and the waist is a jaunty basque, generally having a simulated vest. Others have a plain long polonaise and perfectly plain skirt, and others an apron with long sashes behind.

All summer clothing should be simple because it should be abundant, and also because, with our brief warm term, it should serve two seasons, and the simpler in form, the less likely to appear out of date the second year.—*Home and Society; Scribner's for July.*

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

The following curious and interesting episode is extracted from a work by a French general, Martin des Fallieres, entitled Orleans: "I was disturbed from my reflections by an incident by which I was much moved. I was occupied in dictating orders to one of my aids-de-camp, when I was told that a gentleman wished to speak to me in private. The name upon the card he had sent, that of Colonel Lutheroth, was unknown to me. The stranger having refused to explain the motive to the officer of my staff, I went down stairs to speak to him. As there was no room in which I could receive him without witnesses, the interview took place on the stairs of the little hunting box, in which my general quarters were established. I waited for him to explain himself. "Do you recognize me?" he asked. "No, sir." What! You do not know your former admiral again?" My answer was again in the negative. "I am the Prince de Joinville: it is I under whom you began your career. I come to ask you to help me to finish mine." At these words the remembrances of my youth flashed across my mind, and carried me far back to happier days. "If you knew," the Prince continued, "how I have suffered during my long exile! separated for thirty years from France, from all I love, today. I am everywhere repulsed, and treated as a stranger to the country to which I hoped to be restored. I have been to Tours to see MM. Chemieux, Glais Bizoin and Fourichon, but could not obtain permission to die for my unfortunate country, that I love beyond everything. I have asked in vain to be allowed to serve as a simple volunteer; lost in the crowd, unknown to all, and under a supposed name; I called upon General D'Aurelles, but was not even received. Will you not have pity on the wretched situation in which I am placed? I claim neither rank nor position—nothing but permission to join the volunteers, fighting at the outposts."

The expression of his grief was heart-rending, and I felt a choaking sensation that brought tears to my eyes. In spite of myself, I felt my resolution waver. But suddenly I thought of the desperate situation in which France was placed; I felt that I had no right to create fresh difficulties, that ill-nature and party spirit would not fail to speculate upon the presence of the Prince, who could not long remain unknown, as he supposed. Whatever might be my sympathy and respect for such a misfortune, I forced back into my heart my feelings of gratitude, though I might expose myself to be ill-judged by him, as actuated only by a paltry fear of being compromised. I recovered my self-possession and remember for my duty. "Prince," I replied, "it is impossible for me to grant your request. We are playing the last card for our unfortunate country, and we must carefully avoid anything that may serve as a pretext for disturbance in the presence of the enemy." He looked at me with despair, pressing my hand in silence, and departed. I saw him as he walked away quickly and alone, and I was for some minutes unable to repress the painful emotion with which my heart was full to overflowing.

COUNTY PAPERS.—The following is what the Cincinnatti *Trade List* thinks of those characters who complain of their county papers, and instead of helping to support it send on for large city papers and thus help to sustain them:

"A gentleman writes to us that his county paper is so poor that he has stopped it; therefore sends us three dollars for the *Trade List*. We repeat that we don't want subscribers on those terms.—A man's county paper is worth more to him than any other paper in the world, or, if it is not, it is his own fault. If the county paper is properly encouraged, it may be relied upon for information of more value to the people in whose interest it is issued, than can be found, in all the city papers in the United States. No man can afford to stop the paper that publishes the official advertisements of his county, the public sales, markets, court news, and other local intelligence. If the paper is poor, the people are more at fault than the publishers for not giving it liberal patronage. However poor the county paper may be, it is always worth more than it costs to those interested in the affairs of the locality.

A NOBLE SPIRIT.

'There is an endearing tenderness,' says Washington Irving, 'in the love of a mother for her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart.' We have just heard a touching illustration of the fact, that the love of a son for his mother may also transcend and swallow up all other affections, at a moment, too, when he might well be pardoned for remembering only his own great trials. Some two years age, a young man, belonging to Philadelphia, was returning by railroad to that city, from the town of Reading, Pa. By an accident which happened to the train as it was approaching town, and while he was standing upon the platform, he was thrown off, and fell partly under the wheel of the succeeding car; and his right arm, 'marrow, bones and all,' was crushed to a jelly, and dropped uselessly at his side. This, however, was fortunately his only injury. Hs was a young man of determined nerve, and of the noblest spirit. He uttered no complaint—not even a groan. When the train arrived at the depot, a carriage was immediately called, [when, attended by his friend, he said to the coachman, 'Drive at once to Dr. M——'s in Walnut street.'

'Hadn't you better go immediately home?' asked his friend.

'No,' said he, 'I dont want them to know anything about me until it is all over.'

Our hero, for he was a hero, was deaf to all the counter-remonstrances of his friend, and they drove rapidly to the house of the eminent surgeon alluded to. They were shown into the parlor, and the doctor was summoned. After an examination, 'Well, my dear fellow' 'said the surgeon, for he was well acquainted with his patient, 'you know, I suppose what must be done?'

'I do,' he replied, 'and it is for the purpose of having it done that I am here.'

'My surgical table,' said the Doctor, 'is below.'

'Can it be done without that?' asked the sufferer. 'I cannot be tied—I cannot be held. Amputate my arm here, Doctor,' he continued holding out his dangling limb over the back of the sofa. 'Do it here, Doctor; I shall not flinch; I shall not interfere with your operations.'

The limb was bared; two attendants, medical students in the house, were summoned; the arm was taken off above the elbow, while the patient sat as he had requested, uttering no groan, nor speaking a single word while the operation was being performed. The dressings were applied; and, attended by his friend, the patient had reached the door, on his way to his own house, which was very near by, when he turned round to the surgeon and said: 'Doctor, I should like to look at my arm once more; pray let me see it.' The surgeon raised the mangled limb; the patient glanced at the bloodless hand, and said: 'Doctor, there is a ring upon the middle finger of that hand; won't you take it off for me? MY MOTHER gave me that ring when she was on her death-bed. I can part with my arm, but while I live I can't part with that ring.' The ring ring was slipped from the cold, white finger: 'Put it on that finger,' said he, holding out the same finger of his left hand. As he was leaving the door, with his attendants, to enter the carriage, he said: 'How shall I break this thing to my poor sister?' Is not this a true 'hero,' reader?—*Knickerbocker.*

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.—Baron Von Tschudi, the well-known Swiss naturalists, says: 'Without birds, successful agriculture is impossible. They annihilate, in a few months, a greater number of destructive insects than human hands can accomplish in the same number of years. Among the most useful birds for this purpose may be classed the swallow, wren, robin redbreast, sparrow and finch. Tschudi tested a titmouse upon rose-bushes of his neighbor, and rid the same in a few hours of innumerable lice. A robin redbreast killed in the neighborhood of eight hundred flies in an hour. A pair of night swallows destroyed in fifteen minutes an immense swarm of gnats. A pair of wrens flew thirty-six times in an hour, with insects in their bills, to their nests. He considered the sparrow very important; a pair of them, in a single day, carry three hundred worms or caterpillars to their nests—certainly a good compensation for a few cherries which they pluck from the trees. The generality of small birds carry to their young ones, during the feeding period, nothing but insects, worms, snails, spiders, etc. A farmer indignantly destroys a robin because he has caught him eating a cherry, and thinks he has done mankind a service in so doing; but let him take a moment to open the crop of the bird, and he will find it full of worms. In some instances 200 worms and grubs have been found in the gizzard of a single bird. An oriole shot in a field of wheat had 200 weevils in its crop. A pair of orioles (parent birds) destroyed 1000 caterpillars in a day. The commissioners appointed by the French Government have reported with an accuracy characteristic of French legislation. It has been decided that by no agency save that of littles birds can the ravages of insects be kept down. A certain insect was found to lay 2,000 eggs, but a titmouse was found to eat 500,000 of these eggs in a year. A swallow devours about 550 insects a day, eggs and all. A house sparrow's nest in the city of Paris was found to contain 700 pairs of the upper wings of coach-chafers, though of course, in such a place food of other kind was procurable in abundance. The blue bird, in some respects, reminds one of the English robin redbreast, though as an insect destroyer it surpasses the English bird. Its food consists of all kinds of insects, especially the larvæ of the codling moth, and canker worms and caterpillars of every description are quickly destroyed. The birds arrive in time to destroy the female moth, as it ascends the tree in early spring to deposit its eggs."

DISTINCTION.—There is an aged colored woman in a Western town who does not believe in social equality, judging from the way she talked to her boy:

'Epreham, come hyar to yer mudder, boy. Whar you bin?'

'Playin' wid de white folkses chillun.'

'You is, eh! See hyar, chile, you'll broke yer old mudder's heart, and brung her gray hairs in sorrow to de grave, wid yer recklumness an' carrings on wid ebil assoayshuns. Habn't I raised you up in de way you should ought to go?'

'Yessum.'

'Habn't I been kind an' tender wid ye, an' treated you like my own chile, which you is?'

'Yessum.'

'Habn't I reezened wid you and prayed for you and deplored de good Lord to wrap you in his bussum?'

'Yessum.'

'Habn't I taught you to walk in de broad and narrow path, and to shun God?'

'Yessum.'

'An' isn't I yer nateral detector and gardeen to de law?'

'Yessum.'

'Well, den, do you suppose I'se gwine to hab yer morals ruptured by de white trash? No, sah! You git in de house dis instep; an' if I eber cotch you municating wid de white trash any mo', fo' de Lawd, nigga, I'll brake yer black head wid a brick!'

'Yessum.'

MAMMA (reading to nice boy.) "The Esquimaux are a very dirty people, and wash but once a year—in the summer season;' but you Johnney, will be a clean boy, and wash like an American, won't you?" Nice Boy. "No ma; I'll be an Esquimaux; please, ma."

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