ESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873. NO. 31.

Cure.

ADLEY.

e,
usy,
o please;
to labor
er neighbor,
ved her ease.

ay the morning,
f or warning,
t to blame;
her used to name her
ry to shame her,
nothing of the shame.

king such a riot,
keep in quiet!"—
Lazy Lizzie's cry,
breakfast-bell was ringing,
bins had been singing,
e sun two hours high.

s nothing you could tell her
uld rouse her, or compel her
e proper time to rise;
didn't go and shake her,
ur calling wouldn't make her
wide those sleepy eyes.

er little sister Kitty,
y mischievous and witty,
thought she'd try *the water cure*.
e was careful not to mention
o her mother her intention,
Till she'd made the matter sure.

But while Liz was soundly sleeping,
Kitty came on tiptoe creeping
To the comfortable bed;—
And poor Lizzie, in her dreaming,
Thought Niagara was streaming
Over her unlucky head.

Up she jumped, and choked, and spluttered,
And the queerest noises uttered
Through her mouth, and through her nose,
As the water, in a river,
Overflowed her made her shiver,
From her eyelids to her toes!

Then the laughing little Kitty,
Who was wise as well as witty,
Though she quite enjoyed the play,
Thought it safe for her to scamper
(Seeing things were getting damper!)
Out of Lazy Lizzie's way.

So she dodged the little matter
Of a comb and brush flung at her,
And with merry mischief, ran
To report that Lazy Lizzie
Was already up and busy—
Thanks to her successful plan!

That her mother quite commended
Water cures begun and ended
In the method of Miss Kit,
One may doubt; but not disclaiming
All her due amount of blaming,
There was still some good in it.

For Miss Lizzie thinks, at present,
It's decidedly more pleasant
Early rising to endure,
Than to undergo the joking—
To say nothing of the soaking—
Of another water cure!

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING.

BY A PRINTER.

Now as winter is here, it would perhaps be as well to discontinue haying, and turn your attention to getting in your fall-logs. No farmer can consider his fall crop complete until he has his cellar supplied with saw-logs. Seated around the blazing hearth of a winter's night, there is no fruit more delicious.

A correspondent asks us, what we think of late plowing? Plowing should not be continued later than 10 or 11 o'clock at night. It gets the horses in the habit of staying out late, and unduly exposes the plow. We have known plows to acquire string-halt and inflamatory rheumatism from late plowing. Don't do it.

To another correspondent who wants us to suggest a good drain upon a farm we would say, a heavy mortgage at ten per cent, will drain it as rapidly as anything we know of.

When you make cider select nothing but the soundest turnips, chopping them into sled lengths before cradling them.—In boiling your cider use plenty of ice and when boiled, hang up in the sun to dry.

A pick-axe should never be used in picking apples. It has a tendency to break down the vines and damage the hive.

In sowing your winter apple-jack, a horse will be found preferable to a step-ladder, step-ladders are liable to freeze up, and are hardly palatable unless boiled with sugar.

In cutting down hemlock trees for canning, select the largest. Don't throw away the chips, as they make fine garden ornamentals, mounted in rustic frames.—Add a little salt and vinegar. The present cold weather should suggest to the intelligent farmer the necessity for a good cow shed.

Pour a pail-full of hot water on her back, and if that don't make a good cow shed—her hair—we can go nowhere to see her body.

A RACE WITH DEATH.

"Sir, you are an ass!"

"Sir, I'm not; I came here to sue for your daughter's hand, and—"

"And you expect me to give my daughter to a man who, whatever may be his other qualities, has not a copper in the world to bless himself with?"

"I know I have no money at present, sir, but I have hopes—"

"A pretty thing to begin housekeeping on! Supposing you were married to-morrow, do you wish to live or die the day after?"

"Live, sir, of course."

"Why, of course? To live you want food; if you want food, you want money; and as you have no money you would get no food; and no food means starvation! Do you see that, sir?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"But! There's no but in the case. Now take a bit of advice from me, Mortimer, as one of your father's oldest friends. Go and earn a living; and when you can show me that you can support my daughter if I give her to you—mind you, *if*—I shall be ready to talk to you. Good morning. Bah!" and the testy but good-natured old gentleman stumped out of the room, leaving me speechless sitting on the edge of a chair with my hat in my hand. All my hopes had been ruthlessly dashed to the ground. I had expected to argue the point with Mr. Clavering, as Bessie, the daughter, had assured me that he would be sure to give his consent, and had laid no end of plans for the future, in which everything but the question of money had been exhaustively considered. The abrupt manner in which this had now been brought to an end disconcerted me not a little, and I left the room not quite so certain that I did not resemble that generally good-natured but otherwise unreliable quadruped to which Mr. Clavering had likened me in the course of our conversation.

At the door I met Bessie, with an expression of mingled anxiety and curiosity on her countenance.

"Well, Jack, what did papa say?"

"That I was an ass, Bessie!"

"Oh, I hope you did not quarrel. I was afraid there was something wrong, as I heard him ordering deviled kidneys for lunch, and he never does that without he's in a passion."

"Bessie, the old gentleman asked me how we were going to live."

"Well, did you not tell him in a little cottage, with a garden in front, and a piggery, and a kitchen-garden, and a fowl-house, and a little dairy, and—"

"Yes, yes; but that was not what he meant. He wanted to know where all the money was to come from to pay for all this."

"Why, you were to provide the money, of course. You were to earn it."

"Certainly; but your father wanted to know how."

"How? Well, you would—there now, you ought to know best, surely. Don't you?"

"No, I do not, Bessie, and I think we ought to have thought of this before."

"Jack, I don't wonder papa got into a passion with you, you're so stupid. I have a great mind to get angry with you myself."

"But, sweetheart, don't you really think we ought to have considered how we were going to buy what we wanted?"

"That was your business, not mine; and, Jack, if you look at me like that I'll box your ears."

"No, you won't! I think you're all in a very bad temper this morning."

"Do you? Now, I tell you what it is, Mr. Jack. Till you find out how we're going to get money to live on I won't have anything more to say or to do with you at all. Don't come near me now. I don't love you a bit; I never shall, and I never did! And, Jack, when you have found out how, you'll come and tell me first, won't you? And away dashed Bessie, leaving me down at the garden gate, to which we had walked during our conversation.

It was a lovely spring morning. All nature seemed in ecstacy at the prospect of approaching summer. I alone was sad. I could not help feeling that I had made a mistake, and that I must have lowered myself considerably in the estimation of old Mr. Clavering by appearing so thoughtless and inconsiderate. True, I was but nineteen, and, having lost my father early, had been brought up and educated by my mother alone, and so perhaps had rather less knowledge of the world than I should have acquired had I been sent to public school or to the university. My position was by no means a bad one. The only son of a distinguished military officer, who was not wealthy, but left what little he had to his widow during her lifetime. I might be said to have possessed a good education, and what was perhaps better, good prospects. I had been invited by Mr. Clavering, who was an old military comrade of my father's, to spend a month with him at his residence at Morecombe [illegible]. During my stay I had learned fast to love his daughter Bessie, whose visit appeared to draw to a close, and not only declared my love, but received assurances of mutual affection, with what result is known. Having been always tolerably well supplied with money, I had never yet been brought face to face with the great educator of humanity—the necessity of earning one's bread—and was therefore, rather ignorant of some of the principal duties of life than unmindful of them. The bluff, common-sense of Bessie's father had compelled me to consider matters from a practical point of view, and I was now perhaps more angry with myself than any one else. I walked on, but finally resolved to return to the cottage, and saddle Moro for a ride. Moro had been my father's charger, and had been left me, with instructions as to his care. He was a splendid horse of jet black color, of enormous strength. By the kindness of my host I had been allowed to bring him with me, and many a pleasant ride had I had on his back with Bessie Clavering.

As I re-entered the pleasant garden attached to the cottage I strove in vain to catch a glimpse of Bessie, and reached the stable without having met anybody but the old gardener, who saluted me with the usual "How'de do, sur?" I was soon by the side of Moro, who gave a neigh of delight as I entered. It did not take me long to put on his saddle, and as I left the yard I learned from the old groom that Clavering had ridden out alone about a quarter of an hour before me. I was certainly much chagrined at this, and made several mental resolves to be fully revenged as soon as I could get a convenient opportunity. I turned down a lane that led to a bridle-path along the top of the cliff, and letting the reins fall over Moro's neck, abandoned myself to building castles in the air, in the erection of which Bessie took a very prominent part. The spot was admirably adapted to meditation. To my left a small wood, through the breaks in which glimpses of the rising upland were caught every now and then, straight ahead a broad expanse of purple heather, and to my right the rugged steep cliffs, at the foot of which lay a vast tract of sand, as the sea, owing to the flat shore, retires a distance of nearly four miles; far away in the distance the bright dancing waters, with a sail or two in sight, and over the whole a glorious expanse of blue, across which the light air of the morning blew a few white scudding clouds.

Some three and a half miles from the shore there extended right along the coast a low sand-bank, which was at once a source of pleasure and danger to the inhabitants and fishermen. When the tide flowed the sea beat against the bank for some time, till at last with an angry roar, it surmounted the obstacle and came tearing down the incline like a very avalanche. Many accidents resulting in loss of life had taken place, owing to the ignorance and carelessness of tourists and others, who, lulled into a state of fancied security by the distance of the sea, and unaware of the peculiarities of the place, would wander about on the sands till overtaken by the tide, when they were placed, as it were, in an instant, beyond human assistance, and were invariably lost.

Danger signals and notices had been put up in every prominent position by the authorities, who were accustomed also at the turn of tide to fire a signal gun; but, with all that, the sands were so tempting, and the breeze that wafted across them so delicious, that a day seldom passes without some party or other, generally mounted, venturing upon them. As I looked down I could see nothing but a solitary speck in the distance, which I soon after made out, through a little pocket glass I always carried, I paid no particular attention to at the time, and continued my way, gathering up the reins as Moro broke into a gentle trot. I was now on the very edge of the cliffs, where a single false step would at once have precipitated me on the sands below, and consequently, although Moro was wonderfully surefooted and well acquainted with the path, I moved along with considerable caution. The beauty of the scene and the exercise soon dispelled the gloominess that had oppressed me, and as my blood began to circulate more quickly my spirits rose, and I commenced singing right merrily. The path now took a sudden turn by a deep gorge, and as I did not wish to go round it, a distance of nearly a mile, I resolved to put Moro across; so, patting him gently on the neck, for I never touched him with spur or whip, I called to him; the noble old horse understood me at once, and increased his speed. On we went, the pace getting faster and faster, till, at the gorge, Moro rose with a splendid bound and alighted safely on the other side. I now got a full view of the sands again, and found that I was considerably nearer the person on horseback below—in fact, that we had been moving toward one another. At that moment Moro suddenly stopped, and tossing his head in the air, gave a loud neigh. Somewhat astonished at this proceeding, I looked more carefully, and perceived by the flutter of the dress that the person on horseback was a lady.

I became more interested, and taking out my glass, discovered that it was no other than Bessie, who had been centering along the sands on a mare her father had lately bought, her. Moro had no doubt recognized his stable companion. I debated with myself whether I should return, and by taking a short cut, meet her on her way home, in order to upbraid her with her misconduct in going out alone. While I was cogitating, Moro uttered a snort of alarm. I looked and beheld a sight that for a moment took away my breath. From some cause or other Bessie's horse appeared to have taken fright and become unmanageable; all at once it tore away like the wind in the direction of the sea. At the same moment I heard the distant boom of the signal-gun which announced that the tide was just about to turn. The full horror of the situation now flashed across me; unless the mare could be stopped in time my love would be overtaken by the sea, and lost before my eyes. A cold chill took possession of me, and for a moment I sat motionless. Bessie's figure was already becoming smaller as she was borne rapidly onward. "Now or never, Moro!" I said as I rose in the stirrups; and the gallant old horse seemed to understand me, for he impatiently pawed the air with his fore feet. The next thing was how to get upon the sands. "The gorge! oh, the gorge!" I touched Moro, and in a few seconds we had reached it. It was a frightful declivity, and descent seemed impossible; yet it was my only chance, and I determined to make the attempt. Carefully, and with the greatest caution, I guided Moro, and after a few moments of agonized suspense gained the sands. I knew I had only one course before me—to pursue the mare and then attempt to race the tide. "Moro!" I shouted, "Moro! we ride to my love!" Moro shook himself as if he knew what a tremendous effort was demanded of him, and settled down to his work. By this time Bessie was quite half the distance toward the sea. Would I reach her in time?" In order to lighten the weight, I threw away my overcoat, my hat, coat and waistcoat. I called upon Moro; he seemed to fly.

We were gaining upon the mare evidently, but still the awful question rose to my lips: "Would it be in time?" I could already hear the roar and surge of the waters, and the rising wind warned me that the tide would that morning probably exceed its usual height. My blood was thoroughly up. I determined to either save my love or perish with her.—We are now but half a mile apart. I shouted till I was hoarse, but all to no effect, for the wind was dead in our faces. Moro seemed to participate in my excitements, and strained every nerve to overtake the mare. We were not more than two hundred yards distant from the sand bank, against which the waves were dashing with unwonted force. Another second and the mare would have passed the bank, be overwhelmed by the raging waters, and all would be lost. I screamed in my agony. I thought I heard a low wail in response. I shut my eyes, as I could not bear to look, but opened them again immediately, as Moro gave a whinny of pleasure. "Ah! what is that?" the mare had stumbled and thrown Bessie, and plunged wildly, in her terror and fury, into the waves. In an instant I was alongside my love, had dismounted and was kneeling by her. "Bessie! Bessie! oh, my darling, are you dead? Oh, speak to me! speak to me!" After a few moments, which seemed to me an age of torture, she opened her eyes and said faintly: "Jack, my best beloved, save yourself; the tide will be over the bank in a second or two. Give my love to dear papa." Then exhausted, she fell back in a dead faint. I tore my hair in despair; I raved like a madman. What could I do? At last I became calmer, for a desperate resolve had taken possession of me. Moro should have a double burden, and we would try and outstrip the tide: we would race with death! I soon placed my darling across the saddle, and leaped up behind her as the first spray came flashing over the bank. I knew not a moment was to be lost. We started for the shore. I patted Moro. I said to him, "Moro, you bore my father through the ranks of death at Balaklava. Oh, save his son!"

To add to my agony, I now perceived that a storm was pending. The sky was overcast; heavy drops of rain began to fall, and every now and then a lurid flash lit up the darkning air. We were now but two miles from the shore, and if I could only reach the gorge in time, I knew we were saved. I called again upon Moro. The noble horse for the first time uttered sighs of distress. A new terror now seized me—would Moro's strength last? I turned and looked, and through the blinding rain, saw, to my horror, that the sea was already breaking over the bank. It would be upon us almost directly. I urged Moro on afresh, but the poor animal appeared unable to increase his speed. Boom! boom! "Ah! what is that? Thank God, we have been observed, and they are hastening to our help! The signal gun! Moro, my Moro, but a few seconds longer!" We tore along. Bessie still lay insensible in my arms. The cliff now rose frowning before us. Another hundred yards and we are saved. "On, on! I hear the roar of the descending tide." Once more I turned, and as the lightling flashed, saw the waters raging and surging almost at the horse's heels. At that moment Moro staggered. The sea was upon us and over us. I heard a ringing in my ears. I gave one last one agonized shriek, and remembered no more.

I awoke and found myself in a worm bed, surrounded by compassionate faces. Mr. Clavering came forward, "You must not excite yourself, my boy," he said, Bessie is well."

"And Moro?" I asked.

"Is well to," he said.

Do you want to know wherther I marriee Bessie? If you do, go to Morecombe Bay, ask for Hawthorne's, and my be you'll see an old black military charger, almost blind, with two or three curly headed urchins on his back, all laughing and clapping their hands as he carries them daintly up and down the path.

AYRSHIRES FOR THE DAIRY.

DR. STURTEVANT, in a lecture before the New York State Agriculture Society upon the subject of dairy farming and the choice of breeds, holds the following language:

The dairy farmer has not a choice of breeds. The effect of climate and food is a subject that requires to be taken into consideration. The Short-Horn originated in the fertile valley of the Tees; the smallest of the known breeds in distant Shetland. The barren pasture of Brittany furnishes a cow resembling the Dutch in all but size; the marshes of the Elbe and the rivers entering the North Sea build up the large-framed Dutch.—The fact is well recognized in the sheep husbandry of England, and also each district has its local breed.

In stocking a farm we must, to obtain the best results, look at the fertility of the pastures, their aspect and the necessities of the season. While soiling is exclusively or mainly carried on, human foresight is able to neutralize the action of natural causes to a certain extent, and to such a farmer there is some choice of breeds. But to the larger number this necessity is formed by the requirements of their land.

The Dutch cattle, with their large frames, required fertile pastures and lands unaffected by drouth. Their home is among the marshes of Holland. The beautiful Short-Horn, bred for ages to a special purpose, and lacking an extreme hardiness of constitution, is better fitted for fertile, rolling, limestone pasture, and to exceptional locations in dairy districts. The Jersey is the rich man's cow, requires shelter and rich food, can be tethered with ease, is highly ornamented, and with her rich produce of milk, can, if rightly located, be made profitable.

But the Ayrshire is fitted, by her past and present history, for the poor lands periodically withered by drouth and broken by hills, while at the same time she responds gratefully to good food and kind treatment. That she is hardly, is well-known, even to superiority over other breeds mentioned, and I throw it out as a conjecture, to be proved by statistics if at all, whether her very hardiness and adaptability to physical changes has not rendered her less liable to abortion than the other breeds under like circumstances and care.

The Ayrshire is not a royal animal, built up by high feed and pampering care, and adapted to rich pastures alone. She is of the low-born, self-made class, which, struggling for existence with the hardships of the earlier periods of Ayrshires, has improved with the growth of the country, retaining her hardiness and adaptability, and adding thereto the qualities of a certain yield of milk and dairy produce. She is a creature of the soil and her surroundings. She is not a beef animal and a milk machine combined.—Meat is neglected in her inheritance for the more desired milk, and it is recognized by all impartial writers that the Ayrshire cow gives a greater product of milk in proportion of food consumed than any other breed. The properties of fat and milk-producing seem incompatible with each other, and with my experience. I am unwilling to admit that they can go on at the same time; but the same qualities in the Ayrshire cow which turn the nutriment of the food towards udder, will, when the milk glands are inactive, store the products of her digestion in the muscle, and when dry, this breed are, therefore, not wholly deficient as beef animals, but quickly got into condition.

JOSH BILLINGS ON BEER.

HIS EXPERIENCES WITH THE SUMMER REVERAGE HE HAS SOME DOUBTS.

I have finally cum to the conclusion that lager beer as a bevreage is not intoxicating.

I believe to the full extent of my ability i never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my hed twist as tho is was hung on the end of a string, but i was told that it was my bile being out of place; and i guess that it was so, for i never biled over wus than i did when i got home that nite. My wife thot i was going to die, and i was afraid that i shouldn't' fur it seemed as tho everything i had ever eaten in my life was cummin to the surface, and i believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did, they would have come thundering too.

Oh, how sick i was! Fourteen years ago and i can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If any man should tell me that lager beer wuz not intoxicating, i should believe him; but if he shud tell me that i wasn't drunk that nite, but that my stumick wuz out of order, i shud ask him to state over a few words, fust how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If i warn't drunk that nite, i had sum ov the most natural simtums that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place, it was about eighty rods from where i drank the lager beer to mi house, and i wuz just two hours on the road, and had a hole bursted through each one uv my pantaloon neez, and didn't have any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull, and hiccuped awfully, and saw everything in the room trying to get around on the back side uv me, and in sitting down on a chair i did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when it wuz going round, and i set down a little too soon, and missed the chair about twelve inches, and couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that came along. And that ain't awl; my wife said i wuz drunk as a beast.

If lager beer is not intoxicatin, it used me most almighty mean that i know.

Still i hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for i have been told so; and i am probably the only man living who drunk enney when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say enneything against a harmless temperance bereage, but if ever i dring any more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me and mi mouth pried open.

I dont think lager beer is intoxicating, but if i remember rite, i think it tastes to me like a glass of soap-suds that a pickle had been put tew soak in.

NEW MODE OF TREATING DYSPEPSIA.

Dr. Dio Lewis states that some years ago a physician in New York city published a small book in which he gave written certificates of marvelous cures of dyspepsia. His cures were mysterious and very effective. He charged $500 for a cure, and his patients were most solemnly pledged, with much ceremony, to profound secrecy as to the mode of treatment. After the death of the doctor some of the patients felt themselves absolved from the obligation of secrecy, and one of them disclosed the facts in the case to Dr. Lewis. After correcting some of the more grossly wrong dietetic habits, the doctor required each patient to spend ten or fifteen minutes in the morning, at rising, in kneading and slapping his own abdomen with precision. This was to extend over the stomach, bowels, and the liver. This was repeated just before dinner; again at 7 P. M. with precision and on going to bed. The patient was requested to be temperate and regular in all his habits, exercise much in the open air, and attend most assiduously to the slapping, kneading, and percussion of the whole abdomen; and as the result, we are informed that malignant cases of indigestion, that had resisted all other remedies, yielded to this.

"In every case of indigestion," says Dr. Lewis, "no matter what may be its character, slapping the bowels with the flat of the hands on rising in the morning, four hours after breakfast, and in the evening on going to bed, is excellent treatment. I cannot conceive of a case of chronic indigestion which such a manipulation would not relieve. If a person is so weak that he cannot perform these slappings and kneadings for himself, then the hands of a discreet person should be employed."

It is marvelous how a stomach, sore and sensitive at first, and hardly able to bear a touch, will strengthen under these operations, and bear, in a short time, with pleasure, pretty rough handling. I have experienced the benefit of these manipulations, and can testify to their great utility. Under this treatment a torpid liver will be aroused to activity, constipated bowels will become regular and do their normal work, and a sluggish stomach will put on its wonted energy. A new circulation is established in the points of suffering and weakness, and new muscular and nervous action is established throughtout the whole abdominal viscera. What has cost many a suffering dyspeptic $500 to know, I now offer to your readers without money or price. Let the suffering try it, and try it faithfully, and I venture to say they will get more than pay for all their work.

☞An old chap, whose wife is as ugly as sin, was recently reading an elopement case which seemed to affect him. Said he: "I should be tempted to shoot a man if he was after my wife." "Well," said a hearer, "a man ought to be shot if he ran off with your wife." Verdict for the hearer.

☞A hard man—Jack Screw.

Out in the Storm.

Out in the storm,
Out from this shelter, all lighted and warm,
Out from the radiance, out from the glow,
Into the darkness, and into the snow,
Into the power of the merciless sleet,
Into the gloom of the wild winter night,
Leaving all comforts, all beauty, and light,
Out where the wind and the tempest will beat,
Savage and pitiless—how can I go
Out in the storm?

Out in the storm—
Out from your presence—your radiant face,
Lighting with beauty and glory the place,
Lifted to mine with a shy, tender grace;
Out from the touch of your small, dainty hand,
Clinging to mine as if pleading to stay,
Pleading, my heart can but poorly withstand,
How can I leave you to wander away
Out from this dream of bliss, wretched, forlorn,
Out in the storm!

Out in the storm—
Out in the starless night—many a ghost
Rises to beckon me out in the gloom;
Shades of sad memories, roused from the tomb,
Forms of the dead, and the faithless, and lost,
Holds her pale arms to me, whisper and shriek,
Even while you cling to me, even as I speak,
Dragging me out from the glow of your room,
Out from the light of your face and your form,
Out in the storm.

Out in the storm—
Lingering, shrinking, still dreading to go;
Dreading to face the wild tempest and snow,
Fearing to face the fierce battle of life,
Cowering back from the turmoil and strife,
Bitterest, hardest of all is this hour,
Is to know that forever we part,
Never to hold you again to my heart,
Only to dream of my sweet, dainty flower,
Out in the storm.

Out in the storm—
So, love, God keep you safe, happy and warm,
Sheltered with comfort and love to remain
Never to struggle with sorrow and pain;
Give me the battle—the fight with the blast—
Little it matters, for sorrows like this
Brings all death's bitterness. Give me the last
Clasp of your hand—the last passionate kiss.
So God be with you and keep you his own;
Pity me wandering and struggling alone
Out in the storm.

NATURE is the interpeter of the Bible, not only because it explains what is specifically metaphorical in it, but because it explains all its language; it is the mould in which its thoughts are cast—the basis upon which its sublimest revelations rest; not only the embroidery but the very warp of its substance.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

☞Detroit street cars are afflicted with a ghost, in the semblance of a beautiful lady, richly dressed. The peculiar thing about her is that when the conductor appeals to her for the fare, she suddenly vanishes—a very pleasing and useful performance, indeed, and one which would naturally be looked for in a sensible ghost.

☞The New Orleans *Herald* relates how a pet monkey in that city, seeing that a little child was on the point of being run over by a street car, rushed into the street and wrenched the child from the jaws of death. That beats any monkey-wrench ever heard of before.

☞Kansas highwaymen have been almost ruined this year by their time honored custom of giving five dollars to any victim who proves to be impecunious. It is reported that they have resolved to operate on half time during the winter.

☞A worthy Quaker thus wrote: I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindnees I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again.

☞The only paper at Fort Dodge, Dakota, has suspended, the last issue saying: "If another idiot attempts to establish a paper in Fort Dodge we hope there will be a mule handy to kick him into the river."

☞"Please don't shoot the cows," is a sign on a farmer's fence near Chicago, intended for city sportsmen who go out after prairie chickens.

☞Tennessee doctors have a hard time of it. If a patient lives they seldom pay, and if he dies the rest of the family want to shoot the physician.

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