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Select Poetry.

The Daring Attempt to Steal Miss Catterina Budge's Jewels.

[From the N. Y. World.]

I.

'Twas in the merry summer time
When up round Union Squayer
Variety each can ye see
Of the great genus player;
When agents, managers and stars
Do set themselves about
Planning for the season that's to come
Their Great Attractions route;
When advertising agents do
Ingloriously devise
To puff the star or show they're with
The most enormous lies.
For the agent is the man
Who tells, I do suppose,
Worse fibs than any one since An-
Anias turned up his toes;
The diamond thief goes round,
The lady's horse runs away,
And the boys about the monkeys' cage
The lioness doth slay.

II.

It was an actress—star, of course—
Miss Catterina Budge,
Whose acting had been praised by those
Were competent to judge.
She had favorable notices
From critics who did see
Her acting on the Boston boards
And those of Kankakee,
In London, Boston and New York
And e'en in gay Parree.
For years before Miss Budge had made
A European tower,
And everywhere made conquests with
Her art and beauty's dower;
All the crowned heads of Europe had
Presented her with gems,
With diamond earrings, brooches, rings,
Bracelets and diadems.
And when Miss Budge was to appear
At, say, Kalamazoo,
Reporters bold would call on her
Her jewelry to view,
And they would write whole columns up
Of her *bijouterie*;
And folks would say, "How well she must
Act—let us go and see."

III.

'Twas in the merry summer time
Miss Budge's agent good
With pen in hand soliloquized
In a dejected mood:
"How shall I give her a good send-off
With a yarn folks are unused to,
A yarn that I can get into print
And which will be reproduced, too?
A runaway horse moves no one now,
And even if you mox 'em
With white-hot crowbars folks *blaze* are
And the thing no longer knocks 'em.
The diamond robbery is played—
Who can be interested
When the jewels always are found again
And the thief is never arrested?
Lie, lie, how shall I lie—
It should be easy enough—
So that folks won't pass the item by
Saying, 'That is only a puff?' "

IV.

The agent went to Miss Budge's room,
But as he reached the door
He was aware of a noise in there
He ne'er had heard before,
A sort of rasping, tearing sound;
And peeping in he was able
To discern a stranger standing by
Miss Budge's dressing table;
A stranger with a chisel in hand
Industriously applying
Himself to open the jewel case
In which her diamonds were lying.
The agent was a stalwart man,
A stalwart man and tall,
And through the key-hole he could see
That the daring thief was small.
Boldly he kicked in the chamber door
And on the robber sprang
And got him down and on the bell
A lusty peal he rang,
And he bade the bell-boy who appeared
An officer to fetch
And to the officer's custody
He gave the struggling wretch.

V.

I trow that agent's heart was glad
There was a diamond robbery
Where it could not be said that there
Collusion was or jobbery,
For a real thief was ta'en who would
Plain to all eyes and ears
Be tried and sentenced and sent up
For six or seven years.
The Associated Press throughout
The land the news would spread;
He would have the robber photographed
In his stripes of black and red,
He would have the indictment copied out
Quite certified,
And all the facts about the case
Would publish far and wide,
That folks might know the robbery
It was an actual fact—
That a real thief went after her gems
And therefore she could act.

VI.

A happy man that agent was
If ever one was
When he the next went to court
His evidence to give.
When he was put in the witness-box
With unction great he told
Of the diamonds that weighed half a pound
And were set in solid gold,
He read the interviews in which
With catalogued the gems,
The diamond earrings, brooches, rings,
Bracelets and diadems,
Which Miss Catterina Budge
Had—Europe's monarch's given
In proof she was the brightest star
In the dramatic heaven.
In homely phrase he "sung himself,"
And when he had made an end
Up rose a pettifogger, who
The burglar did defend,
And to the magistrate observed
In manner blunt and curt
That he would call a jeweler
In court as an expert;
For if as to the jewels' worth
The agent swore a lie,
He probably had perjured himself
As to the burglary.

VII.

When the good agent heard this word
He weakened in a second,
And to the pettifogger then
He desperately beckoned
And with the lawyer he went aside
And said "Vindictive I ain't,
But for your client's family's sake
I will withdraw my 'plaint.
Well, since you wish it, I'll pay the costs,
And your fee I will pay down."
But the pettifogger sternly winked
And answered with a frown,
"Thou must ante up to this good young man
Illegally arrested,
Or I'll put the jeweler in the box
And have the diamonds tested,
That men may see an they be gauds
That haughty sovereigns wore,
Or merely imitation frauds
Bought at a hardware store!"

VIII.

To the lawyer's pocket five hundred
Of the agent's dollars have gone;
The Justice makes announcement
That the charge has been withdrawn.
The paragraphers make merry,
Ye readily may judge,
With this daring attempt on the diamonds
Of Miss Catterina Budge,
And wherever the agent wanders
Upon the face of the earth,
Folks put the tongue of mockery
Into the cheek of mirth,
And of the jewel robbery
They entertain no doubt
That the whole affair was put-up job
Bungled in the carrying-out!

Select Story.

THE DALTON MYSTERY.

I knew there was a mystery in Ralph Dalton's house, a shadow over his life, as certainly as I knew that he loved me and tried to conquer his love. It was a miserable joy to me to encounter him, to make him fall in love with me over again, when I knew he had been hiding away, battling with my influence over him, striving—and vainly—to thrust me out of his heart.

It was no boy and girl infatuation, for I was twenty-three when I inherited Wolfston from my uncle; a stately old house, with extensive grounds, named from some old-world estate in our family. I found a house-keeper, and brought with me a companion, a widow of sixty, Mrs. Latimer, and we settled down in the new house very happily. There was no lack of pleasant society, and I had attention from many gentlemen residing near us. But the first person to welcome me was Ralph Dalton, who had been my uncle's close friend for years, and who lived upon the next place to mine. He held for me some private letters, some jewels of my grandmother's, and other little matters uncle felt it best to confide to private keeping, and after his trust was over he came again and again until we loved each other. Then he ceased his visits, and I met him only by chance, if a persistent effort on my part could be called so.

What did I love in him? He was many years older than myself—forty I judge—without great personal attraction. His features were large and gave an impression of strength; he was tall and broad-shouldered.—I have heard him called an ugly man, but his large, melancholy brown eyes were beautiful. He was grave to sadness, and reserved to a fault; yet once the ice of his reticence was broken, he could converse easily and gracefully upon any topic, passing far beyond my poor attainments in the scope of his study and the wide range of his reading. He was as gentle as a woman, and his voice, full, rich and exquisitely modulated was perfect music. I loved him utterly—I who had been cold to all suitors, and self-resolved to maintain ever my maiden freedom.

What did he love in me? Something that was a reflex of his own nobility, for I was commonplace enough elsewhere. With him I wakened to new thoughts of philanthrophy, of self-culture, and my whole soul was elevated and found strength in intercourse with him. I was fair of face, they told me who wooed me, and I was glad if Ralph's eyes found pleasure in my beauty.

But I had not been a week at Wolfston before I heard of some mystery in Ralph's home.

It had never received a pretty name, but was spoken of simply as "Dalton's." The house was large, yet no visitor ever stopped there.—Ralph was reputed wealthy yet he offered no hospitality, even one meal, to his friends.

He found rest and pleasure with us, knowing we could not visit them, and I think our intercourse was a bright, happy one to him, lifting him out of some habitual melancholy, until he wakened to the knowledge that he loved me, and was terror stricken.

Just in one flash of his soft eyes, one inflection of his harmonious voice, I read his secret, and answered it. In a moment he was ice! He apologized for having forgotten the respect due to me, and with stiff, white lips, and a choked, hard tone I had never heard pass his lips before, he bade me farewell and was gone.

I was stunned, then enraged!—How dared he, I thought, win my love to scorn it! Then I wept for him. I knew my pain was less than his, because his nature was deeper, more intense in all things, than mine.

I would not pine for any man, I thought, and dashed into every gayety available in our circle. But my flirtations were wasted, as he did not see them, and my heart was sick for a look from his tender eyes. I loathed for myself when I stole out at dusk and crossed our garden to look in at the window of his study to watch him. He was paler, graver than ever, bending over his books for an hour at a time without turning a leaf, or walking up and down with folded arms and bowed head, musing painfully, as I could see by his rigid lips and stern brow.

I had been six months at Wolfston, and the snow covered the ground when Mrs. Latimer imparted to me the first piece of gossip I ever heard fall from her lips.

"You remember that Mr. Dalton who came here so often when we were first here?" she asked me, as we lingered over a late breakfast.

I nodded assent.

"My dear, he has a crazy wife shut up in that gloomy house of his."

"Nonsense!" I said, sharply, while my brain seemed aflame.

"But Mrs. Reynolds told me! She says that Mrs. Dalton has a whole suit of upper rooms, two women to wait upon her, every care and indulgence, but that she is a violent maniac."

"But he would not pass himself off for a single man—" I began.

"Who ever heard him say whether he was married or single?" was the reply. "He never talked about himself."

Which was strictly true.

So this was the solution of the mystery! This was the reason why, when we met in the woods or lanes, he was restained and cold, until, little by little, I woke the love-light in his eyes, the tender tones of his voice, and was happy, until some warning roused him to his own happiness, and he would leave abruptly, as if caught in some pet hard to break.

A mad wife! Truly I have played a noble part to win the love that belonged to the poor creature wasting her life a prisoner in her own house! I was humbled to the very dust, though conscious of my own innocence of any intention of wronging her. My heart ached for both, for his generous devotion, his involuntary faithlessness; and for her—oh, I pitied her—his wife and!

But I had my task now—to conquer the miserable love in my own heart, to tear away, one by one, the sweet dreams I had cherished of the time I would break down the barrier that separated us, and win from Ralph the assurance of his love. I would not cross the grave to my own happiness, and what but death could free him?

I would not love him, but oh, how my heart ached for his misery! If only he could be my brother, that I might assure him of my sympathy, comfort him, give him some womanly care in his desolated home. I would wake sobbing from dreams of his pain. I stole often to the hedge in the garden and watched how he grew paler and sadder, and my prayers for him were more earnest than they had ever been for myself.

It was after the New Years festivities, and I had shaken hands with Ralph at my reception, and smiled into his haggard face with what I felt was a very wintry imitation of joyous greeting. I had crept away to weep after all my guests were gone, and Mrs. Latimer had told me—"It was all quite perfect, my dear; but you look pale and tired. You had better sleep late tomorrow."

And I had tossed sleeplessly till dawn. A bright winter dawn, with the sun beating on the hard, frozen ground, and not a breath of wind stirring. I was up early and out. The room seemed to stifle me.

I stole down stairs, before even the servants were out of their rooms, and wrapping myself in a heavy cloak, and with a fleecy white scarf about my head, I went to walk.—Perhaps this feverish unrest would be quieted in the crisp winter air.

I struck into a grove of trees that stood on my own grounds, and was pacing slowly forward, when I heard a stealthy step beside me, and turning quickly, saw a woman keeping near me, watching me.

My very heart seemed to cease its pulsations, for she was richly dressed in a loose, flowing garment of silk, quilted and warm, but bareheaded, and with only thin slippers on her slender feet. Her eyes, restless and wild, told of mental wandering, and her hair heavily streaked with gray, her wrinkled cheeks and bent figure seemed to tell an eloquent story of premature age and suffering. Every detail confirmed me in my recognition of Mrs. Dalton.

"Hush!" she said, coming close to me. "If you make a noise they will find me and shut me up. And I cannot go to Ralph if I am shut up. Day and night he calls me to come to him, and the doors are barred so that I cannot go."

I put my hand upon her arm, saying gently:

"But if you go home Ralph is there."

"No, he went away long ago—so very long. They told me he was dead," she whispered. "Did you hear he was dead?"

"No, he is not dead," I answered.

"Why does he not come, then?"

I heard still far off, a step I knew well.

"Perhaps he will come soon," I replied. "Shall we wait here for him?"

The step came nearer, then turned into another path.

"Does he know we are here?" she asked, with wistful, pleading eyes.

"Suppose you call," I answered.

In a moment she obeyed me.

"Ralph, dear Ralph, I am here!" she cried.

Quickly the steps followed the voice, and Ralph Dalton came towards us.

But the woman clung to me, sobbing out:

"He will shut me up!"

Then Ralph spoke, gently, tenderly:

"Mother, you will be ill again! Come home with me."

Mother! His mother! I could not help it. My heart gave such a glad bound, my lips would follow its dictates.

"Oh, Ralph, is this your mother!" I cried.

"Yes," he answered gravely, "my widowed mother, who searches in vain for her husband, dead ten years ago."

"He is not dead!" Mrs. Dalton cried. "How could he call me if he was dead? You told me he was not head," she said, looking at me.

"I thought she meant you," I answered to Ralph's questioning eyes, "When she said Ralph."

"I was named for my father," he answered.

"Come, mother, come with me," said Ralph.

But she clung to me, and I whispered:

"Lead the way; we will follow you," and so, supporting his mother, now feeble with fatigue, I entered Ralph's house for the first time.

Past the rooms where he lived, cheerless and cold, we went up to a floor luxuriously furnished, where two women were already pouring out apologies for their neglect of their charge.

Ralph, with a few stern words, left them, and I remained with his mother until she slept, worn out with wandering for hours, as we ascertained later.

Then I went down stairs to the library. Ralph was there; and upon his face was the light of some new resolve. In short phrases, full of deep earnestness, he told me at last of his love.

"My father was fatally hurt, my mother injured, as you see, by a railway accident," he said; "but before he died my father exacted from me a promise to care for my mother myself. He died several days after receiving the wounds that caused his death, and in that time he knew that my mother's reason was gone for life. To-day she is quiet, to-morrow she may be violent, raving, a sight of horror. Could I ask any woman I loved to share my life, my care?"

"Yes," I answered frankly; "for if she loved you, it would be her happiness to give comfort, to lighten this burden of pain.

He saw that I was in earnest, that it was no girlish enthusiasm, but a woman's devotion I offered him, and clasped me by the hand.

"Can you bear it?" he asked.

"Loving you, I can," I answered.

But, after all, it was not required of me. Mrs. Dalton took a heavy cold from that night of exposure and wandering, and in less than a month from that January morning, her life-seeking was over and she had gone to find her "Ralph" in a brighter world.

But my Ralph has been my husband for five long years, and his face has lost its careworn gravity, his voice its monotone of pain, and Wolfston is a home of peace and happiness, where there is no sorrow, no painful mystery.

A STRANGE case is that of young William Blake of Monmouth county, New Jersey. Barely 23 years old, the son of a rich man, a young man of pure life, a member of the Presbyterian Church of Allentown, recently a promising and ambitious student in Princeton College, he is starving himself to death. In his junior year at college a disease manifested itself which has since been pronounced by the doctors to be a paralysis produced by a spinal affection, and incurable. On learning that he was to be a cripple for life, the young man lost heart and hope, saying that death was preferable to such a life as lay before him. About a month ago he refused to eat anything but toast, drinking tea without milk. This diet he kept up for two weeks. For the past sixteen days he has obstinately refused to swallow anything but water, announcing his purpose to starve himself to death. All the entreaties of the family have been unavailing.—Although reduced nearly to a skeleton, he says that he is perfectly comfortable, reads his Virgil, and chats freely with those around him. "I mean to die, and I will," he says.—There is a streak of insanity in the blood, and the fact is now recalled that one of young Blake's grandfathers hanged himself.

THE many anecdotes preserved of the late Prince Imperial show him to have been kind-hearted, affectionate and docile to a degree not usual with princes. His affection for both his parents seems to have been very strong, and was shown in a striking manner after the overthrow of the Empire. What angered him most, it is said, were the attacks that were made upon his father, and one day he was observed writing some names on a piece of paper, and the Empress asked him what he was doing; "I am taking down the names of the men who are insulting us, for I mean to reckon with them some day," said he. But by and by he threw the list into the fire. "I know the names by heart," he remarked, "and I shall never forget them."

THE ESSAYS.—The terrible "Commencements" are at hand, and out of every 1,000 "essays" which the sweet girl graduates of this country will read, judging from our observations in the past, we predict that, unless the subjects be changed, 81 of these essays will be on "The Voyage of Life;" 137 on "Woman's Mission;" 53 on "Man the Architect of His Own Fortune;" 98 on "We Launch Our Bark—Where is the Shore;" 74 on "True Heroism;" 103 on "Night Brings Out the Stars;" 61 on "Honor and Fame from No Conditions Rise, Act Well Thy Part;" etc.; 39 on the "Philosophy of the Unconditional;" 85 on "We Gather Light to Scatter," and the remaining 269 on miscellaneous subjects.

While the postal route agent on the Boston and Providence Railroad was assorting the mail the other day, he found the following address on a postal card: "Mr. James Burns, alias John M. Pinn, in care of Mike Duffy, or his sister, Lizzie Duffy, or her cousin, Molly McCarthy, corner of Cross street and Jerry Ragan's Hill, North Main street, Taunton, Mass., wholesale fish peddler and tin horn artist. If not elsewhere."

An irascible father in Dahlonega, Ga., one day last week sent his son after a bucket of water. The lad not returning in time, the father started after him in a rage, and on arriving at the well saw a boy drawing up water. Without taking time to look closely at the youth, he thrashed him severely. When he thought the boy sufficiently punished he discovered that instead of his own, he had whipped a neighbor's son.

William Nailor and Elvira Virch were married, near Evansville, Ind., in the evening, and that night remained in the house of a friend. In the morning the bride's parents came with their farm hands, all armed with guns, and captured her, in spite of her own and husband's desperate resistance. She was carried off, and Nailor has not yet been able to find her.

St. James's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, is in trouble. The venerable Rev. Dr. Morton is too old to work vigorously, and the congregation has dwindled until a financial crisis is at hand. The vestrymen proposed to retire him from active duty on a salary, and hire a popular assistant rector. He refused to acquiesce, and the vestrymen have all resigned.

At the session of the grand lodge of Masons of the State of New York the report of a special committee was read, showing that the total cost of the ground and building on May 1, 1878, was $1,242,953.78, the cost of furniture $94,458.52; sundry other expenses amounted to $251,850.66. Total $1,590,262.96.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED HIS AUNT.

They get things strangely mixed in Utah occasionally. It is even difficult to keep trace of the sexes. Illustrative of these peculiarities is a case just in point. A dispatch was received in Denver a few days since, directing the authorities to arrest a young man who, it is alleged, had run away with his aunt.—The detective found some reluctance in performing the service, but the duty was imperative, and he boldly faced the issue. After some trouble and vexation the refugees were found and the following colloquy ensued:

"I have an order for your arrest," remarked the officer, addressing the supposed criminal.

"For what?" was the indignant interrogatory.

"Why, I am informed that you have been running away with your aunt."

"My aunt! Why, she's my wife!"

"But wasn't she your aunt before she became your wife? You see we don't tolerate those kind goings on in Colorado."

The young man looked at the minion of the law in a sympathetic sort of way, which implied very plainly that he pitied his ignorance.

"I suppose you never were in Utah?" he remarked after he had completed his survey.

"No, I never had that pleasure," was the reply.

"Well, as you don't understand the relations of an aunt and nephew in that Territory, I suppose I ought to explain it to you, and then perhaps you may see your duty plainer."

"I shall be greatly obliged to you," remarked the detective, congratulating himself meanwhile that he was about to get a glimpse into the social economy of that remarkable county where a man is permitted to have as many wives as he pleases.

"Take my case, for instance," continued the Mormon, "my father married my mother."

"I suppose so."

"Then he married her sister," continued the stranger, without heeding the interruption. "Then he married the sister of his brother-in-law. Then the daughter of his uncle, who was a cousin of his first two wives; then he married her sister, who was the widow of one of his first wives' husbands; then he married her daughter, and a son of this wife married my sister, who was also a widow of one of the other wives' sons."

By this time the detective was making frantic efforts to keep his head on his shoulders, while his eyes hung out on his cheeks like protruding saucers.

"I suppose you are following me," interrupted the narrator.

But the detective had heard enough.

"That will do," he said; "you have a perfect right to marry your aunt or your grandmother, either, or both of them, if you follow in the footsteps of your family."

"And you won't arrest me?"

"Certainly not."

THE WONDERFUL LADDER.

A young man, not overly good, having defrauded his brother of his patrimony fled for very fear far off into the wilderness. A pretty poor saint is he that will deceive and lie, and a very shabby one that will do both to a poor old blind father. The young man did both, and it cost him twenty years of suffering—a lesson to every one that would do evil to obtain a good. He started to go to his uncle's, when wearied with a long day's travel night overtook him, probably not far from Salem, afterwards Jerusalem. Weary, disconsolate, humbled if not really penitent, there he was alone among the wild beast of that then wilderness. He had no tent but the blue heavens, broad and blue in that latitude. He had no bed beneath him but the solid earth used in common with savage beasts of prey, no pillows for the head, the exiled son of a princess that he was, but the loose limestone rocks of that place. But so tired was the poor exile for his own misdeeds that he laid himself down in that place and did sleep most soundly, and as he slept he dreamed he saw a most wonderful ladder, reaching from the earth into the deep blue of the heavens, and most wonderful of all angels ascended and descended upon it.

So God taught this man through types what after years must explain—that heaven and earth were to be united through Him who said "I am the way" that all our desires, petitions or prayers were to descend through Christ as the medium and all our blessings were to ascend also through Him, "the way." This ladder the connecting way between heaven and earth typified Christ.—That way when Jacob lived was yet to come. He believed the dark obscure symbol, more than he was worthy of receiving. It is like God to give liberally and upbraid not.—So this wicked fugitive is given to understand what was to be in the future. For the Lord stood above and firmly fixed upon this ladder. Here was shown the future manifested Jehovah in the person, glory and kingdom of the Messiah. We ask what we will in His name and for His glory and receive it through him.

A HINDOO STORY.—A poor Hindoo, having been released from the cares of the world, and from a scurvy wife, presented himself at the gate of Brahma's paradise.

"Have you been through purgatory?" asked the god.

"No! but I've been married," he answered seriously.

"Come in, then; it's all the same."

At this moment arrived another man, just defunct, who begged Brahma to go in also.

"Softly! softly! have you been through purgatory?"

"No! but what of that? Did you not admit, a moment ago, one who had not been there any more than I?"

"Certainly; but he has been married."

"Married? Who are you talking to? I have been married twice."

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Brahma, "get away! Paradise is not for fools."

"JUST FROM LEADVILLE."

A conductor on the Michigan Central Railroad came across him the other day. The train, coming East, had just left Jackson, when the man from Leadville was discovered on the platform of the rear car. He seemed to have an object in being out there instead of in the car, but the conductor was deceived as to his motive. Conductors rarely ever get hold of the correct theory when they find a man with a long neck and a lean satchel sitting on the rear platform.

"Trying to beat my way—great heavens! how can you say that?" replied the man from Leadville to the conductor's brief but vigorous salutation. "No, sir-e-e! I came out here for fresh air. I've camped out so long that I'm sick as a hoss the minit I feel a roof over me. I'll be in in a minit and pay my fare to Detroit. I'm going up there to engage 1,700 men to return to Leadville with me."

The conductor suggested that he enter the car and pay his fare at once. Michigan conductors don't seem to care a clam shell whether a passenger hails from Leadville or Bungtown.

"Pay my fare at once—of course I will!" replied the man from Leadville. "The owner of the Huckleberry mine wouldn't look very well trying to beat a one-track railroad out of three or four dollars' fare. I'll be in there in just a minit—just as soon as the gnawsus feelin' of the stummick is kinder gone. You had better go in and get change for a five hundred dollar bill, so as not to detain me."

The conductor went back through the cars, and returned. The owner of the Huckleberry mine was no longer on the platform, but was sound asleep in one of the coaches.

"Pay my fare!" he shouted as the conductor gave him a vigorous shaking up. "Do you charge me double fare because I own the biggest and richest silver mine in Leadville. Am I to be imposed on because I am about to engage thirteen hundred laborers in Detroit, at $2 a day per man?"

"I want your fare," said the conductor.

"Want it twice over?"

"You haven't paid your fare yet, but you must or I shall put you off the train."

"I appeal to my fellow-passengers, I do!" exclaimed the man from Leadville; even if I do own the Huckleberry mine, and half interest in the Shortcake, I'm not to be swindled!"

"I give you one quarter of a minute to pay your fare!" said the conductor, as he reached for the bell-rope."

"I'll pay," replied the man, after a few seconds—"I'll pay now and sue the company when I reach Detroit. I'll have to pay you in silver bars, as I'm short of gold coin and greenbacks."

He fished up his old satchell, took about four minutes to unlock it, and after a dive and a scramble he fished up two old paper collars, the remains of a shoe-brush, and an old darning needle threaded with a foot or two of string.

"Come! I'm in a hurry," said the conductor.

"I want the train searched; I've been robbed of over $3,000 worth of silver bars!" shouted the man from Leadville, turning the satchel wrong side out and holding it up.

The train was stopped and he was ordered to alight. He looked from the big brakeman to the conductor and sorrowfully remarked:

"Yes, I'll dismount. I've bin robbed, insulted and abused, and I want to sit down on a log and think it over and plan my revenge. The owner of the Huckleberry Mine can't be stepped on with impunity, and you hear me!"

The train started. As the last car reached him, the Huckleberrian made a grab for the platform, missed the railing, and the last seen of him his feet were twinkling above the bullrushes of the roadside swamp. He had got a lift of fifteen miles, and was doubtless satisfied.

CHILDREN AND THE OPEN AIR.—It is a curious physiological fact that although open air life is so favorable to health, yet it has the apparent effect of stunting growth in early youth. Let two children be brought up together, one made to "rough" it out-of-doors, and the other carefully tended and kept within; other things being equal, the boy of the drawing-room will be taller and to all appearance more developed than his companion. The laborers' children for instance, who play in the lonely country roads and fields all day whose parents lock their cottage doors when leaving for work in the morning so that their offspring shall not gain entrance and get into mischief, are always invariably short for their age. The children of working farmers exhibit the same peculiarity. After sixteen or eighteen, or after years of hesitation as it were, the lads suddenly shoot up, and become great hulking broad fellows, possessed of great strength. Hence it would seem that indoor life forces growth at the wrong period, and so injures.

Pizzaro was the play: A verdant actor was cast for one of the smaller *roles*. To him fell the line, "My lord, 'neath yonder palm we've captured a cacique. What is your pleasure?" The fellow, when his cue came, rushed upon the stage, exclaiming, "My lord, 'neath yonder palm we've captured a cask. What is your pleasure?" "Roll him in," howled the tragedian, "and let's bust in the bung!"

A short time ago a Danbury man had $40 stolen from him. The thief was subsequently struck with remorse, and sent back $20, with a note to the effect that as soon as he received more remorse he would send back the rest.

The greatest philosopher of the day is he who admits what he can't do.

All Sorts of Clippings

A farmer's toes—potatoes.

Done with the pen—a dead pig.

Often above par—a bald head.

No quarter—a twenty-cent piece.

Praise is to an old man an empty sound.

The memory of mischief is no desirable fame.

There are nearly one hundred Catholic papers in America.

To him that lives well every form of life is good.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

When it rains its wet, and when its hot and dry its sweat, too!

Low rents—tears in the sole of a shoe.

Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion.

Weather report—a clap of thunder.

Never look a gift apple in the worm-hole.

Common meter—one that registers more gas than is consumed.

The most uncommon thing we know of is common sense.

Reform in feminine dress—turning last year's silk inside out.

"When taken to be well shaken:"—the boy that upset your ash-barrel.

"Jumping down a rope" is what they call hanging in Nevada.

Dr. Mary Walker wants to sit on a Jury, but the ugly man who is sitting on it won't get up.

A Waterloo, Ind., man ships a carload of butter every week to Germany.

The man who is most interested in the weather reports is he who possesses a new silk hat.

"Stand up and tell the truth like a little bell punch," is the latest addition to the phraseology of slang.

A boy with elbows out was asked the cause and replied: "I laughed in my sleeves till I burst them."

"All Nature seems to smile," and so does the average man. The warm weather does the business.

Let us not imagine evils we do not feel, nor injure life by misrepresentations.

No evil is insupportable but that which is accompanied with consciousness of wrong.

Cheap finery soon grows shabby and tells its story of sham and deception.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

New Haven, Conn., disposes of one glass of lager for each inhabitant daily.

Whispering in company is not aloud; if it was it wouldn't be worth while doing it.

The life of a solitary man will certainly be miserable, but not certainly devout.

There are few doors through which liberality, joined with good humor, cannot find its way.

She that has no one to love or trust has little to hope. She wants the radical principle of happiness.

This is the present reward of virtuous conduct—that no unlucky consequence can oblige us to regret it.

When a boy reaches the age of ten years, he condescendingly begins to talk about "the children."

One thing that continually reminds a person of the value of little things is a young man's first moustache.

Women, when trying to decide which baby is the prettiest, are very unlike nouns and verbs—they won't agree.

An apology is about as unsatisfactory to the average human being as a ten-cent plate of limber ice-cream.

There's only one kind of pastry a youngster don't hanker after with a hanker that passeth understanding, and that is stumma cake.

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us footsore more than the rocks, which require only a bold effort to surmount.

Common flowers, such as hollyhocks, oxlips, cowslips, dandelions, pansies and daisies are becoming very popular both in nature and art.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

Of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason.

When a boy sees a nice round smooth stone lying on the ground, he always thinks it rather mean that there isn't a yellow dog in the vicinity.

It does not make so much difference how particular a man is in paying his bets, if he persists in being real conscientious about paying his debts.

He said but little, yet as he gazed on the mutilated edge of his new razor, he mentally vowed never again to marry a woman afflicted with corns.

An exchange inquires: "Does hanging prevent murder?" It certainly does. Who ever heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged?

A Georgia woman awoke her husband during a storm the other night, and said: "I do wish you would quit snoring, for I want to hear it thunder!"

A Mississippi man puts it thus—"At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for county treasurer."

The production of butter and cheese in this country is said to be four times greater in value than the total yield of our gold and silver mines.

An immense cypress saw-log recently passed down the Sabine river, Texas, sixty feet long and seven feet in diameter, capable of making 50,000 shingles.

Farm and Household.

The Care of Horses.—I have driven and cared for horses ever since I was large enough, and I never sponged one and never expect to, and have always given them all the water they would drink: and never hurt a horse by watering, as yet.—Horses should never be worked or driven until too hot to drink all they will, except in cases of emergency, such as going for the doctor, or getting out of the way of the Sheriff. A horse suffers as much from being thirsty as a man, and to deprive him of all the fresh water he will drink is simply cruel when it is so cheap, and when not abused by over-driving or over-work, he will not drink enough to hurt him. Some people are continually pottering with their horses, giving medicine when not sick, and watering when not dry, and keeping it from them when they most need it. In taking care of horses a little common sense should be brought into play, the same as in any other business.

Horses That Will Sell.—What horses sell best? That is the question every breeder of horses should ask himself. The farmer carries on his business to make money. He wants to make it honestly. He wants to raise such crops and such stocks as will command ready sales at prices that will pay him for the skill and labor and capitol that have been employed. It is evident that the horses of good size, good style, that show good breeding, that have good action, will always command a readier sale than horses not possessing these qualities as possible in the stallion. See that the brood mares have these qualities and then you can raise colts that in any market will command fair prices. Size, style, action, soundness, are the main points in sire and dam. Give the offspring fair treatment, and horse raising will prove as renumerative as other branches of farming.

Ashes Beneficial to Cattle.—One of our substantial subscribers, in a recent conversation, gave his experience in treating meat stock affected with the habit of eating wood, chewing bones, etc. His cattle were one spring affected in this way; they became thin in flesh, refused to eat hay, and presented a sickly appearance. He put four bushels of leached ashes in his barnyard and threw out to them a shovelful every day. They all ate it with evident relish. After turning them out to pasture he put a peck of ashes per week upon the ground in the pasture. They ate it all up and gnawed off where it had been lying. The cattle began to improve, gaining flesh and looking better than they had for several years. He now gives one quart of ashes, mixed with the same quantity of salt, to twelve head of cattle, about once a week, and finds it to agree with them wonderfully.

A Coffee Pot.—A carelessly kept coffee pot will impart a rank flavor to the strongest infusion of the best Java. Wash the coffee-pot thoroughly every day and twice a week boil borax and water in it for fifteen minutes.

Prune Whip.—Sweeten to taste, and stew three-fourths of a pound of prunes; when perfectly cold add whites of four eggs beaten stiff; stir all this together till light; put in a dish and bake twenty minutes; when cold, serve in a larger dish and cover with whipped cream.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Put in a pan on the fire one tablespoonful of butter, when melted crumb in half of a baker's five cent loaf of bread, season with salt and pepper, and a little chopped onion if you like it. Take six good-sized, ripe tomatoes, remove a small portion of the heart, these fill with the dressing, put them in a tin pan and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Milk.—A German paper give a test for watered milk, which is simplicity itself. A well polished knitting needle is to be dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the milk is pure, some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

How and Where to Keep Things.—Crusts and bits of bread should be kept in an earthern pot, closely covered in a dry, cool place. Keep fresh lard and suet in tin vessels. Keep salt pork fat in glazed earthenware. Keep yeast in wood or earthen. Keep preserves and jellies in glass, or china, or stone-ware. Keep salt in a dry place. Keep meal in a cool, dry place. Keep ice in the cellar wrapped in flannel. Keep vinegar in wood or glass.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Take three pounds of the round of veal; put it in four quarts of cold water, let it simmer for two hours; then take out the meat and set it where it will get cold; take two balls of celery root, two medium-sized potatoes, one small yellow turnip, boil them one-half hour; then put in cold water to cool; then peal them and chop fine, add them to the broth when it is cold enough; chop one-third of the meat very fine; beat two eggs, add to it; then thicken with boiled flour about as for bread dough; drop this in small dumplings; let this boil ten minutes more then add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one onion chopped fine, one teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonsful of tomato catsup. To boil flour, tie up the flour in a thick coarse cloth and put it in boiling water, and let boil constantly for one hour. It will become as hard as chalk. Scrape this for use. It is much better, as it is entirely free from what is called the raw taste. This soup should be served as soon as cooked, as it will become too thick to be nice.

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