The Chestertown Transcript.

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Select Poetry.

Here is a thing that happened. Like wild beasts
whelped, for den,
In a wild part of North England, there lived
once two wild men,
Inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor
hut,
Time out of mind, their birthright: father and
son, these—but—
Such a son, such a father! Most wildness by
degrees
Softens away: yet, last of their line, the wildest
and worst were these.
Criminals, them? Why, no: they did not mur-
der, not rob,
But give them a word, they returned a blow—
old Halbert and young Hob:
Harsh and fierce of word, rough and savage of
deed,
Hated or feared the more—who knows?—the
mightier brute to wild beast breed.
Thus they roamed by the few sparse folks
of the county-side;
But how fared each with other? E'en beasts
couch, hide by hide,
In a growling, grudged agreement: so, father
and son
The closelier up in their den because the last of
their kind is the world.
Still, beast irks beast on occasion. One Christ-
mas-night
Came father and son to words—such words!
the blade
To crown each word was wanting, while taunt
matched gibe, and curse
Competed with oath in wager, like pastime in
hell—way, worse:
For pastime turned to earnest, as up there
sprang at last
The son at the throat of the father, seized him
and held him fast.
'Out of this house you go!'—(there followed a
hideous oath)—
'To perish where now we bake, too hot to hold
us in both!
If there's snow outside, there's coolness: out
with you, bide a spell
In the drift, and save the sexton the charge of a
suitable shell!'
Now, the old trunk was tough, was solid as
pump oak
Untouched by the axe, by the sand, years:
much less had its seventy broke
One whip-cord nerve in the muscly mass from
neck to bulder blade
Of the mountainous man, whereon his child's
rash hand like a feather weighed.
Nevertheless did the mammoth shut his eyes,
bow his to breast, drop hands to side, stand
stiffened—arms and thighs
All of a piece—struck mute, much as a sentry
stands
Patient to take the enemy's fire; his captain so
commands.
Whereat the son's wrath flew to fury at such
sheer scorn
Of his puny strength by the giant old thus acting
the babe new-born.
And 'Neither will the worm serve!' yelled he.
'Out with, fool, log!
If you cannot tramp and trudge like a man, try
roll like a dog!'
Still the old man stood mute. So, logwise—
down to the floor
Rolled the wretch, shoe, shrieked on from
hearth to door—
Was he pushed, a very log, a staircase along,
until
A certain turn in the steps was reached, a yard
from the house door-sill.
There the father opened his eyes—each spark of
their mere entirety—
Temples, late black, dead-blanched—right hand
with left hand linked—
He faced his son submissive; when slow the ac-
cents came,
They were strangely mild, though his son's rash
act was the same.
'Halbert, on such a night of a Christmas long
ago,
For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I
drag—so—
My father down this far; but, softening here,
I heard
A voice in my heart, and stopped: you wait for
an equal word.
'For your own sake, not mine, soften you too.
Notice
Leave this last step we reach, not brave the
anger of God!
I dared—as was its liking: I did well. I nor
blame
Nor praise you. I stopped here: Halbert, do
you the same!'
Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the
father's throat.
They mounted, side by side, to the room again:
no note
Took either of each, no sign made each to
each.
As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas-
feast they reached.
At dawn, the father sat on, dead, in the self-
same place,
With an outburst blackening still the old bad
face unstrait.
But the son, he roved all creasable like any
lamb new-yearned.
When he went to the burial, some one's staff
he borrowed—tottered and leaned,
But his lips were loosed, not locked—kept mut-
tering, babbling, 'There!
At his cursing and swearing!' the youngsters
cried; but the elders thought, 'In prayer.'
A boy threw stones: he picked them up and
stored them in his vest.
So tottered, muttered, mumbled he, till he died,
perhaps from rest.
'Is there a reason in nature for those hard
hearts?' Oh Lear,
That a course out of nature must turn them
soft, seems clear!

—*Robert Browning.*

"Why should I fear to sip
The sweets of each red lip?"
Artlessly eastern poet makes his plaint.
To which some very wise
Western scoffer replies,
"Because there's a dangerous poison in their
paint."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Pa, I'm a son," said a literary father to his infantile son, "Byron never played base ball."

"No," said the boy, putting on his orange-colored shirt, "and George Washington never wrote poetry."

Here the morning hour expired, and the bill went over.

"Pa, is one inconvenient thing about the base ball diamond." It cannot be successfully pawned.

Select Story.

THE TWO RUTHS.

Enoch Brown was the schoolmaster of the settlement.

He was a tall, angular man, very stern in his demeanor, exceedingly exemplary in his conduct and of undoubted courage.

The schoolhouse was situated on a little knoll in the woods, and a purling brook wound its way lazily through the meadows which had been cleared along its banks by the settlers. It was a rude wooden structure built of logs and rudely and uncomfortably furnished.

Archie McCullough, a bright faced boy, quick and intelligent, was the youngest child in the school, and Master Brown's favorite. One beautiful morning in summer—it was in July 1764—to be particular, on the 20th day of the month—he came into the school-room beaming all over with smiles and happy as the day was long. Master Brown had already arrived, had swept out the school-house, dusted the desks and benches and put everything to rights.

"Why you are early, Archie," he said to the child, with a smile, as the young lad entered with his broad brimmed straw hat in his hand and with his tiny dinner basket on his arm.

"Yes, sir," the boy answered timidly but respectfully, "I always like to get to school early, some of the boys don't want to come to school today. I saw one of them in the woods and he said he was going to play hookey.

"He must be a very bad boy, Archie," the master said. "Who was he?"

"He asked me not to tell, and I said I wouldn't."

"It was not a good promise to make, my child," Master Brown replied, "but having made it you must keep it. It is as bad to break your word as to tell a lie."

The child hung down his head and was silent. But presently he looked up and running to the door, said:

"Here comes the two Ruths."

Two little girls entered, Ruth Hall and Ruth Hart by name, smiling at Archie and curtseying to Master Brown as they came into the door. They were tiny things, about the same age both of them, and might have been mistaken for twins but for the familiar manner in which their names were occupied by their companions, "the two Ruths." Other children followed coming in one by one and tardy, until nine had assembled. With the exception of the two Ruths all were boys, and none of them seemed anxious to begin the duties of the day.

"Has anybody seen Eden Taylor and George Dunstan this morning?" the master asked.

Eden was the biggest boy in the school, being about fifteen years of age, and George was a year or two younger. Nobody had seen either of them, but just then they entered the school room together, looking very pale and thoroughly frightened.

"We saw Indians in the bushes," Eden exclaimed, gasping for breath, and George corroborated the alarming news. Dime novels were not published at that day as at this to excite the imagination of children, so that Brooklyn boys are occasionally found wandering in New Jersey in search of Indians, but stories of Indian massacres were often told and the hunting grounds of the Shawanese savages in the Kitrochtinny mountains were near enough to Enoch Brown's school for those relentless foes of the whites to put in an appearance at any time.

"You must be mistaken, boys," the master argued, remembering that similar stories had often been told by alarmed inhabitants which proved in the end to be without foundation. "Take your books and we will proceed with the lessons."

A short prayer was made by Master Brown and then the work of the day began. But scarcely were the opening exercises finished when a noise at the door attracted the attention of the teacher. Suddenly it was thrown open and three Indians stood on the threshold. They were decorated with the war paint of their tribe and their tomahawks glittered in the morning sun. They glared into the room and Master Brown saw at a glance that their errand was an errand of death for him and the helpless children under his charge.

Consternation seized the children who were too much frightened even to try to escape. But even if they had tried they could not have succeeded, for the long narrow windows cut between two logs were so high from the floor that the little ones could not have reached them. Hoping to save their lives even at the sacrifice of his own, Master Brown stepped to the door to try and avert the impending blow.

"Kill me, torture me if you will," he cried in imploring tones, "but spare the lives of these innocent children."

"Pale face, it cannot be as you wish," one of the savages answered. "We came all the way from the mountains where the sun sets to send you where many of your white brothers have gone by the Red Man's hatchet. Why should we spare the young bucks and two minds there looking out of their great, round eyes? If we did as you bid us, before the next moon is hung in the sky the noise of the white man's gun would be heard in the mountains and there would be tongues to tell who it was that put the schoolmaster to death. No, we must kill all or none.

When this speech was finished the Indians sprang into the room while the others remained outside to guard the door and give timely notice to the fiend within in case they were discovered. The contest with the schoolmaster was soon decided. The Indian fiercely attacked him with his tomahawk and as Master Brown had nothing with which to defend himself but his hands the battle was a very unequal one. He fought bravely, however, and it was not until both his hands were disabled and his arms broken that the furious savage was able to strike him a fatal blow. Finally a blow upon the head felled him to the floor, and while he lay there dying the Indian tore the scalp from his skull.

The children were almost frantic while this bloody scene was enacted and ran to and fro in their fright, conscious of the fate that impended over them. Some oak and hickory boughs had been placed in the great chimney a few days before, and although they were already wilted and nearly dry, Archie McCullough succeeded in concealing himself behind them. The two Ruths huddled together in a corner and vainly hoped to escape the fury of the savage.

"Now, little pale faces," the monster exclaimed, when the master lay scalped and dead on the floor, "the Indian will see that you tell no tales out of school, as the white man say."

The little ones were then killed one by one, each being dispatched with a single blow of the tomahawk. When all lay dead or dying, their scalps were torn off by the savage monster, who went hastily from one to the other fearing discovery before his bloody task was ended.

All this time Archie McCullough sat behind the wilted boughs in the chimney, looking in childish wonder at the horrible slaughter of his old school-mates. Thinking his work was finished the Indian turned to go, and in a moment the child would have been safe from the fate that befel his companions. Unfortunately for Archie the boughs behind which he was hidden did not entirely conceal him, and as the savage gave a last glance at his bloody achievement he perceived the boy concealed in the chimney corner. It would not do to allow the only witness of his crimes to escape, and with maddened fury the savage rushed upon the child.

"Oh, please, don't hurt me," Archie implored, but the savage was relentless.

A fearful blow laid the child prostrate, and tearing off his scalp also, the Indian left him to die among his dead companions.

The savages departed from the scene of the massacre, and for hours Archie McCullough was left with only the companionship of the dead.

Scalped and stunned the child survived, but was stone blind.

A settler happening to come near the schoolroom about noon, and observing the unusual quiet at a time when it was to be expected the children would be at play, was led to look in at the door.

The scene that met his gaze baffles description.

Ten lifeless bodies lay stretched upon the floor.

Archie McCullough, mourning and crying, was crawling about among his dead companions, running his fingers through their hair, and smoothing his hands over their faces as if seeking to distinguish them by the touch. The man looked with grief and wonder upon the death scene which met his eyes, and while he looked the child touched in succession the forms of the two girls.

"The two Ruths," he exclaimed, crying with grief and mourning with pain.

The children were taken up and buried in the same grave with Master Brown, and the whole neighborhood participated in their obsequies. There was a vacant place at ten hearthstones, for each of the murdered scholars belonged to different families. Although more than a hundred years have elapsed since the massacre, the story is told in the neighborhood of what is known as Brown's School House to this day, as the most noteworthy tradition of the locality, and it certainly is one of the most terrible episodes of Indian marauding on the early frontier.

Archie McCullough lived to be an old man, but his sight never returned, and the bright intelligence of his childhood had departed forever. A mumbling imbecile he would often try to describe the terrible scene which had crazed his brain, and to the last day of his life he would moan and cry over the fate of "the two Ruths."

A HEAVY STOCKHOLDER.—A granger entered one of our railroad offices the other day, and found a young man within. The farming man spoke up and said: "Is this the superintendent?" The young man was immensely flattered, and just to let himself down easy, said: "N-n-o, not exactly; not the superintendent, but I am a heavy stockholder. Anything I can do for you, sir?"

The granger said "No," and wandered off into the next room, met a clerk, and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder toward the department where he had just left, he said:

"Young man, that, to be a heavy stockholder on this road."

The clerk took a squint, saw who it was, and ejaculated:

"Who? Him!"

"Yes," continued the granger "big stockholder is he!"

"Yes, oh, yes," said the clerk turning purple in the face.

"What amount of stock do you suppose he holds, now?" said the curious granger.

"Well," said the clerk, with the air of a parson at a funeral. "Well, he holds the superintendent's horse, sometimes."

The granger wouldn't hear to anything else, so the clerk had to go out and take something.

☞ A lady not accustomed to raising poultry, set a hen on some eggs and, in due course of time, a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend, coming in four days afterward, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply, "why, I thought the hen nursed them."

THE AMUSEMENT REPORTER.

A Circus Agent who Encountered his Match in a Frontier Newspaper Office.

Yesterday afternoon a dapper little man with a two-ounce cane and a-half pound cluster diamond, came into the office and asked if the amusement reporter was in. When the man he sought was pointed out, the stranger grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking: "Delighted to meet you, sir—really, I am.—I've heard of you at every place I've stopped on my way from New York. I had such a curiosity to see you that I got off at Reno and took a run up. But really I had expected to find a much older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of our boys told me to be sure and see you, if I didn't get aboard of anything else in the town."

"Ah," said the reporter blushing in four colors, "I'm glad to see you. Might I inquire your name?"

"Well, here's my card," said the little man handing out a piece of pasteboard about five inches square. "You might have heard of me before—Clarence De Lacy Slocum, agent of the Sebastian Van Buena Vista Circus and Menagerie. This is by far the hugest combination of gigantic circuses ever put on the road.—We started out about five years ago in a small way, with but 40,000 feet of canvass—only nine tents—and scarcely 1500 animals; but we gradually absorbed all the small-fry shows. They'd go into bankruptcy along the route and we would buy their outfits. Sebastian, our owner, is the most sympathetic man on earth. He'd buy their little shows and pay double price, just to help the poor devils along. Money is of no account to him. He's traveling simply for pleasure and a desire to see the great west."

"I'd like to know him," remarked the reporter.

"Oh, he knows you—that is, by reputation. He has your picture in a frame that cost him $100. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull he just took a look at that phiz of yours, and it always made him feel as happy as if he was obliged to turn five hundred people away at the door."

"How came him to get hold of my picture?"

"Oh, he begged if of De Murska or Modjeska, or Clara Morris; I forget which. She hated like thunder to part with it; but you see that he had loaned the great actress $10,000 once in Paris to buy a wardrobe and some jewelry for a new piece, and as the debt was never cancelled she couldn't very well refuse. But I just came in to give you a little information about our show. I always like to give a man all the points when I know he possesses the talent to handle them in the right style. Some fellows down at Reno and Carson tried to pump me, but I didn't propose to let a description of my show be mangled up by scrub writers. Besides, Sebastin telegraphed me from New York last night not to let anybody but you get aboard of the first grand description. Just mention four miles of cages containing wild beasts, with twelve new varieties of elephants, and a recently-discovered monster from Africa called the jabberwock, which weighs 3,000 pounds."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir! and a man like you, with a description ability and inexhausted command of language, which has made you famous on two continents—"

"How many columns; do you want?"

"Oh, as many as you please," was the reply.

"When do you think the show will be here?"

"Perhaps not for two months; it takes such a long time to move the animals that our progress across the country is slow."

"Just so. Well, our figures for big circuses like yours are $150 a column cash down, and thirty per cent. of the gross receipts if the show is a success."

The circus agent seemed greatly affected. "Isn't that rather steep?" he said.

"It would be, perhaps, for a small provincial journal like the New York *Sun*, or even the London *Times*, but we circulate such a mammoth edition that the price is comparatively trifling. Fourteen freight cars come up every day with paper for our edition, which is worked off on five big Walter presses, lightning geared.—Our expense for steam alone, sir, is $2,000 a day. We have more carriers than you could pack into your largest tent. Our eastern circulation has been increasing at the rate of a thousand a day for the last two years. By simply cutting down the size of the paper an eighth of an inch our proprietor has saved enough money to build four school houses with $40,000 each, and endowed an orphan asylum in each county in the State. He dosen't run the paper for money, but just simply for his health, and because he likes the country. Our mailing and folding machinery would remind you of the Risdon Iron works."

"Is it in this building?"

"Oh, no; this is simply the branch office—the place where we write up circuses. Our principal establishment—"

The circus agent groaned as if in agony and fled from the office.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

☞ A traveller, going to bed, was surprised to see a ghost, which—or who—in a sepulchral tone began, "I am the spirit of one who was foully murdered here." "That's no business of mine," said the traveller, turning round on his pillow; "apply to the proper quarters. Good night."

☞ "How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he replied, "after I had vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to arrange matters."

AERIAL TRAVELING.

A New York *Herald* man made an ascent with Prof. Grimley in his airship Canada, at Montreal, and describes the sensation of rising and floating over the city, driven by a fierce wind. After careening along until after nightfall, they discovered the balloon was descending, and to prevent falling into the forest Mr. Grimley seized one of the sand bags and hurled it out of the car. We shot upward for a few moments, says the account, and then the car sank again. Another bag of ballast was thrown out, but the cold air fanned our cheeks, telling of our approach to the earth. Only one bag was left.

"I dare not throw it over," said Grimley. "I will keep it for the last moment. Pull in the drag rope or it will catch in the trees."

We could feel the rush of air as the Canada plowed through the currents on her downward course, and both sprang forward to draw in the heavy rope dangling beneath. It required our united strength to pull it up even slowly, and as we made one tremendous effort the door of the car flew open and I came within an ace of being thrown out. I caught hold of an iron bar, however, and hung on for dear life. As the car began to tremble and shake with the frightful velocity of its descent, by a great effort I regained my position, and we soon succeeded in placing the drag line safely in the cage.

"How can we save ourselves?" I asked.

"Keep cool and get ready for work," was the quiet rejoinder.

I turned and looked at the man. He had the throttle-valve rope between his teeth and in his hands was the collapse line, by which the balloon could be ripped from top to bottom instantly. We were almost over the edge of the forest, and there was a small clearing and another forest beyond. There was no time for notes, as we were within a few yards of the earth.

"Out with all the ballast!" the little Englishman cried, and I seized the remaining bag of ballast and threw it over the car rail. It was too late. With a frightful crash we struck the high poplar trees and cut the tops off as clear as though with a knife. Then we tore at a race-horse speed through the forest, tearing away the branches of oak and maple trees, and throwing us both from one side of the car to the other. Every time the cage struck it would steady for a moment and then rush along until another bough impeded its progress, when we would receive a shock that stunned us for the instant.

Suddenly we lifted clear of the trees and began to tear over the fields. The professor then gave a mighty pull on the collapse valve to let us down at once before we got in the other forest, but under the great strain the line broke, and to my horror we headed due east for the sinister-looking forest.

"Get hold of the valve rope and help me," said Grimely, as he clambered up in the netting and caught the lines. With might and main we drew the valve open, inch by inch, and the Canada began to sink. While we dangled on the rope's end and among the rigging I saw we must strike the ground.

"Drop the line and cut the netting of the car," commanded Grimley, as he allowed the valve rope to cut his wrist with the great pressure from above. I did as directed, and we were dragged over fences, ditches and furrows, and I grasped stones and earth to serve as ballast. Over the clearing we went, smashing against stumps and rocks, until it seemed as though even the iron car must give way.

Finally the gas began to pour from the valve in a heavy volume and the immense canvass runaway stopped. And it was lucky for us that it did, as ten feet away from us was a seven-foot fence, to have struck which meant death for both of us; and had we bridged that danger we could not have escaped the forest, only twenty yards distant. Grimley told me to remain in the car while he clambered up in the network with a large knife in his teeth; a huge slit was made in the canvas, which eased the balloon of its great power. A high wind began to blow and the car was upset, the professor and myself being spilled out in an unceremonious manner.

HARDLY TWENTY!—Census-Taker of 1880 to sprightly widow of uncertain status as to age, but nevertheless youthful in feeling:

"Madam, will you be so kind and condec—that is, will—will you have the urban—I mean the very great obligingness to indicate your—your—present age?" (Blushes at every stop, being a youngish man and recalling the elder Weller's advice to Samuel).

Sprightly Widow, not at all abashed, but with just the softest little coo in her voice, warbles:

"Twenty!"

Census-Taker, squinting uneasily at a faint crow's foot on the widowed brow and an urchin of at least five summers, who is tugging ferociously at his coat tails:

"What! twenty!"

Sprightly Widow, whose last jaunt with poor dear John was to New York to view H. M. S. P.:

"Well—hardly twenty!"

Exit census-taker, with a gallant bow, but meanwhile revolving certain theories of probabilities very anxiously in his mind. "Powerful boy, that, for his age! Case of premature breaking down from grief at her great loss! Hardly twenty! Dear! dear! who ever would have thought it?"

☞ By a new law in New York, no one can practice dentistry without a diploma or certificate of qualification for his profession, under penalty of a heavy fine.

☞ The Buffalo driving park association has paid $488,000 in premiums the last fourteen years.

MRS. LIVERMORE ON POLITENESS.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore tells the following story of English politeness, which we believe because we find it in a newspaper, but which we wouldn't have believed if she had told it to us herself. She says: "I was once the recipient of a very marked politeness in London. My husband and I received a verbal invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to her home next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation, and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbors or intimate friends. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a very large and brilliant party assembled in full dress in my honor. There I was in a plain carriage dress, bonnet, black gloves! I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing-room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume.

She ran up and reassured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All in full dress, and the ladies without hats, and hair elaborately dressed; I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the *faux pas* somewhat disturbed, and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered, "Didn't you think, Mary, that all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?" I looked around, and they were all bare-handed! Moreover, I observed that half-dozen had bonnets on. This half-dozen rapidly increased, till we were in a majority; and I discovered that no lady who had arrived after I did had removed her hat. Now, that is what I call politeness!"

NO SMOKING IN HERE.—"You can't smoke in here," said a conductor to a countryman, who was pulling away vigorously at a five-cent cigar in a car half full of ladies.

The man didn't seem to hear.

"I say," cried the man of the bell-punch, in a louder key, "if you want to smoke come out here on the platform."

"All right," returned the passenger, and he stepped out. "Didn't think it would hurt nothin'," he said, apologetically; "seein's there ain't any straw in the car to catch fire."

"But there are ladies there."

"Oh, yes; didn't think nothin' 'bout that. Might get ashes on their gowns and spile 'em."

"It isn't so much that," explained the conductor, "but ladies object to smoke."

"Well, I didn't ask any of 'em to smoke, did I? They needn't object before they're invited."

"You don't understand. Smoking is disagreeable to ladies."

"Best reason in the world why they shouldn't practice it. Catch me smokin' if it was disagreeable to me." And he tranquilly puffed away at his five-center.

WANTED TO SEE IT.—Recently two men met in Detroit and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple, when a woman opened the door and said:

"Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"

"We are!" they answered in chorus.

"Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My poor husband has been sick for weeks and weeks, and is now just about able to sit up. He is very down-hearted this morning, and if you'll only wait until I can draw him up to the window I know he'll feel very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared in the house, and after one look into each other's faces the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.

MORE THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR.—At the Brown Street market, Philadelphia, an old Irish woman approached a fish stand and appealed to the proprietor for help. He declined to give her anything. She moved away, but not out of the building. Unobserved, she went behind the stand, where a large tub covered with canvass attracted her attention. Cautiously lifting the cover, so as not to make any noise, she ran her hand into the tub, and then she yelled. The tub contained several snapping turtles, and one had caught hold of her fingers, causing much pain. "Och! mister! take the crathur off; do, please," was her pleading remark to the owner of the snappers. It was found necessary to kill the turtle before the fingers could be liberated.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Did you ever notice the broad, comfortable, shady-looking Leghorn hats in the milliner's window? Just buy your wife one, and the first thing she will do with it will be to double up her dainty fist and punch a three-cornered dent on the right side; then she will pinch the front rim down and the back rim up, and then stave in three or four more big dents at odd corners, and when it resembles in shape an old tin pan that has been a target for a stone-throwing match, she will remark upon the "elegance and grace" of the affair. But let Jonnie serve his new straw hat in the same way, and he will be stood up in a dark closet and forced to go without strawberry shortcake for supper.

☞ A contemporary, noticing the appointment of a friend as Postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

Out 536 missionaries in China 310 of them are women.

All Sorts of Clippings

A lawyer cannot break an iron will.

The foolish virgin—Vergin' on forty.

"Whom the gods love eat cucumbers."

A good dower for a widow—A widower.

The earth is 'round like a milk wagon—once a day.

Perspiration is the cheapest luxury of the pore.

A promising young man is chary of his promises.

Hanging is too good for a fifteen-cent chromo.

The cup that jeers—Little Buttercup.

An official attachment—a policeman's club.

A spring opening—the keyhole of a watch.

A pair of bracelets are part of a two-wrists outfit.

An ancient way of rocking a man to sleep was stoning him to death.

Going the rounds of the press—The girl who waltzes.

The song of the fawn—"Call me early, mother deer."

The enemy that sows tares while men sleep—their wives.

In the sea of matrimony there are lots of little rocks—baby rocks.

Ladies like archery clubs, for they are always sure to have beaus.

Sick headaches are caused by eating too much and exercising too little.

The only difference between a small boy and a glass of soda water is five cents.

"Good buy," as the overjoyed salesman said when the liberal customer turned to go.

It is the stone-bruise on his heel that makes the small boy tip-toe along so gracefully.

It must be very warm weather that will take the corn starch out of festival ice cream.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge, particularly if the other fellow is bigger than you.

Instead of calling your silver haired friend of an old dog, why not hail him as a gray hound?

Hanging is capital punishment—especially when you're hanging on some good-looking girl's arm.

The lady with a new bonnet never likes to hear a clergyman pray for rain.

There are about seventy thousand more males than females in San Francisco.

The new summer bonnet turns the head of every woman that does not wear it.

Young ladies wearing fashionable dresses now may be said to be in clothes confinement.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

A daughter of Theodore Hook, the famous wit, is said to be keeping a lodging-house in London.

Pulling a husband's hair and leaving him unprotected at the polls, is known to jurists as wigamy.

Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

A ghastly sight—"The heads of departments on the floor of Congress.

The man that wants his wife to make home happy should encourage her by making her happy.

The clerk of the weather is having his usual difficulty to please everybody.

There are two kinds of friends—the kind that betray us and the kind that we betray.

Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.

The fellow who is known as an arrant coward will frequently evince enough pluck to strike a bargain.

'There's music in the heir,' moaned the young husband, as he reached for the paragoric bottle.

How rapidly a man loses all interest in politics and national finance when he shuts a door on his own thumb.

The young man who works hard, saves his money and gets his hair shaved off short is preparing to get married.

There are 4,000 postmistresses in America. Now we know why it takes a postal card so long to reach us.

The Crown Princess of Germany, who has just been made a grandmother, is less than forty years of age.

A Syracuse man calls his wife "Poor Rule" because she won't work more than one way, and usually not that.

A man's curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him his name was in yesterday's paper.

With powder on her face and bullet-buttons on her gown, the girl of the period is a dangerous character.

Alcohol will clean silver. Yes, alcohol, well stuck to, will clean all the silver you have—out of your pocket.

The idea that fruit eaten at night is deleterious is proved by the bad effect it had upon Adam for eating an apple after Eve.

"Better a little with righteousness," than a thousand subscribers who fail to pay what they owe.

The other day a man died so suddenly that the body was almost cold before the distracted and grief-stricken relatives found the will.

A printer's toast: "Woman—the fairest work in creation. The edition is very large, and no man should be without a copy."

"I have got so in the habit of being married by an Episcopal clergyman, that I really don't feel satisfied with any other kind," said a Chicago widower.

Farm and Household.

Colman's Rural advises against setting out willows for wind breaks, as the trees will appropriate all the substance and moisture for two rods on either side to themselves.

Sand for Bedding.—In Holland, where sand is more plentiful and cheaper than hay, it is used for bedding cows. This keeps the animals always entirely clean, and the milk never takes the odor of the stable.

Gas tar is recommended as a remedy against the depredations of the curculio. The smoking should be commenced by the time the young plums are as large as peas, and continued through the swelling season.

Garden Culture of Cranberries.—Prepare the ground by deep plowing or spading, and enrich it well in the usual way, or with a compost of two parts swamp muck, and one part wood ashes. Bone dust is an excellent application, say one pound to the square yard. In April, May or June, or in October or November, set the plants four inches apart, in rows six inches assunder, in beds four feet wide. Two square rods will yield four or five bushels, and require 2,000 plants. The vines will soon cover the ground and require no renewal, as the plant is a perrennial shrub.

Vanilla Beans.—The vanilla is a parasite, growing on the trunks of old trees, and obtains its nourishment from other parasites and cryptogamous plants also growing there, but never feeds upon the sap of the tree itself. It is found in Mexico, Peru and other countries, and is cultivated in Brazil and the West Indies, but the most perfect plant grows in Mexico. The fruit is cylindrical in form, and when fresh, pulpy inside, and usually gathered before it is ripe; then it is strung in festoons and dried in the open air, or, when the weather is rainy, in an oven. The color of the bean then changes from green to a deep purpleish brown. The the beans while still warm, are packed into blankets and put into large tin cans to undergo a sweating process, after which they are dried again. This sweating is sometimes repeated, and finally the beans are assorted into fifteen different sizes, packed into tin cans holding about 3,000 each and sealed. The old way of treatment was to smear the beans with oil, to prevent the escape of the odor, and when dry to pack them in tinfoil. In regard to their value, they used to be $60 per thousand, but within a few years the price has risen to $155, and will soon be $200 or more, as the demand surpasses the supply. This high price may stimulate cultivation, or the chemist to supply an artificial flavor as a substitute; the latter is more likely to be the case than an increased cultivation, as the semi-civilized nations that produce it are not sensible of the stimulus which the demands of commerce excite in an enlightened country.

Cottage Bread.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of powdered loaf sugar, one good tablespoonful of fresh butter, one egg, one teacupful of yeast. Make up with water, like bread. Bake in three little loaves.

Family Cake.—Six cupfuls of flour, four of molasses, one and a-half cupfuls of butter, two and one-third cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of water two cupfuls of currants, four eggs, two nutmegs, one large spoonful salaratus and a little cinnamon.

Clam Fritters.—Fifty medium-sized clams, drained in a colander, then chopped fine; add to that five eggs well beaten, pepper, little salt, one large tablespoonful of flour; drop in hot fry in a frying pan, serve immediately.

Clam Soup.—Put the calm juice over the fire; skim when it boils up; add large tablespoonful butter, heaping teaspoonful corn starch dissolved in a cup of water; heat one pint of milk, and pour in after taking from the fire.

White Mountain Cake.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, and a half a cup of butter; six eggs, beaten separately, one cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Flavor to the taste, and fruit can be used if desired.

Macaroni.—Cook the macaroni the day you have roast beef; boil it in milk and water, with salt; add three or four tablespoonfuls of the hot beef gravy, about a teacupful of stewed tomatoes, two or three tablespoonafuls of grated cheese, and a little of red pepper; just brown in the oven.

To Purify Water.—Pulverized alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large spoonful stirred into a hogshead of water will so purify it, that in a few hours the dirt will sink to the bottom, and it will be fresh and clear as spring water. Four gallons may be purified by a teaspoonful.

To Pickle Beans.—Prepare them the same as to cook for table; that is, string and break between each bean, wash, put on to boil, cook till they begin to burst open, take off, cool, them, then salt as to use fresh, pack away in a stone jarer with add tolerable weight; then prepare a weak brine and pour over; cover, and in a few weeks they will be sour.

Lemon Jelly.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one tablespoonful of butter. Beat together thoroughly, then add the juice of one lemon and one pint of boiling water, stir quickly in the meantime and let boil a few seconds. This you will find does not have the strong, bitter taste that it would if the rind was added.

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