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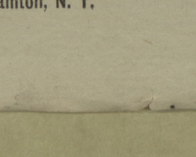

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You, Wilyum, come 'ere, sir, kernegiate! What dat you got under dat box?
I wants no circumfruncin' now! What you say, sir? Ain't nuffin but rocks?
Seems to me you is moughty particlar—prehaps dey is of a new breed—
I'll jis take a look. Hi! ef dat ain't de cur'ousest rock ever seed!
I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp! an' I knows whar it growed—
It comed f'om de Jimmerson corn field, jis on tudder side o' de road.
You stole it, you raskil! you stole it! I watched you f'om down in de lot;
An' time I gits th'ough with you, nigger, you won't eben be a grease spot!
I'll fix you! Abe Lincoln! Abe Lincoln! go cut me a hick'ry! be quick!
An' cut me de toughest, too, sir, you kin find dis side e' de crick!
I'll larn you, you Wilyum Ike Pettus, to steal an' lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, and makin' her leave cookin' dinner!
Now, ain't you ashamed o' yo'se'f, sir? I am! I ashamed you's my son!
An' de good old Recorderer Angel, he's ashamed, sir, o' what you has done;
An' he's wroted it down up yonder, in burnin' an' great big letters,
"One watermillion, stolen by Wilyum Isaac Pettus."
An' what do you s'pose Brudder Bascom, yo teacher at Sunday school,
Would say, ef he knowed how awful you's gressioned the Golden Rule?
Boy! whar is de raisin' I gied you? Is you boun' fur to be a black villiun?
I'm s'prised dat a chile of yo' mammy would steal any man's watermillion!
An' I'm gwine now to cut it right open, an' you, sir, shan't have narry bite!
Fur a boy who will steal watermillions—an' right in de open daylight—
Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Abe Lincoln! Abe L-i-n-c-o-l-n! make 'ase' wi' dat switch
Well!—stealin' a g-r-e-e-n wa-ter-mil-lion! whoever heard tell of jish sich?
Can't tell when dey's ripe! W'y thump um—an' when dey go punk dey is green;
But when dey go punk, now you mind me, dey is ripe—an' dat's jis what I mean!
An' nex' time you hook watermillions, you heerd me, you ign'ant young hunk!
Ef you don't want a lickin' all over, be sho' dat dey all 'll go "punk!"

The Parish Clerk.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Once upon a time, in a very small country town, at a considerable distance from London, there lived a little man named Nathaniel Pipkin, who was the parish clerk of the little town, and lived in a little house in the little High street, within ten minutes' walk of the little church, and who was to be found every day from nine till four, teaching a little learning to the little boys. Nathaniel Pipkin was a harmless, inoffensive, good-natured being, with a turned-up nose, and rather turned-in legs; a cast in his eye and a halt in his gait; and he divided his time between the church and the school, verily believing that there existed not upon the face of the earth, so clever a man as the curate, so imposing an apartment as the vestry-room, or so well-ordered a seminary as his own.

Happening one fine afternoon, in a fit of mental abstraction, to raise his eyes from the slate on which he was devising some tremendous problem in compound addition for some offending urchin to solve, they suddenly rested on the blooming countenance of Maria Lobbs, the only daughter of old Lobbs, the great saddler over the way. Now, the eyes of Mr. Pipkin had rested on the pretty face of Maria Lobbs many a time and oft before, at church and elsewhere; but the eyes of Maria Lobbs had never looked so bright, the cheeks of Maria Lobbs had never looked so ruddy, as on this particular occasion. No wonder then that Nathaniel Pipkin was unable to take his eyes from the countenance of Miss Lobbs; no wonder that Miss Lobbs, finding herself stared at by a young man, withdrew her head from the window out of which she had been peeping, and shut the casement and pulled down the blind. All this was very natural, and there's nothing at all to wonder at about it.

It is a matter of wonder, though, that any one of Mr. Nathaniel Pipkin's retiring disposition, nervous temperament, and most particularly diminutive income, should from this day forth have dared to aspire to the hand and heart of the only daughter of the fiery old Lobbs—of old Lobbs, the great saddler, who could have bought up the whole village with one stroke of his pen, and never felt the outlay—old Lobbs, who was known to have heaps of money invested in the bank at the nearest market town—old Lobbs, who was reported to have countless and inexhaustible treasures, hoarded up in the little iron safe with the big key-hole, over the chimney piece in the back parlor—old Lobbs, who it was well known, on festive occasions garnished his board with a real silver teapot, cream-ewer, and sugar-basin, which he was wont, in the pride of his heart, to boast should be his daughter's property when she had found a man to her mind. But love is blind; and Nathaniel had a cast in his eye; and perhaps these two circumstances, taken together, prevented his seeing the matter in its proper light.

Well! Day after day, when school was over, and the pupils gone, did Nathaniel Pipkin sit himself down at the front window, and while he feigned to be reading a book, throw sidelong glances over the way, in searching the bright eyes of Maria Lobbs; and he didn't sit there many days, before the bright eyes appeared at an upper window, apparently deeply engaged in reading too. This was delightful, and gladdening to the heart of Nathaniel Pipkin. It was something to sit there for hours together and look upon that pretty face when the eyes were cast down; but when Maria Lobbs began to raise her eyes from her book, and dart their rays in the direction of Nathaniel Pipkin, his delight and admiration were perfectly boundless. At last, one day when he knew old Lobbs was out, Nathaniel Pipkin had the dexterity to kiss his hand to Maria Lobbs, and Maria Lobbs, instead of shutting the window, and pulling down the blind, kissed hers to him, and smiled. Upon which Nathaniel Pipkin determined that, come what might, he would develop the state of his feelings without further delay.

A prettier foot, a gayer heart, a more dimpled face, or a smarter form, never bounded so lightly over the earth they graced, as did those of Maria Lobbs, the old saddler's daughter. There was a roguish twinkle in her sparkling eyes, that would have made its way to far less acceptible bosoms than that of Nathaniel Pipkin; and there was such a joyous sound in her merry laugh, that the sternest misanthrope must have smiled to hear it. Even old Lobbs himself, in the very height of his ferocity, couldn't resist the coaxing of his pretty daughter; and when she, and her cousin Kate—an arch, impudent-looking, bewitching little pervet—made a dead set upon a man together, as, to say the truth, they very often did, he could have refused them nothing, even had they asked for a portion of the countless and inexhaustible treasures, which were hidden from the light, in the iron safe.

Nathaniel Pipkin's heart beat high within him, when he saw this enticing little couple some hundred yards before him one summer's evening, in the very field in which he had many a time strolled about till night time, and pondering on the beauty of Maria Lobbs. But though he had often thought then, how briskly he would walk up to Maria Lobbs and tell her of his passion if he could only meet her, he felt now that she was unexpectedly before him, all the blood in his body mounting to his face, manifestly to the great detriment of his legs, which, deprived of their usual portion, trembled beneath him. When they stopped to gather a hedge-flower, or listen to a bird, Nathaniel Pipkin stopped too, and preferred to be absorbed in meditation, as indeed he really was; for he was thinking what on earth he should ever do, when they turned back, as they inevitably must in time, and meet him face to face. But though he was afraid to make up to them, he couldn't bear to lose sight of them; so when they walked faster, he walked faster, when they lingered he lingered, and when they stopped he stopped, and so they might have gone on, until the darkness prevented them, if Kate had not looked slyly back, and encouragingly beckoned Nathaniel to advance. There was something in Kate's manner that was not to be resisted, and Nathaniel Pipkin complied with the invitation; and after a great deal of blushing on his part, and moderate laughter on that of the wicked little cousin, Nathaniel Pipkin went down on his knees on the dewy grass, and declared his resolution to remain there forever, unless he was permitted to rise the accepted lover of Maria Lobbs. Upon this, the merry laughter of Maria Lobbs rang through the calm evening air—without seeming to disturb it, though; it had such a pleasant sound—and the wicked little cousin laughing more immoderately than before, and Nathaniel Pipkin blushed deeper than ever. At length, Maria Lobbs being more strenuously urged by the love-worn little man, turned away her head, and whispered her cousin to say, or at all events Kate did say, that she felt much honored by Mr. Pipkin's addresses; that her hand and heart were at her father's disposal; but that nobody could be insensible to Mr. Pipkin's merits. As all this was said with much gravity, and as Nathaniel Pipkin walked home with Maria Lobbs, and struggled for a kiss at parting, he went to bed a happy man, and dreamed all night long, of softening old Lobbs, opening the strong box, and marrying Maria.

The next day Nathaniel Pipkin saw old Lobbs go out upon his old grey pony, and after a great many signs at the window from the wicked little cousin, the object and meaning of which he could by no means understand, the bony apprentice with the thin legs came over to say that his master wasn't coming home all night, and that the ladies expected Mr. Pipkin to tea at six o'clock precisely. How the lessons were got through that day, neither Nathaniel Pipkin nor his pupils knew any more than you do; but they were got through somehow, and after the boys had gone, Nathaniel Pipkin took till full six o'clock to dress himself to his satisfaction. Not that it took long to select the garments he should wear, inasmuch as he had no choice about the matter. But the putting of them on to the best advantage, and the touching of them up previously, was a task of no inconsiderable difficulty or importance.

There was a very snug little party, consisting of Maria Lobbs and her cousin Kate, and three or four romping, good-humored, rosy-cheeked girls. Nathaniel Pipkin had ocular demonstration of the fact that the rumors of old Lobbs' treasures were not exaggerated. There were the real solid silver teapot, cream ewer, and sugar-basin, on the table, and real silver spoons to stir the tea with, and real china cups to drink it out of, and plates of the same, to hold the cakes and toast in. The only eyesore in the whole place was another cousin of Maria Lobbs', and a brother of Kate, who Maria Lobbs called "Henry," and who seemed to keep Maria Lobbs all to himself up in one corner of the table. It's a delightful thing to see affection in families, but it may be carried too far, and Nathaniel Pipkin could not help thinking that Maria Lobbs must be very particularly fond of her relations if she paid as much attention to all of them as to this individual cousin. After tea, too, when the wicked little cousin proposed a game at blind man's buff, it somehow or another happened that Nathaniel Pipkin was nearly always blind, and whenever he laid his hand upon the male cousin, he was sure to find that Maria Lobbs was not far off. And though the wicked little cousin and the other girls pinched him and pulled his hair, and pushed chairs in his way, and all sorts of things, Maria Lobbs never seemed to come near him at all; and once—once— Nathaniel Pipkin could have sworn he heard the sound of a kiss, followed by a faint remonstrance from Maria Lobbs, and a half-suppressed laugh from her female friends. All this was odd—very odd—and there is no saying what Nathaniel Pipkin might or might not have done, in consequence, if his thoughts had not been suddenly directed into a new channel.

The circumstance which directed his thoughts into a new channel was a loud knocking at the street door, and the person who made this loud knocking at the door was no other than old Lobbs himself, who had unexpectedly returned, and was hammering away, like a coffin-maker; for he wanted his supper. The alarming intelligence was no soon communicated by the bony apprentice with the thin legs, than the girls tripped up stairs to Maria Lodds's bed-room, and the male cousin and Nathaniel Pipkin were thrust into a couple of closets in the sitting-room, for want of any better places of concealment; and when Maria Lobbs and the wicked little cousin had stowed them away, and put the room to rights, they opened the street door to old Lobbs, who had never left off knocking since he first began.

Now it did unfortunately happen that old Lobbs being very hungry was monstrous cross. Nathaniel Pipkin could hear him growling away like an old mastiff with a sore throat; and whenever the unfortunate apprentice with the thin legs came into the room, so surely did old Lobbs commence swearing at him in a most saracenic and ferocious manner, though apparently with no other end or object than that of easing his bosom by the discharge of a few superfluous oaths. At length some supper, which had been warmed up, was placed on the table and then old Lobbs fell to, in regular style, and having made clear work of it in no time, kissed his daughter, and demanded his pipe.

Nature had placed Nathaniel Pipkin's knees in very close juxtaposition, but when he heard old Lobbs demand his pipe, they knocked together, as if they were going to reduce each other to powder; for, depending from a couple of hooks, in the very closet of which he stood, was a large brown-stemmed, silver-bowled pipe, which pipe he himself had seen in the mouth of old Lobbs, regularly every afternoon and evening, for the last five years. The two girls went down stairs for the pipe, and everywhere but where they knew the pipe was, and old Lobbs stormed away meanwhile, in the most wonderful manner. At last he thought of the closet, and walked up to it. It was of no use a little man like Nathaniel Pipkin pulling the door inwards, when a great strong fellow like old Lobbs was pulling it outwards. Old Lobbs gave it one tug, and open it flew, disclosing Nathaniel Pipkin standing bolt upright inside, and shaking with apprehension from head to foot. Bless us! what an appalling look old Lobbs gave him, as he dragged him out by the collar, and held him at arm's length.

"Why, what do you want here?" said old Lobbs, in a fearful voice.

Nathaniel Pipkin could make no reply, so old Lobbs shook him backward and forward for two or three minutes, by way of arranging his ideas for him.

"What do you want here?" roared Lobbs. "I suppose you have come after my daughter now."

Old Lobbs merely said this as a sneer; for he did not think that mortal presumption could have carried Nathaniel Pipkin so far. What use was his indignation when that poor man replied:

"Yes; I did, Mr. Lobbs. I did come after your daughter. I love her, Mr. Lobbs."

"Why, you sniveling, wry-faced, puny villain," gasped old Lobbs, paralyzed by the atrocious confession, "what do you mean by that? Say this to my face! I'll throttle you."

It is by no means improbable that old Lobbs would have carried this threat into execution, in the excess of his rage, if his arm had not been stayed by a very unexpected apparition—to wit, the male cousin, who, stepping out of his closet, and walking up to old Lobbs, said:

"I cannot allow this harmless person, sir, who has been asked here in some girlish frolic, to take upon himself, in a very noble manner, the fault (if fault it is) which I am guilty of, and am ready to avow. I love your daughter, sir, and I am here for the purpose of meeting her."

Old Lobbs opened his eyes very wide at this, but not wider than Nathaniel Pipkin.

"You did?" said Lobbs; at last finding breath to speak.

"I did."

"And I forbade you this house, long ago."

"You did; or I should not be here clandestinely to-night."

I am sorry to record it of old Lobbs, but I think he would have struck the cousin, if his pretty daughter, with her bright eyes swimming in tears, had not clung to his arm.

"Don't stop him, Maria," said the young man; "if he has the will to strike me, let him. I would not hurt a hair of his gray head for the riches of the world."

The old man cast down his eyes at this reproof, and they met those of his daughter. I have hinted once or twice before that they were very bright eyes, and, though they were tearful now, their influence was by no means lessened. Old Lobbs turned his head away, as if to avoid being persuaded by them, when, as fortune would have it, he encountered the face of the wicked little cousin, who, half afraid for her brother, and half laughing at Nathaniel Pipkin, presented as bewitching an expression of countenance, with a touch of shyness in it too, as any man, old or young, need look upon. She drew her arm coaxingly through the old man's, and whispered something in his ear; and do what he would, old Lobbs couldn't help breaking out into a smile, while a tear stole down his cheek at the same time.

Five minutes after this, the girls were brought down from the bed-room with a great deal of giggling and modesty; and while the young people were making themselves perfectly happy, old Lobbs got down the pipe and smoked it, and it was a remarkable circumstance about that particular pipe of tobacco, that it was the most soothing and delightful one he ever smoked.

Nathaniel Pipkin thought it best to keep his own counsel, and by so doing gradually rose into high favor with old Lobbs, who taught him to smoke in time; and they used to sit out in the garden on the fine evenings, for many years afterward, smoking and drinking in great state. He soon recovered from the effects of his attachment, for we find his name in the parish register as a witness to the marriage of Maria Lobbs to her cousin; and it also appears, by reference to other documents, that on the night of the wedding he was incarcerated in the village cage, for having, in a state of extreme intoxication, committed sundry excesses in the streets, in all of which he was aided and abetted by the bony apprentice with the thin legs.

Such is Life.

Many stories are told of the stiffness and implacability of Tappan, the defaulting treasurer of the Boston Belting Company. Here is one from the Boston *Transcript*: "Twenty-six years ago a young man entered the employ of the Boston Belting Company as a minor clerk. Twenty-one years afterward he had risen to be the confidential clerk of its treasurer. Against his personal desire, his fellow-citizens asked him to become their nominee for the mayoralty. He accepted, and the day of election approached. The election was to occur Monday. On Saturday the treasurer told him he could be mayor of Somerville or clerk in the Belting Company, but that he must choose between the two. Though taken by surprise, he instantly replied, 'I accept the alternative. I resign my position here.' He received an almost unanimous election, but two votes being cast against him. Within the last month the former clerk was called in by the officers of the company. The aged treasurer sat with tears streaming down his cheeks, thoroughly broken in mind and body, while the former clerk went over the old man's assets, just turned over to the company, to partially make good the loss occasioned by his misdeeds."

General Scott's Daughter.

In the gossip which followed the announcement that Gen. Sherman's son had left for Europe to become a Catholic priest, a story was told of the romantic circumstances attending the career of one of General Winfield Scott's daughters, who died in the Convent of Visitation at Georgetown. This story was to the effect that Miss Scott fell deeply in love with an attache of a foreign legation, who loved sincerely in return. The match was opposed by Gen. Scott, and through his instrumentality broken off. She went broken-hearted to a convent, and he prepared himself and was admitted to the priesthood. In course of time he was ordered to Georgetown college, and a portion of his duties consisted in hearing the confessions of the nuns in the college. On one of these occasions Miss Scott knelt in the confessional to her former lover. Each recognized the other. She fainted, went into a rapid decline and soon died. He left the country.

—"How is it, Miss, you gave your age to the census-taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year I was, and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah! you have lived much faster than I, sir."

A FLY MANUFACTORY.

THE WONDERFUL THINGS THAT ARE DONE IN A FACTORY IN PATERSON, N. J.

Flies are artificially propagated in New Jersey, near Paterson, says an exchange, where an association of men have invested capital, and are running the works to their full capacity.

Flies are incubated from eggs, by an artificial hatching arrangement, and the young flies are taught all the deviltry they know right in the factory. Some will look upon this statement as false, and wonder why any association of men should engage in the artificial propagation of the fly. We will explain. It is well-known that flies die at the end of the season, and if it were not for artificial propagation, there would be none the second season. The parties that are engaged in this industry, are also sole manufacturers of fly paper and fly traps. We trust that the object is now plain. In order to sell their paper and traps, it is necessary to have game to catch. The gentlemen had engaged largely in the manufacture of fly paper and fly traps before they knew that flies only lasted one season, and after a year of success they found bankruptcy staring them in the face, as it was probable they would not sell a sheet of paper the next year. So they organized the "Great American Artificial Fly Incubating Association of New Jersey," and issued a million dollars worth of stock.

We have not room to describe the hatching of flies, but it is like hatching chickens by steam. Some of the best old flies are kept to lay eggs, and eggs are placed on cards and put into an oven. They hatch out in twenty minutes, and are ready in half an hour to learn the business. First they are taught to wade in butter, to swim in cream, and to get into things around the kitchen. Then the young flies are taken to the dormitory, where men and women, engaged for the purpose, are pretending to sleep. An old fly and a hundred young ones are placed in each room, and the old fly, after lighting on shirt colors, bosoms or female white goods, in order to teach the young flies the noble art of punctuation, begins to get in its work on the sleeper. The old fly, after seating the young flies on cuffs and collars, calls "Attention!" and after buzzing around a little, lights on the sleeper's nose. The sleeper pretends to be mad, and slaps at the fly—this is a mere matter of form, however, for if a sleeper engaged by the association kills an old fly, it is deducted from his or her salary. As the old fly gets away the young flies laugh and want to try it themselves. Then the old fly lights upon the lady sleeper's big toe and proceeds deliberately to walk up her foot, ankle, and calf, occasionally stopping to bite. This is very trying to the alleged sleepers, causing nervousness, and a twitching of the muscles, but they must not injure the fly. The little flies notice everything, and after the old fly has caroused around, and tickled and buzzed, then the young flies are allowed to practice on them. The persons practised on get $6 a day and board, as it is a very particular and trying situation.

Then comes the expensive business of distributing flies throughout the country. Formerly it was done through book agents and lightning rod peddlers, but that was found too expensive, so the association originated the idea of sending out regular agents call tramps, to introduce the flies. The first year only about 10,000 tramps were sent out, but the business has grown to such huge proportions that it is estimated that this year the association has out half a million tramps, leaving flies around. They go from house to house begging, and before they leave they manage to drop a few flies. Each tramp has a card with a million of young flies on. After he has partaken of his meal and the woman of the house is out after a shot gun or a dog to drive him away, he slips his hand up his sleeve and tears off a piece of card containing perhaps 10,000 young flies and drops it in the woodbox or in some convenient place. That is enough to start on, as the flies breed rapidly. The next day the woman will wonder "where on airth all them flies came from."

Picking Hops by Machinery.

An ingeniously devised labor-saving hop-picking machine has been invented by a Waterville, N. Y., man. The following description is given of it: "It consists of two rubber rollers, so constructed as to draw in the branch, while two steel rollers, having an opposite action, pick the hops from it. The machine is about the size of an ordinary clothes wringer, is propelled by means of a treadle, and runs as easy as a light sewing machine. From the picker the hops run into a sack, which, when filled, is taken to the separator, which sorts the hops from all leaves or stems which may have gone into the sack, and thence to the hop house. It is estimated to pick from twenty to thirty boxes per day, and one separator is ample for a large number of machines."

—A good old farmer found himself one day with his boy at the further end of the row when the dinner-bell sounded. Anxious to make every step count, he commenced to hoe his way back, saying to the boy as he did so, "Thomas, do you ever think about dying?" "Yes," said Tom, "I think I shall die pretty soon if I don't have some dinner."

Saved His Life.

During the construction of the railroad from Algiers to Bildah, the French engineer in charge of the work, while watching its progress from the parapet of a bridge, suddenly slipped and fell. The height above the ground being nearly 30 feet, he would probably have been killed but for the timely presence of an Arab, upon whom he alighted, breaking his own fall and the Mussulman's neck simultaneously. He was instantly surrounded by a crowd of furious natives, and would have been torn in pieces but for the prompt interposition of the French escort, who hastened to assure the mob that he should be at once carried before the district magistrate for trial. Thither he was accordingly taken, the multitude following him with savage yells for the life of the Christian dog who had dared to kill a true believer. The magistrate, a quiet and timid old man, was so terrified by the uproar that his only thought was to shift the responsibility elsewhere as speedily as possible. He lost no time in announcing that the engineer, being to all intents and purposes a Government officer, could only be tried by the military commandant, to whom the Arabs immediately betook themselves, headed by the dead man's son, who was loudest of all in his cry for vengeance. The commandant, a sagacious veteran of the old school, saw at once what was to be done, and assuring the infuriated rabble that justice should be given them, politely inquired of the young ringleader whether he were willing to accept any compromise for his father's death? The Arab spurned the suggestion, and fiercely demanded blood for blood. "Very good," answered the unmoved Colonel, "you shall have what you demand. Let the Frenchman be placed upon the very spot where his victim was standing, and do you, as your father's lawful avenger, go up to the top of the parapet and jump down upon him." It is hardly necessary to add that the young gentleman declined to try the experiment

Twenty-five Cent Meals.

According to Miss Corson's receipts and methods, full dinners may be supplied at twenty-five cents. With a family of six, of course not all adults, the quantity of food to be consumed three times a day has considerable bulk. Twenty-one meals for a week must be furnished, to come within the limit, at twenty-five cents for each repast, which are to cost in all not more than $5.25. Two things are necessary to accomplish this feat: the food must be selected carefully, and must be judiciously dressed. One great secret consists in the housewife knowing how to supplement one day's repast with something carried over from the day before. If meat is boiled, it is the broth which gives additional nutriment to the next day's breakfast or dinner. Suppose we take from the daily bill of fare for one week, which Miss Corson gives us, the meals for a Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday breakfast consists of biscuit, costing 6 cents; of cocoa, 6; rice, mulandice style, 10. For dinner there is mutton broth, with barley, 3 cents; epigramme of lamb, 16; potatoes, 3. Supper, has tea, 3 cents; polenta, 5; potato-bread, 14. Total cost for that day, 58 cents. This amount is 17 cents less than the limit; 75 cents, and the surplusage can then be carried over for Sunday. Now, Sunday give for breakfast, toast, 6 cents; fried lentils, 10; coffee, 6, and oat-meal porridge, 8. Dinner has a roast fowl and baked potatoes, 38 cents; pudding, 20 cents; and for supper there is German potatoes, 10; cream rice pudding, 15; bread, 6, making a total of $1.19. The 44 cents has been carried over penny by penny during the whole week, in order to give the best dinner on the Sunday.

A Fire Fighting Snake.