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The Dorchester Era.

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The Dorchester Era.

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Job Printing a Specialty.

YOU OR I.

If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go,
Who would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side—
If we could know!

If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view
Should I my love to you more oft express?
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were you?
If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely follow God's great plan,
Be filled with greater charity to man—
If it were I?

If we could know!
We cannot, darling; and 'tis better so.
I should forget, just as I do to-day,
And walked along the same old stumbling way—
If I could know,
I could not now
Which of us, darling, will be first to go.
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or where, or how we're called to go—
I would not know.

—*Every Saturday.*

A LOVER'S SONG.

A lover's song, accept it pray,
'Tis very little, but they say
By small things men show they are great.
And if you love thus estimate,
Then greater mine for this display.

But Chloe, where I Coryn gay
With chansonette and roundelay,
I'd pipe for you, the flocks should wait
A lover's song.

Between these lines a heart astray
Flutters to you. There, if it may,
Will rest content. I ope the gate
And trembling, fearful of its fate,
I send it with this leaf of bay
A lover's song.

H. C. FAULKNER.

A WIDOW BY PROXY.

Should you wish to know to what height artistic gardening can be brought let me advise you to pay a visit to Haarlem (in Holland), where near the beautiful park filled with deer, which makes such a beautiful walk, you will find the famous horticulturist, Claereboets. After he has shown you his astonishing collection of tulips, hyacinths, carnations, anemones, crowsfeet, camelias, primroses, cowslips, cactus and pelargonims, you will be delighted. Try and persuade him to allow you to see his six remaining daughters and you will be dazzled.

It is the story of the seventh, or rather the first, which I am about to tell you. Just as this worthy man, who has remained poor, although his conservatories are full of treasures, told it me last year.

At the end of the year 1882 he had seven daughters on his hands. However, the Misses Claereboets were as virtuous as they were lovely, as sensible as they were poor, alas! and their appetites were only equaled by their virtue.

One winter evening, at the end of one of those meals which absorbed all the profits of the business, Claereboets lighted his pipe, and with a mysterious air drew from his pocket a letter with a foreign postmark.

"Guess who has written to me?" he said.

Seven pairs of well-developed shoulders shrugged simultaneously, expressive of ignorance.

"Why, Micheels Maassen, the son of our former neighbor, the contractor. He is the cashier of Planter Van Meeruyt, in Java. He wishes to settle down, and seeks one of your hands in marriage."

"Which one, papa?" exclaimed five somewhat tremulous voices.

"It's the same to him. He was eleven years old when he left. He is now twenty-eight, so you may understand that he has no choice. It is for you to decide, and I am going to take your opinion, beginning at the eldest. Well, Mina, will you marry Micheels?"

"Yes, papa," replied the eldest Miss Claereboets, without hesitation. She was a magnificent blonde, twenty-four years old.

Around the silent room six discreetly subdued sighs were heard.

"Right, my child," said the father, as quietly as if it had been the matter of delivering a hundred hyacinthes. "Micheels is a good fellow, with excellent references. He sends his deed, all in order, to the lawyer for the marriage. We will avail ourselves of its being fall to consummate the affair, so that you shall not arrive there in the hot weather."

Three weeks later Mina had become Mrs. Maassen. When I say had, it requires some explanation.

The Dutch, the best colonists in the world and the most practical people I know of, have devised an easy means by which their single friends settled in the Antipodes can easily be married in the metropolis.

To make the bridegroom pass two months at sea, thereby to attend the registry for ten minutes and the church for perhaps double that time was a barbarity. To send out the intended was dangerous. She might find the suitor eaten up by a tiger.

To get over this the Dutchman instituted marriage by proxy. For instance, you may be at Sumatra and you wish a fine looking helpmate. You have nothing to do but to send to a friend at Rotterdam or Utrecht a power of attorney to act on your behalf. He marries her without charging any commission whatsoever; she carries her title deeds away with her. He registers her in the first steamer and four or five months after the order is given the commission is executed and delivered.

Thus the beautiful Mina, who had seen many of her friends married in the same way, did not consider the process anything unusual.

She cried a little, however, as she embarked on a superb steamer belonging to the "Koninkylke Nederlandsche stoomboot Maatschappy" and saw her native land disappearing.

Presently the Batavia got out to sea and then she was too much otherwise engaged to be able to find time to cry, and she never came out of her stateroom till they reached Suez. Then awful storms arose, the shaft broke and they reached Colombo by sailing, arriving just in time to catch the boat for Singapoor. Mina was so ill as to be unconscious. She was carried from one ship to another again they were at sea, the only difference she realized being that the basin close to her was of china instead of copper.

She arrived at Singapoor in a prostrate condition imagining her last hour had come. Again she was transferred like a bit of baggage to another steamer and two days later they arrived at Batavia. At last a fourth boat landed her at Samarang. Here she found her still in the abode of the Dutch Consul, lying on a couch which seemed to be tossing up and down, although on dry land, till she thought she would be thrown out on the floor.

She was just lamenting the inattention of every one to her, when a young man with fair mustache and straightforward-looking blue eyes entered the office of the Consul, who was busily writing to catch the mail.

"I am expecting a young woman from Europe, whom I have married by proxy," said the visitor, "and I have come to make inquiries."

"She has just been brought here," said the official, without stopping his writing. "She is in a very bad state, and you would do me a favor by taking her off my couch as soon as possible. Leave your address and the baggage will be forwarded."

The meeting of the pair may be imagined. He timid, she a weakened, prostrate ghost of her former self.

The young colonist was, however, pleased with his acquisition, and hailing two coolies, had his wife taken to the Samarang depot. The train took them half way to Djokjokarta, where two almost nude men lifted the well-nigh insensible Mina out.

An hour later she was seated next to her legal husband on the rough cushions of a two-wheeled cart, drawn by two jogging oxen, which shook her terribly. However, Mina felt better. She looked up at her husband, and was pleased with his appearance. Gun in hand, he seemed to watch furtively every nook and cranny as they passed, but paid her no attention. This seemed strange to her.

"You are very fond of sport, it seems?" she said, in a semi-reproachful tone. These were better words than she had uttered to her companion.

"I never was so frightened at meeting game as I am at this moment. This is a lovely climate, and I hope you will like the country; but it has one disadvantage. After six o'clock in the evening it is infested with tigers, who prowl about in search of what they may devour, so that it is best to remain at home after that hour. However, we have passed the most dangerous part, and we are getting near home."

Poor Mina! She no longer wished to talk. She trembled from head to foot. At last they arrived at a fine bungalow, raised off the ground, to avoid the snakes and adders, with verandahs all around. On the steps stood a pale, thin old lady, who came forward, attracted by the noise of wheels. She was Mina's mother-in-law.

"What, my child, you here already?" cried the old lady, much surprised. "We did not expect you until next week."

"We had an accident on the way, madame."

"That would delay rather than accelerate your arrival. However, here you are; that is the main thing. Be welcome, my child. You must be hungry."

"Oh, madame, I only want sleep! If you only knew what a journey I have had!"

"Don't make any excuses, my child. I will get your room ready at once, and take you there myself."

An hour later Mina slept beneath the waving Punkah, wrapt in sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

"Do you know you will have a pretty wife?" said the mother on rejoining her son under the verandah.

"It is astonishing how little she resembles the photograph your uncle once sent of her."

"Yes," said the young man, "she is very lovely. I would like to go early to the church, mother; because, after all, we have not been regularly married."

On the morrow, Mina came down all pink and white. Did you sleep well, dear Anna? said her husband for the first time kissing his wife's forehead.

"But," said the young woman, smiling, my name is not Anna; my name is Mina—Mina Claereboets. Had you already forgotten it?"

"What!" cried the colonist, pale as death, "are you not Anna—Anna Tanssens?"

"Great God! and you"—

"I am called Hans Van Hasselt. Don't you come from Edam? Isn't your father a cheese merchant?"

"He is a gardener near Haarlem. I have married Micheels Maassen, cashier of the house of Van Meeruyt. Here is my certificate of marriage."

Hans seized the papers, with trembling hand, and glanced over them hurriedly.

"Mother," said he to old Mrs. Van Hasselt, who at that moment entered, arrayed in her finest robes, "a misfortune has occurred. I made a mistake at Samarang. The young lady belongs to another."

The matron was a sensible woman. In a moment she understood all. It was certainly hard on her son, already three parts in love with a woman who was not for him, and whose husband would have to be found in an island fifteen hundred miles away, and he would have to be found before the real Mrs. Hans appeared on the scene, else she would have two daughters-in-law on her hands.

Without losing a day, they started off with Mina, who thought rest would never come to her. The only plan was to go to the Consuls of the various islands till they heard news of the happy Maassen, to whom he would have to give up Mina, to be replaced by the homely original of his photograph.

To less resigned natures the position would have been insufferable, but these two contented themselves in the happiness of seeing each other daily. Hans was more in love every day with Mina, and she, alas! often shed a tear when she looked up at the false Micheels.

Ten days had already elapsed in visiting the ports most inhabited by Europeans—Batavia, Cheribon, Tagot, Pekalongon. The trio often became a duo, for Mina still suffered at sea. Every place had been tried even to Sourabaya, and, alas! it was chance which first gave them a clew. In the hotel where they alighted, and were telling the tale for the ninety-ninth time, they were stopped at the first word.

"Micheels Maassen! He was here four days ago. A strange adventure happened to him. He was expecting a young woman by the steamer whom he had married by proxy, on the other side, and the agent had given him another one. Maassen was not pleased for the exchange was not for the better."

"I believe you," said Hans, with a confidential air. "But what did he do with my wife?"

"Oh! she's yours? Well, he took her away, feeling sure that the real husband would follow to claim her and bring him his own. He even left his address. He lives on the other side of the island, between Pourworedjo and Patyan."

"Well," said Haus, "here's a cool kind of a customer! One would imagine with him that it was rather a matter of a change of umbrellas in a cafe than of a human being. Here we are again, for an eight days' journey."

After some days at sea a furious tornado arose, sweeping everything away; lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and the monster waves rose like huge mountains on every side. By a miracle the ship was saved. In the morning all were surprised to find themselves alive, the captain more than any. Everything was gone; the compasses were unset; but he knew these seas so well that it made no difference.

"I ought to have an island in front of me just here," he remarked, with a deep oath, "but I see nothing."

After seeking for the island half a day it was found to have disappeared entirely with all its inhabitants.

So they made for a neighboring town, but in this ever famous night the neighboring town and the authorities to whom the captain had intended making his report, had also disappeared. It was no longer a question of the plantation of Van Meeruyt, of the cashier of the bank or the poor Anna. Hans and Mina were widow and widower, that is to say free. I don't think they wept much over their respective and unknown spouses.

They will not be able to marry for some weeks. The Dutch law enacts that widows may not marry within a certain period of the death of thir husbands, so that Hans must submit to wait.

Women in Russian Prisons.

Olga Lioubatovitch, one of the heroines of the "trial of the fifty" at Moscow, on passing through Krasnoiarsk on the way to her destination in Eastern Siberia, was called before the chief of police, who told her that she must exchange her own clothes for a convict dress. But as she was condemned to transportation by administrative order, and not to hard labor, she had a right to wear her own clothes. This she tried to explain. At first words, however, the officer became furious, and repeated that she must not only change her dress, but do it there in the bureau before everybody.

Olga Lioubatovitch answered by a refusal. At a sign from the police officer his subordinates seized hold of the prisoner in order to undress her by force. A barbarous struggle ensued. This crowd of men began to beat this woman, to pull her hair and tear off her clothes. So long as she kept her feet she defended herself as best as she could, but the chief of police by a violent kick felled her to the earth. This is how she herself describes this infamy: "I fell into a kind of stupor. I remember confusedly how the heavy boot of the ispravnik struck my chest. Some one was pulling my hair, another was striking my face with his fist; the rest were tearing off my clothes, and at last. I was left naked, crucified on the floor, in the presence of a crowd of men. Frightened of their own deed the cowards fled, and when I recovered consciousness I saw around me only my companions, pale as death, while Fanny Moriness was writhing in hysterical convulsions," so says a Russian letter to an English paper.

Preserving Peaches.

A good way to preserve the small early peaches which are not suitable for canning is to peel them, and to eight pounds of fruit add three pounds of light brown sugar. Scatter the sugar over the peaches and let them stand for a few hours, then you will not be obliged to add a drop of water to them. Let them cook slowly until they look clear, and can be pierced easily with a broom splint; then spread them on plates and set them in the sun to dry. There will be a thick syrup left in the kettle, which may be boiled a few minutes after the fruit is taken out and poured over the fruit on the plates. When the peaches are dry pack then in jars with powdered sugar scattered over each layer. The jars must be carefully covered so that it will be impossible for the smallest fly to enter.

DEATH OF THOMAS DICKSON.

A Millionaire Canal President who Once Served the Company as Mule Boy.

Thomas Dickson, President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, who has been ill for some days, died at Morristown, N. J., of heart disease.

Mr. Dickson was born in Scotland in 1824. His father took him to Canada in 1832. In 1834 they went to Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, where his father entered the service of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company as master mechanic, and in 1837 young Dickson became mule boy. In 1838 he became clerk in a country store, and in 1845 he entered into partnership with Joseph Benjamin in the store business. Seven years later he bought an interest in a machine shop and foundry. In 1856 he moved to Scranton, and started the Dickson Manufacturing Company, which now has a capital of $1,500,000, and turns out locomotives, steam engines, and mining machinery. He was President and manager of the company until 1860, when he retired, and became connected with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company as superintendent of the coal department. He was General Superintendent of the company in 1864. In 1867 he became Vice-President, and in 1869 President of the company, in which position he has been ever since.

He leased the Albany and Susquehanna and the Rensselaer railroads, and extended the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's business to New England. He organized the First National Bank of Scranton and the Trust and Savings Bank of the same place. He was a director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Erie Railway, of which he was acting President in the absence of the President in Europe. He was largely interested in coal and iron mines in the United States. He was a trustee of the Lafayette College of Pennsylvania. His fortune is estimated at several millions. He leaves a widow, two married daughters, and two sons.

Love in Kentucky.

The god of love and the god of war met on the highway near Millersburg, Kentucky on a Sunday after Church. The god of hospitality had also a hand in the affair. Miss Wells, daughter of a Georgetown, Ky., banker, was visiting a friend in a neighboring town. There was a party and other merrymaking at the friend's house, when one Milton Smith, a clerk in the Wells bank, put in an appearance, joining in the festivities. A drive was proposed for Sunday afternoon, in which Miss Wells, Mr. Smith, and Miss Thomas, daughter of the hostess, joined. After driving half a mile it was proposed that they should all go to Ohio and see Mr. Smith and Miss Wells married. This was a surprise to Miss Thomas, who declined to accompany the party any further. She was allowed to descend from the carriage, and she walked home and related the incident to her mother. Calling to her aid three young men, who hastily seized their revolvers, Mrs. Thomas started in pursuit. They overtook the marriage party after a brisk run of an hour, and immediately opened fire on them, which was vigorously returned. "More than a dozen shots were exchanged," but without any other effect than to wound Mrs. Thomas's horses, and to frighten that good woman so that she begged the young men to take her home. Victory perched on the banner of Hymen. The fugitives have not been heard of since, but it is supposed that they reached the Ohio shore and were married. All the parties engaged in the shooting, except possibly the bridegroom belonged to the most respectable families.

The Country's Commerce.

A LARGE DECREASE FOR THE YEAR, BOTH IN EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

Mr. Nimmo, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, at Washington, transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury his report on the foreign commerce of the United States for the month of June, 1884, and for the year ended June 30, 1884. It appears from the statement that the balance of trade in favor of the United States during the last fiscal year was $72,798,997, as against a balance in our favor during the year ended June 30, 1883, of $100,658,488. The total value of the exports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed amounted to $740,513,560, as against $823,839,402 during the preceding fiscal year, a falling off of $83,325,842. The imports of merchandise amounted to $667,714,563, as against $723,180,914 during the preceding fiscal year, a falling off of $55,466,351.

The decrease in the total value of exports of domestic merchandise during the year ended June 30, 1884, was due chiefly to the falling off in the exports of cotton, manufactures of cotton, wheat, wheat flour, hops, tobacco and manufactures of tobacco, and fruits. There was, however, during the fiscal year just closed a marked increase in the exports of cattle, oils, provisions, copper and manufactures of copper, rye and corn. The decrease in the total value of imports during the year ended June 30, 1884, was largely due to the falling off in the values of the imports of iron and steel manufactures thereof, cotton manufactures, hides and skins, breadstuffs, tea, wines, flax, hemp and jute and manufactures thereof, earthen, stone, and china ware, leather and manufactures of leather, art works subject to duty, manufactures of wool, hops, and tobacco and manufactures thereof. There was, however, a considerable increase in the values of imports of sugar and molasses and of coffee.

ART.—The National Convention of Photographers will arrange for an exhibit of art in the New Orleans Exposition.

THE LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.

The Cholera Epidemic of 1883—A Few Suggestians as to Treatment.

Dr. John T. Nagle, Deputy Register of Vital Statistics, said the last appearance of cholera in the United States was in 1873, when the disease prevailed throughout the Mississippi Valley, but did not reach the Eastern or Middle States. The first cases of cholera that year were noticed early in the summer in New Orleans, and the disease was carried northward rapidly. It caused much excitement, and there was an extended discussion among physicians regarding its nature. Most of the physicians who were engaged in checking the advance of the scourge declared that the disease was Asiatic cholera, of foreign origin. Others called it American cholera, and said that the disease was not epidemic but endemic, having its origin in local or malarial influences.

Upward of 4,000 persons died from the disease and more than double that number recovered from it. Complete records of 7,356 cases were obtained by Government officials. An official inquiry into the methods adopted by physicians in treating cholera patients brought to notice a large number of mixtures, in which opium, camphor and mercury were principal ingredients. Each mixture had for its champion some physician who had used it with alleged wonderful results. Hot and cold external applications were used to cure some patients, and other sufferers recovered after being bled by doctors of the Old School. A reporter asked Dr. Janes, Assistant Sanitary Superintendent, what remedy for cholera is considered the best at present.

Dr. Janes replied: "It would not be best to prescribe any particular remedy for use in all classes of cholera. There are several remedies for acute diarrhœa which may be useful in case of cholera, to give temporary relief to a patient until a physician can be summoned. Complete rest and warm external applications will be found to give some relief. No time should be lost in procuring the services of a physician, whose treatment may vary according to the progress which the disease has made. A mistake made in the treatment of cholera by an ignorant person may be more fatal than the disease."

Chicago Dressed Beef.

Let us suppose that the reader is seated at breakfast at a sea-side hotel, and that he has ordered beefsteak as his principal viand.

That steak, tender as it is, has a long, eventful history. Four years ago, the creature of which it recently formed a part, was a calf frisking on the prairies of western Texas, where it passed the first two years of its life wandering with a herd on a ranch possibly fifty miles or more in circuit.

Then it was slowly driven northward a thousand miles to a greater ranch in Wyoming, Montana or Colorado, where the climate is more favorable to the production of good beefsteak.

Driven is not quite the word to describe the slow drifting of a great drove of Texas cattle, feeding as it goes, and making twelve miles a day without knowing it. These cattle are nearly three months on the way, and if they are "handled" skillfully, they arrive at their cooler range in as good condition as when they left hot Texas. Perhaps, in better.

Invigorated by the bracing air and nutritious grass of Wyoming or Montana, they pass two years in peaceful self-improvement, developing into sleek, fat steers, worth thirty-five dollars each as they run.

So far, all has gone well with them; but now comes a sharp, short period of trial. The owner and his assistants drive a thousand of the four-year-olds to the nearest railroad station, probably many miles distant, where they are quickly loaded into a train of fifty cattle-cars, and conveyed in about five days, to Chicago. They ought to be fed and watered every eight hours. Some are; but not all.

And here we will pause to make an observation. If your steak is good and tender, and altogether as it should be, take comfort in the thought that the animal from which it came enjoyed a happy existence. He was fairly and gently dealt with from his frisky calfhood to his last hours. If he has been over-driven, under-fed or harshly treated, he has his revenge after his death in the disgust and indigestion his toughness causes.

Arrived at Chicago, he is fed, watered, rested, sold, shot, dressed, chilled, and placed in refrigerating cars, and sent to an agency in an Eastern city, whence he is taken to your summer resort, and a small part of him cooked for the reader's breakfast.—*Youths' Companion.*

A Snake and Its Young.

The snake known as the blowing adder was formerly common in the meadows of Orange county, New York, but is now very rare. It is a beautifully marked snake, growing to three feet in length, and receives its name from its habit of laying its head close to the ground when disturbed and rapidly inflating or spreading it out until the head becomes twice its usual size, when the air is blown out of the snake's mouth with a noise like escaping steam. The snake is said to be poisonous. The first one that has been seen in the country for a long time was discovered by Geo. Springstead, in the town of Wawayanda. He smashed its head with a club, when he was surprised to see a young snake crawl out of its mouth. He cut the old snake open and found 75 young ones, four inches long, inside of it and killed them.

THE girl with a handsome diamond ring cannot resist the temptation of using the finger it encircles to point at every object she sees.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.—Decide whether to dispose of surplus and inferior fruit by making it into vinegar or by drying or evaporating it. Trees will be broken by careless pickers; saw off all injured limbs. The appleworm may be diminished by picking up and destroying fallen fruit or allowing the pigs to do it. Bands of carpet, bagging or other fabric, fastened around the trunks of apple trees with a single long tack, will catch many apple worms. Examine weekly and kill. If trees set last spring suffer from drouth, mulch them, or keep the soil loose. The fall web worm spins its nest in summer also. At its first appearance cut away the twig to which the nest is attached and crush the worms. Young trees may have their shape controlled by pinching the ends of shoots that grow too vigorously. When the blackberry and raspberry crops are off cut away the canes that have borne fruit. The new stems of blackberries should be stopped when five feet high, those of raspberries at three or four feet. Keep strawberry beds free of weeds. Plant new beds with plants rooted in pots. Whitish spots on the under side of grape leaves are mildew. Dust sulphur with a sulphur bellows at once. Large caterpillars and beetles must be hand-picked. Continue to pinch laterals.—*Agriculturist.*

CARE OF MEADOWS.—A farmer visiting me last spring remarked: "I cannot understand how you wintered so much stock, when you had only six acres of grass to cut. I kept about three times as much stock as you did and mowed over just ten times as much land." By this time our "Walks and Talks" had brought us to the six acres which is to be mowed this year. "You have been rolling this," he said, "No," I replied, "it looks as though it had been rolled, but those are the swaths of of the 6-foot mower used to cut the rowen last fall after wheat. We had almost two loads per acre of pretty good hay." "Well, now I begin to understand," said he; "I wondered, if you had wheat there last year, what had become of the stubble. But, my friend, I cannot do such a thing as that. Grass will not grow like that for me."

Knowing that it would if it had a fair chance, I began to question him to find out where the trouble was. I found that he carefully saved the manure made on his farm, and used it to good advantage. His rotation was a good one, and he was well supplied with improved tools, and was in the habit of using them freely. But the trouble came out at last; he let his stock run on the meadows and wheat stubble in the fall always, and sometimes, when he was short of hay in the spring. Now, in his case, as I frankly told him, this was probably the main reason why he was short of hay; why he had to mow over 60 acres to get what might have been grown on 20 acres. No man could think of turning his stock on his wheat or corn or oats, although they might endure to be gnawed off and trampled on for a time and afterward make part of a crop. We give them mellow ground to grow on, protected from the trampling of stock, and from being bitten off and injured while they were young and tender. Why not treat the growing grass as well? Why not give it the best possible chance to grow and yield large crops of hay instead of abusing it in every way? The grass lot, if properly used—if given a fair chance—will yield about as much net profit as any field of the farm oftentimes, although the money does not come as directly, perhaps, as from the wheat or potato crop.

Why is it that so many farmers still allow their cattle to pick and trample on their grass grounds (and pastures are often injured as well as mowing lots) during the fall and winter and spring? It is partly, perhaps, because they do not realize that they are losing by the practice; partly to save work—they do not keep help enough to run the farm to its full capacity—and partly because they have "too many irons in the fire." They are "over-busy farmers."—*T. B. Terry, in the Country Gentleman.*

SWINDLING AGED PEOPLE.

Inducing Them to Sign Notes for Unknown Amounts.

A letter from Schenectady, N. Y., says:—Several weeks ago people living in rural districts in Chenango county were victimized by a couple of strangers who went about selling cloths and dress goods. Whenever the swindlers found an old or infirm person they invariably succeeded in getting a promissory note in part payment for the goods. The people who gave the notes cannot explain how they were induced to sign them, and in no case are they positive as to the amount. The victims of the swindlers insist that they were mesmerized. Recently two men, whose plans of operation are identical with those of the Chenango county sharpers, made their appearance in Rotterdam, a few miles from this city, and in some way induced an old German lady, who says that they bewitched her, to buy some cloth, for which she paid $14 in money and $3 worth of butter, and signed a note, which one of the men drew up, for $10, as he told her. The man gave his residence at a number of a street in this city which does not exist. When the men had gone the old lady discovered that most of the cloth she bought was gone too. The swindlers attempted to work their schemes on several other people in the neighborhood with some success. The old lady who was thus cheated is the owner of a farm and is much worried over the value of the note which she signed, as she cannot read English and has no reason for believing that the note was for $10 other than that the stranger told her so. The police are on the lookout for the men.

THE sharpest knife is easiest nicked.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

A Picnic Girl—Would not Pick Geese—At the Seashore—The Microscope—Will Have Them Both, Etc., Etc.

THE INCLINATION.

Mr. Walcott is a gentleman who has been in bad health for some time, so he consulted with a prominent Austin physician, who told him he must travel for his health.

"I have neither the money nor the inclination to travel," replied Walcott.

"Well, I'll tell you what to do," suggested the medical adviser. "You are worth $10,000 in a bank. All in the world you will have to do will be to steal about $10,000, and you will have both the inclination and the money to travel."—*Texas Siftings.*

A COUNTESS RETURNS.

Mrs. Nobody—"Ah! how d'e do, Countess? I am so glad to see you home; but I was in hopes you would bring your husband with you. Let me see, it is three months since you were married, is it not?"

New Countess (wearily)—"Yes, three months, three months."

"The Count is well, I hope?"

"Yes, he is, I believe."

"And I suppose you enjoyed life in his grand castle?"

"For a while, yes; but you see it took all my fortune to pay off the old debts on it."

"Indeed! Poor child! how I wish I could help you!"

"You can!"

"How?"

"Let me have your family wash!"

A WISE BARTENDER.

The corridor of a summer hotel is the scene; a thirsty-looking man, perspiring freely, and an important-looking fat woman are the dramatis personæ.

He (trying the bar-room door)—Er—the exchange—er—doesn't appear to be open.

She (appearing in a doorway)—No; the bartender has just locked it up for a minute to go across the street and get a decent drink.—*Boston Globe.*

NOT VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

"My son," said a proud father after the usual greetings upon the young man's return from college, "have you a microscope among your traps?"

"A microscope, dad?" replied the astonished youth.

"Yes, my son; you have been in college, you know, four years and I thought if you had a microscope handy I should like to see how much you had learned."—*Boston Transcript.*

SHE WAS A PICNIC GIRL.

"Carrie," said one Somerville girl to another yesterday, "are you going to the picnic to-morrow?"

"I am. Are you?"

"Of course."

"What do you intend to wear?"

"My white muslin, of course. What do you intend to wear?"

"I will wear a waterproof cloak. I've been at picnics before."—*Somerville Journal.*

BOARD AT THE SEASHORE.

"What is your price a week for this room?" asked a gentleman of a seaside landlord.

The price was named.

"Does that include the ocean air, or do you charge extra for that?"

"Well," replied the landlord hesitatingly, as though he wasn't the man to charge for anything that he could possibly afford to give away, "that depends. Of course, if you keep your window open all night I should expect to add a little something to the bill."

MALAPROPOS.

"I see by the paper," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, "that your friend Jones has had a handsome bulldog presented to him by his admiring friends."

"Good gracious, is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "How injudicious! Why, that will ruin him."

"Ruin him? Why so?"

"Why, the man has four marriageable daughters that he is trying to get off his hands."

TOO PROUD TO PICK GEESE.

A lady residing in the northeastern part of the town recently wanted the services of an Indian to pick a goose. She approached the first one she met with:

"Jim, would you like to come and pick a goose for me?"

Then the noble red man thus addressed drew himself up to his full height, expanded his chest with pride and indignation and haughtily inquired:

"You know me?"

"No, I don't know you," responded the lady, somewhat surprised.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian, as if pitying her ignorance, "me Captain Sam. Me no pick goose. Me send my wife."—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

VERY FRANK.

Guest—"Who owns this hotel?"

Waiter—"Mr. Blank am de proprietor, sah."

Guest—"Glad to hear it. I thought from your actions that the waiters owned the hotel."

Waiter—"Oh, no, sah. We don't own nuffin' but de guests."—*Phil. Call.*

WHAT HE GETS.

Little Jack—"Pa, why is a receiver so called?"

Pa—"What kind of a receiver do you mean?"

Little Jack—"Why, I mean the kind that is appointed when a company gets in a tight place. What does a receiver receive?"

Pa—"Pretty much all there is, my son."—*Eve. Call.*

IN THE DAYS OF '48.

How Zach. Taylor was Officially Informed of his Nomination and How he Responded.

Nowadays a train of cars is barely sufficient to accommodate those who travel hundreds of miles charged with the important duty of informing a candidate that he has been nominated for the Presidency. Long speeches are made, and the notification costs many thousands of dollars. But this is not all. The candidate must write a letter of acceptance, giving his views on pretty much every subject he can think of. These journeys, parades, speech makings and long letters are of comparatively recent origin.

The convention that nominated Gen. Taylor met in Philadelphia, June 7, 1848. The chairman was the Hon. John Morehead, of North Carolina. On the 10th of that month Gov. Morehead addressed Gen. Taylor a letter officially notifying him of his nomination. The distraction into which the Whig party was thrown by Gen. Taylor's nomination was not made less in the ensuing thirty-five days by the silence of Gen. Taylor. Governor Morehead, in reply to inquiries by leading Whigs—notably Mr. Weed—said he had positively written the General and he knew of no reason why the reply was not forthcoming. Gen. Taylor was such a crotchety old fellow and Whig leaders in general knew so little of him that it was not thought best to stir him up on the subject. Letters from the old soldiers were appearing in different quarters, some of them not altogether satisfactory to Whig leaders, but not a word came from him about the nomination. It began to look like an indignity. Mr. Weed, to whom more than any other man Gen. Taylor owed his nomination was desperate under the suspense. Meetings were proposed and one was actually called in Albany, looking to the repudiation of the nomination. When it met, however, other counsels prevailed, though the suspense continued.

On July 22 the postmaster at Baton Rouge, where Gen. Taylor lived, addressed the Postmaster-General a letter, saying that with the report for the current quarter from that office two bundles of letters were forwarded for the Dead Letter Office, they having been declined on account of the non-payment of the postage by the senders. It was in the ten cent and non-prepayment time. Of the forty-eight letters thus forwarded to the Dead Letter Office the Baton Rouge postmaster said a majority were addressed to Gen Taylor, who had declined to pay the postage on them and take them out of the office because mail expenses had become burdensome. The General had since become aware that some of the letters were of importance and asked for their return. In due course the letters were sent back to Baton Rouge. Among them was Gov. Morehead's letter notifying Gen. Taylor of the action of the Philadelphia Convention.

Gen. Taylor's response was dated July 15, a month and five days after the letter of notification was written. It had lain in the Baton Rouge post office four weeks after Gen. Taylor refused to pay the ten cents postage.

THE OTSEGO LAKE TRAGEDY.

Young Steers Shoots Himself in the Presence of the Girl who Rejected Him.

A letter from Richfield Springs, New York, says: The suicide of Edward C. Steers on the pier in front of Hyde Hall, Otsego Lake, was more sensational and dramatic than at first reported. Young Steers was the son of Schuyler B. Steers, one of the wealthiest men in Louisiana. Three years ago he fell in love with Theresa White, cousin of J. Pell Clarke and Hyde Clarke, two of the leading society men in central New York, and the possessors of sixty thousand acres of fine land deeded by George III. to George Clarke. Hyde Hall is the old family mansion, and overlooks a magnificent bay.

On Wednesday, late in the afternoon, young Steers and Wilson Curtis, son of Judge Curtis, of Cooperstown, invited Theresa White and her two lady companions to row across Otsego Lake to a pleasant grove, there to enjoy a lunch and subsequently to visit Hyde Clarke at Hyde Hall, just opposite. After the picnic Steers took Miss White in his boat and hurried ahead of Curtis and the other ladies. Arriving at the dock he jumped ashore and said to his companion:

"Tese" (his pet name for Theresa), "I ask you once more for all, will you marry me?"

"You know I cannot," she replied.

"Then," said he, "I'll shoot myself."

In an instant he drew a revolver and shot himself just under the right eye, the ball coming out of the top of the skull. Death was instantaneous.

Young Steers's father sent him abroad two years ago, thinking he would forget Miss White, and last winter sent him to India. He had always had all the money he wished, and moved in the best society. Wednesday was his twenty-first birthday.

A correspondent called to see Miss White Wednesday at Otsego Lake, but found her delirious and incoherent. Her mother gave the above facts, adding that she would not allow her daughter to marry Steers, because he was dissipated. No one saw young Steers shoot himself except Miss White. The body lay on the dock all the afternoon, covered with leaves and brush, awaiting the arrival of the Coroner from Cooperstown, eight miles by boat. Miss White is at present in a dangerous condition from nervous shock.

NAVAL.—A French Admiral recently reported that the American was the weakest navy in existence. France has many vessels, but the United States have a big batch of officers.

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