Lincoln County Advocate.

"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May."

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JOHN TO JONATHAN.

Said John to Jonathan, "My man,
[illegible]
[illegible] are most
On taxing the colonies;
You know what my opinions are,
Nor need I here repeat them stated,
And still I find that my commands
Are daily violated.

"Now, Jonathan, this will not do!
I'll have you understand, sir,
That where Britannia rules the wave
John Bull is in command, sir!
And if within my family
Is rebel son or daughter,
I'll shut them up in a prison cell
And give them bread and water!"

Said Jonathan unto himself,
"With sense that operations
Began that will prevent me from
Such bullying relations.
This little isle can't furnish room
For half of my descendants
And Jonathan had better now
Declare his independence.

"The lion is a noble beast,
And I am much his debtor;
And yet, on some accounts, I think
I like the eagle better.
For when it sweeps along the sky,
On wide extended pinions,
It seems to bear the soul along
To liberty's dominions."

And so this slip of British oak
Was speedily transplanted;
And in America obtained
The latitude it wanted.
While John, declining to express
His strong disapprobation,
Rule in one comprehensive word
His wrathful condemnation.

—*Graphic.*

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SEEING BETTER DAYS.

The widow Minton had seen better days. How far back wasn't exactly certified; but she had seen them. Better days hung moldily about her, like the defaced shreds of antiquated embroidery.

The sturdy gossips of the seaside village, who went about with their skirts tucked up and their bare brown arms ready and able for any work, looked askance at the widow Minton, with her pitiful meagerness of aspect, her flickering black eyes, and her trailing old gown. They nudged each other, and said, "Better days—Lord save us!"

But the widow did not trouble the neighbors much, nor they her. A body who couldn't do a heartsome hand's stirring was best left alone to her brooding, and the widow's smoky little cabin, solitary apart on the seashore, was left pretty much to herself and her boy Tom.

Tom was a sturdy, brown-faced lad, who picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the boatmen, and now and then taking a day for fishing. Tom had probably never seen better days. The widow shook her head over him—so stupidly content, poor Tom; so beaming and good-natured over beggarliness and hopelessness. A tall, well-grown fellow, with bare feet, a torn straw hat, and a red shirt. Tom took the world easily, looking with reverent eyes on his mother's by-gone gentility, and by no means seeming to covet it for himself.

The widow deemed it due to her past respectability to be seen at church of a Sunday evening, and you could see the two walking at twilight along the sands together, she with her clean pocket-handkerchief folded over her old hymn-book and a certain doubtful hesitancy of gait, as if heaven itself might be looking down critically on her shabby black gown and rusty bonnet. As for Tom, patient Tom, he went plodding slowly after her, with his smiling face, whistling as he went. Always patient, always plodding, poor Tom! Patiently falling asleep during the sermon, and patiently listening, open-mouthed, to the closing hymn, his careless, bright face, contrasting so oddly with his mother's querulous and tear-worn visage, won for him the sobriquet of widow Minton's rainbow.

The minister of the parish, mistaken soul, deemed it incumbent to make a call on the widow; and, on charity bent, it is said he unwarily offered to employ her services in his household for a season. He deemed it his duty to rouse the old woman to activity.

He did rouse her; and it is averred that he never found time to call at the cabin again. Did he take her for a common household drudge, or a low-born field hand? She thanked God she had too much spirit left yet to put herself under anybody's feet. He hadn't far to go to find scores of drudges and diggers, but he might go further before he knew a lady when he saw her.

It might have been the afternoon after the good man's visit that the widow sat idly brooding at her cabin door. Her eyes had a wandering, far-away look, and her face was thinner and thinner than ever. Beyond the bluff which sheltered her cabin stretched a fair line of seacoast, the white sand gleaming silvery in the sun. Far off, a group of children, in bright dresses, frolicked between shore and water. They came from the great hotel down beyond; she could almost catch the sound of their voices as she sat slowly rocking in her doorway. It was a quiet afternoon; the air was soft and soothing, and the widow's heart, so full of bitterness, felt itself sweaten and soften in the stillness. This part of the shore, sheltered by its overhanging rock, was seldom disturbed by intruders, but presently the watcher's eye caught sight of a young girl splashing and frolicking in the water just beyond the rocks. It was a pretty sight, the rounded arms, the curving shoulders, the swaying, floating figure. And perhaps the old woman recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and limber too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance.

Gazing absently on the silent scene, a reverie fell upon her, and when she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swum ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders, and thought that the sea wind was chilly. Hark! what was that? Surely she heard a cry, a faint shout or ringing laugh this; it might be the cry of a wild bird or its mate to the rocks.

She couldn't have gone beyond her depth, that young creature, surely! Ah, ha! what ails the lad? Dying [illegible] a body that quit of a deal of [illegible] Surely, that was a [illegible] The widow looked sharply out. Would that little [illegible] The tide was [illegible] certainly [illegible]

[illegible] oned frantically to the bathers beyond—they seemed both blind and deaf.

No one, not one soul, at hand, and that young thing in peril of life! A minute she stood still, listening—a feeble old woman with a haggard, scared face, to whom no one would have dreamed of looking for help.

"I can't stand this," she said. "Seems I might pull out that old scow myself. Tom!" she screamed, with a yell that held the concentrated energy of ten years. But no Tom appeared. And it was the widow herself, with those withered old hands that disdained the minister's kitchen work—it was the widow herself, who, straining, tugging, and, with her gray hair fluttering in the wind, unloosened the old dugout from its moorings, and trembling, unskillful, armed with a rude paddle, went spinning out dizzily over the water. It leaked, the old scow; it scorned the broken paddle and the heavy oars, but finally it came drifting out blindly and dizzily to the object of her search. A plump hand, with a glittering ring upon it, clutched the edge of the boat, nearly oversetting it. A young, eager face, with streaming hair, looked up from the water, and gasping, shuddering, half-drowned, and wholly scared, the young water-nymph was presently aboard the old craft.

"Oh, how frightened I was!" she cried. "I felt sure I was losing all my strength, and would go to the bottom. Oh, you good soul! you dear soul! how ever did you get to me in this water-logged craft?"

"It has seen its best days, certain," said the widow, tugging at the oars.

"You don't look able for such work," said the girl.

"I *have* seen better days," was the quiet answer.

And then—oh sufficient reward of all her efforts!—this real lady, this fair young girl with the soft hands and the pretty bathing dress, actually replied; "I thought so."

"Here, give me an oar," she added, still panting. "But my dear soul, we'll never be able to row down to that point, where I left my clothes, and I can't walk to the hotel; I'm awfully tired, can't you put me ashore at your place, and send word for me down yonder?"

The little dark cabin on the shore brightened up with an unwonted luster as the widow sheltered her young charge, and changed wet garments for some of her own.

"If my Tom would only come, I'd send him for your things."

"Oh, no matter! I'll wrap your shawl about me and walk down myself after I've rested a bit. I'm not hurt, you know, only scared. Dear me, how I was scared! My old nurse used to teach me not to scream; but if I hadn't screamed, where should I have been now, I wonder?"

Mrs. Minton would gladly have parted with the last shred she possessed, and gone shivering the rest of her days, to see her worn-out gown donned so handsomely by the bright lassie.

"They have seen better days, the clothes, miss, and I'll not deny that that they've been in good company in their time; but they're not fit for a lady now."

Her companion laughed, a pretty, mischievous laugh. She read the weakness of her rescuer, and treated it tenderly.

"Whatever a lady has worn is fit for a lady to wear," she said, and forthwith wrapped herself, smilling, in the old gray shawl.

And at that moment Tom, with his red shirt gleaming in the setting sun, and a string of fish on his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

He stopped when he saw the guest standing upon the hearthstone, a bright fire behind her, and the kettle boiling cheerily. She nodded to him familiarly. Tom thought he must be dreaming.

"Tom and I are acquainted," she said.

"*Are* you?" responded the astonished widow.

"Yes," said the girl. "I've watched Tom many a time walking along shore with his red shirt, and once he took me and father out rowing. Tom, your mother saved my life."

"Saved your life!" echoed Tom, who never in all his life heard of his mother's doing anything before.

Tom, stupid and staring, was hurried off in search of the missing garments. And meanwhile his mother betook herself to making a cup of tea for her protege. It was wonderful how a little rabbit of a hunted feeling had crept into this woman's life and settled again.

When they returned, ladies with various articles of apparel, the two were quietly sipping their tea together at the old round table.

He did not return alone, however. Following him came a tall, gray-headed gentleman.

"Here's father!" cried the girl, springing forward. "Oh, father, this good lady has saved my life!"

Lady! The widow Minton wanted to kiss the beautiful rosy lips that pronounced the word.

"Well, my dear," said the old gentleman, good-humoredly pinching the plump cheek, "she has done it very thoroughly. You certainly don't look very near death just now."

Nearest the story, with due enlargement and variations, was told him with a pretty pout.

The father smiled, but also he furtively wiped away a tear.

"Well, madam," said he, courteously, accept my cordial thanks for looking after my little madcap Belle. She's my only child, you see, and as full of pranks as any dozen."

Belle playfully put her hand over his mouth. "I won't have my character tendered where they have been so good to me," she cried. "And, oh, father, isn't this a beautiful place—such a view of the water! I mean to come down here every day and do my sketching."

"I'm afraid," said the sire, shaking his head, "that this good lady will have cause to wish she had thrown you overboard."

"Oh, no, father, she likes me, and I like her. And I have fallen in love with Tom long ago, you know."

Tom blushed painfully. Something strange and new stirred in his mind. Compliments did not sweeten his thoughts as they did his mother's, for Tom had never seen better days, and felt as if he were being made a jest of.

A week passed, during which the young girl strolled almost daily to the cabin. When she was there Tom seldom entered the house. He had grown shy and sulky; he sat on the shore darkly brooding, or went off silently to his fishing.

One morning Belle and her father departed. Belle kissed the withered cheek of her friend, and that was all. For when mention had been made of lodging substantially, the widow had drawn herself sharply up, all the lady shining in her eye.

"I may have seen my best days," said she, "but I haven't come down to that yet. And if I needed any reward, I have it now," she added, as she felt the hot bloom mantling in the cheek that Belle had kissed.

Long after the two had left, Tom went about with a cloud on his face, and in his ears were ringing these mocking words: "I'm in love with Tom." A disgust for his fishing life and for himself and for all their miserable surroundings of poverty filled the lad's heart with an unwonted bitterness.

"Mother," said he one day, as he sat darkly brooding over the hearth, "you said you were born a lady; why didn't you make a gentleman of me?"

"I hadn't any money left when you came," said the widow, briefly.

"Then it's money that makes people gentlemen and ladies."

"I don't know," said the widow, puzzled, "they somehow mostly have it.

One day Tom came and told her he was going to sea. There had been a man down looking for hands, and he had taken Tom gladly, for Tom was a handy fellow at almost any kind of sea craft, and would soon make a good seaman.

"And you must bide here patiently till I come back, mother; for if there's better days anywhere, I shall bring 'em with me, sure."

After that the sea looked bluer and colder than ever, and the solitary woman lived a sort of hermit's life. No cheery voice of gossiping neighbor lightened the dreary cabin, no children prattled about her, and only Belle, the bright, blithe-hearted lassie, seemed to remember to cheer her with a letter now and then. Belle was away now, visiting some distant friends, but in her kindly heart she kept a corner, it seemed, for the poor old woman who had saved her life.

Three years—four—passed away, and daily of a summer evening you might have seen the widow sitting in her doorway, eager and hollow-eyed, looking out for some possible ship that might be Tom's. Tom was not a good correspondent, but occasionally up at the little post-office a wandering epistle waited her trembling hand. She was growing very old and feeble now; but Tom was getting up in the world, Tom was first mate of his ship, Tom was a success, Tom was a gentleman, and, oh! above all things, Tom was coming home!

Not every one watches in vain, though we may not always be looking in the right direction. It was so with the widow. As she sat one day, with straining eyes gazing on far-off, sun-lit sails, and seeing how some of them hovered nearer and nearer, and some, alas, took wing farther and farther away, the doorway darkened suddenly, and there came rushing upon her, as if dropped from the clouds, a plump, dark eyed, rosy-cheeked lady, who flung herself into the arms of the watcher with a cry of joy.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing—"oh, mother! don't you know me? Why, I'm Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!"

"Mother," said Capt. Tom that night, "you've seen better days, perhaps, but I never have."

"For didn't I tell you," said Mrs. Tom, archly, "that I was in love with Tom! And father owns half his ship, you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm second mate, you see. And we're going to take you away to where we found better days."

Teach your Children to Swim.

Capt. Webb, the great swimmer, writes, in *Cassell's Family Magazine*: "It is the duty of every parent to insist on his son's learning to swim. To teach a very young child to swim, the best place is a large puddle in the sand at low tide. The child, like a puppy, will begin by paddling. If you throw a cork into the water, you will see the puppy run in up to its depth and give a short bark; and the chances are, especially if there is a grown-up dog that can swim to set him an example, that in a day or two he will take his plunge of his own accord, and very proud he will be of his first success; only here again don't overdo it. As soon as the puppy has been in, walk way, and call him, and he will be more anxious to go into the water another time. Now, treat your child like your puppy. Entice him to go in, and if you can get some older child who can swim to go in with him all the better, but let the child do just as he likes. Get two children to play at splashing one another; they will enjoy the fun, and, gradually getting excited, will venture in deeper and deeper."

Value of Timber.

An illustration of the value of timber on waste lands is afforded by a sale of wood which recently took place on the estate of the Earl of Cawdor, in Nairnshire, England. In 1820 two hills, about 300 acres in extent, were planted with fir and other trees, and after successive thinnings, the sale of which realized large sums, the remainder of the wood has just been sold off for the sum of £16,000. The sums realized for the wood on this waste land during the fifty years is stated to be equal to the return for the best arable land in the country.

One time habits and associations are very powerful. Chief Justice Waite, Atty. Gen. Pierrepont, Wm. M. Evarts, and Senator Dawes were among Mr. Taft's pupils in Yale, and they say that since the new Secretary appeared in Washington all the gentlemen named have manifested an unconquerable disposition to get around the nearest corner whenever he passes in sight.

ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENT.

The Latest Democratic Sensation, and the Stuff it was Made Of.

(Washington Cor. Chicago Tribune.)

Conkling's committee exploded the Democratic side of another sensation last night. They thought they had got the President beyond any question, so some correspondents were informed during the evening, and a few were furnished with a portion of the testimony, but, of course, that portion by which alone the sensation could be made to stand. The testimony of Atty. Gen. Williams, which, if sent with it, would have utterly destroyed its sensational character, was, of course, carefully withheld, or entirely misrepresented. The story of the best was an old one, presented with greater detail. All the transactions were thoroughly examined by the committee by Atty. Gen. Williams. The section of the law under which the expenditures were made was given them. Consultations with the President in regard to the legality and propriety of using the money were stated, together with the fact that Davenport had in New York proper vouchers for the expenditure of every dollar of the funds. Yet, in the face of all these facts, the story was prepared and allowed to go to the country as if the committee had been utterly unable to find any proper explanation of the matter. There is an increasing feeling of disgust among Democrats over the methods pursued by several of their investigating committees.

The testimony of Williams does not appear to be so serious as was at first supposed. There have been a great many sensational stories in circulation in regard to the complicity of the President in illegal expenditures of the public money for election purposes, and the fact that something over $30,000 was paid to John I. Davenport on the order of the President for New York city was in the highest degree suspicious. A closer inquiry, however, shows that the news as it came from the committee was one-sided and failed to give the explanations made under oath by the ex-Attorney-General. Judge Williams says that there was nothing criminal or even improper in the use of money in New York, and he makes in conversation the same explanation he made before the committee. He says the law of February 28, 1871, provides for the appointment, by the circuit courts, of supervisors of elections. Under this law Davenport was appointed, as a large number of others were appointed in every State of the Union. His district being the city of New York, he was expected to look after the registration and prevent frauds at the elections. This same work cost the Department of Justice, in 1872, in the various States, over $300,000. In the city of Philadelphia alone, in 1874, there were 1,200 supervisors of election, who, according to law, may be employed ten days each at $5 a day, which would amount to $60,000, and bills for this amount were presented to the Department of Justice. Judge Williams refused to allow them on the ground that they were exorbitant, and he allowed only for five days service each. Randall, O'Neill, Myers, and other Congressmen made a great pressure, but Williams refused, and finally through Randall's efforts a bill was passed through the last Congress for $20,000 to pay the balance of the claims, which Williams decided were unjust.

With reference to the payment to Davenport of $32,000 in about three years' time, Judge Williams says it is exactly true. It was paid in pursuance of the law to prevent illegal voting. He says the first he knew about Davenport, or even about the law, and the practice under it, was soon after he was made Attorney-general in place of Akerman. At that time Davenport came to his office in this city, and presented a letter from the President, in which he was requested to pay Davenport a considerable amount of money under the act referred to. Williams was surprised, and made a short investigation, discovering that his predecessor had done the same thing, and, although finding the law for the use of the funds, he was not entirely satisfied, and saw the President. The latter spoke of what Davenport had done as a great work; a wonder accomplished. He was indeed very enthusiastic over the system of registration which Davenport had adopted, and he thought it was the only thing that could prevent illegal voting. He thought it ought to be adopted in every city in the country. There was authority of law to use money for the prevention of frauds at elections, and, as Davenport had done more than anybody, the President thought he ought to be paid, and, on looking into the subject more closely, the Attorney-general thought so too. He now thinks it was a measure of great economy, and he says that, owing to Davenport's system, the difference between the expenses in 1872 and 1874 was about $40,000.

Under Confederate Command.

The Democratic House at Washington has found mighty little time for necessary legislation, and none at all for improving the finances.

It did try to rush through a full amnesty for Jeff. Davis, Bob. Toombs, Pirate Semmes, and other flagrant and impenitent rebels, which they never asked for but despised.

It has rushed through a repeal of the law which forbids any officer in the army or navy of the Confederate States from holding a commission in the United States military or naval service, or any civil office. The Democratic house is dragooned by its Confederate crew into opening the doors of every position the Government to this crew.

Ex-rebel Senator Gordon's ambition is to be Secretary of War under a new administration, and he wants to be able to put his fellow traitors into good fat places without obstruction. So the appropriations for the army and navy are to be cut down this year, and lots of Union soldiers and sailors to be starved out or turned adrift.

Thus if the Democracy gain power we shall see the appropriations demanded for the benefit of widows who have no just claim to any share of the bounty of the Government, and the starving of their orphans given. The men who, at the peril of life and many of them at the cost of mutilated bodies, defended the flag and made it victorious over the rebellion, will change places, and be shoved out, or ordered around as subordinates, by the men whom they confronted and conquered in the open field.

Is there not something more in the way of "reconciliation, peace and harmony" that the Confederates want of us? The programme is not quite inviting enough yet to draw many Republicans to that "love feast."

Yes, there is something more. While the Confederate House, which controls the public purse is paring down the salaries of foreign consuls and department clerks below a living point, cutting off a few regiments from the army, and stopping work on a few public buildings in Republican States, the same body cannot see how useful it might be by passing a bill to fund $1,000,000 of the present six per cent. bonds into four and one-half per cent. bonds. The money markets of the world are now glutted with capital, glad to be assured of a low rate of interest; and if our Government would as rapidly as possible call in her six per cent. bonds, she could exchange them for four and one-half per cents., to run thirty years. This would save $15,000,000 a year, now paid as interest, in gold; in six years it would save a whole year's interest on the public debt.

But the Confederate House lets the golden hours fleet away, and is busy in raking up scandal against Republican officials, while it keeps shady about Democratic wrong-doers. This is the "reform" statesmanship which wants to capture the Government and cure the "hard times." A bill to save over $80,000 a day in gold as interest on the public debt does not get a moment's consideration from the Confederate crowd that controls the House. Such plain and honest financiering is above their caliber; or perhaps they mean to repudiate the debt any way, and so don't mind the extra interest for a short time.—*Lansing Republican.*

Democratic Reform.

The Democratic clerks of the House appear to be admirable and consistent illustrations of the beauties of Democratic reform. With the details of the removal of the clerk of the Committee of Ways and Means, who signalized himself by naming one of his children for President Lincoln's assassin, our readers are familiar. We have also announced the fact that the Democrats, having removed the incorruptible journal clerk, Mr. Barclay, who had served with great ability for thirty years in that position, and appointed one Charles H. Smith, are now necessitated to ask Mr. Smith to step down and out on account of irregular practices. The Assistant Journal clerk is also rapidly getting himself into trouble. It now appears that one of the Democratic doorkeepers has been retired, that two other officers of the House, Gen. Boughton, clerk of the Military Committee, and Green Adams, of the Committee on Expenditures in the Postoffice Department, are under investigation, and that another high officer of the House is soon to be investigated upon charges of having been indicted two or three times for very grave offenses. This makes seven all told that have turned up in the short time the Democrats have had the majority in the House. This is certainly making rapid progress, considering their time and opportunities. But if they can accomplish such results as these with only the control of the House, what might they not be able to effect with the control of the Government and its immense patronage? The question is worthy of serious consideration by the average voter, as opening up visions of reform in the event that the Democrats gain control of the Government next fall. If they can so successfully pack the House committees, what will they not do when they have an opportunity to pack the custom-houses, revenue offices, postoffices, and other departments under their patronage?—*Exchange.*

Six Million Dollars in a Quarter of an Hour.

The Democratic House of Representatives is attending to the legislation of the country in what is claimed to be an economical spirit, but its action, if closely examined, will be found to be quite as reckless and extravagant in some directions as that of the most lavish of its Republican predecessors. While spending week after week, with laborious night sessions, over a bill to reduce the already meager salaries of the clerks in the departments who carry on the necessary work of the Government, the Democratic House has passed within a week after its being reported, and without one word of debate, a bill appropriating $6,000,000 for internal improvements.

That legislation in Congress is a farce, discerning people in the country have long been convinced, but so transparent a farce as spending many weeks over a reduction of half a million to a million in salaries, while rushing through under the spur of the previous question, in five minutes' time, the most extravagant appropriations of millions for internal improvements, has seldom before been enacted on the Congressional boards. To this complexion have come the high pretensions of public economy, of careful scrutiny of appropriation bills, of cautious and prudent legislation, which we were told, with such a flourish of trumpets, the Democratic House was to inaugurate.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Stale Fish.

Democratic organs and orators must devise some other policy upon the South, can question them the while and stupid cry that the Republicans hope to carry the election by waving the bloody shirt and preaching a gospel of hate. It is not Republicans preaching, it is the Democratic practice of hate which makes the trouble. The country sees that the Democratic party has made a close alliance with the late rebel element in every State and in Congress, but it looks in vain to see that it manifests any sorrow for the great outrage that was done to the men of mark in the Southern States.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Detroit Salesman.

Fifty years old if a day, and her name was Eliza Fox. She lives on National avenue, and she made a trip to the eastern portion of the city to get a recipe for making cake. She got the recipe, got some beer and got in the station, and she wasn't half as anxious about her case as some of the audience. She slowly followed Bitch out, musing:

"Use about a pint of flour, put in a chunk of butter about as large as a walnut, and break in——"

"Now, then, interrupted his honor, "this looks bad to see a woman of your age here."

"Well, I had some beer," she softly replied, "and break in four eggs, grate in your lemon-peel, stir well, and bake in a hot oven."

"What have you to say about this case?" asked the court.

"Nothing. You can do all the talking—quart of flour—four eggs—lemon-peel—nutmeg—hot oven."

"You were never here before?"

"I don't remember that I was. Will you take a recipe down for me before I forget it?"

"I've got a recipe for ending drunkenness," replied his honor.

"I don't want it; and after the cake has baked for fifteen minutes remove from the oven and put on your frosting."

"Do you want to go to the house of correction?" queried the court.

"No, sir, I don't. What do I want to go tramping way up there for?"

"But you were so sadly intoxicated that the officer had to hire an express wagon to bring you down here."

"Is that so? Then I came here by express, did I? Was I packed in a box?"

"You must be very careful in future. It's a bad thing for a woman to get drunk."

"No worse than 'tis for the man, and after the frosting is on set the cake back in the oven for three or four minutes."

"Will you promise me?" asked the court.

"Yes, I'll promise!" she angrily exclaimed, "but I wish you wouldn't talk so much—you put me all out!"

She stood off and glared at his honor, and then tapping her finger on the railing, continued:

"You take about a quart of flour—about a quart. You put in a hunk of butter about as big as a walnut, and you break in three or four——"

"You may break out," said the court.

"Well, I will. I want to get somewhere where I can write down that recipe before I forget it."

She pushed her way through the crowd to the door, and as she stepped out she was heard muttering:

"Quart of flour—four eggs—five minutes!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Centennial Railroad Fares.

The concession of twenty-five per cent. on round-trip tickets to the Centennial exposition is regarded by the press of the East and West as insufficient to increase the travel perceptibly over what it would be were the regular rates maintained. The New York *World* pronounces it "suicidal" to the railroads and fearfully detrimental to the Exposition. There is to be no reduction, either, on large excursions. The rate is the same for a hundred excursionists as for one person.

The effect of this will be to keep away from the show thousands who, were the rates reduced one-half, as has been the rule with railroads making arrangements for conventions, mass-meetings and other large assemblies, would flock to Philadelphia. The best friends of the Exposition, says the New York *Evening Post*, "begin to fear that the very opening of its life will be clouded with something like failure," and all due to the blunders of the railroad managers in adopting rates that are too high for the masses of the people.

The Pennsylvania railroad has literally the inside track to the Centennial, and it is in its power either to keep rates up or put them down. If the opening shows that the people are not absolutely frantic to go to Philadelphia, and will not attend unless rates of fare are reduced, the managers of the roads will make more accommodating terms. But it may then be too late to attract them to Fairmount Park. The experience of Vienna in 1873 should be averted at Philadelphia. People in Europe were frightened by the prices of everything in the Austrian capital, and when they were reduced, and the railroads as well as the grasping landlords put down prices, they could not be persuaded to visit Vienna. The consequence was a financial failure, and a deficit of millions of dollars, which the Government had to make good, while the shop-keepers and landlords were, many of them, ruined.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Bug on Hands.

Hands are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large hands do not always hold the most. Some persons can tell just what a man is by the shape of his hand. High hands are the best kind. Very [illegible] people are called long handed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot handed. If he isn't quite so bright they call him cold handed; if he won't be counsel nor turned they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools shrink. When your hand is out off you are behanded. Gun heads are all connected with heels, except bald heads. There are lots of heads hanging on our heads. There are horse heads, heads to nails, heads to one another, pin heads, heads of cattle, on the farmer's farm, heads of [illegible] heads of [illegible] heads of [illegible] the family, and go ahead and count more you can think.—*Young Hickory, Hagerstown, Md.*

Tom Hendricks drops one of his John A. Dix: "A [illegible] man who will sneak in at the back door of a house while the family are at church, and steal the silver, is a mean man; but he is not quite so mean as the man who will sneak in at the front door and steal the family Bible."—*Worcester Spy.*

[illegible]

WIT and HUMOR.

A MAN who has nothing to miss is in easy circumstances.

TO SAW a man that won't pay back is like kicking at nothing.

THE man who popped the question by starlight got his sweetheart's consent in a twinkling.

SAID a young doctor to a lady patient: "You must take exercise for your health, my dear." "All right," said she, "I'll jump at the first offer." They were married about six months afterward.

"Mama," we learn from the published wisdom of the *Commercial*, "is Latin for fodder." It is a wise child that knows its own fodder in these foreign dressings.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Mourner of hunt (to farther)—"I wouldn't ride over those seeds if I were you. They belong to a disagreeable sort of fellow, who might make a fuss about it. Farmer—"Well, sir, as him's a pig, he won't say nothing about it to-day."—*Punch.*

PARISH clerk's wife—Let you into the church to draw a interior! I dustn't do it, Miss. There was a party there last year, and do you know they left a cord Dissentin' tree in the rector's pew! Ever since thyt it's against orders.—*Punch.*

FATTY G is the name of a New Jersey horse. And now what is the difference between this animal and a certain king mentioned in 1st Kings in the Bible? Answer: One is a Fatty G horse, and the other is a Jehoshaphat.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

CLERGYMAN (who has forgotten the day of the month)—"Let me see; this is the—ah—the thirteenth, I believe!" Fond mother (not catching the idea exactly, but thinking of her family)—"Why, bless your stars! No, this is only the eleventh!"

THE following are the latest observations of the season:

The whisky seeks mind [illegible]
And makes the victims [illegible]
The gently shaded trees [illegible]
And so the sun begins to [illegible]
Men feel the change, and [illegible]
Dogs feel it; also, Thomas [illegible]
Chickens show [illegible]
And [illegible] in (or against) new spring hats.

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of a hundred years ago before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear, he answered, "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

THE boys of Detroit seem to be going down hill in their morals of late. Sunday one of the legion, who has always been noted for his respectful demeanor toward the great public, observed an old citizen yawning and gaping on a street corner, and said to him: "Better not open your mouth too wide." "Why?" was the surprised query. "There's a law agin opening a saloon on Sunday!" continued the sinful child as he slid for the middle of the street.—*Free Press.*

A TEACHER in a Sunday school was explaining to his class of boys the meaning of "Jacob's ladder," when one of the number, more inquisitive than attentive, inquired: "If the angels had wings what was the need of a ladder for them?" This was a poser, and while he was meditating a reply, and unable to answer, another boy exclaimed: "I'll bet I can tell what they used the ladder for." "Out with it, then," said the teacher. "Oh, I guess they were mailing."

A GOOD awesome lady who has been paying the milkman seven cents per quart all winter ventured to remark the other day that now, as grass had started, he could afford to sell it at six. "Great!" he exclaimed, as he gave her a troubled look, "grass started! You ought to see the cow I turned out to graze last week! She walked five hundred times around a fifty acre lot after one mouthful of grass, and when she got that it was full of nails, old bottles and clothes-pins, she had been under the doctor's care ever since, and if I lose her I'll have to put up the price to ten cents!" The lady not an agriculturist, and she couldn't say anything more.—*Free Press.*

[illegible]

THE cotton used in manufactures is grown chiefly in the United States, and successful competition was formerly [illegible] The [illegible] country will be manufacturers. Here there will be a large business of the [illegible] way to manufacture the raw material [illegible] A change in importations and it will be wholly in our favor. It will not be [illegible] but it is sure to come in the not very distant future; for you [illegible] to have commercial [illegible]—*Worcester Spy.*

[illegible]