CROWS IN THE CORN.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

Wake up, John,
An' come an' milk the cows;
The robins an' the bluebirds are a-singin' in the boughs;
The sun hez been in sight
An hour above the hill—
'Tis time to feed the hosses an' to give the pigs the'r swill.
Caw! caw! caw!
The crows are in the corn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Git up an' blow yer horn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Ske-daw! ske-daw! ske-daw.
Crows are jest the meanest things a body ever saw!

John, come home
Ez quickly ez you can!
Oh, drop yer hoe, an' leave yer row, an' bring the hired man!
The cows hev jumped the bars,
And got into the rye;
The pigs are in the garden—they hev broken from the sty!
Caw! caw! caw!
The crows are in the corn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Oh, stop an' blow yer horn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Ske-daw! ske-daw! ske-daw!
Farmin' ez the nicest thing a body ever saw!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1689 there lived in Paris a woman of fashion called Lady Mazel. Her house was capacious and four stories high; on the ground floor was a large servants' hall, in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room, partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was Le Brun; the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company, which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor of one pair of stairs was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was last with the lady, and who, pulling the door after her, shut it with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber were two doors, one communicating with a back staircase, the other with a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbe Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chambermaids and two footboys; the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received; but, as she was going to church to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended this lady to church, and then went to another himself; after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling-green he went to several places, and, after supping with a friend, he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel supped with the Abbe Poulard as usual, and about 11 o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her Le Brun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out and Le Brun, following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market and was jocular and pleasant with everybody he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home and transacted his usual business. At 8 o'clock he expressed surprise that his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at 7; he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighborhood, and told her that he was uneasy that his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her 7 louis-d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady; when one observed that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy or a bleeding at the nose to which she was subject. Le Brun said: "It must be something worse; my mind misgives me; for I found the street door open last night after all the family were in bed but myself." They then sent for the lady's son, M. de Savoniere, who hinted to Le Brun his fear of an apoplexy. Le Brun said: "It is certainly worse; my mind has been uneasy ever since I found the street door open last night after the family were in bed." A smith being now brought, the door was broken open, and Le Brun, entering first, ran to the bed; and, after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said: "Oh, my lady is murdered!" He then ran into the wardrobe and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said: "She has not been robbed; how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds; they found in the bed, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a night-cap, which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and from the wounds in the lady's hands it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted around the frame of the tester, so that they were out of reach and could not ring. A clasp-knife was found in the ashes almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have ever been upon it; the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door, but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money and all the lady's jewels were found in the strong box and other places.

Le Brun, being examined, said that, after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and, sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and, going to lock the street door, he found it open; that he locked it and took the key with him to his chamber. On searching him they found in his pocket a key, the wards of which were newly filed and made remarkably large; and on trial it was found to open the street door, the ante-chamber and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody night-cap on Le-Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some person who had been let in by Le Brun for that purpose and had afterward fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer, from the lady's struggling; but that it was Le Brun who let him in seemed very clear. No one of the locks was forced, and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the night-cap, and also a ladder of rope being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his; but the maids deposed they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and who was turned away about four months before for robbing her. There was also found in a loft at the top of the house, under some straw, a shirt very bloody, but which was not like the linen of Le Brun, nor would it fit him.

Le Brun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances but a uniformly good character, which he had maintained during the twenty-nine years he had served his lady, and that he was generally esteemed a good father, a good husband and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such severity on Feb. 23, 1690, that he died the week after of the injuries he had received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the Provost of Sens that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up, and the suspicion of his guilt was increased by his attempting to bribe the officers. On searching him, a gold watch was found which proved to be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's the night on which she was murdered. Berry said he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to be tortured and afterward to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed that, by the direction and order of one Madame de Savoniere—Lady Mazel's daughter—he and Le Brun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel, and that Le Brun murdered her while he stood at the door to prevent surprise.

In the truth of this declaration he persisted until he was brought to the place of execution, when, begging to speak with one of the Judges, he recanted what he had said against Le Brun and Madame de Savoniere and confessed that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he had in his pockets; that about 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and, the door being open, he tried to get under the bed; but it being too low he returned to the loft, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned to the chamber a second time in his shirt; he then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that knowing she could not come back soon, he left his hiding place, and, being incommoded with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay on a chair, secured the bell-strings, and then sat down by the fire, where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the courtyard, when he again got under the bed and remained there; that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under it and demanded her money; she began to cry out and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her, and, she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs until she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened his cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about 600 livres; that he then locked the cupboard, and replaced the key at the bed's head, threw his knife into the fire, took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it, took the key of the chamber from the chair and let himself out; went to the loft, pulled off his shirt and cravat, and, leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and, finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it and went out and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let him down from a window if he had found the street door locked; but, finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found.

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which appeared against Le Brun were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is when applied to circumstances; and the humane will agree that in such cases improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent.

Men of Grit.

The large majority of men do not use a tithe of the power they possess. Their talents are mostly in a napkin. One of the wealthiest men in Wall street to-day broke down in business a good many years ago. He went into an office where he was well acquainted, and said to a member of the firm that he had no bread for his family. "I am ready to go messages for you, or perform any other service." He hung up his coat and commenced work around the lowest rung of the ladder. Previously the man's check was accepted anywhere on the street. You may be sure such a man gradually mounted up.

Over in Boston a like-minded man fell out. He was without bread, and soon would be without shoes unless he wakened up and stirred his energies. He was a bookkeeper, and at one time earned a handsome salary What did he do? This he did. He took a cotton hook and went down to the wharf to load and unload cotton at so much an hour. Behold another man with grit. The owners of the cotton and the ship eyed this hero. So the decree went forth: Come up higher. He resumed the quill and laid aside the cotton hook. Discouragement never weakened the Boston boy. Whiners, with hanging lips and chicken hearts, who cure their troubles with the bottle or the pistol, are pitiful creatures, who should never have been born.

The Howling of a Dog.

To hear a dog howl in the night has been regarded of old with the same dislike as in modern times, and arises from the belief that the dog can see things which are not visible to other eyes. In the "Odyssey," when the dogs knew Athene, they "fled to the stalls' far side," and the dogs of the North were conscious "wenn Hel umgeht." Rabbi Bechai, in his "Exposition of the Five Books of Moses," says: "Our Rabbins of blessed memory have said when the dogs howl then cometh the angel of death into the city; but when the dogs are at play then cometh Elias into the city;" and in the exposition of another Rabbi: "Our Rabbins of blessed memory have said, when the angel of death enters into a city the dogs do howl. And I have seen it written by one of the disciples of Rabbi Jehudo the Just, that upon a time a dog did howl, and clapt his tail between his legs, and went aside for fear of the angel of death, and somebody coming and kicking the dog to the place from which he had fled, the dog presently died." German peasants believe that if a dog barks looking upward a recovery may be expected, but if he looks toward the earth death is certain. In Cornwall the howling of a dog is always a sad sign, but "if repeated for three nights, the house against which it howled will soon be in mourning." In Lancashire, where the death-tick is still feared, it is reported as "a curious circumstance" that the real death-tick must only tick three times on each occasion. When we remember that Mr. Darwin says that death-ticks (*Anobim tessellatum*) are known to answer to each other's ticking, or, as he has personally observed, a tapping noise artificially made, it is evident that if a Lancashire maid is disturbed by the three dread ticks, she should wait for answering ticks, or stimulate them by an artificial tick, before allowing her superstitious fears to get the better of her reason.—*Belgravia.*

Rugs.

Now that it is the fashion to dispense with carpets and the use of rugs substituted, the following home-made ones might be found useful in a small bedchamber, instead of the Persian and other expensive bought kinds. Of course the floor should be painted, oiled, or have a matting. For a room that is used simply to sleep in, nothing can be nicer, as they can be taken up and shaken without any trouble, and one can breathe without feeling that they are inhaling dust from carpets at every inspiration.

Very handsome rugs can be made of burlap canvas at small cost. The piece of canvas must be fastened to a stout frame of the desired size for the rug, and then narrow strips of red, green and gray flannel can be "drawn in," in any pattern desired. The border should be of solid color—gray is the prettiest, and is a neat finish. Loops must be left on the surface and the whole carefully trimmed off when the pattern is complete.

If one wishes to have a more expensive rug and purchase the material, Turkish toweling will be found capable of great ornamentation. Pieces of cloth or velvet can be cut into leaves from cretonne and stitched on. It is not best to cut each leaf separately, for the effect is better if a large cluster is laid on, and veins made in the leaves of bright, heavy silk.

A cheap, common table cover ingenious fingers can make by taking gray canton flannel and cutting the cloth large enough to cover the table and form a deep drapery. Then procure some red velveteen or canton flannel, and cut out the leaves of a rose or other flower, place them in shape around the edge and overcast the edges with silk. The stem or foliage may be cut of some green velveteen similarly treated, and then the veins and hearts may be worked with light-brown crewels.

Exclusiveness.

The *Transcript* has a wholesome but very caustic criticism of the proverbial exclusiveness, in social circles, which has always prevailed in that city. In the course of its remarks it says: "Timidity and feebleness finally make a man who neglects the exercise and exhilaration of mingling with his fellows a social dyspeptic and valetudinarian, a pitiable object to the world in general, a burden to himself and a bore to the narrow circle on whom he consents to bestow himself. Exclusiveness—that suspicious and hostile scrutiny of new people simply because they are new, that abject fear to judge and approve or condemn each individual on his merits, independently of his grandfather, the timorous refuge in the folds of Mrs. Grundy's apron when a new-comer is introduced—is the dry rot which is helping Boston on rapidly into a decline where its provincialism, with its repression of all new blood and unauthorized ambitions, will be the only observable things about the city—the more noticeable that the past was so greatly otherwise."

PENSACOLA, with a population of 7,301, and a continual influx of strangers, enjoys an extensive trade. It is now one of the foremost ports of the country for export business. The chief export is timber, of which alone upward of 1,000,000 feet per day are loaded upon vessels of all descriptions and nationalities, but the bulk goes to Europe, of which England receives the largest share. This immense supply comes from Pensacola mills or from Millville, the greatest lumber site in the South.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

SOME one in Connecticut has discovered a true and only remedy for chills and fever. Scatter cayenne pepper in your shoes.

TURN up the big toe as hard as you can for a cramp in the leg, and rub the skin where the cramp is briskly. This toe remedy is the best possible for a cramp.

FOR palpitation of the heart, eat lightly of light food, avoid excitement, and take gentle open-air exercise daily. Also use the following medicine: sal volatile, chloric ether, and tincture of gentian, of each two drachms; water, four ounces; mix, and take a table-spoonful forenoon and afternoon.

THE following ointment is said to be excellent for an inflamed bunion: Iodine, twelve grains; sparmaceti ointment, half an ounce. A portion about the size of a horse bean to be rubbed on the affected part twice or thrice a day. If the bunion is not inflamed, the best remedy is to place on it first a piece of diachlyon plaster, oxide of lead and oil, and upon it a piece of thick leather, this having a hole the size of a bunion cut in it.

MALARIA AND LEMONADE.—Writes Mr. Labouchere: "I arrived at Milan from the Lake of Como. I felt the symptoms of malaria, and, instead of sending for a doctor, shut myself up in my bedroom for two days and two nights, during which time my only nourishment was lemonade. This regime entirely cured me. Were those who catch any malarial fever to pursue the same course they would find it worth all the prescriptions that doctors ever wrote."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scientific American* says: "Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly."

EXERCISE.—Exercise is a necessity; it prolongs life and greatly improves living; it better fits us for our duties; without it, we do not more than half live. He only who exercises sufficiently can know the joy of good health, good appetite, good digestion, refreshing sleep. It causes the blood to circulate quickly, freely and equally, and will drive away the blues. It increases respiration, thus bringing a larger quantity of elixir of life, oxygen, to purify and vitalize the blood. It rounds and hardens the muscles and educates them into ever-ready, faithful and efficient servants of the will. It limbers the joints and strengthens every part of the body. It invigorates the mind and renders it active and efficient in all its operations.

Anomalies in Spelling.

One word in the English language can be spelled phonetically without using a single letter belonging to it, viz.: "Coffee—kaughphy." The monosyllabic pronouns I and you have also their symphonic words—"Ay," "aye," "eye" and "ewe." Are there any other words embraced in the same category?

The terminal "gh" has peculiar properties. It is silent as in "plough," or pronounced like "ff" as in "tough." It also seems to have the power of giving an arbitrary pronunciation to the compound "ou" preceding it, which is pronounced differently in the several words "plough," "lough," "cough" and "slough."

There are a number of words—seven, I think—in which all the vowels follow each other in their regular order. I can recall but one—"abstemiously." Can any of your readers give the others?

It seemed strange to me in looking up the new word "ensilage," not yet in the dictionaries, to find that previous to its invention there was no word in the English or French language beginning with what appeared to be so natural a combination of letters as "ensi." In Latin there is only Ensis (a sword) and its derivations.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Cocktail.

In a vocabulary of drinking terms, the *Retailer* remarks regarding the "cocktail:" "A word of very uncertain origin. Conjectural etymologists have traced it to the Mœso-Gothic, the Chinese, the Cherokee, and the Gumbo; one has settled it to his own satisfaction that it is of Sandwich island origin; another that it is Celtic; and still another that Noah left the recipe to his son Shem, giving the beverage the name Ko'kdal, written in the old Hebrew character with the Massoretic points. The probability is that the name and the beverage were invented by the mound builders, and the most prominent philologists are inclining more and more to that opinion." The *Retailer* also gives the following information: "The cocktail is made of brandy, gin, whisky, or champeagn, mixed with bitters, sugar, and a small—very small—percentage of water. It is an early-morning drink, and is highly esteemed for its medicinal properties. A large proportion of those who use it habitually will never eat solid food until the flooring of the stomach has been overlaid with cocktails. There is no time in a man's life when he is more deserving of heartfelt sympathy than when, in a condition of pecuniary collapse, he craves a morning cocktail and craves in vain."

An Irishman's Wit.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* tells the following story: "This is a very fine country, after all, Pat, and it's a great pity that political disorganization should interfere with its prosperity," said a cosmopolitan friend of mine to the driver of a car which was bolting him over a rough but picturesque country road in the west of Ireland.

"Ah, bigorrah, an' ye may say that!" was the reply, "but the English have taken the llvin' out of us this twenty years, as long as I can remember."

"The Land Leaguers mean to settle the business this time, I suppose?"

"Bigorrah, and they do," said Pat, whipping up his steed; "there are 200,000 of them ready to do it this very minute, all armed to the teeth."

"Is that so?"

"It is so; and they could wipe the entire British army off the face of the earth, not a doubt of it."

"And why don't they do it?"

"Don't you see why, sor?"

Pat cracks his whip and turns round to wink at my friend.

"They are afraid of the police; that's why, sor!" And my friend, who knows Ireland well, considers that Pat's satirical chaff just hits off the situation "to a dot."

She Was a-Washing.

They had an assault and battery case on trial in Justice alley, says M. Quad, and one of the witnesses for the plaintiff was a colored woman. After the usual questions had been asked she was told to tell the jury what she knew about the case. She settled back and began:

"Well, I was a-washin' out my clothes when ——"

"Never mind the washing," said the lawyer.

"But it was Monday."

"Can't help that."

"But I always wash on Mondays."

"Never mind that. Tell the jury what you know about this affair."

"Well, I was a-sudin' an' a-sudin' my clothes when I seed ——"

"Can't you let that washing alone? We all know that you were washing."

"Yes, sah. I had fo'ten shirts, free tablecloths, twenty-four collahs and twelve towels in the wash, an' I was a-rinsin' an' a-rinsin' when de ole man he ——"

"Say, Mary, won't you tell the jury what you saw?"

"Yes, sah; I was a-wringin' an' a-wringin', an' I had my sleeves rolled up ——"

"Mary, I wish you'd hang that washing up to dry."

"Yes, sah. De next fing arter wringin' out de clothes is to hang 'em out, an' I was a hangin' when ——"

"I guess you can be excused," said the lawyer.

"Shoo, now! Jist hold on till I git dat washin' in an' part of de shirts ironed an' I'll tell you jist how dat fight began an' de name of de party who was knocked ober de ash-heap an' frew de alley fence! Doan' git a poo' woman way off down yere an' den refuse to let her airn her witness fees."

Give the Best of Yourself.

A lady gave us a rule, by which she had succeeded in interesting her lively, fun-loving boys, so they preferred to remain at home evenings instead of seeking amusement elsewhere.

She said, "I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not given correctly. We follow a similar plan with the children; sometimes we play one game, and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays or treats of some kind to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that any one could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening and to arrange something entertaining.

"When there is a good concert, lecture, or entertainment, we all go together and enjoy it, for whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

"But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires quite an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but, as the years go by and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to give the best of myself to my family."

Brought Him in Alive.

A defeated man is fortunate if he happens to be a witty one too. He can save his credit by his explanation. An exchange tells how a lucky phrase of army language brought a certain "hero" out of a doubtful hunting experience with success:

A party of soldiers "out West," not having much to do, resolved to go bear hunting. They had been out about sixteen hours and had not seen a bear, and, being tired and hungry, returned to camp. On their arrival at headquarters they missed one of their companions, but thought nothing of it, one of them remarking:

"He will return all right."

They made their camp-fire and commenced preparations for supper. They had some coffee over the fire; one of them was slicing some potatoes, another was stewing some meat, and the remainder sat around the fire waiting, when they were all startled by a terrible noise that seemed to come nearer the camp. Suddenly the thickets parted, and in rushed the missing man, his hair standing on end, his face deadly white, his gun gone, and his arms flying in the air, as if grasping for imaginary objects, and about two feet behind him came a great black bear. The pursued soldier turned when he saw the bear drop, and, looking at one of them, said, breathlessly:

"Is he dead?"

One of the men asked:

"Why didn't you shoot him, instead of running?"

"What do you take me for?" replied the missing one. "Do you think I was such a fool as to shoot him, when I could bring him in alive?"

Starving Out Cancers.

At a meeting of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, of Leeds, England, an account of an interesting case of quiescent schirrus was given by Dr. Teale. The patient was an unmarried lady of 35. A cancer formed in her breast, causing retraction and ultimately loss of the nipple; it ulcerated; some auxiliary glands enlarged, and the patient seemed about to die. But in consequence, as it appeared, of the small quantity of food taken by the patient, the cancer was "starved." It atrophied slowly, and now, nine years after its first appearance, there was nothing but a hard cicatrix left in the breast and axilla. Cases more or less similar were related in the discussion which followed.