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WINTER.

BY JOHN EDWARDS. The dead leaves rustle on the bench, The weather's getting cold; The ground is frozen, and the snow...

SALLY WAGGS, OF DANBURY.

By all accounts it was more than a century ago that Miss Sally Waggs so astonished the people of this place that they made the remark then, and were given to frequent repetitions of it afterward, that Sally Waggs would have made a great stir in the world had she been a man.

What Sally Waggs then said, and what she did for an hour or two thereafter, is a story that has been told in the old Scribner mansion on the Litchfield turnpike over the nuts and cider at every Thanksgiving night since, and the faded coat that Sally Waggs wore was held up and reverentially touched, as it has been on a hundred or more anniversaries.

Now the wonder of it all seems to have been that such a damsel as this young Sally Waggs should have turned such a corner in her manner of life of a sudden. For her character, or rather her disposition, like her name, appears to have been, up to the time she was 20 years old, very flat.

There happened to be at the Thanksgiving dinner at which Sally made the revelation of her change of name, a young gentleman who was regarded as a man of parts, and especially worthy of consideration, because his father sent a brigantine to the West Indies from New Haven once in a while laden with goods, and brought her back filled with sugar and rum.

"Ninety-nine hapenny to a sixpence you'll," said the Squire. "I'll win that, and wear the silver as a token," said young Lathrop. So he said to Sally, as she brought a pitcher of cider in and put it by the Squire's place:

"Sally, what would you do if you was King George of England?" She looked at him only, and the others smiled. "Sally," he continued, "perchance a little irritated," would you "trough yourself to me if I asked you?"

that the freight brightened, sparkled, and her lips moved. As for young Lathrop he was beyond all power of making out the meaning of it, so surprised was he; and, surprised as he was, he was quick enough to see that there was something about this young woman's look and manner that forced admiration from him.

"Will you be stupid?" she said; "will you sit there with your pig and pie driving you into a doze, and let them come and prison you and do worse for the women? You'll fight them till they kill me."

"Tell me where are your ears?" Sally answered, not yet dismounting from the table, but pouring powder from the horn into her hand and a tremendous charge of shot, she loaded the weapon and then primed it. Then she put the butt upon the table, and bracing herself therewith, leaned over and opened the window.

"Listen, now," she said. "Hear you not the red-coat Britishers firing? They're coming this way. They'll arson the house as I live. See the light of the flames? Where can be the borough militia?"

"Not more than two dozen nor less than a score," Squire. "But we are no match. There are only four men, including you, Tim, who are more likely to run than fight," said the Squire. "Not more than four. I'll venture I'll give the red coats cause to think that there are more than four, or twice four," said Sally Waggs.

"And what would you do, Sally?" "This is what I would do, and will do. Perceive the darkness coming; that will help us or I mistake. Now, father, go to the great barn and take the three lanterns and light them. Mr. Lathrop, you light the two you will find on the beam back of the kitchen oven, and, Squire Scribner, if you have your heart in it, prepare powder and shot, and suffer grandfather to load the guns the while, and put no rabbit shot in the muzzles, either."

"Five men of us," she said, and with no such thought of the picturesque and comical picture she made as flitted through the quick brain of young Lathrop. She led them out to the hill that flanks the highway by which the British must come, a matter of a hundred rods from the house. Then she commanded her father to fasten the five lanterns to a long pole, and attach each end of that to a tree, and the moment she gave command he was, by such violent swinging of the pole, to make, by the confusion of lights, the five lanterns seem as nearly like fifty as the alcohol in his nerves would permit.

Without one word of remonstrance Squire Scribner obeyed her, and got behind a tree, and Grandfather Scribner, with the best of steady his muscles, by a rock, while Capt. Sally and young Lathrop stood exposed.

gives his sword on entering actions as the weapon would permit, and then gave this astounding order: "Halt the whole universe, by flank into kingdoms—fire!"

The military command astonished the British, but that was nothing to the surprise that followed the volley. Two or three went down, and one staggered and made his way to the roadside, and when the others, looking up, saw the multitudinous display of flickering lanterns, they looked at each other and said, "Right or go the other way. They went with all speed, not stopping to see who were left behind."

Now, of all the nursing and care that wounded soldiers had in all that struggle of the Revolution, none had better than the three men whose bodies had been the targets of Capt. Sally's army, for Miss Sally Waggs nursed them herself.

By the next day the Continental militia were on hand and had driven these marauders back. From that time on, Miss Sally Waggs went on a new road. It seemed as if she had awakened that night from a sleep that had lasted since her birth. Her advice was wisdom, her courage insurmountable, and her ambition great. So great, in fact, that some years afterward she married young Lathrop and his ships and other possessions, and more than one of her descendants have been in high places since.—Danbury (Ct.) Cor. New York Sun.

The Ruling Passion. It was in 1842—a week-day appointment for a Methodist meeting at Anthony's Creek, Greenbrier county, Va. Brother J— was to preach. The larger game, bear, wolf, and even panther, were not uncommon thereabouts, and deer were abundant. The preacher had some pulpit ability, and at times was impassioned and eloquent. Though not young, he was unmarried, peculiar, and seldom smiled. The congregation were mainly rude hunters and their masters; dogs, and the trusty rifle, the faithful dog, the picturesque hunting-shirt, with "brain-tanned" moccasins, and belt, and a "beaming" knife, were as sure to put in their appearance at a "week-day meeting" as the hunter himself.

The place of worship was at Father Perkins' double cabin, which had been built with as much reference to worship as to the comfort of his own family. This notable man of four-score was quite distinguished for piety and his gifts both in prayer and as class-leader, but not more so than he had been for his superiority as a hunter. With him the ardor of the passion for the chase was unabated, though he was entirely disabled by the infirmities of age. The writer has, at the same sitting, been engaged at narrations of the hazards of his hunter's life, and edified by his deep, undoubted, child-like piety.

It was a grand occasion for Brother J—. With a crowded house, and nothing to divert attention, unless it were the large number of rifles and guns, which, as usual, were placed conveniently near against the fence of the yard, and outside the wall of the house itself. The opening service gave great promise of a "good meeting." Both Brother J— and Father Perkins were quite demonstrative in their devotions. The congregation became deeply interested. The preacher warmed with his subject, argument culminated into poetic imagery, and the pathos and power of unstudied eloquence melted and overwhelmed the rude audience.

But between the eloquent strains of the impassioned preacher the trained ears of the congregation detected the peculiar yelp of a well-known old hound. The sagacious brute was understood and believed, and the congregation was terrified. This manifestation of intense interest invaded the rude pulpit, and roused Brother J— to still higher strains, which were presently interrupted by the thunder of the approach of a herd of deer closely pursued by the fleet and faithful dogs. Simultaneously with the climax of the last burst of eloquence the entire congregation, pell-mell, broke for the door.

As the earnest preacher dropped his hands to the rude desk, with a comical tone of sadness and disappointment on his lips, and holy horror depicted on his face, with bitterness of soul he exclaimed: "It is no use! It is no use!" To which the piping voice of the infirm and rheumatic old hunter and class-leader responded, with great earnestness: "Yes, it is, Brother J—; they'll catch 'em, certain sure."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

MAKERS. BY JENNIE E. OWEN. The face too oft is but a mask Which hides the heart below, And oft it beams with sunny smiles While dark the heart with woe.

A smile may hide a breaking heart As flowers hide a tomb, And none would guess that woe's path could So lonely and so gloomy.

A handsome face oft makes a heart That's stained with crime and sin, As sometimes fruit most fair to see, Is but a pure and honest lie.

The sweetest note that ever grew In a rough brown case, And so a pure and honest heart Oft hides 'neath homely face.

If life is then a masquerade, "Judge not" was wisely said, For who appears a fairy nymph May prove an imp indeed.

But wait, for there shall come a time When masks no more shall hide Men's faces and the woe that lay Close hid by human pride;

But every heart shall be unmasked Before the judgment throne, And all secrets shall be known, And sorrow shall be known;

And every kindly word and deed That was in mercy given Shall show upon the human heart Our God in heaven.

A DINNER THAT WALKED OFF. BY OLIVE THORNE. The day it began, Hannah was cross that day. For one thing, she had a big Thanksgiving baking to do in an old-fashioned house, where pies and cakes were made by the quantity.

Then, while she was out of the kitchen a moment, Margery, in a frolic with the hen, had upset the churn with its load of cream all over the snow-white floor. That made plenty of extra work; but the crowning disaster was to find, when she went to the pantry for the beans she intended to bake, that a bottle of brandy that she had kept last summer to bathe her ankle, which she had sprained in falling down the cellar-stairs, had been upset.

It stood far out of the way on the top shelf, but, unfortunately, the dish of beans was directly under it, and the brandy had dripped over them, soaking them so thoroughly that it was not possible to use them. But the worst was yet to come. On finishing the beans ruined, she simply emptied them into the pail which stood at the kitchen door, and washing her hands, set to work to knead her big pan of puffly bread- dough.

a flannel skirt; but cold conquered it, and at last it cuddled down quietly in its strange new bed. Through the long Sunday that followed the turkey was kept a close prisoner, and by the next morning many plans had been thought out for its comfort.

That was a great day to Margery, who was confined to the house by delicate lungs, and who longed for something to pass away the hours when losses were over and the daily sewing "stiff" finished.

Here was something to do! The new pet was fed, and the lessons and sewing hurried through, so that by noon she was free to carry out her plans. By this time, the turkey had found out that Margery wouldn't hurt it, and was not so frightened as it had been last night; so when the little girl took it in her arms, it made no objection.

"Now you must have a name," said Margery, softly, carrying her new plaything off into her own especial corner of the big kitchen, where work and Hannah never came. "Let me see," she went on, "I'll name you after my lovely doll that got broken—Kristine—and I must make you some clothes, so you can walk around, and not be hobbled up."

With the help of mamma, the busy little girl contrived a sort of coat for Kristine. It was made of an old shawl, and was bright scarlet, with black and white plaid. It came pretty well up on the neck, and of course covered the naked legs; the wings were left inside. It was fastened together at the breast, and was really a pretty good fit—considering.

As ornament Margery sewed some of the fringe of the shawl around the neck, like a ruff, at the edges where wings ought to be, around the legs. So, when she dressed, the unfortunate, or rather the naughty turkey, looked like a new plaid variety of scarlet flamingo, with side-pockets and fringed drawers.

The appearance of Kristine stalking around in her new suit was very funny. How the boys did laugh! and even papa had to wipe away the laughing tears. In this dress, the next morning, after she had been fed daintily, Margery introduced her to her old friends of the poultry-yard by opening the kitchen door and letting her walk out where the turkeys were taking their breakfast.

Margery thought they would be glad to see her, but alas! this distinguished stranger in gay attire was not recognized. They stared and scolded at her, and the old gobbler ruffled up his feathers, and dragged his wings on the ground, and came to her, saying, angrily—"Gobble-gobble-gobble!"

Kristine seemed to be disheartened at this coldness on the part of her family, and slunk into a corner, as though ashamed of her fine dress. Then the family crowded around her to punish her impertinence in coming among them, and actually began to peck at her. Margery, who was watching from the window, could hardly believe her eyes at first; but yes, they were actually pecking at the poor outcast, who finally fled screaming across the yard. Margery flew to the door, and Kristine hurried in, just in time to escape the whole family, who were close upon her.

"You poor, dear Kristine!" she murmured over her when she had her safely in arms. "Did they peck you?—the naughty things! You shan't go with them any more! You shall stay with me in the house." So it came to be at last. Hannah grumbled a little, but after all, she couldn't say much, for it was by her own fault that the poor thing lost its own winter coat. Before long the family grew quite attached to Margery's pet, whose name they shortened to Kris.

On her part, Kris was a very bright bird. She would come when called by name, and she never failed to be on hand at meal-times, when she would walk around the table and receive delicate bits from every one. While her little mistress was studying or sewing, Kris would stand and look at her, turning her knowing head first one side and then the other, and sometimes saying, in a reflective way: "Quite!"

ken at this tendency to vagrancy in her pet, but Hannah only smiled and said: "Wait a bit, and you'll see something nice." But, though Hannah had her suspicions, she was not prepared for what really occurred one day.

After this strange conduct had been going on for a few weeks, there came a day when Hannah had another scare. She declared that tramps or thieves were up in the wood-shed chamber; she heard them and she dared not go up. While she stood in the wood-shed telling Margery in a whisper about it, the child heard a step that she knew.

Kris hopped down on to the top step of the stairs which led to the room overhead. After a moment she hopped to the next, and after her came, one by one, twelve baby turkeys.

Margery screamed with delight, and ran to catch Kris and pet the whole family, while Hannah rushed up stairs in dismay and saw a sight that shocked her more than the fear of tramps. In that room trunks and things not in use were stored, and a month or more ago Hannah had carried up there a large square, "squa-basket" with a cover—a basket such as the Oneida Indians of New York State make for various household uses of their white sisters.

This basket was nearly full of the winter supply of woolen stockings, all neatly mended and laid away fall fall. In this basket, on these soft stockings, had Madame Kristine made her nest and hatched out her interesting family. She must have found the door ajar, and managed to pry off the cover, which lay on one side, and here she had hidden all these weeks.

The room was put in order and the door closed, and Kristine was provided with a place in the yard. Every day she wandered off with her babies, but she never started until she had visited the breakfast-table with her whole brood to get her regular morning meal. At first it was funny to see them run around and pick up crumbs, but as they grew it began to be troublesome to have a flock of turkeys so much at home in the house. So mamma made a new law, that Kristine and her family must be fed at the door.

After that, her life was like that of the other turkeys, only she knew her name and would come when called, and never failed to run up to Margery whenever she saw her. And the dinner that walked away last year supplied twelve dinners this year, and provided Margery with a fine lot of pocket-money for her pains.

The English Lakes. The beautiful scenery of Great Britain has been so largely evolved out of the inner consciousness of poets that it would be an interesting experiment to take an imaginative American on a tour of the English lakes under an impression that he was traveling in Wales. The American who has seen the best mountain and lake scenery of his own country might pronounce the Welsh scenery more grand than that of the English lakes; that is, supposing he could see the two as so much combination of land and water; but that he cannot do. He must see these English lakes as exalted and spiritualized in a poetic mirage. Never again can one look upon mere Rydal Water; he must see therein the reflected vault of Wordsworth's pure reason. Nevermore will Lodore dash down its flood and foam save with the rhythm of Southey. East winds will not bite so keen as we pass through the woodland where Felicia Hemans found repose, and the pelting storm of a week will have to let some sunshine through when one is wandering after the zigzag track of cheery Christopher North.

The scenery is all picturesque, and sometimes sublime. But its chief charm of decoration is that which the poets have given it. One finds not here the quaint white turrets lanced from the river-side hills of France, or the graceful chalets which give an air of culture to the Italian lakes. Art has done nothing to the English lakes, and I am sorry to say, religion has done rather worse, in surrounding some of them with remarkably ugly churches—the ugliest, perhaps, being that at Ambleside, of which Harriet Martineau wrote, "There have been various reductions of the beauty of the scenery within twenty years or so; but this is the worst, because the most conspicuous." The weather is rarely beautiful, and "seeing the lakes" sometimes means glimpsing lunettes between the points of an umbrella. Here are no peasants dancing in gay dresses, nor merry fairs surviving from that mythical realm, "merrie old England." The traveler finds here beautiful nature unadorned but not inanimate; through reverent genes a subtle life-giving breath has gone abroad, and invested hill, dale and lake with mystical groves and grottoes and fountains, beside which even the enchanted valley of Tristan is somewhat theatrical.—M. D. Conway, in Harper's Magazine.

The Charity of Extravagance. Whenever the laboring men are out of employment they begin to hate the rich. They feel that the dwellers in palaces, the riders in carriages, the wearers of broadcloth, silk and velvets, have in some way been robbing them. As a matter of fact the palace-builders are the friends of labor. The best form of charity is money when you see him a man, although you get nothing, the man loses his method. To help others to help themselves is the only real charity. Whenever I see a splendid home, a palace, a magnificent pile, I think of the thousands who were fed, of the women and children clothed, of the firsts made happy.

A rich man, living up to his privileges, having the best house, the best furniture, the best horses, the finest grounds, the most beautiful flowers, the best clothes, the best food, the best pictures, and all the books that he can afford, is a perpetual blessing. The prodigality of the rich is the providence of the poor. The extravagance of wealth makes it possible for the poor to save. The rich man who lives according to his means, who is extravagant in the best and highest sense, is not the enemy of labor. The miser who lives in a hovel, wears rags and hoards his gold, is a perpetual curse. He is like one who dams a river at its source. The moment hard times come the theory of economy is raised. The press, the platform and the pulpit unite in recommending economy to the rich. In consequence of this cry, the man of wealth discharges servants, sells his horses, allows his carriage to become a hen-roost, and after taking employment and food from as many as he can, congratulates himself that he has done his part toward restoring prosperity to the country.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS. THE WORD "STARVATION."—Strange as it may appear, says the London Notes and Queries, it is nevertheless a fact that this word, now unapplied so common on every tongue, as representing the condition of so many of the sons and daughters of India, is not found in our own English dictionaries; neither in Todd's "Johnson," published in 1826, nor in Richardson's, published ten years later—in Sturtevant's—Walker's remodeled—published about the same time as Richardson's. It is Webster who has the credit of importing it from his country into this; and in a supplement issued a few years ago Mr. Stuart adopted it as "a trivial word, but in very common, and, at present, good use."

HAIR GROWING AFTER DEATH.—Wulzels, in "Philosophical Collections," gives an account of a woman buried at forty-three, whose grave being opened was hair found corresponding to Nature through the clefts of her coffin; inasmuch as there was reason to imagine the coffin had some time been covered all over with hair. The cover being removed, the whole corpse appeared in its perfect shape, but from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot covered by a thick-set hair, long and curled. The sexton going to handle the upper part of the head with his fingers, the whole structure fell at once, leaving nothing in his hand but a handful of hair; there was neither skull nor any other bone left, yet the hair was solid and strong enough. Mr. Arnold, in the same work, gives a relation of a man hanged for theft, who, in a little time, while yet hung from the gibbet, had his body strangely covered over with hair.

Hot Ice.—A young correspondent of Nature, after numerous experiments on the boiling points of substances under low pressure, came to the conclusion that it would be possible to have solid ice at temperatures far above the ordinary melting point. He says: "After several unsuccessful attempts, I was so fortunate as to obtain the most perfect success, and have obtained solid ice at temperatures so high that it was impossible to touch it without burning one's self. This result has been obtained many times, and with the greatest ease; and not only so, but on one occasion a small quantity of water was frozen in a glass vessel, which was so hot that it could not be touched by the hand without burning it. I have had ice a considerable length of time at temperatures far above the ordinary boiling point, and even then it only sublimed away without any previous melting. These results were obtained by maintaining the superincumbent pressure below 46mm. of mercury—i. e., the tension of aqueous vapor at the freezing point of water. Other substances also exhibit these same phenomena, the most notable of which is mercuric chloride, for which latter the pressure need only be reduced to 420mm. On letting in the pressure the substance at once liquefies. Hot straws or fine ECHO.—A man somewhat unfamiliar with accounts who wanted to experiment with his own echo proceeded to the vicinity of a large rock. He spoke, but no returning voice came. He spoke loud with no better success. At length, after straining his vocal organs to their utmost pitch, he left the place and consulted a man versed in physical science. "You stood too near the rock, my friend," said the naturalist. "Go back and stand at least 100 feet away from it and you will hear the echo." This is explained as follows: Reckoning one-fifth of a second as the time of pronouncing one syllable, the space traversed by a sound in this time is about 200 feet. Consequently an object must be at least half this distance before it can send back a single syllable, for the sound must travel to the reflecting body and then back. Supposing five syllables to be pronounced in a second and taking the velocity of sound at 1,100 feet per second, a distance of 550 feet from the speaker to the reflecting body would enable the speaker to complete the fifth syllable before the return of the first. This is at the rate of 100 feet per syllable. At distances of less than 100 feet there is not time for the distinct reflection of a single syllable, but the reflected sound mingles with the voice of the speaker. This is particularly observable under vaulted roofs.

BOILING WATER IN A SHEET OF PAPER.—Nature is publishing a series of articles on the subject of "Physics Without Apparatus" in the latest number of her journal. One of the experiments for boiling water and melting lead on a piece of paper: Take a piece of paper and fold it up, as school-boys do, into a square box, without a lid. Hang this up to a walking-stick by four threads and support the stick upon hooks or other convenient props. Then a lamp or taper must be placed under this dainty caldron. In a few minutes the water will boil. The only fear is lest the threads should catch fire and let the water spill into the lamp and over the table. The flame must therefore not be too large. The paper does not burn, because it is wet; and even if it resisted the wet it still would not burn, because one side by the flame is exposed to the water, and the other side would be very rapidly conducted away by the water on the other. Another experiment of a similar nature, but, perhaps, even more striking, is as follows: Twist up the edges of a common playing-card or other bit of cardboard, so as to fashion it into a light tray. On this tray place a layer of small shots or bits of lead, and heat it over the flame of a lamp. The lead will melt, but the card will not burn. It may be charred a little around the edges, but immediately below the lead it will not be burned, for here again the lead conducts off the heat on one side as fast as it is supplied on the other.

Arctic Stories. Lieut. Selwatha's party of Arctic exploration tell some traveler's stories—among them the demand of an old lady on the north shore of Hudson's strait (as her pay for a pair of fur stockings), for some "keengeeven-zhak." Nobody could tell what she wanted till she made motions as of dealing and shuffling, when it flashed upon the savans that it was playing cards that the venerable heathen desired. The accounts of the mosquitoes flourishing on that ice-bound shore are also something marvelous. Their bite is poisonous and their thirst for human blood ravenous. They are not to be scared away, and can only be wiped off. The natives resort to "smudge" or smoldering fires to keep them away, and mosquito-net hoods are an essential part of the outfit of the fur-clad hunters.

She Would See About It. Miss Patey said, when a Chicago clergyman, in a marriage ceremony, asked her if she would love, honor and obey her husband: "I will love and honor him, but whether I will obey him depends on circumstances."