ENTRAPPED.

A Materialized Spirit Captured by Charles McKinney and Proves to be the Medium's Oldest Daughter—No More Spirits There

[Cleveland, O., Leader.]

For several months the spiritualists of this city have been stirred up over the fact that a materializing medium of marvelous powers was living on the Crawford road, in the Seventeenth ward, and calling numerous departed spirits temporarily to commune with their living friends. The medium was Mrs. Archie Christy, and during the winter she has been patronized by many wealthy and intelligent citizens of this city, Noted lawyers, whose fame extends beyond this state, wealthy manufacturers and inventors, whose business and professional sagacity command the admiration of all men have been visiting this woman night after night, seeing the materialized forms of departed friends, and paying large sums of money for their privilege. It is said that one millionaire of the city offered Mrs. Christy any sum of money she would ask if she would reserve two nights every week for himself and friends. This gentleman, a few nights since, saw what he believed to be the materialized form of Garfield. He told this down town, and Tuesday night two young lawyers went to Christy's house, saw the Garfield spirit, recognized a pair of false whiskers on it, and offered to bet $100 that the spirit was a fraud. The bet was not taken by the medium or her husband.

THE HOUSE AND CABINET.

The house of the Christys, a small one, stands on the Crawford road at the head of Tilden avenue. The front room is used for the circle, and the cabinet was a closet opening into the front room and by another door into the rear kitchen. The rear door was said to be fastened up. Mr. Christy, the husband, presided at the sittings, taking his place beside the door of the cabinet. Among the spirits which appeared were "Lulu, the Indian maiden," the "Storm King," "Spotted Tail," and various representatives of dead and gone Clevelanders. The Christys have have four daughters, but they were always "abed and asleep."

A GREAT SCHEME.

Yesterday five gentlemen put up a plot to investigate the materializations and capture the entire bunch of spirits. They arranged for a sitting, and last evening Messrs. Charles McKinney, Eck Heisley, R. R. Holden, S. D. Dodge and George M. Cady drove out to the dwelling place of the medium. Four other persons were present, and a circle was formed. Old man Christy took his place beside the closet door, the cabinet was examined and found to be empty; Mrs. Christy took her seat on a chair within it, and the lamp was turned down. Dodge, being small, had been detailed to turn up the lamp at the proper moment, McKinney was to catch the spirit, and if a row occurred Holden, being lengthy, was to run for the police.

LO, IT APPEARS!

Silence like the grave fell upon the circle. The medium soon fell into a deep trance, the curtain at the door of the cabinet trembled, was drawn aside, and a white-robed spirit glided forth into the midst of the circle. Mr. Christy said it was the materialized spirit of Lady Jane Dunrea, who has been delighting the spiritualistic visitors at the house all winter.

M'KINNEY'S CAPTURE.

Charley McKinney was ready, and, jumping up, he threw up both arms about the frail spirit's waist. She uttered a genuine feminine squeak, and almost fainted. Christy jumped up with an oath and struck McKinney on the left breast. Dodge promptly turned up the lamp, and general confusion ensued. McKinney seized the "spirit" by her corset top with his right hand and fought Christy with his left. The entranced medium rushed from her cabinet and joined in attempting to pull Lady Jane from McKinney's clutches. Cady and Holden came to McKinney's rescue. Quite a lively scuffle followed, the lamp was upset, and the "spirit" escaped into the cabinet. Peace was restored in a few minutes. The boys entered the cabinet, and discovered three other young women therein, variously costumed to represent departed mortals. They had entered by a rear door from the kitchen.

CHRISTY CONFESSES.

Christy was very mad, and was madder yet when his entrappers compelled him to refund the money they had paid. He was under the necessity of confessing the great fraud, but said they "never had claimed anything." He said: "This settles it. There will be no more spirits here." Sam Evans, who was one of the circle, attempted to pacify the angry visitors by saying. "Now boys, you are not beat very bad; here I have been coming here for a year and a half putting up my money," at which there was laughter. The girls who impersonated the spirits are the four daughters of the Christys. George Cady should have a large share of the credit for entrapping and exposing the imposition, as he was the author of the scheme. Many prominent Spiritualists will read this article with peculiar emotions.

THE SOTHERNS.

The Unhappy Domestic Life of Sothern the Actor.

[London Letter.]

Few, if any, of the thousands who were wont to gather in theaters all over the country when the late E. A. Sothern was announced to appear as Lord Dundreary, were at all aware of what a world of vexation and annoyance the laughter-making comedian endured in his marital relations.

Mrs. Sothern has painfully gone over to the large majority during the past week, and her death has revived conversation on a topic which has always been of interest to those who knew the parties. Each accused the other of marital infidelity; both were handome, witty, and admired. Constant differences very likely completely estranged husband and wife, but both were extremely fond of the children, of whom there were four—three boys and a girl. Living with their mother during the father's long absences in America, it was natural they should cling to her and espouse her side of the quarrel. Being misunderstood and unappreciated by them was gall and bitterness to poor Sothern, for he was not only very fond of them, but exceedingly fond of home life, and domestic in his tastes, despite of his years of roving. After the separation he went to live with his sister, Mrs. Cowan, his "dear Polly," of whom he was always talking. She is a highly intelligent, refined and elegant woman, the widow of an Episcopal clergyman, but entirely free from bias and prejudice concerning the stage life. Without her care and protection it is painful to think of what poor Sothern's dying days would have been, for his family, particularly his eldest son, Lytton, kept up a merciless persecution of him to the end. Dramatic papers published in America, of that stamp whose very breath of life is personal calumniation, and which naturally selected the gay comedian as a target, were sent to Sothern for his perusal by his family, as he believed, during his final hours of pain, when even an enemy might have been generous for simple humanity's sake. Thus placed between two fires, Mrs Cowan has had a delicate part to play, but she has played it nobly and with entire justice to all. Had she desired she might have induced Mr. Sothern to disinherit his children, and, though he made her the executrix of his will, he provided equitably for all, without rancor. With one exception the children have all taken to the stage, and it is very possible that in view of higher salaries they may all go to America, now the mother is dead. There was a curious complication about the furniture which the late Mrs. Sothern had in use in the house she occupied in Colosseum terrace. When Sothern and his wife were last living togther they had a superb house in Hoey street, beautifully furnished in the richest manner, and full of valuablee works of art. After the separation Mrs. Sothern moved this furniture to the smaller house, where she died, and Sothern went to live in Vere street, in a house where the latch string was always out to Americans, and which was furnished with articles belonging to his sister. Fearing that by some quibble of the law Mrs. Cowan might be deprived of her own belongings by his bitter family, Mr. Sothern left all his furniture, carriages, works of art, etc., to Mrs. Cowan, with the proviso that Mrs. Sothern should continue in possession of that she was using during her lifetime. This should be an additional reason why the children should go to America. They have now a free foot, and it would doubtless be an advantage to them, as it was in such a marked degree to their father, to cut loose from the limited opportunities of the London stage-life, and try their fortunes in the United States.

THE BITER BIT.

A Miner Caught in His Own Steel-Trap

[Leadville Chronicle.]

One of the most singular and at the same time distressing accidents which has been chronicled for many a day too place in Buckeye gulch yesterday, the victim being a miner living there and named Henry Sullivan. Late yesterday afternoon he was brought to the house of Dr. Smith, who knew him personally. He was at the time suffering from a severe cut on each side of his leg, near the ankle, and a fracture of both bones. An injury of this character, at that spot, is an extremely serious one, and all possible was done to relieve his pain. How he received the injury and how he reached the city embody an exceedingly interesting story of fortitude. Sullivan lives, as many other miners do, entirely alone, in a little log cabin at the head of the gulch. Among the tools and articles in his humble place of abode was a large steel trap, such as is used in catching bears and heavy game. Its shape, when open, was oval, but when the spring was touched two sets of cruel teeth sprang together, closing on whatever happened to be in range, be it man or beast. The trap had not been used for a long time, and stood open in a corner of the place. Yesterday morning it occurred to Sullivan that the trap might do some damage in that condition, and accordingly he pulled it out to the middle of the floor to close it up. In its long period of disuse the springs had become rusty, and the working portions of it stuck together, refusing to operate. Sullivan labored with it for quite a time, and then becoming angry, picked up a hatchet and began hammering at it. Still the jaws refused to shut, and without thinking of the consequences, he thrust his foot against the lever and struck it again. At that instant there was a clash, and the teeth sprang shut, pinning him just above the ankle. The springs were of the most powerful make, and, as there was no loosening them when they had once caught, Sullivan, in his agony, felt his very bones crack undr the death-like grip, and half fainted as he fell to the floor. Then nerving himself for a desperate effort, he wrenched at the stout iron with both hands, but without loosening it the fraction of an inch. Half an hour of pain and terror followed, and a new idea occurred to him. The trap was fastened at the base with heavy screws bolted at either side. A wrench lay within reach, and grasping it with the strength of desperation, he succeeded at length in unfastening the bolts. The steel bars dropped apart and he was free. It is needless to enlarge upon his journey of a mile and a half up the gulch, to the nearest house, and how he was finally carried to this city. His injuries are of such a nature that he may possibly yet suffer the amputation of a foot. Sullivan is an old Leadville man.

POINTS ON NAPKINS.

How to Use the Article at Dinner—Curious Court Etiquette.

The law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our esteemed metropolitan cotemporaries, says the Philadelphia *Press*, informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after dinner, that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not befit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order beside the visitors plate. The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unostentatious care and lay it on the left of the plate, far from the liquids, liqquors and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated.

The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great Queen helped herself to the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers wheh the flesh had been torn from the roasts. At the court of the late empire, Eugenie was excessively fastidious. The use of the napkin, and the manner of eating an egg, made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Sainte Beuve, was disgraced and left off the visiting list because, at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries, he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his two knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon, and drained with its tip. The truth is, luxury and invention push table appliances so far that few can be expected to know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any diversified society. The way for a young fellow to do is to keep his eyes open—which, unless he is in love, he can do—and note what others do.

Stonewall Jackson's Toddy.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Having lingered to the last allowable moment with the members of my family "herein before mentioned"—as the legal documents would term them—it was after 10 o'clock at night when I returned to headquarters for final instructions, and before going to the general's room I ordered two whisky toddies to be brought up after me. When they appeared I offered one of the glasses to Jackson, but he drew back, saying:

"No, no, colonel, you must excuse me; I never drink intoxicating liquors."

"I know that, general," said I, "but though you habitually abstain, as I do myself, from everything of the sort, there are occasions, and this is one of them, when a stimulant will do us both good; otherwise I would not take it myself nor offer it to you So you must make an exception to your general rule and join me in a toddy to-night."

He again shook his head, but nevertheless, took the tumbler and began to sip its contents. Presently putting it on the table, after having but partly emptied it, he said:

"Colonel, do you know why I habitually abstain from intoxicating drinks?" And on my replying in the negative, he continued: "Why, sir, because I like the taste of them, and when I discovered that to be the case I made up my mind at once to do without them altogether."

AN AUTHENTIC INTERVIEW.

Oscar, the Æsthetic, Speaks His Mind Freely—His Glorious Past—Lecture Prospects—His Neophytes—His Kosmic Soul.

[Punch.]

NEW YORK, January, 1882—Determined to anticipate the rabble of penny-a-liners ready to pounce upon any distinguished foreigner who approaches our shores, and eager to assist a sensitive boat in avoiding the impertinent curiosity and ill-bred insolence of the professional reporter, I took the fastest pilot boat on the station and boarded the splendid Cunard steamer the Bohemia, in the shucking of a peanut.

He stood, with his large hand passed through his long hair. against a high chimney-piece—which had been painted pea green, with panels of peacock blue pottery let in at uneven intervals—one elbow on the high ledge, the other hand on his hip. He was dressed in a long, snuff-colored, single-breasted coat, which reached to his heels, and was relieved with a sealskin collar, and cuffs rather the worse for wear. Frayed linen and an orange silk handkerchief gave a note to the generally artistic coloring of the ensemble, while one small daisy drooped despondently in his button-hole. * * * * We may state that the chimney-piece, as well as a sealskin collar, is the property of Oscar, and will appear in his lectures on "The Growth of Artistic Tastes in England." But he speaks for himself. "Yes; I should have been astonished had I not been interviewed! Indeed, I have not been well on board this Cunard Argosy. I have wrestled with the glaukous-haired Poseidon, and feared his ravishment. Quite: I have been too ill, too utterly ill. Exactly—seasick, in fact, if I must descend to so trivial an expression. I fear the clean beauty of my strong limbs is somewhat waned. I am scarcely myself; my nerves are throbbing like thrilling violins—in exquisite pulsation.

"You are right. I believe I was the first to devote my subtle brain chords to the worship of the Sunflower and the apotheosis of the delicate Teapot. I have ever been jasmine cradled from my youth. Eons ago—I might say centuries—in '78, when a student at Oxford, I had trampled the vintage of my babyhood and trod the thorn-spread heights of Poesy. I had stood in the Arena and torn the bays from the expiring athletes, my competitors."

"Precisely—I took the Newdigate. Oh! no doubt, every year some man gets the Newdigate; but not every year does Newdigate get an Oscar. Since then—barely three years, but centuries to such as I am—I have stood upon the steps of London palaces—in South Kensington—and preached æsthetic art. I have taught the wan beauty to wear nameless robes, have guided her limp limbs into sightless knots and curving festoons, while we sang of the sweet sad sin of Swinbourne, or the lone delight of soft communion with Burne-Jones. Swinbourne had made a name and Burne-Jones had copied illuminations e'er the first silky down had fringed my upper lip, but the trinity of inner brotherhood was not complete till I came forward, like the Asphodel from the wilds of Arcady, to join in sweet antiphonal counter changes with the Elder Seers. We are a beautiful family—we are, we are, we are!"

"Yes; I expect my lecture will be a success. So does Dollar Carte. I mean D'Oyly Carte. Too-toothless Senility may jeer, and poor, positive Propriety may shake her rusty curls, but I am here in my creamy lustihood, to pipe of Passion's venturous Poesy, and reap the scorching harvest of Self-Love! I am not quite sure what I mean. The true poet never is. In fact, true poetry is nothing if it is intelligible. She is only to be compared to Salmacis, who is not boy or girl, but yet is both."

"Who are my neophytes? Well, I fancy the Lonsdales and Langtrys would have never been known if I hadn't placed them on a pedestal of daffodills and taught the world to worship."

"Oh, yes! I speak most languages; in the sweet, honey-tinted brogue my own land lends me. La bella donna della mia Mente exists, but she is not the Jersey Lily, though I have groveled at her feet; she is not the Juno Countess, though I have twisted my limbs all over her sofas; she is not the Polish Actress, though I have sighed and wept over all the boxes of the Court Theater; she is not the diaphanous Sarah, though I have crawled after her footsteps through the heavy fields of scentless Asphodel; she is not the golden-haired Ellen, more fair than any woman Veronese looked upon, though I have left my impression on many and many a seat in the Lyceum Temple, where she is the High Priestess; nor is she one of the little nameless Naiads I have met in Lotus haunts, who, with longing eyes, watch the sweet bubble of the frenzied grape. No, sir, my real Love is my own Kosmic Soul, enthroned in its lawless essence; and when America can grasp the supreme whole I sing in too-too utterance for vulgar lips, then soul and body will blend in mystic symphonies, then, crowned with bellamours and wanton flower deluce, I shall be hailed Lord in a new Empery, and as I stain my lips in the bleeding wounds of Pomegranate, and wreathe my o'ergown limbs with the burnished disk of the Sunflower, Apollo will turn pale, and, lashing the restive horses of the Sun, the tamer chariot of a forgotten god will make way for the glorious zenith of the one Oscar Wilde."

At this moment the Bothnia gave a sudden lurch, and the grand young poet fell prostrate on the rabbit skins, worshipping Poseidon, and calling feebly for the steward. Seeing that he would be incapable of receiving any other interviewers, I quitted the cabin, drank the brandy and soda which the steward was bringing, and then returned to shore as quickly as possible. So here is the First Intelligence.

A Trying Situation.

"Say, mister, are we on this side of the bridge or the other?" asked a placid old lady of a gentleman on a Court street (Brooklyn) car.

"We are on this side," responded the gentleman, gravely.

"Laws me! Then we ain't anywhere near Greenwood cemetery yet!"

"Yes, madam, we are within a few squares of it."

"Sakes a massy! I thought Greenwood was on the other side of the bridge!"

"No, madam; it is on this side."

"Well, that pesky conductor told me it was the other side when we started."

"It was, madam, on the other side then, but we have crossed the bridge."

"Then we are on the other side!"

"No, madam; we are on this side of the bridge. We've passed it."

"And is Greenwood on the other side?" she asked, starting up in some alarm.

"No, it is on this side."

"Don't try to fool me with your nonsense!" exclaimed the old lady indignantly. "Don't try to make me think that Greenwood is on this side of the bridge when I know better, and don't try to make me believe I'm on this side of the bridge when I know I'm on the other! Don't ye do it! You want to be careful how you amuse yourself with me, or I'll fit ye out with a new set of ribs!" and the old lady shook her umbrella in warning. "The idea," she continued, turning to the other passengers, "of trying to muddle an old woman that might be his mother! I'll bridge ye, both sides, in a minute. Conductor, just as soon as I get on this side of the bridge you let me out, or this will be your tombstone trip to Greenwood."

And the dame straightened back and glared defiance, while her well-meaning informant concluded that it wasn't too warm for him to walk to his destination.

HE HAD SEEN A WIDOW.

A Chicago man visiting Cincinnati was being shown around by a citizen, who said: "Now let's go and see the Widows' Home." The Chicago man put his finger by the side of his nose and winked, and then he said: "Not much, Mary Ann. I saw a widow home once and it cost me $16,000. She sued me for breach of promise and proved it on me. No, sir; send the widows home in a hack."

A BACHELOR'S SIGHS.

A life misspent, an incompleted mission,
 A house all void of merry laugh
Pertain unto that fractional condition
 Of man without a better half.

No one to cheer him in this world's unrest,
 And soothe a debt-bemuddled brain;
No love with fertile fancy to suggest
 Some way to "raise the wind" again.

No one to laugh with him when all is bright,
 Nor weep when joys seem over gone—
Alas! no fingers, deft and white,
 To sew a missing button on.

No pure-white brow, no love-lit eyes of blue,
 No tresses moved by summer breeze;
Ah me! no dewy lips of rosy hue,
 No ling'ring, soft, white hand to squeeze.

No sympathetic hope of morn of life,
 Nor memory when he is old—
So sad the thought! no meek and gentle wife
 To sneer at when the coffee's cold.

And duties over, when the long day dies,
 No need of gentle wifely tones,
No one to ask with glad, expecting eyes,
 "Dear, did you get the best of Jones?"

Of earthly joys and pleasures he is bare,
 He has no hope of heaven withal;
No school for Christian resignation where
 He never hears a baby squall.

A PECULIAR WOMAN.

"Ketch hold, Tom. There! I declare if you ain't spilled about a quart! I knew you would get it too full."

"I didn't spill more than ten drops, Cousin Silence. How you worry over the loss of a little grease."

"It's one of my principles to save, as you might a' learned long ago."

"I believe in prudence; but what's a few drops of lard more or less on this farm, and nobody knows how much in bank? You skimp and screw as if you think there were danger of your getting on the town."

"Well, you are the frankest young man I ever saw," and Silence Withers put her arms akimbo and gazed at her young cousin, Tom Lowey, as if he was a curiosity escaped from some museum.

"Yes; I was always noted for my frankness," said Tom, coolly, "and I never hesitate to speak my mind when duty urges. However, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Cousin Silence."

"No danger," said Miss Silence, with a laugh of derision. "I am no spring chicken, an' my feelin's have grown tough. But the idea of your duty urgin' you to speak your mind to me! Perhaps you don't recollect the whippin's I used to give you."

"I haven't forgotten," laughed Tom. "You used to make me do my duty in those days. But I wish I could convince you that it would be only a Christian act for you to send a little help to Mrs. Baldwin. You wouldn't feel the spending of $50 out of your $50,000."

"Massy sakes! It seems as if other folks know more about my business than I do myself. Fifty thousand! Law! Who said I was worth that much?"

"Oh, it's common talk," replied Tom.

"Well, it won't do you any good to talk. You'll never see the color of my money after I'm dead and gone. I've made my will; and, since plain speakin' pleases you, I'll make free to say you ain't mentioned in it. So, there!"

"I calculate to take care of myself," said Tom, tilting the chair against the wall. "Leave your money wherever you choose; I don't want it."

"The day may come when you will want it, Tom Lowey, and then you'll be sorry for sayin' them words. I'll remember 'em; so will you when your pride has its fall. There's plenty of things I can leave my money to; it won't go begging."

"I guess not."

"You'd more'n guess if you were to live here a spell and see the stream of visitors I have. There ain't a day but I get nagged about my money by somebody. Deacon Bonney thinks it's his bounden duty to advise me to leave it to found an orphans' home. Old Mr. Craig wants it left to Wolfboro Academy; 'Squire Darby has his mind on it for a public library, and the minister thinks I ought to remember what a debt's on the church. To hear 'em talk you'd think I had one foot in the grave. I don't give none o' 'em any satisfaction, and then they say I'm peculiar. Well, perhaps I am; but I don't see no possibility of any change in my natur'."

Tom laughed. He was spending a couple of hours at the farm, which had been his only home until he began to "scratch for himself," to use his gaunt cousin's expression. Now he never left more than a day or two pass without looking in on the lone spinster to see if he could give her any help, and to-day he was making himself useful in lifting jars and boilers of hot grease on and off the stove, for Miss Silence was trying out lard.

Tom's law practice, as yet, was not very exacting, much to his regret; and he had more time on his hands than pleased him.

"But, now, do promise you'll send Mrs. Baldwin something for Christmas, Cousin Silence," said Tom, returning to the attack.

"I never promise what I don't mean to perform," was the characteristic answer he received to his pleading. "Martha Baldwin and me ain't been on speakin' terms for these five years, and I'd be makin' myself pretty small to send her Christmas presents. I'd soon be on the town if I began to help all the poor folk you know. It 'pears to me you take a mighty deep interest in them Baldwins, Tom. Melissa Bonney let out a hint that you was a sparkin' that Prissy Carroll."

"I wish Melissa Bonney would mind her own business."

"Don't get riled. I dare say it's true. 'Twould be like you to court a gal without a penny, because you've not a penny yourself. Prissy Carroll's been raised out of charity by her aunt."

"That don't make her less lovable, Cousin Silence."

"Now, Tom Lowey," said Miss Silence, brandishing the big iron spoon with which she stirred the lard, "don't make a fool of yourself over a pretty face. Butter your bread before you eat it. There's Melissa Bonney, whose father's worth—"

"That's enough," interrupted Tom, and, before Miss Silence could stop him, he was out of the kitchen door and walked briskly down to the gate.

"Law sakes! what peculiar creatures men are! Talk of bein' peculiar; why, I ain't a circumstance to that Tom Lowey. He'll marry that Prissy Carroll now, if it's only to show me he didn't care for my money." And, with a sigh, Miss Silence went back to her lard.

"Christmas gift, indeed!" she muttered, after standing for some time in deep thought; "I think I see myself eating humble pie to Martha Baldwin." But, somehow or other, her conscience did not feel quite so easy as it had felt before Tom's call.

An hour later Tom was sitting in the Widow Baldwin's small parlor, with his arm around a very trim waist, and a very lovely golden head resting on his shoulder. It was very evident that the closest economy was necessary with the Baldwins, for the carpet was patched and worn, and the muslin curtains washed threadbare, and the furniture in sad need of varnish and new haircloth.

"I wish I saw my way clear to take you out of this, Prissy," said Tom, with a sigh, "but clients are scarce enough in Wolfboro."

"Now, Tom, where's the need to worry? I couldn't leave Aunt Martha, anyway. We are both young enough to wait."

"You're too good for this world, Prissy," said Tom, with a kiss on the dimpled white chin.

"There's some one knocking; let me go," cried Prissy, springing up and running to the door.

It was no visitor, but the hired man from Miss Silence's farm, with the spring wagon, which he had brought to convey Tom to his cousin's home, for Miss Silence had, not ten minutes after his departure, an hour previous, overturned a kettle of lard by accident, and been terribly scalded.

"Where's my hat?" cried Tom, in great excitement, while the man was telling how he had wasted time by going to the office first, and, not finding him there, had hunted him up.

"Let me go with you, Tom; I know I can help," cried Prissy, as her lover was springing into the light wagon.

"Oh, Prissy, if you only would."

"Wait until I get my bonnet and shawl and tell Aunt Martha. I won't be gone a minute," and Prissy rushed into the kitchen, where her aunt was ironing.

"Go, by all means," said Mrs. Baldwin, when she had grasped the meaning of the girl's incoherent explanation. "Stay as long as you are needed, and don't worry about me."

Miss Silence made no remark when Prissy entered her room with Tom. She was in great pain, and was thankful to see even this member of the hated Baldwin family.

For three weeks Prissy was chief director at the farm, and managed so cleverly that Miss Silence had no chance to find fault. But the grim spinster had no word of commendation for the young girl's untiring industry.

"I calkerlate to pay you for what you have done," she said one day, as she watched Prissy making bread. "You needn't think you're workin' for nothin'."

"I don't want any pay, Miss Silence," said Prissy, with trembling lips; "I am only too glad to do what I can, because—" She hesitated and turned scarlet.

"Because you're in love with Tom," finished Miss Silence. "Oh, you needn't blush; I know all about it, and, if he chooses to break his head agin a stone wall, I ain't a-goin' to stop him."

At the end of three weeks Miss Silence was able to be about again, and Prissy went home, declining the $20 bill for her services. But she had not been gone three hours when the hired man came from the farm, with two large baskets, which he sat down on Mrs. Baldwin's kitchen floor.

"Compliments of Miss Silence, and she sent these in place of the money," and was driving off in the spring wagon before Prissy could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to ask him any questions.

The baskets were full of good things of every sort, and there was a royal Christmas dinner for the Baldwins the next day, much to the joy of the children, who had contemplated, ruefully, dining on mush and potatoes.

Prissy sent a note of thanks to Miss Silence by Tom, but she never received an answer.

Time moved on, and Tom's law business improved so much that he persuaded Prissy, against her better judgment, to marry him.

Miss Silence did not grace the important occasion with her presence.

"I've no time to be gallivanting off to weddings," was her excuse, when Tom reproached her for this slight.

"She is such a peculiar woman, we must not expect her to act like other people; but she has a good heart in spite of her queer ways," said Prissy, when Tom tried to make excuses for his cousin's remissness.

"But her greatest peculiarity lies in her not liking you, Prissy," said Tom, kissing his bride's soft cheeks. "And I can't quite forgive her lack of taste."

All went well with the young couple for more than a year. They began housekeeping in a modest cottage Tom was paying for by installments, and were so prudent that they managed to gather about them many little comforts that made their home pleasant.

But fortune seldom smiles long at a time, as we all know, and reverses will come to every one. One bitter night in December Tom's house caught fire and burned to the ground, nothing being left except a few clothes belonging to Prissy and the baby.

Of course Mrs. Baldwin opened her house to them at once, though it necessitated much crowding. Prissy suggested an appeal to Miss Silence, but Tom emphatically declined to make it. He was far too proud to ask for the help which he thought should have been earnestly offered. His last books and papers had all been destroyed in the fire; for he had used a room in the cottage for an office, and getting a living was rather up-hill work. Christmas was dreary enough that year, and even Prissy's courage sank at the thought of the future.

"Tom Lowey will have a chance to show what kind of stuff he's made of," said Miss Silence. "He burdened himself with a wife and baby, and he'll have to look out for 'em. I told him I'd never give him a dollar of my money, and I'll keep my word, no matter what happens."

Miss Silence had thought herself proof against the weakness of falling ill; but in March she caught a severe cold, and pneumonia ensued. She felt she never should get well again, and the doctor told her frankly that in all probability she would live but a few days.

"I want to see the lawyer at once, if that is the case," she said. "I must make a new will."

Mr. Simons, who had managed her business for years, came as soon as he received her message, and the will was made. He hardly left the house before Tom called.

"I'm worse," said Miss Silence, feebly, "but I'm not afraid to go. Perhaps I'm peculiar in that as in other things. Deacon Bonney and the minister, Mr. Craig and Mr. Darby have all been here a urgin' of their several claims. I told each o' 'em I'd consider the matter."

"Will they be disappointed, Cousin Silence?" asked Tom.

Poor fellow! he was in such a sore strait that he could not help a desire to have some small help from his cousin's hoard. He hardly dare hope she had left him a cent, and yet he was her only relative.

"That remains to be seen," was the unsatisfactory reply he received to his question. "But don't you cherish no hopes, for I ain't left you a cent."

A bitter smile curled Tom's lips, but he made no reply.

"I suppose you think me peculiar in not leavin' you my money, seein' you are the only kin I've got," went on Miss Silence, "but you've taken such precious care to convince me that you don't want it, that I've believed you and acted accordin'."

Tom went home and repeated the conversation to Prissy, who shed a few tears, but tried to cheer her husband's drooping spirits with hopes of more law business in the spring.

That night Miss Silence died, and the whole town turned out to her funeral a few days later.

"I expect Wolfboro Academy will find itself able to erect a new building when Miss Silence's will is read," said old Mr. Craig. "She's told me she'd consider the matter, and I know she was impressed with my arguments."

"I rather think you are mistaken," said 'Squire Darby, "for I feel morally certain she has left her money to found a library."

The minister, who stood near, smiled to himself. He had not the slightest doubt that the debt which hung over his church like a pall would now be lifted through Miss Silence's will.

Tom did not want to go to the reading of the important document, but Prissy insisted, so they went together, though neither of them looked very cheerful.

Mr. Simons made no objection to the presence of 'Squire Darby. Mr. Craig and the minister chuckled as Deacon Bonney entered with a pleasant smile for Tom, who well knew what sarcastic triumph lay beneath it.

The will was dated three days previous, and every penny in the bank, and the large farm were left unconditionally to Pressy Lowey. Her husband's name was not mentioned.

Tom's face was a study, while Prissy almost fainted from the sudden relief to all her trouble.

The faces of the other men present were studies, too. The deacon left the house without a word, and the 'Squire looked grimly at Mr. Craig.

"She was a very peculiar woman," said the minister, wiping his brow, on which the beaded drops of perspiration stood thickly. His anxiety about his church had been very great, you see.

But Tom and Prissy could afford to forget their dead cousin's peculiarities, since she had kept her vow never to give Tom a cent, and yet had managed to make him comfortable for life. There was an immediate flitting to the comfortable farm-house, and Tom furnished a nice office in town and drove in every morning in the spring wagon. Past troubles and cares were forgotten, the Baldwins were made more comfortable, and, considering all things, Miss Silence did more good with her money than if she had left it to found a library or lift a church debt.

Untamed Shrews.

"Look here," said a man to his business partner, one day, "we have stood your fault-finding, when there is no cause for it, about long enough. If you cannot live with your wife without quarreling, why, then, quarrel with her and be done with it; but do not bring your quarrel at home to the store with you, and vent the spleen you gather there on the unoffending clerks here!"

This man's remonstrance was well-founded. The partner had been a prosperous young business man until he married a fair-faced, well-educated girl, who turned out, in practical, wedded life, an untamed shrew. Then his fortunes began to fall; the patience of his partner at length became exhausted; the firm was dissolved, and the young man went into bankruptcy, and found the reproaches from his shrew-wife's tongue, for his mismanagement and misfortunes, much sharper than those from any of his numerous creditors.

A curious scene occurred in the course of a trial in court in this city. A man had sued his wife for a divorce on the ground of cruelty on her part—not a very common allegation in behalf of the husband, in proceedings for divorce. Unexpectedly there appeared upon the stage, at this juncture, another man who informed the complaining husband that the woman had previously been married to him and had never been divorced, so that a prosecution for bigamy would lie. The two men conversed together, aside, for a few moments, when the second husband, turning to the court, said: "I have no doubt of the truth of this man's story; for he has related to me particulars of the woman's persecutions *such as I do not believe any other woman was ever guilty of.*"

It was a remark which, while it illustrated his keen appreciation of the evil spirit of this one woman, who had occupied to him the relation of wife, at the same time testified his unshaken confidence in women in general, notwithstanding his own bitter individual experience.

And this general confidence was right and well founded. The conclusion of the most profound student of human nature, on the subject of women, that they are better and worse than we are, is entirely sound. But, fortunately, the crooked-tempered, though considerable in number, in comparison with the amiable and good are but few. It is true, as we said at the beginning, the career of many a husband has been blighted by his having unwittingly married an untamed shrew; but in reference to a far greater number of men it may be truthfully said: "His life has been expanded and sweetened by the companionship and devotion of an angel-wife."—*New York Ledger.*

A Warning to Early Risers.

The life of Josiah Quincy has the following good anecdote: "One day Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early rising, with much the same consequences, was visiting my father, who invited him to go into Judge Story's lecture-room, and hear his lecture to his law class. Now Judge Story did not accept the philosophy of his two friends in this particular, and would insist that it was a more excellent way to take out one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide awake when out of it which he himself most assuredly always was. The Judge received the two Presidents gladly, and placed them in the seat of honor, on the dais by his side, fronting his class, and proceeded with his lecture. It was not long before, glancing his eye aside to see how his guests were impressed by his doctrine, he saw both of them were sound asleep, and he saw that the class saw it too. Pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures. and uttered these words of warning: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising!' The shout of laughter with which this judicial *obiter dictum* was received effectually aroused the sleepers, and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse."

"If Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on a street corner, "he'll just have his hands full." The crowd looked at the man's ears and smiled.

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

A GUN has no feet yet it can kick.

STRONG cheese is rank, but hatred is rancor.

BUFFALO mulattos are called Buff fellows.

A NIGHTMARE is the only animal that has a dreamy eye.

A BRIDE may not like fish, but she will not go back on her-ring.

A MAN must be a hardened sinner when he "lies" at the point of death.

THEY say it is only the female bee that stings. Oh, pins! thy name is woman.

HE was a ragged orphan boy—
 He did not own a cent—
But still whene'er he tore his clothes,
 He'd gather in his rent.
 —*Salem Sunbeam.*

THE Rochester *Democrat*, under the heading of "Local Matters," places "Different Views of Hell."

Now say that a Scotchman can't make a joke. The Magistrates of Aberdeen have solemnly given it as their opinion that it is unlawful to take spirits out of an empty cask.

IN all guns of great calibre you find a great bore. In a man of small calibre you find a small bore. Conclusion—A man of small calibre may easily pass for a great gun.

PROFESSOR—"What is the fundamental condition of existence?" Student—"Time." Professor—"How do you explain that?" Student—"Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't time for it?"

A MISSOURI girl dressed up as a boy and went out as a farm hand, and they never found her out until she carelessly let them see that she could thread a needle without pricking every finger and swearing like a deputy sheriff.

A DRUNKEN jour shoemaker was looking through a tobacco house in Richmond, Va., when he fell into a pile of plug tobacco and dislocated his arm. He immediately applied for a pension on the grounds that he was a sole jour in the navy.

"MR. FORD has an abominable gait; don't you think so?" "No, indeed; I think it is quite handsome, especially since it was painted." "Excuse me, but you don't understand me—I alluded to his carriage." "Why, la me! he has no carriage; he rides in the hoss cars."

AT a theater in Dublin a gentleman requested a man in front of him to sit down, adding sarcastically, "I suppose you are aware, sir, that you are opaque." "I shall sit down when it suits me," was the response, "and if you want to handle my name, mind, it's not O'Pake at all, but O'Brien."

SAID the mistress of a Marseilles cigar shop to a young Bohemia journalist: "This is the sixth time you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me, monsieur! What am I to understand by it?" "Ah, madam," said the clever journalist, "when one sees you, one forgets everything!"

A HOPEFUL CASE: Patient—"Then, according to you, doctor, in order to live at all, I must give up all that makes life worth living?" Doctor—"I'm afraid so—at least for a few years." Patient—"Perhaps you'd recommend me to marry?" Doctor (a confirmed bachelor)—"Oh, no! Come, my dear fellow, it's not quite so bad as all that, you know!"

YOUNG men should never lose presence of mind in a trying situation. When you take the girl you love to a picnic, and you wander away together to commune with nature, and she suddenly exclaims, "Oh, George, there's an ant down my back!" don't stand still with your mouth open; don't faint; don't go for the girl's mother; go for the ant.

"YES," said a witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek." "What!" exclaimed the judge, "how could that be?" "Please your honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed."

Two French women were passengers on one of the local trains between Virginia City and Carson. They had with them, in a big tin cage, a parrot that annoyed every one with its constant squalling and gabble. Observing the unfriendly glances that were bestowed upon the bird, one of the women pulled down a cloth cover that was on the top of the cage. When the extinguisher was clapped upon the bird and it found itself in the dark, it growled out, "That's smart." The bird kept quiet for a few minutes, then yelled in its shrillest tones: "Look out, Sarah, he's going to kiss you!" The conductor, who happened to be in the car, said: "That parrot must be an old traveler on railroads. He seems to think we are passing through a tunnel."

How Toothbrushes Are Made.

Although the toothbrush is not a very complicated article, no small degree of skill is required in its manufacture. In the first place, care must be exercised in the selection of bone from which the handle is to be made. For this purpose the thigh bone of an ox is used, and instead of boiling these with the joints on—the method commonly in vogue—these joints are sawed off previous to the boiling process. The increased heat necessary in the former method renders the bone unfit for the purpose of the brush manufacturer. On arriving at the factory the bones are first sawed into the required length and thickness for brush-handles. They are next turned with a model in a similar manner to that employed in the manufacture of shoe-lasts. Then comes the polishing process, which is done by means of a sort of revolving churn. An ingeniously contrived machine now takes the pieces and deftly punctures holes for the bristles, while grooves are cut in the top by saws. Now being ready for the bristles, they are introduced to the department for this work. Girls are usually employed for this branch of the business. After putting in the bristles, they are backed with sealing-wax to fasten them securely in place and to fill up the groves. All that remains to be done is to brand the brushes and pack them for market.

"A" an Indefinite Article.

Of a North-countryman, who was both Parish Clerk and schoolmaster, it is related that when he was compelled to resign his scholastic duties to a qualified teacher from a training college he heard the new master tell his pupils: "'A' is an indefinite article. 'A' is one, and can only be applied to one thing. You cannot say a cats, a dogs; but only a cat, a dog." Upon this the clerk said to his doctor: "Here's a pretty fellow you've got to keep school! He says that you can only apply the article 'a' to nouns of the singular number; and here have I been saying 'A-men' all my life, and your reverence has never once corrected me."—*All the Year Round.*

A SCHOOLBOY, doubtless aspiring to rhyme, wrote it: "Those burns, from which no traveler returns." Perhaps he was right about the burns.