The Canton Advocate.

CANTON, DAKOTA TER

A LITTLE BROWN DOG.

He was a poor little fellow, errand boy in the large grocery of Rice, Cloves & Co. (I don't mean the brown dog, but Harry Jacklow), and he earned just two dollars a week.

Sixty cents of this went for care fare—he lived so far from the store that he was obliged to ride to and from it—and the rest to his mother, who, with that and the eight dollars a week she received from the cloak factory where she worked, supported herself, her children—Harry, twelve [illegible] of age, Eddie, seven, and Jennie, two—and Mr. Jacklow.

Mr. Jacklow was her husband, and the less said about him the better. I'll merely state that he could sit in a rocking-chair and smoke and think longer than any man I ever knew.

But besides this two dollars a week, Harry, who was a bright-eyed, willing, whistling young chap, sometimes got a two or five cent piece, or, more rarely, a dime, from his employers' customers when, the grocers' wagons being overloaded or the customers in a great hurry, he carried home their purchase for them. And it was this money he had been saving ever since the 1st of January, for the purpose of having a good time on the next holiday.

On Christmas day they had a real nice time at his house. His "boss" had given him two dollars, and the superintendent of the place where his mother worked had given her one, and somebody (they had never found out who) had sent them a large turkey, and the dressmaker down stairs had put a box of tools in Eddie's stocking—dear me! what am I saying? she couldn't have done that; I meant to say she had given Ned a box of tools, and Jennie a doll, in the name of Santa Claus—and Harry had presented his mamma with a new coffee-pot, and his mamma presented him with a woolen comforter and a pair of woolen gloves, and Mr. Jacklow had bought himself a new pipe; and when Harry saw how happy they all were, he quickly made up his mind to give them a party on the very next holiday, which would be the Fourth of July.

It was the 3d of July when my story commences, and Harry had kept his resolution of saving every penny outside of his wages. He had had to pass many a heap of rosy apples without glancing at them, run away from many peanut stands, force himself not to look into the tempting windows of the candy stores, and go by on the other side when he knew himself near a well-known bakery, to do so; but he had done so, and now his reward was near.

The house in which he lived was an old-fashioned one in an up-town street. A quarter of a century ago it had been a small farm-house, surrounded by meadows, but now it had a large tenement house on each side, and a whole row of brick buildings in front of it. But one splendid old oak tree still stood before the door—"Bully to tack pin-wheels on," said Harry to himself, and there was any number of children around to cry "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the fire-works went off. I have always noticed that when a boy is setting off fire-works, the more ah-ing and oh-ing there is, the brighter the fire-works look to that boy. Well, Harry had laid out the supper in his mind as follows: Ice cream, a whole quart, twelve cent sponge cake, five sticks of molasses candy, pitcher of lemonade, apple pie, half a pound of cheese and some baked potatoes—Mr. Jacklow liked baked potatoes. And he meant to get his mother and the rest of them out of the room (send them down to visit the dress-maker, who at the last moment was to be let into the secret), set the table himself, and then, when all was ready, call them up again. Wouldn't it be fun to look at their faces when they saw the ice cream, and the sponge cake, and the molasses candy, and the lemonade, and the apple pie, and the cheese, and the baked potatoes! It would be almost as good as the circus. Harry had been there once, and had never forgotten how delightful it was. And then after the supper was over, and they thought the entertainment at an end, wouldn't it be fun again to see their faces when he invited them down on the front stoop to see the pyrotechnic (look in your dictionaries) display!

So Harry had been saving, and saving, and saving, until he found himself on the morning of the 3rd of July with one dollar and eighty-two cents in his right-hand trowsers pocket. Times had been hard, very hard, since the new year began, and people had looked very sharply after their small change, or it is likely he would have had double that amount. "But," he said to himself, "a dollar will get the feast and the rest will buy at least a dozen nice fire works."

He got home from the store that evening too late and too tired to go out for the things he wanted, but the next morning he was up before the sun rose—and the sun rises pretty early during the summer months—and dressed and out in the street as the first sunbeams told the eastern sky morning had come. The streets were almost deserted, and no fire-crackers or pistols-shots yet broke the silence. But before he had walked a block some cannons boomed in the distance, and a peal of bells nearer by began ringing "Yankee Doodle" very merrily. Whistling, and jingling the coins in his pocket in tune and time with the music of the bells, and wishing the stores where he meant to buy the materials for his party would open, he sauntered slowly along, until he reached the dog pound—a place where all stray dogs are taken in hot weather and kept a day or two, so that their owners may, if they choose, seek and reclaim them. If found to be [illegible] at the end of that time, the poor things are put in a large tank prepared for that purpose and drowned.

Harry heard the imprisoned dogs barking and yelping, and stopping a moment to listen to them with a pitying look on his face, for, like all kind hearted boys, he dearly loved animals—he saw, sitting upon the door-step, a very pretty little girl. She wore a faded calico dress and a blue checked gingham apron; the apron she held gathered up in her hand, as though it held something of value, and [illegible] here. Her large [illegible], and her hair, [illegible], hung in straggling [illegible] her face. There wasn't [illegible], man, woman or child, [illegible] on the [illegible] sight, and Harry looked [illegible]. At last he said, [illegible] got up early; [illegible] [illegible] said the [illegible] the way [illegible]

ute the door opens. My Prince"—with a sob—"is in there."

"Your dog?" asked Harry.

"Yes. He's the dearest little brown dog in all the world, and I love him best of everything 'cept granny, and I love him just the same as her when she scolds, and my mamma brought him home one day just before she went to heaven, and I've had him ever since, and he's the best dog that ever lived, and never did anything wrong in his life 'cept once, when he stole a piece of boiled corned beef somebody 'd set out in the back alley to cool, and he wouldn't have done that 'cept he knew how hungry granny and me was;' and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh! I'm so sorry! Don't cry," said Harry. "Here, take my handkerchief and wipe your eyes."

"They'll kill him," commenced the child again, "if I can't coax them to let him out, and I don't want him to go to heaven that way. I'd rather we'd both go together; and he could run on in front, and then mamma 'd say, 'Why, here's Prince—Nellie must be coming.'"

"Are you sure he's in there?" asked Harry.

"Oh yes. He was playing by our door yesterday afternoon, 'most night, and I was poking chips in the stove to make the kettle boil, and I heard him calling like he was in some trouble, and I run out, and two awful men had him in a cart and Jimmy O'Neil said they was going to take him to the pound. So I run after the cart without putting my hat on, and soon it went so fast I couldn't see it, and then I asked every body where the pound was. I remembered the name by thinking of a pound of sugar; and at last I got here, and it was shut up, and so I staid here all night; and do you think they'll open it soon?"

"What are you going to do when they do open it?" asked Harry.

"Go in and beg the dog man to give Prince back. He's such a little dog they won't miss him."

"But he won't give Prince back unless you pay two dollars," said Harry.

"I haven't any money—not a cent," said the child; "but I've brought these," rising and holding out her apron, which held a tiny china doll, a headless cat of the same material, a string of glass beads, two pink motto papers, and a round white shell. "These were all given to me Christmas," she said; "and I've kept them good, all 'cept the cat, and her head's in my pocket, and he can stick it on somehow, and the candies' out of the mottoes—I ate one and gave the other to granny—and the man may have them every one if he will let poor Princey go."

"I'm afraid he won't take them," said Harry, shaking his head.

"He won't? Oh, dear? what shall I do?" cried the child. "My dear little dog! my dear, dear little dog!"

"Don't! don't!" begged Harry, the tears starting in his own eyes. "You shall have Prince. I have a dollar and eighty-two cents, and I'll borrow the other eighteen cents from my mother."

The little girl's face lit up with joy; she thrust the toys into his hands. "Take them, you good, good boy!" she said, "and I'll tell my mamma about you when I say my prayers to-night."

Harry put them back in her apron. "You keep them till I come back," he said: "I wont be gone but a little while;" and away he ran to his home. There he found his mother making the fire, and his father smelling the coffee she had measured out ready for boiling.

"Mother," said he, "will you lend me eighteen cents?"

"I intended to give you ten," she said, "for your Fourth of July. But why do you want it so early in the morning?"

"Please, mammy," coaxed Harry, "Make it eighteen, and I'll pay it back to you soon; and may I have a slice of bread and buttter for a poor little girl? I'll tell you all about it by-and-by?"

"I can't make it eighteen," said his mother; "I haven't another cent. Take the ten if you want it. It's in my pocket-book in the top bureau drawer, and the bread's on the table. Don't bother me any more—I'm in a hurry."

Harry helped himself, and then he ran away to where Nellie patiently awaited him, a smile of perfect trust upon her lips.

"It's all right," said Harry, putting the bread in her hand (an uncommon thick slice it was, too, with plenty of butter); "eat that."

By this time there was a number of people in the street, and pistols were being fired and torpedoes and fire-crackers set off, and all the bells began ringing. And Harry looked at the ice-cream stand, which the owner—a jolly-faced old woman, who had just arrived with a bag and a basket of fruit, cakes and candy—was preparing for the day, and at an early rocket that was going up in the sky; and he thought of the long time he had been saving the money, and of the intended supper, and the fire-works and the tenement-house children oh-ing and ah-ing; and then, the door of the pound being opened, he took Nellie by the hand and marched in.

"Is there a little brown dog here?" he asked.

"Named Prince?" said Nellie, her love making her bold—"a dear little dog?"

"Ha ha!" laughed the man; "that's good. Why, there's fifty brown dogs here, and all of 'em 'dear,' I think. Two dollars apiece. Do you want to get one out?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry "if you'll take a dollar and ninety-two cents—all I have."

At this moment, a tall, dark, odd-looking gentleman came into the doorway and stood just behind the children.

"Can't do it," said the man, "it's against the law to take less than two dollars."

Nellie began to sob again, and the tall gentleman came forward.

"Your dog?" he asked Harry.

"No, Sir; hers," replied the boy.

"Your sister?" was the next question.

"No, Sir. I never saw her till this morning. I came out to buy some things for a Fourth-of-July party, and I took a walk down this way 'cause the shops wasn't open, and I found her sitting on the door-step, and she'd been sitting there all night."

"All night!' repeated the gentleman, just as Harry had done, only without the whistle. "Tell me all about it."

And he looked so kind and good that Harry did tell him all about it. And when the story was finished, the gentleman said to the man at the door, "You'd better take the money, Lewis. But wait [illegible] see if Prince is really here."

And led by their new friend, the children went in. There were dogs of all kinds there, all shapes, all sizes, all colors that dogs could be—yelping, barking, growling, and [illegible].

Nellie [illegible] eagerly around, and shouted "Prince!" as loud as she could shout, but could scarcely hear herself, so great was the noise. But a little brown [illegible] must have [illegible]

sharper than hers, sprang forward with a cry of delight that seemed to come out of the very top of his little brown head.

"It's Prince! it's Prince!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands in delight; and the next moment he was in her arms covering her face with dog kisses.

Harry marched out, handing the doorman the money as he passed. The tall gentleman followed with the little girl and her dog; and when they were all in the street once more, he stooped and patted Prince on the head, at the same time tucking Harry's hankerchief, which was hanging half way out, into his jacket pocket, and saying, "You'll lose that if you're not careful, my boy."

Then he kissed both children and went into the pound again. And Nellie threw her arms around Harry's neck and gave him a good hug, and told him she should love him forever, and made him promise to come and see her and Prince; and they parted.

"And that's the end of our Fourth-of-July party," said Harry, a short time after, to the Jacklow family, as he finished his breakfast and his story at the same time.

"You're a good boy, and did just right," said all the Jacklow family, with the exception of Mr. Jacklow, who remarked mildly that "that dollar and ninety-two cents would have kept him in tobacco a long while."

And baby Jennie came and gave her big brother a sweet kiss—in fact, a very sweet kiss, for some of the syrup which she had been eating on her bread and butter went with it; and as she toddled away, Harry pulled out his handkerchief to wipe his mouth. It came out with a jerk, and four bright new silver half dollars came with it, and falling on the floor with a pleasant sound, rolled away toward the corners as fast as they could. But they were pounced upon before they had rolled a foot.

"The tall gentleman!" said Harry.

"Good bless him!" said his mother.

"Three cheers for our side!" shouted Eddie, and proceeded to give them.

"I wish I had the morning paper," said Mr. Jacklow.

And there was a party, after all, and besides the family there were three other guests—an old woman, a small girl, and a little brown dog.—*Harpers Weekly.*

Milking-Time.

"I tell you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quart o' milk,
And isn't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.
Be careful, girl, you're spilin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in;"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's cheap, I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest le' down the bars.

"Then, when you've own'd her, say a month
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"'Taint her I want—it's *her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be bless'd!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mighty aback,
But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the world round,
For nothin' else but love.

But never try to drive the lass;
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best,
To jest le' down the bars."

—*Philip Morse in Scribner for August.*

THE PARSON'S HORSE RACE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Wal! now this 'ere does beat all! I wouldn't 'a thought it o' the deacon."

So spoke Sam Lawson, drooping in a discouraged, contemplative attitude in front of an equally discouraged looking horse, that had just been brought to him by the widow Simpkins for medical treatment. Among Sam's many accomplishments he was reckoned in the neighborhood an oracle in all matters of this kind, especially by women, whose helplessness in meeting such emergencies found unfailing solace under his compassionate willingness to attend to any business that did not strictly belong to him, and from which no pecuniary return could be expected.

The widow Simpkins had bought this horse of Deacon Atkins, apparently a fairly well-appointed brute, and capable as he was good looking. A short, easy drive when the deacon held the reins had shown off his points to advantage, and the widow's small stock of ready savings had come forth freely in payment for what she thought was a bargain. When, soon after coming into possession, she discovered that her horse, if driven with any haste, panted in a fearful manner, and that he appeared to be growing lame, she waxed wroth, went to the deacon in anger, to be met only with the smooth reminder that the animal was all right when she took him—that she had seen him tried herself. The widow was of a nature somewhat spicy, and expressed herself warmly:

"It's a cheat and a shame, and I'll take the law on ye."

"What law will you take?" said the unmoved deacon. "Wasn't it a fair bargain?"

"I'll take the law of God," said the widow, with impotent indignation, and she departed to pour her cares and trials into the ever-ready car of Sam. Having assumed the care of the animal, he now sat contemplating it in a sort of trance of melancholy reflections.

"Why, boys," he broke out, "why didn't she come to me afore she bought this crittur! Why, I knew all about him! That 'ere critture was jest ruined a year ago last summer, when Tom, the deacon's boy there, come home from college. Tom driv him over to Sherburn and back that 'ere hot Fourth of July. 'Member it 'cause I saw the crittur when he come home; I sot up with Tom taking care of him all night; that 'ere critture had the thumps all night, and he hasn't never been good for nothing since. I telled the deacon he was a gone hoss then, and wouldn't never be good for nothing. The deacon he took off his shoes and let him run to pasture all summer, and he's been feedin' and nussin' on him up; and now he's put him off on the widder. I wouldn't 'a' thought it o' the deacon. Why, this hoss'll never be no good to her; that 'ere's a used up critture, any fool may see. He'll mabbe do for about a quarter of an hour on a smooth road, but come to drive him as a body wants to drive, why, he'd blow like my bellowsis; and the deacon knew it—must 'a' known it!"

"Why, Sam," we exclaimed, "ain't the deacon a good man?"

"Wal, now, there's where the shoe pinches! In a gin'al way the deacon is a good man—he's consid'ble more than middlin' good -gin'ally he adorns his profession. On most p'nts I don't hev nothin' agin the deacon, and this 'ere ain't a bit like him—but there 'tis! Come to hosses, there's where unsanctified natur' comes out. Folks will cheat about hosses when they won't about most nothin' else." And Sam leaned back on his cold forge, now empty of coal, and seemed to deliver himself to a mournful train of general reflection.

"Yis, hosses do seem to be sort o' unregenerate critturs," he said, "there's suthin' about hosses that deceives the very elect; the best o' folks gets tripped up when they come to deal in hosses."

"Why, Sam is there anything bad in horses?" we interjected timidly.

"'Tain't the hosses, boys," said Sam, with solemnity. "Lordy massy, the hosses is all right enough—hosses is scriptooral animals; Elijah went up to heaven in a char't with hosses; and then all them lots o' hosses in the Ravelations, black and white and red and all sorts of colors! That 'ere shows hosses go to heaven; but it's more'n the folks that hev 'em is likely to, et they don't look out.".

"Ministers, now," continued Sam, in a soliloquizing vein; "folks allers thinks it's suthin' sort o' shaky in a minister to have anythin' to do with hosses—sure to get 'em into trouble. There was old Parson Williams, o' North Billriky, got into a dreftul mess about a hoss. Lordy massy, he warn't to blame, either, but he got into the dreffulest scrape you ever heard on—come nigh to onsettlin' him."

"Oh, Sam, tell us all about it," we boys shouted, delighted with the prospect of a story.

"Wall, wait now till I get off this crittur's shoes, and we'll take him up to pasture and then we can kind o' set by the river and fish. Hepsey wanted a mess o' fish for supper, and I wuz cal'latin to get some for her. You boys go and be diggin' bait and git yer lines."

And so as we were sitting tranquilly beside the Charles River, watching our lines, Sam's narrative began:

"Ye see, boys, Parson Williams,—he's dead now,—but when I was a boy he was one of the great men around here. He writ books. He writ a tract agin the Armenians, and put 'em down, and he writ a big book on the millonnium (I've got that 'ere book now); and he was a smart preacher; folks said he had invitations to settle in Boston, and there ain't no doubt he might 'a' hed a Boston parish ef he'd ben 'a' min' to take it, but he'd got a good settlement and a handsome farm in North Allriky, and didn't care to move; thought, I s'pose, that 't was better to be number one in a little place than number two in a big un; anyway, he carried all before him where he was.

"Parson Williams was a tall, straight, personable man—come of good family—father and gran'ther before him all ministers; he was putty up and down and commandin' in his ways, and things had to go putty much as he said. He was a good deal sot by, Parson Williams was, and his wife was a Derby, and one o' 'em rich Salem Derbys and brought him a lot o' money, and so they lived putty easy and comfortable, so far as this world's goods goes. Well, now, the Parson wasn't really what you call worldly-minded, but then he was one o' them folks that *knows what's good* in temporals as well as spirituals, and liked to have the best that there was goin,' and he allers had an eye to a good hoss.

"Now, there was Parson Adams and Parson Scranton, and most of the other ministers, they did'nt know and didn't care what hoss they hed; jest jogged round with these 'ere poundin', potbellied, sleepy critturs that ministers mostly hes, good enough to crawl round to funerals and minister's meetin's and associatiens and such, but Parson Williams he allers would have a hoss as was a hoss; he looked out for *blood*, and when these 'ere Vermont fellers would come down with a drove, the Parson he hed his eyes open and knew what was what. Couldn't none of 'em cheat him on hoss-flesh; and so one time when Buel was down with a drove, the doctor he bought the best hoss in the lot. Zach said he never seen a parson afore that he couldn't cheat, but he said the doctor reelly knew as much as he did, and got the very one he'd meant to 'a' kept for himself.

"This 'ere hoss was a peeler, I'll tell you. They'd called him Tamerlane, from some hethen feller or other; the boys called him Tam, for short. Tam was a great character. All the fellers for miles round knew the doctor's Tam and used to come clear over from the other parishes to see him.

"Wal this 'ere sot up Cuff's back high, I tell you. Cuff was the doctor's nigger man, and he was nat'lly a dreful proud crittur. The way he would swell and strut and brag about the doctor and his folks and his things! The doctor used to give Cuff his cast-off clothes, and Cuff would prance round in 'em and seem to think he was a doctor of divinity himself, and had the charge of all natur'.

"Well, Cuff, he reely made an idol o' that 'ere hoss, a reg'lar graven image, and bowed down and worshiped him; he didn't think nothin' was too good for him; he washed and brushed and curried him, and rubbed him down till he shone like a lady's satin dress; and he took pride in ridin' and drivin' him, 'cause it was what the doctor wouldn't let nobody do but himself. You see, Tam warn't no lady's hoss. Miss Williams was 'fraid as death of him, and the person he had to git her a sort o' low sperited crittur that she could drive herself, but he liked to drive Tam, and he liked to go around the country on his back, and a fine figure of man he was on him, too. He didn't let nobody else back him or handle the reins but Cuff, and Cuff was dreadful set up about it, an l he swelled and bragged about that ar hoss all around the country. Nobody couldn't put in a word 'bout any other hoss without Cuff's feathers would be all up stiff as a tom turkey's tail—and that's how Cuff got the doctor into trouble.

"Ye see there nat'lly was others that thought they'd got hosses, and didn't want to be crowed over. There was Bill Atkins, out to the West parish, and Ike Sanders, that kep' a stable up to Pequot Holler; they was down a-lookin' at the parson's horse, and a bettin' on their'n, and a-darin' Cuff to race with 'em.

"Well, Cuff couldn't stand it, and when the doctor's back was turned he'd be off on the sly, and they'd have their race; and Tam, he beat 'em all. Tam, you see, boys, was a hoss that couldn't and wouldn't hev a hoss ahead of him—he jest *wouldn't*. Ef he dropped down dead in his tracks the next minit, he would be ahead, and he always got ahead, and so his name got up; and fellows kep' comin' to try their hosses, and Cuff 'ud take Tam out to race with fust one and then another till this 'ere got to be a reg'lar thing and began to be talked about.

"Folks sort o' wondered if the doctor knew, but Cuff was sly as a weasel, and allers had a story ready for every turn. Cuff was one o' them fellers that could talk a bird off a tree—master hand he was to slick things over.

"There was folks as said they believed the doctor was knowin' to it, and that he felt a sort o' carnal pride, such as a minister oughtn't fer to hev, and so shet his eyes to what was agoin' on. Aunt Sally Nickerson said she was sure on 't; 'twas all talked over down to old Miss Bumminger's funeral, and Aunt Sally saidthe church ought to look into it. But everybody knew Aunt Sally, she was allers watchin' folks' haltings, and settin' on herself up to judge her neighbors.

"Wall, I never believed nothin' agin Parson Williams; it was all Cuff's contrivance, but the fact was the fellers all got their blood up an' there was hoss racin' in all the parishes, and it got so they'd even have hoss races on Sunday.

"Wall, of course, they never got the doctor's hoss out a Sunday. Cuff wouldn't durst do that, Lord massy, no! He was allers there in church sittin' up in the doctor's clothes, rollin' up his eyes and lookin' as pious as ef he never thought of racin' hosses; he was an awful solemn looking nigger in church, Cuff was.

"But there was a lot o' them fellers up in Pequot Holler—Bill Atkins and Ike Sanders and Tom Peters and them Hokum boys—used to go out arter meetin' Sunday afternoons and race hosses. Ye see it was close to the State line, and it the s'lectmen was to come down on 'em, they could just whip over the line, and they couldn't take 'em.

"Wal, it got to be a great scandal; the fellers talked about it up to the tavern, and the deacons and tithingman they took it up and went to Parson Williams about it; and the parson he told 'em to keep still, not let the fellers know that they was being watched, and the next Sunday he and the tithingman and the constable they'd ride over and catch 'em in the very act.

"So next Sunday afternoon Parson Williams and Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley (he was constable that year) they got onto their hosses and rode over to Fequot Holler. The doctor's blood was up, and he meant to come down on 'em strong, for that was his way of doin' in the parish; and they were in a sort o' day o' judgment frame o' mind, and jogged along solemn as a hearse, till they come to rise the hill above the holler they see three or four fellers with their hosses gettin' ready to race; and the parson says he, "Let's come on quiet and get behind these bushes, and we'll see what they're up to and catch 'em in the act."

"But the mischief on it was that Ike Sanders see 'em comin' and he knew Tam in a minit—Ike knowed Tam of old, and he just tipped the wink to the rest.

"'Wait, boys,' says he, 'let 'em git close up and then I'll give the word, and the doctor's hoss will be racin' ahead like thunder.'

"Wal, so the doctor and his folks they drew up behind the bushes, and stood, innocent as could be, and saw 'em gettin' ready to start. Tam, he began to snuffle and paw, but the doctor never mistrusted what he was up to till Ike sung out 'go it boys!' and the hosses all started, when, sure as you live, boys, Tam give one fly, and was over the bushes and in among 'em, goin' it like chain lightnin', ahead of 'em all.

"Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley jest stood and held their breath to see 'em goin' it is so like thunder; and the doctor he was took so sudden it was all he could do to jest hold on any way, so away they went, and trees and bushes and fences streaked by him like ribbons; his hat flew off behind him and his wig arter, and he got catched in a barberry bush, but Lordy massy, he couldn't stop to think o' them. He just leaned down and caught Tam around the neck and held on for dear life, till they come to the stopping place.

"Wal, Tam was ahead o' them all, sure enough, and was snorting and snuffling as if he'd got the very old boy in him, and was up to racin' some more on the spot.

"That 'ere Ike Sanders was the impudentist feller that ever you see, and he roared and haw-hawed at the doctor.

"'Good for you, doctor,' says he; 'you beat us all holler,' says he; takes a parson for that, don't it, boys?" he said. And then he and Ike and Tom and the two Hokum boys they just roared and danced round like wild critturs.

"Wal, now only think of it boys! What a situation that was for a minister—a man that had come out with the best of motives to put a stop to the Sabbath breaking! There he was, all rumpled up and dusty and his wig hanging in the bushes, and these 'ere ungodly fellers gittin' the laugh on him, and all acause o' that 'ere hoss. There's times, boys, when ministers must be tempted to swear if there ain't preventing grace, and this was one o' the times to Parson Williams. They say he got red in the face, and looked as if he should burst, but he didn't say nuthin'; he scorned to answer, the sons of Zerniah was too hard for him, and he let 'em have their say; but when they'd got through, and Ben had brought him his hat and wig, and brushed and settled him agin, the parson he says:

"'Well, boys, ye've had yer say and yer laugh, but I warn you now I won't have this thing going on any more,' says he, 'so mind yerselves.'

"Wal, the boys see that the doctor's blood was up, and they rode off pretty quiet, and I believe they never rode no more on that spot.

"But there ain't no telling the talk this 'ere thing made. Folks will talk you know, and there warn't a house in all Billriky, nor in the south parish nor center where it warn't had over and discussed. There was the deacon and Ben Bradley was there to witness and show jest how the thing was, and that the doctor was jest in the way of his duty; but folks said it made a great scandal; that a minister had no business to hev that kind o' hoss, and that he'd give the enemy occasion to speak reproachfully. It reely did seem as if Tam's sins was imputed to the doctor; and folks said he ought to sell Tam right away and get a sober minister's hoss.

"But others said it was Cuff that had got Tam in bad ways, and they do say that Cuff had to catch it pretty lively when the doctor come to settle with him. Cuff thought his time had come sure enough, and was so scared that he turned blacker'n ever; he got enough to cure him o' hoss racing for one while. But Cuff got over it arter a while, and so did the doctor: there was a rumpus and a fuss, and folks talked and talked and advised; everybody had their say, but the doctor kep' right straight on, and kep' his hoss all the same.

"The ministers they took it up in the association, but come to tell the story it set them all laughing, so they couldn't be very hard on the doctor.

"The doctor felt sort o' streaked at fust when they told the story on him; he didn't just like it, but he got used to it, and finally when he got twisted on it, he would sort o' smile and say, Any way Tam beat 'em, that's one comfort."

Last fall's tile, is not this fall's style.

KING ALFRED'S LANTERN.

Did you ever try to imagine, when you were studying the beginnings of English history, what kind of people those old Anglo-Saxons were, and how they lived? They were our far-off ancestors, and our language for the most part was made from theirs; in fact, we are called Anglo-Saxons ourselves; so we ought to be interested in them.

They were rude people in many respects, and lived in a rude way, compared with ours. How would you like windows which had no glass in them,—very small windows, too,—but had oiled paper or sheets of horn instead? Of course the rooms must have been dark and dismal, you will say. And what would you think of houses without chimneys, or anything *we* should call chimneys? But matters were really not much better, even in king's houses, about ten hundred years ago.

The most important room in those days was called the hall; and it was large enough to accommodate the family, the great company of servants, and all the guests who chose to come. They ate there, sat there, and most of them slept there, on rough benches, or rolled up in skins on the floor. It was open to every chance traveler, to the wandering harpers, to beggars, and everybody else.

The fire was built against a clay or stone arrangement, answering for a fire-place at one end, or an immense stone hearth in the middle; and the smoke, after floating up overhead, found its way out through an opening or a kind of turret in the roof. At dark they heaped high the logs and fagots; and happy was he who on a stormy night could get near the blaze. When supper-time came, servants stood behind those at table and held torches over their heads till the meal was over; and when bed-time came, the guests who had any other place than the hall to sleep in were lighted to it in the same way.

As for the king, he was more privileged than that; though just what they first used for lights, and just when lamps became common among the Anglo-Saxons, it is not easy to find out. We see in some very old pictures a simple little lamp, shaped perhaps like a saucer, hung by chains at the side of the room, and holding, no doubt, a piece of wax or some kind of oil, with a strip of cloth in it for a wick. Sometimes, in the royal chambers, for a very long time after King Alfred's day, a light was kept by means of a cake of wax in a silver basin.

They knew how to make candles, however; but instead of putting one *in* a candlestick, it was put *on* it. The candlestick had a point at the top, called a spike, and the candle was made hollow at the bottom, and slipped down over the spike; one so fixed was known as a "pricket."

There is, among some illustrations of old customs, a picture of a candlestick, which is very queer though very elegant, and looks like a little piece of furniture. It is a tall stem rising from a three-footed, three-cornered stand, very much ornamented; it comes to a point at the top, and a little way below is a plate to hold the tallow or wax that might run down. We do not know that King Alfred had anything like this; but he had what nobody had ever seen before in that country for he invented it himself, and that was a lantern.

This good king was a very busy man; the people around him might be willing to idle away their days over the fire, listening to the harpers, telling stories, and playing with the hounds, but he felt that he had a great work to do. He wanted to make his subjects more civilized, to teach them useful arts, and he had not an hour to waste. He built towns, he built ships; he read, and studied, and wrote,—and that was wonderful, indeed, in those days when there were but few books, and when even princes could not write their own names. He was the best, the wisest, and the most learned king that the Saxons had ever had.

He used to carry in his bosom "memorandum leaves, in which he made collections from his studies," and this journal he was in the habit of examining so much that "he called it his *hand-book*." And, perhaps, that is where the word "hand-book" came from. Of course he read far into the night, but he soon found two troubles,—there was no way to mark the time, for there were no clocks nor watches then, and he could not keep a steady light, because the houses were so open that the wind came in from every quarter. He had noon-marks, but those amounted to nothing on rainy days; and everybody knows what a country England is for rain.

However, when such a man as Alfred makes up his mind to do a thing, he is almost sure to find a way. So he had a quantity of wax prepared, took enough of it to weigh down seventy-two silver pennies, and of it had six candles made, all weighing the same, and each twelve inches long, and marked off into twelve divisions. He planned so nicely that these six would burn twenty-four hours; and he always kept one lighted day and night before some holy relics and images of saints which he had, and which, being a very pious man, he carried about with his luggage wherever he went.

He would now have had not only tolerble light, but a very good way of marking the hours, if the candles had always been sure of burning a given time. But if the wind blew, the flame would flare, and perhaps go out; and the king made up his mind that there could be something done to remedy this,—and he did it. He made a frame-work, and fixed into it little plates or windows of horn, scraped so thin that the light could shine through, set his candle inside, and shut it in,—and the thing was done. He had a lantern, sure in all weathers. A very small affair it may seem to *you* but it was a great one to *him*.

I once saw a picture of a rude Saxon lantern somewhat like his, perhaps, though it was probably an improvement on it; for no sooner does one man invent a thing, than another finds a way to make it better. This, in shape, made me think of a bird-cage without the tray or railing. It had a kind of cupola-like top, and was much ornamented; there were bands with bosses on them, looking like metal, around the bottom, the middle, and next to the roof; and there was a pretty arched door. Altogether, it was a very curious, but a rather clumsy and rather dark lantern.—*St. Nicholas for December.*

Nine women in Burlington banded themselves together last week by a solemn vow, never to speak of other women at all, if they could not speak well of them. All their tongues have grown so rusty from disuse that they have to lubricate them with machine-oil before they can swallow.—*Hawkeye.*

Maguire of Newark is a cool philosopher. On Monday at eight he found fault with the fish cakes, and his wife broke the dish over his head. Turning to his daughter, he said, "Your mother is celebrating our china wedding.

FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

SENATE, December 5—The Vice President announced the committee on the yellow fever epidemic. Senator Morrill submitted a resolution of inquiry in regard to the Freedman's Saving and Trust company. Senator Cameron (Wis.,) presented a report relative to the claim of David T. Corbin, of South Carolina to a seat in the Senate. Senator Ferry introduced a resolution calling on the President for information concerning postal and commercial intercourse between the United States and South American countries. Several changes were made in standing committees by unanimous consent.

HOUSE, December, 5—Mr. Singleton reported the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill. Mr. Clymer reported the navy appropriation bill. Mr. Brentano asked for a committee to investigate a charge of the Washington Post, that he had taken $25,000 bribe to influence his legislative action. Mr. Cox submitted a resolution of enquiry relative to the expulsion from the German Empire of Julius Baumer a citizon of Chicago. Mr. Garfield reported a concurrent resolution for the appointment of a yellow fever commision. Adopted. Adjourned till Monday.

SENATE, December 9—Senator Windom introduced a resolution setting forth that the patent office had become an institution of oppression. Submitted a resolution requesting the President to produce correspondence with U. S. Marshals, in reference to the late elections in South Carolina and Louisiana. A message was received from the House announcing the passage of a bill to correct the omission in the sundry civil appropriation bill regarding the Hot Springs appropriation. The bill to change the mode of counting votes in Presidential elections was taken up and Senator Edmunds spoke in favor of the bill.

HOUSE, December 9th.—Bills were introduced in reference to the silver standard, dollar, and touching national banking associations, and to enforce the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution, having reference to the late elections in South Carolina. Mr. Sayler introduced a resolution calling on the treasury department for certain information in regard to gold and silver bullion. Objection being made the resolution was not received. Mr. Burchard introduced a resolution for a holiday recess from December 21st to January 6. Referred.

SENATE, December 10.—Senator Wallace introduced a bill to authorize the exchange of subsidiary coin for trade dollars. Referred. A special bill was passed authorizing the appointment of Dr. James Powell, ex-confederate, to be assistant surgeon in the U. S. A. by a vote of 39 to 21. Senator Allison from the committee to inquire into charges against Stanley Matthews, submitted a resolution requesting the House to transmit to the Senate the testimony of James E. Anderson, relating to Matthews. Agreed to. The consideration of the bill relating to Presidential elections was resumed.

HOUSE, December 10.—The speaker announced the committee on the yellow-fever epidemic. The consular appropriation bill was taken up, considered and passed. The naval appropriation bill was passed, reducing the amount asked for by $1,331,342. The request of the Senate to furnish Anderson's testimony was complied with. A resolution was passed to pay the widow of the late representative from Nebraska, Mr. Welch, the pay of a member to the end of the Congress.

SENATE, December 11.—Senator Windom reported the fortification appropriation bill. Senator Blaine reported house bill to correct error in regard to Hot Springs appropriation. Senator Beck introduced a bill to repeal statutes prohibiting the appointment to the navy of ex-confederates. Senator Merriman introduced a resolution calling on Secretary of war for a statement as to the arms and equipments issued for and by officers of the treasury and interior departments. Senator Windom reported with amendments the House bill making appropriations for the support of the military academy. The Senate took up Senator Blaine's resolution in regard to inquiry as to whether the constitutional rights of American citizens had been violated at the recent elections. Mr. Blaine spoke at length in favor of the resolution. Mr. Thurman submitted an amendment to the resolution, and spoke at some length upon it. A lively coloquy ensued between Senators Blaine and Thurman. Senators Lamar and Edwards spoke on the resolution. The resolution and amendments were laid aside to be called up hereafter.

HOUSE, December 11.—The pension appropriation bill was reported and referred. The bill to regulate inter-state commerce was taken up and considered, several members speaking upon the question. At the close of the discussion the bill passed, yeas 134, nays 110.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

The Anchor Mill of Pillsbury & Co., at Minneapolis destroyed.

On the evening of the 9th inst., another disaster occurred at Minneapolis which resulted in the destruction of the Anchor mill, C. H. Pillsbury & Co., proprietors. About 8 o'clock Nels Munson, one of the millers, discovered that one of the elevators which conducts the flour from the lower basement to the middlings purifiers in the upper story of the mill was clogged. He took a lantern and proceeded to the basement for the purpose of removing the obstruction. Arrived in the basement, he took the precaution to place his lantern some fifteen feet removed from the elevator, where the difficulty was, but placed it directly in front of the door opening into the elevator. Removing the obstruction he started the elevator once more, when a great puff of flour dust came out of the open elevator door, reaching to the lantern, when "whiff" and there was an explosion similar to the great one last spring, only smaller and unaccompanied with its disastrous effects. Munson was badly burned about the head, hands and face, but not dangerously. He immediately stopped the mill and he, together with Theo. Barthoff and W. W. Smith immediately turned on the water and tried to put the flames out with the hose. It was no use, however. The flames ran up all the elevators and then the entire interior of the mill was soon on fire. The alarm was immediately sounded and the entire fire department of the city were on the ground with all speed, but with all their efforts it was impossible to stay the flames.

The fire was confined to the mill which was completely destroyed on the inside. The mill was worth $75,000 and the wheat and flour on hand $12,000 more. There was an insurance of $49,000 on the mill and stock, Mr. Pillbury says the mill will be immediately rebuilt.

Clipping Horses.

A horse should be clipped when his coat needs it, no matter when it is. In this section, where nearly every driving-horse is clipped, it is rarely done before the end of November or beginning of December; and again, if necessary—which it generally is—some time in February. The danger is not from cold weather, but from poor blanketing. Horses not clipped suffer from this neglect, a neglect that is every day to be seen with sorrow. All horses should be well-blanketed in the stable, and when driven should not be allowed to stand five minutes without being covered. Blankets are frequently too small and frail to protect the most vital part of the horse—the breast and lungs—there being very often an open space there, where the blanket should wrap over well. We notice in some work-horses the thoughtful driver always keep this part protected bay a piece of heavy cloth. *Germantown, Pa. Telegragh.*

Women are funniest when they say nothing. Women are seldom funny.—Misogynic remark of the *Graphic.*