Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

THE EDITOR'S SHOES.

By an unseen hand propelled one day,
O'er an area gate came a pair of old shoes,
And when they landed there they lay,
But a little apart in the alley's refuse.
A few minutes passed, then, like the wind
That mournfully whistles lorn and lone,
Down the chimney in winter two voices were heard,
And this their story in cracked minor tone:
"We're the editor's shoes, worn out and old;
We've served him long and steadily,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
We've borne him oft and readily.
When never a nickel for fare had he,
We carried him home without a word.
He walked for his health, he said, and we
Never made a sign that we knew or heard.
And many's the poet we've helped down stairs,
And many's the dun we've dodged with him,
And many's the dog we've bounced unawares.
And the lunch-counter's way we knew to a pin,
And often the table we've mounted for him,
And rested serenely in all our pride,
While copy he wrote and handed in,
Or proof he read and swore, aside.
We were with him always, thick and thin,
When friends grew distant, one by one,
When his paper languished and the tin
To keep it running did not forthcome.
Then his round, red face grew long each day,
For under his waistcoat, kept apart
From all the world, a picture lay
Of a fair-haired girl, kept in his heart.
He never told her of his love,
But Westward came to work and wait,
His secret kept till he could prove
His worthiness for such a take.
And so he'd pinched and laughed along,
And joked and kept his honest way;
He never, knowing, did a wrong
Or pied his stick till one black day.
He put us on the table, then
He smoked his old stub pipe and sighed
As, tilted back, he stuck a pen
Behind his ear and vainly tried
To make a plan to pay his men—
A meager bill, but great to him—
To pay for paper, press-work, when
The postman tossed a letter in,
He picked it up, half reading it,
And, reading then, he seemed to bend;
He laid it down, then groaned a bit
And said: "She's dead; this is the end.
Dead, buried, ah! my pretty lass,
My bonnie one, with sweetest name,
I loved her well, but let it pass.
She's gone, I'll never work again."
We knew it, too, and late that night
He dragged us stumbling to his home,
And in the gray of morning light
He shot himself; we saw it done.
He and his paper both are dead,
Pied for this world forevermore,
His copy's done, his last proof read,
Locked up the forms, his work is o'er.
With scars and dirt our portion, we,
Devoid of polish, muddy and worn,
Are flung by vulgar hands to be
Kicked in the dirt, with ribald scorn.
A gurgling wail, the voices stopped,
But the editor's shoes lay just the same,
A little apart, right where they dropped,
Unknown save here, to the annals of fame.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANGELICA'S MAYING.

"No May-flowers in May! What is it called May for, then? Why, Kent is full of them!" cried Angelica, and she tied her hat with a flirt—a pretty flirt that only made her the more charming. For little Angelica, who had happened to spend several summers at school in England, could not be brought to understand, after returning to her native wilds, that the climates of all English-speaking people were not as much one and the same as the tongues they used. And having settled the point to her satisfaction, as usual, by declaring that it was so, anyway, and if it wasn't, it ought to be, delighted with such form of speech because it would never have been allowed her at school, she started out to make it so, apparently, by letting the climate see what was expected of it.

"I hope you have overshoes on, Angel," said her grandmother, rather timid about encroaching on Angelica's newly-fledged liberty.

"Nonsense! Overshoes! This time of year! Well, to oblige you, little granny;" and she called for her tiny sandals. But a moment afterward Angelica ran back. "I believe I had best take overshoes," she said, and she tore off her sandals for Nora to put away. "Let us see—where's my blue scarf?"

"Take your tippet, Angel."

"Furs in May, grandma!" and she was gone again, only to run back, nevertheless, and exchange her mantle for a thick sacque. "And they're bareheaded in Kent to-day," she said.

"Angelica," called her grandmother, "if you really are going into the woods, do put on another flannel petticoat."

"Humor the weather in that way?" with a laugh like a bell. And this time she was decidedly off, by the slam of the door, enjoying tremendously those first experiences of her American liberty.

"How absurd!" said Angelica to herself presently, as she was passed by a band of ragamuffin children decked out in paper roses and garlands. "As if they could not have had some real flowers by this time, the idle little things! With the woods full of them, too! If there's anything disgusting it's the unreal, the artificial," she thought, as she still pursued this line of meditation after getting beyond the garden borders of the town. "All the girls now are wearing false white-weed in the bosom, when the fields are white with them probably. How surprised they will be at home when I come in with my hands full!—things are always there for the eyes that know how to look for them. Mr. Wilston had to confess that he had picked liverwort himself in the third week of March. I wish he wasn't so positive about the bad walking and the cold ground and the swamps. He acts as if he had a right over me already, and I've never said whether I meant to give him the right or not. And if he isn't careful, I'll say 'not,' and he needn't be looking at me with his lordly glances. I don't care whether a man's as handsome as Antinous or not, but I don't want a tyrant for a lover. And of course," she continued, coherently, "everybody knows there are violets, columbines, and ground-laurel—" Here Angelica paused to rescue an overshoe from the mud, and, finding it difficult, to leave the other one beside it. "I don't care," she said. "Good thick boots do for England; they'll have to answer here," and she went gayly forward into the edge of the wood by the river.

"The idea!" said Angelica. "I'm awfully afraid they're right at home. Not a leaf on any tree, nothing but the beggarly willow catkins, and the oaks looking callow as goslings. Why, isn't America a civilized country? O yes, there's a maple, all red and blushing. I told you so. I knew there were flowers." And she stooped for a cluster of violets that were shivering in the breeze, and put them into her basket.

"Dear me! it won't take long at this rate. I shall just tell Mr. Wilston that I filled my basket in half an hour, for all his theories, and we have as many flowers in New England as they do in Old England—so!" And the sanguine little creature hurried on to do it. She found one pale little hepatica, and a bud beside it, and after an hour's diligence she found nothing else, not one sweet bit of epigæa, and she was getting highly irate with the American flora, when she paused to see a bird wing through the spaces, and to tell him how silly he was to think it was summer yet, after all. "Mr. Wilston will be so pleased!" she said, indignantly, as if nature ought to take her part. It was a picturesque bit of woods just there; the long lofty stems of the undraped trees crowding up into the light, and the aisles on one hand extending into shadow, and on the other huge moss-grown bowlders and thorny thickets lining the bank, where, some eighty feet below, the river went brawling along over rapids and falls in a way to please a poet or fisherman. And it was a picturesque little body in the wood that Angelica looked, the wind tossing her hat half off, her glowing cheeks, her sparkling brown eyes, and her great shock of light brown curls blowing all ways at once as she leaned over the edge of the bank to gaze into the seething torrent below, and wondered, meanwhile, whether pond-lilies grew in that sort of water. Just then the wind slapped her skirt round a young walnut sapling. Vexed with the rudeness, she slapped it back again; she lost her balance as she did it, and over she went with a cry.

Poor little Angelica! How many thoughts there are in a second! Her first thought was: "It's the end of me; I'm being torn to pieces on those rocks!" Her second one was: "O, what will grandma do without me now?" The third one ran: "And I've been so bad about Mr. Wilston, and he'll be so sorry for his little Angelica; and I pushed Tommy yesterday; and once I told grandma a lie——" And then there was a wild whirl of horror of sharp rocks and drowning whirlpools, and great gulfs of death and oblivion.

When the little body came to herself she was lying comfortably suspended in mid-air, in a cradle made by the wild plum bushes and the old horse-brier and grape-vines that had interlaced themselves together there, growing from the crevices. Above her was more than twenty feet of almost sheer rock, and below her was the boiling river, rushing and roaring on. With a start of terror, as memory swept back upon her she seized a stout stem of the vine and clutched it with all her might; but a gust of wind coming at the moment, and rocking the cradle well, assured her that her clinging amounted to little, and she presently found the thousand and one briers of the wild smilax holding her more securely than it was possible her tiny fingers should.

Before long she was able to gather her senses from their trance of horror, in which all reason had been dissipated, and she loosened her dress, and sat up in her nest to look about her. "It's of no use," she said at last. "The only way to get down is to free a grape-vine and climb down on it; and it wouldn't be long enough, and it wouldn't be strong enough, and if I got down at all, it would only be into a boiling pit of deep water, and in freeing it I might be like the man who sawed off the end of the branch he sat on—if I could free it anyway. And I might as well die of starvation and be picked by the birds, as die of drowning and be picked by the fishes. But, oh, dear! dear! dear! what are they doing at home now? Why can't some of them come after me? Why doesn't Mr. Wilston know how horribly I hang here between heaven and earth? Why doesn't somebody follow me? O, what have I done, what have I done, to be punished this way? O, you don't suppose I am really going to be left to die here! O, how cruel! how cruel!" And then there was a great burst of sobbing, and she wrung her hands, and cried again.

But the crying over, for the time being, Angelica began to look about her. The blow had been struck too powerfully to do much less than stun—and she yet hardly realized her situation in full. "I don't *quite* give it up," she said. "Somebody may come this way;" and she hallooed till she was out of breath. "It wouldn't be a bad place for pleasure," she thought, "if one could get down or up when one wished, and if one had plenty of books and a lunch basket. O, how hungry I am!" Certainly it was not at all a bad place of its sort—swinging cradled there securely in mid-air, with the birds darting all about one; with the great sky full of sunshine overhead; with that fish-hawk sailing in slow circles ere he plunged. "This is the way some of the Puget Sound Indians bury their dead," she thought, "high up among the branches. Only they have tin pans hung with them. And that does so put me in mind of our Nora's cream—the very last pan she let me skim. And now I'm hungrier than ever. I wonder what time it is—long past lunch, of course. I'm hollow now; I shall be famished by dinner-time; to-morrow morning I shall be giddy. I wonder how long it takes people to die of starvation, and if it's very fearful. I mustn't think about broths and haricots and stews and chicken pies and—" And Angelica paused, holding this unprofitable meditation for one about to die. "I ought to be reading my Testament," said she. "And yet the only thing I should enjoy reading just now would be a cookery book. O, I didn't know I was such a glutton! I suppose in my heart of hearts I am sure that Mr. Wilston will come after me."

It was in the pause of thought following that she heard voices—a myriad, it seemed to her. She had shouted from time to time ever since she fell; now she raised her voice again, and she couldn't make out whether it was the children answering her or a flight of echoes from the opposite rock. No, it was the children, she at length was sure. Yes, yes, indeed, there were the little faces peering over the brink, through the stems of the saplings—faces of those very children at whose paper garlands she had laughed; and she called out lustily again—called and called, with furied and half-frenzied cries, till her voice refused to come for more. Plainly as she could see them, looking up, the children could not see her for the interlacing and protruding vines and branches. But they could hear her all too well—a viewless voice; it roused all their little imaginations, and they scampered away as fast as their feet could carry them, in their amazement and fright, to tell of the mysterious sounds they had heard.

"Now I must die," said poor little Angel; and she fell back in her nest, worn out with her frantic exertions. "I suppose there is some purpose in it. If sparrows don't fall to the ground unheeded," she said, "God knows I am here." And it would have been very much to her surprise, if it had been possible for her to know it, that here she fell asleep.

The sun was still shining brightly when she awoke; but she was unable to tell whether she had lost herself for a few minutes, or had slept over night and it was now next day. She felt so faint, however, that she was quite sure it was next day. "And he hasn't come for me yet," she sighed. "There is a great deal of vitality in young people," she said, "and I am only seventeen." And then, in spite of her effort at resignation, tears welled over her eyes, to think of the light of her sweet seventeen years so early extinguished. She put her hand into her pocket for her handkerchief, to wipe the tears away, before she remembered that she had hung it out as a signal of distress; and she drew forth, instead, a letter, one that Mr. Wilston had slipped into her hand the evening before, and that she had crumpled up, hardly glancing at it, and had then taken with her in the morning, thinking she would read it in the wood.

What did he write her such letters for? Why did he want to love her? Why did he urge it again and again? She was only a child; she had just begun to taste the sweetness of life. Why couldn't he let her alone for a little while, till she had looked on her surroundings and seen what the world was; had had a little freedom and pleasure—at any rate till she needed him?

Till she needed him! the next thought came. Ah, Heaven! did she not need him now? And a storm of tears answered for her. "O, if he did love me, if he really did love me he would know what I am suffering; he would come and help me and save me. It would break his heart to see me!" she sobbed. "It would break *mine* to see him so." And then all at once she paused in her crying and exclaiming, and opened her brimming brown eyes wide to the sunshine. What! Would it really break her heart to see Mr. Wilston suffering so? Would she care? Did she—could she——. O, if she never saw him again at all! Was it possible that, after all, she really, really—— Was it possible that she—she loved Mr. Wilston?

And if he never knew!—if he never knew! How good he had been to her! how patient with her! what a noble fellow he was! how tenderly, how passionately his eyes had followed her! If he was ugly—well, *she* had never thought so. Now that she should not see his face again it seemed beautiful to her. It was the first face she should look for when they both woke at last in the life beyond this. And what a forward and perverse child she had been! What had he ever seen in her to love? But he did—he did love her. And she hugged her little hands over her heart, suddenly conscious that the fact was precious.

Well, if she must die, she must. But here was a mercy in the act of death. It had been given her to love. It seemed as if the Angel of Death had touched her heart with the living fire. This great joy, this great rapture, had buoyed her heart over the abyss. There was a first moment for everything, and the first moment of her awakening love, of her recognition of her love, had been like a winged spirit soaring over death, the seraph springing from the grave. "My love is my soul," she cried, "and my dying sets it free."

And now if he never knew! But he should know. Some day they would find her, and the letter in her hand. And she refolded that letter, took her pencil-case and addressed it to Mr. Wilston, and wrote with her trembling fingers underneath: "I never knew I loved you. You must forgive me. But I do—indeed I do. I am going to die presently. If I had lived, I would have tried to be a good wife to you." And she signed herself his Angel and lay back in her nest half content.

She lay there a little while, looking up at the blue of the sky rising from the red and purple of the rocks, with the white flashes of wings across it, her mind so made up to the inevitable that she had hardly any fear; and she began softly singing a hymn to herself. "If man's love is so precious," she was thinking, "what must God's love be?"

In the midst of this tranquil moment, however, she was roused by a singular vibration running through the stout vine ropes of her cradle, and quite another line of thought as instantaneously suggested itself. She had been fully prepared for this fainting, painless passing away, high up in air, almost in the blue sky itself; but falling on the jagged rocks and boiling water—all that was horrible, and she felt her heart shaking.

Ah, yes, certainly the vine ropes were shaking too. Were they loosening?—were they falling? O, what was this? And some great flapping object was flying over her with a scream—an eagle started from its perch—and a rope was following it, a great noose, and then a hand and arm had suddenly closed round her from behind, and a voice was curtly telling her to "obey and spring backward." And Mr. Wilston was drawing her out of the nest of the cradling vines, and she was standing, trembling in his grasp, on the shelf of rock where he leaned, with a rope round his waist made fast to a tree above—a shelf of rock, she thought, with a swift pulse of chagrin, that had been there all the time, in a crevice round the corner of the cliff, and leading a narrow way up to the sod and the sapling above, if she had only had the sense to turn her head and look for it.

Mr. Wilston did not speak a word. He was white as ashes, and she thought she could hear his heart beat. Still holding her and his rope he crept slowly up the narrow shelf; then he set her down before him, untied his rope and slowly coiled it away, looking at her all the time, with her downcast eye and reddening face half hidden under all the bright brown blowing hair.

"Now, if you please," he said, gravely, at last, "I will take that letter which I saw you had addressed to me."

"A letter addressed to you!" she said, looking up then, a spark of the old spirit half eclipsing that new light which had dawned in her face.

"Angel, how much longer——"

"Longer! I wish you would tell me," she said, "how long I have been here already, and whether it is to-day or to-morrow, and what——"

"How much longer," he cried again, "do you want to torment me? I could claim you as my property by all the laws of salvage," he said, stepping toward her: "But it isn't necessary, for I read the letter as you held it in your hand before I threw the rope over you. You signed yourself my Angel. You said you would be a good wife to me."

"Well—I—will," said little Angelica. And her face grew so rosy red that she had to hide it, whether she would or no, in the first shelter at hand—and if it was her lover's arms, how was that to be helped?

"It wasn't such a bad Maying, on the whole," she said, presently, as they went their way home together. "After all, the American flora isn't much behind the wayside hedges in Kent. *I* didn't get much of anything but a fright and a cold to be sure, and of some love-in-idleness, but you got an armful of Angelica."

"The sweetest flower for me," he said, "that blows under heaven."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Scours" in Calves.

This disease, so fatal to young calves, is most common where cows and calves are housed and among calves brought up artificially. Apart from hereditary tendency and the new demands on the digestive functions of the young thing, it is mainly due, especially in calves brought up at the pail, to long fasts and subsequent rapid gorging, or being compelled to drink sour, stale milk, sometimes given too warm. Sometimes, even when fed naturally, the milk contains injurious matters, owing to the cow being over-driven, excited, or having access to foul water, or on account of the milk having been retained too long in the udder. The early symptoms are: a dirty tail, dullness, disregard of food and abdominal fullness, with fluid, bad-smelling yellow or whitish fæces discharged with violence or pain. As treatment, the patient should be removed to a clean, airy but warm box. If put on the milk of a farrow cow, it should have that of one that has calved more recently; and if the health of the nurse fails or the bag cakes, the calf should be supplied from a more healthy source. If the little thing is given to rapid drinking, an artificial teat in the pail for it to suck at will partially remedy the habit. The stomach should be cleared of irritating food and acrid discharges by a dose of one or two ounces of castor oil and a teaspoonful of laudanum. If the skin or membranes of the mouth, nose or eyes, are of a yellowish tint, two grains of calomel and twenty grains of chalk may be added and repeated daily for some time. A tablespoonful of tincture of cinnamon, with twenty grains each of chalk and gum arabic, will be an excellent addition. Finally, if the abdomen is tense or tender to the touch, it should be rubbed over with a thin pulp made of the best ground mustard and tepid water, and covered with a bandage to prevent drying until it has taken effect on the skin.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Joined the Silent Majority.

"Men die an' ar' known no moar," began the President of the Limekiln Club, as stillness reigned throughout the hall. "It am my painful dooty to inform dis club dat de Hon. Cumback Slathers, an honorary member residing at South Bend, has passed ober de dark ribber. He has often visited dis club an' worked on the twenty-ninth degree wid us, an' he was calkerlatin' to remove to dis city nex' month an' enter upon a vigorous career of whitewashin'. Cumback Slathers was not a great man. He wasn't a man who would eber save the kentry or ruin it. He neber sot in de Legislatur', an' he was no orator. He had no horn to toot an' no ax to grind. He was simply a plain man—one of de millions of common pebbles on de shore of Time's great ocean waitin' to be gathered. Outside of a little circle of friends no one will miss him. Some oder man will walk in de paths hollowed out by his footsteps. Some oder pebble will be washed upon de shore to take de vacant place, an' de big world will roll on jist de same as if sich a man had never moved among us. As a club we do not believe in eulogies. Men am what dey am, an' dyin' doan' put angel's wings on de shoulders of sinners. Let me simply say of our dead an' gone brudder dat he used men jist as men used him, which is a principle dat knocks de golden rule sky-high any day in de week. I found him honest, truthful, charitable; an' he was a man who fully realized de fack, when formin' an opinyun of oder men, dat while a ten fousan' dollah diamon' kin be carried in the west pocket, it takes a big vehicle to tote along a score of empty bar'ls worth twenty cents apiece."

The usual resolution of sympathy was then passed, the brother's account squared on the books, and the Glee Club sang:

Play de fiddles slow and softly,
Let your voices all be low,
Death has reaped anoder harvest—
Chant de requiem soft an' low.
Through de dark an' misty valley
O'er de ribber dark an' wide;
Jinin' wid de great purceshun
Marchin to de oder side.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

—In 1875 Lady Burdette Coutts wrote a letter from Brighton, England., regarding the misuse of goats for draught and urging their improvement for their valuable milking purposes. The British Goat Society has sprung up and thrifty from the attention thus called to the matter, and it is contemplated to establish depots for the sale of goats as well as their pure milk, which is found to be invaluable especially for children in case of sickness. Doctors and philanthropists are lending their aid to the society in this improvement.

—At its rising and its setting the sun makes the deepest shadows, so at the beginning and toward the close, the careers of great men are most darkened by the neglect or aspersion of the world.

For Young Readers.

THE CANARY'S MUSIC LESSON.

"Now teach me your song, Canary," said
Maud with the roguish eyes,
"And when father comes home with mother,
I'll give them such a surprise:
They'll think I am you, Canary, and wonder
what set you free,
And nearly die a-laughing, when they find it is
only me.
Teach me your song, Canary; I'll whistle it if
I can:
Now open your throat, dear Tiptoe, and sing
like a little man."

Tiptoe, the pretty fellow, cocked up his bright
black eye,
As if to say, "Little mistress, it will do you no
harm to try."
Then taking some slight refreshments, and
polishing off his bill,
Broke into a rapture of singing that ended off
with a trill;
And Maud, with her head bent forward, sat
listening to his lay,
And fast as he sang she whistled, till gathered
the twilight gray.

Then she crept down to the parlor as quietly
as a mouse:
The maids were in the kitchen, and no one
else in the house.
And when the key in the doorway the dear
little mischief heard,
She whistled away so sweetly, they thought it
was surely the bird.
Hither and thither she flitted, behind the sofa
and chairs;
Her mother cried, "Mercy, Edward! the bird!
Is the cat dow-stairs?"

Wildly they stared around them, till, "It's
me, it is me, papa!"
Said Maud, from her corner springing. Ah,
then what a loud "Ha, ha!"
Rang through the room. Her father, convulsed, on the sofa sat;
Gravely appeared among them their sober
old pussy cat.
Maud merrily laughed and shouted, "a cunning old cat like you—
To think *you* should mistake me for a little
canary, too!"

—*Harper's Young People.*

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

When Colonel Frank Johnson and his two sons settled on the banks of Pleasant Creek and commenced sawing lumber with the newly invented gang-saw, it was a perfect wilderness. Their hut of logs was erected on a slight hill overlooking the stream on which their rough mill was situated, and these two structures were fully ten miles from any habitation. One who looks to-day upon the pretty little town of Johnsonville can hardly realize that its origin was of so recent a date.

Great trees wooded the banks of the creek, through which a path had been cut from the house to the mill, the track of which to-day bears the name, "Tom's Avenue," so called by the old man in admiration of his son Thomas, who was the hero of the story I am now telling.

The mill was in constant operation, night and day, with one or the other of the three, and sometimes two of them, to watch the process of sawing; all of them being required when the sawing of one log was completed to put in another. When two had the watch by night, one would lie down under blankets brought from the house, to be called when wanted by the other. In summer it was a luxury to break off the spruce boughs and make a bed of them, and the boys, who were sixteen and eighteen years old, enjoyed this wild life very much.

Their mother being dead, they had to do their own cooking and mending, and were very handy housekeepers. They were handy also with the gun and fishing rod, and the woods were full of deer and other game, and the creek with fish. They lived like Princes on what they procured in this way. It was fun for them to range the woods and fish in the stream, and they would take turns to watch the saw while one went hunting, or, at times, they would both go together, leaving their father at the mill.

One day they went further into the forest than usual in search of game, when they were startled by the breaking of branches, and a huge bear came out of a little opening and stood on his hind legs before them, looking very inquiringly as to what their errand was. They did not stop to tell him, but scampered off as fast as possible, without letting the grass grow under their feet. When they found that the bear was not following them, Dick, the older, expressed himself very sorry that he had not fired at the brute, but Tom thought they had done better to retreat; saying, that while bear, venison was very good upon a table, it didn't seem so attractive to him in its raw condition. This was the first bear they had seen, but their father told them there was a *bare* possibility of their seeing more sometime.

They were rather on the lookout for bears after this, fearing lest some trouble might be *bruin;* but they kept away, and soon the boys thought nothing about them. And they went on pretty much as they had done, sawing out lots of lumber, which purchasers from below made rafts of and run down the creek to its junction with the great river. The saw employed was, as I have said, the new gang-saw, which made a whole log into boards at one time. When the saw was running, some portion of the machinery was applied to drawing the log through as fast as it was sawed.

One night the saw had commenced busily running through a large log, with Tom on the watch. Dick had lain down under his blankets, and their father was at the house awaiting a summons to help "jerk a new log." It was very still outside, and the ruddy light from pitch faggots, that burned on a great stone, shone through the open sides of the mill and lighted up the forest all around. It was a weary watch for Tom, though he had become accustomed to it, and he beat his feet upon the floor and warmed himself at the fire when he felt cold until eleven o'clock had arrived, as he judged by the stars. Dick was to be awakened at midnight, and his father was to be called soon after; so to keep up his spirits he took the lunch he had brought to the mill, which was placed in a side nook, and, seating himself on the log which was slowly being sawed, he spread his repast out and began to eat it.

He had scarcely made way with one mouthful, when he heard a sound which caused him to suspend the second one, and wait with open mouth, eyes and ears, to have the sound repeated. He could not make out the nature of it or where it came from. It seemed a sort of growl or snort, and amidst the noise the saw was making, it was not possible to determine its character. It might have been Dick snoring as he lay hidden by the blankets, so he stopped eating and listened. Very soon the sound was repeated, nearer and louder than before, and this time leaving Tom in no doubt regarding it. He looked in the direction from whence the noise came, and there, showing plainly in the light which flashed out upon him, was a huge black bear, his eyes glowing, and showing an evident intention of coming in without an invitation.

Tom did not long hesitate what to do. His descent from the log was a remarkably speedy movement, and forgetting his brother Dick, who lay in blessed unconsciousness, he darted for the opening the opposite of that by which the bear was entering, expecting a vigorous race. A few moments after, as he ran, he thought of Dick, and without considering his own weakness in the event of an encounter with the enemy, he turned back. The bear had either not commenced the pursuit, or had given it up, and Tom feared that he might have found poor Dick and be even then making a meal of him. Returning toward the mill, and keeping behind the trees as he went, he at last got to a place where he could see the whole interior, and there, to his astonishment, was the bear seated on the log making free with his supper, while Dick lay still snoozing undisturbed.

The bear rather prolonged his meal, as if he relished it, while the log was traveling toward the saw. The animal's face was turned from it, and, as he finished the last crumb, he swayed his body from side to side with a show of satisfaction, and arose upon his hind legs as if he were about to dance. At that moment the saw struck him from behind, whereupon he turned with a howl of pain which brought Dick to his feet, and, throwing his arms about the traversing saw, in a moment he was dead, his blood smearing the log on which he lay.

Tom rushed in just as Dick rushed out. They met furiously in the doorway, each throwing the other down, and each cried out "Help!" as loud as he could. Their father heard the sound at the house, and in a moment they heard his feet in the lane. He reached them almost as soon as they had recovered their feet.

"Well, boys, what's the matter?" said he.

"Matter!" cried Tom, "just look in there! I've sawed a big brute of a bear all up into venison *stakes!*"

Mr. Johnson and his boys hurried in—and there was the monster most happily cut up for use; and the old man complimented his boy on the neatness of his execution, which would bear admiring scrutiny as a work of art; indeed, a better he never saw.

Such is the story that was told to me while sojourning in the village of Johnsonville, and Esquire Johnson, now President of the bank, and last year representative of the General Court, was pointed out to me as the identical Tom who served up the bear. Dick was running a woolen mill up in New Hampshire, a prosperous and worthy citizen.—*B. P. Shillaber, in May Wide-Awake.*

Girls as Housekeepers.

Begin with your own things and your own place. That is what your mother will tell you if you rush to her, enthusiastic with great intentions, and offer to relieve her of half her housekeeping. Don't draw that little bucket of cold water to have it poured back upon your early zeal. Reform your upper bureau-drawer; relieve your closet-pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and cheerful order, in the midst of which you can daily move; and learn to keep it. Use yourself to the beautiful, which is the right, disposing of things as you handle them, so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself, leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing you have about you. Let it grow impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing-table, or to stick your pins in your cushion even at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. This will not make you "fussy"—it is the other thing that does that—the not knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation. Once get your knowledge beyond study, and turn it into tact—which is literally having it at your fingers' ends—and order will breathe about you, and grace evolve from commonest things, and uses, and belongings, wherever you may be; and "putting things to rights" will not be separate task-work and trouble, any more than it is in the working of the solar system. It will go on all the time, and with a continual pleasure.

Take upon yourself gradually—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need—all the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Get together things for use in these cares. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture-brush and your feather-dusters, and your light little broom, and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet-oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish, or restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone—so that you don't count the time it takes any more than that which you have to give to your own bathing and hair-dressing—then you have learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

—*Ladies' Floral Cabinet.*

AT Bowling Green, Ky., Jesse Thomas lost nine good hogs. Just sixteen days thereafter he found them. The ground where the beds were had suddenly sunk, and they were entombed fifteen feet below the surface.