Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - MISSOURI.

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

And so it was settled, "settled by a unanimous vote," as his father said, and he kissed his boy good-night and went out and bought the ducks and chickens, and arranged to have them put on the steamer in the morning. If the girls had been allowed a voice in determining the going home of their parents the vote might not have been so "unanimous," for they dreaded being left alone in the great city; but knowing they could not detain their parents many days longer anyhow, and that their mother, as she said, was tired and wanted to get home and see to things, they interposed but few objections. So the next morning good-byes were said, with many injunctions on the part of the mother, and with kisses, and hugs, and tears, and promises to write often.

The girls did not go down to the wharf to see them off, for they feared the getting back to their rooms; and besides it was better to say good-bye where no stranger's eye could see the tears which they knew would come at the parting; and so chose to part at their lodging where they could have a good cry all to themselves just as soon as their parents and Johnny were out of sight.

Mr. Parsons left them all together at the last moment and went down to say good-bye to the professor in whose house they were, and toward whom he felt kindly, as he was to be in some degree the protector of his daughters during their stay at school. He found him in the sitting-room and shook his hand heartily.

"Good-bye, professor, good-bye," he said. "Take good care of the girls; mother and I think a heap of 'em. You'll find 'em good girls, too, professor, and smart; take after their mother the girls do; both of 'em. Well, good-bye; let us know if anything goes wrong with 'em anyway, and don't be afraid that their bills won't be paid. I'm good for anything I contract for, I reckon.

"Come mother. Good-bye girls. Come Johnny, we must hurry or we'll miss the boat," he called from the foot of the stairs, and a moment later they were gone and Jennie and Lucy were alone and having their cry out all by themselves.

"I don't know how we are to get home from town when we get there," said John Parsons as they neared the landing that afternoon. "Erastus wasn't to come for us until to-morrow night."

"May be some of the neighbors will be in," returned Mrs. Parsons. "Most likely they will; if not we will manage some way. It appears to me as if I had been gone an age and I must get home to-night if I have to walk. How do you suppose Erastus is getting along all alone?"

"Oh 'Ras is all right," replied her husband. "Don't you never fear for him. If he ain't capable of takin' care of himself ther ain't no young feller around these diggins as is. Likely he's a little lonesome but he's gettin' on well enough, never you fear; and home'll seem all the cheerfuler for our havin' been gone. Thet's a pint I kin speak from experience on, fer I kept bach myself fer better'n six years, while you and the babies was back in the States; and I don't never want to do it again."

As our friends had hoped, a neighbor was in town with his team, and gladly offered them a ride out. He could not carry the ducks and chickens, however, and they were left with other purchases for Mr. Parsons or Erastus to return for on the morrow.

It was nearly dark when, coming over the last rise, they looked down upon their own home, with the orchard and vineyard and the rosebush that clambered over the wide porch, fairly covering it with wreaths of bloom, and gave a sigh of relief at their journey ended.

Johnny was already asleep in his father's lap when the wagon drew up at the front gate, and Erastus, surprised at their unexpected return, came out to meet them.

"I am awfully glad you have got back," he said, as they entered the house; "but I had rather you had delayed another day, or at least until morning. I had promised myself to wash up all the dirty dishes in the house to-night if it took all night to do it, and now you have come and caught me with it undone and the house in a terrible fix."

Mrs. Parsons laughed. "Didn't I tell you, John, that I ought to come home and see to things," she said. "A man don't know anything about keeping house."

"But you can't guess what I've got," broke in Johnny, now fully awakened and conscious of where he was. "Three big white ducks and two little banty chickens, 'n I'll bet my banty rooster can whip your big Shanghai!"

"Oh, ho! so you are a sporting man from the city, are you?" returned Erastus, taking the lad up and hugging him. "Well, you wait until you get your chickens home, and if they ain't too awfully fierce-looking I'll put up my old bob-tailed Shanghai against your bantam rooster, and if the banta licks, you shall have them both and I'll get you a jack-knife in the bargain, and if the Shanghai whips I'll have the banta and the white ducks! What do you say; will you do it?"

This was a poser to Johnny. He had been very certain that his bantam could whip the big, clumsy Shanghai, whose cowardice was proverbial among the members of the family, and who was only kept for the ridiculous appearance which he cut with his long legs and tailless body, for which latter old Bose was generally held accountable, but the ready assurance with which Erastus offered to back "old Bob," as they called the Shanghai, against the bantam, aroused a fear of the result; and much as he coveted the jack-knife, he feared to risk losing the bantam and the ducks, and no amount of bantering could induce him to agree to the wager. He had a better scheme in his head. He waited until the chickens were turned loose in the barnyard, and when he had actually seen the Shanghai in full retreat before the vicious attack which the bantam made upon him, he claimed the jack-knife and refused to remember that he had not accepted the offered wager.

The vacation between the fall and winter term of school was so short that Jennie and Lucy did not attempt to spend it at home, but remained in San Francisco, and thus were absent fully six months without seeing any member of their family. They wrote every week, however, and often more frequently, and were so well pleased with their school, and the family in whose house they were was so kind, that those at home had no especial anxiety about them. They were kept supplied with money, and occasional boxes of home-baked pies and cakes, or a jar of fresh sweet butter was sent them by steamer, and every few days Erastus or Mrs. Parsons wrote to them, thus keeping them fully advised as to all that was going on upon the ranch or among the young people in the neighborhood.

Their father did not write—he had never been much accustomed to write letters until he left the States and went to the mines; and here his opportunities for sending letters had been so few as to prevent frequent exercise of what little talent he possessed in that direction, so that now he felt no inclination to apply his stiffened fingers to the use of the pen, but was content to hear read the letters received weekly, and with sending messages of love in those of Erastus and his wife; but as the time approached for the return of the girls for the long vacation he was eager for their coming, and was at the landing waiting for them more than an hour before the steamer was due; and when she came, hurried on board the instant the gang-plank was lowered.

"How'd do, Jennie; how'd do, Lucy; glad you're back again. Give your old father a hug;" and he gathered them in his arms and put his bearded face down to theirs for a kiss, and then turned away and drew the back of his hand across his eyes and led them on shore and helped them into the spring wagon.

"Mother'll be monstrous glad to see you" he said, as they drove homeward; "and so'll Erastus and Johnny. An' the young folks in the neighborhood are arrangin' for a picnic an' a dance in the woods for one day next week, a purpose so you can all see each other agin.

"'Spect the young fellows are mighty anxious to have you back in the neighborhood, bein' there ain't hardly girls enough to go around anyway. I was just a-tellin' mother only yesterday that if you girls hadn't got your heads set on goin' to school another year, I'd a heap ruther you stayed to home and helped her to make the house cheery like, but if you want to go back I ain't a-goin' to 'bject. I reckon 'Rastus will be gittin' married 'fore long. An' may be he'll bring his wife home; I'm sure there's room enough in the cottage fer all of us, even if we were all to home, and I s'pose we can't always keep you girls. Even ef you was to leave school for good, some of the young fellows would be coaxin' you away from us."

"Oh, no, pa; I am sure neither Lucy nor I have any thoughts of getting married, have we, Lucy?" laughed her sister.

"You don't mean to say 'Ras is in love with any of the girls though, do you?" she continued. "I wonder who it can be. Funny, isn't it? but I never thought that he could ever get married, had you, Lucy?"

Lucy said she had never thought of it, though of course Erastus would marry some time, she supposed; nearly everybody did.

Then she tried to talk of something else, but Jennie insisted on knowing who it was that Erastus was courting.

"Oh I don't know as anybody in particular," her father replied, "only he's ridin' around with the neighbors' girls some, and it's natural he should marry afore many years. He is a man now, and he knows we are savin' money to buy him a ranch with after a spell."

"It will be mighty lonesome," he added, "if he should marry and leave mother and me; 'specially if you girls should go, too."

The girls both protested that they never meant to marry; had not thought of such a thing.

"You must not talk so, pa," said Lucy, "because we are never going to leave you; but just as soon as we get through school will come home and stay always with you and mother."

Jennie noticed that her sister's voice had a little suspicion of tears in it when she said this, and that she turned her head and looked the other way when she spoke, but forgot it immediately in wondering if it were true that 'Ras really had any one picked out to marry, and if so, whom? She thought over all the girls in the neighborhood, and finally decided that it was Mary Jones. Mary, she knew, had always liked Erastus. She liked Mary herself, and the two had been together a great deal, and if Erastus was going to marry anybody she hoped it would be Mary.

"There's Johnny coming to meet us," said John, Sen., as they came over the hill and struck the little stretch of level ground in front of the cottage.

"You bet he's got a good eye for seein' things. 'Spect he's been watchin' for us for an hour. He thinks a heap of his dad, don't you, Johnny?" he said, as he pulled up the ponies, and reaching down, lifted the youngster into the wagon "where they could get at him," as the girls said; and straightway they began to hug and kiss him, keeping it up until he squirmed away from them, and getting in between his father's knees, insisted on being allowed to drive.

Mrs. Parsons was at the gate waiting to welcome her girls back with a smile and a kiss. The old dog frisked about and barked as if he were still a puppy, fairly knocking Johnny down and upsetting one of the traveling baskets which had been set out preparatory to driving the wagon to the barn. Johnny would have cried, ordinarily, at such rough usage, but now it would have appeared out of place amidst the general rejoicing, and so instead of getting angry or crying, he laughed and tried to mount and ride old Bose as he followed the girls and their mother into the house. Erastus was at work in the fields when the party arrived, but seeing the wagon drive up, he came in immediately. He was, as Mr. Parsons had said, a man now, nearly six feet tall and with a manly air that had just a shade of embarrassment in it as he kissed the girls in turn and asked after their health.

Lucy was a little shy of his caress, and turned her cheek instead of putting up her lips to receive the salute; but Jennie greeted him with the old time smack and even repeated it twice before she released him. Then she broke out with:

"Oh! 'Ras, father says you're thinking of getting married. I don't believe it, though. Say, is it so? Are you going to marry Mary Jones? 'Cause I know Mary always liked you, though she would never own it. Say, 'Ras, is it really true?"

Poor 'Ras! The blood rushed into his cheeks, and gave them a tinge of red beneath the brown tan, and he glanced at Lucy, and moved away toward the porch, and then he looked a little foolish and finally vexed; and then the idea appeared to strike him as being ludicrous somehow, and he laughed.

"You know better than that, Jen," he said; "I never cared for Mary Jones, or any other of the girls; and, besides, Mary is going to be married to Joe Bronson, week after next, and we are all invited to the wedding."

"Oh, 'Ras, is that so? Why didn't you write us about it?" said Lucy, suddenly turning and coming back. And then both girls began:

"Where are they to be married?"

"At Mrs. Jones', I suppose."

"We'll go, of course."

"Wonder what Mary will be married in?"

"Are they going on a wedding tour?"

"What day next week is it to be?"

"Who is going to marry them?"

"Bet I wouldn't have old Mr. Peters marry me; he is the homeliest man I ever saw. Be just like him to forget their names and marry Mary to somebody else."

"Who's going to stand up with them?"

"Will it be at night or in the morning?"

"Where are they going to live?"

"Has Joe got a ranch of his own?"

"Wonder how Joe managed it, anyway; he used to be awfully bashful."

And a dozen other questions, without waiting for an answer.

"Come, girls; come Erastus, dinner's all ready, and your father's coming in from the barn," called Mrs. Parsons from the kitchen. "Come and let's see how it will seem, to all eat together once more."

As they passed out ahead of him, and all the time as they sat at dinner, Erastus kept thinking how beautiful Lucy had grown. He had never noticed it before, but it seemed to him now that Jennie really looked plain beside her sister.

CHAPTER X.

A SURPRISED ENGLISHMAN.

"Hi say! 'Ello, the 'ouse!

"Would you be kind enough to haccommodate us with a night's hentertainment?"

John Parsons was resting in his arm chair, with Lucy and Johnny near by upon the porch, when his ears were thus saluted. There was something in the tone of voice in which the words were uttered, or in the presence of the speaker as he turned and saw him, which on the instant prompted a thought of denying the request. Perhaps it was that he was not in his usual cheerful mood.

For some time after his return from San Francisco, where he had heard the system of hydraulic mining described, and accidentally learned that arrangements were being made by a company to begin work somewhere in the adjoining county above him, there had been days when he had been gravely silent, if not moody; but as several weeks passed and he heard nothing more regarding it, this feeling had worn off, and he had resumed his usual jovial look and bearing. But only that morning, while at the Landing, he had learned that the supplies for the mine were being sent up, and that the flume which was to furnish the water was already under way, and at once all his moodiness returned, and all that afternoon he had been silent and thoughtful; not even Johnny, who was his constant companion when about the ranch, being able to draw him into conversation or bring a smile to his face.

The company which owned the mine, so he had been told, was composed, in part at least, of Englishmen; and although he had no prejudice against the English, and had once in his own mining days worked in partnership with an Englishman, and had now no reason to suppose that the owner of the voice which he heard asking for a night's lodging had any connection with the company upon whose mining operations he was meditating so gloomily, yet the two facts, that Englishmen were interested in the enterprise and that the party addressing him was an Englishman, somehow formed a connection in his mind and tempted him to do what he never yet had done—refuse to extend the hospitalities of his house to strangers in need of a night's lodging.

As quickly as it came however this thought was dismissed, and he advanced to meet and welcome the strangers.

"I reckon you kin stay, strangers; an' welcome to such as we have. May be it isn't as good as ye have seen, but then agin you may see wus if you are goin' fur up into the mountains. Jest ride yer animals 'round the back way and they'll be seed to," and he opened the front gate before which the strangers were sitting upon their horses and led the way to the gate opening into the barn lot.

"Light down," he said, "an' come in."

There were three men in the party; the one who had acted as spokesman being, as his speech indicated, an Englishman, and one of the capitalists who were interested in the hydraulic mining operations of which Mr. Parsons had recently heard. He had come out from England to see for himself and his English partners if things were being properly managed, and to get a better knowledge of the actual value of the claims held by the company.

He had stopped in New York to consult with those who were furnishing the other half of the capital; and the son of one of these capitalists had come on with him, not exactly as a representative of any portion of the stockholders there, for they already had one of their number in charge at the mines, but for the purpose of seeing the world and learning something of business. His name was James Annelsey.

The third member of the little party was Silas Ensign, a workman in the employ of the Hydraulic Mining Company, who had been sent down to Sacramento to obtain some bit of machinery needed, or to carry an order for supplies, and who had chanced to meet with and was now guiding his companions to the mines.

"Hi say, but this is a 'orrid dusty country," remarked Mr. Jobbers as he alighted from his saddle. "Hensign, you see to the 'orses, an' then you can come in halso," he added as he and Annelsey turned to follow Mr. Parsons who led the way to the pump, where an opportunity was given them to wash, after which they were requested to enter the sitting-room and make themselves at home while their host returned to assist Ensign in caring for the animals, Erastus not being present at the moment.

When Mr. Parsons returned with Ensign, and the two were washing at the pump, Erastus joined them, and together the three entered the room to which Mr. Jobbers and Annelsey had already preceded them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—There are 87,000 paupers in London.

—In 1120 the first striking clock was invented by a Cistercian monk.

—Many of the plants in the Tuileries Gardens are two and three hundred years old.

—The lance has disappeared from the list of weapons used in the Austrian army. The lancers will be converted into light cavalrymen.

—A Paris judge refused to hear a case against a wife who had thrown her husband out of a window and broken his leg, but advised her to open a gymnasium at which other wives could train.

—It is officially reported that 2,800,000 acres of grazing lands in the kingdom of the Netherlands supports 1,500,000 cattle, 275,000 horses, 850,000 sheep and 350,000 hogs. This is less than one acre to the animal.

—During a recent speech in favor of cremation, Sir Spencer Wells mentioned that an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in a country town on the opening of some graves of persons who had died with that disease thirty years previously.

—In Normandy bird dealers arrange singing contests between favorite chaffinches which are sometimes compelled to sing alternately as many as eight hundred times. Occasionally the cruel practice of depriving them of sight is indulged in, as blind birds are often the best singers.

—The French Captain who on the march at Vizille tied a private to a mule's saddle has been cashiered for a year, and the Government journals quote this punishment as evidence that torture is not tolerated in the French army, although the opposition prints affirm that it is frequently inflicted.

—There are now established on the coast of Great Britain 284 lifeboat stations. In the current year there were 3,654 casualties to shipping around the British Isles; 633 lives and eighteen vessels were saved, in addition to 189 lives by shore boats and other means, where rewards were given, being a total of 792 lives saved through the agency of the society. During the year lifeboats were launched 252 times, and not one man of their crews was lost.

—The New South Wales regiment, which took part in the Soudan campaign, has arrived home in Sydney. They were given a tremendous reception. The day was made a public holiday. Delegates came from all the colonies in Australia, and all the available troops were drawn up to welcome the returning soldiers. The Governor delivered an address to the contingent, thanking them in the name of the Queen and the colonies for the great services they had rendered.

—Japan is made up of a chain of volcanic mountains, and the arable land of the empire is officially put at 11,215,000 acres—less than one-half the area of the State of New York—and this is so fertile and thoroughly cultivated that it feeds a population of 37,000,000—about that of France. Rice is one of the principal crops, and of this some 200,000,000 bushels are raised annually. Hand labor is generally used, and two or three crops a year are raised on the same land. Artificial irrigation is general, being necessary over one-half of the cultivated land, and frequently the water is taken from streams from twenty to thirty miles distant. The total number of horned cattle is 1,115,000, and of horses 1,605,000. Wood of all kinds is cheap and abundant.

AN APE-RIDDEN CITY.

Benares Tired of Her Sacred Monkeys and Anxious To Be Rid of Them.

A railroad company in India has declined to carry ten thousand monkeys. Most railroad companies probably would. That such an undertaking, however, should ever have been suggested to a Board of Directors is a curious incident in railroad history, yet it is a fact. The Brahmans of Benares, anxious to get rid of several thousand superfluous monkeys, asked the company to carry them away for them to a distant spot, but the railroad authorities showed no enthusiasm in closing with the offer of such a multitude of singular passengers. It is a matter of common knowledge that in Benares, the "City of the Gods," there is a very sacred colony of monkeys. Not only have they a temple, properly furnished with shrines and priests, specially dedicated to them, but they are free of all the others besides. In Benares they can go where they like, and, although this liberty is qualified by a certain measure of respectful opposition when they abuse their privileges too outrageously, the monkeys are virtually free of the whole city, private dwellings and public buildings. Thus circumstanced, with every favorable condition for longevity in individuals and fecundity in the species, it is no wonder that the four-handed folk have become redundant. Even the Brahmans themselves have at last confessed that there are too many monkeys in Benares, and are now trying to rid themselves of a portion of the intolerable burden of sanctity which such a host of reverend quadrupeds imposes upon them. The common people, in spite of the sacredness of the creatures, have long ago begun to think that so large a population of idlers has its unsatisfactory side, and, when we recollect that a monkey will every day eat and waste as much grain or fruit as an average Hindu requires for his weekly sustenance, and the mischief in which these creatures pass their time—having nothing else, poor, bored divinities, to do—must entail a substantially appreciable loss upon their human fellow-citizens, it is not difficult to sympathize with the ape-ridden men and women of the Holy City. Without contributing in any way to the material welfare of the sacred place, these animals, twenty thousand or so, constitute a very serious tax upon the working population and divert from other charities a vast quantity of good food. Each handful of grain which a monkey wastes would suffice for the meal of a mendicant fakir. At last, therefore, it has been decided to take steps to reduce the tailed population. The monkey, however, is at all times an intelligent person. He knows as well as any body else when he is well off. In Benares he is especially contented. Plenty of good water, unlimited vegetables, fruit and grain, delightfully shady nooks, verandas, temple corridors, etc., commend themselves to him as a combination of attractions not to be easily matched elsewhere, so that he scouts all suggestions of emigration. Once or twice the pious and benevolent old Rajah has invited the four-handed hosts to come across the river from the city to his Palace of Ramnuggur, and the priests have actually ferried boat load after boat load from one bank of the Ganges to the other. But the monkeys pretended to misunderstand the arrangement. They affected to think the trip a mere outing—a day's picnic. So, though they allowed themselves to be taken over in the morning with the utmost complacency, they always insisted on being brought back again in the evening. Boats ply in large numbers upon the river, and, without asking for permission or offering to pay any thing, they used to ship themselves as passengers and return to sleep in the city.

On another occasion, certain lands a short distance off were specially set apart by the princely Rajah for their maintenance, and an immense number of the animals were respectfully conducted to their new quarters and invited to settle there. But no; the monkeys found there were no sweetmeat stalls in the fields, no cake-shops in the graves, and they courteously, yet firmly, declined the Rajah's proffered hospitality, and came strolling back into the city at their leisure. They had tasted the pleasures of a rural life, and deliberately arrived at the conclusion that they preferred those of the town; so they gave up the cornfields and the mango trees for the cool courts of the many-templed city, and the bazaars where lollipops were always to be had for the stealing. The present effort, however, this of deporting by train to such a distance as Saharunpore such a large number as 10,000, is by far the most serious that has been made, and if the four-handed ones submit to be deported this time, they must make up their minds for permanent exile. Railway companies have no superstitutions about Hanuman; they do not worship monkeys. Thus, unless the animals are prepared to pay their own return fare, and to travel back in a respectable and honest manner, they will have to bid farewell to the beautiful old city where they spent such happy years, and where their bones will now have no chance of sacredly reposing after death. There is no chance of their ever finding their way back.—*London Telegraph.*

AFRICA.

Low Wages the Rule on the Dark Continent—Interesting Facts.

The following is a picture of life in Africa as portrayed by Consul Peter Strickland, of Senegal: Drunkenness to a greater or lesser extent seems to be the general condition of the vast majority of the trades and other people of Senegal who are not Mohammedans. It is my deliberate conviction that it costs the native trades-prople in Senegambia more for rum than it does for food, and what makes it very annoying for their employers is the fact that their services can not be depended on so long as they have the means in hand to buy rum. House servants are as bad as the rest, and unless European families are lucky enough to secure Mohammedans for their cooks, they can never know when a fast will be intruded upon them. The women in the matter of drinking, are, if anything, worse than the men, and if employed for waiters are sure to smash all the crockery within their reach in an incredibly short space of time. It is a custom among them also to form themselves into drinking clubs of a dozen or so each, and whenever their accumulated means are sufficient to purchase three or four gallons of liquor, they will, after excusing themselves from work on some frivolous pretext, meet at a house selected for the purpose and indulge in orgies too terrible to be described. It is sometimes a week before they recover from these debauches, and the interests of those who are obliged to employ them sufler accordingly.

"Added to the annoyance from their drinking habits, is also the fact that most of these intemperate women are of such easy virtue that their husbands seldom trust them, but leave them for others on the slightest pretext. The women also change partners as often as chance follows occasion, so that society, as we recognize the term, scarcely has an existence. It is one of the most common of things among the so-called Christian natives of Senegambia, to see children, brothers and sisters, through their mother, but all having different fathers, thus completely reversing the Mormon custom, where children are often brothers and sisters through their father but not through their mothers. Scores of children also die through neglect, exposure, and diseases, for which the drunken habits of their mothers are directly responsible. It does seem as though our Government must be culpable in granting drawbacks on rum and alcohol, which are exported by the ship-load, to debauch and destroy the unreflecting inhabitants of uncivilized countries. It is my deliberate opinion that rum in Africa is at present doing as much mischief as the slave trade ever did, and that it is a shame for a civilized country like the United States to aid any of its merchants in exterminating these northern Zulus of Africa."—*Consular Report.*

Trouble In the Household.

At the breakfast table Mrs. Warclum poured the coffee in ominous silence. Finally she said:

"Were you at the office all day yesterday?"

"W—well, to tell you the truth, my dear," replied Warclum, "I didn't feel much like business, and so I went down to Coney Island for a day at the races."

"Did you go alone?" she asked quietly, but firmly.

"N—no," he said, "there were a few friends with me."

Then she lost control of herself.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "and such friends! Jos Warclum," she went on excitedly, "last night you talked in your sleep, and I know it all. For over one hour you tossed and tumbled, and muttered the names Miss Woodford, and Jennie D., and Miss Daly, and Dizzy Blonde, and once I heard you say distinctly that they were the finest lot of maidens you ever saw. Think of it! A married man, and supposably a respectable member of society, associating with a woman who will allow herself to be called a dizzy blonde. It's a perfect—"

He interrupted this tirade and attempted to explain, but the breakfast was cold before she could hear a word. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—A mile below Port Jervis the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania join their boundaries. On a rock in the Delaware River a person may place one finger in Orange County, New York, another in Sussex County, New Jersey, and a third in Pike County, Pennsylvania, at the same time.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HUMANE KILLING.

The Quickest and Least Painful Manner In Which the Lives of Horses and Dogs May Be Taken.

Humanity requires that animals be killed in the quickest and least painful manner. The following circular has been sent to the police of all our Massachusetts cities and to our agents throughout the State:

THE HORSE.

Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle within a few inches of the head, and shoot at the dot, aiming toward the center of the head.

Blows.—Blindfold, and with a heavy axe or hammer, strike just below the foretop, at the point indicated in the present cut. Two vigorous, well-directed blows will make death sure.

Be careful not to shoot or strike too low.

THE DOG.

Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle near the head, aiming a little one side of the center of the top of the skull, and shoot downward at the dot so that the bullet shall go through the brain into or toward the neck.

Do not shoot too low, or directly in the middle, on account of thick bones.

After much consultation with Veterinary Surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put with a long handled spoon about half a teaspoonful of *pure* cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get *pure* cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked.—*Dumb Animals.*

JEALOUSY AFLOAT.

One Woman's Perversity—How She Managed Her Husband.

On the boat going up the river the other day was a couple of whom everybody soon took notice. It was plain enough that they had had a row, and that the wife was mad as a wet hen. When she had taken a seat the husband walked up and down and glowered at everybody and seemed to murmur threats of vengeance. On the deck, sitting by himself, was a red-shirted, big-fisted giant of a chap about forty years of age. Presently the woman gathered up her parcels and walked over and shook his hand and sat down beside him and began a cheerful chat, explaining, however:

"My husband is terribly jealous of me, and I want to bother him."

"All right, marm," replied old Hercules. "Just chatter and chin to your heart's content, and I'll larf and larf and slap my leg where the applause should come in."

The bold action puzzled the husband for a few minutes, but presently he walked up to the pair and said to the man:

"Are you an old acquaintance of hers?"

"I should remark that I was, your Honor Knowed her fur the last thirty odd."

"H'm! Who are you?"

"They calls me William the Conkerer

when they have time; when they don't they cut it short to Bill the Conk. And what may yer own handle be?"

"Humph! Mary, come with me!"

"I'm entirely comfortable," she replied.

"Mary, I want you!"

"Which is to remark," said William, as he rose up, "that when a lady puts herself under my protection, and a fly gent comes around with his chin music, Bill the Conk is in duty bound to protect her. Stranger, you skip!"

"Sir!"

"Which is to say that you will skip or swim!"

William reached out, but the husband retreated and sat down at a safe distance, and for two long hours he must have suffered torture. The wife chatted, William slapped his leg and the passengers winked; and as the couple landed at one of the club-houses the man in the red shirt handed the lady ashore like a cavalier and called out:

"I tumbles to the object, me lady, and if William the Conkerer kin ever be of assistance again jist gin me a blast on your fog-horn and I'll be thar' till death."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Wrong Side.

"What is your occupation?" the Judge asked the seedy, red-nosed man.

"I'm a bar-tender, your honor," was the reply.

"But the officer swears you are a loafer and pass the greater part of your time in saloons."

"Don't a bar-tender pass most of his time in saloons?"

"True," mused the Judge. "By the way," he asked, "which side of the bar do you tend?"

"The outside, your honor."

"I thought so," said the Judge, "three months."—*Boston Courier.*

CURING GREEN GRASS.

An Experiment Which Has the Flavor of Authority.

Dr. Voelcker cut green clover, carried it at once from the field, and stored it in a barn mow in alternate layers with dry straw. The mass soon began to ferment and heat and give out moisture, which was absorbed by the straw. The fermentation soon spread to the straw, which became moist and moderately hot, and thus underwent a sort of cooking or steaming under considerable pressure. The whole mass thus passed through much the same process as the green fodder does in a silo, but not so far as to produce any alcoholic or acetic fermentation, or to lose any of its valuable properties for feeding. It did not heat sufficiently to change the color of the clover, which gradually dried, retaining its fresh odor and greenness and all its native sweetness and nutriment. The effect really was to increase the digestibility of the clover to a small extent, and thus make it more valuable for feeding, while the digestibility of the straw was considerably increased, and it was made far more palatable by reason of its absorption of the odor and flavor of the clover.

The mixed fodder was cut and fed to cows and fattening oxen with the usual rations of meal. The results were that the cows gave an increased yield of milk which was improved in quality, and the cattle gained in flesh and fat to a greater extent than when fed upon the common hay alone. The tables of analyses of the mixed fodder showed that the indigestible matter was reduced in quantity, while the sugar and the other digestible nutrients increased in amount much more than was sufficient to pay for the labor of handling over the straw. This, however, was very little, as nothing more was required than to move the straw from one mow to another and spread it over the green clover, and this labor was much less than would have been required to spread and dry the clover in the field. There was in fact a considerable saving of labor in the process, as will be evident to every practical reader. Just now this is a timely subject. The clover and grass are ready for cutting, and all the risks of the hay field are to be met. The meadows are yielding a heavy crop. The subject of ensilage is evoking much thought and study. Here is a method of ensilage which is perfectly free from risk or apprehension, and no silo is required. The grass or clover may even be stacked in an open barrack with the straw as well as in a barn. It is certainly an opportunity for farmers to try an experiment which may lead to a valuable use of their straw and largely add to their stock of fodder, of which none ever has too much.—*N. Y. Times.*

A BIT OF ADVICE.

Imagination Not to be Jogged by Indiscriminate Cramming.

The following is from an unhappy youth: "I am a young man, lately from the country, and when I do get into company I have no jest or story to tell when it comes my turn to do so, and it makes me feel bad. Please give me the name of some nice story book and the place of sale."

Raconteurs, this young man needs to be informed, are not in every company, and, like poets, are born, not made. The art of story-telling, like the art of mimicry, with which it is often blended, is a rare gift, and, as your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, so a dull imagination can not be efficiently jogged by a cramming, though jest books be as plenty as blackberries. Let the young man take heart of grace and use such powers of observation as he may possess, and from the stores thus gathered contribute his share to a conversation, which he will find is composed for the most part of commonplaces. Small talk, usually very small talk, is the universal currency of social life. The young man discloses a laudable desire to render himself agreeable. He may become entertaining and instructive if he will abandon the pernicious idea of retailing those ancient witticisms which the pertness of the time has dubbed chestnuts, and from his own experience of country life, in the field following the furrow, at the mill with grist, at seed time or harvest, whipping the stream for trout or tracking rabbits in the snow, studying the habits of birds in the hedge rows or classifying the trees in the woods, tell in simple language a little story which will have for its urban hearers the freshness of new mown hay. It is not necessary that he should be eloquent. The homely phrase, modestly uttered, will serve. This originality will be tenfold more grateful and helpful both for his company and the young man himself than a studied repetition of garnered jests.—*Chicago Herald.*

Penjdeh.

The now famous Penjdeh is inhabited by some 7,500 families of Sariks, who are not subject to any great head chief, but are mostly ruled by various influential headmen. A good many Jews live among them, and are the principal shop-keepers, while they have no other slaves than a few captured years ago as children and women, now settling down as wives. The Sariks, the Calcutta *Englishman* says, are most prosperous, and possess over half a million sheep and 20,000 camels. Their kibitkas are very comfortable and are hung with rich carpets, the manufacture being their chief industry. The women go about freely, unveiled, and the children—very English looking—are full of spirits. One of the officers of the Mission used frequently to scatter small coin among the children, for which they scrambled in true English form, while the elders looked on and enjoyed the fun. The dogs belonging to the Mission—especially the bulldogs or fox terriers—excited roars of laughter among the natives, as they formed such a contrast to the gigantic long-haired beasts belonging to the Sariks.—*N. Y. Post.*

Deaf Mute Artists.

Among the artists who exhibited at this year's Salon in Paris were eight deaf-mutes. Their work was of an excellent character. It is one of the proudest achievements of this age that so much has been done to promote the happiness and to increase the opportunities for the employment of persons thus afflicted. The high position in art taken by the French deaf-mutes should be most encouraging to all others who may possess the artistic faculty in any degree. From such employment there comes that high degree of mental development which in many other vocations is not possible to these unfortunates.—*Current.*