

The Worthington Advance.

VOLUME V.

WORTHINGTON, NOBLES COUNTY, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1877

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Crop Reports.

The Chicago Times has nearly seven columns of crop reports from the great wheat growing section of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, concerning the condition of winter wheat, of which the following brief analysis may be made: A larger acreage than usual has been sown in all quarters, with fine prospects of abundant harvest. The southwest is especially hopeful, and the northwest has no fears except for the grasshoppers, which, it is thought, will be less destructive than heretofore. The Kansas farmers think they have hatched so early that they will not be able to await the coming crops. The Times publishes from California in effect that the crop is about 1,000,000 tons, which was the crop of 1874, but the prediction is that this year not more than half a million tons will be raised, and that the effects, together with the bad condition of the stock market, will be disastrous to the State.

Masonic Gathering.

The Masonic fraternity of Cleveland are making extensive preparations for a triennial convocation of the United States, to be held in that city on the 28th of August next. The Grand Commandery of the Ohio has extended an earnest invitation to all subordinate commanderies of the United States and Canada to be present. Quarters have been provided for 10,000 Knights. Many citizens not members of the order proffer the committee the freedom of their residences for the entertainment of visitors. It is confidently expected that this will be the largest gathering of the kind ever held in this country.

Doubtful Report of Blaine's Intentions.

The San Francisco Argument says Blaine has written a resolution of which a gentleman in that city has a copy. The resolutions propose to establish a grand court of arbitration to consider all questions that may be brought before it relating to the legality of Mr. Hayes' tenure, whether in the nature of a quo warranto or otherwise, and that said court be composed of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Courts of each State in the Union—thirty-eight judges in all; by a portion of the resolutions is added a provision that any person other than the defeated candidate may bring an action to dispossess the present incumbent. These resolutions are to be introduced at the extra session. The whole story can be regarded as "important if true."

Reported Attempt to Kidnap Packard.

A New Orleans telegram of the 19th says: Governor Packard's carriage was stopped to-night, at the corner of Rampart and Esplanade streets, by ten or twelve armed men, who finding the only occupant an elderly person, an attaché of Governor Packard, bearing a letter to Mrs. Packard, stating that her husband would not be home to-night, left him without further molestation. Packard's friends state that he had been prewarned that an attempt would be made to kidnap him should he attempt to stop at his house as he has lately done, and so he sent his cab ahead to see if there was any foundation to the warning given.

A Dinner for the Grand Dukes.

A magnificent State Dinner was given at the Executive Mansion on the evening of the 20th, in honor of the Grand Dukes Alexis and Constantine. The President and Mrs. Hayes received their company in the Blue Parlor, and the dinner was given as usual in the State dining-room, which was superbly decorated with flowers for the occasion. The full marine band furnished the music, and after the dinner the guests retired to the East Room and remained there a short time engaged in social conversation and promenading.

A Bungling Execution.

Youngstown, Ohio, was the scene of a bungling execution on the 21st. Charles M. Stelling, who was committed for rape and murder, was the victim. The noose slipped under his chin and the fall failed to break his neck. After a few minutes silence he began to clap his hands, kick his feet, and moan most pitifully. The sight was a horrible one—sickening in the extreme. For at least two minutes these motions and groans were kept up, and it was thirteen minutes before he was pronounced dead.

Encouraging Grasshopper News.

A Fort Scott, Kansas, telegram of the 18th, says: It is now ascertained beyond a doubt that the grasshopper eggs in that section are unproductive. Careful experiments have been made, and in addition, the weather of the past few days has been warm enough to have hatched them out by the million had the eggs been good; but not one of the pests can be found. The farmers are generally jubilant, and a big crop of everything is looked for in Southern Kansas.

Morrison for Speaker.

The Democratic Senators and members of the House of Representatives of the State of Illinois have addressed a letter to Hon. W. R. Morrison, cordially endorsing his candidacy for Speaker of the National House of Representatives for the forty-fifth Congress.

THE LOUISIANA COMMISSION.

The Louisiana Commission, appointed to write the two Legislatures to the Packardites on the 18th. The Packard Legislature held a caucus and resolved not to accept the terms. The Commission reported to the President the failure of the scheme. The Louisiana Commission seems to be acting by indirection. On the 19th they informed a reporter that they thought the end of their labors was near. This opinion seems to be based upon the desertion of members of the Packard Legislature, and the corresponding increase of Nichols' Legislature. Packard claims that these desertions are instigated by the Commission. The Commission telegraphed the President on the 20th stating that everything looked favorable to an adjustment. As they included in their telegram a letter from Gov. Nichols, pledging protection to all classes of citizens, it is inferred that they intend to solve the problem in a manner similar to the South Carolina case. Packard still declares his determination to stick, and his Legislature held a caucus of a most exciting character which resulted in passing resolutions denouncing the Commission for interfering in the domestic affairs of the State, and inducing members to join Nichols' ranks. The President and Cabinet held a protracted session on the 20th, considering the report of the Louisiana Commission. It was decided to withdraw the troops, and after Cabinet meeting the President sent the following letter:—Sir: Prior to my entering on the duties of the Presidency there had been stationed by order of my predecessor, in the immediate vicinity of the building used as a State House in New Orleans, Louisiana, and known as

Mechanics Institute, a detachment of United States Infantry. Finding them in that place I have thought proper to delay a decision of the question of their removal until I could determine whether the condition of affairs is now such as to either justify or require the continued military intervention of the National Government in the affairs of the State. In my opinion there does not now exist in Louisiana such domestic violence as is contemplated by the constitution as the ground upon which the military power of the national government may be invoked for the defense of the State. The disputes which arise as to the rights of certain claimants to the Chief Executive office of that State are to be settled and determined not by the Executive of the United States, but by such orderly and peaceable method as may be provided by the constitution and laws of the State. Having ascertained that no resort to violence is contemplated, but on the contrary the disputes in question are to be settled by peaceful methods under and in accordance with the law, I deem it proper to take action in accordance with the principles announced when I entered upon the duties of the Presidency. You are therefore directed to see that the proper orders are issued for the removal of said troops, at an early date, from their present position to such regular barracks in the vicinity as may be selected for their occupation.

MINNESOTA MATTERS.

ST. LOUIS COUNTY.
An enthusiastic railroad meeting was held at Greenwood last week, at which it was decided to organize a railroad company at once. H. N. Rue was elected president, Daniel H. Barnes, president, and E. M. Webster, attorney. An agent was also appointed to go to Europe and negotiate the bonds. But, upon a sober second thought, it was decided to only appoint a committee at present, to correspond with railroad men, let them know what is needed, and show them how it would be for their interest to build a railroad somewhere within a thousand miles of this place.

POPE COUNTY.

The Commission closed their labors in New Orleans and left for Washington on the 21st. They claim to have accomplished more than they expected. The Packard Legislature has surrendered to the Nichols body, and on the 21st Warmouth and eight or ten others of the Packard members entered and took seats in the Nichols Legislature. They were re-elected vice president, and E. M. Webster drew \$40,000 from his contingency fund to pay the police who have been guarding Packard.

ST. LOUIS COUNTY.

The first steamer of the Northwest Transportation Company's line is expected in Duluth May 1st.

RENNVILLE COUNTY.

The county jail has but one inmate. There were 400 applicants for seed wheat in the county, but it is claimed not more than one-fourth of the number will see it. The Times calls for an investigation. The robbers have put in their appearance, ducks and wild geese are seen daily, early blossoms deck the hillsides, and everything indicates the return of spring.

WINONA COUNTY.

The contract for the erection of the new probate building at Winona has been awarded to A. W. Griggs & Co. at \$120,000. The building is to be a one-story brick, and is to be completed in June. Father Cotter, of the Catholic Church, Winona, is delivering temperance lectures in various parts of the State.

WARREN COUNTY.

Mrs. Richard Davis, of Plainville, had a small ivory piece of a parrot plucked from under her upper eyelid, which had been in her eye for twenty-one years, having been forced there by an accidental collision with a parrot pluck as she was getting into a wagon to leave Canada for this State. It has troubled her at times ever since, but through frequent examinations the trouble has never been discovered. The past week has been a busy one with farmers, and a large area of grain has been sown.

JACKSON COUNTY.

The village of Jackson is without a physician. The amount of wheat that will be sown this year will be small. Considerable corn will be planted, and peas also will be quite generally tried, the latter crop being regarded as less liable to be destroyed by grasshoppers. Farmers who have been plowing the past week found but few hopper eggs on stubble ground; but in many places they are plenty and healthy, and appear ready for hatching when a few hot days come. Little red bugs are also plenty, and it is believed they are destroying the eggs.

WRIGHT COUNTY.

A correspondent writes: During the past week 'hoppers' eggs have hatched out in very large numbers in Railroad cuts and high places where the soil is high. In these particular spots it is doubtful whether there is a single spout egg. On the other hand, in heavy soil and land where the water cannot easily drain off, the eggs will never hatch. We examined several layers in different clearings, and are satisfied at that point. Altogether the outlook is not discouraging. We should put the number of good eggs at less than ten in a hundred and these will doubtless be largely diminished by the ravages of birds and other causes.

CARVER COUNTY.

A Swede named Ulrich, committed suicide near Watertown on Tuesday. He was 50 years of age, and was subject to spells of insanity.

DAKOTA COUNTY.

Headings wheat buyers are in luck, having realized some \$50,000 by the recent advance in wheat. A large proportion of grain fields have been sown. The ground is in excellent condition, and every indication is favorable for the farmer. Farmington offers a bonus to any responsible party who will erect a first-class flouring mill at that place.

SWATH AT LABOR.

The prospects are good for a large emigration along the line of the St. Paul & Pacific road this spring. Experiments with grasshopper eggs near Madelia show them to be a total failure in that section. A through stage and express line has been established from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Deadwood City, Tenn. Fare, \$45; second class, \$40; emigrants, \$27.

MAGGIE RYAN.

"But just let me stay until morning, ma'am. Its cold, dreary and dark along the road, and, indeed, I've no place to go but Widow Yarrow's, and that's miles away."
So spoke a sad, worn looking woman, standing on the threshold of a well-to-do farmer's home, just as the last rays of light were fading from the evening sky. The person she spoke to, a large woman in a white flowered dress and white apron—the mistress of the house—turned away pettishly.
"You came at night, Maggie, it seems to me you can go at night. You don't suit. I never saw such shiftless ways in my life. And Jane Smith is here, and I've only one bed for the servant, and I can't expect a tidy girl to sleep with—well, with strangers. I've paid you for three days and goodness knows, you've worried me out of my senses since you've been here, and I can't keep you another night; and the earlier you go, the sooner you'll get there, wherever it is."
"Well, that's true, anyway. Then, ma'am," replied the woman, "and you are mistress in your own house; but God knows, its not a dog I'd be d'ying out at night." Then she tied her little piteous in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief and she walked away out of the gate and up the road, not looking back once. Her heart was heavy as lead, and she was angry at a world that had been a very hard one to her.

"Three years since Pat went away," she said to herself, "and never a word from him. He's dead, no doubt; and it's the last kind word I've heard. I wasn't shifless, and good for nothing to him. 'Maggie,' he'd often say, 'I'd change you for nobody's wife.' Och, he was the man; and as good to me when I was faded, and worn out with your own house; and I was a putty girl, with cheeks like roses, and he was a boy courtin' me. Och, Pat, where did you go at all? You died in a ditch like a dog, maybe; for all these hard-headed gentle folks care we all might die."
She turned and shook her fist back at the house, and just as she did, only a bit of the roof visible over the rising ground now.

"My heart was aching for the childer and for Pat," she said; "but you could have no patience if a peratie was burnt, or a towel not that smooth. You sent me out with the night falling. Dad luck to ye and all your ills."
The wind plodded on again; but the woman she had left was not a bad as she had fancied her. In her throat and tidiness she could not understand this untidy, careless being. She knew nothing of the misery at her heart, or the sorrow that made her forget the pain and pails. She was actually half dead of the house, and had felt it a great mistake to hire a tramp from the road, as it were, and she had paid her and was conscious of no cruelty. The daylight faded; the moon, risen long ago, became visible—a faint streak of new moon that set in a little while—only the stars were left; and Maggie, wandering on the road with her bundle under her arm—a bundle of rags and odds and ends turned together in an old flannel petticoat—began to lose her knowledge of it. Here and there she saw lights in a window, but they were no promise of hospitality to her. If she could get to the Widow Yarrow's, that personage who took the laborers to board, would let her lodge while she could pay; but where was the widow's cottage—to the right or to the left? She could not tell in the darkness whether she had taken the proper turning. Hard by was a rushing sound, as of water. Danger there, perhaps. The railroad was somewhere at hand, and though Maggie felt that the world was a poor place, she did not feel ready to meet death yet.

"I'll just drop down in the grass some where," said the poor woman. "And God be between me and harm. If I could find a bit of hay now, 't would be a comfort."
She stretched forward, peering through the darkness, and her foot struck some branches that lay upon the ground with a cracking sound.
"What's that?" said a voice very near her in a sharp whisper.
"It's an imp of a squirrel," said another voice. "Go on with your work Jim. The train will be along in fifteen minutes. Up with that rail. Hi! We'll have them this time."
"Hold your tongue, fool," said the first voice. "You're half drunk. I told you I thought it was a step."
"And now Maggie, who had sunk flat upon the ground, knew all. Those who whispered near her were train-wreckers. "I'll make no noise," said she. "It's none of my business."
But lying in the grass, the sharp strokes of steel on steel smote her ear; she could not forget them. And suddenly it came upon her that it was neither more nor less than murder that she was waiting there to see—that in lying quiet while it was done she helped to do it.

"God forgive me!" said poor Maggie. "I'll not do it; but what am I to do? How will I stop them? It's my own death; I'll bring about nothing else."
And just then the sound of a steam whistle far away caught the ear. The train was coming.
"Ready for them," said the voice she had heard before. "Come into the bushes."
She heard them tramp away, and she arose to her feet and looked about her. There was no house in sight and no help near. Suddenly a thought struck her. She had matches in her pocket, and her dress was a thin calico—it would burn like tinder. In a moment more she had torn it off and had the matches in her hand. As she struck a light she heard a pistol click.

"They see me," she said, and held the match against the old calico and as it caught, she diminished it over her head. She felt a bullet whiz by her shoulder; another struck her; but now the glare was bright, and the train was close at hand. She rushed toward it, waving her burning dress. Thank God! they saw her. The train slackened its pace—it stopped. Men with lanterns in their hands sprang from it and hurried toward her. And the old dress, burnt to tinder, dropped to the

ground, and she sank beside it, the blood flowing from a wound in her arm.
"They've killed me, I believe," she said faintly, as a man bent over her. "I can't show you the place, but it's—beyond there—the rails—they've ripped them up for the villains!" Then she fainted.

When she came to herself she was by the roadside, and lights fell over her, and she heard people talking of the hair-breadth escape they had had and of her bravery.
"You risked death to save us," said one woman. "You shall be rewarded. My little children were with me."
"And I am going to see my wife," said a gentleman. "She will not let me forget you if I have so ungrateful a heart. You shall be well cared for now, and when you are well you shall never want."

"Indeed, then," said another voice—one that sounded familiar to her—"indeed I am not rich; but I'd have been loath to be killed to-night. I'm just on the road to what I have been seeking two years. I found out yesterday where my mis'us is, and I'm going to her—she's broken her heart for me. I haven't much, but there's a couple of pounds, if you'll take 'em, good woman, and God's blessing, too, for the sake of Maggie Ryan, that you've saved from being a widow."

And a strong hand folded over her weak one, and it would have left money in it, but she caught it tight.
"It's Pat Ryan," she cried. "Come back at last. Don't you know Maggie, Pat?"
And two great arms folded her close; and the poor soul who had tramped the road, desolate and forsaken, an hour before, was as happy as angels are in heaven.

It might not be "great good luck" to be a vagrant's wife, and live in a little cottage on the roadside, but Maggie thought it so.
"And oh, Pat!" she often says, "how little did I think when Satan was in my heart, and I was willing to lie still and let happen what might to the headless gent'loak, what I was doing to myself and to you; and after all, it's kind hearts that saved me from a ill-gotten place, and me the shanty, and the cow, and all. Good luck to them."

THE BORDER HEROINE.

Some years ago, before the State of Arkansas was so densely populated as now, and when the mails from Little Rock to the western borders were carried on horseback, there lived a few miles above Horsehead a stout pioneer named Jacob Burnap. His wife Polly and one child nine years old made up his family. His chief business was hunting, and his unerring life never failed to supply his board and something over. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles off, so he was little troubled with prying visitors.

It was in the early spring that Jacob set down the river with a boat-load of furs and skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises; and he left her, too, a light rifle and a brace of pistols. She knew how to use the rifle, for never was she happier than when her husband pointed her on the shoulder and said: "Nobly doer, Polly, my dear; I could not have made a better shot myself. And he had occasion to say this with truth, too.

Jacob Burnap had been gone four days, when toward evening a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a small, muscular man, some forty years of age, and seemed inured to all hardships. As he sprang from his saddle, Polly made her appearance.
"Ah, Polly, once more here," the newcomer said, as he drew a well-filled pair of saddle-bags from the back of his fatigued beast.
"Yes, and I am glad to see you. Jacob has been gone four days, and time is getting 'long heavy?'"
"Jacob gone? Where?"
"Down the river, with a load of furs."
"Oh, well, you shall have the company of Lent Morton for one night at least, so for the next twelve hours you'll be safe."
"Oh, I feel safe enough," returned the woman quickly—"Only a little lone."

Thus speaking, Morton threw his saddle-bags into the cabin and led his horse around to a low shed, where he made the animal fast and fed him.
After this he returned to the dwelling and entered, and was soon discussing the events of the time over an ample supper. His horse had led him all that had transpired in the neighborhood since his last visit, and the visitor gave her all the news of the east a valley.
Lent Morton had been mail carrier upon that route for several years, and not once had he passed to and fro without spending a night at Jacob Burnap's. In fact, he was about the only regular visitor at that the hunter's cabin; and although the intervals between his visits were long, yet he seemed almost a fixture to the place. Polly Burnap, just in the bloom of womanhood, knew his gentle, generous, noble character, so she felt perfectly free and at home in his presence.

"It is not known on the route that your load is valuable," asked Polly.
"I think not—though it may be. Still, I am well armed, and I fancy it would be a very tough job for any one to tackle old Morton."
"A man was robbed on the creek a few days ago."
"And the robbers have fled," added Morton, carelessly, as he drew his mail-bags over him.

Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was used on his long ride. Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking to her guest; so when she had taken it in as she rested she drew her basket to a little table where the candle was, and went to work upon some clothing for her child, who was soundly sleeping in a corner.

The old German clock upon the wall, with its great weights and wind strings all exposed, had just struck ten ere Polly rose from her work. She had just pushed the basket beneath the table when the front door opened and two men entered. They were in the stockings, their shoes having been left outside.

"Hush!" uttered the foremost intruder.

"Speak one word above a whisper, and you die!"
Polly recovered from her quick terror and looked up. She saw two stout, wicked, ugly-looking men, one who held a cocked pistol toward her. With the quickness of perception natural to her, she knew the pistol would not be fired if she held her peace, as that would make more noise than she could make; and, further, she recognized in the foremost a notorious villain who bore the name of Dick Gallus.

She had never seen him before, but the minute description her husband had given of the man led her to know him—and positively too, for one big scar on the left cheek was mark enough.
"What do you want?" asked Polly, without betraying the least fear.
"We have come to see the mail carrier; 'where is he?'" one replied, in a hoarse whisper.
"He is long since asleep. Would it not do as well to see him in the morning? We can find you a room and lodging."

The fair hostess had said this for the purpose of gaining time. She knew very well that these men had come to rob the carrier, and was equally sure they would murder him if they could, and would in all probability put her out of the way as well. They had evidently learned of the valuable load he carried, and meant to carry it in his stead.

Never mind his being asleep. Show us where he is at once," roughly replied Gallus, in answer to Polly's last remark.
"But I can call him, good sirs," reasoned the woman, calmly though there was alarm in her very soul.
"Call him! call!" growled the villain, with a fierce oath. "You call him, and you will be called to another world. Quick! show us the way."

The mild eye that could aim an unerring bullet at the forest beast did not even betray the thoughts of the woman's soul, nor did a look tell her meaning. She was very pale, but did not tremble.
"This way, sirs," she whispered.
And as she spoke she turned toward a side door. She did not open it till both the men were behind her.
"Don't you hear him breathe?"
"Yes," returned both villains.
"And they did hear a breathing, but it was a child close at hand."

As they thus answered her she threw the door open—it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they pressed forward. In an instant Polly Burnap sprang back. Gallus was in front. With all her power, the noble woman threw herself against the rear man, and the next moment both the robbers lay sprawling on the cellar bottom.

This had been the door opening to the deep excavation, and the only means of egress was by a perpendicular ladder. Could this have been moved, Polly would have pulled it up immediately; but it was spiked to its place and she must let it remain. To close the door would be useless, for she had no ready means to fasten it. So she did what she had resolved upon from the first—she sprang to the fireplace and caught the rusty rifle, and, cocking it she moved toward the door. She heard the curses of the villains as they reached the ladder, and she soon knew that one of them had found it.

"Back!" she cried, as she saw a head above the threshold.
The candle upon the table threw but a dim light upon the spot, but it was sufficient.
She saw the robber raise a pistol. She had a husband—a child—and had set herself to save the carrier. With these thoughts dashing through her mind, she pulled the trigger. A sharp report went ringing through the house, and its echo was a deep groan from the cellar bottom.

Ere the second robber could show himself Morton came rushing into the room with a pistol in each hand.
"What is it?" he cried.
"There! there!" gasped Polly, pointing to the doorway, where a savage, looking face had just presented itself.
Lent Morton had been too much used to danger to waste time in conjecture, and immediately shot the villain dead, who fell with a heavy sound upon the cellar floor.

"Polly, my jewel!" he said, placing his arm around her neck, "I am proud of you. I love you more and more, for every day I find more to love." And then turning to Morton he added: "What do you think of such a wife?"
"Ah!" returned the guest, with deep feeling, "if poor Lent Morton had such a wife he wouldn't be a mail carrier."
When Morton left he was directed to stop at the first settlement and state to the officers what had happened, and he promised to do so. He once more blessed the brave woman who saved his life, and then set out. Late in the afternoon two officers arrived at the cabin, and when they were shown the dead bodies, at once proceeded to remove them. And as a week had passed the whole settlement blessed the border heroine for the work she had done.—Neburyport (Mass.) Herald.

The quality of pulpit eulogy is sometimes strained. A pastor in Macon, Ga., was recently called upon to make a few remarks on the character of a colored class-leader who had visited a brother's hen roost surreptitiously, fallen unexpectedly, and broke his neck immediately. The pastor made rather a bungling job of it: "There are circumstances connected with his death that are perplexing. If, after he fell and before he struck the ground he repented of his sins there can be no question but that he is now in glory; but there was mighty little time for him to think about it."

A Snow Legend.

The glory of the autumn was over; the leaves lay huddled in heaps on the ground; through the short trees the wind whistled drearily, and the shower of approaching winter rested everywhere over the earth.

Many children on their way from school, looked up at the sky. But none saw the queer little mite w. h floated in and gazed down on the earth; for this was one of those nameless, invisible workers associated with Dame Nature in the care of her broad domain.

It was dull in the mother's household. The autumn finished, there came always a brief respite. The flowermakers and painters, the builders and sculptors bound puppies over their eyelids; even Dame Nature paused for a moment's rest. But industrious little No-Name had soon wearied of dozing, and sallied forth towards earth.

Little No-Name ranked chief among the painters. None like she could tint the spring buds and grasses; it was she that gave the faint tinge to fruit and flower; and only a few weeks since she had designed the Joseph-coat which had made earth so dazzling to human sight. Not strange that she should sigh a bit as she noted the change.

"So pretty—so bright to fade," she murmured wistfully. But not long passed little No-Name for idle musings. Suddenly down she flitted over the gray leaves, and in among the garden beds. A glance at the mold proved her suspicions correct. The dead plants had scattered their seedlings far and wide.

"So soon," spoke little No-Name pityingly, yet with a twinkle as she thought of the innocent sleepers at home. Then swift as a rocket she shot up in the air—lucky little No-Name, as we shall see.

The flowermakers and painters, the sculptors and builders slept calmly on; the poppies still drooped from Dame Nature's brow, as little No-Name settling energetically on the great mother's arm shouted:
"The plant-world is dead. Oh, wake mother dear, or the poor little seedlings will perish!"

Undertaken Dame Nature, up sprang the army of assistants, silent and crestfallen. It was a proud moment for little No-Name when the great mother smilingly placed on her head the crown yearly awarded to the one who should make this important discovery.

"We have slept too long," then spoke Dame Nature, briskly, "let us quickly make some warm overcoats for the shivering seedlings below."
Very orderly are the workings of Dame Nature's household. A message to the winds, and clouds came back, as though ill-pleased at the dissection in store. And the whole army went to work vigorously, cutting and tearing, and hurrying down garments soft as eider down, and numerous enough to supply the whole earth.

So little No-Name was assigned the crowning work. With paint-pot and brush, she waited in mid-air, and touching each dainty as it passed, changed them to dainty white.

Thus, dainty and pure, the precious coats came down to earth, folding over the motherless seeds, no softer blanket in an infant's cradle, no wool warmer and more protective in any great-coat than the made. And the seedlings, far and wide, snuggled down contentedly, and sang for joy.

Fanny Lear's Picture.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes from St. Louis: An item floating about in the newspapers mentions the return to Paris of the "Pho-nix" as the French call Fanny Lear or Mrs. Dandridge, the American who caused such a scandal in Russia, on account of an elopement with a wife or pe. am. son of that wicked woman's boudoir which recently came to St. Louis. After Fannie Lear's escapade with the Russian Grand Duke, when he was in disgrace and she compelled to flee the country, it will be remembered she went to Paris, and prepared to write a book telling dreadful things. It was while she was engaged in Paris upon that literary adventure, that a large letter, bearing a French post-mark, came to a lady in this city. She opened it, and found within two pictures—photographs. She recognized them at once. They each represented a school friend of years ago, when she and Fanny Lear were school girls together in a Kentucky seminary, and when across the life of the other had come no suspicion of the future in store for her, when she should be the central figure in a royal scandal and subsequently the queen of the demi-monde in the French capital. The old expression upon the girl's face was gone, but the pictures were easily recognizable. One of the photographs represented the adventuress in full dress—a dress fit for a princess; the other was a large picture, but showed only the bust and face. The countenance was a beautiful one, but the beauty showed its snare to half an eye. The gray eyes and aquiline nose had something about their combining effect which was not offset altogether by the voluptuous fullness of the bosom, the roundness of neck and arms, and the smile upon the lips; something in the Josephine Mansfield style of beauty appeared in the picture, but exhibiting far more of intelligence than seems in the face of the woman who caused the death of Fisk and the shame of Stokes. Upon the back of the larger photograph was something engraved, an added interest to the portrait. Two lines were written there in a feminine hand, which was not characterless, though. What was written was this:
Fannie Lear,
Grand Duchesse, par la main gauche.
"Grand Duchesse, by the left hand,"—in this fantastic manner had the American adventuress admitted the character of her life to her old friend of purer days, at the same time, shown the pride she felt in securing lofty fame. It was a queer incident, the curious inscription in a St. Louis parlor of this souvenir of impetuous Phryne abroad.

A young lady who has suffered from "Baggage-smashers" has had her trunks covered with flannel this season, having heard that flannel is a good chest-protector for him to think about it."

The First Dollar.

The following story is true, and must please as well as counsel our young readers:
Many years ago, a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store. At first the merchant could think of no one for he knew none, but a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant. At length, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in the neighborhood, but he feared would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position.

But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if, on a personal interview, he should not prove satisfactory, he would pay the fare back home again. The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents, and stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the dollar which was to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances, 99 out of every 100 boys would have said, "Now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in a stage. Oh, there will be so much to see, and it will be such a long ride, and here is money sent to pay my fare!" Not so with this boy. Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself—
"This is the first dollar I ever had. How I wish I could save it! It is only 25 miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it, and save my dollar."

His mother peeped up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his parents at the door of their humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He found the merchant, who was sternly asked:
"Where have you been all day? The stage came in hours ago!"
The boy thought he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast eyes and tremulous voice, he answered—
"I did not come on the stage, sir."

"Did not come on the stage! What do you mean? Didn't I send you money to pay your fare?"
The boy thought it was all up with him, sure, and amid gathering tears he managed to reply—
"I am very sorry, sir! I did not mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar. I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently upon the boy's head, the merchant replied, "My little man, you did exactly right. Come home with me and get some supper."
Then turning to a bystander, he remarked, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this boy, to-day."

That boy has grown to manhood, and has since become widely known as a business circles. He is now owner of the extensive mill at Methuen, the Pemberton mills at Lawrence, a banking-house in Boston, and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.—Phren Journal.

I Promised Him.

"You don't mean to say, Tom, that you are going to let that bird loose, when you brought it so far over the seas with you, and set so much store by it, besides?"
"Yes, but I do Joe, for I promised him I would."
"Him! what no you mean?" asked the young countryman, as his companion rested the cage on his knee, and began to open the door of the wire prison.
"Little Jim, the boy that was saved with me from the wreck. Leastways, he was spared for a little while, but hunger and cold did their work on his frail body, and he died just before the vessel came along that took me off the rock." Here the bluff sailor drew his brown hand across his eyes.

"Well," he resumed, "it's a long story but I'll try to make a short one of it. You see, Jim's father and mother were going out to settle in Australia, and having a fancy for something homelike about them, they took this cage of English sparrows along, intending to give them their liberty after they got there. When the ship struck and every soul was drowned but Jim and me, who were fastened to the rigging, he insisted on my diving to the cabin after his