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William's... The Flood of Years... The whole of which...

THAT HOME-MADE ICE CREAM.

"Good gracious, ma!" said Angelica Crane to her overworked parent, at nightfall of a memorable day...

"Hold your tongue, Angy," said her mother; "you're the most unfeeling creature I ever see. You'd have me harness up the team and drive away to town and pay out a mint of money, when I can just as well live for nothing."

"I'll stay if I can be of any service," said a voice in the doorway. "Why, Sally," said Mrs. Crane, "you'll want to return home and dress, won't you?"

"Good life, ma!" laughed the vivacious daughter; "is that what you call nice? It reminds me of the little lumpy boy who went to smell the steam at the pastry cook's."

"You don't know nothing about the way Sally feels," said Mrs. Crane, "nor I don't think you could if you tried. I believe you'd dance and whine about before the grama took over your puppy's grave; but Sally loved her, poor child, and she can't help thinking of the poor school-aster lying out there in the snow, when here he was, only a bit ago, as cheek and smart as anybody. It's no knowin' whose turn it'll be next."

"When it became necessary that he should be sent to a place of instruction befitting his station in life, and that had gone forth that the dear old days at the village school should become part and parcel of the past; when he must bid good-by to his romps in the new-mown hay, his races with the young colts in the ten-acre field, his burrying and picnicing, his coasting down the glorious hill; when he must part with his dog Lancelot, and his gun, and his pony—above all, with Sally—it was a heart-rending time. Whatever grown-up folks may think of these childish griefs, they are as tough to bear as the heavier ones that come later, and they leave great ugly scars that are sometimes only half healed over."

"When Will Randall cut Sally's name and his own deep into the bark of the

old walnut tree at the foot of the lane, it seemed to him that the knife went into his heart with every turn of the letters in her precious name. Tears rolled out of his eyes in spite of his manly endeavor to choke them down; and for Sally, she had given way long ago, and with her sunbonnet tight down over her face, she was watering the gray old childish woe of the tree with floods of childish woe.

At last it was done; there were the initials linked together deep in the rugged bark; the crimson light from the western sky shone full upon each and all. Will put his knife back in his pocket with a click of determination, gulped back his tears at once and for the last time, and taking Sally from the ground, he smoothed back her yellow locks, coaxing her into quiet with the solemn promise of his loyalty henceforth and forever to the love between them. He declared that the names linked there upon the tree should never be separated while life remained to him, and with many a vow of fealty coined from the books he had devoured among the lumber in the garret, and simple plaints of love brought up from the depths of his little, swelling heart, Will bade little Sally good-by.

But alas for the inexorable decrees of fate and fashion! Seven long years had passed and gone since that last trying time, and although the two names were still linked together upon the old walnut tree, the two little lovers had drifted far apart.

Young Master Randall went from one place of instruction to another till he reached the summer term of a veritable college. Taking advantage of the absence of their son and heir, the big folks at the hall went abroad; the house was closed, and although many an apple and bunch of grapes from the old place reached Sally, with the rest of the villagers, she never cared to taste these luxuries from stranger hands. Will spent his holidays away, and Sally would not even have heard the sound of his name had it not been for the sojourn of Angelica Crane at a boarding school near the college. Perhaps Sally would rather not have heard his name than thus from the lips of Angelica, whose bump of reverence was small, and who held the young Squire pretty much as she held everybody—important in the ratio that they contributed to her own pleasure.

The acres of Farmer Crane were broad and wide, and outnumbered by many a score; those that belonged to the Randall family; it was whispered that even the goodliest property of the old Squire was heavily mortgaged to the shrewd and forehanded countryman, and that a match between Miss Angelica and the young Squire would not be a bad thing for the latter. On the other hand, these plain folks at the Crane homestead had spared no pains to show their willingness to further whatever plans were made for the joining of these two goodly estates.

Angelica herself had confided to Sally that she had more strings to her bow than one, but that she knew which she preferred, and had often tortured the poor little maiden, when during Angelica's holidays they had spent a night or two together, by reading her, among other love letters, some productions from the eloquent and ardent pen of Will Randall, poor little Sally's perfidious lover. Long after Angelica's curl papers had ceased to rattle upon the pillow, the soft, silken rings of Sally's yellow hair were wet with tears of envy and girlish despair.

But as years went by, and old time softened the bitterness of those holiday stabs by dealing others of a more vivid and startling character, when cares and griefs closed at hand, crowded about her and hemmed her in, she became resigned to this one among the rest, and even talked with Angelica of her loves and lovers with a coolness that astonished herself. There became a less and less grievous similarity in the description of the young Squire to that shy, sweet memory of Sally's of long ago. He had now, it appeared, an incipient mustache, his hands were white, he was more and more "perfectly splendid" with every fresh confidence; and this brilliant figure left the old simple, tender likeness all to itself in Sally's young heart, and it became dead and buried like all the glad things of life, along with her father, the school-master, and the pale young mother she could just remember; and as she turned the ice-cream freezers that night in the cellar of Farmer Crane, not one thought of jealous spite or envy of the fair Angelica came into her little head.

She did listen to the music, and heard the noise above, and it was "a sort of nice," as Mrs. Crane had said; and as she turned and turned one freezer after another, Sally became interested enough in her work to forget more important trials close at hand. It made the soul of the farmer's wife glad within her, when she went down to taste the cream, to find it beginning to be all that her fancy painted. "It's prime!" she said, "smacking her lips and holding the spoon to Sally's pretty mouth. "Jest taste it, and tell me if that ain't fur ahead of Towser's stuff in town. It stands to reason, Sally; there's real cream in that ar—none o' yer nasty skimm'n! Now keep right on, dear; be jest as keeful as you kin, 'cause now's the risky time when the hull thing kin be spoiled by a mite o' keeflessness. Just turn and turn, dear, first one, then t'other, this a-way, and that a-way. The idee of that pesky da'ter o'mine tellin' me only a mite ago she knowed it'd be lumpy and soft! And, Sally, she's the most unfeelin'!"

"It's only her fun," said Sally. "Fun!" echoed the vexed matron. "Wal, it's a mean kind of fun, and it'd serve her right if she came out the little end o' the horn yet. But we'll take keer o' the cream, won't we Sally?" "That we will, ma'am," said Sally, warmly.

fun you kin; you can't be young but once?" and down she went into the cellar again. Now if she had only contented herself with getting the rope and handing it to the young Squire, who stood waiting at the top of the steps, all would have been well. He had scarcely left Angelica's side the whole evening; he had whispered lots of pretty things in her ears; he determined to tap no hand but hers in the ring. If Mrs. Crane had only handed him the rope without a word! but she couldn't help it, poor woman; it was the fault of destiny, as I said before. Something compelled her to stand right at the foot of the stairs and whisper:

"Keep right on, Sally dear—turn and turn, like a good little lass." And she might better have spoken aloud. Her whisper was of that stentorian description that it cut the air; it fell swoop upon the ear of the young Squire, and presently he heard a sweet, low voice in reply:

"Yes, ma'am, I'll attend to it nicely." He went back with the rope in a daze. What was to be turned and turned, and who was the turner? What Sally was it that owned that sweet, low voice? and what sweet, low voice owned that dear name of Sally? Will Randall had been famous at school and college for solving problems; he never would, in fact, leave one unsolved; and presently he slipped away from the rope, out of the cellar door. He opened it softly, closed it carefully behind him, and went slowly down the steps. The bull's-eye of the furnace glared at him as if the genius of fire within was bent upon some spree of his own one of these days; he heard a squeak, squeak, squeak, a little off in the dim distance, and followed the mysterious noise, confident it had something to do with that problem he was bent upon solving. He walked on tiptoe, passing many a coal bin heaped to the top with coal; his locks brushed many a ham and tongue and juicy bit of bacon; he saw many a hanging-shelf filled with Christmas cheer; it was fit to soften the heart of this young scion of a noble but impoverished house. The squeaking noise became more and more distinct. He turned the corner of a preserve closet, and suddenly he stood still, because he couldn't go on; his feet stopped; his pulse almost ceased to beat; he saw something that sent the blood flying to his heart—that perfidiously false yet faithful heart. He saw the slim, little figure of a woman perched upon an old broken hen-coop, her black dress tucked up out of the water that escaped from half a dozen freezers around her, her little right hand turning one freezer, her little left hand turning another; her soft, silky yellow hair all fluffed about her pretty head—that yellow hair that would match exactly with the exquisite color of the one holding the place of honor among all his locks of hair; her sweet lips parted with anxiety for the fate of the cream, as they had parted long ago with a far deeper and warmer anxiety—those sweet, sweet lips! Could it be? Oh, was it his own little Sally—his one, only Sally, the pure idol of his boyish love! Oh, what divine, rapturous problem was this given to him to solve!

That pumping apparatus about his heart began to work again with a will. He crept around the preserve chest, between the freezers, and putting one hand upon Sally's lips, with the other drew her close upon his heart. "Hush, darling," he whispered; "it is I—Will—your own faithful Will. Oh, Sally! Sally!"

Her little falling head he caught in time, and kissed her fainting lips to life. He said more in a minute to Sally than he had whispered all the night above. He decided her fate and his own in the twinkling of an eye, and unobtrusively believed he was but fulfilling all the vows of long ago under the walnut tree. As for Sally—she, trembling Sally—she was in a rapture of bewilderment, of joy and bliss, that is seldom reached by mortals, until suddenly the cellar door opened; then, indeed, the crimson in Sally's cheeks paled, the stentorian whisper of Mrs. Crane was heard upon the steps.

"It must be just right now. It's bin turnin', you know, long enough now; it kin set by, and Sally might jest as well as not hev a little fun. I lay anything it's jest the primest stuff you ever see." "The cream is spoiled," whispered Sally, her big, loving, tearful, happy eyes upon a bit of it. "Not a bit of it," said her companion. And although that cream was certainly lumpy and a little soft, Will declared it the best he ever tasted, or would taste for the remainder of his life; and as the cream was made for him, what did it matter.

Angelica, having plenty of strings to her bow, didn't mourn over it grievously; but poor Mrs. Crane from that time forward bought her cream at Towser's. An Egyptian Way. Here is a pleasing tale which illustrates the style of doing things in Egypt: A woman was mortally wounded by the falling of a wall. A neighbor took her in, tended her, and brought a female doctor to see if anything could be done. The patient died in the neighbor's house. The doctor in attendance must sign a certificate that death is from natural causes before the body can be buried. She refused to do so without backsheesh (a gratuity). The man in whose house the person died would be held responsible without such certificate. He therefore gave the backsheesh. The certificate had to be countersigned by the Government doctor. He also refused, and the man, again afraid of the alternative, again paid backsheesh. Finally, the patient, weary of the police, refused his permission, which is also necessary in such cases. His backsheesh was the biggest, and the man could stand the tax no longer. He went to the zabib and said: "Now, look here, this body has been out of the ground four days. You are bound to bury it in twenty-four hours. You are the cause of the delay. Unless you sign at once, I shall go to the mondir and report the non-burial of a body for four days, and you will lose your place." The zabib was defeated, and signed at once.

Fox gallantly rescuing Freddy Prael, of Mankato, Minn., from drowning. Hiram Finch, aged 15 years, has been presented with a handsome silver watch by the father of Prael.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

A Point for the First to Decide—The Emancipation of Slaves—The Spectator's Opinion on the Eastern Question. The Spectator of July 1 says that the point on which Englishmen have now to decide, and decide at once, is whether they will fight Russia in a great way, because from selfish motives she is helping to emancipate 13,000,000 slaves. The right of populations like those of Turkey to take their freedom if they can in fair battle is (the Spectator says) as clear as the right of any man to keep his own possessions. We have no more right to help a power to commit atrocities such as are going on in Bulgaria, because the power is useful to our interests, than to help a Bibbonman to murder because he votes straight. And, as we maintain, in so helping Turkey we are injuring Europe and our own position in the world. There is an underlying idea in many quarters that if the South Slavs succeeded in overthrowing the Sultan's throne, and compelling the Turks to fill up their depopulated and beautiful territories in Western Asia, they would be mere dependants of the Russian Czar. They would, on the contrary, be the most dangerous enemies the Russian Government ever encountered in its career. Prince Nikita, at the head of the eight States, or better still, the Arenduke Albrecht, would be at the head of a power which Bismarck would court, because without its consent Russia could not move; which Austria would court, because it alone could guarantee Hungarian obedience; and which England would court, because it could give precisely that security which we are always hoping in vain to obtain from the Ottoman caste. What is there in such a prospect which should induce Englishmen to expend blood and treasure in rejecting it; or why, if we must fight—and we do not deny for one instant that Russia is dangerous—should we not fight when European Turkey has been freed? The Federation would hold the keys of South Russia, and would be so dreaded in St. Petersburg as to be forced to defend itself by external alliances. Russia may "rush" Constantinople! Nonsense! Which is easier to fight—Russia, on the borders of the Sea of Marmora, a thousand miles from her resources, for the independence of the Slavonic Federation, or to fight her in the Crimea, on her own ground, for the right of the Ottoman caste to misgovern 13,000,000 reluctant subjects? If, indeed, there were a possibility of making the Ottomans at once so civilized that their rule was no injury to Europe, and so secure that this rule could be lenient to its subjects, something might, at all events, be said for adhering to the tradition which has cost so much; but not even Mr. Disraeli believes in a possibility of the kind.

The Resources of Russia. A correspondent of the Edinburgh Scotsman, writing from Russia, says: "Nine-tenths of this vast country produces little else than firewood. In the South there are black-soil districts, and they raise beautiful wheat there, but the wheat finds only one market—England, which seems to be the stomach of the world—and in the market they have all the world, from California westward to New Zealand eastward, to contend against. In Finland is iron almost as good as Swedish, and in the interior of Russia coal and iron in vast fields, but, strange to say, although the Government and the proprietors would assist in every way, none of the English engineers who have examined the districts have reported of them favorably enough to induce capitalists to work them. They prefer such out of the way places as South America to Russia. In the Ural mountains there are gold, silver, copper, and platinum mines, yet the largest coin one finds in circulation is of base silver—nominal value sixpence, actual value a little over three-pence. The other 'resources' of Russia are the raw materials she exports—hides, tallow, tar, rags, bones, etc.—but these exports are not on the increase. Yet the great extent of soil, the vast country possessed by Russia, is in itself a great part of her recuperative power, say some wise people; look at the United States of America! There is, it is true, that similarity between the North American continent and Russia, that both have vast unutilized districts; but along with it comes the slight difference that, while great parts of America are worth cultivating, very little of Russia is. The population of America increases through immigration from the whole world; the population of Russia does not increase, and nobody dreams of emigrating thither."

Their Original State. Among women, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known; and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woollen underclothing. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and ten pounds was a large "portion" for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil instead of candles, which, in those days, were a luxury rarely to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as cordial; to ride in a two-wheeled chair along the dirty, ragged streets, was reckoned a grandeur so enviable that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of the citizens from enjoying it. In the time of Henry VIII., of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London; and in the same manner took them back to their country seats with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth, to secure them from the cold. A woman was little more than a domestic chattel, and completely subservient to her acknowledged master, man.

Scotch Marriage Laws. Mr. Forsyth said in Parliament in a recent debate that the present law of marriage in Scotland was a crying scandal. At present, if a man and woman in Scotland, perhaps half tipsy, said before a witness, "This is my wife," "This is my husband," it was a lawful marriage. There was a well-known story of the oldest son of a Scotch peer who, having quarreled with his father, went into a house of bad repute in Edinburgh and acknowledged a woman

NINETY-NINE IN THE SNAKE.

A Midsummer Ode. Oh for a lodge in a garden of cedars! Oh for an oak-leaf or two at control! Oh for a vale which at midday the dew drenches! Oh for a pleasure-trip up to the Pole!

Oh for a little one-stroke thermometer, With nothing but zeros all ranged in a row! Oh for a big double-barreled hygrometer, To measure the moisture that falls from my brow!

Oh for a soda-fountain spouting up boldly From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky! Oh for a proud maid to look on me coldly, Freeczing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then oh for a draught from a cup of "cold pizen!" And oh for a resting-place in the cold grave! With a rather the 8-1/2, where the thick shadow lies on, And deepens the chill of its dark-running wave! —Punchinello.

Wit and Humor. THE dink of silver money is for cash-cars. A boys' newspaper in Indianapolis is 10 cents a year, and "anybody sending three names and thirty cents will receive a set of jack-stones."

How to keep children at school—Nail them to the seats.—New York Commercial Advertiser. Why not use whacks? —Norristown Herald.

A young lady on being asked what business her lover was in, and not liking to say the bottled soda, answered: "He's a practicing fizician."

"If the keeper of a jail is a jailer, why isn't the keeper of a prison a prisoner?" is a conundrum which, on some account or other, the Providence Press is prompted to propound.

CLERGYMAN to Tommy—"What shall I give you for a present?" Tommy, who respects the cloth, also truth, hesitatingly—"I—I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a pop-gun!"

A SUIT of ancient armor recently unearthed in Rome proves beyond doubt that the Romans used to feel the need of protecting that portion of the body most exposed when a warrior leaves the fight and starts for home.

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup, Drinking his milk from a china cup, Gamboling around so frisky and free, First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea. Jumping, Running, After the pony, Beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna.

THE weather was so hot in Massachusetts, sets the other night that a young man tossed restlessly from Medford to Malden, the bed being directly over the border line; but, in spite of this frequent change of townships, he was sleepless.

A YOUNG man in Auburn advertises that he wants to become "the son-in-law of some respectable and reliable party. No objection to going a short distance in the country. Is willing to marry a young lady with an incumbrance of a small farm."

CYNICAL citizen to waiter, after surveying the glass of milk he had ordered: "I say, ah, waiter! Would you be so kind now, my boy, as to put a little more milk in this watah! Just a trifle, please." The waiter retires to consider whether the man is drunk or crazy.

"Take that lamp up," said a mother to her daughter, the other night, as the young lady set out for her bed-chamber with no illumination but that of her bright eyes. "Good gracious, mother," was the laughing answer, "what kind of a creature is a lamp pup?"

THE First Lord of the Admiralty, on his first voyage from the Thames, in rather a leaky vessel, observed the men working the pumps. "Dear me!" he said, "I did not know you had a well on board, Captain, but I am really very glad, as I do prevent the river water.—Punch.

An Irishman in Iowa was bitten by a rattlesnake, but the liberal use of a neighbor's whisky cured him. The next day he was seen walking slowly on the prairie, and looking earnestly for something. He was asked what he was looking for: "For the boite of a snake," was the reply.

An Irish citizen, in his grief, is asked by his friend, "What's the matter?" "Matter, indeed! Why, here, I insured my brother's life only two weeks ago, and yesterday he got killed with a derriek. And when I came to these insurers they'd been after making some mistake, the blaguard's; they tried to bribe me off wid five hundred dollars, as if I was a laythien to sell me brother's blood!"

"Ah," said the worthy old Mrs. Stubbs, as she stood staring at a placard on which was inscribed, "Youth wanted," "yes, I dare say. Most on us who have got a bit oddish, as you may say, might carry a ticket about with 'Youth wanted' printed on it. But what with old Father Time, and what with troubles and trials, most of us will have to go on saying 'youth wanted,' I expect, for a long time to come."

A MAN who is not clever at conundrums, in attempting to get off one at a tea-party at his own house, the other evening, became exceedingly mixed. He intended to ask the old question, "Why is a woman like ivy?" the familiar but gallant answer to which is, "Because the more you've ruined 'the closer she clings." But he put it, "Why is ivy like a woman?" which none of the ladies could tell, and so the unfortunate man told them himself that it was "Because the closer it clings the more you've ruined."

A Campaign Lamp. An ingenious Yankee has invented a "flash torch" for use in political processions. The bowl of the lamp is packed with cotton to prevent the oil from dripping, and a small tube runs down through the handle, with a mouthpiece conveniently placed, by blowing through which a column of flame can be thrown several feet into the air.

In the Worcester (Mass.) exhibit in Machinery Hall can be seen the press on which was printed the first copy of the Declaration of Independence in this country, and from which Isaiah Thomas issued the Worcester Spy a century ago.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., has a colored population of 1,190.