The People's Vindicator.

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# The People's Vindicator.

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

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## A WINTER REMINISCENCE.

He hung his coat on the rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall;
He then went in to perform his call,
To perform his call.

At length he came back to the rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall;
The rack it was there, but that was all,
But that was all,
But that was all—
The rack it was there, but that was all.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

## STRANGE SNAKE STORIES.

**Curious Stories of Big Serpents and of Tiny Ants that Rout the Biggest Reptiles—Stomachs Capable of Getting Away with Horses, Deer, Etc.**

"I took that fellow with a lasso," said a naturalist who had recently returned from a collecting tour in South America, to a *Sun* reporter, pointing to a magnificent snake-skin more than twenty-two feet in length that hung from the wall of his study, "and in this wise," he continued, observing the look of incredulity upon his visitor's face. "I was way up the Amazon, and being anxious to get a large snake, I offered a reward for one, and soon heard of a big fellow that had been seen about three miles from where I was. I immediately moved in the neighborhood, and after we had scoured the country several days the boy I had with me came running through the bush in great excitement, saying that a big boa and the saubas (ants) were having a fight. The saubas, by the way, are foraging ants that put to flight man and beasts. When they enter a house the owner steps out and runs for his life, and when I came up to the snake I found it in a similar fix. It was a magnificent specimen. It had swallowed some exceedingly large animal, and, while almost unable to move, had been attacked by the ants. The grass, bushes, twigs and leaves were black with the insects, and every moment or two the great reptile would lift itself in the air and sway about savagely, but only to fall back again. I saw that the ants would destroy it in an hour, so I sent my boy back to the village to get a rope, and took to the trees myself.

"In half an hour he returned with twenty men. I made a lasso, and, getting near the snake, succeeded in throwing it over his head, but I became fairly covered with ants, so that I had to rush away and roll in the brush to rid myself of them. However, we all rallied, manned the rope, and managed to drag the snake out of his retreat and away from the ants. It was so sluggish under this rough treatment that I was able to place my pistol within six inches of its head when I shot it. I soon had it in camp and the skin taken off. I wanted the skeleton also, but the natives stole it in the night, and my specimen went for stews the next day. Boa meat is not bad, and is very generally eaten in many localities.

"It is a great mistake to think that snakes are useless. They are, in the first place, extremely valuable as scavengers. The meat of the larger kinds is eaten. The skins are invaluable as leather, and even here are considered fashionable when made into bags and pocket-book covers. Then the oil of rattlesnakes and nearly all other serpents is valuable. Crotalin comes from the rattlesnake and copperhead. This skin on the wall is by no means one of the largest. Very few people can be made to believe that snakes attain the sizes mentioned by naturalists. Nevertheless, gigantic snakes do exist. In Borneo, Mr. St. John measured snakes twenty-six feet in length. Mr. Bates, the naturalist, measured in South America many water boas that were twenty feet long, but the largest snake ever reported to have been seen by an European of unquestioned veracity was that vouched for by the well-known botanist, Dr. Gardner. The monster had swallowed a horse, and had soon afterward been drowned by being swept down a river by an overflow, and when found after the settling of the water, it was hanging in a tree. It presented a most remarkable spectacle, being forty feet long and distended to an enormous bulk. These serpents are often called Temacnilcahnilia, meaning 'fighting with five men.' A skin of one formerly in the British Museum is thirty-five feet long.

"Andanson observed a snake in Senegal that was fifty feet in length and two and a half in diameter, while Waterton tells us that a Spaniard showed him a skin at Angostura, the capital of the Orinoco, that from its thickness he judged to have been that of a serpent seventy feet long. Baldaeus, the author, found serpents in Ceylon thirty-six feet in length, and in Java he saw one that had swallowed a stag entire. Owen, in his 'Natural History of Serpents,' gives the length of one as fifty feet, and Father Gumilla, in his 'History of Orinoko,' refers to serpents forty feet long; so that it would seem fair to suppose that snakes do attain what might be called gigantic dimensions. On the Rio Branco the traders and natives report that snakes swallow full-sized cattle, and this can be readily conceived. The horns, of course, are not swallowed. The snake lies in a lethargic condition until they drop off.

"A case came to my hearing," continued the naturalist, "of a curious accident occasioned by a snake that had swallowed a deer. A native pinching the body, and thinking the reptile dead, attempted to cut it, when the monster writhed and hurled its head at the man with so much force that the projecting horns penetrated his lungs and killed him. Mr. McLeod, who was the historian of the 'Voyage of the Alceste,' was captured and kept a prisoner for many months at Whidah, on the coast of Africa, and he states that he observed snakes nearly sixty feet in length. Tales of fabulous snakes are common in history. Valerius Maximus, quoting Livy, refers to the alarm into which the Roman army was thrown by an enormous serpent that had its lair on the banks of the Bagradus, near Utica. This snake, according to Pliny, was one hundred and fifty feet long. Pontius refers to snakes in the Asiatic islands that exceed thirty-six feet in length, and mentions that he has seen persons eating the flesh of large hogs captured by and taken from snakes.

"Here is a rattlesnake," continued the snake historian, pointing to a large, finely-mounted skeleton, "that tested the nerve of a friend of mine. He is an officer in the artillery, and before the war was stationed in Florida. One day, while sitting on the root of a tree, with elbows on his knees, a snake crawled out between his feet. He remained perfectly quiet until it was several feet beyond him, and then he shot it with his revolver. No, he wasn't charmed, but, to use his own words, he was 'half scared to death,' and if he had jumped and been bitten it would have been fatal, as there wasn't a drop of liquor within one hundred miles of the camp, and that is probably the only known cure. Wallace, the naturalist, once left his house in a town in Malay for a few days, and on returning, found it coiled by a python over eighteen feet long. Its tail was seen hanging down from the rafters, and one of the natives seizing it, rushed out of the door, dragging the monster that vainly attempted to regain its hold. While being whirled around and around the reptile was finally stunned by being dashed against a tree. A Malay boat anchored one night along the shore of one of the Celebes, and a man was sent ashore in search of the betel nut. Soon afterward the crew were aroused by his screams, and in following them up found him in the folds of a gigantic python. It was killed, and it was found that the arms of the man alone bore signs of teeth marks, his ribs and other bones being crushed into splinters by the constrictive folds. The cobra of India is the most dreadful of all snakes, and many thousands of natives are killed by them yearly. Wallace says that at one place in Malay they were so numerous that, on an average, a native was killed every day in the year.

"The great camondi snakes of South America have a habit of hanging from trees over the water, with portions of their bodies concealed, so that they would easily be taken for the great vines that grow so luxuriantly in these forests, and in this way they obtain much of their prey that comes unsuspiciously along, even human game not being neglected. Kingsley relates an occurrence when four young women were bathing in a lagoon, and one of them felt herself pulled from behind. At first she thought it a prank of one of her companions, but the form of an enormous snake soon appeared. It had fastened its teeth to her bathing-dress, but the others succeeded in frightening it off. When they are gorged with food they coil up closely and resemble a stump, and a case is known of a native having made the mistake of sitting down upon one with results astonishing to both seat and sitter. Waterton, in referring to the camondi snakes, says that specimens from thirty to forty feet long have been killed, and that the Spaniards of Brazil positively affirm that in the unfrequented districts these serpents sometimes attain a length of seventy feet, and will destroy the largest and strongest bull. They call them matatoros, which means, literally, 'bull-killers.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

## The Scarlet Fever.

It is as unnecessary for a child to die of the scarlet fever as it is that it should be blind with a cataract. Let us see. At any time before the body has finished its ineffectual struggle we are able to help it, not by wonderful medicines, but by the knowledge of anatomy, and the application of common sense. We consult the sympathetic nerve, and do what it commands us to do. We must give this child salt when it wants it; we must give it acid when it has fever and anxiously craves it—not vinegar, but lemon juice, because the first coagulates albumen, and the latter does not, on account of the surplus of oxygen which it contains. To imitate the soothing mucus in the intestines, which is now wanting, and to give some respiratory food at the same time, we add some gum arabic. To restore and relieve the injured nerve, we apply moist warmth. In practice we can fulfill all this with the following simple manipulations: Undress the child and bring it to bed at the very first sign of sickness. Give it, if it has already fever, nothing but sourish warm lemonade with some gum arabic in it. Then cover its abdomen with some dry flannel. Take a well-folded bed sheet and put it in boiling hot water; wring it out dry by means of dry towels, and put this over the flannel on the child's abdomen. Then cover the whole, and wait. The hot cloths will, perhaps, require repeated heat. According to the severity of the case, and its stage of progress, perspiration will commence in the child in from ten minutes to two hours. The child is then saved; it soon falls to sleep. Soon after the child awakes, it shows slight symptoms of returning inclination for food; help its bowels, if necessary, with injections of oil, soap and water, and its recovery will be as steady as the growth of a green-house plant, if well treated. Of course, if the child was already dying, nothing could save it, or if it has already effusions in the lining of the heart or brain, it is much better that it should die. But if the above is applied in due time, under the eyes and direction of a competent physician, I will guarantee that not one in a hundred children will ever die of scarlet fever. I know this will startle some of my readers, especially those who have lost children already, but I shall go still farther. I maintain that a child will never get scarlet fever if properly treated. If a child has correctly mixed blood, it will not catch the disorder if put in bed with a sick child. This is still more startling, but nothing is easier of proof.—*Good Health.*

## A Dog Whips a Bear.

When Dr. W. M. Clark lived with his family in the Sixth District of Davidson County, he owned a small rat dog, an English terrier, named Jack. Jack was a remarkable dog. On one occasion he killed one hundred rats, and when he came out of the pit was hardly recognized by his friends. His ears were gone, and his legs and throat were as raw as a piece of unscooked beef liver. But he killed the rats, and won a wager.

On another occasion Jack had a fight with a coon and came out victorious, killing the coon in the third round. He had numerous fights with fighting dogs much larger and older than himself, but he always came out victorious. His manner of fighting a dog was to watch his chances and seize him by one of his ears. Once his teeth were fastened here, there was no getting him loose until his antagonist squealed enough and started on a dead run for home with his tail stored safely away between his legs. Whenever this would happen Jack would let up on his enemy and whine for other enemies to conquer.

But Jack's chief triumph was when he whipped a bear. A neighbor of Dr. Clark owned a pet bear of ordinary size. One day while visiting his neighbor, Jack and the bear fell out, and each squared himself for a fight. Jack held himself off until he found an opportunity to catch him by the ear, and then he went in. Jack was a great jumper. In this instance he made his greatest leap and landed on the back of his enemy. Quickly seizing him by the ear, the dog kept his body out of reach of the bear, and inserted his sharp teeth for all they were worth. The bear fought with spirit, and made vigorous efforts to send Jack to grass, but all in vain. That dog would not let go. Finally the bear, almost exhausted, gave up in despair, and as plain as a bear can speak acknowledged his defeat. He ordered every man on the place to pull Jack, and it is believed he would have killed the bear if left alone.—*Nashville [illegible]*

## Making Up Time.

Half a dozen railroad men were standing by the Union depot lunch counter the other night, waiting for a train, drinking coffee and telling stories about their experiences in railroading. An engineer was making camel tracks in a half of a pie, and between swallows he was entertaining the boys about a fast run he made one day between Milwaukee and La Crosse, when the "old man" was in a hurry to get up there to see about the bridge that was being built there. As he was describing how the engine and two cars fairly blistered the rails between Portage and Camp Douglas, a frightened looking man stepped up and asked for a cup of coffee and some doughnuts, and while he was soaking a doughnut in the coffee, he said they didn't know anything about fast running unless they had been on the Pennsylvania Road. The men asked him what he knew about fast running, and he turned out some coffee in a saucer, blew on it, to cool it, swallowed it, and said:

"Well, I just got here from the East, and I have witnessed railroading that knocks the socks off of anything that ever was. We started out of Jersey City one night at eight o'clock, and up this side of Philadelphia there was a wreck ahead of us, and we side tracked for six hours, and when the track was clear we started. Well, sir, that train flew, fairly flew. We didn't realize in the car that we were going fast, by any jar, for it was just as smooth as a pair of skates on smooth ice, but if a man went out on a platform he could not breathe. The nigger started to bring a lunch from the hotel car into the car I was in, and while he crossed the platform the coffee froze as stiff as ice cream, and a man ate it with a spoon. The nigger was a raid to go back into his car, and waited till the train stopped at a coal place. The conductor told me the train was going faster than a bullet. He said the engineer often shot his revolver up the track ahead, and the engine would overtake the bullet and flatten it against the smoke stack. Did you ever see a passenger train jump right over a freight train, when both were in motion?" asked the doughnut man, as he filled his coffee cup up with milk.

"O, what you giving us?" said the engineer, as he loosened the leather belt around his greasy overalls, and looked at the man with disgust.

"Well, you don't have to believe it if you don't want to, but I pledge you my word our train jumped right over a long freight train ahead of us. We come up to it, on a straight track, and our engineer signaled to the freight engineer to slow up a little, and the conductor told us to keep our seats. We had seen the freight train ahead on a curve, and wondered why our train did not stop. When the conductor told us to keep our seats, I asked him what was the matter, and he said we were going to jump a freight, and if we moved around we would jar the cars so they wouldn't be so liable to hit the track ahead, when we come down. Just then I could feel the train go into the air, and hear the wheels turn with no track under them, and in less than ten seconds we began to descend, and I could hear the wheels on the track again, and I looked back and the freight engineer was waving his hat at us. Why, there was no more jar than there is in this room now. Of course they wouldn't attempt to jump a freight train on a curve or in a tunnel," and the man scratched a match on his pants, and lit a cigar stub he had been keeping.—*Peck's Sun.*

## Slavery in Brazil.

On the 30th of June last the province of Rio Grande do Norte had 10,182 slaves, the 13,808 registered up to September 30, 1873, having been reduced by 1,105 emancipations, 817 deaths, and 1,704 departures. The "ingenuos" alive at the same date were 3,579, besides 110 delivered up to emancipated mothers. In Sergipe there were 26,173 slaves at the end of June, the 31,936 registered up to September 30, 1873, having been diminished by 1,871 emancipations, 3,892 deaths, and 1,128 departures. The "ingenuos" were 7,206, besides 112 delivered to freed mothers and 21 to the State. The slaves in Rio Grande do Sul numbered 68,703 at the end of June, having decreased since September 30, 1873, 9,100 by emancipations, 6,895 by deaths, and 13,752 by excess of departures over entries. Of "ingenuos" owing free birth to the law of 1871 there were 24,779 alive at the end of June last, besides 739 delivered to freed mothers, and 12 to the State. The slaves of Para numbered 23,511 on the 30th of June, the 29,894 registered at the end of September, 1873, having been reduced by 4,251 emancipations and 2,763 deaths, but increased by 631 entries. The "ingenuos" were 8,434, besides 288 delivered to emancipated mothers and 2 to the State. The slaves in Alagoas numbered, June 30 last, 29,379, being 4,755 fewer than were registered up to September 30, 1873, since which date the deaths were 3,027, and the emancipations 1,748, being an actual decrease of 4,775, besides which the number was diminished by 1,970 departures in excess of entries. The number of living children treed at birth by the law of 1871 was 7,334, including 104 delivered up to freed mothers, and two transferred to the Government. On the 30th of June, 1880, the slaves in Amazonas were 1,716, the 1,515 registered up to September 30, 1873, having been increased by 344 more entries than departures from the province, and diminished by 44 deaths and 99 emancipations. At the end of June there were 335 children owing free birth to the law of 1871.—*Anglo-Brazilian Times.*

## The Oldest Tree In Hartford.

The oldest tree in Hartford since the fall of the Charter Oak is located a few feet south of the warehouse formerly occupied by M. W. Chapin, at the foot of Ferry street. It is a sycamore, or buttonball, and is known in the books as *Platanus occidentalis*, and by the English is called plane tree. It is eight feet in diameter at the ground, and girts twenty-two feet five feet from its base. When the first explorer came up the Connecticut River it stood on the high ground on the river bank, and has been a familiar feature of that locality ever since.

Its trunk is hollow, being a mere shell, just as it was when the writer of this paragraph first saw it, over fifty years since. Its main limbs and branches were as sound and thrifty last season as they ever were. The grand old tree, that it has taken three or four hundred years to produce, and the last of the old trees that antedate the history of our settlement, has had several narrow escapes of late. Last year the boys, in imitation of other boys that set fire to the old Charter Oak before its fall, built a bonfire inside of it which would have been its end, but, by the timely arrival of a fire engine, it was saved. A few days since David Cannor, a resident of that neighborhood, got permission from President Babcock, of the Valley Railroad, which company owns the land on which it stands, to cut it down for fire-wood. David had succeeded in cutting off a part of the main branches when the attention of Mr. Babcock was called to the fact of its historical importance as the oldest tree in Hartford, and he countermanded the order, and David will remove what he has cut down and give the old tree one more chance. "Woodman, spare that tree!"—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

## The Midday Dinner.

To consume a hearty midday meal and to take a full hour for its consumption would be tantamount to a return to the manners of pre-Independence days, and, indeed, to the manners of Old England. Misson, a French traveler in England, quoted by Mr. John Ashton in his "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," remarks: "The English eat a great deal at dinner; they rest awhile, and to it again, till they have quite stuffed their paunch. Their suppers are moderate—gluttons at noon, and abstinent at night. I always heard that they were great flesh-eaters, and I found it true. I have known many people in England that never eat any bread, and universally they eat very little; they nibble a few crumbs, while they chew the meat by whole mouthfuls." When New England was an English colony the universal dinner-hour was noon, and traditions of the staple of the old-fashioned fare yet linger in the favorite New England dishes, pork and beans and Indian pudding—the last a compost of "corn" meal and molasses. In the old Knickerbocker days of New York, people dined early and substantially, but we may rest tolerably well assured that the comfortable and phlegmatic Dutch burghers of Manhattan took the fullest of hours for their meal and its digestion. After the dinner came a pipe—many pipes, probably. The modern Americans are not a pipe smoking people, and, to judge from the "sandwich and piece-of-pie allegation," they are slightly amenable to the charge brought by Brillat Savarin against Napoleon the Great of "eating quickly and eating badly." Yet the author of the "Physiologie du Gout" belonged to a nation who have never swerved from their custom of eating a good midday meal.

The Frenchman's breakfast is "cafe au lait" and "bread and butter," just as the Spaniard's "desayuno" is a cup of chocolate, a morsel of dry bread, and a glass of cold water; but the Gaul must have his second and substantial breakfast at noon; and a "dejeuner a la fourchette" may be defined, without exaggeration, as a dinner "minus" only the soup. The Germans have a "mittagessen," or midday meal, at which they eat soup; but the evening meal with the old-fashioned Teuton is supper and not late dinner. Most of the hotels hold two tables d'hote a day, one at the old-fashioned and one at the new-fangled hour. Noontide is, from the point of view of health, perhaps the time at which a "square" meal should most appropriately be eaten; but, unfortunately, if we wish to keep our digestion unimpaired, we must rest awhile after an early dinner. Our French neighbors, breakfasting copiously at noon, seldom think of returning to business until half-past one; frequently they remain over their cigars and coffee until two p. m. But, with the Anglo-Saxon races, "time is money," and they grudge every minute during the hours of business which is not devoted to the pursuit of Mammon. In the south of France the noonday meal is followed by the "siesta," and from twelve to half-past two in the afternoon mercantile and financial business is almost entirely suspended. It is quite as hot at New York as it is at Marseilles or Toulon, but what business New Yorker would think of taking the solace of a "siesta" after lunch? If Americans and Englishmen would rise a little earlier, and get through the major part of the day's business—as foreigners do—in the forenoon, the substantial midday meal might become a possibility, promising much benefit to their general health and spirits; but such a change in Anglo-Saxon manners could not be effected, perhaps, without bringing about alarming disturbances in transactions relative to "call money, "gray shirting," pork, gold, grain, and railway shares.—*London Telegraph.*

## Catching Smelts in Lake Champlain.

Winter fishing is now being enjoyed by those who are fond of the sport. The lake at Burlington has just closed in, and the smelt-fishers have moved their little huts on runners out to the accustomed grounds. Modern improvements have made this sport one of the most luxurious imaginable. Instead of kneeling in the cold wind beside a constantly freezing hole in the ice, the fisherman now sits at ease in his neat little movable house, warmed by a stove, and keeps watch of two or three lines let down through holes in the floor and corresponding holes in the ice. He smokes and reflects, or talks with a companion, and is as comfortable as a millionaire before his grate of glowing sea-coal. Besides being a lazy amusement smelt fishing is a pretty profitable employment, as the fish are exceedingly toothsome, and bring a good price in the local markets. An attentive and persistent fisherman will make about as much out of his day's sport as a laborer who comes home sore and stiff at night with his hard-earned pittance. The genius who sits on his bench and manipulates the little lines is usually a jolly, hospitable sort of a fellow, and is perfectly willing that the blue-nosed skater should seek refuge occasionally in his cosy little house, and even permits him to handle one of the lines for a while. If he should chance to bring a young lady companion with him, the ancient fisherman becomes a model of gallantry. He lays his black pipe under the stove, resigns his warm seat to the fair one, and places all his piscatorial resources at her command. It is pleasant to note the immense satisfaction with which he resigns to her the line upon which he has just detected a timid nibble, and when, following his directions, she hooks the unhappy fish and draws it up through the ice with a little scream of mingled terror and delight, his eyes shine with approbation and pleasure, and he feels as proud as did the Canadian woodsman who initiated the Princess Louise into the mysteries of salmon-fishing. But when he removes the struggling victim and coolly bites out its eyes with his teeth for a fresh bait, the situation becomes embarrassing in the extreme, and the cosy hut no longer possesses any attraction for the young skaters. They beat a precipitate retreat, leaving the hospitable proprietor in such a state of astonishment and perplexity that he sticks the fish's eye into his [illegible] and puts a slice of pork on the hook. There is a [illegible] in the memory of a pretty face!—*Burlington (Vt.) Cor. Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Colonel James Coulter, a member of the Tennessee Legislature, wears his hair like a woman, bangs and all.

—Authors of the olden time used to puff their own works by affixing "taking titles" to them, such as "A right merrie and wittie interlude, verie pleasant to reade, etc." "A marvelous wittie treatise, etc;" "A Delectable, Pithie and Righte Profitable Worke, etc."

—Representative Moore, of Tennessee, is so proud of his wife's beauty that he delights in presenting to her handsome dresses selected by himself. He has a good taste in such matters as any lady of fashion. He lately bought a robe, as a surprise for her, costing $1,000. Few wives will deny the good taste of such a husband.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Mrs. Sarah Whitman Parris, widow of the late Governor Albion K. Parris, of this State, died in Washington recently, in the ninety-third year of her age. Her husband was the second Governor elected after Maine was created into a State in 1822, and was Governor when General Lafayette made his visit to this city.—*Portland (Me.) Argus.*

—Bloodgood H. Cutter, an eccentric man, who is known as "the poet laureate of Long Island," attracted attention while riding in New York the other day. His vehicle was drawn by a prancing mule and a venerable horse. Clad in a pair of high-topped Napoleon boots and a coat of many colors, the smiling poet laureate looked the picture of innocence abroad.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Mrs. Tyler, the ex-President's widow, is in Washington. She enjoys the distinction of being the only woman who ever entered the White House as a bride. She has a young daughter, who was an infant at the time of the ex-President's death, in 1862. She is very affable, but she has not forgotten the stately manners that were in fashion forty years ago. She wears her hair just as it is represented in the girlish portrait of her which was painted when she was a bride.—*Washington Post.*

## HUMOROUS.

—In reply to the question: "Is Willie Winter a poet?" the Philadelphia *News* says: "He used to be, but he has had his hair cut."

—A girl just returned from a Boston high school, said upon seeing a fire engine at work: "Who would evah have dweamed such a vewy diminutive looking apawatus would hold so much wattah.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Fred, aged seven, was handling a valuable book carelessly, and his mother told him to put it down on the table. He did so unwillingly, and remarked: "When I'm married, I shall not have to obey mamma."

—When we see a tightly-laced woman trying to enjoy a good laugh with a smile on her mouth and tears in her eyes, we think of the dear old hymn which begins: "Let joy be unconfined."—*Boston Post.*

—A German at a hotel table in this city the other day had some Limburger cheese sent to him. A little boy who sat beside him turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose."—*Chicago News.*

—"Yes, sir," replied a meek-looking man who was asked if he had suffered any reverses; "I've seen more ups and downs during my life than most men." "Indeed! What do you do for a living?" inquired the philanthropist. "O, I run an elevator, sir."—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Mayor and members of the Board of Aldermen of Brockton are anti-tobacco men, and the Mayor of Boston has forbidden smoking in the City Hall; but after all an American sovereign may use tobacco in that building if he chews.—*Lowell Courier.*

—The fortieth marriage anniversary is "woolen." It is discouraging for a young couple just starting out, to think that they must shiver on together for forty years before their friends will chip in and furnish the material to make them comfortable.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"What's orbs, Sallie?" "Orbs? Why, as to how, Maggie? Who said so?" "Well, you know that city chap was sparking me last night, an' he looked me square in the face and sung out: 'Oh! if could always bask in the effulgence of those bright orbs.'" "Humph! I guess that must be what they call eyes that squint; but what do you suppose he wanted of a basque?"

—Footpads on dark street—"Hold up your hands." Victim—"All right: but what do you want?" "Your watch and money." "Yes, of course, but beg your pardon, you don't recognize me; the plumber took down that next street a few minutes ago; I'm an editor, and—" "Here, take this quarter to buy a lunch of cheese and something warming, and go about your business."—*Toledo American.*

## Rules for a Russian Club.

After much discussion, the committee of a certain club in a remote Russian town has drawn up the following set of rules for the guidance of its members. The code seems to be as Draconian as it is original:

(1) No one shall enter the club with dirty boots. (2) No one shall wear his workaday clothes if they are impregnated with unpleasant smells, such as a scent of fish, leather, pitch, etc. (3) At the club dances black cloth is laid down as the correct dress. (4) In bad weather, when the streets are muddy, all members of the club must wear slippers, so as not to dirty the floor. (5) Whoever shall dare to put in an appearance at a club ball in a velvet waistcoat or a green cravat renders himself liable to a fine of a ruble and a half, to be put aside for the benefit of the musicians. (6) (A very stringent rule this). It is expressly forbidden that any member, in the course of a *soiree dansante*, shall use the ball-room curtains for a pocket-handkerchief. If he does he will be ignominiously kicked out. (7) The man who smokes (also at a *soiree dansante*) in the portion of the club set aside for ladies shall be instantly fined twenty-five kopecks, to go toward the purchase of powder or eau de Cologne for the ladies. (8) No member who may happen to be exhilarated, no matter how late in the evening, shall be allowed to introduce the can-can in a set of quadrilles.

The other rules prescribe that no one who is tipsy "beyond the bounds of decency" shall remain in the ball-room. The *buffetier* shall be responsible for such persons—which seems rather hard on the *buffetier*. Every drunken man shall be fined three rubles—the product to go to the formation of a library; and in case of a dispute at billiards the disputants are warned against using the cues to back their opinions, under a penalty of forty kopecks per blow.—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

## Our Young Readers.

### FOND OF BUTTER.

Nannie Nutter is fond of butter,
When lovely summer comes blooming in,
No need to ask, 'mid the grass so utter,
Holding a king cup under the chin,
"Do you love butter?" for Nannie Nutter—
"Oh, my!" say all, "how she does love butter;"

Nannie Nutter, so fond of butter,
Always asks for more on her bread;
Has even been known to pout and sputter
If mamma objected and said no one said—
How could they help it—"Why, Nannie Nutter,
'Tis butter and bread, not bread and butter!"

With Nannie Nutter, 'tis butter, butter—
Butter on pudding, potatoes, meat,
Tart, cream-pie. She'd thank you to shut her
Into a firkin with nothing to eat
But butter and butter; for Nannie Nutter,
You know, at present is friends with butter.

"Something to eat," they heard her utter
Before the lamps were lighted for tea.
She was given a slice of only butter;
Tasted a bit, but could not see.
Then spoke this famishing Nannie Nutter:
"Can't I have on it a little butter?"

—*Our Little Ones.*

## BRAVE DOROTHY.

Until she was nineteen years old Dorothy lived a very uneventful life, for one week was much the same as another in the placid existence of the village. On Sunday mornings, when the church bells began to ring, you would meet her walking over the moor with a springy step. Her shawl was gray, and her dress was of the most pronounced color that could be bought in the market-town. Her brown hair was gathered in a net, and her calm eyes looked from under an old-fashioned bonnet of straw. Her feet were always bare, but she carried her shoes and stockings slung over her shoulder. When she got near the church she sat down in the shade of a hedge and put them on; then she walked the rest of the distance with a cramped and civilized gait.

Every boat went away north one evening, and not a man remained in the Row, excepting three very old fellows, who were long past work of any kind. When a fisherman grows helpless with age, he is kept by his own people, and his days are passed in quietly smoking on a kitchen settle or in looking dimly out over the sea from the bench at the door. A southerly gale with a southerly sea came away in the night, and the boats could not beat down from the northward. By daylight they were all safe in a harbor about eighteen miles north of the village. The sea grew worse and worse, and the usual clouds of foam flew against the houses or skimmed away into the fields beyond. When the wind reached its height the sounds it made in the hollows were like distant firing of small arms, and the waves in the hollow rocks seemed to shake the ground over the cliffs. A little schooner came round the point, running before the sea. She might have got clear away, because it was easy enough for her, had she clawed a short way out, risking the beam sea, to have made the harbor where the fishers were. But the skipper kept her close in, and presently she struck on a long tongue of rocks that treaded far out eastward. The tops of her masts seemed nearly to meet, so it appeared as if she had broken her back. The seas flew sheer over her, and the men had to climb into the rigging. All the women were watching and waiting to see her go to pieces. There was no chance of getting a boat out, so the helpless villagers waited to see the men go down, and the women cried out in their shrill, piteous manner. Dorothy said: "Will she break up in an hour? If I thought she would hing there I would be away for the life-boat." But the old men said. "You can never cross the burn." Four miles south, behind the point, there was a village where a life-boat was kept; but just half way a stream ran into the sea, and across this stream there was only a plank bridge. Half a mile below the bridge the water spread far over the broad sand and became very shallow and wide. Dorothy spoke no more, except to say: "I'll away." She ran across the moor for a mile, and then scrambled down to the sand, so that the tearing wind might not impede her. It was dangerous work for the next mile. Every yard of the way she had to splash through the foam, because the great waves were rolling up very near to the foot of the cliffs. An extra strong sea might have caught her off her feet, but she did not think of that; she only thought of saving her breath by escaping the direct onslaught of the wind. When she came to the mouth of the burn her heart failed her for a little. There was three-quarers of a mile of water, covered with creamy foam, and she did not know but what she might be taken out of her depth. Yet she determined to risk it, and plunged in at a run. The sand was hard under foot but she said, when the piled foam came softly up to her waist, she "felt gey funny." Halfway across she stumbled into a hole, caused by a whirling eddy, and she thought all was over; but her nerve never failed her, and she struggled till she got a footing again. When she reached the hard ground she was wet to the neck, and her hair was sodden with her one plunge "over head." Her clothes troubled her with their weight in crossing the moor; so she put off all she did not need; and pressed forward again. Presently she reached the house where the coxswain of the life-boat lived. She gasped out: "The schooner! On the Letch! Norrad."

The coxswain, who had seen the schooner go past, knew what was the matter. He said: "Here, wife, look after the lass," and ran out. The "lass" needed looking after, for she had fainted. But her work was well done; the life-boat went round the point, ran north, and took six men ashore from the schooner. The Captain had been washed overboard, but the others were saved by Dorothy's daring and endurance. The girl is as simple as ever, and she knows nothing whatever about Grace Darling. If she were offered any reward she would probably wonder why she should receive any.—*St. James' Gazette.*

## A Little Girl's Story.

One day, it just rained and rained and *rained* at our house, and we had to stay in.

And every time we went to play anything, Aunt Nelia said: "Oh, stop that noise, children!"

And if you took anything, she said: "Let that be! let that be!" And it was *awful* in the house.

I got a big shawl and spread it over three chairs, and I got my dollies and my dishes and played under the shawl; and I asked Danny wouldn't he play "keep house" just to-day, because it was raining and he couldn't play out doors anyway.

I told him I'd lend him my "Dotty" and my "Sissy" and my very best dolly, "Helena,"—if he'd be real good to her. And I'd keep Rose and Violet and Matilda myself, and then we would have three children apiece.

Rose and Violet are twins. They are made out of two dumb-bells, with a long towel pinned around each of them. They look just exactly alike, and they've got round, bald heads just like *real* babies.

But Danny wouldn't play keep house. He said he'd never be a tom-girl and play with dolls no matter if it rained forever and ever and ever:

And then he put his hands in his pockets and looked the way he always does when he *won't do it*. And then you know there isn't any use in teasing him.

But after a while it didn't