THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

POETRY AND THE POOR.

"The world is very beautiful!" I said,
As yesterday, beside the brimming stream,
Glad and alone, I watched the tremulous gleam
Slant thro' the wintry wood, green-carpeted
With moss and fern and curving bramble-spray,
And bronze the thousand russet margin-weeds,
And in the sparkling holly glint and play,
And kindle all the brier's flaming seeds.

"The world is very horrible!" I sigh,
As, in my wonted ways, to-day I thread
Chill streets, deformed with dim monotony,
Hiding strange mysteries of unknown dread,
The reeking court, the breathless fever-den,
The haunts where things unholy throng and brood;
Grim crime, the fierce despair of strong-armed men,
Child-infamy, and shameless womanhood.

And men have looked upon this piteous thing—
Blank lives unvisited by beauty's spell—
And said: "Let be; it is not meet to bring
Dreams of sweet freedom to the prison cell.
Sing them no songs of things all bright and fair,
Paint them no visions of the goal we pass,
Lest with purged sight their miseries they see,
And, thro' vain longings, pass a blank despair."

O brother, treading ever darkening ways,
O sister, whelmed in ever deepening care,
Would God we might unfold before your gaze
Some vision of the pure and true and fair!
Better to know, tho' sadder things be known,
Better to see, tho' tears half blind the sight,
Than thraldom to the sense, and heart of stone,
And horrible contentment with the night.

O! bring we then all sweet and gracious things
To touch the lives that lie so chilland drear,
That they may dream of some diviner sphere,
Whence each soft ray of love and beauty springs.
Each good and perfect gift is from above;
And there is healing for Earth's direst woes;
God hath unsealed the springs of light and love,
To make the desert blossom as the rose.

The Spectator.

THE WEATHERBY "WAVE."

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, rang the door-bell at Captain Weatherby's.

The Captain and his wife were sitting in front of the coal fire in the back parlor, waiting till it should be safe to leave, and seeing many queer things in the glowing ashes. The "help"—they do not keep servants—had gone to bed, and the house was shut up for the night. No one was expected and it was too late for callers, so there was a mutual start of alarm on the part of the pair when the front door-bell rang in that sudden way.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!

It was really quite ghostly; Mrs. Weatherby said: "Mercy me, who is there, do you suppose?" and the Captain replied: "Like as not it's a telly-gram."

Then he went to the door. The wire of that indignant bell was still vibrating and the tongue itself had just stopped wagging and yet when the Captain opened the door not a soul was visible. The soft, light flakes of the last snow of the season drifted into his face, and fell cold and wet on his cheeks. Mrs. Weatherby was close behind him, and exclaimed:

"Mercy me! It was nobody!"

"Not even the cat," said her husband. "Old Prim can do a sight of mischief, but she can't ring door-bells. It was some pesky boy, I suppose, who thought he'd play smart and then run for it."

"What's that on the door-step?" asked Mrs. Weatherby, suddenly.

"It's a drift," said the Captain. "I tell you what, Mary, there'll be a nor'easter to-night, nor'east by nor', with wind that'll make the sails rattle. It's gettin' up now," and he drew in his uncovered head, and was about to shut the hall door.

"There *is* something there, Silas," said his wife, "right on the top step. Looks like a bundle."

The Captain peered out again.

"It's right you are, my hearty. Sure as you live it's a basket," and he touched it with his foot.

"O, it's the groceries for to-morrow; that careless boy forgot them. No wonder he ran away when he rang the bell! Fetch 'em in, Silas, and leave them in the back parlor to-night. Hannah will see them first thing in the morning!"

"Better take them into the caboose—I mean the kitchen," said the Captain.

"No; it's locked up. Put 'em on that chair by the door. Ugh! I'm shiverin' with the cold air," and the good woman sat down in front of the comfortable coals again.

"We've a heap to be thankful for, Mary," said the Captain, thoughtfully.

"Y-e-s, I s'pose so," sighed his wife; she was thinking just then of two little graves at Marblehead. They had been made nigh on to twenty years ago, and the vacancy in her heart and life had never been filled.

At that moment a queer little wailing cry rang through the room. The two started and looked at each other.

"Sakes alive! What was it?" asked Mrs. Weatherby.

"It came out of that basket," said the Captain; "that fool of a boy has stowed a hand in the fo'castle—I mean a kitten," and he stalked over to it and jerked off the cover.

"By the great horn spoon!" he exclaimed, as he jumped back about four feet; "it's a baby."

"Mercy me!" said his wife; "where did it come from?"

"From the skies, I should say; that's what the bell rang for. Well, I must say this is an imposition."

Mrs. Weatherby was looking curiously into the basket; all she saw was rags, two bright, smiling eyes, and a little round head covered with dark hair—a wee bit baby, deserted and alone.

"I'll go for the police," said the Captain, angrily; "shiver my timbers if I'm going to have people starving their babies on my doorstep when there's places provided for them as are destitute. The police will make short work of it, Mary."

"They won't kill it, will they?" asked Mrs. Weatherby, in a horrified tone.

"Well, no, wife; that's against the law. But they'll take it where such waves (he meant waifs) belong. If you ain't afraid to stay alone I'll run out to the next corner and fetch one." When the Captain returned with the policeman he had to stop to explain the exact spot where they found the basket, how the bell had rung, etc., and so it was a half-hour or more before they got into the back parlor. There Mrs. Weatherby sat with the object rolled up in a table-cloth, lying in her lap and basking contentedly in the rays of the fire.

"Here we are," said the Captain, in a brisk tone. "Now, Mr. Policeman, you can take the youngster off in the basket it come in, can't you?"

"It's a nice boy," said the policeman, looking down on the tiny head basking in the firelight.

"Girl," corrected Mrs. Weatherby. "I tell you what, Silas, I think I had better keep the baby till the mornin'. It don't seem exactly Christian to let it go out in the cold to-night again."

"That'll suit me," said the policeman. "It's a good bit from here to Foundlin's, and it do seem at me, sir."

"Very foolish, very foolish, Mary; but have it your own way; only let me be disturbed with it's cries, that's all," said the Captain, as he peeped over shyly and stole a look at the "wave."

The next morning at ten o'clock a policeman was on hand for that baby.

"Now isn't it too bad said Mrs. Weatherby, "but the fact is, it's not ready," and she slipped some money into the man's hand for his trouble, "and going to look over some things I put away, said the poor little mother, "and give it some decent clothes to wear. Would it be too much trouble to ask you to come for it this evening?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," said the officer. As he went out Captain Weatherby caught sight of his face, and looked very knowingly at Mrs. Weatherby.

Such a running and rummaging as there was in that house all day! and by night the baby had quite an extensive wardrobe ready; dressed out in the little tucked and embroidered baby-gown that had been brought out and done up for it, from the stock that once had belonged to those other babies who no longer needed them, it looked like a very different baby from that in the basket.

"It ain't such a bad-looking wave, after all," said the Captain, bending his honest red face over it and holding out a rough and rugged fore-finger, which the baby instantly grasped, and laughed and cooed over.

"Here's the p'liceman, mum, for the baby," said Hannah, ushering that functionary in.

"O," said Mrs. Weatherby, looking greatly disappointed, "I'm not half ready yet."

"But it's only the baby, mum, they wants. One of the foundlings died last night and this here one is to have its place," said the man.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Weatherby; the child won't go till its ready. Its clothes are not even packed up yet."

"You see," laughed the Captain, "my mate there will want a Saratoga trunk for that wave's clothes before she gets through with it. Say, Mr. Policeman, just as soon as it's ready I'll send for you to come after it."

"Just so, sir" answered the man, "just so; I'll return to duty, and you can let me know when the miss is ready."

There was an amused twinkle in the Captain's eye when he saw how relieved his wife looked as the man took his departure.

All this happened a year ago. I was reminded of it by receiving the following card, which had been sent out generally by the good Captain and his wife:

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere, into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.
What makes your forehead smooth and fair?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get that coral ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bends and bands.
Whence came your feet, dear little things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.
How did they all first come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

Your presence is desired at the christening party of our adopted daughter,

ETHEL,

Wednesday afternoon, January 30, 1881.
Ceremony at 3.

MR. AND MRS. SILAS WEATHERBY.

If any one expected a fashionable gathering it was simply because they did not know their host and hostess very well. The great, comfortable house was full of guests, but they were mostly people of the Weatherby stamp—good, plain, sensible souls, who did not go through life junketing and dancing, so they carried into any occasion of enjoyment in which they participated an almost childish zest. And all the ladies purred over that blessed baby, and all the gentlemen button-holed the Captain and made him tell the story over.

"Found it on the door-step, you say? o-u-n-d it on the door-step? How very remarkable!"

"And in that very boat—basket, I mean—grounded, as it were, at my feet—the prettiest wave that ever struck the shoals for me—my eyes, sir!"

It was hard to recognize the baby in its pink slip and coral ornaments, but harder to recognize the basket, for it was one mass of flowers and, tied with rose-pink ribbons, looked as gay as a peacock.

There was only one thing that came near marring the perfect enjoyment of the occasion. It was when the minister, a pale, slight intellectual-looking young man, stepped forward to begin the ceremony in which the "wave" was to have a Christian name, and Captain Weatherby called out:

"Ship ahoy!"

The good man stopped and looked perplexed.

"Stow the prayers, parson," said the Captain; "short services on this ship, if you please."

The minister smiled and the ceremony proceeded, and all the prayers and remarks of the occasion were condensed by the celebrant into a single quotation:

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.*

Her Last Resort.

The other day when old Pungleup, the grain merchant, went home to lunch he was surprised to find an unusual number of wet umbrellas on the rack, so he ascended to his wife's room and said:

"Anybody in the parlor, my dear?"

"Yes, dearest," replied his better-half, who was putting the finishing touches to an elaborate toilet. "Yes, dearest, quite a lot of people. There's the doctor, an expressman, a hackman, a grocery clerk, a telegraph repairer, and nine messengers in the parlor."

"What on earth are they here for?"

"Well, you see, lovey, my new plush and rep princess came home five days ago, and it has been doing nothing but rain ever since. I've stood it just as long as I could, and so when it rained again to-day I just rang for everybody on the telegraph indicator, so I could have somebody to show it to. Isn't it too lovely for anything?" and, with an expectant smile, she rustled downstairs.—*St. Francisco Post.*

—Brick Pomeroy prophesies that the time is coming when there will not be a rumseller in New York City.—*N. Y. Mail.*

THE DAIRY.

—Some butter-makers would put on only half the salt the first time spreading the butter out upon the worker, and the other half at the second spreading. To make striped butter, have more in the worker than can be conveniently handled at once, throw the salt in all in a bunch, and half mix it in and put it away. It will surely be striped and mottled. So it will after a second working, if it is too hurriedly done. Salt heightens the color of butter, turning it to a deep yellow, and if the salt is not brought in contact with every portion there must be white streaks.—*New England Farmer.*

—While we do not wish to lay a straw in the way of the progress of fine dairy cow breeders, and while we admit the excellency of Jersey, Ayrshire and Holstein, we do not, our native cows, when good, but the third is treated worse, struggling among ragweeds in almost grassless pastures, furnishing blood for flies in the blazing heat of midsummer, the effect of wrath, hail, snow, sleet, chill and polar winds, she still survives, poor patient and returning good for evil. If our abused native cow was treated half so well as her foreign cousin, perhaps she would be as famous as they.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

—The temperature of the cream should be so low that the little particles of butter will float in the buttermilk without gathering too quickly. While the butter is still in the granular form, draw off the buttermilk, and then pour in cold water, or, better still, a weak brine, or water first and then brine. Two or three washings in either clear water or brine will do the butter no harm. Now, if the butter is taken out upon the butter worker for salting, there will really be no working to be done, as that term is usually understood. No more working will be required than just enough to incorporate the salt throughout the entire mass.—*Exchange.*

—We have had a pretty long experience in making butter, and believe we know whereof we affirm. If very thick, stiff cream is put into any churn, but especially into one with a dash or floats that present a large surface to the cream, and the butter comes in a very short time, and is fully gathered before drawing off the buttermilk, the butter will very likely be pretty largely mixed with thick, unchurned cream and milk. And such butter can never be completely freed from its milk and cream, but they will remain in the butter more or less to its injury, according as it is to be kept or used immediately.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—J. N. Muncy, of the Iowa State Agricultural College, says: "The average farmer cannot afford to specially prepare his butter for a first-class market himself, unless he has a dairy of at least fifty cows. Even then there is some doubt in mind whether he can make it pay. Any one who has had practical experience in the creamery business knows that the time required to properly handle the milk from fifty cows is nearly the same as that required to handle it from fifty to sixty cows." He argues that the creamery gives better returns to the farmer than he can realize from a home dairy.

—We have sometimes thought that if the term "working" should be expunged from the dairyman's dictionary, it might not be a bad thing either for the butter or the butter maker. What do we work butter for? Formerly, when dash and churns were chiefly used, and it was the custom to gather the butter in the churn before drawing off the buttermilk, it was more important that the butter should be very thoroughly worked, both before and while salting was being done. But now, with churns better adapted to do the work, and with improved methods of doing them, there is no necessity whatever for any second working, provided the salting is done as it should be, when the butter is taken from the churn.—*New England Farmer.*

—Butter that is to be printed needs no working than if it be put down in tubs, as the moulding and printing helps to work the salt in evenly. If we had been in the habit of working butter a second time after an interval of twelve or twenty-four hours, and would fear to omit the second working, it would answer the purpose just as well if the second working is done after ten minutes or a half-hour as if done after a longer time. On no account should butter ever be left to harden before its second working, especially in cold weather, when it would become so hard as to require warming before re-working. A great deal of butter is injured in winter by being frozen or chilled and then heated up again for working, and also in summer by being left too long in cold wells or ice chests.—*The Dairy.*

—Professor Arnold says in the New York *Tribune:* "A good many observing dairymery men are becoming aware that air is open and cold setting is the cause of a great deal of mischief to the butter, and only use it because of its great convenience. If in submerging milk in water from atmospheric condensations is pretty much avoided, the use of ice cuts off all maturity of cream, at least all in the right direction, and usually leaves it in a somewhat deteriorated condition. Were it not for the need in creaming, and the saving of labor it occasions, it would soon go out of use, so many are becoming satisfied that butter from ice-cooled milk and cream cannot compete with that made without such chilling. From these considerations the probability is that the use of ice in the dairy will continue to become less and less in favor and less used, till the centrifuge is better perfected and comes into general use, and creams milk while warm and obviates the necessity for low cooling. Then ice in the dairy "must go."

—Imperfectly churned butter may be improved by working in the salt and then setting it away for a few hours. If salted very heavily, as it should be in such a case, the salt will form a brine, which, at the second working, will bring away more or less of the cream and milk that should have been separated from the butter by washing when it was in the churn, and before the butter was gathered into a solid mass. But it is far better to do the cleaning as it should be done, and then the subsequent work will be plain and easy. Have the churn large enough so that plenty of thin, sweet milk or water can be mixed in with the cream when it is put into the churn. This will sometimes retard the process of churning, but will result in better butter and more of it. There is always a waste of cream when the churning is done in a very short time, portions of it being mixed into the buttermilk. It is such buttermilk that sometimes pays for a good churning.—*The Dairy.*

Fashion Items.

Prelate purple is announced.

Heliotrope shades will be in high vogue next season.

Immense and diminutive collars are alike fashionable.

Elaborate brandebourgs and fourages fasten and decorate the new spring jackets and waistcoats.

Parisian and English styles will hold high rivalry in the forthcoming fashions for '84.

Bands of piece velvet or velvet ribbon are, and will be, very fashionably worn, one of the most stylish dresses yet seen this season being thus trimmed. A plain skirt of rich faille was surrounded by three rows of two-inch velvet, a narrow, straight tablier of brocade forming the front, and the back of the same was dressed in [illegible] tablier and the back w[illegible] gether by bands of velvet like the [illegible] the skirt, quite up to the waist, the bands kept in place by being attached to portions of the skirt. The bodice formed a short, round point at the back, and a sharp-pointed one in front. The brocade reached to each side of the front only, the space left being of faille banded across by velvet. A velvet shoulder cape, open in front with silk, finished with velvet bands, completed the costume. This style could be advantageously copied in less expensive materials.

During the mild days, with the chamois under vest, shoulder-capes of fur, otter plush, velvet brocade, and velvet, have been considered sufficient covering for out-door wear. All the newest of these worn by well-dressed women are devoid of the unsightly humps on the shoulders which are now considered quite a thing of the past as far as fashion is concerned. These shoulder-capes and small pelerines have lost none of their popularity; on the contrary, they are more than ever in vogue abroad, forming an addition to almost every stylish promenade costume: some of them having the old-fashioned "stole" fronts, a style certain to obtain much fashionable favor in many varieties of the coming season's mantelets and pelerines, and becoming to many figures, for which the plain round cape is unsuitable.

Very lady-like and becoming are the new and elegant pelisses made for spring wear, and composed of brocade in medium-sized patterns of many different dark-toned shades to match the skirt underneath, which is very plain, needing only a tiny knife-plaiting, which peeps from beneath the long, full pelisse. One of the latest models is made to fit quite snugly, and is perfectly plain down the front, with the exception of the elaborate brandebourgs and silk pendants which form the fastenings. In the back there are two full box-plaitings which give the required fullness to the skirts over the tournure. A wide satin ribbon is fastened at the throat and another at the belt. A second wrap, called the Portia, is made of a dark plum-colored satin brocaded with mulberries, and lined inside with fawn-colored ottoman. Another of dove gray satin brocade is lined with garnet and trimmed with broad gray marabout fringes. Many pelisses, of a plain, rich material, are magnificently embroidered in shaded silks with chenille tufts dotted through the elaborate design.

Gloves, shoes, stockings and undergarments show no symptoms of change, neither are their any novelties to signalize yet in the way of jewelry. In morocco goods, including belts, mouchoir pouches, card-cases and pocket-books, are stamped portraits of mediæval personages very faintly colored, on pale dove or silver gray background. These articles are finished with mountings of solid silver.

In spring dress fabrics are displayed many self-colored materials, which are remarkably handsome, all founded on the old prismatic, but under new grades, variations and titles often perplexing to comprehend. Others, however, are easily recognized. Among these the very beautiful tints of Persian pink, pinky dove hues, Neapolitan violet, russet and golden brown, golden fawn, a rich shade of drake's-neck blue, and sage, olive, laurel and willow greens. It promises that green, as in the season past, will be one of the leading shades for spring in self-colored and figured goods, particularly in plaided fabrics, the dark or invisible greens as they are termed seeming to suit every complexion and age.

Rich white dresses trimmed with dark brown fur or marabout feather trimming are still fashionably worn, and the effect of the contrast is very marked and pleasing. Nuns' veiling, cashmere, satin brocade, merveilleux, and other firm textiles, either pure white or cream tinted, are the materials in which the combination appears. A stylish evening dress of cream-white satin is made with the bodice cut in a low, narrow square, front and back, the openings banded with sable, with straps of fur forming the very short sleeves. The long pointed tunic is draped on one side and edged to correspond. Golden-brown marabout feather trimming is still prettier, more appropriate, and much lighter looking, but any but the most expensive and best of marabout is very unsatisfactory both as regards appearance and wear.

Some of the spring bonnets are trimmed with ottoman or plush ribbons with a bright contrasting color on the reverse side. Besides their use as strings they are found very useful for the rose tuffets employed on many bonnets for general wear in the place of flowers and feathers. The colors of the two sides of the ribbon must harmonize well, however, or the effect is far from agreeable. Cloud blue and sapphire blue, wine and pale pink, dove and rose color, or pale blue, russet green, and myrtle green, deep violet and lilac go admirably together, and black, lined with coral or crimson, is much favored. Dark green plush ribbons faced with Van Dyke red and made into loose tuffets are charming, giving the effect of a nest of moss.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—An old physician, a man of recognized scientific authority, gives it as his opinion that "cigarettes and cheap weed cigars are at present doing more than all things else to stunt the growth of our city boys, in body, mind and morals." He adds: "If the smoking habit among American boys continues to increase as it has done, our next generation of American children will be dwarfs and idiots."—*Chicago Journal.*

—A company of gentlemen who for some time past have been engaged in digging at various points along the Hudson River, New York, for the gold alleged to have been buried by the famous Captain Kidd, have offered the United States Government one-fourth of what they might find if given permission to carry on their operations upon the West Point military reservation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Secret Well Kept.

Between forty and fifty years ago an old log church stood on the South Commons in Allegheny City. It was then in the open country. Adjoining and belonging to the church was a graveyard fronting on the public road.

About daybreak one morning in 1840 a farmer who was on his way to Pittsburgh with a load of dressed meat heard sounds issuing from the graveyard as if some one was knocking a box to pieces with an axe. He climbed the fence and stole along in the direction of the sounds. He had gone but a short distance when he found a man engaged in robbing a grave. He had [illegible] scribed in his work that he had not heard the approach of his discoverer, and he was [illegible] of lifting the body [illegible] the coffin [illegible] steps of the farmer [illegible] that of a prominent young [illegible] who had been buried the day before.

The farmer was so filled with horror and indignation at the crime that before the man could spring out he seized a club that lay near and dealt the robber a powerful blow on the head. The man fell into the grave and neither uttered a sound nor moved after falling. The farmer became alarmed. Dropping into the grave himself, he raised the man's body. The grave robber was none other than the sexton of the church, a man standing high in the community. He was dead.

The farmer hurried back home, and, telling his relatives of what had occurred, he at once left the State. Only five persons ever knew the secret of the graveyard tragedy besides the living principal. Who found the body of the sexton dead in the grave was not positively known by them, but as it was given out by his family that he died suddenly, and no investigation was ever made, they supposed that the body must have been discovered by some one of the family before its position was known to any one else.

The sexton's family soon afterward moved away. His slayer went to an Ohio town, where he married and grew into prominence and wealth. He died last week. His secret was never divulged, and even his wife and children lived in ignorance of it. The secret at the time of his death was in the keeping of two persons alone, the other three having died. One of these persons is a leading clergyman of Allegheny. The other is the writer's informant, a resident of the oil regions. He says that the death of the principal in the graveyard tragedy has released him from all pledge of secrecy. He refuses to reveal the names, but affirms that the story is true in every particular.—*Bradford (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

The Man Who Knew Ward's Place.

"Say, Sambo, do you know where Ward's place is in the South End?"

"Golly, massa bet yer life Sambo know dat."

"All right. Take this horse there, and here's fifty cents for your trouble;" the word, threw the silver piece to the happy African.

This conversation took place at one of the periodical sales of worn-out horses at the Metropolitan horse-car stables.

The first speaker was a South End grocer by the name of Ward, who had purchased one of the animals for sale for the sum of forty-eight dollars, intending to use him in his store team.

The second and last scene of the comedy occurred at the same place nearly three hours after. The grocer had gone to his place of business, but, not finding either darky or horse, returned to the stables in high dudgeon to get track of his property, if possible. The negro approached.

"Here, you black rascal, what have you done with my horse?"

"Took 'im over yander, massa."

"Over where?"

"Down whar yer tole me, Gen'l. Golly, waited mos' fo' hours, den told de gen'man mus' start fo' de stable. He say, 'Dat's all right, Sambo. Here's de dollar,' an' den he dun knock 'im in de head."

"Knock w—," but the truth of the whole matter flashed upon the irate grocer's mind, and he never finished the sentence. His forty-eight-dollar horse had gone to Ward's boneyard instead of to its right destination, and had been knocked in the head as the first step toward being converted into various mercantile articles at the island. Without a word the unfortunate man started for his store, while Sambo, watching his retreating form, was heard to mutter:

"Golly! Seems like dar wus a mistake somewhar!"—*Boston Globe.*

Must See the Chips Fly.

A man, unless he is a mere drudge, cannot work without seeing results from his labor. His mind must be gratified by the fact that he is producing something, or he will turn from his work, even if he is paid for doing it, with disgust.

Some years ago the tread-mill was used in prisons. It was a large, wide wheel on which convicts stood and turned it by moving their feet. The wheel did nothing but turn, and this barrenness of results so injuriously affected the health of the convicts that the use of the wheel as a punishment was abandoned. We recently met with an anecdote that illustrates the point we have made.

A young Yankee found himself, some years ago, in the interior of Pennsylvania without a cent. He applied to a wealthy Quaker for help.

"I will furnish thee with work, and pay thee for it, friend," replied the Quaker; "but it is not my custom to give alms to one able to labor, like thee."

"That's all I want," answered the Yankee; "I'm willing to work."

"What can thee do, friend?"

"Anything. I will do any sort of work to get a little money."

"Well—there is a log yonder; and there is an ax. Thee may pound on the log with the head of the ax, and if thee is diligent I will pay thee a dollar a day."

The youth went to work. For a few minutes he pounded the log lustily. Then he paused to take breath. Beginning again, he pounded for half an hour and stopped. Throwing down the ax, he walked away, saying:

"I'll suffer before I'll cut wood without seeing the chips fly."

He had a mind which rebelled against the body's working without results.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Wendell Phillips had a collection of canes that were carried by men of note, and a few pikes, one of which was used in the attack on Harper's Ferry, in 1859, by one of John Brown's party.—*Boston Journal.*

The Chronic Grumbler.

"There, fill the prescription as quick as you can and give me a dose of it right away," said an old chronic grumbler to a druggist, as he came in with his hand on his stomach and gave the druggist a prescription for some medicine for stomach-ache. "A man wants a pack of hounds to chase a doctor down and catch him when a man is sick, but if he is well he can't go a block without running over half a dozen of them, and the sick man smelled of a box of toilet soap on the show case.

"Had trouble finding a doctor, eh?" said the druggist, as he went behind the prescription case and poured some red stuff out of a bottle, holding the cork in his mouth. "Well, doctors are human like the rest of us, and they can't be everywhere at once?" said the grumbler, as he picked up a bottle of rose extract on the show case, and squirted about ten cents worth on an old, dirty handkerchief. "Doctors ought to be in their offices where you can call them at the drop of the hat. How does a doctor know when a man is going to have colic? He must take it for granted that somebody is going to have it all the time, and be ready to go. If a man is run over in the street, or drops down with sunstroke or apoplexy, fifteen doctors will be on the spot in two minutes, and each will glare at the other as though the other was standing around looking for a job, and then they will all refuse to help the man until professional courtesy is satisfied, and it is thoroughly understood whose patient the man is. But if I am taken sick in the night I may ring the crank off my telephone, and yell fire and murder, and I have to grunt it out till morning. I was sick half the night and couldn't ring up a doctor, and this morning I went down to blow up four different ones that I tried to call, and each one of them apologized by saying he was out all night with a patient. Bah! I know they didn't all have patients sick all night. They got to bed and didn't want to get up. Suppose I had died, couldn't I have sued them for damages?"

"I don't believe, where you are going when you die, the court would have jurisdiction in the case," said the druggist, dodging behind the prescription case, for fear the sick man would throw a bottle of citrate of magnesia at him. "But, honestly, doctors have a pretty hard time being pulled out of bed at all times of the night, when people imagine that they are sick. Now, if you had been very sick, the doctors would have got to you too quick, but they knew it was only a temporary affair with you, of no particular consequence, and that you would be all right in the morning, so they thought it would be better for them to sleep," and the druggist put a label on the bottle and told the customer it would be seventy-five cents—ten cents for the medicine and sixty-five cents for the bottle.

"No consequence!" said the sick man. "What do you call it when everything inside a man gets in the wrong place and tries to get back where it belongs, and each vital part gets to quarreling with the other, and there is a regular rough and tumble fight? Isn't it any consequence when a man is doubled up with pain so he can see stars? By gum, I laid there four hours, thinking I would bust, and I came down this morning to whip some doctors; but they begged off on the ground that they were not at home. Another thing that is not just right is doctors joking a sick man. It may do to joke some men when they are sick, but when I call a doctor I want him to look solemn, as though I was going to die. Then when a fellow gets well he feels as though a doctor amounted to something; whereas, if a doctor comes in and jokes and tells stories and says you are all right and all you want is to stay in the house a day or two, you kick on paying the bill. Who wants to pay two dollars a visit to have a doctor come in and tell you to take more exercise and not eat so much? What I want is pills and powders when I am sick, and not social intercourse," and the grumbler took the cork out of his bottle and smelt of the medicine.

"O, I don't know," said the druggist, as he tried to sell the sick man a razor to cut his throat with; "I think a good doctor ought to be cheerful and sociable."

"Yes, but condemn them, they can overdo it," said the old grumbler. Now, you remember last summer, when I had a touch of dropsy. My doctor looked me over, and with a sober look told me he would have to operate on me, and he wanted to have a consultation with another professional man. That sacred me, and I felt as though I was getting the worth of my money, but when I asked him who he wanted for consultation he said he wanted a plumber. Then he laughed. When a fellow has got dropsy he don't want no plumber, and don't you forget it. Now, my doctor is a good fellow, but when he wants to look at my tongue he says, 'run out that tripe eight or ten inches.' My tongue is no tripe and no man must say so. When I had a boil on my neck he came in one day when I was feeling mad enough to die, and he said, 'Hello, old Yellowstone Park, how is your geiser to-day?' That made me hot. When I tell a doctor that I think one of my lungs is about gone, I don't want him to say that I will be all right with one lung as long as I have two galls. Such things always seem to me to be trifling with serious subjects. But I was mad when my liver got out of order and the doctor looked me over and told me I would die unless I took his prescription, and then he went down to a hardware store and sent me up a saw-buck and saw and had a label on the saw 'to be used an hour before eating.' Doctors think they are darned smart and know it all, but to show you what confidence they have in themselves, if they have anything the matter with them they send for another doctor. They don't dare prescribe for themselves, confound them," and the old grumbler went off and forgot his bottle of medicine.—*Peck's Sun.*

—The world has probably never seen just such a funeral procession as the one of Lieutenant DeLong's, who perished in the north. It has traversed 8,051 miles by reindeer, horse sleds and by railroads preparatory to nearly 3,000 miles of ocean transit, which makes a distance of nearly half around the world.

—Six little stowaways, ranging in age from seven to thirteen, were landed in San Francisco recently, having been brought over from Liverpool on a sailing vessel. They professed to be orphans, and wanted "to come to the States to earn a fortune as bootblacks." They have started in the business.—*San Francisco Call.*

Washington's Social Prince.

No personage in the society of the National Capitol is attracting more attention just now than Mr. Augustin Achille Iturbide. "Mr. Iturbide" he is introduced, and only a very small number of those who admire the finely-made young man of distinguished presence recognize in him the hereditary heir to the throne of Mexico, the grandson of Augustin I., Emperor of Mexico, or identify this tall, graceful young man, of decidedly American presence, with the little Prince whom all the world talked about while he was a prisoner of state in his ancestor's palace during Maximilian's reign. Ostensibly he was there as Maximilian's adopted son, but he was none the less a prisoner in reality. It must be said, however, in justice to Maximilian and Carlotta, [illegible] and indeed, in fact, for when no [illegible] olution returned to [illegible] judicious mother's control, she found him greatly spoiled and difficult to manage. When poor mad Carlotta was taken over the sea Mexico was no more comfortable for the lawful claimant of the crown then than during the French regime, and the Iturbides went to the United States. "Mrs." Iturbide, as she has since been called, has related to the distinguished Lewis family, of Virginia, the descendants of General Washington's sister, the young lady went to the old family seat, "Marmion," in the valley of Virginia. Here she remained very quietly, and the pangs of disappointed ambition which the presumably felt the world knew nothing of. Mrs. Iturbide was a Miss Green, a member of the historically famous family of that name. She was the beauty of her day, and said to have been as ambitious as she was beautiful.

There seems no other way in which to account, for her marriage. For while the man whom she chose for her husband was said to have been remarkable for his mental brilliancy and fascinating manner, it is barely possible that a fastidious, beautiful young girl could have brought herself to overlook his physical defects had she not been overweeningly ambitious. He looked, it is said, like some hideous little gnome, the malformation resulting from a fall down the marble stairs of his father's palace, through the carelessness of his nurse when he was an infant. The injuries resulting from the fall maimed him for life. His spine was twisted, dwarfing his growth until he was scarcely four feet tall as a man. His body was broad and ungainly, his arms long. His face had been so crushed by the accident that not a vestige of nose remained except the distended nostrils, and his walk was the hop of a frog. Such was the Imperial Prince of Mexico when the beautiful Virginia girl married him. Yet it must be said that he was universally admired and liked by those whose nerves were sufficiently strong to overcome the repugnance his horrible appearance evoked. He was, moreover, of singularly unostentatious habits, the sole exception being the custom of carrying about with him wherever he went his table service of massive gold. Yet even this was apparently merely a habit and had nothing of parade about it.

The son, a fine lad, who inherited his mother's good looks, had rather a rough time of it when he first came among his high-spirited Virginia cousins. It was a new experience to the small autocrat to meet companions of his own age upon the unusual plane of equality. The deferential petting he had received at the court of Mexico, where every child he came in contact with was his very obedient subject, had not prepared him for the give-and-take of a Republic.

Since the father's death the widow and son have made their home at the old Green mansion on the Georgetown Heights—making their home there, but going to Mexico sufficiently often to prevent possible oblivion of the son's claims, for the mother, it is said, confidently expects her son's restoration. To the disinterested observer of the present political aspect of Mexico, hers would seem a forlorn hope. Yet who can say? Mexico is as uncertain as a volcano—and less probable things have happened.

And it is not impossible that this graceful, handsome young man, at whom all (speaking figuratively) the pretty girls in Washington are making eyes, may one day become Augustin III., Emperor of Mexico.

As for himself, he is not at all overcast, seemingly, by any possible future greatness. He is the gayest "in the swim;" he goes everywhere a man of fashion may. He admires American girls, it is said, most profoundly and enthusiastically. Possibly the mother overlooked this contingency in rearing him a l'American. Of course it's a foregone conclusion that he is to marry a Mexican Princess—noblesse oblige, and all that sort of thing. He himself laughs about it.

But such a battery of fascinations have been opened upon the Prince that the perturbed mother has evinced much uneasiness and has attracted attention. Society looks on with curiosity and smiles.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. World.*

Could Get Him Again.

"I haven't seen your pet dog for several days," said a Somerville husband to his wife.

"No," she replied, "the fact is I have given him away."

"Why, you needn't have done that. I had no particular objection to him.

"O, I know that; but I thought that it was not right for me to have a pet dog about the house when I have such a good, kind husband to lavish my affections upon.

The husband sank into a chair with a deep sigh.

"How much do you want, Mary?" he asked, as he drew his wallet from his pocket; "it can't be a sealskin sacque, for the winter is nearly over."

"No," she said, "it is not a sealskin sacque; but I would really like a new silk for the spring, and you know it's got to be bought and made, and all that."

"Now," he said, as he handed her the money, "what proof of your affection will you give me when you want another dress, since you have given away your dog?"

"O," she sweetly replied: "I've given the dog to my sister, and I can get him back again."—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal.*

—A writer in a Boston paper says that the family refrigerator contains many of the disease spreading germs often mistakenly supposed to be in the drain pipes, and he thinks that the boards of health in the different cities should make regular inspections of all of them.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Rev. Thomas Harrison, the boy "preacher," claims to convert, on an average, thirty-five people a day.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Professor J. L. Smith's private collection of meteorites, the largest in the world, have been bought by Harvard College for $10,000.

—The Ontario Legislature, by a majority vote, has declared in favor of education of the sexes by passing a motion in favor of the admission of ladies to University College, Toronto.

—Mr. Buxton, Chairman of the London School Board, states that, "anomalous as it may seem, the more vigorously compulsion is enforced against absentees, the greater the tendency to an irregular attendance" at school.

—The first society of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church of North Carolina was organized in 1864. There are now 500 societies, and 374 churches have been built. The membership has increased to about 50,000 and the ministers number 327.

—Rev. Dr. Hopper, veteran missionary in the East, thinks Edwin Arnold's estimate of the total number of Buddhists in the world is too high by about 400,000,000. His own belief is that there are not quite 73,000,000 of them all told, as against some 265,000,000 Confucianists.

—The Chautauqua school of theology, organized about a year ago, is steadily growing, in spite of difficulties incidental in the creation of an entirely new undertaking. It already enrolls forty-four students in Hebrew, 161 in Greek, 105 in doctrinal theology, 126 in practical theology, besides others in minor department.

—The *Christian Intelligencer* has received a letter from Rev. James H. Ballagh, of Yokohama, Japan, in which he announces "the prospect, the certainty, with God's blessing, of a revival of tenfold power and spiritual results this year over the gracious reviving enjoyed last year," as the outcome of the observance of the Week of Prayer.

—Speaking of the church attendance in New York, the author of the annual report of the New York Missionary Society says: Below Fourteenth Street there is a population of 511,926, with 111 Protestant churches. Above Fourteenth Street there are 285 Prot