# The Hickman Courier.

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## WHY HE SOLD THE FARM.

"Then why do I sell?" you ask me again,
Big cabin, an' clearin,' an' all?
Well, stranger, I'll tell you; though maybe you'll think
It ain't any reason at all.
There's plenty of hardships in pi'neer life;
It's a hard workin' stint, at the best;
But I'd stick to it yet if twa'n't for this:
A heart like a log in my breast.
D'ye see over there by the cotton-wood tree,
A climbin' rose close by a mound
Inside of a fence made of rough cedar boughs,
With woodbine all runnin' around?
Well—Netty, my darling old woman, lies there;
Not very old either, you see;
She wa'n't mor'n twenty the year I come West,
She'd be, comin' grass, thirty-three.
How she worked with a will at our first little hut,
In the fields and among garden stuff,
Till her forehead was burned, and her poor little hands,
Through hardships, grew rugged and rough.
She never complained; but many a time
I have come in and found her just there,
With eyelids all red and her face to the East—
You see all her own folks were there.
I'd cheer her and tell her we'd go by an' by
When the clearin' an' plowin' was through;
But then came the baby. He wa'n't very strong,
And poor Netty had plenty to do.
So after awhile she got gloomy again;
She would hide in the corn-field to cry;
We hadn't no meetin' to speak of, you know,
Not a woman to talk to was nigh.
An' she wanted to show little Joe to her folks:
She was hungry, I s'pose, for the sight
Of faces and scenes she had loved all her life,
Which 'twas natteral, stranger, and right.
But just when we'd planned to go over the plains,
The devilish Sioux came about,
So we waited, it may be, a harvest or two,
And then came the summer of drought,
That left us poor people. The next coming spring
Such a wearisome fever came round;
An' stranger—hold on till I tell you—there now—
It laid little Joe in the ground.
Netty pined to a shadder, and moped by his grave
And her eyes grew so large and so clear,
That I knowed we had got to go soon to the East
If I cared about keepin' her here.
If you'd seen her poor face when at last I could say
I would take her home visitin.' Well—
I'll never forget how she put up her hands
Into mine, and for joy cried a spell.
She didn't feel strong though, that week or the next,
An' the cough an' the fever increased,
But softly she'd whisper—she couldn't speak loud—
"We'll go—by an' by—to the East."
She never got east any further than that,
Right over there under the mound;
But I'm going to take her and Joe in the spring
To her father's old burying ground.
That, stranger's the reason I'm willin' to sell;
You can buy at a bargain, you see;
It's mighty good land for a settler to have,
But it seems like a grave-yard to me."

—*Texas Siftings.*

## THE HAUNTED ENGINE.

### An Engineer's Terrible Revenge Upon a False Friend.

By such parties as were in the habit of frequenting the Transverse & Devious Railway Company's offices, Julius Wright must be well remembered. This observation is supposed to apply more particularly to the toilers and delvers, who were not likely to meet the man under other conditions. Socially considered he was very much more of a swell than appeared at all justifiable by his position or his personal qualifications—always excepting that indefinable, mysterious quality known as "magnetism," which is, as novelists and telepathists inform us, quite independent of either beauty or merit. He was an insignificant little fellow, not over five feet four in his biggest-feeling moments. His face was alert and keen, but, to my eye, always fraught with the peculiar expression of a man liable at some time to go wrong. One does not follow any business for the years that I have done without learning to recognize the signs of potential guilt—that is to say, in faces of the active type. I never try to analyze a pretty face; I can not do it. I think no man living can.

Wright was a man of accomplishments. He could dance and sing, and play prettily upon several instruments, and turn off neat little verses—*vers de société*—isn't that the term? And he was a manly little chap; could swim and shoot, ride, drive spar and run with the best. So, as men liked him for his good-fellowship, and women for his love-making and liberality, Wright was a popular man.

But I knew a thing or two about him. I was not surprised—not much—when, after a few days of uncertainty and suppressed rumors, it came out that Julius Wright had absconded with a sum of the railway company's funds reaching well up toward the hundreds of thousands—more than it appeared should have been accessible to him. The general inference and the natural, was that he had betaken himself out of the country to the refuge of a government not on terms of extradition with the United States. Great, then, was the astonishment of the community when it transpired later that the escaped defaulter had been living for many weeks in easy reach of his pursuers, and actually in the employ of the company he had robbed. It was no wonder, said his late companions, with retroactive admiration, somewhat misplaced, that the officers of the law had failed to find, in the stoker of a freight train over the southwestern division, the spruce and fastidious individual who had been almost a social autocrat in the headquarters city of his company.

The newspapers got the story, of course, and gave it the usual send-off, with extra-heavy head-lines, and all the alliteration the dictionary would supply. I remember one of their phrases about "Engine No. 23 pulling into Walling with importance in every clank of the metal," and "the pluck and power displayed by the engineer, who had to report a notable occurrence on his run." Briefly stated, it appeared that No. 23 had come into Walling minus her fireman. The engineer's story was that some twenty miles back, as they crawled up a hard grade, the fireman had jumped from the train, discovering his identity to the engineer, together with a satirical message to the directors of the road.

"Tell 'em,' says he to me—'from Julius Wright—that's me—their office was better than a school of polytechnics. Say, Stacy, *can't* I fire?' And with that he jumped, just as we started to run down the grade. I brought her in alone. I knew I could do it, and we was too short of hands to call one of the boys from the twists—the brakes; so I just come on and fired for myself. Tired? I should smile! and so shaky and starty I couldn't sleep—couldn't even set down and eat. You bet! The boys'll tell how all broke up I was. But I daresn't stop short off. No, sir! I just rustled round and cleaned the engine, and put her to bed myself. Well, I've heard men say they could run an engine *sixty* mile and fire for themselves, but I'm blamed if I could! Twenty's enough for me," he said, with what struck me as rather defiant emphasis and a keen, underbrowed look—for I got the story from his own lips, when I was sent out to Walling to work on the case.

I am not, as a rule, an imaginative man. "A patient, persistent plodder"—that is the characterization I once heard as made of me by our chief, who is given to alliteration in his rhetorical flourishes. Thus lacking imagination, it seemed to me little was to be gained by following Wright to Walling, whence he had gone with no form of taking leave. But to Walling the chief chose to dispatch me, after two of our best men had come back from a fruitless stay there.

"Certain uncommon avenues of receptiveness are abnormally alive to impression in you," he said; "I'd like you to go to Walling."

And to Walling I went, after some preliminary training under the fireman of a local train on one of the company's branch lines.

But the night before I started I got a note that surprised me. It intimated that my services were required by Miss Mirabel Duane, and requested me to wait upon her at the earliest opportunity. Miss Duane had but just returned from a trip abroad. I could not conceive what she could want of me. Moreover, in view of my impending departure, it appeared not much worth while to obey her summons. And yet—and yet—her father was President of the T. & D. Railroad Company; Julius Wright had been a guest of the house, and I might obtain incidental data.

Miss Duane was a handsome girl, of the dark, heroic type. I had seen her coming off the steamer, and I was genuinely shocked at the change in her in a fortnight. She was haggard and thin, as if she had been ill for months. She wasted no time in making her wishes known. She wished to employ me to trace up Julius Wrigh Most women would have assumed some trumped-up reason, more or less unplausible, to account for her interest in this man, who was virtually hardly more than her father's clerk. Miss Duane very properly assumed that her motive was no affair of mine. Her one concern was to spare no expense in finding Julius Wright.

"I am so very sure you will find a clue at Walling," she said; "I can not put that conviction from my mind. And when you find him give him this from me."

"I was obliged to tell her of my prior undertaking, and to intimate that I feared that the mission was opposed to hers. She tore open the note she had given me.

"Read."

"X Y Z thousand dollars (the sum with which Wright had absconded) were this day paid in your name to the T. & D. Railway Company. Your immediate return will cause the charge against you to be withdrawn."

"Here are the railroad company's receipts," she said, and displayed them, duly attested. "Now, you must see, the one thing is to find Mr. Wright. Every added day of his absence makes it harder to reinstate him——"

She paused, gasped, shuddered, and put out one hand toward me with a look of fright and pain. As I caught her cold slim fingers in answer to that appeal, she fell back swooning in her chair. Deathly as she looked, I could not bring myself to call for help. It seemed to me it would be an infamous thing to expose her to the indifferent curiosity and comment of domestics and chance guests. With my free hand I tossed the flowers from a vase close by, and dashed the water in her ghastly face.

"O, God!" she moaned, "the fire! the merciless fire!"

Her left hand was clasping some ornament at her throat, dragging down the supporting chain until it threatened to strangle her. I bent to unclasp that clinging hand. It yielded its grasp stiffly, and the pendant locket swung into my own hand. The gold burned my flesh as if it were a coal. And with that contact an unaccountable thrill swept over me—a sensation like that we have when we seem to re-live in a dream some part of a former existence. Out of this vague mistiness of thought and feeling, I seemed to resolve the face of Julius Wright, distorted, full of horror and agony unspeakable. I started. Miss Duane was languidly opening her eyes.

"I fainted again, I suppose! No; pray call no one," she said, weakly, but with decision. "I am so grateful that you brought no one here—but you may give me, if you will, a cup of wine from the cabinet in the corner."

She sipped the restorative slowly, and graciously smiled at my clumsy speeches of sympathy.

"Then you will make additional efforts to give me relief, will you not? For this arises from pure anxiety and grief. I never swooned in my life until a fortnight ago. It seems contemptible to trade upon one's weakness, does it not? But—well—you men will let yourselves be moved by the sight of physical suffering, where the extreme of mental anguish would make no impression."

"Madam," I said, "what does that locket contain?"

She started with a haughty, questioning glance, that became lost in wonder.

"It holds—a miniature."

"Perhaps a lock of hair? Yes, I thought as much. Now, let me advise you. Take it from your neck, with care to touch only the chain, put it away in a safe, or drawer—where you will—out of reach of contact with you, and I guarantee you immunity from these swoons.

"What do you—what can you mean? What do you know?"

"I know no more than yourself—only that there is a subtle essence of relation between the material and the spiritual that our finite, faulty knowledge has not grasped. You wear the portrait and the hair of a person for whom you have a strong congenial affinity, and on physical contact with it your over-susceptible organization receives the force of his suffering—stay! it may not be bodily suffering—it may be grief, or apprehension—or remorse."

Her proud head drooped.

"I believe you are right," she said; "my folly has been so great that I have fancied I found actual consolation in touching the lock of hair I had arranged to meet my hand. And now I fancy that I can remember how every attack of this nature has been coincident with such a lapse of weakness. At all events, I will experiment on your advice. My very life is sapped by these swoons, from which I bring no definite recollection, but a sense of indescribable horror, and peril to Julius Wright."

All the restlessness and the intensity of Miss Duane's own spirit seemed to possess me when I went to Walling. And all futility and non-fruition of effort seemed to confront and mock me. It was easy enough to set any Walling tongue a-wagging about "the swell that fired for Stacy, and skipped between two days," but to the published facts no one could add a word. Wright had been a clever actor, and had given no clue. His record here was like the outward life of any man in his apparent station. Stacy was willing enough to repeat his story, but it was the same unvarying account he had already given so often. His conclusion of it now began to be colored, as I have intimated by a touch of resentment. He was evidently not a little vain of his unassisted management of his great machine in that memorable night-run, and jealous at hearing that others had surpassed the feat. Indeed, he had become so arrogant and unreasonable as to have offended most of "the boys at the yard." Walling being a division terminus, the little town was a general stopping place, whence the men were variously assigned to the trains dispatched night and day.

"All Stacy wants now is a Jew-store diamond-pin to make a way-up conduc., but he'll have to sport a double chin before he can get to be a director. He'll be a runnin' the whole thunderin' line pretty soon," said a railroad man, one of a group lounging on the boarding-house piazza.

"Well, he can start in right now," said another, "and I'll copper on any train he starts. I'd sooner drive the devil's dump-cart than to fire on '23' again to-night. That engine's got the phthisic, and she's go'n t' burst and blow the whole crew over into Utah."

"Give us a rest," spoke up a boss from the machine shops; "'23' is the best on the division. They's not a rivet sick about her."

"O, they ain't, ain't they? Well, what I want to know's what makes them sulphur fumes just settle down in the cab so thick you could make a sieve out o''em with a shot-gun. I swear, I thought I'd choke last week."

"That's so," said a quiet little fellow, who was busily plucking out his mustache, hair by hair. "I dred on '23' week fore last, and I could hardly breathe; and worse 'n that, somehow I got scared, and—and—well, I don't know what was the matter, but I went to sleep—or fainted, or something—and when I come to, there I was a lying full o' cold sweat, and Stacy shovelin' double coal right over my head."

"Them's me!" cried the malcontent.

"Scared! Why, my heart clim up and clawed at my tongue, and it felt as big and hard as a driving-wheel, and *I* keeled over. Gents, '23' 's freight, but she's got a passenger aboard. His name's Mr. Spook, and his profession's warnin'. He's served notice on me that '23' 's got a notion of layin' down on her back, and makin' poached duck out o' me. I'll promenade over, and sort a' tell Mr. Train-Dispatcher I'm caught out."

"Suppose he'd put me on in your place?" I said.

The men gathered about me with notes of admiration, both decisive and sincere. It was an off hour, and the bunch escorted me over to the office and presented me to the train-dispatcher. There was much mock ceremony, conducted with a gravity that would not discredit Parliament, and much humor of a quaint, original cast. The train-master looked annoyed when he saw my credentials. Hitherto he had deemed me what I appeared—a supernumerary "hand," awaiting assignment.

"Well, I don't like this," he said, having bidden me into his private office. "Couldn't you make your opportunity some other way? It's taking such chances for the train. O, you can fire? O, that's all right, then. Just so Stacy has help—I couldn't risk him alone."

"Drink?" I said, casually.

"Not a drop. No, I guess it is the strain of the other night. He's getting all broke up."

At nine o'clock "23" stood coughing for her start; a great ten-wheeler, shining, mighty. The yard lights shone on the close brown cars of the through freight behind her, stretching back, a long line, like some articulated, sentient creature. A group of the boys stood near, and speeded us with good-natured chaff.

"Look out you don't lose your mate again, Stacy," cried one; "this is another new man, and it's just a month to-night since the other said 'Good-bye, sweetheart!'"

When I looked at Stacy after this, his face was as white as the aerated fluid in the tube of the water-gauge. We had scarcely left the lights of Walling behind, when I felt a singular sense of oppression. Our smoke seemed to settle down upon us, laden with sulphurous gas, as when confined in a tunnel. Our train was a "time fright" that ran but once a week, and at this period the line was clear for our passage over the whole division. Carrying the water supply in a tank-car, we had no need to stop on the whole run. We clattered past small way-stations, fast asleep already, dark, save for the signal-man's lonely light. We clanked through defiles tremblingly, as if the dark mountains on either side were crouching monsters, gathering for the spring. We hurled ourselves upon the shadowy shapes of spectral bridges, with the indrawn breath of uncertainty with which man ever approaches the insubstantial and mysterious.

"Fire up!" cried the engineer; "he is no burnt!"

Since our first start he had been leaning on his rest, save when he mechanically tended the machine. But now he turned with a swift whirl, caught the chain over-swing of the fire-box, swung it open with the stoker's accustomed swaying pull, peered into the fiery gap with searching gaze, and slammed the iron door as if upon a foe.

"Fire up! Why don't you put in coal?"

It wanted half the usual time, but I was constrained to obey. I had not yet wiped the blackened sweat from my brow, when he whirled about again and opened the furnace door.

"Plainer and plainer!" he cried; "put in more coal!"

He turned to the window again as I brought the scoop. That coal never was burned. I threw it over the side, impelled by prudential motives less than by a curious appearance that arrested me when I opened the fire-box door. And so, through the rest of the run, while the smoke gathered thicker, denser and more foetid, again and again, and a score of times again, we repeated that same formula—he commanding, I alternating actual obedience with simulated compliance.

The way-stations were thickening toward Belen, when the engineer approached me, after one of his wistful, reluctant visits to the fire.

"You are a good lot," he said; "you have got sand. The others all fainted dead away—they couldn't stand it. Yes, you're good pluck. Come!" he said, ingratiatingly, "*you* look and see if he is there."

I opened the iron door. "Yes, he is there."

He cowered behind me toward the tender, turning his face from the furnace, yet glancing back at it askant, as he had done all along, drawn toward it by reluctant fascination.

"Now I will tell you," he said. "I knew all along that he was Julius Wright. We lived behind his rooms, up yonder in the city—my wife and I—curse her! Why—yes—he got me this berth! Do you suppose I'd have given him away to the company—not for ninety millions!—when he came out here and told me he was sweet on Miss Duane, and had robbed the company to get a start for her? No, sir! He carried that pile of notes with him day and night—you know how much of it I could have got by giving him up. He fired for me two months, a's with me, slept in my bed. The boys wondered to see me so thick with Sam Barnes, my fireman. Fire up! Is he——? O, it's no use!" He took up his recital: "He got a letter that night at Belen. There was a picture in it. See."

He took from his breast a letter and a photograph. Blood was on them both. The face in the picture was the face of a woman I had seen often enough in a luxurious little cottage on our northern bay—a merry, blonde face, with perfect teeth peeping through the parted lips—the type of woman who could smile into a man's eyes while she dishonored him.

"I happened to come behind him while he read it. I saw the picture, and knew it. I knew the writing. She signed: 'Your loving Josie!' I stole away without his having heard me; and the first mile out of Belen I struck him down, and took my false wife's picture from him, and I burned him! But mark you I killed him first—he was dead when I thrust him into the fire-box. But I've been burning—through him—in the flames of hell—and burning alive! Fire up, and see—is he there? O, yes! I knew it. You see, on this run it is all reversed. He begins to grow into shape back near Walling, where his bones fell into ashes as I stirred them into the coals. The melted lumps of his jewelry are in my trunk at Walling—*would* clean my engine that night, and I found them. Well, he grows and grows in the fire, until he stands like life on the spot where I killed him. You'll see soon—yonder ahead, where a pile of rock is over a Mexican grave."

And in truth, when the headlight flashed on an upheaved cairn of stones, topped by a rough brown cross, once more John Stacy cried in my ear "Fire up!" and from the open fire-box door appeared to issue something in human form, pallid and bleeding—the shape of Julius Wright. Farther and farther the dead man pressed the living, to the very edge of the tender's slippery stop. Then I succeeded in stopping the train. The cab was empty, and a few rods farther back John Stacy lay beside the rails, stone dead.—*Y. H. Addis, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

## MR. RUSKIN'S LATEST.

### A Writer Who Will Not Be Popular With the Children of the Well-to-do.

In future, we should say, Mr. Ruskin will not be particularly popular with the children of those who are well-to-do, to judge from a letter he has been writing. "The father," he says, "should never provide for his children. He should educate and maintain them to the very best of his power till they are of mature age." Then, "when they are strong enough, throw them out of the nest, as the bird does." "No fortune" should be "left to them." The "nest" should always be at their disposal—"father's house open, says Mr. Ruskin—but "nothing more." Mr. Ruskin does not say what he means by "mature age," so that we are left to fix the period of maturity for ourselves. Some would place it at one time, some at another. And, moreover, Mr. Ruskin does not tell us what is to become of the property which would, in ordinary course, be handed over by a father to his children, if he had it to hand over. Is it to go to the State, or to an institution, or to any other relatives than the unfortunate offsprings? "Honorable children," says Mr. Ruskin, "will have their own houses." But that is not always the case; and what is the use of the said children "providing for their parents," if the said parents do not require to be provided for? Mr. Ruskin is good enough to lay down that "no guilt should ever stand between child and parents;" but, though this sounds generous, it is not wholly intelligible. People will still want to know why, if they have the means, they should not "provide for" their children; and the only persons, we fear, who will salute Mr Ruskin as a prophet are those who may be glad of an excuse for casting their progeny upon the world.—*London Globe.*

## ACCIDENTS THAT ARE COSTLY.

### The Expense That Railroads Are Put to by Even the Most Ordinary Accidents.

"You occasionally hear people find fault because managers of railroads do not prevent accidents," said a railroad man in Jersey City the other day. "There may be bears among railroad owners who rejoice in wrecking railroads that they do not own, but to the practical railroader a train wreck is a big loss directly, besides the loss in prestige which follows."

"Is the rolling stock so costly?"

"Yes, a freight train for instance, that rolls down an embankment, where half of it is burned will give you a good idea of the loss. The average engine is worth $7,000. A common freight car is worth $475, or perhaps $500. The ordinary gondolas are worth from $400 to $425. An engine is rarely ruined beyond repair, but a wreck can knock $3,000 out of it just as easy as rolling off a log. A burned car is a ruined car, of course, and repairs on those that are crushsd may cost any where from $50 to $200 each. If a passenger car, such as is used on ordinary roads, is burned, $3,500 goes up in smoke. These figures are for the cars in use, and not new out of the shop. From this you can see that wrecks may happen which cost a company $10,000, and yet nothing is likely to be said about them in the papers unless some one gets hurts, and not then if the railroad men can keep it quiet."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There are several accounts of the origin of the name "Emerald Isle" for Ireland, but that which seems to have the weight of evidence on its side is the claim on behalf of Mr. William Drennan, one of the ablest writers among the United Irishmen. He was born in 1754 and died in 1820. He was the author of several poems, including that under the title of "Erin," in which he uses the title referred to

## PRETTY, BUT DEAD.

### A Highly Moral Lecture on the Foolishness of the Sterner Sex.

#### The Phenomenal Silliness of Mankind in General, and the Stupidity of Dyeing Their Hair in Particular—Aboriginal Experiences.

I notice with sincere regret that another New York gentleman has lost his life as a result of over-indulgence in the hair-dye habit. This habit is now sapping the life blood of many and sowing the seeds of death throughout our entire land.

The hair itself is not improved by dyeing as an Indian is. The Indian, prior to dying, is disagreeable and annoying, but afterward he at once becomes docile and harmless. The hair when dyed becomes rough, and if colored a dead black is the gloomiest

sight I know of. You take a heavy moustache, and after coloring it a crushed tomcat black, hang it over a new set of white commercial teeth that were made for another party and you have a picture which will make a horse leave his stall with pleasure.

Hair in its natural state, when growing on the head of the original owner, is a good thing, but when used for its third or fourth time it becomes distasteful. Then if we try to color the hair and make it look pretty instead of combing it and allowing it to remain the same shade as nature designed it to be, we fool ourselves more than we do other people.

Nothing looks more beautiful than beautiful hair growing where it was planted by an All Wise Hand; but nothing can be more pitiful than the picture of an old widower rising up out of his grave in the morning of resurrection day with a lot of London dyed second-hand hair and a set of dollar-store teeth in his hand.

I have made some experiments in the hair line, and I find that I can let my grocery account run just as long without hair as I could with hair. So that, for the purposes of trade, hair is not essential.

Let us go still farther and see how it is about matrimonial matters. It is claimed by gray-haired widowers especially, and bachelors who were born a long time ago, that gray hair or seldom hair is injurious to matrimonial opportunities. This depends, of course, upon who the victim is to be. If she be a young and skittish thing from the kindergarten, who regards hair as a mark of success in life, perhaps you are right in trying to improve on nature; but if she be the kind to stand up and fight for you instead of with you, a large assortment of damaged hair will not catch her.

I know that a man with five cents' worth of hair may marry far above his station in life, for I have tried it myself. So the dangerous and foolish habit of wearing the hair that has been rifled from a foreign morgue is not excusable on the ground that we can not be properly loved if we are bald.

This ought to be equally true of the hair that is gray. People who have nice gray hair should remember those who part their hair with a Turkish towel. If I had gray hair instead of a site for it, as I have now, I would spend my time largely combing it instead of blacking it. Those who black their hair as a rule do not comb it as much as they should for fear of wearing off the blacking. Is it not singular that a man should prefer paralysis and black hair to health and handsome white-hair? Isn't it odd that a man who is old enough to know better should choose to be a premature angel with dead black hair and a dab of hair dye on his nose when he really don't have to?

The other day I saw an old party who had two long brindle trifles of hair pulled in front of his ears and colored. On top he had no hair and behind he had neglected to color it, so that when he looked in the mirror and had his hat on he could fool himself. He certainly did not fool anybody else.

I could not help thinking how he would look when Gabriel sounds his horn and the old gentleman begins to scrabble around for his hair dye and his hat so that he will look pretty before the judgment-bar.

We should so live that 5,000 years from now future generations will not stop to ask: "Don't he wear his own hair or that of a total stranger?" We should lead such lives that people will be sorry when we are gone and regret it for two or three days at least. It is better to die bald-headed and beloved than to live forever wearing coal black hair and surrounded by millions of people who assure us that we need not postpone our death on their acount. Still there are men who do not care for all this. Neither do they care for health. They would rather die a pretty paralytic than to live white-haired and on the square.

We talk much of the folly and vanity of woman, but, when a man really becomes ambitious to be a star fool, he shames all the female fools of his time into an early grave.—*Bill Nye, in Travelers' Magazine.*

## SELF-PRESERVATION.

Said this duffer: "My dear, let us see What that curious ball there can be: Why, it's hornets, I swear.

"Of yourself, love, take care, This umbrella will answer for me."

### The Family Represented.

Jones (at the circus)—Hello, Smith, you here?

Smith—Yes, I had to come to take care of my little boy.

Jones—Where's the boy?

Smith—He was taken sick at the last moment and couldn't come.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### A Fit of Abstraction.

A dry-goods clerk took his girl out for some ice-cream the other night, and in a moment of absentmindedness, thinking that he was waiting upon a customer, said cordially:

"Anything else?"

She took lemonade and cake.

### A Fashionable Boarding-House.

"What class of boarders have you?" he asked of the landlady while looking at the fourth floor back, "fashionable people?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "Some of the biggest buzs in town board with me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## REV. SAM JONES.

### How the Noted Southern Revivalist Looks—A Newspaper-Man's Talk With Him.

Rev. Samuel Jones, the famous revivalist, arrived in the city yesterday morning. Mr. Jones greeted our scribe with a hearty hand-shake, rolling a quid of tobacco in his mouth at the same time. In reply to a question as to the class of people numbered among his conversions, Mr. Jones answered that the number included lawyers, doctors, editors and newspaper reporters. "Some people have an erroneous idea," continued Mr. Jones, "that the newspaper

THE NOTED EVANGELIST.

men are beyond redemption, but my work in the South proves the falsity of such a notion, as I succeeded in the course of my labors there in reclaiming a large number of press representatives."

"Do your converts, as a rule, freeze to the faith after once embracing it?" asked the reporter.

"They do; but occasionally a few fall back into their old haunts—this being due to improper nursing."

"What kind of nursing do converts require?"

"Spiritual nursing. When a convert once grasps the truth he must be put through a thorough course of religious training, in order to prove to him the wisdom of his move. In nine cases out of ten the convert sticks, provided, as I said before, he receives encouragement and religious instruction for some time after his change of life."

"To what do you attribute your unprecedented success in revival work?"

"In the first place, the present year is an unusually good one for this kind of work. The faith has risen like a mighty cyclone, and left marks of its good work on all sides. In the second place, the people are becoming more alive to their religious wants, and lose no opportunities in attending religious instruction."

"Don't you think, Mr. Jones," queried the scribe, "that your auditors are in a semi-frenzied condition when they acknowledge their conversion in the revival-meetings?"

"Certainly not. They listen to the Word of God preached by His emissary, and in obedience to the workings of their conscience rise in the possession of newly-infused faith and acknowledge their conversion; that being the case in all instances of camp-meeting conversions."—*St. Louis Republican.*

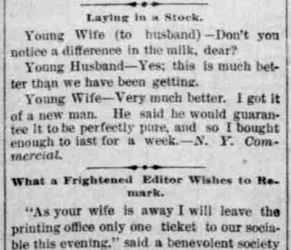
## TO HUMANITARIANS.

### The Melancholy Fate of a Pet Cat That Was Left Behind by the Family When They Went to the Country.

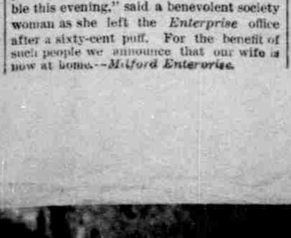
SECOND DAY.



ONE WEEK.



TEN DAYS.



TWO WEEKS.



ONE MONTH.



REQUIES—CAT. —*Puck.*

### A Picnic Cake.

"You first see that the pan is well greased."

"O, of course."

"Then you put it in the oven."

"Yes."

"In an hour it will be handsomely browned on the top."

"But you haven't named the ingredients."

"O, the ingredients are of no consequence. Almost anything will do."—*Philadelphia Call.*

### A Welcome Visitor.

"Tell your mother that I am coming to see her soon," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Snively's little boy, who was playing in front of the gate. "I am glad you are comin' and ma will be glad to see you, too." "How do you know she will be glad to see me?" asked the lady. "Because I heard her say yesterday she would be glad to see somebody who didn't come here to collect a bill."—*Texas Siftings.*

### Laying in a Stock.

Young Wife (to husband)—Don't you notice a difference in the milk, dear?

Young Husband—Yes; this is much better than we have been getting.

Young Wife—Very much better. I got it of a new man. He said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure, and so I bought enough to last for a week.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

### What a Frightened Editor Wishes to Remark.

"As your wife is away I will leave the printing office only one ticket to our sociable this evening," said a benevolent society woman as she left the *Enterprise* office after a sixty-cent puff. For the benefit of such people we announce that our wife is now at home.—*Milford Enterprise.*

## FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Smoking plum trees with sulphur is recommended as a preventative of the ravages of the curculio.

—Eggs at twelve cents per dozen give the same food value as lean beef or mutton at ten cents per pound. Eggs, therefore, are economical food, and they are excellent for the farmer's family.—*Troy Times.*

—It is said that scarcity of water is one chief cause of tough beef. Animals fatted in summer on succulent food are more tender than those of the same age and character fatted in winter.

—It is well-known that when a cow aborts in a herd it becomes contagious. This is due to a disease which causes the difficulty rather than from any physical disorder. No cure is known, and the loss among the herds annually is very great—*Albany Journal.*

—If your blacksmith insists upon burning your horses' feet, says the *National Stockman*, in order to make the shoes fit, hunt another farrier at once. The horseshoer who will do such a thing is either an ignoramus or is too lazy to do his work as it should be done.

—Milk toast (for invalids): Take a couple of slices of bread and toast well—that is, crisp. Take new milk or cream, also a bit of butter (varying according to toast required), and melt in a saucepan together. Then dip in the slices of toast, let them soak for a moment or two, lift on to a deep plate and pour the remains of milk and butter on top. Serve very hot; add salt as required.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Currant Vinegar: This fine vinegar is made by simply pressing the fruit to a mash, let it stand a night, then strain the juice off clear and fill bottles to the brim. Set them uncorked in the sun, or in a warm place, until the fermentation ceases. Any little impurities that arises skim off with a piece of blotting-paper, and cork the bottles well. White currants are excellent for delicate pale vinegar. Red ones make a vinegar equal to that made from the finest red wine.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The putting up and marketing of butter in good shape during the summer months is an almost impossible task. The butter often comes into market really unfit for use, when, no doubt, it started from the dairy in fine condition. Farmers should put up their butter just as well as the regular dairymen, pack it solidly in vessels made especially for the purpose and in every way prepare it to go on the market in the best possible shape. If they do this there will soon be no reason to complain of selling butter in summer at ten to fifteen cents per pound.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The Soldier's Broil: Half roast, or stew, or parboil a moderate-sized shoulder of mutton, lift it into a hot dish, score it on both sides down to the bone, season it well with fine salt and cayenne or pepper, and finish cooking it upon a gridiron over a brisk fire. Skim the fat from any gravy that may have flowed from it, and keep the dish which contains it quite hot to receive the joint again. Warm a cupful of pickled mushrooms, let a part of them be minced, and strew them over the broil; when it is ready to be served arrange the remainder round it and send it to table instantly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

## SWINE.

### The Proper Summer Diet for Young and Growing Pigs.

There is no better food for young pigs after weaning than good skimmed milk, with a little sweet, moderately fine wheat bran and corn meal stirred into it. There should not be a large proportion of meal in the mixture at first, nor so long as the pig is making growth, though corn meal is excellent to finish off fattening with. Many a young pig has been spoiled by overfeeding with corn or corn meal. It is impossible to get a good growth on such food alone. Clear milk would be better, but milk will pay a larger profit when given in connection with some grain. Milk alone is rather to bulky for a sole diet; it distends the stomach too much and gives the animal too much to do to get rid of the surplus water. Many young pigs are spoiled by overfeeding. When first weaned they should be given a little at a time and often. They always will put a foot in the trough, and food left before them a long time gets so dirty that it may be entirely unfit to be eaten. But one of the worst methods of feeding milk to pigs is to have it stand in a sour swill barrel, mixed in along with cucumber parings, sweet corn cobs and other kitchen wastes, till the whole mass is far advanced in the fermentation stage. Sweet milk is good, and milk that is slightly sour may be better, it may be even more easily digested, but milk that soured until it bubbles, till the sugar in it has turned into alcohol or into vinegar, is not a fit food for swine of any age, and certainly not for young pigs that have just been taken from their mother. A hog will endure considerable abuse, will live in wet and filthy pens, will eat almost every sort of filthy food, and often thrive fairly well, but a pig that is kept in comfortable quarters and fed upon wholesome food will pay a much better profit to the owner and furnish much sweeter pork for the barrel. Nearly all the diseases which hogs are subject to are caused by cold, wet pens, or by sour, inferior swill. Better throw surplus milk away than to keep it until it rots and then force it down the throats of swine. Farmers should keep swine enough to take all the wastes of the farm while in a fresh condition and then supplement it with good wheat middlings and corn meal. Our own practice has been to keep pigs enough to take the skimmed milk each day direct from the dairy room, without the use of a swill barrel to store and sour it in. A swill barrel in summer is a nuisance on any farm. We could never find a good place to keep it—where it would not draw flies or breed flies. In winter it would be less objectionable, but it is a nuisance at all times and in all places.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### A Texas Centipede.

The centipede is not a pretty insect. He runs too much to legs. Once I thought them of no use, but after seeing a lot of little Chiricahua Indian papooses pulling centipedes from their holes and greedily devouring them, legs, poison and all, I no longer doubted the wisdom and beneficence of their creation. In the course of my checkered career I have had several adventures with centipedes and always came out second best. A centipede can raise a blister on a man's body quicker than a red hot iron, and if you don't immediately apply a remedial poultice of pounded prickly pear and dose yourself inwardly with pot-whisky—which latter is warranted to kill anything but an army mule—the resultant effects may be serious. Centipedes usually attack their victim at night, when he is asleep and can't defend himself. They are armed with about 200 little lances conveniently lashed to the toe of each foot—of which they have several—and at the base of each lance is a tiny sack of venom. If a centipede crawls across your body—which he'll most likely do if you lie down anywhere within a half mile of him—you'll have no difficulty in following his trail and you'll remember his visit for weeks. No man ever died from the bite of a centipede, but I have known one to make a man wish he were dead.—*Philadelphia Times.*

### An Unfortunate Mistake.

A fatal accident has just occurred at the St. Louis Hospital, in Paris. Two male patients, one of whom was being treated for Bright's disease, and the other for tuberculosis, were ordered a spoonful each of a certain mixture. The principal attendant pupil in the apothecary's department of the hospital made a mistake in preparing the prescriptions, and instead of the required mixture sent up two doses of deadly poison to the ward nurse. These were given to the two unfortunate patients, who, after swallowing the fatal draughts, fell back on their pillows and died without uttering a murmur or a moan. The Superintendent of the hospital instantly held an inquiry into the cause of the deaths, and summoned the chief apothecary to his assistance. The latter communicated the result of his terrible mistake to the attendant pupil, a young man who had passed a highly creditable examination in pharmacy before entering the hospital three months ago. The pupil became almost delirious with despair, and attempted to poison himself on the spot. He was afterward allowed provisional liberty pending his formal arrest by the police.—*Paris Figaro.*

—In Alaska in midsummer, according to a late letter, the almost continuous light of day shines upon bright green slopes, shaded here and there with dark timber belts, rising up from the deep, blue waters. An endless variety of bright-hued flowers, the hum of insects and melodious song of birds, together with a degree of heat dispersed by the solar orb which to our thickened blood appears oppressive, would cause a stranger suddenly transplanted there to think himself in any country but Alaska.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Payment to singers has sometimes taken an odd form. When Mlle. Zelie, a vocalist from the Theater Lyrique at Paris, was making a professional tour around the world some years ago, she gave a concert in the Society Island. She agreed to sing an air from "Norma" and a few other songs, and was to get a third of the receipts. When counted, the prima donna's share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, 5,000 cocoanuts, besides a quantity of bananas, lemons and oranges.

—The gold engagement bracelet is becoming as popular as the engagement ring. Only diamonds, rubies and pearls are used on these bracelets. The old superstition about the pearl, that it brings bad luck as a wedding gift, seems to have gone over entirely, and now it is said that emeralds and sapphires are the "unfortunate" stones to give for bridal presents, although they are highly fashionable as gifts any day later or to any body else.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Thirty years ago an attempt to raise sufficient money to buy a town clock was made by the citizens of Farmington, Me., but failed. Last week a fair was held there for the same purpose, and enough money was raised, together with that collected three decades of years ago, to buy the long-sought-for time-piece,