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POPPING CORN.

AND there they sat a popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as fat as any ox,
And Susan, fat as butter.

And there they sat, and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan, she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate,
John's mouth was like a hopper,
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine and then struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven—then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and Susan thought—
The corn did pop and patter;
Till John cried out, "The corn's a fire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock,
You'd die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

COLONEL DERRINGER'S LUCK.

"You were talkin' of strokes o' luck, stranger—and how they often come jest when you don't look for 'em. I'll tell you another fact to add to that air—they most allus come from *where* you don't look for 'em, neither! Seems to me, mister, as luck is some way like gold-diggin'—you put inter a spot whar thar oughter be seven ounces to the pan, and you find nary grain; and then, again, you think the bull gulch is kinder played out, and all you kin dew is to leave—when, all to once, kerchunk! out roll the nuggets inter yer hands, jest like peas from a pod. Them's my ideas, and I know what I'm sayin', you be; for the biggest streak of luck as ever I struck kim jest that air way. And this was how it kim out, if you keer to hear it:

"Mayhap you've heern tell of a location called 'Jeffcot's Pan,' 'way down in Nevada, whar one o' them little rivers that come down from the Sierra spreads itself out inter a broad shallow reach, with a sort o' jungle on each side. It got its name fust from a chum of mine, Sam Jeffcot, of Denver, who was down thar prospectin' for a likely spot—for he was a regular Gambusino (gold-finder). Wal, he rode on ahead of his party, and happened upon this hyar spot, and the minute he clapped eyes on it, he knew it for a hand as 'twar safe to bet on, and concluded to fix thar. But jest then some darned thievin' Dog-Injuns, who war loafin' around, kim along, and went for him straight; so he put for a cave in the rocks, whar only one could pass at a time, and thar he kep' the doorway with his six-shooter all through till sundown, when his party kim up and stampeded 'em. Rather gritty of old Sam, warn't it?

"Wal, when the news of that find fust got about, the boys all kim around like flies on to a molasses-jar; for they knew that old Sam war bound to strike pay-gravel wherever he chipped in; and for a month or two the hull flat war as busy as a buskin'. And thar war some big piles made in them fust days, you bet! Seth Garratt, of Carson, fetched up $1,700 worth at one heft, and lost it all at euchre the same night, to a Portigee from Sacramento. But arter the fust rush the find got smaller and poorer, and the boys began to calc'late that the spot war played out, and that it war 'bout time to leave. And so they did—the hull kit on 'em.

"Now, jest about this time, thar war a gang of Chinees a-loafin' about, who'd come down from 'Frisco, and were snuffin' around all the old gulches that had been given up as bad; and arter a bit, when the boys hed all clared out, they kim to Jeffcot's Pan, and squatted thar. They did nobody a cent o' harm, barrin' bein' the greatest liars and cowards in creation (and they can't help that, poor critters, seein' it's their nater'), but for all that they got into a very close place afore long. For a Chinee out West is like a flyin' fish at sea—thar's allus *somebody* reachin' for him, let him do what he will; and the boys thar war rather a rough lot—'specially them from Skunk's Misery and Dead Dog Hole; and they made it kinder rough for them poor heathens, so they did. At fust they only played fun on 'em, sitch as pepperin' 'em with lumps o' quartz, or tyin' 'em together by the pigtails, and settin' dogs at 'em; but when the yaller-skins didn't take the hint, and clar out, some of the roughest 'uns swore they warn't a-goin' to have a lot o' Chinee skunks sneakin' round, lookin' for gold whar *they* couldn't find none; and they touched hands all round that they'd go up to the Chinee camp, and jest make a clean sweep o' the hull consarn.

"Now, jest about this time it happened that me and Sam Jeffcot, and 'bout a dozen more, cum prospectin' round agin' thinkin' that even if the Pan war played out, there might other bits as good somewhar about. And, sure enough, we struck gold a little higher up the stream; and then Sam (who was a right smart man for seein' a chance) heered o' this Chinee lot, and concluded, as they seemed down on their luck, to buy 'em all up cheap, and set 'em a-diggin' for him; for he knowed his only chance war to clean out the place afore the news on't got around, and the hull settlement crowded in and spiled it. So down he goes into the Chinee camp, to have a palaver with them, and see how they felt 'bout workin' a spell for him.

"The yaller-faces seemed friendly enough, but they all looked glum as a fog when they heered whar the location war, sayin' 'twar a sight too near Skunk's Misery; and then the hull story kim out—how the boys had warned 'em to make tracks and sworn to sweep 'em clean if they didn't; and that they had no peace for 'em, and darn't call their souls their own.

"When Sam heered that, he looked as black as thunder, and says to me, 'I ain't a-goin' to have nary skunk a-spilin' *my* game, not if he brought ten thousand more behind him. Jim, will you stand by me?'

"I said I would, and the rest all said *they* would; and we war jist talkin' over the job, when all at once, in rushes a Chinee, all on eend, as if the Injins were a'ter him, yellin' out, 'Man come! man come!'"

"Thar they war, sure 'nuff—a good twenty-five on 'em, which war long odds agin fourteen; for as to gettin' any fight outer them Chinees, you might as well expect a prairie dog to stand up to a grizzly b'ar. However, we got *one* breeze o' luck to start with—ther warn't nary a rifle among 'em, and not many six-shooters neither; for spectin' to find nothin' but Chinees, they thought their picks and bowies war 'nuff to make a clean sweep o' the hull lot.

"When they seen us thar, they looked consid'able streaked, for they didn't cal'clate on a new hand in the game. But Sam gave 'em no time to think, but began on 'em at once; for he used allus to say hat when you see a feller comin' for you straight, there is nothin' like meetin' him half way. The foremost of the gang war big Joe Harris, of Calaveras, whom I knowed right out for a bad 'un; and as he kim stridin' along, as if he'd tread us all down like grass, Sam steps out into the middle o' the clearin' to meet him, and says:

"'Gen'l'men, are you a-comin' to visit any one here? for I calc'late you don't know as this is *our* location, and your names ain't down in our census, nohow you can fix it!'

"'Wall,' says Joe Harris, 'I guess we're a-going to clear out them Chinee skunks, thet's cum sneakin' round our camp; and we mean clearin' 'em out, you bet!'

"'Wal,' says Sam, quite cool, 'I guess them Chinees are my workmen; and whoever touches 'em's got to talk to me fust.'

"I'd got my Derringer ready cocked in my jacket-pocket (I'm pretty smart with it, you bet! And thet's why they call me 'Cunnle Derringer;') and the minute I heard that, I knowed 'twar time to begin. Joe swore an oath as big as a pumpkin, and went for Sam with his bowie; but afore he could strike, I fired through the linin' o' my pocket, and thowed him plum in his tracks. Sam plugged another the next minnit, and then the skrimmage began in earnest.

"A mad business it war, as ever I seen —no order or sense—but jest every man puttin' his knife into the fust that as kim nigh him. We fired off our revolvers in too great a hurry, considerin' that warn't time to load agin; and so it kim hand to hand, and the odds bein' agin' us, we war fast goin' inter the back settlements, when, all at once, crash! smash! down kim a shower o' great lumps o' quartz, jist as if they fell from heaven, knockin' over the Skunk's Misery boys right and left. While we war busy rubbin' each other out, the Chinee gang had fotched a compass behind the bushes, and so took the enemy in the rear. Thar war at least fifty on 'em, all peltin' away, like a 'lection down South; and, with them behind, and us in front, Harris' lot began to find theirselves in rather a close place. So then Sam Jeffcot steps forrad, and sings out, 'Throw down yer knives, or you're every man a gone coon!' Down went the toothpicks, and the Chinees picked 'em up. Then Sam goes on: 'Now, just make tracks out o' this, and don't come back no more, or you'll get yer sarce hotter'n you like! Me and my pardner's took this hyar location, and I'll have fifty more men on't in a week's time; so you'd best leave!'

"This *was* rather tall talk, I swar; for, to save his life, Sam couldn't ha' put a man on the ground barrin' them that war thar already; and one o' them war dead, and another putty nigh it. But the boys swallered every word on't, and war only too glad to git away, carryin' their killed and wounded 'long with 'em. And when the fun war over, an old wizened heathen, with a pig-tail like a tow-rope, who seemed to be the boss of the gang, got up and thanked Sam and me in the very tallest kind o' speech, and vowed that we were the greatest fighters in the world, swift as the wind, and terrible as the lightning—just like a 4th-o'-July o-ration; and he said, if ever he and his people could do any thing for us, done it should be, and no mistake. I only larfed at all his parlyvooin', thinkin' that all *he* could do for us wouldn't fill the bag much; but I warn't quite right thar neither, as you'll see presently.

"And now, for a bit, every thing went fust-chop. We parceled out the yaller-skins into gangs, and put one of our boys over each as overseer; and I tell ye, we did get a right-smart chance o' work outer 'em, you bet! They warn't our match for strength, o' course, as how could they be, fed on scraps and shavings as 'most all on 'em air? but I can tell ye they keep it up a good long spell when they *are* at it, and it cost next to nothin' for their keep. Why that Frisco railway track of ourn war most all done by Chinee gangs, and that war how we done it so cheap. Many a time did Sam Jeffcot and I, arter we'd got through with our own work (for we worked like wood-choppers our own selves, let alone overlookin' the rest), come along and stand over the yaller-faces as they worked, and we'd come out with a bit of a song that Sam had brought with him from Sacramento (they tell me now it's in a book that's a-runnin' all over the States):

'Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me,
And he rose with a sigh,
And he said "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.'

"The work they had jist suited our Chinees. *We* took the pickin', an shovelin', and breakin' o' stones, and sich—for they hadn't pith enough for *thet*; but the pan-washin' war the very thing for 'em, and they stuck at it from mornin' 'till night, spoonin' and shakin' and dribblin' away. And I can tell ye, they fotched up a right smart lot o' the stuff, jist at fust; for this war one o' them spots whar it all lies on the surface, and you've nothin' to do but jist to skim it like cream. As to the Skunk's Misery boys, they never troubled us no more, arter the whippin' we giv' 'em; and so, for a goodish bit, we felt as good as a hungry nigger over a dish o' hog and hominy.

"So, as I said, we went on for a spell, skimming it like cream, but the wust o' that is, that if ye skim long enough, the cream's bound to peter out, and leave yer nothin' but skim milk to go on with. And jest so it war with us. One day our Chinees fotched up nary grain o' gold, and I shook my head. The next day they fotched up nary grain agin, and Sam he shook his head. The third 'twar jest the same story, and we both shook our heads. So Sam calls up all the boys w'd been overseein', and says to 'em:

"'Boys, it feels to me as if this hyar camp war putty nigh played out; and what I should do if I war by myself 'ud be, to pay off them yaller-skins of our'n, and let 'em go whar they like, and then jest pack up the dust, and make tracks for a new location. That's how I feel. How does it strike you?'

"Wal, the boys all said it war jest their idee, and that they froze to their cap'n, let him go whar he would; and the sooner we made tracks the better. So we mustered out yaller-faces, and paid 'em off to the last cent; and then we found that their boss man, the old boy with the everlastin' pigtail, war nowhar to be found.

"'Thet's a pity,' says Sam, 'for he was a willin' hand, though I didn't quite swaller all that tall talk o' his'n about doin' sich great things for us. However, he's sure to jine the gang agin' somewhar, so I guess we'll jest give *them* his money to take care on.'

"Wal, off went the Chinees, the hull kit on 'em; and we that stayed behind fell to chiperin' up our take, and sharin' it out all round. Sam and I hed jest hed our supper and our nip o' whisky, and war talkin' over our pipes 'bout whar we should go next, when up gets somethin' beside us like a ghost. I war jest a-goin' to let strip at it with my six-shooter, when Sam sings out—

"'Hold hard, Jim—blest if 'tain't old Longtail kim back agin.'

"So it war, sure 'nuff; and we war glad to see him, for it looked well his freezin' to us this way, 'stead of skedaddlin' with the rest. So, afore we'd let him open his head to say a word, we giv' him a good blow-out with what war left o' the supper, and then we began jawin' at him for missin' pay day; and Sam war jest a-tellin' him that he shouldn't lost by it, for we'd make it up to him somehow—when the old boy holds up his hand and stops him short.

"'No talkee about that, master—that little pidgeon (business); no matter make. You no sabbee where me come from. What you thinkee this, eh?'

"He held out something in his long yellow claw that sparkled in the firelight fit to put your eyes out. Sam looked at it—gi'n a kind o' half whoop, chokin' it down as it came out—and then pulled a nugget outer his pouch, and held it close to the thing the Chinee had handed him.

"'Wal, your child whips mine all to fits,' says he, 'thar ain't no denyin' it; so, if you've got any more o' them curio's in the shop, trot 'em out, and I'll make a bid for the hull lot.'

"The old Chinee only grinned till he showed all his black teeth at once, and brought out a couple more as good as the first. Sam looked at 'em both alongside o' his'n, and then slapped his hand on his thigh, and larfed loud enough to shake the leaves off the trees.

"'Wal,' said he, 'if this don't whip creation, I'm a Dutchman! I won't play no more, old feller—I'm fairly euchred this turn. Wash yer mouth out with a nip o' the Old Rye, and tell us whar you got them cards, and what you'll take for the hull pack!'

"The old fellow grinned again, like a fox-trap, and then began to tell us, in his queer jargon, all about it. He said he'd gone down agin to Jeffcot's Pan jest to look around and see if thar war any sign of more gold to be got out on't—when, as he was a-loafin' along a little stream that fell inter the main river jest at thet p'int, his knife slips outer his belt and tumbles inter the water. Wal, he marked whar it fell, and began scoopin' away with his pan to try and fish it up again; when, lo and behold! the very fust scoop fotched up that air fust nugget as he showed us; and the other two kim presently arter, as slick as if they'd bin called for.

"Wal, he didn't think no more bout findin' his knife, you bet! He jest put for our camp, hot foot, to tell us the news; and he said if we'd go back with him, and turn that stream outer its course (which war no great shakes of a job) we'd find gold that any placer (gold field) in the Sierra warn't a circumstance to; and thet we war heartily welcome to all on't, in thanks for standin' by him agin the Skunk's Misery lot.

"'By time!' says Sam, clappin' him on the back, 'you're a tarnation honest feller—a darned sight honester nor some of our own folk, I bet my boots! Come along, then, and we'll jest put the job through, right away; and you shall have a lumpin' share, whether we find much or whether we find little.'

"So off we went, stranger, and not to make a ten-fathom yarn outer nuthin', we made sich a pile thet all our last diggin' warn't a patch on't. I won't tell yer what my share war, 'fraid ye wouldn't believe me; 'twar big enough to save me the trouble of ever puttin' hand to pick agin; and if you'll come and see me when we get to 'Frisco, you'll see I kin pay my way and somethin' over. Now it seems to me thet war somethin' of an adventur'. How does it strike you?"

Orthographical Tournaments.

"V-a-l val, e, vale, t-u tu, valetu, d-i di, valetudi, n-a na, valetudina, r-i ri, valetudinari, a-n an—Valetudinarian!" Does the reader remember how all the rest of the columnar puzzles—the Giant's Causeway—of the spelling-book achieved, his small mouth triumphantly wrestled with this septa-syllabic monster? Does he remember the well-thumbed, dog's-eared and somewhat soiled little manual, its dryness, alas! sometimes moistened by his tears, with the wooden frontispiece in which Minerva, in the cap of a French cuirassier, was represented leading a nice little boy over the rocks and up to the Temple which had "Fame" on one signboard and "Knowledge" on the other? Very proud now, in certain parts of the land, are those who minded their Dr. Webster in the days of their youth. There is an epidemic of spelling-matches, in which the old and young of either sex are engaged with equal vigor. Having early cast their bread upon the waters, are they not gathering it after many days, in the shape of prizes—Bibles, Webster's Unabridged, and other mementoes of the scholastic fray? Our exchanges are full of the details of these vociferous engagements, with the names of the victorious and obituary notices of the defeated. There hasn't been such an excitement upon the subject since years ago Isaac Pitman invented phonography, which promised to work a revolution in general, and has only given us an excellent system of short-hand. The spelling mania which has raged through the winter began in Ohio. It thence extended to Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, while symptoms of it are still observable in the rural regions of New York. In some places the excitement has led to fatal results, as at Burlington, Ia., where a slight personal misunderstanding occurred among the contestants, ending in the death of a young man "only nineteen years old." Various rules are adopted for the regulation of the combat; "sides" are usually chosen; and in one instance we notice a mysterious provision that "no geographical or proper names shall be given out until after 9 o'clock." In some neighborhoods the base ball players seem hurt by the shade into which their favorite game has been cast, and in others "the Crusaders" complain that they have been quite superseded in the popular mind. At Bellaire (W. V.) the meeting was of so important a character that it was called to order by a Judge, and it was upon this occasion that a Doctor of Medicine came to grief by omitting one "g" in "aggrieve," while "Miss Belle Gorby" (unhappy maiden!) put an unnecessary "l" into "ventilate," and retired in tears from the field. At Springfield, O., the public interest, on the 21st ult., was so great that the Opera-house was engaged for the match, which was conducted upon the most catholic principles, Webster and Worcester being regarded as of equal authority. Three hundred and fifty-three words were given out on this momentous occasion, and such knotty specimens as "gniess," "souchong," "psychology," and "patronymic" laid many a brave speller low, until only one champion kept the field, and she a woman, with none to dispute her title to the great Prize Dictionary. Then with fearful irony each member of the losing side was presented with a Primer, and it was voted to send half the net proceeds to the Kansas sufferers.

Lest any reader should underestimate the importance, in spite of the murder above recorded, of these syllabic shindies, we mention that at Richmond, Indiana, on the 17th ult., the prize to the victorious speller was actually forty acres of land in Missouri. At Crawfordsville, Indiana, February 16, there was a monomachy or duello between Prof. Critz and Miss Mires, a school-teacher. Long Minerva held the equal balance suspended! Words of five, six, seven, eight, syllables flowed (so to speak) like water. Silent letters were struggled with on either side, and overcome by both man and maid. Sympathy was with the heroine, and a great disgust was expressed when she succumbed to so simple a word as "fusileer," and went down amidst the wails of the audience. In Humboldt County, Iowa, the Queen o the Spelling Arena is Miss Ella Cadette, that ingenious maiden having "spelled down" the entire population. At Pittsburg, Penn., on the 5th inst., the sacred walls of the Third Presbyterian Church witnessed the wordy battle, the Rev. Dr. Noble, the pastor, smiling blandly on the useful game. Here a gentleman ignobly distinguished himself by spelling "salad" sala-e-d, while loud laughter shook the vaulted roof, and an Irish gentleman who spelled "beast" "baste" added to the intensity of the excitement. An old lady failed lamentably with "rheumatism," and a highly respectable and sober gentleman made a dreadful mess of "debauchee"—as why shouldn't he?

In our own State, we are proud to say, orthography is not neglected. At Teachers' Institutes in eighteen counties, battles have taken place. Schenectady County carries off the palm, her schoolmasters and ma'arms spelling 60 per cent. of the words given out correctly, while poor Erie lags at the rear with only 37 per cent. A good many of us, perhaps, may thank our stars that we are not exposed to these ordeals.—*New York Tribune.*

The Sultan and Satan.

There is an Eastern story of a Sultan who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him and told him to pray. "Who are you?" said the Sultan. "Oh, no matter," replied the other; "my act is good, is it not? No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good." "Yes," said the Sultan, "but I think you are Satan. I know your face; you have some bad motive." "But," says the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow, after all. I was an angel once, and I still keep some of my original goodness." "That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent Caliph, "but you are the tempter; that's your business, and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray?" "Well," said the devil, with a flirt of impatience, "if you must know I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers you would have been sorry for it afterward and penitent; but if you go on as now and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one some time and repented for it. God loves your faults mixed with patience, more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

A BRIDGEPORT (Ct.) company have just finished a refrigerator car to be used in bringing strawberries from the South, and the *Standard* says: "This is the first refrigerator car of this kind ever built, but will probably be soon followed by thirty more, to be used on the different roads about the country."

WHO WAS HE?

The Mysterious Professor Schulz, Whose Queer Transactions are Puzzling Berlin.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard*, writing on the 20th of February, says:

The following strange story is in circulation: On the 4th of the month, toward evening, a stranger called upon the owner of a well-known medal foundry in Berlin, and after some introductory phrases began to launch forth into a learned disquisition about the movements of the heavenly bodies in such a manner as to excite the astonishment and admiration of his hearer, the more so as the latter possessed no knowledge whatever of the subject in discourse. The mysterious stranger, who gave no clew to his own identity, stated, among other things, that he had just come from the Observatory, where great preparations were being made for an event of unparalleled interest in astronomic circles; an event which took place only once in every hundred years. This he explained to be the passage of the planetoid Pluto across the disc of Mars. He was desirous, he added, of casting a medal in commemoration of this rare occurrence, which was to come off at midnight precisely between the 6th and 7th of February. The medal-founder kindly offered, in the interests of science, to place his crucibles and other melting apparatus at the disposal of the stranger, without making any charge for their use. The stranger was profuse in his thanks, and soon afterward withdrew, promising to return at the appointed night and hour. It happened that the proprietor of the foundry had a small party of friends assembled under his roof on the evening of the 6th, and in the course of conversation the stranger of two nights before was mentioned, with the particulars of his visit. All expressed a great wish to see him, if he should really make a second appearance, for it was generally surmised that his only object had been to play a hoax upon the master of the house by getting him to heat his furnace and prepare his materials for nothing. Orders were, however, given to make the necessary arrangements, and upon the stroke of 11 the man reappeared in an overcoat tightly buttoned up to the chin. He this time gave himself out to be Professor Schulz, of Charlottenburg. He was then escorted to the melting-house, all the guests following him with great curiosity. When every thing was ready for the operation the self-styled Professor Shulz produced an English sovereign, a piece of an old-fashioned gold watch chain, a piece of a silver chain, a small bar of iron, and a few copper coins. These were thrown into the melting-pot, and at 12 o'clock to a minute, when the mass was in thorough fusion, the professor cast four medals, each of the size of a two-thaler piece. As soon as they were ready for removal he wrapped them up very carefully, without having shown them to any body, and then made his bow. The whole thing seemed very strange, and when the man was gone the company began to speculate upon his odd behavior, and to regret that he had not been detained and forced to give some fuller account of himself. His unusual appearance, too, aroused suspicion, for it was noticed that he had never taken off his overcoat, which seemed abnormally bulky, as with some hidden weight that threatened to drag all the buttons away from their moorings. Skepticism being now fairly aroused, even Pluto himself was treated as an impostor, until upon inquiry at the Observatory it was found, I believe, that he actually exists, but that he has never shown any intention of taking a trip across Mars' disc. No Professor Schulz was traceable at the Charlottenburg address given by the stranger, who is set down as either a madman or an impostor. Upon the latter view his proceedings are not very explicable. It is supposed, however, that he really had a much larger quantity of gold and silver, under various forms, secreted about his person, but that the presence of so many spectators disconcerted him, and prevented him from carrying out his original design of melting the lot so as to destroy its identity. It is thought that he may belong to a gang of thieves, and publicity is given to the story in order that if any of his accomplices try the same game in other quarters they may meet with their deserts. Be this as it may, the mysterious Professor Schulz, with his melting-pot and his medals, is the hero of the hour in Berlin.

Since the above was written, I hear that the problematic Dr. Schulz melted a gold ring with the other objects, after having removed the stone from the setting, a circumstance calculated to increase the general suspicion. It is remembered that robberies on a large scale have been committed during the last eighteen months, among other places at the British and Spanish embassies, and very lately at the Royal Castle, and it is conjectured that attempts are now being made to destroy the identity of some of the missing property. On the other hand, Dr. Schulz produced the impression of being a man of education. He seemed to have traveled much, especially in Africa and in various parts of Asia, was very entertaining and had by no means the appearance of a burglar or of a receiver of stolen goods. The riddle, therefore, still remains unsolved.

Do Races of Plants Wear Out?

About the latter part of the last century, Mr. Knight, the celebrated horticulturist and physiologist, finding that the orchards of Herefordshire no longer contained healthy trees of certain varieties of the apple which had flourished remarkably well about fifty years before, and failing in his attempts to infuse health into such varieties by grafting, assumed that old age and decrepitude had overtaken them and that, in fact, they had become "worn out." Several writers on vegetable physiology, out of respect for Mr. Knight's great name, adopted his theory without examining for themselves. It is now, however, pretty generally admitted that reason and evidence are opposed to this theory, which appears to be an attempt to apply the laws of animal life to the vegetable world.

Although it is a fact that in the natural forest, after flourishing for many centuries perhaps, races of broad-leaved trees die out and are succeeded by races of narrow-leaved trees, the cause evidently arises from external not intrinsic circumstances. The soil which surrounds them becomes exhausted of the particular ingredients required for their growth, their roots, searching for sustenance, have penetrated into cold, uncongenial soil, or they have reached stagnant water. The sap, the life-blood of the trees, becomes sadly deteriorated and at length ceases to circulate and death ensues. The seeds, taken by the birds, from the cones of narrow-leaved trees, now vegetate and a race of these trees spring up and flourish for centuries on the ingredients left in the soil by the decay of the leaves, branches and trunks of the broad-leaved trees, but after the lapse of centuries, a change again takes place.

Mr. Knight's theory of the wearing out of races of plants is quoted to account for the potato disease and it was asserted that the potato was about to disappear altogether, but the facts have not borne out these predictions, for the potato is fast regaining its former status among cultivated crops. It has been frequently stated that propagating plants from tubers or cuttings, instead of seeds, causes wearing out, but the Jerusalem artichoke, which was introduced into England more than two centuries ago, and has never borne seeds in that country, has propagated itself from tubers and is still healthy and vigorous.

The sugar cane is rarely propagated by seeds, its natural mode of propagation being by the stem, which, when blown down by a storm, emits roots from every joint. Of this natural tendency man has availed himself as a means of artificially extending the plant.

It has been stated by the advocates of Mr. Knight's theory that, although plants in a wild state do not wear out, they uncontestably do so when artificially multiplied by division. In opposition to this is quoted the White Doyenne pears of France, which French writers assure us have been propagated from time immemorial, or the Jerusalem artichoke before named, or the cultivated vines of Europe, many of which were known to the Romans and have been transmitted to the present day, by perpetual division, but without any symptoms of deterioration or decrepitude. The *vitis pracox* of Columella is admitted by the best authorities to be identical with the Early Black July grape of the present day; the *nomentana* to be the German *Tiaminer*, the *grocula* the modern Corinth, and the *dactyle* the present *Finger* grape.

On this subject De Candolle says: "We may easily conceive that every cultivated variety has been multiplied by division, and every plant obtained from it has been a portion of the same individual which accounts for their all being exactly like each other. An identity of origin in all the plants of the same variety, has led some physiologists to imagine that that these varieties, or fractions of an individual, might die of old age. This was founded upon circumstances observed by Mr. Knight with regard to the Golden Pippin. But it appears to us difficult to admit, upon a single fact, an hypothesis opposed to all other facts. That varieties will last as long as man takes care of them, appears to be proved by many of them having been preserved from the most remote periods. But it is also certain that negligence causes some to disappear just as accident or industry brings others into existence."

A Tardy Voyage.

The New York *Herald* says: The steamer Abbotsford, belonging to the Red Star Line, of Philadelphia, has arrived at Jersey City after a wonderful passage of 108 days from Antwerp. The trip, from its misadventures, was one of the most notable on record. Captain De Lammotte made the following statement:

We left Antwerp on the 23d of November, 1874, bound for New York, with 460 passengers on board, and all proceeded well till we arrived in the Straits of Dover, where we stopped for five or six minutes to land our North Sea pilot. While thus engaged, and the pilot was stepping into a boat, the steamer Indus, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, ran into us, carrying away our stem to three feet above the water line. The Indus was bound down the Channel, like ourselves, and the accident occurred through the said vessel attempting and failing to make a close shave of us. The case is now pending in the English Admiralty courts. We blew our whistles repeatedly and backed engines; but she did not alter her helm quick enough, and hence the disaster. The collision took place very near to where the Australian emigrant ship was run into by the Spanish steamer Murillo, causing such fearful loss of life about two years ago. After the vessels separated and the Indus had moved I let go my anchors. The following day we steamed up to the Victoria Docks, London, where we transferred our passengers to another steamer, and the Abbotsford was repaired, necessitating a delay of upwards of a month.

On the 22d of December we again sailed for our destination with forty new passengers for Gravesend, and all went well until we arrived in thirty-five degrees west longitude, and about fifty degrees north latitude, being about half way across the Atlantic, when we encountered a very heavy gale, and one day lost our propeller, which had broken off, leaving no vestige behind. The propeller and the whole ship had been examined in London by Lloyd's Surveyor, and what caused it to snap off is a mystery to me. It had been in use for eighteen months previously, and had never shown any signs of weakness. Having lost our screw we were converted into a sailing ship; and I determined to put back. Accordingly, on the 2d of January, I headed the ship for Queenstown. Terrible gales prevailed all this time, and no less than ten steamers foundered in the Bay of Biscay. We arrived off the Irish coast on the 12th of January, and while off the Fastnets, heading for Queenstown, during the prevalence of a heavy gale, sighted our sister steamer, the Pennsylvania, and signaled her to stand by, which she responded to. The gale was blowing dead on the shore from the southwest. After standing by us, the Pennsylvania came close to us to try and give us a line, so that we could get a hawser to her and be towed by her into Queenstown. While thus engaged the Pennsylvania struck us on the port bow, staving in about forty feet of the ship's side, above water line, and the sea washed in and out with the rolling of the steamer. The fore compartment up to the collision bulkhead was filled with water. Our next effort was to beat off the land, which we succeeded in doing, the Pennsylvania remaining near us in case of further accident. The following morning, the wind having gone down, that vessel again came alongside, and a hawser was got on board her, and she towed us to Queenstown, about forty miles distance. The Pennsylvania then proceeded on her voyage to Philadelphia. After making temporary repairs to our ship we were taken by two steam-tugs to Liverpool, and were there put on dry dock and fitted with a new propeller and completely repaired and overhauled. On the 24th of February we started for the third time for New York, with nineteen passengers. We have had strong westerly gales the entire passage. On March 4 we experienced a hurricane in lat. 45 deg., lon. 40 deg. 49 min. from west to northwest, lasting thirty hours. My arrival here has terminated the most eventful voyage I ever heard of in my twenty-five years' experience as a sailor, fifteen years of which has been passed in crossing the Atlantic, principally in the Inman Line.

Humor and Sarcasm.

It is not every body who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at any body's expense; that is to say, to make any body uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Æsop, who was doubtless the subject of many a jibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was fun to the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in the same light coin, and will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart *double entendre* or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social foibles and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

JACK FROST has gone into the medium business. One cold morning, recently, he painted on the parlor window the picture of a Wisconsin man's aunt in the act of giving him something; a few days later he received the intelligence of her death and his accession to her property.

A WONDERFUL exhibition has been opened at Brussels. It is a collection of about 100 landscapes of great merit painted by a boy named Fritz Kerchove of Bruges, who died an idiot at eleven years of age.

—"He wooed and she wouldn't," is a headline in a San Francisco newspaper.

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

How to Make $350 a Year by the Cultivation of Bees—The Practical Experience of an English Agriculturist—The Entire Process in a Nutshell.

In a small pamphlet of some forty-five pages, Mr. J. W. Pagden, of England, very generously gives the public the benefit of his experience in the cultivation of bees, and shows how by following his directions they may make $350 a year—a very neat little addition to the income of the farmer, or the working gardener. Mr. Pagden commenced keeping bees some four years ago on an outlay of $3. He has now a hundred stocks all strong and vigorous—the best evidence in the world as to the success and excellence of his system.

HIVES.

Mr. Pagden starts out by setting his face entirely against ranging hives against a southern wall. He has tried every point of the compass and finds east, or a point north or south of this to be the best. A straw hive will last twice as long in this position as in the others. It is not necessary to range hives under a wall or hedge; they should simply be placed two or three feet apart, with the back of the hives to the garden wall. Bee houses are worse than useless, and every hive should rest upon its own stand apart from others. Mr. Pagden, after many trials, has found the straw one to be the best for all practical purposes. It must be made with a flat top, and a hole in the center, three inches in diameter. When the bees show symptoms of swarming, place on the crown an adapting board, with slits cut in the center corresponding with the hole in the stock hive. The slits through the adapting board must be exactly three-sixteenths of an inch in width. Drones will never pass through an aperture this size, and the queen will rarely, if ever, do so. For stands he recommends an empty American cheese-box. Frist place your bricks flat upon the ground, and place the box securely upside down upon the bricks, leaning from back to front. Cover your hive well over with a sack or artificial manure bag, so that the drip may be carried to the ground. With a milk pan for a roof, your hive is secure.

SWARMS.

A swarm is said to contain from 12,000 to 20,000 bees. When the bees require more room, the queen, with a great number of her subjects, leaves the hive. When the bees have been quietly settled do not disturb them too soon. It is a good plan to syringe or sprinkle them with cold water; this cools them, and makes them more ready to crawl into their new habitation. You may half drown outsiders with water. When you have ascertained that the queen is quietly settled in her new abode do not allow the new swarm to remain in the same position until evening. Having removed the old hive, place the new swarm on the old stand. Full grown bees and stragglers will then find their way back. One fully populated hive will produce more honey than three or four weakly ones. When the new swarm has been working fifteen days or so, open the hole at the top, place on your adapting board, and put on a super hive, box or glass, and the bees will store for you fifteen or twenty pounds of honey comb as well as a plentiful provision for themselves. After the great depopulation the bees generally give up all desire for more swarming, and destroy all embryo queens. The queen will have left thousands of eggs in the old hive to be hatched out, and as they will be rather short of bees to be sent on foraging excursions, assistance must be given them in the way of sugar sirup. The inhabitants will then multiply in a wonderful manner. Place a cup on the top of the hive and leave them to work.

Having secured a swarm at a small outlay, the following summer you will have one swarm independent of the old stock, and will have taken sufficient honey to cover expenses, and also to purchase another swarm. Should you continue this system for six years, without losses, you would have 729 hives. In one garden of a quarter of an acre Mr. Pagden finds that forty hives can work without inconvenience; but if you are disposed to make a business of bees gardens may be hired for any number. He thinks that bees roam further for honey than is generally supposed; they have the power of flying at a speed of 100 miles an hour.

When your stock has reached a certain size, you may commence the humane system of taking honey without swarming or destroying your bees.

SIDE HIVING.

The cottage hive can be easily adapted to this plan; you have but to make a passage on the floor-board with a small frame—a flat trough, four inches square and a quarter of an inch in height. When the bees show symptoms of swarming, cut a notch in the stock hive next to the floor-board, and fit in the frame, leaving one end projecting. Allow the bees to have free passage for a few days; then cut a corresponding notch to fit the frame in an empty hive to place at the side close up to the old stock; the bees will then begin to fill the collateral straw hive as readily as one of a more extensive nature. In removing the side hive when filled a small cup or bell glass may be placed on the top of the old hive.

NADIR OR UNDER HIVING.

Mr. Pagden on one occasion observed that the bees had clustered over the block, and apparently disappeared. On raising the hive he noticed a small hole in the center of the floor-board, through which bees were passing. In an old chimney pot he found forty pounds of pure, white honey. He then adopted the idea by cutting three slits in the bottom of a cheese box three-sixteenths of an inch wide and three or four in length. He put on the lid and turned the box upside down on four bricks. He also invented a nadir hive of wood and straw which answers the purpose quite as well. The temperature of the warehouse below is kept at a much lower temperature than the top hive, and the queen will not condescend to visit the lower regions. Of all plans for taking honey without destroying the bees this may be considered the best.

FEEDING BEES.

To feeding Mr. P. attributes principally his great success as an apiculturist. To every pound of loaf or best moist sugar add half a pint of water, boil for a few minutes, and when put out to cool stir into each gallon two tablespoonfuls of rum and one teaspoonful of salt. Administer the food with a bottle at the top of the hive. When properly adjusted the syrup will escape only so fast as the bees can stow it away. The bottle must be covered by an empty hive, and thrown over this some sacking or matting. Do not shed any portion of the liquid on the outside of the hive.

In the spring all light hives must be fed with from four to six pounds of prepared food. The strongest hives may be fed to advantage, as the queen will not begin to lay eggs until she finds some new stores accumulating. All stock hives that do not weigh sixteen pounds in the autumn, independent of the hive must be fed up to that weight before you consider them safe to pass the coming winter. All new swarms should be fed until the stock hive is filled with comb.

Mr. P. has also tried summer feeding to great advantage. He fed the bees at night, or on wet days, and fourteen days from the time the new swarm began to work he had taken $9.50 worth of honey-comb. The sirup cost $1.75.

DEPRIVING STOCK HIVES.

After the honey gathering season was past, he deprived several of the stock hives of from three to five pounds of honey-comb each, then fed to make up the weight. The bees treated in this way passed the winter, and came out as strong and vigorous as the others. Bee feeding, says Mr. P., is only partly understood, and, indeed, we can only conjecture the extent to which it may be practiced.

TO RENDER BEES HARMLESS.

The olfactory nerves of the honey bee are so delicate that any fumigation immediately produces a sort of paralysis of the system, which for a time renders them quite harmless. Mr. P. uses a tin tube, one end being turned for two inches and flattened, leaving a passage through. He inserts the flat end of the tube into the entrance, and gives them three or four good puffs of tobacco smoke. The bees remain for several minutes under control.

REMOVING BEES.

The most favorable time to remove bees is in the autumn, or the early spring. Mr. P. recommends pieces of packing wrapper three feet square, spread on the ground near the hive; there administer a few puffs of tobacco smoke, and take the hive without the floor board, and place it on the cloth. Pull the corners close up the side of the hive, and bind them with strong strings. Then turn the hive crown downward, which saves the combs from being displaced. He packed sixteen hives in this way last autumn, loaded them in a spring van, and drove them a distance of ten miles without damage. When he reached the ground he placed the hives, canvas and all, on the block, unfastened the string, allowed the canvas to remain a few days, and then drew it away. Young swarms should be removed the same day on which they swarmed, or left for removal till the autumn. Should the hive be taken when only partly filled with comb, the excitement will be so great that the combs will give way, and all fall in one confused mass.

TO WEIGH HIVES.

Have a tripod, the three legs of which may be six feet in length, with a bolt passing through the whole. A hook must also be fixed on the bolt at the top, on which to hang the ring of a Salter's spring balance. A scale of half-inch board thirty inches square, with cord through each corner, and confined by a ring at the top, will complete a very convenient weighing machine.

It is necessary to a large apiary to number or name all hives, and to enter them in a book, keeping a record of such facts as you may find necessary. Two or three swarms united in the autumn in one hive will consume no more honey through the winter than the smallest one left to itself.

BEES' ENEMIES.

Never put a new swarm of bees in an old hive, as there will almost certainly be the eggs of the honey moth deposited in the crevices of the hive, which will hatch out and probably destroy the swarm. When the moth once gains an entrance to the hive the bees appear powerless to expel them. When the maggots begin to eat their way into the combs the sooner the bees are fumigated the better.

Do not have a large round entrance to the hive, convenient to mice, slugs, and other enemies; have an entrance of only about a quarter of an inch in height, and from an inch in winter to four inches in length in summer. Should wasps or other bees attack a hive, the only plan is to narrow the entrance so that only one or two bees can pass at a time.

To destroy wasps, saturate a piece of woolen rag with spirits of turpentine, put it into the entrance to the nest, and leave it there one night. The next morning every wasp will be dead.

JOINING SWARMS.

Should you wish to join two swarms, lay down two short sticks nine inches apart; take one of the hives and knock it on the ground two or three times until the bees are all shaken out of the hive; then sprinkle them quickly with their sirup, place the hive with the other swarms on the stick over these shaken on the ground for the night, and they will be found peaceably united with one dead queen in the morning.

PROFITS OF BEE-KEEPING.

Mr. Pettigrew, a laborer, made $450 in one year by bees; and a Scotchman in Lancashire made $200 from nine or ten stock hives. An average of twenty-five pounds from each stock hive is regarded as a fair return for time and trouble.

We close this brief epitome with the following remarks by the writer:

Bees have neither pride nor vanity in the exterior decorations of their dwellings; and when more room is required for their operations they will as readily store honey in a straw-hive, an old box, a tub, bucket, or flower-pot, as in the most costly, highly-finished, and ornamental pavilion that can be placed at their disposal. But it must be remembered that all entrances from the stock hive into any of these super appliances must be guarded by the three-sixteenths of an inch passage.

I commenced my present plan of bee-keeping with only one hive purposely to prove the self-supporting nature of a properly-managed apiary, and also to convince the cottager how, by starting in the same manner, he may soon, as a bee-keeper, attain the same postion I have myself arrived at. He will then have the satisfaction of knowing that his bees will supply him with double the income he could gain by expending all his strength and labor in the fields; in fact, "he may then lay down his shovel and his hoe."

I would say to the cottager the same as "a French bishop," wishing to better the condition of his poor clergy, once said to them: "KEEP BEES! KEEP BEES!"

SQUANDERING LIVES.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The fisherman wades in the surge,
The sailor sails over the seas,
The soldier steps bravely to battle,
The woodman lays ax to the trees.

They are each of the breed of heroes,
The manhood attempted in strife;
Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
True hearts that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigor it needs—
The center of honest affections,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fishes,
The sailor is dropped in the sea,
The soldier lays cold by his cannon,
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
In many achievements unseen,
But lengthens the days of the coward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noble is lavished
That the selfish a profit may find;
God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to His wisdom are blind.

The Expense of a Useless Custom.

The following alarming array of figures, says the Burlington (Iowa) *Gazette*, contains nothing serious. They merely inform those interested as to the cost of getting shaved, provided you patronize the barber regularly twice a week for forty years. The amount is computed by adding ten per cent. interest, yearly. The total, $4,600.67, is small compared with the cost of cigar smoking. Ye slaves of worthless luxury, who smoke from two to five ten-cent cigars per day, look upon these figures and tremble:

1st year	$10 40	21st year	$69 94
2d "	11 44	22d "	76 93
3d "	12 58	23d "	84 62
4th "	13 84	24th "	93 08
5th "	15 22	25th "	102 28
6th "	16 74	26th "	112 62
7th "	18 41	27th "	128 89
8th "	20 25	28th "	136 27
9th "	22 28	29th "	149 90
10th "	24 51	30th "	164 89
11th "	26 76	31st "	181 38
12th "	29 66	32d "	199 52
13th "	32 63	33d "	219 49
14th "	35 89	34th "	241 42
15th "	39 48	35th "	265 56
16th "	43 43	36th "	292 13
17th "	47 77	37th "	321 33
18th "	52 55	38th "	353 46
19th "	57 80	39th "	388 80
20th "	63 58	40th "	427 68
Total			$4,606 70

AN anxious parent, whose son has already mastered French, German and Italian, has determined on sending the youth to Finland, in order to give the boy's education just the little Finnish it requires.

DONALD MCKAY and the Warm Spring Indians, who have been wandering in New England, are now fed and lodged as paupers in Fitchburg, Mass.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN may buy gold too dear.

ALWAYS put your saddle on the right horse.

AN honest man's word is as good as his bond.

AN hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.

SWITZERLAND has a cremation society. When the first meeting is held all the members will doubtless be ready to go to Berne.

A CONVICTED criminal never objects to the grammar of the judge, but he doesn't like to have him show off in court by passing a long sentence.

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

"MRS. SMITHERS, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours." "Well, what if he has?" said Smithers. "He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

A YOUNG man who knows all about it states that his experience has taught him that a flirt is a fool who delights in fooling fools, and the fool who is fooled by such a fool is the foolishest kind of a fool.

JONES, of Vermont, said on his dying bed that he had never written a line which he cared to erase. The whole State was proud of him, until it was found out that he could not even write his name.

THE excitement created in a New England town by the report that a vein of copper had been discovered, subsided when it was ascertained that the "vane of copper" was an old weathercock.

ONE evening, at a Paris *cafe*, a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried, 'Long live any body!'" "Quite so," replied another; "but, then, you're a doctor."

A GOOD many years ago a Massachusetts man was elected to the office of Lieutenant-Governor. When the fact of his election was announced, he was called upon for a speech. He proceeded to acknowledge the honor in very handsome terms, and added that he had no doubt he should make a good Lieutenant-Governor, as that was the office he had always held in his own house.

JOHNNY saved himself trouble but lost marks in his definition exercise the other day. He got bravely through "presbyter," which he found, by looking it out, to be one who had had the laying-on of hands by the presbytery. The next word was "dissenter," and in an evil moment Johnny, without turning a leaf in his dictionary, wrote, "one who has had the dysentery."

DR. JASPER MAIN, who lived in the reign of James I. of England, was celebrated as a scholar and wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent raillery and practical jokes. Just before he expired he told his servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had left him something that would make him drink. The servant, as soon as his master was dead, impatiently opened the legacy, expecting, of course, to find a heap of treasure; but, alas! his disappointment was great on finding nothing but a red herring!

Blistering an Editor in His Sleep.

During our late Editorial Convention a gentleman was taken quite sick at the Yorboro' House, in Raleigh, and sent in post-haste after Dr. ——. The doctor was soon on hand, and pronounced his disease acute inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and said nothing would give more certain and speedy relief than a blister. The office-boy, Wiley, was hastily dispatched for the panacea, with directions to hurry up and get it, and be very quiet and gentle in putting it over the stomach and bowels of the gentleman in Room No. 48. In less than twenty minutes the boy returned and went to 48, where he found our editorial friend quietly sleeping and dreaming of the many calls he had made during the day, and the lots of good things he had eaten and drank in going the rounds. As gently as if he was handling a babe, Wiley softly spread the blister over the abdomen of our sound-sleeping, innocent friend. All well so far. Next morning, between nine and ten o'clock, Mr. —— came down to breakfast, and taking aside mine host he quietly inquired, "Was I sick last night, or what was to pay?" "I don't know," said Blacknall. "Dr. —— was here about nine o'clock to see some one." "Well, it must have been me, and he has played the dickens with one of his infernal blisters. He put one on me as big as a towel, and let it stay until nine o'clock this morning. I must have been awful sick, out of my head, or much excited in some way, as I hardly recollect seeing the doctor. The remedy was forty times worse than the disease, and has blistered so deep that it will take all the summer to get well." Here the conversation ended. Pretty soon Dr. —— calls to see his patient, and finding him no better, and no blister having been applied, he comes down to the office much provoked, and inquired sharply, "Why was not the blister put on the gentleman in Room No. 48, as directed?"

"Why, Doctor," said the host, "I gave Wiley the prescription myself and the money to pay for it, and more than that I have seen Mr. —— (the editor of ——), who roomed in 48, and take my word for it, he is the best blistered man I ever saw." At this the doctor hurriedly took from his pocket his memorandum and exclaimed, "Good heavens! it should have been in Room No. 58 instead of 48."

Just at this stage of the game up walked Mr. ——, who was introduced to Dr. ——. They quickly retired to one corner of the room, and with many apologies, with bows and smiles, the doctor said, "A large hop and mush poultice put on to-day, with a linen rag greased with mutton suet, will give you relief."

"Dogs take your poultices and greasy rags! I want something to bring the skin back on my stomach just as you found it; and there will be trouble if it isn't done."

Exit Dr. —— amid loud cursings of doctors, blisters, niggers, and hotel-keepers.
—*Raleigh News.*

A Plot for a Playwright.

We remember a tradition of the Mac-a-Cheek Valley that would be well to commence with. After the fight and destruction of the Indian towns in that locality, one of the volunteers, wandering in the woods, saw the head of an Indian peering at him from behind a rock, and without a whereas of any length and a resolution quite as brief, brought his gun to his shoulder and fired a shot that tumbled over the inquisitive aboriginal. To the hunter's horror he found the victim of the female sex, with a papoose strapped to her back. He removed the babe, and he and his companion buried the mother. He carried the infant over a hundred miles to his log cabin, on the banks of the Ohio, and adopted the boy. He grew to manhood, a shy, wild fellow, with no taste for civilized pursuits, and a love for the woods.

The situation was not pleasant, for the youthful Lo was expected to work for his living, and the labor was of the hardest. To make matters worse, he had the misfortune to fall in love with his patron's daughter, a beautiful girl with no end of suiters, and as an Indian in those days was regarded as little better than a negro now, his love-making did not prosper. Her love was soon plighted to another, and as the wedding day drew near the young Indian disappeared. The marriage came off with its usual rough merry-making, that consisted of rifle-shooting, races, and wrestling during the day, and dancing and drinking at night.

The married couple had retired to the bridal-chamber, that made one end of the double log-cabin, and the merry-making went on all night. The next morning the two so lately united for life were called to breakfast. They did not respond, for the very good reason that both were dead, being found murdered on their bridal-couch.

All knew who the avenger was; but to leave no doubt upon that head a wampum belt, worked by the poor girl years before, was found upon the floor at her feet. But he was never heard of after. He seemed to vanish into night and memory. The poor father, recognizing the hand of retribution, took to drink, and was returned to Congress. He is remembered as a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, and accumulated quite a property out of subsidies and Indian contracts. He is spoken of to this day by an aged, red-nosed, life insurance agent as that "bloody old Brown, who was a Jackson man, with a bad breath and a worse temper."—*Washington Capital.*