HAZEL GREEN HERALD

SPENCER COOPER, Proprietor.

HAZEL GREEN - - KENTUCKY.

"UNCLE SAM."

Created By an English Caricaturist Long Ago.

Some of the distinguishing marks of burlesque—the tags by which the comic artists make their victims known to the public—have been so long in use they can scarcely be traced to their inventors.

For, instance, there is the familiar and extraordinary figure of our Uncle Sam. Every American acknowledges kinship with him, but few know how he came into existence. Even some of the artists who have depicted him, year after year, in his different moods and attitudes, know nothing of his origin. After making many interrogatories in regard to him and considerable research into his genealogy I learned that an English caricaturist created him in derision long ago. The intent was to embody all the ignorance, egotism, crudeness, pretension and assertiveness of the saucy young country in the quaint figure of the old Yankee. But there was a dignity in the tall, angular, self-satisfied old man which his creators neither meant nor saw. The people of the new country saw it, however, and took him to their hearts. They adopted the idea of the beneficent uncle, and put him into song and story. Then they accepted him as he was portrayed, thin and elongated, long-haired, hatchet-faced, and wearing raiment the like of which never was seen on land or sea—striped pantaloons of an economical cut, a swallow-tailed coat of most antiquated design, a high hat that is a challenge to all modern headwear, and a vest gaudier than a tropical bird. This became the familiar figure which in comic art represented our beloved country. The idea took definite form; it became fixed in our fancy, it was a creation destined to live and to grow. Uncle Sam became a fact, a reality, a part of ourselves and our history.

He was first made familiar to his people in *Yankee Notions*, a comic paper that flourished more than a quarter of a century ago, but has long since climbed the golden stair. Nast was the first artist to lift our revered uncle out of ridicule and contempt, endow him with proper dignity, and make him a distinctive and honored character, though he claims no credit for it. He says he remembers him as far back as he can remember anything in the way of pictures. The other artists assert that Nast has made him what he is, a kind, wise, courageous, quick-witted, sunny-spirited, dignified, lovable old man, keenly active to everything affecting the interests of his people—in short, a gentleman.

It is interesting to see how the character of Uncle Sam has developed with the character of his people. One realizes this by comparing some of the old portraits of him with some of the more modern. In Nast's allegorical sketches we have seen him in all the phases of his strong, spirited, and noble character. He has wept with Columbia over the bier of heroes; he has held fast to the old flag when it was riddled with shot and shell; but has turned his gray head aside in humiliation when the public trusts were betrayed and honors abused, he has mourned over his slain sons as they lay in the valleys, on the hills, and by the rivers of the South. His keen wit has mercilessly punctured shams, and his big heart overflowed with sympathy when the children of his adoption suffered. Dear, quaint, grand old Uncle Sam, may his kind and rugged face ever beam upon us in love and good will. When he smiles his people rejoice; when he weeps or frowns they are sorrowful or disobedient.

One of the whims of caricature to make Uncle Sam fat and jolly when "times are good" and thin and sad when finances languish. Keppler first made him fat in the prosperous days of '79. One of Nast's hits was giving him a swollen silver leg and one good solid silver leg during the monetary conference in France and the mining excitement in the West six years ago. The silver leg was gouty, and could only be moved by straps and pulleys. It tied him to a chair and made an invalid of him, of course.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

THRIFTY ELOPEMENTS.

How the Affairs are Conducted in Siberia.

It may sound strange, if I mention the fact that, notwithstanding the low marriageable age fixed by law, elopements are common. It is true they are of a quite peculiar sort, and they might be divided into elopements with and elopements without the consent of the parents on either side. This custom so illustrates the character of the peasantry of all regions, that I must not dismiss it with too brief a mention. Elopement with consent is an important matter. The young pair are agreed and have the full acquiescence of the parents on both sides. But every marriage calls for a wedding, and a farmer's wedding is, under ordinary circumstances, no child's play. The relatives and friends must be invited from distances extending to fifty or a hundred miles. The substantial part of the feast is rather a secondary affair to the farmer richly provided with farm products and cattle, but then drink must be furnished, and the National drink is dear, and will be consumed on such occasions in immense quantities. In order to escape the expense of this provision, which would be borne equally by both families, the parents of the bridegroom advise him to elope with his beloved, and her parents advise her to consent to the elopement. After receiving the blessings of the crafty parents, the young people steal away into the bush. On the next day the friends set up a cry as of murder, beat around for a while, and laugh in their sleeves. The young couple must, of course, come back after a little while and receive forgiveness, for there can be no wedding-feast after such a "scandal." The latter is confined to a narrow circle, and the brandy is saved.—*Dr. Alfred Brehm, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—A bank book, which has an interesting history, was presented at the Center Savings Bank, a Massachusetts institution, a few days ago. The owner of the book, an aged lady, who is dead, took it out in 1855, depositing $91. In 1856 she added $35 to her nest-egg, the following December she deposited $20. In 1860 she put in $8, and in June of the same year $30 more. September 1st, 1880, she drew $100, leaving $156 in the bank. The book was made up to July 1st, the sum total being $1,075, including interest amounting to about $920.—*Boston Globe.*

PURELY VISIONARY.

A Few People That "Puck" Would Like to See Taking a Vacation, But It Is Too Good Ever to Come True.

IN SIX PARTS.

I.

THE FEMALE BOOK-AGENT.

A QUEER TRADE.

How a Couple of Florida Turtles Managed to Trade Shells.

"I had a soft-shell turtle once," said the Major, "that could beat any turtle on a trade I ever saw. Where I lived the pond on my place was a very small one, and in summer time got pretty low, especially if the season was a very dry one. The summer was a very dry one in 1871, and Judas, which was the name of my turtle, and he was a little fellow—wouldn't weigh over eight pounds—had a bad time of it. The fleas stung him so badly that he was in a fever most all the time. One day I was walking down by the pond when I noticed him and a big turtle talking very earnestly together. I stepped behind a tree so that they couldn't see me, and watched the fun. Judas was trying to get the land turtle to trade shells with him. They argued a long time, and I was afraid Judas wasn't going to make it. Presently a bright idea seemed to strike him. He whispered to old hard-shell, the latter nodded yes, and then Judas went into the pond. When he came out he had a young gosling that had got killed somehow, and he had stored it away

II.

THE LIFE-INSURANCE AGENT.

for his own eating. He laid it down, and I knew the trade was made. It was the funniest sight I ever saw when they began to shuck. It was just like two old fellows trying to swap overcoats, only a tighter fit. When they changed suits and got on their new clothes, I couldn't hold out any longer. I burst out laughing, and then they saw me. It made Judas so mad that he put for the woods, and I have never seen him since."

"The biggest turtle I ever seed," said the old cracker, "was down in Smyrny, in '56. Me and my pardner cotched hit. Hit weighed eight hundred and seventy-six pounds and four ounces. We had to let him go, though, kase thar wa'nt any house within ten miles."

"How could you see so exact about the weight then?" inquired the professor.

"Kase we hed jist cotched one of them big red-fish, and we used hits scales," was the sarcastic response.—*Live Oak (Fla.) Correspondence.*

True Friendship.

"I heard a bright thing out West the other day," remarked a commercial traveler, "and it pleased me so much that I have remembered it on purpose to tell you. It was a little thing, but good what there was of

III.

THE PLUMBER.

it. In the smoking-car, seated right in front of me, were a couple of countrymen, evidently prosperous farmers. They were talking politics, and pretty soon one said to the other:

"'By the way, Jones, I am thinking of running for the Legislatur' this fall. Can I count on your support?'

"'No.'

"'Why, I thought you were a friend of mine?'

"'So I am, and that is just the reason I'm agin you for the Legislatur'.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

LOVE IN THE MEADOW.

See where she comes, across the meadow
 sauntering,
Her song to June's sweet music sweetness
 bringing,
Her carol through the whispering reeds
 a-ringing,
 And one thing and another.

List, how her song with birds and zephyr
 blending,
With ripplingly runs of babbling brook
 contending,
Growls down to G, and then again ascending,
 Whoops her up mightily.

Lo! with her feet the bending daisies spurning,
Her queenly head to right nor left a turning,
Her Juno eyes tender, yet eager, yearning,
 Looking for somebody.

Eros! She loves him! Note her wakening
 glances,
With love-born speed how swiftly she advances,
Land! How she bellows! And he—how he
 prances
 Her calf; strayed over in the sheep lot.

BACKWOODS JUSTICE.

An Old but Good Story Revived—A Judge Who Knew His Business.

In a certain backwoods community a suspicious character had been arrested for cattle-stealing. The general impression in the community was that he had stolen the cow, and public sentiment was strongly against him. The unfortunate fellow sent to a neighboring town for a lawyer, and when his trial came up he was represented by able counsel. The Judge looked upon the lawyer with suspicion, and seemed to feel that his presence was entirely unnecessary. He assumed an unusual amount of dignity, and called the court to order. Having been in the Superior Court a few times he had caught an idea of how criminals were tried there, so he arraigned the prisoner, and demanded: "Guilty or not guilty?" The prisoner responded "Not guilty," whereupon the Judge looked him squarely in the face, and said: "Now, see here, you know that's as black a lie as you ever told." The lawyer suggested that the court should not pass judgment before hearing the evidence. The court intimated mildly that he knew his own business and needed no assistance. As soon as the evidence was concluded the Justice proceeded to pass judgment. "Stand up," he said to the prisoner. "It is ordered by the court that the defendant be confined in the chain-gang at hard labor for twelve months." "Hold on, your honor," said the lawyer; "you have no jurisdiction to pass such a sentence as that. You can only bind the prisoner over to answer for the crime at the Superior Court. You have no right to sentence him to the chain-gang." "Now, see here, young man; this court thinks she knows herself, and it will stand you in hand to keep your mouth shut. If I hear another word out of you I'll give you six months in the chain-gang." The lawyer collapsed, and the Justice proceeded with the call of his docket.—*Cartersville (Ga.) American.*

A Conservative Appetite.

"So you don't care to go to Kansas," said an Arkansaw immigration agent, addressing an old negro.

IV.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

"No, sah. Da tells me dat da haster eat grasshoppers out dar. Doan' want none boss."

"W'y, grasshoppers are very fine."

"Yer doan' sesso."

"Oh, yes."

"Whut, dese heah grasshoppers whut hops erroun' an' spits terbacker juice on yer when yer ketches 'em?"

"Yes."

"Wall, sah, it may be er fack, but ez fur me I prefers shoat an' er hen ercasion'ly. I neber did make no 'spirryments wid my appertite. Er man ken play pranks wid his head, but I doan' b'lebe in projickin' wid his stomich."

"Did you ever eat any snails?"

"Take 'ere, man, whut yer talkin' 'bout? Nobody doan' eat snails, do da?"

"Oh, yes, they are very fine."

"Whut, dese snails whut's got dem little horns? Dem things whut's all kivered wid slime?"

"Yes."

"Wall, dat am ernuff. I thought dat de white folks wuz er larnin' some sense but I doan b'lebe da is. Fust thing yer knows some pusson'll be eaten snake eggs an' drinkin' stump water. Wall, let 'em go erhead. While da is doin' dat I'll be er swingin' er ham bone, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Faithful Domestic.

An old colored woman named Malviny had heard that it was a great recommendation for a servant if she had remained a

V.

THE FEMALE AUTOGRAPH FIEND.

number of years in one family. Mrs. Yerger needed a nurse and Malviny applied in person for the position.

"Have you had any experience taking care of children?" asked Mrs. Yerger.

"Has I had any 'sperience wid childruns? I should say I had lots ob hit. Why, bress your soul, I tuck car ob one chile for twenty yeahs; yes, mum, I did. De parents ob dat infant, dey jess wushuped me, dey did."—*Texas Siftings.*

No Mash.

A nice, common, every-day dude was stupidly masquerading his form along St. Clair street last night, when a handsome woman put her head out of a second-story window and said:

"Baby!"

The dude wavered, almost sunk with a sickening boom, stuck the eye-glass into his right optic, glared up at the window, smiled nauseatingly and said:

"Weally, now, ye know. 'Pon my word, a mash!"

"Come, baby, come," said the woman at the window.

"Weally, ye know," gasped the dude, "I

VI.

THE MAN WHO ASKS: "IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?" —*Puck.*

cahn't. I'm on me way to see me gurly, ye know."

A little child, spattered with mud and its sweet blue eyes flashing with indignation, "sized up" the dude for a moment, then stooped to the ground, seized a rock and said:

"Twit taughtin' to my muzzer, you blamed old dude!"

No mash.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Without an Introduction.

Mr. Jones—"That was a shocking tragedy last night."

Miss De Silva (of Boston)—"What was it?"

Mr. Jones—"A man went down in the Bowery last night and killed a woman he never saw before without the slightest provocation."

Miss De Silva—"He had never been introduced to her?"

Mr. Jones—"Never. Now what would you say of an occurrence of that kind in Boston?"

Miss De Silva (very much shocked)—"I should certainly say that he was very rude."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE CHECKERBERRY

A Wild Plant Which Lately Has Been Given a Place in the Garden.

Among the uncultivated plants may be named the checkerberry. Why has not this little evergreen plant, with its delicate white blossoms of mid-summer, and its attractive crimson fruit of mid-winter, been given a place in the ornamental garden? It is because of the belief that it will not take kindly to cultivation; or it is because its beauty and usefulness is unknown. If the former, we are glad to be able to say something from practical experience.

This plant, when properly treated, grows well in the garden, but it will not do to set it on cultivated land and surround it with hot pulverized earth; under such treatment it burns and becomes an unsightly plant. To have the checkerberry do well it must be given similar treatment that it has in its natural home. Those who are familiar with this plant well know that, when found growing on land that has had a crop of white pine timber cut from it within a few years, the plants are strong, and at the proper season will be found well loaded with fruit of very large size. This teaches that it is a plant that does not do best in the shade, although frequently found growing there, with no fruit on it, but that it is a plant that needs sunshine to bring it to full perfection; it also teaches that it needs to have the soil covered with decayed leaves, to make it loose and light for the roots to run in.

After having repeatedly tried and failed to make this plant grow and fruit in the shade, an effort was made to imitate nature as near as possible. A small plot of land was prepared by first covering it with a rich vegetable mould made of decayed leaves, then, early in the spring, good healthy looking vines were taken from among the pine stumps, and at once set in rows about eighteen inches apart; when set, the ground was covered all over with pine leaves, or needles, to the depth of one or two inches. The plants did not seem to realize that they had been removed, but when the growing season opened the new shoots came up very thick, and on most of them there were numerous blossoms, which produced a good crop of fruit. Nothing was done but to keep the grass out. The vines lived well through the winter, and produced a second crop of fruit. It was then thought best to try to grow them by cultivation without covering the ground with leaves, but the third year under this treatment was a failure, the leaves of the vines sun-burned and most of them dropped very little new growth was made and but a few blossoms appeared.

Next spring a new plot will be started and the leaf protection will be continued, with the feeling that it is necessary.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

"PATENT MEDICINES."

A Misnomer to Thus Characterize Proprietary Remedies.

The name "patent medicine" is a misnomer, there being no patents on medicines. In the infancy of the business, it was the custom of the inventors of these articles to secure patents, but no great amount of experience was necessary to convince them that it was not a good plan. In order to secure a patent it was necessary to state the ingredients and the formula for their preparation, and these being thus made public property, any one could make the goods as well as themselves, so in order to maintain the secrecy which they found indispensable to their success, they were compelled to abandon the patent system altogether. But the Government still affords them a measure of protection by its system of recording and protecting a trade-mark. The manufacturers of the proprietary medicines therefore adopt some distinctive device to be found on their packages or bottles, and, this being recorded, a counterfeit of it can not be put upon the market without an infringement of the copyright law and consequent suit for damages. This fact has not, however, prevented the counterfeiting being done by imitative persons who found profit in the business; and lawsuits innumerable have grown out of the infringements which have come to public notice, to say nothing of those which remained undiscovered. To no small extent the manufactured medicines of the day have been the results of the efforts of people to doctor themselves. In the old times the women of the family were exceedingly fond of preparing root and herb teas and extracts, some of them of undoubted value; doctors often experimented in the same direction, and what was more natural than that, when a doctor found a certain article producing good results in disease, he should keep on using it and finally, becoming a specialist in that direction, should conceal the ingredients of his physic and either sell the secret to some one who was desirous of undertaking its manufacture as a business, or should undertake the manufacture for himself. This has been the history of several of the best known proprietary articles now on the market.—*Boston Globe.*

The "Mousquetaire."

A Parisian paper prints some amusing reminiscenes of Alexandre Dumas' short-lived paper, the *Mousquetaire.* The romancer, whose little idiosyncrasies were well known, inserted a daily notice to the effect that the editor would receive neither complimentary tickets for the theaters, nor books for review, since he made it a rule to pay for the one and to buy the other. Nevertheless the contributor to the *Mousquetaire* who writes these reminiscences says that he never received so many books and stalls; whenever he asked the cashier for a five-franc piece to buy a stall he was laughed at, and he was obliged to allow himself to be corrupted. The daily receipts of the paper were from £16 to £20; but Dumas had always some Jew to quiet, or some bonne amie to soothe, and the cash-box was usually empty—like the pockets of the printer and paper-maker. The unfortunate cashier, who had to bear the heat and burden of the demands for money, spent his time in reading "Jerusalem Delivered." The contributors were no better off than the printer, and when they asked Michel, the cashier—he had formerly been one of Dumas' gardeners at the Chateau de Monte Cristo—for the price of an article, he would show them with a melancholy air his empty cash-box. Like so many of the romancer's similar enterprises, the *Mousquetaire* at length came to an inglorious end.

—To brighten or clean silver or nickel-plated ware rub with a woolen cloth and flour.

HOME AND FARM.

—When sponge cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.

—French Cake: Three eggs, two cups of sugar, two and one-third cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to suit the taste.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—No matter what rotation is adopted, one thing is of great importance to the grower of winter wheat. The soil must be so worked and managed that it will contain moisture enough in September to insure the prompt germination of the seed wheat.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The worst kind of a cribber can be dissuaded from indulgence in his vice by the following means: Nail a piece of sheepskin about eight inches in width the entire length of the crib; select a skin with long wool and sprinkle it freely with cayenne pepper. The cure will be speedy and permanent.—*Forest, Forge and Farm.*

—A young heifer growing up to be a cow and bred to calve some time next spring, is more sure to pay her keep through the winter than any other kind of horned stock. If not sold when she has her first calf, she will at least pay her way for a year, when she will certainly be worth more.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Baked Custard: One quart of milk, four eggs, a pinch of salt; sweeten and flavor to taste. Boil the milk and when cool, add the beaten eggs, salt and flavors and grated nutmeg on top. Bake in cups set in a pan of water or in large dishes. Take special care not to bake too much or it will whey. The rule is to sink a spoon in the middle, if the eggs are hard and no whey rises to the top, it is properly done. Serve cold.—*The Caterer.*

—Sunflower-seed for stock, and especially for horses, to give them a sleek coat, is being widely advised by the agricultural press. The seeds are not only rich in oil, but also exceedingly so in nitrogen. Hence less should be given at a feed than of linseed or of oil-cake. The seeds are planted and cultivated the same as corn, but a single stalk only should be left in a square. The yield is about the same as corn, but the cost of gathering and saving is far greater.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Hot Cabbage Salad: Take a firm white head, shred or chop enough to nearly fill a quart dish, put it in the dish, sprinkle the top with a half teaspoonful of black pepper and two or three tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put half a cup of butter in a spider; when it is brown stir into the following mixture: Half cup of sour cream, three well beaten eggs, half cup of vinegar; let it boil a moment and pour it over the cabbage; cover and keep in a warm place until wanted.—*The Household.*

—The mysterious disease known as blight comes on potatoes from causes little understood. It generally attacks potatoes just after they have been set, and as the vines turn black and die the further development of the tuber is arrested. It seems to attack potatoes most freely in hot weather accompanied by rain, and is generally more destructive on potatoes planted shallow, or whose natural growth is near the surface. Entire fields are often destroyed in a single day.—*Prairie Farmer.*

WALKING.

The Pleasures Experienced by the Intelligent Pedestrian.

We have people amongst us who consider walking vulgar, and who imagine that they would lose their dignity if they left their carriage. They do not object to be driven through the country, either in diligence or coach and pair, and have the scenery served up to them like fresh varieties on a fete day or new paintings in this season's exhibitions; but to ask them to tread the same quartz-grit on the hard highway which the common tramp claims freedom of, is to offer them an indignity which their lofty souls resent. After all, if we are not mistaken, the free, unfettered tramp, if he has anything like an observant spirit, has the best of it. He can make levies on all nature. For him the sunshine has a greater joy, and the moon in the falling twilight a less cold smile. The jolly miller can give him the merry laugh and the frankest hospitality; while the grandee is permitted to roll past in his carriage without having touched such Arcadian sweets. For him is the flower-fringed by-path in the sheltering wood and for him the moss-wreathed wayside well. 'The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song" are his by prescriptive right; and if he can bear with him a pure heart, a love for honest labor, and a reverence for the Giver of all good, we think that he is happier than his richer neighbor who dare not go afoot.

No one looks so kindly and so lovingly on nature as he who walks. A long stretch on foot in the open country, in the face of the bugle-breezes of morn, in the full glory of noonday, or in the tender, fading luster and sacred shadows of twilight, is a human experience that tends alike to be tow physical strength and intellectual power and joy. The man who walks abroad with a keen eye and a receptive soul will get in one day more of the beauties of nature in all their rounded perfection—in color, in tint, and in sound—than he could obtain by the study of books through many a silent and thoughtful night.

No matter the season of nature and no matter the mood, she is always shining and fair, even when she falls into her winter sleep of untainted and untouched silence, covered over with snow-wreaths of exquisite purity, curve and grace. And what for matchless outline and tint can equal a snow-wreath lying across your path on a crisp, clear winter afternoon, with the western sky as ruddy and aglow like molten ore, and the solemn pine trees lifting their dark green feathery branches midway between the unsullied stretch of snow and the deep azure of the holy twilight coming from the east, bringing with it the silent, friendly stars? Do you think that the term 'friendly" is out of place with reference to the stars? I hope not. How those glorious lights look down upon us with lingering, loving luster from the midnight skies! Each one seems as if it were an angel's eye gazing on us with watchful care. And, as we mark the constellations, and learn of their slow, silent march across the dark, solemn dome of heaven, we learn unconsciously to give them a personality, and treat them as friends. There is Orion, in his massive grandeur, moving round our sleeping world like a sentinel from above, majestic, solemn, awful—a constellation whose position seems to be assured through countless ages. Then there are the Pleiades, those sweet seven sisters of the heavens, whose pulsating rays compass every color of the rainbow as they

"Glitter like a swarm of fireflies
Tangled in a silver braid."

—*The Quiver*

—The savings bank is a feature of the French school system, and the report of the Director of the Primary Instruction for 1883-4 shows the children had deposited in them no less than 11,285,046 francs. The number of depositors was 488,624. These banks are clearly the foes of the pie-stand and the circus.—*Chicago Current.*

—We have some of the laziest negroes in the world right here in Palatka, and in summer they live on catfish and melons. We saw one of those lazy creatures the other day. He had his fishing line tied to his dog's hind leg, and when a fish would bite he would give his dog a kick—*Palatka (Fla.) Herald.*

—A farmer living near Norwich, Conn., unearthed a nest of sixty-three big black snakes recently.—*Hartford Courant.*

FRANCE presents America with the statue of liberty, and we put up the pedestal—a sort of base ingratitude.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHAT can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they *try* to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

THE sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.—*Worcester Gazette.* The grass, unlike man, is most delightful when the greenest.—*Oil City Derrick.*

WHILE the Czar is compelled to have a mastiff to guard him, some of our American ladies feel secure with a pug.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A MAN must be thick-headed who will row with a double skull.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Narrow Escape.

EDUCATIONAL.