Chariton Courier.

KEYTESVILLE, : : MISSOURI.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

'Twas Christmas-eve, snow drifting deep,
But all the house was warm and bright;
And grandmamma lay fast asleep,
The scarlet silk and laces white
Making a glow of tender grace
Over the calm and placid face,

Where smiles were flitting to and fro,
Where sudden lights and shadows fall.
"Children, step lightly and speak low,
And softly spread the fleecy shawl:
Her dreaming soul mayhap doth keep
Some fairer Christmas in its sleep."

Then quickly o'er the household steals
The hush of thoughtful, loving calm,
Until through waiting silence peals,
Like jubilant, triumphant psalm,
The ringing, singing bells that say,
"To-morrow, friends, is Christmas Day."

The sleeper woke, and lay serene
With clasped hands upon her breast.
"Dear God," she said, "so sweet a dream!
Could it come true, I were so blest,
So blest! such Christmas feast to keep.
Ah, Mary, I have been asleep.

"And dreaming, dear—a wondrous dream:
I saw my home so strangely fair;
Its halls with such soft lights did gleam;
Its gardens were beyond compare;
And, lo! I heard a voice which said,
'Come, love, the Christmas feast is spread.'

"Your father's voice, dear child, I know;
It ringeth yet through heart and brain;
It called me fifty years ago,
Just so it called to-night again.
O faithful love! O blessed home!
Do I not weary till I come?"

She lay all night with wistful eyes,
To earthly love both deaf and dumb;
But just as dawn touched Christmas skies,
She cried aloud, "Sweet love, I come!"
And none could weep, for that they knew
Her happy Christmas dream was true.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.

I.

The merry Christmas, with its generous boards,
Its fire-lit hearths, and gifts, and blazing trees,
Its pleasant voices uttering gentle words,
Its genial mirth, attuned to sweet accords,
Its holy memories!
The fairest season of the passing year,
The merry Christmas time is here.

II.

Since last the panes were hoar with Christmas frost
Unto our lives some changes have been given;
Some of our barks have labored, tempest-tossed,
Some of us, too, have loved, and some have lost,
Some found their rest in Heaven.
So humanly, we mingle smile and tear,
When merry Christmas time is near.

III.

Then pile the fagots higher on the hearth,
And fill the cup of joy: though eyes be dim,
We hail the day that gave our Savior birth,
And pray His spirit may descend on earth,
That we may follow Him.
'Tis this that makes the Christmas time so dear;
Christ, in His love for us, seems drawing near.

MRS. TIBBONS'S CHRISTMAS.

[From the Cincinnati Breakfast Table.]

Tibbons himself was not enthusiastically in favor of the idea, but as his better-half was dead-set on having a Christmas dinner, and had talked of scarcely any thing else since Thanksgiving, he thought he'd better let her have her own way about it.

About the middle of the week previous Mrs. Tibbons began cooking and making preparations, and from that time on domestic comfort was a thing of the past. She was determined to have at least five different kinds of cakes, and there was no end to the other knick-knacks that must be looked after. One of the cakes, she had decided, must be elaborately ornamented, and, unless she got an early start on it, emergencies and accidents might upset every thing.

Tibbons had agreed to stay at home Monday and help her with the marketing. About seven trips, he thinks it was, he made to the market, but there might have been one or two more, besides various visits to the groceries for spices, and other little *et ceteras* that couldn't be got along without. He also wishes it understood that he went clear down town three times on various errands connected with the success of the dinner. Once, though, he forgot what he went after, and had to go back home and take a fresh start, and Mrs. Tibbons enters a protest against having this trip counted.

Well, Christmas morning finally dawned on the Tibbons household, the same as it did everywhere else, and found two tired mortals very loth to leave their bed.

The little Tibbonses were up long before daylight, skirmishing around among their stockings to find out whether Santa Claus had done them justice.

Breakfast that morning was scarcely more than a formality, for not one of the family did much more than taste it. Tibbons himself had seen so many provisions the day before in an uncooked state, and had inhaled such a multiplicity of odors from the kitchen, that his appetite had gone up the chimney, or somewhere else. At all events he couldn't find it. Mrs. Tibbons was so worried with care and overwork she couldn't eat, and the little ones were so much taken up with their toys and trinkets they didn't want to.

The day opened gloomily with rain, and Mrs. Tibbons was very much depressed and bowed down with anxiety for fear the guests couldn't come.

"After all my trouble and worry—I declare, Hiram, it's too bad," she said to her husband. "Don't you think it will clear up? Is it going to rain all day?"

"Well, my dear, it looks a good deal like it," replied the head of the family, scanning the ominous sky; "I can't see a bright spot anywhere. It may clear away, though, along toward noon. There's no use o' worrying about it, any how—let's wait and see."

In the course of an hour Billy McHenry arrived with the cheering information that the baby had burned its foot and their folks couldn't come. Mrs. Tibbons then bolted from the room, and relieved her feelings with a downright good cry—the first of the morning. She felt better when it was over, and as the rain was now slackening up somewhat, began to feel her spirits revive a little. But a few minutes later Mr. Moffat dropped in and stated that his wife had suffered intensely all night with neuralgia, and as she was feeling too wretched to leave the house he begged that they might be excused.

"Hiram, this is dreadful! awful!" said Mrs. Tibbons as Mr. Moffat went out the gate. "I declare I don't believe we shall have a soul come to dinner, and all my work and trouble gone for nothing. Why couldn't Mrs. Moffat have the neuralgia some other day? Just like her, though. I might have had more sense than to invite her—she always was a contrary piece. It's too mean! Boo-hoo-hoo!" and cry No. 2 distorted the pretty features.

"Oh, never mind, little woman; cheer up. Don't get in the dumps on Christmas Day, my dear; every thing 'll come out all right, see if it don't. There's the Jansons yet, and the Stanberrys, besides young Mr. Menger, and he won't disappoint us, you can bet, even if every body else does. There, now, don't worry any more, or the first thing you know you'll let the dinner spoil, and have a whole houseful of hungry people here. I guess you'd better take a look at the turkey, right away, too, Susan, for I kind o' think I smell something scorching."

While the good wife was in the kitchen looking after the precious bird, Mrs. Stanberry rang the door-bell, and came into the hall with a dripping water proof, to say that it would be impossible for them to be on hand, as they had been surprised that morning, by a couple of Mrs. Stanberry's relatives who had written a week before to give notice of their coming, but the letter hadn't turned up.

"Bring them along with you, by all means," said Mrs. Tibbons coming out to the door at that moment.

"Oh, no—couldn't think of it for the world," protested Mrs. S.; "knew you'd have a houseful of folks, so I started George out to get a turkey, and we'll manage to pick up a dinner at home. I couldn't bare the thought of intruding our company on you, and then you know they couldn't feel exactly right about it themselves. Very sorry Mrs. Tibbons, but then under the circumstances you really must excuse us," and picking up her umbrella she splashed homeward through the drizzling rain.

"There, now, Hiram, what did I tell you?" said the agitated little woman, leaning against the banister, with eyes almost snapping fire; for by this time she had passed the crying stage of emotion, and felt a good deal more like using big words and breaking up the furniture.

"But, my dear, we haven't heard from the Jansons yet, or Mr. Menger," remarked Mr. Tibbons, rubbing his hands hopefully. "They're the jolliest of the lot, you know, and if they come we'll have lots o' fun any way."

"Yes, but as sure as you're a living man, Hiram Tibbons, inside of another half hour you'll see somebody else around here with the information that Janson has had another stroke of apoplexy, and I'm prepared to hear at any moment that Mr. Menger has got a broken leg or is locked up in the station house. But I don't care now whether a single soul comes or not. I'll dish up at two o'clock as I said I would, and I'll never get up another Chrismas dinner as long as I live."

The day moved on, with no further tidings of bad luck coming to hand, nor did any of the invited guests put in an appearance. Every 10 or 15 minutes some member of the family was deputed to go to the door and look out to see whether any of them could be seen. As the dinner hour drew wearily near, Mrs. Tibbons became more and more nervous and fidgety, banged the dishes around recklessly, and remarked repeatedly that she hoped nobody would come, any way, as the dinner wouldn't be fit for a dog to eat. Every thing had gone wrong from beginning to end, and if she had to die at that minute her last words would be that she had forgotten to put a bit of seasoning in the dressing, and had used salt instead of sugar in the cranberry sauce.

Tibbons himself looked as wretched as he was capable of doing, stood around in the way all the time, rubbing his hands, and with a weak little sickly smile that felt ashamed of itself, kept trying to cheer his wife up by saying—

"Don't worry, little woman—it's no use, Susan; every thing'll come out right, see if it don't."

And, as if to confirm his words, just as the clock was on the stroke of two, and the dinner was smoking on the table, one of the children came running with the cry of—

"Mr. Menger's coming!"

Two sighs of relief filled the dining-room, and two woeful faces brightened up, and by the time Mr. Menger came in they were looking real cheery, and gave him a reception that fairly surprised him by its unmistakable heartiness.

He apologized for being late and expressed his surprise at not seeing the other guests. Every thing was explained, and the discomforts and disappointments of the morning turned into a source of mirth and jollity as they gathered around the groaning board.

Tibbons picked up the carving tools and dissected the bouncing bird with a skillful hand. It was done to a turn—couldn't have been better, and all Mrs. Tibbons's doubts and misgivings as to its being tender were allayed—it was delicious.

"What part, Mr. Menger?"

"Not any, whatever, Mr. Tibbons, for me, thank you. I've been almost dead with dyspepsia the past week, and the doctor has put me on a bread and milk diet, and strictly forbidden me to eat any thing else. It's terrible tempting, Mrs. Tibbons, but the torture of the penalty is too much for my courage, and I can't give way to it. So, if you please, just give me a bowl of bread and milk, and don't think for a moment that I slight your delicious dinner willfully, or through lack of appreciation."

All of which sounds so nice to Mrs. Tibbons that she was obliged to be mollified, though she did feel a chilling sensation about the heart, and never wanted to cry so bad in all her life—but it wouldn't do. However crushed and chagrined with mortification and disappointment she might be, she was too much the lady to allow the slightest betrayal of the same in the presence of her guest, and he was also very much of a gentleman, and withal quite a connoisseur in cookery, as his dyspepsia attested. Being an excellent talker, and an adroit dispenser of compliments, he soon managed to make the little lady feel that her labor had not been entirely lost, and she soon entertained a feeling very much akin to that of gratitude to the young man for having kept his appointment when it was really undergoing very severe penance to do so.

The dinner passed much more pleasantly than it augured in the outset, and just as they arose to leave the table, a sharp ring came from the door-bell, and one of the children bounded into the room, shouting—

"It's the Jansons!"

And sure enough it was—all of them—children and all—and with them came also a stranger, a handsome young man, with black curling locks, who brushed eagerly past the rest and clasped Mrs. Tibbons in his arms, and kissed her right square in the mouth, before any body could say a word, and Tibbons standing there speechless with eyes and mouth wide open with amazement, and wondering if he was sound asleep and dreaming, or whether the brandy in the mince-meat had fuddled his head up so that he couldn't understand his own eyes. And then Mrs. Tibbons fell a crying and sobbing with joy—

"Oh, John, you dear boy, little did I think I'd ever see you again, for I thought you was dead, John. The papers said so, and we heard nothing from you. Where—where have you been all this while?"

And then Tibbons knew that it was his wife's brother who had gone to seek his fortune in the Black Hills, and whom she had mourned as dead, and in trying to get to John and get him by the hand, he tripped over a chair and nearly snapped his knee-cap, but he scrambled up and never stopped to give it a thought until he had hugged the young man, too, and then, after a good deal of talk, in which every body took a hand at the same time, and nobody could tell what any body else was saying, they all gathered around the table, and then it all came out how the Jansons had got into the wrong street-car, and gone two miles out of their way, and had been detained another hour by by the blockade of the track by the fire, and then to kill time Mr. Janson had got into a talk with the young man in the car, and found out that he had been running all over the city trying to find his sister, and how surprised they both were when it accidentally came to light that it was Mrs. Tibbons he wanted to see, and that the Jansons were on their way to her house at that identical moment. And so he had gone right along with them, and—well, the result was that Mrs. Tibbons was the happiest woman in town that afternoon, and soon forgot all about Mr. Menger and his dyspepsia, her vexations and disappointments of the morning, and thought only of how grateful and happy she was that her long-lost brother had been restored to her from the dead, as you might say, and then as her husband, with swimming eyes, looked fondly upon her from the other end of the table, and said—

"Didn't I tell you, my little woman, it would all come out right, and so it has, Susan;"

She jumped up and ran to him, before all the company, threw her arms around his neck, and said, with a kiss that meant whole volumes—

"Indeed you did, Hiram, and I was foolish to worry as I did."

"M. Quad" on Modern School-teaching.

Mr. Old Fogy came over to have a talk with me the other evening. He is a school-teacher, and he seemed to be laboring under the impression that I meant to oust him from his situation, simply because I favor the departure from the present school system.

"Why, sir—why, sir," he began as he took a chair, "if children don't go to school to study what do they go there for?"

"To learn," I replied.

"Ah! yes, to learn; but how would they learn if they did not study?"

"Do you know when the United States Mint was first established?" I asked.

"Well—well—ahem—I really don't," he replied.

"Well, I will tell you. It was in 1792. Now, how long will you remember it!"

"Just as long as I remember any thing."

"Certainly you will, and you have learned it without study or reference to a school-book. What's to prevent children from learning in the same way?"

"But—but—it isn't regular," he stammered.

"No, of course not. Your father cut wheat with a cradle, and it wouldn't be regular for you to cut it with a reaper."

"But if children didn't have study-hours and regular classes there would be no order in schools," he protested.

"Instead of study-hours I would call them hours of reference—hours in which they were searching answers to questions. The classes would be the same I would ask questions which I knew they could answer from text-books, and their search for them would be a pleasure instead of a study."

"I—I don't understand."

"Don't you? Suppose I ask you what city in England is devoted to the manufacture of cutlery"

"I'd answer Sheffield, of course."

"And so would a school-boy, after hunting it up. And further, he would also find that coal and iron is mined near by, and you would have a fine chance to tell the whole school that American cutlery is now being sold all over Europe and right at the doors of Sheffield. In telling them that ask them what the knife-blades are made of, how prepared, and what substance is used for handles. Let them go home and ask their parents—let them go to machine-shops or anywhere else where information is to be had."

"Very irregular—very irregular," he sighed.

"Yes, and if your aunt died before your uncle it would be the same thing. The text-books say that an island is a body of land surrounded by water. Just so. That's a cold fact known to all pupils. But suppose I say: 'Children, in telling me to morrow what an island is, tell me also on what island a great soldier was kept prisoner until his death and any further facts you can.' Don't you admit, Mr. Old Fogy, that in answering that request they'd give me the name of Napoleon; the island; the ocean around it; the nationality of the captors; the last battle fought by the prisoner, and perhaps other information?"

"But what's the use of text-books?" he growled.

"They are good for reference—nothing more. Let the teacher ask the question, and the text-books furnish the answer. Before you went to school at all you knew the alphabet, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"Did you learn it by study, or from your mother?"

"From my mother."

"Yes, and from mother and father and others you learned the names of various animals, articles of furniture, buildings, tools, and so forth. How does a boy four years old know a horse from a cow?"

"He has been told."

"So he has. There is no book to tell him. And yet, when that boy is 14, with his mind enlarged and his faculties brightened, you contend that he will not remember what he is told! If by telling and talking parents teach children so much, what could teachers not teach them in after years, when the soil is ripe for seed? Now, then, your pupils all know what the capitol of this State cost?"

"Well—well—perhaps."

"Can you tell yourself?"

He chewed away at the question and gave it up.

"Well, my way would have been to take a newspaper into the school and read aloud to all my scholars all about the new building. Then I would have said: 'Now, children, in telling me when the capital was removed to Lansing, tell me also how many members there are in the Legislature, how often it meets, who presides over each body, how long the sessions usually last, and what pay the members receive.' Some of the answers can be had in their text-books, other from parents, but what harm if they halted pedestrians on the street or wrote letters of inquiry to the Secretary of State? The more trouble to get the facts the longer they would remember them, and the more incidental information would be picked up. The whole school would profit by the answer, whereas but one pupil would be benefited by the answer to a question put directly to him."

"Well, I dunno," he sighed, as he hitched around on his chair.

"Perhaps you don't. Perhaps you don't know that if my boy came home and said that the teacher had told him to find out who William Penn was that I wouldn't take pride in posting him on every incident in Penn's life, and that all other parents would do the same, thereby dividing the burden with the teacher. Perhaps you don't know that a ten-year-old girl at one of our schools last year asked her teacher what States had abolished capital punishment, and that dozens of lawyers, all the daily papers, the Governor and two ex-Governors were mixed up in the discussion for days and weeks?"

"But it's very irregular—very," he replied, as he went out.

—"Do you think," writes a young student of human economy, "do you think the human race is decaying?" Not at all, not at all. Part of it isn't decaying because it is yet alive, and the portion of it that is dead doesn't decay because the medical student don't give it a chance. Oh no, the human race was never, in all its history, so well protected against decay as at present. Be thankful that you live in an age when the grave has been so shorn of its power that it can't hold a man so long as a sieve would hold a spoonful of quicksilver.—*Hawkeye.*

—Hungary produces more horses than any other country of its size—2,158,000 for a population of 15,000,000. The Government has four breeding stables.

A Horrid Crime Disclosed.

A year ago reports were received at San Francisco of an attempt upon the life of Rufinez Barrioz, President of the Republic of Guatemala, a Catholic priest named Father Felix Pages being named as the assassin, and the statement was that the life of the President was saved by the interference of a faithful soldier named Capt. Inez Cruz, who shot the priest dead. Through the arrival at San Francisco of an eye-witness, Father Antonio Launza, a Franciscan friar, at present sojourning at the St. Dominic Monastery, a strange story is made public. The narrative of this priest presents President Barrioz as a cruel, vindictive wretch, guilty of a cold-blooded and entirely unjustifiable homicide, the guilt of which he has endeavored to conceal by giving out that his own life was attempted. In September, 1877, President Barrioz gave a State dinner at San Pedro, Father Pages, the murdered priest, and Father Launza being among the guests. After dinner the company separated into groups, one comprising the President and the two parties named. In their conversation an argument arose on the question of the immaculate conception, the President being an inflexible skeptic. Becoming exasperated at the determined position of the priests in the affirmative, he struck Father Pages with his fist and knocked him down. The priest then endeavored to escape from the presence of the tyrant, but he was commanded to return and make an apology upon his knees. Father Pages yielded to this humiliation, but Barrioz then commenced beating him over the head with a cane, and to save himself from the fatal injury the reverend father grappled with his assailant and both fell to the floor. At this juncture Inez Cruz, not a soldier, but a servant, rushed in and fired several shots into the body of the ill-fated priest. The firing attracted soldiers from without, and by command of the President they dragged the dying priest into the street and battered his body into an unrecognizable mass. They then stripped it and left the body by the wayside. It was subsequently recovered by Father Launza and buried in front of the altar of Calvery Church. Information of the tragedy reached Spain, and a demand was made upon Barrioz for reparation for the murder of a Spanish subject. The wretch made oath that the killing was in self-defense, the priest having entered his room with a pistol in hand with the design of assassination. This story was corroborated by the servant, Inez Cruz, who was rewarded for his perjury with the commission of Colonel. After this affair Col. Cruz made an attempt to assassinate the President, and was himself dispatched. Father Launza was thrown into prison, and his life was in peril in consequence of his knowledge of the facts. He finally escaped through the efforts of a pious official and took refuge in San Salvador. Barrioz made a demand upon the Governor of that country for his return, and to avoid further peril he fled to Panama and took passage for San Francisco. The murdered priest was greatly beloved by his pure and holy life and kindly heart. Father Launza returns to the Isthmus by the steamer City of Panama, his purpose being to institute measures to bring the assassin President of Gautemala to an accountability for his crime.

Rinkomania.

Velocipede riding never achieved any great success in this country. Rapid and brilliant as exercise upon the bicycle is, it never came into favor here. We hear a great deal about it in England. Matches, races and tournaments of bicyles are frequently reported in the English papers and some feats of distance accomplished over the country roads are almost incredible. One reason why the velocipede has not made more headway on this side of the water, is the costliness of the machine. It is a very considerable sum. A good velocipede can not be gotten for less than a hundred dollars. This is more than most people care to invest in an amusement that they have not already grown very fond of.

But the roller skates, which are very similar in principle, are within the reach of a much larger class of people, and what is better, are quite as well suited to ladies as to men. Indeed, there is hardly any athletic game in which men and women compete on such equal terms. Brute strength avails but little and skill is every thing; and some of the most delicate girls glide over the polished surface with swift and brilliant curve, for hour after hour, with grace that never fails and interest that never flags. The London *Punch* has for several years ridiculed it in vain. It has steadily grown in favor. It has thrived in this country from its first introduction, and recently it has effected a lodgment in Baltimore. Rinkomania must therefore for the coming season be set down as one of the rivals of the German, and a very formidable rival. It is so joyous, so full of frolic and good humor. The sight of a rink is almost as pretty as a ball-room. The dresses are simple, but they might be very pretty and tasteful. An occasional fall by no means impairs the excitement of the scene. It may happen to the best skaters sometimes; it is sure to happen quite frequently to the beginners, but it happens too often to cause much embarressment to the victim.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A Woman's Horrible Death.

John S. Downing, who is believed to have killed his wife Mary at their residence, No. 454 West Nineteenth Street, was taken to the Coroner's office and committed to the Tombs by Coroner Woltman. Coroner Woltman and Dr. Cushman went to the rooms lately occupied by Downing and his wife, and Dr. Cushman made an autopsy on the body of the dead woman. The examination disclosed some horrible facts in connection with the murder, showing that Mrs. Downing had been beaten or kicked to death, and that several bones of her body had afterwards been broken. Dr. Cushman made the following statement of the examination: "I made an autopsy of the body of Mary Downing at 454 West Nineteenth Street. On external examination I found ecchypmoses over the back, chest, abdomen, both arms, and bruises and abrasions over the face and head. On removing the scalp I found large extravasations of blood beneath it on both sides and back of the head. On opening the thorax I found fractures of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth ribs on the right side, the brokon fragments of the seventh and eighth ribs penetrating the liver. I also found fractures of the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth ribs on the left side, the broken surfaces of the fifth and sixth ribs penetrating the lungs, causing extravasation of blood in the left side of the thorax. Extravasation of blood was also found in the abdomen. Death, in my opinion, was caused by shock from said injuries."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

REV. WM. H. CHAPMAN, Pastor of M. E. Church, Georgetown, D. C., writes: "Having had an opportunity to test the excellent qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup I hesitate not to say, it is the best remedy I have ever used in my family."

—E. M. Holmes shot and killed a 17-year-old companion, Emerson Boreland, by the accidental discharge of a revolver they were cleaning, at Fort Wayne, Ind.

A Funeral in Baxter Street, N. Y.

A poor little bit of white crape floats at the door knob of a Baxter Street tenement. All around the busy hum of trade goes on, and the passers-by, as they catch a glimpse of the insignia of death, only say: "Poor little thing," pass on and forget it all in a moment. Even the boys around the door do not cease their noisy play; Death's sign is too frequent a sight to them for it to have any influence. But are there none that care for the little body lying so cold and stiff in his coarse shroud? Ah, yes—one, and only one. He was her only hope—her only joy. Her husband dead and this little one the only thing to cling to in the wide world, and now he is taken away. She sits by his little coffin, silent and tearless; but that fixed look of apathy and despair is more terrible than the wildest outburst of grief. Why was he taken from her? she wonders. "Why was God so unjust?" and her heart goes out in a fierce rebellion against the Creator who has taken the little one to a happier and better land. A knock at the door and a little red nosed man, who fills the office of undertaker, says: "I've brought a priest, mem." Not a sound was heard as the priest in a low voice murmured the service for the dead and takes his departure. Then the little undertaker says: "Excuse me, mem, but the kerriage is waiting." She stands as if awakening from a long, hideous dream, looks wildly around her and catches sight of her boy in his coffin. "Oh, my darling, my darling!" she sobs; "how can I let you go!" The undertaker, used to such scenes, pulls out his watch and says: "Time to be goin', mem," and gently pulls her away from the coffin. The lid is nailed on, the undertaker puts it on his shoulder and carries it down to the miserable carriage standing at the door. She goes to the cemetery with her little one and stands like a statue as they lower it away, but at the first clod of earth that strikes the coffin she starts as if stung by an adder. "My God! My God!" and a fainting, broken-hearted woman is carried back to the little tenement room.

Did she get over it? I hear you ask. Ah, no! she committed suicide three days later. She wrote a few lines to one who had been a friend to her in her distress: "I can not stand it. I am going to Jamie," and her body was found the day after she disappeared floating by the bulkhead of one of our piers. May God have mercy on her soul and bring her safe to Jamie.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Free Press Cor.*

Trotting by a Funeral Procession.

A good Deacon in a Middletown church is the owner of a hard-headed horse which is something of a trotter, although he sometimes wishes he wasn't. It is the peculiarity of this horse that whenever he is pulled out on the road he is bound to go by any thing there is ahead of him. Now the Deacon seldom pulls out. He don't believe in "training horses." He didn't mean to do so on the occasion we are about to mention.

He was in a funeral procession which was wending its way at the usual slow pace through the streets of Middletown toward the church. The Deacon's carriage, with himself and good wife in the seat, was nearly the last one in the line. His wagon had been newly washed, and he was careful to keep it clean. There was a big mudhole right in the middle of the street. The Deacon thought he would drive around it. The horse mistook his intention. The instant his nose was turned out away he went, evidently intent on going to the front. The Deacon called "whoa," and sawed at the bit with all his might, but it was of no use. The horse was going by and he never slacked his pace until he had passed the procession—mourners, carriages, hearse, minister, all. The people looked after the flying Deacon in wonderment. He turned his horse into the first side street and waited until the the procession had passed by, when he fell in at the rear and drove to the church. Since that when he is in a funeral procession he keeps right in the middle of the road regardless of all mudholes.—*Middletown (N. Y.) Press.*

Great Authors as Actors.

It may be added in this connection that a number of our best authors were addicted to private theatricals. One of these was Byron, who, at the age of 19, appeared in private theatricals with great success. He took the part of Penruddock in the "Wheel of Fortune," and also that of Tristram Fickle in the farce of the "Weathercock." These plays were repeated three nights, and his performance was pronounced "inimitable." Irving, while at Dresden, being then 34, was induced by his friends to engage in similar performance, in which the play of "Three Weeks After Marriage" was presented, his part being Sir Charles Rockett. Dickens was also highly gifted with histrionic talent, and occasionally took part in private performances, in which he won general admiration. It may be added that Voltaire was also a proficient in the same art, and Gibbon, in his autobiography, mentions the delightful privilege he enjoyed of seeing him render some of his finest characters. Voltaire, who was then 60, passed two summers at Lausanne, where he formed a small theater, and a suitable company was formed out of the ladies and gentlemen of the town. In this manner a number of his tragedies were performed in a highly creditable manner.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Looking for the Lady.

Some thought it saucy; others considered it a well deserved rebuke, and all smiled. It was in a horse car one rainy evening. A man entered and asked a pleasant looking youth, comfortably settled in a corner, to give up his place to his female companion. A cheerful answer in the affirmative was given, but for this politeness the accommodated parties returned no thanks. On the contrary, they appeared to take it for granted that every attention would be shown them; kept up a silly chatter which greatly annoyed the other passengers; ordered the conductor, in a lordly way, to leave them at a certain street; cast scornful glances across the aisle at a poorly dressed widow, with her arms full of bundles, and, after a little whispering, looked again at her, then at each other, and then burst out laughing, while their noses turned up disdainfully. The young fellow who had surrendered his seat had in the meantime retired to the rear platform. When the car stopped to allow the obnoxious pair to get off, the lad stepped aside to let them pass. But this did not suit the fastidious passenger. Pretending that there was not enough room, he exclaimed: "Don't you know enough to get off to let the lady by?" And in reply came the innocent inquiry, "Where is the lady?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—A railroad company suspecting dead-heads put a detective on the track. One day he heard a passenger remark that it was very easy to go from B—— to D—— without a ticket. He watched the speaker and was surprised to see him hand the conductor a ticket. Getting into conversation with the passenger he said: "I'd like to know your plan for traveling without a ticket, and don't mind giving you a couple of dollars for it." "Done," said the man, pocketing the bill. "When I want to travel without a ticket I walk."

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Bread Pudding.—Butter a baking-dish; sprinkle the bottom with raisins; butter a few slices of bread, lay over the raisins (have enough slices to cover the custard); 1 quart milk and 6 eggs; beat well together; add ⅔ cup white sugar; pour over bread when done; turn on another dish cut in slices when cold.

Cold-Slaw.—Cut a cabbage in half and with a sharp kife shave it down very finely. Make a dressing of 1 egg, well beaten, ½ gill of vinegar, salt to taste, and a teaspoonful of butter. Beat the egg light, and add to it the vinegar, salt, and butter. As soon as the egg is thick, take it off the fire, set it away to cool, then pour it over the cabbage, and mix it well together. Some prefer a little sugar in the egg and vinegar.

Souffle Pudding.—Put 6 ounces of corn-flour into a stew-pan, with 8 ounces of pounded loaf-sugar. Mix these smoothly together; add 4 ounces of fresh butter, and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Stir briskly over the fire until it boils, and then work in vigorously 6 yelks of eggs, and 6 whites, whisked into a firm froth. They are to be slightly incorporated with the butter, which must be poured into a buttered dish.

Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel.—Boil the potatoes; before they are quite done take them up, place them aside, and let them get cold; cut them in slices of moderate thickness; place in a stew-pan a lump of fresh butter, and a teaspoonful of flour; let the butter boil, and add a teacupful of broth; let it boil, and add the potatoes, which you have covered with parsley, chopped fine, and seasoned with pepper and salt, stew them 5 minutes, remove them from the fire; beat up the yelk of 1 egg with a tablespoonful of water and a little lemon-juice. The sauce will set, then dish up the potatoes and serve hot.

Boiled Apples.—The nicest morsel that ever tickled the palate, is a boiled apple—not boiled like a potato, nor steamed like a pudding, but as follows: Place a layer of fair-skinned Baldwins—or any nice variety—in the stew-pan, with about a quarter of an inch of water. Throw on about ½ cup sugar to 6 good-sized apples, and boil until the apples are thoroughly cooked and the sirup nearly thick enough for jelly. After one trial no one would, for any consideration, have fair-skinned apples peeled. The skins contain a very large share of the Pictous—jelly-making—substances, and impart a flavor impossible to obtain otherwise. A wise housekeeper, instead of throwing away the skins and cores of sound pie-apples, would use them for jelly. A tumbler full of the richest sort can thus be obtained from a dozen apples. Boil the skins, etc. a few minutes, and strain. Add a little sugar to the liquid, and boil until right to turn into the tumbler.

Plum Pudding.—1 quart of flour, 1 coffeecup chopped raisins, 1 teacupful of currants, 1 teacupful chopped suet, ½ cup candied lemon finely shred, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 of baking-powder, and 2 cups of sweet milk. Sift the flour; put in the baking-powder and salt, mixing thoroughly. Next add the raisins, currants, and candied lemon, and incorporate well with the flour, so they will not sink to the bottom, as they will always do unless mixed first with the flour. Then put in your suet and sugar, and lastly the milk, and, after stirring well, put in a bag which has been dipped in boiling water, and boil 3 hours. Do not let the fire get low so the pudding will stop boiling, and replenish always from a boiling teakettle. When done, put on a large platter, remove the strings, and turn the bag wrong side out—that is, pull it gently back and it will come off smoothly if the bag is well scalded. Omit the lemon if you do not care for it so rich. Make for it the following sauce: 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 tablespoonful of flour, and 1 egg; melt the butter in the saucepan and stir in the flour until the whole is smooth, then stir in the egg, and pour upon this 1 pint of boiling water. By adding 3 tablespoons of brandy it becomes brandy sauce, and the juice and grated rind of a lemon, it is called lemon sauce.

FARM TOPICS.

CLEANLINESS OF STABLES.—We frequently come across remonstrances against keeping harness in stables, the reason given that the ammonia prevalent there rots the leather and soon destroys the harness. Now, this is beginning at the wrong end to remedy an evil. We may talk and advise "year in and year out," about this matter, but harness will be kept in a stable in spite of all. Where else can the majority of people who keep horses hang these trappings? A rich man may have a closet in which the harness may hang safely from fear of ammonia and all other dangers; but the average horse-owner will have his peg behind the beam, because he can have no other way of disposing of the harness. But the trouble would end if the production of ammonia was prevented. Enter an ordinary stable at any period, but especially in the winter, when every cranny through which the wind can come in is carefully stopped, and what an offensive odor offends the nostrils and irritates the eyes! Is this odor of ammonia strongly alkaline and irritant, injurious only to the harness? What of the horses, and the tender membranes of the eye, the throat and the nasal passages? Do you think they are less sensitive than oak-tanned harness leather, well greased and preserved as it is? By no means. If the prevalent odors injuriously effect the leather, you may be sure the eyes suffer; the throat and lungs are irritated and the nasal passages become inflamed. Then occurs the frequent moon blindness; opthalmia, weeping of the eyes, followed by inflammation, white specks, clouded cornea, and finally loss of sight; then follow coughs, bronchitis, pneumonia, heaves, catarrh, nasal gleet; and by-and-by, when the blood has become poisoned by the absorption of diseased matter from inflamed and suppurated membranes, farcy and glanders—dreadful and fatal to man and beast, too—result. And while we think of saving the harness and removing it to a purer place, the beast, which is worth a dozen sets of it, is left to rot from these pungent gasses without any help. Clean the stables and the harness may hang in them safely; and be sure, if the stable is not a fit place for the harness, it is no place for the horse. A barrel of plaster can be procured for about one dollar. It is worth that as a fertilizer. It is worth ten dollars as absorbent of ammonia, and a hundred as a health preserver to the horses; not counting the saving to the harness. Sprinkle it everywhere and be liberal with it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PLOWING IN CLOVER.—Speaking of the farm of Hon. George Geddes, Fair Mount, N. Y., the *Country Gentleman* says: "The 20-acre field which was cultivated for 70 years without barn manure, and which continued to yield heavy crops during all this period, was treated with an application of yard manure a few years since, not from any necessity for it, but because there happened to be a surplus near at hand. Mr. Geddes thinks it caused some increase in the luxuriance of the crops, but he still prefers, as a matter of economy, the practice of plowing in clover. A mass of stems and leaves copious enough to fill the furrow he finds more valuable than any common coat of yard manure, while the roots are not only a valuable part of the crop, but they serve as an efficient loosener of the soil. All the manure made on the farm is, however, carefully saved and applied as a useful auxiliary in maintaining the fertility of the land."

APPLES IN SAND.—A writer in the London *Garden* says that he finds fruit to keep best in perfectly dry sand. He keeps fruit this way all the year round. He has had French crabs two years old. The Catelac pear has remained sound for 12 months. The fruit must be sound when stored, and the sand must be quite dry. The chief advantages of packing in sand are, the exclusion of air currents, the preservation from changes of temperature, and the absorption of moisture which favors decay. Much will depend on the apartment in which the experiment is tried, a dry or cool one being best. This is not a new discovery. The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers have long practiced this way of keeping apples.

SKIM-MILK FOR HORSES.—A correspondent of an exchange paper states that he fed his horses skimmed milk and that he has known cases where it was of great benefit and was an economy. He says that a pail of it three times a day will keep a work horse in better condition than will four quarts of oats. Of course this sort of ration would render less water necessary. Three pails of ten quarts each would give twenty-four quarts of water, as milk has of solid matter 20 per cent. only (one-fifth), and 80 per cent (four-fifths) of water. So thirty quarts of milk would give the twenty four quarts of water.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

FEEDING ROOTS TO STOCK.—The feeding of roots to stock should not be carried so far as to make them take the place of grain, with animals that it is desired to fatten, or even to keep in good flesh. Variety is as beneficial in the diet of stock as of stock-owners; and vegetables—especially if cooked—have a place on the farm-yard bill of fare that no wise stock-grower will forget. But "a little more meal" is a good standing order to give to those who have the feeding in charge.

—Miss Hosmer, the scluptor, is described as below the medium size, but active and graceful. She has a broad forehead, clear gray eyes, very cheerful, winning features, and short hair. When interested and a little excited she might pass for 30 years of age, though usually she might seem nearer forty.

THE wise man who writeth for information to another for his own behoof, incloseth a postage stamp for reply, and is informed; but the fool discerneth not the value of a Governmental adhesive plaster, and remaineth in ignorance.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A LITTLE fellow began to maul and tease the family cat, in the blind hope of turning her into the maul-tease variety.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

WHY is a dull lecturer like a balky horse? Because he doesn't draw.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his lecture on "The wastes and burdens of society," claims "man's *natural* life to be 80 years, and as the *average* life is but 33 years, there must be a waste of 47 years." There is much of truth in this statement. If a man be unfortunate in business, it is attributed to the violation of some *commercial* law. Now, if a person be taken off in the prime of life, ought it not to be attributed to the violation of some *physiological* law? If people only knew better, they would live better and longer; but how can they profit by that which they know not of? The only popular work that meets this great want is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. In it the great problems of disease and health are fully discussed. The work contains over 900 pages and 250 colored plates and wood cuts. Price $1.50 (post-paid). Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

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