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LISHED EVERY THURSDAY
—BY—
R. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor.
$1.50 A YEAR,
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LEDGER BUILDING, Northwest Corner Square, over the Post Office.

MEXICO WEEKLY LEDGER.

R. M. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor.] To Our Pride in the Past and Our Hope for the Future, Let Us Add Vigorous Work in the Living Present. [$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXIII. MEXICO, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1882. NO. 52.

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PROBATE COURT.
Regular Terms---Second Monday in March, May, September, and January.
COUNTY COURT.
Regular Terms---First Monday in May, August, November and February.

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CHURCHES.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH--Services in the M. E. Church, south, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Rev. T. J. Gooch, pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Sunday School at 9 A. M. J. M. Marmaduke, Superintendent.

BAPTIST CHURCH--Services at Baptist Church every Sunday morning and evening. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Rev. J. C. Armstrong, Pastor. Sunday School at 9 A. M. James Carroll, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH--Services at Presbyterian Church on Promenade street, by Rev. Dr. Stoddard every Sunday, at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Lecture and prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Sunday School at 9 A. M. J. P. Blanton, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH--Services at the Christian Church every Lord's day at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. B. L. Locke, Superintendent, B. F. Dobyns, Secretary.

OLD-SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH--Services at the Old-School Baptist Church every fourth Sunday in each month. Elder J. E. Lee, Pastor.

LIBERTY STREET M. E. CHURCH--Services at the Liberty Street Methodist Episcopal Church every Sabbath morning and evening. Rev. T. J. Wheat, pastor. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Sabbath School 9 A. M. J. Wright, Superintendent.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH---Services in Episcopal Church on 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Rev. Peter Wager, Rector.

CATHOLIC CHURCH--Services at the Catholic Church every Sunday. Father Dempsey, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30. J. A. Spence, P. M. W.; E. S. Frost, M. W.; J. J. Winscott, G. F.; R. N. Armstrong, O.; D. T. Gentry, R.; P. W. Harding, Receiver; S. L. McKean, F. S.

Crusade Commandery--S. S. Craig, Eminent Commander, meets third Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 P. M.

Mexico Lodge No 26, A. F. and A. M. 1st Friday night in each month at 7 P. M. J. M. Marmaduke, W. M.; L. H. Hightshoe, S. W.; J. F. Flewellyn, J. W.; James Carroll, Secretary; E. J. Gibbs, Treasurer; J. C. Bassford, S. M.; J. F. Gilliam, J. D.; James Clacher, Tyler.

Mexico Chapter No. 27, Royal Arch, meets the 2nd Friday in each month. S. M. Edwards, H. P.; J. M. Marmaduke, Secretary.

Hebron Lode No. 354, A. F. and A. M. regular communications 1st Tuesday in every month at 7:30 P. M. J. M. Riley, W. M.

I. O. O. F--Mexico Lodge No. 99 meets every Thursday evening at their hall in P. M. Morris' building. C. F. Rosenberry, N. G.

Audrain County Medical Society meets every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Dr. T. A. Keeton, President; Dr. W. W. Rodman, Secretary.

Salt River Lodge, No. 1886, Knights of Honor, meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings at Kennan's Hall. J. McD. Trimble, Dictator; P. W. Harding, Reporter.

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A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

"I couldn't think of such a thing."

"But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, come put on the thingumbobs, the what's its name."

And my friend Bob Styles held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of female apparel.

His idea was that I should personate his lady-love for one day to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them, that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that in fact there was really but little difference in that. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, put a bonnet on my head, and few persons would have suspected but I really was one of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especally when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D———, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D——— river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in the carriage.

Our plan was that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D——— by a secluded route and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the picnickers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially (everybody knew Bob Styles), asking if he was going with them, etc. He told them he was not.

"Pressing business engagement, you know, and all that sort of thing. Duced sorry I can't go though. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, Miss Lee. Miss Withergall, Miss Lee," and he rattled off a string of brief introductions, which convinced me that few of the company were acquainted with the young lady who I was personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal-looking man, with a hook nose, eye-glass and finny hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my personelle, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out:

"Very nice looking girl, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little lookout on her, will you?"—then lowering his voice—"not a bad match for you, old fellow; she is rich."

"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.

"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Good day!" and he took his leave.

Maggie Lee, artful creature that she was, had told her father that the party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D———, he left her there, merely saying that he would send a carriage for her at 11 o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which drove up to the back door as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front, and the old story of headstrong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us, of the pic-nic excursion, we had a delightful sail to the grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it as I ought to have done. When I walked on board of the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and his own estimation. He insisted on paying for ticket—the boat was a regular excursion packet—and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies to set up a stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role the hardest to play.

No, the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from her boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which, by the way, did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my vail aside and kissed me half a dozen times in a manner that made my fingers tingle for an hour. It was all very nice, but if I had been in proper person I would have liked it better. As it was, I felt as though I was getting goods under false pretenses, and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me upon the upper deck of the boat to the utter exclusion and consequent digust of Mr. Bimby and other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you! how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy the little boarding school maiden, who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs, and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters, innocent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would also come out, and, as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine and whispered: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing dreadful high—your legs will be town talk with all the gentlemen!"

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open worked stockings, which came nearly up to my waist; with a pair of gaiters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which toggery my running gear looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my legs, and being thus cautioned by a young girl, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangulated laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my little filigree lace-edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered, in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby, with a lackadaisical air that nauseated me, as coming from one man to another; "you are as kind as you are fascinating!"

"You flatter me!"

"I? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, really you are a naughty man," I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings.

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard, at first, for me to take the lady's part in my dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of unfortunate Bimby.

I first made him purposely jealous, by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew, in my own character, but who suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man, who was a great woman-killer, a sort of devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation, I selected to play off against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely and occasionally looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing he lead me to a seat, keeping his arm around my waist, and I permitted it. Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a—Miss Lee, shall I—a, have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled acquiescence, and we commenced. Now I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachucha ar Schonebrunnen ring in my ears, I can go on if it is not for a year. Not so Bimby. He pleaded want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn, then!"

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "of course, I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much more."

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and harder. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some twenty minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps:

"Ah, a-are you not getting tired, Miss Lee?".

"Oh, no!" I burst forth, "Oh, no, I feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of despair that he gave me was terrible.

I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered, and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung, and altogether I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," I said, composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily!

"Puff—puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff—delightful," gasped he.

"Don't you think it ought to go faster?"

His eyes rolled heavenward in an awful agony.

"Ah—puff—I—puff—don't—puff—I don't know."

When we neared the musicians, I said "Faster, if you please," and they played a la whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered backward, and spinning away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a small bevy of ladies in the corner.

I turned around and walked to my seat, and sent the young woman killer for a glass of water.

The miserable lawyer recovered in time to see me thank his rival for the water.

I got some idea from this of the fun the ladies find in tormenting us poor limbs of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Bimby had time to apoligize for his accident, Jennie came running into the pavilion which served as a ball room. As she came near I perceived that her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me:

"Oh, Maggie! come help me fix my underskirts—they are all coming down!"

What should I do? I was in agony. A cold prespiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and anathematized Bob Styles' masquerading projects inwardly with fearful maledictions.

I said I was tired out—but could not somebody else go?

No, nothing would do, but I must accompany her to the house of the gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing. So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove part of the raiment? What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What, if in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identify should be discovered by her!

However, I nerved myself up for the task, and went to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed when I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried, frantically, and forgetting my falsetto; "stop! don't undress, for God's sake!"

"And why not?"

"Because I am a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes—how frightened you do look? Why, what is the matter, Maggie—you—why—oh—oh!—oh! oh!!!"

And she uttered three fearful screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost," I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. "I swear I mean no harm; if I had I would not have stopped you; don't you see?"

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so!"

I told her the story as brief as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most secret secresy.

I then went outside of the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She heard of me from Maggie and others and wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her, and had a long talk which ended in a mutual feeling of friendship, and old acquaintanceship, quite wondeful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started back to the pavilion I said I must relieve my mind of one burden.

"And what is that?" she asked innocently.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back.

And I did.

She blushed a good deal but didn't resist, only when I got through she glanced up timidly and said:

"I think you are real naughty, anyhow."

When I returned I found lawyer Bimby had quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the ball-room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners, and rustic seats, and great gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from the wind and from sight.

Here we sat in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had supper, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I went on a little stand near the ball-room, and purchased several from the wondering women who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seats by the rocks, I gave up all fears from my incognito, and reveled in the pleasure of solitude, the fragrance of my cigar, the moonlight and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven only knows. We talked and laughed, and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love, and might have remained there until the month of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-two, for aught I know, had not the carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder begot questions, the questions fears, and the fears a search headed by the valiant Bimby. They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks prevented them from hearing us, or we them.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along single file, until they got to the open space above.

Then they saw a sight.

I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet off, and my hair somewhat towzled up. One foot rested on the ground and the other on a rock, about level with my head—regardless of my legs this time—and there I sat, puffing away in a very unlady-like manner, at a highly flavored Y. B. A.

Jennie was sitting close beside me, with her head on my shoulder and my arm around her waist. Just as the party came along above us, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice.

"Just think of poor what-s-his-name there—Bimby. Suppose he knew that he had been making love to a man?"

"Hush!" cried Jennie, "look, there he is—and, oh, my gracious! there is the whole company!"

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet, and assume falsetto again—they had seen too much for that. Besides by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless one flesh and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully and suggested that he should waltz it out, and he finally cooled down and slunk away, to take some private conveyance back to D———.

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says that he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he don't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B.—My wife's name is Jennie.

Us Boys.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you musn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all the fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all, now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me—did you ever in going along the streets notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys," shouted the unabashed youngsters.

Miss Phœbe Couzins, of St. Louis, is anxious to be appointed one of the commissioners to reorganize Utah Territory. The only objection to Miss Couzins seems to be that she is hardly old enough to vote.—*Denver Tribune.*

Bob Ingersoll on Stingy Men.

I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 in a city full of men, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all this and hold in the clutch of his hands $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 is past my comprehension. I do not see how they can do it. I should think he could not do it any more than a man could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds of thousands were drowning in the sea. Do you know that I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their homes, but not with their pocket-books, not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind, I always think he knows which is the most valuable. Think of her asking you every day or two for a dollar or two. "What did you do with that dollar I gave you?" Just think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for a mother? Oh! I tell you, if you have but a dollar in the world, and have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of an unbounded forest. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than a king and spend my money like a beggar.

The Use of Slang.

From the Eucational Review.

A short time ago one of our leading monthlies contained a short editorial on the subject of slang. It was there intimated that such expressions "add vigor, force and grace to the language;" that some of Shakspeare's expressions, such as "shuffle off this mortal coil," were at one time regarded with the same contempt by scholars as are "put a mansard roof on him," "she's oppressive," "cheeky," "what do you take me for?" and all such speeches, at the present time; that these are but proverbs in disguise and "need only the godmother of daring genius to show them fit for courtly circles." With all due respect for the opinion of the author of the article mentioned, we beg leave to take issue with him. Slang adds neither vigor nor force to language. Authors who have written the most forcible style never use it. In what respect is "put a mansard roof on him" more forcible than to say "black his eye?" How is "tumble to your racket" more vigorous than "see your point?" The last expression in each case, is really the most forcible for two reasons. First, it is briefer; second, it is easier understood because you use words in their customary sense. As regards slang expressions adding grace to language, the claim seems to us simply ridiculous. According to our idea of grace there is little to be found in "too thin," "tackle him about it," "give us a rest," "put a nose on him," and such like. Certainly the author does not mean that sort of grace which Mr. Blair means when he says that Addison's style is "full of those graces which a flowery imagination diffuses over writing." Nor that meant by Shakspeare when he said,

He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Nor yet that meant by Tennysen in his famous lines,

The tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

These expressions not only do not add grace to language, but it would be impossible not to destroy all beauty in style by the use of them. Let us take some examples, first stating them in ordinary language, and then translating them into slang vernacular. Tennyson, in Locksley Hall, puts these words into the mouth of the lover:

And I said, "my cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being, sets to thee."

Now, let us put it into modern slang:

And I said, "my cousin Amy, 'spit, O spit her out to me,'
Trust me, cousin, for I'm smitten, 'I am badly gone on thee."

Again, take a few lines of the speech of Marmion to Lord Douglass. We will also take the two lines introducing the speech:

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very soul for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said—
'And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglass' head!"

Changed into slang vernacular, it would read as follows:

Then Marmion "got up on his ear,"
And burned with rage, but had no fear;
And—"This to me!" he said—
"And if the years to thee were few,
I'd 'put a mansard roof on you,'
I'd 'plaster Douglass' head.'"

Take another example. In "Labedoyere's Doom," the old priest, who has the gift of foretelling future events, uses the following language to Labedoye: "You wish to know how long you have to live. I am commissioned to tell you that on this day twelve months, at midnight, thou shalt die." Does anyone suppose that the declaration would have fallen upon the ear of the doomed man with more force if it had been spoken thus? "You wish to know how long you have to live. I am commissioned to tell you that on this day twelve months, at midnight, 'thou shalt pass in thy checks.'

Cicero's arraignment of Catiline. "How long, pray, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long will that fury of thine mock us? To what limit will thy unbridled audacity go?" is certainly vigorous in a translation, and much more so in the original. But how about the following? "How long, O Catiline, wilt thou thus 'put it on to us?' How long, in thy madness, wilt thou thus 'stuff us?' To what end will thy 'check' carry thee?"

Examples might be multiplied without number, but these will suffice:

The number of slang expressions is rapidly increasing. Slang has laid its polluting touch on many a phrase once considered pure, but the use of which now would place one among the street *gamins* in the eyes of the purists. The unwary often fall into the trap. When the minister told his congregation that on the following Sabbath a collection for the cause of education would be taken up, and innocently remarked in closing, "and don't you forget it," he was guilty of using what has now become one of the vilest slang phrases. So with the friends who refused an invitation with the remark "not this evening, thank you; some other evening." Wm. H. Howells, in the March *Lippincott*, was likewise entrapped. In writing a very beautiful piece of poetry, entitled "Her Valentine," he closes with the words "shall fondly take thee in," which have the unhappy effect of spoiling the whole poem. The same phrase occurs in a well known Sabbath school song,

Tell me the story slowly
That I may take it in.

Whenever it is possible, these expressions should be avoided. They add neither vigor, force nor grace to writing or speaking, but on the contrary destroy them. Doubtless they are expressive, and doubtless they are very handy, and on this account all the more care is needed. If we desire to keep our language pure, such expressions must not be given a popular endorsement.

Got His Receipt.

In the city of Halifax there dwelt a lawyer, crafty, subtle and cute as a fox. An Indian of the Miami tribe, named Simon owed him some money. The poor redman brought the money to his creditor and waited, expecting the lawyer to write him a receipt.

"What are you waiting for?" said the lawyer.

"Receipt," said the Indian.

"A receipt!" exclaimed the lawyer, "what do you know about a receipt? Tell me the use of one, and I will give it to you."

The Indian looked at him for a moment and then said:

"S'pose maybe I die; I'me go to heben; me find gate locked! me see Postle Peter. He say, 'Simon, what do you want?' Me say, want to get in. He say, 'Ye pay Mr. J. do money?' What me do; I hab no receipt; hab to hunt all over hell to find you."

He got his receipt.

Hite's Heat Fender.

Recommendations for Hite's Heat Fender are duly coming in. The following were received to-day.

HENDERSON, TENN., March 1, 1882—MR. HITE: Having seen your Heat Fender in use, I take great pleasure in recommending it to the public. Too much cannot be said of its various advantages. It surpasses anything that has ever been invented by man for the benefit of ladies. I cannot imagine what could have given origin to so great an invention, unless the inventor has been so unfortunate as to have had the trial of cooking some warm summer day. I think every man who has any sympathy for their wives and daughters who have cooking to do, will get a Fender and give it a trial. The tenderest, the fairest and loveliest can cook, without the least danger or injury to heath or complexion. A nation's gratitude is due you for so grand an invention. The ladies should immortalize you, and every husband who love their wives and daughters more than money, should have your Cook Stove