

DRIFTING.

BY JENNIE JONES.

Drifting on life's pleasant waters,
You and I,
Watching all the prouder vessels
Sailing by.

HIS LUCK.

They were to have been married
Thanksgiving evening. Why couldn't
he have had even common luck, and
made a fair passage!

It was too bad—"too deuced bad!" he
added, with an emphasis almost allowable
under the circumstances, as he glanced
at the compass.

"As unlucky as Arad Thorpe," had
passed into a proverb in his native town
of Coverley. And yet he was prudent,
energetic and smart. He always made
money for his owners; but however much
he might lay by for himself, was sure to
be, in some unforeseen manner, lost.

The Hammetton bank, wherein he had
deposited a thousand dollars, had sus-
pended payment. The cashier of the
Home Savings institute had "defalcated,"
leaving him a loser of an equal sum.

Two hours later, pilot-boat No. 2 was
alongside, and three men sent on board,
when his story was heard. And then
Arad laid down for a little nap, which
lasted precisely thirty-six hours; and
when he awoke, the little brig, under
lower topsails and jib, was rounding the
light at the entrance of Coverly harbor,

"God was with me, I think," said
Arad, reverently, as they went aloft and
snugly stowed the sails, which, as Arad
used to say, were not much larger than
a bandana handkerchief.

Old Banks rowed out in his dory, as
was his custom at every new arrival.
"Arad, reverently, as they went aloft
and snugly stowed the sails, which, as
Arad used to say, were not much larger
than a bandana handkerchief.

Arad didn't remember anything of the
kind; but then, it is neither polite nor
politic to contradict one's prospective
father-in-law, so he said nothing, and
accompanied the old man ashore, where,
after meeting Jessie with a rapturous em-
brace, he said:

"You know it was to be Thanksgiving
eve, dear."

And it was.
The mutineers managed to run his
schooner ashore on Peaked Hill Bars,
Cape Cod, and, in obedience to retribu-
tive justice, were drowned; which, as the
owners got an excellent insurance on the
vessel, did not seem to cause general
grief.

After the usual vexatious delays conse-
quent upon such cases, Arad received
something like eighteen thousand dollars
as salvage money.

It is related of Thackeray that, being
very desirous to see a "Bowery boy,"
he went with a friend into the haunts
of that peculiar creature to look for
one.

Very soon his companion pointed out
to him a genuine specimen standing on
the corner of the street, against a lamp-
post, red-shirted, black-trousered, soap-
locked, shiny-hatted, with a cigar in his
mouth elevated at an angle of forty-five
degrees.

After contemplating him for a few
moments, Thackeray said to his friend
that he would like to hear the fellow
speak—to talk with him—and asked if
he might do so.

sails were thrown aback, and for a mo-
ment she drifted down toward him, as
though he had been seen and measures
taken for his relief.

As she neared him he managed, in a
roll of sea, to seize one of the mainchain
plates, and with a final effort, he swung
himself into the rigging and over the rail,
where he sank senseless on the deck,
thinking dimly how strange it was that
no living soul was in sight.

When he recovered from his stupor and
feebly groped his way aft, he saw the
wheel was lashed hard-a-port, and the
stern boat gone from her davits; and it
flashed across his mind that the brig had
been deserted—a fact which a voyage of
investigation into the cabin confirmed.

An open chart was on the floor, where-
upon the vessel's course had been traced
from a little island in the Windward
group, and further examination of her
papers and logbook showed her to be the
Spanish brig Don Carlos, bound from
Jacmal, with box sugar "to any port
north of Hatteras."

Arad's mind was made up on the in-
stant. He sounded the pump's well, and
found nine inches of water therein, and,
having refreshed himself from the stew-
ard's pantry with Spanish tortillas, he
stripped and went at it till the pumps
sucked.

Then he loosed the lower sails fore and
aft, sheeted them home with infinite la-
bor, squared the yards, and went aft to
the wheel.

The wind had hauled to the southwest;
a glance at the barometer showed that the
mercury was rising; and, with high hopes
Arad began his voyage to "a port north-
ward of Hatteras."

"Oh, if I could!" was the only thought
which he dared to give vent to; and,
though it did not seem an impossible
feat if the weather held fair, he did not
venture to carry his hopeful anticipations
further.

For four days and nights did he
stand at the wheel, only leaving it for
his hastily-snatched food, or to change
the position of the yards, except as he
was obliged to take observations; and
his heart beat high as on the twenty-fifth
of November he sighted land, which he
knew, from his course on the chart to the
Sandy Hook.

Two hours later, pilot-boat No. 2 was
alongside, and three men sent on board,
when his story was heard. And then
Arad laid down for a little nap, which
lasted precisely thirty-six hours; and
when he awoke, the little brig, under
lower topsails and jib, was rounding the
light at the entrance of Coverly harbor,

"Luck was with you this time, sir,"
said Joe Carter, one of the pilots, as the
anchor chain ran rapidly out, and the
little vessel swung round to the wind.
"In three hours more you'll see it blow
great guns."

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Arad, reverently, as they went aloft and
snugly stowed the sails, which, as Arad
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HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

INDIAN CAKES IN CUPS.—Three cups
of Indian meal, one cup of wheat flour,
three cups of thin sour milk, two table-
spoonfuls of shortening, one teaspoonful
of salt, one teaspoonful of soda;
bake in quick oven twenty minutes.

CRACKED WHEAT.—Soak it the same
as the oatmeal, and, as it is apt to burn,
put it in a little tin pail, and set the
pail into a kettle of boiling water; cover
closely, and let it boil half or three-
quarters of an hour. Stir this into
boiling water, the same as the oatmeal.

MOLASSES TAFFY.—Two cupfuls of
molasses, one cupful of sugar, butter
the size of a guinea-hen's egg. Add
half a teaspoonful of soda. Try if it is
brittle; if not, boil a few minutes longer.
Pour out into two buttered dishes.
Nuts may be added, if you like, just be-
fore the soda.

PERFUMES FROM ROSES.—Tincture of
Roses.—Take the leaves of the common
rose; place them, without pressing, in a
large-mouthed bottle; pour some good
spirits of wine over them, seal the bot-
tle securely, and let them remain in a
dry place for a month or two.

REMEDY FOR FRECKLES.—The follow-
ing remedy has been found efficacious
in Europe for freckles: Finely pow-
dered sulpho-phenate of zinc, one part;
oil of lemon, one part; pure alcohol,
five parts; collodion, forty-five parts.
To be mixed well together by tritura-
tion and applied to the skin.

EGG PUDDING.—Boil a pound of rice
in new milk; when it is cold, mix half a
pound of sugar, half a pound of butter,
and ten well-beaten eggs. Flavor with
finely-pounded cinnamon and nutmeg.
Bake in a pudding dish for one hour,
and, just as you draw it from the oven,
pour over the top a wine-glassful of
sweet wine. To be served without
sauce.

CREAM CAKES.—Melt as much butter
in a pint of hot milk as will make it
rich as cream. Mix in flour enough to
form a dough (it will probably take one
quart), and knead it well, not forgetting
to add a pinch of salt. Roll out rapidly
on your board several times, cut into
small squares, and bake on a griddle.
These cakes are considered to be a suit-
able accompaniment to oyster soup.

EGG-NOGS.—Take the yolks of six-
teen eggs and sixteen table-spoonfuls of
pulverized loaf-sugar and beat them to
the consistency of cream. To this
add nearly a whole nutmeg grated, half
a pint of good brandy or rum, and two
glasses of Madeira wine. Beat the
whites to a stiff froth, mix them in, and
finish by adding six pints of milk. No
heating is necessary in this formula,
and the quantity should suffice for a
party of twenty.

OATMEAL SAMP.—Put a pint of oat-
meal to soak in warm water a few hours
before cooking it; just water enough to
cover it; then pour this mixture into
boiling water, a little at a time, with
a good pinch of salt, and let it cook
slowly, the same as corn-meal hasty
pudding, for half an hour or longer. A
pudding can be made of it by using
eggs, milk, sugar, raisins and cinnamon,
the same as for other puddings.

GINGER BEER.—Two and a
quarter pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce
of cream of tartar, one and a half
ounces of ginger root, two table-spoon-
fuls of fresh brewer's yeast, two lemons
and about three gallons of water; bruise
the ginger, put it into a large earthen-
ware pan with the sugar and cream of
tartar; peel the lemons, squeeze out
the juice, strain it, and add, with the
peel, to the other ingredients; then
pour over them three gallons of boiling
water. When it has stood until it is
only just warm, add the yeast, stir the
contents of the pan, cover with a cloth,
and let it remain near the fire for twelve
hours. Then skim off the yeast and
pour the liquor off into another vessel,
taking care not to shake it, so as to
leave the sediment; bottle it immedi-
ately, cork it tightly; in three or four
days it will be fit for use.

A Declined Challenge.
Col. Scott, at one time Governor of
Kentucky, was a brave man and ac-
quired a reputation in his adopted
State of a skillful Indian fighter.

While he was Governor, some fellow
sent him a challenge, on account of an
offense which he imagined Scott had
committed against his (the challenger's)
honor. The old soldier did not notice
it. The fellow, who had given public
notice of his intention to "call out" the
Governor, was much annoyed at his
silent contempt. After waiting several
days he sought the Governor for an
explanation, and the following conver-
sation took place:

"Gov. Scott, you received a challenge
from me?"
"Your challenge was delivered, sir."

"But I have received neither an ac-
knowledgment nor an acceptance of it."

"I presume not, sir, as I have sent
neither."

"But of course you intend to accept?"
"Of course I do not."

"What! Not accept my challenge?
Is it possible that you, Gov. Scott,
brought up in the army, decline a com-
bat?"
"I do, with you."

"Then I have no means of satisfac-
tion left but to post you a coward."

"Post me a coward!" exclaimed the
Governor, bursting into a hearty laugh.
"Post away, and you'll only post your-
self a liar, and everybody else will say
so."

And that was the end of it.

then with a hammer commenced batter-
ing the muzzle, he says to prevent its
scattering; the gun was discharged, the
contents lodged in his face and head, lac-
erating him terribly. Hopes are enter-
tained of his recovery.

MaLeod County.
A pack of prairie wolves came within
100 rods of the most thickly-settled por-
tion of the village of Glencoe. By their
howling they awoke the lively echoes of
the dogs of the town.

MINNESOTA ELECTION.

We have already given the official vote for
Governor and Lieutenant Governor, showing
57,291 votes cast for Pillsbury and 41,748 for
Rice. Meighen, the Greenback candidate for
Governor, received 4,050, and Satterlee, the
Temperance candidate, 2,352. This makes
Pillsbury's plurality over the Democratic
nominee 15,542 and his majority over all 9,140.

For lieutenant governor, the table already
printed gives Gilman (Rep.) 60,135 and Bar-
num (Dem.) 38,740, Gilman's majority being
21,395.

We give below the official vote for the re-
mainder of the candidates. The figures show
Von Baumbach, secretary of state, 20,413 ma-
jority; Kittelson, treasurer, 22,154; Start, at-
torney general, 21,786; Marshall, railroad com-
missioner, 21,130:

Table with columns: SEC. STATE, STATE TREAS., COUNTRIES, Von Baumbach, Borer, Kittelson, Coverley. Lists candidates and their vote counts across various counties.

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Table with columns: Rice, 2,035, 1,374, 2,035, 1,379. Lists candidates and their vote counts.

Totals..... 60,451 38,665 60,222 39,092

A Coon Swallowed by a Snake.

Not many years ago the writer was
homeward bound from the South
When our boat drew up to the bank a
few miles below Vicksburg, to take on
wood, a number of passengers, I among
the rest, ventured ashore. While en-
gaged in drawing down a huge steamer
of Spanish moss, my attention was
called to a raccoon that was descending
a leaning tree a few yards away. Ap-
proaching, I discovered a very large
serpent eagerly inspecting his coon-
ship, and seemingly speculating on the
amount of nitrogenous matter sur-
rounded by that glossy hide. Down
came the coon, and his serpentine foe
swallowed him without a struggle. By
this time a number of the party were
on the spot, and we were preparing to
liberate the animal by opening the ab-
domen of the snake, when to our sur-
prise the coon emerged from the caudal
extremity of his living prison, and
scrambled for the tree he had recently
occupied. In this attempt he was
foiled. The wily serpent seized him,
tail foremost, and sent him bowling
home, but not as easy as before, for
the coon resisted every effort of deglu-
tition, and in this he was aided by the
displacement of his fur, for the snake
was swallowing him against the nap.
Such being the case, we concluded the
coon would never find the way out via
the alimentary, and we again prepared
to open the reptile. In this we were
mistaken, for after a series of strug-
gles, starts, stops, blind switches, etc.,
he struck the main track and came
backing out, bewildered but not dis-
couraged, and again set out for the
tree. But the snake arrested him head
foremost this time, and drawing up his
huge body into a dozen or more lateral
angles, curves and convolutions, hop-
ing thereby to retain him, he slid him
down his esophagus like a worm-loz-
enge. "But too late." The cunning
coon had learned the route, with all
its by-roads, blind paths, drifts,
dips and angles. He again emerged,
only to be seized by the hungry ser-
pent, who now stood guard at the
door.

This was repeated until the serpent
was enfeebled by exertion, and the
coon, animated with success, came gal-
loping through like a steer in a corn-
field, sprung clear of his foe and re-
gained the tree. The snake was then
killed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Buried Alive.

A young Russian nobleman, having
squandered his fortune, appealed to his
sister to relieve his wants. This she
refused to do, and he thereupon deter-
mined to make away with her for the
sake of inheriting her property, and
found means to give her a draught,
which was probably intended to kill,
but which only produced a deep sleep.
The funeral was hurried forward, and
the service had been performed over the
body, when one of the lady's friends
stepped up to the coffin to impress a
farewell kiss on the corpse's cheek
previous to the interment. Taking it
by the hand, she was surprised to find
some traces of vitality still remaining,
and begged that the interment might
be postponed, to try if her friend might
be recalled to life. The brother, of
course, would not listen to this, but
treated her request with ridicule. She
then hurried off to the authorities and
stated the case, and proper persons were
appointed to return with her; but her
friend had been already buried, and so
great is the veneration for the dead in
Russia that for a long time her desire
to have the body disinterred met with
most violent opposition. At length,
from some circumstances which trans-
pired, the Commissioners of Inquiry
conceived some suspicion of the case,
and determined on opening the grave,
when it was discovered that the lady
had been buried alive, as her face was
much lacerated, and impressions of her
nails were found on the coffin lid. The
brother was taken into custody, con-
fessed his crime, and underwent the
punishment he so richly deserved.

A Sacred Mother-in-Law.

Some Kafir customs and rules of eti-
quette are perplexing; such, for in-
stance, as the one which forbids, under
the penalty of absolute social ostracism,
a Kafir lady to pronounce the name of
her husband, or otherwise indicate him,
save by some such figure as the sun, or
the star, or other similar metaphors.
And, though in the new-made bride a
few such slips are, by common consent,
forgiven, for a man to commit such a
hideous breach of decorum as to breathe
the name of his mother-in-law, or even
to hint at the existence of the lady, con-
stitutes so great an enormity that I have
never been able to meet with an au-
thenticated instance of its having been
committed.—Temple Bar.

The New Orleans Picayune has
made the startling discovery that the
fine feathers on the back of a goose are
upside down.