

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Though troubles perplex you,
Dishearten not your soul;
Refrain your progress in remorse array;
To shrink with terror
Is surely an error,
For where there's a will there's a way.

The task may be trying,
The duty unpleasing,
But he who confronts it will soon win the day;
Half the battle is over
When once we discover
That where there's a will there's a way.

Misfortunes uncounted
Are often surmounted,
If only we quit not the field in dismay;
Then one more endeavor,
Remembering ever
That where there's a will there's a way.

THE SECRET CLOSET.

A Detective's Story.

*For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with the most miraculous organ.

In the year 18—, John Smith (I use fictitious names) was indicted for the willful murder of Henry Thompson. The case was one of the most extraordinary in nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled. The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had late in a summer's day requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some light refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered the room for that purpose he was found in his room perfectly dead, and from the appearance of the body it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence upon his person, and the countenance retained the same expression it had done during life.

Days and weeks passed on, and little further was discovered. In the meantime rumor had not been idle. Suspicious were vague indeed, and undefined, and were at first whispered and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person and some another, but they all pointed to Smith the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger, and, in fine, the magistrates were induced to commit Mr. Smith to jail to await his trial for the willful murder of Henry Thompson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice to keep secret the examination of the witnesses before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place was that which I have narrated. Such was the state of things upon the morning of the trial.

The counsel for the prosecution opened this case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box; he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone.

It would be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the deceased died by poison—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature that instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid appearance of repose.

The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper and one man servant. The man servant slept in an outhouse adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thompson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house and the housekeeper, or at the other, and the deceased had been put into a room adjoining the housekeeper's.

It would be proved by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. The person would state most positively that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept to the housekeeper's room, that two persons then came out of the housekeeper's room and the light disappeared for a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thompson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quietly along the house to Smith's room again, and in about five minutes the light was extinguished and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrate had committed Smith; and singular enough since his committal the housekeeper had disappeared, nor could any trace of her be discovered.

Within the last week the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined, and in order to refresh his memory had been placed at night in the very spot where he had stood that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again, but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to ascertain when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thompson's room. As it however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement, that after the persons had returned with the

light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light.

Now in Smith's room there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part, and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond.

He would state only one fact more, (said the learned counsel,) and, having done his duty, it would be for the jury to perform theirs.

Within a few days there had been found in the prisoner's house the stopper of a small bottle of very singular appearance. It was apparently of foreign manufacture, and was described by the medical men as being used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtues by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution, and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who listened, too, with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of the housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lips, and the tie of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension, but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution; it amounted in substance to that which the counsel stated, nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced and proved to be found in the house, but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession or even knowledge.

When the case was closed the learned judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence, and if the jury were of opinion they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the judge the jury turned around for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his honor's views of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He urged the court to permit him to state his case to the jury and call his housekeeper with so much earnestness and was seconded so ably by his counsel, that the judge, though very much against his inclination and contrary to his usual habit, gave way and yielded to the request.

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could be satisfied to be acquitted merely because the evidence was not conclusive, and pledged himself in a very short time, by the few observations he should make to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds—upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the awful crime.

Of the stopper which had been found he disowned all knowledge; declared most solemnly that he had never seen it before it was produced in court, and he asked, could the fact of its being in his house only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a moment's prejudice against him? One fact, and only one, has been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer—the fact of his having gone to the bedroom of his housekeeper on the night in question.

He had been subject for many years of his life to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light, and after she had remained in his room for a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest.

It had been said that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable that they might tamper with his servant; he had therefore kept her out of the way—but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put in the box and examined by the counsel of the prisoner. According to the custom at that time, almost universal, of excluding witnesses from the court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five or a little more, with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment.

She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story of his having called her up, and having accompanied him to his room, adding that after leav-

ing him she had retired to her own room and had been awakened by a manservant in the morning with an account of the traveler's death.

She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here, what, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene: The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstances, mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the window and the candle, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined, and he had half persuaded himself that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously vanished.

His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which as she should not know how much or how little the inquiry had brought to light, and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it in the same light and by this means draw forth all she knew. After some unimportant questions he asked her in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust.

"During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room you stated that the candle stood on the table in the centre of the room?"

"Yes."

"Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, open once or twice while it stood there?"

A pause; no answer.

"I will call it to your recollection. After Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door; or did it remain open?"

"He shut it."

"Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?"

"It was."

"Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?"

"Not above a minute."

"The door when open would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?"

"It would."

"I forgot whether you said the closet was on the right or left hand side of the window."

"The left."

"Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening it?"

"None."

"Can you speak positively to the fact? Have you opened it yourself, or seen Smith open it?"

"I never opened it myself."

"Did you ever keep the keys?"

"Never."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Smith, always."

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes toward the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow; his face had lost all color. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across his mind.

She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another till she had told him all he wanted to know.

During the interval (occasioned by her illness) as to the proceedings the solicitor left court. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper's hers in the witness-box. The court in the interval had remained crowded with spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest during his absence it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness:

"I have very few more questions to ask you, but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life depends upon a thread. Do you know this stopper?"

"I do."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Mr. Smith."

"When did you see it last?"

"On the night of Mr. Thompson's death."

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture of the stopper, and having no cork in it. The tray was placed upon the table in sight of the prisoner and witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring my tale to a close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination had discovered the existence of the closet and its situation, had set off on horseback with two sheriff's officers, and after pulling down part of the wall of the house, detected the place of concealment.

The search was well rewarded, the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thompson was found there, amounting in value to several thousand pounds;

and, to leave no doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical man instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thompson. The result is too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents, perhaps, the unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder showing such a defense as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal, but who persisted in calling a witness to make his innocence more emphatic, and was upon the testimony of that very witness convicted and executed.

A Devoted Son.

A lad in the Kansas Penitentiary, who confessed a few years ago to having murdered at Topeka a man named Ferris, now poses before the public as a devoted son. He says he became convinced at once that his father had committed the murder, but at the coroner's inquest shielded him and convicted himself. The father then got out on bail, and the boy remained in jail five months. During his confinement the father visited the son frequently. On one of these visits the boy was told that there was a bag containing a pair of boots on top of a cupboard in the jailer's office, and the father wanted them secured and burned. There were two doors between the prison and the office, but to the surprise of the boy the jailer strangely left these two doors unlocked and the bag was very easily got, and, in the presence of the other prisoners, burned in the stove. Two of these witnesses are now in the penitentiary. These boots, it seems, were the father's, and bore marks that pointed to his guilt. After that the boy was persuaded to sacrifice himself to save his father, upon the promise that a pardon would be procured on the ground of his youthfulness.

Afterward the mother visited the prisoner, and he thereupon confessed to her that he had killed Ferris in a quarrel. When the case came up for trial the young man pleaded guilty to the charge, and wholly exonerated his father from all complicity in the bloody deed. After the prisoner had been in the penitentiary a year, his father and mother went to California. After five years the mother returned and endeavored to procure a pardon for her boy, but failed. This intelligence was conveyed by letter to the father, and he killed himself. The knowledge of the suicide, however, did not reach the boy until some time last September. This is one of the most remarkable statements in criminal annals. That a boy of sixteen should have the nerve to consign himself to disgraceful imprisonment to shield a cowardly father seems incredible.

Louise and Her Dog.

BY INEZ FORD.

American Cultivator.

Little Louise was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Graham young people living in the pleasant town of Malden. They had married young, but both had commenced their new life with an earnest desire to do right, as well as make for themselves a happy home, their true idea of a happy home being a kind husband, a pleasant wife and a contented mind. They were gentle by nature, and had been brought up in good society, were politeness and kindness is the rule, with few exceptions.

So when the little Louise came she received a warm welcome, and the home was made happier than ever. Living in such a sunny place, the little one, of course, became gentle and obedient, and when she was three years of age was the pet of every one who came to visit them, as well as of her two grandmothers. She was a sprightly little thing, and often played about the doorway. One day Mrs. Graham wished to take a long walk, too long for the little Louise to take, and so her mamma took her for a short walk first, and then left her at the door, with her things on, so she might play in the yard as usual, and told the girl in the kitchen to look after her, which she could easily do, as the kitchen windows overlooked most of the yard.

When Mrs. Graham returned and asked Jane where Louise was, she exclaimed:

"Sure, mum, she was there just two minutes ago, when my friend Norah came to just spake a word to me."

Mrs. Graham did not stop to hear any more, but rushed up stairs calling: "Louise! Louise! come and see mamma!" But no Louise came, and so she hastened up the street to where her husband was, Jane looking after and saying:

"What a fuss she's making, thin! As if she could have gone far away in such a few moments."

Mr. Graham immediately came home, hoping she had returned, but as she had not they both started out in search of her, accompanied by two of their neighbors, who were very fond of the little one. But in a short time they all returned without any tidings of her! Then Mr. Graham thought of the band of gypsies making and selling baskets for a few weeks; but no, she could not have walked so far, and if any one had tried to carry her, she would have screamed, for she was afraid of strangers.

Just at this moment their dog Romeo came in from the yard bringing little Louise's scarf, which she had probably dropped off while she was playing. Mr. Graham sprang up with fresh hope, saying, "Perhaps Romeo can find her; let us try him." So he patting him, and called her name to him and taking the scarf, motioned to him to go, while they followed, they were so anxious. Romeo went so fast up and down the street, turning hither and thither, that they feared he did not know what he was after, though he kept his nose to the ground all the time. Suddenly he stopped, and then turned down a back street where there were but few houses, and so they followed to the farthest house and in at a gate. They hurried on and when they came to the gate there was little Louise with her arms around the dog's neck, and talking to him fast as ever she could, she was so glad to see him, and they were so all glad to see her that they fairly cried for joy, but no one seemed more delighted than Romeo, who jumped and gambolled around giving little glad barks as much as to say, "I'm so glad she is found, and I found her."

And how fortunate it was that he found her so soon, for the old yard where she was found was a dismal place, and there was an old well, entirely uncovered, but a few yards from

Yankee Cake.—One egg, butter the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one pint flour, nutmeg and rosewater, or other flavor to taste; in the milk dissolve one teaspoonful of soda; into the flour rub one teaspoonful cream tartar. Beat the egg, butter and sugar together until light, then in it, at the same instant, the flour and milk; beat it thoroughly, then pour the mixture into the turk's head, well dressed.

Delicate Cake.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, two cups flour, half cup milk, whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half a teaspoonful bicarbonate soda, one teaspoonful essence of lemon.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SIX SICK MICE.

BY FLETA FORBES.

Youth's Companion.

Once six little mice hopped out of their bed:
Ho, ho, ho!

And each wanted first to be washed and be fed!
Poh, poh, poh!

But Mother mouse put up her hands to her head,
And ordered them back every one to his bed.

They shrieked, they scampered, they squeaked,
and they fled;
Ho, ho, ho!

But they tumbled down stairs in their hurry instead!
Oh, oh, oh!

The Mother Mouse gave them all up then for dead,
And laid the six out in a row on the bed.

Old Doctor Mouse came, and he solemnly said,
"Shoo, shoo, shoo!"
They'll never get well till they all have been bled;

No, no, no, no!"
But the six little mice, they all rose up in bed,
And held up their paws with a shudder of dread.

"Believe us, good doctor!" they chattered and plead,
"Oh, oh, oh!"
We only were frightened, but none of us dead;

No, no, no, no!"
So Doctor Mouse left with a shake of his head,
And Mother Mouse ran for their breakfast of bread.

A bit on each neck was most tenderly spread,
Ho, ho, ho!

A pillow was tucked behind each little head,
So, so, so!

And a wee sup of milk, and a wee bit of bread,
Was placed before each little mouse on his bed.

She went for more milk, and she went for more bread,
Slow, slow, slow!

With the heartiest heart and the swiftest of tread,
Oh, oh, oh!

But when she came back she found out they had fled,
And were racing around on the floor overhead.

Rum Made From old Shoes!

New York Post.

In the course of the investigation by Mr. Hill's deputies, some singular industries were brought to light. It was found, for instance, that some use was made of old shoes, but exactly what use was hard to find out. Large numbers of old shoes were sold by rag pickers to certain men who disposed of them at a good price. It is well known that bits of old leather make the commercial article known as Prussian blue, but only a few firms manufacture it, and the call for old shoes was evidently for some other purpose. In New York city and Brooklyn about three million pairs of old shoes are thrown away every year. Formerly old shoes were plentiful in the gutters of certain neighborhoods; now it appears that they are sought after as choice prizes in the rag-picker's line. By dint of persevering equity, it was discovered that the old shoes were used for three purposes. First, all shoes not completely worn out are patched, greased, and after being otherwise regenerated sold to men who deal in such wares. Some persons wear one shoe much more than the other; these dealers find mates for shoes whose original mates are past hope. Secondly, the shoes not worth patching up are cut into pieces; the good bits are used for patching other shoes and worthless bits, the soles and cracked "uppers," are converted into Jamaica rum by a process known only to the manufacturers. It is said that they are boiled in pure spirits, and allowed to stand for a few weeks, the product far surpassing the Jamaica rum made with essence, burnt sugar and spirits. A gentleman who doubted the truth of this story stopped recently at a low grog shop in the neighborhood of the factory spoken of and enquired if they had any rum from old shoes.

"No," said the bar keeper, "we don't keep it much now; the druggists who want a pure article, all sell it, and the price has gone up. But we have had it, and we can get you some if you want it." How many old shoes goes to a gallon of rum could not be ascertained.

Josh Billings in English.

"The man who gets bitten twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other."

"There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger and then half the time put on hind-side before."

"Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been."

"The man who don't believe in a hereafter has got a terribly mean opinion of himself and his chances."

"There are two kinds of fools in this world—those who can't change their opinion and those who won't."

"A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."

"Out in the world men show us two sides to their characters; by the inside only one."

"The world is filling up with educated fools—mankind read too much and learn too little."

"Every man has his follies; and sometimes the most interesting things he has got."

Gillhooley had bought a barrel of apples from DeSmith's grocery, which did not give satisfaction. "What's the reason," said Gillhooley, indignantly, "that the further down I go into the apples the worse they get?"

"The reason for that is that you didn't open the barrel at the other end. If you had only done that the apples would be getting better all the time."

An American lady from the West was visiting the home of Sir Walter Scott, when she said in her enthusiasm: "Why, Scotland must have been named after Sir Walter Scott. I never thought of it before."

where Louie was standing when found, and where she would probably have fallen in and drowned but for the timely rescue. Good old Romeo is very aged now, but is sure of a good home and loving friends so long as he lives for this one act of faithfulness.

How Effie Helped.

Golden Days.

One day, when she came home from school, Effie found the sitting-room and kitchen occupied by cousins and friends, all very busy and very lively, for they were making preparations for a wedding.

One of Effie's sisters was soon to be married, and of course there was a great deal to be done.

Effie thought how nice it would be if she could help make the cakes and spread on the lings; for it was a country wedding and much of the "refreshment" part would have to be done at home. It seemed such easy work mixing things together, heating eggs, etc.

So Effie went first to one and then to another, begging that she might be allowed to help.

"No, child, no; what do you know about such things?" a rather impatient old lady said to her.

Another said—
"Oh, my! now school's out, we shall have no more peace. Children are always in the way."

After Effie had been rebuffed in all her attempts at being useful in the pleasant way she wanted to be, she happened to cast her eyes upon a large work-basket in a corner of the sitting-room, and she saw that it was filled with stockings and socks waiting to be looked over and repaired.

"Now, if I really want to be useful," thought the little girl, "I might get these stockings out of the way for this busy week. They have been forgotten, I suppose—but I would rather make cakes."

Effie was but eleven years old, but she knew how to darn very nicely, for her mother had taught her, and she had been willing to learn.

Down she sat, therefore, close to the table in the corner, so as to be out of the way, and began her self-denying work.

The merry laughter among the young cousins, as they went in and out to the oven with their delicate cakes and other things, sounded pleasantly to Effie, and she longed to be among them; but she reflected:

"Mother will be so tired by this evening that she will not want to do her darning, and it will be a nice surprise to her when she finds all these socks and stockings have been put in their proper drawers all ready for use."

So she persevered with her quiet task, glancing once in a while toward the busy group, and admiring their skillful performances.

One of the cousins who had been "cross" to Effie, noticed how industrious and steady she seemed at work in the corner, and after awhile brought over a beautiful iced quenecke and gave it to her.

But that, nice though it was, gave her not half the pleasure she felt when, toward the close of the afternoon, her mother, tired with her baking and other work, sat down by her work-table saying—

"I would like to lie down and rest a little, but I must get the week's mending out of the way. But who has been here before me, I wonder?" she added with surprise.

"Your little daughter," said one of the young girls. "I could not but notice her, after she had been refused when she wanted to help with the cakes and sweet things. Not many little girls would have been so thoughtful about doing work that was not attractive."

And when Effie was kissed and thanked by her mother, and had seen her comfortably resting after her labors, she certainly felt much happier than if she had been allowed to help with the icing and other ornamental matters which seemed so tempting to her among her young cousins. She felt sure now that she would only "have made a mess," as she said for she knew nothing about such doings.

Little girls are sometimes troublesome when they undertake to do things of which they have no knowledge, and are called "officious."

This day's experience was useful to Effie. She had borne patiently the disappointment of not being allowed to help in the way she would have preferred, but in the performance of a nearer duty, she had proved herself really a valuable assistant; and in after years she learned to know and value, under all circumstances, the wise and practical suggestion, "Perform the duty that is nearest thee."

To the Young Men.

Probably not one in a hundred can do any one thing thoroughly. They can all dig away at anything that comes handy but, as for excelling in any trade, business, art, or profession, that is utterly out of the question.

One of these young men calls upon us; perhaps he is a graduate of some college, has his diploma, and plenty of recommendations from clergymen and members of Congress. We ask him what he can do? He is not particular—can turn his hand to most anything. We give him a trial, and find he cannot write a decent hand nor spell or punctuate correctly, nor write with any degree of rapidity, nor read a strange manuscript, nor anything whatever with promptness and judgment, which is requisite in business.

He has no knowledge on any subject; has simply a jumbled mass of information, which he cannot turn to any practical account. He has been all his life reading how things are done instead of learning to do them.

And how fortunate it was that he found her so soon, for the old yard where she was found was a dismal place, and there was an old well, entirely uncovered, but a few yards from

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New York Post.

In the course of the investigation by Mr. Hill's deputies, some singular industries were brought to light. It was found, for instance, that some use was made of old shoes, but exactly what use was hard to find out. Large numbers of old shoes were sold by rag pickers to certain men who disposed of them at a good price. It is well known that bits of old leather make the commercial article known as Prussian blue, but only a few firms manufacture it, and the call for old shoes was evidently for some other purpose. In New York city and Brooklyn about three million pairs of old shoes are thrown away every year. Formerly old shoes were plentiful in the gutters of certain neighborhoods; now it appears that they are sought after as choice prizes in the rag-picker's line. By dint of persevering equity, it was discovered that the old shoes were used for three purposes. First, all shoes not completely worn out are patched, greased, and after being otherwise regenerated sold to men who deal in such wares. Some persons wear one shoe much more than the other; these dealers find mates for shoes whose original mates are past hope. Secondly, the shoes not worth patching up are cut into pieces; the good bits are used for patching other shoes and worthless bits, the soles and cracked "uppers," are converted into Jamaica rum by a process known only to the manufacturers. It is said that they are boiled in pure spirits, and allowed to stand for a few weeks, the product far surpassing the Jamaica rum made with essence, burnt sugar and spirits. A gentleman who doubted the truth of this story stopped recently at a low grog shop in the neighborhood of the factory spoken of and enquired if they had any rum from old shoes.

"No," said the bar keeper, "we don't keep it much now; the druggists who want a pure article, all sell it, and the price has gone up. But we have had it, and we can get you some if you want it." How many old shoes goes to a gallon of rum could not be ascertained.

Josh Billings in English.

"The man who gets bitten twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other."

"There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger and then half the time put on hind-side before."

"Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been."

"The man who don't believe in a hereafter has got a terribly mean opinion of himself and his chances."

"There are two kinds of fools in this world—those who can't change their opinion and those who won't."

"A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."

"Out in the world men show us two sides to their characters; by the inside only one."

"The world is filling up with educated fools—mankind read too much and learn too little."