OSAGE VALLEY BANNER.

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HOW A STUTTERER PUP-PUP-PUP-POPPED THE QUESTION.

O, DER-DER-DARLING, sweet joy of my ler-ler-life!
Be-be-being toward whom my affection pup-pup-pours!
O, m-m-may I e'er call you my own wer-wer-wife,
Will you e'er gaze upon me and say I'm yer-yer-yours?

O, pup-pup-precious one; loving and ter-ter-ter-tender,
Be-b-be-ing for whom I'd lay my life der-der-down;
O, m-m-may I e'er be your h-n-noble de-fer-fer-fender,
And not be ler-ler-looked on with hate or with fer-fer-frown?

O, that I-e-e-e could speak with flowing ter-ter-tongue,
In which spoke the ger-ger-gods that now d-well above you!
Then would I cry forth from the der-der-depths of my ler-ler-lungs,
Sweet ma'd, I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-love you!

—*Arthur Stacy, in Detroit Free Press.*

H. R., NO. 2,262.

A Romance of the Private Calendar—A Bill that Has Been Before Congress for Thirty-one Years—The Legislative Life and Adventures of the Bark Mary Teresa.

ON the 12th of December, 1879, the House of Representatives passed the following private bill:

Be it enacted, etc., That the sum of $33,000 be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for indemnity and compensation to Juliet Leef, widow, and the heirs of Henry Leef, deceased, to be paid to them, or to their legal representative, in full for losses and damages sustained by the said Henry Leef in his lifetime, in consequence of the illegal seizure of the bark Mary Teresa by Alexander H. Tyler, Consul of the United States at Bahia, Brazil.

This bill has a strange history and points a useful moral. Let us, for convenience and greater clearness, consider it by divisions.

I.

First, the nature of the claim. In 1847, or thirty-two years ago, Mr. Henry Leef, a shipping merchant of Baltimore, bought the wreck of a French bark, the Mary Teresa, which had been lost on the coasts of Chesapeake Bay. Under our Navigation laws, prohibiting the giving of an American registry to foreign-built ships, the hulk was of no use to anybody, save for firewood or for sale in foreign markets. Mr. Leef, himself a shipbuilder, had the wreck repaired and refitted, and then, after complying with what legal formalities were necessary, loaded her with a cargo of flour and dispatched her to Brazil under care of a supercargo, who had authority to dispose of the vessel and freight to the best advantage. This was a very common practice in those days. Merchants would buy a foreign wreck, patch it up, load it with ballast or with a cargo and send it to the coasts of South America or Africa as a speculation. Here they were not vexed by prohibitory Navigation laws, especially if, as was often the case, they drifted into the slave trade—a department of maritime industry in which ships' papers of any sort were not insisted upon as indispensably necessary.

Prosperous gales wafted the Mary Teresa to Pernambuco, where she discharged a part of her cargo, and thence to Bahia, where her troubles began again. It has been said of some men that it had been better they had never been born, and similarly we may say of the Mary Teresa; it would have been an advantage to all concerned had she been quietly allowed to rot on the beaches of the Chesapeake. At Bahia the United States Consul, either through stupidity or rascality, made what was clearly, as is admitted, an illegal seizure of the vessel. I shall not dwell on the legal aspects of the case, because it is unnecessary. As Representative Beale, of Virginia, remarked to me in conversation about the claim, any jury anywhere, and at any time during the last thirty years, would have given the plaintiff damages. We will admit then, if the reader pleases, that the seizure was illegal and unwarranted. I shall simply say that both the United States Minister to Brazil and the Secretary of the Treasury so understood it, and that consequently in due time the vessel was returned to Mr. Leef.

This being so, the reader may be prompted to ask, as Representative Price did at this point in the debate, "What, then, constitutes the damage?" This consisted in the loss consequent to a forced sale of ship and cargo at an out-of-the-way port, the wages of the crew due to detentions, etc., and the legal expenses—the whole amounting, according to the original statement of the claimant, to $33,000.

To speak in legal terms the Government is not legally responsible for the torts of its officers. "The law allows it and the court awards it," as Mr. Smith, of Pennsylvania, was exceedingly anxious that the House of Representatives should be instructed. Strictly, therefore, the damaged man should have pursued the Consul of the United States. Perhaps he did, and there is no telling how far the pursuit has gone, for both are dead long ago—but that is anticipating another chapter. However, for good and sufficient reasons Mr. Leef did not legally pursue Mr. Tyler, the Consul, but applied, with due regard to time and form, to Congress for relief. He appealed to the grace, as it is called, or in other words to the honor of the Government.

II.

We will next see how this appeal was met, and this, I may advise the reader in advance, is a particularly interesting chapter of the narrative.

No fault could be or is found with "the diligence used by Mr. Leef." His first appeal to Congress was on the 6th of July, 1848, within sixty days after the return of the vessel, and, in the words of one of the Senate reports, the claim "has been reasonably pursued ever since." The reader may coincide in such a view when told that no less than seven reports, all favorable, have been made by committees to different Congresses, as follows: January 25, 1849, from Committee on Commerce, recommending payment for full amount claimed; February 20, 1850, the same report from the same committee; in 1856 and in 1858 a third and fourth favorable report from the same committee; in 1874 a bill reported from the Committee on Claims recommending the same payment; on April 27, 1878, a unanimous report in favor of the settlement of the claim "upon principles of justice and equity," from the Committee on Commerce. The seventh of the series of favorable reports was made by Mr. Beale during the extra session from the Committee on Commerce.

Strange as it may seem, perhaps, the bill once came really near passing.

The widow's memorial says:

"Toward the close of the Forty-fifth Congress this bill, reported by Mr. Roberts from the Committee on Commerce, was, after the usual read ngs, put on its passage, but meeting, unfortunately, with objection from a member, who stated afterward that he had objected simply because he did not understand the case, it was on that occasion passed over, and as no proper opportunity offered again during that Congress to urge its passage, it consequently had to lay over, as had happened several times in past years, to another Congress."

Unfortunately, in 1860 Henry Leef died. Death on his pale horse is a man of affairs. He does not govern himself by Cushing's Manual. He does not entertain motions to debate, to amend, to substitute, to postpone to a day fixed, to postpone indefinitely, to lay on the table, to recommit, to discharge from further consideration, to vote by division, by tellers, by yeas and nays, to raise the question of a quorum voting, to reconsider and to lay that motion on the table. No, Death is not a parliamentarian. Death does something; he does not swing the scythe idly; while it is the essential part of your accomplished parliamentarian that he gracefully and with dignity does nothing. Mr. Leef, the claimant, might hope or fear to live forever, but Mr. Leef, the man, when his days were numbered, had to die. Alas! so must, too, the accomplished parliamentarian. Quite to his surprise, very likely, he will find that his until then all potent "I object" will not ward off the stroke or lay the matter over till the next Congress.

Mr. Leef, then, died; but whoever heard of a claim dying? Would I were a claim! I should then possess the secret of the philosopher's stone; the true elixir vitæ. Mr. Leef died, but he left a widow and ten children; eleven claimants instead of one.

The ship's owner died. Mr. Tyler, the Consul at Bahia, died; John McKee, the supercargo, died; Mr. Todd, our Minister at Brazil, died; Robert J. Walker, the Secretary of the Treasury, died; every one who had a direct or official connection with the original grievance is dead. But men may come and men may go; the claim goes on forever.

IV.

At least it seems likely to do so. It has, to be sure, passed one branch of Congress in thirty-one years. In ordinary circumstances the claimants might hope that in thirty-one years more it would pass the Senate. Unluckily, however, it has made a false start on its second heat. After due consideration the Senate Committee on Claims has just reported adversely! The minority, to be sure, recommended its passage, and give their grounds in a long and painstaking survey of the case. But the majority instructed Mr. Hoar to report as follows:

"The facts of the case we believe to be, in substance, as stated by the minority of the committee. Upon the facts the question arises whether it is the duty of the United States to compensate citizens for injuries to their property or business caused by the improper exercise of his powers by a Consul of the United States. We do not think it is the duty of the Government to make such compensation whether the Consul acted conscientiously and erred in a doubtful case, or whether his actions were arbitrary and wanton. We can see no reason why, if this claim be allowed, the Government ought not to compensate persons for illegal arrests, wrongful judgments of courts, wrongful acts of military or naval officers in war, and in all cases where public authority has been abused. We do not think such a precedent ought to be established. Government acts through human and imperfect agents. The liability to suffer from their error is one of the unavoidable ills of life. We recommend that the prayer of the petition be disallowed, and the bill indefinitely postponed."

This may or may not be good law. It is certainly prudent, but the quality of the Nation's mercy is a trifle strained.

V.

Why live at second-hand? Why cross the sea to study ourselves in the glass of fiction? Why laugh and weep over such imaginary folk as Tangle, the man from Shropshire, the little mad old woman in a squeezed bonnet, Messrs. Chizzle, Mizzle and Drizzle, Conversation Kenge, Guppy, Jellyby, old Tom Jarndyce who blew his brains out, Richard Jarndyce, Esther and the rest? I wish that our novelists would stop their chase after prettinesses of literary expression, and do strong, original work in painting native types as they live in the lobbies of Congress and other places of common resort. Among them may be found the representatives of the claim of Juliet Leef. I often meet them, an old man and a young one, the former the legal agent, the other a son of the claimant. The young man is a very worthy person, well informed, honorable, dutiful, hopeful. He deserves a better fate. Some friend should give him a copy of "Bleak House," with the admonition from the Book of Common Prayer to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest."—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

How to Judge a Horse.

NEVER take the seller's word, but it is safer to take that than the horse.

Never trust to a horse's mouth as a sure index of age. Horses cannot speak, but their mouths will lie about their age, just the same as the human mouth will sometimes deviate from the truth in the same regard.

However, there is a way to tell a horse's age by his mouth.

Examine the teeth carefully to see if the filling is gold or silver, and then give a good guess.

Two things may be set down as certain.

If the horse is for sale, he is not over eight years old.

Jockeys have too much regard for a horse to sell him if he is over eight years of age.

If it is your horse and you wish to sell him, he may be put down anywhere from twelve to eighteen.

Because you know that he was foaled six years ago matters nothing. The man of horse knowledge has said it.

Besides, some horses grow very fast.

Never have anything to do with a horse which keeps his ears thrown backward.

That is, unless you desire a rapid transit to another and better world.

Bent knees are a bad sign.

Genuflection is an admirable thing in a Christian, but when chronic in a horse, quite the reverse.

Avoid the wheezy animal.

Music hath charms, but there is such a thing as monotony.

There is such a thing, also, as lung trouble.

Never buy a horse whose skin does not move easily to the touch.

This indicates not only that he is a hide-bound bigot, but also that his digestion is bad.

Never buy a horse with a bluish or milky cast in the eyes.

Blind horses may go out of fashion about the same time that yours comes into it.

If the knees are blemished, it is a sign he is down on his luck. If his hind legs are scarred, ask to see the wagon to which he has been attached.

Never buy a horse that bears the mark of a strap about his neck.

No matter how old he is he will be found not to have forsaken his crib.

Never buy a horse while in motion; watch him while at rest and you will discover his weak points.

Never buy a horse while at rest; watch him while in motion and you will discover his other weak points.

If one foot is thrown forward with the toe pointing to the ground with the heel raised, don't buy him.

If he favors one foot by lifting it from the ground, don't buy him.

If a foot is thrown out and rested on his heel, don't buy him.

If the feet are bunched under him, don't buy him.

If he straddles like a saw-horse, don't buy him.

If he dosen't have clean, well shaped hoofs, don't buy him.

If he does, don't buy him.

If he seems perfection itself; don't buy him.

He is probably shamming.

Don't buy a horse under any considerations.

Follow this last rule, and you are safe.—*Boston Transcript.*

Old Slaves Just Getting Married.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created among the colored people last week, occasioned by the report that the Grand Jury would indict all negroes who were living together as man and wife and who had never been married under a license from the ordinary. The excitement ran high, and negroes who had been living together thirty years, and had grown families, obtained license, and were duly joined according to law. During the days of slavery it was not customary for slaves to be married by license, and consequently a number of colored people are now living together who were never legally married. There was danger for some parties, but not the old couples who were married before the war.—*Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent.*

HUMOROUS.

THE fashionable parasol this summer will be a wafer with a pin stuck through the middle of it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

IN peace prepare for war, particularly where it is a single piece of pie and two hungry boys want it—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

SOME people put stockings on their hens to keep them from scratching, but a better plan is to "shoo" them.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE editor of the Boston *Transcript* was asked whether a circus man can go to heaven, and he replied, "Well, he has a pretty good show."

THE reason whi mankind make so many blunders iz bekauz they attak things just az a ram duz, with all their fury, and both eyes shut.—*Josh Billings.*

ELEVEN million dollars was spent in this country last year for hair restoratives, and we can't see one more hair than the year before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A TRAMP says there can be nothing wrong about stealing a ride on a freight train, for though he gets what he steals, he does not rob anybody else of a ride. —*Puck.*

"THE book to read," says Dr. McCosh, "is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think." An algebra or a bank book for instance. —*Boston Transcript.*

"WHEN I was your age," said old Mr. Tret, "I rose with the lark." "I beat you clear out of sight, then" said Tom wearily and triumphantly, "I've been up all night with him."—*Hawkeye.*

THERE is no doubt that the business revival has at last reached the back towns. A New Hampshire man tacked a card upon his store door which read as follows: "Gone to wife's funeral. Be back in thirty minutes."—*Boston Post.*

A VERMONT couple put off applying for a divorce one term of court so that they could profit by their tin wedding. And yet they tell us the people of this country are recklessly extravagant and unthrifty. —*Boston Post.*

THAT child out West blown three miles through the air and lodged twenty-four hours in a tree top, may in the old age have occasion to say, "But the winds are nothing now to what they were when I was young."—*Graphic.*

OH, let us love the candidate,
He is so smiling and so bland,
Oh, let us be compassionate
And take him kindly by the hand:

And deem him not importunate,
Should his affection overflow,
But love the gentle candidate
Because he loves the people so.

THE gentleman who had been off for a fishing excursion and sent a paragraph to the local paper saying that "Mr. Jones has sent home a fine mess of "speckled beauties," could not account for the warm reception from his wife until he read that "Mr. Jones had been fined and sent home for a mess with some freckled beauties," and then he went for the newspaper man with a rod.—*Boston Commercial.*

AT the theater the other evening a man at the back of the audience muttered between acts that there was a large fire down town. Immediately ninety-seven men hastily said to their ladies, "I will go out and see whether it is in the direction of our office." They all returned at the beginning of the next act and reported, "No; it is in a different direction." One indiscreet young lady was heard to remark, "It must have been a fire in a clove factory."

An Object of Pity.

HANS GROWYOST, a worthy German farmer, who has been a life-long resident of Berks County, has a shrewish wife, who has long rendered his domestic life anything but a couch of roses. One day not long ago she in a fit of pique packed up her duds and left him, vowing never to come back. The news went around among the neighbors—you know how intelligence of all kinds does travel in the country—and at night several of them, of whom I was one, went to condole with Hans. He sat on his front stoop, puffing away at his pipe. "Hans," I remarked, "I pity you." "My boy," replied the honest Dutchman, as he disturbedly knocked out the ashes of his pipe, "you vas right. She has shust come back!"—*Chester (Pa.) Democrat.*

A RECENT essayist observes: "The ideal woman as the possible wife and mother, the actual daughter, is hallowed and glorified by the genius of all time. All that is right in it is so intimately allied with images of beauty and tragic interest that the moral judgment in this direction does not work alone, but is stimulated and supported by the constant guidance of an æsthetic feeling, which every poet that ever lived has contributed to form."

TO CURL PLUMES, put some coals of fire on a shovel, sprinkle brown sugar on the coals and hold the plumes in the smoke.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

THE tone of dried apple sauce may be heightened with a sliced lemon.

ONE hole in the fence will, by and by, cost ten times as much as it would to fix it at once. One diseased sheep will spoil a flock. One unruly animal will teach all others in company bad tricks.

CORN PUFFS.—Scald five tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, and when hot add a lump of butter the size of an egg; when cold, add two eggs, beaten separately, two cups of sweet milk and eight tablespoonfuls of wheat flour.

CEMENT FOR MENDING CHINA.—Make a thick solution of gum arabic with warm water, and stir in plaster of paris; use while warm and set the article away for two or three days to dry. It cannot be broken again in the same place.

ALL scars made by pruning off large branches of trees should be painted or tarred, or otherwise protected from the rain. Many fruit trees become hollow, or fall into premature decay, from the rain penetrating through old saw-cuts made in pruning.

WASH FOR THE HANDS.—Four ounces pulverized borax, four ounces each of saleratus and muriate of ammonia; put into a tin pan and pour in four quarts of hot soft water; stir until well mixed, bottle for use; after washing the hands and face, wet with the above.

CITRON CAKE.—(How to keep the citron from falling to the bottom of the cake.) One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs and one cup of milk; add one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar and one pinch of salt. Make the cake as above, put in the pan, cut the citron thin, put it in the cake endwise, push down until the batter covers citron.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Make good pie-crust (not biscuit-crust) enough for three layers rolled a little thicker than for pies, and bake in jelly-cake pans; prepare two quarts of berries, and stir in sugar to taste about half an hour before your crust is baked; butter the crust while hot, spread the berries between the layers, and serve immediately; no sauce is needed, as the juice of the fruit is sufficient.

RHUBARB PIE.—First stew and sweeten your fruit to taste. Line your dish with paste; brush the paste over with the beaten white of an egg to keep it from getting soaked. Do not put more than half a cup of water to a two quart saucepan of the rhubarb in stewing, or it will be too juicy. Fill the dish, three-quarters full, put strips of paste across as for a tart pie, and bake in a quick oven until the crust is done.

PAINTED FLOORS.—For kitchen and pantry floors there is nothing better than a coat of hard paint. The cracks should be filled with putty before it is applied, and the paint allowed to dry at least two weeks before using; and then it is easily kept clean by washing—not scrubbing—with milk and water. Soap should never be allowed to touch it. Red lead and yellow ocher are good for coloring; the former makes a hard paint that wears well.

THE London *Farmer* gives the following formula for making liquid grafting wax. Melt one pound of common resin over a gentle fire, add one ounce of beef tallow and stir well; cool a little and mix with it a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine and then add seven ounces of ninety-five per cent. alcohol. The alcohol will cool it so rapidly that it will be necessary to put it again on the fire, stirring it constantly with the utmost care to prevent the alcohol from getting inflamed. To avoid this the best way is to remove from the fire when the lump commences to melt, and stir and repeat until the whole is a homogeneous mass similar to honey. It should be put on with a painter's brush. After a few days' exposure to the atmosphere in a thin coat, it becomes as hard as a stone and impervious to air.

COLIC.—As soon as the colic pains are perceptible, give the animal a drench composed of eight ounces raw linseed oil, one fluid ounce of laudanum, one drachm powdered niter and eight fluid ounces peppermint-water. Mix well and drench slowly down the throat from a common drenching-horn or a smooth-necked champagne-bottle. If entire relief is not given in one hour repeat the above-prescribed drench in the same quantities as here given. If you will give proper attention to the diet of your horse and feed him with sound, sweet and nutritious grain and provender, the only food in character that agrees with the stomach and its functions, you will not have any further difficulty as regards colic attacks. Large quantities of water should not be given at any one time to horses that indicate the least predisposition to attacks of colic. The water furnished all live stock should be at all times pure, soft and fresh, and given in small quantity at a time three or four times daily. Both food and water should be given in regular quantities and at regular hours of the day. The stable should be properly ventilated and lighted with sash windows. Where strict attention is given to the hygienic and dietary care and general management of live stock, health will surely follow.