

Poetry.

WHAT, WHEN, WHO, ETC.

Pray, what did the B. B. Whoo?
What did the B. B. Whoo say?
What did the B. B. Whoo do?
What did the B. B. Whoo see?

HOUSEHOLD.

FRITTER BATTER.

One pint of flour, half a pint of milk,
one tablespoonful of salad oil or butter,
one teaspoonful of salt, a few drops of
the essence of lemon and two eggs.

TURKEY SOUP.

Put all the bones and the little bits
left from a dinner into three quarts of
water. If you have turkey gravy or
the remnants of chickens add them
also, and one onion.

LAMB STEAK.

Cut some nice steaks from a loin of
lamb. Dip them into the well-beaten
yolk of an egg, and season them with
a sprig of parsley, minced fine, the
grated peel of half a lemon and a little
salt, pepper and nutmeg.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.

One cup of chicken stock, one heap-
ing tablespoonful of flour, one table-
spoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful
of salt, one saltspoon of celery salt,
one cup cold, finely chopped chicken,
a little pepper and a teaspoonful of
lemon juice.

CODFISH HASH.

One pint of finely chopped, cooked
salt fish, six medium sized potatoes,
Pare the potatoes and boil an hour.
Drain off all the water, put the potatoes
into the tray with the fish, and mash
them and light with a vegetable masher.

A SPONTANEOUS AMEN.

A funny thing occurred at one of the
city churches last Wednesday night at
the regular weekly prayer meeting
service. Four unmarried ladies sat in
one seat, ranging in age from thirty-
three to forty years, and were appar-
ently deeply interested in the meet-
ing. One of the brethren was called
upon to pray and did so. In the course
of his invocation, the brother said:

ONLY A TRAMP.

NO. 4.

[Written for the PROGRESSIVE FARMER, by
G. Ed. Keetler, Concord, N. C.]

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the most
famous preacher in the world to-day,
said in a sermon a few years since:
"Great monopolies in any land imply
great privation. The time will come
when our government will have to
limit the amount of accumulation of
property. Unconstitutional, do you
say? Then constitutions will have to
be changed until they allow such limita-
tion. Otherwise the work of absorp-
tion will go on, and the large fishes will
eat up the small fishes, and the shad
will swallow up the minnow, and the
porpoise swallow the shad, and the
whales swallow the porpoise, and a
thousand greedy men will own all the
world. But would a law of limitation
of wealth be unrighteous? If I dig so
near my neighbor's foundation in order
to build my house, that I endanger his,
the law grabs me. If I have a tannery
or a chemical factory, the malodors of
which injure residents in the neighbor-
hood, the law says: 'Stop that.' If I
drain off a river from its bed, and divert
it to turn my mill wheel, leaving the
bed of the river a breeding place for
malaria, the law says: 'Quit that out-
rage!' And has not a government a
right to say that a few men shall not
gorge themselves on the comfort, and
wealth, and life of governments? Your
right ends where my rights begin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALLEGED FUN.

Maid-servant—Professor, O profes-
sor! just think, I have swallowed a
pin. Absent minded Professor—Never
mind; here is another one.

Precise maiden aunt (trying to amuse
Kate, who has come to spend the day)
—'Oh, see pussy washing her face!'
Infant (with scorn)—'She's not wash-
ing her face. She's washing her feet
and wiping them on her face.'

Bert—'I don't see any use in this
Geography lesson.' Mattie—'Why,
you goosey, it's of the greatest use. It
tells you where to go when you can't
get there, and describes the country
and all that. If we had no geography,
we'd get lost all over the world.'—
Harper's Young People.

A fly had fallen into the inkwell of a
certain author who writes a very bad
and very inky hand. The writer's
little boy rescued the unhappy insect
and dropped him on a piece of paper.
After watching him intently for a
while, he called to his mother and re-
quested her to come to him for a min-
ute: "Here's a ejectives fly, mamma,"
he said. "He writes just like papa."

A gentleman traveling on the Great
Northern railway, having delivered lug-
gage to the care of a porter, made him-
self comfortable in the corner of a car-
riage. The porter came to the carriage
for the "reward of merit." "Well,"
said the gentleman, "I see by the let-
ters 'G. N. R.' on your cap, Gratuities
never received." "A little mistake,
sir," replied the porter. "It should be,
Gratuities never refused."

Great Statesman (after being called
out of bed at 2 o'clock, a. m., and
submitting to a long interview on "The
Tariff and its Tinklers" in a cold room)
—"And now, may I ask, my young
friend, if you will kindly send me
twenty copies of this interview when it
appears in the great daily which
you so ably represent?"—"Dear Y. F.
(briskly)—"O, this ain't for no paper!
You see I belong to the School of Jour-
nalism and had orders to practice on a
rush interview with some well known
politician, so I just came to see you.
Much obliged sir, good morning, sir!"
Truth.

Said the wise man, "A soft answer
turneth wrath." A lady who believed
in this precept said to her four-year
old Nellie, who is somewhat quick
tempered. "If one of your playmates
speaks rudely to you, return a soft
answer." "Soft?" "Yes. Now run along
and play; mamma is busy." The child
went out on the lawn, where a neigh-
bor's boy was mending a kite. She
accidentally broke the kite string more,
whereby the boy was made angry. "I
don't like you; you're a horrid thing!"
he said. Little Nellie's eyes flashed,
and she was about to reply with a very
unkind remark, when, suddenly re-
calling her mother's advice about a
soft answer, she looked the boy right
in the eye, and said meekly and slowly,
"Mush."

A GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON BOYS.

Boys are men that have not got as big
as their papas, and girls is young
women that will be young ladies by
and by.

Man was made before women.
When God looked at Adam He said
to Himself, "Well, I guess I can do
better than that if I try again," and
then he made Eve.

God liked Eve so much better than
he did Adam, that there have been
more women in the world than men
ever since.

Boys are a trouble. They are very
wearin' on everything but soap.

If I could have my way, half the
little boys in the world would be dolls.
My papa is so nice to me, that I
guess he must have been a girl when
he was a little boy.

HE RODE HIS WHALE HOME.

Not From the Arctic, but From Right off
Morehead City, N. C.

(Washington Evening Star.)

The piscatorial reporter will now in-
troduce Capt. Jim Willis, who will
favor us with a fish story. Capt. Jim
hails from Morehead City, N. C. At
this moment he is leaning against the
buffet at the Normandie, and this is
what he is saying:

"Down yonder where I live we have
all sorts of finny denizens of the deep
from minnows up to whales, including
yachtsmen. I don't propose to stuff
you with a trout story, or to say any-
thing to you about the size of a black
bass, because I am aware that there are
a class of land lubbers right here in
this city who can lie just about as
hard as anybody else in this particular
line. I can't tell a yarn with any bigger
bass in it than the next fellow. My
specialty is the whale. I'd like to bet
a hundred dollars to a cent that when
a request for a story comes round I can
catch a bigger whale than anybody else.

"But, throwing all jokes to the four,
or even a greater number of the winds
of heaven, I did have an experience
with a whale that came near making
a Jonah out of me with the casting up
process omitted. One sunny afternoon,
not very long ago, I was sitting in the
shade of my own fig tree and swinging
in my own grape vine swing. It was
one of those days when nature takes an
outing. A jet of the ocean went up
and fell back as spray. I saw this, but
I was in too much of a reverie to trace
causes. A party of my fisher friends,
who lived further up the beach, came
running by, and as they passed me
they sang out, 'There she blows!' This
cry woke me up. Once more the jet
of water spouted upward from the sea,
and down to the pier I rushed. A
whale is apt to create a sensation in
any seaside community, even though
there be no summer guests, because
there are always many hundreds of
dollars concealed on its person. It is
a red letter event in local annals when
a whale comes. The saloon keepers
especially make merry over the ar-
rival. This kind of guests, however,
were so few and far between at More-
head that accommodations for them
were rather below the standard.

"Our reception facilities in this par-
ticular instance were so inadequate
that it was long an open question
whether that whale would or would
not conclude to settle in our town. It
was only by luck and through no par-
ticular preference of his own, that he
did so. The town only boasted of two
harpooning outfits. One was an ancient
harpooning gun that years before had
been found by wreckers on board the
hulk of a South Sea whaler, which had
gone on our coast while bound to New
Bedford, and the other was a very
primitive hand power harpoon rig.
The other two were without any arma-
ment except shotguns and one or two
rifles.

"It was almost a hopeless case with
us, for if a whale is not hit in the vitals
he will go down to come to the surface
in a distant part of the sea. When one
is struck in the vitals he spouts or blows
blood, and then floats into eternity.
We rowed off so as to come at the same
time from different points of the com-
pass. As we approached the whale it
was seen that he was a large and fat one.
He took no notice of our coming. When
we got within about 100 feet of the
monster the harpoon gun was fired and
the barbed weapon took effect just be-
hind the head and pretty well up on
the back. This was a painful but not
necessarily a fatal shot. The other
boats turned themselves loose and made
some insertions in the flesh.

"Instead of going under as wounded
whales do, he remained on top to fight
it out. He swished his tail and turned
the sea into suds, and made such a
swell that the good people of Alexan-
dria would not have permitted him to
pass their port without slowing down.
He plunged headlong against one of
the boats and stove it so it would hardly
float. Its occupants were knocked
overboard. There was a good deal of
excitement. The sea round about us
was boiling, the whale was red hot with
rage, the men were shouting and the
guns were popping. We could see that
the beach away off was fringed with
the population of the town, and we
knew that all our movements were be-
ing watched anxiously through glasses.

"We had to fight. There was no
time to crawlfish or to back water. The
fish next hurled himself against the
boat in which I was, and it yielded to
his wishes and got smashed. It was
raised a considerable distance in the
air, and when it came down I was not
in it. Where do you think I was, young
man? In the water? Not much, I
wasn't. I was on that whale's back
just about his head, and holding on to
that harpoon with both hands.

"Some of my friends were floundering
in the aqueous brine and some were
supporting themselves by clutching
the gunwales. Some had climbed into
the other boats, thus overloading them
and crippling their efficiency. He
smashed boat No. 3, but he was bleed-
ing as copiously as though participat-
ing in an athletic club glove contest.
He was getting feeble, but he had a
black roof in his mouth and an Abdal-
lah stripe down his back and refused
to say 'enough.' The boys in the re-
maining boat were hand'ing their guns
with about the same care as a police-
man, and my sweet life was in danger
in more ways than a dozen. Above
all the roar and riot it seemed to me as
though he could hear the shouts of the
people on the shore, and I felt certain
that I could hear the dulcet tones of
my beloved Hannah.

"The line which had connected the
harpoon and the boat had parted and
about 200 feet of manilla hawser
squirmed and wriggled snake like
around in the seething sea. The whale
didn't seem to observe my attitude, and
continued his attention upon the two
remaining boats. The hand harpoon
had been shoved into the right place
and the whale was blowing his last.
A column of blood was being squirted
skyward and the scarlet blood fell over
me, dyeing me a gory hue. A few
feeble swashes of the tail and a keeling
motion as though he was going to lie
on his side announced that the fish was
dead. The rope that floated from my
harpoon was picked up, and the whale
and his rider were towed to shore.

"Our catch was lashed alongside the
pier, and the next day we went to work
at the carcass. The fish was 62 feet 3/4
inches long, and the proceeds from the
sales of his oil, bone, and other valu-
ables were \$3,500. I will never forget
my experience with that whale off
Morehead, N. C."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Portland, Ore., is said to have 120
millionaires.
Galveston handles every year 700,000
bales of cotton.
Denver was named for Gov. James
W. Denver, of Kansas.
Chicago has a court house and city
hall that cost \$4,000,000.
Troy, N. Y., makes over \$4,000,000
worth of stoves every year.
Cincinnati manufactures every year
\$280,000,000 worth of goods.
Jacksonville has two hotels which,
together, cost over \$5,000,000.
St. Albans, Vt., is one of the largest
butter markets in this country.
Louisville in the Falls City, from its
position at the falls of the Ohio.
Up to 1825 Charleston, S. C., had a
larger commerce than New York.
Hartford is said to be the richest
city, for its population, in America.
The mines tributary to Butte City
have an output of \$23,000,000 a year.
The wages of female servants in
Prussia range from \$14 28 to \$71 40 per
year; of males, \$28 80 to \$95 20.
The lowest wages in Europe are
paid in Italy. A baker there makes \$4
per week, a tailor \$4 50, a painter \$5.
Housemaids in England receive an
average of three shilling a week as
wages, together with their food and
lodgings.
Before the Mohammedans took posses-
sion of Arabia nine tenths of all
female children born were immediately
buried alive.
Nearly 10 per cent. of the yield from
last year's cotton crop in the South is
from cotton-seed oil, once thrown aside
as useless refuse.
There is a tradition that in the time
of Cræon, king of Thebes, an ivory nin-
ometer, with cubits and diggits of ham-
mered gold, was used.
The Pall Mall Gazette says that 3,000-
000,000 gallons of beer were imbibed
in Europe last year, of which Germans
consumed 1,051,000,000.
It has been declared by Dr. Ross, a
Nova Scotian mining expert, that Wy-
oming is richer in minerals than any
other State in this country.
A resident of Cincinnati, who at-
tended Cleveland's inauguration in 1848
was purposely a cheap watch, so that
if it was stolen he would not lose much.
The timepiece was stolen, but an hour
afterwards he found it in his overcoat
pocket, the disgusted pickpocket hav-
ing returned it.
The excavators at Delphi recently
dug up a colossal marble statue of
Apollo. The sculpture is of the best
antique school, and the statue itself is
excellently preserved, with the excep-
tion that the nose is broken. It some-
what resembles the Apollo of Tenea in
the museum at Munich.
F. A. Lewis, Sr., who lives near
Howardsville, Va., slipped and fell the
other day to the bottom of a well said
to be 75 feet deep. He landed, it is
stated, in 15 feet of water, and, ac-
cording to our authority, he soon rose
and climbed up to where he could sup-
port himself until his friends rescued
him.
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THAT CONUNDRUM.

It Causes Hostilities to Break out Again
in the Sanctum.
"Why is a river like the science of
pugilism?" casually inquired the Chi-
cago Tribune exchange editor.
"Because it's a case of bluff on both
sides," promptly responded the finan-
cial editor. "That's an easy one.
Why is a—
"Don't be in such a hurry. You
haven't guessed it yet."
The financial editor looked vaguely
around as if for a weapon of some
kind.
"Then it's because it gets pretty low
down," he said, "and when it can't
make a raise it has to dry up. Why
is—
"That won't do either."
"Isn't that the right answer?"
"That isn't within four counties
of it."
"The trouble with your conundrums
is, they're too far fetched."
"How do you know. You haven't
fetched this one yet. Whose conun-
drum is it, anyhow?"
"You seem to be trying to shoulder
it off on me."
"Well, if you can't answer it—
"I can, though. Because the public
—any profanity about it?"
"No."
"Because if there is I won't have
anything to do with it."
"That isn't the correct answer,
either."
The financial editor glared at him
and reached for his cane, but re-
strained himself with a violent effort.
"Because," he said, trying it once
more, "because it runs mills—no, that
won't do. Because when it gets full it
always has more sand than when it—
"You give me the earache!"
"Well, if you think nobody else
knows anything about it suppose you
answer it yourself."
"Because it all runs to mouth."
And the enraged bystanders inter-
fered.
ELI PERKINS ON WOMAN SUFF-
RAGE.
A very dirty, debased and ignorant-
looking man came in to vote in a town-
ship in Michigan.
"I wish you would oblige us by
voting this ticket," said Susan B.
Anthony, who was standing at the
polls.
"Whatever kind of a ticket is that?"
asked the man.
"Why," said Miss Anthony, "you
can see for yourself."
"But I can't read," he answered.
"Whatever can't you read the ballot
you have there in your hand, which
you are about to vote?" exclaimed Miss
Anthony.
"No," said he, "I can't read at all."
"Well," said the gifted lady, "this
ballot means that you are willing to
let the women as well as the men
vote."
"Is that it?" he replied, "then I don't
want it; the women don't know enough
to vote."—Perkins' Letters.
TRULY A SERIOUS CASE.
Once I was assistant to an elderly
doctor in Ontario, who also ran a drug
store. He was as peppery as a cayenne
pod, and from time to time customers
and patients had sprung jokes on him,
just for the sake of hearing him
blow off.
On one occasion a well-dressed fel-
low called at the shop and asked the
doctor to prescribe for a breaking out
and a rash on his left arm. The doctor
examined the limb and pronounced
it to be a bad case of psoriasis and
eczema.
"I suppose, doctor, you can cure it!"
said the patient.
"Why, certainly," replied the doctor.
"How long will it take to get well?"
"Oh, I guess about two months,"
says the doctor.
"Quite sure, sir—is it a bad case?"
"Positively the worst I've seen."
"Then I will leave it with you and
call again when cured," solemnly said
the patient, slowly unfastening his
arm, which was an artificial one, and
painted for the occasion.—Chemist and
Druggist.
"IT'S ME, JESUS."
At a religious meeting in the south
of London a timid little girl wanted
to be prayed for; she wanted to come
to Jesus, and she said to the gentleman
conducting the meeting:
"Will you pray for me in the meet-
ing, please! But do not mention my
name."
In the meeting that followed, when
every head was bowed and there was
perfect silence, this gentleman prayed
for a little girl who wanted to come to
Jesus and he said:
"O Lord, there is a little girl who
does not want her name known, but
Thou dost know her; save her precious
soul, Lord."
There was a perfect silence, then
away in the back of the meeting a
little voice said:
"Please, it's me, Jesus—it's me!"
She did not want to have a doubt.
She meant it. She wanted to be-
lieve, and she was not ashamed to rise in
that meeting, little girl as she was,
and say:
"It is me, Jesus—it's me."—Ex.