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# NEWS AND CITIZEN.

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### THE FARMER.

[From the New York Ledger.]

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain,
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak,
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow;
The man that walks behind the plow
Is his own master, whate'er befall,
And king or beggar he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk, and fruit, and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn, and all, go right.
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the Farmer he must feed us all.

LILLIE E. BARR.

### LITTLE CARROTSON'S HOLIDAY.

Mr. Cutbill was a busy lawyer, a bachelor and not very fond of children, so that his married sister, who lived in the country, made a mistake when she wrote to beg that he would provide a day and an evening's amusement for little Carrotson, who was returning to Westminster School after his Christmas holidays. The boy was due at his tutor's house in Dean's Yard on a Wednesday; but Mr. Cutbill's sister suggested that if he came up to London on the Tuesday her brother might make him spend an agreeable day and take him to see a pantomime afterward. Little Carrotson was not related in any way to Mr. Cutbill's sister, but he was the son of a friend of hers, and was said to be an intelligent boy, well worth knowing.

Mr. Cutbill consented to entertain the youth, and little Carrotson accordingly arrived at the lawyer's private residence in Gower street one January morning, toward half-past nine. It was raining hard, and Mr. Cutbill thought it would never do to take the boy out of doors in such weather. He would be getting wet feet, catch cold, and so forth; besides, the lawyer was absolutely obliged to go to his office for two or three hours; so, as soon as Carrotson had been installed opposite a cup of coffee and a sausage, Mr. Cutbill said to him, in a tone that meant to be paternal:

"Look here, James; can I trust you to be a good boy while I am out? I shall be back for luncheon, and then I'll take you to see the wax-works, and in the evening we'll go to Drury Lane. So, as you're going to have two treats to-day, I hope you'll keep out of mischief."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," said little Carrotson, eying the lawyer with some surprise.

"If you'll mind not to leave this room, and not to play with the fire, I'll see if I have any picture books." * *

"Don't trouble yourself, sir," answered the boy, on whose chubby face there was a slight flush of offended dignity. "There's a friend of mine who lives in the neighborhood, and I thought of going to hunt him up."

"A friend? Is he a boy, like yourself?"

"Well, he's fourteen."

It was so long since Mr. Cutbill had been a boy that he had forgotten all the habits of the species and the manner of addressing them. In the red-headed, blue-eyed, merry faced lad before him he saw only a mere child who wanted to go and splash about in the rain, perhaps to make mud pies and to be run over by cabs.

"No, I must positively forbid that," he said. "You are under my charge to-day, and must do as I tell you. Think what your mamma would say if you were brought home on a stretcher." Then, suddenly, a happy thought occurred to Mr. Cutbill. Why should he not set the boy to do a little useful work by way of making the time pass? He had read somewhere that boys enjoy a half-holiday better than a whole one; so he darted out of the room and returned with his washing-book. "Look here, James; I'll see how you can do sums. Just go through this book, add up all the weekly accounts of the past quarter, and then divide the total of the number of weeks so as to get at the average of my weekly expenditure. If you do all that correctly by the time I return, and without making any blots, I'll give you half a crown to spend at school."

Having said this, Mr. Cutbill retired, thinking he had hit upon an ingenious device for keeping his charge out of mischief. Little Carrotson's face was a picture.

Public school boys have strong expressions for describing such men as Mr. Cutbill; they call them "howling snobs."

The egregious "cheek" of forbidding Carrotson "to play with the fire," and the utter villainy of compelling him to do sums in a house where he had come as a guest in holiday time, could only be matched by the impudent offer of half a crown to one who had no less than four sovereigns in his pocket. The whole thing was indeed so "rich," that after a brief spell of speechless indignation, Carrotson laughed. He took up the lawyer's "beastly" washing book, and got through the work set him in half an hour, after which he added some supplementary averages of his own. He computed how many shirts Mr. Cutbill would wear in the course of a lifetime, supposing he lived to the age of seventy, and how much he would disburse in getting his socks washed during the same period, and so forth, but these calculations only amused him for another half hour. Then he yawned, stared out of the window, and was startled by the postman's double knock. What devil of vindictive mischief was it that made him whisper then: "By Jove, I'll just answer the old cad's letter for him!"

Little Carrotson slunk into the passage and found four letters in the box. He left one, in case a servant should come up and collect the delivery; but the other three he carried into the dining-room where he had been working. The breakfast things had not yet been removed, and there was some water in the slop-basin, by means of which the boy speedily ungummed the three envelopes. To say that he felt the slightest compunction at what he was doing would be incorrect; he thought only of having a lark, and paying out old Cutbill for his snobbery.

The first letter was a printed invitation to dine with a Peer; the second was a note from a lady who signed herself "Flora Higgins," and wrote thanking Mr. Cutbill for a legal opinion he had given her in a friendly way. She alluded several times to her daughter Rosa, who was so pleased to hear Mr. Cutbill's cold was better, and hoped so much Mr. Cutbill would look in soon to take a cup of tea, and hear her sing one of his favorite songs which she had been practicing. The third letter was in a man's hand, and referred evidently to some differences that had arisen between Mr. Cutbill and the writer. The latter—one Brown—wrote, however, to say that he trusted Mr. Cutbill would frankly accept the explanation he had tendered, and that the painful misunderstanding between them would now cease.

It has been said that young Carrotson was an intelligent boy. He proved it by the calm deliberation with which he now went to work; for, having found a sample of Mr. Cutbill's handwriting in the adjoining study, to which he repaired on tip-toe, he applied himself during half an hour to imitating that writing till he attained proficiency. He then indited the three following answers to the lawyer's correspondents, his face being as serious as a judge's whilst he wrote, though there was a suspicious twinkling in his eyes.

To the Peer he addressed himself thus:

"MY LORD—It is very kind of you to invite me to dinner, but I am afraid I cannot accept, because since I last saw you I have suddenly changed my political opinions and think you are altogether wrong about everything. I shall be happy to make friends with you again if you will agree to think as I do; but, perhaps, being obstinate, you won't like to do this.

"So no more at present. From your lordship's obedient servant,

"LONG CUTBILL."

Next came Mrs. Higgins's turn.

"MY DEAR MRS. HIGGINS—Your kind letter has pleased me so much, because of its allusion to dear Rosa. I am so fond of her that I have been quite miserable from wondering all night whether she would marry me, and that must excuse the shakiness of my handwriting this morning. I am sure I should make a good husband if Rosa would promise to keep my washerwoman's account correctly balanced. I am very particular about this. Please think over the matter and let me have an early favorable answer, which will oblige, yours truly. LONG CUTBILL."

P. S.—Shouldn't I like to catch dear Rosa under the mistletoe.

The gentleman who wanted to be reconciled to Mr. Cutbill came in for this kindly missive:

"MY DEAR BROWN—It was I who was in the wrong all through our quarrel, so please say nothing more in the matter. I have a vile temper, which I freely acknowledge, and if you had kicked me down stairs when we last met it would have served me right, though I might have objected at the time. Pray come to dine with me on Saturday evening at seven o'clock, and we will have one of the best bottles of champagne out of my cellar. Don't trouble yourself to write and say you'll come, as I shall be out of town to-morrow and next day, but will be back in time for our dinner, which will be a rouser. Ever your friend, L. CUTBILL."

Little Carrotson put the letters in envelopes, directed them, and stamped them with stamps of his own, after which, having hesitated a moment, he flung the three original letters into the fire. He had thought at first of restoring them to their covers and laying them on the lawyer's table, but he concluded that the fun would be much greater if he simply suppressed them. He was seated by the fire, studying the police reports in the times, and looking as innocent as possible, when Mr. Cutbill returned home toward one o'clock.

Now, if the lawyer had behaved "like a gentleman" for the rest of the day, little Carrotson might have had mercy on him. The boy was in doubt about posting the letters he had written, and kept them in his pocket like loaded weapons, ready for reprisals if Mr. Cutbill "cheeked" him any further. Unfortunately, the lawyer was a dull person, and committed blunder upon blunder in dealing with his small but sensitive guest. He took him to the Tussaud show, but opposite the wax effigy of William Rufus he asked him at what date that monarch had ascended the throne. He refused to let little Carrotson go into the Chamber of Horrors, saying it would excite him. He bade him admire the noble brow of Richard Cobden, and took a mean advantage of the occasion to bore him about free trade. Finally, he drew down on himself the contempt of Carrotson by misquoting Shakespeare as they were surveying Charles Kemble in the part of Hamlet: "That's Hamlet saying, 'My kindom for a horse,'" remarked the mendacious lawyer.

At Drury Lane in the evening it was worse. Little Carrotson derived some amusement from the pantomine, and almost relented in his revengeful purposes; but the miserable lawyer refused to stay for the harlequinade. He said that little boys ought not to be kept out of their beds after half-past ten. Little Carrotson silently ground his teeth, and from that moment Mr. Cutbill's punishment was decreed beyond hope of pardon. The three letters were posted in the pillar box of Dean's Yard on the following day, when the boy returned to school.

They were destined to have very remarkable effects on the lawyer's future. In the first place there came to him on the Friday morning a short but sweet note from Mrs. Higgins:

"MY DEAR MR. CUTBILL—Your original and amusing way of proposing for dear Rosa's hand has made us both laugh, but my beloved child is quite alive to the honor which you are conferring on her, and I can promise you that all the affection which you lavish upon her shall be amply repaid in kind. Please come at once; she is waiting for you. Very faithfully yours,

FLORA HIGGINS."

"What the deuce does this mean?" asked Mr. Cutbill, with a blank look. He wrote at once for explanations, and then received a curt note, begging him to call at Mrs. Higgins's. That lady and her daughter imagined that the lawyer cherished the unchivalrous design of retracting his proposal, and this they were determined to prevent. Mr. C. was confronted with his own handwriting. He vowed it was not his, but was driven at last to own that possibly he had written the letter in his sleep. He had heard of such things happening, and though he did not believe he was a somnambulist, he could not, of course, swear that such was not the case.

"But if you wrote the letter in your sleep, did it betray your unspoken thoughts?" was the clever Mrs. Higgins's next searching question. She smiled kindly as she said this, and Mr. Cutbill gave in. After all, why shouldn't he marry dear Rosa? He returned to Gower street an engaged man; but by that time he had come to guess who was the culprit who had played him this trick, and thought with indignation of the precocious depravity evinced by little Carrotson.

This was on the Saturday and Mr. Cutbill had scarcely reached home when Brown, his quondam friend, marched in with a beaming face. It should be said that this Brown had behaved very badly to Cutbill, but now there was emotion in his eyes as he advanced upon the lawyer and forcibly grasped his hand. "You have acted nobly in forgiving me, Cutbill. * * * I shall never forget it. * * * No more generous letter than yours was ever penned; but enough, I've brought a good appetite with me."

"I don't in the least understand you." Mr. Cutbill was about to say, coldly, but he checked himself. Since Brown praised him for his generosity, it was as well to take credit for such a rare virtue. Brown had evidently come to dinner, and as the lawyer always dined well, his sudden arrival did not matter much. But over their wine, by-the-by, when the two gentlemen had quite cemented their reconciliation, Mr. Cutbill thought it best to tell the truth, and avow that it was to a pestilent Westminster boy, named Carrotson, that he was indebted for the pleasure of having Brown to dine at his table. As if to corroborate that assertion, that very evening's post brought a letter from the lawyer's third correspondent, the Peer, which ran thus:

"MY DEAR MR. CUTBILL—What on earth is the meaning of the enclosed note, which, I presume, is a forgery? Yours truly, C."

A visit which Mr. Cutbill paid to Westminister School on the Monday night might have had distressing consequences for little Carrotson, but for Mrs. Higgins's interference. As it was, the lawyer only went for the purpose of asking how many letters Carrotson had thought proper to write in his name, and he smiled—rather a grim smile, though—in cautioning the boy against practical jokes for the future. Little Carrotson laid the lesson well to heart. He got many a welcome reminder to this end from dear Rosa, who, after her marriage, become his ally, and often invited him to dine in Gower street, where she gave him no washing bills to balance, but treated him like a man, and tipped him sovereigns, earning in response his unqualified opinion as to her being a "brick."

### Hard Work for the Princes.

Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, who has been a tutor to the imperial family of Austria, is in Boston. He gives an interesting account of the studies of the little princes and princesses, saying:

"At two years of age the imperial children have French nurses, who talk nothing else but their own tongue. Thus a perfect accent is acquired. At the age of six the child is provided with a German tutor, who is in the society of the prince or princess half the time; so the child adds German to his French. At eight years of age an English tutor appears on the scene; then the child's day is divided into three parts—one devoted to French, one to German, and one to English. As soon as the young archduke is able to enter the officers' school he is provided with a Hungarian adjutant, who talks to him continually in that difficult tongue. In another year a Bohemian instructor comes on the stage, and so on, new languages being gradually added to the linguistic stock of the young prince. You will realize what a many-languaged empire it is that the Austrian Emperor rules over, when I tell you that the Austrian paper florins each contain ten languages in their printed regulations. Recently, when the Princess Stephanie, of Belgium, was betrothed to the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph, she had to take up the study of two of the most intricate and puzzling languages in the world, Hungarian and Bohemian, in order that she might be fitted to assume her future place as Empress of Austria-Hungary. I assure you that the princess, who is still studying, has shed many bitter tears over these languages."

A SINGULAR AMUSEMENT.—While Madrid runs to bull-fights, and New York to walking-matches, Lucknow, par excellence the sporting town of India, finds combats between quails her most popular pastime. A native writer asserts that there is scarcely a Mahometan in the place who does not keep a training establishment. An untrained quail is worth from one to four cents, but when a bird becomes a famous fighter its owner can get $100 for it any day. Distinguished quail live proudly in gaudily decorated cages and in the pit evince great valor and dexterity.

### AN AMERICAN SHIPMASTER.

#### One of the Old Style and His Peculiar Ways.

R. B. Forbes writes to the Boston *Journal* as follows: In one of your recent marine yarns, I observed that the writer says that he never knew of a colored mate on board of a respectable ship. When in China, many years ago, I met Capt. Saulsbury, of Providence. I think his ship was called the Washington. His chief mate was a full-blooded African. It seems that his late mate had been caught asleep in his watch, and had otherwise given offense to Saulsbury, who told him that if he was ever again found asleep in his watch he should be put into the galley and that the cook should be promoted to his place. It was thus that there happened to be a black man as mate on board the Washington. On his way home on that or some other voyage, he encountered a cyclone near Madagascar, and lost pretty much all his spars; that is to say, he was dismasted fore and aft, leaving only ten or twenty feet of his lower masts standing but Saulsbury was not given to panic, and he carefully saved most of his sails, blocks, rigging and portions of her spars.

The gale soon moderated, and the ship did not leak. Before anything could be done to make sail a fine French ship came along and sent a boat to the Washington offering to take off the crew, but Saulsbury laughed at the idea, and said, "give me a few bolts of canvas, a spar or two, and I shall be all right." The Frenchman complied, and inquired where he intended to put in to refit. The emphatic answer was, "Amsterdam, for which port I have signed bills of lading.' The Frenchman left him, and in a very few days the Washington was so rigged as to be able to carry sail about equal to double reefed topsails and courses, jib and spanker. When approaching the coast of England one morning the same French ship was seen close by all a-taunt-ho, excepting the loss of his mizzen topgallant mast. He had as usual with French ships of that day visited the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, and perhaps Ascencion. Saulsbury hailed, saying, "I see you are in distress; where do you mean to put in for repairs?"

In those days ships were not abandoned when they met with grave accidents Another anecdote of Saulsbury I can vouch for. He was driven on shore in a "Tay-foong" in the vicinity of Cumsingmoon, not very far west of Lintin, China. The tide was very high, and when the gale subsided the Washington was found high and dry an hundred feet or more from salt watee. Saulsbury removed all his ballast, the ship having no cargo on board, stripped the ship of everything save lower masts and ground tackle, hired an army of laborers, male and female, and began to dig a dock, leaving an embankment on the outer side. About this time Mr. The. Dent, the chief of one of the prominent English houses at Canton and the agent of a local insurance company, anchored his little boat near by and came to pay Saulsbury a visit. He expressed the opinion that all this was labor lost, and that the ship could never be floated. Saulsbury replied:

"She must come off; she is not insured!"

Suffice it to say, the big mud hole was made, anchors were got out and planted, well backed, and when a high tide came the embankment was removed, and the ship was floated. A similar case occurred later near the same locality when Capt. Wm. Cole saved the bark Kent, of Boston. The record of such cases should be kept before our young seamen as examples worthy of following.

### The Ancient Mounds.

A curious theory has been developed among the thinking community here, says a Vicksburg, Miss., letter, with regard to the ancient mound builders that may go far toward solving a vexed problem. It appears that these mounds are now the principal points of refuge in all the overflowed districts, not only for the people but for stock and the wild animals. The idea advanced is that the ancient inhabitants who lived remote from the hill country built these mounds for the purpose of entrapping game during the overflows, which, of course, must have been of more frequent occurrence and of greater magnitude than they are at present. It is claimed that the bones and hunting implements found thereon substantiate this theory; but, be this as it may, the fact cannot be disputed that these works of the mound builders, which are plentiful throughout the present overflowed districts, are serving a beneficial purpose at present in preserving both life and property.

The only thing against the theory lies in the fact that the mounds extend up into the prairie lands of Ohio and Illinois, all remote from the lowlands of the Mississippi.

### Potatoes from Abroad.

Talk about carrying coals to Newcastle. In the windows of the grocery shops on our populous avenues will be seen placards bearing the following inscription: "Potatoes from Scotland and Ireland." "Cabbages from Holland." "Butter from Holstein." This latter dairy product, by the way, is said to be the finest in the world. The Circassia last week brought over a hundred packages of it. It is well known in England, where it sells at higher prices than the American product. No wonder the balance of trade is against us, when we are importing vegetables and dairy products from Europe. It is scarcely more than a year since Mr. James Caird, after a visit to this country, advised Scotch and English agriculturists to stop growing wheat and turn their attention to market gardening and dairy products. The drought of last summer on the eastern seaboard of this country gave an immediate point to his recommendation.—*N. Y. Hour.*

THE OLD SOUTH.—A subscription paper at Boston is taking pledges toward reducing the Old South Church debt to $100,000, the interest on which can be paid by rents. The present debt is $208,000, and about half the needed sum is pledged.

VICTORY belongs to the most persevering.

### People I Don't Like to Meet.

"Dar' am sartin folkses I want to keep away from," began Prest. Gardner, of the Lime-Kiln Club, as the voices of the Glee Club died away on the last strains of "Sarah Jane's Baby." "I mean dat class of people who groan ober de wickedness of de world, an' who have heartaches an' sorrows to peddle aroun' de kentry at de reg'lar market rates. Dar' am de ole man Turner. He comes ober to see me now and den, but he can't sot still kase somebody stole his dog, or hit him wid a brick-bat, or beat him out of seventy-five cents. He fully believes dat de world am gwine to smash at de rate of fifteen miles an hour, an' it would eanemost kill him to lose his ole wallet an' find a man honest 'nuff to return it.

"Der widder Plumsell comes ober to borry some butter fur supper, an' she draps down on a cha'r an' heaves a sigh as big as a barn doah an' goes on to say dat dis am a cold an' unfeelin' world. 'Cording to her tell all men am dishonest, all women extravagant, an' all chill'en just ready to come down wid de measles. Tears run down her cheeks as she tells how she has to work an' plan while eberybody else has money to frow inter Lake Erie, an' she wipes her nose on her apron as she asserts dat dis wicked world can't stan' mo' dan fo' weeks longer.

"Deacon Striper draps in to eat popcorn wid me of a Friday evenin' an' he hardly gits out from under his hat befo' he begins to tell what his first wife died of; how his second run away; how his third broke her leg by fallin' off a fence an' cost him $28.14 for doctors' bill, an' befo' he gits frew you couldn't make him believe but what de hul world was dead agin him. He predicts a late spring, a hot summer, poor crops, high prices, a bloody war, an' goes home feelin' dat he am stoppin' on airth only to accommodate somebody.

"I have no sorrow of my own. I've been robbed, but dat was kase I left a winder up. I've been swindled, but dat was kase I thought fo' queens would beat fo' aces. I've bet on de wrong hoss; I've bought lottery tickets which didn't draw; I've bin sick unto death an' I've bin shot in de back wid a hull brickyard, but I do not sorrow and I do not ax fur sympathy. De world am plenty good 'nuff fur de class of people livin' in it. Honest men am not lonesome fur company, an' honest women am sartin to be appreciated. De janitor will now open fo' winders an' we will purceed to bizness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Sad Incident of the Flood.

Alexander Jasper, an old man from Crittenden County, arrived in this city recently, bringing with him his wife and two boys. He seemed to be in great distress, and when questioned by a *Gazette* man he told the following sad story:

"You know," he said, "that the whole country is under water. I am one of the sufferers of the flood. I lived in the Mississippi bottom, not far from Madison. I settled there several years ago and opened a small farm. I had heard of high water, but the place where I settled seemed to be high, and I did not feel any fear. Well, high water came repeatedly, but it never reached me. Night before last, while myself and family were at supper, we were startled by a terrible roar. I went to the door and looked out but could see nothing. My wife suggested that the noise might be caused by water, but I did not pay much attention to the remark, for I did not see how water could break through with such force. While I stood listening there came a mighty rush, and before I knew it the whole country was flooded with water. I called to my wife to help me secure the children. The house was full of water. I seized one little girl, and my wife seized the other. The house moved. The lamp fell and was extinguished. I called to my little boy, and received a strangled reply. I rushed through the flood to the place from which the sound came, and called again, but received no reply. The house went to pieces. I seized my wife and struggled with her to a slight elevation. The roar was deafening. We remained there until morning. When light came, a rushing torrent swept over the site of our home. My little boy was gone."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

### Scenes Amid the Waters.

Mr. W. L. Nelson, of the insurance agency of Nelson & Hanks, of New Orleans, and Mr. John King returned from the southeastern portion of Louisiana. They report a terrible condition of things existing in that country, not alone from the effects of the overflow, but as a consequence of the failures of the crops for the last two years. The water from Tripp's Station to Arkansas City is from five to fifty feet deep, and the trip could be made by no other conveyance than a boat. All along the route could be seen colored people quartered in the lofts of houses. The water ran swiftly through the main rooms, and cats, dogs and hogs gathered upon the roofs, while the cattle that had escaped drowning were standing upon narrow strips of ground or quartered upon rafts not far distant. They went to Monticello from Pine Bluff by rail, and for five miles the track could not be seen, being under water to the depth of four feet. The whole country for many miles was one vast sheet of water, and it seemed that nothing could be expected of it in the future unless the general government devised some means and put them into successful operation for the prevention of overflows. Thousands of cattle are drowned, human beings are living like animals, houses are torn to pieces and knocked from their foundations, fence rails are floating around by the thousand. All these circumstances add to the terrible condition of things that prevailed before the flood, and make the situation appalling indeed. But what they saw in the bottoms between Tripp's Station, Arkansas City, though bad enough, was not as dark as some of the scenes around Rosedale and Riverton which were related to them by eye-witnesses.

SOME men smoke for dyspepsia, some for toothache, corpulency, etc. Smoke will cure most anything. It will cure even a "ham."

### ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

#### Josephine Ryman's Horrible Experience while Lying in a Trance.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Josephine Ryman, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman, is just recovering from a remarkable illness at the home of her sister, Mrs. Brown, in this place. Her parents died some years ago, and Josephine went to work in St. James, a little village near Evansville, Ind. One Saturday night last winter she went to singing school. She had not been in her seat long when she felt a very strange sensation about the head, accompanied by pains in the back. She arose to her feet, as if to start out of church, when she fell in a dead faint, and was carried home. Her friends at first thought that the attack was but a mere fainting spell, and the usual restoratives were applied, but the girl continued to lie as if dead. Sunday came and went, but still there was no change. The body became colder and colder, the eyes were open and staring, the lips were apart, there was no perceptible pulse, and every indication pointed to death. Physicians pronounced life extinct. The priest was sent for to administer the last rites, and the weeping sisters and friends of the family prepared to bid Josephine the last farewell. The coffin was ordered, busy fingers began to prepare white clothes in which to bury the corpse, and, in fact, every preparation was made for the final scene.

Thus passed Monday. On the evening of that day there was a slight change in the appearance of the body, which gave the startled watchers a faint hope that the girl lay in a trance, and that this was but death's counterfeit. The body lay on its back, with arms folded, just as the attendants had placed it. There was not the least perceptible breathing; the eyes still had that stony, unmeaning gaze; the face was as pallid as white marble; but the iciness of real death was wanting. The feet and limbs were not warm, but they did not have that chilly touch that is a sure accompaniment of actual dissolution. There was sufficient doubts in the minds of those in attendance to warrant caution, and so another day and night passed. On Wednesday, or the fourth day after the girl was first stricken down, the priest was again sent for. After critically examining the case and consulting with the physician, he said: "It is a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she relapses all will be over. She can't live." Accordingly the funeral was set for the next day. Imagine the feelings of horror which possessed this girl when it is know that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible situation is best told by herself. She said to me recently:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay there on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with the lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face, it was awful. I heard every word spoken. My body, limbs and arms were as cold as ice. I thought of the agony of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered into the ground. I tried to make some noise, or move just a little, to let them know that I was alive, but it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie, she's gone.' Their tears dropped on my hair, and their kisses were warm to my lips. As they turned to leave me, it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by my moving my eyelids. But I could not do it. I felt like screaming. I tried to, but I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in, and felt my arms and wrists. He shook his head. Then he placed his ear to my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul, he, too, turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I am alive?' I said to myself. 'Must I be buried only to wake when it is too late? Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation?' The thought was maddening! Why doesn't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead! It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening to every word that was said. I could hear a woman giving directions as to the shroud. I heard the time set for the funeral and all. I could see every one who came to look at me. I tried to look serious and let them know that I understood it all, but it was impossible. It is a wonder I did not die of fright and agony. I often think that I would sooner die, a thousand times sooner, than go through that experience again.

"Finally, when all was ready, when the shroud was finished, and all had left the room but two or three, some one said: 'Ain't you going to cut her hair off?' My hair was done up in long braids, and fell down my back. 'Yes,' said my sister, 'we'll cut it off now.' Then they got the scissors and came up to me. While one of them took hold of my head and turned it to one side, the one with the scissors began the cutting. I could feel the cold steel on my neck. I realized that this was about the last thing they'd do before putting me in the coffin. The woman began to clip, and in a second or two one long braid of hair was taken off and laid aside. My head was then turned the other way to allow them to get at the other braid, but this was not touched. Thank God! something in my condition or some movement, I don't know what it was, caused my sister to scream, and I was saved. The scissors dropped to the floor with a loud noise, the woman jumped back nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen that house a little while after that, I thought everybody had gone crazy. 'Venie's alive!' 'Venie's alive!' The whole neighborhood came rushing in as soon as they heard of it, and for several days there was nothing talked about but me. My folks thought I didn't know what had been going on. Little they thought that every word spoken in that room was heard and understood by me. They tried to keep everybody from referring to the fact that my shroud was bought, the coffin ordered, and the funeral arranged. They made an excuse, too, for part of my hair being cut off. They told me the reason of it was that a plaster had been put on the back of my neck and my hair got so tangled in it that is had to be cut away. I didn't say anything. One day my little brother said to me, 'Venie, you was goin' to be buried last Thursday, and they cut your hair off.' He never imagined that I knew more about that than he did. The recollection of those terrible days and nights will never leave me. I pray to God that I may never be called upon to pass through it again. I would rather die."

### A Batch of Reasons.

A great many people cannot understand why the female portion of the community prefer sober men. The matter is simple enough:

1. Wives like sober husbands because they can reason with a sober man.
2. The sober man is more companionable.
3. Sober men have pride, and pride is a woman's main hold.
4. Sobriety means a comfortable home.
5. Good clothes for mother and children.
6. A house of your own.
7. Evenings at home instead of in a bar-room.
8. Better health and the enjoyment of life.
9. An elevated view of life and a sense of your responsibility.
10. You are a credit to your wife and children.
11. People who once despised you will now bless you.
12. Your word will be gauged as you resist the tempter.
13. Young men will pattern after you.
14. You will be an ornament to society and the whole town in which you live.
15. The whole community will take pride in you and wish they had more like you.
16. Your family and friends will appreciate you.
17. Your enemies will admire your path of sobriety.
18. Scoffers will be disarmed by your works.
19. Your many qualities will grow with your years.

### How Senatorial Secrets Leak Out.

That body, writes a Washington correspondent, is composed of seventy-six old men. We have the maxim of "garrulous age," and it applies to the Senate as to all other collections of grandfathers. Moreover, the Senate does not keep a secret because it never has. When a Senator comes to Washington he is astonished to find the sworn proceedings of the chamber told to the world before the echoes have almost died away. He keeps seeing these reports day after day and year after year until he accepts it as a matter of course. In the progress of time he makes acquaintances among newspaper men, and finds, perhaps, that it is very convenient to have friendly relations with them. He gets in the way of telling them what is going on. He finds it mutually serviceable.

This being the case, and knowing very well that what the Senate does in executive session will be published the next day, being very well aware that Senatorial secrecy is a farce, he now and then gives his newspaper friend a "point" in executive business. The newspaper man has friends in his own guild and they have Senatorial friends. The reporters put one and one together, and then two and two together, and the result is a very detailed and often very correct report of the whole secret. This is the explanation of what seems to many an inexplicable and deplorable lack of honor among the sworn officers of Government. The proceedings of caucuses get out in the same way.

### A Detective Story.

A singular story is told at the expense of Philadelphia detectives by a correspondent of the New York *Post.* It appears that a lad in Philadelphia was sent by his employers to collect a bill of $65.85. He collected the sum, took it home, and fearing burglars, hid it under the carpet in the dining-room. The next morning the bills could not be found. No other member of the family had seen the money, and what had become of it was a puzzle. The boy went to the store and reported the loss. An officer whom it is now known has been receiving "hush money" from criminals was sent to the house, and after studying the spot where the $65.85 had been concealed, charged the mother and father of the boy with stealing it, and stated that unless it was restored within twenty-four hours they would be arrested. Rather than have trouble about the matter the father paid the firm the sum that had been lost. The following night the father heard a noise in his son's room, and upon going into the apartment found the boy upon the floor with a roll of bills in his hand. Upon investigation the money was found to be the $65.85. The boy was a somnambulist, and perhaps while dreaming of the concealed treasure, had risen from his bed, descended to the dining-room, and removing the money from beneath the carpet, carried it up stairs and placed it beneath the matting of his bedroom.

### Displeased.

A dispatch from Berlin states that according to intelligence from St. Petersburg the Czar on receiving General Skobeleff said: "I am displeased with you. You doubtless wished to glorify Russia. Look at the results obtained. Before your speech Russia enjoyed a certain authority in Europe. Now you see her forsaken. Austria is irritated and France is distant. Mr. Gladstone has his hands tied, and the Russophobist English party triumphs at finding a foundation on which to base its invectives against what it regards as the bellicose disposition and grasping tendencies of Russia."

PECULIAR.—There was nothing peculiar about a recent Toronto wedding up to the point when the married couple quitted the church. Then the bride dropped her husband's arm, got into her father's carriage, and returned home alone. She refused either to see him again or to make any explanation of her conduct.

### WIT AND WISDOM.

HOPE IS THE sugar coating on the pill of life.

"NECESSITY knows no law." Necessity must be a Mormon.

SIMPLES says his wife is a splendid sample of the "opposite sex."

THE FIRST petition we should make is for a good conscience, the next for health of mind and then of body.

TOMMY asked his mother if the school teacher's ferrule was a piece of the board of education.—*Waterloo Observer.*

IT is said that "coal is king." Perhaps some of it is, but the last lot that came into this office, says an exchange, was dust.

PIANISTS are not always a bejeweled set, but did you ever see one who did not like to display his finger-ing?—*Musical People.*

SOON will be heard the cry of the seaside hotel keeper, *a la* Henry V.—"Once more unto the beach, kind friends!"—*The Judge.*

A BOSTON paper says that it never knew a detective to have a correct theory of a murder until after the culprit was caught.

IF Hendrix had mutilated the great unfinished Washington monument, he would not have been arrested; because Washington was not a spy.—*Puck.*

IF the commissioner of agriculture would only issue a little treatise on the art of grafting new maple sugar on peach trees he would save the reputation of many a grocer for honesty.

CONSCIENTIOUS farmers are feeding old hens on spring water so as to have a point on which to stifle conscience when they calmly swear the birds are spring chickens.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

TENNYSON'S "Charge of the Heavy Brigade" reads as if he wrote it while galloping over a plowed field ahead of a bull who wanted to see him for a minute or two; but most anything is poetry nowadays.—*Free Press.*

THE Boston papers mitigate the crime of a man who committed suicide there last week, by saying that it was his first offense. Very likely he had not been long in the locality, or he would have made the attempt sooner.

TWO MEN agree to build a wall together. One does four-fifths of the bossing and the other three-tenths of the work, and they finally conclude to pay a man $18 to finish the job. Find the length and height of the wall.

A WEST-END resident had a quarrel with a plumber because he thought the latter was trying to kill time, and exclaimed: "Confound you, get out! Go and loaf on the street, and I'll pay you for your time. I'll be hanged if I pay rent on a house for you to loaf in!"

THIS is a stone Fence. It is built Strong. A Man can get over this kind of a Stone Fence very easy. There are some Stone Fences, however, that are built much Stronger, and it sometimes takes a Man two or three Days to get over one of them.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"WHEN I grow up, I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women?" "Most of do, them my child."

WE should have a great deal more domestic happiness if we would commit to memory the lines which the honest sailor composed for his sweetheart:

I'll be content with Annie Bread,
And won't have any but her.

IS THERE a genius in this country who can outwit the English sparrow? The little nuisance will dodge a bullet, refuse poisoned food, stand twenty degrees below zero, and begin rebuilding his nest within two minutes after it has been torn down.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WHAT ails that maid?" said Spilkins,
As he met a passing fair,
And saw her eyes, 'neath "wave" and "crimp,"
Which o'er her forehead dangled limp,
Give forth a stony stare.
"Methinks," said Wilkins, scornfully,
As he tossed his head in air,
"She has no brains to cudgel
And so she bangs her hair."

"NO," SAID the prominent Kansas citizen—"no, boys, I won't accept the office of County Treasurer. I'm comfortably fixed, like my home, and my neighbors and my family I like. I don't want to have to skip out for Canada and leave all this. Much obliged for the chance, but I can't accept."

IN his lecture on "The Humor of the Negro Race," Hon. S. S. Cox tells the following good one at his own expense: "While in Georgia some time ago I happened to be passing along the street, 'Hullo, Sam,' said a particularly black colored man. 'Hullo,' I promptly replied: whereupon the African aforesaid retorted: ''Cuse me, sah, I'se 'dressing another cullud man.'"

YOUNG George D. having importuned his father for a horse, the indulgent parent presented him with the ancient steed which for years had carried him about the city streets. A few days afterward the affectionate son interviewed his father and renewed his request, saying, "Father, can't you give me a horse a little nearer my own age—one that would be more of a companion for me?"

TRANSLATED from a French paper:—A boy sits with a cloth-covered handcart at the foot of a hill. A walking-goer comes along, at whose approach the boy to weep begins. Man—"Young one, why howlest thou, then?" Boy—"I can with the cart not the hill upcome." Man, good-humoredly—"Well, then, see here! (Pushes the cart until the hill up.) So there! (Himself of the sweat drying.) Say once, what hast thou, then, really, upon thy cart?" Boy—"My big brother sleeps thereupon."

A PRIMARY teacher, not a thousand miles from the "Hub," is describing the banana, and the children are to name it. Finally, she steps to the board and draws an outline of the fruit. Up comes Johnnie's hand. "Well, Johnnie, what have I described?" "Cucumber!" "Oh, no; the cucumber grows here, and I told you this fruit grows in the South; besides, is not the cucumber a vegetable?" Johnnie yields the point and relapses into a brown study. Soon an idea strikes him and up goes his hand again. "Are you sure you are right this time, Johnnie?" "Yes'm,"—with self-assurance. "Well, what is it?" "Sausage!" is the triumphant rejoinder.

BURDETTE writes from Nantucket:—"Many of the old houses in the town are shingled all the way over, reminding one of the houses so common in St. John. The shingler, when he shungle, apparently began at the baseboard, shongle right up the front of the house, over the cornice, up to the ridge-pole, where he crawled over, went right along shingling, and shangle head first on down the other side of the house to the ground. Perhaps it was not done in this way. I do not assert that it was. I only say, and I say it very meekly, that that is the way it impressed me, and if any man says I am a liar, I will take it back, right immediately, and admit that the shingles were pasted on with gum arabic or the white of egg."