THE OWOSSO TIMES.

VOL. III. OWOSSO, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1882. NO. 34.

A PASSING CLOUD.

A little cloud went slowly sailing
Across the sunny sky;
A woeful little wind went wailing
Through the tree-tops high;
A sudden sunbeam danced across the shadows,
And so the shower went by.

A little frown came stealing after
A gusty little sigh;
A pearly tear-drop drowned the laughter
Of a merry eye;
A sudden smile danced in the baby dimples
And so the shower went by.

A BIT OF POVERTY.

I know a little maiden
In a most tremendous bonnet,
All manufactured out of black,
With nodding poppies on it.

Her shoes are two old rubbers,
Full of many a hole and leak,
And—bless you—these are only worn
On one day of the week.

But her laugh is molten silver,
And her hair is burnished gold,
And the treasures in her jewelled eyes
Are riches manifold.

And no one on the broad round earth
Is happier than she,
Although this little maiden
Is as poor as she can be.

—*W. T. Peters.*

CROOKED WAYS.

BY CHARLES DIMMING.

Like a good many other young men,—and women too, for that matter,—I was once badly afflicted with cacoethes scribendi. Of course greater evils might have befallen me; I might have been seized with a passion for whisky or gambling; but, still, my cacoethes scribendi was serious enough. During my college days the symptoms showed themselves plainly; but the malady did not really assume its true and awful proportions until I had taken my degree. Then forsooth, it fastened upon me like a leech and before many months elapsed it over-mastered me completely. In accordance with my mother's wish, I went to Dundee, ostensibly to read law with my uncle, but it was a mere pretence of law-reading, for the mornings that I ought to have spent over Blackstone were devoted to the composition of a novel and the afternoons to the polishing of some poems. Uncle Dick shook his head gravely and remonstrated, sometimes in sadness and sometimes in anger.

'That scribbling will never amount to anything,' he would say contemptuously. This was hard to bear; but my lofty aspirations sustained me, and, firm in my belief of ultimate success, I scribbled on and ever, and bombarded all the magazines in the country with my manuscripts. The magazines did not open their columns to me, and I fell back at last upon the weekly newspapers, and especially upon the Boston Weekly Palladium. That journal printed my essays and a certain assistant editor, whose initials were 'F. B. S.,' sent me polite notes from time to time. It was something to see my productions in print; it would have been more had these propuctions once in a while brought in a check. But they never did; they elicited only polite notes from F. B. S. Finally, I wrote a letter to the assistant editor upon the subject, and by return post I received a reply. It was sent to my private box at the post-office but, to my great amusement, was directed to 'Jane Bell,' instead of 'John.' My handwriting was not very distinct, and perhaps a trifle feminine, and the signature, upon which I rather prided myself, certainly left it an open question whether John or Jane were meant. The note, too, began,—

'MISS BELL,—In reply to your question, I would say that this Journal pays its regular corps of writers. We are glad to receive your articles, and perhaps later may make adequate compensation therefor; but, as a young writer, it would be wiser for you to think at present only of securing a foothold. You have an excellent chance of success in the end; but much patience is necessary at the outset.

'Please say whether I shall direct further communications to Jane Bell, Miss Bell, or Mrs. Bell. At present I do not venture to give you any title,

'Very truly yours,
'F. B. SCREVEN.'

This letter at once amused and piqued me. It was pleasant and rather encouraging, but it was plain the writer set me down as an impecunious young women, whereas the truth was I had a very gair income of my own, and was a six-foot, mustached specimen of masculinity. The idea of playing the role of Miss Jane Bell tickled my fancy, and therefore, giving my imagination free rein, upon the spur of the moment I sat down and wrote as follows:

'F. B. SCREVEN,—At present I also am in a quandary, for I do not know whether I ought to address you as Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle. The last title is mine just now, although of course I feel at liberty to change it when I choose, or rather when the proper opportunity offers itself. Perhaps matrimony would be a more profitable speculation than literature. Do not, however, suppose I am dependent upon my pen for my bread and butter. In this case, I fear, the butter would be very thin indeed. No; the fates have given me most of the luxuries of life; but these, of course, do not satisfy me. The reason why I wrote as I did about payment because I thought if they were good enough to print they were good enough to be paid for. It seems I was mistaken; but, to show you that I take your advice, I send you another essay. I will at least try to secure a foothold, and pray that greater success may follow.

'I am, dear Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle Screven.

'Sincerely yours,
'JANE BELL.'

Laughing in my sleeve, I sent this communication off, and planned that, if the assistant editor sent me a friendly reply, I would open a correspondence in my role of Miss Jane Bell and fool F. B. Screven as never a man had been fooled before. Judge then of my dismay when I received a letter in what I knew to be Screven's writing, but not written on office paper, and signed Francis Bertram Screven. "A woman, by Jove!" I exclaimed there and then in the post-office, whereat a small boy who was standing nigh, nearly swallowed, in astonishment the postage-stamp he was licking. I thrust the letter in my pocket and did not read it until I was safely at home. Thus the missive ran:

"DEAR MISS BELL,—Your piquant letter prompts me to write you a reply, not as an assistant editor, but as a woman like yourself, who is toiling up the steep path that leads to Parnassus. I might have known you were a woman, and a young one at that, because, although there is a touch of masculine strength in your essays and poems, still there is, too a sweetness that is only feminine. I think that women more often have this favor of masculinity than men have of that tenderness which is essentially and purely feminine. Were I in a position of authority, I should very soon dismiss the cut-and-dried hack-writers whose contributions, although smooth and polished, lack the freshness, the spontaniety, which is characteristic of the contributions we sometimes receive from unknown writers, and notably from you. But, you see, I am merely an assistant editor, and a person of no consequence at all, except as I am useful to do the work, all the glory of which goes to the distinguished individuals whose names are emblazoned at the head of the paper There! that sounds better, I am afraid; but, my dear Miss Bell, the fates have not been so kind to me as to you, and it is not for fame I write, but for the wherewithal to keep me fed and clothed. What makes it perhaps harder is that I have known what it is to have my bread and butter fresh and sweet,—ay, and honey with it too,—and therefore the thin slices that are doled out to me now taste drier by comparison.

'Forgive me for boring you with so much about myself. Pray write to me again. Your luxurious stationery, with faint, delicate perfume pervading it, is itself a delight.

"Sincerely yours,
'MISS FRANCES BERTRAM SCREVEN.'

As I read this letter I felt myself a scoundrel. My first impulse was to write a letter of confession to Miss Screven; but the desire to keep up the correspondence and try my hand at composing letters that should be sweetly feminine overcame my scruples, and I sent off the following reply:

'DEAR MISS SCREVEN:—Instead of boring me, the glimpse you gave me of your life interested me more than I can tell. But, at the same time, the contrast between your life and mine made me envious. Perhaps your lot is a hard one, but it is at least brave and independent. Here am I, an only daughter, petted and spoiled to a shameful degree, and bound by fetters of luxury. Yes, I envy you. Sitting here this morning in my silly pink-curtained boudoir, with a Dresden shepherdess simpering at me from the top of my escritoire, I feel my idle, luxurious life hemming me and overpowering me, as the perfume of tuberoses makes heavy and sickening the atmosphere of a room that should be flung open to the fresh air and sunshine, I would change places with you to-day if I could.'

When I reached this point of my letter, I read over approvingly what I had written. Arrived at the lines descriptive of my imaginary boudoir, I smiled as my glance fell upon a boot-jack in one corner and the shaving-apparatus in another. Glancing at the place where the Dresdon shepherdess ought to have been, my eye fell instead upon a pipe, which I took down and filled, and then resumed my writing with considerable complacency:

'This may sound to you rather schoolgirlish, and I may as well confess that it is not many years—perhaps months would be more accurate—since I left the precints of a finishing-school. Finishing-school, indeed! Much I learned there besides the art of doing up my hair! However, the defects of my education I must remedy myself, and I try every day to devote a few hours to serious study. But it is very hard to seclude myself long enough to accomplish anything. People call; I must go to garden-parties; I must drive out with my mother; I must hold solemn conclave with the milliner and dressmaker; In short, I have constant demands of a most frivolous nature upon my time.

'All this you will probably laugh at; and, lest I write more foolishly, I will bring this letter to a close. If you are not quite disgusted with me, do write again soon.

'Faithfully yours,
'JANE BELL.'

I may as well confess that I thought this letter a successful imitation of the epistles that I had myself received from feminine hands. It sounded enthusiastic and very 'missish,' and I sent it off that afternoon with a bold heart.

'Jack,' quoth my uncle, who met me as I came from the post-office, 'I verily believe you are making an ass of yourself over some girl. I don't believe it is the muses you are courting; it is a miss.' And with this he passed on, chuckling at his own wit.

As the days went on, however, my uncle's words seemed in a fair way to prove true. I thought only of Miss Screven. My novel I left untouched, and my rhyming dictionary accumulated dust slowly. Fled were my visions of astonishing the world with my genius. I lived only for the mail from Boston.

As I re-read the letters I received from Miss Screven, I can make some excuse for my infatuation. They were frank and outspoken, and sometimes, indeed, tinged with cynicism; but through them there breathed a sympathy, a tenderness, that touches me even now as I read them over. Finally, at my solicitation, she sent me her photograph, which showed her to be a regular-featured, large eyed woman, of rather a serious cast of countenance indeed, but with a lurking smile in her mouth that I could not but confess was a large one. She was not a beauty, I saw that, but she had an earnest, interesting face, that grew upon me every day.

Little by little I gave myself up to thoughts of her by day and dreams of her by night. Her letters I awaited with a feverish impatience, and if one were delayed I was in a torment. I make no excuses for my folly, dear sir or madam; but pray do not forget that I was only one-and-twenty then, and had fed myself plentifully with novels and poetry. And this was my first love! Coventry Patmore says in one of his poems,

Well, heaven be thanked, my first love failed,
As, heaven be thanked, all first love do!

This was a sentiment I could not echo, for at that time it seemed to me that if I were separated from my fair unseen sweetheart my life would be stale, flat, and unprofitable.

The correspondence was kept up all the summer and autumn; but in December there befell what was to me an awful calamity, Miss. Screven did not write. I sent imploring letter after letter, but no response gladdened me.

'Has she jilted you?' said Uncle Dick heartlessly, when he noted my pale face. In truth, I could not sleep nor eat; I was consumed with fear and anxiety. What could have befallen her?

I endured it for just ten days, and then I packed my satchel and went to Boston. Bah! what a day it was when I arrived there! It had snowed a little, and then a thin, cold rain began to drizzle down desparingly. The weather suited me better than the garnish splendor of the hotel, and I wandered forth that evening, half-unconsciously wending my way toward the street in which Miss Screven boarded. I found myself opposite the house. From an upper window a light struggled faintly between the closed shutters and thrilled me through and through. Perhaps she was there, ill and alone, uncared for, save by the mercenary landlady, or, worse still, by a slaterily servant. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A slip of a girl opened the door and I handed her my card, saying mechanically, 'Ask Miss Screven if she will see me.'

I trusted that the name John Bell would perhaps lead her to suppose that I was a cousin or the father of her friend.

The slip of a servant-maid looked at the card and then looked at me. 'Frances Screven?' she said interrogatively.

'Yes,' I replied. Then I took the card, ran my pencil through the engraved name, and scrawled my illegible signature below it. The servant took the card again and skurried away, leaving me standing there in the cold, dark entry.

It was several minutes before she reappeared, and then it was only to say in a sing-song tone, 'Three flights up; first door to the right.'

I went up the three flights and rapped at the first door to the right.

A voice called out, 'Come in.'

I entered a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room that was redolent of tobacco, with which was mingled a faint smell of whisky. There were two arm-chairs, a large table covered with a faded cloth and an old-fashioned horse-hair lounge, from which, as I entered, a young man rose. He was thin and hollow-eyed, and a beard of several days, growth made him look, to say the least, unkempt. 'Mr. Bell, I persume,' he said, offering me his hand and then drawing up a chair for me.

'I have called to see Miss Screven,' said I.

'Have you indeed?' he replied in a nasty sneering, way.

It flashed through me at once. It was her husband! She had deceived me!

'May I ask if you are any relation to Miss Jane Bell, of Dundas, Washington County, New York, post-office box 462? he continued in the same sneering way.

I stuttered and stammered, tried to lie, and nearly choked myself to death. I wanted to be diplomatic; I wanted to shield her from his anger.

'Who the devil are you, anyway?' he exclaimed.

'I—I am John Bell,' I answered; and I have called to see your sister. Is she ill?

'I haven't any sister,' said he nonchalantly; 'that is, I am my own sister, and she has just escaped pneumonia.'

The truth flashed upon me. 'You are an impostor, sir!' I exclaimed.

'Your sister doesn't think so,' said he complacently.

'I haven't any sister,' said I, in my turn.'

He wheeled sharply about: 'Who is Miss Bell, then?'

'I am all the Miss Bell that exists,' I answered grimly.

'What!' he exclaimed; 'you are the petted darling who wanted to be a poet and an essayist and Lord only knows what all? You are the only child of wealthy parents? You are the lovely creature who sits in a pink boudoir and writes verses with a gold pen and on perfumed paper?'

'Yes,' said I desperately.

Screven dropped into a chair and roared. 'A sell all round!' said he. And then he laughed until he cried, while I quietly stole away back to the hotel, a sadder but a wiser man.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Martin B. Wood, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Albion dropped dead on the 23d inst. He was a brother-in-law of Gov. Cornell, of New York, and was a heavy holder of Western Union telegraph stock

H. B. Hayes shows a stalk of wheat, of this year's growth, which measures two feet and six inches in length.

Mayor Carleton of Port Huron makes an appeal for $200,000 for the sufferers by the Michigan fires.

Beer and Gov. Perkins.

A tall, thin man, with a red nose, gray side-whiskers, and a melancholy expression, drifted into the office last week and asked, in a subdued voice, if there was an unemployed reporter on the staff just then.

"Because," said the stranger, "a very peculiar thing happened up our way—I live at Hayes Valley—this morning, and which, perhaps, you might work up into a sort of item, somehow."

"What sort of a thing?" said the managing editor, winking to the fighting editor to get his club ready in case the sad man pulled out a poem or any other dangerous contrivance.

"Well, in the first place,' said the stranger, abstractedly, "do you happen to know the effect of beer on animals?"

"Can't say I do."

"Instead of soothing 'em, it excites their nervous organization to the highest pitch. Actually makes them insane. This morning, as it was rather sultry, I sent my youngest boy for a gallon of beer. He stopped on the way and put the can down to play marbles. McGinty's old black billy-goat came along and drank up the beer—every drop of it, and nearly choked to death on the can. He stood blinking around a little for awhile; then he started for the street-car, with all colors set. He hit the horse square amidship, and it foundered at once."

"Wrecked, I suppose?" said the editor.

"Precisely. The goat then glanced off, killed the driver and telescoped the car. I was sitting at the window all this time, and my attention was attracted by Governor Perkins going down the street.

"Governor Perkins?"

"That's the goat's name, you see. McGinty is a strong Republican. There were four men getting a piano out of a wagon across the street, when the Governor went through 'em like a pile-driver behind time. The Steinway was sent to the manufactory and the men to the hospital.

"On the next block the Governor came across a Dutch picnic, headed by a brass band. The Teutons were tooting 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' and the way that goat stood on his hind legs and waltzed around the pavement to the music was just too funny for anything. I may say that it was actually amusing. It slipped on a banana peel once, and fell against a cigar sign."

"Never mind the scenery," said the editor.

"Well, pretty soon the band changed off into 'Come where My Love Lies Dreaming.'"

"Did the goat come?"

"You just bet he did. He didn't fancy the new tune somehow, and the first thing the drum major knew, Perky—we call the goat Perky for short—took him in the stomach, broke him clean in two, went through the rest of the band, including the big drum, and so on clear down to the end of the picnic, which was four squares long. I think there were ninety-two killed and eight hundred and six wounded. Pretty good, when you consider the entire driving power was only one gallon of cheap beer; now, wasn't it? Now, it occurred to——"

"Just one minute," said the editor. "Allow me to explain what occurred to you. You concluded to catch the goat when he got sober, and bring him down here for our benefit. You have him now tied to a fire-plug around the corner, and if we will only chip in about four bits for beer, you will get the animal started and we can watch the fun."

"Exactly," said the stranger, warmly; "that is precisely my idea. I will now take up a collec——"

* * * * * *

That afternoon, such of the customers of the Post as toiled up into the editorial rooms, wondered at the number of fresh blood stains on the stairs.—*San Francisco Post.*

The Unreasonable Ant.

Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to me that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely overrated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant, of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalist paints them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No; he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it.

He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbed over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again, or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual, in a new direction.

At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been over all the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zig-zag country, and by-and-by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home, grabs his bundle and starts, He goes through the same adventures he had before, finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition, and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it "around here somewhere." Evidently the friend contracts to help him freight it home. Then, with a judgment peculiarly antic (pun not intentional), they take hold of opposite ends of that grasshopper leg and begin to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest, and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Then they go at it again, just as before. Same result. Mutual recriminations follow. Evidently each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. They warm up, and the dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaws for a while; then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same old insane way, but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; tug as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it. Instead of giving up, he hangs on and gets his shins bruised against every obstruction that comes in the way. By-and-by, when that grasshopper leg has been dragged all over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the spot where it originally lay. The two perspiring ants inspect it thoughtfully and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all, and then each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time value-enough to make an ant want to own it.—*Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad"*

Night Air.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of the night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt anyone. In great cities night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet—all tend to make the night the best time for airing the patient.

One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without—every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better.

FAILURE IN ENORMOUS SHIPS.—It is to be feared that the Inflexible, which cost about £800,000 and took nearly eight years to get afloat, will prove a failure. She is terribly unwieldly, by no means swift, and draws two feet more water than had been calculated. The electric light, which it cost nearly £5,000 to fit all through the ship, is not a success. And it is now doleful to learn that the officials at Malta dock-yard have been busied in preparing a dock for the reception of the monster. In old times one did not hear of new vessels going into dock at the expiration of a ten days' voyage. The questionable result of the Inflexible experiment proves the justice of the doubts I expressed recently of the policy of building any more of these enormous ships. At all events, they do not seem to have answered so far. Surely it would be in all respects better to possess a fleet of very swift, strongly armed, and comparatively small cruisers.—*London Truth.*

The Captain's Dinner.

A correspondent of the New York *Post* tells the following good story: It was forty years ago when, with a feeling of no little independence, as it was my first voyage in command, I arrived at New York with the first, and probably the only, crop of tea that was ever brought to the United States from Singapore. The war waged by England for the purpose of poisoning the Chinese with opium was then prevailing, so that, Canton being blockaded, the experiment of purchasing "Junk tea," in the Straits of Malacca proved a success. Accordingly the senior partner of the hous of Goodhue & Co., to which we were consigned, was so very complimentary, and absolutely familiar with me, while he was somewhat brusque or at the utmost range in the opposite direction—condescending—with the other skippers, that they became a little envious of my good fortune; which, however, I well understood was likely to be only temporary, as it was derived from the market value of the tea, and they also regarded it in the same light.

One day a Captain, who had discharged cargo, and whose ship lay outside of mine, said; "Has the old man asked you to dine with him yet?"

"No, he hasn't," I replied.

"Well, he will pretty soon," he answered. "He does that by all of us, and when he has done it there is an end of his civilities."

"What sort of a family is it?" I asked. "Are there any daughters?'

"Family! Daughters! Why, bless your soul, he won't ask you to his house. He'll take you to Delmonico's and give you a bowl of warm water and a beefsteak.' "That's dining with him."

I believed that old Shellback "spoke whereof he did know," and yet, as a beefsteak is never amiss, I resolved to profit by the invitation in case it should be given. It came on the very next day.

"I shall be happy to have you dine with me to-day." said the dignified merchant, in his most affable tone."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "if the ladies will excuse me for not appearing in a dress coat."

"Oh, ah, well," he answered, somewhat disconcerted, but immediately recovering his self-possession, "if you feel any delicacy about that suppose we dine at Delmonico's?" He had cornered me but in the end he was cornered himself.

Having assented to the arrangement, he suggested that I should call at the counting-room shortly before 3 o'clock, and we would walk up together. We accordingly started at the appointed hour, walked socially arm in arm along South street, while those anxious skippers who could expect no more dinners looked on and hitched up their slack waistbands. At the corner of Wall street my host was buttonholed by an excited exchange broker, and forthwith there ensued a lively dispute as to whether the bill under discussion was to be drawn at thirty or sixty days' sight. Observing my patient attitude as I leaned against the lamp-post, an idea more brilliant in its results for me than for him occured to the senior.

"Captain," said he, "I shall be detained here a few minutes. It will be a saving of time if you will go on and order the dinner."

"Certainly, sir," I replied. "What shall I order?"

"Oh, anything you please," was the satisfactory answer. "I shall be quite suited with your selection."

An old shipowner of Boston was accustomed to say that he never gave his Captains instructions. "I always," he said, "give 'em point blank to go where they are mind to." I hope they were too conscientious to take the advantage of the carte blanche which Mr. Waterman doubtless gave them that I took in this instance. I proceeded with such a rapid pace to Delmonico's that when my entertainer arrived the dinner was ready to be served, and the champagne, as our French friends say, was stuck with ice in the cooler alongside of the table. That was his first occasion for astonishment, which received another addition on the appearance of the turtle-soup, another at the sole au gratin, another at the canvasback ducks, which was not lessened when these delicate apple-fritters were followed by the stragglers in the rear, cheese, ice-cream, nuts, grapes, and black coffee.

To do justice to the excellent Pelatiah Perit—whose name thus far I have abstained from mentioning—after his first surprise he entered heartily into the joke and ate heartily of the dinner. I told him all about it—how I had been living on salt beef and hardtack of late and how the rum had given out, and then, as he beamed benignly upon me, I told him what those other malicious skippers had said. And then, when the repast was over, what do you think he did? Why, he called for the best Habanas Delmonico had, although he did not himself smoke, and told me to put the bunch in my pocket.

Nor was that the end of it. He invited me to dine there again, and he invited the others too. And we were all willing to let him select from the bill of fare, although I don't really think that we ever again had a dinner so appetizing in all its appointments as the one for which I catered myself.

General Garfield's Maxims.

"I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never met a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat."

"The privelege of being a young man is a great privilege; and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man in middle life is a greater."

"Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your efforts, and then it is yours, a part of yourself."

"Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all."

"If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and honor better than another, it is a brave man; a man who dares look the Devil in the face and tell him he is a Devil."

"The student should study himself, his relation to society, to nature, and to art, and above all in all, and through all these, he should study the relations of himself, society, nature and art, to God, the author of them all."

"Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool."

"Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply a brutality."

"I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

"After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and its valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life."

"For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict."

"Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made has been vindicated with our blood and with our truth. It sweeps the ground and it touches the stars."

The Government Chemists Report on Baking Powders.

To the Editor:

The recent publication of the report, giving the comparitive merits of various Baking Powders, according to tests made by the Government Chemist, has induced some of the manufacturers of brands, whose inferiority was thus brought to light, to resort to various means and puelications, in order to rid themselves of the results of that unfavorable exposition of their inferiority.

That the public may fully understand the matter, and to avoid any misconception arising out of statements of our competitors, seeking to break the force of the report, I herewith subjoin the main part of the report, in which the comparative values are correctly given.

Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder.

Name of the Baking Powders	Available Gas. Cubic Inches per Each Ounce Powder	Comparative Worth per lb.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder)	127.4	50 cts.
"Sterling" (tartaric acid powder)	125.12	— *
"Patapsco" (alum powder)	126.2	— *
"Rumford" (phosphate) fresh	122.5	48 cts.
"Rumford" (phosphate) old	32.7	12 cts.
"Hanford's None such," new	121.6	47½ cts.
"Hanford's None such," old	35	20 cts.
"Redhead's	117.0	46 cts.
"Chalum" (alum powder)	116.9	— *
"Amazon" (alum powder)	111.9	— *
"Cleveland's (short weight 4 oz.)	110.8	43 cts.
"Star"	106.8	42 cts.
"Dr. Price's Cream"	102.6	40 cts.
"Lewis' " Condensed	98.2	38½ cts.
"Congress" yeast	97.5	38 cts.
"Andrew's Pearl"	93.2	36¾ cts.
"Hecker's Perfect"	92.5	36 cts.
"Gillets"	84.2	33 cts.
"Bula"	80.5	30 cts.

* The Government Chemist also adds: "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

It is proper to state that all the powders examined were from the open market, and that the original labels were in every case broken by Dr. Love himself. He also informs me that he, himself, purchased the can of Royal Baking Powder at the store of Park & Tilford.

I have only to add, that for 20 years the Royal Baking Powder has been before the public, and it is to-day the standard for purity and excellence throughout the world. Because of its intrinsic merit, and by virtue of honorable enterprise, the Royal Baking Powder has taken this rank, and I am therefore not surprised to find adventurers in the business anxious to assume their preparations to be its equal.

J. C. HOAGLAND,
President Royal Baking Powder Company.

New York, Dec. 6, 1881

The most profitable way to raise beef cattle is to keep them constantly in a thrifty and improving condition. It is not necessary to keep very young stock rolling in fat, but there should always be an abundance of nutritious food to help nature in its development. To allow stock to run down in flesh and become ill-conditioned, simply because it is not designed for market for some time, is the height of folly.

Miss Annie Louise Cary will, it is said, marry Mr. Lorillard next autumn, and make her last appearance upon the stage next June, in Portland, Me.

Mr. Percy Punshon, son of the late Rev. Dr. Punshon, has been recently admitted as a student of the Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal.

WHERE THERE'S DRINKING THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gun-shop fine,
Write, aye write this truthful line:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it in the copy book,
That the young may at it look:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers by:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street;
Write it for the great and small,
In the mansion, cot and hall:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the ships which sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write in large letters—plain;
O'er our land and past the main:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the Christian's home:
Sixty thousand drunkards roam,
Year by year, from God and right,
Proving with resistless might:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,
Trampling out the license cause;
Write it on each ballot, white,
Politicians, read it right:
"Where there's drink there's danger."
—*The Amendment.*

VEGETINE.—It extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation; correcting diseased action and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving Nature to perform its allotted task.