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Miscellaneous Selections. BLOWN UP.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Take care and move me easy, boys, and let the

Just loose my collar gently, boys,—it hurts me as I lie;
Put something underneath my head—don't raise me quite so high;
And let me have some water—Ah-h! I tell you, that's the stuff;
It beats old rye—I ought to know—I've surely "drunk enough. trunk enough.
You'll say whatever were my fullts, to say the mind, thing that's right, That Jim Van Valen never shirked his liquor or

Somehow my mind goes backward, boys, to many To the valley of the Overprock, and the farmhouse long and low, When I wandered on the Palisades to gather Pinxter bloom, And, mixed with lilacs, mother placed them in our sitting-room.

I see them in the fire-place, in that pitcher white

Why, I can see the orehard, boys, upon the sideling hill;
The place I fished for killies in the crooked Pellum Kill;
The deep hole where the pickerel lay—the rascal
long and lank,
I caught him with a noose of wire, and snaked
him on the bank;
The places in the meadow where I went to trap
the mink;
The millipood by the readside where I deep at the
thing will think he is an Apollo."

Mrs. M'Bride was right there. The
"horrid old thing," Peter Prindle by
name, did think that Mr. Plum was "a
handsome puppy—all hair and no brains."
Mr. Prindle was rather bald, and prided
himself on his brains; and immediately
after that meeting on Elm street he began
to—despise Mr. Plum.
In a large town for away there lived a the mink;
The mill-pond by the roadslde where I drove the cows to drink.

And there was little Kitty, boys, her house was close to ours,
The gurdens almost joined, but she was prettier than the flowers.
We went to school in winter-time upon the Tincek road,
And when I put her books with mine it seemed to ease the load;
But when we both grew up, somehow I wasn't quite so near quite so near—
She married Peter Brinkerhoff—and that is why
Pm here.

There was my good old father, boys, with stern and rugged brow—
I used to think him hard on me—I know him better now;
And, then, my dear old mother, with that pleasant smile of hers—
O what a gush of tenderness the thought within me stirs!

One of the residue of the results and mother than the results are residuely alighted upon Mr. Prindle's devoted head.

"How would you like him for a husband?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"Me? that old man!" laughed Widow M'Bride.

"He ain't so old, either; he ain't turned that the results are residuely alighted upon Mr. Prindle's devoted head.

"How would you like him for a husband?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"Me? that old man!" laughed widow M'Bride.

"He ain't so old, either; he ain't turned and he has got a nice place, and

me stars!

Come father, raise me in your arms; and, mother, stroke my brow—

Your hand is cool—what odd conceit! they're neither living now.

me life again! You talk about your dead men-why, I'm just as There's something heavy on my breast—you take There's something away—
the thing away—
Mother! there's Kitty Demarest—may I go out—
to--play!—Scribner's for May.

WIDOW M'BRIDE.

FARMER PRINDLE was a widower. He lived all alone in the old farm house that had been his father's and his grand-father's before him, and how he lived there nobody knew. Farmer Prindle was not hospitable; since his wife had died—live lare even, you see,"

the widow. "No, I never did hear the like of that. Not want me! Did you ever! Well, I don't want him—wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs! So we are even, you see," years come next November—not a human soul or body had been allowed to enter the house of mourning. But if he was not hospitable, he was very sociable; not

subject and blacken it with one look. Sunshine was a delusion and a snare flowers were an emblem of man's frailty; and a baby was a poor unfortunate little sinner, who didn't know what was before

True as were these remarks, they were not encouraging, and his neighbors got a little tired of his philosophy. "You had better get married again; it

will cheer you up a little," suggested a kind, motherly woman.
Farmer Prindle shook his head disconsolately. "No, I'll never do that. I have had one good wife, and that's enough for me. Marriage ain't such a cheerful state, either, when you look atit seriously. And if it wasn't cheerful with the best of it wasn't cheerful with the best of

But Mrs. Crane was ignorant "It is kind of lonesome for a man to be all alone in a rambling old house," she said, pityingly. "And the Bible says so, too, you know," she added,

trying to fortify her position.
Farmer Prindle smiled grimly, "Maybe

pestered, and there ain't a woman round "I don't know," said Mrs. Crane.

"There's Widow M'Bride; she is a nice, smart little body, and—" "Widow M'Bride! she! I wouldn't have her for her weight in gold?" thundered Farmer Prindle.

"I ain't so sure as she would have you. either; there's plenty after her quite as good as you be." "Widow M'Bride !" repeated the farmer.

"To think of her comparing herself to my Lizzie! That beats all I ever heard in my

The truth was that it didn't "beat" any thing, for Widow M'Bride had never dreamed of comparing herself to his Lizzie. Had she done so, the comparison would have been entirely to her own advantage. Mrs. Prindle was tall, thin, sad, and meek almost to insanity. Mrs.

and meek almost to insanity. Mrs. M'Bride was short, plump, and jolly, almost to levity, and had, besides, a very pretty will of her own. She had been a widow ten years, and during this period she had allowed several devoted suitors to she had allowed several devoted suitors to console her and to lead her almost to the brink of matrimony. But having reached that point, she had always retreated, remembering, just in time, that "her heart was buried in the grave of John M'Brida".

to facts will be sufficient. And the facts were, that Mrs. M'Bride liked to be consoled; that she was rich, and liked to spend her money herself; that mourning was extremely becoming to her; and finally that he regard to young men, the fair widow considered herself in the light of a benevolent institution. In the evening was extremely becoming to her; and finally, that she considered herself young

doctor are
'I there is ny use to try and patch what little's there is ny use to try and patch what little's in your eye.
You needn't purse your mouth that way—Van Valen's got to die;
And if there really be no chance to save a felwell, well! the blast was quite enough, and we'll excuse the knife.

finally, that she considered herself young enough to wait and choose, being, as she affirmed, "between thirty and forty."

By marrying again she would have deprived herself of consolation, and would have been obliged to give up that bewitching widow's cap. "And I will never do that, never!" Thus yowed Widow M'Bride in her sorrow.

But Farmer Prindle was ignorant of

in her sorrow.

But Farmer Prindle was ignorant of that yow, and is his ignorance he grew wrathy as he thought of the pretty widow, and as he passed her house that night he silently called her by a peculiar name that would rhyme very well with "evil" in poetry, but cannot be mentioned in prose. Having thus relieved his mind, and made room for pleasanter thoughts, he paid a tribute to his wife's virtues, and remembered all she had cone, without the least reference to what she had left undone.

While they tasted the cup that cheers, stories, riddles, and witty anecdotes abounded; and how well the widow listened! how prettily she laughed!

Some of Mrs. M'Bride's female friends will—but she had smiled at their wisdom.

Dear boys! they know I don't intend to marry them, and they feel perfectly safe. It only keeps them out of mischief."

And that was why she called herself "the providence of young men."

Hitherto she had neglected Mr. Plum. He had lately come from a large town to

into practice her husband's theory that "this world is a vale of tears."

best of women had been too much for him. Her meekness had made him hard, what queer things come across the mind, when one's about to die!

had she at any time annoyed or molested

him by her smiles. It so happened that, the very next day,
Mrs. Crane, wishing to make griddlecakes for supper, went to Mrs. M'Bride's
to borrow some buttermilk, "if so be she

It so was that Mrs. M'Bride could spare some, and welcome. Then Mrs. Crane sat down to have a talk, a thing which most women can always "spare"—and welcome

"How would you like him for a hus-band?" asked Mrs. Crane. "Me? that old man!" laughed Widow

"Them's the very words he said about you no later than last night," said Mrs.

"Good land! Did I ever?" exclaimed the widow. "No, I never did hear the turn for several weeks.

Mrs. Crare departed, not entirely in eace. "I wish I hadn't said it," she

went to the bank with a fifty-dollar bill in her pocket. "Will you have the kindness to change this bill for me?" should be a bed of autumn flowers for the change this bill for me?" should be a bed of autumn flowers for the change this bill for me?" should be a bed of autumn flowers for the change this bill for me?" should be a bed of autumn flowers for the change the cha ed Mr. Plum, in the most business-like

ed Mr. Plum. "How will you have it?"
"In fives and tens, if you please." And as she said so, the widow looked up at him with a smile that was not at all business-like in itself, nor in its effect. Mr. Plum grew slightly rosy about the cheeks,

me—" called her "widow's cap." "I suppose you have a great many flowers in your garden," she said, mildly.

"Certainly," said Mrs. McBride. She knew as well as he did that Elm street and Pine street were as far apart as two streets can well be; nevertheless Mr. Plum's remark was perfectly true—he was going her way.

"No; I don't care much for flowers," said Mr. Prindle.
"Don't you? I love them; I couldn't live in the country if it was not for flowers and trees and birds."

Farmer Prindle smilled grimly. "Maybe o. But it is better to be lonesome than estered, and there ain't a woman round ere as is worthy to tie on my Lizzie's street but that odious Mr. Prindle! At that moment Mrs. M'Bride was so deeply interested in Mr. Plum's conversation that

would be very happy, and actually took off his hat when he bowed himself away in Appletown, the creed of the Appletownians in this matter being that "a man is as good as a woman any day and what "No, I shouldn't think you was! Farmer of the shouldn't think you was! Farmer or pointeness seldom performed widow, softly. "I hope she got her reward in this world. I am not like her." townians in this matter being that "a man is as good as a woman any day, and what was the use of bowing and scraping, any way? Why, it would wear out a hat in no time!" And when truth, reason and economy combine to make things easy and comfortable, who would dare to compalain a world "No. I shouldn't think you was! Farm life wouldn't suit you, would it?" said Mr. Prindle, revengefully.

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"No indeed! If I had my choice I would live in New York, or Paris, or London," said Mrs. M'Bride, trying to re-member which was the largest city in the

Mr. Prindle was not a bad man, and his wife was "the best of women," as he was in the habit of saying. Why, then, had they not been happy together? Because Mr. Prindle had made a great mistake: not being himself the best of men, the best of women had been too much for

had any to spare.'

Having mentioned this, that, and the other, they finally alighted upon Mr. Prindle's devoted head.

flifty yet; and he has got a nice place, and no children, nor nothing to bother."

"That's true; but somehow I don't fancy him; he is a hard man. And then there's so much work to be done on a the sound of the soun

I in my weeds yet! And as for Mr. Prindle—I wouldn't have him for his weight the farmer.

Crane, throwing prudence to the winds. "'Widow M'Bride!' said he, 'I wouldn't have her for her weight in gold.' Them's his very words, as true as I live."

thought. But she had said it, and it must

not hospitable, he was very sociable; not because he cared much for the society of his fellow-creatures, but because he wanted to grumble; and, as every one knows, good grumbling requires company.

Every pleasant evening Farmer Prindle visited some of his neighbors, and favored them with his views of life. These views were gloomy in nature and stern in expression. He could take up any bright subject and blacken it with one look.

But she had said it, and it must remain said forever.

So thought Widow M'Bride, as she watched Mrs. Crane's retreating form. 'You horrid creature. You won't come here agair in a hurry. And as for that old man—I declare!' Then suddenly a smile shone in her black eyes, and spread all over her face, till she laughed aloud. 'Yes, I will do it—see if I don't!' she said, shaking her plump little fist in the direction of Farmer Prindle: he was invited to a tea-party.

"I won't go," he said to himself. "Yes, I will of her plument to a tea-party.

So thought Widow M'Bride, as she watched Mrs. Crane's retreating form. 'You horrid creature. You won't come have a fraid of her, I will, too. Why shouldn't I? I ain't afraid of her, If she does know. I meant what I said, every word of it!"

So Mr. Prindle: he was invited to a tea-party.

"I won't go," he said to himself. "Yes, I will do it watched Mrs. Crane's retreating form. 'You horrid creature. You won't come have a fraid of her, If she does know. I meant what I said, every word of it!"

So Mr. Prindle: he was invited to a tea-party.

"I won't go," he said to himself and the place and the plac

"With the greatest pleasure," answer-

Let no one take a wrong view of Widow M'Bride. As she had told Mrs Crane, she never flirted—not consciously. Never in her life had she thrown a broadside glance at a man, or smilled at him too encourage.

I compare the largest city in the world.

"Well, I think you have had your choice, as far as a city man goes. Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. M'Bride."

"Congratulate me! Unon who is the largest city in the world.

"Well, I think you have had your choice, as far as a city man goes. Allow me to congratulate me! Unon who is the largest city in the world. M'Bride."

The literal truth of this assertion need not be discussed here; a strict adherence used to say. And there was something py man.

her house was open to as many of them as chose to come to it, and she welcomed

as chose to come to it, and she welcomed them cheerfully. It was one of her hos-pitable ways that, precisely at nine o'clock, tea was brought in, accompanied by golden wafers, brown crullers, and red-cheeked apples, which were partaken of in the most unceremonious manner. While they tasted the cup that cheers, stories siddles and wifty appendixty

without the least reference to what she had left undone.

However long, has power enough my whole account to square;

And at the day of judgment, when the world its work is through.

And all the miners round about account for what they do,

The Lord above, who knows all things, will be as Just to me

And meriful—at all events, with Him I'll let if to be.

Without the least reference to what she had left undone.

Yet, alas! it must be confessed that during Mrs. Prindle's lifetime what she had left undone had been uppermost in her lord's mind, and not in his mind only, but also in his heart and in his speech. Hard work, sour looks, unkind words, had been gust to me work, sour looks, unkind words, had been work, sour looks, unkind words, had been as a mother; but pride was not to her taste, and she had been rather cool to Mr. Plum.

Hitherto she had neglected Mr. Plum. He had lately come from a large town to fill the position of cashier in the Apple-town bank, and it was said that "he didn't think much of country folks." To bash-lord's mind, and not in his speech. Hard work, sour looks, unkind words, had been as a mother; but pride was not to her taste, and she had been rather cool to Mr. Plum.

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enemy's camp.

Mr. Plum was in everything the oppo-Mr. Plum was in everything the opposite of Farmer Prindle. He was a "city man," with city manners and language; he was handsome, too, with black eyes, black hair, and the blackest moustache in Appletown. It was not the style of beauty that Mrs. M'Bride admired; but then.

"What a cheerful little thing she is!"

black hair, and the blackest moustache in Appletown. It was not the style of beauty that Mrs. M'Bride admired; but then, as she said to herself, "that horrid old thing will think he is an Apollo."

Mrs. M'Bride was right there. The "horrid old thing," Peter Prindle by name, did think that Mr. Plum was "a handsome puppy—all hair and no brains."

Mr. Prindle was rather bald, and prided himself on his brains; and immediately after that meeting on Elm street he began

to—despise Mr. Plum.

In a large town far away there lived a sweet little girl who honestly believed that Mr. Plum was "too good for this world," certainly too good for her; yet he had vowed that he loved her. But they were poor, and they must wait. While he waited Mr. Plum led a very endurable life, and once a week he wrote to his love, telling her how lonely he was his love, telling her how lonely he was without her. Mrs. M'Bride knew noth-ing of the little girl, but had she known, it would have made no difference in her plans, for she considered Mr. Plum much

too young to fall in love with her.
This little war of the "weight in gold" began in May, and during the following summer Mr. Plum's devotion to Widow M'Bride was the general topic of conversation. "Did you ever!" said the women, forgetting what they had seen before. "She's hooked him!" said the men, with

They're gone, the old Van Valens, boys—there's no one left but me, And I am going too—and so I send no word, you see.

And I am going too—and so I send no word, you see.

I guess there's no more work anywhere than a woman has a mind to do.

I guess there's no more work anywhere than a woman has a mind to do.

to know,
Grown up to men and women, have forgot me long ago!
You would know how to manage him, and get along with him. All men are hard enough, for that matter; yet it is kind of nice to have one in the house."
And no one there would care to hear what I might have to say.

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You would know how to manage him, and get along with him. All men are hard enough, for that matter; yet it is kind of nice to have one in the house."

"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want a man in my house. I hat men!"
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"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want a man in my house. I hat men!"
"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want a man in my house. I hat more is she that so the house."

"He blast and the sharke hat sold enough to be is monter."

He had said this so often that Mrs.
Crane got tired of it at last; and as she had made up her licite quarrel with the widow, she determined to stand up for her friend.

"Dear me! No, indeed; I won't have anybody."

"Of course I don't want her," growled "Oh, you needn't be afraid; wouldn't have you if you wanted her. When I told her what you said about it—" Then Farmer Prindle got up, and stand-ing in the middle of the room, he forgot his mother's teachings, and—uttered pro-fane language! after which he went away

"And he was as mad as mad can be!" said Mrs. Crane to the widow, when she

related that little incident to her.
"Men are so foolish," said Mrs. M'Bride. complacently.

Accidents will happen, and an accident

happened to Mr. Prindle: he was invited

either too vain or too modest, and Mr. Prindle was a too modest man.

the youngest woman in the room. She had made herself agreeable to the ladies, as she always did; but when the gentle-men came in she felt relieved, and soon

proposed a walk in the garden. The proposition was accepted, and, by some fateful chance, Mr. Prindle found himself walking by the widow's side. At first he felt rather sheepish. Although he had meant what he had said, "every

women, as my Lizzie was, what would it be with one as wasn't so good? Answer me that, Mrs. Cranc."

It was a difficult question to answer it was a difficult question to answer at hirriedly, "and if you will allow called her "widow's cap." "I suppose you have a great many flowers in your way." Angry? No summer sky could be more

"Farm-work wouldn't suit your taste

"Not at all; I should hate it so! would make my hands so hard and brown." And she gazed at two white

shortest nod and his sourcest nod.

shortest nod and his sourcest nod.

special delectation, and he felt that he was defeated. Mrs. M'Bride felt that she was victorious so far, for she had prepared the meeting.

Arrived at her own gate, the widow said, gratefully, "I will not ask you to come in now, but I am always at home the evening, and glad to see my in the evening, and glad to see my lady in the land, if she did milk the cows and make her own butter and cheese. She

"She must have been a saint," said the

"People say Mr. Plum is to be the hap-

Emperor of China; and considering how impossible it was for that gentleman ever to fall in love with her, she might have been pardoned for confessing her weak-

But Mr. Prindle was not in a forgiving mood. "You would make a fine empress, wouldn't you?" he said, scornfully. Fortunately tea was ready. The guests were called in, and Mr. Prindle was directed to sit next to Mrs. M'Bride. He tried to think that he disliked that ar-

rangement, and yet he left that he liked it better than any other.

Mrs. M'Bride was as gracious as an empress, and strictly agricultural in her conversation. She was fond of apples—of brown russets especially—and her appletrees were not doing well; she was thinking of having some of them grafted. Did r. Prindle know how it was to be done? Mr. Prindle kindly told her all he knew

rangement, and yet he felt that he liked it

about grafting, and still more kindly of-fered to come and look at the trees.

When it was time to go home, Mr.
Prindle, to his profound astonishment, heard himself offering to escort Mrs.
M'Bride. The lady was so used to being

thought Mr. Prindle, "and so pretty too! She ain't so old, either—not near so old as my-" Then he stoppod, and called him-self "a fool," and Mrs. Crane an oldomething else.

The next day he came to look at Mrs.

M'Bride's apple-trees, and was politely received, but not asked into the house, the widow having met him at the gate. But the trees must have been very interesting trees, for he came several times to look at them. At the end of a month his perseverence was rewarded by a general invi-tation to "come in any time." And re-membering that Mrs. M Bride was one of his neighbors, Mr. Prindle called upon her once in a while. Gradually seemed to be the only neighbor he for he came almost every evening, and never grumbled while he was there; so it

must have improved his temper.
One thing amused and puzzled the widow-so she said-and that was that brown russets rained anonymou-ly into her house. "And they are so nice! I wonder who sends them!" Whoever sent them would have been rewarded by seeing the widow's white teeth bite into them.

"Don't eat too many of them, boys," she would say: "the red apples are just as good. These are mine, you know."

The merry month of May had returned. Looking out of her window one afternoon, Mrs. M Bride beheld Farmer Prindie coming toward her house, drassed in his year. ing toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And she looked, she blushed, and her eyes sparkled. The blush and the sparkle had both dis

And no one there would care to hear what I might have to say.

I find I'm getting weaker, boys, my eyes are growing dim!

There's something dancing in the air; my head

"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want have have to say.

"Maggie M'Bride! And you a-flirting like mad!"

"Maggie M'Bride! And you a-flirting like mad!"

"I never flirt," said the widow, with "I never flirt," said the widow, with wan; and as long as you don't want here yourself, why don't you let her alone?"

"Dear me! No, indeed; I won't nave anybody."

"Don't say no without thinking. I am dreadfully in earnest about it—as you would know if you knew all."

"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want have a man in my house, I hate men!"

"And why should it be for her money?" she asked. "She is good enough for any man; and as long as you don't want here yourself, why don't you let her alone?"

"Oear me! No, indeed; I won't nave anybody."

"Don't say no without thinking. I am dreadfully in earnest about it—as you would know if you knew all."

"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want here!"

"And why should it be for her money?" she asked. "She is good enough for any man; and as long as you don't want here yourself, why don't you let her alone?" "Then, Mr. Prindle, I am very sorry but—I won't have you."

"Why not? Because of what I said?" "Oh no, I didn't mind that in the least. But there are reasons—' What reasons? Tell me." "In the first place, you don't love me."
"Don't I?"

" You didn't say so." "No, nor I won't say it, because you know it. "That is not the way, Mr. Prindle."
"It is my way and I can't change it.
Will you think about it?"

"No; it would be of no use. I cannot give up my weeds."
"Weeds? What weeds?" "I mean my widow's cap. I will wear it till I die."
"Not if you are my wife, I can tell

"But I don't want to be your wife. Good-by, Mr. Prindle."

"Good-by, But I don't give it up; I
will ask you again," said Mr. Prindle.
And he may not have been far from the truth when he had called himself a fool. Precisely a week from that day Mr. Prindle came again. "You may wear the cap if you like," he said, meekly.

"Thank you. But you are wasting your time. Please don't think any more about it." Another week passed. "Will he come?

wondered the widow.

He came. "Now, Maggle, this is the last time. 'Three times and out,' you know. What shall it be—yes or no?"

"No, most decidedly!" said the obdurate wide.

"Not if I say I love you, as I didn't think could love? "Not if you say anything. I won't do it. There!

"Then I must leave the place. I couldn't live here after this." "And what would the farm do without "I will sell it. I don't mind that." "Take my advice, Mr. Prindle, and don't do anything foelish. Go away for a little

while, if you like, then come back and be friends. But Mr. Prindle wouldn't take the widew's advice, and he would do something foolish. So he went away, and for a whole month no one knew what had be

Mrs. M'Bride spent that time in several

frames of mind. She was glad, and she was sorry; it was a great pity, and yet it was very silly. She really missed Mr. Prindle, and she felt sorry for him. "But then I couldn't do it—the idea!"

About this time another idea dayned About this time another idea dawned upon the widow's mind, and that idea was —Mr. Plum. She had been so accustomed to deal with young men on philanthropi principles that she was slow to admit the ossibility of "such a dreadful thing." f a man's eyes mean anything when they look unutterable things, then Mr. Plum's

eyes meant precisely "such a dreadful Mrs. M'Bride felt that an evil day was coming, and the the was powerless to ward it off. Coolness did not cool Mr. Plum, and she certainly could not "speak first." Then came the bitter thought, "It is my money he went?" "I whome he went?" is my money he wants!" whereas she well knew that Mr. Prindle's love had nothing

to de with her money.
Yes, it was her money Mr. Plum wanted; but he was perfectly willing to take her with it. He had reflected much on the subject. On one side was love and a salary of six hundred dollars—a small fence to keep off the wolf from the door. On the other side was Mrs. M'Bride and other side was Mrs. M'Bride andwell, why not? well, why not?

It was to have this question answered that he came one evening. The widow was alone, and Mr. Plum taking the tide of his affairs at the flood, rushed at once

peal that startled her. A sudden convic-tion flashed into her mind that Mr. Prindle had returned, and was waiting at her door. Not for the world would she be door. Not for the world would support found by him alone with that angry, red-

With the energy of despair she turned to Mr. Plum and whispered, "You must go away—at once." She led him through the sitting room into the kitchen, opened the door, and locked it after him, she went to the front door.

after all: "I have a good offer for my farm. Shall I sell or keep? [Signed] PETER PRINDLE."

Bridget knocked at the kitchen door just then, and Mrs. M'Bride let her in. She was retreating to the parlor, when she saw her dispatch lying on the floor; she picked it up, and sitting down by her little table, she read it again. This time it began with "Dear James." "What!" said Mrs. M'Bride; and opening her eyes wider, she perceived she was holding a letter written by some woman to whom "James" was very dear.

"Poor little thing!" she said, not mean-"Poor little thing!" she said, not mean-

"James" was very dear.
"Poor little thing!" she said, not meaning dear James. "An, these men!"
Early the next morning Widow M'Bride took a walk. She went to the postoffice and dropped a letter in the box. Then

she went to the telegraph office and sent the first message of the day.

The letter was addressed to Mr. James Plum, and contained only the sweet little The message was addressed to Mr. Peter Prindle, and contained only one word: "Keep."
And Mr. Prindle kepi, from that day forward, for better and for worse.—Har-

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Babes in the wood-Dolls. Boston has just introduced the crystal

GREAT roles are the favorite food of star WHATEVER a man seweth, that also shall he rip.

lape C. O. D. An X lent is an excellent argument against loaning.

THE favorite cape of Massachusetts-

A MUCH needed Civil Service Reform-Putting civil men in office. ROCHESTER ice dealers refuse to deliver ice on Sundays this season. An Albia, Iowa, firm recently shipped

18,000 dozen eggs to an Eastern market. What penance a man will undergo for a pretty woman who cares nothing for JOHN STUART MILL opposes the private ownership of land, and favors increased

eall it her spanker boom?

THE Library of Congress has twice

doubled within twelve years, and now numbers 250,000 volumes. KENTUCKY produced in the year 1872, 96,207,261 pounds of tobacco, 30,236,378 pounds short of the product for 1871. A FASCINATING widow of eighty-five in Indiana lately captured in matrimony a thoughtless youth of only seventy-two.

try talk of having a convention to take ection as regards the publishers' "cutting under.

THE booksellers throughout the coun-

millers. An accepted suitor in California, lately sold his interest and good-will in his afflanced to a rival for the price of a new waistcoat.

Paradise, Pa., voted against local option, in spite of the efforts of the women. Eve isn't as influential in Paradise as she was in Eden. THE river on which England's crack university i, situated has been just the

thing for chaps this past winter. It was Cam for ice, you know. MR. MORTIMER COLLINS has in preparation a treatise on "Rhythmic Algebra," in which a scientific notation is applied to the science of rhythm.

"What does the sun bring up in spring?" asked a New Britain Sunday-school teacher. "Mud," made answer a precocious

satin and white coral handle. For a stout walking boot, those in broadcloth, with thick soles and low heels, bid fair to become popular for mountain excursions and seaside rambles. WHITE neckties for full dress are now

worn very wide; our fathers wore just such neckties, and we shall soon be back to the "stock" of our grandfathers. THEY said they wanted men with "back-bone" in Jetersville, Va., and they've got "cerebro-spinal meningeters," and yet they're not satisfied. Personal advertisements are like pistols—very pretty playthings, and very tempting withal; but, like pistols, they will burn the fingers and are apt to kill.

FARMERS in Ohio say the potato bugs are already so plenty in the ground that it will be impossible to raise a tuber unit will be impossible to raise a tuber un-less a hired man is stationed at each hill with a shot-gun. THE "National Straw Works" at Westborough, Mass., seems to be going into drainage pretty extensively, from the re-port that there are 300 persons employed in the factory and "2,000 sewers out-

THE African diamonds are showing their many shining qualities. Last year it is estimated that not less than \$10,000,is prophesied that the best have not yet been found. 000 worth were sent from the Cape, and it

late Rajah of Jodhpur were apxious to have the rite of satti performed upon tashment to the dead.

"The happy man! Oh, I see what you mean! I hope he will be happy, but not as people say."
"And why not? If I may ask."
"Oh, yes, you may ask; it is no secret. Because, Mr. Prindle, I never intend to marry again. Never! Not if the Emperor of China himself should ask me!"
We all nurse an ideal of some sort. It appears that Mrs. M'Bride's ideal was the Emperor of China; and considering how impossible it was for that gentleman ever quaintances and a very peculiar link ex-isted between the two. Their connection dated from the year in which the Empe-ror's second prother, the ill-starred Arch-

ror's second prother, the ill-starred Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, was on the eve of his departure for Mexico.

A week or two previous to that event, Herker Visacky, covered with dust and bearing every trace of extreme fatigue, demanded to see His Majesty without delay. During the interview the old man told him that he had traveled all the way from Transylvania on foot to Vienna because he had had a strange vision in regard to the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian. He said he No Mr. Prindle was there; only a boy with a yellow letter in his hand. "It is a dispatch for you, ma'am," he said.

Mrs. M'Bride took it. Who was it from? Had anything happened to anybody? And with trembling fingers she cannot the anybody. And with trembling fingers she cannot the anybody. opened the envelop.

It was only a business communication, soldiers, who were shooting at him. Her-"I have a good offer for my farm. Shall I sell keep? [Signed] Peter Prince."

Bridget knocked at the blackers."

> ceived a second visit from Herker Visacky in the spring of 1866, immediately previous to the breaking out of the war be-tween Prussia and Austria. The peastween Prussia and Austria. The peasant predicted to him in the most impressive language and with many startling details the disastrous issue of the impending campaign. The Emperor listened respectfully to the old man, but did not need his warning. It may be imagined that he looked upon Herker Visacky as a seer when his predictions a few weeks afterward were verified and still more so terward were verified, and still more so when his unfortunate brother, Maximil-ian, in the following year, fell dead under the bullets of Juarez's soldiers at Quere-

After that second visit Francis Joseph did not hear anything further from the peas-ant until the 8th of March last. On this occasion the old peasant said that he had seen in another vision a Prince of the Imseen in another vision a Prince of the Imperial House, as Regent of the Empire, opening the Austria: Parliament; that the Prince had been halled as liberator of the country, and had pledged himself to rule it thenceforth in a truly liberal spirit. This Prince, he added, was married to a low-born woman, and for some time past had been in Vienna without the Emperar's knowledge. Francis Joseph was Salusas Valley, Cal., raised 15,000 sacks startled. He sent for the Chief of the Secret Police of Vienna and calculate startled. He sent for the Chief of the Secret Police of Vienna and asked bim to find out whether or not the Archduke Henry, who it is well known is married to an actress of very humble descent, and who in consequence is not allowed to live at the imperial court, was secretly in the city. About noon on the 11th of March, after a two-days' search, the Emperor was informed that the Archduke had been for several weeks incognito at a private house in Wieden suburb.

in Wieden suburb.

This added to the Emperor's agitation, and he sent at once for the Archduke Henry, his cousin. What occurred next BEECHER says that a babe is a mother's anchor. Wouldn't it be more correct to call it her spanker boom? RHODE ISLAND farmers will plant mini-ature torpedoes in their corn-hills as a substitute for scare-crows.

were startled by a noise like that of the persons engaged in a scuffle, mingled with loud curses. The door was suddenly torm open, the Emperor appeared with his face open, the emperor appeared with anger, and dragged THE latest half-yearly German cata- flushed crimson with anger, and dragged logue registers 5,483 books as published there the latter half of 1872.

The Library of Congress has twice doubt but that the Emperor and his Archduke cousin had been fighting. Before the servants were able to recover from their amazement the Archduke had made his exit from the ante-room and the Em-peror had returned to his cabinet, where e remained for several hours afterward. Next day the servants who had hitherto done duty in the imperial ante-room were sent to one of the Emperor's castles in Dalmatia, no doubt to prevent them from divulging the scandalous affair. But it has leaked out nevertheless, and the people of Vienna say that ever since Libenyi in 1856 wounded the Emperor with a knife Georgia hasn't yet got all the cotton in 1856 wounded the emperor was a submills it wants; but a planter writes that in the neck, Francis Joseph has been submills it wants; but a planter writes that in the neck, Francis Joseph has been submills and uncontrollable ebullitions of terrible anger, and that on such occasions he will at once come from words

to blows .- Boston Globe.

Head Lettuce.

his treatment of lettuce plants, to make them head: I arrived in the country the 15th of June, and the first complaints were : "We until William Bangs's brother would kick him out of bed in wild despair, and shall have no head lettuce; as usual it will all run to seed." The plants looked fine and healthy, but already indicated the running up symptoms. I thinned it out, then carefully slipped a cotton twine un-der the lowest leaves of each plant, and gently raised them a few inches from the ground, and tied them loosely; then I Gradgrind of an urchin.

The Chipese sunshade will be brought into requisition again next summer; also the delicate affair of black lace over white satin and white coral handle.

ground, and tied them loosely; then I placed a shingle upon each plant, and a small stone to keep it firm. Every evening I removed the coverings, watered each head and replaced the protective covers in the morning, as I found the sun's rays had a tendency to cause the lettuce to run up to seed, and removing the covering at night allowed it a suffic-iency of fresh air, so that neither mould nor decay made their appearance. I was rewarded by large solid heads of superior quality, and the hearts were white and crisp. Not a single plant f-iled of head-ing and none decayed or bore seed.

The Chamberlain of the Roman Church.

Hrs Eminence, Philippe de Angelis, the first on the list of the Order of Cardinal Priests in the Sacred College, was born at Ascoli, on the 16th of April, in the year 1792. He is, consequently, eighty-one years of age this present day. Venerable himself in years his official function, as Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church, towards the Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, are towards the Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, are represented assectably solved by the great of the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething or other in the music box gave way all at once, the syndrody assectably solved by the great property of the school phase both and property as the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething or other in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething or other in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething or other in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Semething in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Home, sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed in the school endeavoring to learn his multiplication t rendered especially solemn by the great age of the distinguished patient. The Cardinal's present call from a temporary retirement to the Vatican gives indication that the authorities of the Pontificate cardinal is present call from a temporary retirement. cate consider the Pope's life still in dan-ger. The Cardinal Chamberlain has important duties to perform immediately after a Pope dies. Indeed, if Pio Nono were at all a nervous man, the advent of the Cardinal Chamberlain, coupled with the fact that hours and hours are spent in discussing whether, in the event of his death, he should be buried according to old custom, and his successor be appointed according to the laws of the Church, would suffice to kill him. The ceremonies which must be observed at the death them, but the new Rajah restrained the ladies from this burning evidence of at-

move him from his bed until the death has been duly certified with all the legal formalities. The Cardinal Chamberlain is ushered, by Monsignor, the Master of the Chamber, into the bedroom of the deceased, several members of the Palatine Guard and the Apostolie Notary following him. One of the private servants of the Pope uncovers the face of the dead Pontiff, and the Cardinal Chamberlain having authenticated the death, receives Pontiff, and the Cardinal Chamberlain having authenticated the death, receives from the hands of the Master of the Chamber the Anello Piscatorio. It is then the duty of the Apostolic Notary to write out and read aloud the legal ac-

The Miniature Musical Box.

WHEN Mr. Bangs, the elder, returned from Europe he brought with him from Geneva a miniature musical box, long and very narrow, and altogether of hardly greater dimensions, say, than a large pocket knife. The instrument played out pocket knife. The instrument played out cheerful little tunes for the benefit of the Bangs family, and they enjoyed it very much. Young William Bangs enjoyed it to such an extent that one day just after the machine had been wound up ready for action, he got up sucking the end of it, and in a moment of inadvertence it slipped, and he swallowed the whole concern. The only immediate consequence of the acciand he swallowed the whole concern. The only immediate consequence of the accident was that a harmonious stomach-ache was immediately organized upon the interior of William Bangs, and he experienced a restlessness which he well knew would defy the soothing tendencies of

peppermint, and make a mockery of pare And William Bangs kept his secret in his own soul, and in his stomach, also, determined to hide his misery from his father, and to spare the rod to the spoiled child—spoiled at any rate as far as his digestive apparatus was concerned.

But that evening at the supper table young Bangs had eaten but one mouthful of bread, when strains of wild, mysterious music were suddenly wafted from under the table. The entire family immediately groped around upon the floor, trying to discover whence the sounds came, although William Bangs sat there filled with agony and remorse, and bread and tunes, and desperately asserted his belief that the music came from Mary Ann, who might

perhaps be playing upon the harp or dul-cimer in the cellar.

He well knew that Mary Ann was un-familiar with the harp, and that the dul-cimer was as much insolvable to her as it would have been to a fishing-worm; and he was aware that Mary Ann would have scorned, under any circumstances, to evoke music while sitting on the refrigerator or reposing in the coal-bin. But he was frantic with anxiety to hide his guilt. Thus it is that one crime leads to

But he could not despise the truth forBut he could not despise the truth forwas at prayers, William Bangs all at once
got the hiccups, and the music-box started
off without warning with "A Life on the
Ocean Wave, and a Home on the Rolling
Deen "with variations. Whereas on the Deep," with variations. Whereug on the paternal Bangs arose from his knees and grasped William kindly but firmly by the hair, and shook him up, and inquired what he meant by such conduct. And William threw out a kind of a general idea to the effect that he was practicing something for a Sunday-school celebration which old

planation.

Then they tried to get up that music box, and every time they would seize young William by the legs and shake him over the sofa cushion, or would throw some fresh variety of emetic down his throat, the harmonium within gave a fresh spurt and joyously ground out, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," or "Thoul't Never Cease to Love." So they abandoned the attempt, and were compelled to permit the musical box

to remain within the sepulchral recesses of the epigastrium of William Bangs. To

Bangs estimated was a singularly thin ex-

say that the unfortunate victim of the dis-aster was made miserable by his condition, would be to express in the feeblest manner the state of his mind. The more music there was in his stomach, the wilder and more completely chaotic became the discord of his soul. Just as likely as not it would occur that while he lay asleep in bed, in the middle of the night the melody works within would begin to revolve, and would play "Home Sweet Home," for two or three hours, un-A CORRESPONDENT of the Massachusetts less the peg happened to slip, when the Ploughman gives the following account of his treatment of lettuce plants, to make ing Deep," and would rattle out that tune with variations and fragments of the scales

> sit on him in vain efforts to subdue the serenade, which, however, invariably proceeded with fresh vigor when subjected to unusual pressure. And when William Bangs went to church it frequently occurred that, in the very midst of the most solemn portion of the sermon, he would feel a gentle dis-turbance under the lowest button of his jacket; and presently, when everything was hushed, the undigested engine would was nushed, the thingestee lengthe would give a preliminary buzz, and then reel off "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and "Thoul't Never Cease to Love," and scales and exercises, until the clergyman would stop and glare at William over his spectacles and whisper to one of the deacons. Then the sexton would suddenly walk up the aisle, clutch the unhappy Mr. Bangs by the collar, and soud down the aisle again to the accompaniment of "A Life on the Ocean Wave and a Home on the Rolling Deep," and then incarce-rate William in the upper portion of the

steeple until after church But the end came at last, and the miserable offspring of the senior Bangs found peace. One day while he was sitting in the school endeavoring to learn his mul-

At the post mortem examination they found several pieces of "Home, Sweet Home" in his liver, while one of his lungs was severely torn by a fragment of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Small particles of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" were removed from his heart and breast-bone, and three brass pegs of "Thoul't Never Cease te Love" were found firmly driven into

his fifth rib.

They had no music at the funeral. They sifted the machinery out of him, quietly in the cemetery. Whenever the Bangses buy musical bexes now, they get them as large as a piano, and chain them to the wall.—Forney's Press.