

Dear Mr. Gephart

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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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THE SPELL.

Oh, the spell, the wonderful spell! That's exciting the young and the old as well; Gathering the people from far and from near, To join in the class—now isn't it queer? Spelling and guessing at words that are tough, Innocent speller, it seems hard enough That for dropping an "I" and an "E" and an "A," They are sent to the rear in utter dismay. Whilst the rest of the class and audience as well, Will lay back and laugh at the fun of the spell.

Oh, the spell, the laughing spell! To attend it the people are rushing pell mell; And when they stick in there they are struck with surprise. When they find there are "E's" where they thought there were "I's," "E's" where there ought to be "E's," They set down in disgust and say confound the words. I mind one old lady used a "K" for a "C," And said, "when I was a gal that's how they 'teached me.'"

Oh, the spell, the extraordinary spell! What fun it creates no language can tell: There is young Springins, he looked so forlorn When his gal catered off at the foot of the horn. His gal has been wrestling with the toughest word in the book, She did pretty well, but Jerusalem, just hear That infernal old horn, she's now back at the rear.

Oh, the spell, the fun-making spell! Go there if you're sick and you'll be apt to get why there is Jim Leathers, he looks like a "book," His gal has been wrestling with the toughest word in the book, She did pretty well, but Jerusalem, just hear That infernal old horn, she's now back at the rear.

Oh, the spell, the sensational spell! There never was anything so look half so well, There's a chap who has times his old Webster himself. And all other spellers he can say on the shelf, He's mistaken and tramps off at the sound of the horn. Looking like a fellow who is only half born, He was a sad looking mortal as away he did go.

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and woman like, she was ready to fall down and worship the creature of her imagination. "Oh, St! Hallelu! Come with me to the beach! There's a vessel in sight that looks like a man-o'-war. It's growing dark and I can't quite make out, but I think she's coming to an anchor."

And Josiah's question was left unanswered while the two hastened with Cousin Hannah to the shore. It certainly was a man-of-war, and a British one at that. It appeared to be anchored, and probably meant mischief.

"What can we do?" Hannah turned a white, scared face toward her cousin. "They'll carry off our cattle and rob our orchards, and maybe burn houses! Our men are 'most all away, you know."

Huldah was not frightened. She felt that two could put ten thousand to flight, provided the two were she and Josiah. Still plain common sense taught her that something must be done.

"We must send to Boston for help. There are soldiers there." "Boston? Why, Boston is more than twenty miles away!"

"But it's the nearest place where we can get help. They," nodding her head towards the war-ship, "won't land on this strange coast till daylight, and by that time men can travel from Boston. Yes, Josiah, you must go as soon as you can."

Evidently Josiah did not exactly agree with the girl. He looked down, kicked the moss at his feet, coughed, and finally stammered something about danger.

The clear blue eyes looked at him searchingly. "Surely you are not afraid, Si?" No, he wasn't "afraid," but he didn't like to "leave her unprotected."

"Nonsense! There's no time to lose. You might go in a boat; but I think on horseback would be the best. Be off," half-laughing, "be off! or I'll go myself."

And he was forced to leave them. The two girls lingered awhile, watching the distant vessel fade into darkness, and the coming out of the wakeful stars. They did not feel alarmed. Help was sure to arrive before morning.

But, when she went home, Huldah securely fastened the door of every outbuilding. "If such a thing should happen as their coming ashore they'll have some work in opening doors around our premises," she said.

There was but little sleep in the village that night. When the small hours came and the cocks began to crow many eyes were strained to watch the road from Boston, for by this time all the people had heard of the threatened danger and expected aid.

Four o'clock came, then five, and the east was growing light. Still no soldiers, no messenger. It was certainly time for them. Could Josiah have been harmed? Had he not reached the city? Huldah's breath came fast at the thought. What if she had been the means of sending him into danger?

But there was a movement now on board the vessel. An old tar, watching through his spy-glass, said they were lowering boats.

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed one. There was scarcely an able-bodied man in the village. Some were in the army, some at sea. What could a few old men and defenseless women and children do to protect themselves?

"Let us pray," said Huldah's gray-haired father, and to the church they all went.

"Not all." While those assembled knelt to pray, Huldah and Hannah, each bearing a drum, hurried to the shore and hid behind the rocks. One long look they cast up the road; but nobody was in sight.

Then they watched the boats as each measured stroke of the oars brought them nearer and nearer, and the white cuffs of the officers could be seen against the dark blue of their jackets. And now the words of command could be distinctly heard. The time for action had come.

Suddenly, loud and long, sounded the call of the drums! The boats stopped. There was a hurried consultation, the drums still beating as freely as two girls could make them. The British feared to land. This little village by the sea must be garrisoned. The boats were turned about. They were soon received on board the war-ship, and she, like a huge vulture cheated of its prey, raised her broad wings and slowly sailed away.

Then, how the people from the church came flocking around Huldah and Hannah! How they praised them as the deliverers of the place! Gratitude was written on every face.

Huldah was glad when she could return to the quiet of her home once more. Above all the praises she had received she prized her father's caresses as he whispered:

"It was your works that saved us after all, my child." Then her tears came. "Father, do you know that all the time I was behind the rocks I thought of you, praying, and I believe it was because of your faith God turned the minds of the British sailors."

as he whispered: "It was your works that saved us after all, my child." Then her tears came. "Father, do you know that all the time I was behind the rocks I thought of you, praying, and I believe it was because of your faith God turned the minds of the British sailors."

The hens were cackling and cows lowing, impatient for their breakfast. What did they know or care about their narrow escape?

Huldah unbarred and unlocked the door of the corn-house. The great pile of yellow ears in the corner had been disturbed. She pushed a part of it aside. Something moved. There was an upheaval and then emerged the head and shoulders and body of a man.

It was Josiah Bates! Huldah gave a little start of fright, a laugh that sounded like a sob, then turned and ran from the place.

Straight to her own room she went, and buried her face in the pillow. Her idol had fallen! The man she almost loved was a coward! Bitter tears she shed over her departed ideal. This man could never again take its place.

And yet she had reason to be glad that the discovery had not come too late. An hour afterward she was moving about her household work, with the same cheerful smile that she always wore, and no one ever knew through her why the troops from Boston failed to come.

We need not add that Josiah Bates never dared to repeat the question which had been left unanswered on the evening when the man-of-war anchored in the harbor.

STORIES OF THE ELEPHANT

They Exhibit a Strong Fondness for Drunken Men.

Jack Eaves was the keeper for a while of the elephant Tipoo Saib, one of the largest and fiercest elephants ever known in this country. Tipoo Saib, had the longest tusks of any elephant. They were over ten feet long, and he would manage 'em in a way that was terrible to other people, though very convenient to himself, openin' 'em very wide or bringin' 'em both together to a point, just as he chose.

They finally had to saw these tusks off, and Jack Eaves put the shortened tusks to a use which I don't think could ever possibly enter anybody's head, except his own. He put his money in 'em—made a savin's bank of one of the cavities in the hollow of the tusk.

He had previously kept his loose money around his clothes or hidden in the circus tent, but he had been robbed, and he made up his mind to find a safe place, and in Tipoo Saib's trunk his money was safe.

Elephants, as is well known, are very fond of whisky, and a female elephant, known as little Betsy, used to go on a drunk regularly every Sunday along with a chap called "Long John," her keeper. Whenever "Long John" would want a whisky he would ask for it in the name of "Little Betsy." He had a great solicitude about Betsy's ears, that were very sensitive to cold, and one time, when they were showin' out West quite late in the autumn, he said to the manager of the show:

"You'd better get some whisky for Betsy, or she'll freeze; her ears are beginnin' to freeze already."

"How much shall I get?" asked the manager. "Oh," said Long John, "a couple of buckets."

The manager opened his eyes at this wholesale order. The two buckets were got, and over a bucket and a half was given to little Betsy, and Long John partook very liberally of the balance. In an hour or two little Betsy and Long John were drunk together. The elephant would roll over, and kick up her huge heels, and then gettin' up again would seize Long John playfully in her trunk, and toss him over her back, and pick him up again, and the two would have a regular drunken spree.

And every now and then Little Betsy would give a sort of grunt, a noise that sounded just like laughin', and that Long John swore was intended for the other.

It is one of the most curious things in the world, that elephants are so very forbearing to and considerate of drunken men. This "Long John" when he was drunk used to go round the two elephants of the show, whom nobody else dared to bother, and of whom he himself was afraid when sober—Canada and Sultan—and would fool with 'em, and swing on their tusks, and toss their trunks about, and then would fall at their feet asleep.

And they wouldn't hurt him 'emselves—would be as careful of him as if he was a baby elephant—and wouldn't even allow any of the boys to play any tricks upon him.

A TUB STORY.

New tubs, is it? Well, Mr. Carpenter, no doubt they'll be a dale nater than the old ones, but they'll never be the same to me.

"Am I attached to the old tubs? Why, sure, if you'll believe it, I've the best of reasons for bein' attached to them, for they saved my life, in-adee they did, as I'm a living sinner."

Master and Missus, as you must know, are well-off people, with lashings of silver and the loike of that, and at the time I'm spakin' of they kept them same in the house.

They had no more fear of being robbed than I have at this minute, and they just turned a bit of a pantry key on them at night, and thought of no danger at all.

And no more did I, until the day came when there was a grand party at my missus' daughter's, and she and he went off to it together.

"We mightn't be home to-night, Biddy," says she; "but you'd not feel afraid of stayin' in the house along with Nora?"

"And why should I, ma'am?" says I. Lord help us, how little we know of what's comin'! "Why should I, ma'am?" says I. "There's no ghosts in it, I'm sartin'."

And off they went together, him and her, and Master Alfred; and about nine o'clock Nora and me fastened the doors, and went to bed.

Now, I've a corn that hurts me wonderfully because it's on the joint of my big toe, and nothing aises it but soaking it in sodawater.

So, after I'd been in bed an hour or more, that corn began to burn and smart to that degree I was wild, and I thought to myself I'd go down into the kitchen, and soak my feet well, and pray the saints to better it.

So, not to wake Nora, I slipped out as soft as silk, and down the stairs, and never lightin' a light, for it was as bright as day with the moon.

I just let the water in the tubs, and stepping on a chair, sat on the wan of 'em mid me feet in the other, and let the warm water run, and I was gettin' a dale of comfort, when, all in a sudden, I heard a noise that made the blood in me veins run cold.

It was steps and the jingling of silver in the dining-room, and somebody coming through the passage-way to the kitchen.

I'm a little woman, by the grace of heaven, and I can slip in almost anywhere, and it came into me mind that this was the time to slip, and down I went into the tub, lettin' the cover down over me, with just my finger in the crack to get a peep, and if I didn't see enough to satisfy me.

Two men—bad luck to them!—wid crape over their faces, and pistols in their hands.

"I told you there was no one here, Jim," says one. And I knew his voice, and the hands of him, with a crooked finger on one—a man that had been pretending to work work of the master.

"I heard something," says he, "and I'll look about me." Then he poked around, papin' over and into everything.

"The family is out," said he, "but that devil of a Bridget might be here, or the other girl, Nora."

"They're safe asleep upstairs," says the first. "They'd better stay there," says the other, "for I'd think nothing of silencing the two. This is a good haul, Jack—solid stuff."

I'd as soon put a bullet through a screeching woman as not," said the other. "See here—here's a pocket-book."

It was mine, with jist ten shillings in it, but I didn't mind me money at that minute. They took it out and counted it and divided it, and they seemed in no hurry to go, the villains.

"The silver is in the bags," I heard them say. "Maybe there's clothes in the tub," says the one; and he lifted the lid of the one next to me. My heart gave a great flop, and I gave myself up for gone.

dead that minute. When it was daylight, Nora waked and missed me, and dressed and came down.

The minute she saw what had happened, she rushed out to the street shrieking for help, and in came the police and neighbors, and sure they said I was in the robbery, and had let the thieves in, and me lying unknownst in the tub useless.

They sent Nora for master and missus, and nobody had the sense to look for me, until missus, heaven bless her, says, says she.

"I'd trust Biddy with untould gold. Sure they've killed her. Look the house they've through."

And then she turned so faint that master ran to the tub for water, and lifting the lid, sure there was I, with a broken head, and no knowledge in it.

And the wonder is I didn't get carried to the dead-house and identified for somebody else, the way it happened to my cousin Samu'l that came back from a bit of journey to find them "wakin'" him, being took for his own ghost.

They took me out, and sure getting me straight was a hard job, Nora said, I'd been doubled up that long, but I came to at last; and it was owing to my seein' them, and being able to swear who wan of them was, that master and missus got back the silver, and the thaves were sent to goal.

"I wish you'd poked your ugly head out of that tub, Miss Bridget," says one of them in the court.

"But, bless the tubs, I didn't," says I, "and here I am to confound ye."

Yes, Mr. Carpenter; now you've got the whole story, and make the new tubs if you like; but give me a bit of the old ones to remember them by, 'ay ye plaza.

A Reminiscence of Gov. Morgan.

A neighboring merchant made the remark on my hearing, "We buy goods and lose money." Morgan buys goods and makes money. The meaning was that Morgan generally struck the market in the right way and at the right time, while others so often made blunders.

Another old merchant exclaimed, "Look at that Morgan that is buying up everything. A little while ago he came here green, and now he can give his note for \$50,000." The only mistake in the remark was that Morgan never was green. Politicians made the same mistake. They supposed that a man just inducted into office would, for a while at least, shed leading strings.

Morgan, however, showed himself immediately the master of the situation either in business or in public life. He met every exigency with surprising readiness. At one time, for instance, he purchased an immense quantity of tea at public auction sale, and the auctioneers told him that the amount was rather large for one man's note. Morgan's reply was "I will give you your own paper instead of mine." He went in Wall street and bought a sufficient quantity of that very firm's paper to meet the bill, and he never had to repeat the lesson.

Not False.

Old Nelse Patmore was justice of the peace. He could neither read or write, but his friends assured him that such accomplishments were merely side issues. One day Jack Maine used the Commonwealth for false imprisonment. He employed excellent legal council and every one thought he would surely gain the case. When the cause came up for trial the judge said:

"Young man, de 'dictment says dat yer wants damages for false 'prisonment'?"

"That is exactly what we want, your honor," said Maine's lawyer. "Uh, huh."

"And we think, your honor, that we are entitled to five thousand dollars damages."

"Uh, huh," handling his papers. "We claim that Mr. Maine's imprisonment was false."

"Uh, huh." "And we can prove it."

"Uh, huh. Gernemen yer say dat de man's 'prisonment was false.' "Yes, your honor."

"Dat 'zisted, didn't it?" "Oh yes."

"Dat was 'false, den. De 'cision o' dis cou't am dis. De gernerman claim'd to hab been 'prisoned falsly. De prof shows dat de State didn't 'perten' ter put him in jail, but did put him dar. De cou't hol's dat der wan't nuthin' fals 'bout dat. Now ef de State had done it, dat wou'dder been false 'prisonment. I'll jes' sen' de gernerman back ter jail an' fling de lawyers in de coat."

HUMOROUS.

We can discover no traces of a business shop ever being called a brick chamber.

Spring may be postponed on account of the weather, but the new spring bonnet, never.

"Does yer kape nothin' but goods here?" "No, ma'am." "Then where will I be after goin' for waide silk?"

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mikey, what is it?" "Sure it is a hole in the tea kettle mum."

The census proves that the number of persons in a family in this country is a small fraction over five. In some families the husband is the small fraction over.

A person being asked what he meant by realities of life, answered: "Real estate, real good money and real good dinner, none of which can be realized with real hard work."

Young fellows do not appreciate the blessings of living in the present age. Just think how little fun a had as a masher. He only had a chance to be sweet on one girl, and he was compelled to take her or get left.

"And so you are engaged to Flapdoodle?" said Edith to her friend Marie. "Yes," said Marie enthusiastically, "and he's a perfect of a man." "Is he a lawyer, physician or merchant? What is his business?" "Oh, he's not doing anything but he blows on the harmonicon beautifully."

When Sugar Was Invented

The exact date of the invention of sugar is lost in the midst of time. However, sugar is said to have been known to the Chinese three thousand years ago, and there is not much doubt that the manufacture of the article was carried on under the Tsing dynasty two hundred years before Christ. A strong claim for priority has been made for India. Probably the Hindoo deity of the art from the Chinese, and China the news was carried west. Three hundred and twenty years before Christ, Alexander Nearchus with a large fleet down India to explore the adjacent countries. When that officer returned from his expedition he brought an account of a sugar (sugar) which the Asiaics had come from, without any assistance from him. This was the earliest idea of western nations had of sugar, the Egyptians, Babylonians and Greeks knowing nothing of its use. As late as A. D. 150 sugar was prescribed by a famous physician, as a medicine. Before the discovery of America sugar was costly luxury, used on rare occasions. During the wars of the roses, about 1445, Margaret Pastors of a very wealthy country gentleman Norfolk, wrote to her husband that he would "vouchsafe" to send a pound of sugar. As late as 1700 England consumed only twenty pounds in the course of the year, since the consumption has increased, twenty million hundred pounds being used by the English. The process of refining sugar was known in England previous to that which was probably an invention of Arabs. A Venetian merchant of the secret from the Saracens and sold the art for one hundred and six crowns.

A Warning to Smokers

A curious accident happened in Paris the other day. Dr. R. when open collars on his shirt when walking along the Rue de girard somebody threw a lighted stump out of the window. The received the gracious offering nape of his neck. He tried to hold it, but it eluded his grasp, tumbled down his back, burning dreadfully in a number of places with pain he rushed into a wine shop before he could strip his back of a mass of blisters.

The doctor did not know where to throw the cigar stump, but a bystander noticed the window was from and the doctor sent for a man. The person who threw the cigar proved to be a Monsieur G. gentleman of means, who was much shocked at the result of prudence and offered a considerable sum of money to the doctor on the matter up. But the latter to be appeased and threatened to bring an action for criminal negligence. Should he succeed the man grievous in jail over the his folly.