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Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act,
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that, should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied, and this is fate.

My Mother.

Back through the lapse of lonely years,
Of light and shade, and bitter tears,
I seem to hear
My mother's voice soft, sweet and low—
My mother's voice, ah! well I know
Its cadence dear.

Oft sitting, when the night bird wings
His homeward flight and softly sings
A plaintive song,
Then mem'ry waves her magic wand
And summons from the silent land
Dear ones long gone.

Again, I stand by mother's knee,
Again her sainted face I see,
As in a dream.
Then asks my heart, with voice of tears,
For her; alas the sad, sad years
Lie dark between.

Oh! mother, from that sphere divine,
On wings of light cleave realms of time,
Come thou to me
If for only a little space,
That I may look on thy dear face.
One moment see,
As once I saw, thy tender eyes,
That know not tears in Paradise,
Grieved no more.

I watch for thee, oh! mother dear;
I listen, and I seem to hear
Thy songs float o'er
That lonely river, deep and wide,
Which darkly rolls its Stygian tide
From shore to shore;

Silent and deep through lonely years
Swollen with bitter farewell tears
Forever more.

Trusting, I'll wait while life lasts here,
Till in that grand, immortal sphere,
Where sorrows cease,

We meet, and on thy loving breast
My weary head shall be at rest
In perfect peace.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSAGE.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McCausland was an engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing, we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland: "it spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at eleven o'clock next morning, and we started punctually.

We pursued our way up the hill, and crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered, and proceeded along a wooded road, stony and rut-full. At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn called the "Reservoir." We got out of the gig gladly.

An engineer foreman hurried up and accosted us politely.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired McCausland.

"Yes, all right; but"—

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the south reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McCausland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said abruptly. We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment, which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small noisy waves against the paved top of the bank. Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stonework, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently came through the grass.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle up this," said McCausland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection, but during our progress round the works the clouds had massed themselves in wild grand-ur above the hills, and lay heavily above the Apps valley in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct near Ammering junction. The dark slaty clouds hung suspended over this district. Long tendrils of the scud came forth from them like fingers. These clutched now a rock, then a solitary tree, now a rept up again and brought down alarger mass of cloud to place upon the ground—ever stealing onward and downward, leaving all in its stealthy track dark and foggy. A low moaning sound was in the air. It was not the wind, for the trees had strangely lulled. The trees scarcely moved, yet the water rolled up against the reservoir banks as if agitated by an unseen wheel. We all seemed conscious of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions, and the leaves whispered strange confidences to the motionless boughs above our heads.

The men had all gone up to the reservoirs. McCausland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked, suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain here? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Cannot I stay too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied. So it was settled. Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices again we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder echoes.

This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up and danced down the hill sides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cataracts, and foamed down to the streams. The wind rose from its sleep and forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and stones and grass became commingled.

Now the sluice valves were all opened, and the long imprisoned water gladly dashed from out its prison to meet its native river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale, once more filled with water, divided on the hill. But still the men worked hard; and all the gathering gloom and thunder by lantern light, and nature rested not that livelong night.

But I turned in and got some sleep in defiance of the elemental war without.

At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came, fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quick as you can and come down stairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Look alive, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance." He left the room.

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky, and all the world was raining. The water was pashing from the eaves, and mingled with the heavy drops, burst into a separate stream in every rut and furrow. The wind lashed the tall trees and roared amid the branches. Every and anon a sharp snap denoted a bough torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth.

I dressed quickly and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time tables, which as an official he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much. "Of course, I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly. "Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his own steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied, laughing; "I'll be ready in five minutes if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my waterproofs. When I came down the horse was at the door and McCausland inspecting him.

I mounted. "Now," I said, "for this great message, if you please."

McCausland's tone had something very solemn in it as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering junction, and any people you see, that the south reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps viaduct, and carry away the bridges on the Hexedale branch. Stop the traffic, save the passengers. God bless you; and hark ye, ride for your life! I will fire the signal-cannon as a warning. Good-bye."

CHAPTER II.

A WILD RIDE.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to McCausland, for I was too stupefied to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow creatures depended on mine. Ammering junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength, though, to execute my task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I should easily find the path. Beside, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the fierce wind and biting rain by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction I should take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross road I was pursuing—"To Holmesdale and Seaham." The opposite index pointed—"To Ruddall and Ammering." I could scarce credit my senses. Surely I was right. We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the reservoirs. I had mercy to reverse the route we had traveled. At that moment, if you will believe me, the true state of the case, and my own stupidity, flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale; I was now bound for Ammering, which lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past six o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was further from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with despair. Whatever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor, before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then!—

I burst out into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then, desperate, and only half conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road and up the hill again. But the storm fiend was abroad, and had arrayed all his forces against me.

As we gained the more open ground the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hillside, and hissed among the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more determinedly than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor—which lay before me. A straight road lay over it—a good road, but crossed at intervals by rapid streams which had overflowed their usual limits, and swelled over their boundaries across the flinty stones which had defiled them all the summer long.

The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist, but far in advance, on the level, I could trace the railroad line. From the elevation at which I stood, I could trace the channel of the Apps river down the valley, and guess the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad, and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine perhaps waiting to start a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All this, and more, I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force while we had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically. Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some helpless crows were blown over my head, and a sinister-looking raven skimmed the moor close by, uttering a weird croak which fell upon my ears like a knell, and chilled my blood. I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterward. The train was safe. I watched it glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station, and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. The time was up, and no signal from McCausland. Telegraphing would now be easy. A porter came out in response to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied, "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph. The wires is blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear the line up to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you, man, I must stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale reservoir will burst this very hour."

"Can this be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True!" I echoed. "It's only too true. I have ridden to tell you. We must stop the trains."

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8:05," mused the station-master. "There may be time"—even with me."

He crossed the line and entered the shed opposite. I followed. Just then a loud booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal," I exclaimed. "The water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared.

"Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir, waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points. Now, sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and before I quite realized the situation we had crossed to the up line. The station-master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam versus water. Which would conquer?

A whistle—we started.

"The flood! the flood!" shouted the porter.

We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the devoted viaduct. No time to lose.

"Go ahead," cried the station-master.

I turned on steam, put the lever over another notch, and the race began in earnest.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it. We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would dash to destruction. A depression in the ground ran beside the railroad for a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water. It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten.

On rolled the flood. We were running "neck and neck" for one terrific half minute. Now the resistless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, haystacks, *debris* of every description, came heading down upon the doomed structure. We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now.

Sparks flew from the chimney. Another notch. The beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttresses. In a second we were across.

I shut off steam, the station-master put down the brakes. A tearing, rending sound, that was not the brakes—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage trap. The bridge gave way, and with a roar that was heard two miles off, the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water.

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape.

And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph posts being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Fervent and sincere were the thanks we received from almost everyone. He was escaping from justice, and was captured. From the elevated embankment we could trace the course of the flood for miles. The train put back to Handleigh, whence the passengers were forwarded by another company.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete, but a "break-down" gang was quickly on the spot. A footway was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The loss of cattle and farm produce caused by that terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some unfortunate people were drowned, but some had most marvelous escapes. The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable—I could scarcely recognize the places I had passed in the morning.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of steam versus water on the Vigilant locomotive. Nor do I.

A naturalist claims to have discovered that crows, when in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try offenders—a sort of crow-bar so to speak.

A CITY IN FLAMES.

St. John, N. B., Visited by a Terrible Calamity—The City Reduced to Ashes and a Number of Lives Lost.

The calamitous fire that visited St. John, N. B., is described as follows:

The fire was discovered in a building on the south side of York Pointslip, next to McLaughlin's boiler shop. To the latter building the flames had spread before the firemen had reached the scene. The engines arrived and did their best to stop the flames, but all efforts were in vain. Nothing could be done. The flames then spread to the various buildings on Have's wharf, which were also quickly consumed, and before the fire could be checked it broke out with a roar into Smith street, carrying everything before it. From there the flames spread into Drury lane and Mill street, following that into Dock street, taking both sides. Before this, however, the rear of the London House and adjacent buildings had been attacked, when it was seen that the first fire would inevitably sweep along either Dock or Mill street. Aid came from Portland in the shape of the town engine and firemen. The tinder-boxes on fire, aided by the wind, proved a combination too much for the gallant workers, and almost in despair they saw the flames advance upon them, not slowly, but with a rapidity that appalled the stoutest hearts. The buildings were a mass of flame at the end of Smith street and Drury lane; and while the workers were vainly endeavoring to have the fire end there, a momentary gale took the flames across Union street to the opposite houses, and then they receded; but their touch had been fatal, and in less than five minutes these buildings were doomed to destruction. Both sides of the street were soon in the grasp of the devouring element, and the men were obliged to drop their branch pipes and run up the street, after which they dragged the hose after them. Another body of men were working at the foot of Union street, and by placing boards in front of their faces managed to battle with the flames until their clothing became singed.

Proceeding along Smith street in a southerly direction, the fire soon reached Nelson street, then Robertson's place, then extended to Robertson's wharf, and then up the South wharf. As it gained Nelson street on the south, it there met the flames coming up that street, and the combination made a terrific heat that could not be borne. Allied with the strong wind from the northwest, it did not take long for the entire wharf to be in a blaze. Half a dozen wood boats were at the head of Market slip, and at the end of the wharves there were about the same number of schooners. Before the fire had assumed a formidable shape on the North wharf the men on vessels began to pour pails of water on the decks. The water was low just then, and something like this was necessary to extinguish the sparks that were continually showered down on them. Those at the head of the slip were in a quarter of an hour on fire in so many places that it was impossible for each outbreak to receive attention before the vessels were well on fire. The flames caught their masts, and these afforded a stepping stone to the shops on South wharf. Not one of those west of Ward street was capable of withstanding the intense heat and sparks, all being of wood, and they went down as if felled by a hurricane. The schooners in front having been hauled out to a place of safety, many of the occupants of the stores were off helping their unfortunate brother merchants, and some arrived just in time to save their books. Others were just enabled to witness the destruction of all their stock. Some of the embers lodged in the steeple of Trinity church, Germain street, and with nothing to save it, the fire being so high as to be almost beyond reach, the fire was left to pursue its own way.

As the news spread that some wooden houses in Horsefield street, as well as others on Duke street, near the Victoria Hotel, were on fire, thousands were alarmed, as it was soon seen that the fire was spreading north, south, east and west to Germain, Charlotte, Duke and Horsefield streets, with not an engine to be had and everything going down before the unrelenting flames. A building on Charlotte street, had hardly become a prey to the flames, when others on each side followed, and in half an hour all except the Germain street side of the square was in ashes. The Victoria Hotel and St. Andrew's church were in great danger, and the hotel guests, as well as the employees, began to make preparations for seeking new quarters. Very little time was given them to collect their valuables, and in the majority of cases they had to leave with scanty wardrobes. About the same time St. Andrew's church took fire, and it did not stand long. Adjoining the church was a two-story brick building, occupied as a tailor shop in the lower story and by the Beacon, Pioneer, and Siloam lodges of Odd Fellows, as well as Millicets Encampment of that order on the upper flat, which was destroyed; prior to which, however, the members managed to enter the building and save most of the regalia and paraphernalia. The buildings at the southern corner of Dock and Union streets and on the opposite corner caught almost simultaneously.

At an early hour the Western Union Telegraph Company's office was burned and its valuable batteries and apparatus destroyed. A great quantity of the goods saved fell into the hands of thieves, who hung around like vultures, eager to avail themselves of any opportunity that afforded to carry off what they could lay their hands on. The ballast wharf was covered most of the night with thousands of people anxious to escape by water, as were also the railway track and the ground around the track between the ballast wharf and Courtenay bay. The following newspaper office s with their "plant" and stock were completely swept away: *The Freeman, The Evening Globe, The Daily Telegraph, The Daily News, The Watchman* and *The Religious Intelligencer.* The entire business portion of the city was destroyed. Not a leading establishment escaped. All the principal dry goods stores, the leading groceries, all the ship brokers, commission merchants, all in the business of wholesale liquors, coal, flour, provisions, salt, lumber, tea, West India goods, etc., were utterly wiped out. Forty odd blocks, or nearly two hundred acres south of King street, have not six buildings remaining. Every street, square and alley was filled with furniture, and thousands of people were without food or shelter. The International Company's steamer New York sheltered and fed 1,000 persons, and the vessels in the stream had large numbers of people on board. Thousands had to get away from the lower part of the city by boats. A number of lives were lo t, and it was believed the destruction of property would amount to fifteen million dollars.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.—The seven wonders of the world in ancient times were reckoned to be the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter at Athens by Phidias, the Mausoleum, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexandria. This cycle of seven wonders originated among the Greeks after the time of Alexander the Great.

Among the graduates at West Point this year is Cadet Flipper, the first colored graduate from the institution.

A DETROIT MONKEY.

How He Gets Involved with a Ball of Pitch.

That poor Mrs. Nicholo, who has been grinding a hand organ around the soldiers' monument for the last year, had got to believe that she owned the sole right to play "Captain Jinks" and "Growing Old" in this town. The other day along came a double-fisted, heavy-weighted, big-voiced Italian who had a bran new organ and a heap of fresh tunes. She ground and he ground, and he wasn't half an hour beating her into the middle of last week. She realized that he was taking in all the cash while she was receiving all the pity and she put her little organ on its little cart and drew it home. Something must be done to recover her lost prestige and a share of the public currency, and she sent to Toronto for a monkey to make faces at the public and hand around the tin cup. A monkey would offset the new organ, and the monkey's antics would offset the Italian, and he'd have to pack up.

Poor Mrs. Nicholo came out yesterday morning with the monkey for the first time, and it wasn't ten minutes before her fond dreams were being realized. Boys and girls and adults gathered around, her sagacity was applauded, and big coppers and little pennies and bogus nickels darkened the air as they flew to her cup. The boys soon discovered that the monkey was fond of anything and everything except old iron kettles and rusty joints of stovepipe, and they bought him candy, peanuts, apples and other appetizing diet. In the midst of the era of good feeling a young fiend came down Monroe avenue. He was about twelve years old, and in his hand he carried a big ball of pitch, which he had taken from a barrel where a roofer was at work. The crowd drew him to the monkey, and, as he saw the little beast devouring whatever was thrown it, he conceived a wicked plot. Waiting his chance he tossed the ball of pitch at young Darwin, and in half a second the monkey was trying to swallow it. It was a big dose. No horse in town could have gulped it down without starting the tears, because it often up in the monkey gulped and swallowed, and in the course of a minute he had a bad job on his hands. When he realized it he made a jump into the air, fell back and then ensued such a scene as no Turk ever dreamed of. Poor Mrs. Nicholo shrieked and grabbed the beast by the tail and held him up and thumped him around. The old folks fell back, the boys yelled and innocent children shed tears of heartfelt sympathy.

"Water!" cried a man.

"Camphor!" shrieked a woman.

"Police!" howled a peanut boy.

And the monkey spit and gurgled and gulped and pawed and contorted till he was all tied up and his owner turned pale and shouted and cried and gesticulated, and the big Italian with the new organ smiled complacently, and remarked that Providence always had a care for the fatherless and the destitute. That monkey may have swallowed that pitch ere this, but he hadn't got it half-way down when poor Mrs. Nicholo grabbed him and made a run for home, leaving the organ unwatched on the street.

What the moral lesson will be no one can tell. She will either beware of monkeys, or that monkey will beware of boys, or boys will beware of pitch. You can take your choice, while the monkey will in future prefer strawberries.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That Barrel of Salt.

One of the firm who run a commission house on Woodbridge street is a man of muscle. He can lift a barrel of flour as easily as a common man lifts a bag of oats, and it scarcely makes his ears grow red as he heaves a barrel of salt into a farmer's wagon. For weeks past he has been boasting of his strength of muscle, and wanting to see something he couldn't lift, and the boys around the store got their heads together the other day. They took a salt barrel and filled it with broken pig-iron, old weights and other things, put two inches of salt at either end, and rolled it to the curbstone; and at a favorable hour a dray backed up in the most innocent manner and an order from a grocer for a barrel of salt was handed out. The drayman and two of the boys fooled around the barrel so long that the strong man got out of his chair in disgust, threw off his coat and said:

"You fellows had better get porous plasters for your backs. Get out of the way and give me a chance!"

He seized the barrel by the chimes and lifted away. It didn't move. He gritted his teeth and laid out to pull the hoops right off. The hoops stayed right there. So did the barrel.

"It takes four good men to lift one o' them barrels," said the drayman.

"Nonsense! I've lifted a score of them, and I'll pick this up or break my back. I guess the salt must be wet."

He got in position, drew a long breath, and then lifted till his eyes looked like two towels left out on the clothes-line in a dark night. The barrel didn't lift. Pig-iron was too much for muscle, and the lifter sat down on the walk. His back used to be plumb up and down, but it hasn't been since that lift. His eyes are getting back to their original positions, and the red is leaving the back of his neck, and he sees two men handle a bag of dried apples or a bushel of beans without a word of comment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Couldn't Lie for that Money."

A story is told of a young Waterville, Me., lawyer, who was of convival turn, who had in his hands a number of unsettled accounts against an old farmer in the vicinity, who never paid any debts until he was sued, and then only after loud outcries against the lawyers for "grinding the faces of the poor." One day he came in to settle a bill, when the lawyer offered to discount him a dollar and a half if he would go into the street, mingle with all the groups of people whom he might meet and lead the conversation up to a point where he could incidentally remark that he (the lawyer) was a sharp and worthy fellow. The old man wanted the money, but finally he said impressively: "Squire! I'm a very old man and have done many wicked things in my life; but with my views of eternity I can't lie like that for money." The dollar and a half was discounted without extorting any recompense therefor.

One Woman Not Afraid of a Rat.

There is a wide-spread belief, amounting almost to a certainty, that when a woman sees a mouse she will utter a piercing shriek and either faint or mount the nearest chair. A woman in Sacramento, Cal., is endeavoring to lead public opinion in an opposite direction. She sweeps out the Mechanic's Exchange Hotel. She saw a rat. She saw him, went him one better, and sallied after the rodent in real earnest. Out the door he went, with the broom-stick tapping the pavement close behind him. Reaching the street, he dodged into a hole under the sidewalk on the other side of the alley, and lookers-on thought the sport was ended. Not so, however; the plucky woman ran her bare arm into the hole and drew the rat forth in triumph, and dashed him forcibly to the ground before he had a chance to turn and bite. Here she deliberately dispatched him with the broom-stick.

DEATH OF A HEADSMAN.

Hans Friech, a Quiet Dweller in Paris, Identified as the Prussian Sanson.

An old man died at the age of eighty a few days ago in the dreary street of Chateau-Landon, Paris, who for some years had dwelt there absolutely alone and unknown. He was stout, solidly built, not talkative but good humored and friendly. He was known to be a Berliner by birth, but he did not care to talk about himself, and his early history was shrouded with mystery. Hans Friech was the name by which he passed among his neighbors. He only went out of evenings, and then but for a short time, exchanging a few shakes of the hand with acquaintances. When he heard a German voice he turned away or crossed the street to avoid its owner. He never read the papers and received letters but rarely, yet he busied himself most of the time writing—what he refused to say. He had no visitors, paid his rent punctually, rose and retired early, and lived well. In fine he was a perfect type of a small bourgeois retired from business and living on his income. To women he was always polite, to children more than kind. Not until his death did the fact become public that Hans Friech had been the headsman of Berlin.

Headsman in the true significance of the word, not a mere mechanic puller of cords and toucher of springs, like Sanson or Roch, for during the period he executed the *hautes œuvres* of the Prussian capital, ending in 1840, the ax and not the guillotine was employed for the decapitation of criminals. Hans Freich was an artist, for not only could he remove his subject's head at a single blow, but he knew and respected that subject's rights and preferences. He did not affect the Gothic masquerade of black doublet and red hose; he wore long black silk stockings, short close-fitting pantaloons of black velvet, a black coat and black gloves. He would not touch the handle of his ax with his bare palm; not all the gold in Prussia could have induced him to such a flagrant breach of scaffold etiquette.

Nevertheless, the Berliners insisted on overlooking the fact that he wore gloves and saw the blood upon his hands. Friech had no friends and too many acquaintances. People all knew him, and shrank from him. To enable him to leave the hateful town he worked busily till he had filled one of his long black silk stockings with crown-pieces, and on counting them found that he had enough money to assure his comfort for the remainder of his life. That very day he resigned his office and set out for Paris, where he found quiet and unconcern, where the children did not point him out with tiny fingers to each other, or the women who came upon him shrink back in speechless horror. So quiet was he indeed that he became homesick for the scaffold and set himself to write his memoirs. His identity and the nature of the work with which he had occupied his declining days only came out after his death.

Words of Wisdom.

No man should be a judge in his own cause.

To a man full of questions, make no answer.

What men are deficient in reason, they usually make up in rage.

Life is a duty, and one ought to desire its preservation. Willfully to let it decay would be a sin.

Solon being asked why, among his laws, there was not one against personal affronts, answered that he could not believe the world so fantastical as to regard them.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

Honor and justice, reason and equity, go a great way in procuring prosperity to those who use them; and, in case of failure, they secure the best retreat and the most honorable consolation.

Let those who are appointed to judge of the character of others bear in mind their own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang arising from a conviction of guilt, than by misrepresentation to increase it.

The skill should be, so to order the time of recreation that it may relax, and refresh the part that has been exercised and is tired, and yet do something which, besides the present delight and ease, may produce what will afterwards be profitable.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature, makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

The governor may be deceived; he beareth the sword, and may strike with it improperly. But if, to remedy an occasional inconvenience of this sort, you dissolve government, what will be the consequence? More mischief will be done by the people, thus let loose, in a month, than would be done by the government in half a century.

A Woodchuck's Adopted Bairns.

A few weeks since Mr. George S. Redington, proprietor of the Delaware House, in this village, placed under a sitting hen ten eggs of the Hamburgh pheasant variety and a duck's egg. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, but it was reserved for the duck to be last in emerging from the shell. The hen with a critical eye, it may be, wondered at the appearance of such a strange-looking biped among the brood, and becoming thoroughly disgusted at the result of her incubatory labors, turned a deaf ear, and refused to care for her progeny.

While wandering about the grounds in the rear of the hotel, the little chicks, accompanied by the duckling, found their way through the gates into a cage containing a pair of woodchucks. Neither offered to molest the tiny strangers, but on the contrary the female took to the friendless ones kindly, and that night the little fledglings nestled beneath the soft fur of the motherly woodchuck, with the solitary duckling crouched close alongside.

This system was kept until they had grown too large to squeeze into the cage. Now, when nightfall arrives, they are allowed to pass through the cage door, by the side of which they anxiously wait until some one comes to admit them, and are always welcomed with manifestations of delight by the "kind old soul," who, cuddled up in a corner, coaxes them to her side; and soon ten tiny heads peep out from under her soft coat, while the duck sentinel-like, perches on her back with an air of pride.

The above narration may be relied upon as being true in each and every particular.—*Port Jervis Gazette.*

Poor woman need not feel badly if she cannot throw a brick at a hen or sharpen a pencil. There are few tricks more consumate in skill and dexterity than the way in which she rescues her trail from the mud with one hand.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

BEEF HASH.—Use stale bread soaked in milk or water; season with butter, pepper and salt and a little onion chopped fine. Make into cakes and fry a light brown.

BEEF TEA.—Cut up nice lean beef in small pieces, put in a small sauce pan or pail with tight-fitting cover. Set this into a pan of boiling water and cook till the juice of the meat is all extracted; then season to the taste.

KISSES.—Beat three fresh eggs to a stiff froth and stir in five spoonfuls finest powdered sugar; flavor with lemon. Butter a pan and lay in white paper; drop the mixture on it in cakes of a teaspoonful each. Sift sugar over and bake in a slow oven for half an hour.

MUFFINS.—Beat two eggs with one-half cup of sugar, one generous tablespoonful of butter and a little salt; add one and a half cups of sweet milk, and three cups of flour in which is sifted three teaspoonfuls of good baking powder. Beat well and bake in buttered muffin-tins.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM.—One quart of cream, one pint of new milk, one pound of sugar, two well beaten eggs, five tablespoonfuls grated chocolate rubbed smooth in a little milk, flavor to taste; heat the milk almost to boiling, pour it by degrees in with the beaten egg and sugar, and freeze.

APPLE-EGGS.—Pare and core a convenient number of apples, leaving them whole; fill with sugar, and pour over water; then place in oven; when nicely baked take eggs, prepared as for omelette, pour in and over the apples, and return to oven for about ten minutes; grate over them nutmeg, and serve hot.

MOLASSES FRUIT CAKE.—Two and one-fourth pounds flour, one and one-fourth pounds butter, one pound sugar, six eggs, one cupful milk, two pounds raisins, one pound currants, one-half pound citron, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls cloves, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful mace, one nutmeg, one pint molasses, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To every cupful of cold, boiled, fine hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter; mix well together; add slowly a little milk; then beat all to a paste; at the last one tablespoonful of white sugar and one beaten egg; flour your hands, and roll the hominy into balls; dip into beaten egg, then fine cracker crumbs; fry in hot butter, and serve with currant jelly.

POTATO CAKES.—Boil some white potatoes, mash them very fine, adding salt, butter and milk as if used as a vegetable; then mold them in sufficient sifted flour to make them into a soft dough; roll them out on the paste-board about an inch thick; cut in small square cakes and fry on a griddle with equal parts of lard and butter; cook slowly turning but once. They are nice for breakfast, or an ordinary lunch.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Boil one bushel of tomatoes until soft; squeeze them through a sieve; add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter ounce of allspice, two ounces of cayenne pepper, three tablespoonfuls black pepper; mix these together, and boil not less than three hours; pour in a jar or keg till cool, then bottle; it will keep well; the cloves and allspice put in whole; when boiled strain through a colander.

RICE CROQUETTES.—Take half a cupful of rice; let it soak two or three hours in warm water enough to cover it; then drain it dry; add one pint of milk; cook this in one pan set into another of hot water until the rice is soft; then add one tablespoonful of sugar, one of butter, and a little salt; let it cook slowly for a few moments; beat well two eggs, remove the rice from the fire, and slowly add the eggs; turn it out to cool; when cold, flour your hands, roll the rice into balls, punch a hole half-way through with your finger, fill it up with jelly; then close up the opening with the rice; dip it into beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in butter.

CALF'S HEAD CHEESE.—Procure a prepared head and put in warm water sufficient to entirely cover it; if any meat rises out of the water it will become discolored; put in with it one carrot, four onions, half a pound of sweet salt pork, six cloves, a bunch of parsley, a teaspoonful summer savory, and three bay leaves, and one lemon; boil until the meat leaves the bones, when skim out and mince fine with the salt pork; taste, and if not salt enough add a little, and any other spice; place in a strong bag that has been wrung out of boiling water, tie tightly and place a moderately heavy weight on it; when cold cut in slices for lunch or breakfast; the broth is nice strained and used as soup.

VEAL SOUP (excellent).—A vessel used for making soup should never be taken for cooking anything else, and should be carefully cleansed after each using. Into it put a knuckle of veal (the size known as a ten-cent one is large enough), three quarts of cold water, a small quantity of salt, and one small tablespoonful of uncooked rice. Boil slowly, hardly above simmering, four hours, when the liquor should be reduced to half the usual quantity; remove from the fire. Into the tureen put the yolk of one egg, and stir well into it a teacupful of cream, or, in hot weather, new milk; add a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut; on this strain the soup, boiling hot, stirring all the time. Just at the last beat it well for a minute. This soup is economical, easily made and delightful.

Churning.

A correspondent in the *Scientific Farmer* says that the churning of cream to make good butter is not so simple a process as some may think. It must be churned at the proper time and at the proper temperature, and the churn should be stopped as soon as the cream is broken, but before the butter has gathered in large balls. In warm weather it is of great importance to watch the process closely, and to notice just when the change is to take place. At this time add enough cold water to reduce the temperature of the mass to about fifty-six or fifty-eight degrees, and then complete the churning, which will be as soon as the butter is in a granulated form, with particles about the size of peas. Then draw off the buttermilk and wash in cold water, repeating the washing until the water drawn off appears clear. Now take out alayer of butter into the tray, and sprinkle on finely-sifted salt at the rate of about an ounce of salt the pound of butter (more or less as the consumers may wish). Then take out another layer of butter and salt as before. After the butter is salted set it away for about three hours "to take salt" and "harden the grain." Now work it a little with a wooden paddle, and set it away again until next day, when it will need but little working before preparing it for marketing. If the butter is soft and white it is from lack of proper cooling before churning, and it may be hardened by putting in about three times the usual amount of salt and working it a little for two or three mornings.

Farm Topics.

Give your hogs a rubbing-post in some accessible part of their inclosure; it facilitates their keeping clean and seems to afford them much satisfaction.

Several correspondents write to announce the complete extirpation of rats and mice from their cow stalls and piggeries since the adoption of this simple plan: A mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of finely-chopped bacon is made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put down for the rats to eat.

The carrot crop is rendered useless in many gardens by grubs eating into the roots. This takes place in many well-managed gardens. The best remedy that I have tried was to scatter a quantity of soot and lime over the surface of the ground before forking it over for the carrots. This works it into the ground, and keeps the soil free from all sorts of grubs for the whole season. The next best way is to sow the lime and soot between the rows and hoe it into the ground.

As early as the middle of June, sometimes before, we have practiced opening the hay harvest, and find when feeding that