

Little Patty.

"Aunt Cindy is growing worse every day," soliloquized Squire Berrian, drawing his eyebrows together in a perplexed frown.

Having supplemented his request with the offer of a liberal salary, Squire Berrian received a prompt answer from Sister Jane.

"Phronie, the eldest girl, was married," she wrote. And Cyrena, the second, was engaged and was making preparations for her own wedding.

"That's twelve years ago. Bless me, how time flies! Is it possible I shall be forty years on my next birthday?"

But nevertheless the forty years must have dealt kindly with the squire, for his firm erect figure, his raven hair, and clear piercing grey-black eyes might have belonged to a much younger man.

"And so this is little Patty," he said, casting a pleased glance at the tall slender girl who stood before him in her pretty traveling suit, her fair, rounded cheeks dimpled with smiles and blushes.

"And you are going to be my little housekeeper, and order Aunt Cindy around, and take care of your old uncle generally, Patty?" said the squire, as they drove home over the grassy road behind a span of sleek prancing bays.

"Yes, uncle," said Patty, demurely, dropping her golden eyes lashes over a pair of the bluest eyes Squire Berrian had ever seen.

"How bashful she is," he thought. "Not at all like Sister Jane. I never knew her to be bashful in my life."

Bashful or not, Patty proved an excellent housekeeper, and her uncle never ceased congratulating himself on obtaining such a treasure.

"I don't know what I should do without you now, Patty," he said. "I am just beginning to know what a home should be. I hope you won't be getting married and going to keep house for some other fellow," he added, half in jest.

"Oh, no indeed!" promised Patty, blushing at the very thought. "The child is as timid as a wood thrush," thought the squire.

They were seated in the vine-wreathed porch, on the shady side of the brown old farmhouse.

The squire sat tilted back in his easy, split-bottomed chair, lazily fanning himself with his broad-brimmed hat, while Patty, with a stray gleam of sunshine flecking her golden braids, rocked back and forth in a low sewing-chair, some bits of scarlet-needlework in her lap.

"Good evening, Squire Berrian. I didn't suppose you would be home this time of day."

Patty winced at the shrill, sharp tones of Miss Prudence Ketchum, whose angular figure suddenly loomed upon the porch before them.

Miss Prudence cast a sharp, scrutinizing glance at Patty, then turned, with a melting smile towards the squire.

"I have heard that my second cousin, Patty Crampton, was keeping house for you," she explained; "so I made bold to run over and see her this afternoon. I've been visiting at my sister's over on Muddy, and just got back to-day and heard Patty was here. The dear child must be home-sick, so far away from her folks."

"She must speak for herself," said the squire, placing a chair for Miss Prudence Ketchum.

"But where is she?" demanded the visitor.

"Why here," said the squire. "I thought you were acquainted, as she is your cousin, you say."

"That?" "Yes," he said. "The very ruffles on Miss Ketchum's lilac sun-bonnet shook with severity and righteous indignation as she cast a withering glance at Patty."

"Squire Berrian, that's no more Patty Crampton than you are! You've been imposed on."

Items.

It is the judgment of the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle that the Northern raspberries surpass the strawberry in delicacy and flavor.

The Princess Isabella, of Bavaria, recently married to the Duke of Genoa, is described as looking like a wax statue, without a particle of color in the face.

Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, and General Barnett, McCook and Cist, will visit Washington next week to select a site for the Army of the Cumberland's statue of Garfield.

Mr. Samuel Woodward, who died recently at Pueblo, Colorado, was a native of Philadelphia, and a son of Samuel Woodward, deceased, who was a well known tobacco merchant of Philadelphia.

Berlin's Towers on the Pantheon at Rome have been taken down—a fate that ought to have overtaken them immediately after they were put up.

H. D. Cosgrove of San Francisco, has offered the City of Buffalo a monumental drinking fountain, to cost \$8,000.

A recent cyclone in Berkeley county, South Carolina, ravaged the De Vaux family burying ground at Belle Isle, where rest the remains of General Francis Marion.

Some interesting statistics bearing on capital punishment have been published in Berlin. Between the years of 1864 and 1868, 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation, and of these 26 only were executed.

The German executioner is named Krantz, and he has four assistants, who are paid by the State. It is their duty to divest the culprit of his outer clothing, and then to bind him with leather thongs to the block.

A correspondent of the Tropical Agriculturist says, regarding the destruction of ants: "Take a white China plate and spread a thin covering of common lard over it. Place it on the shelf or any place infested by the troublesome insects. You will be pleased with the result. Stirring up every morning will be all that is needed to set the trap again."

—Ah You, the prettiest Chinese girl ever brought to this country, has married an Englishman in San Francisco.

—Milwaukee consumes more beer per capita than any place in the country, and the suicide rate there is double that of any other city. Query?

—The Vanderbilt party claim that their new line—the Southern Pennsylv-

Alleged.

Few words are commoner in the language of the newspapers than the word "alleged." To allege anything, if the old meaning be good, is to affirm it with the exactness of a despatch.

Whenever any doubt is felt that a murder is a murder, the deed is softened to an "alleged" murder. Whenever a man loses his watch and his senses, and cannot tell exactly how they went, the lamentable occurrence is chronicled as an "alleged" robbery.

According to these new linguistic lights an allegation means a guess. "Phenomenon" applied to something wonderful and abnormal is a common instance of high-flown vulgarity, much in the mouths and on the pens of persons who can hardly have compassed the truth that a shower of rain is just as positively a phenomenon as a shower of frogs, a calf with six legs, Miss Crummies, or an enormous gooseberry.

"Immense" is an adjective seldom used but in such a manner as to confute its own meaning. Thus, in an account of some discovery beneath an ancient ruin, it was said that skeletons of great size were found, one of them being of the "immense" length of 7 feet 10 inches.

The length of this skeleton was really 7 feet 10 inches, or 10 feet 7 inches, how could it have been "immense?" So, too, we read of walls of "immense" thickness, and pumpkins of "immense" girth. Are there, then, no foot-rules or measuring tapes to reduce these immensities?

"Culminate" is a verb incorrectly used, unless in respect of something which has reached the limit of its possible height. When, therefore, the career of a wrongdoer is said to "culminate" in the lowest depths of degradation, the term is misapplied, even to being turned upside down.

The term "assiduous" when employed to strengthen the idea of perseverance, if the particular kind of perseverance intimated be locomotive and not sedentary. So, too, is "preposterous," unless clearly denoting the figure which homely rhetoric describes as "putting the cart before the horse."

On the authority of the Medical Record, asparagus is a strong diuretic, and forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that soupe aux herbes which a French lady will order for herself after a long and tiring journey.

Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people, while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be remarked, in passing, that it is the yellow core of the carrot that is difficult of digestion, the outer, a red layer, is tender enough.

In Savoy, the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large sweet onion is very rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth, and eaten with a little Nepal pepper, it will be found to be an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits.

The stalks of cauliflower have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so ill-boiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank you for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an article.

Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people; but here the fault lies with the cook quite as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnips badly, and then pours some butter over it, and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. What shall be said about our lettuce? The plant has a slight narcotic action, of which a French old woman, like a French doctor, well knows the value, and when properly cooked is really very easy of digestion.

Scientific American.

The habit of pawing can be overcome in most cases by lifting the foot and holding it up for a while each time the horse begins to paw. To give the horse his first lesson, put on an old harness, buckle a strap around each of the forward fetlocks, attach a small rope five or six feet long to each strap, pass the ropes through rings or loops on the top of the saddle, take the horse to a soft, smooth spot so that he will not turn, take up one forward foot and hold it up for some ten or fifteen minutes by making the rope fast at the ring on the saddle. The object of this lesson is to teach the horse that standing on three legs is tiresome and disagreeable work;

Breaking the Old Man's Will. Old man Gubbett died only last week. He willed all his goods, chattels and effects to his housekeeper, leaving Jim, his nephew and next of kin, only his blessing.

Jim consulted a lawyer about the possibility of success in contesting the will of his uncle.

"Counselor, I've come to see you 'bout busting my uncle's will," explained Jim.

"On what grounds?" asked the lawyer. "Did he have two witnesses and explain that the paper was his last will, and request them to sign?"

"Yes, sir, he did; but hang me if I'd signed if I'd known that he was going to leave me out in the cold. Not me!"

"You did not have to know that; it seems we can't work against the formality. Was he of sound and disposing mind, or, in other words, was he so peculiar that a jury of twelve sensible men would regard him as incapable of making a will?"

"I think he was," answered Jim, feeling reassured.

"Now tell me what makes you think so. Try and recollect anything he did that would warrant us in regarding him as crazy."

"In the first place, he alters paid his debts right up to the handle. Never disputed the bills when he knew they were right and save a dollar here and there. I think that oughter be against a man, don't you?"

"Yes, it shows a want of foresight. We might call it unbusiness-like and rash. I'll put that down. Give me a few more instances like that and you'll have your uncle's money."

"Well, let's see. What would you say to a man that bought a paper every mornin' when he could have borrowed Dime's on the top of his walkin' just for up for it? It strikes me that a man that'd sooner buy than borrow is clean gone."

"I fully agree with you. So would my judge or jury, Mr. Gubbett, you ought to be a lawyer."

"I don't 'spect you'd say a man that was a ridin' on a Third Avenue car and the conductor forgot to collect his fare and bimby in gettin' out han' it over to the conductor—I don't 'spect you'd say such a man was a born statesman, would you?"

"Who would be guilty of such a crazy act?"

"Why, my uncle done that very thing. I was a lookin' at him doin' it."

"Mr. Gubbett, since the beginning of the world there hasn't been such another foolish man as your uncle. He was a spendthrift. He should have had a committee to take charge of his estate. Now tell, had he strange religious opinions such as would render him incapable of making a valid will?"

"Yes, he had. Though he was one of the richest men in the church, I never heard him makin' long prayers. He never tried to run the preacher or the congregation. But the foolish thing he done was to refuse to have his name on a stain-glass window that he gave to the church. Refused point blank."

"That will do, Mr. Gubbett. This as plain as day your uncle was a lunatic. Not try to run the pastor, refuse to parade his name before the whole congregation. Yes, sir, your uncle was looney."

"Counselor, let me tell you another thing he done just before he died. It seems he once borrowed ten dollars from a man in Vermont twenty years ago, I think. Well, he forget all about it until after his will was made, and hang me if he didn't say that he wanted that man paid the ten dollars with legal interest. He had forgot or he'd paid it himself."

"Enough, enough, Mr. Gubbett. A man that would pay an outlawed debt has not the shadow of a chance of having his will upheld. I never yet heard of a man so crazy in all my professional life. That'll do. Come on Monday, and I'll file the allegations against his will."

"Good day, Counselor."

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Medical Value of Vegetables.

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