

### AN OLD TIME ROMANCE.

Right here, in this venerable oak tree's shade,  
My grandmother's mother sat one day,  
In solemn state and in stiff brocade,  
Awaiting a lover, a knight they say.  
Down yonder hillside with flashing spur  
He came like a vision, o'er field and fen,  
In his satin breeches and gold-laced coat,  
And a queer old dresser he must have been  
I do not think I could have fancied him so,  
In his wedding plumes and his connet-gay—  
And Mistress Lucy, if she could know,  
Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day.  
By his side, o'er the stairway her picture  
hangs,  
A dainty lady, so proud and prim  
That more than half of my wayward blood  
It is very plain must have come from him  
Here is a letter a century old;  
For true knightly sentiment very well,  
And a dashing hand, but it must be told  
That my charming great-grandpapa could  
not spell:  
"Honored madam and dear, though mine  
eyes be dim  
"May not dwell on thy form and face so  
fair,  
"Still the promise of hope to my poor heart is  
left,  
"And at dawning of eve I aspire to be  
there."  
I should like to know if at eve he came—  
Why, of course he did, for am I not here?  
Proudly bearing his ancient name  
And if on that sofa they sat asunder  
With a wicked laugh at his spell of "dear"  
and if on that sofa they sat asunder  
Fully two feet, as was proper and right,  
Could he ever manage to give her, I wonder,  
Half such a kiss as I had last night?  
Ah, Lucy, though minute and slight,  
And curly manners in grand array,  
Tell on, old story, there's something in it  
That reaches the heart just the same to-day,  
And I wonder when my little day is over,  
And my grandchildren nit 'neath this old  
tree's shade,  
if they'll say, "She had just such a noble  
lover,  
And as true and tender a wife she made"

### HUNTER'S RAID.

In 1864 it became apparent to the federal authorities that the rich valley of Virginia, which was the granary and storehouse of the confederacy, must be crippled. General David Hunter was therefore bidden to take 15,000 men and make a raid up the Shenandoah and ruin the growing crops and grain stores, destroy the railroads, mills and foundries, and do all possible damage to the resources of the enemy as far as he was able to go. It is with one of the earliest incidents of this remarkable campaign that I have to deal.  
General Hunter belonged to a family whose ancestral home was on the lower Shenandoah, and he was related to many of the old families there, among others to the Botelers.  
The head of the Boteler house was Colonel William Boteler, now in the department of justice at Washington, then a staff officer of high rank at Richmond. His estate was a short distance from Shepherdstown.  
When Hunter's corps entered the valley at Shepherdstown the sky was obscured by day with the smoke and glowed at night with the glare of burning barns, mills and haystacks.  
Mrs. Boteler and her daughters, with one or two faithful servants, were then in the house. So often had their farm been fought over by both armies, that there was nothing left on it for these newcomers to take or destroy that could be of any value as munitions of war. The house itself, however, had been little hurt, and its valuable library and pictures and furniture had been protected by both armies as each in turn was in possession. David Hunter was Mrs. Boteler's own cousin and the playmate of her childhood. Surely, she thought, she had nothing to fear in her poverty and loneliness—rather something to hope for from her long ago cousin and friend.  
Cheered by these thoughts, it was with no terror that the ladies sat upon the porch and watched the long blue column come undulating over the low hills and march hour after hour along the road that ran in front of the estate.  
The well-house was conspicuous, and almost at the first squads of men ran in to drink and fill their canteens, but all were courteous, and the first officer of consequence who appeared placed a guard at the well to preserve order and keep any evil-disposed men out of the house.  
At last the great army had passed, save straggling followers, and the sun was low over North mountain when a squad of cavalymen came galloping back from the departing host with a young lieutenant in command. They turned into the yard, and the officer dismounted. Lifting his cap he said: "This is Colonel Boteler's house?" "It is, and I am Mrs. Boteler. We have nothing left about the place except a little meal and bacon for ourselves. I hope you won't deprive us of that."  
"I only wish I had no worse to do, but, madam, I have General Hunter's orders to burn this house and all its contents to the ground at once. You

must believe me," he went on, with a genuine sadness in his voice, "that I hate it from the bottom of my heart. I would cheerfully resign if that would save it, but there is no help. The orders are peremptory, and admit of no delay. All I can let you do—I cannot believe the general knew any one was here—is to gather up your clothing and such valuables as you can carry. Please hasten, and"—with sudden supplicating gestures and tone, for he was boyish and sensitive—"please forgive me for my part in this cruel work!"

The men looked equally sad as silently and swiftly they helped Mrs. Boteler and her daughters—I think there were three of them—make into bundles the few necessities they were allowed to take away.

Suddenly the music of the piano swelled through the house, and mother and sister knew that the eldest of the daughters was taking farewell of her beloved instrument that in the old days had rung so merrily for flying feet and gay hearts, and later had been the solace of long evenings of cruel loneliness and anxiety, or, abandoned to the soldiery, had led the loud chorus of both north and south.

"Is this all?" inquired the lieutenant with a choking voice, and, bearing the little bundles out to the stricken women, whispered to the sergeant to do his duty.

Then there came floating out through the parlors the rich young voice, chanting: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and the hardy sergeant and men felt the tears springing as they crept to the back of the house and lighted the fires at the dryest corners.  
Cap in hand, hardly daring to look at the long row of books, the pictures, the bric-a-brac, the pretty articles of feminine adornment with which the rooms were garnished—shutting his eyes to these things lest they unnerve him—the lieutenant approached the piano and besought the singer to leave the room.

She paid not the slightest attention—seemed neither to hear nor see him. Her mother and sisters were blinded and deafened by grief—never dreamed what she meant to do; but the flames ate into the dear old mansion from two sides, and caught at the high cornices and set their banner on the roof, and wisps of smoke swept in through the doors and explored the cool shade of the parlor before the chant was done, and to it all the apt musicians seemed oblivious.

"Now," thought the officer, awe-struck at the unearthly expression of the girl's face, and the awfulness of the scene, "now she will go." But as he advanced a step toward her, she sprung him with a real gesture, and striking the chords of "Come, ye Disconsolate, where'er ye Languish," broke with clear, pure, divinely modulated paths into the words and music of that touching hymn.

She sang it slowly, unmindful of the crackle of the flames and the thickening smoke. The officer begged her to go, but she paid not the slightest heed, and, when she had finished it, still sat on at the piano, and began another hymn. Then the sergeant ran in to tell his superior that the fire would cut off their escape in a moment and the roof was likely to fall. The singer heard, but showed no care; and the two men, now realizing that she meant to stay and play till she and the piano fell into the ashes together took her gently by the arms, reverently closed the instrument, and half led, half carried her out of the doomed house.

They paused at the well and looked back. Red flames were racing up the curtains of the windows and reading the titles of the books, and one by one they could hear, as they listened, the musical snapping of the heated piano strings.

"God grant I may never have such duty again," prayed the federal officer, as he released the girl into her mother's arms and saw the blessed tears come to relieve the almost fatal tension of despair.

And then he rode away.

**Cool Mrs. Sanden.**  
Mrs. Sanden, of Artondale, Oregon, surprised a big bear in her back yard last week. She did not scream or fall in a faint, but stepped into the house and, getting a rifle, dispatched the intruder.

—It is generally believed that the sewing machine was originated by Elias Howe. This is not true, as the first sewing machine was patented in England by Thomas Saint, on July 17, 1790, twenty-five years before Howe was born.

—Parasols made of the best Linden wood, manufactured by Finnish peasants in the suburbs of Viborg are in fashion in the Russian summer resorts along the lines of the Russo-Finnish railroads. They are light, elegant and cheap.

### YANKEEISMS.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE AND SPEECH.

#### Some Yankee Stories That Are a Bit Old but Good.

Clarence Deming contributes to the Christian Union some characteristics of rural New England life and speech taken from a note-book of twenty-five years' standing. When, many years ago, I asked a rustic citizen of the town, after his first visit to New York, his opinion of the great city, his reply was: "Weel, I never! Why, there on Broadway it allers seemed's though meetin's just out."

The note book abounds in miscellaneous Yankeeisms gleaned from the whimsical characters to be found in every back town of Yankeeedom. Among the oddest of this odd species was Mr. D—, a rugged and antique resident of a Western Connecticut village. While driving his cows to pasture Mr. D— used to address them in most emphatic terms.

One day, while the animals were in uncommonly frolicsome mood, he was overheard to say: "Yes, scatter, will ye! Blast ye! If there warn't but one of ye ye'd scatter!" On a night dark as Erebus, Mr. D— rushed out excitedly on boys pilfering his favorite pear tree, exclaiming: "I see ye! I know ye! Where be ye? Who are ye?" His profanity was often most voluble and redundant; but it never reached a loftier climax than on an occasion when he missed the backboard of his wagon after a five-mile drive, and, on going back for it, found that he had been using it as a seat. One of his near neighbors was a good old dame, the Mrs. Malaprop of the village, who once remarked at our dinner table: "I know a person who calls the cornish of a roof the tarnish." She was matched by one of my old Yankee friends, now gone to his reward, who corrected an acquaintance reading aloud an account of President Lincoln's funeral, saying that the word "corpse" was French, and ought to be pronounced "coore."

It was not long before, at a local sword presentation during the civil war, that I heard one of the orators exhort the ladies not to forget the soldiers in the hospital as well as on the field. "For," added he, "there's more what is not slewed on the field of battle than what is killed by ball." At court in that village I was present when a witness testified that "there were somewheres between 'leven and twelve eggs in the basket." Among the good Yankee stories of the neighborhood are the following: "Mr. B—, before driving from his farm to town, used to delay long delivering what he called his 'last words.' His vexed hired man at last broke out: 'Mr. B—, you'd be an awful bad man to die; you'd have so many last words that the undertaker's bill would come in before ye was dead.' One of the oddest native characters was Mr. B—, an ardent defender of the doctrine of election. One day while 'argyfing' with a neighbor at dinner, he lifted a morsel of beef on his fork, asserting: 'I have no more doubt, sir, of the doctrine of election than that I shall eat that meat.' With the emphasis of his gesture the meat flew off and was instantly devoured by the family dog.

Here are a few Yankeeisms, drawn for the most part from the same locality: "He butters sausages"—i. e., lives too extravagantly; "Back up your cart" for pass your plate; "Waal, that's a huckleberry tew much"; "He died of plexy"; "Can't let yer have no eggs to-day, we're a-settin'"; "I have written a receipt for my husband's tombstone"; "Draw a long scythe" (sigh); "These corns hurt me so I most want to walk backwards"; "Newark, New Jersey, is in New York State, isn't it?" "We had a fine ball last night! the T. Ostrich (orchestra) played for us."

Let me close with this rural telegram which, many years ago, I was permitted to copy, and which I pen literally, save the substitution of a spurious name: "John Smith has broken his legs badley. All well."

**She Saw a Bull Fight.**  
A Baltimore girl, who faints at the sight of a caterpillar, turns green at the flow of blood, and is in every way of a most gentle and kindly nature, she writes home about her visit to a bull fight—the occasion being the farewell to Paris of the prince of matadors, Louis Mazzantini:

"At last I have seen my first bull fight, and I love it. You could not have borne it five minutes, and I scarcely know how I did.  
"Imagine an immense arena, with

22,000 people packed in circles, while above innocent little white clouds floated over an intensely blue sky. At times the tender-hearted clouds shut the sky entirely off from all view of what was going on beneath in the arena, while frequent short, April-like showers of tears (?) fell from them, and it is to be hoped soothed the wounds of the six enraged bulls that succeeded each other to death.

The occasion was Mazzantini's farewell to his Parisian public, which has made such a hero of him. Not only had fatted calves been killed in his honor in appreciation of the fatted bulls which Mazzantini had killed with such glory, but hats and handkerchiefs waved, presents of silver, of gold and jewels were thrown to him after his little speech of farewell, and flowers, in forms of wreaths, bouquets and hearts, soon covered the gore-stained ground. Of all these gifts the only one this Spanish grandee noticed at all was a simple bunch of violets. This he stooped to pick up, and kissed in the direction of the fair dame who had thrown it. His two valets raised the more valuable gifts from the dust, while Mazzantini himself never deigned to even glance at the rich jewels scattered at his feet.

"It was a wonderful sight, exciting past belief. I am glad to have seen it, for I learned something, but the one lesson completes the course. I'll see no more bull fights. The orchestra played the music of 'Carmen' as we came out, and I stopped to study the faces of the audience that but a few minutes before were in such extremes of excitement, shouting and hissing when the poor bull, terrified and smarting, tried to save himself instead of showing the proper amount of fight, and I remembered that I, too, at the moment had risen to my feet and rejoiced when a well-planted lance, which I thought was costing the picador his life, as he stood directly in front of the bull's horns, pierced the bull's shoulder just as he lowered his head to strike. Then the marvellous Mazzantini leaped over the head and stood quietly waiting until the now maddened creature turned on him with sufficient ferocity to satisfy the most exacting hisser.

"Nothing can express to you the intense artistic aspect of the performance. One has to see it to understand the science of these superb men. They walk with the dignity that princes are supposed to have in and out of the jaws of death—a leap not any higher or less calm than just enough to keep them this side of eternity. The little scarlet cloak, their only defensive weapon, and with this alone, they lead the infuriated animal to the exact spot where they wish to kill him, and then kill him, not at any haphazard moment to save their own lives, but only at the signal given by the President.

In Paris they do not kill the bull in the arena, but when the signal to kill is given, the matador's personal danger is all the greater for not killing, as he must touch the bull in the vital spot above the head between the shoulders, just as the bull lowers his head to gore him, thus going through the form, after which the bull is taken out by oxen and killed out of sight. Each bull, which is of a very high breed, belongs to some well-known Spanish senior, and is worth a good many hundred dollars. But they say it cannot fight twice, as it must be put an end to; the honor of the family to whom it belongs is at stake by the way it fights.

"A wonderful sight, and always shall it live in my memory how the artistic superseded the human side of it in my eyes. I had to grasp the smelling salts in one hand, for you know how I turn sick at the sight of blood, and to see those poor blindfolded horses raised on the horns of the maddened bulls made me turn faint for the moment, while the next I was fascinated by a wonderful science that turned life into a plaything. The costumes and all the mise en scene are the most picturesque things imaginable. In fact, everything is done to make it endurable. Fierce feelings that I never imagined I had rose up and took possession of me, and I could scarcely realize my own lack of heart. For once and the last time I have seen this relic of a past barbarism, and I am glad to have had the experience."

**Fall Strawberries in Oregon.**  
R. B. Duncan of Salem was feasting yesterday on strawberries that grew and ripened, unprotected, in the open air, says the Statesman. His vines are still in blossom, and he has a few berries in all the stages, some green and others about matured. The ripe ones were delicious and are only another argument in favor of Oregon's climate. Just think of strawberries and Thanksgiving turkeys ripening together.—Portland Oregonian.

### KOSHER BUTCHERING A FINE ART.

#### Where Fowls Are Murdered with Neatness and Dispatch

At 10 Gouverneur slip is situated the great Kosher poultry butchering establishment of New York city. Here every fowl consigned to die by the Hebrews must end his earthly career according to the strictest letter of the law. Giddy chickens, silly geese and noisy ducks are herein offered as a daily sacrifice upon the altar of an ancient faith which has for its basis not only the principles of the orthodox Hebrew religion, but those of the purest hygiene as well. Kosher butchering is a science, and the men who do it are as solemnly impressive about it as if it were the most serious business in the world.

At Gouverneur slip, No. 10, there are two tall old men, with patriarchal beards, and the keen, characteristic faces of their race. Their long, sinewy hands never strike a blow amiss. Straight to the line goes the miniature ax. There is never the twitch of a muscle as the breath leaves the body, so swift and so true is their aim. The luckless fowls which fall into these experienced hands never know what has struck them. One quick, bright flash of steel and all is over. The glad life of the barn yard is a thing of the past. The crow of the chauticleer may be heard no more, but in the shabbos pot of the Hebrew housewife, with noodles, dumplings and good things galore, he will surrender his rich juices to the epicurean taste of some prosperous merchant, who would not eat him had he been killed in a less orthodox fashion.

A Press reporter who called at 10 Gouverneur slip—which establishment, by the way, is owned by Mr. Jacob Fleischer—was ushered first down a flight of feathery stairs leading to a cellar. This cellar is a vast empty place floored and walled with thick stone. Upon one side of the wall was placed a line of pegs before which stood the two tall patriarchal old men. Presently a boy appeared carrying two chickens. He gave one to each butcher, who, in the twinkling of an eye, suspended it upon the peg before him. Another instant and two flashing razor-like knives had cut the throats of the two fowls in exact unison. To do this each butcher had pressed his chicken's neck firmly down with his thumb and forefinger, and slit it across so quickly that it was like a sleight-of-hand performance.

When the awful deed was done, these silent butchers or "killers," as they are known to the trade, coolly placed their knives between their teeth, while with another alert motion they adjusted the fowls so that every drop of blood trickled down into a stone trough, from which it was washed out by men who are employed for the purpose. The floor of the entire cellar is carefully washed every day. The utmost attention is paid to cleanliness, and should a sick fowl by any possible accident find its way to 10 Gouverneur slip he will be the foundation of a pile of refuse sooner than you can say Jack Robinson.

The knives used by the "killers" are made of the finest steel and manufactured purely for this purpose. They are a little like razors, but the blade is of uniform width and broad at the end. These instruments are examined daily by the orthodox rabbis, who see that they are properly sharpened. Any unnecessary suffering on the part of the poultry or any other creature is against the law. A broken wing or leg is a sin against the faith.

Rabbi Joseph of Brooklyn, it is claimed, still gets four cents per chicken from a small number of his congregation. It is said that he takes three cents of this and gives the other cent to the "killer." This is a tax levied in genuine orthodox fashion. The Rabbi Joseph only left Russia a year or two ago. For a time the pillars of his synagogue gave up the four cents per head with great willingness, but some of them have come to think that perhaps the tax is a little high. Rabbi Joseph spends a portion of his time examining fowls to see whether or not they are kosher. If he is satisfied with their cleanliness he ties a lead weight about the size of a copper cent to their legs.

**Paradoxical—Ethel**—"Papa, why did you invite that undertaker here?" "Papa—Whom do you refer to my dear?" Ethel—"That solemn-looking man talking with mamma." Papa—"Why, that's Squibs, the professional humorist."—Epoch.

The boys will soon be men. Teddy—"I'll be a man before you ever will. I feel my whiskers a-sproutin' a ready." Tommy—"Pahaw! that's nothin'." "Iribed two voters when we lectured me captain of the call nine."—Munsey's Weekly.

### LIFE'S AFTERNOON.

Dear heart then lay your hand in mine,  
We'll travel home together;  
We've pledged our love in life's rare wine,  
We've had some days almost divine,  
Some clouds and stormy weather.

When first we joined our eager feet  
We sang a sadder chorus;  
We scarce took time our hopes to greet,  
We rushed our joys in haste to meet,  
The world of care before us.

But now, dear heart, your hand in mine,  
We'll trudge along together;  
We still have drafts of life's rare wine,  
And yet some days almost divine,  
While we have left far, far behind  
The clouds and stormy weather.

**FUN.**  
Know thyself. If you can't get the requisite information, run for office.—Time.

It is natural that in times of excitement a man's head should spin, for it is the top of his body.—Boston Post.

A Venerable Sinner—Venus—"How steadily the earth jogs along. Mars—Yes, but just look at the moon—full as a goat!—Life.

It Belonged to Him.—Barber (to granger)—Your head is very dirty, sir. Granger—It's none of your darn business if it is.—Epoch.

An Appropriate Name.—Jones—Say, Brown, why do you call your eldest boy Telephone? Brown—Because he never works.—Epoch.

Natural—"This coffee is very muddy this morning." "Yes, dear, but you must remember how upset things are in Brazil."—New York Sun.

One reason why a fat man doesn't catch cold as easily as a lean man, is because he is so much wrapped up in himself.—Burlington Free Press.

She (at the piano)—"Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He—"Very much! The more you refrain the better I like it."—Musical Courier.

Professional beat (to hotel proprietor)—"Is there any danger of fire here?" Proprietor—"Not if you settle for your board in advance."—Boston Herald.

For short—Miss Beacon Hill—"What is your brother's name?" Miss Wabash—"Lucullus Swinburne Hobbs, but we call him 'Cully,' for short."—Puck.

Caught It at Last.—First boy (in surprise)—"Why, I heard you ran off to join a circus. Didn't you catch it?" Second boy—"Not till I got back home."—New York Sun.

Examiner—"Can you give an instance of a person inciting another to perjury?" Candidate—"Yes; when the court asks a female witness how old she is."—Texas Siftings.

Footpad—"Hold up yer hands!" Pedestrian (calmly)—"I have been out shopping all day with my wife." Footpad (sympathetically)—"By Jinks! Here, take this quarter."—New York Weekly.

An Awful Possibility.—Aunt Keziah—"Well, Kitty, you're to be married?" Kitty—"Yes, aunt, Providence permitting; but wouldn't it be awful if that dress shouldn't come?"—Time.

Young Wife—"A horrid rat ate one of those lovely canaries my husband got me, and that's why I got a cat." Matron—"Well?" Young wife—"And then the cat ate the other."—Life.

A Little Matter—"My goodness!" said she. "That's hardly worth mentioning," said her spiteful neighbor in her spiteful way. And now they never speak as they pass by.—Somerville Journal.

De Smith—"Hello, Travis! What's everybody crowding out of the drawing-room for? Have refreshments been announced?" Travis—"No, but Bloodgood is getting ready to sing."—Burlington Free Press.

Mrs. Newed—"My dear, what would you think of having mother to dine with us on Thursday?" Mr. Newed—"Oh, I guess I wouldn't; not on Thursday anyway—that's Thanksgiving, you know."—America.

"Do you remember that awfully smart boy you used to have in your office—Johnny Smith?" "Oh, yes. How did he come out?" "He hasn't come out. He got twenty years in Sing Sing."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Life of a Lease.—She—"And now that we are engaged, John, dear, how long shall the engagement be for?" He (an absent-minded lawyer who has just drawn up a railroad lease)—"Oh, ninety-nine years, I s'pose."

Lady of the House—"No, I make it a principle never to give away money at the door." Tramp—"Very well, madame, if you have any feeling about it I am perfectly willing that you should hand it to me out of the window."