

### A Simple Language.

Our language is a simple one,  
You hardly need be told;  
A forest and a treeless down  
Are both alike a word.

The man whose nerves are strong and well  
A nervous man we call;  
We also call him nervous, too,  
Who has no nerves at all.

We say a horse is restive when  
He will not budge or go;  
When he refuses to stand still  
He restive is also.

Our language is a simple one,  
Which any one may see;  
A word may now mean twinededum,  
And then mean twinededee.

—Boston Transcript.

### THE SQUIRE'S WOOING.

Squire Kimball was in his strawberry patch pulling up weeds when Lucy Keene came down the road that beautiful July morning, and he was just about to throw an armful of them over the fence as she came around the corner. The sunbonnet she wore was exactly like one he remembered to have seen her mother wear twenty-five years ago; and he remembered, too, as he looked at this one, and the fresh, rosy face under it, how that one had made his heart flutter the first time he saw it, and how he was so bewitched by it, or the face under it, that he had walked home with Hester Mason and had hard work to keep from proposing to her.

He wondered now, and he had wondered many times in the twenty-five years that had gone by since then, why he never did propose to her. He had meant to marry her some time, and he was sure she liked him in the old days; but—and he had sighed to himself more than once when he thought of it—something had come between them, and she had married Robert Keene, and he had married his Cousin Mary. Fate must have had something to do with it, he concluded.

As he looked at Hester's daughter this summer morning the old fire stirred under the dust and ashes of twenty-five years, and he felt a little flame spring up in his heart.

"Good-morning, Lucy!" he said, leaning over the fence.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, with a little jump, "I didn't see you, and you came near scaring me. Isn't it pleasant?"

"Yes, it is pleasant," answered the squire, looking straight at her pretty face. "How's your mother?"

"Pretty well," answered Lucy. "Your strawberries are doing splendidly, aren't they? We're so provoked about ours. The hens got into the garden, and mother says she don't think we'll have a painful of berries in all."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the squire. "Now, you tell your mother that she's welcome to all she wants out of my patch. She can have 'em just as well as not. There's going to be a sight more'n we'll want, and I'd rather have 'em used than wasted."

"I will tell her," answered Lucy; "I know she'll be delighted at the chance. You know what a hand she is to make strawberry preserves."

"Yes, I do," answered the squire, thinking of old times. "I remember she beat all the old housekeepers at that. They used to say that she had a knack of making strawberry jam that nobody else could get hold of."

"She hasn't lost it yet," said Lucy. "She'll be pleased to have you come to tea some time, and try some she made last year. She had unusually good luck."

"I'll do it," said the squire. "Let me see—to-day's Wednesday. Tell her I'll come over Saturday, if it's agreeable, and I guess the berries'll be ripe so I can pick a painful by that time. If they be, I'll bring some over."

"Thank you!" said Lucy. "If you do we'll have a shortcake. I'll tell her to expect you to tea on Saturday, then."

"Yes," answered the squire; "I'll be round if nothing happens. Oh! I heard from Charley yesterday. He'll be home in a day or two to stay."

"That'll be pleasant for you," said Lucy, stooping down to pick up a daisy. The squire could not see how rosy the face under the bewitching sunbonnet grew all at once. If he had it might have set him thinking.

"Yes it will," said the squire. "Charley's a good boy."

"I guess I'll have to be going," said Lucy. "We shall expect you to tea Saturday, remember."

"I won't disappoint you," said the squire; and then Lucy went on, and he went back to pulling weeds.

"I s'pose it's foolish to think of such a thing," he said to himself, "but I don't know it's anybody's business but ours. If I see fit to marry Lucy, an' she's willin', I'm going to do it."

From which you will see that the squire's fancy for the mother had suddenly been transferred to the daughter. Charley came home the next day.

"I s'pose I'll have to tell him what I've been thinking about," thought the squire. "I'd 'bout as soon take a horse-whipping, I declare. But there

ain't any use in dreading it an' putting it off, as I know of."

Accordingly, when they were sitting on the piazza after supper, the squire began:

"I've been thinking some of getting a new housekeeper," he announced, feeling his face getting uncomfortably hot.

"Won't Aunt Sarah stay?" asked Charley.

"I—I meant a housekeeper of another kind," said the squire, wiping his face vigorously.

Charley gave a whistle of surprise and stared hard at his father.

"Who is it to be, if I may ask such a question?" he said.

"Down the road," said the squire, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the Widow Keene's.

He couldn't muster up courage to say Lucy.

"Aha! that's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said the squire, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as a— a member of the family."

"I haven't any objections, if she hasn't," said Charley.

"So that's over," said the squire, much relieved, as Charley strolled down the road in the early evening. "I wonder he never took a fancy to her. I s'pose folks'll say I'm an old fool, but I don't care."

While he sat there Charley was telling Lucy that his father had keener eyes than he had given him credit for, for he seemed to understand how matters stood perfectly. And what he told her after that is none of your business or mine, though I will say that I feel sure it had something to do with Lucy's becoming "one of the family."

About four o'clock Saturday afternoon the squire, in his best coat and with a pair of strawberries on his arm, knocked at Mrs. Keene's door.

"Good-afternoon," said the widow, as she let him in, with an enquiring suspicion of a blush in her face, which, he had to admit, was almost as fair as it had been five-and-twenty years ago.

"Here's some berries," said the squire, awkwardly presenting his offering. "Lucy said the hens had played the mischief with yours."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you!" said the widow.

By that time the squire had got to the sitting-room door. Who should he see there but Charley, seemingly very much at home, as he held worsted for Lucy to wind?

"I managed to get an invitation to tea, too," laughed Charley. "You kept it pretty sly, but I wasn't to be cheated out of my share of strawberry preserves."

Then Charley and Lucy looked at each other and laughed; and the squire felt his face grow red.

"Just see what he has brought us!" said the widow, displaying the berries. "If you'll help hull 'em, Lucy, we'll have a shortcake for tea. I remember how fond you used to be of strawberry shortcake years ago," and the widow smiled at the squire till there was a dimple in each cheek.

"I remember, too," responded the squire.

Then Lucy and her mother went out. "I've spoken to her about being one of the family, and she's willing," said Charley.

"I—I don't understand!" said the squire, in great bewilderment, growing hot then cold.

"Why, you know what you said the other night when you told me you thought of getting her mother for housekeeper," explained Charley. "I supposed you understood, from what you said, that Lucy and I intended to be married. It's all settled."

The squire sat speechless. What he thought of in the next five minutes could not be condensed into a column of this paper.

"I—I hope you'll be happy!" he stammered at last, feeling that something was expected of him.

"I'm sure we will," said Charley. "I hope you will, too."

Pretty soon the widow came in.

"The short-cake's baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd hull the berries and set the table, and sent me in to play lady and entertain the company."

Charley watched his opportunity, and slipped into the kitchen.

The squire had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy he'd have her mother, if he could get her.

"Come to think it all over," he told himself, "that was the best plan by all odds."

He wondered how he could have been foolish enough to think of marrying a girl of twenty one or two. The idea was ridiculous.

"What's the use of waiting?" thought he. "It might as well be settled now as any time."

"Hester," he began, getting red again, "Charley an' Lucy are going to get married. Why shouldn't we?"

"Why Squire Kimball?" cried the widow, blushing so rosily that he

thought she was prettier than her daughter.

"I came over on purpose to ask you," said the squire, telling a most outrageous fib. "I hope you haven't any objections."

When Lucy came in half an hour later to say that tea was ready, the squire rose up, blushing like a girl, and jerked his thumb toward the widow, and said, in a voice that shook a little:

"That's your mother, Lucy. I mean, she's Mrs. Kimball, or going to be. It's all settled."

"I s'pose I may kiss my father then," said Lucy, and plumped a kiss on the squire's lips, who said she might give him another for her father-in-law, while she was about it, if she'd no objections. "One'll answer for both," laughed Lucy.

Then the squire gave his arm to the woman he had meant to marry twenty years ago, and led her out to tea. He has never regretted that matters turned out as they did.

"Lucy can't be best for a daughter," he tells himself; "but he don't want any better than her mother makes."

### Kidnaping and the Lottery in Italy.

The most immoral amusement (if amusement it can be called), the lottery, is a great source of revenue to the government, and I know it is a great source of misery and crime to the people, in illustration of which I will tell an anecdote, which, strange as it may seem, is absolutely true:

A lady took her little boy to a neighbor, a fair. He was a lovely child, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and a dazzling fair complexion. To this pair a well-dressed woman of the middle class fascinated apparently by the extraordinary beauty of the child approached. "I have a carriage here," said she to the mother; "may I take your boy for a little drive? I will bring him back almost immediately." The lady was young and unsuspecting; the child eager to go. He was carried off, and in vain the mother waited and watched. The stranger woman never brought back her child. The kidnaper was not a native of those parts. No one there knew who she was, whence she came, or whether she had gone.

There seemed no clue to the mystery. The poor mother went more than half distracted; but the father, a man of energy and shrewd sense, succeeded in tracking his child to a village far south. Accompanied by "carabinieri," he discovered his son in a loft, and rescued him only just in time from an awful fate. He was about to be murdered, and an altar had been erected on which the victim's blood was to spurt. The motive of the intended crime was to insure his murderer a prize in the lottery; for a soothsayer had recommended for this purpose the sacrifice of a fair and rosy child. The woman was put in prison, where she shortly died. She had not borne a bad character, and the dreadful guilt she meditated appears to have been the result of a sort of madness which the fascination of the lottery is said to bring upon its victims. Perhaps it is fair to add that this happened many years ago.—London Cornhill.

### Blood-Atonement in Utah.

A letter from Salt Lake City to the Chicago Tribune says: With regard to blood-atonement I am assured that it is practiced to-day as frequently as it was twenty-five years ago, though not so openly. There are no coroners in Utah and when a body is in death it is simply buried. Poison does the work and there are no inquiries. When a man gets tired of his wife he poisons her. One crime, which was committed here only a short time ago, I must describe. Mrs. Maxwell came to Salt Lake City with her husband in 1869. Two years afterward her husband took another wife and one year subsequently he was sealed to a third. Mrs. Maxwell had two sons, aged respectively fourteen and sixteen years. Their father urged them to go through the Endowment house and become Mormons, bound by all the oaths of the church. Mrs. Maxwell, having led a life like that of Mrs. Hunt, objected, and in order to prevail over her sons she told them the secrets of the Endowment house.

The penalty for revealing these secrets is dismemberment of the body, the throat cut and tongue torn out. Mr. Maxwell overheard his wife, being in an adjoining room, and forthwith he informed the elders, who sent for the unfortunate woman and her two sons. They were taken into what is called the "dark pit," a blood-atonement room under Brigham Young's house. Six members of the priesthood then performed their terrible crime; they first cut off their victim's tongue, they then cut her throat. The sons were compelled to stand by and witness this dreadful slaughter of their mother. The sons went directly to the house of a friend, to whom they related the butchery of their mother, and obtaining a package of provisions they started; but on the following morning they were both dead—they had met the Danites.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

There are less cranks in the literary profession than in any other, according to an English scientific writer, who says: "I find on looking over the tabulated returns that of all recognized professions the one least liable to insanity is that of literature. According to the returns there are this year 139,143 men and women engaged as authors, editors, journalists, reporters, translators, or in other literary work. Out of these twelve only are returned as lunatics."

Captain Ericson's new torpedo boat, the Destroyer, was tried at the Brooklyn navy yard recently, the result being very satisfactory. The Destroyer is 130 feet long, twelve feet wide and eleven feet deep. It is claimed that against this craft, with a torpedo which it will use in action, carrying 340 pounds of dynamite, the most powerful ironclads will be helpless, while the facility with which it can be maneuvered will enable it to ply its destructive work among a fleet of big ships almost at will and with entire safety.

The advice given by the Marquis of Lorne to spinsters in England who are pining for husbands was to go to Manitoba, British America. Any woman who goes out there, according to the marquis, "will have an offer of marriage at least once a day, and the farther west she goes the more offers she will get." There could hardly be anything more encouraging than this to the mind of the sympathetic spinster yearning for her opportunity, and we shall expect ere long to see the wilds of Manitoba crowded with blooming English maidens. It is a shrewd move on the part of the marquis, for it will keep the young Canucks at home and bring others there.

One of the most extraordinary experiments ever vouchsafed to an adventurous traveler has just been completed by Mr. O'Donovan, long imprisoned at Merv, in Central Asia. Such is his address and so great are his powers for winning confidence and acquiring control that, after a long captivity of which every moment might easily have been his last, he came to be treated with the utmost respect, lived in a fortification erected for his special accommodation, and was appointed one of the council of three to govern the tribes. And when he reached Constantinople last November it was not as an escaped captive, but as the envoy plenipotentiary from Merv to all the European princes.

It is stated that the common grades of glass made at the factories in Pittsburgh have a crushing strength nearly four times as great as the strongest quality of granite, and the leading manufacturers in that city say that blocks of glass can be made of suitable lengths and sizes and so annealed as to be available in the construction of buildings instead of stone, the blocks being made to adhere together by the use of cement. With the progress of invention the cost of glass has been lessening, while the quality of the fabric is becoming better. In parts of Germany and on one line in England glass ties are being used on railroads with entire success. They are as useful as wood, and last seventy-five per cent. longer. It will readily be seen that very picturesque buildings might be made of colored glass.

As an advertisement of the whale which he was exhibiting, a St. Louis showman sent a man up in a balloon with a quantity of handbills which he was to distribute in his flight from the trapeze upon which he sat. Everything went right until the aeronaut was many hundred feet above the earth, when suddenly everything went wrong. The balloon began to fall with great rapidity, to the horror of the spectators and to the terror of the aeronaut, who was seen to be desperately jumping about among the ropes. His judgment did not quite desert him, however, and when the balloon was within a few feet of the housetops he sprang from the trapeze upon the roof of a high building and threw his arms around a chimney beside which he alighted. He was not injured, and the whale was undoubtedly well advertised.

The United States Economist sounds this note of alarm concerning the timber supply: The now well known fact is that we are rapidly exhausting, largely by reckless and improvident waste, our supplies of timber in the Northern States. The demand for it increases at the rate of thirty per cent. a year, and even those who are interested in high prices and immediate sales of what is left of it admit that in twenty years or sooner building timber will be extremely scarce, and that in many parts of the country, yet supplied in part from their own soil, it will have entirely disappeared. It is stated on good authority that more than 65,000 establishments, employing 400,000 persons, and using material to the value of over \$350,000,000 a year, are engaged in the United States in manufacturing articles entirely

from wood, in addition to 8,000,000 persons partly employed on wood or using that material yearly to the value of \$6,000,000. No country can be or ever has been despoiled of her timber and flourish.

### Dr. Hayes, the Arctic Explorer.

The late Dr. Isaac I. Hayes was born in Chester county, Penn., March 5, 1832. His parents designed him for the medical profession, and he was sent to the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated with the addition of M. D. to his name, in May, 1853, at the age of twenty-one. Before his graduation he applied to Dr. Kane for permission to join his second expedition to the Arctic, and on May 29 he secured the coveted appointment as surgeon of the expedition. During the second summer the Advance was frozen in the ice and there was no possibility of freeing her. Provisions were running short, and it was finally decided to divide the crew, one part to remain with Dr. Kane in the Advance and the other to attempt the passage south to Upernavik in boats. Dr. Hayes was of the latter party, which left the brig August 26, 1854, dragging the little boat Faith over the ice in search of open water to the south. The record of that perilous journey, with its sufferings, is given in Dr. Hayes' book, entitled "An Arctic Boat Journey," published in Boston in 1860. After three months of terrible suffering the party was obliged to give up the project and return to the brig, for which they started November 25, reaching it December 26.

Upon the return of Dr. Kane's expedition, Dr. Hayes announced his conviction that, notwithstanding the failure to reach it, an open polar sea did not exist, and he set about raising the money to organize an expedition to discover it. In December, 1857, he presented his views to the American Geographical and Statistical society, and during the succeeding winter he lectured throughout the country and at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Subscriptions for a new polar expedition were collected by scientific societies in Europe and America, the principal subscriber being Henry Grinnell, of this city, and in 1859 the schooner United States, of 133 tons was fitted out, and Dr. Hayes placed in command. He sailed from Boston with a party of fourteen men, July 10, 1860, and arrived in the same port October 23, 1861, having reached a higher point than any other explorer, except Sir Edward Perry. He joined the army as a surgeon, and afterward published volumes entitled "Open Polar Sea," "Cast Away in the Cold," and "The Land of Desolation."

He was a member of the New York legislature from 1875 to 1880. He was a member of the New York Geographical society, and his last public appearance was to deliver a lecture before that body on "Commerce" about two months ago. He was also a member of the New York Press club.

### The Cheerful Japs.

Of all their surface qualities—I use the word "surface" not as excluding "substance," but rather implying it—none is more noteworthy among the Japanese than their cheerfulness at work. It is a quality shared by all classes and common to all employments. The Japanese statesman dictates a dispatch or discusses a cabinet question with a smile on his face; the financier, more astonishing yet, smiles over the intricacies of a deficient budget; the preacher smiles during every pause in his sermon; the writer at his desk; the shopkeeper smiles while chaffering with his customer, the servant on receiving his master's orders, the smith while forging the metal, the potter manipulating the clay, the husbandman as he wades knee-deep in mud across the rice fields, the bargeman propelling his clumsy boat against wind and tide, the coolie straining to lift the heaviest load, nay, even the convict at his forced labor by the roadside. And what is more, a very slight occasion will broaden the smile into a hearty laugh. All this is true and genuine good humor, based firmly, no doubt, on a good digestion, but also on a remarkably elastic temperament, great courage, and the sound, good sense that everywhere and everywhere makes the best of things. Had Mark Tapley been somewhat more of a gentleman in manners he might have passed for an average Japanese.—Fortnightly Review.

### Decomposition the Cause.

A German was selling a furniture polish in Somerville a few days ago which emitted a pungent and extremely disagreeable odor. While showing the preparation to a lady she said to the peddler:

"But how it smells!"  
"Dot is de smell of de composition, madam," said he.

"I thought so," she replied, as she closed the gate.

And the peddler did not know whether the odor or his remark had sent her off so suddenly.—Somerville Journal.

### Changing Places.

A citizen who had an office in the top story of a block on Griswold street had half a ton of coal dumped on the walk the other day, and the cart hadn't yet disappeared when a boy came puffing upstairs and called out:

"Say, want that coal lugged up?"  
"That's no way to address a person," replied the man. "Why don't you address me in a civil, polite manner?"  
"Dunno how," answered the boy.  
"Well, I'll show you. Sit down here and suppose you are the owner of the office and I am a boy who wants to bring up your coal."

He stepped into the hall and knocked on the door, and as the boy cried "come in," the man entered the room with his hat in his hand and began:

"Beg pardon, sir, but you have some coal on the walk below."  
"Yes."  
"Shall I bring it up for you?"  
"Oh, certainly!"  
"How much will you pay?"  
"Well," replied the boy, as he looked around at the scanty furniture. "I generally promise a boy fifteen cents and shove a bogus quarter on him, but seeing it's you, and you are the only support of a large family, if you'll bring up that coal and put it in that box, I'll give you my whole income for a year and a half and a pair of old boots in the bargain."

"Boy, what do you mean?" demanded the man, as he flushed up.  
But the boy dodged him and reached the stairs, and as he paused at one of the landings to look up he called out:  
"I expected every minute that you'd advise me to get that coal upstairs before some creditor gobbed it: You can't play boy for shucks."—Detroit Free Press.

### Mrs. Stanford's Diamonds.

A Paris correspondent says: "I have recently been shown one of the most magnificent sets of jewelry ever gotten up in Paris for an American lady. It was manufactured to order for the wife of ex-Governor Stanford, of California, and consists of a necklace of large colored diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, all of the purest water. A band of large yellow diamonds encircles the throat, each set in smaller stones.

Below this band is placed a floriated design in small white diamonds and colored stones, extending in deep points. Between each of those points is suspended an immense yellow diamond set in white diamonds and attached to the upper part of the necklace by a ruby, emerald or sapphire. There are five of these pendants, the central one being the largest, and having once figured in the collection of the Duke of Brunswick. This magnificent ornament, accompanied by a comb, a brooch and a pair of earrings to match, and the necklace itself takes to pieces and can be converted into pins, hair ornaments, etc., while the upper row of diamonds can be worn as a necklace without the pendants and the pointed floriated band. The cost of the set has been estimated at \$80,000. Besides this truly royal parure, Mrs. Stanford has recently become the possessor of three brown diamonds, one set as a ring and the other two as earrings, which are said to be perfectly unique in the world of jewels.

### Personating a Nightingale.

In one of the pieces recently performed at Munich for the private delectation of the eccentric king of Bavaria, a scene occurs in which a nightingale is to appear in the branch of a tree warbling its sweet notes. Unfortunately there exists thus far no instrument closely imitating the song of this queen of birds; surely no bird could have been found loyal enough to sing even to a king in winter, mild as the season has proved up to this time. The despair of the stage manager may therefore be readily imagined. Still, the truth of the old proverb,—"The greater the need, the nearer the help," was once more vindicated in this trying dilemma. A bootmaker, Bechtaler by name, who has frequently amused and delighted his friends by his wonderful imitative talent, was applied to by the distressed official and persuaded to place himself behind the scenes, and at a given signal to "personate" the charming songster, which he did to the entire satisfaction of his royal listener. At the next performance there will doubtless be read on the "single" play-bill printed for the king: "A nightingale, Mr. Bechtaler."—American Register.

### How Indians Kill Fish.

The Indians of Mendocino county, California, poison large quantities of fish. They use a weed that grows like clover, in bunches, and is abundant in that county. They bruise the weed, and then fasten a quantity of it in the current, at the head of a hole in deep water. The fish become crazy from its effects and die. It kills everything in the hole where it is placed, from the largest fish down to the smallest minnow. The Indians in this way gather fish by the basketful.