

### A Bundle of Letters.

Strangely how much sentiment  
Oings like a fragrant scent  
To these love letters, sent  
In their pink covers:  
Day after day they came,  
Feeding love's sickle flame;  
Now, she has changed her name—  
Then, we were lovers.

Loosen the silken band  
Round the square bundle, and  
See what a dainty hand  
Scribbled to fill it  
Full of facetious chat;  
Fancy how long she sat  
Moulding the bullets that  
Came with each billet

Ah, I remember still  
Time that I used to kill  
Waiting the postman's shrill  
Heart-stirring whistles,  
Calling vague doubts to mind,  
Whether or no I'd find  
One he had left behind,  
Of her epistles.

Seconds become an age  
At this exciting stage;  
Two eager eyes the page  
Scan for a misquote;  
Then, with true lover's art,  
Study it part by part,  
Until they know by heart  
Everything in it.

What is it all about?  
Dashes for words left out—  
Pronouns beyond a doubt  
Very devoted.  
Howells she's just begun;  
Dobson her heart has won;  
Locker and Tennyson  
Frequently quoted.

Cais—cross the reading goes,  
Rapturous rhyme and prose—  
Words which I don't suppose  
Look very large in  
Books on the ologies;  
Then there's a tiny frieze  
Full of sweets in a squeeze,  
Worked on the margin.

Lastly—don't pause to laugh!—  
That is her autograph  
Signifying this true for half  
Her heart's surrender;  
Post-scriptum, one and two—  
Dessert—the dinner's through!—  
Linking the "I" and "You"  
In longings tender.

Such is the type of all  
Save one, and let me call  
Brief notice to this small  
Note nearly written:  
"Tis but a card, you see,  
Gently informing me  
That it can never be!—  
This is the mitten!"

—Frank D. Sherman, in the Century.

### AUNT PHILENA'S MONEY.

There was by no means unity in the Jenkinson household. "Birds in their little nests agree," as we are told by the poet. In this respect the Jenkinson family differed from "birds in their little nest," upon this balmy September morning.

"I won't have her in the house!" said Mrs. Jenkinson, who was a large female, with a high color, snapping black eyes, and lips which were habitually compressed until they were a mere thread.

"Madam," said Mr. Jenkinson, a little man with a head smooth and shining as a billiard-ball, a red nose and a stiff moustache, "you will do as I order you! Who is the master of this house—you or me?"

The lady burst into tears. "Jenkinson," she sobbed, "you are a brute! To speak so to your w—w—wife!"

"Well, then, my dear," said Mr. Jenkinson, "do conduct yourself like a sensible woman! Extend your hospitality in a gracious manner to my Aunt Philena."

"B—but," spluttered Mrs. Jenkinson, "I don't want any Aunt Philenas here! I've only one spare chamber, and that I need for Alexandra's school-mate, Miss De Bourgoyne."

"But what are we to do?" said Mr. Jenkinson. "She has written that she is coming. Can I turn my father's only sister out of my house?"

"Can't we have her boarded somewhere in the neighborhood?" hazarded Mrs. Jenkinson.

"She is a Jenkinson," said the gentleman, loftily. "The Jenkinsons never endure slights."

"Ma, don't be a fool!" said Miss Alexandra, drawing her mother cautiously aside. "You know perfectly well that pa always will have his own way. Let Aunt Philena come. You can easily manage matters so that she won't want to stay very long. Put the lumpy mattress in the guest-chamber, and take down the paper curtain on the east side, so that the morning light will shine in; and chain up Bacchus under the window—Bacchus howls all night; and don't have anything for dinner but salt pork and potatoes the whole time she is here."

Mrs. Jenkinson smiled faintly. "But, Allie," said she, "if your pa—" "Hush!" said Alexandra, imperiously; "I'll manage it!"

And so Aunt Philena arrived at the Jenkinson homestead—a little, withered old woman, with a dried-up face like an Egyptian mummy, a much-worn silk dress, and a frilled cap.

"Ho!" said Miss Philena. "So this is my niece-by-marriage, is it? What's

her name—Eliza? Well, Eliza, if you'll take an old woman's advice you won't wear such good gowns about the house every day. And this is your darter, eh? Alexander? Land's sake alive! What did you want to give her a boy's name for? She's a nice-looking gal enough, but I don't think gals used to wear strings of beads about their necks when I was young. And a store carpet, too, on the floor! Hain't ye never any rags that you could weave up? I could show Alexander how to manage a loom easy if—"

The heiress of the Jenkinsons bit her lip. "Alexandra, aunt, if you please!" she ventured to suggest.

"It used to be Alexander when I was a gal," said this terrible old woman, "and I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. Where's Hosea? I've come here especially to see Hosea about the investing of my money."

"Eh?" said Mrs. Jenkinson, her apathetic face suddenly brightening into new interest.

Aunt Philena chuckled. "So you thought I was poor," said she. Well, I ain't quite a beggar, Eliza, and what little I've got I don't intend to squander in wild-cat bonds and watered stocks. Hosea used to be a good business man. I'm goin' to consult him."

"Dear Aunt Philena, do sit down and have a cup of tea before you go up to your room," said Miss Alexandra, hurriedly opening the caddy where the best young Hyson was kept. "I'm sure you must be dreadfully tired with that odious railway journey."

"Well," assented Aunt Philena, "I don't say but what a cup of tea would be refreshing. No sugar, please, and the least bit of milk. Cake? Well, just a little!"

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Jenkinson, "that Hosea and me could just as well sleep upstairs if you would prefer the bed-room off the hall, Aunt Philena. It's very cool and comfortable this hot weather, and then there's the stairs saved."

"Well," complacently remarked Miss Philena, "I be rather rheumy; and if 'twouldn't be no great inconvenience to you, Eliza, I would prefer to sleep down stairs."

Alexandra hastened to dress the bed with ruffled pillow-cases and the best linen sheets. Mrs. Jenkinson rushed out of the back-door to catch a chicken for dinner, and Hosea sat amiably down to listen to Aunt Philena's financial perplexities.

"Investments, eh?" said he, feeling his long moustache. "Why, Aunt Philena, I don't know you had property to invest?"

"Folks don't always know everything," said the old lady oracularly. "Left to you, eh?" said her nephew.

"Some on it," said Miss Philena; "and some on it I've saved up—here a penny and there a penny. And what little I've got, I mean to hold on to."

"Where is it now?" insinuatingly questioned Mr. Jenkinson.

"Don't you wish you knew?" said Aunt Philena, closing one eye, and putting her head on one side, like an elderly magpie. "That's neither here nor there, Hosea. What I want is—an investment."

"Government bonds!" suggested her nephew.

"Don't pay interest enough," retorted Miss Philena, with a grimace.

"Six per cent. bond and mortgage?" "There's always the possibility of foreclosing," said Miss Philena. "And I don't want no real estate on my hands."

"Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad?" "I haven't no faith in your railroad bonds," said Miss Philena, dubiously.

"Adams' Expressstock?" "Ain't to be had."

"Bank shares?" "The premiums is too high," shrewdly nodded the little old lady.

"Well, I declare I don't know what to say!" said the puzzled Mr. Jenkinson. "I'r'aps if you could wait a little—"

"Oh, yes, I'll wait!" said Miss Philena; "and you can think it over. I'r'aps the president of the Mullein-stalk Bank, here, may know of some good investment. But it must be good, mind you, Hosea, or I'll have nothing to say to say to it. I ain't going to risk my money on none of your flash-in-the-pan telegraph stocks or Western mining shares."

And so Aunt Philena curled herself up on the best coverlet, with Alexandra's newest silk quilt spread over her, to take a before-dinner nap.

"Hosea," whispered Mrs. Jenkinson, "why didn't you tell me she had property?"

"Didn't know it myself," said Mr. Jenkinson.

"How much is it?" "Haven't an idea." "It must be a deal, ma," said Alexandra, "or she wouldn't be so independent. Why, she actually told me my Kensington work was hideous, and said

she wouldn't give my wax-flowers house-room."

"Only to think, my dear, of your being an heiress!" said Mrs. Jenkinson, ecstatically.

"Do you suppose it's ten thousand dollars, pa?" said Alexandra, in accents of suppressed emotion.

"I wouldn't wonder if it was twenty," said Mr. Jenkinson, with a little sound in his throat, as if he were swallowing something too big for him.

"Or thirty—or even fifty!" said Mrs. Jenkinson. "There's absolutely no telling how much these eccentric old females may have hoarded up. How lucky it was that she came here! And you must write and put Miss De Bourgoyne off, Alexandra. All our attention and time must be devoted to Aunt Philena now."

"Dear old lady!" said Miss Alexandra. "I love her already."

Miss Philena Jenkinson spent the summer at the farm, and a hard summer it was for her nephew and his family.

The chickens were all killed, because their maternal crowing disturbed the old lady's slumbers; the barn was moved down into the meadow below the swamp, because the cows would persist in lowing at untimely hours, and seasons; the trees which shaded the house were mercilessly leveled by the gleaming axe, because Miss Philena declared that they harbored mosquitoes and bred blue mould.

The entire household was put on a vegetarian diet, and compelled to eat Graham bread, and drink cold water.

The president of the Mullein-stalk Bank was brought up in Hosea's buggy-wagon on an average of once a week to talk finance, and Miss Philena mailed mysterious letters at intervals to the Secretary of the Treasury, the officials of most of the metropolitan trust companies, and all the prominent bank-officers whom she had ever heard of.

Hosea Jenkinson went about musing deeply on percentages and profits. Mrs. Jenkinson's plump face assumed a troubled and careworn expression. Alexandra herself began to wonder what she should ever do with so much money when she came into possession of it.

And summer waned into autumn, and autumn froze and congealed itself into winter, and the Jenkinsons settled into a state of the most abject slavery and bondage to the terrible old woman who talked and dreamed, night and day, of nothing but her money.

Until one day she died.

All the neighbors rallied to the funeral. Even the president of the Mullein-stalk bank drove through the snowdrifts to be present at the obsequies.

"And to think," said he, "that she died without having found a suitable investment for that money! Perhaps I can be useful to Mr. Jenkinson, for of course he will be the legatee!"

"Don't say a word," said old Deacon Lidgerfield, with a chuckle. "The family are all up stairs in a terrible pucker. They've had Lawyer Crocker read the will. And how much d'y'e s'pose the old woman has left?"

"I am sure I cannot guess," said the bank president.

"Left a hundred and fifty dollars," said Deacon Lidgerfield. "And that is bequeathed to an old lady's home out in Ohio!"

The president of the Mullein-stalk bank whistled a noiseless whistle; the funeral was over, and thus perished all the hopes which the Jenkinson family had so fondly entertained of inheriting a fortune!

**What She Ought to Have Said.**

At a dinner party, a young and gallant fellow asked a Western girl to partake of some cake, and received the reply:

"No, I don't want no more. I have had a genteel sufficiency and my stomach is diabolically full."

"You shouldn't say that," remarked a Boston girl. "You should ejaculate, 'By no means, sir; my gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate of culinary deglutition consistent with the hygienic code of Esculapius.'"—Hoosier.

**An Incurable Boy.**

The Philadelphia youth is growing more and more precocious. An up-town grammar-school boy became so obstreperous, that his teacher, new in her vocation, young and pretty, determined to try the plan of keeping him in. After school, she sat with grim determination until it became dark, and then she let him depart. What was her astonishment at the gate to find the youth awaiting her. He greeted her with:

"It's too dark for a young lady to be alone on the streets. Will you allow me to see you home?"

England's wheat crop grows smaller every year.

### A FISH WITH A WEAPON.

Power of the Sword-Fish in its Attacks on Vessels Illustrated in Some Remarkable Cases.

In 1871 the little yacht Red Hot, of New Bedford, Mass., engaged in sword-fishing, was struck by one of these fishes so effectually as to sink her. She was ultimately hauled up and afterward used by Prof. Baird in the service of the Fish Commission. A Gloucester schooner, the Wyoming, on her way to George's Banks, in 1875, was struck at night by a sword-fish, the sword penetrating the hull to a distance of two feet. The shock was distinctly felt by the captain. The fish finally broke away, leaving its weapon, that if it had pulled out would have undoubtedly sunk the vessel. As it was, she leaked badly.

J. F. Harwood, master of the British brigantine Fortunate, reported an instance similar to this. While on his passage from the Rio Grande, this ship was struck by a large fish, which made the vessel shake very much. Thinking the ship had been merely struck by the tail of some sea monster, he took no further notice of the matter; but, after discharging the cargo at Run-corn and coming into the Canada half-tide-dock, he found one of the plank-ends in the stern split, and, on closer examination, he discovered that a sword-fish had driven his sword completely through the plank, four inches in thickness, leaving the point of the sword nearly eight inches through the plank. The fish in its struggle broke the sword off level with the outside of the vessel, and by its attack upon the ship lost nearly a foot length of the very dangerous weapon with which it is armed. There is no doubt that this somewhat singular occurrence took place when the vessel was struck, as Captain Harwood described.

A sword-fish weighing over four hundred pounds struck the fishing boat of Captain D. D. Thurlow, while he was hauling a mackerel seine, off Fire Island, and came near sinking her. The captain made several half-hitches around the weapon and the fish was secured, and sent to Fulton Market. The sword was nearly four feet long. A few years ago the brig P. M. Tinker was hauled up at the Norfolk shipyard for repairs, and upon examination it was found that the leak was caused by a sword-fish, the sword being found broken off, forward the bands, about sixteen feet abait the fore-foot. The fish, in striking the vessel, must have come with great force, as the sword penetrated the copper sheathing, a four-inch birch plank, and through the timbers about six inches—in all about ten inches. It occurred in the morning when the ship was eighteen days out from Rio, and in the neighborhood of Cape St. Roque. She was pumped about four o'clock in the morning, and found free of water. At six o'clock the same morning she was again pumped, when water was obtained, and, on examination, it was found that she had made ten inches of water. The men were kept steady at the pumps until her arrival at Richmond, and while there and on her trip to Norfolk.

Captain Dyer, of New Bedford, had a curious experience some years ago. He struck a sword-fish from a thirty-foot boat forty miles south-west of Norman's Land, threw overboard the keg, tacked and stood by to the windward of it. When nearly abreast of it the man at the mast-head called out: "Why; here he is, right alongside!" The fish was then about ten feet from the boat and swimming in the same direction, but when he got where he could see the splash of water around the bow he turned and struck the boat about two feet from the stern and just below the water-line. The sword went through the planking, which was of cedar an inch and three-quarters thick, into a lot of loose iron ballast, breaking off short at the fish's head. A number of boats, large and small, have been "stove" by sword-fish on our coast, but always after the fish had been struck.

The power of these fishes is inconceivable. In the planking of the ship Leopard a sword was found that had pierced the sheathing one inch, then through a three-inch plank, and beyond that three and a half inches into the hard oak timber. The men at work estimated that it would take to drive an iron spike a similar distance nine heavy blows from a twenty-five pound hammer.

In an examination of the ship Fortune, a sword was found that had been driven through the copper sheathing, a board under-sheathing, a three-inch plank of hard wood, then through a solid white-oak timber twelve inches thick, then through another two and a half-inch hard oak ceiling, and finally through the head of an oil barrel, where it stopped, not allowing a drop of oil to escape. A solid shot could hardly have done much greater damage. A good example of timber dam-

aged in this way can be seen in the museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences.

### THE SQUATTER'S RUSE.

He Saves a Friend By His Very Evasive Answers.

Several weeks ago a party of revenue men stopped at the rude house of an Arkansas "squatter." He saw at a glance who they were, and when they called to him, he limped out to the fence.

"How do you do, sir?" said the commander of the squad.

"Putty well, thank yer. Won't yer light an' hitch?"

"No, we are in something of a hurry. What is good land worth?"

"I dunno."

"That's singular."

"It mout be ter some folks, but it ain't ter me. Say thar, Jim" turning to his son, "drive the sow outen the house, for she mout turn over the sugar troff an' spill the young 'un."

"Do you know a man in this neighborhood named Bob Blakemore?"

"Is he got a sort o' moon eye on one side an' a sort o' rainy day eye on tuther?"

"That's the man, I believe."

"Sorter walks like he didn't kere whar he was gwine, do he?"

"Yes, from what I know of him he does."

"Sorter whines when he talks, like he was a longin' fur suthin' he ain't got?"

"He's the man, I have no doubt."

"Was a par o' shoes what was made by Josh Simmons, with one heel thiser way an' tuther thater way," making signs with his hands.

"That's the individual. Where can I find him?"

"Well, ef yer know him as well as I do yer oughter know whar to find him."

"When did you see him last?"

"Don't recollect the last time as well as I do the fust. The fust time I ever seed him we fit. We fit till his wife she come, an' then till my wife she come, then we all fit. Airtter awhile we got mixed up, an' my wife she fit me an' his wife she fit him, an'—"

"Well, we don't care anything about that. I'd like to know where we can find him, as we can doubtless strike a trade."

"Yes, but lemme tell yer. Say, Jim, did yer drive out the sow?"

"Yes, pap."

"Did he spill the young 'un?"

"No, pap."

"Look here, my friend."

"Don't know as I'm yer friend, but I'm er lookin' fiar."

"We want to find Bob Blakemore."

"I'll tell you how ter find him of that's what yer want. See that hog path?"

"Yes."

"Wall, take that path till yer come ter the deer-lick. Bob's a mighty hunter an' yer air mighty likely ter find him thar."

"Suppose he isn't there?"

"Then I ken tell yer 'zactly where he is."

"Where?"

"Summers else. Say, Jim, is the sow all right?"

"Yes, pap."

"Look here—"

"Lookin' thar agin."

"We want to go into the house."

"Sartinly, come in," and the party dismounted and entered. After looking around, and seeing nothing but a bed, a kettle, a sugar-trough cradle and a baby, they went away. After they had been gone awhile, a blanket in one corner of the room moved and Bob Blakemore's head appeared. All the time the old "squatter" had been engaging the revenue men in conversation, Blakemore, who knew that flight would be useless, was digging a hole in the dirt floor, and when he had crouched down and covered himself with the blanket, the boy, Jim, discovered that the sow was "all right."

—Arkansas Traveler.

**A Trial of Horses at Heavy Pulling.**

In trials made not long ago at the Illinois industrial university it was proven that a pair of more than ordinarily powerful farm horses, one weighing about 1,250 pounds and the other over 1,400 pounds, at a "dead pull" drew 1,000 and 1,025 each. This was done when the band was tightened so that the straightening of the traces gave the horses the benefit of their own weight. With loose band, allowing the traces to rise naturally, each horse drew 300 pounds less. These horses were both well shod. Another horse of about the same apparent strength as these, but unshod, could only draw 675 pounds with tight band. In each case the horse was hitched to the end of a rope about 150 feet long, having the benefit of the stretching of the rope as a relief from a "dead pull." The maximum strength seemed to be exerted at each trial, all the horses being accustomed to heavy pulling.

### The Seventeen-year Locusts Due in 1884.

The seventeen-year locust is not, as many suppose, several years late. He is due in 1884. Everybody knows the insect which buzzes and hums from the limbs of our trees. The veins in its wings mark a W on its back, and its note is heard at intervals of about three minutes. This is the common cicada autumnalis. It is with us every year. Its brother, the seventeen-year visitor, has the W in red veins on its back and is a little smaller. It comes in great swarms, but does no great amount of damage. Popular prejudice is against the seventeen-year locust. It is firmly believed by some that great mortality prevails during its stay, and that its bite is fatal. These ideas are erroneous as most popular entomological theories. The cicada septem-decem is a queer insect. The sexes only live long enough to mate. The male dies in a day or two, and the female, with a spur, which is carried beneath the abdomen, punctures a small branch of a tree with little holes. An egg is then deposited in each hole. The mother dies in eight or ten days, and the eggs hatch by themselves. The larvae fall to the ground and commence to dig. Eventually these embryo insects find their way to the uttermost roots of the tree. There they exist for sixteen years and a few months, undergoing development into the perfect locust. Their food is the sap of the tree. In seventeen years these return to the earth and produce the young, which go through the same process. The locust eats nothing when above ground, being provided with no mouth. A species of giant wasp, which carries a poisonous sting, is its enemy, among other birds and beasts. It stings the locust and carries it underground to its nest. The belief that the locust's sting is fatal, arises from the fact that persons sometimes brush away a locust that has fallen from a branch above, and are stung by the wasp which is clinging to its victim unobserved. The sting of this wasp is sometimes fatal. The cicada tredecim, or thirteen-year locusts, are smaller specimens of the red-veined cicada, which comes before the main army; some of them are with us now. The farmer might well rejoice securely in his growing crops if every insect were as harmless as the so-called locust, whose unique voice through the summer woods is only a part in the conglomeration of lazy summer sounds.

—Baltimore Sun.

### A Ramrod Through the Head.

A rather remarkable prophecy was brought prominently to light by the late Tichborne claimant. Early in the seventeenth century Lady Tichborne begged of her husband to create a dole for the poor; that he should set aside a portion of land, the product of which should be given them. The lady at the time was sick in bed, and not expected to live long. Her husband, to avoid the gift if possible, told her he would give all the ground she would walk over. In spite of her feeble condition and the immediate danger of death, she left her bed and actually crawled over several acres of good ground, and was carried back to her bed to die. That portion of land is called Crawls to the present day. Before her death she made this prophecy—that if the dole were neglected the house would fall; that the family would become extinct from lack of male heirs; that a generation would appear having seven sons and no daughters, and the generation following would have seven daughters and no sons, and in this way the line would become extinct.

The dole was continued until 1799. In 1803 part of the house fell. Sir Henry Tichborne, seventh of the name, son of the one who stopped the dole, had seven sons and no daughters.

Sir Henry Tichborne, eighth of the name and eldest son of the above, had seven daughters and no sons.

The prophecy and its fulfillment are too lengthy to follow out; but a few years ago the fortunes of the house depended on a single male heir, and then the dole was re-established, and after this that puny little fellow seemed to thrive. Of course it remains to be seen whether or no the re-establishing of the dole has broken the spell.

### Waiting for the Cow.

A boy was sent to milk the cow, and after he had been gone over two hours his father started out to look him up. He found him sitting patiently on a three-legged stool in the corner of a ten-acre lot.

"What the mischief are you sitting there for?" demanded the irate father.

"Why don't you do your work and get back to the house?"

"Because," answered the boy, "the teacher said to-day that all things come to him who waits, and I am waiting for the cow."—Philadelphia Call.