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Poetry. Old Grandpapa's Soliloquy. It wasn't so when I was young— We used plain language then? We didn't speak of "them gloats," When meanin' boys or ma. When speaking of the nice hand-write Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill, We did it plain—we didn't say, "He slugs a nasty quill." An' when we seen a gal we liked, We never faints to please, We called her pretty, n' at an' good, But not "about the crease." Well, when we met a good-gold friend, We hadn't lately seen, We greeted him, but didn't say, "Hello, you old scound!" The boys sometimes got mad an' fit; We spoke of hicks an' bises; But now they "back him on the snoot," Or "paste him on the nose." Once, when a youth was turned away By her he held most dear, He walked upon his feet—but now He "walks off on his ear." We used to dance, when I was young, An' used to call it so; But now they say—"they only 'sing The light, fantastic toe." Of death we spoke in language plain, But to no one did perplex; But in those days we don't die— He "passes in his checks." We praised the man of common sense; "His judgement's good," we said; But now they say, "well, that old plums Has got a level head." It's rather sad, the children now Are learnin' all sich talk; They've learnt to "sigh" instead of chat, An' "wails" instead of walk. To little Harry, yesterday— My grandpa, aged two— I said, "you love grandpa?" said he, "You bet your boots I do!" The children bowed to strangers once; It is no longer so— The little girls as well as boys, Now greet you with "Hello." Oh, give me back the good old days, When both the old and young Covered in plain, all-fashioned words And slang was never "sing."

Select Tale. JUDITH'S TEMPTATION. How bright and cheerful the kitchen of the old Stedhurst farm house looked to Judith Black upon the dreary December evening when she first came there to live. How marvellously the fire flickered on the walls with red sparkling reflections. How the fine sparkle against the walls, and what a song of welcome the old copper tea-kettle sang upon the hearth. And Mrs. Stedhurst's gowns in the window, with the green velvet leaves and spikes of vivid scarlet blossoms—O Judith they seemed fairer than any conservatory, crowded full of fan palms and camellias and trailing jessamine. Judith Black had been very poor. She had been a dressmaker's assistant, but times were hard, and Mrs. Needleham had discharged two-thirds of her force, Judith among the number. Judith had striven to get work but situations were few and applicants many, and the cup of starvation had been perilously close to her lips when she resort into the intelligence office where Edmund Stedhurst saw her and engaged her to help his mother about the house work. "I shan't like her, Ned," said Mrs. Stedhurst, when the "new girl" had gone up to her own room for the night, and mother and son were together before the kitchen fire. "Why not, mother?" "She is too pretty; and she has such a haughty, queenly sort of way, I should as soon think of asking the President's lady to scrub the floor and feed the pigs." "That's nonsense, mother," said Edmund, half vexed, half laughing. "She can't help her face, can she? It is some of the scraggy-faced, small-pox-marked girls, who were as exacting as to the wages they should receive and to the duties they were to be called upon to perform, that I wouldn't have 'em in the house on any terms. Judith was the only one who was willing to come for any sort of work, and willing to accept moderate wages." "She'll suit you," said Mrs. Stedhurst, who had come in while the discussion was going on. "Take my word for it, mother, she'll suit you." Judith Black stayed a month, and then Mrs. Stedhurst engaged her for another month. "She is neat," said the farmer's wife, "and she is quick to learn, and I believe her to be thoroughly trustworthy." "It only Ned don't fall in love with her," humorously suggested Mr. Stedhurst. "Why shouldn't he fall in love with her if he wants?" said Mrs. Stedhurst, valiantly. "My dear, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Stedhurst, what do we know about her?" "What do we know about any girl, for that matter?" said Mrs. Stedhurst. "She is certainly very pretty, and very faithful, and very honest." "Honest," put in Mr. Stedhurst, drily, "because she has no temptations to be otherwise." "You did!"

"Now, Phineas, you are too bad," said Mrs. Stedhurst, impatiently. "The current jolly has never been disturbed in the closet, and I've left the sugar bowl twice on the dresser with thirty-three lumps of sugar in it. And thirty-three lumps there were, when I counted 'em, after she had gone to bed." "No very great temptations these!" said Mr. Stedhurst, smiling. "No," said his wife, "but straws show which way the wind blows." About a month subsequently to this conversation Edmund Stedhurst came to his father. "Father," said he, "I was twenty-two years old in October." "Yes," said Mr. Stedhurst, looking hard at the end of theawl with which he was mending his Sunday harness. "And you were a year younger than that when you were married?" "I believe so, Ned." "Have you any objection to my taking a wife?" "None in the world—if it proves that she is the right sort of a wife!" answered the old gentleman. "Father, I have fallen in love with Judith Black," confessed Edmund. "Just exactly what I have feared all along," said Mr. Stedhurst, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Why do you use that word 'feared'?" questioned Edmund. "Because, my lad, she is almost a stranger to us." "Father, I would stake my life on her truth and honesty," cried the young man. "Be sure you are in love with her, my son! Edmund, look here! Have you spoken to her yet?" "Not yet, sir." "Will you do me a favor?" Edmund smiled a little. "That depends upon what it is, father." "Will you wait one week before you ask her to be your wife? Will you wait one week, without asking any questions?" "If you desire it, sir." "At the end of that time, I will tell you what I think upon the matter." And Mr. Stedhurst went on with the repairing of the Sunday harness. The next day he brought down an armful of old coats, vests and pants from the garret.

"Judith," said he, "these things are getting much eaten. They belong to an old uncle of mine, who died ten years ago—an old miserly, old fellow, who hoarded everything up, and died in a cellar at last. I want them out into carpet bags." "Yes, sir," answered Judith Black, in the soft, low voice, which was habitual to her. And when her day's routine of duty was done she went to work diligently with Mrs. Stedhurst's big shining shears. She was all alone in the kitchen the next afternoon just as the clock was striking three. Edmund was in the barn, sorting out winter apples. Mr. Stedhurst was hammering away in the tool room at a new set of shelves for the milk dairy, and Mrs. Stedhurst had gone to a neighbor's with her knitting work. And as Judith Black worked she sang softly to herself an old Scotch ballad, "Bonnie Dundee." Picking up an old waistcoat of ginger colored cloth, she clipped off the buttons and mechanically turned the pockets inside out to empty them away. There was a piece of folded brownish paper in one of them. Judith took it out without thinking much of it, and unfolded it. To her surprise she perceived that it was a fifty dollar treasury note. In her first astonishment she uttered a little cry, all alone though she was. And then she remembered what Mr. Stedhurst had said about the miserly old uncle who had hoarded up his little gains and died in a cellar at last. This, doubtless was one of the old man's hiding places—and he had died and made no sign. And this precious bit of paper! was it not her's by right of discovery? Her eyes gleamed and her fingers trembled convulsively as they tightened their grasp upon it! She needed it so much! She was so poor—so pinched for money! And these Stedhursts, to whom it would naturally revert, were rich, did not need it! They would never know. Nobody would know. For a minute the temptation battled fiercely with her better nature. For a minute only! And then Judith rose up and went straight to the door of the tool room—went with drooping eyelids and a scarlet stain on either cheek. "Come in," said Mr. Stedhurst, as Judith knocked at the door, and she entered. "Mr. Stedhurst," said she in a voice that would falter a little, in spite of her resolution to control it, "here is some money, a fifty dollar bill. I have found it in the pocket of one of those old waistcoats!" "Ah!" said Mr. Stedhurst, putting down his plane, and taking the crumpled bit of paper. "And why didn't you keep it? Did it not occur to you that I would never know anything about it?" "Yes," said Judith, "it did occur to me, sir." "Then why didn't you keep it?" "It was not mine," Judith answered, in a low tone. "Judith," said Phineas Stedhurst, "come here and kiss me, my girl. I put that money there!" "You did!"

"I did. To test you. To make sure that the girl to whom my boy has given his heart was worthy of him." Judith's face glowed a deep scarlet. Indians Making Bread. A correspondent with the Hyden surveying party writes of the Mesquillians as follows: It was with no little curiosity that we stopped and passed the threshold of one of the houses to witness the interesting process of the manufacture of peckos, or Mopki bread, which we had so frequently eaten since our arrival. Under a large, flat, smooth, horizontal stone somewhat less than a foot and a half wide, and three or four inches thick, a hot fire was burning. Before this woman sat on the floor, baking. In a pot by her side was a thick paste mixture of greenish flour (made from the red and black corn) cedar bark, cedar ash, and water. Into this the woman dipped her hand and smeared a thin coating over the stone or even which had been previously greased to prevent adhesion. In a few seconds the sheet of peckos was removed and another baked. Twenty or thirty layers of this, folded twice toward a loaf, and when dry it was extremely brittle and palatable. The process of grinding the corn into flour and converting it into this bread is an almost endless job for the woman, but they take it as a matter of course, and are always laughing, apparently happy. The flour made by this is of two kinds, the greenish-blan and the white. The latter, made from the white corn, which is flattened into fine meal as any of our manufactured flours. This passes through three miller's first breaks up the corn, the second breaks it coarsely, and the third pulverizes it. These mills consist of stone boxes placed in a row, which may be seen in every house in each of which is an inclined square, smooth rock, on which the corn is placed and rolled with a long stone or roller some fourteen inches in length and four wide. The grinding is luxuriously done by the women, who labor at it from morning until evening, and frequently during the whole night.

Something New. The danger of sleeping with Peckos Under the Pillows. From the Kansas City Times. A sad and probably fatal accident occurred in the western part of the city. The scene of the affair was in the house of Mr. J. K. Hallock, formerly secretary of the Loan and Investment Company, situated at No. 1419 Summit street. Mr. Hallock is in the habit of placing a pillow under his pillow every night when he retires to bed. His hat lay on top of about six o'clock, and when he awoke next morning he found the pillow under his head, and the pillow had penetrated the wood of the head and lodged in the substance of the brain. A few minutes before seven she was startled by hearing the report of a pistol, and going to see her husband's room was frightened by seeing his head and hands covered with blood and hearing him say, "of some something dreadful has happened!" It was at once ascertained that Mr. Hallock was badly injured, and a messenger was dispatched for Dr. Jenny. On his arrival an examination was made and it was found that a bullet from the pistol under the pillow had penetrated the wood of the head and lodged in the substance of the brain. The last conclusion was arrived at by the doctor probing the wound, which was found to be nearly three inches deep. The wounded man was conscious after the examination, and stated that soon after his wife left the room the pillow under his head slid off on the floor and his head coming down upon the hammer of the pistol caused it to be discharged, with results as stated above.

A Mountain of Gold. A Gold Belt Twenty Miles Long—The Yield of the San Juan Mines in Colorado. From the Kansas City Times. Miners from the great San Juan mines of northwestern Colorado say that gold in marvellous quantities has been discovered in the Sangre de Christo range of mountains, which lie on the eastern border of the San Luis Park and about seventy miles west from Pueblo. The first discovery made on this range was in November, 1874, since which time the Concha, Hillen Treasures, Little Giant, Jackson, Conchamank and Ravenge gold belts have proved themselves to be of great value. Returns from three of these mines (1874-1875) in ounces showed from \$14 to \$3300 gold per ton, and showing some silver in each. The Jackson belt, also the above last, shows gold and silver ore that assay from \$800 to \$1000 gold per ton, and showing some silver in each. The Jackson belt, also the above last, shows gold and silver ore that assay from \$800 to \$1000 gold per ton, and showing some silver in each. The Jackson belt, also the above last, shows gold and silver ore that assay from \$800 to \$1000 gold per ton, and showing some silver in each. The Jackson belt, also the above last, shows gold and silver ore that assay from \$800 to \$1000 gold per ton, and showing some silver in each.

Every Lady. A Patent for a new kind of dress, made of a material that is both soft and strong, and that will not wrinkle or become soiled. The inventor is a woman, and the dress is designed for the use of ladies. The dress is made of a material that is both soft and strong, and that will not wrinkle or become soiled. The inventor is a woman, and the dress is designed for the use of ladies. The dress is made of a material that is both soft and strong, and that will not wrinkle or become soiled. The inventor is a woman, and the dress is designed for the use of ladies.

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