NUMBER 9.

Miscellaneous Se'acctions. UNCLE SAY MY.

BY WILL. M. CARLETON. Some men we some for great things,
Some were some for great things,
Some it is some for small;
Why the not recorded
But Uncle Same sy were born at all;
cal ay was certain he had a legitime

Som e were born with a talent,
some with a scrip and land;
ome with a scrip and land;
And some with a different brand;
ammy came holding an argume each hand.

Arguments sprouted within him, And twinked in his little eye; He lay snd caimly debated When average babies cry, eemed to be pondering gravely whether live or to die.

But prejudiced on that question He grew from day to day, And finally he concluded 'Twas better for him to stey; so into life's discussion he reas reasoned his way. Through childhood, through youth, in

manhood
Argued and argued he;
And he married a simple maiden,
Though scarcely in love was she;
reasoned the matter so clearly, she hardly
could help but agree.

And though at first she was blooming,
And the new firm started strong.
And though Uncle Sammy loved her,
And tried to help her along,
She faded away in silence, and 'twas eviden
something was wrong. Now Uncle Sammy was faithful,

And various remedies tried;

He gave her the doctor's prescriptions,
And plenty of logic beside;
But logic and medicine failed him, and so of
day she died. He laid her away in the church-yard,
so haggard and crushed and wan;
And reared her a costly tombstone
With all of her virtues on;
And ought to have added, "A victim of ar
ments pro and con."

For many a year Uncle Sammy
Fired away at his logical forte:
Discussion was his occupation,
And altercation his sport;
He argued himself out of churches, he arguments himself into court. But alas for his peace and quiet,
One day, when he went it blind,
And followed his singular fancy,
And slighted his logical mind,
arried a ponderous widow that wasn't
the arguing kind!

Her sentiments all were settled,
Her habits were planted and grown,
Her heart was a starved little creature
That followed a will of her own;
he raised a high hand with Sammy, a
proceeded to play it alone.

Then Sammy he charged down upon her
With all of his strength and his wit,
And many a dextrous encounter,
And many a fair shoulder-hit;
But vain were his blows and his blowing: h
never could budge her a bit.

He laid down his premises round her,
He scraped at her with his saws;
He rained great facts upon her,
And read her the marriage laws;
But the harder he tried to convince her, the hard
and harder she was.

She brought home all her preachers,
As many as ever she could—
With sentiments terribly settled,
And appetites horribly good—
st with him long at his table, and explained to him where he stood. And Sammy was not long in learning To follow the swing of her gown, and came to be initially in walching The phase of her smile and her frown;

all his arguments down And so, with his life-aspirations
Thus suddenly brought to a checkAnd so, with the foot of his victor
Unceasingly, pressing his neck—
He wrote on his face, "I'm a victim,"
drifted—a logical wreck.

And farmers, whom he had argued To corners tight and fast,
Would wink at each other and chuskle,
And grin at him as he passed,
As to say, 'My ambitious oid fellow, your whippletree's straightened at last.''

Old Uncle Sammy one morning Lay down on his comfortless bed, And Death and he had a discussion,

And Death came out shead; And the fact that size failed to start him was only because he was dead. The neighbors laid out their old neighbor,
With homely but tenderest art;
And some of the oldest ones faltered,
And tearfully stood apart;
For the crusty old man had often unguardedly
shown them his heart.

But on his face an expression
Of quizzical study lay,
As it he were sounding the angel
Who traveled with him that day.
And laying the pipes down slyly for an arg
on the way.

And one new-fashioned old lady Felt called upon to suggest That the angel might take Uncle Sammy, And give him a good night's rest, hen introduce him to Solomon, and tell him to do his best. -Harper's Weekly. LOT'S WIFE.

THREE of us held joint possession of a

"claim" in one of the rural districts of the placer-mining country. At first we had excellent success; the sand seemed rich with dust, and several small nuggets of the pure ore attested our rising fortunes. In a short time, however, the began to diminish; somehow it didn't seem to "pan out" well. Our scanty washings of dust grew scantier every day There was little chance for romance in

the life we led. We worked hard in the "diggings" all day, taking our cold snack at noon; and morning and evening "took turns" in our culinary duties, and the keeping of our little shanty. Upon washing days—"few and far between"—after wrestling mightily with soiled garments and creek water, augmenting considerably therein the alluvial deposit, we were wont to lounge in triune council, smoking our pipes of peace, and viewing complacently our renovated apparel, dripping and sway-ing upon the tops of the neighboring The surrounding "claims," with the

exception of one adjoining, had been worked out and abandoned long ago; but with a pertinacity born of necessity, we had clung to ours. We had put in everything we had, here; and it must be a hard struggle which should cause us to throw up" or more easily discouraged than we, for after trying in vain to sell out, they abandoned their claim and left the mines entirely-all but one man, who, for some reason best known to himself, decided to remain behind. There were no other occupied "claims'

within a space of three miles; and our nearest point of obtaining supplies being a day's journey out, one can easily imagine that in our isolated situation the gain of a comrade was not a merely nominal consideration.

Tomkins, the new-comer, or "Lot," as he was familiarly called, was a character. Originally a New Hampshire man, and shiftless as only a degenerate scion from the thrifty New England stock can be, he had emigrated from the "land of steady first to the West, and from thence habits," first to the west, and from the need to our American "El Dorado." Fated to disappointment he had drifted about hither and thither, led by one freak and another, until finally he had settled down in the mines. Lot was a famous story-teller, abounding in legendary lore, and rich in store of quaint old-time ballads. In

the beginning of his life with us, he might have been often heard hilariously chant-ing in a high-pitched nasal tene:—

"The sand with gold dust is thick, Ho, boys, ho! Pick up lumps as big as brick, Of Californy gold!"

Humorous, easy, and with a strong dash of egotism, combined with persistent good nature and lively credulity—such was Lot, as we first knew him at the mines. Eventually, however, his enthusiasm died out; for, as Lot himself feelingly expressed it: "The darn thing was e'en-amost gin cout!"

As I have before stated for severe

As I have before stated, for some rea-As I have before stated, for some rea-son best known to himself, Lot had con-sidered it expedient to remain behind, at the time his partners abandoned his claim. Our explanation of this was, that to his easy disposition it seemed less difficult to "bear the ills he had" than to subject himself to the exertion of seeking those he "knew not of." Subsequently, however, consid-erable additional light was thrown on the

subject.

One afternoon—it might have been three weeks after the exodus of Lot's partners—one of our neighbors, engaged in mining three miles further up the gulch, reined into camp on his way back from the city, where he had been to deposit his dust in the Miner's bank, and

get out a lot of supplies.
"Halloo! George! Chris! Here are letters for you!" he cried, tossing us the welcome missives. welcome missives.

Lot, loitering up, with quizzical smile, perpetrated his standing joke:—

"Wall, saay, ye ain't got nothin' fur me, now, ain't ye?"

me, now, ain't ye?

"No, I guess not," returned the other, with a peculiar twinkle beneath his bushy eyebrows? "but thar's a woman an' four small children on the way, asking fur just sich a looking feller as you."

Lot's jocularity vanished in an instant:

his jaw dropped, and with visible agita-tion he blurted out: "Come, naow, none of yer foolin'! Ye don't pull that on with me!" ooling? Nary time! It's sober

truth. A sickly pallor swept over the man's countenance, and he seemed to shrink within himself until dwarfed much below his usual diminutive stature. "What? what's that yeou say?" he

stammered wildly. "I say a woman an' four small children ar' coming this way, searching for a husband and father."
"How fur behind?" gasped the anxious

Lot, whose legs were fast getting tremu-lous under him. of his rider, struck into a brisk gallop, which speedily carried them both out of

sight.
There we stood, inquiringly facing Lot.
He gulped awhile; but finally out with it:
"The fact is, boys—I'm married!"
And with this lucid explanation, Lot,
with rapid and somewhat unsteady step,
disappeared within his cabin.

Wal, if ye've a mind to. I'd be much obleeged to ye. It mought be possiblepossible, ye know-they'd come some time." And Lot, his neck just bending to receive the yoke, looked forward with vague expectancy to a dim

chance of future release.

Pitying the poor fellow's evident discomfiture, we refrained from joking or questioning him, and impatiently awaited

those "coming events" which had so un-mistakably "cast their shadows before." Just at sundown, a novel train was seen wending its way toward the camp. Lot stood in the door of his cabin, while we, drawn together a little in the background, watched for developments. In advance rode a figure in female apparel, perched upon the back of a gaunt pack-horse, a child, just past the threshold of infancy clasped by one arm, and another, also of tender years, sitting astride the pillion, its limited embrace aspiring to encircle the maternal waist. A trifle in the rear came a rough mountaineer, in the capacity of guide, sandwiched between two children of a larger growth, the eider of whom could not have exceeded the age of ten years. A monstrous dog of the Bernard breed formed, successively, flank

Checking the beast within a few rods of us, the woman gave a keen, scrutinizing glance around, which rested at last fixedly upon the countenance of Lot.
"That's him!" she exclaimed, in a strong, decided, though not unmusical roice, nodding significantly to the guide.

and rear.

We'll stop. Clasping the infant tightly, and loosing the arms of the other from about her waist, down she slid, lithe as a young girl; and in a twinkling had the three children on their feet, and the youngest transferred to the arms of the ten-year-

Lot waited in an apparently dejected mood, while she settled with the guide from her own pocset, with business-like dispatch. Then she led her little brood, followed closely by the dog, up to the door of our neighbor's cabin.

"Well, Lot, we've come."
"I see you have, Marier!"
And the door closed upon Lot and his family. On the ensuing morning we were able

to arrive at a more correct estimate of the new comer, who early introduced herself to us as "Lot's wife." She was of fair complexion, short in stature, and very slim about the waist. Her thin flaxen hair was drawn smoothly back from a emotion must not prevent the discharge of prominent forehead, and fastened in a duty. tight button-like knot at the back of her neck. Restless blue eyes, a sharp nose, it all up, and leave empty-handed. The neck. Restless blue eyes, a sharp nose, boys in the next claim were either "harder thin cheeks, and a firm, large mouth, filed with even, white teeth, completed the list of her personal characteristics. Enerdecision, business, was written on every lineament of the little countenance—spoke in every restless move of her "lissome" body.

In the first three sentences she spoke contract was matured, to the effect that we, furnishing the wherewith, should thenceforward look to her to "keep the pot boiling," at the average rate of "twenty-five cents a head" per diem. Lot's children were miniature repro

ductions of the mother; and were under a control little short of automatical. Even Can you all, looking inside this cabin Lion, the great St. Bernard, seemed to tell me that you are afraid to spare him know his place, and performed various to his wife and children this one last useful duties, under the judicious eye of night?" his mistress and ruling spirit.
"Never had much opinion of dogs, any way," she said, rather apologetically, one

morning, as distributing our breakfast, she glanced at Lion and the infant, rolling and gamboling together in the deep, warm-sand. "Never could bear one, until Lion

thing, got out of the door, and down to the creek; and the first thing I saw was the dog, bringing him out, strangled and dripping in his mouth. I wouldn't part with that dog for his weight in gold! The she-bear and her cubs were grit to the backbone. "Who are you?" she cried, eloquently gesturing to the crowd with her unoccurrepinings, his outward life bore evidence of a marked revolution toward the side of

of a marked revolution toward the side of fruitful and virtuous industry. No more loiterings at tasks or levity of demeanor; no judicial magnate ever clothed himself in dignity and reticence more severe than characterized Lot under the new administration, at whose head stood his brisk

little wife.

To us, the advent of Lot's wife marked the commencement of a new era; whole-some food, a tidy cabin, and, above all, no more darning of socks, or washing-days. The wilderness had begun to blos-som. We even attained to, now and then, the luxury of a "biled shirt." We were opening up a new and richer vein in our claim, and prosperity and contentment

smiled upon us.

It was an evil day that dawned upon our camp in the gulch, when one of the boys, ten miles above us, turned in on his way to the city, almost prostrate from a sudden attack of mountain fever, and with money to pay a note which had become due on a quartz mill. He wanted to know if any of us were going in, as he could make it worth our while to do the grand for him, he remaining at our cabin errand for him, he remaining at our cabin until the messenger's return. As it happened, we were not intending to go for several days, our stock of supplies on hand being considerable, and not having enough dust to pay for carrying it to the

Lot's wife, however, on learning the state of affairs, was observed to commu-nicate some instructions to the ten-year-old, who immediately "lit out" in the di-rection of his father's claim. A few mo-ments, and Lot himself came in. He was willing to accomodate, and would go to the city. His claim wasn't paying him much; and he might as well look about a little. All of which familiar terms might have been translated to mean that his wife was not at all averse to earning the "something" before intimated, which should "make it worth his while." None of us questioned Lot's honesty, and we made haste to get him off as soon as pos-

It was after nightfall of the ensuing day when he was seen riding furiously toward the camp, looking neither right nor left, bating neither breath nor speed, until, op-posite his own threshold, he leaped to the ground, dashed inside the cabin, and lammed to the door.

"Oh, a matter of three mile, or thereabouts!" and with a nod and knowing
glance, and "No farther news, boys!"
to us, the little mule, answering the spur
to us, the little mule, answering the spur to us, the little mule, and the little mule, answering the spur
to us, the little mule, the little mule, answering the little mu committee.

Their errand was soon made known

they were in pursuit of the unhappy Lot.

A party instantly surrounded his cabin. Then the whole of the unfortunate affair came out. Lot's spirit, released from its accustomed restraint, had rebounded like a balloon that has thrown over its ballast. "Marier's" last words were useless as the wind against this sudden and overwhelm-

trust-money in his hand.
What occurred thereafter, passed to Lo like a troubled dream. There was a vague remembrance of all hands at the bar, a scuffle, a pistol-shot or two; and then the mad race home, a trust betrayed, the

stain of blood on his hands, and the "Vigilantes" close upon his heels.

They were sure enough of him now—12 men to one, and he trapped like a prairiedog in his hole. Lion, the huge St. Bernard, came smell-

ing at the garments of the invaders, look-ing up with large inquiring eyes. Half meonsciously, the leader patted the rough head carressingly, as it rubbed against head carressingly, as it rubbed against his hand. The dog, friendly to the friend-ly, reared upon his hind legs and placed his fore-paws on the leader's shoulders— standing a half head taller than the man Meanwhile, neither sound nor ligh came from Lot's cabin. Lion, going over, pushed at the door with a low

whine. Speedily following, the leader, with three of his men, knocked for admit-Straightway in the door appeared Lot's

"Gentlemen, what will you have?" "We have business with your husband, madam. Will you ask him to step out-

"My husband is not able to attend to business to-night." "But our business is important, and cannot wait. If he does not come out, we must come in. "Gentlemen, you cannot see my hus-nd to-night!" Her voice was firm.

band to-night!" Her voice was firm, even, decisive; perhaps a trifle more decisive than usual. The dog, crouching at her feet, gave a "Woman, we have no time to bandy

words! Let us pass?"

The dog rose partly up, with a menacing growl. The woman behind him seemed to rise and expand in the white heat of passion that possessed her. voice was high and shrill : Her

"And I say you shall not pass! you that come, 12 armed men, with murder in your hearts, to take an innocent man out from the midst of his helpless children. I swear that you shall not touch a hair of his head

As she spoke, drawing with dextrous hand a "Colt's navy" from the folds of her dress, she held it at full cock, bearing straight upon the leader's heart. Not a man among them but was touched at the sight of this dauntless devotion; yet

But this man has committed murderthe gravest crime known in the eyes of the hw. Public safety demands that we deal with him according to the letter of the law," expostulated the leader, more moved than he cared to acknowledge. A superb scorn overspread the woman's atures. Bending to touch the dog with features. her hand, the huge creature drew himself erect, angry and bristling, with lips drawn threateningly back from his formidable teeth. Then boldly throwing open the cabin door, she pointed with upraised finger, still holding the deadly weapon aimed full at the leader's heart. A scathing contempt rang in her words:-

"Does that man look like a cut-throat She paused a moment, glancing swiftly

around the circle of rough faces pressing close upon her. The tableau within showed Lot, crouching upon a low camp-stool, pale, disordered, and shaking with terror. clasping in his arms the youngest-born; the two girls, firm and fearless as their mother, were planted at his knees; while between him and the door, the ten-year-

escaped tiger.

The she-bear and her cubs were grit to the backbone.

"Who are you?" she cried, eloquently gesturing to the crowd with her unoccupied hand, "that take the business of the Almighty into your own hands, and send the souls He has made unbidden into His presence, without a prayer for mercy? Which would be the better, you or him? Leave him to us this night, and as surely sweet potatoes to the acre.

An Indianapolis hen thinks two eggs a day something to crow about. Wity is a newspaper like a wife? Be-cause every man ought to have one of his as there is a heaven above us, in the morning you shall come in without hindrance?

You can guard the cabin. There is no danger he will escape yeu!"

There was a murmur among the "vigilantes." Their task was a harder one is our i A PHYSICIAN says mosquitoes have in their veins some of the best blood in the than they were prepared to execute; and perhaps a thought of wives and children country.

at home moved them a little to this un-wonted leniency. A brisk conference, and the leader said:
"Have your way. Make the most of your time. We'll not disturb you until your time.

"You are not deceiving me?" she said, watching the while with eyes which seemed to pierce like sharp steel points.

A hoarse murmur ran through the

"No! no! Fair play!"

For a moment the woman's strength seemed to fail, and she leaned heavily against the casement; another, and she disappeared within, the faithful dog fol-

disappeared within, the latiful dog following, protectingly, close behind.

The men bivouacked around the cabin, disposing themselves for the night, two or three appointed sentinels keeping vigilant watch. The other members of the camp, unable to sleep, had kept wakeful vigil, using our little influence and knowledge, of the secused's inclinaive disposition. edge of the accused's inoffensive dispo-sition to mitigate, if possible, the preju-dice which we found greater than the real weight of evidence against him.

In an affray, two men had been stabbed
—one seriously, one fatally; and Lot's
hand held a bloody knife. Innocent men
have been hanged, even after full judicial trial, under circumstantial evidence far less convincing than this.

As the night wore away, I restlessly paced the camp. An occasional sound came from the guarded cabin, but otherwise all was still.

wise all was still.

Once, about midnight, after a prolonged scratching at the door, it was opened to let out the dog. A stream of light flashed out; but I caught no glimpse of those within. The dog, poor fellow, as though his canine spirit seemed to comprehend the fatal danger impending over those he the fatal danger impending over those he loved, with drooping head and pendent tail, slunk through the open space.

"Good Lion! Poor fellow! Come here!"

I called.

He lifted his head at the sound of my voice, raised his muzzle mournfully in the air, then drooping it again, went on, soon disappearing in the adjacent chaparral.

At the first faint streak of day the "v At the first faint streak of day the "vig-ilantes" bestirred themselves, and in-knots discussed the grave business before them. The excitement of the past night had worn away, and in these calmer mo-ments not one of those most eager for duty then, but wished himself relieved

action of their leader, who humanely postponed, to the last possible moment, his official summons.

Just as the sun's disk appeared above the horizon, three of the committee advancing knocked upon the door. With eyes red and swollen with weeping, Lot's wife opened it wide.

With a sickening sensation I fall to describe, I awaited what was to follow. A suggestive rope lay where it had been thrown, at the foot of a neighboring tree. With a shudder I recalled the many times Lot had sat under the shadow of its branches, his children playing about his

Chris and George had followed at the heels of the other party.

A resounding slap upon the shoulder nearly sent me reeling to the earth.

"By the great Moses, that little woman's a beid." "What is it, Chris?" I asked in aston-

knees.

shment; for his lively tone was anything but appropriate for the occasion. "Come and see !" and seizing me by the arm, he commenced dragging me toward Lot's cabin. A sudden revelation came to me. Lot

had committed suicide! Well, better so than the hangman's noose! Entering the cabin prison, a singular spectacle presented itself. The commit-tee stood in a dismayed group in the cen-ter of the room; while Lot's wife, stern

and resolute no longer, bent over the huge dismantled carcass of poor Lion. Gone was the nerve, the passion and power, which had, the night previous, ipported and lifted her above her sex. lainer, more meager, if possible, than usual, there was yet a something touching in her weakness; perhaps because it was o foreign to her nature.

Lifting her woe-begone countenance as approached, she exclaimed, broken-'I'd a'most rather died than a' done it

out there wasn't no other way!"
Hardly had the news of the pread through the camp, when a horse-nan, riding at break-neck speed, came, in he midst of a cloud of dust, flying up the In his hand he bore a white signal trall. which he persistently waved as he had advanced. Dashing into camp, he threw imself breathlessly into the midst of the Vigilantes." "Where's the man you were going to

Escaped." "Thank God! for he didn't doit! 'Fris o Bill has confessed the deed!" Then the cheers that rang out might

almost have rent the heavens in twain: out Lot's wife, alone with her sleeping children, crouched in mournful silene over the form of her poor, dumb sacrifice
—silent and faithful even unto death.— Lakeside Monthly. PICKLES, according to Dr. Hall, are

fever, or biliousness, or indigestion is the vinegar that does the good. The fore it is necessary that pickles should be made of pure vegetable vinegar. PROF. HENRY says that fifteen tons of anthracite coal burned in the furnace of one of our best engines, exerts an energy equal to that of an able-bodied slave working ten hours a day for thirty years

allowed to raise vegetables in Austrian soil to compete for the agricultural premiums at the Vienna Exposition. THE police of New Haven are no longer

to be permitted to carry umbrellas

THREE American gardeners will

of his active life.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

ALABAMA corn is up and ready to COLUMBUS County, Ga., is hunting an FLORIDA grows five hundred bushels of

A Young woman's conundrum-Who our favorite Roman hero?-Answer:

MEXICO is said to be like the earth, be cause it has a revolution every twentyfour hours. You're a fool if you're a walker in a pond, you're a philosopher if you ponder

in vonr walk. A DESPOTIC Delaware judge fined a law-yer one dollar for merely calling him "a bloated old rhinoceros."

A DANBURY man was much relieved to find that the term Credit Mobilier was not a name for hog cholera. Prov. Munge says that, as Kansas beomes more thickly settled, many fossilized elephants will be dug up.

A New Hampshire woman who remained a spinster until she was sixty, has just buried her fourth husband. A GRAVE charge has been made against young lady of Augusta, Ga. She is ac-

ised of stealing flowers from a ceme

THE extensive condensed milk factories in Switzerland use 20,000 quarts of milk daily, and four-fifths of the product is exported to England. A HOUSE is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it

rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks. - Southey. New England farmers believe that the immense abundance of maple sugar this season will compensate for the severe

By carefully computed estimates it is ascertained that England is now as fully supplied with breadstuffs as she ever was at this season of the year. A FASHIONABLE New York gentleman

Winter they have suffered.

thinks that if ladies would only use their powder-puffs more sparingly, men would get through the season with only one dress-coat. A FASHIONABLE young lady of Phila-

delphia dropped one of her false eyebrows in a church pew, and badly frightened a young man next to her, who shought it was his moustache. An aged negress in Delaware is said to have turned white recently.—[Exchange.] Yes, she married a fellow named White,

and then turned him out of doors three weeks after the event. A CULTIVATED showman propounds the following conundrum: Q. What transformation takes place in an infuriated ele-

explanation apply to the first lady you know who wears a large bustle. No MAN, when he violates the truth, can tell of what sin he is guilty; where

his falsehood will penetrate, and what misery it will create. It may culminate,

it may kill, it may embitter, it may impov-

erish.

What evil it may prove you can-

not tell. In a Chicago court of justice they tried the other day, to decide how much weight constituted a load for a horse. The question is just as easy to decide—and no easier—as how much a man can lift, or how much a man can do. It depends upon the horse-slightly.

Ir ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his numble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven A New England farmer sent to an or-

phan asylum for a boy that was "smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved, and modest." The superintendent wrote back that unfortunately they had only human boys in that institu EVERYBODY eats peanuts, and every body knows that some are full and plump. while others have little or nothing i them; but everybody does not know

before the retailer gets his peanuts they are separated, the full from the empty by means of a fan, and sold at different prices. "GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a judge in summing up, "in this case counsel on both sides are impudent and incredible;

the witnesses on both sides are indecent and incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant both stand such acknowledged rogues, that it is to me utterly indifferent which way you give a verdict." THE last dog story : A New Hampshire canine being repeatedly baffled in the at-tempt to catch a woodchuck in a long drain, as it made i's exit at the other end

as the dog followed through, brought a neighboring dog and stationed him at the other end of the drain. He then drove the woodchuck through, and he was WE have finally, in a paper, something personal" that is both fresh, authentic, and satisfactory. A lady writes to the able editor asking the original of the phrase, "The army swore terribly at Flanders," and what occasioned the pro-fanity? Answer: Mr. Flanders was a sutler, and his prices and general disre-gard for all the rules of trade so incensed

strength Kissing the Bride.

good for those who crave them. He rea-sons that often the system needs an acid A STALWART young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight," had just married a blooming and -that acids promote the secretion of bile, and that when a person craves something fight," had just married a blooming and beautiful young country girl only eighteen years of age; and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good, old-fashioned pawn playing style. Every girl in the room had been called out and kissed except Mrs. B——, the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present sour it is nature calling for a remedy for though there was not a youngster present who was not "dying" to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatis-faction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for, suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

length of time, and I ain't half satisfied. don't want to raise a fuss, but-"What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices; "what do you mean; have we done anything to hurt your feel-

Beet Sugar.

Now that the subject of beet sugar is engrossing the attention of so many farmengrossing the attention of so many farm-ers, everything from which information can be gained on this point, is of interest. We extract the following from a lecture delivered before the Oakland, Cal., Farm-

ers' Club, by Prof. Partz:
In the year 1747, Margraf, a Berlin apothecary, discovered in a plant growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, a certain amount of sugar identical with cane sugar. He communicated the fact to the Berlin Academy and recommended the cultivation of the plant for the extraction of sugar from it; but at that period chemistry was just struggling forth out of alchemy and the time for the realization of such a plan had not yet dawned. Since then from that wild plant has been developed account for any of her crimes; they were oped the present sugar beet, and out of that little discovery by Margraf, has grown one of the greatest industries of sured for a few pounds in a benefit club.

making sugar on his farm at Caulsdorf, near Berlin, and aided by the government, he founded in 1796 upon the domain of Cunern in Silesia the first beet sugar factory. In 1799 he presented several loaves of beet sugar to the king of Prussia; however, the enterprise not being remunerative and giving too little promise of becoming so, was abandoned.

After Achard had published in 1797 his first report of making sugar from beets.

first report of making sugar from beets, the English government, frightened at the prospect of a competition with the cane-sugar of the West India colonies, offered him a large sum of money to ac-knowledge publicly that he had been mis-taken in the results of his trials; but he indignantly refused the offer. The state-ments of the amount of sugar obtained by Achard vary between one and three per

cent.

The beet sugar project assumed a different aspect when, by Napoleon's decree of the 21-t of November, 1808, the harbors of the European continent were closed against the products of British colonies, while England in return, prevented the products of other colonies from entering continental harbors. The price of sugar rose in Germany to over one theler per and greasy cards, a set of dice, several was greasy and an old "Compined and was covered with a continuous cardial propound, and there, as well as in France of was added to by frequent storms, and it was added to by frequent storms and it was added to by frequent storms, and it was added to b

> in salts. country where the summers are hot and dry, a stronger and more retentive soil is salts must be avoided, for they are eager-y absorbed by the beets and are a hin-Inited States, so far as the soil permits.

Concerning Door-Mats.

It is reported from Philadelphia that he noble little boy who, during the late appalling winter, stole three hundred and means unique. Indeed, it appears to us that American society, just now, has re-solved itself into a vast organization to

names to strengthen a rotten speculation, and sell their preferred stock at a premium, putting the money into the contribution-box, are following the footsteps of the filial little boy. Traders who sell dishonest goods, and who live cleanly and build churches; young women who, without love, marry for money or a position or ease, and never forget morning prayers nor the claims of Sunday-school, nay, who help indigent parents and forward the prospects of fair and needy sisters; clergymen who, though God-fearing men, scruple not to fill their pews by charlatanry, and raise church-funds by worldly and unanctified means; that whole greedy public which hankers for money and gets it how it may nor the claims of Sunday-school, nay, who whole greedy public which hankers for money and gets it how it may, justified to itself by the self-assurance that the base store shall be spent only for humane and useful ends—each and all of these are taking the door-mat, and thank-

cerning its disposition. There is something tragical in the present blindness of society to the value of moral obligations. The belief that the end justifies the means is the worm at the root of the social tree. The carelessness of unimportant engagements, the post-poning of the payment of bills, the spend-ing of money for nothing—all these habits in the most well-intentioned people are the army that it cursed him with all its very dangerous. Society rests on abso-lute integrity and honesty. If yea becomes lute integrity and honesty. If yea becomes nay, and nay yea, if a public man or a private citizen may, by any indirection, take an iota which is not truly his own without general reprobation, we have started on that road which leads to general chaos. No great trade can be healthly maintained without an absolute reciprocal reliance on the mere word of masters and men. Commerce would be disastrously hindered if commercial oblisastrously hindered if commercial obligations were lightly held.

Horace Mann used to say that the familiar maxim, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," ought to be rendered, "Let justice be done, lest the heavens fall." since it is could instinct that heavens fall," since it is only justice that keeps the eternal arch self-poised. And justice means absolute honesty. Each of us knows for himself wherein he is convicted of the habitual taking of door once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some pleasant peculations.—Hearth and Home. I have equal to that of California last year,

The English Polsoner.

In a late paper I read the trial and conviction of the woman Cotton, who, I suphatt a dozen voices; "what do you mean; have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"

f "Yes, you have, all; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it: here's every gal in the room been kissed night a dozen times apiece, and here's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night, and I just tell you, now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight, that's a'l. Now go ahead with your plays."

viction of the woman Cotton, who, I suppose, has poisoned twenty persons—some husbands and many children of her own among them—under circumstances of the most serene and complacent selfishness. It is difficult to imagine that this woman should be a fellow-creature, and almost makes one wonder whether some of us this modern Brinvilliers, her case seems to contradict a very striking remark that I once heard made by Mr. Delane, the editor of the Times, and one who by his social position must needs be as well acquainted with our arietosas. editor of the Times, and one who by his social position must needs be as well acquainted with our aristocracy as most men. He said that more murders were committed—quiet puttings away of fathers and elder brothers—in the few acres on which stand our most fashionable squares than an any similar area in England, because the position of the inhabitants places them above the reach of a coroner's inquest. The obsequious family physician sees the necessity of avoiding "exposure," and of "shielding a noble house from scandal;" and giving the fullest benefit of his doubts to the case in question, he signs his certificate of "died question, he signs his certificate of "died from natural causes." This may perhaps be the case; but certainly it seems that the very poverty of a household may also exempt what occurs in it from public in-quiry, since Mary Ann Cotton has been grown one of the greatest industries of the present day, an industry which has spread all over Central Europe and is evidently destined also to spread over a large portion of this continent.

In 1773 Achard, another Prussian, revived Margraf's project. He carried on a social of experiments in raising beets and spread of expe

She who had seen so many little chil-dren die in agonies, and tended them from first to last with her cruel, careful hands, was, we are told, "excessively affected" by her own sentence, and protested against it in her quiet, sullen way. Quite otherwise did a certain lively young rep-robate behave on his conviction at the Central Criminal Court last week, who, by his careless abandon and close imitation of "the Artful Dodger," won more of my sympathies than I care to own to. He was sentenced, notwithstanding all his gifts, to seven years' penal servitude; and after he had heard his doom pronounced made this astounding proposition to the judge, "Look here, my lord, I'll toss you, double or quits, whether it shall be fourteen years or nothing?"—London Cor. Harper's Bazar,

A Cure for Girdled Trees.

Since the winter of 1867 and 1868, there have been none more favorable for field mice, says the New Fork Tribune, than the one just ended. Over a wide range of while England in return, prevented the products of other colonies from entering continental harbors. The price of sugar rose in Germany to over one thaler per pound, and there, as well as in France, beet sugar factories sprung up and did a lucrative business, although the yield of sugar searcely reached three per cent. It is now in France from seven to eight, in Germany and Russia from eight to mine weeks, and afforded just the conditions most propitious for these

ments working over color actablishments working over color actablishments with the distribution was paid to the agricultural part of the business, especially to the raising of the right kind of beets, since experience had taught that beets were experience had taught that beets were wanted which were rich in sugar and poor are taken to make connection between the bark above and that below the wound. Although the sugar beet will grow in almost any soil, a deep, sandy loam is best suited to its nature. In fact, good grain land is also good beet land. In a sunsatisfactory. Where only a third or as unsatisfactory. Where only a third or a half of the circle has been made, leaving a connecting strip, then, by covering the required than where they are cooler and more humid. Soil charged with mineral and yellow clay, the young bark will grow over the wound much sooner than if left exposed. Where there is no such drance to the extraction of the sugar. connection, however, the best and most it is fit for cultivation nearly all over the simple method of forming one—and the method that never fails—is to insert scions (one, two, or three, as the case may require), bridging over the barked part. The method is simple and rapid, and most any one can do the job without difficulty. Take the scions of last year's growth of wood, from young healthy trees, cut them on door-mats, and with the proceeds the right length, bevel each on the same thereof maintained his infirm and irre-proachable mother, is at present seeking knife, make an incision in the bark of the roachable mother, is at present seeking or seeking and carefully press the scion in place. Cover over where the incision was made cover over where the incision was made or the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over where the incision was made over the cover over the c the stem of the tree, at both ends of the that American society, just now, has re-solved itself into a vast organization to encourage the lifting of door-mats for ben-evolent purposes.

Tening the lifting of the Eminent business men who lend their way round, one or two scions will be sufficient; but when there is no connection left, it will be found advisable, particularly on a large sized tree, to put in

Changing Clothing.

HEALTH and sometimes life itself is often lost by laying aside winter clothing too early. Laying flannels aside in the spring is a most pernicious practice. They are as necessary in July as in January. We can better do without woolens ary. We can better do without woolens next the skin in mid-winter than in mid-summer. We do not get overheated in winter; we do in summer; and the most frequent exciting cause of coughs, colds, and consumption is a rapid falling of the temperature of the body. All are famil-iar with the fact that a sudden checking of perspiration is always dangerous; very little exercise causes us to perspire in sunmer, and a very slight draft of air checks the perspiration; hence, eminent French physicians have stated, that colds ing heaven for their fine intentions contaken in summer excite the most incurable forms of consumption. White wool-en flannel is a most efficient guard against these sudden changes, because it keeps the heat of the body in, while it repels the excessive heat from without; it conveys the water of perspiration to its outside, while the surface next the skin is drier. We all know that silk, cotton, and linen next the skin get saturated with water, and if, for an instant, the slightest draft of air gets between the skin and the material, there is a charnel-like chill when that material touches the skin. The rule should be to wear white wool-

en flannel next the skin all the en fiannel next the sain an the year round; thick in winter, a little thinner in April, a gauze material on the first day of July; on the first of October resume what was laid aside in July; on the first of Occember put on the thickest, extending to ankles and wrists.

These rules of changes are especially recessive to all old results to all invalids.

necessary to all old people, to all invalids and young children; day laborers and all out-door workers would be incalculably benefited by the same observances.—

Hall's Journal of Health for April.

TEXAS is the third State in the Union