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Somerset Herald,

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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aug 18

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FALL 1880.

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August 11, 80

IF I WERE A BABY.

If I were a baby
I know what I'd like to do;
I'd nestle in mamma's arms,
And dimple, and laugh, and coo;
I'd never wish to be wise,
But I'd look at you all so fondly
With a pair of big brown eyes.

I'd cuddle in papa's whiskers
With a dear little pink-tipped hand,
And speak to the little sister
In a way that I did understand.
And whenever a brother came near me
With anything—what to say
I'd show him how much I liked him
In my own little baby way.

No matter how dark the weather,
No matter how rain might fall,
I'd be like a bit of sunshine
To brighten and cheer you all
And if mamma should ever be weary,
Or tired and fretted with pain,
I'd help to make her forget it,
And warm the heart again.

I'd be in a perfect darling,
With my innocent, smiling face,
So dimpled, and sweet, and precious
So full of delight and grace;
So like God's beautiful angels
I'd bring you near them, too—
And I think I know a baby
What I feel like this—don't you?

AFTER LONG YEARS.

"What is this, Burt?"

"This is the mortgage of an estate called the Derby Place, Mr. Faxon, foreclosed more than a year ago, I believe."

"Well, it's what I've been looking on. I will take charge of the papers, and attend to the matter soon. Down East, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Faxon put the papers into the breast pocket of his coat, came down the office stairs, and stepped into the glittering, purple-lined phaeton, beside his wife.

The delicate Arabian, Mrs. Faxon's horse, sped away out of the city confines, and soon tossed his jetty mane along the open roads, lined with gardens, ornate colleges and villas.

"Going away again to-morrow, dear?" asked Mrs. Faxton, suddenly lifting her fair countenance, as she interrupted her husband. "You seem to be away all the time lately. Take me with you."

"Not this time, Violet."

And Violet Faxton's husband fell into a fit of abstraction, from which her smartest chatter failed to arouse him.

They came at last to the Faxon mansion, grand and simple, and fulfilling its promise of a beautiful interior.

Amid the white lace and crimson silk of her chamber, Violet was brushing out her long, fair hair, when her husband paused in the doorway, and looked at her sharply. Then he came slowly across the room, and lifting the oval face in his hand, looked closely at the roseate cheek, pearly ear and curved lashes.

"What is it?" asked Violet—"a freckle?"

"No," beamswered, smiling faintly and strolling across the chamber. "You looked like my sister then—that was all."

"Your sister dear? You never told me about her," said Violet.

"No," he answered, and said no more.

Mr. Faxton bore no resemblance to his delicate patrician wife. A little less than thirty—dark, strongly built, active, vigorous, he impressed one as a strong character. If, with a remarkable rich comeliness of countnance, there were sensual lines, there was also a certain evidence of strong, good sense and a look of deep experiences. Mr. Faxon looked like a man who carried weight.

He was up and away at daybeak the next morning. An early train bore him eastward, and nine o'clock found him landed at a little station called Seabrook.

The dismal little building was set in a field of clover, around which a road wound away among the mounds of verdure.

After a glance around, Mr. Faxon took this road, and walked slowly along. The robins hopped across it; the bobolinks sang in the trees over it. The unassuming white clover among the grass perfumed the cool morning air.

He passed only a few houses, but he observed them attentively. They were all old and humble farmhouses. Apparently, this property which had, by the foreclosure of a mortgage, fallen to Mr. Faxon, was not situated in a very rich or enterprising neighborhood.

When he had walked nearly a mile, he came to a green dooryard, among wide spread aple trees, with a well-sweep among them, and a residence, though plain, more pretentious and comfortable than the others.

There was a narrow well worn path among the short grass and buttercups to the porch, where a bittersweet twined its strong arms. In a corner, under the verdure was an arm-chair, with a book on the seat, and a cane lying across it—a gnarled, twisted cane of hickory, that Mr. Faxton looked twice at. The book was a Bible.

There was an old lady with a sweet, faded face, and snowy cap-strings tied under her double chin, khitting at a window near by, but his quiet step had not disturbed her.

He had put his hand to the knocker; he took it down again as he caught sight of this placid face. He stood there quite still for several minutes. A gray cat came and rubbed against his leg. Some apple blossoms, floating down touched his cheek.

At length the gentle lips moved.

"Father," said the mild old lady, "you had best lie down and take a rest."

"Such old people! And I have come to take their home away," said Mr. Faxon.

There was a strong pain in his dark face now as he stood looking down at the porch floor.

After a moment, he stepped off the porch on the further side, and walked away under the apple trees.

When Mr. Faxton came back from his brief stroll, his presence as he crossed the yard, was observed.

A white-haired old man, who had come to the open door and taken up the hickory stick, turned back hastily, with a few hurried words, and the aged woman dropped her knitting and rose up with a paleness dropping over her face.

But while Mr. Faxon hesitated on the porch again both came to the door. Sad, startled faces they both had, but they were civil. Their greeting was kindly, as to a friend.

"My name is Faxon, "said the visitor, "I——"

"We know who ye be sir," said the old man, "we know who ye be, though we never seed ye before. Will you come in?"

Mr. Faxon stepped across the white hall floor into the quaint, cool and comfortable sitting-room.

The rough, blue paper, like chintz, on the wall, some "honesty" and dried grasses in opaque white vases upon the high, narrow mantlepiece unconsciously struck his eye, while he took a seat, his mind was occupied with other thoughts.

"We've been long expectin' you, sir," said the old lady.

Her hands crossed on the spotless gingham apron upon her lap, trembled a little, but the serenity of her manner was not much changed.

But the old man's eyes swam in tears. He rested both hands on the hickory stick between his knees, as he sat in a corner, and bending his forehead upon them, partially hid his face.

"Yes, yes! but it comes sort of sudden now," said the old man.

Mr. Faxon sat in speechless sympathy.

After a little pause, old Mr. Derby looked up and met his eyes.

"Of course, it's all right, sir. We don't question your right to the place, but we've been sort of unfortunate. I think so—don't you, mother?"

The old lady lay back among the cushions of the dimity-covered chair. She had a look of physical weakness Mr. Faxton had not observed before. She did not speak.

Her husband looked at her attentively. A sudden flush went over his thin face.

"It is not for myself I care—it is her!" he cried striking his cane violently upon the floor. "She helped to earn this place when she was young. There was no kind o' work but what them hands you see lying so weary now in her lap, sir, was put to. She up early an' late, always a-doin', adoin' fur me and the children. God never made a better wife an' mother. An' now, sir, its hard that she should be turned out of her home in her old age!"

"Hush, hush, Daniel!" said the old lady softly. "The Lord will provide; and it is not long we have to stay in this world, you know."

"Will you tell me the history of the place, Mr. Derby?" asked Mr. Faxon. "How did you come to lose it?"

"It was mortgaged, sir," said the old man, at last, "to pay the boys' college bills. You see, we had three children—Selwyn, Roscoe and little Annie. Mother and I didn't have an eddication, but we said all along that our children should have; an' they went to the distric' school an' then to the academy—an' by-an' by we fitted them off for college. Bright, smart boys they were—everybody said my boys had good parts, Roc was always a little wild. I think mother, there, loved him better for that. He was more trouble, an' she clung to him closer because others blamed him at times. Annie, his sister, was always a pleadin', too, for Roc. He played truant, and he whipped the boys who told on him; he was always puttin' his bones in peril, an' twice he was half drowned—yet in spite of all he was ready for college when Selwin was, though Selwin was steady as a clock. Mother and I had been scrapin' together for years and at last we fitted them off.

"We went on denying of ourselves, for it was just the one hope of our lives to have the boys graduate with all the honors; an' time went on, and many of the crops failed an' there came disappointment here and disappointment there, an' failing to get together the money the boys sent for—especially Roc—we mortgaged the farm for five hundred dollars.

"They were nearly through, you see, an' mother and Annie thought that Selwyn might be principal of the academy or something when he came home, an' Roc would be a lawyer, 'cause he could arguify and speak so smart in public, an' the money would be paid back easy.

"But from time to time there came rumors I didn't like, as to how Roscoe was up in his old ways; and at last it came like a thunderbolt—Roc was suspended and had run away to foreign parts. Well, I pass over that, sir; I tried not to be too hard on the boy. Then Selwyn came home. He had graduated well, but he had a cough. He didn't complain, but he was thin and pale, and soon mother an' I saw that the child we had meant to rely on was an invalid on our hands. The thought struck me dumb. But mother was all energy. We traveled here with him, we traveled there. We saw all the noted doctors East and West. We borrowed money on the old place, and we never paid any back. I had made one or two payments at first, but they were but a drop in the bucket. At last we brought Selwyn home to die."

"Don't Daniel," said the mother softly.

"He wants to hear the rest. There is only a little more, but it's no better. Annie was like Selwyn—good and patient and delicate-like, too, We didn't mind it at first, but her cheeks grew thin and too red; a cough she had from a child grew harder, an' though the best doctors we could get, came early and late, it was only a year after Selwyn died before we laid Annie down among the snows. Thank ye, sir, for your pity! Mother and I have shed most of our tears."

Mr. Faxon put his cambric handkerchief back in his pocket.

"Your other son, Roscoe, Mr. Derby—did he never come home?"

"Never! It is nigh eight years since we have seen Roc. He know he disappointed us; but that was nothin',—was it mother?"

"I never think of it," said Mrs. Derby, shaking her head. "Perhaps—I don't know—we took the wrong course with Roc. He was restless an' active. He was wild, but he was lovin'—

Her voice broke.

"Mrs. Derby," said Mr. Faxon, "I find I know something of your story already. Your son, Roscoe Derby, who ran away at nineteen years old, is probably living, and it may come in my way to obtain some information of him for you."

The old people had risen eagerly from their seats; but he went on, quickly

"Meanwhile, be of no inconvenience regarding your stay here in your old home. Your right to occupy it is unquestioned in my mind, and let me assure you that you will never, during your lifetime, be required to go hence. There is the mortgage"—he placed some papers on the table,—"the Derby place is your own."

He rose, putting them gently back, as they pressed toward him, trying to express their gratitude.

"No—no thanks! Believe me, you owe me nothing—nothing!"

He took his hat. The old man who was voiceless, wrung his hand. Mr. Faxon turned to Mrs. Derby, and taking her soft, wrinkled fingers in his strong palm, bent low and kissed them. Then he turned toward the door, but in a moment he had come back.

"Mother—father!" he said. "I cannot go, for I know you have forgiven me!"

And the next instant the strong man was kneeling with his head on his mothers knee.

"After long years, mother," he said, as she stroked his temples with fond fingers. "I am but twenty-eight years old, but sorrow for my early faults has brought some gray hairs about my temples.'.

"And you are not Mr Faxon, after all, Roc?" said the father with a puzzled smile.

"Yes, I am, dear father. Five years ago I had the good fortune of gaining the good will of one of the wealthiest American shipping merchants then in London. He gave me a good position, and I decided to stay with him, and served faithfully in his employ, until just before his death, when having formed an engagement with his only daughter, he gave his consent to our marriage, with the proviso that I would take his name and carry on his interests exactly as they had been To this I consented, for in spite of settled habits and ideas, I felt an alien and alone; but mother, I have a good wife and the best of sons—a little fellow two years old, named Derby. Does that please you?"

Ah, indeed! What loving old woman is not pleased with her grandchild? Soon the house was graced by the presence of Violet Faxon and the lovely boy, whom grandfather could not praise enough and grand mother could not fondle enough; yet it was sweeter, perhaps, to hear mother's voice whisper:

"I like your wife; and do you know, dear, I think she is very like Annie?

Bluffing the Crowd.

Soon after dinner the other day seven or eight politicians were smoking and chatting under the Woodward avenue portico of the City Hall, when they were joined by a long haired, mild-looking, long waisted stranger who seemed just dead with consumption. He leaned against one of the stone columns and listened to the talk with great interest until one of the party asserted his belief that Garfield would carry Ohio.

"H-how many do you want to bet that he will?" inquired the stranger, as he straightened up.

"O, I wouldn't mind a bet of ten dollars."

"I'll bet you one thousand dollars against two hundred!" continued the stranger as he went down into his coat tail pocket and fished out an enormous wad of money.

The politician crawfished on the ground that he never bet, and the stranger looked around asked:

"Is there anybody here who wants to bet that Hancock will be elected; I'll bet him a thousand to five hundred!"

There were no takers. Then he waved his wad of bills on high and said:

"I'll make the same bet that Garfield will be defeated!"

The crowd looked at each other and then across the street, each man dumb as a clam. The silence lasted for a minute, and then one of the group remarked:

"Well, it will probably be a close struggle."

"Will it? I'll bet you a thousand to five hundred that it won't be!" promptly replied the stranger.

"No one spoke again for thirty seconds, and then the remark was made that both parties were preparing for a great struggle.

"Struggle be darned! I bet you five hundred to three hundred that there won't be any struggle.

Not a hand moved, and after a minute the stranger waved his money and said:

"Or I'll b-bet you five h-hundred even up that I d-do s-stutter like b-blazes!"

One backed softly into the hall, followed by a second and a third, and in a minute the stranger was left alone. Then he untied the string, pulled two one-dollar bills off the roll and put them in his pocket, threw away the 'core,' which was simply a wad of black paper. He had bluffed the crowd over and over again on exactly two dollars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 223 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

General Hancock on Southern Claims.

General Hancock has been forced, as Mr. Tilden was, by the pressure of Northern sentiment into writing a letter upon Southern claims. It would have been better for General Hancock to follow Mr. Tilden's example still further, and treat the subject with entire seriousness. The Democratic candidate of 1876, who was a sagacious politician when young Mr. Hancock received his appointment as a West Point cadet, was keen enough to see what the temper of the North was on this subject, and his letter discussed it with all necessary gravity. General Hancock, whose lack of public experience is as likely to lead him to underestimate important questions as to lead him to overestimate questions that are of little moment, writes almost in flippant tone. He is sorry to find that his correspondent is "disturbed" about "that bugbear—Southern "War Claims."

This is the keynote of this letter, which the voters of the North will read with surprise. The burden of the letter is not General Hancock's pledge to veto the claims of disloyal pensions though that is given, but Gen. Hancock's attempt to show that there are no such claims! Had he contented himself by putting on record his individual promise to veto such measures, he might have reassured many Northern voters, but when he undertakes to show that the ex-Confederates of the South have no designs upon the Treasury he insults the intelligence of the people whose votes he asks, and renews the alarm his letter was intended to allay.

Gen. Hancock says that "to suppose that Rebel claims, or claims in the interest, of persons who were in rebellion, can in any way or in any degree be countenanced, "is an imputation of disloyalty such as used "to be made against Democrats even when they were in arms defending the country." Rebel claims have been countenanced in this way and to this degree—that the files of both houses of Congress are loaded with bills providing for their payment, introduced by Gen. Hancock's political supporters in behalf of the men who hope to see them paid if he becomes President. He says that to propose the payment of such a claim "would be an insult to the intelligence "and honor of our people." Then have the two houses of Congress grevious insulted the intelligence and honor of the American people. He says that nobody expects or wants such unnatural action." Every reader of the *Tribune* knows that this statement is far from the facts. We have printed from time to time complete compilations of measures now pending in Congress, looking to just this "unnatural action." Their name is legion. The amount of money which they would take from the Treasury, by direct and indirect means, is almost beyond computation. There is no space here in which to indicate one-hundredth part of the devices sought to be employed by the Southern army of claim owners and claim agents, nor of the results that would follow success. The amount involved in the strictly war claims from the South now pending in Congress and the Departments, has been estimated at $500,000,000. Judge Bartley, an attorney for many claimants, estimates the amount which could be "proved" under the three heads of the cotton tax, captured and abandoned property, and Army supplies, at $117,000,000. "A much larger amount of course," he says, "would be claimed." These are familiar facts in contemporary history. Men of both parties know them and discuss them. And yet Gen. Hancock declares that "nobody "expects or wants such unnatural action." If that is so—if no one is pressing such claims, why did Mr. Tilden write his letter promising to veto them? And why did General Hancock write his?

The issue should be kept clear. The danger to the Treasury, as Senator Edmunds recently reminded the North, is not of the payment of "debts or obligations incurred in aid" of the Rebellion, or of claims for slaves, but of the payment to disloyal persons of claims for the use or destruction of property by the Union armies. These latter claims are not barred by the Fourteenth Amendment, and may be ordered to be paid at any time if the Democrats in Congress can repeal the existing provision of law forbidding payment to disloyal claimants. Bills are now pending in both houses to effect that repeal. We respectfully direct Gen. Hancock's attention to this statement.

No doubt Gen. Hancock means all he says when he promises to veto. But behind him stand his party. They write no letter, and make no pledges. They have stuffed the files of Congress full of Southern claims, and will make none. Which would be the safer course—to give the Government to the party which is, in the nature of things, solidly opposed to such claims, or to the party which is strongly in favor of them on the promise of one man that he will hold them back? Is there not considerable risk in staking the United States Treasury on the backbone power of one man? Is it safe to invite the ocean to try an inundation, on the strength of promises—even in writing—from the dike?

A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See advertisement.—*Times.*

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Peppet, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman," Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing and she ought never to lose it."

Lessons in Woodcraft.

1. Notes of the barred owl and loon indicate rain within twelve hours. In the fall wet weather follows the cry of the loon.

2. Bark grows thickest on the north side of trees. Girdle a tree if you wish to tell which is north.

3. The centre of rotten stumps affords dry stuff for kindling fire in drenching rain.

4. A torch which will last many hours is made from half-inch strips of cedar bark bound together in layout two feet long or more.

5. To hold a boat in a swift current, set the pole, oar or paddle on the bottom at an oblique angle with the side of the boat resting against it. Very little strength will be required.

6. To mend a birch canoe cut a patch of bark large enough to cover the fracture; sew it on with an awl and stout cord of hemlock roots; then apply a piece of natural spruce gum to the seams or joints with a glowing brand used as a soldering iron.

7. To carry a fish of two pounds weight and upward, place it between hemlock boughs of the proper length, tied together at both ends and in the middle, with bark, roots, or cord. It will keep fresh and sweet a long time, is easily cured, and will not soil what it touches.

8. To mend a broken oar or paddle, bevel the fractured parts so as to make a neat joint, pass a wooden plug through both, and serve neatly with twine to cover the joint. Or, having made a joint, as above, bore two gimlet holes two inches apart, double four feet of wire so that the ends will pass through the holes in the same direction; then whip or serve neatly with the wire, and finish with a service of twine.

9. For night shooting, chalk the gun barrels lengthwise from breech to muzzle; or, make a foresight by lashing a V shaped stick to the muzzle. By bringing the object within the V, a good bead can be drawn.

10. When a tree brushes off wisps of hay from a load, the hay falls on that side of the tree toward which the cart is going. In summer hay is carted from the field to the barn, unless stacked when cut. In winter it is carted out from the barn to stock employed in cutting logs, wood, etc. Salt or wild hay is most generally stacked. It can be distinguished from the field hay by the taste and smell.

11. An excellent moccasin, nearly waterproof, is made from the hind leg of a moose, cut above and below the hock, the hock forming the heel. It is wholly without seam, except where sewed up at the toe. If tanned with the hair on it, it is very warm when worn in dry snow.

12. A table is easily constructed by taking a turn with a rope around each trunk of three or more trees or saplings conveniently near together; nail taut, make fast, and lay boards on top.

He was Not a Policeman.

The other night two rough looking customers got into a quarrel about half-past twelve o'clock, on the corner of a Galveston street. They were both bad men who, ordinarily, did not know what fear was, but they knew each other's prowess, and hence each was unwilling to bring on the conflict. They were the two hardest cases on Galveston island. They walked around each other like two lions, gritting their teeth, with their fists doubled up, and muttering curses. A man in dark clothes was standing near the lamp-post, quietly watching the progress of events.

"If it wasn't for that policeman there I'd have your heart's blood," said one, edging up closer to his antagonist and gritting his teeth.

"Your lips would be closed in death now if it was not for that same policeman," said the other glaring like a tiger.

"Gentlemen, I am no policeman, I am just looking on," said the spectator.

The two gladiators drew closer to the man to satisfy themselves that they could rend each other unmolested. The man smiled and said:

"Sullin, gentlemen, I won't hurt you.

Having satisfied themselves that the spectator was a harmless, timid man, one of the gladiators reached out from the shoulder and sent the amazed third party rolling into the street.

"Hit him agin, Jimmy," yelled the second ruffian, planting a well directed kick that lifted the flying man off the ground.

The spectator ran off like a turkey and finally made his escape, although closely pursued by the two deadly enemies.

When explaining to his friends how he came by the black eye, the victim tells a very different story, and deprecating the efficiency of the Galveston police, says he shall regret to the last day of his life that he did not have the legal authority to arrest the ruffians and take them both to jail.

Scientific Miscellany.

Trichinæ are by no means confined to pork. Two French soldiers died lately of trichinosis contracted by eating the flesh of geese. Dr. Glendening has detected the dangerous parasites in pike caught near Ostend.

The *Journal of Science* says that as the use of palls and mourners' cloaks at funerals furnishes a very efficient medium for the spread of infectious diseases, their employment has been formally abolished among the Jewish community.

It is said that a girl who died recently at the Hotel Dieu, of Caen, the whole of the thoracic and abdominal organs were found completely inverted, the heart being at the right side, and the liver at the left, while its usual position was occupied by the stomach and the spleen.

Gustav Engel has experimented upon animal and vegetable substances to ascertain the principles involved in dyeing. All the experiments agreed in proving that the facility with which substances absorb and retain dyes depends almost entirely upon physical structure, and especially upon capillarity.

Horse Raising in Kentucky.

Kentucky air and grass will do a great deal for a horse. I have seen them make the lame horse run like a deer, and the barren mare become the dam of famous trotters, but they will not make the horse business a uniformly successful one in the hands of the inexperienced. Kentucky breeders are, almost to a man, enthusiasts. They have grown up with horses from boyhood, and their judgment on questions of horseflesh has been transformed into an infallible instinct. They have also in their own persons paid the cost of experience. A few years ago they bred for speed alone. If they made a mistake their horse purchance would be worth nothing except for a pony phaeton or a butcher's cart. Now they breed for speed first of all, but incident ally for style and size. If a horse then fails to make a trotter, a good price awaits him as a coach-horse or roadster. If he gives definite promise of turning out fast, a promise which is requires a horseman's eye to discern, his speed is developed by an expensive course of training. Training only pays the breeder so far as his horses' achievements advertise his farm. The 2:14 record of Maud S. has not only increased her own value, it has probably doubled the value of her sire; and will enable Mr. Alexander readily to dispose of all his Harold colts simply on the score of their pedigree. This is what every Kentucky breeder tries to do. For this reason, if for no other, he wants to have some of his horses make a record. Then he can get rid of them before the expense of their maintenance for a number of years has swallowed up the possibilities of profit. Advertising is, however, but one of his means of accomplishing this object. He has a dozen others. The most potent as well as the most unconscious is his power of entertaining his prospective customers. It really would pay a man to go through the blue-grass region once in search of a horse which he does not want, just for the pleasure of being entertained on the various farms. At all events the men who do come here really to purchase enjoy triumphal processions in their progress through the three counties.

More Wife Than Country.

The other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the doctors present began edging for the door as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said:

"Don't leave us now, I want you to hear what the speaker is saying. Hear him! He says we must triumph or the country is doomed."

"Yes, I know, but I've got to slope along towards home," was the reply.

"Home? Great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech! There he goes again! He asks if you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities—our fertile farms returned to the wilderness—our families crowding the poor houses until there is no longer room to receive another one?"

"No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort o' work my way out."

"Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it's again! He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave? He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandsires—if you have forgotten the sound of liberty bell?"

"I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must."

"Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you."

"I can't say as to that," replied the man as he crowded along; "but I am dead sure that the old woman will if I don't get home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast!"

"Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty?" exclaimed the other.

"I don't know as I do, but I git more of it."

"And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction?"

"I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill," slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door, "but if you had a wife who could begin jawing at 10 o'clock and not lose a minute till daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do and let this glorious old Republic squeeze through some mighty fine knot holes."

Bully for George.

A crowd composed mostly of farmers got to talking politics in a hotel barn on Grand River street, Detroit, Mich., a day or two ago, and the dispute grew so hot that two of the party came to blows. The affair had just ended when an old man drove up in a wagon, and he was at once informed that his son George had been in a fight.

"Has he? Has he? And did he have a fair show?"

"Yes."

"It was square work, was it?"

"It was, and your boy got licked."

"Not!"

"Yes, he did. In three minutes he was cleanest right out and used up."

"Did he make an apology?"

"He did."

"And said he was in the wrong?"

"Yes."

"And did he leave the barn on a run?"

"No; he walked over to the drug store."

"Walked, eh? Bully for George! It did make me feel bad to hear he was bounced, but the most I feared was that he started on a run for home and left me to load two barrels of salt."

"Figures won't lie" is a mistake. Some of the finest figures on the street are nothing but——!

It is better to be righter of wrongs than a writer about wrongs.

Worse off than the Prodigal.

In an alley off Hastings street just back of a tumble down rookery, a member of the sanitary police squad found a man lying under a wagon and inquired if he was ill. The man pointed to the old house, cautioned the officer to speak low, and replied:

"I'm the husband of the woman you see hanging out clothes over there."

"And why are you hiding here?"

"I've been off on a spree for a whole week."

"Ah! I see. It is the return of the prodigal."

"Wuss than that, sir. The prodigal had no wife, and he didn't steal the rent money to get drunk on. Oh, I'll catch it, sir, if you don't intercede for me."

"But what can I do?"

"You slip around to the front of the house and say you have news for her. Watch her face and see how she takes it. Then tell her it's about me. Watch and see if she gets white around the mouth. Tell her that you have news that I was drowned at the ferry dock. Watch her tears at this point. Tell her I called her names as I went down for the last time. Watch and see if it melts her. If I can get her all broken down and contrite I'll burst in on her and get her forgiveness before she gets over wiping her eyes and pulling her nose. Go, now, and I'll owe you a debt of gratitude all my life, I think Mary will melt under your soft words."

The officer slipped around and told the wife that her husband was hiding in the alley, and then took a position where he could witness what followed. He had hardly secured it when the man came down the alley on a gallop, followed at a short distance by the wife, armed with a hoe handle. There were no words spoken, but the man simply threw up clouds of dust with his heels as he put on steam, and as he passed the officer he somewhat curtly observed:

"Ah! but ye ain't worth shucks at the melting business!"

New and Stale Bread.

The nature of the difference between new and stale bread is far from being known. It is only lately that the celebrated French chemist, Boussingault, instituted an inquiry into it, from which it results that the difference is not the consequence of desiccation, but solely of the cooling of the bread. If we take fresh bread into the cellar or in any place where it cannot dry, the inner part of the loaf, it is true, is found to be crumbly, but the crust is no longer brittle. If stale bread is taken into the oven again it assumes all the qualities of fresh baked bread, although in the hot oven it must undoubtedly have lost part of its moisture. M. Boussingault has made a fresh loaf of bread the subject of minute investigation, and the results are anything but uninteresting. New bread, in its smallest parts, is so soft, clammy, flexible and glutinous, (in consequence of the starch during the process of fermenting and baking being changed into mucilaginous dextrine) that by mastication it is with greater difficulty separated and reduced to smaller parts is less under the influence of the saliva and digestive juices. It consequently forms itself into hard balls by careless and hasty mastication and deglutition, becomes coated over by saliva and slime, and in this state enters the stomach. The gastric juice being unable to penetrate such hard masses, and being scarcely able even to act upon the surface of them, they frequently remain in the stomach unchanged, and, like foreign bodies, irritate and incommode it, inducing every species of suffering—oppression of the stomach, pain in chest, disturbed circulation of the blood, congestions and pains in the head, irritation of the brain, and inflammation, apoplectic attacks, cramp and delirium.

Women Arresting a Tory.

It was a man who sketched the days preceding the American Revolution by the significant words, "There are times that try men's souls." If a woman had written them, she would have inserted "and women's."

The insertion would have been justified by the facts. Women encouraged the men to resist the claims of Parliament. When war resulted, and the men went into the army