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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

ON THE BAY.

How oft at twilight hour
We two went floating off upon the wave!
The West resplendent with its sunset dower,
The East all luminous, yet softly grave;

The ocean spread around,
Just ruffled, yet reflecting every hue,
Marking with foam each emerald islet's bound,
And gliding back its billows to renew.

Then the lone sea-bird sped
Its trackless way with many a plaintive cry;
The winds swept slowly, and from ocean's bed
Rose perfumes that e'en now seem gathering nigh.

Leaning on idle oars
We gazed on hills whose feet were on the sand;
Their crowns rose grandly where the sunlight pours
Its last rich flood on rippling sea and land.

In all the long, bright past—
When ocean, earth and sky in blest accord,
Their spell of light, song, motion round us cast—
There are no dearer hours in memory's ward.

The cup our lips did press
In that glad time was trembling to the brim
With its sweet draught of mortal happiness,—
Not wasted, lost, but grown far off and dim

The Two Ruths.

Enoch Brown was the schoolmaster of the settlement.

He was a tall, angular man, very stern in his demeanor, exceedingly exemplary in his conduct and of undoubted courage.

The schoolhouse was situated on a little knoll in the woods, and a purling brook wound its way lazily through the meadows which had been cleared along its banks by the settlers. It was a rude wooden structure built of logs and rudely and uncomfortably furnished.

Archie McCullough, a bright faced boy, quick and intelligent, was the youngest child in the school, and Master Brown's favorite. One beautiful morning in summer—it was in July, 1764—to be particular, on the 20th day of the month—he came into the school-room beaming all over with smiles and happy as the day was long. Master Brown had already arrived, had swept out the school-house, dusted the desks and benches and put everything to rights.

"Why you are early, Archie," he said to the child, with a smile, as the young lad entered with his broad brimmed straw hat in his hand and his tiny dinner basket on his arm.

"Yes, sir," the boy answered timidly but respectfully, "I always like to get to school early, but some of the boys don't want to come to-day. I saw one of them in the woods and he said he was going to play hookey."

"He must be a bad boy, Archie," the master said. "Who was he?"

"He asked me not to tell, and I said I wouldn't."

"It was not a good promise to make, my child," Master Brown replied, "but having made it you must keep it. It is as bad to break your word as to tell a lie."

The child hung down his head and was silent. Presently he looked up and running to the door, said:

"Here comes the two Ruths."

Two little girls entered, Ruth Hall and Ruth Hart by name, smiling at Archie and curtseying to Master Brown as they came into the door. They were tiny things, about the same age both of them, and might have been mistaken for twins but for the familiar manner in which their names were occupied by their companions, "the two Ruths." Other children followed coming in one by one and tardy, until nine had assembled. With the exception of the two Ruths all were boys, and none of them seemed anxious to begin the duties of the day.

"Has anybody seen Eden Taylor and George Dunstan this morning?" the master asked.

Eden was the biggest boy in the school, being about fifteen years of age, and George was a year or two younger. Nobody had seen either of them, but just then they entered the school room together, looking very pale and thoroughly frightened.

"We saw Indians in the bushes," Eden exclaimed, gasping for breath, and George corroborated the alarming news. Dime novels were not published at that day as at this to excite the imagination of children, so that Brooklyn boys are occasionally found wandering in New Jersey in search of Indians, but stories of Indian massacres were often told and the hunting grounds of the Shawanese savages in the Kitrochtinny mountains were near enough to Enoch Brown's school for those relentless foes of the whites to put in an appearance at any time.

"You must be mistaken, boys," the master argued, remembering that similar stories had often been told by alarmed inhabitants which proved in the end to be without foundation. Take your books and we will proceed with the lessons."

A short prayer was made by Master Brown and then the work of the day began. But scarcely were the opening exercises finished when a noise at the door attracted the attention of the teacher. Suddenly it was thrown open and three Indians stood on the threshold. They were decorated with the war paint of their tribe and their tomahawks glittered in the morning sun. They glared into the room and Master Brown saw at a glance that their errand was an errand of death for him and the helpless children under his charge.

Consternation seized the children, who were too much frightened even to try to escape. But even if they had tried they could not have succeeded, for the long narrow windows cut between two logs were so high from the floor that the little ones could not have reached them. Hoping to save their lives even at the sacrifice of his own, Master Brown stepped to the door to trp and avert the impending blow.

"Kill me, torture me if you will," he cried in imploring tones, "but spare the lives of these innocent children."

"Pale face, it cannot be as you wish," one of the savages answered. "We came all the way from the mountains where the sun sets to send you where many of your white brothers have gone by the Red Man's hatchet. Why should we spare the young bucks and the two hinds there looking out of their great, round eyes? If we did as you bid us, before the next moon is hung in the sky the noise of the white man's gun would be heard in the mountains and there would be tongues to tell who it was that put the schoolmaster to death. No, we must kill all or none."

When this speech was finished the Indian sprang into the room while the others remained outside to guard the door and give timely notice to the fiend within in case they were discovered. The contest with the schoolmaster was soon decided. The Indian fiercely attacked him with his tomahawk and as Master Brown had nothing with which to defend himself but his hands the battle was a very unequal one. He fought bravely, however, and it was not until both his hands were disabled and his arms broken that the furious savage was able to strike him a fatal blow. Finally a blow upon the head felled him to the floor, and while he lay dying the Indian tore the scalp from his skull.

The children were almost frantic while this bloody scene was enacted, and kept running to and fro in their fright, conscious of the fate that impended over them. Some oak and hickory boughs had been placed in the great chimney a few days before, and although they were already wilted and nearly dry, Archie McCullough succeeded in concealing himself behind them. The two Ruths huddled together in a corner and vainly hoped to escape the fury of the savage.

"Now, little pale faces," the monster exclaimed, when the master lay scalped and dead on the floor, "the Indian will see that you tell no tales out of school, as the white man say."

The little ones were then killed one by one, each being dispatched with a single blow of the tomahawk. When all lay dead or dying, their scalps were torn off by the savage monster, who went hastily from one to the other fearing discovery before his bloody task was ended.

All this time Archie McCullough sat behind the wilted boughs in the chimney, looking in childish wonder at the horrible slaughter of his old school-mates. Thinking his work was finished the Indian turned to go, and in a moment the child would have been safe from the fate that befel his companions. Unfortunately for Archie the boughs behind which he was hidden did not entirely conceal him, and as the savage gave a last glance at his bloody achievement he perceived the boy concealed in the chimney corner. It would not do to allow the only witness of his crimes to escape, and with maddened fury the savage rushed upon the child.

"Oh, please, don't hurt me." Archie implored, but the savage was relentless.

A fearful blow laid the child prostrate, and tearing off his scalp also, the Indian left him to die among his dead companions.

The savages departed from the scene of the massacre, and for hours Archie McCullough was left with only the companionship of the dead.

Scalped and stunned the child survived, but was stone blind.

A settler happening to come near the schoolroom about noon, and observing the unusual quiet at a time when it was to be expected the children would be at play, was led to look in at the door.

The scene that met his gaze baffles description.

Ten lifeless bodies lay stretched upon the floor.

Archie McCullough, moaning and crying, was crawling about among his dead companions, running his fingers through their hair, and smoothing his hands over their faces as if seeking to distinguish them by the touch. The man looked in grief and wonder upon the death scene which met his eyes, and while he looked the child touched in succession the forms of the two girls.

"The two Ruths," he exclaimed, crying with grief and moaning with pain.

The children were taken up and buried in the same grave with Master Brown, and the whole neighborhood participated in their obsequies. There was a vacant place at ten hearthstones for each of the murdered scholars belonged to different families. Although more than a hundred years have elapsed since the massacre, the story is told in the neighborhood of what is known as Brown's School-house to this day, as the most noteworthy tradition of the locality, and it certainly is one of the most terrible episodes of Indian marauding on the early frontier.

Archie McCullough lived to be an old man, but his sight never returned, and the bright intelligence of his childhood had departed forever. A mumbling imbecile he would often try to decribe the terrible scene which had crazed his brain, and to the last day of his life he would moan and cry over the fate of "the two Ruths."

That Barrel.

Just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the church spires and white-washing the back kitchens of Detroit, a man and a barrel were discovered at a stairway on Monroe avenue. He was a small man and it was a big barrel, and pedestrians who saw him looking up the stairs and back at the barrel inferred that it was his intention to elevate it to the third story. But how?

"I'd rig a tackle and pulley in that third story window," said the first man who halted. "That's your easiest way, and there's no danger of accident."

He leaned against the lamp-post to calculate on the length of rope and the lifting power required, and along came a man who took in the situation at a glance and said:

"Go and get some scantlings fourteen feet long and lay 'em on the stairs. Then two men can roll that barrel up there as slick as grease."

The little man looked around in a helpless sort of way, and a third man came blustering up and called out:

"Want to get that barrel up stairs, eh? Well, now, fasten your pulley at the head of the stairs and ten men down here can snake the barrel up stairs in no time. Where's your tackle?"

By this time the crowd had increased to twenty, and was pretty evenly divided between a dead lift through one of the front windows and a pulley at the top of the stairs but the man who suggested the skids had a very loud voice and was determined to carry his point. Taking off his coat, he said:

"I know what I'm talking about, and I say that I can skid that barrel up there alone. You just wait a minute."

He crossed the street to an unfinished building and returned with a couple of 2x4 scantlings and laid them on the stairs, and the crowd now numbered fifty.

"You want this barrel on the third floor do you?" he asked of the little man.

"Yes—but—but——"

"But what?"

"Why I was waiting for my wife to get the clothes-horse out of the upper hall. She's all ready now, and I'll take it up."

And the little man shouldered the barrel and trotted briskly up stairs between the kids. It was empty!

Importance of a Clean Skin.

Most of our invalids are such, and millions of more healthy people will become invalids, for want of paying the most ordinary attention to the requirements of the skin. That membrane is too often regarded as a covering only, instead of a complicated piece of machinery, scarcely second in its texture and sensitiveness to the ear or the eye. Many treat it with as little reference to its proper functions as if it were nothing better than a bag for their bones. It is this inconsideration for the skin that is the cause of a very large proportion of the diseases in the world. If, as claimed by some scientists, four fifths, in bulk, of all we eat, and drink, must either pass off through the skin or be turned back upon the system as a poison, and that life depends as much upon these exhalations through the skin as upon inhaling pure air through the lungs, it must be of the most vital importance to keep that channel free.

The Red Sea.

The Red sea is so called from a certain tawny tinge of its waters as well as for the red coral in its coast, but why the black sea should have that epithet it is difficult to say, unless on account of the scowling, thunderous appearance it presents in winter, when it is swept by disastrous storms. The sea on the southern coast of England is a peculiar light gray-green caused by the chalk-cliffs which are being constantly eroded and washed away by the ocean-billows. A very striking instance of water colored in this way is seen in Northumberland straight, Gulf of St. Lawrence, especially after a storm. The soft, reddish shores of Prince Edward's island are eaten away and absorbed by the sea, which thus assumes a rich coffee-color, very vivid, and, when glistening in the sun, and tinged here and there with reflections of the blue overhead, extraordinarily rich in tone, and strongly resembling polished syenite. It is well known that the Amazon dyes the sea for hundred of miles beyond the land with the ochre-tinted silt it washes down from the pampas and the far-off mountains of Peru. The warmth of the water in tropical latitudes seems to have the same effect on the monsters of the deep that the climate has on the temperament of man. The barracuda is savage and aggressive as a tiger, and the cruel voracity of the King of the Cannibal islands is quite eclipsed by the horrible, treacherous, stealthy nature of that sea-pirate, the man-eating shark. It is stated, and from what I have heard I am inclined to thing it is true, that the shark prefers white men to negroes, and will only attack and eat the latter on rare occasions. An English frigate's crew on the edge of the Bahama bank killed sixty of these monsters in one day's sport a few days ago, so numerous are they in those waters. This might have been a means taken by the British Government to revenge itself, as on some savage tribe, regardless of diplomatic remonstrances and the courtesy of nations, for the liberty taken by the sharks with the crew of an English ship-of-war some years earlier. The Magpie schooner was cruising off Cuba for pirates when she was struck by an "ox-eye" squall—a wind coming without other warning than a small round cloud in a clear sky, rushing with the rapidity of a cannon-ball. She was over in an instant, and, to make a long story short, the whole crew but two were devoured by a school of sharks which were lying in wait. Gliding in among the horror-stricken seamen, they played with them for a while as a cat does with her prey. But the first taste of blood was like alcohol to a drunkard, and in a few moments only two of the crew survived in a boat which had floated off from the vessel as she went down. After they had been in the boat several days, parched, starved and roasted by the tropic sun, a brig hove in sight, slowly passing two miles away with a very light morning air just filling the sails. As she did not seem to see the boat, one of the men jumped into the water and swam off to her. He was followed by two sharks, which kept him company the whole of that long, awful swim. But he scared them off by flapping his jacket—the shark is a great coward. Just as he was about to give up the race in despair, the man at the wheel looked over the rail and he saw him. A boat was lowered, and he and his shipmate were saved. Nothing one sees at sea so sends an involuntary shudder through him as to see the edge of the dorsal fin of a shark floating like an upright spar on the surface of the water. You know at once that mischief is lurking near.

A Combat at Ten Paces with Pistols.

Two gentleman, of New Orleans, recently repaired to the rear of Michaud's plantation, in Orleans Parish, a place on the line of the railroad. The desired location having been secured, preparations were made for single combat, and in a few minutes, each with a heavy duelling pistol they faced about readily and steadily 10 paces from each other, resolved to go through all the formalities and courtesies of the code of honor with the proverbial courage of Louisianans. At the words, "Are you ready?" the weapons were raised almost stimultaneously with a firm and determined grasp. When the command "Fire" was given, the pistol fell out of the hand of one of the combats, who was found to have received the ball in the right arm, the missile entering underneath the elbow, glancing upward, and lodging in the muscles under the shoulder-blade. This put an end to the duel, and honor was satisfied. The doctor in attendance dressed and bandaged the wound, but preferred to wait until the removal of the gentleman to the city before proceeding to extract the ball, as the wound was not serious. The whilom enemies were then reconciled, and mutual courtesies were exchanged. The wounded man, together with his seconds, was conveyed to New Orleans on a railroad hand car, as there is now no night train from Mobile to this city. They arrived at 8 o'clock, a carriage was procured, and the victim of the code was taken home, where the doctor who had attended him previously pronounced him out of danger, as no bones had been fractured and no vital spot injured. The other parties who had remained with their uninjured friend repaired to a neighboring house where they remained till dark, returning to New Orleans in a wagon by 11 o'clock. Thus this unpleasent misunderstanding between two gentlemen extensively known in this city ended to the satisfaction of all without any serious result and with only the inconvenience to one of the principals of a painful, though not serious, wound in the arm. A curious circumstance connected with the duel is that the injured man would infallibly have been killed had he not held his arm slightly bent, thus covering his right breast, which the ball would have pierced through and through, considering the distance of only 10 paces and the heavy calibre of the duelling pistols.

Cachmere Shawls.

The manufacture of shawls at Cachmere, with supplies all the world with a splendid article of dress, furnishes employment to the industry of nearly fifty thousand individuals. It would perhaps be difficult to determine with accuracy the quantity of shawls manufactured annually; but the number of looms employed is said to be sixteen thousand, and supposing five shawls are on an average made at each loom, it would give eighty thousand in the course of the year. A shop may be occupied with one shawl, provided it be a remarkably fine one, above a year, while other shops make six or eight in the course of that period. Of the best and most worked kinds, not so much as a quarter of an inch is completed in one day by the three people, which is the usual number employed at most of the shops. Shawls containing much work are made in separate pieces at different shops; and it may be observed, that it very rarely happens that the pieces when completed correspond in size. The shop consists of a framework, at which the persons employed sit on a bench; their number is from two to four. On plain shawls two people alone are employed, and a long narrow, but heavy shuttle is used; those of which the pattern is variegated are worked with wooden needles, there being a separate needle for the thread of each color, and without the aid of a shuttle The operation of their manufacture is of course slow, proportionate to the quantity of work which their patterns may require. The women and children pick out the fine wool from the coarse hair, and other heterogeneous matter, which is afterwards carded by young girls with their fingers on India muslin, to lengthen the fibre and clean it from dirt, and in this state it is delivered to the dyers and spinners. The loom that is used is very simple and horizontal. The weaver sits on the bench, a child is placed before him with his eyes on the pattern, and gives him notice after every throw of the shuttle of the colors wanted and the bobbins to be next employed. The Oostaud, or head workman, superintends, while his journeymen are employed near him immediately under his directions. If they have any new pattern in hand, or one with which they are not familiar, he describes to them the figures, color and threads which they are to use, while he keeps before them the pattern on which they happen to be employed, drawn upon paper. During the operation of manufacturing the right side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame; notwithstanding which, the Oostaud never mistakes the regularity of the most figured piece. The wages of the head workmen (the employer furnishing the materials) are from six to eight pice per day; of the common workmen from one to four pice; which currency in Cachmere may be valued at three-half pence each. When a merchant enters into trade he frequently engages several shops, which he collects in a spot under his own eye; or he supplies the head workman with thread which has been spun by women, and previously colored; and they carry on the manufacture at their own homes, having beforehand received instruction from the merchant respecting the quality of the goods he may require, their colors, patterns, etc. After the goods are finished the merchant carries them to the custom house, where each shawl is stamped, and pays a certain duty, the amount of which is settled according to the value and quality of the piece. The officer of the Government generally fixes the values beyond what the goods are in reality worth, and the duty levied on this estimate is one-fifth. Most shawls are exported from Cachmere unwashed and fresh from the loom. Amritser is the great shawl mart, and they are better washed and packed than in Cachmere; but of those sent to the Westward, many are worn unwashed.

Animal Prognostics.

The lower animals in a state of nature, or exposed in the open fields, are very susceptible of atmospheric changes. Sheep eat greedily before a storm, and sparingly before a thaw. When they leave the high parts of their range, when they bleat much in the evening, or during the night, we may expect severe weather. Goats seek a place of shelter, while swine carry litter, and cover themselves better than ordinary before a storm. Frost is foretold by the cat scratching a post or wall; and a thaw, when she washes her face, or when frogs come from their winter concealment. The gathering of grouse into large flocks, the diving of sparrows in dry dust, the fluttering of wild ducks as they flap their wings, the dismal, lengthened howl of seagulls in an inland place, or around lakes, the mournful note of the curlew, the shrill whew of plover, the whet-whet-whet of the chaffinch perched upon a tree, the crowing of the cock at unusual times, all prognosticate rain or snow. When the fieldfare, redwing, starling, swan, snowfleck, and other birds of passage, arrive soon from the north, it indicates an early and severe winter. When gnats bite very keenly, when flies keep near the ground (shown by swallows that feed upon the wing flying low) we look for wind and rain. But the most wonderful influence of atmospheric changes is upon these creatures that burrow in the ground. The earth worm appearing in abundance indicates rain. In like manner the mole seems to feel its approach, as a day or two before he raises more hillocks than usual; and when, after a long, severe frost, he begins again to work, it will soon become fresh. The effect of electricity are well known, both on the atmosphere and on animals; and the position of the aqueous vapors with the relaxing damp near the face of the earth, which in certain states takes place, may give rise to this increased activety.

"There is a Reaper."

Jasper Smith, a farmer's hired man, was sent to town to buy a scythe. After he had taken several drinks to sharpen his experience, he started out to buy the scythe.

By the time he was ready to buy his scythe the beer had worked up into his head, and he insisted on trying the blade before paying for it. In his ardor he came nearly mowing the legs off several pedestrians, and when he failed to lop off a hitching post at one awful blow he threw down the scythe in disgust and refused to shell out for damages.

"Sun-beaten agriculturalist, what means such conduct?" asked the court as the sheepish looking prisoner was brought forth.

"All I can remember seems like a dream," answered the man.

"You don't remember of trying to mow an alderman's feet off?"

"No."

"Nor of mowing down bales of calico and strings of straw hats?"

"No."

"Well, I'll fix it so you won't be so absent-minded next time. Your fine is five dollars."

"That's a heap of money, remarked the prisoner as he went down for his sinking fond.

"Well, no one else had any fun out of it but you. It wasn't like going off on an excursion and dividing up the scenery and eating ice cream off the same dish with a cross-eyed woman."

The man paid, but he looked purple around the mouth and the nose as he went out, and when Bijah called to him that he had left his hat he turned and replied:

"Oh, I'll remember you, you old baldhead! The first time I catch you out on a huckleberry excursion I break you in two across a fence-rail!"

Large Powder Blasts.

Some time since a blast of 12,000 pounds of powder was exploded in the quarry of the Glendon Iron Company, near Easton, Pa., displacing 60,000 tons of rock. The discharge was discribed in some of the newspapers as probably the heaviest charge not sub-aqueous ever fired in the country. To this a California mining journal takes exception, and says that much larger charges are frequently exploded in the gravel mines of that State. Very recently the Reservoir Ditch Company put off in their mine, at Sucker Flat, Yuba county, a blast of 50,000 pounds of Judson powder, a very powerful explosive, and by which between 200,000 and 300,000 cubic yards of gravel, some of it indurated into a hard cement, were so shattered that the most of it can be piped off under the heavy head of waters there used. Occasionally even a greater amount of powder than this is exploded by the larger hydraulic mining companies, who find it economical to employ such heavy charges as doing more proportionate execution than small ones.

Mr. Whooper's Affliction.

Mr. Whooper came into Judge Perkin's office the other day, and after drawing a chair close up to the Judge he took a seat, put his hat on the table, wiped his nose thoughtfully, and said:

"I say, Judge, what do you charge a man for getting him a divorce?"

"A divorce, Mr Whooper? You are not thinking of that, I hope?"

"Well, yes I was," said Mr. Whooper, with a mournful air.

"Quarrelled with your wife?"

"Not exactly—but—well, I reckon I might as well explain the matter to you. You see, I love Pandora well enough. I think a good deal of her, but blame it, Judge, I can't stand her ridiculous ways."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, you see, she's a somnambulist—has a habit of walking in her sleep. She will get up at night, any time almost, and go fumbling around the house in the most reckless manner. When she gets tired she'll turn in anywhere and roost until morning. I have found her twice sitting on top of the flour barrel, sleeping sweet as a baby; three times I've waked her up in the coal bin, and once, when she had the nightmare, I found her hanging across the back fence—said she dreamed she was a pillow case, and that she had been hung there after the wash to dry. I tell you it tears a man's feelings up like thunder!"

"You oughto bear it with great resignation."

"Well, I have tried to; but I can't. About a month ago, while she was meandering around in the dining room, she kicked over a table and made a terrific noise. Nearly scared me to death. I thought there were burglars in the house, and so I sprung a rattle out of the window, and fired my revolver twice down into the entry. When the policemen came I let 'em in, and we began a search, with pistols in our hands. Upon entering the dining room we found Mrs. Whooper sitting there, holding an umbrella on her left arm, as if it was a baby, while she was trying to feed it with the vinegar cruet. Fast asleep, of course! I'm ashamed to meet the neighbors on the street, now; I can hear 'em snicker as I go past."

"No doubt Mrs. Whooper was sorry?"

"Oh, of course, sorry! Apologized and all that!" Said she'd never do it again. But only two night's later she had a vision or something, moving her to rise, pick up my waistcoat and shirt from a chair, and go out and bury them in the asparagus bed. When she came back I was awake. She had the shovel over her shoulder, and I watched her seize my socks and false teeth and start down stairs with them. I junped out of bed and caught her. I shook her until she woke, and then she tried to beg off by explaining that she dreamed she had discovered a way of raising waistcoats and artificial teeth on trees, so that she could pick 'em for me when they were ripe. That woman has the insanest old dreams that ever rattled around in a female brain-pan."

"It is merely her misfortune."

"That's true! That's so! I pity her but what's a man to do? You know the headboard on our bedstead? Well, it's about nine feet high. Last Thursday week I was waked in the night by a strange noise. I missed Pandora, but looking around I found her perched on the top of the head-board with an open umbrella in one hand and a handbox in the other. She had on a night dress and a sun-bonnet, and when I asked her what on earth she was about, she told me to 'give some oats to the off-horse.' Then she kicked the head-board with her heels, uttered a wild cahoot, and the next minute she plunged head downward upon the bed, broke three slats and brought her aunt down stairs from the third story, four steps at a jump, under the impression that there had been an earthquake. When she came to she said she'd been reading in the papers about the four-in-hand coaches, and somehow she got to dreaming she was driving one for a bet. Now, I tell you it's pretty hard for a man to stand this kind of thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"But I would have stood it if she hadn't carried it a little too far. She asked me a few days ago to let her tie a string to her ankle and to raise, so that when she got up in her sleep she would wake me. I agreed. She said *string*, mind you, but when she came to do the tying she used the stoutest kind of twine! Anyhow, all went well until last night, when Pandora, while asleep, became impressed with the idea that she was crossing the Alps, or swimming the Atlantic ocean, or something, for she rose and went over to the staircase. Just as she reached the top landing her foot must have caught in the carpet, for she shot down the stairs head foremost, like a stone out of a catapult; and, of course, as I was tied to her, I suddenly went booming out of bed, and the first thing I knew I was lying on the floor feeling a little uncertain whether a volcano had all at once developed under the bed, or whether a barrel of gunpowder had exploded in the cellar. Then I felt Pandora pulling at the other end of the rope, and I comprehended the situation. When I picked her up she said she wasn't hurt much, and I've no doubt she'll spend to-night sliding up and down the water spout on the outside of the house; only she'll have to go it alone. This lets her out. I'm going to get a divorce. How much will it cost?"

The Judge promised to give him the information next day, but he didn't call, and the supposition is that he was persuaded to give Pandora one more chance. But there is going to be a painful domestic tragedy at Whooper's some day unless Mrs. W. learns to stick to her pillow.

Rules for Visitors to a Fair.

Don't come in over the fence, but through the gate. The fence is simply for ornament.

Keep to the right as you pass around. If you don't you may get left.

If you observe any animal which strikes your particular fancy go by it at once.

In passing around among the live stock remember that the horses and cattle are well heeled.

Beware of pickpockets! It order not to put them to unnecessary trouble, carry your wallets in your hands.

In case you get lost, hire some one to find you. Twelve cheap boys will be stationed on the ground for this purpose.

In walking 'round you will find plenty of chances to get a square meal.

An efficient corps of police are on the ground, ready to club in and help make the Fair a success.

Any man caught squinting at the weather and predicting rain will be ordered to dry up.

The half-mile track is not a mile around. Bear this in mind and it may save you much sorrow in after years.

In case your pig don't get a prize don't bristle up about it.

When you get tired of sitting take a grand stand.

Quarters have been provided for all the officers of the association, but if you want a quarter you must go down in your pocket.

The best kind of revenge is that which is taken by him who is so generous that he refuses to take any revenge at all.

Rules.

Never lie in bed in the morning, unless you feel like getting up. Then, all authorities agree, you should remain between the sheets.

Before eating, run around your block until your legs are reduced to the elasticity of rubber, and then have somebody carry you to the druggist's, where you should go through three course of indiscriminate dosing.

By this time you will be ready for breakfast.

Eat anything and everything you religiously hate. Never indulge the palate in its capriciousness.

The same as to the stomach. It can be set down as an axiom, that whatever that organ asks for is just what it ought not to have.

After breakfast, as some hygeists prescribe exercise while others insist on perfect quiet, it will be well for you to combine in your practice the teachings of both classes.

Jump over the table a few score of times; then lie upon the sofa for, say, fifteen minutes.

If you experience any discomfort upon arising, you should attribute it to an insufficiency of the first part of the programme.

Resume the table-jumping.

Spend the remainder of your time until dinner visiting your friends and getting their advice and prescriptions for the alleviation of your peculiar symptoms.

They all understand your case perfectly, and will give their advice gratis.

Go to the druggist's and make the purchases necessary to a following of their directions, taking thought, by the way, to engage a drayman to fetch them home for you.

At dinner the field for acquiring health is illimitable.

First eat everything that "agrees" with Mrs. Smith; then pay proper attention to whatever "sets well" on the tender stomach of the elderly maiden Brown; after which take in turn the things recommended by Mrs. Johnson's grandmother, Mr. Johnson's favorite physician, and the Indian doctor of the mediumistic Miss Bloggs.

And now pay strict attention to the drayman's load.

You will need no other exercise, if you do justice to the pills and potions recommended by your kind friends.

If you feel no improvement by supper time, you have indubitable evidence that you have either omitted something or partaken too sparingly of one or several prescriptions.

Make up your mind to make amends for your shortcoming by purchasing a double quantity on the morrow, and also by extending your researches among a wider circle of your friends.

The evening meal offers further opportunities for stomachic experiments.

The proper study of mankind is man. Never forget that.

After supper, until bedtime, pass your time in reading or conversing about the stomach and liver and upon like inspiriting topics.

Never for a moment forget you have a stomach. You will have your reward.

Your stomach will never forget you. It will ever remind you of its presence.

If you are sleepy, sit up; if not, go to bed. You thus bring your body under subjection, which is a great point gained.

On the question of open windows doctors disagree. Therefore, hire a domestic to open and close yours through the night. It is even better if you can contrive to do this yourself. It gives you exercise not otherwise convenient of attaining.

In brief—
Think only of your health.
Follow everybody's advice.
Take all the medicine you can get.

And, if you are not untimely taken off, you will live to be an enduring monumet of the correctness of these brief directions, and a pest to all who know you.

Berkley's Masquerade.

"Better go Dick," said Ned Hatton, "Lot's o' fun. The grandest thing of the season. Nuthin' yet like it. The masks and git-ups all of the latest and funniest Parisian style."

Dick Berkley took the cigar from his mouth, blew out a spiral cloud of smoke, and reflected a moment. They were in Beckley's sitting room, and the door which opened into the hall was slightly ajar. Both men had their backs to the door, and faces towards the blazing grate.

"I would go if I was sure I could keep my wife from knowing it," said Berkley.

"Why, to be sure you can," replied his friend Hatton, a gray bachelor of thirty or more. "What is the use of being bound in the iron bonds of petticoat government, tied to a woman's apron strings, and make both a slave and a fool of yourself all your life. I tell you men like us, who are kept in courts and among legal papers and documents, need a little recreation sometimes."

"My wife would raise thunder if she knew of my going to a masquerade."

"The deuce! she need never know it," replied Hatton vehemently.

At this very moment Mrs. Berkley was passing through the hall, and paused at the door, having heard her husband's remark.

"Let's see. when is it!" asked Berkley.

"Next Tuesday night."

"I'll go."

"So will I," thought Mrs. Berkley, as she disappeared unobserved from the doorway.

"In my carriage?" asked Hatton.

"Yes; expect me in front of the Lindell, for there we can drive to Kruth's or Mrs. Purcell's for our costumes and masks."

Tuesday night came, and our two friends were at the masquerade. Berkley was disguised as a Turk, and his friend in the more hideous garb of an Indian.

There was one faultless form, dressed as a page of the olden time, which seemed to be the admiration of every one. Our friends were not long in finding this strangely disguised and evidently fast young lady, and she made herself especially pleasing to Berkley. The latter promenaded and danced with her, and they retired to another room for refreshments. The eyes which gleamed out from the holes in the mask our hero declared to be the most lovely he had ever beheld. While chatting and drinking sparkling champagne with the artful beauty, he chuckled to himself to think what a nice trick he had played on his wife.

"Now, my charmer," he said, pouring out a glass of champagne, "I drink to your health alone, and vow I love no other; after which I ask, as we are by ourselves, that we unmask."

"Bah, Sir Turk! you do not pretend to say you love me?"

"More than tongue can tell."

"And that you never loved another?"

"Never, by the jumping Jehosaphat."

"Nonsense, I'll venture you have a wife and half-a-dozen children."

"I swear by my beard I have not," vowed the Turk.

"Pshaw! we women know you men too well to believe what you say. Men must have some 'recreation,' you know," said the artful beauty.

"But know, dearest adored unknown," began our hero, pushing his chair just as close to the page as he could get it, and placing one arm affectionately around her waist, "that I have found my 'finity in you, that I never loved till I saw you, an' that I adore only you. Now I have made a full confession, and after requesting the pleasure of seeing you home, please allow me to remove this mask that must cover a face of exquisite loveliness."

Berkley had evidently drank too much champagne, or he would not have been so vehement in his remarks. He threw one arm around the young lady dressed in the fascinating costume of a page, raised the mask, and beheld the face of his wife.

"Consternation! Sallie, let's go home," he cried; and in fifteen minutes they were in a cab going toward their residence.

Mr. Berkley was a very quiet man for several days, and Mrs. Berkley enjoyed her victory in silence. A week or two after the affair, Hatton asked his friend what became of the girl dressed as a page, he was coming it over so sweetly at the masquerade.

"Don't mention it, Ned, for I have sworn I will never go to another masquerade while I live."

Ned Hatton thinks his friend Berkley was bitten some way.

The Texas Cow-Boy.

The Texas cowboy is a rare bird. He is a sort of happy jack of the wilderness, a dry land sailor, who takes his fun in large doses whenever he gets to port port being to him the nearest town with a dance house—his fun pure deviltry. He can yell louder in an unearthly key, swagger more and swear harder than any man of his inches on the continent. His dress is evidently intended to ape the Mexican counterfeit of the Spanish cavalier, with a sneaking regard for home conventionalities thrown in. Imagine the conglomeration! Having no fixity of form it is wholly indescribable and varies with the whim of the individual. Yet he is proud of his "make up," and pays particular attention to the style of his hat, boot and spurs. The hat is an elaborate affair. Broad leaved, tasselled and tinseled, it spreads its far-reaching shadow over the form of its festive owner a few acres beyond. His only pet is his horse; his only toy his pistol; but he would prefer losing his horse for a day to being severed from his six-shooter for a moment. All his strength is in his toy. Like the savage Indian, when deprived of his weapon his "heart is on the ground." A small boy could thresh him then. Give him the pistol and the "drop" on a man and he will rejoice in his ability to "bore a hole in him big enough for a good sized dog to crawl through," as if the boring process were something to be exceedingly proud of. This is because cowboys are not hung often in Texas, and the reason why they have not been is because they have been employed and protected by the cowman. We have had some very distinguished cowboys in this part of the world. Bill Longley, who killed thirty-seven men in the course of his brief experience, was a cowboy most of his time, as was also John Wesley Hardin, better known as Wes. Hardin, who has been to kill a man for snoring in his sleep. These miscreants have had no such word as fair play in their lexicon. If they intended to get a quarrel up they first "got the drop on their victim, then bullied him into active resistance, then shot him "in self-defense."

Strange Statistics.

The agents of the Water Board, in a large city, are now abroad with the assessments for the coming year, noting down increase or decrease in families, any introduction of new pipes, and whatever is necessary to aid the Board in making up a fair tax on each householder. It is the duty of these agents to ask various questions, and they expect truthful replies. When an agent asks if there has been any increase in the family, or if a bath tub has been put in, ten out of every fifteen citizens hesitate, stammer, and rather seek to convey the impression that nothing has occurred to cause an increase in rates. We all know how weak human nature sometimes is, but the following statistics, carefully compiled by these agents, should warn us that truth is the beacon light of safety. During the past year twelve citizens who had introduced bath tubs and failed to remember it, died after a brief illness, and in most cases each one seemed to have some awful trouble on his mind and died hard. Fourteen citizens who had branch pipes put in and failed to notify the agents were either taken down with a run of fever or went into bankruptcy. Four women who tried to slam the door on agent's, saying they didn