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DON'T HURRY TOO FAST TO BE RICH.

Your road through life may be thorny,
Your bed not of roses or down—
Remember what Shakespeare has written
Of those on whose head lies a crown;
It is hard to toil late and toil early—
To delve or to wearily stitch—
Do your best to improve your condition—
But—don't hurry too fast to be rich!

We find in the Good Book this sentence—
As long as the world 'twill endure—
"He who to be rich"—it says—"hasteneth,
Becometh the suddenly poor;"—
Just turn to the passage and read it
When for lucre your fingers shall itch;—
And of the camel and eye of the needle,—
And don't hurry too fast to be rich!

There are those in a palace residing,
Yes, many, I venture to say,
Who'd rejoice and be glad to change places
With you, my dear fellow, to-day!
Ah! little we know of the troubles:
The cares and anxieties which
Attend, like a shadow, these people—
So don't hurry too fast to be rich!

How exalted and noble the wages
That always reward honest toil,
Be they earned 'neath the fierce sun of noonday,
Or by those who consume midnight oil;—
There lies between Wealth and Contentment
Oftimes an impassable ditch;
Don't fall in it, brother, be careful!—
Don't hurry too fast to be rich!

Slippery Courtships.

"Has May come"

"Yes, Bertha. I have stowed her away safe and sound in the carriage."

And Mr. Webb, of Framington Hall, busied himself in lifting various parcels, bags, &c., from the old family carriage.

While so engaged he did not perceive the antics of his irrepressible son, who was capering about the road in the vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of his cousin May's face.

At last Mr. Webb assisted his niece to alight, in response to her impatient remark, "that he was going to keep her there all day."

She was a slender, delicate girl of about eighteen summers, with a soft, pearly complexion, and great laughing brown eyes; her hair fell in ringlets about her shoulders, and looked like a shower of gold as the setting sun lit up the darker shadows of her nut-brown hair. She was the orphan niece of Mr. Webb, and had been brought up entirely at a fashionable boarding-school. On the completion of her education she came to her uncle's home, in accordance with the wish of her mother; but May did not like the idea of residing in a "dull, stupid country place," as she described it.

She was speedily made welcome by her aunt and cousins, who had collected at the garden gate, all impatience to see her.

Mrs. Webb was a gentle, placid lady, with a kind, motherly manner very comforting to the stranger. Her cousin Bertha was a very pretty girl. Her hair was fastened into a careless knot behind that became her wonderfully.

Edwin came next, and it did not take May many minutes to learn that he was the most incorrigible tease she had ever met. He was a good-looking fellow, with a tall well knit figure.

"Well, May. I suppose your mind is filled with rapture at the thought of spending your future days in this country place?" said Edwin, looking, with a teasing smile, at his cousin, who was leaning against one of the columns, covered with ivy, that supported the verandah.

A shadow fell over her bright face as she replied, warmly—

"I should think not, indeed!"

Edwin laughed slightly, and went on to say, in the same light vein:

"I know you would like to be a farmer's wife. You would make a capital one, with those dainty white hands."

May said, emphatically, with a pout, "That I will never be! To have a great clumsy fellow treading on your train constantly—I could not bear it!"

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed another voice.

And Bertha came slowly towards them, swinging her broad hat in her hands, for it was an intensely warm day in July.

"May was expressing her delight at the prospect of settling down as a farmer's wife."

Bertha looked at them both, and said:

"Oh, I know you have been teasing her already. Really, it is too bad. But it is no use to quarrel with him, for he is incorrigible."

May found that the time passed very quickly even in the country, and did not regret her town home. What with her drives, boating, walks, croquet parties, &c., her time was so fully occupied, that she did not find an opportunity for grieving.

Shortly after her arrival at the Hall, she made the acquaintance of a wealthy young farmer, who owned a large farm and country seat a few miles away.

He was not handsome, but possessed a frank, ingenuous countenance that was very attractive. His manner was a trifle awkward and constrained; and May made him the butt for her constant ridicule.

He bore all this with undiminished good humor, and was her constant companion. From the first he had been her devoted admirer.

It was a pleasant day in September, and early in the morning young Oakland drove up in his pretty phaeton, and stopped before Mrs. Webb's door. He jumped down, and darted through the flower beds, regardless of the damage they sustained, to the lawn, where he had seen a little figure in white muslin vanish. At last he found her demurely sitting on a fallen log, and looking as dainty and fresh as a rose.

"Miss May, will you come with me and take a ride?"

"What!—at this hour? Why, surely not, Mr. Oakland!"

"Never mind the early hour. The roads are so good, and this air will revive you. Do come, please!" pleaded he, eagerly.

She looked mischievously at him saying smartly.

"Why are you so anxious? Go and find Bertha, and take her with you. She will be delighted I am sure."

Oakland turned away at last, wounded by her refusal, and in a moment she was beside him, a rosy flush mantling her cheek, and a gay smile on her red lips.

"I did not think you would desert me so soon," she began.

He looked at her searchingly, but she bore his scrutiny well; upon which his countenance lost its gloomy expression, and a happy smile played over his features.

He helped May to a seat beside him, and they started off at a brisk trot.

They did not return till near noon, and when they arrived, Edwin came out to meet them at the gate.

Oakland leaped out of the carriage, and stood by in readiness to lift her out.

May glanced from one to the other, and finally allowed her cousin the privilege of helping her.

Oakland looked on angrily, and drove off without deigning to say a word.

Several days later, Oakland called at the Hall, and was taken into the parlor, where the family were assembled. They all welcomed him gladly, for it was a dull, wet day, and they did not expect any callers. Bertha sat at the piano, talking to Gerald Oakland from time to time, and finally coaxed him into giving them a song. He had a clear, melodious voice, and sang with great taste; but he was so very shy of his accomplishment that May did not know he possessed a fine voice, and complimented him so highly that he begged her to desist with blushing face.

Edwin at least seated himself beside Gerald Oakland, and, after some desultory conversation, said, in an audible tone:

"Do you wish to know what my cousin said about you the other day?"

May turned round at this, and said, quickly and imperatively:

"Edwin, do not repeat what I said to you!"

He looked at her with a provokingly innocent face, and went on, heedlessly:

"Well, she told me privately that she would never marry a farmer, and that you were too awkward and simple for her refined taste."

Gerald glanced at May's downcast countenance, and asked, quietly:

"Is that true, Miss May?"

She shot a withering glance at Edwin, and replied "Yes" in a low tone.

Gerald changed color, rose abruptly, and bade them all good night. He kept his eyes studiously averted from May as he came to her side; then he went hastily away.

After he had gone, May went up stairs to her room, too sad and mortified to remain with the family.

Oakland did not come to the Hall for some time after that; but he treated May with a marked coolness that pained her excessively, although she, true to her womanly instincts, retained her gay, coquettish manner still.

The months passed swiftly on, till, before any one realized it, winter had come with its keen, frosty breath.

Then came the liveliest time for the young people, and May soon learned to be skillful in skating, as she was in waltzing, and almost every day her slight, graceful figure could be seen flitting as lightly as a bird over the ice.

It was a clear, cold day in January, and May accompanied by her cousins, set out for Glenwood Brook, which was situated about two miles from their home. They had not gone far before they were overtaken by Oakland, who came along whistling, his skates slung over his shoulder.

"Ah, Oakland; just the fellow we wanted! You help May along, and I will take care of Bertha," exclaimed Edwin, who good-naturedly wished to bring the estranged couple together.

Thus addressed, Gerald could not do otherwise than offer his services to May, who accepted them nonchalantly enough, although her heart was beating loudly at the same time.

The pond was a large one, and soon May and Gerald found themselves quite separated from the rest of the party.

She started along fearlessly, and was making for the opposite bank, when Gerald called out, anxiously:

"Do not go too near that bank, for there is a swift current underneath, and the ice is thin."

May did not pause in her course, and sent a clear, silvery peal of laughter after her.

"Ah, I am not afraid, and I am determined on reaching that bank."

The words were barely uttered when the ice gave an ominous, creaking sound, and in a moment she sank under it.

She gave one quick scream, and then remained silent, holding on to the ice with fast benumbing fingers.

"Oh, I hope he will soon come!" she moaned.

Gerald was soon beside her, and, bracing himself against a tree, he took her little cold hands in his, and, after considerable exertion succeeded in drawing her out of the water.

He held her half unconscious form in his arms, and murmured, softly:

"My darling, what should I have done had I lost you?"

She opened her eyes, wet with tears, and whispered:

"Would you have cared, Gerald?"

"Cared? Life would have been worthless to me had you gone!" he exclaimed, passionately.

He was very pale with suppressed emotion, and his eyes shone with such a clear light that they fairly dazzled her.

At this interesting point they were interrupted by the appearance of Edwin Webb, who could hardly conceal his laughter at the turn affairs had taken.

"Well, Cousin May, have you forgiven me yet? Had it not been for me, you would never have appreciated each other so much. What do you say Gerald—do you not owe me many thanks?"

Gerald looked at May, and replied:

"Yes, Edwin; I do owe you many thanks, for we should never have known the depth of our affection for each other if it had not been for our quarrel."

"My advice to you is to get her home as soon as possible to change her wet clothing," said Edwin, who was of a practical turn of mind.

His advice was so good that they accepted it without a question, and all started for the Hall, two hearts filled to overflowing with happiness.

Good use for Sawdust.

What shall we do with the sawdust? is a question which puzzles the economic brain of the man who realizes that the utilization of the fast depleting forests is accompanied with an amount of absolute wastefulness simply appalling. "Make it into railroad car wheels," says an enthusiastic inventor of Chicago, who has discovered a means of compressing sawdust, bran, tea, and kindred bulky substances into from one-tenth to one-third of their original bulk. The *Lumberman* some weeks since spoke of this invention in terms somewhat of disparagement, which it subsequently modified on seeing specimens of sawdust and bran compressed into a remarkably small compass. Its credulity is further shaken on being shown a model of a car wheel consisting of an iron rim of seven inches outward diameter by one-half inch thick, fitted with a well proportioned hub, the space between the hub and rim filled with pine sawdust, pressed in so solidly that we are ready to believe the assertion that, resting the iron rim upon bearings, a pressure equal to 23 tons applied to the hub failed to develop any signs of weakness. We hesitate in these days of progress to assert that anything is impossible, and we begin to think that even sawdust possesses elements of value hitherto unsuspected, and that the day may come when the filled grounds adjacent to all saw mills may be seen to have a great value in the mechanical development and utilization of the now useless *debris* placed upon them to get it out of the way. Sawdust car wheels, sawdust brick, sawdust fence posts, railroad ties, and even sawdust window and door frames, wainscoting and mouldings, begin to appear among the possibilities of the immediate future. Sawdust hair pins, watch chains or cases, and sawdust knives and forks, or sawdust shovels, pitch forks, or hoes, will probably not be urged upon this generation, which will remain satisfied with utilizing sawdust in place of the more expensive basswood in the manufacture of hams and cakes of soap, but the field of possibilities is still large enough to utilize a vast amount of this valueless material. Seriously, however, the compression of bran and oats into one-tenth of their original bulk, without injury to the substance, means cheaper transportation, which will enable their shipment to foreign lands at a profit which their bulk has rendered impossible, while with the freight on tea from China, costing about $25 per ton on account of the space it occupies, a compression into one-third its bulk would mean a saving of from three-quarters of a cent. to one cent a pound on freight and labor of handling. It is not by any means impossible that we may buy a "brick of tea" in the near future which we can carry home in our vest pocket, or that the housewife may keep her truant husband at home evenings to saw the coffee up into thimblefuls suitable for the preparation of the morning draught. Verily it would seem that with the recent discoveries of the Rip Van Winkle of the press, who after being absent from home for a year had to have a pilot to show him about the city of his former residence, and who in his absence developed a sixty year stock of pine on the Menominee, and about as large a supply throughout the State of Michigan, there is no danger after all of a timber famine, at least so long as the sawdust holds out.

Wind-Powers.

In a section of from fifteen to twenty miles around Philadelphia wind-powers have so greatly multiplied within the last five or six years that they are to be seen in almost every direction, and have become regarded as one of the necessities of a farm, especially where much stock is kept. It is true that their first cost draws sometimes a little heavily upon the general farmer who may not have his place cleared of incumbrances; but when once this expense has been incurred, (which is not more than the cost of a good horse,) the subsequent expense of it is not felt, while the great convenience is found to be indispensable and would not be given up for twice the expense. The labor to pump water from a well, and especially a deep one, the wives and daughters of farmers need not be told of; and it amounts to about the same or more labor even when there is a spring on the premises. With the wind-power the water can be drawn from a well or a spring and delivered by pipes wherever it may be needed—in the kitchen, house-yard, bath-tub, garden or stable-yard, always ready for use and requiring no carrying. It is true that where there is a spring of sufficient volume and fall, a hydraulic ram may be introduced, which can be done at very much less cost and in some respects possesses other advantages over the wind-power; but it can be applied only where, as we here say, the spring has the necessary volume and fall. But one or the other would seem to be of so much real importance to a farm of any considerable size as to warrant its use as an improvement of actual economy.

"Down, Tige, Sir!"

"Any chestnuts 'round here?" asked one of the three city boys, who met an aged, benevolent looking farmer out in Livonia township, Michigan. The old man hesitated.

"You don't want to steal em?" he asked.

"Oh, no, we just wanted to find out."

"Well, there's a few trees back there, but if I thought you wanted to steal them I wouldn't have told you, for the owner's gone to town; but you're bright, honest looking boys."

The boys blushed with the pride of conscious goodness.

"When will the owner be back?"

"Well, not before dark, I reckon."

The boys respectfully thanked the old man, waited till he got out of sight, jumped the fence and were soon shaking down the burrs. The shaking was easy, but the opening of the chestnut burrs was more difficult and unpleasant. At last the boys had a splendid pile of handsome, brown nuts on the ground, and they prepared to put them in the bags they brought with them.

"Please don't take any more trouble," said the benevolent old man, who stood by the fence beaming kindly on the startled boys. "I'm not so strong as I once was, and I fear I can't hold in this dog much longer. If you'll hurry, though, I guess I can keep him here till you get to the railroad track. Down, Tige, sir!"

As the boys looked back from the railroad fence, they could see the stooping figure of the old man scooping the rich, brown chestnuts into a two bushel bag.

The Name "Des Moines."

When Fathers Marquet and Joliet, in 1673, visited a tribe of Indians near the mouth of the river which now bears the name "Des Moines," they learned from the natives that they called their settlement or cluster of villages, *Moninguinas*, after the river on which it was situated. On the ancient French maps of the country the name appears as Moingona. It is a French corruption of the Algonquin word *mikonang*, signifying "the road." When the French established trading posts on the Mississippi river nearly one hundred years ago, they applied the name *Moin* to the Indians who resided on the river we call Des Moines, and in speaking of that river they would say, "*la riviere des Moins*" or "the river of the Moin." Long after this, in some way, the name became associated with that of the Trappist monks (*Moines de la Trappe*), a people who were living with the Indians on the American bottom. After this the idea prevailed that the true reading of the "*riviere des Moin*" was "*riviere des Moines*," or "river of monks." And so the name *Des Moines* began to appear on modern maps. The first part of the name, *des*, is clearly French, while the latter part has been corrupted from the original *Moin* to the orthography of the French word *Moines*, the pronunciation of which is the same. It is interesting to note the changes which the name has undergone. The foregoing we believe to be the true explanation of origin of our beautiful Iowa river, and of the manner in which the name has come down to us. It is in accordance with Nicollet, a most excellent authority, in his "Report of the Upper Mississippi," which was published by the authority of Congress in 1843. The Dakota or Sioux name of the river was *Inyan-Sha Sha-Watpa*, or "Brother of Redstone river." This name was formed from the Dakota words *inyan*, stone; *sha-sha*, red, and *watpa*, river. What we call the East Fork of the Des Moines, they call *Inyan-Sha-Sha Watpa*-Sunkasee, or "the brother of the Redstone river." The Sacs and Foxes tribes which belong to the Algonquin race, and spoke a language quite different from that of the Sioux, called the same river Ke-sauk-kee-sepo, after the national name of the Sauk-kee, or Sac tribe, as we call them. This name is interpreted to mean "the river of the Sauk-kee," the termination sepo, meaning river in the Algonquin language. At the beginning of the present century the Sacs had a village near the mouth of the river, and hence the name, Ke-sauk-kee-sepo. From this name comes that of our present Keosauqua, in Van Buren county.

"Sick for This."

They drove into town behind a cross-eyed mule and a spavined horse. They looked contented, but one member of the party was the head of the house, for she handled the ribbons, and when they halted she hitched the team, while he stood demurely by and took the basket of eggs and her shopping satchel as she handed them out. They disposed of the produce at the grocery, and then entered a dry goods store.

She made a few trifling purchases of thread, pins, needles and such things and then called for two knots of yarns.

"That won't be enough, Mary," said the man, plucking at her dress.

"I guess I know what I'm buying," she retorted.

"But it ain't more than half what you have had afore," he persisted.

"Wal, that's none o' your business, these socks are goin' to be for me and if I want 'em short, you can have yours come way up to your neck if you want to."

The old man bowed to the inevitable with a long sigh as his partner turned to the clerk and said:

"Two yards of cheap shirtin', if you please."

"That ain't enough, Mary," said the old man, plucking at her dress again.

"Yes 'tis."

"No, it ain't."

"Wal, it's all you'll git," she snapped.

"Put it up then Mister," said he turning to the clerk, put it up and we won't have any."

"Who's doin' this buyin' I should like to know?" hissed the woman.

"You are, Mary, you are," he admitted, "but you can't palm off no short shirts on me."

"You act like a fool, John Spiner!"

"Mebbe I do, Mary, but I'll be durned to gosh, if I'll have half a shirt—no, not if I go naked."

"Wal, I say two yards are enough to make any one two shirts," she snapped.

"Mebbe that's enough for you, Mary," he said very quietly, "p'raps you can get along with a collar button and a neck band, but that ain't me, and I don't propose to freeze my legs to save 8 cents."

"Git what you want, then," shrieked she, pushing him over the stool, "git ten yards, git a dozen pieces if you want 'em; but remember that I'll make you sick for this."

"Four yards, if you please mister—four yards," said he to the clerk, "and just remember," he continued, "if you hear of 'em findin' me with my head bursted, friz to death in a snow drift, just remember you heard her say she would make me sick."

And grasping his bundle he followed his better half out of the door.

Milk as Food.

Unadulerated, undiluted, unskimmed and properly treated milk, taken from a healthy cow in a good condition, and produced by the consumption of healthy and nutritious grasses and other kinds of food, contains within itself, in proper proportions, all the elements that are necessary to sustain human life through a considerable period of time. Scarcely any other single article of food will do this. When we eat bread and drink milk we eat bread, butter and cheese and drink water—all of them in the best combination and condition to nourish the human system. All things considered good milk is the cheapest kind of food that we can have, for three pints of it, weighing 3¾ pounds and costing nine cents, contain as much nutriment as one pound of beef, which costs eighteen cents. There is no loss in cooking the milk, as there is in cooking beef, and there is no bone in it that cannot be eaten; it is simple, palatable, nutritious, healthful, cheap, and always ready for use, with or without preparation. This is to say that, chemically, 3.7 pounds of milk is the equivalent of one pound of beef in flesh-forming or nitrogenous constituents; and 3.17 pounds of milk is the equivalent of one pound of beef in heat-producing elements or carbohydrates. We must therefore assume, from the data offered, that the relative values of beef and milk as human food are as 8¼ to 11½, or as (in round numbers) one to 3½. If milk is eight cents per quart, then it is equal in food value to beef at twelve and a half cents per pound; and, vice versa, when beef is at twenty-five cents per pound, then milk should be sixteen cents per quart, calculated on its food value. We thus see that, at any ruling price, milk is certainly one of the cheapest, if not the cheapest, food that can be furnished, to the family, while all experience is in favor of its healthy qualities.

History of Fire-Proof Safes.

In regard to the invention of fire-proof safes in America, the accounts we have are conflicting. It is said that something over fifty years ago the discovery was made by a mechanic who attempted to boil water in a kettle that was covered with plaster of paris. He found that it was almost impossible to heat the water to a boiling point, and concluded that plaster of paris, therefore, was a great non-conductor of heat. In relating his experience to several there probably was among them some one who conceived the idea of applying it to fire-proof safes. After this discovery little, if anything, was used in this country for filling safes but plaster for about twenty-five or thirty years. This substance for filling kept its place until about fifteen years ago, when it was generally given up. The reason for abandoning the use of plaster is thus given. It was used not in its dry state but mingled with water, and allowed to set after being poured in between the casings. This filling, it was found, attracted moisture from the atmosphere and either produced oxidation of the metal in contact, or formed sulphuric acid of strength enough to corrode the iron. It is not an uncommon thing to find old safes that were filled in this way with holes eaten through their panels When it became apparent that the set plaster was corroding the metal, it was thought that dry plaster might do, but, though a poor conductor of heat, it was found defective in having no water to give off, and alum, which contained a large percentage of water, was mixed with it and found to answer the purpose very well. Some twenty years ago before the use of plaster as a filling was abandoned, the use of hydraulic and other cements was commenced. The cement was simply mixed with water and put in to set in the same way as plaster. The property of absorbing water varies with the different kinds of cement, but that variety which absorbs the most water is obviously the best fitted for filling purposes. Some kinds of cement will absorb one-third to one-half their volume of water, while there is a kind used which, it is said, will absorb an equal volume of water, that is, a barrel of cement will absorb a barrel of water. Cement at the present time seems to be the favorite filling with most safe-makers, and it is found not to corrode the iron on account of the alkali which is in it, which has a preservative tendency on that metal. Pure cement is used by the best safe-makers, though it is said some mix in sand, which injures the filling, and destroys to an extent its non-conducting properties. Asbestos has been used, but was found to be not a good non-conductor, and was soon abandoned. About twenty years ago a Boston man took out a patent to line safe doors and flanges with soapstone, but in practice it was found that, in a long-continued fire, the soapstone heated to a very high temperature and retained its heat, so that it in turn was abandoned. In 1860 a patent was taken out for the attachment of the plaster filling to plates suspended between the walls, so that in shrinking its diminished size will not permit its falling from its place; patents were also taken out for the use, for filling, of pure alumina; and also, for the same purpose, of sulphate of iron mixed with plaster of paris. In 1863 the following patents were taken out: For the construction of a safe with two air and steam tight casings, one within the other, and with the intermediate spaces filled in with material capable of generating steam under high heat, the latter melting fusible plugs in the outer casing to permit the exit of the steam; also for the use of filling made of plaster of paris set with a solution of starch; also for a filling formed of a compound of calcined and powdered gypsum and alum in pieces embedded in the plaster in such relative proportions that the water of crystallization in the alum evolved by heat shall set the plaster (this was the alum safe already alluded to); also for the furnishing of the filling with cavities to prevent the rupture of the parts from the expansion of moisture by freezing. In 1864 a patent was taken out for a filling of alum in small lumps rolled in plaster and then imbedded in dry clay. In 1865, a filling of epsom salts, either alone or combined with sulphate of lime, was obtained.

Throwing the Hatchet.

In the fourteenth century, the situation of public executioner to the city of Florence became vacant, and, as it was a place of considerable emolument, there were three candidates. A day was appointed for public display of their several abilities. The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulder. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third, and least promising, held in his hand a short hatchet, and, when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approached him, and in a low whisper inquired if he was a swift runner, and if he could swim well. On being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to spring on his feet and cross the river. The executioner then put on a fierce look, swung his weapon round his head, but, instead of making it descend on the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect that the body continued running some time after the head was off! From this rather improbable accident the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

Adventures of Dutch Frank.

Of Frank Burry, or Dutch Frank, who was killed at Gold Hill, Nevada, recently, many anecdotes are related. He lived alone on a ranch near Silver City Switch, possessed plenty of the precious metal, and was miserly. His escapes from imminent death had been so numerous that the first report of his taking off was not credited anywhere. The miners said that he owned "the constitution of an opposum." Once he was surprised by a band of Chinamen, who robbed him and suspended him by means of a rope to a neighboring tree. When the heathens left him he was black in the face. An hour later he mopped up the street of Gold Hill with one of his assailants. He had cut the rope after the disappearance of the robbers. Some years ago the fingers of one of his hands was frozen and he neglected to take the proper care until the flesh began to slough off the bone. When he went to a doctor and was told that the finger must be amputated and that it would cost him $100, he said he would keep the money and perform the amputation himself. He procured a pair of horse clipping shears, and fastening one blade in a vise, placed his fingers between the blades and struck the other blade with a hammer. It was a successful operation, and immediately he was seen at his work, with a big glove on the sore hand, but not apparently suffering much pain.

Story of a Wild Man.

In the year 18— there moved to this country from Germany a couple, man and wife, by the name of Harrier, who took up their abode in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

They had several children born to them while in the East, and in the year 1820 they removed, with their children, to this country and settled on a farm in the northern part, where one of their children, James, who is now eighty years old, resides. About three months ago the mother died at the extreme age of 105 years. The family being of German descent, speak very little English, and consequently live very secluded. At the time of the death of the old lady many of the neighbors, taking advantage of the opportunity offered, visited the place, more through curiosity than from an honest, sympathetic motive, and many stories were current of the peculiarity of the family at large. The husband of Mrs. Harrier died some years ago at the age of 105 years, while his father, who lived in Germany, reached the age of 115 years. The eldest son is eighty years of age, and wields the axe and handles the plow with as much vigor as any man in the neighborhood with but half the number of years. His hours of labor are from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. William, the younger brother, is a wonderful strange being. The story of this person, which I shall reproduce, was related by one who made special inquiry concerning him of one of the members of the family to the writer. While living in the East, William, whose age is not exactly known, was a mere child just learning to walk, when an old woman, who was *non compos mentis*, angered by the insults of other persons, raised a heavy club and struck him on the head, from which time he was never heard to utter an intelligent word. When the Harriers moved to this country William was yet a small boy, although he could be managed, and was compelled to wear clothing, and he ran about engaged in the simplest sports. He gradually became very distant, even with members of the family, as he grew beyond their power to restrain, he refused to wear the clothing that was put upon him, and if they ever did succeed in getting him dressed, he would tear away from them and return in an hour or so naked. His clothing would be found in the woods or on the hill torn to shreds. The family finally abandoned even the thought of trying to keep his body covered, and for the last forty-five or fifty years he has been running exposed to the scorching summer, and winter blasts until his body is a dark brown color, and covered with a thick coating of long, taggy black hair. The house in which the Harriers live is a small one storied frame house, and stands among a thick cluster of blackberry bushes in a stony section, about one hundred yards from the road. To the main part of the house there has been attached a small shanty, the door of which opens into the kitchen of the main building; this is the winter quarters of the wild man. He always goes to his winter home reluctantly, and when occasion presents itself breaks out and joins the companions of his summer house, although this is very seldom, as a heavy bolt secures the door upon the outside. It cannot be said of this man, although he knows nothing, that he does not enjoy life. In his dungeon he has a pleasant countenance, which shines out through his long straggly beard of half a century. When at his liberty in the summer he capers about from place to place, digging roots, and he and the animals of the farm form one common society. As we said before, the family live very secluded, and old men in the immediate neighborhood say that, although they have been watching for this strange being for many years, they have failed to see him. He is very mischievous, and always has eye open for passing strangers. Sportsmen who have been in the Harrier neighborhood and by a sudden turn in their pathway would come upon the man, would become frightened to such a degree that some of them have been known to faint away. No sooner had he become aware of the presence of strangers than he would start and run away with the greatest velocity. He always takes advantage of a chance to get away from a stranger, but when brought face to face with them he is very offensive.

A Samoan Wedding.

A great wedding is about to come off in Samoa. A leading chief of Falefa has been courting Moe, daughter of the high chief of Apia. As the chief is an old man and Moe about nineteen, it has required the most strenuous efforts of both families to bring about the match. The Falefa family have carried to Apia over three hundred pigs, killed and cooked, and distributed them among the young lady's relations. In return for these, the family of the expected bride must give fine mats, and they have been busily engaged collecting them from all over the islands, till the governor's house is half full. A vast deal of ceremony is connected with these weddings. All the maidens of Falefa went in procession to the governor's house, each carrying a stick with a bunch of red feathers suspended from the end. At the wedding some member of the government reads a chapter from the Bible and then reads a ceremony. The couple being married are seated all the time, and join hands toward the close of the ceremony, as in more civilized countries. In this instance the lady is amiable and interesting. Native dances were taking place nightly, and a part of the wedding festivities. All the young dandies appear on the stage at such a time, and the maidens of the villages assemble on the scene in costumes like the primitive garb of Eve.

Preserving Timber in Ground.

In speaking of the well known methods of preserving posts and wood which are partly imbedded in the earth, by charring and coating with tar, it is said these methods are only effective when both are applied. Should the poles only be charred, without the subsequent treatment with tar, the charcoal formation on the surface would only act as an absorber of the moisture, and, if anything, only hasten the decay. By applying a coating of tar without previously charring, the tar would only form a casing about the wood, nor would it penetrate to the depths which the absorbing properties of the charcoal surface would insure. Wood that is exposed to the action of water or let into the ground should be charred, and then, before it has entirely cooled, be treated with tar till the wood is thoroughly impregnated. The acetic acid and oils contained in the tar are evaporated by the heat, and only the resin left behind, which penetrates the pores of the wood and forms an air tight and waterproof envelope. It is important to impregnate the poles a little above the line of exposure, for here it is that the action of decay affects the wood first, and where the break always occurs when removed from the earth or strained in testing.

—The Princess Olga, the youngest daughter of the King of Greece, died recently after a few days' illness.

Fancy Work.

Basket decoration is a great preoccupation, and is extended to the commonest wicker receptacles used in a household. Work baskets of new shapes are made on the same principle as the nursery or baby basket—that is, with maroon, mulberry or garnet satin linings, divided by stitched compartments for the needlecase, scissors, and numerous other small accessories. The handles as well as borders are set with dangling balls or tiny tassels of combed wool with lemon, medlar, pale flesh and olive hues prevailing. Square pin-cushions are made of old gold plush, in the center a braided design through which runs a silvered or gilt chenille. The same braid is much employed for outlining a woolen brocaded material, which imitates dun-colored Indian goods, and which, thus enlivened, looks at a distance like a material having silver or gold fibre in the tissue. The usual inventions for photo frames have again broken out like an epidemic disease. It is almost impossible to enumerate all the novelties. The most fanciful are colored plush frames, painted *a la gouache* to figure porches and Gothic gate or cathedral entrances. These are very suitable, as the face reproduced appears to be looking out for the person in contemplation. Painting is a great feature on drawing-tables. The palette is an artistic trifle, which sometimes attains very high prices. It is made of walnut, and in the center is sketched, or entirely finished, or perhaps again only begun, a bit of landscape, a portrait, or a family scene. The colors are dabbed all round, as they would be by an artist squeezing them out of the tubes while preparing his palette for a work of art. These palettes are negligently hung up on small satinwood or ebony easels. The new antimacassars are of a soft linen and washable canvas, finished all around with a broad handkerchief hem. The center is crewel work, or the anticassamar is a Japanese landscape, having for a border a wide Torchon lace insertion and a deep band of silk edged with very narrow lace. Sofa coverlets are oatmeal cloth of gray and white or drab and white. This is worked with a flowing tambour design in any of the art colors. If olive green is selected it is shaded from very dark to its palest hue, and the foliage is generally a vine or an ivy pattern, but Moorish arabesques are more appropriate. The coverlet is sold with two small ones for the elbow ends of the sofa. Between each band of oatmeal cloth alternates one of drawn threads, in and among which a geometrical design is worked, the border is a fringe made by drawing out the threads of the oatmeal cloth, and by knotting the strands together.

Helping Along a Church Fair.

Mrs. Fugleson is quite wealthy, and always on hand at church fairs—a manager, of course. She had one recently.

"I have thought of a way to raise a little more money at our fair," said that lady, as she entered the hall where the other members of the committee were setting out and preparing the long tables; and taking a basket from the boy who had accompanied her, she produced an old plated silver tea-set, which had done good service for a quarter of a century, but was not needed any longer, a new and much better one having taken its place.

"This tea-set will bring thirty dollars by selling it in sixty chances at fifty cents each," continued the lady.

The proposed plan struck all the ladies right, and it went through with a bound—the set being placed on Mrs. Fugleson's table, and her son John appointed to take charge of the sales and receipts. One gentleman took ten chances and another six; not because they wanted the tea-set, but thought that a good and quick way to put a little more money in the treasury.

At the close of the fair, it was announced that Miss Priscilla Jones, the lucky girl, holding only one chance, and that a gift, was the owner of the set; while Mrs. Fugleson, announced that the receipts were all right, thirty dollars.

"And here," continued the lady, turning to the treasurer, "is seven dollars for you. The remaining twenty-three dollars, of course belong to me, that being just what my first husband paid for that set twenty-seven years ago."

Mrs. Fugleson has a couple of old bedsteads, also a silver-plated warming-pan, which she intends to raffle off at the next fair, and give the church all they bring, after deducting first cost.

A Vacillating Bear.

My negro gardener came to me one evening in great alarm, and stated that his own twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosened the Cuban bloodhound, and followed the man to his hut. Then I put the dog on the boy's scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts. They began their adventure by hunting the bear; but ended as often happens, in being hunted by the bear; for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in the opposite directions. They were like each other as the twin brothers themselves, Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugged the tree till he had climbed as far as the fork. Then he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The beast advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending much upon his balance powers.

Chango's position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick—well known to bear hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango's reach, by catching which, he could save himself from a deadly fall,—thirty feet sheer.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him, or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment, Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother's peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear, he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where he stood, but not to where his brother lay; with the other hand he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously. It was no easy task to right about face on a branch which already had begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, toward the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked up'n Mango's branch, he pulled his tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb, and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would sally from the other limb and pull his tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment he learned his mistake. He was now, for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity; he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no farther, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the beast seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause he advanced one of his forfeet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing.

Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear, and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment, a bloodhound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and grasping his wearied wrist, had assisted him to get back to the fork of the tree, and rest a bit.

If that bear had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honor to the grave.

Comfort for Old Maids.

Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew and take care of the children and nurse sick people, and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.

Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies and hate young mothers, and are always so busily employed in seeing that other people take care of them that they have not a moment to give to any one else.

Old maids are nice looking, and "young for their years." Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism in the knees, bald heads and mouths that turn down at the corners.

Old maids can make a home of one little room, and they cook delicious meals for one over the gas jet, in cunning little tin kettles, besides making all their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an army of tailors, waiters, cooks and distant relatives to keep them comfortable.

When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket handkerchiefs, take homœopathic pellets out of two bottles alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for four doct