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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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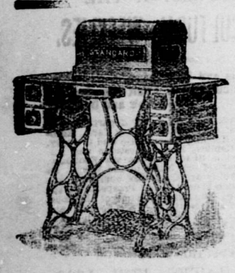

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A MAID OF THE MINES.

Little more than a generation ago, the single line of railroad across Western Pennsylvania had not yet commenced the growth of its present octopus-like arms, and, as a consequence, the huge iron industries of Westmoreland County were still in their infancy.

In those days there were few more lonely and rugged localities east of the Mississippi, or indeed, in the whole world, than that portion of the Alleghenies lying almost midway between Pittsburg and the State Capital. Even to-day the human hives of industry which the mines and blast-furnaces have focused on those bleak hill-sides, cannot boast of much refinement; thirty years ago one of the roughest of rough communities was that which had been drawn together for the purpose of operating the Dent Scar mine.

At that time the Dent Scar Iron and Coal Company, limited, had not so much as dreamed of its later phenomenal success; it was a young and feeble enterprise employing not more than fifty or sixty men, chiefly miners. By far the larger number were unmarried, or at any rate had left their wives and families amid more civilized and congenial surroundings than Dent Scar could yet afford, and these made their headquarters at a frail but rather extensive structure known as the Miner's Hotel. The men who indulged in such absurdly superfluous luxuries as wives and children, occupied little huts and shanties, and for the most part dragged out a checkered existence in squalor and dirt. Of womankind there were positively no interesting specimens at Dent Scar—save one.

This was Jen Saxton, a girl of 20, the only child and acting housekeeper of an old miner, whose wife had deserted him and his child years before. Doubtless it would have been better for Jen if her paternal parent had also left her to the tender mercies of the world, before he took her into such a God-forsaken and utterly outlandish locality. For the old man (who was when sober, really one of the best miners in the district) spent every penny of his large earnings at the bar of the Miner's Hotel, and, in a community where every full grown man went to bed drunk at least twice a week, was a marked individual—bearing as a peculiar distinction the sobriquet of "Bugjuice Saxton."

Physically, Jen Saxton at 20 was simply perfection and a magnificent specimen of grandly developed womanhood. Intellectually she was more ignorant than a street gamin, for she certainly could not have distinguished between a newspaper and a railroad time schedule. Morally—well, morality was an article not in great demand in the vicinity of the Dent Scar mine. And yet, as morals went in Westmoreland about that time, Jen had done nothing decidedly bad; on the contrary, her queenly physique alone had forced "the boys" into yielding her a certain amount of respect which few of the married women around her could command.

The fact that Jen was illiterate mattered very little at the mine, where none beside the Superintendent and the time-keeper were supposed to have any requirements for, or interest in, pens, ink, and paper—whether printed paper or otherwise. So judged by men (and women, too,) who passed judgment on themselves according to the quantity and quality of sinew and muscle—men who knew no more of soul and mind than they did of Greek verbs and trigenometry—Jen Saxton was well nign as perfect as goddesses are, or should be.

Some people would undoubtedly have called the girl coarse, but then one might as well call a lion or a panther coarse. Men do not measure the actions of wild animals by the same standards which they apply to rational human beings, and Jen Saxton was of precisely the same nature as wild animals. Always when there was a fight or a scuffle (and they were frequent) Jen could be found, an eager and intensely interested spectator. The fiercer the quarrel the more she enjoyed the excitement. It mattered little to her whether game cocks, dogs, boys, men or women fought; and, if human beings, she was equally indifferent as to the mode of warfare—though she perhaps preferred old-fashioned "bare knuckles" to knives or picks, as tending to prolong the battle. She would never interfere in a "scrap" herself, and was invariably disappointed if anyone else undertook to part the combatants. Womanlike, her sympathies always went with the victor.

Perhaps the individual most cordially disliked by the miners at Dent Scar was a huge and powerful Englishman called the Bullock, the nickname being shorter, more appropriate, and more euphonious than that which appeared on the company's pay-roll—Elisha Evans.

The Bullock was an enormous two-legged brute—a monster six feet three inches in height, who carried about with him nearly two hundred pounds avoirdupois of mastodon bone and cast-iron muscle. His low forehead, knit eyebrows, and heavy jaws, proclaimed him at once a man of brutal passions and a bully. And this was the only man at the mine whom Jen Saxton admired to any degree; the only man who could have made the handsome girl his wife for the asking!

Why?

Simply because, in a community which was materialistic to such a degree that sentiment and intellect counted for actually nothing, the Bullock stood head and shoulders above his fellows. Jen Saxton only comprehended that he was the grandest specimen of a man that had ever crossed her path; she could see and appreciate his massive frame and gigantic strength, and, for that he had once, like Hercules, felled an ox with his fist and had thrashed almost every miner in the county, he became Jen's ideal man—her idol.

Jen's admiration for the Bullock was fully reciprocated by that worthy, though as yet he had never given the girl any assurance of the fact. It were a libel on the tender passion to assert that Evans loved Jen Saxton. Yet he almost worshiped the girl with a species of slow, dogged affection that was none the less intense and determined because it was not outspoken. He rather enjoyed the secret feeling of security which he cherished within himself. He felt so sure of his prey and knew so well that he could net his bird at any time.

Men outside the narrow world immediately contiguous to the Dent Scar mine were unknown quantities in the Bullock's calculations, and were possibilities which never entered into Jen Saxton's day dreams—it that young woman ever indulged in such airy and intangible luxuries.

The Dent Scar miners earned large wages and, as pay-day came round only once a month, many of the men drew considerable sums of money every time the company's paymaster visited the mine. On a certain pay day the Bullock left Dent Scar. No one attached much importance to that fact, however. He had probably gone to Tyrone, or Johnstown, or perhaps to Pittsburg, as he had often done in the past. He would return when his stock of money became exhausted.

He had been absent two days when a young engineer visited the mine. Archibald Allan was a mining expert and had been sent to Dent Scar by the mining company for the purpose of reporting on the best method of making a proposed extension. Allan was a well-bred young fellow; he was also fairly educated and had traveled much. In appearance he was only of average height and quite slender, while his years perhaps numbered 28. Any one of the miners could have thrashed him in forty-five seconds, more or less. Consequently, although he was clever at his profession as well as pleasant in manner and entertaining in conversation, Archie Allen cut only a very small figure with the Dent Scar people. Strangely enough, however, Allan not only lost his heart to Jen Saxton, but (which was really far more remarkable) that devotee at the shrine of brute force fell in love with the interesting young engineer.

At all events, in a few weeks, they were married by an impecunious justice of the peace, and shortly afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Allan started to leave the Western Alleghenies.

That same day, the Bullock, tired of his prolonged jamboree, was on his way, afoot, from Tyrone to Dent Scar.

Most men after a month's "tear" are physical and mental wrecks; but such was not the case with the Bullock. The only effect his spree had wrought upon him was temporary financial embarrassment and of course, a consequent fit of extraordinary ill nature. He was strong as ever and just as confident in his own bullying powers.

He saw the couple driving towards him in the rig which Allan had hired and, while they were yet several hundred yards distant, became aware that the woman was Jen Saxton. He also perceived that the man was, to him a stranger. Evidently the Bullock smelled a mouse, or, possibly, merely objected to Jen riding with a man who was not known to himself. At any rate he stopped the horse and, utterly ignoring Allan, accosted the girl in broad North of England dialect.

"Where goin', lass?"

Jen, who was fully conscious of the bully's unspoken admiration and perhaps affection for herself, and who rightly estimated the frightful possibilities of such a nature as his when he should learn the truth, said nothing. She shuddered, and the shudder was perceptible both to the Bullock and to Allan. The latter became impatient; indeed he was hardly the man to brook interference from such as fellow as Evans without resentment.

"Stand aside, my man," he said. "My wife and I have no time to lose."

"Thy wife? Jen Saxton thy wife? Be'st that so, Jen?"

The girl nodded her head in silence, while Allan added:

"It seems to me that this is none of your concern."

The Bullock's face was white with suppressed murderous passion. He felt that he had been cuchred out of what he had hitherto deemed as surely his own as though every legal form and religious rite had bound Jen Saxton to him.

"Ah, lad," he said with a queer, low, savage laugh, "Tha thinks because Jen said 'yes' and because t' squire did th' old trick, that it's all right and none o' my concern. See tha, my lad, thou's gotten to ask me. Do tha understand? Me! And the only way to get my consent is to lick me. See tha? Whip me—knock me out—kill me! Tumble out, now, and see if thou's to keep the lass."

Allan saw that the giant meant mischief, so he attempted to start the horse. But Evans had unbuckled the reins from the bit, and the animal stood quite still. As for Jen, like an old war-horse that smells powder, her eyes flashed, her nostrils dilated, and clinched her fingers tightly at the prospect of a fight—a fight in which her old favorite, the Bullock, would undoubtedly utterly annihilate his opponent. The fact that such opponent was the man whom she had just married counted for nothing now that her old wild nature asserted itself, strong as ever. She was eager to behold the fray and said never a word of encouragement to Allan nor uttered the faintest rememonstrance to Evans.

Archie Allan was no coward, though he knew full well that his chances were small, indeed, in a contest with the Bullock. So when the latter, taking one end of the reins, brutally struck the heavy strap across the young man's face, Allan, springing from the buggy planted his fist in Evans' face. Then the battle began—and ended. Two blows from the Bullock, one on the mouth and one on the temple, laid the young engineer on the wayside, apparently lifeless. As a matter of fact he was only stunned, though Jen and the Bullock thought him dead.

Evans, to whom the exertion of knocking Allan insensible had been the merest trifle, now turned his attention to Jen.

Different phases of passion were surging through both the man and the woman. The Bullock, though outwardly calm, was filled with an exulting and demonical sense of triumph and absolute possession. Jen was fearfully excited—trembling with passionate admiration for the brute who had thrashed (killed she thought) her husband. It was a curious couple—a couple that would at that moment have furnished an interesting pyschological study.

The girl had descended from the gig when Allan sprang out of the vehicle to grapple with Evans. The Bullock now took a couple of steps toward her and stood with his cold, brutal eyes glaring into hers, which sparkled with unusual brilliancy.

"Dost tha want him now?" asked the man.

For a moment Jen glanced at the still and prostrate form of Allan and, as she did so, a slight shudder passed through her majestic form. Only for a moment, and then unable longer to control her feelings, she threw her shapely arms around the neck of her husband's murderer (as she supposed) while she covered his rough unshaven face with a torrent of wild hot kisses.

"No, no, no! 'Lisha, I am yours—you could always have had me for the asking. Take me away from him and do anything you've a mind to with me."

Even the rough brute was momentarily moved and, as his gray eyes lighted a little with supreme satisfaction at the girl's confession, he passed one arm around her waist, and together they walked away.

No one ever saw the Bullock and Jen Saxton any more.

The place where this strange encounter took place was about two miles from the Dent Scar mine. A year afterward Archie Allan was again in Westmoreland County, working at a contemplated mine extension. He proposed utilizing an old shaft which was quite close to the spot where he had been left for dead—a shaft which had been sunk for some years previous and abandoned. It was nearly two hundred feet deep and, when Allan descended to commence his investigations, he found the skeletons of two persons; one was covered by the clothing in which Evans was last seen, and the other was wrapped in the dress worn by Jen Saxton on her wedding day.

—The Virginia Legislature is wrestling with a bill to permit women to practise law. Just as if she didn't lay down the law every day—and practice it.

A Negro Mathematician.

Sam Summers, the negro prodigy, was in town recently, and, as usual, entertained a large crowd, who were testing him with all kinds of mathematical problems. Summers is a negro 34 years old, without the slightest education. He cannot read or write, and does not know one figure from another. He is a common farm hand, and to look at him and watch his actions he seems to be about half-witted, but his quick and invariably correct answer to any example in arithmetic, no matter how difficult, is simply wonderful. With the hundreds of tests that he was submitted to, not a single time has he failed to give the correct answer in every instance.

Some examples given him were as follows: How much gold can be bought for $792 in greenbacks if gold is worth $1.65? Multiply 597,312 by 13⅞. If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these be sown the second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced at this rate in twelve years if 1,000 grains make a pint? If the velocity of sound is 1,142 feet per second, the pulsation of the heart seventy per minute, after seeing a flash of lightning there are twenty pulsations counted before you hear the thunder, what distance is the cloud from the earth, and what is the time after seeing the flash of lightning until you hear the thunder? A commission merchant received seventy bags of wheat, each containing three bushels, three pecks and three quarts. How many bushels did he receive? And so on.

With Robinson's, Ray's and other higher arithmetics before them, those who have tested him as yet have been unable to find any example that with a few moment's thought on his part he is not able to correctly answer.—*Louisville Commercial.*

"Grounds" For Divorce.

People have laughed at the play in which the silly wife, who was applying for a divorce, stated to her attorney, that her monster of a husband had called her a "goose." She could not even show that he had qualified the term in any way; the only thing she could charge him with was that he had called her "just a plain, simple goose." Of course, that was a burlesque, but it seems seems that divorces are actually asked upon fully as flimsy charges as that of calling a woman a goose. Some ludicrous reasons for asking separation are given in Commissioner Wright's report on marriage and divorce. In one of these defendant made plaintiff climb a ladder to drive nails in the woodshed; not liking the way she drove the nails he lassoed her on coming down from the ladder, tied her fast to the gate-post, then stuck sticks and straws in her nose and ears, gouged his knuckles in her eyes and said he "wanted to see if she was Dutch." On untying her he threw or shoved her into a nest of bees, all of which sorely grieved the plaintiff in body and mind.

Such an experience of the sweets of wedded life constrained her to ask to be free.

This was in another application: "Defendant struck plaintiff a violent blow with her bustle." She evidently thought he was not struck on her shape and she determined to try an improvement upon him.

"My husband," complained another suffering wife, "would never cut his toe nails and I was scratched very severely every night, especially as he was very restless." Such a combination of causes ought to have secured her a prompt "bill" for her lacerated feelings and shins. Such a heartless rooster as that defendant, should follow "McGinty to the bottom of the say," as he is only fit to live with mermaids.

However, if all the married people with either real or fancied grievances, should apply for divorce, there would hardly be a single married couple left.

How to Tell the Ages of Strangers.

"Give me a list of the names of the men in any city or town in this country and without having seen or heard of them, I will tell you half their ages," said a prominent citizen yesterday.

"How can you do that?" asked an incredulous bystander.

"Simply by the initials of their names. In the first place you must remember that about half of the male population of this country have been named after Presidents of the United States or candidates for President, and all you have to do is to know when these Presidential candidates were at the zenith of their popularity. Of course exceptions must be made of George Washington and Andrew Jackson, for people have not quit naming their boys after these illustrious men to this day."

"For instance, here is the name of W. H. Johnson—William Henry Harrison was elected President in 1836, consequently Mr. Johnson is about fifty-three years old. Here is W. Scott Smith—Winfield Scott ran for President in 1852. Smith is therefore about thirty-seven years old. The next name on the list is A. L. North—Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860. Mr. North is therefore about twenty-eight years of age. Now take the next—M. F. Smathers, Milliard Filmore was a candidate for President in 1856. M. F. Smathers is therefore, in all probability about thirty-three years old. And so on. By studying the Christian names of men you can figure out the ages of many of them very closely."

He Reads Upside Down.

A Punxsutawney youth possesses the peculiar faculty of reading newspapers upside down quite as readily as otherwise. Indeed, he prefers to read that way, and almost invariably inverts the paper and reads upward instead of downwards. The peculiarity was after this fashion bequeathed him: When a small boy he loved not the atmosphere of the school room, and fain would stay at home. But he had a desire unto knowledge, and from the newspapers with which the walls of his bed room were papered he learned to spell and read. Many of these papers were pasted on upside down, and by reading from the bottom upward he became familiar with inverted print. Now he reads as readily as any one, and it may be said that all his education was gleaned from the newspapers on the walls.

The Best Chocolate.

A Senator's wife who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington gave the following recipe to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three-quarters of a cake of chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk; sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture and cook a few minutes longer.

—After all there is a vast amount of comfort to be taken out of growing old when one has passed the point of desiring to do foolish things.

—Barnum has spent $200,000 for advertising in London, hence his success. Here's a hint to the merchant who doesn't advertise.

Know Something.

Dr. Holmes says a well-educated man is one who knows "everything about something, and something about everything." The wise doctor does well to put this in the order he does; for the man who begins at one thing and learns all about it, before he tries to master everything else, is the man of power and consequence in this world, while the one who dabbles a little in everything gets left far behind in the race. Mr. Burdette puts the idea very neatly in the following paragraph:

"Mr. Vanderbilt pays his cook $10,000 a year, my boy, which is a great deal more than you and I earn, or at least it is a great deal more than we get, because he is a cook. That is all. Presumably because he can cook better than any other man in America. That is all. If Mons. Sauceangravi could cook tolerably well and shoot a little, and speak three languages tolerably well, and keep books fairly, and sing some, and could preach a fair sort of a sermon, and knew something about horses, and could telegraph a little, and do light porter's work, and could read proof tolerably, could do plain house and sign painting, and could help on a threshing machine, and knew enough law to practice in the Justices' courts of Kickapoo township, and had once run for the legislature, and knew how to weigh hay, he would'nt get $10,000 a year for it. He gets that just because he knows how to cook, and it would'nt make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat, and it went around its orbit on wheels.—There is nothing like knowing your business clear through, my boy, whether you know anything else or not."

What Produces Death.

Some one says that few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental, or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it, for even thought not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run: the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years, the ox 15 or 20, the lion about 20, the hog 10 or 12, the rabbit 8, the guinea pig 6 or 7. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according the physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is always the most irritable of all animals, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

Bill Nye's Whittled Desk.

Certain school boys in Butler who have whittled their desks and been compelled by the School Board to pay damages for the work of their jacket-knives may find comfort and a pointer or two in Bill Nye's experience. In his lecture at Pittsburg lately he gave this reminiscence of his schoolboy days:

One rule of the village school was that if any article of the schoolhouse furniture was mutilated a fine of $5 would be imposed on the offender. One day, while thinking of the tariff, he said, he whittled the desk. He was given his choice between paying a fine or taking a whipping. He said he didn't have the cash with him, but when he went home that night he told his father about it, and put the case to him very strongly, and asked him for the loan of the necessary money.

His father, he said, was not inclined to become a broker, and said that he could stand a good deal of corporal punishment taken in the proposed way. The father was finally persuaded, after exacting a promise that it would be the last offense, to furnish the $5.

On the way to school the next morning Nye said he thought over the matter carefully and prayerfully and concluded that $5 was too large a sum of money to fritter away on a school district that had never done anything special for him, and so when he got there he took the whipping—and retained the $5. It was, he said, the first money he ever honestly earned and with it he went to the circus with a portion—and bought arnica with the remainder.

The Wolf, the Lynx, and the Wild-Cat.

One day, the three animals named above met in the forest, and the day being pleasant and all feeling good-natured, the subject of a more fraternal feeling among them was soon introduced.

"There is no earthly reason why we should not even hunt in company and divide the spoils," said the Wolf as he combed his whiskers with a burr.

"None at all," said the Lynx. "I go in for a Trust, or, at least, for Co-Operation."

"Gentlemen," said the Wild Cat, "I am with you heart and hand in whatever you do."

After considerable discussion it was decided to go on a hunt in company. They soon came to the trail of a Man, and while the Wolf was for making pursuit the others objected. The next trail was that of a hare, and while the Cat and Lynx were eager to pursue, the Wolf would not move. Thus it went, until, as the three were finally ready for a fight, the Wolf sat down and said:

"See here, Gents—we have simply made a mistake. While we belong to the same species in a general way, our palates were built on a different principle, and Nature never intended us to hunt together; each will go his way and please himself."

MORAL.

The housewife won't admit there is any. If one child likes Bean Soup all must eat it or take a licking.

—Mothers and nurses should always remember that disappointment never attends the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

The close sympathy existing between the stomach and the brain is noticeably exhibited in the headache resulting from indigestion. Laxador always cures headache, when caused by indigestion.

—Don't growl at this world until you are sure of a better one.

—Everything that is nice in this world grows on the other side of a barbed wire fence.

—The devil is credited with a great deal of mischief that the stomach is guilty of.

Some Curious Wills.

The St. Louis *Republic*, some time ago, had a chapter on wills, showing the testators to have possessed minds singularly constituted.

Often quoted is the remarkable will of Solomon Sanborn, of Medford, Mass., who died about fifteen years. Sanborn was a great patriot, and specially gloried in the part Massachusetts took in the revolutionary struggle. In his will he left his body to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Prof. Agassiz, not, however, without imposing some of the most unheard of provisions and conditions. His skeleton he desired prepared in the most artistic manner known to the profession, and placed with the many others in the anatomical department of Harvard College. While preliminary preparations were being made in carrying out this extraordinary request, he desired the surgeons to be very careful with the skin so that it could be tanned in pieces of sufficient size to make a pair of drumheads. Upon one of these drumheads the "Declaration of Independence" was to be written, and upon the other Pope's "Universal Prayer." Fitted in its proper wooden frame this ghastly relic was to be presented to a local drummer, whom the testator designates a "distinguished friend," upon condition that he would promise to carry it to the foot of Bunker Hill monument on each succeeding anniversary of the battle, at sunrise, and beat upon it the invigorating strains of "Yankee Doodle."

The skeleton of Jeremy Bentham, in the Hospital Museum, London, is there at the request of its owner, who made a special provision in his will to have it presented to the curators of the hospital, who, upon accepting the gift, were to have the skeleton mounted and put in the presidential chair at each meeting of the hospital directors.

Dr. Wagner, an American, is up to or even ahead of the English precedent in the dismemberment idea. During his life his relatives had given him but little thought. When it came for him to die—he had a little money, about $1,000—his brothers became very kind. After his death, when the will was read, the following remarkable clause was disclosed:

"To my brother, Napoleon Bonaparte, I bequeath my left arm and hand; to George Washington, my second brother, my right arm and hand; to my other relatives my legs, nose and ears. My money, $1,000 cash, now in the B—— Bank, I bequeath to the physicians and surgeons who carry out my request by dismembering my body and giving to each of my relatives the portion allotted to him or her."

Horatio G. Onderdonk, a brother of the Bishop of New York, made provisions in his will which would have turned old Draco green with envy. Draco was strict, and well understood the meaning of the expression "ruling with a rod of iron;" but had Mr. Onderdonk lived at the time the old man was preparing his famous code, he could have helped to make it more binding. The last paragraph in the Onderdonk will read as follows:

"No heir must be an idler, sluggard, profligate, drunkard, gambler; use liquor or tobacco; go hunting or fishing on Sundays; attend races; enter a barroom or porter house; neglect to rise, breakfast, and be ready for business by 9 o'clock; or get married before he or she arrives at the age of 25 years."

Goodness "Wears Well."

Five or six young ladies, near relatives, began their matrimonial life about the same time. Happening to meet, one day, after having been married about ten years, they compared notes, and talked about their husbands. A lawyer's wife spoke with pride of the brilliant success her husband had won at the bar. Another lady professed herself satisfied with the luxurious home which her husband, a large manufacturer, had provided for his family. A third, whose husband stood well on 'change and in society, said she wouldn't exchange places with any of them. She had everything she wished for, and the "best people visited her." The conversation flowed on in this strain until one of the party exclaimed—"Why, Molly, you haven't said one word about your husband! Do tell us something. We all know you were not much in love with him when you married him." "But I am now," answered promptly the lady, who had listened in silence. "You all know that William is neither brilliant nor rich, but I know that he is good; and the longer I live the more I value simple goodness, especially in the man you live with. We are not even well-to-do, William has not added a penny to his fortune; but though we have had a hard struggle, we have enough, and our home is the sunniest in the county. During our whole married life, my husband has not spoken one harsh word to, nor has he caused me a moment's anxiety, and he has been as good as he could be all the time." Her hearers lapsed into silence, and kept their eyes on their fancy work. The husbands of several of them were not amiable, nor were their habits such as their wives cared to speak about, even to confidential friends. "Molly has capped us all!" exclaimed one at last, throwing down her work. "Take it day in and day out, goodness is better than smartness to live with. We'd all of us rather wear a real diamond, even if it is a little off colour, than a paste one. William may be a little opaque, but he is good and wears well."

The Economites.

There are now but about thirty members of the organization left in the quaint little town of Economy, and they are well advanced in years.

For a long time the rule forbidding the marriage of members has been strictly enforced, and time has so reduced their numbers that the question of disposing of the many millions of dollars of property which the organization has accumulated, and of perpetuating the society itself, is becoming daily more important.

At the opening of the coming year a dozen new members will be admitted to the society. Several of these are married. About the same time the proposition to raise the ban so long placed upon the marriage rite will be considered. It is learned that a majority of the present members favor the idea, and it is likely the change will be made.

The society lives in the town of Economy on the banks of the Ohio, and has become celebrated for the frugality of its members, its enormous wealth, quaint homes and good citizens. Jacob Henrici, its leading spirit, is a white-haired patriarchal man past 80 years. When questioned as to the proposed change, he said that celibacy was a part of their religion; and would remain so.

—An unruly stomach is not to be tamed with lectures.

—It discourages a young mustache to be called down.

—It takes a good deal of sand to perpetrate some sugar frauds.

—The girl who has the strongest will is the girl who says the strongest won't.

—The reason why Eve ate the apple was probably because she wanted to get some clothes.

Abe Skinned Him.

"If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it," Abraham Lincoln used to say, when confident of the justice of the cause he represented. He was weak in defending a wrong cause, for he was mentally and morally too honest to explain away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry.

Instead of attempting to bolster up such a cause, he abandoned it. Once he abandoned a case in open court, being convinced that it was unjust. A less fastidious lawyer took Mr. Lincoln's place and won the case.

Mr. Herndon, in his "Life of Lincoln," tells a story which exhibits his ability in getting a case he believed in "properly swung to the jury."

A pension agent, named Wright, secured for the widow of a Revolutionary soldier a pension of $400, of which sum he retained one-half as his fee. The pensioner, a crippled old woman, hobbled into Lincoln's office and told her story. It stirred Lincoln up; he brought suit against the agent, and on the day of the trial he said:

"I am going to skin Wright, and get that money back."

He did so. The old woman told her story to the jury. Lincoln in his plea drew a picture of the hardships of Valley Forge, described the soldiers as creeping barefooted over the ice, and marking their tracks by their bleeding feet. Then he contrasted the hardship of the soldiers endured for their country with the hardened action of the agent in fleecing the old woman of one-half of her pension.

He was merciless; the members of the jury were in tears, and the agent writhed in his seat under the castigation of Lincoln's denunciation. The jury returned a verdict in her favor for the full amount, and Lincoln made no charge for his services.

His notes for the argument were unique:

"No contract.—Not professional services.—Unreasonable charge.—Money retained by Def't not given by Pl'ff.—Revolutionary War.—Describe Valley Forge privations.—Ice—Soldiers' bleeding feet.—Pl'ff's husband.—Soldier leaving for army.—Skin Def't.—Close."

A Moral Lesson in it.

It was agreed by everybody in the car that she was the homliest woman they ever saw, and the man in the seat with her probably noticed the sly glances and heard some of the whispered exclamations. He became restless and uneasy, and by and by got up and walked back to where a couple of drummers sat, and said:

"Boys, she's my wife."

"Yes!" responded one.

"I allow that she's homely 'nuff to scare a hungry bear out of a hog pen but its all my fault."

"Indeed!"

"And I'll tell you the story, because there is a great moral in it. We was engaged to be married. I took her into Syracuse to a Fourth of July. There she met Bill Prime, an old beau of hers, and to make jealous, as some gals will, you know, she agreed to ride home with him. It hit me hard, as you may believe, and so I went out to the stable and drove tacks into Bill's harness. When they came to start out the horse ran away. Bill jumped out and didn't get a scratch, but Mary stayed in till the buggy struck a bridge and was smashed up. She lost twelve teeth, had her nose broken, her mouth torn out at the corner, an eye cocked up, her toes turned in, her tongue bit half in two, and the color of her hair changed to the brindle you now see before you."

"We see the lesson."

"Not yit, you don't! That came in when I tried to give her the shake and crawl out of the marriage. Her old dad put on the screws, and I had to come to time or lose my farm, and so I walked chalk. The great moral lesson is, never get mad at your best gal. If you do get mad don't make a fule of yourself. That's all, boys, and I hope the warning will sink deep into yer hearts."

The Tuneful Maid.

There is a family living on Duffield street who have a singing domestic—a hired girl who washes the dishes to the tune of "Silver Hairs Among the Gold," and scrubs the pantry with air of "Johnnie Get Your Gun." Her mistress has suggested to her several times that she would accomplish more if she sung less, and the neighbors sent in a petition a yard long asking to have her removed but it didn't do a bit of good. Sing she would, and sing she should and did, until she met with her fate.

Yesterday afternoon she was siting with her back to the window cleaning the family silver and singing, with her voice away up to concert pitch. "There's a Land that is Fairer Than Day," when suddenly a rich baritone voice at the window took up the refrain, "In the sweet by-and-by" and continued to carry the air with her. She wasn't going to sing in a strange choir in that fashion and she turned to see who the accompanist was. There stood a nice looking strange young man.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but you do sing so beautifully I could not help stopping to listen.