

THE COUNTRY-GIRL'S LETTER.

DEAR Sis—Here I am in the city; Cousin Minnie is kind as can be, Uncle John calls me "his little daughter;" And 'tis Sis, between you and me, I am awfully homesick this morning...

And I see Aunty looking unhappy because it don't seem to be getting any better...

HUGH'S CHOICE.

BY ETHELIND RAY.

From the Evening Telegram. Hugh McKay had made up his mind to get married...

He summoned up a list of the personal attractions which he deemed indispensable to the future Mrs. Hugh, thusly: She must be tall and stately...

She must be quiet, modest, ladylike, never indulging in slang, and always reserving her warmest smiles for him...

But after finishing his list, he suddenly realized, with a blank feeling in his heart, that the next thing to do was to "find her," and he soon discovered that this was a more difficult task than he had at first imagined.

In vain, he haunted the theaters, balls, churches—every place, in fact, which might be the resort of the fair, pure flower he was so longing to pluck from the parent stem...

For a long time he was unsuccessful, but, at last, that fickle dame, Fortune, kindly befriended him, and caused him to be introduced to Miss Josephine Page...

She was just tall enough, plump enough, stately enough—oh! she really could not have suited him better if she had been "made to order," and he hastened to cultivate her acquaintance...

Well, two or three months passed away, and one morning he called on the home of Miss Josephine, with the intention of offering to marry her...

He crossed the veranda, stepped into the drawing-room and finding no one there, threw himself lazily into an easy chair, to await the entrance of his dulcinea...

How do you like Charley? Josie asked, when they were alone. "I don't like her at all!" he answered promptly...

dered from Charley's bright, impudent face. Suddenly, when he least expected it, she lifted her head, and looked squarely and roughly into his eyes...

"I'll tell you what I think of you," continued Charley, taking a hair-pin out of her pocket, and deliberately buttoning her glove, "I think you're conceited! Good-by; I am going for a walk."

And with her parasol under her arm she sauntered out, slamming the door behind her. Somehow, it seemed to Josephine that Hugh was not quite so entertaining as usual that afternoon...

"Oh! oh! dear! oh, my! There's a yellow jacket biting me—stinging me, I mean! O, horror! murder! thieves! what will I do!"

Where—where is it? gasped Josephine, for one started out of her graceful composure. "Is it in your sleeve?" "Where that?" groaned Charley...

"It's in—here!" tugging bravely at the fastening of her dress. "O, what will I do? Won't somebody, please, to take it out?"

Hugh evidently considered himself "somebody" just then, (what gentleman would not under such circumstances?), for he arose with alacrity and advanced to proffer his assistance...

"After all," he thought, as Charley's pretty, graceful form disappeared, "I believe I won't ask Josephine this morning—there's plenty of time—and that cousin of hers is a deuced handsome girl, by Jove!"

After that, each time he called, Charley was present, and he was forced to postpone his proposal from time to time. The days glided into weeks, and the weeks into months, and three had passed, and still Charley was always in the way with her nonchalance and impudence...

Meanwhile, Josephine was just as cool and easy, and self-possessed, and ladylike as ever, and Hugh thought every time he saw her, how nice she would look in the white dress, and he would actually surprised himself in the act of comparing Josephine and Charley, greatly to the disparagement of the latter.

"How do you like Charley?" Josie asked, when they were alone. "I don't like her at all!" he answered promptly; he was in a very good humor then, for Charley had been making some very insulting remarks about his whiskers, which, to tell the truth, were not the whitest color in the present day...

"Yes—I know!" faltered Josie, looking a little frightened. "But if you will excuse me now, I must go and take my music lesson. You may amuse yourself with my drawing until I return." And she retired into the room, wondering why Mr. McKay should become so excited over only Charley.

Hugh, left alone, began to feel a little ashamed of his sudden outburst of temper. Suppose Josie should tell her cousin what he had said! How badly poor, little saucy Charley would feel, and oh! how she would hate him.

her hands, and bring them to my poor, sick wife, and tell us not to tell, because Miss Josephine would kill her! And now—she's going to die!"

And as he spoke, Hugh, who had listened to the man in dumb horror, booted the slow, steady, tramp of feet on the stairs, and again the door opened, and carried her in, and placed her tenderly on the sofa, and Hugh, with stilled heart, looked down at the white, sweet face that had blushed last night under his gaze...

"Is she dead?" asked Hugh with cold lips. And the doctor only shook his head gravely, and sent them all out of the room. Hugh waited at the head of the stairs, with the farm laborers who had carried there, and oh, how bitterly he reproached himself as he heard them telling of all her good and kind deeds among the poor and sick.

"How old is she?" asked Hugh suddenly. "How old is she?" said Miss Page, in surprise. "Your cousin," stammered Hugh, blushing. "Oh, Charley why, let me see," said Miss Page sweetly; "she is only eighteen—quite childish—you must really excuse her for asking you such questions."

"And just then Miss Josie looked so sweet and innocent and ladylike, that Hugh suddenly remembered, for the first time during his call, that he had come to propose." "I wanted," he said, leaning forward and taking her hand in a very practical way indeed, "I had almost forgotten that I came this morning to ask you—"

The window flew up with a crash, and Charley came tumbling into the room, screaming at the top of her clear, sweet voice: "Oh! oh! dear! oh, my! There's a yellow jacket biting me—stinging me, I mean! O, horror! murder! thieves! what will I do?"

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For a long time he was unsuccessful, but, at last, that fickle dame, Fortune, kindly befriended him, and caused him to be introduced to Miss Josephine Page, who, he immediately decided, was "just the girl for him!"

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who has been visiting the vicinity of Blennerhassett's island, mentions an incident in the life of Aaron Burr, which it is said has never before been published. It is related by Dr. William Crump of Powelltown county, Va., the charges of affairs to the court of Chili during the administration of President John Tyler.

Dr. Crump was an elegant and courtly gentleman, the old school of Virginia "quality." He had married Miss Maria Moody of Williamsburg, an heiress and ward of Mr. Tyler, and the reigning belle of Virginia about the time that Mary and Rebecca Bellinger of Petersburg, were in the zenith of their beauty and belle-dom.

It was at a dinner one day during the canvass between General Winfield Scott and Mr. Pierce, that I heard a remarkable conversation between Dr. Crump and Hon. W. S. Archer, Senator from Virginia, which occurred at Letchum, the mansion of Dr. Crump. The mail was brought in, and between the courses, Dr. Crump obtained a copy of the Enquirer, the Democratic organ, edited by the celebrated M. Ritchie, of Crump's acquaintance, and then suddenly dropped the paper, striking the table with his fist and exclaiming:

"My God! Mr. Archer, we have a prophet with us, and Aaron Burr is that prophet!"

"I don't deny it," said Heine, who in the meanwhile had appeared in a more respectable toilet. "These seldom come anything agreeable to me from the Fatherland. The Germans who present themselves here are often of a doubtful nature. But if you are really a fellow-countryman, whose name is known to me, do me the honor to pay me a visit here but come of a friendly reception. But come, come into my room; we must have a long chat."

"I had a closer look at Heine," he said, "and I was far from being the sick man of whom we are accustomed to think. True, the right eye-lid had fallen and nearly concealed the eye, but no other trace of the coming apoplexy was visible in his face. The nose was of a singular beauty. The forehead was high and broad, the nose finely and nobly modeled. A reddish-brown beard shaded a well-formed mouth and concealed the chin. The dark brown hair of the head, which hung down the neck, betrayed no trace of age. The general expression of Heine's face was one of dreams melancholy, but when he spoke or moved an unexpected look of energy appeared, and an astonishing and almost demonic intelligence came before the eyes. The disease which later made such frightful ravages had only begun to show slight, almost unnoticeable marks of its presence.—[Alfred Meissner.]

Carlyle's Advice to a Literary Amateur. In a collection of Covenanter ballads lately published at Edinburgh there are a few characteristic letters by Carlyle. One of them is addressed to a friend who had endeavored to interest Carlyle in a cousin whose ambition it was to win a livelihood in England at this present day. It sets forth in such a vigorous fashion the hardships and uncertainties of the literary career that it is worth quoting for the benefit of young writers in general, who are apt to be so dazzled by the brilliant careers of the few who succeed that they do not rightly estimate the wretchedness of the many who fail.

"There is no madder section of human business now weltering under the sea than that of periodical literature in England at this present day. The meagrest bread-and-water wages, at any honest, steady occupation, I should say, are preferable for a young man. I mistake much if your cousin were not wise to shun, and save some law and what benefits it will yield him, studying, of course, in all ways to perfect and cultivate himself, but leaving literary glory, etc., to lie in the distance, an obscure possibility of the future, which he might obtain, perhaps, but also could do very well without attaining. In another year, it seems, his official salary may be expected to increase into something tolerable. He has his mother and loved ones within reach; he has, or by his diligence can borrow, and save some books worth reading; his own free heart is within him, to shape into humble wisdom or mar into violent madness; God's great sky is over him, God's green, peaceful earth around him. I really do not think that he ought to be in haste to quit such arrangements. Nevertheless, if he persists in purpose to write, which in my ignorance of the details of his situation I know not that he should absolutely avoid doing, let him by all means try it. If he turns out to have the faintest he will decidedly find an editor; if not, it is better in all ways that he do not find one. * * * * * They, the editors, will make short work of the business, and will, I really think, do what they will answer. In conclusion, I should say that your cousin ought decidedly to try for some other subject to start with than criticism on Shakespeare. Doubtless he must know best what he has the call to write upon, if we have really an inward call. But the thing he will have the chance to write entertainingly upon will be something he specially himself has seen, not probably Shakespeare, I should say, which all the world these poor countries has been doing its best to see. Excuse this abruptness. Heaven knows I would gladly help your cousin if I could."

"And now, Mr. Archer," continued the venerable old man, "let me by all means try it. If he turns out to have the faintest he will decidedly find an editor; if not, it is better in all ways that he do not find one. * * * * * They, the editors, will make short work of the business, and will, I really think, do what they will answer. In conclusion, I should say that your cousin ought decidedly to try for some other subject to start with than criticism on Shakespeare. Doubtless he must know best what he has the call to write upon, if we have really an inward call. But the thing he will have the chance to write entertainingly upon will be something he specially himself has seen, not probably Shakespeare, I should say, which all the world these poor countries has been doing its best to see. Excuse this abruptness. Heaven knows I would gladly help your cousin if I could."

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I soon found the house, which was on the corner of a little narrow street that bends off the rue du Faubourg Poissonniere. It bore the number of 46. I mounted three flights of narrow, dangerously polished stairs, and stooped before a small brown door, by which there was a green silk bell pull. I rang, and a compact, rather youthful lady opened the door, cast a sharp look at my fatherland coat, and said that "M. Eene" was out. "I am sorry," said I in French, with real eagerness, "not to find M. Heine. I come from Leipzig and bring him a letter from M. Laube. When, madame, can I have the pleasure?"

"He is not out! He is not out!" cried a very thin voice from within, and a small man neither old nor young, with his head bent forward, appeared at the door in a dressing-gown that flapped about his naked legs. It was Heinrich Heine, and a pressure of his soft hand greeted me. "Entrez, monsieur! Entrez, monsieur! I have just come home to change my new clothes because I am bathed in perspiration, but as you are as loud as if he were talking to a half deaf person. 'Yes, my dear, this is a friend from Germany, who brings me a letter from Laube,' he explained to his wife. 'Monsieur Heine will permit Germans to see me. She knows them at a glance,' and he rushed back into the next room."

"Ja, mein Herr," said madame, smiling. "I recognized monsieur as a German at once," she said. "Oh, monsieur, Dieu, by your clothes and your shoes." I cast a glance at my coat and shoes—Dresden make—and I couldn't see anything remarkable about them, still they must have looked something of style. To me, at least, they were, however. "And why," I asked, "are the Germans so treated by you? Yet I can well imagine that your husband is overburdened with visitors."

"I cannot deny it," said Heine, who in the meanwhile had appeared in a more respectable toilet. "These seldom come anything agreeable to me from the Fatherland. The Germans who present themselves here are often of a doubtful nature. But if you are really a fellow-countryman, whose name is known to me, do me the honor to pay me a visit here but come of a friendly reception. But come, come into my room; we must have a long chat."

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The board of education.—The schoolmaster's shingle. Americans never sleep with nightcaps on. They generally take them on the inside. There is nothing like having a good quantity of bedding for all animals. It makes their repose more comfortable and serves an excellent purpose of absorbing the liquid excrements.

Laying hens need a great deal of lime, in order that their eggs may have the proper thickness of shell. Nothing better can be given than raw bones crushed fine. They are of special value on the account of the fatty matter contained in their cells.

French poultry fanciers who make a specialty of raising fowls for the market are now feeding their poultry with barley and steamed carrots. Their rapid fattening qualities are something wonderful, and it is said that the roots also impart a peculiar flavor to the flesh that suits the taste of the French epicure exactly. The long yellow carrots are considered the best for this purpose.

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Reminiscences of Early Railroad. J. H. Jackman in a recent letter shows that in the matter of speed, locomotive engines of to-day are not greatly superior to those of earlier times. He says: "In 1849 Ross Winans, of Baltimore, built a locomotive for the Boston & Worcester Railroad. It had a seven-foot driving wheel, and was intended for very high speed. It had steam springs to support the weight, and was fitted with many new devices. I was sent to Baltimore to look after the construction and delivery of this locomotive, and also to study the matter of coal burning, which was a new thing on roads in New England at that time. I ran the engine for about six weeks, and should have run her longer but from the fact of her driving-wheels breaking. They were made entirely of cast iron, with chilled faces. These broken drivers were replaced with imported wrought iron wheels, the first of the kind ever imported. The locomotive was named the Carroll of Carrollton. Its speed, under favorable circumstances, was one mile in sixty seconds, the fastest I ever ran it. The trial was not accurately noted, I having enough to do to attend to the machine, and those with me were too much flustered with the excitement to accurately note anything. I have traveled many thousand miles on locomotives since that day in order to test speed, and while I have seen some high speed made, still I have never seen the locomotive that could lay right down to it and out-run the 'Carroll of Carrollton.' In those days we had no power brakes, and to run at such high rates of speed sometimes became dangerous. I remember on one instance, in bright time of rounding a curve at about sixty miles an hour, when a danger signal met my view. I shut off steam and whistled down brakes, but they did not seem to check me. I whistled again. Still the speed kept up, and I gave the third signal for brakes, and then reversed my engine, saying to her: 'Do your duty, my beauty, or in twenty seconds it is good-bye to railroading.' We came to a standstill eighty rods from a train on the main track, having run one mile and a quarter from the place where I first discovered the red light."

A TOUGH QUESTION.—Children are often puzzled by questions which are not understood by their elders. During the late Franco-Prussian war a Sunday-school scholar read out the prayers which the Germans and French were petitioning Heaven for success to their arms. "Mother," asked a little girl of her parent, "I don't see what the Lord can do under the circumstances, do you? He can't give the victory to both of them, and it seems to me like a terrible dilemma to be placed in." Her mother, who was not entirely satisfied with the role which Great Britain played in the affair, remarked: "Well, my dear child, perhaps he will do as the English do, and remain neutral."

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Rupture CURED. From a Merchant. DAVENPORT, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, San Francisco—Sir: The Truss I purchased of you about one year ago has proved a miracle to me. I have been ruptured forty years, and worn dozens of different kinds of Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, as they were injurious to my back and spine. Your valuable Truss is as easy as an old shoe, and it is worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords me so much pleasure. I can and do advise all both ladies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy any wear your modern improved Elastic Truss immediately. I never expect to be cured, but am satisfied and happy with the comfort it gives me to wear it. It was the best \$10 I ever invested in my life. You can refer any one to me, and I will be glad to answer any letters on its merits. I remain, yours respectfully, D. D. BURNELL.

Latest Medical Endeavors. DAVENPORT, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it in practice, and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which Trusses are worn it is the best Truss ever offered to the public. Yours truly, B. W. J. SMITH, M. D. Endorsed by a prominent Medical Institute. SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to the relative merits of your Patent Elastic Truss, as compared with other kinds that have been used and my observation, and in reply to your frank statement that from the time my attention was first called to their simple, though highly mechanical and philosophical construction, together with ease of adjustability to persons of all ages, forms or sizes. I add this further testimony with special pleasure, that the several persons who have applied to me for aid in their special cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to use yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themselves highly favored by the possession of the improved Elastic Truss. Yours truly, B. W. J. SMITH, M. D. Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute, 635 California Street, San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE CURE. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 26, 1879. W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, San Francisco—Sir: I truly thank you for the wonderful CURE your valuable truss has effected in my little boy. The double truss I purchased from you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture on both sides in a little over six weeks. I feel that he had before I bought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he laid it aside for the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS. I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on this subject. Yours truly, L. DEXTER LYVORP, M. D. Surgeon and Physician, 635 California Street.

This is to certify that I have examined the son of Wm. Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of Hernia on both sides. Wm. Peru, 635 California Street. L. DEXTER LYVORP, M. D. Surgeon and Physician.

Trusses forwarded to all parts of the United States at our expense on receipt of price. Send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List. Giving full information and rules for measuring. California Elastic Truss Co. 702 Market Street, S. F.

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK CO. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. General Office and Manufacturing, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Pacific Branch, 211 and 213 California St., San Francisco. CHAS. H. DODD & CO., PORTLAND, Agents for Oregon and Washington Ter.

HALL'S PATENT CONCRETE FIRE-PROOF SAFES. Have been tested by the most disastrous configurations in the country. They are thoroughly fire proof. They are free from rust, and are not affected by any of the most disastrous configurations in the country. Their superiority is beyond question. Although about 150,000 of these safes are now in use, they have never been broken open by any of the most disastrous configurations in the country, there is not a single instance on record where one of them ever failed to preserve its contents perfectly.

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THEY ARE THE BEST SAFE. Made in America, or any other country. One Thousand Dollars. To any person who can prove that one of Hall's patent burglar-proof safes has ever been broken open and robbed by burglary, we will pay him \$1,000, and we will put from \$1,000 to \$10,000 behind them any time as an equal amount.

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