## A SCULPTOR'S LOVE STORY.

The capital of Anjon is preparing to do honor to one of its most illustrious children. The sculptor David is to be commemorated by a statue, the work of an M. Noel, who obtained the first prize in the competition organized by the town of Angers. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire has been deputed to represent the Government at the inaugural ceremony, and the occasion will probably be seized to put forward a species of ministerial programme. The life of David of Angers forms a fitting subject for republican panegyric, as he suffered persecution and banishment for the good cause. Posthumous reward has come at last, and on the spot where the embryo artist solicited the charity of passers-by to take home a few sous to his mother, the features of the powerful genius as he developed in the powerful genius as he developed in ed, when a young woman appeared with after years will serve to remind future a light in her hand. Recognizing David, generations of Augerins that the path of generations of Angerins that the path of she became pale, exclaiming in a terriglory, if it leads but to the grave, does fied voice, "What! is it you? You, Monnot always close there.

The story of the struggling sculptor's privations, trials and ultimate success in the great city whither he betook himself, will doubtless be retold once more. To gain a scanty pittance he was obliged to of the tomb of Botzaris. accept mason's work, in which capacity he has left some marks of his powers in stone in the front of the Tuileries. Hearing of the hardships of their young townsman, the municipality in Angers voted him a moderate annuity of 500 francs, or \$100. This sufficed to keep David from actual want, and the force of his character and aptitudes for art soon enabled him not only to sustain his head above water but also to emerge into notoriety. He received a commission to execute an emblematic figure of France on the portal of the Pantheon, which is esteemed a masterpiece. The revolution of 1848 afforded him an opening to public life, and the very decided way in which he protested against the admission of Prince Napoleon caused him to be proscribed and very nearly cost him his life in 1852. It may, perhaps, be an exaggeration to speak of David of Angers as the French Michael Angelo, but in his chief work, which has been called a national epopee, he certainly approached that great master. The history of this statue, "La Juene Grecque," which was designed to portray a young girl bending over a marble tomb and spelling the hero's name of Marcos Botzair, the victim of Nauphlie and savior of Missolonghi, has been recounted by Jules Claretie. The young artist, inspired by this tale, burned with desire to raise a monuing could be more simple or more

Life deciphering with a lisp the secret of death The next step was to seek a model, While on his way to dine with Victor Hugo, at the house of Mere Saguet, in the Rue du Montparnasse, he discovered a maiden of fourteen, in rags, but charming therein. " Now I have my model, David confided to his friend the poet, after he had taken the address of the girl. Slim and delicate, bearing in her face the signs of a precocious struggle for existence, the child was nevertheless body was destined to live in the marble of the statuary; but all that her un- bully. This creature, bearing already worthy tion of brandy which her daughter's pure form procured her in the present.

attracted his model's attention. One day at the close of a sitting, she ventured to ask the sculptor if he would consent to part with it, in return for her services. until the debt was wiped out.

'A Christ like that in our loft would be beautiful, and then it would console me and might sustain me," entreated the

went and unhung the coveted object, saying, in his curt but not unkindly tones; "All right; you wish it; very well, take it then; and if ever you are tempted to do wrong, look at it and think of him

who gave it to you."
"For nothing?" demanded the child, whose name was Clementine. Her joy was profound, and David went on with feverish inspiration to complete his marble effigy of the young Grecian maiden spelling the name of Botzaris. All his posey passed into the representation of this delicate creature, and all the feelings of the patriot were expressed in its clay. When he had finished, the author apostrophized his handiwork like Pygmalion addressing Galatea, "But as parent, not as lover.

"Thou art ended now, dear child, and art about to quit our shores for the beautiful country of Greece-thou whom I loved so much. Ah! how I loved thee, as a tender father loves his daughter, in spite of the faults which he knew so well. Thou art about to quit the land of noble inspirations and great works for the country which gave them birth. May the sun of Attica, whose rays are but faintly reflected here, warm thee. When the star shall mount in the firmament, like a thought of the Christ, one of its rays shall rest on thy melancholy brow;

for thou art very sad my poor child."

The statue of "La Jeune Grecque" was sent off to Greece, and in spite of this gloomy invocation, we are told that the artist probably thought no more of it than of his prototype, being engrossed with other works. One evening, on quitting a company at M. de Gisor's, the architect of Luxenbourg, David, was accosted by an unknown person, who dealt him two terrible blows from behind, which laid bare his skull. But for the help of a passing workman he might have bled to death by the wayside. With difficulty the sculptor dragged himself to his abode. His attempted assassin remained undiscovered, although David always suspected a rival against whom he voted in a competition, and who afterwards died mad. A few years later, when the episode had been nearly forgotten by its victim, David of Angers (as he is called) received a letter inviting him to repair, between midnight and 1 o'clock, fully that the Phænix widow has sold to a certain house in the Faubourg St. Jaques, near the hospital Val de Grace. A sign, understood by "patriots," was traced on the cover. David, fancying is a Mormon.—[Elmira Advertiser. that it referred to a convocation of some political refugees, prepared to start without any misgivings. The note stated that the house had no concierge and that seams good.

the bearer must go provided with a covered lantern. On the fourth story he would see a cross chalked on the door, which could be opened on knocking. Somebody would be there to receive him The proposal sounded mysterious, not to head, was just at its dawn. He set off, arriving at the house indicated a little

after midnight givings. No answer. He knocked again, with the same result, until, thinking he had been made the dupe of some prac-tical joke, the midnight visitor was about length permitted to resume his journey. to descend and wend his way homeward. All on a sudden the opposite door opensieur David!"

The sculptor, in his turn, stood stupe fied as he saw before him, still beautiful though trembling, the little street girl of the Rue Montparnasse, the young Greek

"Go away from here, as quick as you can," she cried in supplicating tones. "If you stay, you are a dead man. And you. Be off at once, I beg of you, Monsieur David.'

"Be it so," responded the sculptor, feeling that alone, without arms, he sity. would be no match for his hidden enemies. Descending rapidly the staircase, a few doors off in the entrance to the court. A few minutes later several men in the house he had just quitted.

Many years elapsed, when one day David was impelled by the desire to revisit the site. Knocking at the door where the girl had appeared, he obtained no answer. Asking a workman on the stair for Mile. Clementine, "Don't know her," was the gruff re-

Nobody in the place had ever heard of a woman of that name. Disappeared, doubtless, the lassie of 1827, who had incarnated such a beautiful dream. In month of August, 1843, following the obsequies of his comrade Cortot, of whom he said, "His sculpture is of ice ment to its hero. One day, when casting about for a subject of composition, he perceived a little girl in a cemetery, kneeling over a tomb and spelling out the letters of the inscription chiselled there, by the aid of her fingers. Nothing could be more simple or more like little beautiful, though miserating could be more simple or more like little beautiful, though miserating could be more simple or more like little beautiful, though miserating could be more simple. ble. Under her arms she carried the figure of Christ, the same which the sculptor gave her, with the exhortation, "You shall think of it when you are tempted to go wrong." For a moment the thought passed through his mind of leaving the procession to follow the woman on her errand to the bric-a-brac dealers of the quarter, and for months afterwards he scanned the windows of these curiosity shops, to espy, if possi-ble, this bronze figure of the Saviour. Five or six years subsequently the artist once more stumbled across his vision. beautiful, and seemed at that moment to Alas! how changed and fallen. David incarnate Greece oppressed. Her frail saw her disappear in one of the hideous dens of vice, in company with a noted parent thought of was the rota-parent thought of the rota-tion of the rota-parent thought of the rota-tion o

des Boncheries.

"You do not remember me, M. David," she said. "Oh! yes; I am so changed. I was prettier the first day when I came to you. Oh! I could not Without a moment's hesitation, David pose any more for la Jeune Greeque

now. David shuddered, dropped into the woman's hand a piece, and the next instant saw her taken off to jail by the police.

"It would be difficult to invent a more poignant story," adds the the chronicler;

but the end was not yet come.' David of Angers, exiled by the coup d'etat, repaired to Greece, in company with his daughter. He wanted to behold with his own eyes, under the pure sky of Attica, the chief work of his youth. He must go to Missolongi, to visit the tomb of Marco' Botzaris. Some one said to him:

"Do not go. Why not?" inquired the traveler. He was soon to know the reason. Approaching the strip of land where Byron died, at the foot of the bastion where Botzaris fell, the sculptor descried his young Greek. "Methought I saw her thrill at the sight of her creator a genera-

tion ago." The next moment he gave vent to a cry of rage and despair. The statute was broken; the right hand smashed; the pointed finger gone. The face was mu-tilated like the visage of its model, as struck by her brutal protector. Roving tourists—English among the number— had defaced the pedestal, and other infamies had been committed. David never host. fully recovered from the stroke, and returned soon afterwards to his native town to die. His heart bled at the thought of the outrage inflicted by those barbarians. Alas! for our shattered idols! These barbarians were Greeks.-American Archi-

A LONG JOURNEY TO MARRY A MOR-MON .- A widow residing in Phoenix, N Y., is a lover of flowers, and has the finest collection of greenhouse plants in that section. Last spring a gentleman in Arizona advertised for a certain kind of rare plant. This widow answered the advertisement by letter, and a correspondence followed, ending in a proposal of marriage. He wrote that he could not leave his business to come East, but would send a representative. A dady subsequently arrived in that capacity, who said she was the third wife of Brigham Young. She negotiated so success her property and started on her 2000mile journey, the last 500 of which must

Those that have tried it say that kissing is like a sewing machine, because it ever it is presented.

### The Bewildered Traveler.

During the rage of the Continental war in Europe, occasion-no matter what-called an honest Yorkshire squire to take a journey to Warsaw. Untravsay suspicious, but the recipient of this eled and unknowing, he provided himstrange missive was young; and the romantic school, with friend Hugo at the cerned himself alone, and what had for-

eign nations to do with him. His route lay through the States of neutral and contending powers. He On reaching the fourth floor David perceived the chalk cross, when he knocked as instructed, without any misa private nature, he was imprisoned, and questioned, and sitted; and, appear-

> To the officer of the guard which conducted him to the frontier he made frequent complaints of his treatment, and of the loss he should sustain by the delay; he swore it was uncivil, and unfriendly, and ungenerous; 500 Dutchmen might have traveled through Great Britain without a question; they never questioned any strangers in Great Britain, nor stopped them, nor guarded

them. Roused from his native phlegm by these reflections on the policy of his country, the officer slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke therebe sure not to say a word about it, else from-"Mynheer," said he, "when you we shall be undone, my mother and I. first set your foot on the land of the Ah! mon Dieu! I did not know it was seven United Provinces, you should have declared that you came thither on affairs of commerce;" and, replacing his pipe, relapsed into immovable tacitur-

Released from his unsocial companion, he soon arrived at a French post, where he gained the street, and posted himself the sentinel of the advanced guard requested the honor of his permission to ask for his passports; and on his failing approached, who disappeared stealthily to produce any, he was entreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting fancied," said the sculptor, "that I him to to the commandant, but it was his recognized my assassin among them." perform it.

Monsieur le commandant received him with cold and pompous politeness; he made the usual inquiries; and our traveler, determined to avoid the error which had produced such inconvenience to him, replied that commercial concerns drew him to the continent.

"Ma foi," says the commandant, "c'est un negotiant, un burgeois; take him away to the citadel, we will examine him tomorrow; at present we must dress for the omedie-allons!"

"Monsieur," says the sentinel, as he reconducted him to the guard room, 'you should not have mentioned commerce to Monsieur le commandant; no gentlemen in France disgraces himself with trade; we despise traffic. You should have informed Monsieur le commandant that you entered the dominion of the Grand Monarque for the purpose of improving yourself in singing and dancing, or in dressing; arms are the profession of the man of fashion, and glory and accomplishment his pursuits. Vive le Roi!" He had the honor of passthe night with a French Guard, and the next day he was dismissed.

Proceeding on his journey he fell in with a detachment of German chasseurs. They demaded his name, his quality and his business in that country. he said, to learn to dance-and to singand to dress. "He is a Frenchman, said the corporal. "A spy," said the sergeant. And he was directed to mount camp.

The officer, whose duty it was to exhad met, who had for a moment impreg- our traveler was not a Frenchman, and nated their dreams of art with the genius that as he did not understand a syllable Rue de Fleurus a crucifix in bronze that of liberty—Greece young and ever fair. of the language, he was totally incapa-But this was not the last time the pair ble of being a spy; he therefore diswere fated to encounter each other. In charged him, and not without advising July, 4847, a figure drew timidly towards him to no more assume the frippery char-David as he was passing along the Rue acter of a Frenchman. "We Germans," he said, "eat, drink and smoke; these are our favorite employments, and had you informed the party that you followed no other business, you would have saved them, me and yourself trouble."

He soon approached the Prussian dominions, where his examination was still more strict, and on his answering that his only designs were to eat, and to drink, and to smoke-"To eat! and to smoke!" exclaimed the officer, with astonishment. "Sir, you must be forwarded to Potasdam; war is the only

business of mankind. But the acute and penetrating Frederick soon comprehended the character of our traveler, and gave him a passport under his own hand. "It is an ignorant and innocent Englishman," said the veteran; "the English are unacquainted with military duties, when they want a

General they borrow him of me. At the barriers of Saxony he was again interrogated. "I am a soldier," says our traveler, "behold the passport of the first

warrior of the age!" "You are a pupil of the destroyer of millions," replied the sentine; "we must send you to Dresden, and harkye, sir, conceal your passport, as you would avoid being torn to pieces by those whose husbands, sons and relations have been wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of the Prussian ambition.

A second examination at Dresden cleared him of suspicione Arrived at the frontier of Polande he flattered himself that his troubles were at an end, but he reckoned without his

"Your business in Poland?" interrogated the officer.
"I really don't know, sir," replied the

"Don't know your own business, sir?" resumed the officer. "1 must conduct

you to the starost." "For the love of God," says the weary traveler, "take pity on me. I have been Of course, an act like that was punish-imprisoned in Holland for being desi- able with death. "Piracy on the high self; I have been confined all night in a French guard house for declaring myself a merchant; I have been compelled to and dignity of the Captain of the ship. ride seven miles behind a German dra- But this Californian neither knew the and have been threatened with assassin- his head. Dear Dave Colton! I hear ation in Saxony for avowing myself a he is dead now. We first got acquaintnot give offense, I shall consider you as The Californian. my friend and preserver."

It is superflous to say that he was allowed to go about his business, and arrived safely in Old England.

### Lacked the Conveniences.

"My dear sir," began a cheerful looking gentleman, not particularly well dressed or smelling very pleasant, as he broke into the Eagle's sanctum yesterday and grasped the city editor's hand. "My

dear sir, do you not recognize me?"

"No, I don't," responded the city editor, gruffly. "What's your racket?"

"Don't recognize me! Why, my dear sir, don't you recognize—did you ever see Dr. Carver, the famous rifle shot?"

"No, I didn't," replied the city editor.
"Oh, well, that accounts for it," said

the visitor, breathing easier. "Are you Doctor Carver?" asked the

city editor, suspiciously.
"The same," responded the seedy man. "I've dropped in to ask a bit of a favor. Coming across on the boat from New York I made a match with a man who is waiting down stairs for me. We are to shoot right away, and I have called in to borrow your gun until I beat him.

"Where's your own?" "In New York. Haven't time to get it. The match comes off in an hour and I must have a gun. Happened to think of you and stepped in. Will return it in two hours.

"But I haven't any gun," said the city editor. "Never did have one, and don't want any.

"Anybody round the office got one?" asked the doctor. "Do you know any body who has got a gun?" "No, I don't. Why don't you buy

"That's just it. This match is for \$1,500 a side, and it took every cent of change I had to make the stake. Haven't got a quarter left, so I'm compelled to borrow a gun to get my money back. You wait here, and I'll see the man and see what he'll do," and the doctor shuffled across the street to where a man in a slouch hat and torn trousers was trying to decipher a theatrical poster. After a few moments' conversation the doctor hobbled back.

"We've fixed it," he shouted, glee fully. "He consents to shoot with a pistol. Twelve hundred yards with a revolver, which lets us out. The man's a stanger to me, but he seems to be a perfect gentleman. So now we're all right, eh?"

"It looks so," said the city editor. Good day. Hope you beat him."
"There is only one trouble," continued the doctor, and that is I haven't any pistol with me. If you'll lend me yours till I finish the match, it'll be the best thing you ever did for this paper," and

the doctor winked mysteriously."

"But I haven't got any pistol," remonpistol in the office." "Well, that's fun. I'll ask him what

we'd better do. Once more the shabby doctor and his shabier friend entered into negotiations, and the doctor returned, convulsed with mirth

"He says he'll throw penknives at a mark with me, provided I furnish new imported stock. Of course, I can beat at lyn Eagle. that, but I haven't the knives. He's the queerest chap I ever saw. You haven't got a couple of nice penknives, have

"No!" responded the city editor; "I haven't any." "I don't see how we are going to have the match out," said the doctor, "unless he could consent to shy clubs. Have

behind a dragoon and carried to the you got any Indian clubs or nice walking canes about you?" "Nothing of the sort!"
"I reckon I'll have to go to New York

for my gun, but the worst of it is I've put up my last cent of change on the match—\$1500 in cash—and I haven't two cents to pay the ferriage. Of course, I must pay for him because he's holding the stakes and I don't want to lose sight of him. Got a quarter?"
"No," said the city editor. "Haven't

anything of the sort." "Of course, I don't need a quarter cause the fare is only two cents apiece.

Lend me a nickel till I get my gun? 'Haven't got it.' "Very well," said the doctor, with shade of disappointment on his face, "then the match is off. . It won't be shot and I lose my money."

Ten minutes afterwards the doctor and his friend flew through the swing-door of a saloon on their way to the carbstone, and the city editor, looking on from his window felt his conscience case up on him, as he noticed the doctor was a length and two necks ahead of his competitor, and that he had won one match even if he had forfeited in the other.

## The Ladies Wanted Some Breakfast.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passen gers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough, and the ship was behind time. It was 10 o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy captain had resolved to economize. A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain, and begged for a little coffee, at least for his ladies. The captain turned his back, fluttered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, who followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to put him in cers around him. The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the Captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand, and then thrashed every officer that dared to show him to the could not stand to the could not stand to show him to the could not stand to the could not stand to the could not stand to show him to show him to the could not stand to show him as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast. This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton,"as we used to call him up in Yreka. rous of keeping my own affairs to my- seas," and all that sort of offense was goon for declaring myself a man of law nor cared for the law. He had a pleasure; I have been carried fifty miles little party of ladies with him, and he a prisoner in Prussia for acknowledging would not see them go hungry. He my attachment to ease and good living, would have that coffee if it cost him warrior; and, therefore, if you will have ed one night in Yreka while shooting the goodness to let me know how I may at each other .- Joaquin Miller, in

In making pure "pure ground coffee" the rule in Boston and New York is to mix one bushel of beans and one of roast Nature has written a letter of credit on peanuts with one bushel of cheap coffice. The package is then labeled: "None better-beware of immitations."

### A Cautious Witness.

There was a little personal difficulty on Livingston street the other day be tween two citizens, to which a Brooklyn clergyman was the only eye witness. The principals were reticent about the affair, and the divine was solicited to make a statement.

Your information is correct, sir. Yes, sir, your information is correct," he said to an Eagle reporter. "I was standing on the adjacent curbstone, and I think I may safely say I saw it all. An unfor-

tunate affair, sir, very."
"What was said to start it?" "There was some remarks not at all indicative of humility of spirit, and some language which you would not expect

me to remember. "Did one of them insult the other?" "Different men put different construc tions upon the words. I would not like to say that any affront was intended. I will say, though, that the language was not scriptural.

"Were any blows struck?" "It seems to me that there was smiting involved in the controversy."
"Which one struck first?"

"I don't think I am prepared to say who inaugurated the assault. It may have been one, and it may have been the

"Did the assaulted man strike back?" "He may have done so. I will take the responsibility of saying very likely he did. Men-under the influence of carnal anger are prone to smite when smitten.

"Did they fall down?" "I don't know whether they fell or were thrown down. I saw them on the sidewalk together, locked in close embrace, and striving with prodigious

strength." "Did you try to separate them?" "I spoke to them and asked them to refrain from such unseemly display of violence. But they heeded not. passions were strong upon them. I told them that I might have to invoke the constabulary if they did not desist."

"What did they say?" "They made a few remarks about the constabulary that I did not consider ger-

"Were they punching each other all the time?" "There was much violence constantly

exhibited and much anger displayed." "Which whipped in the end?" "I incline to the opinion that our deacon had the advantage of the opposing deacon. In fact, I might say that our deacon chastised the other deacon severely, though I hear the other members of his church claim that our deacon was worsted. Not so, not so! I am not well versed in such contests, but I should say from my observation that our deacon, providentially, perhaps, was on the top the greater portion of the time. In fact to use the language of our deacon, in a moment of intense excitement and sub-

It was during the fiercest stages of the great war of the rebellion that several of our ministers called on President Lincoln on an important errand. Mr. Lincoln received them with great courtesy, and gave them a good audience. When the brethren rose to leave the room, one of them, Dr. L. Davis, said:

"Mr. Lincoln, you have been very kind and painstaking to answer our questions. We have yet one which our ple are deeply interested in, and which we wish to put before you for an answer. 'What do you here at Washington intend to do with slavery ?"

That interrogation opened a momentous question, Mr. Lincoln was ready for the emergency. Rising to his feet, and straightening up his bony form, he said: "Gentlemen, I will tell you how it is. The treatment proposed by the officials here for the slavery question is about like what would be proposed by a set of doctors for a wen on a person. There is a man with a large, ugly wen on his person. He consults a number of physicians about it. They all agree as to two things. They all

agree that it is a wen; that is the first off. About the method of removing it way is to put the knife into it, and with out: the knife remove it. One advises powerful external applications with a view to every day draw it tighter, until at last a severance will of itself occur. That, gentlemen, is just the way it is less than the severance will be severance with a last a severance will be severance. That, us. We are all agreed that slavery is a wen on the Government. We are all

With this the clergyman shook heartily the hand of the good President and went

away. THE AUBORA BOREALIS.-Special attention is being paid to observations of the aurora borealis in the Scandinavian portions of Europe. We have already the results of 839 observations, taken at 132 different stations and on 154 different nights during the seven months of the winter of 1878-80. These observations served. The deductions from the observations thus far made, in the opinion of Herr Tremholt, lead to the conclusion that the aurora is a local phenomenon, circumscribed by narrow limits, and manifested at inconsiderable distances from the earth's surface. The light is generally white, less often red or green; in high latitudes it not unfrequently presents spectral colors, and finally, that the accompaniment of sound is an indisputable fact. Herr Tremholt has devoted his attention to this subject for many years. He is now engaged in making as full and complete a catalogue of these manifestations as is possible. With this object in view, he invites the co-operation of observers everywhere, both upon sea and upon land, to the end that may thus gather materials for the better elucidation of the interesting phenomena connected with these manifestations.

A Connecticut farmer, who had set out an elaborate scarecrow in his strawberry patch, was disgusted to find that a pair of robins had built their nest and were raising their young under its hat.

### Watermelon Pickle.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's ecipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson, Jakie, to read it for her. Jakie took the paper, like a dati-ful child, and holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon-" "Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe." "Oh, what's the matter with yew? Yew ever see a watermelon that wasn't

green? "Cut the watermelon up into four halves-

"But there ain't only two halves to anything. I don't believe you are reading that, Jakie. 'Well, I don't have to, anyhow that's what the resect says. Then soak it in a

pint cup-"Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?" "Well, I ain't here to tell the whereases and howfore. I'm just readin' the facts and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put it in a skillet and fry it fur about

five days. "I wonder if Mrs. Brown sentme such receipe as that," said the old lady; but

Jakie kept on:-"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vine-

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it;" but Jakie kept on:-"Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk strainer over the melon, and to one cup of butter add the white and yolks and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and two tablespoonfuls of quinine and run it through a coffee-mill, and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tail-this will stir it up to the right consistency-and then you can turn it off in crocks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold and spread it on mince pie and it makes cap-ital desert," and Jakie slid out of the door and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

### A Very Odd Custom.

In the fall af 1879, D. and N. G. Miller of Bridgeport, Conn., placed \$450,000 in the hands of E. A. Kent & Co., brokers, of Broad street, with instruc-tions to use it in speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A year ago they were told that their money was all gone and that they owed the brokers \$10,000. The Millers began suit for accounting. In granting a motion Monday, to make a second answer, Judge Barrett said: "The defendants present a most extraordinary answer and affidavit. They acknowledge sequent to the battle, he whaled the stuffin out of the other deacon — Brooklyn Eagle.

A New Story About Lincols.

A New Story About Lincols. processes of absorption. This, they say, is in accordance with the customs of the Produce Exchange, of which they are members, the plaintiffs' money forming a part of a common fund, the transactions being mostly what are called options. They cannot assign any particular option to the plaintiffs, and after the transfer of options they cannot trace them upon their books so as to determine by whom the sums lost thereby were actually paid. All this is simply a meaningless jargon, and the defendants may as well understand, once for all, that the law will not tolerate such trifling. They had better act fairly in the matter and make a clean breast of it; either frankly confess the plaintiffs' claim or give them data sufficient in law to justify the absorption of their money and prorerty. If the difficulty arrises from the existence of a common fund, let them give full particulars with regard thereto and show how plaintiffs' connection therewith caused the absorption of their part of the margin."-[N. Y. paper.

## The Here and the Dog.

A dozen men were watering their thing. They all agree that it must come throats in a Monroe avenue saloon yesterday, when two strangers entered, and they do not agree. One says the best one of them raised his voice and called "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you

to Captain Green, of Chicago, the hero who was locked up in a room with a dog

tain Green to drink. He had imbibed three glasses of beer and got two cigars agreed that it must come off. We are in his pocket, when one of the men not agreed about how to do it." "You must have felt purty skeary?"

> "Was the dog mad?"
> "I don't think he was." "And you kept him off with the lath?" "Well, I don't want any of that. Locked in, were you?"

"Yes.

"Yes. "Couldn't have got out if the dog had been too much for you?"

"Well, you were a hero, and that's a fact. What breed of a dog was it?" "I think they called it a poodle!" qui-

The growd slid after him, but the first man out doors always has the best show to use his legs.— Detroit Free Press.

# A Boy's Joke.

While a man was dashing with all his might and main down street to catch a train, a gamin rushed to him and shouted:

"Hey, mister, have you got a pin?"
"I have," responded the man, coming to a sudden halt, and feeling under the

lapel of his vest.

"Well, then" yelled the boy, as he jumped out of the way, "you had better fasten your ears together behind your head, so as you won't mash any swingin'

signs with 'em." The pedestrian passed on unheedful of the advice given him.

In a recent article on a fair in his locality, the editor of a Western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.