

HISTORIC WALPOLE.

A New Hampshire Town With a Remarkably Interesting History.

Two important events have given this part of the Connecticut valley an almost pre-eminent interest for the historical student...

During the French and Indian war a scheme was concocted in Canada in accordance with which a band of some four hundred savages was sent forth to destroy all the white settlements on the Connecticut river.

On the 17th of August, 1755, the Indians attacked the cabin of John Kilbourn. Walpole was then nearly, if not quite, the highest point on the river where settlements of white men had been established...

seven were counted by the beleaguered garrison, and a body evidently as large remained in ambush as a reserve. Mrs. W. G. Barnette, the wife of a leading citizen of Walpole, is the great-granddaughter of this John Kilbourn, Sr.

The other notable event was nothing less than what the folks here claim was the sowing of the first blood shed in the Revolution. This was not, indeed, in Walpole, N. H., but in Westminster, Vt., on the opposite side of the river.

It was in March, 1775, a few weeks before the battle of Lexington. The royal officers were holding court for the enforcement of some of the obnoxious British acts...

A GOOD ANECDOTE.

Old Bull's Advice to a Number of Discouraged Amateur Violinists.

When Old Bull, the renowned violinist, was staying in Paris in 1810 he returned home late one evening from a concert, and as the night was cold he ordered his man to make a fire in his room.

The latter dragged towards the fire-place a huge box, on which the word "Fire-wood" was painted in large letters. In answer to Old Bull's astonish inquiry the servant told him that the box had been delivered that day at noon by his master's orders...

ABOUT ENGAGEMENTS.

How a True Woman Should Look Upon This State of Probation.

It is due to the lightness with which so many vows are regarded nowadays, and to the fickleness of those who make them, that "engagements" and "engaged people" are so constantly held up as endless subjects for jokes of all kinds?

As if an engagement is all a young girl has to do with! To begin with, what a lot of croaking the newly-engaged girl has to listen to. After the first congratulations are over, some well-meaning friend remarks in a friendly tone: "Well, dear, make the most of it, all your troubles are to come, so be the happiest time of your life, so long as you are in a hurry to bring it to an end."

JONATHAN STURGESS.

His Arrival in New York and His Meeting with Robert Lenox.

The following story is told of Jonathan Sturgess and Robert Lenox. Jonathan, a rustic lad from Cape Cod, arrived on a vessel in New York on Saturday night, a stranger and penniless.

Robert Lenox, a prominent member of the church, was always interested in young men. He saw the rustic lad and went up and spoke to him.

The beautiful lad was ushered into Mr. Lenox's own parlor. The next morning he sought out a dealer in sail-cloth. He wanted credit for a little canvas.

To the day of his death Mr. Sturgess said that his success dated from that Sunday. "Youth's Companion."

Drains from Barn-Yards.

It is difficult keeping a drain that leads from the barn-yard in good running condition. The filtration of manure water through the soil in time saturates it so that its fertilizing properties escape into the drain.

EGYPTIAN CITIES.

The Local History of Hundreds of Once Prosperous Towns Along the Nile.

Above some spot of rising ground above the level of the annual inundation a few mud huts cluster round a rude sanctuary. The hut-dwellers multiply; the village spreads; the sanctuary is enlarged or rebuilt.

Such was the aspect of the place when surveyed in 1798 by the engineers of the great French expedition. Meanwhile there was war in Egypt, in India, in Europe, on land, on sea—universal war, followed, in 1815, by universal peace.

Such was the aspect of the place when surveyed in 1798 by the engineers of the great French expedition. Meanwhile there was war in Egypt, in India, in Europe, on land, on sea—universal war, followed, in 1815, by universal peace.

DRESS TRIMMING.

The Popularity of Etamine Bands and Gallons and Heads of All Kinds.

Bands of etamine, embroidered in cross-stitch with silk, are employed in trimming matinees and morning dresses made of surah and foulard; revers collars and cuffs are embroidered to correspond with the bands and form a very pretty trimming.

Gallons and braids of all kinds are the most fashionable trimmings. They are plain or heavily beaded. Complete sets of the beaded ornaments are made to correspond for trimming panels, vest, cuffs and collar.

Suede gloves still continue fashionable. When will glace kid gloves return to favor? Suede is very well for morning wear, but certainly glace kid looks better for dressy costumes and evening wear; but fashion is a stern autocrat and must be obeyed, so no change is yet to be made.

A French scientist, who says he has investigated five thousand, four hundred shocks of earthquakes, attributes them, like the tides, to the influence of the sun and moon.

THE HUMAN HAND.

It Reveals Character and Exposes Its Owner's Disposition and Habits.

Hands reveal habits, occupations, trades. A crop of them rises at the thought, like the show thrust up from a crowd in honor of a candidate after an election speech.

The sleight-of-hand professor is a man of long fingers. A conjurer with a slow and chubby hand would betray the awful secrets of the plum pudding that is taken from the depths of your best hat.

After the first dimples they become the inky hands of school; then the awkward hands that don't know what to do with themselves. Years pass, the boy's hand ceases to grumble at gloves—yes, he wears them in extravagant freshness, in comparison as his collars grow upward, and his shoes tighten within an inch of his life.

Dimples, bones and wrinkles mark the three stages of life's progress. With the wrinkled stage the steadiness of youth remains in resolute character. When the Duke of Wellington was a very old man he could still fill a glass of water to the last possible drop and hold it up steadily brimful.

WILY INDIANS.

The Astonishing Readiness With Which They Adopted Captain Boggs' Trick.

Captain Boggs, a Virginian who held a captain's license on the Mississippi river before he was of age, and who for fourteen years had the contract to supply the military posts in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona with fuel, tells the following story:

"I was down in the Ute reservation in Colorado, and had strolled down to the shores of a small lake, while my mules and teamsters were eating dinner, when I came across a party of about a dozen Indians. They were armed with rifles, and were shooting at a snag which stuck out of the water about two hundred yards distant.

"After some parley with the redskins I got them to allow me to enter the match, though they compelled me to deposit half a dollar, while they put in but a quarter. I had a Henry repeater with me that, fortunately for my purpose, was then unladen. I was acquainted one of the best shots in that country, but knew that the Indians were not by any means slow. I slipped three cartridges into my rifle, and as I did so I broke the ball off, thus leaving a blank cartridge. Of course no splash followed any of my shots, and the Indians thought I had hit the snag every time. I won that pot, but the next time I intentionally lost by not breaking the balls off and by taking indifferent aim.

"I then broke all the balls off until I had won eighteen dollars. Then the Indians, who began to look at me with suspicion or awe, refused to shoot any more. I invited them, up to the stroke and spent the money on snick-knicks, which I divided among them. I then took them back to the lake and showed them the trick. They were very much surprised, but took it in good part.

"On returning that way a few days after I found the same Indians on the lake shore shooting a big match with a neighboring tribe, whom they were rapidly cleaning out of everything. I learned that they had 'skinned' every Indian in the country that they could get too shoot against them. I said nothing, but mused on the readiness of the savage to adopt the white man's tricks."—Boston Traveller.

Bulgaria is derived from Volga; Bulgarians means the people that came from their settlement along the Volga river.

CALLED HIS HOGS.

Why an Englishman Places Not the Least Confidence in Arkansas People.

"I would advise a man," said an Englishman who now has an interest in Arkansas, "not to place any dependence upon getting directions from the people of this blooming country, you know."

"No trouble at all, you know." "Then why would you advise any one not to place any confidence in the people?"

"On account of their peculiarities, don't you know. My brother and I, having negotiated with a large syndicate, bought an immense timber tract. We had never seen it, but we knew by the maps furnished us that it was of great value. Shortly after we arrived at Coldwood Station we concluded to go out and look at the lands which they called by the beastly name of 'coon trot.' After vainly trying to hire a conveyance we started out on horse-back. For several days, before the romance wore off, like the silver plating coming off a spoon we had a very good time, but gradually we came to a part of the country where the people respected not the church nor feared not the devil. They seemed charitable enough of every thing except information. They would give us any thing in the house—corn bread and bacon—but when we asked the direction to any place they would become strangely curious; and I may here remark that those people, brave and hospitable, would rather give up their last piece of hog—which is indeed very dear—than to give up information. I don't know why this is, and I have asked several educated gentlemen who were born and reared in the State and none of them could enlighten me.

"One evening, about the time that the sun was setting, we stopped at a cabin situated at the foot of a rugged, pine covered hill. We soon discovered a man, calling hogs, at least I presume so, for lean hogs ran at the sound of his melancholy voice. When we approached, the man, a tall fellow clad in brown clothes, placed a basket on the fence and regarding us curiously, said: 'Helloa.'

"We said 'helloa,' and stopped to see if he would say any thing else, but disregarding us he continued to repeat his melancholy noise, a sort of sorrowful whoop, and would occasionally throw corn from the basket. I thought that he would certainly say something pretty soon and of course quietly waited, but he paid no attention to us. I asked him a question, but taking up a chunk and hitting a savage-looking hog that had just run up, he turned away and addressed himself, in a language which I could not understand, to some pigs that had just rushed, with many grunts and squeals, from a thicket.

"My friend," said I, "will you please give me a few moments of your valuable time?" "He balanced an ear of corn on the top rail of the fence, kicked a 'shout' that nosed about his heels and replied: 'What did yer say?'

"Can you give me a few moments' time?" "Reckon so; how much yer want?" "I'll not detain you but a few moments. I am a 't' interested in this country and would like to know the direction to a place called Wilson's Ford, you know."

"No, I don't know." "Yes, but I do." "That's all right, but you said I knowed."

"Well, then excuse me. Do you know any thing about Wilson's Ford?" "Yes, I know that yer fellow ken git 'erross that of ther water ain't too high."

"Thank you, but do you know any thing about the lay of the land?" "Yes, know that it lays thar. Pig-o-o-wee—pig-o-o-wee."

"Which direction shall I take from here?" "Any yer please. Pig-o-o-o-wee." "That is certainly very indefinite. My idea is to get there as soon as possible. Whether does this road lead?" "Way from hayar. Pig-o-o-o-wee."

"But this o'her one, I suppose, leads somewhere, does it not?" "Yes, it does lead somewhere." "Where?" "Somewhere else. Pig-o-o-o-wee—pig-o-o-o-wee."

"My friend, you are certainly a very unsatisfactory man. I have sought some land over in that district and would like very much to see it." "W'y'n't yer look at it, then?" "Because I am not thar." "Then w'y'n't yer go thar? Pig-o-o-o-wee—pig-o-o-o-wee."

"I can't go there unless I know the way. Shall I take this road?" "Yes." "Will it lead me there?" "Kain't say as it will. Road kain't lead no body less'n it's got 'er lead'n' line, an' I don't b'lieve this 'un has."

"O, here, now, no foolishness; where will this road leave me?" "Leave you whar you leave hit." "Doubtless you are correct, but can you not tell me which road to take?" "He 'yersef. Pig-o-o-o-wee—pig-o-o-o-wee."

"I don't believe you've got good sense." "Mor'n you have, far you're lost an' I ain't." "Are you going to give me any?" "Pig-o-o-o-wee—pig-o-o-o-wee," and I left him. Now, it makes no difference how completely I am lost, I never ask information of a man who is calling hogs."—Arkansas Traveller.

In a negro neighborhood, where the earth was rocking, the cry was raised that the judgment day was coming. An old mammy, with her kinky hair almost straight from fear, rushed out when she heard the announcement and gazed up eagerly. Suddenly she shouted: "No hit ain't, honey; no hit ain't. Do skies ain't moved. When judgment comes his er'minin' safe ways." She was armed with the belief that on that dread day the heavens and the earth will rush together. It would be well if every man could sustain himself with some simple belief or philosophy in pesky times. —Nash (Ga.) Telegraph.

PITH AND POINT.

—Oxperience was a bully teacher. Der only trouble mit him vas dot he gifs his knowledge out then it vas pooly late.—New Age.

—Now that the pug dog has been taboed by fashionable society, the dude is silly enough to think that he will be reinstated.—Philadelphia Call.

—Are cigarettes injurious? demands an excited periodical. As the cigarette is fast wip'ng out the masher population, we are inclined to believe that they are not.—N. Y. Telegram.

—A physiologist says that "no man's body is as strong as his appetite." This explains why a tramp can eat a bigger pile of victuals in a day than he can saw wood.—Norristown (Pa.) Herald.

—No young man has yet been found with the hardihood to ring a chestnut-gong when the young lady's father observes from the top of the steps, "Do you know ten o'clock has struck?"—New Haven News.

—"Jennie," said a Lynn father as she came up-stairs at two o'clock, "how young your man gone home?" "Yes, father." "Who is he, Jennie?" "He works in a shoe-shop, father." "Ah, I see; a laster. Well, he's a good one at it."—Tid-Bits.

—"I never intended you to return me that five dollars, my dear fellow," said he. "I want you to consider it a gift." "No, no," said the other. "I am honest about paying my debts; and best of all, I may strike you for ten dollars next week."—The Judge.

—Brown—D'd you go for a vacation this summer, Smith? Smith—O, yes, Brown—How did you manage your business affairs? Smith—I took my advertisement out of the paper until I returned, so there wasn't any business to manage. Great scheme, eh?—Harper's Bazar.

—"Here is a little thing I just dashed off," said a buxom maiden as she entered the sanctum. The editor was just about to state that he didn't use poetry, when the young lady produced a beautiful golden roll of butter. It was accepted with thanks.—Barlington Free Press.

—Mrs. Bullion—I see that Miss Van Astorbilt wore at her wedding a veil a hundred years old, which was worn by her great-grandmother as a bride. Mrs. Mushroom—You don't say! Well, it does seem as if people as rich as the Van Astorbilt might manage to avoid us on a second-hand old thing like that when their only daughter gets married.—Doubler.

—High and low—"How high the bonnets are this fall?" said Jack to pretty Nell. "They're high in shape, but that's not all—they're high in price as well!"

"Yes, Jack," the maid replied, "that's so." And then she slipped up at him—"But still you always stoop, you know. To get beneath the trim."

—Columbus Evening Dispatch. —A Southern paper asks: "Whom shall girls marry?" Well, there are young men who languidly lounge around watering-place hotels, wearing a single-barreled eye-glass and a plentiful shirt collar. Don't, for goodness' sake, let the girls marry any of them. They had better remain single two hundred and forty-seven years.—Norristown Herald.

AWFULLY GREEN.

An Appeal Which Surprised and Disgusted an Honest Cavalier.

Jovite Arnavault is an Acadian Frenchman who lives near Yarmouth, N. S. He went fishing on shores for Mr. Augustus Woodman, and they made a bad voyage. At the settlement Jovite had to sign a note for forty dollars for his indebtedness to Mr. W.

These acknowledgments are always taken in such cases. Sometimes they get paid—more often they don't. If they run over a second bad year they are not worth much, and Jovite had another poor year.

Then he went fishing out of another port and made a very successful voyage. In the autumn of that year Jovite's brother presented him with Mr. Woodman's note with a very mournful countenance. "What you go to do 'bout Jovite's note, Gust?" He never could pay dat note; got large family and bad luck.

"Well," said Mr. Woodman, "I don't want to be hard—how much can he pay?" Ambrose thought he might perhaps pay "two, tree dollars," and after awhile Woodman said: "Well, if he can raise ten dollars I will give him back the note."

Then Ambrose produced, with many a groan, small sums of money from many different receptacles, stopping occasionally to beg a true Nova Scotian fashion for "better terms," but in vain.

The ten dollars came at last and the note was given up. A few days later Woodman learned that Jovite had cleared four hundred dollars, and soon after he met him and explained that he had not been well used in the transaction. He appealed to Jovite's sense of honor and justice and finally asked him if he did not think himself bound to pay something more.

The Frenchman looked at him for a space, surprise, disgust and pity alternately displaying themselves in his countenance. Then he said: "Gust, I always take you for biznes' man. I didn't tought you was green." and, depart'ng, closed the interview.—Detroit Free Press.

Warning to Bad Writers.

Henry Clay, who was a neat penman, was quite an enthusiast on the subject of plain handwriting, and was in the habit of telling a story in point about a Cincinnati groceryman who wanted a lot of cranberries and thought he could get them cheap in a little Kentucky town. To this end he wrote to a customer at the place, requesting him to send one hundred bushels of cranberries per 8 annons—the name of his teamster. The writing was so bad that the party to whom the note was addressed could not make out the word "cranberries" at all, but did conclude that his correspondent wanted one hundred bushels of persimmons, which were at once gathered and forwarded, until, to the disgust of the Cincinnati man.—Ben. Farley Poore.