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THE OLD MAN OF FORTY.

"Only one more week, and then we shall reach home," said Kitty Howell, as she threw herself down on a sofa in the little tavern.

"Tired of travel, Kitty?" asked her father.

"I am tired of railroad cars and hotels at any rate."

"I was thinking of staying here a few weeks."

"Here?"

Kitty sat bolt upright in the excess of her astonishment.

"Not in the tavern. You like stories, Kitty. Come here, and I will tell you one."

Tossing aside her bonnet and saque Kitty complied with the request, and while her father softly stroked her long hair he said:

"When I was in college, Kitty, I had a room mate, to whom I was warmly attached. He was a shy, silent young man, very studious, rather good looking, and with a love of quaint books and pursuits. My dear, to make a long story short, we both fell in love, and, unfortunately, with the same woman. We were quiet, so reserved, while I was so hot-headed that I never dreamed of his passion till I told him I was an accepted lover, and then his secret came out."

"It was painful to me to be the rival of my warmest friend," continued Mr. Howell, "but your mother loved me and did not dream of Walter's passion, and he begged me to keep his secret. He left college to return home and we did not meet again. When you were born he wrote me a congratulatory letter, and two years later, when I lost your mother he wrote again, but that was all. Being very rich he has never had any business or profession, but lives a bachelor in his shy, quiet way. To-day I met him; he resides near here; and he begged me to pass a few weeks with him."

"How old is he?"

"Let me see—Walter was nearly two years my junior; he must be about forty. How time flies! Well, Kitty, shall we pay the visits?"

"I suppose we must."

"How stupid!" soliloquized Kitty, drumming impatiently at the window pane. "An old man of forty in a country town. It's October, too, and I haven't a thing fit to wear this winter. I wonder how long papa will stay. My first winter in society, and auty promised an unlimited amount of parties."

Things looked brighter the next morning, for the drive to Mr. Soule's residence was through a lovely part of the country, and when they stopped Kitty could not repress an exclamation of delight. The house, a large, beautifully built marble mansion, was nestled at the end of an avenue of tall trees, and at the base of a wooded hill which rose behind it.

On the porch stood their host, still a very handsome man, grasping Mr. Howell's hand, and saying: "He stopped and looked at Kitty, saying softly: 'Very like, very like. I am glad to see you, my dear child.'"

Kitty, in all her life, had never heard a sweeter voice than the one that welcomed her, and she followed the maid to her room, thinking the visit might not prove so great a bore, after all. The two gentlemen stood on the porch looking after her.

"Kitty! You call her after her, then?" said Mr. Soule, in a low tone.

"Yes; she is very like, is she not?"

"Exactly!"

"Just the age—18—poor Kitty was when we were married. We are old boys now, Walter."

Kitty was soon home at Clairmont. Now, in her pretty habit and hat scouring over the country on horseback, or riding demurely behind her father through the town; now knocking at the library door, where Mr. Soule spent most of the time, and under pretense of finding a book, winning her host from his studies to explain to her the shells on the library table.

"Do I bother you very much by coming in here?" she said one day, looking up from her low seat to the handsome face beaming over her.

"Bother me? No, dear, I am glad to have you."

"I like to come in, it is so cosy and home-like; and—do not be angry—I think that you stay here alone too much. You are so wise and good, why do you shut yourself up so?"

He made no answer, but his pale cheek flushed and here the conversation stopped.

They had been at Clairmont nearly six weeks when this conversation took place, and Kitty had been the object of the most tender care during all the time. But the pleasant visit was destined to come to a sudden end. That evening her father told her that Mr. Soule had made her an offer for marriage.

"Why, he's old enough to be my grandfather!" cried Kitty.

"Not quite so bad as that, seeing that he is younger than I am. And he is very wealthy."

"But you wouldn't have me marry for money?"

"No, dear, but it's only right to tell you all the advantages. You have been happy here?"

"Yes, but I can't marry that old man of forty. I'm sorry he asked me, for we must now go home."

"Of course."

That night Kitty went up stairs, feeling as if she would like to cry. Still she rather prided herself upon rejecting the rich offer of Clairmont. Like other girls of her age, she had her dreams of true love, with a hero young and

handsome, and perhaps poor. Yet Kitty, in spite of all this, cried herself to sleep.

The parting next day was brief. But as Kitty stood on the steps, waiting for the trunk to be brought down, a hand fell gently on her shoulder, and Mr. Soule said kindly: "I'm sorry I pained you; but remember, if you ever want a friend, call on me."

Kitty burst into tears for reply and ran down the steps.

In the whirl and tumult of the gay winter Kitty looked in vain for her beau ideal. Of beaux there were plenty, for Mr. Howell was wealthy, and Kitty his only child; but no one was exactly what she wanted. She found herself contrasting Mr. Soule with others; she missed his voice, his gentle, kind watchfulness, and she wondered if next summer her father would go to Clairmont.

Early in the spring an uncle died, leaving Kitty a large fortune. Yet restless, and at times sad, Kitty seemed to have left her girlhood behind her at Clairmont.

"Dear, dear! This is bad!" said Mr. Howell, laying aside a letter one day at breakfast.

"What, father?"

"A cousin of Walter's has come home from India, and claims the property at Clairmont. Walter's uncle was a bachelor, and from there had written his note to Mr. Howell. He was sitting, silently waiting, when there came a knock at the door, and Mr. Howell entered, and with him Kitty. Before he could speak Kitty was beside him, and had grasped his hand in both of hers, laughing and crying all at once."

"You will come home with us—forgive me—I didn't know I loved you—I will try to be a good wife, indeed I will—and you must help me if I do wrong. We will be so happy!" and here she broke down in sobs.

"My wife—you—Kitty?" was all the bewildered man could say.

Mr. Howell persuaded the new heir to sell Clairmont, and invested part of Kitty's money in the purchase; and it would be hard to say which was the happier in their beautiful house, the "old man of forty" or his little wife.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Puff Paste.—One pound of flour, two eggs, a quarter of an ounce of salt, a little water and two ounces of butter should be kneaded well together and spread with a rolling-pin. Divide fourteen ounces of butter into seven parts, and spread one on the paste, folded over once and rolled thin. Repeat this process seven times. Fold the paste over seven times, and roll thin. Repeat this last process once, and the paste is ready for use.

Potato Soufflee.—Boil the potatoes and mash them fine; beat the whites and yolks of four or five eggs separately; mix them well with a cupful of rich milk or cream; stir two ounces of butter and a heaped-up teaspoonful of salt with the potatoes, and then beat up all together with the eggs and cream; put it, when thoroughly mixed, into a deep baking-dish, which has been thoroughly buttered, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin, as will not scratch the tin and will make it look like new. Apply with a piece of moistened newspaper and polish with a dry piece. Wood ashes are a good substitute.

To REMOVE OLD PAINT.—Take salsoda, two pounds; lime, one-fourth pound; hot water, one gallon; agitate all together and apply to old paint while warm. The mixture will soon loosen the paint so that you can easily remove it.

The cracking of glue, which frequently occurs when glued objects become very dry or are subject to the heat of a stove, it is said, may be prevented by the addition of chloride of calcium to the glue, which prevents its drying so completely as to become brittle. Glue thus treated will adhere to glass, metals, etc., and can be employed for affixing labels to bottles.

A Good Pudding.—One pint of bread crumbs, quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, a grated peel of a lemon, yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake. When done spread fresh strawberries over the top (or not in season for strawberries use a cupful of preserved raspberries); put over that a meringue made with the white of an egg, a cupful of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Return it to the oven to color. Let it partly cool and serve it with rich cream.

Custard with Sponge Cake.—Take sponge cakes, moisten with sherry wine, place in a glass dish in which it is to be served. Boil in a porcelain saucepan one quart of sweet milk with a little salt, stir one large spoonful of flour in a cup of cold water. When quite smooth stir into boiling milk; also the outside paring of a lemon. Beat five eggs to a cream, add a cupful of sugar, beat well together. When well mixed, pour into the kettle of boiling milk and stir until it looks thick and creamy. When cool pour over the sponge cake.

THE "JUDAS ISCARIOT."

"She formerly showed the name Flying Spirits on her stern mouldin," said Captain Trumbull Cram, "but I had that gouged out and placed off, and Judas Iscariot in gilt set that inside."

"That was an extraordinary name," said I.

"'Storinary craft," replied the captain, as he absorbed another inch and a half of niggerhead. "I'm neither a profane man or an irreverend; but sink my jig if I don't believe the spirit of Judas possessed that schooner."

I ventured to inquire in what manner this vessel had manifested its depravity.

"The narrative which I heard told of a demon of treachery with three masts and a jibboom."

The Flying Sprite was the first three-masted ever built at Newagen, and the last. People shook their heads over the experiment. "No good can come of such a critter," they said. "It's contrary to nature. Two masts is masts enough."

The Flying Sprite began its career of base improbity at the very moment of its birth. Instead of launching decently into the element for which it was designed, the three-masted schooner slumped through the ways into the mud and stuck there for three weeks, causing great expense to its owners, who were Captain Trumbull Cram was one to the extent of an unprovided third. The oracles of Newagen were confirmed in their forebodings. "Two masts is masts enough," they said; "the third is the devil's hitchin' post."

On the first voyage of the Flying Sprite, Captain Cram, started her for Philadelphia, loaded with ice belonging to himself and lawyer Swanton; cargo uninsured. Ice was worth six dollars a ton in Philadelphia; this particular ice had cost Captain Cram and Lawyer Swanton eighty-five cents a ton, including sawdust. They were happy over the prospect. The Flying Sprite cleared the port in beautiful shape, and then sailed for New York, and then for the bottom in Fiddler's Reach, in eleven feet of salt water. It required only six days to float her and pump her out, but owing to a certain incompatibility between ice and salt water, the salvage consisted exclusively of sawdust.

On her next trip the schooner carried a deck load of lumber from the St. Croix river. It was some sense a consecrated cargo, for the lumber was intended for the new Baptist meeting house in southern New Jersey. If the prayerful hope of the navigators, combined with the prayerful expectations of the consignees had availed, this voyage, at least, would have been successfully made. But about sixty miles southeast of Newagen the Flying Sprite encountered a mild September gale. She ought to have weathered it with perfect ease, but she behaved so abominably that the church lumber was scattered over the surface of the Atlantic ocean from about latitude 45 deg. 15 min. to latitude 43 deg. 50 min. A month or two later she contrived to go on her beam end under a gentle land breeze, dumping a lot of expensive carved granite from the Fox Island quarries into a deep hole in Long Island Sound. On her next trip she went deliberately out of her course in order to smash the starboard bow of a Norwegian brig, and was consequently libelled for heavy damages.

It was after a few experiences of this sort that Captain Cram erased the old name from the schooner's stern, and from her quarter, and substituted Judas Iscariot. She seemed animated with the spirit of purposeless malice and of malignant perfidy. She was a floating tub of cussedness.

A board of nautical experts sat upon the Judas Iscariot, but could find nothing the matter with her, physically. The lines of her hull were all right, she was properly planked, and ceiled, and calked, her spars were of good Oregon pine, she was rigged taut and trustworthy, and her canvas had been cut and stiched by a God-fearing sailmaker. Yet she always did the unexpected thing, except when bad behavior was expected of her on general principles. If the idea was to luff, she would invariably fall off; if to jibe, she would come round dead in the wind, and hang there like Mohammed's coffin. Sending a man to haul the jib sheet was like sending a man on a forlorn hope; the jib habitually picked up the venturesome navigator; and, after shaking him viciously in the air for a second or two, tossed him overboard. At boom never crossed the deck without breaking somebody's head. Start on whatever course she might, the schooner was certain to run, before long, into one of three things, namely, some other vessel, a fog-bank, or the bottom.

From the very day on which she was launched her ascent for a good, sticky mud bottom was erring. In the clearest weather fog followed and enveloped her as misfortune followed wickedness. Her presence on the banks was enough to drive every codfish to the coast of Ireland. The mackerel and porgies were always where the Judas Iscariot was not. It was impossible to circumvent the schooner's fixed purpose to ruin everybody who chartered her. If chartered to carry a deck load, she spilled it; if loaded between decks, she dived and spoiled the cargo. In short, the Judas Iscariot was known from Marblehead to the Bay of Chaleur as the consummate schooner of malevolence, turbulence, and treachery.

Nearly at the end of a season, when the wretched craft had been even more unprofitable than usual, a conference of the owners was held in the Congregational vestry one evening, after the monthly missionary meeting. No outsider knows exactly what happened. On the forenoon of the next Friday there was a general suspension of business at

Newagen. The Judas Iscariot, with her deck scoured and her spars scraped till they shone in the sun like yellow anker, lay at the wharf by Captain Cram's fish-house. This time her cargo was an extraordinary one. It consisted of nearly a quarter of a mile of stone-wall from the boundaries of the captain's shore pasture. "I calkiet," remarked the commander of the Judas Iscariot, as he saw the last boulder disappearing down the main hatch, "that's nigh two hundred a fifty ton of stone-fence aboard that schooner."

Conjecture was wasted over this unnecessary amount of ballast. The owners of the Judas Iscariot stood up well under the consolidated wit of the village; they returned witticism for witticism, and kept their secret. "Ef you must know, I'll tell ye," said the captain. "I hear that's a stone-wall famine over Machias way. I'm going to take mine over'n peddle it out by the yard."

On this fine sunny Friday morning, while the luckless schooner lay on one side of the wharf, looking as bright, and trim, and prosperous as if she were the best-paying maritime investment in the world, the tug Pug of Portland lay under the other side, with steam up. She had come down the night before in response to a telegram from the owners of the Judas Iscariot. A good land breeze was blowing, with the promise of freshening as the day grew older.

At half past seven o'clock the schooner put off from the landing, carrying not only the captain's pasture wall, but also a large number of his neighbors and friends, including some of the solidest citizens of Newagen. Curiosity was stronger than fear. "You all know what the critter air," the captain had said, in reply to numerous applications for passage. "Ef you're a mind to risk her antics, come along, an' welcome."

Never had the Judas Iscariot carried such a load. She seemed suddenly struck with sense of decency and responsibility, for she came around into the wind without balking, dived her nose playfully into the brine, and skipped off on the short hitch to clear Tumbler Island, all in the most proper fashion. The Pug steamed after her.

The wharf and the boys in the small boats cheered this unexpectedly orthodox behavior, and they now saw for the first time that Captain Cram had painted on the side of the vessel in conspicuous white letters, each three or four feet long, the following legend:

THIS IS THE SCHOONER JUDAS ISCARIOT.
N. B.—GIVE HER A WIDE BERTH!!

Hour after hour the schooner bounded along before the northwest wind, holding to her course as straight as an arrow. The weather continued fine. Every time the captain threw the log he looked more perplexed. Eight, nine, nine-and-a-half knots. He shook his head and whispered to Deacon Plympton: "She's meddlatin' mischief 'o some natur' or other." But the Judas led the Pug a wonderful chase, and by half-past two in the afternoon, and before the demijohn which Andrew Jackson's son Tobias had smuggled on board was three-quarters empty, and before Lawyer Swanton had more than three-quarters finished his celebrated story about Governor Purington's cork leg, the schooner and the tug were between fifty and sixty miles from land.

Suddenly Captain Cram gave a grunt of intelligence. He pointed ahead, where a blue line just above the horizon marked a distant fog-bank. "She smelt it, an' she run for it," he remarked sententiously. "Time for business."

Then ensued a singular ceremony. First Captain Cram brought the schooner to, and transferred all his passengers to the tug. The wind had shifted to the southeast, and the fog was rapidly approaching. The sails of the Judas Iscariot flapped as she lay head to the wind; the fog rose and fell gently under the influence of the long swell. The Pug bobbed up and down half a hawser's length away.

Having put his guests and crew aboard the tug, Captain Cram proceeded to make everything ship-shape on the decks of the schooner. He neatly coiled a loose end of rope that had been left in a snarl. Heeaven picked up and threw overboard the stopper of Andrew Jackson's Tobias's demijohn. His face wore an expression of unusual solemnity. The people on the tug watched his movements eagerly but silently. Next he tied one end of a short rope to the wheel, and attached the other end loosely, by means of a running bowline, to a cleat upon the rail. Then he was seen to take up an ax, and to disappear down the companionway. Those on the tug distinctly heard several crashing blows. In a moment the captain reappeared on deck, walked deliberately to the wheel, brought the schooner around so that her sails filled, pulled the running bowline taut, and fastened the rope with several half hitches around the cleat, thus lashing the helm, jumped into a dory, and sculled over to the tug.

Left entirely to herself, the schooner rolled once or twice, tossed a few bucketsful of water over her dancing bows, and started off toward the South Atlantic. But Captain Trumbull Cram, standing on the bow of the tugboat, raised his hand to command silence, and pronounced the following farewell speech, being sentence, death warrant, and funeral oration, all in one:

"I ain't advancin' no theory to 'count for her cussedness. You all know the Judas. Mebbe that was too much for an' aff to her. Mebbe the inickery of a vessel's in the fore an' aft, and the varmint in the squar' riggin'. Mebbe two masts was masts enough. Let that go;

bygones is bygones. There's a hole, good two foot acrost, stove in her belly, and unless — Oh, yer makin' straight for the fog, are ye? Well, its yer last fog bank. The bottom of the sea's the first port you'll fetch, you critter, you. Git, and be d—d to ye!"

Meanwhile the fog had shut in around the tug, and the Judas Iscariot was lost to view. The tug was put about and headed for home. The damp wind chilled everybody through and through. Little was said. The contents of the demijohn had long been exhausted. From a distance to the south was heard at intervals the hoarse whistling of an ocean steamer.

"I hope that feller's well underwrit," said the captain, grimly, "for the Judas 'll never go down afore she's searched him out'n sunk him."

"And was the abandoned schooner ever heard of?" I asked, when my informant had reached this point in the narrative.

The captain took me by the arm, and led me out of the grocery store down to the rocks. Across the mouth of the small cove back of his house, blocking the entrance to his wharf and fish-house, was stretched a skeleton wreck.

"That's her," he said, pointing to the blackened ribs. "That's the Judas. Did yer suppose she'd sink in deep water, where she could do no more damage? No, sir; not if all the rocks on the coast of Maine was piled onto her, and her hull bottom knocked clean out. She come home to roost. She come sixty miles in the teeth of the wind. When the tug got back next mornin' that's the Judas Iscariot acrost my cove, with her jibboom stuck through my kitchen window. I say schooners has souls." — [New York Sun.]

Fruit Farming by Women.

The fruit farm is near Fresno City, California. The ladies owning it and working it are four in number, all teachers. Two of them are resident owners, the other two are still teaching in San Francisco, and they reside there upon the farm and assisting in the actual labor of the place, one was principal of a ladies' seminary, the other at one time holding a professor's chair in a college in Kansas, and for many months associated with me in Maplewood Seminary. Both these ladies sought their present occupation as a rest from the wear and tear of school life. They all find it health-giving and delightful. When I allow my friend to tell her story you may judge with what profit to the pocket they tickle Dame Nature. She writes:

"We have a corporate farm of eighty acres all devoted to fruit raising, part of forty acres of which are in grapes, and the larger part is in anticipation. Of these eighty acres, forty are in grapes, about fifteen are in bearing, five acres of apricots, a small part of which bear now, but as this is a fruit grown only in favored localities, and is in great demand, it is a profitable fruit to raise; five acres of peaches, which grow rapidly, bear early and heavily; in great demand for canning; two acres of nectarines, a very delicious fruit related to the peach; this promises well and is a great favorite; two acres of Bartlett pears, the very perfection of excellence anywhere, but especially so in this climate; these do well. We have also an assorted orchard of apples, plums, quinces and cherries for our own use. The small fruits are not well adapted to this climate, on account of the heat, but as our trees grow to shade them we expect a good supply of varieties of berries."

"I almost forgot to mention two acres of almonds, from which we gathered forty pounds the first year, and four hundred the second year they bore. The original cost of this eighty acre was \$4,000. There is now \$15,000 invested, including all I have mentioned, also a bored well with windmill and a 10,000 gallon tank, a good barn, small dwelling house, a house for packing raisins, chicken houses, and some rough buildings occupied by the man. With age added to our vines and trees, we anticipate a handsome remuneration. We find a ready market for all our fruit, and our raisins have already won a good reputation. Ten tons is our largest yield yet."

"Labor, unskilled, is high in this part of California. We average three men all the time. Miss A. and myself spend the greater part of our time among the trees and vines, and the pruning knife has become our badges of honor.—Orpha C. Dinsmoor, in Western Woman's Journal.

A TURKISH ROMANCE.—The death of the Sultan's young sister recently at Constantinople has caused a great sensation, especially as it is believed that the young Sultana died of a malady which probably often kills the coarsest and most vulgar people. The Princess Naibeh is said to have fallen in love at first sight with Sadyk Bey, a young Turk she met at sweet waters, the usual promenade of Ottoman ladies. On his side, Sadyk fell also desperately in love with the Princess. Seven months ago the Sultan gave his sister in marriage to Mehemed Bey, and the girl had not the courage to tell her brother how deeply her affections were engaged. Had she done so, it might not have been a fatal passion, for the Sultan loved his sister tenderly, and Sadyk was a gentleman. When the despairing lover heard of the marriage he resolved to end his days. But before killing himself he wrote a farewell to the Princess, who fell ill, and in a few weeks died.

To chop suet, sprinkle flour over it while chopping, which will prevent the pieces from adhering.

Mysterious Stranger.

"Hi, Jimmy, dere's one o' dem fellers."

The two newsboys clutched their papers closer as a tall, gaunt individual in an ulster that was included in his ticket came ranging along Montgomery street, his eyes sharply taking in the whole thoroughfare. As his eye rested on the boys they timidly drew into the shadow, and a hackman on the corner who had never seen them "fazed" before, looked on and wondered. The man squared up in front of them, preventing their escape. Then he said in a dry, baked-beans voice, intended to be winning:

"What paper is that, sonny?"

"The 'Columbian,'" said the boy, with a fourth-act frown.

"How much do you charge for them?"

"Fif cents."

"You look like a good, honest little boy. Lem me see one if it's this mornin'?"

"Naw, yer don't" (frowning deeper).

"Just lem' me look at it a second. I only want to see the overland passengers. Come, I'll give you this," and he drew an orange (included in the ticket) from his overcoat.

"T. I et ten orringes fur breakfast."

"There's one of them that's dirty. You couldn't sell that for full price, could ye?"

"Dere's 'o'ny one price in dis shop, dirty or no dirty."

The stranger, with knit brows, drew an iron purse from his pocket, and raising its porthole, fished for a moment in the dojon keep and drew forth a coin. It had been a five cent piece, but there was a wild, despairing look on the Goddess of Liberty's face, and she had been squeezed down into the surface of the coin. A faint cry came from her as the man held her a moment. Then he passed the coin to the boy, who, awe-struck and wondering, looked it carefully over without finding it counterfeit or perforated. The stranger took the best paper in the lot and then walked away. The boy stared at him, still dumbfounded. Then he said, in solemn italics:

"Oh, Jim! I did sell one o' dem fellers a paper."

"Who is he?"

"A Boston towerist."

Duty of Rest.

There is a false idea prevalent about resting enough in the few weeks of the summer to last the year. However full of delight and peace the lazy hours in the country, however freighted with rest and strength the long days by the sea, we cannot hoard and carry away enough of the precious store. Every twenty-four hours is a circle of its own in which to tear down and build up, and whatever is spent between one sun-down and another must be made good from food, recreation and rest, and who ever commences the morning already tired is spending too much somewhere, and will find that a system of paying nature's past debts by drawing on the future will make him bankrupt. But we do not need to wait till in the fallness of time we can join the throng at watering places. To any one, unless it be wood, recreation and rest, already slant up between four brick walls, if there belong a green spot somewhere round the house, if he can sit under one vine and fig tree of his own, there is at hand a perennial spring, if he but knows how to drink of it. Perhaps you say "I cannot stop to rest; I have no time; I will be by and by, but now I must do my work." Ah! but are you sure of your rest by the one this side of eternity I mean? Are you not doing the very thing now that may lose it for you if entered upon, will it not, instead of being spent in rest, as you fondly hoped, be spent rather in vain regrets for the strength so unwisely and hopelessly lost? Moreover, what is this work you must be constantly doing? If to do good be your ruling motive, have you not learned that it is what you are as well as what you do that blesses the world? and though the toil of your hands is worth much, a beautiful spirit of good cheer surrounding you is worth more, and you are not becoming the best you might be if you have no time to entertain this spirit of rest and strength which cannot live with weariness.

LIFE DUTIES.—My home is where I can do the most good, raise up the fallen, protect the oppressed, and thus honor the Master. My labor is more for the world than for myself. My duty is the performance of any good act that be performed at any time consistent with a proper care of health while no act ordinarily demands the sacrifice of health. My friends are those who acknowledge moral obligations, who live for what they can do and not for what they can enjoy. My love of mortals—I was placed here for some good purpose—will continue till I am called hence, and then I hope to be willing to go.

Any hard steel tool will cut glass with great facility when kept freely wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine. A drill bow may be used, or even the hand alone. A hole bored may be readily enlarged by a round file. The ragged edges of glass vessels may also be thus easily smoothed by a flat file. Flat window glass can readily be sawed by a watch spring saw, by the aid of this solution. In short, the most brittle glass can be wrought almost as easily as brass by the use of cutting tools kept constantly moist with camphorized oil of turpentine.

"The doctor's been here, Michael, and he says yer're to put some hot wahter in a tumbler, with a little sugar and lemon and fill up the tumbler with whisky, and if I won't take it yer're to make me. Oh, the horrible cure entirely!"

"Over fear, Biddy, I'll show yer the way."