A L Bancroft

THE INDEPENDENT

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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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Notice.

Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that the undersigned has been awarded the contract for keeping the Douglas county Paupers for the period of two years. All persons in need of assistance from said county must first procure a certificate to that effect from any member of the County Board, and present it to one of the following named persons, who are authorized to, and will care for those presenting such certificate: W. L. Butten, Roseburg; L. L. Kellogg, Oakland; Mrs Brown, Looking Glass. Dr. Scroggs is authorized to furnish medical aid to all persons in need of the same who have been declared paupers of Douglas county.

WM. B. CLARKE, Supt. of Poor.

ROSEBURG, Or., Feb. 15, 1880

In every department of human life, in the more and the less, there is always one man who is the best, and one type of man which is the best, living and working his silent way to heaven in the very middle of us. Let us find this type then, let us see what it is which make such men the best, and raise up their excellencies into an acknowledged and open standard, of which they themselves shall be the living witnesses.—[James A. Froude.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

An old man named J. Michael Killen died suddenly in Victoria, B. C., on the 12th, while sitting at a table in a restaurant.

A process for the cheap production of aluminum has been discovered in England. The invention causes no little excitement in the metal trade at Birmingham and Sheffield.

Edgar A. Carleton, manager of the Needine farm, five miles above Memphis, was shot and killed on Dec. 11th by a negro named Mitchell Perkins. Carleton was sleeping when shot. The murderer escaped.

The old South church, Boston, has voted to pay the family of its deceased pastor, Dr. Jacob M. Manning, the full salary of $4000 up to next April, and for six years thereafter the sum of $3000 annually.

W. C. Frazier, a school teacher in Cambridge, Mass., got into a general fight with his pupils on the 11th, while trying to discipline some of them, and stabbed and killed John Hayes and seriously cut Charles Luce.

D. J. Hall is on trial at Omaha for presenting false claims or vouchers to the government while custodian of the government building during its construction. The amount involved is $5000 to $6000, and the indictment has 23 counts.

Edwards & Co.'s bank at Kinsley, Ks., was entered on the 9th while the cashier was at supper, and the vault opened by working the combination and robbed of $21,000. Various rumors are afloat concerning the robbery, and G. W. Crawford, the county treasurer, is supposed to be implicated.

The annual convention of the American Agricultural Association began a three days' session in Chicago on the 12th. Mayor Harrison welcomed the delegates, who are from all parts of the country, and after an address by the president, Col. N. T. Sprague, of Vermont, the business of the convention began.

Peter E. Cooney, a U. S. letter carrier, was killed on the 12th, by an accident in Oakland, Cal. He was thrown from his cart, striking heavily on his head. He sustained a severe concussion of the brain and died shortly after being taken to his home. Deceased was a native of Ireland and aged 42. He leaves a wife and two children.

After a good fight Sunday between the supporters of Ackworth and Foreman, rival claimants for the pulpit of the colored Methodist church at Lee, Miss., the Ackworth party won. In the scrimmage revolvers were drawn and Ackworth was knocked down. In the evening Ackworth preached a sermon on "Victory."

A Boston dispatch of Dec. 12th says: The receiver of the Pacific National bank has attached the properties of the National Security bank to the amount of $20,000,000. He alleges the Pacific bank had in its possession checks and deposits at the defendants bank to the amount of $11,000; that the Pacific bank at the time contemplated insolvency and that the transfer was fraudulent.

C. W. Fletcher, an alleged actor, who recently played a very brief engagement at the Pierce Opera house in Minneapolis, suddenly decamped from that city leaving a destitute wife and several unpaid bills as the only reminder of a short and unsuccessful career. A year ago last spring he was traveling with a company through the west, and at Canton, Utah, he met and succeeded in gaining the love of a young lady, who became his wife. The lady followed Fletcher for more than a year, while he engaged in various occupations in the attempt to fight the wolf from the door.

A Chicago dispatch of Dec. 12th says: Paul Schoeppe, alias Count Schulenburg, a villian, thief, forger, murderer and what not, who was about Chicago several years, a very accomplished man with a varied life of crime behind him, has turned up in a new role of villiany at Port Jervais, New York. Two years ago John P. G. Smith, a law student, was arrested on a charge of forgery. He was engaged to be married to Miss Ida Dutcher, a handsome lady and daughter of Rev. Henry Dutcher of that village. Her devotion to him was so great that she believed him innocent even after the most overwhelming prof was brought against him. He was sentenced to 5 years in Sing Sing. Last spring a petition for his pardon, signed by many prominent people, was sent to Gov. Cornell, who was led to make a careful investigation of the case. By photographs, marks on his body and other indisputable facts, he has been positively identified as Shoeppe, alias Schulenberg. Shoeppe will not get his pardon.

A citizens' committee had an interview on the 11th with O'Leary and Murphy, convicted three-card monte and bunko men, confined in the Washington, D. C., jail. Each detailed the circumstances of many robberies, including the government printing office money theft, and gave the names of thieves and detectives who "stood in," as well as the percentage of the proceeds of robberies paid detectives, which was 20 per cent. The detectives, it was even said, planned some jobs and selected men to execute them. Murphy and O'Leary gave a circumstantial account of the Christiancy diamond robbery, and alleged the diamonds of the ex-minister, valued at from $15,000 to $20,000, were disposed of at a great sacrifice in New York, and a heavy percentage was given to two detectives who are named. "The wife of one of these men," O'Leary said, "now wears dresses made from silk taken in the Burdette robbery and given to the detective as his part of the plunder." It is alleged the entire detective force of the district received dividends levied weekly on the bunko men. One of detectives involved is the same one dismissed for betraying the government's interests in the star route cases. Others are yet on the force. Magruder, a member of the committee, thought he recognized O'Leary who is well educated, and asked him if he had ever been at college. O'Leary answered, "at Gouzuge college." "Then," said Magruder, "we are old college-mates. I now remember you well." O'Leary seemed greatly mortified at this identification.

At Youngstown, O., the mill of Armsbell & Co. was burned on the 15th; loss $50,000, insured.

A fire at Hickman, Ky., on the 15th destroyed three blocks of the business portion of the town; loss, $100,000; insurance, $42,000.

At Osage Mission, Ks., the boiler of Johnson's saw-mill blew up, and the proprietor, W. L. Johnson, and a man named Beckwood, were instantly killed. Three others are missing.

The house of Singleton James, on a plantation near Stockbridge, Ga., burned on the 14th. Thos. Knight and two children were burned to death. Knight was drunk in the house.

Secretary Chandler has received a dispatch from Lieut. Harber, dated Bulum, Sept. 15, in which he says no trace of Lieut. Chipps' party has been found. The search still continues.

Two colored youths were burned to death at Memphis, Tenn., on the 15th. They made themselves a bed in a large box, and the supposition is that it took fire from cigarettes which they were smoking.

A fire broke out in Hampton court, the royal palace at Hampton, fifteen miles from London, on the morning of the 14th. Considerable property was destroyed, and one woman was suffocated. The fire was finally subdued by the local fire brigade.

Two men were arrested in Dublin, Ireland, on the 15th, supposed to be implicated in the murder of Lord Cavendish and under secretary Burke. One of them is identified as being on the car in which the murderers left the park after the deed was committed.

While a number of persons were skating on Abbott's dam falls, at Schuylkill, on the 15th, the ice gave way and four children, Annie Casey, John Snowden, Thos. Kindle and Violet Barker, were drowned. It is feared others met a similar fate. The bodies of those named were recovered.

Sarah Kerr, aged 18, a governess in the family of Major Chipman, living at 1229 Sutter street, San Francisco, committed suicide on the 15th by taking carbolic acid. She died in great agony. The only cause known is that Mrs. Chipman reproved her for failing to administer medicine to a sick child.

The secretary of the treasury has decided that sugars now made in the Hawaiian islands are not different, within the meaning of the law, from those made there at the time the treaty was signed, and are entitled to come into the United States free of duty. This ruling will have a direct bearing upon three million dollars of duties upon sugars.

The extensive depot and wharf, together with sixty cars and ten locomotives, of the Manhattan branch railroad at Bay Ridge, burned on the 15th. The origin of the fire was not learned. A strong breeze fanned the flames and it was but a short time after the fire was first discovered until the entire depot was burning. Fifteen of the cars burned were drawing-room cars, worth $30,000 each. Austin Corbin, captain of a canal boat which lay at the dock, was smothered by the flames that caught his cabin and sunk his boat.

The Hall block, corner St. Clair and Jefferson streets, Toledo, the finest business block in the city, burned on the 15th. On the first floor were numerous jobbing houses, and on the upper floors were law and insurance offices, the offices of the Wabash and Ohio Central railroad company, and art galleries. The block cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The Hartford Mutual Insurance Company owned it when destroyed. The total loss will probably exceed $500,000, with a fair proportion of insurance.

Charles Pope, a saw-filer in San Francisco, quarreled with his wife a few days ago, and she left him. She afterwards caused his arrest for taking away two of their three children. During his examination he indirectly threatened his wife. On the 17th Pope was found dead in a yard near Emanuel & Co.'s, where he was employed, with a bullet throught his head, and a revolver with two chambers discharged near the body. Soon after his wife, who was temporarily stopping with Mrs. Campbell on Cleveland street, a few blocks distant, was found lying on the floor, yet living, but with a ball through her head. She survived about an hour and a half, but never spoke. Mrs. Campbell had left Mrs. Pope alone in the house, and no one had been seen to enter it. The presumption is that Pope shot her and then committed suicide, but there is no evidence to that effect.

John Callaghan, of Graceville, Minn., who had been on a long spree, was being taken home on the 15th by his son, aged 12, when Marshall Noonan tried to arrest Callaghan. A blacksmith, named Morris, interfered, and the father and son drove away. During the row that followed they were pursued and four shots fired at them. The father was killed instantly and two shots penetrating the body of the boy, caused fatal injuries. The crowd attracted by the outcries, found Noonan and Morris clinched, and each charging the other with the murder. Both were arrested. The citizens were so excited that if they had known which one was guilty they would have lynched him. The boy, on giving his supposed dying statement, believed Noonan did the shooting, but wouldn't swear to it. There is no positive evidence against the murderer, although several arrests have been made.

About twelve years ago Jacob Baker, an eccentric bachelor of Philadelphia, died, leaving among other property fifteen acres of land located in the heart of that city, upon which are erected several of the handsomest buildings in the country. The old man left his property to his relatives, consisting of one brother and two sisters, and their children. One of the sisters in Mary Pyles, of Turtle creek, Pa., and the brother is Solomon Baker, of Somerset, Pa. The property was leased during Baker's lifetime to the present holders for a long term of years. This fact was known to the heirs, but for some reason they did not until recently make demands for the rent. Finding their title disputed, they have concluded to test their claim through the courts. Mrs. Pyles has placed the case in the hands of a prominent law firm, and the papers are now being prepared.

MRS. BEARDSLEY'S NEIGHBOR.

When Mrs. Beardsley went to Dalton to live, she knew very few people. She lived in a city all her life, been educated well, and came of a cultivated and rather proud family; but she was not proud in their fashion. She had always earned her own living in one way or another, chiefly by writing for magazines and newspapers. Whatever the outside world may think, this is not a lucrative business, and our friend had other people to help on in life, so she had laid up nothing; and after a while she married a poor man and came to Dalton, a flourishing country town to live. They went to housekeeping in an old house, small and inconvient, but of pleasant outlook, and, once settled, began to look about them.

"Oh, Fred! I do hope I shall have nice neighbors," said the little woman as they sat at breakfast one day.

"I don't know, Tina, how you will like them; of course they will like you."

"That's very proper for you to say, sir," laughed Mrs. Beardsley, "but I'm more apt to like people than they are to like me."

This was quite true. Justina Beardsley was very honest, frank, unconventional and acute; she spoke her mind too freely to be always a comfortable friend. Human nature loves flattery, and she never flattered; however, our business is with her neighbors.

Up the street lived the Dean family. Mrs. Dean was a handsome, cool, calm, sort of a woman, with three daughters under fourteen. Her husband kept a country store and had some money. her house was fine with shining furniture, Brussels carpets, and always strictly curtained, screened, and blinded from sun and air. Mrs. Dean was a very good woman; she never failed to attend every meeting there was, and she always went to church, rain or shine, and took her children to Sunday school with the same persistence. She was a woman who did her duty in these respects earnestly and conscientiously, and never could understand why every one else was not equally faithful.

Now, her new neighbor was not a strong woman, and her work was hard. It frequently happened to her to have a dreadful neuralgic headache on Sunday, and though she was accustomed in her youth to go to church as punctiliously as the minister himself, and had really overworked herself in the city mission Sunday schools, she frequently now spent the day of rest on her sofa, with severe pangs in her head, and a back aching in every fibre. Nor did she send Tommy, her little five-year-old boy, to Sunday school, for she preferred to teach him at home.

"Have you been to see Beardsley's wife, my dear?" said Mr. Dean, one morning, about three weeks after the neighbors made their appearance.

"No, not yet. I thought I should not hurry. I do not think she is a very good person to be intimate with. She does not send her boy to Sabbath school, and hardly ever goes to church. I should not wish to encourage such a person to visit us freely."

Mr. Dean said no more. His wife's chin was square, and her lips thin; she did call on the new-comer; was a little horrified to find what common furniture she had, and how the sun streamed in on the old three-ply carpet; and she went away, leaving behind her a chill such as follows an ice-berg. Mrs. Beardsley knew she was disapproved of, and why, for she was quick of discernment, and knowing inwardly that she really did try and wish above all things to be a Christian woman, she felt sad and sorry that her light did not shine better. Then it occurred to her that, after all, God knew about it, and knew she did like to go to church, and did not like to be kept at home with neuralgia and exhaustion, so she left this new trouble to Him. Down the street lived Mrs. Roberts, a well-to-do mechanic's wife.

"I see Beardsley's folks have moved in," was her husband's comment.

"Yes they have; but I shan't trouble them with my company. She's a city woman, and writes for the papers besides. She won't want to see common folks like me. Mrs. Dean will call on her, I presume to say, and the rich folks up town; but I know enough not to go where I ain't wanted, and moreover, I never did like such stuck-up folks."

"I don't know but what you're just as good as she is, Mariar; and if you come to the money pi'nt on't, I could buy and sell Fred Beardsley over ag'in."

"Well, I guess you could; but she's got her own click, and I shan't trouble her. I believe in lettin' folks alon' if they feel too smart for your kind. I never did push in where I wa'nt wanted, and I ain't going to begin now."

So Mrs. Roberts stayed away, held her parasol to the east if her new neighbor was coming that way, although the sun blazed from the west, and passed by on the other side. Mrs. Beardsley comprehended the matter and laughed softly; she would some time undertake Mrs. Roberts, she thought, and convert her to her own theory of neighborhood; but that time had not yet come.

Next to Mrs. Dean lived Mrs. Morris; she was a pleasing, energetic, talkative person; an indefatigable church-goer, and a benevolent soul: but she did not care a cent about any other denomination.

It did not afflict her much that Mrs. Beardsley was one of the inactive sisters, because she was a Blank, if she had been a Blanker, Mrs. Morris would have been as troubled as Mrs. Dean was about the new neighbor, though on a different principle.

As it was, she called on her after a while; but her time was so taken up with the Blanker church, her house was so filled and overrun with all the Blanker congregation, from the minister down to the sexton; she had so many weddings, funerals, and societies to attend, that Mrs. Beardsley hardly saw her in her own house for the next year; although Mrs. Morris' call was promptly returned.

Next to Mrs. Roberts lived the Waters family; nice, kindly, plain young people. Mrs. Waters' sister being the third member of the family. The husband was a tinner, and it was in his shop, where she was buying a tea-kettle, that the new neighbor was introduced to them. They meant to call, they were members of the same church to which the Beardsleys belonged, and lived only two houses away, but they were shy! It seemed to be a sort of agony to them to speak before a stranger; they blushed and stammered, and looked every way but the right one. At last, after a year of waiting, they came one evening, but they never came again.

Up above her, for the street was on the side of a gentle declivity, Mrs. Beardsley had another neighbor, a carpenter's wife, Mrs. Green. She, too, seemed to be shy at first, but was attracted after a while by Justina's flowers, and Tommy's merry face. She was childless herself, and her one passion was flowers, and after the ice was broken she came in often, sometimes with an apple for Tommy, sometimes with a rose for his mother. Mrs. Roberts had called Mrs Beardsley proud and "stuck-up," but Mrs. Green did not find her so.

"She's real nice," was her unbiased verdict, as she walked home one night with the Waters family from prayer meeting. "I did expect she'd be a little airy, seein, who her folks was; but she ain't, not a mite. She's as pleasant as pie. I dunno when I've set so much by a neighbor as I do by her. Mis' Dean's leetle too high in the instep for me, and Mis' Morris she don't care for nobody without they're a Blanker, and you can't take the solid comfort with Mis' Roberts, she's so partic'lar leest you shouldn't think so much of her as you ought to. But my! Mis' Beardsley, she's just as easy as an old shoe. I wish't I had not stayed so long, but you know, Malviny, I ain't no hand to make acquaintance with folks. I don't know as I should ever ha' knowed you if John hadn't been my nephew."

There was still another neighbor on the street, old Miss Betsey Parker, the tailoress, living in a small brown house but one to that which the Beardsleys occupied. She was a plain, uneducated woman, having plenty of common sense and a cheerful nature; no especial talent or brightness, or charm of aspect, but she was an honest, humble Christian.

Mrs. Dean sent her sewing, when she had it, and Mrs. Morris found it quite handy to have a tailoress close by when her two big boys tore their clothes, especially as Betsy went to the Blanker church. Besides these small sources of income she made shrouds for the Dalton factory, and coffin trimmings; the day of tailoress work had gone by; and she owned the little house she lived in, set about with cinnamon roses and lilacs and a garden devoted chiefly to corn, beans and squashes, though a great bunch of clove pinks and a cluster of red peonies adorned its border. She was the first neighbor whose acquaintance Mrs. Beardsley made. While that weary woman was putting down her parlor carpet she looked up at the sound of a kind voice, and saw a slat sun-bonnet peering round the edge of the door; deep in its gingham vault Miss Betsy's cheerful face smiled at her.

"I thought mebbe I could help you some way. I live next door but one, and if you want anything I've got, just send for it; matches or extry hammer. I know how 'tis; folks always forget somethin'. Mercy sake! let me get hold of that stretcher! Them poor little hands o' yourn ain't fit for such heavy work;" and suiting the action to the word she took Mrs. Beardsley's place and the refractory carpet became docile at once, while poor Justina sat down on the floor and felt like crying from mere relief. "I wish 'twas the first instead of the last. I live right up there in that small house with the lean-to, an' if you want any thing I've got, to help ye, send right up. My name's Betsey Parker."

"Oh, thank you. I was so tired!" was the rather incoherent answer; but the very grateful look out of Mrs. Beardsley's eyes filled it out for Miss Betsey.

She had not stopped to consider her own position or her neighbor's, but came at once to see if she could help; and this was only the beginning; she brought many a fresh egg over to tempt Justina's delicate appetite, though her poultry was only three bantam hens. And again and again when her neighbor had a headache, she took Tommy home with her for the day, though she had sometimes to stay at home from church with him. She had no carriage like Mrs. Morris to give her neighbors a drive—as Mrs. Morris never did. She had no loaded fruit trees like Mrs. Dean, who kept her pears and peaches for her own and the minister's family, exclusively; but her black-cap raspberries were more than shared with Mrs. Waters, as well as Mrs. Beardsley, and her currants were almost public property.

"I really hain't had enough for jell this year," she said apologetically to Mrs. Green, "and I do dote on jell it's so good for the sick; but then, fresh currants is real refreshin' this hot weather; you know it's been master hot right along for a spell, and there ain't but a few that has got as good currants as mine be."

At last Mrs. Beardsley fell ill of low fever; she was very lonely, for Fred had to be all day at his work, and the girl in the kitchen had her hands full with Tommy and the housework. The doctor's gig at the door notified the neighbors of the trouble, and after it had stopped there daily for a week, Mrs. Dean sent over the girl to inquire how Mrs. Beardsley was. Mrs. Morris met her husband in the street, and asked him the same question. Mrs. Roberts was not concerned about the matter. "Those uppercrust folks keep sending in to ask, I see; I haven't never called there, so I ain't wanted nor needed now as I know of."

But she did tell the doctor she was a good watcher and would go if they couldn't get any body else.

Mrs. Waters had a little baby, and could do nothing, yet she sent in a rosebud from her own cherished bush, and Justina cried over it; she was so weak! Mrs. Green came over once or twice; and sent some custard; but she "wa'n't no use in sickness, so dreadful nervous," her husband said.

Miss Betsey was out of town at first, but as soon as she came back not a day passed that she did not go over and cheer the sick woman with homely, earnest words of faith, hope and good will. She went into the kitchen and made beef tea; she went up-stairs and shook up her hot pillows, replenished the fire, combed out the tangled hair with the gentlest fingers, and kept Tommy with her in the intervals, as long as he could be coaxed to stay. When Mrs. Beardsley was getting better, the first day she could sit up, after Miss Betsey had made her comfortable with cushions and footstool, the poor languid woman put her thin arms about the old lady's neck and kissed her, and dropping her head on that sturdy shoulder, burst into irrepressible sobs.

"Lawful sakes! don't ye do so, child! Stop right off. Why, you'll be all tuckered out when you get home if you do so. Now stop right off!"

"I can't help it," sobbed Tina; "you're so good, Miss Betsey; you're a real angel!"

"The mortal you must be out o' your mind, child. Who ever saw an angel with yellow-gray hair and but six teeth to show for it?" laughed the good old soul. "You stop cryin' and talkin' about angels, and swaller your beef tea, or the doctor'll be scoldin' of ye, for certain sure."

When Mrs. Beardsley was well enough for change of air, she went to Dalton to see her sister, who had just come back from Europe, and was naturally eager to hear all about Tina's surroundings.

"And have you any neighbors, dear?" she asked, after many other questions.

"One," said Justina, smiling.

The question remains to be answered: "Who was Mrs. Beardsley's neighbor?"

Deep and Shallow Plowing.

Few subjects attract more attention and give rise to more discussion and want of agreement, than that of the depth of plowing. Many do not consider the very important fact that deep or shallow plowing depends upon the nature of the soil. The truth is, there are many soils in which if one plows deep he may find great profit in so doing; but, on the other hand, there are thousands and thousands of acres of land where it is sheer nonsense to plow deep. On flat clay land, where water cannot drain rapidly away, and where the lack of draining is the bane of the cultivator, it is found by experience that a shallow but a rich surface soil is much better than a deeply stirred one. And the reason is obvious. If water be an injury, and it cannot get into the soil by reason of the hardness of the subsoil, the rain will pass over the surface to the open ditches, which always have to be made in a flat country. If we loosen such soil deeply we only harbor more of our liquid enemy, and this counterbalances what otherwise might be a good thing in a deep soil. Beside these, there are other considerations. If the surface soil be poor, and we turn this down into a still poorer subsoil, we bury what little good there might have been in the surface soil far below the reach of the roots. A little learning is a dangerous thing in farming. There is no department of industry where circumstances alter cases more than in this. While deep plowing is an excellent thing when circumstances suit, there are innumerable cases when it is wise to go the other way.—[Exchange.

Why Fannie Did Not Go for Ice Cream.

Fannie's big brother Charles promised to take her for ice cream every Saturday if she would keep her hair nicely brushed during the week.

She never failed to keep her hair in order, but she missed the ice cream once.

Fannie and her brother were going to the place where the ice cream was kept. Fannie was trotting along holding Charles' hand. She heard a strange noise in the street near them. She looked around and saw two boys with a little squirrel.

One boy held a string with one end tied to the poor squirrel's leg. The other boy was whipping the little creature to make it run. They were making believe they were driving a horse.

They stopped, and Charles asked the boys to let the squirrel go. They would not. Then Fannie wished to know if they would sell the squirrel. They offered to sell it for 25 cents.

"If we buy the squirrel, Fannie, you can have no ice cream, for I have only 25 cents in my pocket," added the brother.

"Oh, buy the squirrel!" exclaimed Fannie. "We can do without the cream." Charles bought the squirrel and gave it to Fannie.

They went to the woods near by, and Charles cut the string from poor Bunny's leg. Fannie put Bunnie through the fence, and away it went.

Fannie was as happy as the squirrel when it bounded off, although she had no ice cream that Saturday.

A Philanthropist Dished.

It was a pathetic incident. The elderly gentleman was walking down Tenth street when the wail of a tender youth who had fallen on the sidewalk and broken the crockery in his dinner-pail smote upon his ear.

"Never mind, my little lad, are you much hurt?" asked the benevolent graybeard.

"No, sir; I'm not hurt," replied the youngster.

"Then why do you cry?"

"Because I'll get licked when I go home."

"Well, well, my boy, go and buy another cup and plate, and your mother won't know the difference," said philanthropy, as he handed the lad a silver token.

The lad took the money, but set up a more dismal howl than before. "I'll get licked all the same—boo-hoo!"

"Why so?" asked the interested gentleman.

"Cause you only give me ten cents, and the sucker I picked up yesterday give me fifty."

The venerable philanthropist strode along musing.—[Philadelphia Times.

When short-horn breeders shall take the same pride in the performances of their favorites at the milking pail as the breeders of Jerseys and Holsteins now do, and work as hard to reach such results, but little doubt exists that their labors will be crowned with the production of the large, well developed dairy cow, whose offspring will be equally famous for lifting the beam at a heavy weight when matured for the market.—[E. H. Calkins.

The Icy Sea.

The song of the icy sea is a very peculiar one, and can scarcely be described so as to convey any clear idea of its nature. It is not loud, yet it can be heard to a great distance—it is neither a surge nor a swash, but a kind of a slow, crashing, groaning, shrieking sound, in which sharp, silvery tinklings mingle with the low, thunderous undertone of a rushing tempest. It impresses one with the idea of nearness and distance at the same time and also with that of immense forces in conflict. When this confused fantasia is heard from afar through the stillness of an Arctic night the effect is strangely weird and almost solemn—as if it were the distant hum of an active living world breaking across the boundaries of silence, solitude and death.

On June 25th the steam whaler North Star, the first ship of the season to reach Point Barrow, steamed up a long lead, which ran in a northeast direction, about six miles from the shore, until she came opposite the signal station, when she made fast to the stationary ice. On the 8th of July she made her way into a small inlet in the ice, about three miles from shore, with the hope that the projecting ice capes, grounded in fifteen fathoms, would withstand the pressure and protect her until the current should change or a more favorable opportunity for making her escape occur. It soon, however, became certain, that this hope was vain for the pack kept on its way slowly, but as relentless as fate. The ice capes were ground into powder and melted away before the resistless pressure as they were not a straw's weight, instead of millions of tons; the grounded mass round the ship soon followed, and the ill-fated Star was caught and ground to pieces, as if she were no stronger than a child's cupboard toy.

Never was destruction was more complete. Her great masts and massive ribs of solid timber cracked and broke as if they were pipestems, and in an hour from the time the pressure first reached her nothing remained of the great ship that looked so beautiful and strong in the bright sunshine a few minutes before, but two or three boats, a little hard bread, a few bags of flour, and forty-eight homeless men. What assistance could be given was furnished by the party at the signal. All that had been saved from the wreck was brought on shore, tents and provisions were furnished to the shipwrecked men until the 14th, when the whalers Bowhead and Belvidere came up and took them off to be distributed through the rest of the fleet. On the 15th the pack had nearly all disappeared, and the barrier of anchored ice was then about two miles wide; but it broke up rapidly and on the 22d no ice was visible.

A Relic of Sherman's March.

As we tramped along through woods of ash, elm and water-oak, we saw wild ipecac and sweet-william growing at the sides of the odd pathway; and having asked the name of a curious kind of grass, I was delighted at the story that then came out, "That," said the guide, in answer to the question, "is what we call Egyptian clover. We didn't have it before the war, and none of us ever saw it or heard of it until Sherman and Johnston came. The seed was left on the ground by the armies, and now we wouldn't take anything for it." The grass, which has a tiny leaf more like that of the native white than that of the red clover, grows all over the hillsides, at the edges of the woods, along the earthworks, and even forces its way into the tilled fields. In its growth, it chokes out other herd-grass and all weeds, though, fortunately, it may be killed itself by plowing, or there might be too much of the good thing. Horses and cattle get fat upon it, so that on the battle-field there is pasturage in places where before the fight nothing of value grew. This, truly, was an odd revelation—that two opposing hosts, halting here, like beasts of the jungle, to snap up trees, to tear the ground, to burn and to slay, should leave behind not bones to bleach only, but seed wherefrom have sprung dainty carpets and soft borders of green that enrich the waste places.—[Philadelphia Times.

Bill of Fare.

For the benefit of those who are liable to "laugh and grow fat" we will give the bill of fare of a Mr. Joseph Harrass who was troubled with a superfluous burden of flesh and very sensibly dieted to obtain relief.

Breakfast—Vegetables, brown bread (toasted), water with lemon juice, and occasionally oatmeal.

Dinner—Vegetables, brown bread, water, and plain pudding.

Supper—Brown bread (toasted) stewed fruit and water.

No tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, except skimmed, and only a trifle of butter.

Result:—Weight at beginning of treatment, 200; present weight 150.

All the distressing features have been relieved, and the patient is so well he can carry on his business. His physical and mental strength have greatly increased. Mr. Harrass says he has suffered no serious discomfort from his diet, except when away from home, and he feels as if he had learned an important lesson as to how to reduce his cospulence—which has been such a source of discomfort—and once more enjoy life.

TWIN, EVEN TO A FINGER JOINT.—Henry Bancroft, of Fullerville, has twin boys, about ten years old, named Doll and Lester. Last week Lester went into Sprague's mill and put his finger on the buzz saw to see if it was in motion, and when he took his hand away he found he was minus the end of a finger up to the first joint. A boy acquaintance, who heard of the accident, met the twin brother Doll an hour afterward, and telling him the story said: "Now you ought to have your finger cut off, so as to be like your twin brother." Doll's finger was on a board, and his companion, having his knife out, without ceremony, struck his finger with his knife and cut off the end of the corresponding finger, so that the twins are alike in the loss of the first joint of the "big" finger on the right hand.