

BETRAYING AN UNDERTAKER.

Early one morning three or four days...

ARTFUL DODGES.

A Few Stories of the Shrewdness of Many Individuals.

But though our annals of artfulness can boast of mourning households...

to pick up the timepiece before it was trodden under foot...

TWAIN ON SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In literature it has been held to be heterodox to say aught against the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott...

"Then comes Sir Walter Scott with his enchantments, and by his single night checks this wave of progress, and even turns it back...

THE WONDERFUL GOPHER.

One Bets It's a Squirrel, Another a Snake, a Third a Turtle, and a Fourth a Rat.

Four business men sat in a Third avenue car on their way down town...

"Here's an item that says gopher holes make horseback riding dangerous on the plains...

"A gopher is a striped squirrel," said a tall man, in a tone of quiet assurance.

"You're mistaken, sir," said his neighbor. "A gopher is a land turtle, that burrows."

"I shall have to differ from you, gentlemen," interposed the fourth man. "A gopher is neither a striped squirrel nor a turtle. It is a kind of rat."

A man on the opposite seat, who had listened to the conversation with evident interest, said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but you are all mistaken. A gopher is a snake. I've killed lots of 'em, and I know what I'm talking about."

"Are you willing to back up your opinion?" asked the gopher-squirrel man, taking a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Certainly, sir. Here's \$5 that says a gopher is a snake."

The money was put into the hands of the gentleman who started the discussion. He accepted it under protest, saying that he was positive that a gopher was a gray burrowing squirrel.

He had often seen them. A heated discussion followed, in which the words gopher, snake, squirrel, rat and turtle figured prominently. The money in the stakeholder's hand soon amounted to \$25.

It was agreed that Webster should settle the dispute. The gentlemen alighted from the car, went into a hotel, and a copy of the "Unabridged" was procured.

"Gopher—An animal of several different species. The name was originally given by French settlers to many burrowing animals from their honeycombing the earth...

In Canada and Illinois the name was given to a gray, burrowing squirrel, west of the Mississippi and in Wisconsin to a striped squirrel. In Missouri, a common species is a pouched rat of a reddish or chestnut-brown color, with broad, mole-like fore feet.

In Georgia a snake is called by the same name, and in Florida a turtle.

As the stakeholder refunded the money he said, "Gentlemen, it appears that we are all right and all wrong. But we have, at least, learned something."

IT WAS A JUG.

Yesterday forenoon a man doing business on Michigan avenue put a quart of kerosene in a jug, walked out to the crossing of First street, and deliberately let the jug fall to the pavement...

It will be difficult for the southern people to accept the criticisms offered by Mark Twain, and even the north may object to them. One thing for which Scott has always been held dear is the stalwart character of his books.

He is nowhere weak and maudlin. On every page he is manly. Readers may not adore him but they will not rate him as he has been by Mark Twain.

The probabilities are that his criticisms of Scott are serious; but the south is arguing that Mark Twain is joking.—[Indianapolis Journal.

SHOT.

The following is one of the most affecting incidents in the history of the telegraph:

Howard Ange, an operator on the 6th corps line, met with a particularly sad fate in the Shenandoah valley in August, 1864...

Gen. Sheridan had taken command and moved his headquarters from Harper's Ferry to Charleston. The 6th corps was out on the Berryville road above Hallowtown...

No enemy was believed to be near, and wagons and troops were constantly passing; therefore, no guard was left with the operator.

One warm, drowsy afternoon the operator at Sheridan's headquarters was receiving a message from the 6th corps through Ange.

Suddenly the instrument stopped. Then it went on a half minute spasmodically and incoherently.

A short pause again; then it slowly but clearly spelled out: "S—h—e—t."

"Good heavens!" cried the headquarters operator, poor Ange is shot.

"How do you know?" demanded an aide who was near.

"Because his instrument has said so and stopped."

Swift horsemen quickly leaped over the four miles to the place. They found Ange's wagon standing quietly in the shade.

They looked in and saw the operator sitting dead, with the nerveless hand which had sent the last message still upon the key.

He had been shot through the breast by bushwhackers, who fired through the cover of the wagon and escaped.

Apart from the startling character of the fatality itself just described, and the solemnity of a sudden fall at the post of duty, there could hardly be a more impressive circumstance of death than a man's last word uttered distinctly a distance of four miles.

COOKING RECIPES.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat yolks of three eggs until very light; sweeten and flavor to taste...

PARSNIP STEW.—Three slices of salt pork, boil one hour and a half; scrape six parsnips, cut in quarters, lengthwise; add to the pork and let boil one-half hour...

LEMON PUDDING.—Four eggs, four lemons, grated, bread crumbs to thicken, sugar to sweeten, one cup of sugar and one cup of milk.

WHEAT MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of flour, five eggs, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water...

CINNAMON ROLL.—Take a piece of pie crust, roll it out and cut in narrow strips; sprinkle cinnamon over it and roll up tight...

PUDDING SAUCE.—Rub well together until light, four large tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar, two ounces of butter, stir into a teacup of boiling water...

CORN BREAD.—Three cups of corn meal, two cups of flour, half a cup of sugar, one and a half cups of sweet milk...

LEMON BUTTER FOR TARTS.—One pound pulverized sugar; whites of six eggs; and yolks of two; three lemons including grated rind and juice...

ORANGE CAKE.—Make a silver cake and bake in jelly cake pan; grate one large orange, add to it two well beate eggs and one cup of sugar...

COCONUT JUMALES.—One pound of cocoanut grated, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, three eggs, large iron spoonful of flour; drop on buttered pans.

GOLD AND SILVER CAKE.—One teacup white sugar, one-half teacup butter, whites of four eggs, two-thirds teacup sweet milk, two teacups flour, two teacups baking-powder; flavor, Gold Cake; Same as above, using the yolks of the four eggs, and adding one whole egg.

GRAHAM COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one-half teacupful of soda; mix quickly roll and bake.

BOILED MUTTON.—Cook fifteen minutes to the pound in salted water, lad out and wipe dry with a hot, wet cloth. Pour over all a cup of drawn butter.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Cut a cold chicken in small pieces, put in dish and season with salt and pepper. Make a batter of three eggs, one cup of milk and flour; stir in the chicken and fry in hot lard.

EGG SAUCE.—Roll one table-spoonful of butter in flour and stir it into a cup of meat broth; add two beate eggs; boil one minute. Pound the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs and season over the liquid.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Boil until firm in salted water; cut into slices, dredge with flour and fry brown.

POTATO BALLS.—Season cold beef potatoes; beat to a cream with hot butter. Add three beate egg yolk to balls; dip in beate eggs; in bread crumbs, fry in hot lard.

VEAL LOAF.—Chop fine two pounds of raw veal and one-half pound of pork; mix with two eggs, one-tenth of a pound of rolled crackers, one-tenth spoonful of butter, pepper salt. Pack tightly in a deep, square tin with bits of butter, sprinkle with crumbs on the top, and bake slow two hours. When cold slice it.

STEWED RABBIT.—Cut the rabbit in nice-sized pieces, wash well, dry. Then fry a nice brown. Take two onions, slice very thin, and fry, and dredge with flour. Put a saucenpan with pepper, salt and one good stock or water. Let it stew two hours, adding a little catsup minutes before serving. Stir together.

EGG PLANT.—Cut it in slices a half inch, take off the purple rind, slice in salt and water for two then steam them until they are so that you can pierce them easily with a fork, then take them from the steam and dip them in very fine bread cracker crumbs, salted and pepper. These crumbs must be rolled very and it is an improvement to shake through a coarse sieve. Fry the egg plant in hot lard.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak eight spoonfuls of tapioca in a quart of water or milk till soft; then add five tablespoonfuls melted butter, five beate eggs, sugar and vanilla. Bake in pudding dish and cover with out lining.

A colored pastor led his congregation to the diamond field in Houston, Tex., where the boys were playing at base on a recent Sunday, and there brethren and sisters knelt in prayer occupying all the bases and thus actually stopping the game.

It is reported that the Postmaster General will recommend an increase weight allowed under a letter-rate of one-half to a whole ounce, and a reduction of the drop-letter postage at free delivery from two cents to one.

VISITING DR. HOLMES.

What the Witty Autocrat has to Say of His Own and Some Others' Work.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, since he left the lecturing chair of Harvard, where he handled as many skulls in his time as Hamlet's grave-digger, has received a new lease of intellectual life.

Those whom champagne will not intoxicate forbear to laugh at the autocrat's quips. They even dub him "Dr. Dry-as-dust," and say his recent contributions to periodical literature have been in a diminuendo of wit and wisdom.

These columns are easily refuted by one bon mot of our Democritus. I paid my respects to him recently in an informal evening call.

The Doctor lives on Beacon street. A murmur of remonstrance and insistence was wafted to my ears from the staircase. Following this came the Doctor, explaining: "Wife thought I should keep quiet this evening, but a little conversation rests more than it disturbs me. Besides, I have been in the paddock so long that I am delighted now that I am at pasture, to compare noses and notes over the bars with my neighbors. I want to know what the younger part are doing and read every thing they write. Some of it puzzles me. I can't imagine what they are doing at. Do they know themselves? No! Now and then I catch a note in the old keys. There is a Western writer, Miss Edith Thomas, who has the sensibility of Keats to the music of nature. And her prose is formed on the best models, clear, polished, compact, the very soul of thought in the amber of speech."

In speaking of his own work, Dr. Holmes was modest in the extreme. "I have written much that I would willingly let die. The public have treated me beyond my deserts. It would be better if I should be found out in my lifetime. A life of Emerson engages my whole attention at present. I receive, every day, requests to write for this or that publication, but I decline them all." Dr. Holmes is very proud of his study. It is a large room on the second floor, and commands an extensive view of the Charles River and the Back Bay. The walls are lined with choice editions of English and foreign classics. Dictionaries and works of reference lie open close at hand. His writing-table is kept exquisitely neat, and well supplied with all the small conveniences known in the author's economy. Pens, inkstands, paper-cutters are sent to him from all parts of the world, in exchange for which he is expected to return an autographic acknowledgement, worth in open market sometimes more than the value of the article received. The tanned skin of an enormous rattlesnake hanging on a wall suggested his story of "Elsie Venner."

His habits Dr. Holmes is very methodical, and accomplishes more literary work than his nervous, active organization would seem to promise. Nothing, I judge has pleased him more than the dinner which the physicians of New York tendered to him last winter. I told him he should go West, and assured him of a boundless hospitality there. He said, "We shall see," with doubtful emphasis as of one who has come to be satisfied with short journeys. —[Chicago Inter Ocean.

TOPNOODY.

Mr. Topnoody pushed back his chair from the supper table and looking at his wife, remarked:

"My dear, I understand the ladies have formed some kind of an association for the furtherance of the prohibition ticket. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, I was at the meeting."

"Oh, I didn't know you believed in temperance."

"I believe in the kind I believe in, Topnoody, and if I want to talk, I'll talk, and all the hints you may hint won't amount to a hill of beans."

"Of course not, my dear, but what did they do?"

"Attended to their business, which some men I know don't always do."

"What was their business?"

"Well, they met to send out speakers to stump the State."

"They had to select men, of course."

"I'm sorry to say they did, and the worst part of it was your name was suggested."

"Ah, indeed?" and Topnoody smiled in an exceedingly self-satisfied way; "I am glad I have some reputation among the ladies."

"Don't be proud, Topnoody."

"But my dear, there is something to be proud of in that, I think."

"I suggested it myself."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, Topnoody, I got up and said that I thought if Mr. Topnoody's nose could be secured for the campaign it could be carried around and shown up during the day as an awful result of intemperance, and at night it would do for a red light to hang out in front of the stall. The question was voted on and water or milk till soft; then add five table-spoonfuls melted butter, five beate eggs, sugar and vanilla. Bake in pudding dish and cover with out lining.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it passes from mouth to mouth.