## MAN'S BLINDNESS

*Aggravated by Woman's Patience.*

Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Mary Wheelock, wife of that old pioneer and eminently respected citizen of that name, leaned over the banister the other morning and answered him.

'The shears? Why they are right down there somewhere. I was using them not five minutes ago.'

The Major wanted them to trim off a horse blanket at the barn, and he marched into the sitting room and up to the family work basket. Of course they were there. He tumbled a ball of yarn, a paper of pins, a half made garment, a button box and a pin cushion off on the floor, made a dive among bodkins, worsted, thread and darning needles, and the shears didn't turn up. He stood the work basket on its head but was no good. Then he went over to the what-not and raked off three or four photographs, rattled down a lot of shells and threw off two books, but the shears were not there. He was red in the face as he went into the hall and called out:

'I can't find hide or hair of 'em, and I don't believe you ever had any!'

'Now look again—that's a good man," she replied. 'I know they are right there.'

The Major got down on his hands and knees and looked under the lounge. No shears. Then he stood up and looked on the mantel. The nearest approach to shears there was a bent hair pin. Then he walked around and surveyed each window sill and gave the work basket another racket.

'I tell you there ain't no shears here, or else I'm blinder'n a bat!' he shouted from the hall after he had given the hall tree a looking over.

'Why, Major how impatient, you are!'

'There's no impatience about it! I tell you the shears ain't here! No one can ever find anything in this house! I had to look a straight hour the other day to find a gimlet!'

'If you don't see them in the bed room I'll come down.'

He entered the bed room, glanced over the bureau and stand, pulled the shams off the pillows and whirled the pillows around and then took down a hair oil bottle from a bracket and looked into it. The shears were not in the bottle or anywhere else. Stay! They might have been carried under the bed by that mysterious household tida which carries articles from room to room in an invincible manner. He crawled under, bumped his head on the slats, got dust in his throat, and was backing out with blood in his eye when his wife called out.

'Why, what on earth are you after?'

'After! After!' he shouted, as he almost coughed his head off—'I'm after them infernal shears!'

'Why, here they are! They are lying in my sewing chair, right in plain sight.'

'I don't believe it—I'll never believe it! I looked into that chair over ten thousand times!'

'Well, there they are.'

'It's no such thing! You've lost 'em or pawned 'em or traded em' for gum. You've no more order in your house than an old cooper shop!'

He walked past the chair into the hall and was going out when she called:

'Dear, aren't you going to take the shears?'

'Shears? What shears? I'm going over to the store and buy me a pair of shears, and if any human being in this house ever puts a finger on 'em they'll suffer for it! I'll see if I can't have a pair of shears in my house after being married for upwards of forty-three years!'

And he pulled down his hat and slammed the door with all his might as he went out.

## Woman's Worrying Ways.

*Result in a Great Literary Loss.*

Arkansaw Traveller.

General Meckleham, in imitation of greater men, decided upon writing a series of war articles. "Why shouldn't I, Mary?" he asked his wife, who belongs to a literary society and who is considered an excellent critic. "I should just like to know why I ought not to give my experience? I went through the war and served with distinction, if I do say it myself. Another thing in my favor is that I know how to write. I understand the construction of sentences. I understand the use of vigorous English. What do you say, Mary?"

"Why, by all means write your experience. I do not see why you should keep back anything that might prove of interest to the public and might result in profit to yourself."

"That's it, Mary; that's it. You have hit the nail on the head. While I was at college, the students used to devote so much attention to rhetoric. It will all come in handy now, you see. Well, I shall go to work at once."

The next evening when the lamp had been lighted, the general said;

"Mary, are you ready to hear my war paper?"

"Yes."

He read it to her.

"What do you think of it?"

"It is good."

"Do you think it's first class?"

"Yes, I do."

"I have never said much about it, Mary, but I am a writer. Many a time while visiting newspaper offices, I have said to myself, 'Ah, well, you fellows think you are great writers but you haven't learned your first lesson.' So you think it's first-class, eh? Now, I shall wad it up and send it to a magazine. I ought to get at least a hundred dollars for it."

"You are going to copy it, are you not?"

"Oh, no, not necessary. It's as plain as print."

"I din't know but you might want to make a few corrections. Let me see the manuscript a minute. Listen to this paragraph: 'General Beauregard seeing that the left wing was weakened, determined to reinforce them.' Don't you think that you should say 'it' instead of 'them?'"

"Why? Refers to the soldiers."

"No, it means wing, which should be 'it.'"

"Well, go on, go on."

"The general at one time," continued the woman, finding another objectional paragraph, "was much moved to see a soldier dragging a gun with a broken leg."

"What's wrong with that? It's a fact, for I saw it myself."

"Yes, but how did he drag a gun with a broken leg?"

"Confound it, don't you see? The fellow's leg was broken, but so determined was he that he still stuck to his gun."

"But he didn't drag it with his broken leg."

"Hang it the fellow's leg was broken—"

"I understand that"

"Well, then. Leg was broken, but unwilling to retire from the field, he crawled along, dragging his gun."

"With his broken leg?"

'Mary, haven't you got any sense at all? The statement is as plain as daylight. When you strike a woman on military matters, dad blame it, she can't see two inches.'

'I understand it well enough. The man was dragging his gun with his broken leg, which, I should think would differ very little from dragging his broken gun with his leg.'

The general wheeled around in his chair, shoved both hands into his pockets and in a calm voice, slightly trembling on the bosom of a struggle, said:

'When I married, I thought that my wife was a sensible woman. I thought she was a woman of literary taste. Ah, Lord, Mary, your blamed blindnesss has confused me. Read the paragraph again.'

'The general at one time was much moved to see a soldier dragging a gun with a droken leg. Ah, I see,' she exclaimed.

'I am glad you do, Mary.'

'The soldier was dragging a gun with a broken leg—the gun's leg was broken.'

'Gimme that paper!' he exclaimed. 'Ill be eternally burned if I allow any one to—Mary, I am ashamed of you. Go on away and leave me alone. To suddenly discover such ignorance totally crushes me. Do you think that a gun has legs and arms like a man? Do you for a minute suppose—go on away, I tell you.'

'You mean that a soldier with a broken leg was dragging his gun, don't you?'

'Hah?'

She repeated the remark.

The general took the manuscript, folded it with mock precision and put it in the stove.

'Why did you burn it, dear?'

'Oh, I was afraid that it might break one of its legs. I reckon its safe enough, now. The next time you ask me to write anything, I'll do it. Oh, yes, I'll seize a broken leg pen, and write the life out of it. A phophet is not without honor, and so on. You have beaten me out of a hundred dollars in cash, and I hope you are satisfied.'

## Some Mad New Yorkers,

Some of the maddest men in the country today are the members of a high toned New York Club, whose "shooting bar" is on the shores of Currituck Sound, N. C. These gentlemen are fond of shooting ducks, and finding good sport in Currituck, came there and built a fine club house and bought a lot of land. Much to their surprise, they learned a few months ago *that unless a man is a resident of the State he cannot go out in a boat to shoot ducks!* He must shoot from the shore, or not at all! Result: the 'local sportsmen' of Currituck, being residents, would go out in boats on the sound and bag all the game, while the Northerners, who had spent their money to build the club house, pranced up and down the shore, but could seldom get a shot at a bird. Here was a dilemma, until at least some one saw a way out of the difficulty.

It so happens that Currituck owes a debt of several thousands of dollars. Now these moneyed men, who were already spending $27,000 a year down there, offered to pay *the whole debt of the county* if the people would would give them the privilege of shooting on the sound. Up to the State Legislature went a delegation armed with the money to pay off the entire indebtedness, but, lo and behold, the Legislature refused to pass the bill! Well, a more disgusted crowd of duck shooters than these New Yorkers would be hard to find.

*Baltimore Manufacturer's Record.*

## Mr. Hill's Advice to Office Seekers.

Wash. Cor. New York World.

The melancholy which has settled down upon the few office seekers who are still in town is absolutely appalling. I do not believe that there will be a round dozen of them in Washington after another ten days. I heard a discourse last night, from Isaac Hill, one of the Assistant Sergeants at Arms of the House. He is a roaring Democrat. He has a great following in Ohio. All of these men look up to Isaac as the children of Israel did to Moses. After the 4th of March Isaac Hill had fully five thousand people who wrote to him that they were ready to come to Washington. I heard him talking to one of his Ohio friends last night. The words of wisdom which bubbled from his lips should be treasured up by those who are contemplating a visit to Washington. Said Hill to his hopeful Ohio friend; "You don't seem to understand this new deal. You have come on here with enough papers to stretch from the Treasury to the Capitol in a straight string; you want me to present those papers for you, you fool you. Do you think I am going to ruin you? Didn't you know that papers don't count with this Administration? The more a man puts in of them the worse he is off. And you want me to get up a delegation for you, too. Well, you are from the backwoods. If I just wanted to lay you out completely, I would go out to the White House with a delegation. You ask me what you shall do. Well, I will tell. You just go home by the first train. Take your papers with you. Then, if you want an office, really, you might send your name and your postoffice address to the President. Then wait and see if lightning dosen't strike you. You stand a better chance that way than you would in Washington with the biggest delegation and the longest string of papers that was ever made."

## Washington Society Paralyzed.

*Ornamental Soldiers to be Sent to the Frontier and Made to Earn their Salaries Like the Rest.*

WASHINGTON, March, 30.—Consternation has invaded swell society. An awful rumor goes abroad that the officers of the army and navy who for years have been kept at Washington through social influence are to be sent to their commands and made to do their share of duty like the rest. Not only is Washington included in this fell swoop, but all the other soft billets throughout the country. Every large city in the United States will be hung with society crape when this rude edict goes into effect, but with special and particular force will it fall upon Washington. Here for years has there been a coterie of favored officers, dapper young men with exceptional talent for germans, young men who have cultivated the light fantastic until they are worthless for any other avocation.

No party is complete without them, lunches cry for them, matrons have learned to depend upon them, debutants and veterans alike find them a refuge and a joy. They are beautiful in their generation. They have acquired the art of "fetch and carry," and they fill a place that nobody else could. But this callous Democratic administration has decided that all government salaries must be earned; that those who wear the Federal livery and eat the Federal ration must make a show of them. This unfeeling President and his equally coarse grained Cabinet have decided that officers of regiments must join their commands, and that the Treasury cannot pay a corps of *jeunesse doree*, to hang around Washington and decorate ball rooms.

So the edict has gone forth, and worse than that, it is said to apply to all of the barracks and city headquarters in the country. There is to be a general turning over. Those who for years have been retained in soft sinecures through court influence are to join their commands and earn their salaries in New Mexico, Idaho, Arizona or Alaska, as the case may be, and all necessary vacancies in desirable places East will be filled by officers for these long and weary years have been doing service.

The news has paralyzed society. This noble army of dudes, whose soft cheeks have never been touched by a blizzard, and whose talents have run exclusively to Terpsichore, are filled with sadness and dismay. The paroxysm has spread to New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, and every place where military dandies prevail, and sackcloth and ashes are the *regime*.

But for every groan of anguish among the displaced favorites there is a sigh of relief and approbation from those who have endured the hardships of camp and active service and frontier barracks. Deserving officers who have earned a right to indulgence by faithful service are encouraged to feel that their reward has come, and for a brief season at least they will return to civilization, to home and family, congenial entercourse and to rest.

Of course there has been a passionate protest against the arrangement. Delegations of potent matrons and social magnets have waited upon Secretaries Endicott and Whitney to declaim against this revolution, this uprooting of deepseated ties, this iconoclastic blow. Maidens weep in their bowers. The rebec and the lute are still. A gloom has descended upon the upper circle, the *elite* are plunged in sadness. It is very melancholy. All the same, common people approve the measure. The most ordinary docket of justice and propriety call for a change. It is only fair that those who have done the hard work during these long years shall enjoy a season of recreation, and that those who have been revelling in luxury should be made to strike at least one blow for salary, if not for appearances.

## To Prevent Stock Gambling.

Two bills are pending in the Pennsylvania Legislature which are intended to materially change the business of brokers. One of the measures is "An act to prohibit speculation in the stock of corporations, in the necessities of life, and in the commodities of commerce by or under the systems known as dealing in margins." A violation of the provision of the act is made a misdemeanor, punishable on conviction by a term of imprisonment not exceeding one year and a fine not exceeding $500. The second section provides that all contracts in stock or commodities by way of margins, where no delivery is made or expected, shall be entirely void. The other bill requires that every person making a contract for the sale of stock or delivery of property shall furnish the buyer with "the serial numbers and dates of such certificates of stock, receipts, acceptances or other evidences of title to or liability for the delivery of the property therein specified." If no time be specified, then the delivery shall be on the day of making the contract. But in every case the stock or evidences of property, with the number and dates, must be given to the purchaser.—*Char. Obs.*

## Milk Yield of Full Herds.

Considerable excitement is occasionally caused by the publication of the yields of single cows in a single week, when fed up for the special purpose of obtaining the very highest possible yield without killing the cow outright. Such experiments are well enough for those who are willing to risk their animals under such tests, but they are of but little value compared to a report of the yearly product as entire herds kept in a way that is deemed best and safest for both cow and owner. Mr. Henry E. Alvord, who manages Houghton farm, has given to the *Breeders' Gazette* the record of milk yield of Mr. Valentine's entire herd during the past year, which shows an average of 2,718¼ quarts each for a herd of fifteen animals, two of them fourteen years old or over, and three heifers with their first calves. The breed is Jersey. The annual butter yield, found on six trials and calculations of the amount of butter made from 100 pounds of milk, showed that if all the milk had been made into butter, and the product had equalled that from the lots actually churned, there would have been from the entire herd an average of 377 pounds per cow for the fiteen animals. From the ten cows left after cropping out the heifers and old cows, there should have been 398 pounds and ten ounces to each animal as the butter product for a year —a remarkably good showing for a business herd.—*Country Gentlemen.*

## Wonderful Butter Yield.

The celebrated Jersey cow, Princess 2d, belonging to the Burnside Park Herd of Mrs. S. M. Shoemaker, has been given another test of her butter producing qualities, under the supervision of Mr. Henry Laste, of Cincinnati, a member of the Jersey Cattle Club, appointed for the purpose. In seven days she produced forty-six pounds twelve and one-half ounces of salted butter. In the week preceding the official test, Mr. Ricklefsen had made a private test which gave over forty-one pounds of butter for the seven days, thus making a total for two weeks of eighty-eight pounds of butter, a result unparalleled heretofore.

This leaves Princess 2d at the head of the list of heavy yielders, and perpetuates the honors which have been gathered by the Burnside Park Herd. We are glad our State contains an animal of such remarkable chievements.—*American Farmer.*

## Black Birch for Inside Finish.

Black birch for doors, wainscoting, and other interior work is being introduced to a considerable extent in new buildings, and it is certainly one of the handsomest of the many varieties of woods that are being introduced into new houses, while the cost is much less.

Black birch is a close grained wood, and is as easy to work as walnut, and is much cheaper than either walnut or cherry. There is great difference in the quality and color of birch, that growing upon high and dry land being hard and susceptible of good polish while the growth on swampy land is soft, and therefore not well suited for the purposes the upland product so admirably fills. The writer in constructing a new house last year had birch folding doors introduced against the protest of his architect, who had never heard of birch-wood being used for that or any analogous purpose. The result is most satisfactory to all parties, and to none of us more than the architect, who preferred the use of walnut or cherry. Possibly the builder took especial care in the selection of his material, so as to convince the architect of his error and and his (the builder's) superior knowledge; but, however that may be, the black birch doors, which in texture resemble satin wood, and in color dark cherry, are the admiration of every one who has seen them. It resembles bird's eye maple, and when polished it possesses that sheen which renders satin wood so pleasing to the eye. We predict for black birch an important place among the fancy woods for house finishing and furniture.

A BAD CONSCIENCE does not trouble children, but worms make their nights sleepless and kill them. One 25 cent bottle of Shriner's Indian Vermifuge will save them from disease and death.



**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Jesse Sechler, decd., to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 20th day of March, 1886; and all persons indebted to the estate of said dec'd are notified to call on us and pay the same without delay.

B. C. SECHLER, } Ex'rs of Jesse
A. W. SECHLER. } Sechler, dec'd.
March 19th, 1885. 22:6t:pd.