The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A Fragment.

What if, while I sit here alone,
A voice I have not heard for years
Should greet me in the low sweet one
That once was music to my ears;
And I should start from Memory's sway,
And, turning, find you sitting there
Unchanged, as though 'twere yesterday
Your feet went tripping down the stair.

Or if, upon some summer day,
Mid song of birds and hum of bees,
I should go down the woodland way
To our old tryst beneath the trees;
And, starting back in glad surprise,
I should behold you waiting there,
The old light shining in your eyes—
The sunlight tangled in your hair.

In vain I shall not see the glow
Of wine-brown eyes or catch the smile
Of ruby lips; but yet I know
That you are near me all the while.
For I so love I you in that range
Of sunny years that my poor heart
Would bleed afresh and count it strange
To think God held us far apart.

And so, when evening shadows creep
And night falls softly over the lea,
You touch my eyelids and I sleep,
And sleeping, dream of heaven and thee.
And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me child by death's cold flow,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake,
And waking be in heaven with you.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE ASTROLOGER'S DUPE

A little old woman, gray-haired and trembling, sat a little while ago in the back office of a Wall-street stock broker. Her gaze was fixed on a wide blackboard, where chalk figures showed the drift of stock market quotations; there was no lustre in her eyes, her whole aspect was that of one dumbfounded, brokenhearted. She had a sad story to tell were there only spirit enough left to her for a recital. A year ago she came to this same brokerage office. Her purse was fat with bank bills and she gave an order for the purchase of 500 shares of a stock which had been active a long time. The broker advised her against the purchase, and told her plainly that he had what he believed excellent reasons for expecting a heavy decline in the particular stock she had selected to buy. But she persisted in her determination, declaring that she had information which could not be wrong that the stock was bound to go up a good deal very soon. She had her way, despite the counsels that plainly predicted the loss of her money. She left $5,000 in cash as a 10 per cent. margin to protect her interest and went her way with a calm confidence shown on her countenance. "I shall make a good deal of money," she said as she left, "for the information I have comes from the very highest authority." The stock perversely declined forthwith, and each day saw some fraction clipped off of the preceding day's quotation. Within a month the original $5,000 margin had dwindled down to $1,000, and the broker was obliged to call for another deposit from his customer to protect her interest, she came down town with the same self-satisfied smile, and with the same expressions of confidence produced her rounded purse again. Four thousand dollars she left in the broker's hands this time. "The advance, I am told, has been unavoidably delayed a little while," she said, with a tone full of assurance and faith, "but it is bound to come soon now, and I feel as sure that my money is safe as if I had it all in bank awaiting my orders." This was in response to further grave predictions from the broker, who, by much argument tried to convince her that she was being robbed. Another short period elapsed; and another enforced call was made upon the sunny faced old lady. Just a bare suspicion of disquiet was beginning to show itself, but there was no backdown in her action. Out came more money. And so a little later did more still follow. Then not long ago she came yet again; now she brought her bank book. She showed to the broker that a year ago it credited her with deposits of $18,000, of which but $2,500 remained; and that $2,500—every penny of it, every penny she possessed in the world—she handed over. She was not yet utterly downcast. "But yesterday," she averred, "I had my information repeated again and the rise which I've waited for so long is to come now right away." Down went the market, lower and lower dropped the price of the expectant woman's 500 shares of stock, till that day a little while ago when for the last time she came into Wall street again, dropped into an armchair before the quotation board and gazed long and listlessly, as one in a deep dream, confronting the white figures that glared out at her there like the eyes of so many demons. All of her $18,000 was gone; she had only poverty left. But she was brave still, and when her broker approached her she rose with the grace of a woman young and queenly and thanked him for all his courtesies and the good advice he had wasted on her.

"Now, Madam, will you do me the great favor of telling me from what source you received the false information on which you relied so implicitly and risked so much money?" This was the broker's question.

"Upon an astrologer. This was her amazing answer, and she named a man whose "card" is flaunted publicly in the metropolis. There was a stupefied broker, a broker who got mad. He didn't say "Fool!" but he looked it. The old lady talked then freely. It was no new thing she said, for her to seek the advice of this "astrologer," her husband had done the same before her and a score of her friends, she said, had implicit confidence in the revelations of the seer.

"I'll give you $1,000," said the broker hotly, "if you'll promise me one thing." The old lady's lightening countenance showed that he need have no doubt of the promise. "Never come into Wall street again and have no more to do with this blanked scoundrel whose lies have cost you so dearly."

The promise was gladly exchanged for the money, and the old lady went her way. But this was not the only sequel to this speculation. Three or four days ago a dapper little fellow with a face weazened around a pair of twinkling add-ler eyes thrust himself into this same brokerage office. He sought the manager and said he wanted to buy some stock on a margin. He had brought a one thousand dollar note along to put upon the necessary deposit. He was just ready to hand over his money when of a sudden he looked into the broker's face and ejaculated, "You've got a bright eye; may I draw the bank note across them just for a second?" The broker was astonished, but to humor a customer, whom he supposed to be only in a jovial mood, he consented, and the bill blindfolded him momentarily. The customer closed his own eyes, withdrew the bill, and ejaculated as if to himself alone, "Correct! perfectly correct!" He deposited his money, and was about to leave when suddenly the broker, urged by a strange suspicion, called him and said: "Will you tell me why you went through that performance of putting that bill over my eyes?" "Certainly, certainly!" ejaculated the sallow fellow. "Certainly; I was testing the information I had. I am an astrologer, and—"

"Are you the man that sent Mrs. A here to buy stock?"

"Yes, oh yes!" and the addled-eye customer rubbed his hands ecstatically. "Yes, oh yes! I told her to come here."

"You swindled her, you scoundrel."

The broker's voice wasn't sweet to listen to, and the astrologer looked more than a little scared.

"Why, I believe in the powers myself," he whined, "or, of course, I wouldn't be putting up my own money." It was only because there is a Police Court in this town that the fellow was not summarily kicked into the street. As it was the broker contented himself with saying "Your account will be closed in this office to-night. If there is anything due you you can have it at 3 o'clock. Get out of here now, quick." At 3 o'clock when the gentleman called he found that something had run afoul of the market during the day and his 200 shares of stock had fallen enough in a couple of hours to wipe out every cent of his $1,000 margin. And I betray only a little bit of confidence in saying that the fellow wouldn't have been far wrong if he had suspected that his own broker was responsible himself for the sudden decline, having hammered the market and pacified his conscience somewhat in remembrance of the duped old lady whose fortune had gone at the idle dictation of the arrant humbug who now to some extent was doing penance for her sorrow.—*New York Times.*

Washington and Bunker Hill.

It was on the 15th day of June, 1775, that George Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the American army. The next day he made his answer to Congress, in which he declared that he accepted the office, but that he would take no pay. He left Philadelphia on his way to Boston June 21, escorted by a troop of horsemen, and accompanied by Schuyler and Lee, who had just been made major-generals by Congress. They had gone about twenty miles when they saw a man on horse-back coming rapidly down the road. It was a messenger riding post haste to Philadelphia, and carrying to Congress news of the battle of Bunker Hill. Everybody was stirred by the news and wanted to know the particulars.

"Why were the Provincials compelled to retreat?" he was asked.

"It was for want of ammunition," he replied.

"Did they stand the fire of the regular troops?" asked Washington anxiously.

"That they did, and held their own fire reserve until the enemy was within eight rods."

"Then the liberties of the country are safe!" exclaimed Washington. He remembered well the scenes under Braddock, and he knew what a sight it must have been to those New England farmers when a compact body of uniformed soldiers came marching up from the boats at Charlestown. If they could stand fearlessly, there was stuff in them for soldiers.—*St. Nicholas.*

Room to Rent.

"Had a terrible shock this mawnin', Awthaw. Met a low fellow who asked me if I had rooms to rent; actually took me for a beggarly landlord."

"Oh, no, Percy. I daresay he only meant to insinuate that you had an empty head."

"Do you think so? Quite a relief, I assuah you. So awful to suspect that I looked like a low landloard."—*Call.*

CHILDRENS' COLUMN.

The Butterfly and the Bee.

"If the weather is fair,"
Said the butterfly, jaunty and free,—
"If the weather is fair,
"I'll go dance in the meadow there!"
"And I," said the prudent bee,
"Will be early at work, you will see,—
If the weather is fair!"

—*Edith M. Thomas, in St. Nicholas.*

Talking Birds.

That starlings can be taught to speak is an old, old story, coming down to us from ages musty with years, and present experiences are often confronted with those of long ago, uncomfortably suggesting that there is really nothing new under the sun.

Pliny, that aged, learned gentleman of literary tastes and elegant culture, delighting in bird song and flowers, tells us that starlings were taught to utter both Latin and Greek words for the amusement of the young Cæsars, and indeed from other sources we learn of their great cleverness in the use of speech.

The late Princess George of Saxony taught a favorite starling to whistle the student song "Gaudeamus igitur." Her success was a source of never ending delight to children, who in summer were often invited to the royal aviary.

Old Bronze.

"It's the strangest thing," said Jessie, with wide open eyes.

"And my flowers will never grow" said Ruth, shaking her head ruefully.

It was strange. Out in a corner of the garden was a rockery. On the rockery was an iron basket made to hold flowers. Ruth had planted in the middle of it a white lily bulb. All around the edge she had put morning glory seeds. She wanted the vines to droop over the sides of the basket and run down upon the stones.

Every day the children visited it and found that something was doing mischief. It was very plain that the seeds and the bulb were trying to do their duty, for many and many a tiny shoot came peeping above ground. But the earth about them was scratched and the tender green stalks broken down and withered.

And it kept on day after day!

"It must be rats," said Jack.

But nothing else in the garden was ever touched.

"Couldn't be frost, could it?" asked little Nan.

They all laughed, for the geranium and pansies were smiling up in the sunshine.

Old Bronze was the largest cat they had. Jack had named him long ago, not because he was bronze colored, but because Jack knew that bronze was some kind of a color, and thought it sounded well.

There lay old Bronze on the basket. It was just the time when the afternoon sun shone on it. He probably found the warm earth a very comfortable bed.

They all laughed, and Jack said: "I'll fix him!"

He got the watering hose and aimed at Old Bronze, while Harry ran to turn on the water.

"Oh, don't!" cried Ruth. "Poor old fellow! he didn't know any better."

"But he must be taught a lesson," said Jack, very firmly. "Now, scoot!"

The cold water came with a dash, and Old Bronze "scooted." With one long, dreadful mi-aw-w-w-w-w! he sprang off the basket, flew over the flower-beds and did not stop until he was in the top of the tallest tree.

"Poor Old Bronze!" The little girl petted and coaxed and feathed him when he came down. He had learned his lesson well, for he never so much as looked at the basket again. And the lily grew and was soon looking around her like a queen. The morning glories crept down and wandered softly over the stones until, before summer was gone, the rockery looked like a bank of flowers.

—*Our Little Ones.*

The Itinerant Cyclone.

The great objection to cyclones seems to be that they insist on roaming around the country. No damage has yet been reported from a cyclone when it was at home attending to its own business, but just as soon as they commence to stir around the trouble begins. Even the old heavy-weight cyclones appear to be harmless when stationary, but when travelling from one part of the country to another, they move with such evident haste and manifest disregard for the consequence, that they are far from popular along the route they may take. If the government could do something about shutting them up, especially during the night, the country would appreciate it.—Estelline, (Dak.,) *Herald.*

Costly Flowers for Eating.

The eating of flowers is a nineteenth century reality. Crystallized violets at $6 a pound are the very latest things in confectionery. Candied rose-leaves are also very popular. Girls like to eat flowers and will pay as high as $10 a pound for some of the more expensive kinds. They are all brought from France, but with the growth of favor for things American, we shall doubtless soon see a beginning of the flower-candying industry in this country and the girls will begin to munch crystallized pumpkin blossoms and Johnny-jump-ups.

A WONDERFUL FARM.

"Lucy Baldwin's" Great Ranch in California.

A Princely Domain, Fourteen Miles Long, Containing 58,000 Acres.

A letter from California to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Lucky Baldwin's possession from the control of mines on the Comstock have gradually grown until now he has a half a dozen great enterprises under full head way. He owns the largest and finest hotel in San Francisco, with the single exception of the Palace, and which contains a theatre within it. He has a fine summer hotel on Lake Tahoe, and he has shrewdly bought up a large strip of the shore of this beautiful lake, which in a few years will be sought after for villa sites. Finally, he owns the great Santa Anita ranch, near Los Angeles, the breeding place of the string of swift-footed flyers with which he goes East to contest for the prizes on the chief racing circuits, and one of the best general fruit and stock ranches in the State. This princely domain extends fourteen miles east and west and twelve miles north and south, and embraces 58,000 acres. He shears thousands of sheep every year, raises wheat enough to charter entire ships for conveying it to Liverpool, and makes more brandy than any one else in the State, besides turning out a large quantity of wine.

The men who are boarded on the ranch get $1 a day, and the few Chinese who remain—not over a dozen, all told—get $1 a day and board themselves. What adds to the likeness to the Southern plantation is the appearance of young darkies driving carts or herding stock. These are members of a colony of North Carolina negroes whom Baldwin brought out here from their old homes two years ago. He paid their fares and made a contract with them to work for him for a term of years. He built them neat houses, and here are installed the ten families comprising about sixty members. They have made excellent hands in the field and the orchard, because the women and children can be counted on for good work in cultivating and picking fruit.

The man who has charge of all the practical details of this huge place is J. F. Fully, a shrewd, energetic Californian, who knows wheat growing and fruit culture so thoroughly that he is a terror to all incompetent hands, and who keeps his small army of workmen under regular military discipline. Judged by the results, his management is the best of any that I saw in the southern country.

The wine cellar is always an object of curiosity to the average tourist, but even though one enjoy the companionship of the manager and the hospitality of the ranch, it is very dangerous to sample California wines. There is so much strength in the juice of these lusty grapes, even when mellow with age, that unless one is a seasoned vessel the chances are that he will be overcome before he knows it. The cellar is piled high with them ten years old. All the latest machinery for distilling is here, and the place is in charge of a French expert, of life-long experience in wine and brandy, making in his native country.

After one has seen the orange groves, the orchards, vineyards, and the other features of the home place, he is prepared to extend his observations to the great wheat and sheep ranches on the Santa Anita. You may drive for miles through fields where the wheat is now knee high and shows an even stand which would delight the eye of a Dakota wheat grower. Beyond the wheat fens the visitor comes to the Pecanto sheep ranch, comprises about 30,000 acres of gently rolling foothill land reaching back to the mountains. The old Scotchman, named Cameron, who has cared for sheep all his life, going from Scotland to New Zealand and from New Zealand coming here. He is a man of wide information, and he seemed liked an anachronism in this free and easy California life, for he adheres to the Calvinism in which he was bred. An example of the rigid insistence upon his creed was furnished last summer when Baldwin had a party of friends at the ranch. The supply of meat ran out and the millionaire sent over to old Cameron to slaughter four sheep. The answer was returned in broad Scotch: "There will be no killing of the sheep on the Sawbath," and Baldwin had to send to town for his meat.

Baldwin is engaged in subdividing a portion of the ranch into small tracts of from twenty acres upward and selling them to Los Angeles people for summer villas and to Eastern people who wish a winter home in one of the most beautiful valleys of southern California. A railroad will be completed through the ranch this fall, and then one may reach the city of Los Angeles in fifteen minutes. The only drawback to rapid settlement of the ranch is the price charged for the land. With perpetual water right, $250 per acre is asked for unimproved land. The majority of those who buy this land will be wealthy people, who can afford to spend from $10,000 to $20,000 in laying out and improving a place.

Uniform prices: What the tailor charges for soldiers' cloths.

The Sailor's Outfit.

"What is a sailor's outfit for a long voyage?" repeated a weather-beaten old tar recently, as he munched a piece of old navy and gazed respectively into his glass of grog in a Front street saloon. "Why, as for that matter, no two sailors are alike. One will go to sea with a nice outfit of long togs for nights ashore and a sea rig large enough to start a second-hand clothing store on South street; and another will fire all his boodle away in a night's jollification, and away to sea the next day for a voyage around the Horn with the suit he stands in and a ragged suit of oilskins that have weathered both capes and the storms of three seasons.

"Well, take the average sailor, and give me an inventory of the contents of his chest."

"I think I will tell you what we found in the chest of one of our men who died last voyage; it would hit the mark, perhaps. We had been struck by a squall of Hatteras and had hard work to get the mainsail off the ship before the gale which quickly followed hove us to under close-reefed maintopsail. As the men lay down from aloft one of them was pitched headlong overboard by the parting of a rattlin, and he was astern and swallowed up by the angry waves before any effort could be made to save him. As is the custom, his chest was brought aft, opened, and an inventory made of his effects, that might be forwarded to his friends. In addition to the heavy clothes for bad weather, and the light ones for use under sunny skies, were found many little presents which the dead man had picked up and was taking to his friends at home. There were dress patterns of rich China silks, pretty toilet boxes, and bits of fancy carving. Each was wrapped up and the address of the recipient written upon it. From letters which were found in the till of Jack's chest we learned that he hailed from an inland town of Pennsylvania, and the gifts were intended for a mother and sisters there, who will wait long for the return of their sailor boy."

The Cuban Milkman.

In a letter from Havana a Chicago News correspondent says: The lechero and his system here are worthy of magazine illustration. Milk for the market and hotels is brought into the city by immense ox carts in cans having the appearance of diminutive cylindrical pagodas, but a large proportion of the inhabitants cling with obstinate conservatism to the ancient method of supply. At all hours of the morning I have met on the highways away out in the suburbs sober droves of a half-dozen cows accompanied by a half-dozen muzzled calves as they were being leisurely driven into the city by a brown faced countryman and two or three of his barefooted boys. Arrived in Havana these rustic groups became the traveling milk supply. Almost without guidance the animals seek the beginning of the "milk route," and on reaching the door of the first customer, come to a halt, the cows and calves taking position with military precision, in single file, along the flag-stone footways of the narrow street. One guajiro or countryman is now the city lechero or milkman. The urchins run into the customer's house, secures the order, and the lechero milks the required quantity there and then before the very eyes of the housemaid, the portero or el senior himself. In this way from house to house the queer cavalcade passes, until row after row is milked clean, when the muzzle is in turn removed from each mother's calf, and the little terrerillas are free to take undisputed possession of the "strippings." The system has obvious advantages. The milk is assuredly fresh. It would be difficult for the lechero to secrete a waterbott about his person.

Hooking a Broken Submarine Cable.

The ends of broken submarine telegraph cables are picked up with an instrument called a grapnel iron. It is a stout bar of iron about two feet long, with five prongs or hooks about six inches long at one end and a swivel at the other. A rope long enough to lower this grapnel iron to the bottom of the ocean is attached to the swivel, and the iron is then dragged along on the bottom by a steamer, which steers directly across the place where the broken cable lies, and two or three miles, as near as may be, from the broken end. By means of cross wires, which run down the rope and a simple device on the grapnel iron, an electric circuit is completed whenever the hook catches on anything and a bell on board the ship begins to ring, and continues to do so until the strain on the hook is relieved. If the hook should catch on a rock the strain on a dynamometer attached to the drag-rope suddenly increases, and the strain when the cable is hooked gradually increases. A ship may have to steam across the line of a cable many times before success is attained. When the cable is hooked the end is brought on board the ship and a dispatch sent to the office on shore to test that part of the cable. The end is then buoyed and sent adrift until the other end is secured. When this is done a new piece of cable is spliced in between the two ends and after a thorough testing the whole is lowered overboard.—*New York Sun.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

A physician says that if arnica with which bruised limbs are bathed is heated its good effects are perceptible much sooner than if applied while cold.

A standing antidote for poison by poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned part with it. Three or four applications, it is said, will cure the most aggravated cases.

A tired physician living in Ohio, and suffering with diabetes, claims to find great relief in a diet consisting wholly of buckwheat. He states that when he confines himself to a buckwheat diet exclusively, the disturbance in the stomach is relieved, as is also the pain in the eyes, due to the disease from which he has so long suffered. This is surely a very simple cure, and well worth trying.

For ordinary nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a hot bath will usually follow, and upon getting up the patient will feel very much refreshed and the headache gone. For what is known as "jumping" toothache, hot, dry flannel applied to the ear and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion, or by strong, sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves is a good remedy. Care in the diet, especially when the bowels are disordered, is helpful to anti-gate toothache. If the tooth is much decayed, a thing is better than its extraction.

The Grizzly Bear.

The grizzly bear is the most formidable of all the game animals of this country, and is dreaded by all animals alike, with perhaps the exception of the mountain lion. It is the largest of the bear tribe, often attaining the weight of over 800 pounds, and a length of nine feet. Its strength is enormous, with a single blow it can fell a bullock, breaking its back, and one has been seen walking off carrying a large buck beneath its arms. Its chief weapons are its long, sharp, chisel-edged claws, that are sabre-shaped also, and terribly effective in tearing or lacerating a foe. The grizzly is found all along the range of the Rockies, and, as we have seen, in the Sierra Madre, and as far north as latitude 65°. In the north they feed more upon flesh than in the south; there the deer and bison often falling victims to its ferocity, and a large grizzly has been seen to kill a powerful bison with a single blow of its paw. All the rest of the bear family flee from man, but the grizzly attacks the hunter in defiance and is a dreaded and respected opponent. Old hunters attribute many strange customs to the grizzly. They say it will never touch a dead animal, or one that has not fallen by its own prowess; also that it does pats to its victims, and covers the corpse. It is said that wounded hunters often take advantage of the former habit and feign death, and so escape, the bear coolly undertaking them if the ruse is successfully carried out. The grizzly is dangerous game, for the reason that it is extremely tenacious of life. Thus, if the sportsman wants an hit the animal is directly upon him and flies into the heart, he cannot always depend upon the immediate death of the beast. It may show up energy enough to do great damage, and many instances are on record where the body has been completely riddled with bullets, yet the animal has killed several men before it finally succumbed.—*San Francisco Call.*

Hand Organs.

Hand organs, writes a correspondent of the *Troy Times*, are a modern institution, and have introduced the monkey, which is a feature formerly unknown to menagerie monkeys. The monkey, indeed, is so amusing that one almost forgets the organ-grinding while watching his antics. These animals are worth from $100 to $30, according to their training, and when an Italian turns his organ and monkey he is really well-to-do in the world.

The best hand organs cost from $100 to $150, but those which so commonly torment the public rarely cost more than $80. The best are the flute organs, and they play nearly a dozen tunes, and some have extra cylinders, which add to their capacity. The principal factory is in Chatham street, this locality being so near the Italian quarter (Baxter street) that it is very favorable to trade. There are some Italians who own a number of organs, which they rent by the season at a large profit and with but little loss. The grinder having finished his summer itinerary, of course comes back for winter quarters, and then pays his rent. Both organ grinders and boy fiddlers have their regular routes, which they repeat year after year, and there seems to be some general arrangement which prevents interference. It is said that more than 300 of these peripatetic minstrels have gone from New York this season, and yet it will be rare if two men visit the same village. When cold weather sets in the grinders return to Baxter street, where they pack together—sometimes nearly a dozen in a small room, with neither fire nor lights. The Italian can endure life under extreme privations, and he seems content to sleep on the floor and live on what he can pick up.

Parted.

The silver brook will miss thee,
The breeze that used to kiss thee,
And ruffle with a soft caress thy curls of sunny hair;
When the early dewdrops glisten
On the roses, they will listen
For thy step upon the garden walk, thy laughter in the air.

The meadows gay with flowers,
The summer's leafy bowers,
Will know thy joyous smile no more; the woodlands stand forlorn;
I hear the soft complaining
Of birds, from mirth refraining,
For grieved with their cares sweet thy waking every morn.

Dear mother, hush thy weeping,
Above thy darling sleeping,
Nor let with aught of earthly grief the stillness where he lies,
Let not in his little fingers,
Which the rosy dawn still tingers,
For the angels are impatient on the plains of Paradise.

HUMOROUS.

Upside down. A feather bed.

Always pronounced wrong, even by the best scholars. Wrong.

Gourmets take pleasure in the thought that there is a world of pates.

When the street car was picked of a man, "Excuse P. M.," was the conductor's reply.

The unfortunate head of a family who refuses a cool drink of water is said to have been parched.

People have been known to take sides for two reasons. One is for the settlement of disputes and the other to dispute settlements.

"Shoals?" exclaimed an old lady who was listening to an old sea captain's story, "what do you have them at sea for?" "To keep dead value in."

An original way of using two pennies at a time: "Here, Biddy, what's the time of night and where's the pretty peddling?" "It's eight, sir."

Smith nervously: "Are you sure there are no poodles among these mutton-pies?" Mary (guilelessly): "They was bought for the missus' table, but she told me to try 'em first on the boarders."

"Are you going to make a flower bed here?" said the Brooklyn girl to her father's gardener. "Yes, miss, them's the orders." "Why, it'll spoil our tennis ground!" "Can't help it miss. Your pa says he's found he have this plot laid out for horticulture, not husbandry."

Branding Cattle.

The subject of branding cattle at the West can not interest all readers. It is a matter of importance, for it is the only method of establishing title to fourteen footed property. Every stock owner has his brand, which is regularly recorded and is well known. It is an immense affair, as large as a frying-pan, and is burned into the shoulder of the animal. When the latter changes owners the seller's brand is removed, or turned upside down and burned on the hips, and the purchaser puts his own brand on the shoulder. Consequently, if an animal is unlucky enough to pass through many hands he begins to look like a newspaper waste-basket.

Every frontiersman always notes the brands upon all the stock that he meets. If you should ask one of them if he had seen a red steer with a small patch on his right eye, branded with a diet on a circle and two notches on his left ear, he would tell you to saw him yesterday forty miles with three other cattle of same sort—herd, near such and such a place, and you would probably find him there.

We discovered, however, that there are ways that are dark on the prairie, as well as in cities. It seems to be generally understood that a promising steer or horse that might stray away from the herd of a machinen, other than the owner, would be apt to be found to have acquired a new brand in some mysterious manner. It was asserted that a hot frying pan, placed over an old brand, would obliterate it so as to render identification impossible. A contrivance, we were told, was also sometimes used for the same purpose by some rascals who did not shrink from stealing another's property.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Jugs.

The origin of jugs dates back to antiquity. Yet we have all discovered that the jug, whose appearance is the most antiquated, does not always belong to that rather enigmatic period. The history of "The Little Brown Jug" is quite as ancient as most people care to go back to nowadays. Lately there has been a great fuss raised over a jug called "The Portland Vase." In artistic circles its sale for eighteen thousand dollars will mark an era. Yet to most people in this world there are many things better, "by a jugful." The jug is a most singular article. A pail, goblet, or a jar may be turned, and you can satisfy yourself by optical proof that the thing is clean; but a jug has a little hole in the top and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it, no eye can move over its surface. You can clean it only by putting water into it, shaking it up, and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in purifying the jug. In this the jug is like the human heart, no mortal eye can look into the recesses, and you can only judge of its purity by what comes out of it.