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## Select Poetry.

### "O-U-G-H AGAIN."

BY CHARLES HATTELL LOOMIS.

[Enter M. Jean Crapaud, who speaks.]

I'm taught p-l-o-u-g-h
Shall be pronounced "plow."
"Zat's easy wen you know," I say,
"Mon Anglais I'll get through."

My teacher say zat in zat case
O-u-g-h is "oo."
And zen I laugh and say to him
"Zees Anglais make me cough."

He say, "Not coo, but in zat word
"O-u-g-h is 'off.'"
Oh, Sacre bleu! such varied sounds
Of words make me hiccough!

He say, "Again mon friend ees wrong;
O-u-g-h is 'up'
In hiccough." Zen I cry, "No more;
You make my throat feel rough."

"Non! non!" he cry, "You are not right—
O-u-g-h is 'uff.'"
I say, "I try to speak your words,
I can't pronounz zem, though!"

"In time you'll learn, but now you're wrong;
O-u-g-h is 'owe.'"
"I'll try no more. I sall go mad.
I'll drown me in ze lough!"

"But ere you drown yourself," said he,
O-u-g-h is 'ock.'"
He taught no more! I held him fast
And killed him wiz a rough!

—PRINTER'S CIRCULAR.

## Select Stories.

### "I PROMISE."

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

From NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

"Viva! Viva! I must go!"

"You shall not! You shall not. You belong to me!"

The beautiful little creature stamped her tiny foot on the turf as she spoke; her eyes flamed with anger, a fiery flush shot up into her dark cheek.

"I belonged to my country before I ever saw you, Viva," answered Tom Creighton, in a sad but steady tone.

"You shall not go, though! Ah! dear, dear, darling Tom, can you leave your little lassie to die of fear? Don't you love me?"

She gathered that tall fellow's hands close to her heart and clasped them there with strange passionate strength. Tom stooped and lifted her to his bosom as if she had been a tiny child.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

This he said, slowly, bending his head to her ear. A splendid head it was, crowned with close curls soon to fall before the shears, and its symmetry to be hidden by a forage-cap; and the face did not belie the head; its strong, regular features, its cleft chin, and resolute lips all "gave the world assurance of a man," while the expressive gray eyes revealed humor, tenderness, pathos, passion, and a possible flash of rage.

"Don't talk to me about honor!" sobbed Viva, hiding her face on his shoulder. "I shall die if you go away from me! I can't—I can't bear it!"

There was no heroism about Genevieve L'Estrange; her French descent had given her inexplicable charms of aspect and manner; she was as slight as a girl of ten years, and no higher than her lover's shoulder, but the contours of her exquisite figure showed the roundness and grace of womanhood, and her piquant, glowing face was alight with all the fire of an intense feminine nature. There was nothing childish in the red mobile lips, the delicate irregular features, the brilliant dark eyes that sparkled or melted according to her mood, the abundant silky black hair that fell to her feet when it escaped from the heavy coils that seemed too weighty for the lovely little head they covered.

She was spoiled from her babyhood, being the only child of wealthy parents; not a wish had the willful creature ever been denied; never had she wanted a luxury, or failed to indulge a caprice; indeed, it was but a caprice that this very summer had taken her to the White Mountains before the great hotels were opened, to a small house near the village of Franconia. She wanted to see the spring blossoms of the North, to gather the dawn-pink arbutus she had so often bought in Broadway, from its lurking-places under the pine needles of the forest; she had heard of "the shy Linnæa," the white wintergreen, and many another early flower that fades before fashion comes to explore its haunts, from a school-friend who lived in northern New Hampshire; and so, weary of the early terrors of the war looming blackly in the distance, tired from the two years in Europe that followed her school days, and the long winter of dissipation in the city, she had intimated to her obedient parents her desire to visit Franconia; and they took her to the Pine Hill House accordingly.

Here she met Tom Creighton; his father and mother lived on a farm near by and the handsome young lawyer from New York had come up to say good-by to them; for he had enlisted in a volunteer regiment and daily expected orders to the front.

Viva had met him often in society, and the two opposite natures, in a measure counterparts, had been mutually attracted. Tom Creighton was a typical New Englander, strong, obstinate, enduring, with a rigid sense of duty as his dominant trait. He did not entirely approve of the war, for he was naturally conservative; but he considered that he ought to go, and go he would. It was a thorough surprise to both the pair, this meeting among the mountains; and it was the last thing Tom Creighton intended, to fall in love with Miss L'Estrange, much less to let her know it, but he could not help himself; with characteristic impetuosity she lost her heart in these solitudes, where all the real character of the young man showed itself, no longer overlaid by the customs of society. She saw how true, how tender, how brave he was, how superior to the society men who had only bored her in New York. She had indeed distinguished him even there from a certain superiority of aspect, but now she knew and loved him and showed it with such naive simplicity that Tom, for all his good resolutions, broke down and fell at her feet. Only a day had their engagement been made known, when the summons Tom expected, came. Viva was almost frantic, it was the first time in her life that her will had been useless; but now it beat against a rock. Tired with the vain struggle repeated till Tom's heart ached to its depths, she at length recognized that his strength of character must dominate hers; and after a long wild flood of tears and a convulsion of sobs she said at last:

"If you will go—if you must—promise me to live, to come back!"

"I promise to come back if I do live, Viva. How can I say I will live? That is the chance of war and the will of God." "Promise, promise!" she shrieked. "You must promise me to live! I shall die here, right in your arms, unless you do!"

Her pallid face, her streaming eyes, the sobs that seemed to rend her slight shape, the piteous curve of her red lips, took him by storm. The lovely, unreasoning, willful creature, torn by a passion of love and grief all for him, shook his strong soul to its center. What man ever resisted such overwhelming passion, or thought it foolish when he was its object? Tom Creighton's soul blazed in his eyes as he held that tiny figure closer to his breast.

"I promise!" he said.

"So he went and she stayed. The fortunes of war befell him; but in battle he seemed to dodge the bullets that rained about him, manfully as he fought, for he felt Viva's imploring eyes upon him. "Creighton's luck" was the jest of the decimated regiment; but no man charged him with cowardice. The thrill and splendor of this new life had swept off his conservatism; the war justified itself by its dash and valor. He rejoiced in the clangor of its trumpets, the roar of its guns, the rush of its charges; and when the miasma of the marshes where he lay encamped defied his will and seared his flesh with fever, when he lay half-conscious for many a week in the hospital, the will to live, the intent to keep his word to Viva, saved him. The nurses wondered to hear but two words in the low mutter of his delirium: "I promise—I promise!" but those words were his talisman.

When his heart and flesh failed he seemed to see Viva's upturned, woeful face, and he said to himself, "I promise," with fresh strength each time; for he had learned faith in himself. At last the war was over; but thoroughly wedded to a soldier's life, [redacted] would be sacrilege; it was even as the meeting of those who arise together at the rising of the dead and look at the dawning of that heaven which they shall spend together. Naturally Tom desired to hasten their marriage, and Viva did not refuse; for except a salaried chaperon, she was quite alone in that loneliest of positions, the inmate of a fashionable boarding house. She did not care to waste her time or her strength on an elaborate trosseau, she left all that to Mrs. Merwin; it seemed to her that she could not exist out of Tom's presence. Yet one day she could not see him; she was ill; she only saw the doctor, an old man who had watched her from childhood.

"Viva," he said to her, as he drew on his gloves after an hour at her bedside, and as soon as the nurse, hurriedly called in, had left the room on some needful errand.

"Viva, you must tell Captain Creighton."

"I will not!" she answered angrily.

"But you must!"

"I never will! After all these wretched years of waiting, do you think I will throw my life away, Dr. Sands?"

"If you do not, I shall."

"You won't! you can't!"

"But I shall. It is my duty. If you do not tell him before Saturday—this is Tuesday—I shall."

The doctor's voice was stern, but the nurse came in; he said no more.

Next day came Tom with startling news; he was ordered at once to Fort Stilling; the garrison there was needed in a struggle with the Indians; fresh troops must man the fort; there was not a day to spare.

"Viva, will you go with me?"

She sprang up from the sofa where she lay, pale and sweet after her brief illness; here was her way of escape from Dr. Sands.

"Yes, indeed, I will. You shall not leave me again, Tom!"

So the next morning like a pair of eloping lovers, they were married in the nearest church and took the morning train for the far West; on and on the rushing wheels bore them; day after day they endured the separation of the crowd, till at last they arrived at St. George one winter night in January. The snow was deep, but Tom must report as soon as possible, and Viva would not let him go alone.

"It is too cold, dearest," he said.

"Not with you, Tom."

"Forty below zero, Viva!"

"If you can live in it I can. 'I promise,' Tom."

He could not refuse her after that word with all its memories. Rolled in furs, veils, scarfs, with hot bricks at her feet, they set out on their twenty-mile journey. Warned not to speak, for the air was not fit for delicate lungs to admit in all its chill, silently they sped along. The glittering fields of sparkling snow, on which the moon made a long wake of glory, the black shadows, the creak of their swift runners, the snorting of the horses, whose nostrils were hung with icicles, all added a strange terror to the drive—a drive that seemed endless; but at last it was over.

"Come in!" said Tom, holding out his arms, as the driver drew up before the officers' quarters, where the light of a fire blazed through the deep-frosted windows; but Viva neither spoke nor moved.

Mad with terror, Tom lifted her from the sleigh and rushed into the door, making his way by instinct to the fire. Viva stirred not an atom. Hasty hands unrobed her; kind hands laid her on the sofa. Her face was set and white, her lips parted, her eyes glazed. The post surgeon hurried in; he lifted one hand, it fell back; he put a finger on her pulse. "My God! she is dead!" he said, with a look of dreadful pity.

Tom dropped beside her.

Was it a year? Was it a life-time? Was he in Heaven when he woke out of that trance?

She was there, warm, sweet, rosy.

"You made me promise, Tom, I would not die."

Tom turned on his face and wept like a very child; his heaven had come on earth.

Post-surgeons do not know everything any more than other men. The fact was that Viva had developed in the last two years a tendency to catalepsy—the result of an over-worn and over-excited nervous system; and when Dr. Sands told her she must tell Tom about it, she had just come out of a serious attack wherein she had lain for hours as one dead; but she would not tell him, having an idle fear that Tom might cease to love her.

The long journey and the cold drive had brought on a severe seizure, and she certainly, in appearance, justified the post-surgeon's opinion; but before morning she had come back to herself, and was heart-broken to find Tom delirious with grief and as unconscious of her presence as she had been of his.

"Viva," he said, a few days after they were fairly settled in the new life, "my darling! my wife! think what might have happened if I had never known about this. Promise me, Viva, hereafter to trust me. Tell me everything!"

She looked up in his troubled, tender face with a divine smile, and softly said over his talisman, "I promise."

### LITTLE JIM.

David Ker, in N. Y. INDEPENDENT.

"Rough" enough he looked, indeed, the great black-bearded, grimy fellow, with his greasy cap pulled down over his hard, surly bull-dog face. And he was rough by nature as well as by name. Those huge bony hands of his, which could swing the heaviest pickaxe for hours without tiring, and could toss about great lumps of coal which other men could hardly lift, were always ready to knock down any one who displeased him; and many a sturdy fellow in the Blackpool Collieries wore scars and bruises enough to make him sorry for having ever tried his strength against the terrible Jack.

But there was one person to whom even Rough Jack never said a harsh word; and that was little Jim, the only child he had. Jim's mother had died soon after he was born, and his aunt, who kept house for Jack, was a big, bony, sullen-faced woman, almost as untidy and coarse-looking as the rough collier himself. But no mother could have been more tenderly careful of the little fellow than they were. However dirty and untidy they might be themselves, they did their best to keep Jim's face clean and his clothes in order; and cross-grained Aunt Susan, who was always grumbling at having "sitch a power o' work to do," sat up at night several times, after her day's work was over, to knit a little pair of socks as a birthday present for him.

Jim had been the pet of the whole neighborhood ever since he could remember; and these savage, wild-looking men, so fierce and surly with every one else, always had a kind word for "Rough Jack's little lad," as they called him. Every day he used to carry his father's dinner to the works in a little basket, going fearlessly among the collier's savage bull-dogs, which seemed to know him quite as well as their masters, and would wag their stumpy tails and put up their flat-nosed heads to be patted whenever he went by.

Indeed, the "little lad" seemed to have such perfect trust in every one, and to be so sure that nobody would hurt or vex him, that it was not easy for any one even to think of doing so. The rough collier lads, whose great sport was to pelt each other with heavy lumps of coal which made a bruise wherever they hit, shouted to one another to stop the moment they saw the little fair-haired head in the distance, and once, when Rough Jack and his mate—who had been great friends heretofore—quarreled about something, and were going to fight, little Jim stepped in between them and, taking hold of his father's jacket, looked up at them both with an air of such piteous astonishment, that the two fierce men, after eyeing him blankly for a moment, turned their backs and slouched off in a shame-faced kind of way; and the next morning they were as good friends as ever.

But after a while troubles began to come upon Blackpool Colliery. Business grew slack and wages had to be reduced, which bore very hard upon these reckless fellows, who spent their money as fast as they got it, never thinking of laying anything by. There was plenty of grumbling and growling against young Harry Forrester, the great man of the district, whom his father's death, about a year before, had left sole owner of the colliery; and the quiet people of the neighborhood began to fear a riot, and to talk of sending for soldiers from the nearest large town.

But amid all their troubles the rough men were still as loyal as ever to their "little lad." Many a grumbler went without his dinner to buy something good for Jim; and Rough Jack, as he danced the little fellow on his broad shoulder, wore something as nearly approaching to a smile as his iron face could assume.

At last it began to be whispered one day among the colliers that a number of them were to be discharged. No one knew how the report had arisen, or even whether it was true or not; but the mere thought of it was quite enough for these wild fellows, ripe as they already were for mischief.

"We mun [must] strike," muttered a big, sullen-looking pitman.

"Ay, we mun strike—but not as *thou* mean'st," growled Rough Jack, clinching his sledge-hammer fist with terrible emphasis. "I'se not let my little lad starve for a' th' gentlefolks i' England. We mun strike Mester Forrester's yed [head] so as he'll feel. Who'll join, lads?"

"I will."

"And I."

"And I."

"And so'll I."

In fact every man there was as eager as Jack himself; and it was soon agreed that they should watch for a chance of attacking young Forrester, and then beat him within an inch of his life—"and mayhap a bit farther," as the burly pitman muttered, with a cruel gleam in his eyes. Two sharp lads were at once chosen to keep watch upon "young Squoire Harry," who had come down from London a few days before; and, on the third morning, one of the scouts came running in to report that Harry had gone to see a friend a few miles from the colliery, and had sent the groom home with his horse, saying that he would walk back in the evening, the road being too rough to risk a good horse on after dark.

The looks exchanged by the colliers at this news said more than any words could do. All was soon settled. Midway along the road which Forrester must take lay a patch of bare, lonely moorland, well known to Rough Jack as his little boy's favorite playground. Here they would hide in a deep hollow overgrown with bushes, and pounce upon their victim as he passed.

Night drew on. One by one (for they knew that it would not do for many of them to be seen together), Jack and his gang came stealing up to the fatal spot, and, crouching down amid the bushes, waited for their prey. But as time went on, and it grew darker and darker, and still there was no sign of him, they began to get uneasy. Could he have changed his mind and stayed all night? or could their plot have been discovered? No—there at last was a firm step approaching, and the rising moon showed them the tall, active figure and handsome face which they all knew and hated.

The savage men clutched their heavy cudgels, and drew themselves together, like tigers crouching for a spring. But just then there was a rattle of wheels and hoofs in the opposite direction, and a light dog-cart came rushing along the highway like a whirlwind, evidently driven by some wild young fellow, who thought it fine fun to risk breaking his neck. At the same moment there appeared, slowly crossing the road, right in the path of the maddened beast and reckless driver, the figure of Rough Jack's little lad.

With a cry that made the air ring, the colliers burst from their hiding-place, forgetting everything but the peril of their little pet. As they ran they saw the child stumble and fall in trying to escape, and Harry sprang forward to catch him up; but then horse and dog-cart came dashing down upon them both, and everything vanished in a whirl of dust.

But as the dust cleared away Harry Forrester was seen rising slowly to his feet. There was a thin streak of blood stealing down his smooth, white forehead, and his left hand was sorely bruised and cut; but his right arm was still firmly around the child, who was looking up in his face with round, wondering blue eyes, as if hardly knowing whether to be frightened or not.

Jack sprang to his child like a tiger whose cub has been wounded, and, finding him quite unhurt, took the tiny face between his huge, black hands and kissed it passionately again and again.

"God bless thee, my little lad," said he, in a broken voice; "God bless thee!"

Then his mood seemed to change, and, flinging his cap on the ground at Forrester's feet, he folded his arms on his brawny chest and looked the young man full in the face.

"Look'ee here, Mester," said he, firmly; "we coom out this neet [night] to beat and hammer thee—mayhap to kill thee outright; and thou'st nigh killed thysel' to save yon little lad, as I'd gi' my heart's blood for onny day. Now, here I stand; knock me down if thou wilt, or gi' me over to the police, or what ye loike. I'se ne'er lift hand to stop thee, for I ha' done a craddently [cowardly] thing."

"And so say we a', iverey mon of us," cried the other men, gathering round their leader.

It was a strange scene upon which the full moon fell in all its brightness; the wild waste of dark moorland in the background; the slender, handsome, gayly dressed young man, with little Jim's tiny face nestling against his shoulder; the sooty skins and savage faces of the grim giants around him, and in front the mighty figure of Rough Jack, silently awaiting his sentence.

But the sentence came in a form which Jack little expected. With one hand Forrester put the little boy into his father's arms, while with the other he gave the collier's great black hand a cordial grasp.

"If you've been wrong, my man, I dare say I've been wrong, too," said he, heartily; "but, luckily, it's not too late yet to set things straight. We must just try and understand each other a little better after this; and, please God, we'll do it, with the help of this little peacemaker here."

He spoke truly, for from that day there were not three better friends in all England than Harry Forrester, "Rough Jack" and "Rough Jack's little lad."

Sometimes a moderate amount of attention will accomplish important results. The owner of a farm was asked for a school lot, for a house to be erected. In selling it he made the provision that a dozen deciduous and a dozen evergreen trees should be planted and kept in good growing condition, and till this was the case, seven dollars a year should be paid to him by the school trustees. They paid the penalty but once; and now handsome trees and comfortable shade distinguish the premises, while other school houses in that region of country are marked for their baldness and neglect.

### THE PRESIDENT'S COW.

From HARTFORD TIMES.

A native and old resident of Washington tells the following anecdote, which was current and credited in Washington during the brief administration of President Harrison, who was called the "Cincinnatus of the West" by the whigs, and "Granny Harrison" by the democrats. When he came to Washington to be inaugurated no one was surprised at the plain look and the simple manners of the old hero, because the pictures of the log cabin in which he had lived were common during the campaign as illustrating his simple habits. No, nor were they incredulous of the story they soon heard of him.

It seems that there was no cow—or no satisfactory cow—at the White House, so the old ex-farmer made inquiries, and learned that Saturday was the day when the drovers came in from the country to the Marse market to sell their cattle. Consequently, early on Saturday morning President Harrison, instead of sending a servant, arose and walked down to the market. There he found cows galore.

He soon made a trade with a burly Montgomery County drover, by which he became possessor of a fine Durham.

"Where shall I drive it?" inquired the drover, who did not recognize the president.

"To the White House. I will show you the way," replied President Harrison.

"Why, you don't mean to say, friend, that you've brought this yere beast for old Granny Harrison?" demanded the drover with dilated eyes.

"Yes," replied the old hero, without showing the resentment that a smaller man might have thought necessary.

The drover left his cattle in the care of his son and turned the Durham out on the avenue, where he and the president walked side by side behind the cow, guiding her way. The president, on the inside, gently raised his stick when Sukey made an effort to promenade the sidewalk, and the drover flourished his whip when she threatened to break into the middle of the street.

"I'm a democrat myself," the drover volunteered to inform his companion, "and voted for Van, of course, but the other day at the 'nauguration ha! ha!—I'll be doggone if I didn't fling up my hat and hurrah for Granny Harrison with the best of 'em! Couldn't help it somehow."

"Thank you," said the president.

"Oh, you're a whig? But I might a known that by your having a situation in the White House, as I s'pose you have, hain't you?"

"Yes," said the president.

"What be you there, now? Gardener?"

"No."

"Coachman, then, or body servant?"

"Neither. I suppose I may call myself a general servant."

"Oh, yes! Run errands, wait on the table, answer the door knocks and like o' that," remarked the drover, who had no idea of what the domestic establishment of the president of the United States was like.

"Something not very unlike that," said the president, with a tolerant smile.

"Do you see much of Granny Harrison now?" inquired the man as they neared the White House grounds.

"Considerable," replied the president.

"How do you like the old fellow?"

"That's hard to tell. Too well, most likely," thoughtfully replied the old hero.

"I'll go bail you do!"

"Well, here we are," said the president, opening the gate that leads to the stable.

Several men servants came forward, touching their hats.

"Take charge of this cow and attend to her," ordered the president.

Then turning to the drover he said: "Come, friend! Come into the house and take some breakfast."

"Thanky. I don't care if I do. Say, could you get me a sight of old Granny Harrison?"

Didn't you see him at the inauguration?"

"Lor', yes; but not nigh enough to know what he looked like! I would like to get a squint at him, anyways!"

"Come in, friend," said the old soldier, leading the way up the steps and through the south door into the mansion.

The drover turned around and looked out upon the extensive grounds and then remarked:

"A better place than that ar log cabin out in Ohio."

"I don't know," replied the old soldier, leading his way along the hall.

Here they were met by a servant, dressed like a clergyman, who bowed and opened a door to the left. The president ushered his guest into the family breakfast room, where breakfast was standing ready.

"Lor' a mighty! what a sight of silver and chiny!" exclaimed the drover, gazing on the glittering service. Here were more servants, who with deep bows placed chairs to the table.

"Sit down, friend," said the illustrious host politely indicating a chair.

"Look a here! I say now! Ain't you taking on great liberty? Granny Harrison wouldn't like this here now, would he?" inquired the drover, puzzled and hesitating.

"I think he would, very much. Pray sit down."

"Now, just look here, now. Ain't you too fresh?" inquired the drover, with his hands on the back of the chair, which for some reason or other he did not take. "Who be you, anyhow, as makes so bold and takes such liberties in the president's house? You ain't told me your name nor likewise yer situation here as gives you so much freedom."

"The people call me William Henry Harrison and have made me president of the United States," quietly replied the ex-farmer.

"Lor' a mighty!" cried the drover, and he bolted from the house and never stopped until he was off the grounds, and when he sat down on the curbstone he "cussed himself gray," as his wife said.

### HOW PRESIDENT HARRISON SPENDS HIS DAY.

The president divides his time so as to have ample opportunity for rest, recreation and work. He generally rises about 7 o'clock in the morning and breakfasts with his family at 8.30 o'clock. He usually leaves the building by the south door and indulges in a stroll of half an hour about the grounds south of the mansion. He then returns to his office, and by 9.30 o'clock is engaged in looking over papers and arranging his work for the day. At 10 o'clock senators and representatives begin to arrive and they are received with the utmost courtesy, patience and consideration. He gives them all the time they desire for presenting their wishes and is very affable in his manner of treating their suggestions. He avails himself of the opportunity to become acquainted with the political situation in their respective sections of the country, and is prompt in deciding whether their wishes can be granted or not.

At 1 o'clock the president, except on cabinet days, descends to the east room, where he always finds hundreds of persons, men and women, who are strangers in the city, waiting to pay their respects. After dispersing this crowd with many pleasant remarks, he takes his luncheon and then returns to his office, when he begins the real work of the day undisturbed by callers, except by special appointments, as those three hours are devoted to audiences granted to cabinet ministers to submit the business of their departments and receive directions. At 5 o'clock he usually takes a long walk in the northwestern section of the city, or a drive with Mrs. Harrison and the ladies of his family.

At 7.30 o'clock the president joins Mrs. Harrison and the ladies at dinner in the family dining-room. Frequently he invites some friend or official whom he desires to meet in the less respected and more leisurely surroundings of informal hospitality. Later in the evening the president passes his time with his family, or receives visitors who are entitled to call socially.

The church of Meixotol, Mexico, contains a remarkable vail of great value. For nearly three centuries Spaniards were in the habit of vowing a jewel to the vail of Our Lady of Mexico if they returned safely from a voyage to Spain, until in Maximillian's time the vail was bejeweled to the value of about £40,000. Three German adventurers, after Maxamillian's failure, determined to carry away this vail as booty. They made their plan with great care and caution and secured the vail, but in some way they were discovered, and a party of pursuers overtook them in a narrow pass, where two of them were killed, the third escaping under cover of darkness, leaving behind him, however, the precious vail, which was regained and restored to the altar, where it is more vigilantly guarded than ever.

Where did you get that cake, Annie?" "Mother gave it to me." "She's always giving you more'n she does me." "Never mind, Harry; she's going to put mustard plasters on us to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

### PORPOISE-CATCHING.

Along the coast of Maine there are several places where porpoise-catching is carried on extensively, and affords the principal means of support for many of the people living in those localities. The Bay of Fundy is an especially good fishing ground, and Indian Beach, bordering on the waters of the bay, is more or less occupied the year round by whites and Indians who do little else. For years the Passamaquoddy Indians have made a practice of camping on the beach and applying themselves assiduously to porpoise-harpooning and shooting. The winter fish are the fattest and give the most oil; that is the valuable part of the catch. The largest porpoises are about seven feet long, will girth five feet, weigh 300 pounds and over, and yield from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber is an inch or so thick in warm weather, but in the winter double that. A fat fish's blubber will weigh about 100 pounds. The Indians do their work in much the same way now as they did in early years, the most primitive methods prevailing. In trying out the blubber the appliances are of the rudest kind. The fires are built among piles of stones, over which iron pots are hung. The blubber is cut in small pieces and slowly melted. The oil is skimmed into jars and cans, and when pure is worth 90 cents a gallon. The best oil comes from the jaws of the porpoise. The jaws are hung up in the sun, and the oil drops down into a vessel, each pair producing about one-half pint. Watch-makers and others using a very fine oil take it in preference to all other, and it commands a big price. The blubber oil gives a good light, and for years was burned exclusively in the light-houses along the coast.

In a good season an Indian will catch nearly two hundred porpoises, each yielding about three gallons of oil, but most of them fall a good deal below this, as they are not over-partial to labor, and, as long as the returns of one catch will last, will loaf around the camp rather than go out again. The custom is to get a few gallons of oil, go to the nearest market and sell it, then "rest" till forced by necessity to make further exertions. The porpoise's flesh is much like pork when cooked, and is a staple article of food.

The bravery, skill and endurance demanded of the porpoise-catchers in their work is almost unknown to the outside world. In the morning, when the men are going "porpoisin'," the women and children turn out to see the canoes off. Each boat has two men, and when a storm comes up while they are out, or they are unusually late getting in, there is great anxiety among those on shore. It takes years of training to make a good porpoise-hunter and the big boys begin by going out with the experienced men. No matter what the water's condition, be it rough or smooth, if there is a trip contemplated the start is made. In calm weather the blowing of the porpoise can be heard a long way, and guides the Indian in the right direction. Shooting is the most successful method of killing the fish. Long, smooth-bore guns with big charges of powder and double B shot are used. As the fish is floating, swimming, and diving about the water, first on the surface and then below, the canoe is paddled as near as possible. Then, as the porpoise lifts himself to dive the gun's charge is let fly. There is seldom a failure to make a good shot, but the fish is speared to stop his floundering about in the dying struggle. It is then landed in the canoe by grasping the pectoral fin with one hand, sticking a couple of fingers in the blow hole, and dragging it over the side. In still water this is easy, but when a high sea is running the undertaking is hard and dangerous.

Sharks are plenty, and their fins are almost always visible, cutting the water as soon as a porpoise is wounded, the blood attracting them. No end of stories are told of men having had their arms bit off by the sharks while they were reaching into the water to secure a porpoise, but old fishermen scoff at such a thing, and pay no attention to the dread ocean monsters, as they almost rub their noses against the sides of the canoes.

Brown—"The hen always cackles after laying an egg. I wonder if when she is cackling she is counting the number she had laid." Jones—"Certainly not. A hen always lays her egg early in the morning. She doesn't cackle late."

"Oh, Papa," said a vivacious girl, "we want a good name for our young ladies' club. Can you think of one at once significant and appropriate?" "Well, I don't know," replied the old man, "how would 'Giddy 'uns' Band' do?"

### A FLOATING ISLAND.

Situated high up in the main Rocky mountain divide, in the eastern part of Idaho, just south of the boundary line of that Territory and Montana, and a few miles west of the Yellowstone National Park, is Henry lake, a beautiful sheet of crystal water, having an area of about forty square miles. The contour of the lake is oval, and the wooded banks bear a luxuriant growth of mountain grass. On a casual examination, observes a writer in the West Shore, there appears to be no outlet to this lake, but closer observation reveals a small creek issuing from the southwestern side, which is the beginning of the north fork of that mighty artery of the Northwest, Snake river. On this [illegible] fowl. There are beavers, too, and plenty of large game may be had in the adjoining mountains.

### A GOOD WORD FOR TOBACCO.

From AMERICAN ANALYST.

The effect of the habitual use of tobacco on the health is the subject of an interesting and significant paper by Dr. F. H. Bosunth, published in the Medical Record of this city. The writer calls attention to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon races have been using tobacco for smoking and chewing purposes during the past four centuries. They contracted the habit from a race which, as far as history and tradition teach us, were remarkable for their vigor of body and mind as well, and, as far as we know, were an unusually long-lived people. In the time that we have been using the weed there is no evidence to show that the race has in any way deteriorated; but, on the contrary, it is abundantly shown that the average duration of life has increased nearly 50 per cent. There is no evidence to show that in this time the race has been more subject to disease but rather that they are less so. There is no evidence to show that the race has lost anything in its intellectual activity; but, on the contrary, it has been a time most marvelous in all that is great in literature. Dr. Bosunth, while not advocating the use of tobacco, is opposed to the wholesale denunciation of "the weed" maintained by some extremists, his experince showing that as a general thing it is innocuous, and in cases where its use is at all baneful the sufferer is himself conscious of the fact, and controls the remedy. Briefly, the object of the essay is not a plea for the use of tobacco, but simply to suggest whether we had not best abandon the idea that it is a drug whose use is pernicious in every way to body, mind and morals, and rather to take the view that it is one of God's good gifts to men.

### A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

The town of York, Maine, claims the honor of furnishing nearly the first and also the last surviving soldier of the revolution. This last named was William Hutchins, who was born in York, October 6, 1764, and died in Penobscot, May 2, 1866. At the close of the war he returned to Penobscot, which has been his home since he was 4 years old, and in 1865 he joined in a Fourth of July celebration at Bangor, a revenue cutter having been detached for his conveyance to and from that city, and as he passed by the Penobscot river the guns of Fort Knox fired a salute of welcome, an honor said never before to have been given to any person in the state.

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