☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures

THE HOMESTEAD KITCHEN.

How bright and warm a place it was,
That quaint dear kitchen old,
Where blazing logs defied the frost—
The breath of winter cold.

The tall clock from its corner dim
The nightly silence broke,
In tolling off the passing hours
With slow and measured stroke.

The apples, quartered and festooned,
On strings were hanging high,
And ears of golden corn were hung
Around the fire to dry.

The faithful watch-dog, Rover, lay
Outstretched upon the floor;
And now and then a nose was heard
That sounded like a snore.

And pussy, with her velvet coat
Of spotted white and gray,
Purred softly, while she sat near by
To watch her kittens play.

'Twas there the busy mother made
Her doughnuts, pies and cake;
'Twas there she put the bread to rise,
And watched it brown and bake.

'Twas there the spinning wheel was heard
From early morn till night;
For there dear grandma spun and reeled
The fleecy wool so white.

A pretty picture grandma made,
With snow white hair and cap,
When weary with her work, at times
Her knitting lay in her lap.

She dreamed, no doubt, of bygone days,
When life was new and sweet;
She doubtless heard the patter, too,
Of many little feet.

And now, as then, the children came
To her with griefs and joys;
And now, as then, she kissed and rocked
The baby girls and boys.

The sunbeams played upon the wall
And danced upon the floor,
And lay in threads of golden light
From cracks around the door.

No longer swing those hinges now,
No merry children pass,
No buzz of spinning wheel is heard
Throughout the livelong day.

For restless time has closed the door—
Has locked and barred it fast—
And only to the memory comes
These visions of the past.

For as the winter snow falls soft,
It brings to mind at times
The pleasant scenes of long ago,
Like sweet, low whispered rhymes.

No featherly flakes that drift around
That dear beloved place,
Tell to that kitchen changing time
Can refer its possession.

—*Josephine Canning, in Good Housekeeping.*

AN ARMY OF TWO.

How the Bates Girls Saved Scituate Town.

The obsequies of Miss Abigail Bates, one of the heroines of the war of 1812, was held lately from her residence [illegible] Scituate town. Rev. F. D. Sar[illegible] of the Methodist Episcopal [illegible] conducted the services. The [illegible] were inclosed in a coffin cov[illegible] broadcloth, with heavy sil[illegible]rs. On a silver plate was [illegible]:

[illegible] Bates,
[illegible]ars, 4 months,
[illegible]ays.

[illegible]s floral tributes.

[illegible]red in Union
[illegible], who died
[illegible]ighty-ninth
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[illegible]d by
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[illegible]bout
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[illegible]ship.
[illegible] she tack
[illegible]p strange
[illegible]d she land
[illegible]n? In either
[illegible] trouble enough.
[illegible]ays in 1812. The
[illegible]h war ship in Boston
[illegible]s not pleasant. We had no
[illegible]or to fight the enemy. The good
[illegible]ople of Scituate harbor were in great
[illegible]stress over the strange ship that had
[illegible]ppeared at the mouth of the harbor.

The town was a great fishing place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The British soldiers could have easily entered the harbor and burnt up every thing. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns. The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours, and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the great ship, and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that forms one end of the harbor stood the little white tower known as Scituate light. In the house behind the light-house lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, then about nineteen years old, and Abigail, then about fifteen years of age, and two of the little boys. Rebecca had discovered the ship while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent the two little boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched the ship with anxious interest. The tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground and on the flats floated, and those in deep water were swinging around their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save any thing it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts and carried away. It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping in the harbor. As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor, so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. About two o'clock the tide reached the high-water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchors, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half a mile from the First cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of a team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish house as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse they could at last retreat and take the shelter of the woods. It was a splendid sight. Five large boats manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company coming with a warship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen. So Rebecca and Abigail Bates thought as they stood up in the lighthouse tower looking down on the procession of boats as it passed the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh, if I were only a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them, and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old gun—any thing. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes, and all the boats."

"It's too bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, and to think we must sit here and see it all, and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in the town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they! It's here. Father brought it home to mend last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's——"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! oh! They are going to burn her."

"It's too bad! too——"

"Where is the drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it!"

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'll see it was only two girls, they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We would hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come, let's——"

"Oh, oh, look! The sloop's on fire."

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly British, to burn the boats. Why don't they go up to the town and fight like——"

"Come, let us get the drum. It'll no harm; and perhaps——"

"Well, let's. There's the fife, too. [illegible]ght take that with us."

"Y[illegible]me for further talk. Down to the step[illegible] No t[illegible] of the tower rushed the two patriots, [illegible] bent on doing what they could for [illegible] the country. They burst into the kitche[illegible] like a whirlwind, with rosy checks an[illegible] flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfull[illegible] gazing out of the window at the scene [illegible] of destruction going on in the harbor, [illegible] and praying for her country, and ta[illegible] the dreadful war might soon be ove[illegible]. She could not help. Sons and hu[illegible]nds were shouldering their old guns [illegible] the town, and there was nothing fo[illegible]er to do but to watch and wait and p[illegible]. Not so with the two girls. They [illegible] meant to do something, and, in th[illegible] fever of the excitement, they got th[illegible] drum, and took the cracked fife from [illegible] the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent [illegible] on the scene outside, did not hee[illegible] them, and they slipped out by the d[illegible] unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round the back of the house to the north and toward the outside b[illegible]ch, then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above the high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship also. Luckily she was anchored to the south of the light, and as the beach curved to the west they soon left her out of sight. They then took to the water side, and with the drum between them ran as fast as they could toward the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the pits joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited they tightened the drum and tried the fife softly.

"You take the fife, Rebecca, and I'll drum. We must march along the shore toward the light."

"Won't they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next to the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think, its soldiers going down to the point to kill 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two—three!"

Drum! drum! drum!
Squeak! squeak! squeak!
"Forward—march!"
"Ha! ha!"
The fife stopped.
"Don't laugh. You'll spoil every thing and I can't pucker my lips."

Drum! drum! drum! drum!
Squeak! squeak! squeak!

The men in town heard it, and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of the sturdy drum and the sound of the brave fife. The soldiers in the boat heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered every body into the boats in the greatest haste. The people are rising! They are coming down the point with cannons to head them off. They would all be captured and perhaps hung by the dreaded Americans.

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle,"—the horrid tune! Hark! The men were cheering in town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore?

In grim silence marched the two girls—plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles—Abigail beating the old drum with might and main, Rebecca blowing the fife with shrill determination. How the British scrambled into their boats!

One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his clothes in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong! How the soldiers pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to their ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on shore. Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on—pale, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with forty courages. The boat passed swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all the sun went down.

The redcoats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see one thousand men upon them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder. Out of harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot toward the light. It fell short, and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropped their drum and fife, sat down on the bench, and laughed till they cried. That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time.

Rebecca died at her residence on Willow street, on Tuesday, December 13, 1881, in her eighty-ninth year. During her last years, though old and feeble in body, she was brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. The two sisters were wont to describe, in autographic notes, which they sold to visitors, as "the American army of two in the war of 1812." Miss Abigail was the drummer and Miss Rebecca, her sister, who was her companion in the "army of two," was the fifer.—*Boston Globe.*

A STRAY CRAFT.

How It Was Attached by the Wicked Street Arabs of Detroit.

A baby cart, which was occupied by a child about two years old, broke loose from its moorings in front of a dry-goods store on Monroe avenue yesterday and went sailing along for about forty feet and brought up against a dry-goods box. Some boys came along and observed the situation of the cart and they stopped to size up the occupant.

"Pull his hair and see if he has got any grit," suggested one.

His hair was pulled. Tears came to his eyes, but he did not holler.

"Let him bite yer finger," suggested another. "I'll dare any boy in the crowd to put his finger in the little feller's mouth."

The defi was accepted. A dirty finger was inserted, and the baby sucked at it in a melancholy way and seemed to be thinking of the long ago.

"Give him a marble and I see if he'll swaller it," piped a little kid.

A great big dirty marble was fished out of a boy's pocket and put in the baby's mouth. He bit at it and rolled it around, and finally spat it out.

"Try him with terbacker and see if he knows how to chaw," advised a freckle-faced boy.

The only one in the crowd who had arrived at the dignity of "chawing" bit off a piece of plug and was about to offer it when the mother came running down the street and broke into the crowd and bestowed a kick or cuff upon each one before they could get away.

"You young villains!" she shouted, as they halted in the middle of the street.

"Who's a villyun?" demanded the biggest boy.

"You are!"

"Humph! Do you think we never saw a kid before? He never cost more'n three cents at the outside, and you are doin' ten dollars' worth of hollerin'! Let's stand around, boys, and gin him the whoopin'-cod!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A news item says: "The shortest man in Pennsylvania is Ellis Reinhart, of Goldsboro, who is twenty-eight years old and only thirty-three inches high." He's rather small, but not half as "short" as the man who has a note of one thousand dollars coming due on the morrow and has only three cents and a trousers button with which to meet it.—*Norristown Herald.*

MAKING THIEVES.

The Story of a Young Man Who Was Driven to Burglary by Want.

"It is singular how young men who have been well brought up, and whose natural traits are not vicious, drift into house-breaking and sneak-thieving," remarked Sergeant Cross, of Captain Williams' command, the other day. Detective Price had just arrested Frank L. Manning, the prince of sneak thieves, who robbed so many houses, and his arrest brought forth the remark. "Manning may be an old hand at the business now, but I'll bet he was led into it originally by want, or, at least, detection, and so drifted to follow it for a business. That has been the way with lots of these fellows. Now, here's a case which I can mention."

Going to the back of the office, he pointed to a photograph of an intelligent-looking young man. He is known as No. 93 in the gallery, and is now at Sing Sing serving out a term of seven and a half years.

"Now this young fellow, when he first came to New York," said the Sergeant, "was as modest, quiet and respectable a young man as one would wish to meet. He had excellent references, and had no trouble in getting a place in a wholesale house down town, where he was well liked. When the depression in business came in 1884 he was discharged, with others, because there was no work for him to do. He tried to get work but failed, and finally found himself without money and with an unpaid board bill staring him in the face. He had no friends who were able to keep him, and so became desperate. One evening he left the house where he was boarding, and took with him all the keys he had. He had determined to raise some money in some way, and, honest methods not appearing, he decided to try house-breaking. One of the keys in his bunch enabled him to open a house on one of the side streets between Fifth avenue and Broadway, and, going to a chamber, he stole a lot of jewelry and got out at the door without being heard. This he pawned and got enough money to help him out of his financial trouble, and give him funds to operate on for a time. Now, if he had been arrested there his whole future would have been changed, and he have been saved. Success ruined him.

"For nearly six months we had complaints of houses being entered and valuables taken, and Detectives Price and Dunlop, who were put on the case, were completely baffled. I don't remember just how they were led to suspect the fellow, but they got hold of some clue and arrested him, and he virtually confessed to having committed over forty burglaries. Of course his arrest broke him all up, and little by little his mode of operating came out. Like Manning, he had no accomplices in his work, and he counted no acquaintances among the professional thieves and burglars. On the contrary, he was careful to have only associates of good character. His business associations before he became a thief had given him an opportunity to become acquainted with the faces of a number of wealthy and well-to-do people. He was a constant attendant at the theaters, and was always in a good seat early in the evening. If he saw the face of a man he knew in the theater with his family, he would leave the theater at the close of the first or second act, go to his residence, and get an impression of the lock. Then he would go to the theater again, and after the performance would go and have a fine supper at a small restaurant. Perhaps that was a part of his plan in order to enable him to say and possibly prove that he was at a certain theater on a certain night in case of trouble. The next night, or two nights later, with a key made from the impression he had, he would go to the house, and if he had reason to believe it safe to do so, would go through it and pick up whatever small articles of value he could find. He was so shrewd in his methods and so clever in doing the jobs, and so correct in his habits that detection seemed impossible, for he left no clues behind him. No man has ever given the officers of this precinct more trouble except Manning, but in both cases the offender was finally caught, as was inevitable.

"Now, that young fellow's career is a sample of several that the police have records of, and I wouldn't be at all surprised when Manning's history is known to find that he began his career in the same way and first robbed boarding houses because he was out of work and couldn't find any honest means of earning a living. That sort of thing drives more people into crime than people generally imagine. Education in crime by professional thieves isn't the cause of the making of one-half as many thieves as is the fact that young men of [illegible] by want, and the fact that they can see no way of making an honest living in the immediate future."—*N. Y. Times.*

POPOCATAPETL.

A Trip to the Summit of the Great Smoking Mountain of Old Mexico.

A dreary, cold night was passed by the gusty fire at the ranch, and at four o'clock a. m., after coffee and lunch, hastily prepared, we mounted in the breaking day and rode to La Cruz—a cross erected to mark the spot of death of a former climber and cheer future ones—where we left the horses and began to climb. I leave you to imagine the glorious views of mountain, and valley, and town, and volcanelloes below that rewarded us as we ascended on horseback, over logs, and dust and trees, through brush, rocks and running streams, in heat, and dust and hunger. But when we gazed almost straight up at the far-aloft tip of the crater, as we began our climb, the prospect to an untrained man was one of dismay to him. For an hour we waded boot-top deep in flying lava dust, perspiring, breathing with gasps and looked any thing but hopeful as the awful mountain, too, seemed to grow higher as we toiled up. Then the ascent grew steeper, we panted up slowly along the frozen bed of a glacier covered thinly with wet lava dust, falling down to rest and breathe every few minutes, when we reached the ice field where we engaged about in our sweat through an indescribable slope of cactus-like frozen snow [illegible] planting our feet for each lift at the post where it was frozen firm. At [illegible] of this awful toil brought us to [illegible] mixed with rock and lava [illegible] scarcely gave footing, and yet we had to go on. At this time down was [illegible] the struggling man that [illegible] M. [illegible] turned with the exertion [illegible] was [illegible] the exertion [illegible] air, clouds formed around us [illegible] velopes us in dense fog, [illegible] away in rolling billows and [illegible] intervening mountains still towering [illegible] us. My younger companion [illegible] and called on the Ant to guide [illegible] And so we panted up, [illegible] freezing and sunlit [illegible] and looking [illegible] be executed for [illegible] discouraging hours of struggle [illegible] fact, we [illegible] lava dust, [illegible] steep, and, with a desperate [illegible] pull, we turned at last a rugged [illegible] of lava pillars, and the great smoking, yawning crater of Popocatapetl was before us—a fourth of a mile across, with precipitous sides and [illegible] as deep as wide, pouring [illegible] smoke from its sides and bottom by holes called fumaroles, yellow and forbidding in aspect, its lips jagged with enormous [illegible] masses of rock, its lips narrow and covered with lava pillars and [illegible] as [illegible] minute whirled in fog as cloud [illegible] and enveloped the peak. The most warm in the hot sunshine, which [illegible] raised a [illegible] show point [illegible] down its [illegible] precipices [illegible] the surrounding country. We [illegible] ourselves down on the [illegible] inner lip of the crater [illegible] and most thankful for the [illegible] opportunity of getting to the bottom of the crater, as the hopes were rifted by which we could [illegible] down. I rolled down some [illegible] almost into [illegible] like masses on the inner [illegible] hardness and [illegible] unstable-looking edges outward [illegible] ward and involve us? From this grand elevation what a prospect lay before us. Intelligent, [illegible] Mexico and a hundred lesser mountains and hills, and old volcanic craters, valleys between, towns and villages, distant Mexico City, in a blue mist. Had the air been free from mist we could have seen the Gulf of Mexico, one hundred and fifty miles away, Puebla and Cholula, and the valleys beyond on the southern side, and the vast rolling, volcanic country stretching away into the infinite blue of distance and indistinguishable smallness? A view for ever to be remembered? Worth the toil, and doubly worth it in the courage of vanquished obstacles. After some hours we started down, and found, to our agreeable surprise, that there was a way down on the south side free from ice, and pebbles and rocks, very steep, where lava dust covered the glacier ice, and down which we strode in stepped ten feet, stopped by sinking into the dust, and so we tore down in a cloud of dust, carrying down the mountain to La Cruz in about an hour, and mounting our horses we rode the weary miles of dusty downmountain road to Amecameca, where we arrived at nine o'clock at night, two as tired men as ever travelled Popocatapetl and vowing that a thousand dollars would not tempt us to ascend again, now that we had done it.

But that we would ascend it, if we had never done so, for nothing.—*Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Journal.*

THE "BAD LANDS."

Subterranean Fires Which Fill Rich Plains with Desolation.

The "Bad Lands" of Dakota are said to owe their origin to the burning of the coal deposits that once existed there. They are situated principally along the Cheyenne and Grand rivers and the Little Missouri. They are from two or three miles to, say, twenty-five miles in width. In the long ago, the valleys of these streams must have been filled with drift wood. Then followed a period of drift, which buried the accumulation of wood under two or three hundred feet of sediment, sand and gravel. The buried wood in time became coal, the veins being in some instances twenty odd feet in depth. Either from spontaneous combustion or from electricity, fires were started in these veins, and they gradually burned out, restoring in part the old water courses by means of the overflow from the accumulation of water in these newly-formed basins. Looking on all sides you see [illegible] of slag, there great bowlders, showing unmistakable evidences of great heat, and on every hand scoria or burned clay, resembling broken brick. Where the fires were checked by the caving earth and the coal did not burn, mounds two or three hundred feet in height stand. And according to the *Black Diamond*, a newspaper devoted to the coal interests, in parts of Wyoming the same process is now going on; vast fields are undermined by subterranean fires, and the blackened, smoking plain is filled with desolation. Trappers say these fires have been in existence for a long time, and the traditions of the Indians point to the same conclusion.—*Scientific American.*

—Two hives of bees en route to the West from Kentucky the other day escaped from their quarters and invaded those of the passengers in a rear coach of the train. After a pitched battle, in which coats were used with good effect, the intruders were vanquished. They left evidences of their visit, though.—*Chicago Mail.*

THE CHURCH RATE.

An Anecdote Showing the Rate at Which Legal Costs Increase.

If a man does not literally take his life in his hand when he goes to law, he [illegible] must hold his pocket-book [illegible] for frequent reference, should he [illegible] unfortunate enough to find himself at [illegible] suit. He can not refuse [illegible] demands with impunity for any [illegible] of complaint he requires a re[illegible] dollars and costs. And if he [illegible] to the attorneys [illegible] farthings speedily swell to [illegible]

[illegible] of the Town of Long[illegible] [illegible] an instance of [illegible] in opposition to [illegible] In the early days of [illegible] was empowered upon [illegible] the amount of the [illegible] the name of Glas[illegible] long, but long [illegible] The tax [illegible] He squarely [illegible] vestry-[illegible]

[illegible] pay the parsonage his [illegible] appetite. Mr. [illegible] business [illegible] Dr. Y. [illegible] the parsonage [illegible] distance [illegible] Dr. Y. [illegible] the parsonage [illegible] distance [illegible] Dr. Y. [illegible] the parsonage [illegible] distance