



ABEL, HULDY, AND THE RAM.



NCE I was passing through the little town of Greenville, in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt, said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman and stopped at the tavern there. The only man I saw at first was a jolly looking, red-faced little old man, on whom care or sorrow seemed to have never laid a finger. "Fine day," I said, getting off my backboard. "P'tic'lar fine an' cheerful," the little old man said. "I hain't see a cheerfuller day in forty years an' better."

went fishin', spite o' Aunt Huldy's warnin', an' when he got back I don't s'pose that Aunt Huldy ever moved so rippin' in her life. All that Uncle Abel has ever said about it is that she jest swatted him over, an' then set on him till she peeled what Uncle Abel says—just a ben more'n a bushel o' taters. Aunt Huldy weighed in the vicinity of 200 pound, an' every time Uncle Abel wiggled she'd scrunch down on him. An' speakin' o' scrunchin', there's a lot more tansy; shell I— "I interrupted the landlord to say that I didn't care for any more, and he seemed so much disappointed and remained silent so long that I began to think that I wasn't going to hear the end of his story, but by and by he started in again. "Yes, sir, she scrunched down on him hard, Aunt Huldy did. She scrunched down so fur arter awhile that Uncle Abel says he got his eyes on the shinin' shore, an' was hopin' that Uncle Huldy would give him another twist so's he could get his feet on it; but she wan't through with him yit, an' didn't let him pass over. There's where Aunt Huldy made her mistake. She ought to scrunched Uncle Abel all the way over, an' then she could a took out that black bombazine ag'in an' hooked it on fer her fourth, an' ben a-lookin' out fer her fifth now. But she didn't do it, an' there's where she made her mistake. "This here last lively movin' of Aunt Huldy's must a kind o' sot Uncle Abel to thinkin'. Joe Bevan, up yonder a-piece, had an o' churmin' ram that somehow or other was dead sot agin women folks, an' none o' 'em cared to go nigh him, 'cause he'd pitch at 'em, an' Joe kep' the ugly o' chap tied up. But the ram was mild enough to men folks. T'other day Aunt Huldy says that it beat all how it was that she couldn't have a piece o' rope to make a pull-to for the gate, and that if she had a man worth a pinch o' salt that she had a had the rope long 'fore that. This was the fust that Uncle Abel knewed that Aunt Huldy wanted a piece o' rope, an' that very day he was goin' by Joe Bevan's place, an' he see a piece o' rope at the side o' the road. He picked it up and went home with it. Wrappin' it round a post, he went in the house. "Hully," says he, "I've brung home a piece o' rope." "You have, hay?" Aunt Huldy snapped out. "It's a good thing, an' I'll come in handy fer you to hang yourself with!" "So Aunt Huldy goes to see the rope. "Ding your pictur!" she hollers back to Uncle Abel. "An' you've got that rantankerous ram o' Joe Bevan's tied to the end o' it, too!" "Why, so he is!" says Uncle Abel. "Aunt Huldy grabbed the ax and moved on the ram. The ram seen Aunt Huldy comin', an' went to meet her. He met her so suddint that she curled up like a ship-knee, kicked a little, an' never got up from where she landed. Uncle Abel says that Aunt Huldy passed away a good deal peacefuller than he thought it was in her natur' to, an' he's a lone, lorn widdener, an' has the bombazine dress to sell. I wish he'd a staid here awhile. Then I'd a had some one to line me in a scrunch. If you don't keer to line, you mowt leave one for Uncle Abel. "I paid for a 'scrunch' for Uncle Abel to enjoy when he came in, and drove on my way, and who should I meet but Uncle Abel again. "Hullo!" he shouted, and I stopped. "He told ye 'bout me an' Aunt Huldy, an' the rantankerous ram, o' course?" said Uncle Abel, grinning. "Yes," I said. "He's been hoked like tarantation three times in less'n a year fer tellin' that," said Uncle Abel, "but seems like he can't help it. He didn't mean no harm by it. He'll tell it to you ag'in if you come along this way to-morrow. I wa'n't never married in my life, an' there ain't no Aunt Huldy, nor no ram, nor never was!" "I couldn't help but grin with Uncle Abel, and said: "Well, I paid for a rum and tansy up there for you, anyhow." "Course you did!" said Uncle Abel. "That's part o' it. I hain't took a drink in more'n forty year! Think you'll go back an' lick him? He'll sort o' 'spect it." "But I said I'd let it go, and drove on, leaving Uncle Abel in the road grinning after me."—New York Sun. Perhaps some children are naughty because they have heard that the good die young. Methusalem completed nine centuries and he never even saw a bicycle. Well, there's where Uncle Abel

ITEMS FROM INDIA. In India the jackal is more dreaded than the tiger. Cotton cloth was first made in India and was in use there over 2,000 years ago. The native inhabitants of India spend only about ten cents per annum on clothes. About 280,000,000 letters, newspapers, parcels, and packets pass through the Indian postoffice every year. There is a sect in Orissa, in the Bengal presidency, the members of which worship Queen Victoria as their chief divinity. One of the greatest living authorities on Indian statistics calculates that from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 of the people of India scarcely ever lose the sensation of hunger; in fact, they do not know the feeling of a full stomach, except in the mango season. Millions of men in India—especially on the richer soils and in the river deltas—live, marry, and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above two shillings a week, and frequently sinks to eighteen pence. The explanation of the queen's apparently inexhaustible supply of Indian shawls, one of which is her regular wedding present, is that early in her reign one of the Indian princes, in consideration of his having a large and valuable territory ceded to him, bound himself to pay annual tribute, which included a number of the finest Cashmere shawls. The Hindoo nose-ring seems likely to disappear with many native customs. Some of the most prominent Hindoos in Bombay have decided that henceforward the women of their caste shall wear a flower in the nose instead of a ring. If the ladies refuse to obey they will be liable to a fine. Tradition declares that wearing the nose-ring is a memento of an injunction from Vishnu himself.

ANIMALS SHAM DEATH. A Clever Fox that Came to Life, Bit His Captor and Escaped. Two cases are on record of foxes being discovered in hen-houses. In each case the fox not only completely deceived the fender, but allowed himself to be dragged out by the brush and thrown down in the one case in a field, and in the other in a dung-hill. In each instance the fox then jumped up and ran away. Another example is that of a fox which dashed across a man's shoulder as it allowed itself to be carried along a road for more than a mile. At last it bit the man and was promptly dropped. A cat was observed to carry a weasel home in its mouth, the weasel dangling helplessly. The door of the house was closed, and the cat, in conformity with its usual habit, newed to gain admission. To mew, however, it had to set down the weasel, which jumped up and fastened on its nose. The following instance was observed by the late Prof. Romanes: A corn-crake had been retrieved by a dog, and, having every appearance of being dead, was put in the man's pocket. Presently violent struggles were felt and the man drew the bird out. To his astonishment it again hung in his hand limp and apparently lifeless. It was then set upon the ground and watched from behind some cover. In a short time it raised its head, looked around and decamped at full speed. A singular fact that must not be overlooked in connection with this phenomenon is that some animals have been found to be actually dead which were at first thought to be shamming. Romanes, for instance, found this to be the case with a squirrel which he had caught in a cloth, and with which he wanted to experiment with regard to the feigning of death. Sir E. Tennent also relates, in his book on the "Natural History of Ceylon," that the wild elephant sometimes dies when being taken from the corral by tame elephants. Further, he relates a case in which, being convinced that an elephant was dead, he had its shavings taken off, and a friend leaning against it while it rose hurriedly, and trumpeting vociferously, rushed off in the jungle. The fact, however, that a squirrel or an elephant when captured unhurt will die is sufficient to show that a most powerful nervous derangement of some sort is induced. When the late Joseph Thompson lectured on his African experiences he related how the first buffalo he shot tossed him, and how, when he came to himself and tried to sit up, he found his antagonist glaring at him a few yards away. He told how he recollected that a buffalo does not try to toss a creature which shows no signs of life, and how he let his head sink slowly back, and lay shamming dead. Pheasants, in flying across wide stretches of water, have been noticed suddenly to fall. In this way they are apparently drowned. It is perhaps dangerous to assert positively that fear is here the active cause of death; yet we are apparently justified in believing that a paroxysm of fear can produce sudden death. The squirrel and the elephant may have died of fright; certainly death in man can be produced by sudden fear, and although man has a much more sensitive nervous mechanism, the lower animals have an extremely active instinct of fear. Prof. Lloyd Morgan mentions the case of a surface man working in the Severn tunnel who was nearly killed by a train. It is stated that his attention was so riveted that he was unable to make, or rather he felt no desire to make, the appropriate movements; that he could not help watching the train, but felt no terror. With the greatest difficulty he managed to shake himself free of his fascination. In describing his feelings when the danger was past he is reported to have said: "I came over all a cold sweat and felt as helpless as a baby. I was frightened enough then." This may perhaps be taken as a cataleptic condition without fear.—Scotsman.

QUER STORIES. A woolen mill at Almonte, Ontario, is to be run by compressed air as the motive power. Caterpillars from six inches to a foot long are common in the vicinity of the Darling River, Australia. In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them. Recent statistics show that there are in the United States 79,800 divorced persons, of whom 44,582 are men and 35,218 are women. The first use of Niagara's power was made in 1725, a primitive sawmill being operated. Nothing more was done until 1842, when Augustus Porter conceived the plan of hydraulic canals, and in 1861 one of them was completed. The Cherokee form of marriage is perhaps the simplest and most expressive of any. The man and woman merely join hands over a running stream, emblematic of the wish that their future lives, hopes and aspirations should flow on in the same channel. President Alfred Coolidge of the Second National Bank of Colfax, Wash., has raised an immense quantity of wheat this season, and sold it at a rate equaling \$34.20 an acre, while the land itself could not have been sold at any time these past three years at \$10 an acre. It is a question with anthropologists who were the ancient Slavs, and what they were like. Prof. Lubor Nedelicev of Prague, in the Globus, maintains that they were long-headed blondes, and cites the classical authors, who speak of their reddish blonde or rufous hair, which appears to have tallied with that of the Goths.

Increased His Class. This could only happen in Scotland, where a way has been discovered by a Glasgow minister to compel even the worldly passions of men to make for righteousness. He noticed that the young women who came to Bible class at his house each had a young man waiting for her. So one evening what did this canny Scotsman do, when the class was in progress, but make an excuse to leave the room and step outside, where, as he expected, he found a small crowd of waiting swains. With much politeness he pointed out his unwillingness to keep them from their sweethearts and invited them to come inside and see them. It is needless to add this Glasgow minister has a mixed Bible class now on his hands. And it is doing well.—Boston Herald.

Ambiguous. A noted evangelist is fond of telling of his experiences in preaching to the negroes in the South. At the close of one of his meetings a very large old colored woman came up to him and shook his hand warmly while she said: "God bless you, Brudder Jones! You's evahbody's preacher, an' evahbody loves ter hear you preach, an' evah niggah love to hear you; an' Brudder Jones, you preaches mo' like a niggah than any white man that evah lived; an' Brudder Jones, you've got a white skin, but I rank de Lawd, you've got a black heart!"—The Outlook.

To Provide Domestic. The Housewifery Club, of New York, is intended to facilitate domestic work. It provides its members with maids having satisfactory references, and stimulates the servant by paying her a prize at the end of a certain time if her work has been satisfactory. Good Reason. "And why did she choose him among so many admirers?" "The others did not propose."—Brooklyn Life.

mane. It is a well-known fact that certain of the Zulus have antidotes for the more deadly snake poisons, which they preserve as a secret within their own families.—The Spectator. IN HIS VICTIM'S BLOOD. The Savage King Prempeh of Ashantee Warmed His Feet. The Anglican Bishop of Sierra Leone, who accompanied the recent British Ashantee expedition as chaplain, is now in England, and has been making some interesting statements regarding the doings of King Prempeh. At Coomassie he came to a grove of silk cotton trees, which were the fetish of that country, and among the trees he saw the remains of hundreds of people who had been executed to please the King and the people. He believed it would be within the mark if he said he saw thousands of bodies lying there. Benin is not more than thirty miles from where steamers pass, and yet there this year they crucified and mutilated men, women and children. The sacred burying place of the kings of Coomassie was the treasure house where the gold dust was preserved. The Bishop says that every three months the King had to visit this burying place of his ancestors, and twenty slaves were sacrificed. A skewer was pushed through their cheeks so as to hold their tongues down, lest they should repeat the King's oath and be set free. Then, at a given signal from the King, their heads were struck off from behind and fell into a brass basin. This basin, the Bishop says, is now in London. King Prempeh, who was only 24 years of age, and revealed in all this blood-spilling, is, the Bishop says, now one of his congregation in Sierra Leone, and only shortly before he left he taught him, at his own request, the Lord's prayer. "This man," says the Bishop, "used as a nightly amusement to send for a slave and have her killed before him. Then, while his many wives gathered round him and flattered him by telling of his greatness, he warmed his feet in the victim's blood."

HE COULDN'T SWIM. But He Kept Hold of the Anvil When He Went Down. They were talking about swimming at the City Hall the other day, and among those engaged in the discussion was Jim Springman, the well-known Deputy Marshal. Springman has charge of the cage at the City Hall where the prisoners are detained before being taken into court, and also has charge of their transportation to and from the jail. He is a man of many stirring adventures, and of remarkable physical powers. Therefore his remark that he cannot swim his own length was heard with not a little astonishment. "But although I can't swim I've been overboard several times," explained Springman, "and have yet to be drowned. However, I came pretty near it one time during the war, when I was employed as an iron worker down at the wharves. That day I was carrying a 75-pound anvil on my shoulder along the wharf, when the first thing I knew I was overboard in about twenty feet of water. I went right down to the bottom, but I didn't stay there but a second, and up I came. The moment I got my head out of the water I had sense enough to grab hold of a pile, and there I hung until they fished me out with a rope. "Did they ever get the anvil, Jim?" asked one of the crowd. "Did they?" remarked Springman. "Why, man, you may believe me or not, but I never let go of that anvil. You see," went on Springman, ignoring the smiles of the crowd, "I was walking along with the anvil on my left shoulder, and when I went down I shot down so quick that I hadn't time to let go of it. So when I bobbed up the thing came up with me, right on my shoulder, too, just where it was when I dropped overboard. You see, it was all done so quick that I hadn't time to think, or else I'd let go of it, and—"

Kafir Boy's Daring Feat. A road party, comprising the usual gang of from fifty to sixty Kafirs, with a white man as superintendent, was employed on the construction of a road in the Tugela valley, Natal, about thirty or more years ago. In the course of their work they came on a huge stone which it was necessary to remove, but beneath it was the home of a large black mamba, well known to the neighboring inhabitants as being old, and therefore very venomous. The mamba is the most deadly of the south African snakes, and the superintendent anticipated some trouble over that rock. He offered a bribe for the snake's skin, and the gang "wowed" and set down to "bema gwil" (take snuff). But a slim youth sauntered forward, and, amid the jeers and protestations of the rest, declared himself equal to the task. He took from his neck what looked like a bit of shriveled stick, chewed it, swallowed some of it, spat out the rest on his hands, and proceeded to rub his glistening brown body and limbs all over. Then, taking up his stick and chanting a song of defiance, he advanced to the bowlder. There he roused the mamba, who, in great fury at being disturbed, bit him in the lip with great venom. The boy took no notice of the bite, but broke the snake's back with his stick, and, bringing him to his master, asked for the reward, obtaining which, he went back to his work, and the bite of the reptile had no effect on him whatever. No bribe, not even that of a cow (better than any gold in the eyes of a Kafir), would induce this native to disclose the secret of his antidote, which, he said, had been handed down in his family for generations. The snake was a very long one and so old that it had a

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT. Hints About Varnished Furniture. Dry chamolisk skin should never be used on varnished work. If the varnish is defaced and shows white marks, apply linseed oil and turpentine with a soft rag till the color comes back; then wipe the mixture entirely off with a clean, soft, dry rag. The oil and turpentine should be used in equal quantities and shaken well in a bottle before using. In deeply carved work use a stiff paint brush instead of a sponge. In varnishing old furniture, rub it first with powdered pumice stone and water to remove the old varnish, and then, with an elastic bristle brush, apply varnish made of the consistency of cream by the addition of turpentine.—Decorator and Furnisher. A New Stove Polisher. One of the most distasteful things to a woman who does housework is the grimy appearance given her hands from polish getting into the skin and refusing to come out, when blacking

the stove. A fertile brain has patented a little polisher illustrated by the picture that obviates all difficulties. It is accomplished by a bottle of liquid polish, with which it is filled. The new polisher is self-feeding, and does its work effectively and thoroughly. Chicken Hash, with Rice. Boil a cup of rice the day previous; put it into a square, narrow pan and set it in the ice box. Next morning cut it into half-inch slices; rub over each slice a little warm butter and toast them on a broiler to a delicate brown. Place the toast on a warm platter, and turn over the whole a chicken hash made from the remains of cold fowl chopped fine; put into the frying pan with a tablespoonful of butter, half cup of water to moisten it, adding a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Heat all through; serve immediately.—Chicago Record. To Remove Grease Stains. Grease stains on a carpet may be removed in a variety of ways; one of the simplest is to take a piece of blotting paper, lay it under the grease mark and a similar piece on the top of the mark. Then press the part with a hot iron; this will cause the grease to be absorbed by the blotting paper. Another method is to add some borax to warm water in which soap has been dissolved and well brush the stained part with this mixture. Ammonia is also useful; it should be diluted with water and rubbed on the carpet. Onion Toast. This is a delightful luncheon dish. Boil about twenty minutes in a pint of salted water six onions chopped fine, drain and put into a bowl with one tablespoonful of butter and a saltspoonful of pepper. Mix together, lay on rounds of hot, buttered toast and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg. Onions that are to be eaten raw should always lie in cold water for an hour before serving, to rid them of the rank flavor, and, if, also, parsley is used as an accompaniment, they leave no trace in the mouth or breath. Hashed Mutton. Chop up cold mutton, not too finely, and heat through in a well-buttered frying pan, but do not overcook, or it will be too hard. Season with salt, pepper, celery salt and a few drops of onion juice; dredge with flour and add hot water or stock to moisten. A few mustard seed and a little sherry wine would suit the taste of some people. Serve the hash on small rounds of toast.—Boston Cooking School. Cream of Celery. Boil together two or three good sticks of celery, root and all, with a small onion and season to taste, till tender; then drain and rub it all through a sieve, moistening it with its own liquor; add sufficient light white stock to bring it to a somewhat thin consistency; let it boil up sharply to thicken it, and add just at the last, as you are about to dish it, the yolks of two eggs beaten up in two or three tablespoonfuls of cream. Lemon Sauce. Cream one-third cupful of butter; add one cupful of sugar and two eggs lightly beaten. Cook a two-inch strip of lemon rind in three-quarters cupful of water for five minutes; remove the lemon rind, and add water gradually to the egg mixture. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens; then add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of lemon juice.—Boston Cooking School. Sweet Potato Pudding. Peel, wash, dry and grate one large, raw sweet potato; stir in one quart of hot milk, put over the fire and boil for five minutes; add one heaping tablespoonful of butter and set aside until partially cooled, then season with salt and pepper to taste, add four well-beaten eggs and bake in a moderate oven until the mixture is firm in the center—about twenty-five minutes. The Sultan of Turkey is greatly influenced in his public policy by a Swede, Carl Jensen, who was a common artisan, employed before Abdul Hamid's accession, in the workshops of the Yildiz Kiosk.



SURE TO BE POPULAR. The stove. A fertile brain has patented a little polisher illustrated by the picture that obviates all difficulties. It is accomplished by a bottle of liquid polish, with which it is filled. The new polisher is self-feeding, and does its work effectively and thoroughly. Chicken Hash, with Rice. Boil a cup of rice the day previous; put it into a square, narrow pan and set it in the ice box. Next morning cut it into half-inch slices; rub over each slice a little warm butter and toast them on a broiler to a delicate brown. Place the toast on a warm platter, and turn over the whole a chicken hash made from the remains of cold fowl chopped fine; put into the frying pan with a tablespoonful of butter, half cup of water to moisten it, adding a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Heat all through; serve immediately.—Chicago Record. To Remove Grease Stains. Grease stains on a carpet may be removed in a variety of ways; one of the simplest is to take a piece of blotting paper, lay it under the grease mark and a similar piece on the top of the mark. Then press the part with a hot iron; this will cause the grease to be absorbed by the blotting paper. Another method is to add some borax to warm water in which soap has been dissolved and well brush the stained part with this mixture. Ammonia is also useful; it should be diluted with water and rubbed on the carpet. Onion Toast. This is a delightful luncheon dish. Boil about twenty minutes in a pint of salted water six onions chopped fine, drain and put into a bowl with one tablespoonful of butter and a saltspoonful of pepper. Mix together, lay on rounds of hot, buttered toast and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg. Onions that are to be eaten raw should always lie in cold water for an hour before serving, to rid them of the rank flavor, and, if, also, parsley is used as an accompaniment, they leave no trace in the mouth or breath. Hashed Mutton. Chop up cold mutton, not too finely, and heat through in a well-buttered frying pan, but do not overcook, or it will be too hard. Season with salt, pepper, celery salt and a few drops of onion juice; dredge with flour and add hot water or stock to moisten. A few mustard seed and a little sherry wine would suit the taste of some people. Serve the hash on small rounds of toast.—Boston Cooking School. Cream of Celery. Boil together two or three good sticks of celery, root and all, with a small onion and season to taste, till tender; then drain and rub it all through a sieve, moistening it with its own liquor; add sufficient light white stock to bring it to a somewhat thin consistency; let it boil up sharply to thicken it, and add just at the last, as you are about to dish it, the yolks of two eggs beaten up in two or three tablespoonfuls of cream. Lemon Sauce. Cream one-third cupful of butter; add one cupful of sugar and two eggs lightly beaten. Cook a two-inch strip of lemon rind in three-quarters cupful of water for five minutes; remove the lemon rind, and add water gradually to the egg mixture. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens; then add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of lemon juice.—Boston Cooking School. Sweet Potato Pudding. Peel, wash, dry and grate one large, raw sweet potato; stir in one quart of hot milk, put over the fire and boil for five minutes; add one heaping tablespoonful of butter and set aside until partially cooled, then season with salt and pepper to taste, add four well-beaten eggs and bake in a moderate oven until the mixture is firm in the center—about twenty-five minutes. The Sultan of Turkey is greatly influenced in his public policy by a Swede, Carl Jensen, who was a common artisan, employed before Abdul Hamid's accession, in the workshops of the Yildiz Kiosk.