The Washington Pilgrim.

He bowed his head upon his knees,
His tears fell thick and fast,
His unkempt locks waved in the breeze
As it swept idly past.

A stranger, of expression bland,
In sober garb attired,
Accosted him politely, and
In gentle tones inquired:

"Perhaps you mourn some love turn'd cold?
Perhaps you've lost a brother?
Or, if I may be quite so bold,
There's something ails your mother?"

Then he who in such sorrow was,
Turned red as any fire,
And cried—"Get out, I weep becoz
I want born in Ohier!"

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival queens of the east and west, but out of the common track of travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms. Of late years, coal has been found there; and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district; which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hodden gray, and had two subjects of interest—the corn market and kirk session.

Among its peaceable and industrious population there was one dame, who though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood, in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her style and title was the Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left her by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story—for its acres were few and they consisted of half reclaimed moorland; not on her son Robin, although he was counted a likely and sensible lad; not on her thrifty house keeping, though it was known to be on the tight screw principle; but on the possession of a dozen silver tea-spoons. Her account of them was that they belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grand-father in return for entertaining that claimant of the British throne, on his march from Culloden, in proofs of which she was wont to point out a half obliterated crest, and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn some where in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird, for three gallons of Highland whiskey, and had bestowed them on his granddaughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an importent acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred, and caused her to give way:

About the haymaking time, a distant and comparatively rich relation, was expected to call and take tea one evening, on his way from Linlithgrow. It was not often that this rich relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determining that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon with many injuctions to Nancy, touching the care she should take to brighten them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of those uncertain days, which vary the Northern June, a certain darkening of the sky announced the approach of a heavy rain. The hay was dry, and ready for housing. Robin and the two men were busy gathering it in, but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half scoured on the kitchen table. In rapid exit, the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they all occupied the hay-field, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson the daft man.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered that there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected, that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in a bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention, one was the brothpot boiling on the fire, and the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot-stick, and muttered, very thin. His proceeding in regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but half an hour later when he was safely ensconced in a farm house a mile off, and the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whiting and the flannel on the table but not a spoon was there.

'Whar's the spoons?' cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire, drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table, when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing had been disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stock was exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, searching and scolding. Robin, Nancy and the farm men were dispatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish.

Nobody had thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hay-field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he eschewed Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed Geordy knew that neither her temper nor liberality would be improve by that circumstance. Lost spoons they were, beyond doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea, that he vowed never to trust himself again in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss. It was regulary advertised at kirk gate and market place, and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggar's meal pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month went, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggar's, barns and magpies, to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and had left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had always borne an unblemished character, but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson determined to have them back in her stocking.

After sundry hints of increasing breath to Robin, who could not help thinking that his mother was losing her judgment, she one day made her charge, to the utter amazement and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor, and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist, (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates, were dreferred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented.

The minister had heard, as who in Bathgate had not, of Mrs. Simpsou's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange, but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girs in his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true, yet the peculiarities of the case needed some investigation.

With some difficulty, the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighborhood, would come over the following evening, and hear what would be said on both sides, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best much—that is to say, cap—prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most religious of her neighbors, to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the Summer sun was wearing low, and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean-scoured kitchen, the minister, elders and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and thd farm men sitting by, till their turns eame; when the door, which had been left half open, to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—wasquietly pushed aside and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments, of staff and wallet.

'There's nae room for you here, Geordy,' said the widow; 'we're on weighty business.'

'Well, mem,' said Geordy Wilson, turning to depart, 'it's of nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons.'

'Hae ye heard of them?' cried Mrs. Simpson, pouncing from her seat.

'I could na miss hearin,' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin,' and what's better, I saw them,' said Geordy.

'Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they? Here is a whole shillin' for ye;' and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

'Well,' said Geordy, 'I stepped in, one day, and seein' the silver unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and laid it by, I may say, among the leaves of that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read.'

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bidle; and interspersed between, lay the dozen of long sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity, while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The neighbors laughed outright, when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often, the spoons would be sure to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth, and many a luncheon of bread and cheese, on account of the transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb, even from scolding.

The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amend for her unjust imputations of Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law, within the same year; and it is said there was peace, ever after, in the farmhouse; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretence than performance, still refer to Widow Simpson's spoons.

Wellington's Strategy.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign in the Pyrenees, that "great Captain," being displeased with the dispositions Gen. Pictou had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who had menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner: Doffing his cocked hat, and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if to order a charge. Thereupon rose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps until it reverberated along the whole extent of Pictou's line.

As the roar died away Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skillful and cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him."

It turned out as anticipated. Soult naturally enough supposed those tremendous shouts to announce the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment, he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, conceived and executed in the same moment. The idea was born of the occasion, and carried out on the instant.

A pretty little scene, amusing to all but the actors in it, was enacted at a church at Hoylake, in England, the other day. One of the villagers recently decided to enter the bonds of matrimony; and the ceremony was duly performed in one of the churches. The friends of the bride and bridegroom had assembled in considerable numbers to witness the ceremony, and, the service having been satifactorily concluded, the couple proceeded down the aisle to leave the church. But their happiness was to be of very brief duration. Ere they had left a woman flung a baby into the hands of the bridegroom, saying that his wife would probably take care of his progeny for the future. The bridegroom stood aghast, and what the feelings of the bride were may be imagined.

Many farmers are exceedingly dissatisfied with their profession, and repine at their duties. On the other hand Socrates, the wisest of ancient philosophers, said of it: "Agriculture is an employment the most worthy of the application of man; the most ancient, and the most suitable to his nature. It is the common nurse of all persons in every age and condition of life; it is the source of health, strength, plenty, and riches, and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It it the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and, in short, of all virtues, civil and military.

A clergyman was preparing his discourse for Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he disapproved, when he was accosted by his little son, who numbered but five summers:

'Father, does God tell you what to preach?'

'Certainly, my child.'

'Then what makes you scratch it out?'

There is a curious plant in blossom at the botanical museum of Cornell University. The leaf rises from a large solid bulb to the height of five or six feet, and then spreads out like a large umbrella, having a circumference of fifteen feet or more. The flower is of a dark brown color, curiously mottled with green and purple, and is more than fifteen inches in circumference.

Mrs. Partington says that just before the late war circumstances were seen round the moon nightly, shooting stars perambulated the earth, the desk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, and comics swept the horizon with their operatic tales. Everybody said that it profligated war and sure enough war did come.

Our forefathers were contented to spread their frugal repast upon the bare bark that they stripped from the forest trees; but the aristocracy of today not only insist upon having a sixteen dollar extension-table, but stick up their noses if poverty compels them to use a sheet for a table-cloth. —*Fulton (N. Y.) Times.*

A bold, bad man from Burlington, Iowa, went up to Mediapolis the other day and put his head in at the door of the cheese factory. 'Has anything remarkable a curd here?' he asked.—And then the girls creamed and the men came out and drove him a whey. —*Hawkeye.*

It was Richard Grant White who casually remarked that 'he who can write what is worth reading may make his own grammar.' Whereupon the reliable mocker of the *Hawkeye* responds: 'Those is which we has always did, Mr. White.'

It is chalking the end of billiard cues that is sapping the energies of the young men of this generation.—*Newark Call.*

USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent meat from scorching in the oven during the roasting process, simply keep a basin or cup of water in the oven. The steam generated not only prevents scorching, but makes the meat cook nicer.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—Will you give some simple antidote for poison accidentally taken.—*J.*

Stir a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and mustard into a glass of water to be drank immediately, to cause vomiting. To be repeated if one dose is not sufficient. Then drink a cup of strong coffee.—*Western Rural.*

NON-POISONOUS FLY-PAPER.—Powdered black pepper is mixed with sirup to a thick paste, which is spread, by means of a brush, upon coarse blotting paper. Common brown sirup will answer, but sirup made from sugar is preferable, as it dries quicker. For use, a piece of this is laid upon a plate and dampened with water.

ASHES.—Do not allow ashes of any kind to be wasted. It will pay to haul leached ashes several miles, when one has his own team and a laborer at fair wages. Coal ashes, when spread around berry bushes of any sort, or around grape vines, will aid materially in producing large and fair fruit.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

Dr. Maurin recommends placing in the open window of invalids, canvas well wetted. As is known, water in passing from a liquid to a gaseous state, absorbs caloric. That chemical process will lower, in a few minutes, the temperature of a room by five or six degrees, and the humidity distributed in the air, makes the heat more supportable. By that system the patients find themselves, even in the height of summer, in an atmosphere refreshed analagous to that which prevails after a storm.

GINGER DROPS.—Half cup shortening, one cup sour milk, two teaspoons soda, one teacup brown sugar, half a cup molasses, two eggs, one teaspoon ginger. Grease a dripping-pan well. Make the batter so it will drop from the spoon in drops as large as an egg.

MEDICINAL.—A tea made of peach leaves is a sure cure for kidney difficulty.

A plaster made of fresh slaked lime and fresh tar is a sure cure for a cancer, which, with all its roots, will come out.

A tea made of chestnut leaves and drank in the place of water, will cure the most obstinate case of dropsy in a few days.—*Exchange.*

SPICED GOOSEBERRIES.—Eight pounds of gooseberries, four pounds of brown sugar, half pint of pure cider vinegar. Boil one hour and a half.—When done add cinnamon and cloves. They will keep without sealing, and are very nice.

TO PREVENT TIN FROM RUSTING.—Rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, and then put it in a hot oven and heat it thoroughly. Thus treated, any tinware may be used in water constantly, and remain free from rust indefinitely.

RHUBARB JELLY.—It is superior to apple jelly, and many people have more rhubarb than they can use. Prepare the rhubarb as for pies; put it in a tin dish with just enough water to cover it; boil gently until tender; strain but do not squeeze it. For a pint of this juice use a pint of sugar; bring to a boil, season with lemon, and if you wish, color it with currant or raspberry juice. Let it boil but a moment.

SHAMPOOING FOR LADIES.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of borax in a cup of hot water; apply the liquid to the scalp until a good lather is produced; then rinse well with warm water, until the hair feels soft and natural; if desired, a cold water rinse may be taken at the last; wipe the hair dry, and let it hang loosely about the shoulders, to get the air through.

CURING MAD-DOG BITE.—It is asserted that the bites of mad dogs have been rendered harmless by immediately cauterizing the wound with a saturated solution of carbolic acid, and keeping it constantly wet with a weaker solution of the same, at the same time giving the patient, according to age, from two to six drops of the spirits of ammonia in water, every two hours for twelve or fourteen hours. The wound is not allowed to dry for an instant for three or four days.

A correspondent, in the *Inter-Ocean*, says: 'I hope you will caution all of your readers never to use turpentine in washing fluids. It will extract the dirt, I know, but from experience of myself and many others I know it produces swelling and rheumatic affection of the wrists and ankle joints, and is highly injurious to the system generally. It will not evaporate from the clothing for a long time. I tried it more than thirty years ago.'

To keep hams through warm weather, I roll them in brown paper bags, and tie perfectly tight, and put into a barrel, and throw mosquito net over the barrel, which I set in a dry place. In this way I have kept meat perfectly free from mould or worms until cold weather.

A market gardener had a very fine cow that was milked week after week by two hired men. He observed that the amount of butter he carried to market weighed about a pound more on each alternate week. He watched the men and tried the cow after they had finished milking, but always found that there was no milk left in the teats. He finally asked the Scotch girl, who took care of the milk, if she could account for the difference.—'Why, yes,' she says, 'when Jim milks he says to the old cow, 'so, my pretty little muly, so,' but when Sam milks he hits her on the hip with the edge of the pail, and says, 'hist, you old brute.''—*Sacramento Record.*

The Norristown *Herald* knows of a girl who was kissed 980 times in one evening at a church festival, and each kiss brought her in 10 cents. None of us could afford to pay a girl $98 for kissing her all alone all the evening, and the ten-cent way gives all a chance.

Orphrus C. Kerr tells in the *Graphic* how purely legitimate business transactions are consummated: Arch Political Fiend to Sub-fiend: "You are a legislator. Will you vote for this bill? Let me see your jack-knife. I will give you $10,000 for that knife."

Joshua Sears, the richest man of Boston is in Yalie College, and when he graduates he intends to study law to learn to take care of his property. But if he only lived in this city, the lawyers would save him that trouble. —*Falls City Record.*

The Indian war in Oregon affords further proof of the wisdom of the democratic treatment of the army. The Indians are murdering the settlers by the score, and General Howard has no troops to handle them with. —*Cin. Times.*

The equality in point of numbers of the sexes is most nearly attained in France. For every 1,000 men there are 1,007 women. The other extreme is found in Paraguay, where there are 2,089 women for 1,000 men.

Any lady can press her old bonnet over into a new spring style, by placing it on a pavement and letting a loaded ice-wagon back over it lengthwise.

Children that are remarkable for what they know at five years old, are generally more remarkable at twenty-five for what they don't know.

Truth never need be in a hurry, but a lie must keep all the time on the jump; a lazy lie soon tires itself out and ends in confusion.

Admiral Petroleosneezitoff has successfully planted the imperial eagle upon the heights of Septennivenskyow.

Any man who can swap horses, or catch fish and not lie about it, is just about as pious as men ever get in this world.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen, fear lest, when he falls, no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.

It don't require much talent to write but to know just what to bublish requires the highest order of talent.

'Starvation literally stares the whole farming population in the face,' says a California letter.'

The man who can say all he has to say in a few words, is an ugly customer to handle.

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