

PALLAS-ATHENE.

Done Over for Fourth of July. (Written for This Paper.)



JOHN BULL long ago had a pain in his head, such a terrible pain that it sent him to bed.

As always, when doctors about very thick, The patient grew momentarily more and more sick.

When I 'm from a crack in his cranium's top Our Goddess of Liberty sprang with a pop, All clad in the garments of wisdom and might,

Poor Johnny fell over, as scared as a goose, Quacking something or other about the "cause."

Now when she does something remarkably she smiles in a way that is sweet and benign.

IN WINTRY WOODS.

A Romantic Tale of One Fourth of July. (Written for This Paper.)



YOU can't fool a kid, fellows, and they ain't no use o' talkin' 'bout it.

As I was sayin', when I see them two beeyootiful creachers a-walkin' 'side by side into the mission—

"It is true," I heered her a sayin', "it is true that I have known you for quite a while, Mr. Montessor, and that I have every reason to think you are an upright and honorable gentleman."

"I can't answer her, 'cause I didn't know nothin' 'bout it; but I watched the party eyes a meotin' his, and his eyes a turnin' away with a queerish look in 'em."

Oh, he wore a darsin'! And when I wore all well again and outen the hospital, I waster watch fur him on his own particular home-comin' street and make him let me give him a shine fur a present—and he'd smile and pat my red head and jest let me do whatever I wanted ter with his elegant boots.

Every Sunday at the Mission I see 'em, all through the cold spring and the late comin' summer—and the more I sees 'em the more I watches their goin's on; and I see she haint come to oven guess he loves her 'Ezra bless and is jest too innoocent

and back'ard to ap and tell her so; but, joominy, if the other feller haint got glitterin' brass on his cheeks! He jest shinnies 'round and in all grins and perlitte bows and makes a perferendace at teachin' us fellars at the Mission, and we kids know as much as he do and gives him sech points on religious questions as staggers the moko.

"Mister Gray," says I, whisperin', "you done me lots o' good turns, and if you'll jest follow my lead mebbe I kin do you a couple er so."

"All right, Jim," says he, laughin', "I never take a dare—what's to be done?"

"Oh, nothin' jest now. Only keep close ter Miss Wintry all day long fur low thin'g, save and 'ceptin' the times I need yer help. Promise me ye won't get riled at what I does, no matter how reckless it 'pears ter you."

"Pleasant conditions to begin with, Jim; it's a bargain—I promise. My boy, there's a fierce light in your blue eyes—what sort of storm does it betoken?"

"Like nuff 'er kin tell me when the thunder and lightning's over, sir?" And then I leaves him a-laughin', and proceeds—on the strict quiet, yer mind, fellows—to climb tall one near ter where the boys be beginnin' to spread out 'galorinous' lunch."

"You kin bet I wished I were," says I, a whisperin' and help me 'fore I peritike over a soft nap of it—a wrappin' their tails round limbs o' trees—I had ter use this, and I showed him the rope that kep' me from fallin'."

"By all that's marvelous—" "Don't ye get excited, sir; it's the jest trick—and you jest foller my lead all day and we'll come out ahead—that's all!"

"We slid down the big tree and was met by all the picnickers with cries of joy. I kep' my face straight, and when she kem up and clasped his hand I saw the blood go a flyin' in his honest face, and he turned away, shy and silent."

"It were a rip-sartin' good dinner, fellars, and no mistake. We, bein' the lions, eat the lion's share—jest ways I did. But I managed to get through it 'fore any o' the others. You kin bet I didn't slight nothin' from sandiches ter pie; but I got through fast, as I were a tellin' yer, and went sneakin' off towards where them two grays was a munchin' their noody oats. They was tied to a couple o' apples, and it weren't long 'fore I were on the back o' the friskiest looking one o' 'em, and a goin' it slambang through the w-c's. I had a good safe grip on the most rein, 'kin tell you, fellars, and I knowed as all on trim and trig, and nothin' less'n partin' with his own hide would a throwed me! I haint rid the trick mule at the circus, I haint, fur nothin'!"

"Yes! 'I imagine I must a looked pretty scarified as I kem a yelpin' past the picnic party at a fearful gallop—lookin' all the world like the wax Masepper I seen at that same mu-sum last summer—only I were 'live and kickin'! Kickin'! Well, I should remark—and a thrashin' out with my best leg like mad and help me 'fore I peritike over a soft nap of it—a wrappin' their tails round limbs o' trees—I had ter use this, and I showed him the rope that kep' me from fallin'."

tree and watched fur the rust a bit in the new skit. Drockly the fun begun—the fust catch on and sech a searier man ye never heern tell on! Give you my word he danced round like a feller in a bumble-bee's nest a yellin' fit ter kill! Hurt him! How could it! The crackers was all inside the tin box and though it did sound perty lively it couldn't hurt him. Well, he performed like a rooster with his head off a tryin' to get some one to help him and nobody a knowin' what on earth were the matter. Bimeby John Gray cotech on and marched up ter the screamin' Montessor and begun ter take his tony summer coat offen him, laughin' so hard that the tears went rollin' down his face. Miss Wintry, when she found there weren't no danger laughed, too—though she tried ter be perlitte and sympathizin'. But her laughin' were too much fur the curly swell, and he got so outrageously mad he dove into the heart o' the woods and cut across country to the nearest station and went home 'thout so much as by yer leave!

There were a little skiff on the brink called the "Undine," or some sech heathenish sort of a name, and I rowed myself out ter the stream. 'Twere 'most time ter be a-goin' home, fur the water was clean down behind some shoemack bushes on the top of the high hill near by, and the frogs and the katydids began to croak loud fur the night. There were only one thing more ter be done in the avengin' line, and I done it. I began ter rock the tiny little craft, as I stood up on the seat in the very middle of the boat, and when I got her into full swing, jest gave one unearthly cry and upset her before their eyes. Down I went like a regular shot and there I stayed till I knowed they must be gettin' clean crazy about me. I haint paddled 'round our docks at home fur nothin'—no more 'n I did the trick mule every chance I'd get, and I jest kep' under water till I couldn't stand it no longer, then bobbed up serenely kerslap agin John Gray's arm. I knowed he'd be there and I jest played faint and laid as limp and still as I could over his strong right arm.

"Are you crazy, boy—what have you done this for?" I heered close into my ear. "Fur effect," I whispered without openin' my mouth. "I kin swim like a whale, boss, but you jest hold out ter me 'fore I get ashore. When you git me that roll me fur more effect, and I'll come to."

"He were very obejant. And when I, slow and solemn-like, opened my eyes, there stood Miss Wintry a cryin' over us both. I see she cried most over John Gray, who never were in no danger, and took ter wringin' him out—now this drippin' sleeve, now that, and a declarin', between breaths, that he were the bravest man she ever saw!"

"Well, fellars, the other gentleman there hitched the hosses up in a hurry, bundled us wet folks into the stylish wackie, and he told John Gray to drive as fast as he could ter ole Job Wintry's and wait there fur her. My teacher were rigged up in a ole suit o' Job Wintry's and I were fixed up in togs jest like this very same harness, kids—braid down the pants, brass buttons and all."

"Then I heered how the 'busses kem and took the other kids home. The ole uncles sent his big keerridge over fur Miss Wintry and her aunt, his sister, and then we stayed all night—and there I'm stayin' yit. So's John Gray."

"Ye never see any thing worse so slick as them schemes o' mine! When Miss Wintry kem softly into the great hall where a fire had been made ter warm and dry us, she went straight over to where John Gray sat and stood before him. He jumps up when he sees her there, but she makes him jest sit right down again, and fetches a little stool from the corner herself and sits down 'most like it was at his feet."

"By you know," says she, in a tremblin' voice, "this little fairy—a trouble—came to me in the woods to-day! Ah, I thought not! And he told me so many things—told me of a great soul, so brave, and tender and true—yet so modest, withal, that he dared not give utterance to the one wish of his heart! Who loves a kindred being, the brownie said, as flowers love the dew; who is backward as a violet, and fur whom Miss Wintry is not half good enough—no, nor any other woman that lives!"

"That is what the brownie said, as I And when I called the man a coward ter his silence, this fairy rebuked me and said I should take it all back—as I do, John Gray, as I do now, with a thousand apologies for the wrong I have done you in my heart!"

"Hooray," I yells, "it's all comin' out jest like a dime novel—herowine and all! Haunt ye goin' ter answer her, Mister Gray?"

"With all my heart, Tim, when you have given me a chance. But—but—I fear I do not understand." "How hard you make it for me—John Gray!"

Some of the Things That Can Be Done in Sixty Seconds. "Well, well, don't fret: I'll be there in a minute."

But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you effect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you things that may happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion, a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick traveling you say?

Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which just now reflected from that mirror made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, over all the world, about eighty new-born infants have each raised a wall of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 900 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a Cleveland street car 32 rods; the fastest trotting horse, 147 9-13 rods, and an average pedestrian of the genus homo has got over 167 rods.

In each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year round, twenty-four barrels of beer have to go down 12,096 throats, and 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin.

If there were a box kept at the city hall in the city of Cleveland into which every minute a sum sufficient to pay the interest on the city debt had to be dropped, the sum so dropped each minute of the whole year would be eighty-seven cents.

How about the National finances? Well, sir, in the same way, each minute, night and day, by the official reports for the year 1886, the United States collected \$639 and spent \$461. \$178 more than necessary. The interest on the public debt was \$96 a minute, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time.

Now, in the residue of figures I give, you will remember that they represent so much for every minute in the year. All the preceding figures should be so considered. And remember, also, that we are all the time, hereafter, talking about facts connected with the whole United States.

FARM AND FIRESIDE. —If the boiled potatoes are done a little too soon lay a towel over the kettle or dish, but do not put a tight cover over them.

—When stung by a bee or a wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

—Hayseed swept from the barn floor is a good thing to throw into chicken yards. The birds scratch it in, and when it grows up it is good for the stock.

—To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessert-spoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

—The best method of destroying moss on lawns is an occasional dressing of freshly slaked lime, which may be mixed with a small quantity of soot to make its whiteness less conspicuous. Both should be sifted through a fine sieve.

—Tomatoes trained to stakes give the sweetest fruit and remain in bearing longest, though many cultivators who grow for size and quantity only believe they have the best results when growing them on the level ground.

—A new recipe for sandwiches: Spread rye bread with butter and put a good layer between the slices of raw beef chopped very fine, a slice or two of chopped raw onions and green peas. This sandwich will make the dullest picnic an appetizing occasion.

—Lime may be made from shells, and such lime is the purest kind. The shells may be put up in round heaps upon a quantity of fine wood, which may also be mixed in layers through the heap. No covering is needed except some earth around the sides to moderate and lengthen out the heat, which should be kept up for three days.

—A poultryman advises that eggs should never be placed near land, fruit, cheese, fish or other articles from which any odor arises. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing power, and in a very short time they are contaminated by the particles of objects in their neighborhoods, by which the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new-laid egg is destroyed.

—The general belief is to the effect that hard woods should be cut in June, July or August and left untrimmed until the leaves have drawn the sap from the trees. If cut in June, the newly-formed wood is arrested in its growth and the bark becomes separated from the solid timber and loosened so that it is easily removed. The wood hardens and dries so that the wood-eating beetles will not attack it and the timber is thus freed from this injury, which is known as "powder pest." Timber thus treated seasons with great rapidity and is most durable.

—Rice Cream: Boil two ounces of fine rice in water for five minutes, strain it in a quart of new milk and boil until tender. Rub the rice through a sieve to a pulp, and add to it any milk not absorbed in the boiling. Add one-half ounce of gelatine soaked in milk or water, to a pint of the rice and milk. Stir over a fire until mixed. Sweeten and flavor to taste. Stir the cream occasionally until cold, then lightly mix in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. When on the point of setting put it into a mold.

MAKING RAIL FENCES. Some of the Woods Which Have Good Lumber Qualities. To make a good fence, good materials and good workmanship are required. This is well illustrated in the making of Virginia rail fence, which I believe is the most extravagant fence ever made, and yet there is now, and is likely to be for some time, as much of this as of any other kind of fence. It is a pity that the man who discovered (not invented) Virginia rail fence and bars, did not die when he was an infant.

Some woods last better on or in the ground than others, and in building rail fence this should be kept in mind. Thus, the hickory, cut when the bark peels off, makes a very durable rail of the ground, while it soon rots on the ground. For the ground rails, we in this locality find nothing so good as the white oak. Red, or "slippery elm," is like hickory. A fence, the ground rails of white oak, the rest of hickory and red elm, all cut when the bark will peel off and the rails set up to season, will, when well built, require scarcely any repair for fifteen years.

White elm, wild cherry and dead pin-oak, make such poor rails that it does not pay to cut them for this purpose. But if pin-oak is cut while yet alive and while the bark will peel off, it makes a very durable rail if kept off the ground.

A good rail fence can not be built unless the rails are laid directly over each other, making upright corners. Split rails should be laid, as much as possible, with the heart wood up. A rail so laid will last almost twice as long as when laid with the sap wood up. The weakest rails, or those likely to rot soonest, should be reserved for the upper courses, as in those courses a broken rail can be replaced more easily than in the lower part of the fence. It pays to put down good, durable ground-chunks; and a man careless about setting the stakes will not make a good fence. The stakes should be set deep (a maddock is much better than a spade for digging the holes), and at such an angle with the fence that the rider will lock them down on the rail beneath them.—John M. Stahl, an Country Gentleman.

Hearts That Are Always Young. A pleasant, cheerful, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passion, and feelings of an unsocial and ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits and withered their souls. They are heartless, dull, cold, indifferent; they want the well-spring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labor of love that is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is any thing old about them, and there is a youth which never grows old, a lover who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.—N. Y. Ledger.

An Atrocious Memory. The conversation had turned on the husband's shortcomings. "You have a bad memory. Maria—an atrocious memory," said the husband, wrathfully.

"A bad memory, John?" replied the wife. "how can you say so? You know I never forget any thing, and you know every word I have said of you is true. There isn't a woman alive with a more accurate memory than mine."

"That's the trouble with it, Maria," replied John, as he jammed his hat down over his eyes and started down town through the pelting rain, "you remember millions and millions of things you ought to forget. Darn such a memory!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Are there too many doctors?" asks an exchange. No, there are not half enough, but there are too many men pretending to be doctors who are not.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Stay in the Sun-Light. Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that the poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the sun and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. It is not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their thin limbs, and courage in their timid souls! The women of America are pale and delicate, they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influence in this transformation.—Family Visitor.



LIKE A FELLOW IN A BUMBLE-BEE'S NEST. of the little spit-fires into a tin can that I see my way clear ter make a pin. It fills a sardine box nearly full of fire-crackers, pressed down the bent lid and slips it slyly inter the gaping pocket of the curly Montessor, who sits close by Miss Wintry a holdin' her bambered over her head and a hangin' over every syllabus she says, waitin' his chances, like snuff, ter go over the same paraverin' 'n tipped in the green, green and yellow in the day. It were the best bet, kids, yer ever even, and thanks ter that same paraverin' he were holdin', he never see me gettin' in me work 'I skinned up a convenient