

What "A Little Darling" Thought.

"Come hither, you madcap darling!"  
I said to my four-year-old.  
"I say, what shall be done to the bad, bad girl!"  
Who will not do as she's told?  
Too well you have your own way may,  
While little you love to mind;  
But mamma knows what is good for you;  
And isn't she always kind?"

So I told her of Casabianca  
And the fearful burning ship;  
"Do you think," said I, "such a child as that  
His mother would have to whip?"  
"I fink," she said, "he was drefful good,  
Of this boy, so noble and brave,  
Who would dare not to disobey,  
Even his life to save."

Then her eyes grew bright as the morning  
And they seemed to look me through;  
Ah, ah, thought I, you understand  
The lesson I have in view!  
"Now what do you think of this lad, my love  
Tell me all that is in your heart."  
"I fink," she said, "he was drefful good,  
But he wasn't the least bit smart."

A Fauntle.

A young knight made his battle cry,  
"I'll fight the evil till I die!"  
And forth he rushed with heedless might,  
To do his battle for the right.  
And recklessly he laid about,  
And ruthlessly, and felt no doubt,  
But blindly struck whate'er he saw  
That seemed to him to have a flaw.  
At length a doubt came to his mind;  
He paused, and turned, and looked behind.  
Alas! too late he understood  
How deftly mingles ill with good.  
With swimming eye, with reeling brain,  
He saw the good he had slain.  
Himself seemed evil to him now,  
And then he thought upon his vow.  
And lo, the warrior lay at rest,  
With his own dagger in his breast!

Hunting a Catamount.

BY M. F. HART.

Marcus Watson had suffered all his life from the fear of wild beasts. It seems a rather absurd fear to indulge in, these days, when a grey squirrel is a novelty, and a rabbit such a strange sight that most of the present generation are in doubt as to whether it is a bird or a beast.

But, notwithstanding, Mr. Watson suffered continually from this fear. He had an impression that he should be devoured by a wild beast. The picture of a lion in the spelling book would make him faint, and it was reported that once he kept his bed a week, after the visit of a black bear in a cage, to the neighboring town of Westbrook. But this may have been a mistake. His mother, before him, was a timid woman, and no doubt something of his squeamishness was hereditary.

He lived near a large village, on a small farm. He ruined the looks of the place the first year of his occupancy, by cutting down as fine a grove of maples as you ever saw, for fear that wild beasts would breed in them. And from the same fear, he would not plant an orchard, but bought his fruit in the market.

His unfortunate wife led a life of it. It took her half her time to soothe and pacify her husband. She grew to have a sort of scared look herself, as if she might see something sometime. Her nights were worse than her days, for Mr. Watson was continually dreaming of beasts, and it was no unusual circumstance for his wife to be aroused from sleep by being kicked out of bed by her husband, under the impression that she was a tiger or a catamount. She bore her affliction meekly—hoping, no doubt as most of us do in our hour of trial, that there were better days coming.

Mr. Watson never went out after dark, unless he was strongly guarded, and then he trod on tip-toe, and looked over his shoulder in a way that was perfectly agonizing.

On one occasion, as he and his wife and their two hired men were returning from a husking at a neighbor's a black and white cat jumped from the fence into the road before them, and made her presence more manifest by the utterance of the war cry peculiar to felines of the masculine gender, and anybody will admit that the sound is sufficiently horrible to set the strongest nerves on edge.

Mr. Watson was almost dead with fright and terror. He gave voice to a shriek that would have wakened the Seven Sleepers—all of them—and struck into a dead run. Over fences and ditches he went, and it is possible he might have been running to this day, if he had not come suddenly upon the Gothic cottage of Miss Pickering. The windows of this edifice reached to the ground, and Mr. Watson dashed right through one of them, and fell, more dead than alive, full into the lap of the little old maid, who was indulging herself in a quiet evening nap. She started up, half awake, and thinking she

was attacked by a burglar, she hastened to defend her rights, and nearly broke poor Watson's back belaboring him with the mop-handle, before she found out that he was her neighbor.

Of course, Miss Pickering apologized, and the broken window was offset against the drubbing, and the next week the old lady had a little tea-party, and everything was satisfactorily adjusted. It is wonderful how far a tea-drinking will go towards reconciling difficulties.

One dark night, shortly afterwards, there was a suspicious noise in Mr. Watson's back-yard. Mr. Watson crept tremblingly to the window, and looked out, and almost instantly sank to the floor in terror.

"Oh, Martha, Martha!" cried he, "there's a catamount in the back-yard! I see him as plain as I see your nose! Black and white, with eyes like live coals!"

"My dear Mark," said Mrs. Watson, "perhaps it was only your imagination." "My imagination never had such blazing eyes as that, Martha. I tell you it's a catamount! I see in the paper, the other day, that there had been one killed in Canada, and this is his mate. And they can break through glass windows just as easy as you can say seat. He will devour the whole of us before morning!"

"I pity his digestive organs, if he does!" remarked Ben White, one of the hired men, looking around upon the five little Watsons, and the four remaining members of the family.

"Oh, there's no end to them critter's stomachs!" said Mr. Watson, with a shudder. "I ain't a going to risk to stay above stairs. I'm going down cellar into the potato bin, and the rest of ye can do as you like."

So Mr. Watson disappeared down the cellar-way and insisted on remaining in the bin all night, while poor Mrs. Watson stood over him and rubbed him with camphor.

And early in the morning, when White went out, he found that Mr. Watson's catamount was the red and white heifer, Gyp, that had got entangled in the clothes-line, and had been obliged to remain in her uncomfortable position all night.

Mr. Watson had an exceedingly fine growth of watermelons that year. He had taken great pains with them. But suddenly they began to disappear. The largest and ripest went first, giving evidence that the thief had a correct taste.

One morning, as Mr. Watson was inspecting the garden, he found a track. Instantly every vestige of color fled from his face. He screamed for his wife, who hurried to the spot in some alarm.

"'Tis a catamount!" cried he. "I've tracked him? I thought so all along! There, Martha, look there!" and he pointed at an indentation in the soil, that looked surprisingly as if it had been made by a heel and five toes.

"Why, Marcus, that is the track of a bare human foot, certainly," said Mrs. Watson.

Her husband repudiated the suggestion with scorn.

"That is all a woman knows! Lordy! we shall all be eat up by that animal, yet! You needn't laugh at me, Ben White. If you felt as I do, you'd laugh out of the other side. If you only felt as I do?"

"Which heaven forbid!" ejaculated Ben.

Jim Green, the other hired man, was naturally of a very daring disposition, and he proposed that on the ensuing night, he and Ben and Mr. Watson and Jake Begus, a neighbor should sit up with loaded guns, and watch for a catamount.

Mr. Watson tremblingly agreed, and the four men well armed, took up their station in the scullery, which commanded a good view of the melon garden. They waited with tolerable patience until near midnight for the appearance of the "varmint," and then they began to get dry.

They went down cellar and brought up a mug of cider. And after that they kept on doing so. And by and by, they all fell asleep. Some slight noise out-of-doors aroused them just after daybreak.

Green staggered to the window, and saw some dark object moving away from the melon yard. In an instant the alarm was given, and Green, White and Begus all rushed out, closely followed by Mr. Watson, who was afraid to remain alone.

Just at the extremity of the garden, Mr. Watson stumbled over something, and to his horror, he saw a pair of men's boots and a brace of stockings.

"Oh, Ben! Ben!" he cried in horror, "he's eat a man! here's the boots and stockings! All that's left of him! Bless my soul and body! Oh, merciful heavens! eat up alive! calf skin with red tops! eat up alive! and grey stockings, scared!"

from the shadow of the fence, and came towards them. "He's after me! Oh, gracious!" and Mr. Watson, climbed a cherry tree, and hung suspended by both hands.

"Humph!" said Ben, "call that critter a catamount, do ye? Why that's Tim Burns' dog! Bose where's your master?" Bose wagged his tail knowingly, and jumped the fence. Ben, Jim and Jake followed him, and there, on the other side of the hedge, squatted under the brakes with a watermelon under each arm, was Tom Burns.

The catamount hunters began to smell a very large rat.

Mr. Watson ventured to come down from the cherry tree.

"Tim," said he, cautiously looking round him, "is them your boots with the red tops?"

"I rather guess they be, neighbor." "But what made you take them off?" pursued Mr. Watson.

"Took 'em off so's my track wouldn't let me out. It's mighty easy in case of a fuss, to set a boot into a track to see if it'll fit, but in order to fit a bare foot to the track it makes, you've got to ketch the foot first. Don't you see it? A good many folks has got a foot with five toes to it, but it haint everybody that wears a No. 13 boot, by cracky!"

Mr. Watson acknowledged himself sold and let Tim off with his watermelons.

He has seen no catamounts since, though he still lives in terror, and Mrs. Watson is yet a martyr to his singular monomania.

A Self-Acting Steam Engine.

On a recent visit to Massachusetts State Prison, at Charlestown, I had the pleasure of examining and testing one of the most interesting, useful and valuable specimens of mechanical ingenuity and practical utility that has ever been brought to public notice. The inventor is a young man by the name of John E. Foster, very poor, without friends or money to aid him in developing into practical use the valuable mechanical appliances to which his inventive genius has given birth. The inventor calls it a Self-Acting Steam Engine—its special and novel features being that it has no eccentrics, balance wheel, steam chest, governor or dead centre; it is capable of being instantly reversed, even while at a high rate of speed; can do any kind of work, and adaptable to locomotive, electric or marine purposes—can be run at the highest possible speed without belting down, has a stationary cylinder, self-acting valve, without rod—and has a backward and forward motion. The small working model worked without the slightest friction and with the utmost precision and safety, a tangible guarantee that any engine accurately erected upon that model could not possibly be defective or deficient in action.

The same young inventor has adopted the novel principle on which this self-acting steam engine is constructed to a steam fire engine, which possesses all the above-named features; and in addition, has double action and double outthrow, and has no balance wheels, shafts or cranks, is one of the highest speed, and is divested of all friction.—Cape Ann Advertiser.

How the Norwegian Fleet Grows.

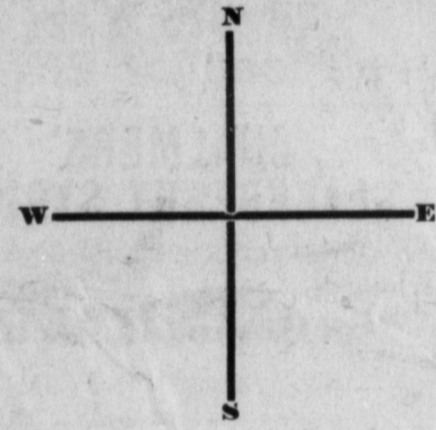
A gentleman who has long been connected with the shipping trade says that in very many of the Norwegian vessels the crew own small shares, and this is why they are so anxious to keep down expenses by helping to load and unload the vessel, and to live on fish with a smell of salt horse on Sundays and holidays. The sailors seldom spend more than a dollar ashore and in fact keep to their ship most of the time. By living so quietly they are enabled to save money. When the mate of a ship hears of some condemned English vessel he forms a syndicate of sailors to buy her, and they sail in company with the mate as captain and regular promotion all around. If Plimsoll had gone a little farther in his famous bill and compelled the owners of a condemned vessel to burn her or break her up, the trade would to-day have been in British hands. The British shipowners, by selling their condemned vessels to foreigners have been cutting their own throats, and now they find that with new vessels and crews well fed and well paid they cannot compete with foreigners whose vessels were bought for a song and whose crews are satisfied with small pay, hard work and poor food. They may be some exaggeration in what this gentleman says regarding the food served out on Norwegian vessels, but it corroborates a statement made by Mr. McLaughlin, an officer of the Ship Laborers' society, at the shipping investigation held here some months ago. He said he had frequently been on Norwegian ships while dinner was being prepared, and it invariably consisted of salt fish so hard that it had to be beaten with a stick before it could be cooked.—Quebec despatch to Montreal Gazette.

A Lost River.

According to the Los Angeles Herald, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has lost a river, and in consequence has a bridge whose occupation is gone. The Whitewater river has flowed from the Sierra Madre mountains across the sands of the region just this side of Seven Palms as long as any one can remember. The station of Whitewater was located where the river crosses the railway and was supplied with water from its current. During the last heavy rains the Whitewater rose in it might, devastating the whole country round about, washing out the bridge and the roadbed and playing the mischief generally. Soon the rains and the river stopped simultaneously, and the river has not been found since. It appeared to become ashamed of itself for doing so much harm, and has apparently slunk away in disgust and sorrow. It is entirely gone. At no point does it cross the railroad, as it would have to do were it still in existence in some new course. The railroad company, in order to secure water for its station at Whitewater, has been obliged to build a pipe line away up to the mountains at considerable expense. All last summer, during the hottest, driest weather, the river ran placidly along—in fact, it has never failed until after its "jag" of this winter. Now it forms one of the mysteries of that mysterious region, the Colorado river desert, and perhaps is flowing by the Pegleg mine, and possibly rippling beside the treasure-laden Spanish galleon that lies somewhere in that region buried in sand.

"News."

The word "news" was not, as many suppose, derived from the adjective new, but from the fact that many years ago it was customary to put at the head of the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass, thus:



Signifying that the matter contained therein was from the four quarters of the globe. From those letters came the word "News."

This is so neat that it is a pity it is wholly imaginary. The prosaic truth is that "news" is a substantive formed of the adjective "new," which is literally now. News was spelled originally "newes," which quite disposes of its adaptation to the four points of the compass. In middle English, it was also pronounced in two syllables. It is the French nouvelles, the Latin novus, the sound of the v being that of our w. It has closely related kin in all modern languages, running back to the Greek and Sanskrit, which is nu, our English now. "News" and "novels" were at one time the same thing. In the seventeenth century Adams, author of the "Devil's Banquet," says: "Every novelist with a whirligig in his brain must broach new opinions." The identity of new and now is a remarkable illustration of the uninterrupted orthoepic and orthographic chain discernible in language. Now used to be spelled "nou," and was pronounced exactly like the Sanskrit nu, which it in fact is. Journalism, therefore, is the historical science of Now as distinguished from the historical science of Then.

At least that is what it ought to be and what it is in a well conducted newspaper.—St. Paul Paper.

Children Killed by Whisky.

BUTTE, Mont., Aug. 6.—At Walkerville, Thursday night, two children, Michael J. and Mary Ellen Downey, aged 4 and 3 years respectively, died from the effects of drinking whisky. Thursday morning Mrs. Downey stepped out to a neighbor's house and was gone about twenty minutes. A neighbor called at her house during her absence and saw on the kitchen floor a demijohn of whisky. The boy and girl had been filling up on the liquor. The woman hurried to notify the mother. When she returned the boy was quite intoxicated and soon fell limp to the floor. The lad said he had been drinking the whisky and had induced his sister to drink some some too, but, as considerable was spilled on the floor, it could not be ascertained how much of the liquor they had taken. Emetics were promptly administered and physicians applied restoratives to keep their hearts beating. The girl died at 11.30 at night, and the boy breathed his last about an hour later.

Very stale bread: The crust of the earth.

Receipts.

LOAF CORN-BREAD.—Two heaping cups flour, three eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately—two and a half cups of milk, one large tablespoonful butter, melted but not hot, one large tablespoonful of white sugar, one teaspoon soda (carbonate of), dissolved in hot water, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, sifted with flour and added the last thing, one tablespoonful of salt. Bake steadily, but not too fast, in a well-greased mould; turn out when done upon a plate and eat at once, cutting it into slices as you would cake. In cutting corn-bread do not forget to hold the knife perpendicularly, that the spongy interior may not be crushed into heaviness.

FISH-DISHES.—The secret of good fish-dishes lies in the sauce. You can use jellied-soup stock; but that made from fish itself is best. For this reason never put in much salt when you cook a fish. Never throw away the water in which it is boiled, but add the fins, tail, and backbone, and boil all down to a jelly. It will keep in a cold place. Melt a cupful of it adding a tiny slice of onion. Boil a half a pint of milk with some bits of bay-leaf and one grate of nutmeg. Add the boiling milk to the stock and thicken with a little flour; a few drops of lemon at the last minute and your sauce is ready to serve. If you prefer almond-flavor to nutmeg, one drop of it is sufficient. Of the other ingredients, a larger quantity for a larger dish; and this sauce serves for either fresh or salt fish.

FRICASSED RABBIT.—Clean two young rabbits, cut into joints, and soak in salt-and-water for an hour; put into a saucepan with a pint of cold water, a bunch of sweet herbs, an onion finely minced, a pinch of mace, one of nutmeg, pepper, and half a pound of fat salt-pork cut into slips; cover and stew until tender. Take out the rabbits and set them in a dish where they will keep warm. Add to the gravy a cup of milk, two well-beaten eggs stirred in a little at a time, and a teaspoonful of butter; boil up at once—when you have thickened with flour wet in cold milk—and take the saucepan from the fire. Squeeze in the juice of a lemon, stirring all the while, and pour over the rabbits. Do not cook the head or neck.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures ly what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

German Papers on the Chicago World's Fair.

BERLIN, Aug. 6.—A local paper says:—"The idea of holding a world's fair in a country bound by McKinleyism is grotesque. German manufactures cannot hope to obtain a market there. Only Americans will profit by the experience gained in inspecting the exhibits and they will probably then increase their duties."

Tagblatt expressed similar views, but in a milder tone.

How Many People.

Suffer miserably after eating, from sour stomach, which causes either pain and sickness, or disagreeable scalding in the throat and raising of food. A dose of "Dyspepticure," taken after meals, will prevent this suffering; when taken at bedtime for a week or two "Dyspepticure" will remove the cause of the trouble. \*

The development of the coal oil industry of the United States has been marvelous. In 1859 the product was about 2,000 barrels of 42 gallons each. A census report shows that in 1889, or thirty-three years later, the product of the United States reached 34,820,306, and of this amount two-thirds came from the oil fields of Pennsylvania and New York. The value of the 1889 product was \$26,554,052. But the exports of refined petroleum and similar products reach a value of over \$50,000,000 a year. Many of the original oil fields have given out, but others have been discovered, and there is no sign of diminution in the general supply, the Ohio fields having increased their output more than twenty-fold in the last five years.

ALL SORTS.

The best thing out: A big fire. Domestic Pursuit: Chasing the gude-man with a broomstick.

Edison is of opinion that ultimately the house will be both lighted and heated for 80 cents a year.

It is said that a sermon is always short to a woman who wears a new bonnet to church for the first time.

Many a man who thinks he is going to set the world afire, finds, to his sorrow, that somebody has turned the hose on him.

Eor stings or bites from any kind of insect apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure very quickly.

"There are good and bad points about this coffee," said the boarder in a judicial tone. "The good point is that there is no chicory in it; the bad that there is no coffee in it."

Things one would rather have left unsaid: "Well, if you can't bear her, what made you propose?" "Well, we had danced three dances, and I couldn't think of anything else to say."

Queen Victoria now rules a population of 367,000,000—a greater number of people than ever acknowledged the sovereignty of any other one person in either ancient or modern times.

The education of Russian children is said to be conducted in four languages—the native, German, English and French—which they learn to speak fluently. The Czar speaks English remarkably well.

Wife: "I don't see how you can say that Mr. Whitechoker has an effeminate way of talking. He has a very loud voice." Husband: "I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear, that he talks all the time."

Mrs. Oldboy: "Oh, you needn't talk, John. You were bound to have me. You can't say that I ever ran after you." Oldboy: "Very true, Maria, and the trap never runs after the mouse, but it gathers him in all the same."

Teacher: "Johnny, where is the North Pole?" Johnny: "I don't know." Teacher: "Don't know where the North Pole is?" Johnny: "When Dr. Kane and Franklin and Parry hunted for it and couldn't find it, how am I to know where it is?"

Husband—I won enough money last night at poker to get you a new dress.

Wife (sobbing)—I think you might stop playing those horrid cards, John. You know what it may lead to in the end, and to think that I should ever be the wife of a gambler. That is t-t-too much. What kind of a dress shall I get?

A man who had bought a loaf of bread of a Lewiston baker Saturday night returned to the bakery Monday with the part which he had not eaten and wanted to exchange it for hot biscuits. The baker was the maddest man in Androscoggin county, especially so when knowing that his customer was a man in good circumstances.

Charles Wall, of Wyoming county, Pa., says that he is not going to make any defence to the charge of having murdered his wife, but will ask the judge to have him "knocked on the head with the same weapon." Mr. Wall should have got some body to do this for him before he achieved the notoriety which now surrounds him.

A former minister of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, used to preach the same sermon (on "The Ten Virgins") year after year in a neighboring parish on the Monday after the communion. At length an old clerical friend gave him a pretty strong hint to choose a fresh subject by expressing his belief that "his ten virgins must be pretty auld maids!" The sermon in question was never again repeated.

Customer (in restaurant): "Waiter, bring me beef and beans on separate plates. Have the beef cut thin and with the grain, with an edging of fat; the beans brown on one side, and not too hot; and a cup of coffee, and don't let the coffee spill into the saucer." Waiter: "All right, sorr. Anything else?" Customer: "A glass of water." Waiter: "Yes, sorr; and do yez want the water washed, sorr?"

"There is no use talking, I'm going to get married," said a bachelor acquaintance the other day, while busily engaged in sewing. "Here I have worked just twenty minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then, just as I succeeded, I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded, and now, having sewed on this button good and strong, I find I have got it on the wrong side, and I have all my work to do over again."