

## The Waltz of the Black Domino.

Sweltheth the glad, gay music—hark, what a burst of sound  
Sweepeth wild through the ball-room. The Earl gazeth  
eagerly around  
Where float the bright forms of the dancers—youth  
and beauty are there;  
Some have rank, some fame and some fortune; one  
like a jewel rare  
Shines in her golden setting of beauties that are less  
fair.  
'Tis his bride, and clasping her closely is a masker as  
black as night—  
Black as the angels of Satan, but she is robed all in  
white,  
In and out through the waltz now so dreamily sweet  
they go—  
Why doth she seem to falter? Groweth her footstep  
slow?  
Who is her dark companion, the gloomy Black Domino?  
Gayer yet the mad music—hark, is it not a moan  
Heard 'midst the orchestra's clamour, or is it some  
instrument grown  
Full—heart-full—of its sweetness, and yet is unsatisfac-  
ed?  
Easing its soul in complaining in the maddening,  
sweet sound-tide?  
Or cometh the moan from the lips of Alice, his sweet  
young bride?  
Suddenly ceaseth the music, stilled by a terrible  
scream—  
Was it the voice of his bride, or is it all a horrible  
dream?  
No; see the maskers are thronging to where, on the  
oaken floor,  
Dieth the Lady Alice—never will she speak more:  
The Black Domino, her companion, flies to the open  
door.  
Standeth he still in the portal, with agony, fear and  
hate,  
All his features convulsing—stands as a terrible  
Fate.  
"Alice the false!" he mutters, and, as if in sudden  
afright,  
Shrieketh and springs from the porch, to plunge in  
the shadowy night  
With the image of murdered Alice ever before his  
sight.  
Vanished from earth are the maskers, and on the  
proud Earl's fair lands,  
Wrapped in its gloomy grandeur, in ruins the castle  
stands.  
But one night in each year all in splendor (for so do  
the villagers say)  
The halls blaze again with light, and all in their bright  
array,  
The host of fantastic figures merrily holdeth its  
sway.  
Then is heard the wild shriek of fair Alice; the Domino  
flies to the door;  
One moment he stands on the threshold, then his  
mantle drops down to the floor,  
And all in an instant have faded the lights and the  
maskers away.  
Shuddering the peasant who hath witnessed the  
scenes doth pray.  
And the wild night wind through the tree-tops wall-  
eth till break of day.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### COOKING RECIPES.

**ONION POMADE.**—Cut one onion into thin  
slices and stew them in butter, add a pinch  
of flour with broth or water, season and  
stew them again, thicken with the yolks of  
eggs so as to make a thin sauce.

**CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.**—One pint of sugar  
dissolved in a wineglass of vinegar, half a  
cup of butter, one cupful of grated chocolate  
oil until quite thick, put in buttered tins,  
and cut in squares when partly cooled.  
Instead of vinegar you can use water flav-  
ored with essence of vanilla, and they will be  
finer, but a little vinegar keeps them from  
sugaring.

**POTATO FRITTERS.**—Boil and peel six  
large potatoes or a dozen smaller ones;  
mash them well and add four well-beaten  
eggs, a little cream or milk, chopped parsley  
chives salt and pepper, and mix the whole  
together. Raise on the end of a knife  
about a teaspoonful of this paste and drop  
it into a pan of boiling lard or butter, when  
the paste will swell and form a light, round  
fritter.

**BREAST OF LAMB A LA PERIGORD.**—Trim  
a breast of lamb, then fry for a few minutes  
in a little oil, chopped parsley, chives and  
mushrooms, salt and pepper; then put it  
with thin slices of veal; cover the meat with  
thin slices of bacon and half a lemon, sliced;  
pour over it some broth and let it stew very  
gently. When done, skim the sauce, strain  
it, put the lamb into a dish, pour the sauce  
over it and serve.

**EGG BREAD.**—Beat four eggs very light  
and stir into a pint of sweet milk or sour  
milk, with a little soda in it; mix in a large  
spoonful of butter. Over a quart of sifted  
meal pour enough boiling water to scald it,  
stirring it to a stiff, smooth mass. Mix this  
into the milk, beat it well and bake it in a  
pan or muffin ring. You can drop it in  
large spoonfuls on a baking tin. It is better  
made with sweet milk than with sour milk.  
If the meal is good the best kind of egg  
bread is made by this recipe. More eggs  
can be added.

**EGG SNOW.**—Put into a saucepan a pint  
of milk, two dessert spoonfuls of orange-  
flower water and two ounces of sugar and  
let it boil. Take six eggs, separate the  
yolks from the whites, beat the latter to a  
froth or snow (hence the name) and put it  
into the boiling milk by spoonfuls stir the  
whole about with a skimmer. When done  
take the eggs out and dress them on the  
dish for serving. Thicken the milk over  
the fire with the beaten yolks, pour this  
over the frothed eggs; let the whole cool  
and serve.

**ALMOND SPONGE CAKE.**—Twelve eggs,  
leave out the whites of eight, three-quarters  
of a pound of sugar, powdered white sugar,  
two ounces of bitter almonds, half a pound  
of sifted flour; blanch the almonds and roll  
like a paste; while rolling the almonds wet  
them with rose water; blanch them by put-  
ting them in hot water, which will take the  
skin off; break the eggs into a bowl, beat  
them until light; add the sugar and beat;  
then beat the almonds in; add the flour,  
stir in lightly; bake in a square pan; after  
it is done, ice on the bottom and cross the  
icing in squares.

**MARBURG LOAF CAKE.**—Take two pounds  
of flour, half a pound of butter rubbed in  
the flour, half a pound of moist sugar, a few  
caraway seeds, three or four tablespoonfuls  
of yeast and of pint of milk made a little  
warm. Mix all well together and let it  
stand an hour or two at the fire to rise;  
then beat it up with three eggs and a half  
pound of clean, dry currants. Put it in a  
tin and bake two hours in a moderate oven.  
The above is one of the many German loaf  
cakes, some of them only slightly sweetened  
light bread, with a scarce sprinkling of sug-  
ar, cinnamon or raisins on the top. Yeast  
is a component part of these cakes. They  
are much known in Saxony.

"My dear children," said Deacon Bucrag,  
addressing the scholars, "can you tell why  
you come to Sunday school?" "Cause our pas  
would wollop us if we didn't," promptly  
responded a small scholar.

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

All husbands find fault with their meals.  
I know this to be true, because Mr. Bowser  
says so. I think it nothing strange when  
Mr. Bowser sits down to his dinner and  
begins:

"Humph! Same old corned beef!"  
"Yes, my dear; it's the same corned  
beef you ordered as you went down this  
morning."

"Oh, it is! I didn't know but it was  
some I ordered a year ago! What do you  
call these things?"  
"Potatoes, of course."

"Potatoes, eh?" I'll try and remember  
that name. And what's this?"  
"Cabbage, my love."

"Oh! I didn't know but what it was a  
wood-pulp, my love! Was this bread made  
since the war?"

"Certainly. It is only two days old."  
"Humph! Buying some poor coffee  
again, I see! Look at that! That stuff  
looks as if it was dipped out of a mud-  
hole!"

"But you ordered this very coffee your-  
self only night before last."  
He growls and eats, and eats and growls,  
and I've got used to it. It is only now and  
then that he proceeds to violence. The  
other day he expressed his fondness for  
pumpkin pie, and I ordered the cook to  
have two or three. We had one brought on  
at supper, and as soon as Mr. Bowser saw it  
he sternly inquired:

"What do you call that performance  
there? When was it born, and where is it  
going to?"

"Mr. Bowser, you said you wanted some  
pumpkin pie."  
"Yes."

"Well, here it is, and as good a one as  
you ever ate; I made it myself, after  
mother's favorite recipe."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you call that a pump-  
kin pie?"  
"I do, sir."

"Then I want to be branded a fool!  
What do you take me for, anyway? Don't  
you suppose I was eating pumpkin pies be-  
fore you were born?"

"Why isn't it a pumpkin pie?"  
"Why isn't it a boot-leg a boot? Where is  
your other crust?"

"But pumpkin pies never have an upper-  
crust."  
"Don't they? Mrs. Bowser, you can de-  
ceive the cook, for she is a confiding foreign-  
er, and you can stuff most any yarn down  
our poor little baby, but don't try to bam-  
boozle me. It won't work. I'm glad for  
your sake that my mother isn't here to  
laugh at you."

In two days I had a letter from his  
mother, affirming that there was no upper-  
crust to a pumpkin pie, and I brought my  
own mother over in the flesh as a further  
witness, but what did Mr. Bowser do but  
loudly exclaim:

"Bosh! You old women have forgotten  
half you know! You are thinking about  
pudding and milk, you are. Of course there  
is no upper-crust to pudding and milk, and  
I never said there was."

He cost me a good girl last week by one  
of his whims. I happened to wonder aloud  
during the evening if she had put her bread  
to raise when he promptly inquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know why bread  
raises?"  
"Because of the yeast."  
"But why does the yeast expand the  
dough?"

"Because it does."  
"Exactly. You also live because you do,  
and that's all you know about it! You  
ought to be ashamed of your ignorance of  
natural philosophy. I'll see if the girl knows  
any better."

He went out and inquired:  
"Jane, have you put the bread to raise?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Do you expect it to raise?"  
"Of course."

"Why don't you expect it to fall?"  
"Are you running this kitchen?" she  
sharply demanded.

"Virtually, yes. My object is to see  
how well you are posted on natural philoso-  
phy. Why does the bread raise instead of  
fall?"

"Because it's a fool, and I'm another for  
staying in a place where a man is allowed to  
hen-huzzy about the kitchen! I'll leave in  
the morning!"

And leave she did, and all the consolation  
I got from Mr. Bowser as he came up to  
dinner was:

"It's a good thing she left. She might  
have mixed something together which would  
have caused our deaths. Come, now, hurry  
up the dinner."

Mr. Bowser has improved some in the  
direction of taking care of the baby. I can  
now leave them together as long as fifteen  
minutes without fear that one will kill the  
other by trying some experiment. They  
had been alone about seven minutes the  
other day while I was upstairs, and when I  
came down Mr. Bowser seemed quite agita-  
ted and whispered to me:

"I've suspected it all along!"  
"What?"  
"That our child is somewhat of a monstrosity!  
Look at that!"

And he pointed to the soft spot on the  
child's head where a throb could be detect-  
ed.

"Every child has the same," I replied in  
a reassuring voice.

"Oh! they have, eh! What infant's asy-  
lum have you been matron of? Perhaps I  
married the mother instead of the daughter!  
I tell you that's a freak of nature, that is,  
and I shan't be surprised to come home any  
day and find a horn beginning to sprout!"

## Church Membership in the United States.

There are in the United States 6,832,954  
Roman Catholics, 38,722 Greek, Armenian,  
and Byzantine Catholics, 73,265 Jews, 275,-  
000 pagans, 14,607,764 Protestants, 27,439,-  
814 different creeds not stated and infidels.  
Of the Protestants, 5,336,553 are Baptists,  
5,943,875 Methodists, 551,699 Episcopalians,  
487,619 Congregationalists, 1,006,437 Pres-  
byterian, 91,769 Adventists, 885,987 Luth-  
erans, 243,825 Dutch Reformed. Of the  
different creeds not stated and infidels 160,-  
837 are Mormons, 96,000 Quakers, 300,000  
Universalists, 45,000 Unitarians, 80,000  
Mennonites, 9,928 Moravians, 4,000 New  
Jerusalemites, 700 Schwenfeldians, 1,500,000  
Spiritualists, 10,000 Shakers, 1,000,000  
atheists, 10,000,000 infidels. The balance  
of 15,233,347 under this head may be ac-  
counted for as follows: Adherents and fam-  
ilies of Roman Catholics, 4,000,000; the  
same of Protestants, 6,000,000; and of un-  
specified creeds, 3,233,347.

## FARM.

### LOSS OF FERTILITY.

The loss of fertility in the soil depends en-  
tirely upon the kind of crop growing there-  
on, says the Philadelphia Record, and the  
soil is improved or impoverished in a certain  
period of time corresponding with the avail-  
able and inert matter it contains and the  
growth of the plants which remove the fer-  
tilizing materials. Some crops enrich the  
soil in one respect and impoverish it in an-  
other by utilizing a greater proportion of  
some kinds of plant food while rejecting  
others, thus causing a gradual accumulation  
of some particular substance which is not re-  
quired for growth. This is shown by the  
growth of clover, which adds nitrogen to the  
soil, though removing other elements. The  
loss of soils does not depend upon the  
amount of plant food removed, but upon the  
value thereof, and the loss does not really  
occur by growing the crop upon the land,  
but in removing it from the farm to the  
markets. When milk is produced the fer-  
tilizing element is in the skim-milk and not  
in the cream, and when the manure is scat-  
tered on the land and the milk fed to calves  
and pigs the loss is small, as butter is really  
produced from the air through the crop.  
Butter being composed mostly of carbon,  
which is derived from the air by plants in  
the form of carbonic acid gas, does not re-  
move any of the substances existing in the  
soil. It has been estimated that 800 pounds  
of butter, when sold off the farm, carries  
away only 50 cents worth of plant food, and  
the carcass of an ox or horse \$9 worth of  
plant food, while a crop of wheat, valued at  
\$200, causes a loss of nearly \$60 worth of  
plant food. If all the crops be fed to stock  
on the farm and the manure carefully saved,  
the loss is in proportion to the amount and  
kind of material sold, which loss may be  
modified according to the form into which  
the salable article has been changed. Cheese  
and milk take away the most valuable ele-  
ments, yet the articles do not command as  
high prices in the market as butter, which  
costs but very little in the shape of fertiliz-  
ers. If land be cropped, the kind of fertiliz-  
er to be applied should correspond as nearly as  
possible to that which is sold rather than to  
that which is produced in order to avoid loss  
of fertility. When crops are sold the nitro-  
gen, phosphoric acid, potash and lime are  
removed, but when the sales are made in the  
shape of animals the potash remains mostly  
in the manure. Nitrogen and the phos-  
phates are essential under all systems, and  
every pound of fertilizer applied is simply  
storing it in the soil to be converted into  
some other form best adapted for market,  
whether animal or vegetable.

### HOW GOOD BUTTER IS MADE.

Judge M. R. Gray, of Ryegate, N. H.,  
who took second prize offered by the Man-  
chester Mirror for best butter shown at the  
Vermont dairy meeting at St. Johnsbury,  
gave his methods of feeding and butter mak-  
ing as follows: His cows are chiefly thor-  
oughbred Jerseys, though he has a few high  
grades. The winter feed is coarse fodder,  
such as corn stalks, wheat, rye, oat, or bar-  
ley hay fed night and morning, with ordi-  
nary English hay at noon. The coarse fod-  
der is cut and steamed about two hours in  
the morning. The grain is equal weights of  
corn and cob meal and bran, four quarts at  
a meal morning and night. Waters after  
feeding in the morning and before feeding at  
night. From eighteen to twenty-five cows  
are kept. The milk is set in large open pans,  
usually thirty-six hours, and at a tempera-  
ture of 60 to 70 degrees. Churning is done  
from two to four times per week, in a dash  
churn run by horse power. This winter the  
cream is churned at 67 degrees, and the but-  
ter comes in good condition to handle. Just  
before the butter is ready to separate the  
horse is stopped and the churning finished  
by hand. When finished the butter is rinsed  
off in clear water, and a half ounce of  
salt per pound sprinkled over it and worked  
in. While the butter is being compacted by  
a lever hand worker a cloth is used for ab-  
sorbing the surplus moisture. The churning  
occupies from fifteen minutes to a half  
hour. If the cream is too thick for proper  
churning it is thinned with water. He made  
6,000 pounds the past year.

### FRUIT TREES.

Fruit trees should be pruned when the  
sap will keep the saw wet, unless wounds  
are covered with a solution of gum shellac  
dissolved in alcohol. When trees are grafted  
they should not be pruned, because after  
cutting off several good-sized limbs to set  
seams in, the tree needs all the remaining  
branches to keep up its usual action and  
vitality. Every apple tree on a farm that  
does not bear merchantable fruit should be  
grafted, and grafted this very spring. "Pro-  
cratination is the thief of time," and there  
is no use in putting off grafting from year to  
year, and gathering a bushel or so of inferior  
cider-apples from a tree which should pro-  
duce two or three barrels of Baldwins or  
russets, or some other kind of fruit which  
has a value.

Where an orchard is not cultivated the  
soil around fruit trees should be freshened up  
with a digging fork, not dug deeply with a  
spade, so as to ruin the roots, and a mulch or  
top-dressing of good rich compost applied.  
If the soil around the trunks of fruit trees  
is stirred frequently the insects which have  
wintered in it will be turned up and destroy-  
ed by exposure to the weather.

### DESTROYING CANKER WORMS.

The female of the canker worm has not  
the power of flying, and can only reach the  
extremities of the limbs on which she de-  
posits her eggs by crawling up the trunk.  
They begin this with the first warm days of  
spring, weeks before buds and leaves are  
ready to put forth. It is quite common for  
them to do this while the nights are cold  
enough to harden tar in vessels around the  
trees intended to obstruct their progress.  
This old method has therefore given way to  
spraying the trees with water in which Lon-  
don purple or Paris green has been dissolv-  
ed, thus killing the worms after they begin  
to eat. It requires very little poison to do  
this, two teaspoonfuls of poison to a barrel  
of water being sufficient. Too strong a  
dose might burn the apple leaves which  
when young are very tender.

### GRASS AND CLOVER SEEDING.

The fears that grass and clover will be  
killed by frost if the seed be sown too early  
are mostly imaginary. It very rarely hap-  
pens that even clover is injured by frost,  
though the growing plant is extremely ten-  
der. If sown when frost is on the ground,  
clover seeds are, of course, dormant until it  
thaws, when they are slightly covered by

the mud that lies on a newly-thawed sur-  
face. This protects the seeds from the di-  
rect rays of the sun, and it will not sprout  
until the soil is warm enough for roots to  
strike into. If it falls on a hard, dry sur-  
face, the seed swells with the moisture of  
rains and contracts when a cold day stops  
growth, but without serious injury. This  
may occur several times with March sown  
clover seed, and, after all, the young plant  
will be found in May only slightly, if any,  
larger than that sown the middle of April.

### THE FIRST USE OF BAGS.

When good stout grain bags may be  
bought at present prices there is little ex-  
cuse for using old standbys, with holes part-  
ly filled with hay or straw. A good set of  
bags should be kept in good condition for a  
full year. They may be used much longer  
than this, but generally all the profit is  
gone out of them the first year. If used  
much longer the labor of repairing or waste  
of grain through holes will offset all their  
gain. Like the human life after three-score-  
and-ten, what follows is only labor and  
sorrow.

### THE WORK OF A WAG.

#### A Music Box That "Went Off" at the Wrong Time.

There is a story told at a customs house a  
few miles east of Toronto of a lady who  
purchased a music box in Rochester, which  
she was anxious to take to her Canadian  
home without paying the duty charged on  
such articles. Now this music box had a  
clock attachment by which the time could be  
started at any hour simply by setting a  
dial after the style of an alarm clock. The  
clerk who sold it to her was something of a  
wag, and as the lady had explained her in-  
tentions to him, he could not resist the  
temptation to play one of his practical  
jokes. He knew within almost a few min-  
utes the time the boat was due at the Cana-  
dian side, and he was aware also that the  
customs officer would be on board before  
the gang plank was out. Accordingly, he  
wound up the box and set the going ar-  
rangement to the hour at which the boat  
was due at her destination. The lady con-  
cealed the innocent-looking package in her  
clothing, boarded the boat, and was soon  
enjoying the breeze wafted from across the  
water. For a time she forgot all about the  
package. On nearing the Canadian side,  
however, her intention to defraud Her Ma-  
jesty's customs was once more uppermost in  
her mind. When the customs officer  
boarded the boat, his practiced eye soon  
discovered that the apparent carelessness  
of one of the passengers was assumed. She  
was "altogether too ready to have her  
satchel examined, and so he  
questioned her rather more closely than he  
did the others. But her answers were so  
straightforward and he was in such a hurry  
to get through with his work that he allowed  
her to pass. Just as she stepped on the  
gang plank and was passing with others to  
the wharf the soft sweet strains of "Home  
Sweet Home," came from the midst of the  
hurrying throng. Everybody looked sur-  
prised. Even the officer did not know what  
to make of it until just as the lady reached  
the wharf there was a click—a buzz, another  
click and the music switched off on "The  
Girl I Left Behind Me." Then a smile flitted  
across the handsome face of the customs off-  
icer as he fitted after the lady who, dropping  
her satchel and forgetting everything but  
her ludicrous predicament, broke into a run  
and was making lively time away from the  
boat and all connected with it. But the  
wharf was a long one and the officer was  
abreast of the runaway before she had  
reached the shore end.  
"Excuse me, madame," he panted, but  
you must come with me." She didn't faint  
or shriek. All she said was, "let's hurry,"  
and so the procession started for the cus-  
tom's office, the officer and the lady leading  
while the music box, by way of variation,  
clicked, buzzed and clicked half a dozen  
times on the way enlightening the proceedings  
and the excursionists who followed with  
"Old Robin Gray," "M'Appare," "Kathleen  
Mavourneen," and other well known airs.  
Once inside the custom's office, the music  
ceased; the lady was shown into a room  
and two minutes later she opened the  
door and thrust the box out. The  
officials were not hard on her but al-  
lowed her to retain the music box after pay-  
ing the duty and other charges. It was a  
terrible ordeal for the young woman but she  
learnt the lesson that in smuggling music  
boxes it is well to see that they are not  
wound up when starting for the border.

### STORIES OF VARIOUS KINDS.

A round shot ripped open a soldier's  
knapsack and distributed his clothing and  
cards. But the boys could not forego their  
little joke; so when that column of cards  
was thrown some twenty feet in the air on  
all sides could be heard the cry, "O deal me  
a hand!" Other shots in that battle did  
queer work. Our brigade came to a halt  
upon the river bank for a few moments be-  
fore going into position. We had been paid  
off that day, and the gamblers began to play  
at cards the moment we halted. A man  
who was about to "straddle" a "fifty-cent  
blind" had his knapsack knocked from under  
him by a solid shot, and he "straddled"  
half a dozen soldiers, who were covered with  
a cart-load of dirt. Another shot struck a  
Paymaster's tent. The struggle between  
that Paymaster and the stragglers for pos-  
session of the flying greenbacks was both  
exciting and ridiculous. During a moment's  
halt, behind a slight rise of ground, we lay  
down. A soldier facing to the rear was con-  
versing with a comrade. Suddenly he made  
a terrific leap in the air, and from the spot of  
ground on which he had been sitting a solid  
shot scooped a wheelbarrow-load of dirt. It  
was a clear case of premonition, for the man  
could give no reason for having jumped.  
The evening of Dec. 14 our regiment was on  
picket duty. We had not been in picket  
line more than twenty minutes before we  
made a bargain with the "Rebs," and the  
firing ceased, and neither they nor ourselves  
pretended to keep under cover. But at day-  
light the Twenty-fourth Michigan came to  
relieve us. Before they were fairly in line  
they opened fire upon the Confederates  
without the warning we had agreed to give.  
We yelled lustily, but the rattle of musketry  
drowned the sound, and many a confiding  
enemy was hit. This irritated the Confed-  
erates, who opened a savage fire, and it was  
with difficulty a general engagement was  
prevented. All that day until about 4  
o'clock the picket firing was intense, but  
abruptly ended by a Confederate challeng-  
ing a Sixth Wisconsin man to a fist en-  
counter in the middle of the turnpike. The

combatants got the attention of both picket  
lines, who declared the fight a "draw."  
They ended the matter with a coffee and to-  
bacco trade and an agreement to do no more  
firing at picket lines unless an advance was  
ordered.—Private Smith.

### GEN. SCOTT AND THE ORDERLY.

Gen. Winfield Scott, while he was still at  
the head of the army, was coming out of his  
office one day to enter his carriage, came in  
hand. A volunteer orderly approached him  
with a letter, which he had been directed to  
deliver to Gen. Scott at once. The orderly,  
recking nothing of Adjutant-Generals or  
Chief of Staff, interpreted his order liter-  
ally, and hastily giving a careless salute, be-  
gan: "O, General, here's a paper I want you  
to look at before you—"  
The old Commander-in-Chief seemed  
petrified. Then, raising his cane, he said  
in a loud, clear voice: "Clear out, sir,  
clear out of the way." The startled orderly  
sprang to one side, and the General got into  
his carriage and was driven away. The  
soldier then delivered his letter to some one  
in the office, and walked slowly out. Gen.  
Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods be-  
fore it stopped and turned about. The  
driver, raising his voice, summoned the of-  
fending orderly to the door. Trembling in  
every limb, cap in hand, he approached.  
Gen. Scott asked his name and regiment.  
He gave them. "Well, sir," said the Gen-  
eral, "report to your Colonel that you were  
guilty of gross disrespect to Gen. Scott as  
an officer, and that Gen. Scott was guilty of  
gross disrespect to you as a man. Gen.  
Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty,  
sir."

### A SAILOR'S COMPLIMENT.

A compliment, true and genuine, was paid  
by a sailor who was sent by his Captain to  
carry a letter to the lady of his love. The  
sailor, having delivered his message, stood  
gazing in silent admiration upon the lady,  
for she was very beautiful.

"Well, my good man," she said, "for  
what do you wait? There is no answer to be  
returned."

"Lady," replied the sailor with humble  
deference, "if you please, I would like to  
know your name."

"Did you not see it on the letter?"

"Pardon, lady—I never learned to read.  
Mine has been a hard, rough life."

"And for what reason, my good man,  
would you know my name?"

"Because," answered the old tar, looking  
up honestly, "in a storm at sea, with dan-  
ger afore me, I would like to call the name  
of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in my  
life. There'd be sunshine in it even in the  
darkness."

### SELECTED THE WRONG AUDIENCE.

One of the Vanderbilt relatives, a young  
man to whom the Commodore left a lot of  
money, once made a flying trip to Colorado,  
and ever since has posed as a wild Western  
sportsman. Being in an up-town cafe he  
began to entertain the party at table with  
an account of a remarkable feat of horse-  
manship performed by himself at the Mad-  
ison Square Garden during the Buffalo Bill  
show. One of the party was a cattleman  
from Texas, although the Vanderbilt scion  
was not aware of it. The Texan had been  
drinking freely, and was inclined to resent  
any pretense, on the part of the effete East,  
to knowledge of life on the frontier. The  
young man began by telling how Cody  
brought out the worst bucking horse in the  
concern for him to ride, when the Texan in-  
terrupted: "Hold on; let me tell you  
something. Don't call a horse a bucker;  
call him a pitcher. If you want folks to  
think you know anything, say pitcher, not  
bucker." The narrator accepted the amend-  
ment and proceeded with the story until he  
mentioned a cowboy, when the Texan pat-  
ronizingly said: "Say puncher, not cow-  
boy. There are no cowboys on the frontier  
now." The young man said it didn't make  
any difference with his story, but the Texan  
persisted in correcting him. "You go up  
to one of Bill's men and ask him if he's a  
cowboy, and he'll turn up his nose; but you  
just slap him on the back and say, 'Hello,  
you blamed old cow-puncher, how are you?'  
and you'll be solid." Then the daring rider  
told how he threw the mustang and got into  
the saddle, and how the animal sprang to  
his feet. The Texan wanted to know which  
end of the horse got up first, and snorted  
credulously when the young man confessed  
that he couldn't remember. The Vande-  
bilt declared that he rode the bucking  
bronco all around the ring, and defied the  
brute's efforts to unseat him. The Texan  
said: "I can make a horse throw you, if  
you'll let me tighten the back cinch."  
"Tighten the what?" inquired the bold  
rider.

"That settles it," exclaimed the Texan,  
with a scornful laugh. "Any man who  
don't know what a cinch is can't tell me he  
has ridden a pitcher. Here's my card.  
Come down on my ranch if you want to see  
riding."

The young fellow realized that he had  
made a mistake in selecting an audience be-  
fore which to pose as a wild Western rider  
of bucking mustangs.

### A Faithful Dog.

A private letter from Naples contains the  
following: If you like dogs you will be  
pleased with the annexed: At Ceriano a  
poor fellow who lived by hawking milk was  
buried under the ruins of his cottage a little  
way out of the town. As he usually set off  
on his rounds before 4 a. m. everybody be-  
lieved he was safe, but he, too, had cele-  
brated the end of carnival by taking a little  
wine and had slept late. His large dog,  
which used to drag the milk-cart up the  
mountain roads, smelt out his master, and  
began to scratch away the rubbish until he  
laid his master's head bare, which was cov-  
ered with wounds.

Then the dog began to lick the wounds,  
but finding that the bleeding continued, and  
comprehending that he could not dig further,  
he ran off and seized by the coat the first in-  
dividual he met, who, thinking the dog was  
mad, got loose and ran away. But the sec-  
ond person, guessing what the animal  
wanted, followed him, and consequently the  
poor milkman was released from his danger-  
ous position. The Minister Genala paid him  
a visit, and found him with his head bound  
up under a tent with the faithful dog lying  
beside him.

A fashionable woman's cheek makes a fine  
billboard for cosmetic advertisements.

Of all mental gifts, the rarest is intellec-  
tual patience; and the last lesson of culture is  
to believe in difficulties which are invisible  
ourselves.