

## MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

[El Dorado, 1861.]

I've jest bin down ter Thompson's, boys,  
'N' feelin' kind o' blue,  
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"  
'Ter and out what wuz new;  
When I seen this sign a-hangin'  
On a shanty by the lake:  
'Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts  
Like yer mother used ter make.

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth;  
I've seen Kentucky Pete  
Draw out his shooter 'n' advise  
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;  
But nuthin' ever tuk me down  
'N' made my benders shake  
Like that sign about the doughnuts  
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,  
'N' standin' thar instead,  
I seen an old white farm-house,  
With its doors all painted red.  
A whiff came through the open door—  
Wuz I sleepin' or awake?  
The smell was that of doughnuts  
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,  
Whar honeysuckles grew;  
A yellow dish of apple-sass  
Wuz settin' thar in view.  
'N' on the table, by the stove,  
An old-time "johnny-cake,"  
'N' a platter full of doughnuts  
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,  
In tidy dress of black;  
I almost thought I heard the words,  
"When will t-y boy come back?"  
'N' then—the old sign creaked;  
But now it was the boss who spake:  
'Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts  
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,  
'N' ez I've "struck pay gravel,"  
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,  
Vamoose the ranch, 'n' travel.  
I'll make the old folks jubilant,  
'N' if I don't mistake,  
I'll try some o' them doughnuts  
Like my mother used ter make.

—Harper's Magazine.

## HE WASN'T ENGAGED.

I went to live with Aunt Edmonton when poor papa died. That was half a dozen years ago, yet my trouble seems as fresh to-day, my loss as irreparable as on that terrible morning when I left him lying in his lonely grave under the willows.

Poor papa! how fond we were of each other. He had no one in the world but me. Mamma died when I was a wee baby, not quite two summers old—died away off in Southern France, and she sleeps there now under the shadows of the purple hills.

I have seen many fair women, but never a face half so lovely as hers. Her portrait used to hang in the old gallery at Edmonton Hall, but it is gone now. Aunt Edmonton had something to do with its disappearance; for she never liked my mother.

The Edmontonians are a proud race, with a pedigree running back to the old Cavaliers, and an ancient crest on their massive old silver, and the bluest of blue blood in their aristocratic veins. At least, Aunt Edmonton says so. Papa always laughed at her high fancies, and held that one honest soul was as good as another, no matter whether its owner wore royal purple or hodden gray; and when he met my pretty mamma, and loved her, he did not hesitate about making her his wife, though she was penniless and a daughter of the people.

Aunt Edmonton was terribly angered, and when the pretty bride came home to Edmonton Hall, she met her with scowling brows, and led her such a life that papa soon took her abroad, and there she died and was buried a few short months after I was born. Papa never outlived his grief at her loss; he loved her dead as tenderly as he had loved her living, and cherished me as no other child was ever cherished. I grew up in his bosom; he was my teacher, companion, and friend. We were never separated.

What a blissful life we led, Bohemians though we were! Whether our fancy led us, there we pitched our tent; under sunny skies, in the solemn shadow of time-faded ruins, by the margin of storied rivers. I was cradled on the deep, and reared amid the classic wealth of foreign lands.

But as time crept by papa's health grew feeble, and we came back to Edmonton Hall; there he died. I left the dear old home and his grave under the drooping willows, and went to live with Aunt Edmonton.

As I have said, Aunt Edmonton was a proud woman. She was more—a worldly one. Wealth was her Moloch, and she held no heart treasure too precious to be given as an offering to his fiery embrace. I was an Edmonton as well as herself, and, despite the disgrace of my mother's alien blood, could not be put to household drudgery. Hence I was installed as a sort of companion, to read Balzac and George Sand, while my aunt and Marguerite sipped their noon chocolate, and to keep the point lace in order and the family jewels well burnished. Not a laborious task, and it brought me bread and butter; and bread and butter we must have in this common-place world, even though our hearts break and our souls starve.

Aunt Edmonton did not like the old hall. She declared that the old house was better suited for bats and owls than for human beings, and it was shut up, and we lived first in one gay city and then another, and finally crossed the sea and went to Paris. Dear me, how my aunt and Marguerite did enjoy the life they led there, and how I pined and longed for home! It is a marvel how differently constituted people are, with the same blood in their veins, too.

"Bell," said my aunt, one autumn night, when preparations were going on for some famous ball, "will you have the kindness to go to the greenhouse and cut the flowers for Marguerite's hair? She wears natural flowers to-night, and I can't trust to Felice. Look at her dress, please, and select what you think will suit—your taste is perfect."

Marguerite threw away her novel, and shook down her black tresses as I was leaving the room.

"Bell, don't fail to cut some heliotrope, please. Captain Carruthers is here, and he dotes on heliotrope. By the by, you remember Captain Carruthers, don't you?"

My foolish heart gave a sudden thump, and the tell-tale blood rushed to my cheeks. How well I remembered him. Papa's best friend—the friend who stood beside his dying pillow.

I remembered his parting words, too, when he left me standing beside the new-made grave under the old willows.

"No words of mine can give you any comfort now, Bell, but time heals the sorest wounds. I regret to leave you, but my regiment goes abroad to-morrow. Good-by. One day I hope to meet you again!"

But in all the dreary years that followed I had heard no word from him.

"You remember him, of course," continued my handsome cousin; "he used to be at the Hall a great deal in your father's time. Well, we met him last night. He's been here a week; and he's a millionaire, Bell. You know old Carruthers, of Carruthers Place? Well, he is dead, and the Captain inherits the fortune, you see. So don't forget the heliotrope. I know it is not becoming—purple suits my creole complexion least—but I remember what a fancy Carruthers always had for heliotrope, and he's worth pleasing, you know."

Aunt Edmonton laughed as she rose and shook out her lace flounces.

"Wear the heliotrope by all means; but you need not feel a bit anxious. You secured the Captain and his fortune last night; that rose silk and the diamonds did the business. I never saw a man more infatuated. Well, he's a good match. I've not a word to say against it; no better family than he comes of, and Carruthers Place is a grand old home. Ah, there is his carriage below now; I'll go down until you are ready. Do make haste, Bell. And I wish you would be obliging enough to do up Rite's hair this evening; you are so much more skillful than Felice. And look over her jewels, please; I think that pearl and opal set will match her dress perfectly."

I hurried down to the greenhouse. Heartache was no new sensation, but somehow my pain seemed intolerable as I made my way down the dim aisle, the gorgeous tropical blossoms stifling me with their rank odors.

I forgot Rite's flowers, forgot her waiting toilet, forgot everything but my own suffering. An alce tree in full blossom, standing alone like some weird necromancer, caught my eye, and I sank down at its roots, and burst into tears. I seemed to see papa's grave, covered with yellow autumn leaves. I heard the wash of the waves, the murmur of the pine trees. The bustle of the gaslit streets drove me to frenzy.

"This life is killing me; I must go home to the old hall and papa's grave."

A hand touched my arm as the words broke from my lips.

"I beg your pardon, madam; you seem in distress. Can I help—good heaven, Bell! is it you?"

"Captain Carruthers!"

I leaped to my feet, and we stood face to face. He was bronzed and bearded, but the frank, kind eyes were unchanged. A wild impulse seized me to clasp his hands and tell him how lonely and friendless I was; but woman's pride, stronger even than her love, stifled the desire at its very birth. I bowed coldly.

"Why, Bell, you haven't changed; only you look wan and sad. I am so glad to meet you. I have written again and again, until I fancied you were dead. How is it that I find you in Paris?"

"No matter; I bid you good evening, Captain Carruthers."

The glad, kind, handsome eyes widened with wonder as I darted away.

"Dear me, Bell, I thought you'd never come. I didn't like to keep Carruthers waiting. Gracious goodness! where are the flowers?"

"I didn't get them, and I can't dress you, Marguerite. I am going to my room."

"Why, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

I did not pause to answer. At noon on the following day my aunt summoned me to her presence.

"You need not read to-day, Bell; I want to talk to you. You met Captain Carruthers in the green-house last night?"

"Yes, by accident."

Aunt Edmonton toyed with the tassels of her morning robe, and for the first time, to my knowledge, showed signs of embarrassment.

"By accident, of course. I didn't suppose you mistook my meaning, my dear. He's a fine, handsome fellow, and he and Rite are well matched; don't you think so? Well, my dear, his coming changes our plans in a measure. We may remain here for the winter; and your health seems to be failing, and you don't like Paris, Bell, and I thought perhaps—"

"You thought you would send me home, Aunt Edmonton. Pray do; I meant to ask permission to go this very day—I'm dreadfully homesick."

She laughed genially, and, crossing the room, kissed me with more kindness than she had ever shown.

"Then you shall have permission, my dear. Mrs. Montague, an old friend of mine, leaves Paris to-night, and you shall go under her charge."

I went, leaving giddy Paris behind me with a feeling of relief.

But when I reached the old home, how desolate it was. Winter came, and the white snow filled the hollows and crowned the hills. Letters from Aunt Edmonton informed me that they were in Rome, with Captain Carruthers as escort, and hinted at a great wedding

when spring came. Did I care? What was Captain Carruthers to me? My father's friend, and I must always regard him with gratitude; and Marguerite would make him a stately, beautiful bride. I wished them much joy. Yet through all the winter days and nights my heartache never ceased or abated.

Spring came, and the skies grew soft and tender. The snows melted, leaving the hills green and the sunny hollows sweet with violets. One March morning I went out to rake the flower-beds. The hyacinths and buttercups were already above the mold, and here and there a green tulip leaf could be seen. The winds blew warm from the south, the sunshine glimmered like gold, and in one of the willows over papa's grave a blackbird sang. I threw aside my rake and sat down to cry, not in hopeless sorrow, but in new-born faith.

A step crunched on the gravel of the walk, a tall shadow fell athwart the glimmering sunshine. I started to my feet.

"Captain Carruthers!"

"Good morning, Miss Edmonton."

"Has my aunt come?"

"No; I left her in Venice."

"And you—why are you here?"

The kind eyes smiled down upon me full of sad reproach.

"To say good-by at once, Bell, if my company is not wanted. My regiment is ordered off again, but I could not go without having one last look at your face."

The blood in my heart seemed to burn into my cheeks.

"Captain Carruthers!"

"Well, Bell?"

"Miss Edmonton, if you please."

"Very well; Miss Edmonton, then, if you admire it more. We were friends once; why should we not be now?"

"Oh, we are friends; we shall be something nearer soon; when you marry my cousin Marguerite."

"I shall never marry your cousin Marguerite."

"What! has she refused you?"

"I have never asked her—have never wanted her. Oh, my darling, your eyes tell me something that gives my heart hope. But I never forgot you. I wrote dozens of letters, but not one of them reached you. I only guessed at the truth a few weeks ago, and I am here. I loved you years ago, I love you now—shall always love you. Tell me the truth. If they hadn't intercepted my letters and made you think me false, would you have cared for me as ever?"

I could not for my life say no.

"I thought you were engaged to Marguerite. I was sure—"

"You thought wrong. Marguerite is a fine woman, and marries a title this summer. My darling I have loved no woman but you."

How the March sunshine glittered, what notes of delight the birds sang, swinging in the old tree! The whole universe seemed to have undergone a sudden transformation, and my heartache became a thing of the past.

## Elephant Quotations.

The skill now displayed in teaching elephants is certainly wonderful, and a herd of these animals is now necessary to any first-class caravan. This has led to an extensive traffic, and the London importer sends the following advertisement to one of our leading dailies:

"Burmese Elephants.—Healthy young Burmese elephants for sale; four and one-half feet and under at £175 each; over four and one-half to five feet at £200 each; delivered in London or Liverpool; prices of animals from five feet to full grown on application."

The price is certainly reasonable, being equal to \$875 for the small size and \$1,000 for the large. When one considers that this is not one-tenth the price often paid for a fine horse, one cannot but acknowledge that it is cheap enough. Barnum has invested more money in elephants than any other private individual, and he has made it highly remunerative. At one time he had one of these animals harnessed before a plow and kept in his field at Iranistan. The Boston cars passed the place daily and the elephant became a good advertisement. Barnum has probably put a quarter million in this kind of stock, including Jumbo, whose cost has been advertised at \$50,000. It is not probable that it was one-half of that sum. A well-trained performing elephant is worth \$10,000—that is, it will attract enough to make such an investment remunerative—but show property is entirely "fancy stock." There is no fixed valuation. Adam Forepaugh, Jr., is one of the best elephant-trainers in the country, and his skill has enabled him to rival Barnum. The latter, with all his genius, never trained anything. He pays good salaries, however, to experts, and before he purchased Jumbo he made an engagement with his keeper to accompany him to America. This man has been with the famous elephant for nearly twenty years, and controls him as easily as he would a child.—*New York letter.*

In an address to young men Dr. W. Pratt, of London, says that married life is by far the most healthy. In 1,000 married men of 25 to 30 years of age there are six deaths; 1,000 bachelors furnish ten deaths, and 1,000 widowers twenty-two deaths. In young men married before 20 years the figures are unfavorable, being fifty per 1,000. In unmarried men under 20 the rate is but seven per 1,000. If girls marry before 20 a like mortality befalls them. Married people from 18 to 20 die as fast as people from 60 to 70. After 21 marriage should be contracted as soon as practicable.

An idler is twice a thief; he not only steals his own time, but hangs around and tries to steal yours.

## Sweet Revenge.

As you go to Boston and Hartford via the Boston and Albany Railroad, if you take the morning express, there are two parlor cars thereunto attached, with all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, including a porter with a wisp broom in one hand and a place for a quarter in the other. Now these two parlor cars are twins, different only, as is the case with twins, in their names. The last time I went out that way, one of these cars was Gov. Hawley, and the other was "T'other Gov'nor," I don't remember who.

All went well until we reached Springfield. There the usual halt of five or ten minutes was made, the parlor car for Albany was switched off to its proper train and we went thundering on to Hartford.

Before we were out of the depot an old gentleman confronted me—round-faced, well-dressed, quick-spoken, a little crusty and with a general air of authority about him.

"Young man," he said, sharply, "out of that."

"Out of which?" I said, in innocent surprise.

"Out of that chair," snapped the old party. "Come, be lively; I want to sit down."

I was puzzled and annoyed and stammered something about this being a parlor car and—

"Yes, yes," he said, impatiently, "I know all about that; this is a parlor car, and you've got my seat. Get up and get out of it without any more words. Get a seat of your own somewhere and don't go around appropriating other people's chairs when they've gone for lunch. Get out, young fellow."

I am naturally a very meek man, but I did make one more desperate effort to retain my seat. I said I had occupied that seat—

"Ever since I got out of it at Springfield," snarled the old man. "I rode in that seat all the way from Boston, and the minute I left it you jumped into it. And now you jump out of it, and no more words about it, or I'll make the car full of trouble for you."

It began to dawn on me then just how matters stood. In fact I knew, but I was nettled. Everybody in the car was laughing at me, and I do hate to be laughed at. I determined to wait for my sure revenge. I said: "You'll be sorry if you take this chair." He snorted fiercely, and I abdicated without another word in favor of the testy old jumper of claims who thus summarily evicted me. I arose, gathered up my hat, overcoat, lap tablet, newspapers, book, big valise, little valise and arctics, and thus burdened walked meekly to the rear of the car and sat down on the meanest, poorest, most uncomfortable seat in the whole train, the upholstered bench under the big mirror. The wood-box in the smoking car is an easy chair in comparison with that bench. By and by the chair-grabber called out:

"Young man, where is that little red hand-bag I left here?"

I meekly said, "I have not touched it," and he roared out that it was there when I took the chair. But just then the conductor came along and glanced at his ticket while the old party explained how I had made way with his little red hand-bag. "That young man back there," he explained, "was in my chair when I returned, and my overshoes and a little red hand-bag are—"

Conductor, a brisk, taciturn man, full of his own business, here handed back the old party's ticket.

"Wrong train," he said, brusquely. "Get off at next station. This train for Hartford and New York."

The old gentleman's face was a study. "For Ha-Ha-wha-what!" he shouted. "I know better! Told me at Boston this car went through to Albany."

"Lem' see parlor car ticket," said the conductor, briefly. "Yes, that's all right, you're on wrong car; this ticket's for the other car. Your baggage half way t' Albany by this time. Get off at Hartford."

"Well, when can I get a train back to Springfield?" wailed the jumper of chairs.

"T'-night," said the conductor, and passed on to the next car.

Then I arose. I gathered up in my weak and long-suffering arms, my hat, overcoat, lap tablet, newspapers, book, big valise, little valise and arctics, and walked back to that chair and stood before the most crest-fallen man the immortal gods ever pitied. I didn't make a gesture; I just stood up before him, holding my goods, personal effects and railway chattels in my arms and looked at him. He arose and vamoosed the claim. And as I settled down in my recovered possession I made only one remark. I said to the poor old gentleman:

"I told you you'd be sorry if you took this chair."

And he marched back and took a seat on the upholstered bench, to the merry laughter of the happy passengers, and the last time I looked around, oh, crowning woe, the conductor was making him pay a quarter for his seat in the parlor car.—*R. J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," said Wesley, "why the cow looks over the wall?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she can not look through it: and that is what you must do with your trouble; look over and above them."

The gradual disappearance of caterpillars, dog-bugs, and fireflies during the past few years is noted.

## HUMOR.

THE best-posted traveler is a letter.

Most of Persia is very rugged, hence the Persian rug.

NEEDLES were invented in 1545, some men haven't learned to thread them yet.

ARTISTS should never neglect being vaccinated, as they are always sketching something.

It is said that the sting of a hornet will cure rheumatism, or at least make one forget it.

WEALTH screens depravity, but it isn't worth shucks as a preventive of corns.—*Barbers' Gazette.*

THE young man who neither drinks, smokes, nor swears may have the worse fault of thinking that he is better than he ought to be.

SALT water is said to be a cure for lunacy. It is certainly a cure for freshness, and that, in some men, amounts almost to lunacy.

AN exchange says a great many worthy American citizens go to Mexico every year without any intention of returning. We ought to have an effective extradition treaty with Mexico.—*Texas Siftings.*

"THERE is only one thing that makes me doubt the truth of the gospel," said Cross, when Ross, who is an earnest devotee, was trying to persuade his friend to turn from the error of his ways. "What is that?" asked Ross. "The apostles were nearly all fishermen."—*St. Paul Herald.*

CONCORD PHILOSOPHY.  
What is the Whiteness of the Now  
And the Itness of the This?  
A dainty maid with pouting lips,  
And a time to snatch a kiss.  
What is the Wher-ness of the Then  
And the Nearness of the Who?  
An old papa, with unkempt haste,  
And a number twenty shoe.  
—*The Judge.*

"HAVE you an extra umbrella I could borrow?" asked a man in a friend's office. "I have an umbrella," replied the friend, pointing to a weather-beaten, rock-ribbed piece of dusty calico in the corner, "but I don't think you will find it anything extra." He spoke the truth, but the umbrella never came back all the same.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE National Burial Case Association announces that its object is to "make it cheaper for a man to die. A man can die now for ten cents, invested in arsenic, and if he thinks that is not cheap enough he doesn't deserve to die. It may be the intention of the Burial Case Association, however, to furnish the poison gratis and throw in a free pass to Coney Island."—*Norristown Herald.*

An eminent English medical authority makes the statement that cancer is a disease confined to the rich. The poor have always something to be thankful for; if they cannot go to the beaches or mountains in the sweltering days of the summer nor escape to a warm climate to avoid the rigors of the winter they can laugh and snap their fingers at gout and cancer, and say, "We ain't afraid of you, at any rate!"—*Boston Courier.*

An article in an agricultural journal is entitled "Profits in Small Fruits Near Large Cities." There is not much profit in raising small fruits near large cities, unless the premises are well supplied with a crop of cross dogs. The farther from a large city small fruits—or large ones either—are raised, the more profit there is in the business.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE baneful influence of the modern cooking academy will penetrate the interior of our best households, in spite of all endeavors to return to the good old-fashioned cooking of our mothers. "That looks very nice, indeed," remarked Mr. Fitzjoy to his better half, as he uncovered the breakfast dish. "What is it?" "That's the cook's specialty. Tripe smothered in crumbs of bread." "Well, I should say so," as he made an unsuccessful attempt to cut it. "It's mighty tough." "I don't see. The cook has a diploma. She ought to be a good one." "Oh, that accounts for it. She's fried the diploma."—*Hartford Post.*

BROWN BREAD.

[From the Chicago Ledger.]

It sometimes takes more courage to have a tooth pulled than it does to run for office.

If vengeance is ever reaped with a razor-edged sickle the harvest comes off about the time a barber discovers he has a book agent in the chair.

If a woman could make as much noise in proportion to her size as a cricket, some means of getting to the moon would soon be discovered.

INSTEAD of giving gas to stupefy the patient, an Iowa dentist has his wife play on the piano in an adjoining room whenever he has teeth to pull.

NOTHING on this bubble of infirmity has more of a tendency to rob man of the dye stuff in his hair than marrying for money and getting woefully left.

It is to be regretted that Darwin died before the dude came on the carpet, or we might not be longer kept in suspense for the want of a missing link.

SOMEBODY claims that the seraphic beings who people the beautiful beyond are all poets. That probably explains why newspaper men seldom commit suicide.

A TRUMP in the hand is worth three in the deck, when the game is close, unless your partner happens to have the right bower up his sleeve at the critical moment.

ONE of the two free circulating libraries in Philadelphia, that of the Friends in Germantown, permits no work of fiction upon its shelves, yet it loans nearly 15,000 volumes a year, and about 25,000 people come annually to read in its rooms.