

## AN INDIAN IN INDIANA.

By J. F. MILLER.

"Tis just all, 'tis execrably bad; but if they will be tools must you be made?"—Dwyer.

I was just entering the postoffice at Solon yesterday when the mail wagon from Charlestown rattled up to the door, carrying a single passenger. He was a well dressed, finely appearing man, and as he came near to me with his quick, nervous, springing step, I recognized that prince of good fellows, General John McDonald. "What brings you here to this quiet neighborhood?" I exclaimed. "You are invading my jurisdiction." "I came here," he replied, "upon the express invitation of the great Hindoo, who is holding the fort on the bluffs yonder. Here is the note he sent me in which he says that he wishes to examine and purchase for his university a dozen copies of the book written by my great commander, called 'The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant,' and also to see a live book agent. He adds in the postscript that in Persia noblemen only or those of the blood royal are permitted to sell books by subscription, and it is a strict law of the country that a book agent there can only solicit a citizen or citizeness in the following manner:—The host hands the party the sample and the subscription list, with price affixed, without uttering a word. If the party desires to subscribe, he records his name on the list and pays the money. If he does not, he returns the book and the list without comment. Three minutes only are allowed by law at each interview. After the three minutes, he suffers death by a process similar to the Japanese *hakari*. Professor Chun has heard of my wonderful success in so delighting and entertaining those whom I solicit that they take no note of time, and he wants me to become general agent for Grant's book in Persia and India also, promising to give a special dispensation to those who come to me especially. The American soliciting plan whereby a man has to buy a book to get rid of an agent, and my plan, the very opposite of that, so pleasing the man or woman that he or she will invariably buy the book in order to keep me longer in conversation with them."

Practicing medicine in New Jersey.—"What are those peculiar-looking animals you have in that glass case, Doctor?" a gentleman asked a New Jersey physician. "Those are Rahway mosquitoes." "Is it possible I never saw mosquitoes so large before? But what do you keep them for?" "As a substitute for leeches. They cost less."—Life.

The over-fishing of the last fifteen or twenty years has pearls which it long ago did for oysters. Fashion also bears its part in raising prices, and a good set of three black pearl shirt studs can not now be got wholesale much under \$200. Four years ago they could be had for less than a third of the price.

The traveler who would obtain a correct impression of the United States," writes Alexander Del Mar in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "should not stop in New York, which is no more an American city than St. Petersburg is a Russian one. He should push on to once to the great West. The United States is essentially an agricultural country."

There is nothing so sweet as duty, and the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.—Jean Ingelow.

English ladies now use the Malibù note paper and envelope, which is very red in color and is nothing, it not significantly fashionable.

A religious family of evangelical tendencies recently advertised in an English religious paper for a "parlor maid who knew her place and feared the Lord."

The old superstition about the pearl, that it is the old age of the day. Still night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than day.

Stories heard at mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journeys.

The man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

Even in the fiercest up roar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of an undying testimony.

## WIT AND PLEASANTRY.

Some malignant slanderer now states that "a woman needs no eulogist, for she speaks for herself."

A widow paper announces that low-minded dresses are to be dropped at the opera next winter. The intelligence is somewhat alarming.

A Jersey City man was arrested as he was about to marry a widow. The arm of the law must be very strong in Jersey, or else it knows very little about widows.

"How does the new pastor impress you, Miss Spinster?" "Law sakes, how do you know he impressed me at all? I didn't pose myself up to you."—Chicago News.

"She—" "Don't like my bonnet, now that I've got it. It doesn't match my hair at all." "You ought to have thought of that before you bought it." She—"My bonnet?" He—"No, your hair?"

First Young Man (reputed to be a suitor of Miss X, a very well-settled lot of girls, according to the paper)—"I'm not married, and none better than Miss X." First Young Man—Oh! Miss X. always distances them all. They say, Horatio, that she has forty gowns hanging in her closet. Second Young Man—Forty? Gosh! No room for trousers there—New York Sun.

"What smell is that, my dear?" "Cloves, my love." "But the other odor?" "Cinnammon, darling." "But I smell something else." "Oh, that's *alispice*." "But I'm certain that I smell something that isn't spiced at all." "That's an apple, just here."

"Well," said Miss M., "if you'd only swallowed a ham sandwich and a drink of brandy you'd have all the ingredients for a nice pie."

By only a gentle spoken.

The London World says the cost of obtaining the pope's dispensation to the marriage between Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie of Orleans was \$5,000. Its main importunities are that the daughter who may be born of the marriage are to be brought up in the Catholic faith, but the sons as Protestants.

It is now said that Bright's disease and other affections of the kidneys are due to the immoderate use of ice water. A physician says when people slaked their thirst with fresh water from a well or pump, kidney disease was virtually unknown. Now, however, the general use of ice water and the multiplication of soda fountains cause thousands of persons to abruptly shock their internal organs with freezing draughts.

A professional bouquet builder gives this instruction: Having collected the flowers to be used in a tray, at the northward leaves should be taken from the stems, by placing the flowers side by side, you can easily see the order in which they will be most advantageously displayed in the bouquet. A very pretty style of hand bouquet can be made by taking a small, straight stick, not a stick (or very fine wire is better) to the top, and begin fastening on a few delicate flowers, then add a few more, then a few more, winding the wire about each stem as you add the flowers and leaves to the bouquet. Always place the flowers with the shortest stems at the top all those with longer stems being reserved for the base; then finish off the bouquet with a fringe of finely cut foliage. Then cut all the stems evenly, wrap damp cotton wool about them, and cover the stems with paper cut out in pretty lace designs.

According to an exchange, "Goaded by jealousy a husband out of India sent a present of a swine's snout to the bear. The physicians left the bullet where it was imbedded, plucked the hole up with a cork, and the professor skates as well and knows as much as ever he did." The physicians certainly did not understand their business or they would never have plucked the hole.

In the British Medical Journal, Dr. Fothergill says that a patient dying of rheumatism is generally dying of starvation. "We give him tea, tea, tea, foot-jelly, alcohol, seltzer, and milk." He is, in reality, of no use to the patient. "No, sah, we've had rain or plenty." "The boll-worm, I suppose, has injured your cotton?" "No, sah, I ain't seed no boll-worms dis year."

"Rust, then, eh?" "No, sah, no rust." "What, then, is the cause of your poor crop?" "Too much trust in de Lawd, sah."

"Too much prar', boss, and not enough work. You see dat I thought I must do?" "Ask who lies here, but do not weep?" "He is not dead, he doth but sleep."

"This stony register is for his bones. His name is more perpetual than these stones."

"You recollect, General McDonald, those famous lines of Rollin M. Squire, in honor of General Grant, which were posted before an admiring public in a hall in New York City, which public outcry compelled the Mayor to have taken down before Grant's funeral. Everybody said that there wasn't any poetry in poor Squire's lines, and yet that same everybody and all the New York newspapers would have called that poetry excellent, sublime, magnificent, and very appropriate if Squire's had only pretended the authorship of Shakespeare." The truth is that Squire's ridiculous stuff was infinitely superior to the Shakespearean fragments, which I have quoted. What can any man bring in all the realm of English literature of undisputed Shakespearean production that can stand the test of comparison with Hamlet or Othello? Are there no scraps no letters, no fragments, no books with his name written on them, no manuscripts of the much called child of nature? How does it happen that Shakespeare, the son of an ignoramus and the father of an ignoramus, a man without learning or habits of study, could be credited with the authorship of these great plays, unless the people like to be deceived and to believe in lies?"

"Well," said the General, as we rose to go, "I think that your education is correct. Faculties very stubborn, but I have never yet seen a man who, with our own education, and training in the ancient languages, can quote Latin and Greek as fast as a college Professor, and as you say Shakespeare had little or no education, he has obtained a reputation which he is not entitled to, and the people for several centuries have been pretty well fooled by the publishers and the commentators. It is strange to me that the English of learning did not investigate the matter more closely, and in a painstaking critical manner."

"If Shakespeare was not the author of the great plays which bear his name, why don't they find out the genuine poet? The real author must have written other books and if they can be found and published by subscription I could sell them, I shall not get cakes. The way while I am here, I shall go to Charles Town landing and hunt up the

McDonalds or McDaniels who settled there in early times. They may be of the oil stock."

And then he and I took our leave of the Professor.

## SENTINELS.

Notes and Items Captured on the Skirmish Line.

Impudent Jumbo dead and stuffed for show, Might still suffice to make a decent show. —Life.

It will take three months and \$2,000 to mount Jumbo.

Last Instructions.—A wine merchant at death's door said to his son: "Remember that you can make wine out of almost anything—even out of grapes!"—Charivari.

A Recipe for an Aristocratic Stew.—Take an American girl, one part; impudent nobleman, one part; desire for title, forty-nine parts; desire for wealth, forty-nine parts. Mix. Boston Beacon.

In a procession at New Strelitz, Germany, a few days ago the tradesmen of the guilds wore caps of bright tin, some shaped like tinsel; some like hats; others like saucers, and still others like turbans, each grotesque helmet glittering in the sun so gayly as to present a glorious sight.

Sockabes Swassin is said to be the richest Indian in Maine. He is the handsomest man on the island of Oldtown, and one of the most intelligent. He is a lineal descendant of the Baron de Chastine. There are many educated Indians on that island, and they live very like their white neighbors. Why the engagement was broken.—"And, dearest Augustus, when we are married you will give me all the pin money I want, won't you, darling?" "Yes, duckie, you shall buy all the pins you can." "Oh, deary, that's nice of you. There's a beautiful diamond pin down at the jeweler's that I've wanted for ever so long."—Troy Times.

Practicing medicine in New Jersey.—"What are those peculiar-looking animals you have in that glass case, Doctor?" a gentleman asked a New Jersey physician. "Those are Rahway mosquitoes." "Is it possible I never saw mosquitoes so large before? But what do you keep them for?" "As a substitute for leeches. They cost less."—Life.

The awful effects of blue stockinism is manifest in Boston, whose population contains 18,000 more women than men.

There is nothing so sweet as duty, and the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.—Jean Ingelow.

The over-fishing of the last fifteen or twenty years has pearls which it long ago did for oysters. Fashion also bears its part in raising prices, and a good set of three black pearl shirt studs can not now be got wholesale much under \$200. Four years ago they could be had for less than a third of the price.

The traveler who would obtain a correct impression of the United States," writes Alexander Del Mar in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "should not stop in New York, which is no more an American city than St. Petersburg is a Russian one. He should push on to once to the great West. The United States is essentially an agricultural country."

There is a negro boy in Marietta who can catch bees, yellow-jackets and bumble-bees the same as any one else. He often catches, and they not sting him. He often catches a bee and puts it in his mouth and keeps it there for some time. When he spits it out it flies off. Live yellow-jackets put under his clothes crawl around and out at other places without stinging him.

Another of those famous old persons who appear every now and then stepped into the Pension Office at Philadelphia the other day and astonished General Davis. Her name was Mrs. Pierce, and she resides at Burlington, N. J. Her age is ninety-eight. She was up stairs into the second floor of the new Postoffice building and signed her name to the receipt without the aid of eyeglasses.

A kind-hearted man in Atlanta, noticing a curious attachment between a child and a toad, thought to amuse the child by getting him some intelligent toads. His advertisements to his door to a continual stream of toad merchants lasting for two whole days, and offering to take by the hundred in bags, sacks, baskets, buckets and barrels. His efforts the toad line is now tempered by discretion.

Fragrant clover grows on the grave of Thomas Carlyle, at Ecclefechan, and on the plain sandstone slab is this inscription:

**DAVID AND GOLIATH.**  
"Goliath cometh with spear and spear,"  
"And David with a sling,"  
"Beggarly Blood and drunken Bidoit,"  
"That poetry will hardly come up to the effusion of 'Littlebat Titmouse,' which appears in 'Ten Thousand a Year'."

"Littlebat Titmouse is my name,"  
"England is my nation,  
London is my dwelling place,"  
"And Christ is my salvation."

Here is another specimen of real Shakespearean poetry on the authority of Stratford local tradition, on the authority of

"DAVID AND GOLIATH."

"Goliath cometh with spear and spear,"

"And David with a sling,"

"Down David doth him bring."

If there is anything in your English or American Mother Goose's Melodies to excel that, I have not seen it.

Then here is an epitaph on John Comb, taken from the Ashmolean M. S.

"Ten in the hundred lines here engraved;"  
"The first is for the son of the author;"  
"If any one asks, Who lives in this tomb?"  
"Ho, ho, ho, not the devil, tis my John A. Combe."

And I have found another epitaph on Tom-A-Combe, quoted on the authority of Peck in his "Memoirs of Milton."

"This in beard and thick in purse,  
Never loved woman;  
He went to the grave with many a curse.  
The devil and he had both one curse."

I will quote one more epitaph, on Sir Thomas Stanley, taken from Dugdale's *Vision*:

"Ask who lies here, but do not weep,"  
"He is not dead, he doth but sleep;"  
"This stony register is for his bones,"  
"His name is more perpetual than these stones."

"You recollect, General McDonald, those famous lines of Rollin M. Squire, in honor of General Grant, which were posted before an admiring public in a hall in New York City, which public outcry compelled the Mayor to have taken down before Grant's funeral. Everybody said that there wasn't any poetry in poor Squire's lines, and yet that same everybody and all the New York newspapers would have called that poetry excellent, sublime, magnificent, and very appropriate if Squire's had only pretended the authorship of Shakespeare." The truth is that Squire's ridiculous stuff was infinitely superior to the Shakespearean fragments, which I have quoted. What can any man bring in all the realm of English literature of undisputed Shakespearean production that can stand the test of comparison with Hamlet or Othello? Are there no scraps no letters, no fragments, no books with his name written on them, no manuscripts of the much called child of nature? How does it happen that Shakespeare, the son of an ignoramus and the father of an ignoramus, a man without learning or habits of study, could be credited with the authorship of these great plays, unless the people like to be deceived and to believe in lies?"

"Well," said the General, as we rose to go, "I think that your education is correct. Faculties very stubborn, but I have never yet seen a man who, with our own education, and training in the ancient languages, can quote Latin and Greek as fast as a college Professor, and as you say Shakespeare had little or no education, he has obtained a reputation which he is not entitled to, and the people for several centuries have been pretty well fooled by the publishers and the commentators. It is strange to me that the English of learning did not investigate the matter more closely, and in a painstaking critical manner."

"If Shakespeare was not the author of the great plays which bear his name, why don't they find out the genuine poet? The real author must have written other books and if they can be found and published by subscription I could sell them, I shall not get cakes. The way while I am here, I shall go to Charles Town landing and hunt up the

## A GIRL'S RETROSPECT.

The Summer is over. The season was cold at the seashore, but the weather, perhaps, was the reason. That none us captured a bean.

For the men found it cool in the city, And the brokers were blue. It was thought, Seven of us were in the shade (an I silly?) And no dashing fellow was caught.

So Mand and Mandie and Little, Viola, Narcissa, and I.

We left in the shade (an I silly?) To wait till next year—and to sigh.

For nothing is done in the winter.

And nothing is betrayed to propose.

But when you walk out by the water, And moonlight falls on the shore, That moonlight is a sweet, a sweet, a sweet.

Some masculine heart will adore.

I hope if we go there next season,

We girls, in half dozen and twelve,

Will not again need, in all reason,

To just simply walk with ourselves.

Of girls who were blushing and twenty,

With some who were near twenty-five,

There always were more than plenty,

And yet not a man would arrive.

How weary all the long summer

Was I, by the water and tide,

And found no available come.

A bridegroom, perhaps, with his bride!

We would stroll to the depot and steamer

To see what was rarer than pearls,

Each one a delicate scheme;

And a wild rose down.

But first, lest it should grieve,

Thus to be pained so low,

Into