A YANKEE LOVER'S SHREWD TRICK —

How Jonathan Won His Beloved Katrina.

The colonies of North America, having been composed of different nationalities, were diverse. New York was Dutch, while the adjacent colony on the east, Connecticut, was English, and the two no more mingled than oil and water. Indeed, the border line was the scene of a continuous quarrel.

On one side of this line lived Jonathan Pym, a young Yankee, while on the other lived Katrina Bleeker, a young Dutch girl. Pym used to stray across the boundary line to hunt and fish in the Dutchmen's territory, which only tended to increase the hostility between the two peoples, especially firing the sluggish Dutchmen against the sharp witted New Englander. But when it was learned that Jonathan's incursions were for very different game than fish or fowl, indeed that he was courting Katrina Bleeker, all the Dutchmen on the border laid down their clay pipes, set their schnapps mugs on the table and vowed that no Dutch girl should marry with the hated Yankees. The result was that Katrina was shut up in one of those little forts built along the eastern edge of the Dutch colony

When Jonathan next stole over the border to the trysting place he did not find his love, but a note scribbled in a mixture of Dutch and English telling that she expected to be shut up immediately in the fort. Jonathan went back to his people and told them of his misfortune They listened to him with occasional interruptions such as "Dew tell!" and "Want t' know," and when he had finished and asked them to help him out of the difficulty they volunteered to a man

The next day all the Yankees living near Jonathan's home collected, with pikes, matchlocks, scythes and pitchforks, and set out for the fort where Katrina was a prisoner. The approach was over an open field, and the Dutchmen on guard in the fort happened to be awake He raised the alarm, and presently a little six pounder sent a shot over the heads of the advancing Yankees. Jonathan called a halt

Now, Jonathan did not wish to sacrifice the lives of his friends simply to gain a wife for himself, so he invested the fort, hoping to starve out the garrison. But, whether it was that fear had taken away the Dutchmen's appetite or that the fort was well stored with provisions, the starvation process was a failure. Still there must be a dearth of fresh food, for the Yankees had kept the venders of perishable property away Jonathan, true to his Yankee blood, preferred stratagem to bloodshed and concluded to try to reduce the fort by the former method He withdrew his forces from one of the approaches, a swampy piece of ground, leaving the Dutchmen to suppose he had been driven off by mosquitoes

The next morning the Dutchmen saw a number of women with baskets on their arms making their way across the swamp. They came on, chatting among themselves, and when a short distance from the fort sat down their baskets and themselves for a rest The baskets contained butter and eggs, and the women kept up a clatter, discussing the merits of their produce and what prices they would get for it when they reached the settlement. The sight of the rolls of fresh butter and the white eggs tickled the stomachs of the Dutchmen, gaping at them over the parapet of the fort, and it was not long before they were hailed to know if they would sell and why so many of them were together They replied that they would sell if they could get as much for their wares as at the settlement and that they were going together for the protection from the Indians, whereupon they were invited into the fort.

Now, all this was a part of Jonathan's Yankee trick He had dressed himself and a dozen of his adherents like Dutchwomen, and each had arms concealed under his feminine apparel. He alone replied to the hail from the fort, for he alone had learned enough Dutch from Katrina to reply and could sufficiently conceal the Yankee nasal twang to prevent being discovered for what he was, though the Dutchmen were not quick at seeing through stratagem and he might well have strained a point. Be this as it may, the gates of the fort were thrown open, and the butter and egg venders entered.

They had scarcely got inside and set down their baskets when the main Yankee force concealed behind the barn made a rush upon the gates The Dutchmen were about to run to the assistance of those who were shutting them when they were set upon by the women and either held or driven back, while those coming from without overcame the gatemen, and in a few minutes the whole Yankee army was in the fort A Dutchman is no hand to defend himself against surprise, and those defending the fort surrendered at discretion. Jonathan told them that his only requirement was that Katrina should be permitted to choose between going with him or remaining with them. Katrina was brought forth and chose to go with her Connecticut lover.

Then there was a wedding at which much Holland gin was consumed and a peace arranged. Before leaving the Yankees had sold all the butter and eggs they had with them to the Dutchmen for a good price, but when the latter came to break the eggs they found them to be of white stone, while the butter was painted wood.

How Humming Birds Bathe.

Not being acquainted with the bathing habits of humming birds, I put out an abalone shell as the most artistic bathing dish for her, but never to my knowledge did she pay the least attention to it. One morning in the midst of a shower, however, she crouched down on the wet blade of a dogwod leaf and with head outstretched and rapidly fluttering wings spattered the raindrops in every direction. She went from leaf to leaf until she had succeeded in getting her feathers very wet; then she perched on a twig, shook off the drops and carefully preened her feathers. It is not improbable that in the absence of rain humming birds use the dewdrops in early morning. In closer captivity this bird bathed in a gladiolus blossom. Hereafter a pitcher plant is to be used. A humming bird which was accustomed to drinking sweetened water from a spoon one day found water in the spoon instead of sweets, whereupon she at once alighted on the edge and took a bath.—Katherine E. Dolbear in Atlantic Monthly.

Claude Duval.

This gallant robber of men's purses and ladies' hearts was of French extraction. Duval became so rich with his ill gotten gains that he was enabled to retire from the profession and return to France. But a quiet life, free from the excitement of his old career, did not agree with his adventurous spirit. He returned again to England and resumed his avocation. At length he was captured at the Hole in the Wall, in Chandos street. While in prison awaiting his doom many ladies of position visited him and endeavored to obtain his release, but justice was inexorable, and he was hanged at Tyburn in January, 1670. His epitaph in St. Paul's church, Covent Garden, speaks of him as "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief," and tells us:

Here lies Duval Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse, if female, to thy heart.
Much havoc has he made of both.

—St. James' Gazette.

Still Lively.

Uncle Erastus had an affection for his old wife which neither time nor the wear and tear of her disposition had destroyed He seemed to glory in what other people called "Aunt M'lindy Jane's cantankerousness.

"How's M'lindy Jane getting on, Rastus?" one of his neighbors asked, after hearing lively sounds from the Johnsons' dwelling up the lane.

"I's been feared dis winter's rheumatiz would carry her off," said Uncle Erastus, "but she suah is improvin' dis last warm spell o' weather.

"Dis mawnin' she stood up, restin' herself on one crutch, an' made passes at my laigs wid de udder crutch, an' she done make out to hit me mo'n once'. I's feelin' right encouraged!"—Youth's Companion.

Bright Pupils.

The magazine of a high school in the isle of Thanet gives the following answers during a geography lesson:

"The pyramids are a range of mountains separating France from Spain."

"Cataract is the name of the mountain on which the ark rested."

"The Mediterranean is joined to the Red sea by the Sewage canal."

"The hole in the top of a volcano, out of which the lather comes, is called the creator"—London Mail.

They Usually Do.

"I suppose you do a bigger trade when it rains than when it doesn't rain?"

"No, I don't notice any difference," said the umbrella dealer.

"But you get better prices when it rains, don't you?"

"Why should I?"

"Why, umbrellas go up, don't they?"—London Tit Bits.

No Chance of Depreciation.

"This car," said a loquacious agent, trying to sell a second hand motorcar, "will be just as good twenty years from now as it is today."

"It looks it," said the prospective customer "What I want, though, is a car that will be better today than it will be after I've had it twenty years!"

Suspicious Adornment.

"Why did you prohibit jewelry at the meetings of your bridge club?"

"It became too easy to signal for trumps. Nearly every one of the players wore a heart shaped pendant, a solitaire diamond, a marquise ring that looked like a spade, and a clover leaf brooch"—Washington Star.

Result of Laziness.

"When Mark Twain was a boy at school in Hannibal," said a veteran Missourian, "the schoolmaster once set the class to writing a composition on 'The Result of Laziness.'

"Young Clemens at the end of half an hour handed in as his composition a blank slate."

Chance For a Laugh.

Aspirant—What do you think of my little poem "He Always Refused to Smile?" Editor—Well, I think if you had given him the poem to read you would have broken the spell

A Fashion Note.

Doctor (to female patient)—You've got a slight touch of fever Your tongue has a thick coat— Patient (excitedly)—Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits'

Fitness of Things.

"What a picturesque place this is, this fork in the roads."

"Yes: it is where the hotel couples spoon."—Exchange

How to Grow Tall.

A man's organs and those of his bones which are not subjected to pressure grow continuously until he is forty years old—that is to say, the heart should become stronger, the capacity of the lungs increase and the brain should develop steadily until the fourth decade of life. Also one should wear a larger hat, at the age of forty than at thirty. A man ceases to grow tall, however, at the beginning of the third decade, because after that time the downward pressure exerted by the weight of the body while in the erect position compresses the vertebrae or small bones in the spine, the disks of cartilage between them, the pelvis and the thigh bones, and this pressure overcomes the natural elasticity of the disks and the growth of these bones. However, a British scientist contends that were man a quadruped and therefore freed from the downward pressure produced by his weight upon his spinal column he would continue to grow in height for ten years longer than he does at present, since it has been found that bones not subjected to compression increase up to the fourth decade.—Chicago Tribune.

Pretty Names For Books.

The following are some of the curious titles of old English books:

"A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay For God's Saints to Smell At."

"Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity. Carefully Conserved For the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

"A Sigh of Sorrow For the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole In the Wall of an Earthly Vessel Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish" (a Quaker who had been imprisoned).

"Eggs of Charity Layed For the Chickens of the Covenant and Boiled With the Water of Divine Love. Take Ye Out and Eat"

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze With Devotion."

Most of these were published in the time of Cromwell

The Wearing of Hats.

More or less of a modern habit is the constant wearing of hats. Even as late as 1750 Horace Walpole mentions as a matter of course that he never wears a hat. "Remember," he says, writing to a friend notoriously careless about his dress, who was expected home from Holland, "everybody that comes from abroad is supposed to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with the master of a Dutch smack in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see, I speak very disinterestedly, for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of a hat I don't wear."

A Grand Scheme.

Mr. Biggins had a scheme for protecting his house against burglars during his absence from home, but in spite of that his friend Mr. Higgins met him recently looking very downcast

"What's wrong?" queried Mr. Higgins.

"Oh, everything!" groaned Mr. Biggins. "You remember my scheme for keeping off burglars? Well, the secret of it was to leave a gas jet turned on, so that any burglar who entered would be asphyxinted by the fumes."

"Didn't it work, then?"

"Oh, yes, it worked well enough—too well. The burglar came in with a lighted match, and we haven't been able to find him or the house since."

The Privilege of Peers.

There is a curious case in Fortescue's "reports" relating to the privilege of peers, in which the bailiff who many years ago arrested a lord was forced by the court to kneel down and ask his pardon, though he alleged that he had acted by mistake, for that his lordship had a dirty shirt, a wornout suit of clothes and only sixpence in his pocket, so that he could not believe that he was a peer and arrested him through inadvertence.—Green Bag.

He Changed.

"Greymair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it."

"Did he change it?"

"Oh, yes: he changed his mind"

Hit It.

"You can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in, Mr. Highcollar," said little Johnnie.

"I haven't an idea in the world, Johnnie."

"That's it You guessed it the very first time"

Domestic Bliss.

Mr. Wyborn—Ever since I married you I've drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Mrs Wyborn—Yes; imagine you leaving a drain of anything in any cup!

In the Same Class.

"I have a fishing boat and a chauffeur that are both in the same class."

"How do you mean?"

"I am always bailing them out."

So It Does.

We are told that the "smallest hair throws a shadow." And so it does. It throws a shadow over your appetite when you find it in your food.

Inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature.—Addison.

When Red Hill Glorified

By M. QUAD

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The village of Red Hill had no railroad. It had no telephones. It had a birth or a funeral at long intervals. Lightning had never struck anything there, and a hurricane had never been heard of. There was no politics, dog fights nor lawsuits.

Red Hill just went right along without any man breaking a suspender as he climbed a fence or any housewife burning her bread in the oven as she gossiped at the gate, but her day was coming.

On the morning of a certain day Abraham Green's old bull got out of the pasture and charged the town and ripped open three barrels of salt and upset a buggy. At high noon a mad dog ran through the streets and bit a hog. At 6 o'clock in the evening as Moses Hepburn was milking his cow by candlelight she kicked the lantern over and set fire to the barn. The flames were extinguished after doing 30 cents' worth of damage, but Moses didn't stop there. The next evening he electrified the postoffice crowd by suggesting a town fire department. There were two or three old conservatives who solemnly shook their heads and declared that conflagrations were the handiwork of Providence and shouldn't be squirted out, but the town in general received the idea with enthusiasm and wondered that it had not been broached before.

Inside of half an hour forty men had put down their names as firemen, and the town trustees had named a committee to go to New York and look at a hand fire engine and report on the cost. It was only after the report had been made and public spirit worked up to the boiling point that a cloud of trouble sailed over the horizon. All of a sudden everybody remembered that a fire department must have a foreman, and everybody felt that he was just the man for the place. It was Absalom Jones who made the first break by rising up and saying:

"I am not the man, as you all know, to thrust myself forward, but on this occasion I arise to say that I am willing to make sacrifices and become the boss of the fire company. All I ask in return, in case I perish while doing my duty, is that you will visit by grave now and then and cherish my memory"

Then Hiram Smallman got up. Hiram had once assisted to put out a fire in a grocery store in Syracuse and he considered himself a fire veteran There was no doubt in his mind that whoever was elected foreman would sooner or later tumble off the roof of a burning house and break his neck, but when duty called he was not the man to hang back. He had but one neck, but he would gladly break that and his back to boot snatching widows and orphans from the grasp of the fire fiend. There were faint cheers as he sat down with moistened brow, but the applause didn't discourage Deacon Spooner.

"Sons of freedom," he began as he rose up, "there should be no strife or jealousy over this matter. What we first want is an engine to squirt out fires. What we next want is a competent man to direct the squirting. As you are all aware, I have been in the pump business for the last fifteen years and I ought to know something about water and squirting I will take the place of boss and do my best, and no man can do more. I may perish in my first conflagration, but if so you will remember me as one who did his whole duty."

As the deacon was sixty years old, nearsighted and deaf in the starboard ear, his offer to sacrifice himself didn't create any great enthusiasm. When he saw this he sat down with a jar, and Philetus Johnson took his place. He admitted that his experience with conflagrations had only extended to a burning haystack and a blaze in a woodbox behind the stove, but he was willing to learn—not only that, but willing to peril life and limb in the learning In case of death he would leave a widow and seven children and two cows to mourn his loss, but the town would erect a stone to his memory, and on it would be graven the words, "Here lies a man"

For two or three minutes after Philetus sat down it looked as if he would reach the pinnacle of fame, but there were others waiting to have their say.

The last speech of the evening was made by Lawyer Tompkins, though only half finished He started out to tell of the burning of Rome, and how the fire could have been squirted out at the beginning by the right sort of a man in command of the fire department, and had gradually worked down to Washington crossing the Delaware when the impatient audience howled him down and proceeded to a ballot. The ballot showed that there were forty-two firemen present and that every one wanted to be foreman The chairman rapped for order and asked them to remember that the eyes of the whole world were upon them and that one having the true interests of the people at heart would willingly give way, but the second and third ballots showed the same result. Then Judge Harmon arose and appealed to the patriotism of the audience, saying that General Jackson always stood ready to take a back seat, but another ballot showed no change. When the result was announced there was a deep silence for a minute, and then somebody moved to adjourn, and it was carried, and the crowd filed slowly and solemnly outdoors.

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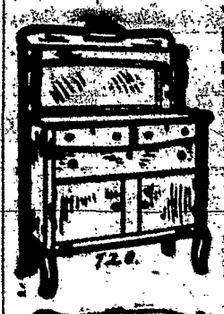

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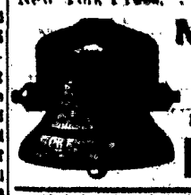

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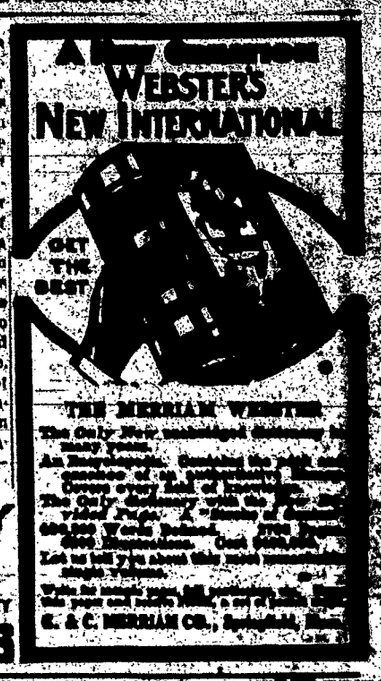

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