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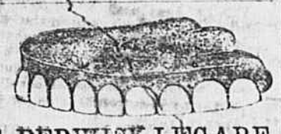

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The Origin of Philopœna.

A LITTLE STORY FROM THE GERMAN

There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following advice: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hand before I say the word 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head, and leave the kingdom."

This, however, was an artful stratagem, for according to the court custom, no one dared to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything, who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady always stepped between and spoiled the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him from it, perhaps a frog, or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of the other five kingdoms the princes wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of his apple. So, with the scent from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything."

So he hid his hands in his belt; and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this meant, and moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dared not give or take anything with his hands, at the most, only with his head and feet. Then the princess laughed and said:

"In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered:

"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."

"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.

"Why have you come hither," asked the princess, angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"

"Because you are so beautiful," replied the prince. "And if I cannot win you, I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.

So the prince remained at the palace and it pleased her more and more but when the humor seized her she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from his girdle and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons, and trinkets, and finally her bracelet, but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of his girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal and he received them, saying, "We remember."

Then the princess would become impatient, and would exclaim "My handkerchief has fallen! can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it, and wave it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying "I remember."

Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself:

"This cannot remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other."

She said to the prince:

"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it to-day."

The prince smelt of his apple, and as they entered the garden he said:

"It is very beautiful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that for this one hour, you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's arts, and there will be nothing to annoy us."

The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles. The birds sang, the sun shone warmly and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The princess saw them and exclaimed:

"What a pity that your lordship is not able to pick a few for me."

"Necessity knows no law," said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the princess from his mouth.

The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say at the instant, "I remember."

Then he cried, joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one!" and drew his hands from his girdle, and embraced her. And they spent the rest of their lives together in perfect peace and happiness.

A Chat with a Clergyman.

Mr H., a well-known clergyman, says Dio Lewis, came to consult me about his throat, and began by telling this story:

"I worked on a farm till I was twenty two, when I was converted, and immediately resolved to study for the ministry We used oxen, and indulged in that unearthly habit of yelling at them all day long. The neighbors who lived full two miles away declared that they heard me from morning till night. I remember that one old man in the neighborhood said when he heard that I was studying for the ministry:

"Well, there is one thing about that chap; he'll make 'em hear anywhere in the country. When he once gets into the pulpit, if he yells as loud as he does at them cattle, they'll hear him all over heaven and all through the t'other place too.'

"And now," continued Mr. H., "I have been preaching seventeen years; and although I have had no attacks of sickness, have gradually lost my health and strength, till preaching one sermon a week completely exhausts me I don't feel like speaking loud before Wednesday; and besides this, I have lost my legs, until I can't walk two miles without complete hexhaustion My church has given me a year's vacation, and now I come to ask what I had better do?"

First," I said, "I'll tell you what not to do. Don't go to the Holy Land The dirt and discomfort which you must encounter there won't help you, while the lack of opportunity to use your faculties, physical and mental, is every way unfavorable. This climate is an excellent one—this society is exceptionally good; so I advise you to remain here, and after visiting a week or two with friends, go back to your work and follow this regimen:

"1st. Go to bed at nine o'clock every night, and sleep half an hour in the middle of the day

"2d. Eat a good beefsteak or mutton chop, with stale bread and butter *ad libitum*, for breakfast, with a cup of weak coffee. For dinner, at two o'clock, take a large dish of oatmeal or cracked wheat. Eat no supper.

"3d. Bathe your skin in the morning with cold water, and rub it hard with rough towels. On going to bed at night rub yourself all over with hair gloves.

"4th. Work five hours a day outdoors in some regular employment, like that of farming or that of a carpenter. Keep up your habit of morning study.

"5th. Don't be extra good—I mean to say don't be solemn and reserved. Be jolly. Have a good time. Even if you think this life a weary pilgrimage act, for the sake of your health, as though the world were a pleasant home and designed for happiness rather than misery."

Mr. H engaged with one of his parishioners, a carpenter, and bargained to begin at nine o'clock every morning and work till two. He was to have what he could earn, which, at the end of a month, was thought to be a dollar a day. Within three months he could frame timber as well as the best of them.

The only desagreeable result from this prescription is this: Since Mr. H. got well (and he declars that he never felt so well in his life) he has taken to preaching this sort of table and out-door work to his people, and thus, you see, deprives me of the opportunity to repeat this prescription to other at five dollars per head. In this way my famishing children are deprived of that bread which, but for this clerical interference, their father would supply to them from the sweat of his brow.

American clergymen should be the healthiest men in the country. Their lives healthwise may easily be made the ideal one.

Infants Starved to Death and Infants Poisoned for Money.

A letter to the New York Herald, dated Naples, January 8, says:

Mrs. Rose Porro has made the following blood curdling confession:

"Trusting that the ignominy which this declaration will bring upon me will be accepted by my merciful Creator in atonement of my crimes, I, Rose Porro, truthfully state in the presence of my spiritual adviser, that I am accountable for the murder of those infants whose bodies were found in my late residence by the public officers, on the 13th day of December. For three years, I pursued a terrible system of crime, in order to satiate my greed for money, and I prevailed upon Margarite Coraldi, now in this prison, to assist me in perpetrating the crimes of which I stand charged, and am guilty. I caused advertisements to be published in Neapolitan journals, stating that any persons desirous of ridding themselves of their children, to prevent shame and infamy, or for any cause, could procure relief by calling upon me; that I was prepared to take full charge of their children upon a certain sum being paid. I required no person to leave his or her name, and am therefore unable to implicate any of those parties who encouraged me to perpetrate those crimes, for which I crave the Divine mercy. As far as I am capable of remembering, I willfully starved to death about twenty children, male and female, by locking them in an empty apartment, where I could not hear their cries and whence no others could hear them. I administered poison at intervals to about the same number of babies; and when dead, I, assisted by Margret Coraldi concealed the corpses below the tiles of the several floors of my house and beneath the gravel in the cellar. These murders only occurred when I could not rid myself of the infants in any other way. I adopted another wicked means of procuring gain by advertising that I could provide childless women with beautiful children for adoption, being compelled to part with them on account of my poverty. In connection with the causes of my crimes, I will state that my husband, one Lurgi-Francesco Porro, of Genoa, abandoned me without cause when we had been married only five months. This is one of the grounds upon which I approach the public authorities to beg their clemency in my behalf. Another is the unsullied virtue of my early life and the hopeless poverty and anxiety which followed my husband's desertion. Yet another ground is the blind, rash ignorance in which I committed the deplorable crimes, which I never truly realized the enormity of until God's hand placed me here."

Then follow references to her early life and the respectability of her family. She says she was "born in Trastenere, (that portion of Rome beyond the Tiber,) and was reared almost within the church's doors."

The two women are be taken before the Court of Assizes, and after very little ceremony, they will be found guilty of murder and condemned to death.

A Fiendish Woman.

Mr. and Mrs. X. of Pittsburgh are believed to have lived as happily together as man and wife commonly do in their social position. Some time ago Mrs. X., with or without reason, began to fancy that Mr. X. preferred Ida D. to herself. This young girl had, for a while, kept house for the husband in the temporary absense of the wife on a visit to relatives.

One day Ida received a message from Mrs. X., requesting her to call at her house, as she (Mrs. X.) had a letter from the country for her. In the afternoon Ida dressed herself in her best clothes and went to Mrs. X's house, where she was met at the door by the woman who kissed her, inquired particularly about the state of her health, and placed her in the most comfortable chair in the room, an armed rocking chair Mrs. X. offered the girl refreshments, which were declined, with a request for a glass of water. This was at once brought by the amiable hostess, who herself took a drink.

The woman then went into an adjoining room, from which she speedily returned with a strong cord of rope arranged in the form of a noose. Smiling and talking pleasantly all the time, she stepped behind her visitor, and, dropping the noose over her head and arms, with a sudden jerk, she soon bound the young girl helpless to the chair. Ida's feet were next tied to the chair.

"Now," said the woman, "you shall see how I avenge myself," whereupon from the table drawer she took a pair of shears, a large knife and revolver, all of which implements she spread upon the table before her victim by this time ready to faint with terror.

The tormentor's next step was to cut off the girl's hair as close as possible to the skin leaving only a single handful on the top of the head for the purpose as she explained, of facilitating the subsequent operation of scalping. The girl screamed and called for help as loudly as she could, but the house stands in a lonely place, and no deliverer appeared.

After cutting off the hair, Mrs. X. brought a looking glass that Ida might see the change produced in her features. As the girl begged for release, saying that she was freezing, she was told with a plentiful application of mocking epithets, that she would be warm enough before she got away.

Mrs. X. then put the poker in the stove, and while calmly waiting for it to become red-hot, she told her victim what she intended to do with it. "First, I will burn your eyes out," etc., etc, And she really began to execute her threats, but when she was trying to blind the girl, the latter, by a super human effort, succeeded in releasing one of her hands with which she seized the glowing poker and for a while arrested the monster in the prepetration of her crime. The interruption made it necessary to reheat the poker; and in the meantime the unlooked-for return of her husband was all that saved the girl from prolonged torture and death at the hands of Mrs. X.

A croupy youth in a neighboring town, having strongly objected to taking his medicine, was induced to make a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes and "maple syrup," but the latter proved to be hive syurup of squils. The boy said he thought something ailed the molasses the minute his father told him he could eat all he wanted to."

The husband of Mrs Robert Asher of Springfield, Ill., became addicted to the miserable habit of following her on the street until she purchased a rawhide and dressed him down once or twice, when his annoyance ceased.

Virginia, which didn't have a cotton factory before the war, has erected twelve of them since.

The Kind of Mutton Furnished New York City.

It seems monstrous that there should be no effective way of preventing the introduction and sale in our markets of diseased and poisoned meat. But there is no such way, Within a fortnight past, those best informed upon the subject estimate that 4,000 head of sheep have been brought to New York with a taint in their blood which has broken out in a disgusting disease of the skin, and have been sold and eaten, nobody interfering to prevent the sale. Even this is not the worst These sheep have been hurried into the market prematurely, lest they should die upon the hands of thrir owners. In consequence, a number of the sheep have been ewes heavy with young The result of the transportation of these in crowded cars, and deprived of food for many days, may only sufiering from a loathsome disease, but utterly unfit to be eaten by reason of their condition, have been bought by unscrupulous dealers and sold to unsuspecting householders. And yet if there is a power in the Board of health to prevent the distribution of this poisoned meat as a food for human beings it has not been exercised, and every householder is at the mercy of the men in whom the lust of, gain outweighs humanity and decency. We have laws regulating the sale of poison by the drachm but no effective laws, it seems restricting the sale of poison by the car load.—*New York Worle.*

A Brave Brakeman

A train was snowed up on a Wisconsion railroad recently, and the passengers began to suffer from hunger, no provisions being obtainable. Intelligence of their condition having reached Calmar, seven miles distant, a brakeman, named James Wilson, taking thirty pounds of crackers and cheese, set out to walk to the train. The Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin* describes his walk and its sequel as follows:

The wind blew a gale, and, with the thermometer at twenty-seven below, he had a hard road to travel. It was hard work; the wind penetrated through his hood, and, notwithstanding he felt his face and ears freezing, trudged until he reached the train, almost exhausted and unable to speak distinctly, his face, ears and nose badly frozen.

The train reached by Mr Wilson was one on which, among the passengers, was Mr. John Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien, who had some ladies under his care. Mr. Lawlor applied snow to the frozen face of Wilson, and did all that was needed to restore him as much as possible. Mr Lawlor then took from his own neck a massive gold chain, which he had worn for a long time, and putting it around Wilson's neck remarked, "It's a pretty good man that has worn that chain, but I have found a better, and he shall have it." The chain is reputed to be worth up among the hundreds of dollars, and was a handsome present, worthily bestowed. Under touching circumstances like these, the writer of such an incident can hardly tell which to admire the most, the heroism of the brakeman, who periled his own life to carry aid to his fellow-creatures, or the man who so promptly and generously rewarded the deed of the hero.

Capture of a Whale in Hampton Roads.

On Thursday last, Capt. Wm. Rodgers. of the oyster schooner Eliza Furlong, of Portsmouth, captured a whale of the black fish variety, in Hampton Roads, between the Rip Raps and Taylor's farm, that measured forty-two feet and a half from tip to tip. The monster, when first seen was lying apparently still in the water and lazily flirting his dorsal fin in the sun-light. He was approached by Capt. Rodgrs and his crew in a skiff, and one of the men, by a dexterous throw of the bowline managed to lasso the, large dorsal fin of the fish. He was then quietly towed into Mason's Chreek, in Norkfolk county and after being grounded on the flats, was despatched with axes.

Capt. Rodgrs cut the bladder out and secured over four barrels of oil. The carcass was given to the farmers in the vicinity, who had it cut up for compost purposes. About five feet of the tail of the whale was brought to Portsmouth, and is exhibited to the curious and skeptical on Neely's wharf. From a large contusion on the body, it is supposed the whale was badly hurt when captured. How it came to drift into these waters, so distant from its native element, is a mystery although it is not the first visitor of its kind taken in this section by a number.—*Norfolk Journal, 3d,* [illegible]

Ruling a Wife.

A man named Taddles, in Virginia, has got his wife in proper subjection and means to keep her so. "Oh," says he, in telling about it, "there ain't many men who know how to rule a wife properly. Now my old woman is one of the best natured women in the world, but she's got a deuce of a temper. Whenever I see she's got her madness up, if it's a dozen times a day, I just quietly say nothing, but rather humor her, and she comes around all right after a while. Even when she throws things at me or gives a wild dash at me with the broom or rolling pin, I just dodge a little, and she never hits me a third time before I get my eye on her, and let her know I disapprove of such actions on her part. Perhaps I have to leave the house to show her this, but she sees the point Then, by being careful not to irritate her, and letting her have her own way, I manage to make her do as I please. And you bet I make her understand and appreciate my discipline. Oh, I keep her under perfect control. A man has, you know, to be master in his own house, or your wife will ride you down as if you wasn't nobody. My wife is a perfect angel in her natural disposition, but any other man but me would spoil her."

Anderson, the wizard, met a Yankee who stole a march on him after the following pattern:

Enter Yankee. 'I say, are you professor Anderson?'

'Yes, sir, at your service.'

'Wa'al, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm suppthin' at a trick, too, kinder cute, too, you know.'

'Ah, indeed; and what tricks are you up to, sir?' asked the professor, amused at the simple fellow.

'Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece.'

'Oh that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that too.'

'No you can't. I'd like to see you try.'

'Why, hold out your hand with a cent in it.'

Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying on it.

'This your cent, is it, sure?'

'It's nothing else.'

'Hold on to it tight—*Presto!* change. Now open your hand.'

Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

'Wa'al you did it, I declare; much obleeged tew yeou,' and Jonathan turned to go out.

'Stay,' said the professor, 'you may leave me my ten dollars.'

'Yourn! wasn't it my cent?' and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing, eh? Good bye!' and as he left the room he was heard to say: 'I guess there aint anything green about this child.'

A minister going to dine after service with one of his deacons came upon the hired boy of his host, digging at a woodchuck's hole. The parson who was unknown to the boy, checked his rein and accosted him with:

'Well, my son what are you doing there?

"Digging out a woodchuck, sir," said the boy.

"Why, but don't you know that is vesy wicked? And besides you won't get him if you dig for him on Sunday.'

"Get him," said the boy; "thunder? I've got to get 'im! The minister's coming to our house to dinner, and we ain't got any meat."

Wesley, at the age of 17, wrote; "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirit for one quarter of an hour since I was born." An exchange remarks that his marriage occurred later.

A young man named Johnson who resides not far from town, buried his wife last Wednesday, went courting on Thursday and was tried up in matrimonial bliss by our Clerk of Court on Friday. He loves it.—*Marion Star.*