

A Tennessee Girl Cooking A Dinner.

I heard of a young lady the other day up in Middle Tennessee who, as river men say, has taken another chute. The story told about her did my soul good, and for the comfort of other half-starved dyspeptics like myself, whose tardy sustenance is effected by means of fried chicken, soggy biscuits, greasy hash and sole leather fritters, I'll relate it. For years past, as a mere matter of form—something handed down from remote antiquity—the officers of the county fair held in the neighborhood where this young lady lived have been in the habit of offering a premium to the lady (unmarried) cooking the best dinner. It was a dead letter. Nobody had contested for the premium within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. This year, however, the young lady of whom I am speaking determined to compete for the prize. Her name—I wish I could immortalize it—was Kate Janaway. The fair men set up a stove for her, stretched a canvas to shield her from the sun, and about 11 o'clock of the last day she went to work. The matter had been talked about by every one in the neighborhood, and a curiosity was on tip-toe. A crowd collected around the place where the stove was set up early in the morning, and kept increasing, but when Miss Kate herself, a buxom, handsome girl of nineteen, daughter of the ex-mayor of the town, appeared on the ground, and, putting on a white apron and rolling up her sleeves, commenced operations, all other attractions were nothing. Every one was eager to see so novel a sight. There was a tree close by which soon became black with spectators who had climbed up to get a better view. The branches were, finally, so burdened that one by one they broke, precipitating those upon them to the ground, until only one man was left in the tree. He sat in a lofty fork, with eyes riveted on the scene below. No amount of persuasion by those beneath, envious of his better view, could induce him to come down—even a bribe of \$10 failed. He said he was bound to see or die. Meanwhile the dinner preparations went on apace. The savory smell of the cooking food seemed to intoxicate the crowd, which pressed nearer. It took all the police force on the grounds to keep order. The time arrived for the trotting match, announced as the sport of the day, but the amphitheatre was empty. The judges (with the exception of one crabbed old widower,) the timers, all were missing, and so nothing could be done. At half-past 2 the dinner was announced ready, and the judges, happy men, seated themselves at the table—the crowd regarding them with ill-disguised envy. A roast of beef, delicately done, was put steaming hot upon the table, then followed corn pudding, whose delicate aroma fell upon the olfactories of the excited crowd, "like breezes of Araby the blest;" a profusion of vegetables cooked to perfection followed next. The judges ate and ate, praising the flavor of the food and the skill of the cook at every mouthful. But when a dessert of piping hot apple-dumplings made its appearance the forbearance of the crowd was at an end. They broke through the ropes into the ring with one accord, and the dumplings disappeared in a trice.

One old fellow, proprietor of a store and owner of a big saw-mill, proposed to the young lady on the spot, but he was quickly collared and led off the ground by two younger aspirants, who made common cause against the aged suitor, saw-mill and all. That young lady was the centre of attraction in her town after the cooking feat. She received twenty-five offers of marriage the first week, and her fame spread through all the country round. An old bachelor fellow down in Grundy county, with a fame so big that it takes him all day to ride around it, and cattle on a hundred hills, heard of her, and made a pilgrimage all the way to that town to learn the truth. He got the girl, too, although some of the young men of the place sued out a writ of habeas corpus to prevent her being carried out of the county. They were too late.

This is, I am aware, a rather sad ending for so good a story, but devotion to the truth compels me to give nothing but the simple, unvarnished reality.

She ought to have married that fellow who sat up there in the crutch of the tree so long, and at such fearful discomfort. He wanted her, and he was a poor, bilious dyspeptic, whom her splendid cooking would have soon restored to usefulness and society, but he was poor. Ah!—*Memphis Correspondence of Louisville Courier Journal.*

If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

A VICTIM OF GAROTTERS.

A victim of garotters, who strongly advocates the flogging of these criminals, thus describes his experience of garotting, in the columns of an English contemporary:—

"I live in a large provincial town, more than a hundred miles from London. One cold winter's night, when the snow was thick on the ground, on my way home between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock—my profession keeps me out late of nights—I was suddenly pounced upon from behind, and in an instant a powerful pair of hands clasped me savagely round the throat. I saw no one, and only heard one step before I was collared (literally). It was the work of a moment, and although I was within twelve yards of houses, and distinctly heard voices and saw lights in the rooms, I could only breathe, in a stifled whisper, the words, 'Help! help!' The grip once secure, the knee in the back followed, and I was dragged backwards until my body rested on my heels and my assailant's lap. When first grasped, I had instinctively thrown up my hands—in my pockets when I was attacked—to try and release the hug of the cowardly wretch; but his knee was in my back before I could seize his hands, and in this helpless condition I was forcibly dragged into a reclining position. When in this powerless attitude I could distinctly see, by the light of the lamps in the street, Garotter No. 2 run from his hiding-place on the opposite side. He was a rank coward, with an anxious, yellow face and restless eyes, and shivering with fear. He came in front of me, first gave me a sharp blow in the mouth, loosening some of my teeth, and causing blood to flow freely, then struck me twice with all his force in the pit of the stomach. Not one word was exchanged between the two ruffians. The blows in the stomach sent the wind upwards—its passage from the mouth was stopped by the 'hug' of the assassin behind—and, in dropping off into a state of insensibility to all outward things, I have a bare recollection of my muttering, 'Cowards!' and of experiencing a feeling something like chagrin at not being able to help myself in the most helpless position a man could be forcibly placed in. About ten minutes afterwards returning consciousness came, accompanied by long-drawn breaths and sighs. I opened my eyes and looked around. The assassin's hand had unclasped my throat; I was lying full length in the snow, my mouth bleeding, my right arm severely injured. It was afterwards ascertained that the small bone at the elbow was broken, doubtless by the fall; my clothes were torn from my body, for in their search for plunder they did not stop to unbutton my garments; my watch, chain, money—in fact, everything in my pockets, even to my gloves—were gone. I got up and crawled home, not sixty yards from the spot where I was maltreated. With my eyes starting from their sockets, my mouth running with blood, my hair all dishevelled, part of my beard torn out, and my clothes hanging about me, I stumbled into the house, to the great alarm of my wife, then in a very delicate state of health. I threw myself into a chair and, after partaking of a small quantity of brandy, recovered sufficiently to tell my sad story. The police were at once communicated with, but without result. The ruffians had got clear off. After having my neck—there was a blackening of strangulation round it—rubbed with oil, I was put to bed, where I lay for several days, now and again starting up and staring wildly round in my sleep, suffering terribly in mind and body from the shock to the system. For fully six months afterwards, so awful in its suddenness was the attack, and such an effect had it upon my nerves that in the dead stillness of the night I have started from my sleep, jumped out of bed, and examined carefully underneath, under the belief that some one was secreted in the room. My assailants never were traced. I lost over £30 in money and property; had six of my front teeth loosened, had the small bone of my right arm broken, and had to pay a doctor's bill of £10. The doctor told me that had I not been a strong man the shock of the sudden attack would certainly have killed me, and he consoled me by adding that I had got off with a minimum of punishment, and the garotter must have been an 'expert' at his vile trade."

Example—"We do not want precepts so much as patterns," says Pliny; "an example is the softest and least invidious way of commanding."

IMPROVED BUTTER.

At the request of the victualing department of the French navy for some wholesome substitute for butter that would keep well, Mege Mouriez, after a long course of experiments, has succeeded in producing an excellent substitute for genuine butter, that does not become rancid with time, and is otherwise highly recommended. Experiments made with cows, submitted to a very severe and scanty diet, led to the discovery that they continue to give milk, though in greatly diminished quantity, and that this milk always contains butter; whence it was inferred that this butter was formed from fat contained in the animal tissues, the fat undergoing conversion into butter through the influence of the milk-secreting glands. Acting on this hint, Mouriez's process begins with splitting up the animal fats. Finely divided fresh beef suet is placed in a vessel containing water, carbonate of potash, and fresh sheep's stomachs, previously cut up into small fragments.

The temperature of the mixture is then raised to about 112 degrees Fahrenheit, when, under the joint influence of the pepsin and the heat, the fat becomes separated from the cellular tissue. The fatty matter floating on the top is decanted, and after cooling submitted to a very powerful hydraulic pressure. The semi-fluid oleo-margarine is thus separated from the stearine, and becomes the basis of the butter to be afterward produced. One hundred pounds of this oleo-margarine, along with about twenty-two quarts of milk and eighteen quarts of water, are poured into a churn, and to this mixture are added a small quantity of annatto and about three ounces of the soluble matter obtained by soaking for some hours in milk cows' udders and milk glands. The mixture is then churned and the butter obtained, after being well washed with cold water and seasoned, is ready for use. If required to be kept for a long time, it is melted by a gentle heat in order to eliminate all the water.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Typographical Accuracy.

Every one who has been in the habit of reading carefully the London newspapers, as well as those of our own city, cannot have failed to notice the greater typographical accuracy of the English press. This is not achieved without immense expense and labor. On the great London dailies each portion of matter passes through a number of different hands. From the "reader," generally a fairly educated man, it goes to the sub-editor's room, where it is carefully perused by a gentleman in his department. Thence it passes, if editorial matter, to the editor's room, and is carefully gone over by one of the chiefs of the editorial department. One of the principal dailies retains the services of a gentleman whose extraordinarily extensive reading and retentive memory make him invaluable in correcting inaccuracies in the way of quotation and illustration. It is his duty to read over every editorial and morsel of foreign correspondence. The editorials on the *Times* and *Telegraph* are so much altered by the editorial overseers, that, to the great annoyance of their authors, they could hardly be recognized as the original composition. "I don't quite like that," an editor will say, "see if you can give more point to the wind up of this leader." After that it will go to some one else, who will make still further alterations. But the result is a familiarity and equality of tone, which is specially observed in the London *Times*. The articles, although written by very different people, are so thoroughly trimmed by the same hands, that they are distinguished by the special style desired. These refinements are unknown here; and more carelessness than is exhibited by some of our best papers cannot be found, except, perhaps, in the provincial press of Ireland.—*Appletons Journal.*

The Greek Brigands—A Woman's Stratagem.

A story comes from Athens about Greek brigandage, very refreshing to honest people, and suggestive of the question whether women might not govern Greece better than its men. One of the curses of modern Hellas, as everybody knows, is the unextirpated guild of brigands who infest the land, defying the government, suppressing commerce, demoralizing the peasantry, and robbing and murdering strangers or rich natives. One of those unchanged villains lately captured the youthful son of a widow woman of property, well known upon the border.

The usual message was sent down from the hills: the brigand chief must have one thousand drachmas by a certain day, or the life of the boy—he was only twelve years old—would pay the forfeit. As usual too, the last hope which a mother could cherish in such a frightful position was the chance of government help. The wretchedly weak administrations which play at "in and out" in Athens still allow these scoundrels to hold the roads and passes of the country, and this poor woman had to trust to her own courage and wits. Neither were wanting; there was some true old Odyssean blood in her, and she hit upon a plan for saving both her child and her drachmas.

She had a brother, a young fellow of perfect pluck, though his cheeks were as smooth as the Delian Apollo's, and him she dressed up carefully as Greek girl. Having appointed to meet the robber chief in a certain spot, she took up two hundred drachmas, and a present of cakes and fruit, the "Greek girl" going with her as a "guide." On reaching the place they found the scoundrel waiting, with the captive lad bound hand and foot beside him. The woman first ascertained, by cunning questions that the man was really alone, and then offered, with many supplications, her money, and the present of cakes and fruit. The villain took the latter and munched them while he counted out the drachmas; then, with a fierce oath he said it was far too little—that she must go back and send enough to make up a thousand, or the head of the lad would be sent down to her without delay. While the woman clung supplicating to his knees, the "Greek girl" suddenly flung a grip of iron round the robber's arms, and, as the fellow was thus pinioned, the outraged mother drew a loaded pistol and shot him dead. The pair lost no time in liberating the lad, nor did they forget to cut off and wrap in a cloth the head of the "chief," and, as a reward of three thousand drachmas had been set upon this precious article, they made quite an excellent day's business of it, on arriving safe and sound at their own village.—*London Telegraph.*

Bass's Breweries.

The English town of Burton-on-Trent is almost wholly given up to the manufacture of beer. In fact, the breweries are the town, and the interstices between the breweries simply contain some dwelling-houses. The immense breweries of Bass, Ailsopp, Inde, Coope, Worthington, Salt, Nunneley, Evershed, and Robinson, are all there, besides others of lesser note. Bass alone has three breweries there, covering altogether a little over 100 acres of ground. Bass used last year 267,000 quarters of malt for brewing purposes; if it be reckoned that an acre grows four quarters of barley, 66,750 acres were occupied in growing the malt which Bass used. Of hops his consumption was 29,000 cwt., which engrossed about 2,000 acres of hop growing country. In malt tax and license duty Bass paid £200,000. The total brew of Bass during the past year amounted to 720,000 barrels—each barrel containing thirty-six gallons; so that Bass could have served more than half the estimated number of the human race with a glass of beer per head from his brewing of one year. Throughout his Burton premises Bass owns over five miles of private railway, runs five private locomotives, and uses twenty-six steam engines, with a collective horse-power of 436. Bass employs in Burton over 2,000 persons, and pays more than £2,000 in weekly wages. Bass used last year 33,300 tons of coal. Bass has in use 30,000 butts, 144,000 hogsheads, 113,000 barrels, and 249,000 kilderkins, a stock of casks in all, in store and scattered over the country, exceeding half a million.

BREVITIES.

A little boy being asked "What is the chief end of man?" replied: "The end what's got the head on."

Covetous persons are like sponges, which greedily drink in water, but return very little until they are squeezed.

A personal in a French paper reads: "Eliza, you can return to the house. The boil on my nose is gone."

An Irishman found guilty of stealing coffee was asked by the magistrate what he did with it. "Made tay with it," was his reply.

"What are you doing there, you rascal?" "Merely taking cold, sir." "It looks to me as if you were stealing ice." "Well—yes—perhaps it will bear that construction."