A FAMOUS CHEESE.

The One Presented by the People of the Town of Cheshire, Mass., to Jefferson.

The town of Cheshire, situated among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, is one of the pleasantest places in all the country, says the Boston *Transcript*. The pasturage of this region is excellent. The land is very productive, and the dairy farms have always been noted for the quality of their butter and cheese. And here, about eighty-seven years ago, was made the enormous cheese whose fame went abroad throughout the United States, crossed the water, and even spread into foreign countries. Elder John Leland a celebrated preacher of his time, was pastor of the village church. He was a vigorous and original thinker, noted for his exposition of the scriptures. People came from far and near to listen to his sermons. In those days a minister's views upon all public questions were received with respectful attention, and Elder Leland did not confine his labors to parochial affairs. Any delinquency among the select men of the town, any failure in rigid adherence to duty, was boldly attacked by him in the pulpit, and names were mentioned with startling directness.

Thomas Jefferson was nominated for the presidency of the United States in the fall of 1800. He was believed by many to be an infidel, and the feeling of New England—the stronghold of orthodoxy—was severe against him. An ominous silence that he preserved in regard to his own religious belief was regarded as unfavorable, and it was even declared in some country towns that churches would be closed and sacredness of the Sabbath day no longer preserved if he were elected. Elder John Leland held no share in this public opinion. He had been a preacher in Virginia, where he had often met Mr. Jefferson.

The two men were mutally attracted and held long conversations together. Elder Leland became an ardent admirer of Jefferson. He recognized his Christian character in spite of a natural reticence, and he believed in his republican principles. When Jefferson was nominated he began to work for him. It was said that the elder stood alone, but the sturdy opposition became his inspiration. He preached politics in the pulpit on Sunday; he rode to neighboring towns through the week; he was ready always with an argument. So great was the influence that he exerted that when election day came there was not a member of the whole church who failed to vote for Jefferson. Great was Elder Leland's delight over the victory, and at the close of the afternoon service on the next Sabbath he proposed that, as a people, they should prepare a token of their good will to be sent to Washington after the new president had taken his place at the white house. It should be something in which women as well as men could participate, and he suggested an enormous cheese, as the natural product of their industry. Every man in the county who had voted for Jefferson should bring all the curd he felt able to give. A committee of farmers' wives, who were skilled, should be appointed for the mixing. Everybody was pleased with the idea. Capt. John Brown, who was known as the man to first suspect and denounce Benedict Arnold as a traitor, was a member of this village. He offered his cider-mill as the best and largest in the town. They had it thoroughly cleaned, a new bottom of wood set in, surrounded with an iron hoop, and thus converted into a huge cheese-press. It was a fine afternoon when the crowd came pouring in from all quarters of the county to Capt. Brown's farm. Some wealthy farmers brought quantities of curd, others only a pailful, but the offerings were poured into the cider-press. The matrons then came forward, mixed and flavored it. The men stood ready for the pressing. Then, uncovering their heads all bowed reverently while Elder Leland asked God's blessing upon their labor. They sang a hymn, the minister giving out two lines at a time and the people singing them, and a social season followed until twilight dispersed the crowd.

When the cheese was ready to be removed it was found to weigh 1,600 pounds. The parish requested their minister to convey it in person to the president. It was a journey of five hundred miles, but the sleighing at the appointed time was excellent, and he started. He was three weeks on the road. The people thronged to meet him in every town and village through which he passed, and the news of the gift had spread, and such a cheese was never seen before. When Elder Leland arrived in Washington he sent a note to Jefferson, who suggested that the members of his cabinet and of congress, together with the foreign ministers and other distinguished guests, should be invited to attend and witness the presentation. In the midst of this gathering Elder Leland arose with great dignity and proffered the huge Cheshire cheese as a token of the deep respect of the county. The president closed his courteous reply with these words:

"I will cause this auspicious event to be placed upon the records of our nation and it will forever shine amid its glorious archives. I shall ever esteem it among the most happy incidents of my life, and now, my much-respected, reverend friend, I will, by the consent and in the presence of my most honored council, have the cheese cut and you will take back with you a portion of it, with my thanks and present it to your people that they all may have a taste. Tell them never to falter in the principles they have so nobly defended; they have successfully come to the rescue of our beloved country in the time of her great peril. I wish them health and prosperity, and may milk in abundance never cease to flow to the latest posterity."

As arrangements had previously been made the steward of the white house came forward and cut the cheese. A slice was presented to each guest. Everyone tasted and declared it to be as near perfection as it was possible for cheese to be.

Elder Leland was greatly delighted with the whole enterprise. He spent a few days in Washington and then left for home. Another large meeting was held at Capt. John Brown's. The elder gave the whole account of his trip and the reception of their present at the capital. One can imagine the eagerness and delight with which the people listened. Each one received a small piece of cheese, for the whole region came to hear. This story is still treasured by those who received it from parents or grandparents.

Genuine Mound Builders.

The caving of the bank of the Big River, about two miles south of Bonne-Terre, Mo., writes a correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, has disclosed an ancient burial ground. Six rudely constructed boxes, formed by setting flat stones on edge in parallel lines, about twenty inches apart, covered also with flat stones, were disclosed, the end projecting from the bank some two or three feet below the surface of the soil. On examination each box proved to be a coffin containing human remains. The form of the bones could be plainly discerned by the chalky substance into which time had changed all but the larger ones. Portions of the larger bones of the arms, thighs and skulls were obtained from each of the graves in a tolerably solid condition, but the smaller bones, as soon as they were exposed to the air, crumbled to dust. Quite a quantity of teeth were found in excellent state of perservation, as also numerous fragments of pottery. This last circumstance determines the occupants of these silent abodes to belong to the Mound Builders, a race of men who had passed even out of tradition before the advent of the white man. The six graves were all side by side, a space of about two feet intervening between each two. Besides these, other graves have been found justifying the belief that this is an extensive ancient burial ground.

These remains of an unknown race that once inhabited this country recall other very interesting remains found on the farm of William D. Huff, near Irendale, and about twelve miles from this place. These latter are found in a rocky glade, covered with a soft yellowish, bastard limestone, in which, many years ago, there were hundreds of tracks of human feet and of almost every animal formerly inhabiting the country. Years ago however the locality became known to curiosity hunters, and all the best specimens have been carried away. Among the footprints were those of bears, deer, turkeys, etc., as well as human feet, most of which were as perfect as if they had been made by the impression of the foot in soft mud, which dried into stone; and indeed there are some who believe this to be the case. Notwithstanding the great number of specimens that have been carried away, there are still many left, and to those who take an interest in such matters, the locality is a highly interesting one.

A Trifle Too Hasty.

There may be a moral in the following as related in the Kigston *Freeman*, to over sensitive persons: Recently a man who is employed in a factory at Sleightburgh was taken ill. During his absence a wooden figure of a man, such as is used as a target for balls to be thrown at, was left at the factory to be painted. When it was painted it was placed against the absent workingman's bench to dry. The next day the man returned to work. The first thing that he saw on entering the factory was "a wooden man" standing at his bench. He took it as a reflection on his standing as a workman—"that a wooden man could do as good work as he could." He became infuriated, and, grasping a hatchet, he split the wooden image into kindlings. When he was told that the figure had been left there to be painted, and it was owned by a man in Rondout, he was greatly chagrined, and said he supposed he would have to replace it. He will not be so hasty another time.

No Marriage This Time.

Naomi: "George, say that you will be mine!" George: "Really, this is very sudden. I—er—I want to marry a girl who can keep house." "I can keep house, love. I am a graduate of the cooking-school and I can make delightful bread." "I'm sorry, but I'm not a paving contractor and I don't know what I'd do with the bread."—*Lincoln Journal.*

DAMAGED A DANDY.

A Plucky Chicago Girl Breaks Her Parasol Over a Masher's Head.

A nine-dolar-a-week dude, of grapevine build and gentle, calf-like ways, wrought to a pitch of frightened frenzy extinguished as it were, by an ironed-over hat driven down to his sloping shoulders, madly trying to escape a rain of sharp blows from a heavy parasol in the hands of a muscular, pretty and plucky girl of the period, was, according to the Chicago *Mail*, the center of attractoin in front of the Columbia Theater about seven o'clock the other evening.

People laughed, gazed and laughed again at the unusual and ridiculous spectacle, and cheered the plucky girl without knowing why. The animated panorama didn't last long, but it was very exciting while it lasted, and when, at the conclusion of the affair, a flushed, sparkled-eyed miss, holding a broken parasol, slightly excited but triumphant, made the sickly-looking caricature of a man hand out a week's salary to pay for her broken sun-shade the climax was reached, and the crowd was enthusiastic.

The dude was to all appearances one of those innocuous and weak mental feather-weights, harmless because of his lack of mind or physical strength, but as vile and corrupt as a man of his stamp can be. He was carefully dressed in as close an imitation of the most outer mode as can be procured by careful purchasing at the "cheap but nasty" stores. He looked fairly well under artificial light, however, and was standing in a carefully studied neglige pose in front of the theater, showing himself and his clothes, and weakly ogling the passing ladies. The pretty girl with the parasol passed with a pretty companion, and the dudelet chirped in a "caash 39" voice the hailing sign of his order.

"Ah, theah!"

The girls "ah'ed." That is, they nudged each other, glanced up and smiled. Accepting the smile and accompaning symptoms favorably the fop came off his perch and offered his arm to one of the girls, raising his fall-style tile from his little yeasty head as he did so.

He thought he had "caught on," but the next moment he was "caught on" the head with a swipe from the umbrella, directed after the regular "six-love" lawn-tennes style. The hat joined his collar and beheimeted and blinded him. The exquisite grasped wildly at the sand-fly thickened atmosphere, and yelled in frightened tones: "Aid, aid, assistance!" Again and again the parasol cracked across the tile, which sounded like a used-up concertina, until the slender stick broke, and weaponless the fair assailant stood confronting the damaged masher.

"That parasol cost me eight dollars. I expect you to make it good," said she, curtly, and the befuddled "Cholly," rescued from his hat, was so rattled that he handed out a ten dollar note pensively, wildly and gladly. The girl handed the bill to a policeman, who got it changed, contemptuously tossed two silver dollars to the mussed-up masher and walked away as saucily, cooly and modestly as one could wish. The crowd surged a little and the damaged dude escaped in a neighboring saloon, where private stalls are to be found, and tried to arrange his wardrobe before any body else saw him.

A Bad Cow at a Funeral.

A trifling incident transpired at a funeral in Bungree, Victoria, the other day. The pall-bearers and other officials were in the act of bearing the remains of the late lamented from the cemetery gates to the grave, and the friends and relatives followed sadly in the wake, allowing their bitter tears to filter through large handkerchiefs, when a one-horned, bony cow, with a fiery eye and an elevated tail, bore down on the cortege and butted the gentleman who bore the coffin into a condition of rags and incapacity, then she skipped about, frolicked along sideways, trod upon the procession, and wore holes in it with her solitary horn, after which the remainder of the mourners sought comparative security on top of tombstones and in other elevated positions, leaving the dead and wounded on the field of action. The grave-digger subsequently diverted the cow's attention with a spade, and the funeral terminated with a prayer.

The Monkey as a Scientist.

In the interesting little "zoo" connected with the National museum at Washington, there is a fine male grivet monkey, who shares a large cage with opossums. To human beings he shows himself anything but amiable, but he takes kindly to his strange companions, and they have been the best friends from the first. The attention of the attendant was lately drawn to the cage by the excitement of a crowd in front of it, and on going to ascertain the cause he was surprised to see the monkey seated in the middle of the cage with one of the opossums lying quietly on her back on his lap and her head under his arm. The monkey had just discovered the marsupial pouch of the opossum, and was diligently investigating it. Had he not been a close observer it certainly would have remained unseen, for it was so tightly closed as to be perfectly invisible in its normal condition. The monkey carefully lifted the outer wall of the pouch and peered into the cavity. Then he reached in with his hand, felt about for a moment, and to the astonishment of everybody took out a tiny young opossum, about two inches long, hairless, blind, and very helpless, but alive and kicking. "Jock" held it up to the light where he could get a good view of it, scrutinized it with the air of a savant, and presently returned it to the pouch very carefully. After replacing it he looked into the pouch again, and presently drew out another for examination, which he looked at with solemn interest, smelt it, and then carefully put it back. It was thus it became known to the attendants that the old female opossum had the young ones, which had previously been looked for in vain.—*American Naturalist.*

Not a Useful Profession.

"I love you better than my life!"
He urged; and she replied, "I know it,
But I will never be the wife
Of any poet."

"But think," persisted he, "that I
Could make you famous by a sonnet."
"I know," said she, "but could you buy
Me a new bonnet?"

"I love you so," he softly sighed;
"You know I never would forsake you!"
"Of course you do," she said, "I've tried
My best to make you."

"Then tell me why we may not wed,
You love me, and your actions show it."
"I thought I told you why," she said—
"You are a poet."

Sunken Cities.

There is no superstition so widespread in Europe as that of a sunken city which has disappeared below the surface of the sea or a lake at some unknown period in the past. When the waters are rough the tips of the spires of its churches may be seen in the trough of the waves; on calm days one hears the distant sound of their bells drowned by the ocean. The name of the city in Germany is given as Vineta, and it lies in the vicinity of the Island of Rugen. E. Werner has a novel entitled "Vineta" which is based on this superstition, and W. Muller (father of Max Muller) an exquisite little lyric under the same title. Here is Mangan's translation of the first two stanzas:

Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime:
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave,
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

In Brittany the sunken city is called Is, and various places along the coast are pointed out as its site. Ernest Renan has made use of the old legend in the preface to his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse," as follows: "It seems to me that I have in my heart a town of Is, which still has its obstinate bells that ring for the sacred offices and call for men who hear no more. Often I stop and listen to these trembling vibrations, which seem to come from infinite depths, like voices of another world. As age comes on I take pleasure, especially during the summer, in collecting these distant sounds of a lost Atlantis."

Lough Neagh, in Ireland, is in popular tradition held to have been originally a fountain, which, overflowing, buried a whole district under its waters. Thomas Moore alludes to this tradition in his poem, 'Let Erin Remember:"

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.

Thus shall memory oft, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

—*American Notes and Queries.*

Distress in Venice.

A friend writes to me from Venice that inconceivable distress prevails there among the working classes, owing to the miserable low rate of wages. Skilled tradesmen who work hard for twelve hours a day six days in a week can only earn from 9s 6d to 14s per week. Clever woodcutters average 22s per week; clerks in private employment get 5s to 10s; those in public offices, 10s to 20s, and even those in the higher post get only 25s. The average government pay to post and telegraph functionaries is 15s 6d per week, from which income tax has to be deducted. Women engaged in lace and bead work, if industrious, earn 4s 6d to 6s. A daily governess, employed six hours every day, is paid 15s to 18s per month. The wages of agricultural labors in the province of Venice average 3s to 4s 9d a week. The people yearn for the old Austrian days when wages were higher and there were practically no taxes.—*London Truth.*

A Problem Solved.

Old Man: "If I give my daughter to you, young man, where will you take her?" Young Man: "Well, er—I thought perhaps we might stay here with you until I can get things straightened out a bit." Old man: "H—m, yes, I had quite overlooked that easy solution of the difficulty, but my house is very small." Young man: "Ye—s, I thought of that, too; but the idea occured to me that possibly the house could be enlarged."—*New York Sun.*

MINOR MENTION.

Brass instead of old silver is the current London craze.

England has more treaties than any two other countries combined.

Parisian ladies smoke deliciously-scented cigaretts tinctured with roses, carnations or heliotrope.

Judge Kelley, "the father of the house," was a jeweler before he turned his attention to politics.

H. Rider Haggard, in spite of his success as a novel writer considers the practice of law his chief occupation.

The late Chief Justice Waite had four messengers during his fifteen years on the supreme bench. Three of them went mad.

Parisians are talking of erecting a monument to Jaques Daviel, the first oculist to practice excision of cataracts. He described his method in 1752.

Mr. Ruskin is figuring in a new direction. The most popular drink in London at present is milk and soda water—half and half. The great art critic is the inventor of this beverage.

The King of Abyssinia hates smoking and chewing so intensely that he cuts off the noses and lips of those who indulge in the habit. Some day he will be assassinated by a cigarette.

Gen. Lew Wallace is passionately fond of the gentle sport which Izaak Walton made immortal. He was especially active in the recent fly casting tournament of the fishermen of the state of Indiana.

An investigation of the list of persons in France who have the decoration of the Legion of Honor has revealed that more than two hundred obtained it by bribery or improper means. Their names will be stricken off.

Paul Desgranges, of Philadelphia, has collected 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps. He has put them up in packages of 50,000 stamps each, the packages weighing over five pounds each. It has taken him six years to make this useless collection.

A lady of Texarkana, Texas, the other night placed five hundred dollars in bank notes in the oven for safety while she attended the theatre. She forgot to take it out, and the servant girl burned it up while getting breakfast the next morning.

Various valuables which were presented to the Pope as jubilee offerings, and which were on exhibition, have been stolen from the Vatican. Among the stolen articles are a chalice valued at £2,000, some gold snuff boxes and several pairs of slippers.

The Vatican is the most polite court in Europe. Replies to all communications are addressed with the titles assumed by the original correspondents, be they counts, dukes or princes. The Pope never stops to ask whether they are genuine noblemen or not.

Marriages are not allowed in Russia before the male is eighteen and the female sixteen, nor are men over eighty or women over sixty permitted to enter wedlock. A fourth marriage is illegal. Priests may marry only once. Marriages in secret without witnesses are not valid.

People are dying from hunger in some parts of Turkey. A correspondent explains that the famine in central Turkey resulting from drought, and in eastern Turkey from devastation of ten thousand square miles by locusts, is now culminating in utter destitution and death.

The cross-eyed man has found his province at last. It is love-making on the sly. An Indiana farmer, whose daughter ran away with a cross-eyed farm hand, declared that he never could tell when his hired man was looking at his daughter, and therefore he didn't suspect him.

Baron de Hirsch has not yet made his alleged magnificent endowment of Jewish schools in Russia, but has invited suggestions from several sources as to the best means of giving effect to some benevolent intentions, and has entered into negotiations with the Russian government on the subject.

An unhappy season in France is during the time of conscription, when every young man of proper age is obliged to walk up and draw from an urn a ball. If he takes a black one, it means three years service in the army; if a white one, he is exempt. The only son of a widow is exempt. Substitutes can be furnished.

Sir Edward Baines is said to be the oldest active journalist in Europe. He is 88 years old, and his paper is *The Leeds Mercury*. He began his career as a journalist three years after the battle of Waterloo, but was present as a reporter for *The Mercury* at the battle of Waterloo in 1819, and has been continuously in newspaper life ever since.

Street-car tickets are a glut in the market in Galveston, Tex. There was a dearth of small change, it was proposed to utalize the car tickets for that purpose; so the car companies increased the issue to accommodate this new use, and now the merchants find themselves with enough car tickets on hand to give the entire population a ride for several years.

Travelers through the Hoosac Tunnel recently experienced a curious change in the weather. On entering the eastern end of the tunnel, the travelers left a country on which rain was pouring and which was devoid of every vestage of snow. On leaving the tunnel, the travelers saw with astonishment a driving snow storm and a snow-covered ground.

In Whitewood, D. T., the other day, a ranchman got howling drunk and was arrested. The authorities, for lack of a better place, locked him up in an empty box car. Some time in the night a train picked up the car, and when the ranchman woke up in the morning he found himself fifty miles from home and without a cent. He intends to bring suit for damages.

Senator Voohees recently visited the pension office, at Washington, and was astonished to recognize in a man hauling a truck filled with documents an ex-judge once prominent in Indiana. Stopping him the senator exclaimed: "Thunder and lightning! A judge in Indiana—a horse in Washington!" The next day the "horse" was promoted to a place more befitting his former dignity.

An edict has been issued in China ordering the sales of office of honorary rank and precedence and of certain degree and literary honors, to provide funds to repair the damage done by the Yellow river disaster. Petty distinctions, such as feathers, are to be sold; but the principal revenue is expected to be derived from the sale of a new rank specially devised for the purpose.

A Deadwood paper contains the following: "There is a high-toned cuss on Sherman street of socialistic tendencies who practices his political teachings. He has no wood, but a poor woman in the neighborhood has. She worked and earned it, and he divides with her. He always waits until he thinks she has gone to bed before he makes the divvy, and carries his part home. We will give his name if he doesn't quit.

Shoes for the house and carriage wear were never so funciful as now, but no woman with the least claim to fashion will wear upon the street anything but plain fine kid.

A philosopher, in discoursing upon various incidents of the summer campaign, notes that when the hammock breaks down, the occupant is broken up.

The convention of New England roadmasters is discusssing the best form of curve. The choice seems to lie between a swift inshoot and a slow drop.

The coal dealer's slate is as much dreaded by those who pay cash as by those who do not.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. The safest way is to drink out of a bottle.

The psyche knot is doomed, according to fashion-makers, and the coming season will find it quite passee. Its entire disappearance need not be expected for some time yet, however.

Green and brown are much worn together now, as well as gray with blue and mignonette with ruby. The overdress in polonaise form is of the darker tint, and the skirt has rows of ribbon to match around it at the bottom.