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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

## VOL. I.

### THE HEREAFTER. BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

Sigh not, fair mother, as thou seest The little nursery at thy feet; Three golden heads together bent Three gotten near together own Like statesmen o'er some scheme profound and sweet Convened in their more gracious Parliament.

Sigh not, if o'er thy faithful heart Keen shadows of the future go; The tortures dormant in the frame; woes of want and wrong; the stern

Of souls that start, and own a hidden sha

Fenced from the frosty gales of ill Man slips through life unmade, unbrace As honey from the flint-rock shed; Wrong bravely borne, the brunt of pain w

faced, Rain in soft blessings on the gallant head. Endure! Endure!-Life's lesson's so

Is written large in sea and earth : And he who gives us wider scope Sets in a sky a star of higher hope.

And with more joy than one who treads The road with never-swerving strength, His future-piercing eyes survey
Those who, wide-roving, to the fold at length
Trace with thorn-reddened feet their final

-Then sigh not, if the smiling band Their unforethoughtful brightness keep, And garner sunbeams for the day When those dear stainless eyes may yearn t

weep The natural drops that cannot force their way. He who has made us, and foresees Our tears, to thy too-anxious gaze
The long Hereafter gently spares:
Only His Love shines forth, through all their

days
Pledged to the children of so many prayers.

# THE ONE-EYED CONDUCTOR.

A very strange incident happened to me once, a good many years ago—so strange, that I have many times thought I should like to write it down, to see if anybody could give me a satisfactory explanation of it. My husband, however, until lately, has been averse to my do-ing so; but last Christmas Eve, when there were a number of us met together at Grandfather Lorrimer's, singing songs, telling stories, and so on, I told my story, and it created such a sensation—so many questions were asked, so many theories broached, and everybody, in fact, seemed to be so much interested—that Joseph, that is, my husband, came to the con-clusion that it was a better story than he had before thought it; and a day or two afterward he said to me, if I still had a mind to print that little adventure of mine, he would not object to my do-

ing so.
On account of the reason I gave above, I am glad to do so. I hope this little msy attract the notice of some one who can give me a rational solution of an event that has perplexed me for years. Such an explanation would be a I soon forgot the little feeling of discomrelief to my mind, and I shall be | fort his words had occasioned. great relief to my mind, and I shall be glad to hear from any responsible person on the subject. My address is: "Mrs. Joseph Lorrimer, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania."

My acquaintance with the hero of this story arose during my bridal tour. My parents were, and still are, Philadelphians, but Joseph's people live in Harrisburg, and he himself is overseer in the Crosby Iron Works, just outside

of that city.

Our wedding was a very quiet one. There was no money to spare on either side, and, after a family breakfest, we went directly to the cars, and started

for our future home.

I was a young thing then—just eighteen—and my dear Joe was only three years my senior; two shy, happy, foolish children we were, it seems to me now, as I look back upon that day so

many years agone! The very trip-from Philadelphia to Harrisburg—commonplace as most peo-ple would think it, was a wonderful event to me, who had never taken longer than an hour's ride on the cars before in

I viewed, with eager, interested eyes the country through which we passed, and all that was going on around me; the passengers, the car itself, with its fixtures, the conductor and the brakesman, were all objects whose novelty gave me plenty of food for thought; and my thoughts, in those days, were very apt to evince themselves in eager,

We thought we were conducting our selves with all imaginable case and dignity; yet I do suppose now, there was not an individual who looked at us that did not guess at a glance our recently assumed relationship.
I am sure the conductor did. He was

a fine, portly-looking man, with genial, brown-whiskered face and bushy hair; he would have been a really handsome man, had it not been for the loss of an eye; it had been lost by disease—the exterior of the eye, save that it was sunken and expressionless, retaining its original appearance. The remaining eye was bright and blue, as jolly and sparkling as the rest of his pleasant good-humored face.

As he came to collect our fare, Joseph

"For yourself and wife, I suppose sir?" he asked, with a smile.

Joe turned very red, and bowed a dig-As for me—I confess it—I turned my

head toward the window, and tittered. Very ridiculous, was it not? The car had not been nearly full when

we started, but people dropped in at the various way-stations, so that by the time we reached Lancaster nearly every seat was taken. We, at starting, had taken two seats, turning one to face us, upon which our various hand-baggage

At Lancaster the cars stopped son time for dinner; and just as they were about to start again, our conductor entered the car, ushering in an old lady in Quaker garb, beneath whose deep bounet was visible a kind, plump, rosy face,

with bright, spectacled eyes.

She glanced around on either side, as she advanced up the aisle, in search of a seat, and, in obedience to a nudge from me, Joseph rose, and beckening to the

seat, that it might be turned to its proper position, but the old lady checked

"Don't trouble thyself, friend; I can sit just as well with the seat as it is;" and without further ceremony she en-sconced herself opposite me, while the one-eyed conductor deposited a large covered bandbox at her feet, and paid her so many little attentions, at the same time addressing her in so familiar and affectionate a manner, that I saw at

once she was no stranger to him.

A glance at the kind old face opposite soon told me they were mother and son, for the two faces were wonderfully alike, especially in the open, cheerful expres-

My heart was drawn toward her at once, and, as the conductor moved on, I could not resist making some overtures toward acquaintance by asking if she was quite comfortable. "Quite so, thank thee," she answered

at once; "but I am afraid I have discommoded thee somewhat."
"Not at all," I assured her; and the ice once broken, we chatted together

very freely and pleasantly.

As I had surmised, the conductor was her son, and very proud and fond of him the old lady was. She told us so many tales about his wonderful goodness, his kind-heartedness and unselfishness, that when—after we had left the next station—the conductor approached us, we really telt as if we were already acquainted with him, and were disposed to be as friendly with him as with his mother. He stopped to exchange a few words with her, and as she was talking with us, we very naturally all fell into con-

versation together.

He proved to be an intelligent man, who had seen a great deal of life, particularly on railroads, so his conversa tion, to me, at least, was vastly enter-

taining. Among other interesting things, he explained to us the signs and signals used by railway officials upon the road. One of these signals—the only one I need mention here—he said was as fol-

When a person standing in the road in front of or by the side of the car, throws both hands rapidly forward, as if motioning for the cars to go backward, he means to give information that there

"When you see that signal given ma'am," said our conductor, "if the cars don't obey it by backing, do you prepare yourself for a flying leap; for the chances are, you will have to practice it before

long."
He spoke lightly, but, noticing that

far. She stopped at a way-station some twenty-five miles west of Lancaster, where, she informed us, she had a daughter living. Her own home she had al-ready told us was in Lancaster, where she lived with a married daughter who kept a boarding-house. She gave us one of this daughter's cards, and Joseph promised, if we ever had occasion to

risit Lancaster, that we would try to find her out.

With mutual kind wishes and cheerful adieux we parted. The old lady was helped out of the train by her son, and we saw her a moment later upon the arm of another gentleman, whom we supposed to be her son-in-law, walking briskly up a little hill that led from the

station to the heart of the village.

Our own journey came to a conclusion in due time, and the last I saw of the one-eved conductor was when he stood on the platform of the cars, helping us out with our baggage, which he had carried for us from where we had been

sitting. It is not my purpose to detain the reader with any details of my private history further than is necessary to give a just comprehension of what is to fol-low. Two years had elapsed before I was called upon to take the second journey, to the events of which, what I have already narrated, forms a necessary pre-lude. This time I was journeying alone from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, upon a visit to my parents, whom I had not

seen since my marriage.

I had been having a good deal of trouble. I was very ill for some time after my baby's birth, and before I had fully regained my strength, my little son was taken ill. He had the whoop-ing cough; and after I had nursed him through it the whole summer, he took a cold in the fall that brought it back upon him, and finally killed him. I was so weak and miserable myself, that could not struggle with my grief as I should have done; I pined, and moped, and wasted away until the doctor said that if I did not have a change of scene, or something that would arouse me and cheer me up, he would not answer for

my life. It was the most unpalatable advice to me that he could have given. I did not want to be cheered nor amused; I did not want to leave homefand the dear reminders of my lost baby; above all, I did not want to leave my husband, for, in my foolish despondency, I felt a su-perstitious dread that he, too, would be taken from me. It was impossible, just now, for him to leave his business to go home with me; they were executing a heavy order at the foundry, which kept all hands working almost night and

day. He promised that he would join me a soon as he could; but, after what the doctor had said, he would not hear of my departure being delayed a minute longer than could be avoided; so he wrote to father that I would be in Philadelphia on a certain day, in order that he might meet me at the depot; and, having put me in the cars at Harrisburg, and seeing me safely started on my journey, he knew there was very lit-tle doubt but that I should reach Philadelphia after a comfortable, uninterrupted half-day's ride.

Ah! how different was this trip from

Smilingly the old lady approached. I commenced gathering up the shawls and packages that lay upon the vacant seat, that it might be tayout to from the shy, blooming girl, in her bridal array, who found so much to amuse and interest her in that brief

ourney ! Nothing interested me now-nothing amused me—all was wearisome and mo-notonous. I leaned from the car-window as long as I could, to catch the last glimpse of poor Joe, who,

"With a smile on his lip, but a tear in his eye," stood upon the platform, waving his hat

to me as we moved away.

After that, I sank back in my seat, too sad and despondent even to cry, and lay there as we sped along, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing but the memo-ries from which they were trying to

force me to escape.

I did rouse up a little as the conductor approached to collect my fare—the remembrance of the one-eyed man and his nice little mother recurred to me the first time for many months. This conductor, however, was not my old acquaintance, being a sallow, dark-eyed, cross-looking man, as different as possi ble from the other one. I felt a little disappointed at first, but after he left me I leaned my head back again, and thought no more about the matter.

After a while I fell into a doze, which lasted until the call of "Lancaster-twenty minutes for dinner!" ringing through the cars, aroused me, and informed me that we were just entering that city.

I sat up then, sleepily and languidly. It was a warm day in early October, and the windows of the car were lowered; I leaned my elbow upon the sash, and looked out upon the scene before me. As I was thus gazing, drowsy and indifferent, neither caring nor thinking much about what I saw, I noticed a man upon the roadside, a little in front of the car in which I sat, gesticulating vioently with his hands and arms.

The next minute I was sitting bolt upright in my seat, my heart leaping almost into my mouth with sudden fright, for, in the gestures that were being made, I recognized the signal which, two years before, the one-eyed conduc-tor had told me meant "danger ahead."

The cars were not moving very rapidy, and during the moment that we were eassing by the man who had given the signal, I had a full view of him—his face being turned toward the cars, and his eyes meeting mine so directly that I could have spoken to him had I chosen. recognized him at once-it was the one-eyed conductor, and, seeing that, I was worse scared than ever, being now quite confirmed in my belief that an accident was impending; for I knew that

have made no mistake in the matter.

No one else, however, either inside or outside of the car, seemed to partake of my alarm. The cars were slackering to could nave lived if I had lost him. It was my baby died—that was hard gnough; the dearest little blue-eyed darling you ever saw—just ten months old." ort his words had occasioned. my alarm. The cars were slackening the old lady did not travel with us their speed, but that was because we were approaching a station, and from no other cause that I could ascertain. I had not intended getting out of the cars until I reached the end of my journey, but I had been so startled by what I had seen, that I could not sit quiet in my

I got out with the rest of the passengers, but did not follow them to the hotel; I stood upon the platform, gazing up and down the track uneasily, but could see nothing at all that could awak-

en apprehension.
The one-eyed conductor was nowhere to be seen, though I watched the road in the direction where we had passed him, for some time, expecting every mo-

men to see him come into sight.

A porter, trundling a wheelbarrow, passed me, and of him I ventured timid-

y to enquire: "Is there anything the matter with the engine or with the track?"

"Not as I knows on," he answered gruffly, and passed on.

I was still terribly uneasy; I was certain that I had not been mistaken in the man or the signal; the latter, especially I remembered—a forward motion with both hands, as if directing the cars to

back. I could recall distinctly the face and gestures of the conductor when he had explained it to me, as also his words, "If ever you see that signal given, pre-pare for a flying leap, for the probabilities are you'll soon have to take it;" and the longer I dwelt upon what I had witnessed, the more convinced did I become that the signal had not been given causelessly.

I went into a waiting room to sit down until I could determine what it would be best for me to do. I felt a most invincible repugnance to returning to the cars and continuing my journey; the excitement and worry had made me sick and faint, and I felt that I ran a great risk of becoming ill before I reached my journey's end, even if there was no other danger to be dreaded. What if I should stay over at Lancaster until the next day, and telegraph to father to come to me there? And at the same in-stant I remembered that there was in my traveling-satchel, in the little outer pocket, where it had rested undisturbed for two years, the card which the old Quaker lady had given me, bearing the name and address of her daughter, who kept a boarding-house. That remem-brance decided me; if I could find lodg-

ing at that place, I would remain overnight in Lancaster. There were plenty of conveyances around the depot, and summoning a driver to me, I showed him the card, and asked him if he knew the address. "Certainly, mum," he said, promptly take you there in ten minutes; Mrs. Elwood's boarding-house; quiet place,

but excellent accommodations, mum." Thus assured, I entered his carriage, and he fulfilled his promise by setting me down, after a short drive, in front of an unassuming, two-story frame house, whose quiet, orderly appearance made it look very unlike a boarding-house. A boarding-house it proved to be, however, and in the landlady, Mrs. Elwood—who came to me after I had waited a while in the darkened parlor-I traced at once so strong a resemblance to my old Quaker friend," she said, "thy life has friend, as convinced me I had found the saved by divine interposition.

As she was leading me upstairs to my oom, I ventured so state that I had met her mother two years before, and had formed a travelling acquaintance with

her.
Mrs. Elwood's pleasant smile hearing this encouraged me to ask if her mother was living with her, adding that I should be pleased to renew the ac-quaintance if she was.

The reply was in the affirmative. You will meet her at dinner, which is served at two, and she will be glad enough to have a chat with you, I'll ven-

ture to say." I wrote out my telegram to father, and Mrs. Elwood promised to have it at-tended to at once for me; then, after doing everything for me that kindness could suggest, she left me to the rest I was beginning very much to feel the

A tidy-looking little maid came to me when the dinner-bell rang, to show me the way to the dining-room; and there the first person I saw was my little old ady, already seated near the upper end of the long table.
She bowed and smiled when she saw

me, but we were too far apart to engage in any conversation. After ne meal was over she joined me, shook

hands very cordially, and invited me to come and sit with her in her own room. I was glad to accept the invitation, for in my loneliness the kind face of this chance acquaintance seemed almost like that of a friend; and soon—in one of the easiest of low-cushioned chairs, in one of the cosiest of old-lady apartments—I was seated, talking more cheerfully and unreservedly than I had talked since my baby's death.

I expressed some surprise that she had recognized me so promptly, to which she

"I had always a good memory for faces, though names I am apt to forget; when my daughter spoke to me about thee, I could not at all recall thee to mind-yet as soon as thee entered the dining-room, I remembered thee."
"And yet I do not look much like

did two years ago," I said, sadly.
"That is true, my dear; thee has altered very much. I almost wonder now that I should have recognized thee so promptly. Thee has seen trouble, I she added, gently touching my

fear," she added, gentry touching black dress.
"Yes," I said, "I have had both sickook nor feel much like the thoughtless, happy bride whom you met two years

ago."
"Is it thy husband who has been taken from thee?" "Oh, no! no! no!" I cried, the ready tears rising to my eyes; "I don't think I could have lived if I had lost him. It

to regain my composure. After a little

while she said, sighing : "It is hard to lose a child, whether young or old. I can fully sympathize with thee in thy trouble, for I too have lost a son since I last saw thee, though I wear no outer garb as a badge of my

bereavement. I looked at her, a little surprise minging with the sympathy I tried to ex-

"I thought I remembered your telling me you had but one son?"
"That was all," she said sorrowfully.

God never gave me but the one, and him He has taken away." I stared at her now in undisguised

stonishment. "Was not that gentleman-surely, madame, I was not mistaken in think ing the conductor—the gentleman who brought you into the cars when we met

two years ago-was your son? "You are right; he was the son of whom I have spoken." "The one-eyed man!" I gasped, for

getting delicacy in astonishment.
The old lady flushed a little.
"Yes, friend, I understand whom thee

means; my poor Robert had lost the sight of his left eye." "I saw that man this morning cried. "I saw him from the car winbefore we entered Lancaster!

What strange misunderstanding is this? "Thee has mistaken some one else for him, that is all," said my companion, gravely. "My boy thee could not have seen, for he died fifteen months ago the 15th of this month. He died of cholera, after only two days' illness. Thee could

not have seen Robert.' "I did, though-I did!" I cried excitedly; and then I related to her the whole incident, dwelling particularly upon the signal I had seen him make— a signal I had never seen but once before in my life, and then made by him when he explained it to me. not mistaken," I concluded; "I could not be; your son was not an ordinarylooking man, and I remember his apcearance distinctly. Surely as I set here, saw this morning the man who you

tell me died fifteen months ago."

The old lady looked white and frightened, while, as for me, I was growing so bysterical with bewilderment and exitement, that she would allow me to

pursue the subject no further. She led me to my room, and persuaded me to lie down-leaving me then, for she was herself too much tated by the conversation we had had to be able to soothe or quiet me.

I saw her no more that day. I did not go down to tea, for the restless night I passed, in conjunction with the excitement of the day, rendered me so seriously unwell, that I was not able to rise until a late hour the following morning.

rap at my door, accompanied by the voice of my Quaker friend asking admittance. I opened the door, and she entered. white, awe-struck face, and hands which trembled so, she could hardly

I was still dressing when there came a

grasp the newspaper to which she directed my attention.

"Friend," she said, "thy life has been The train in which thee was yesterday a pas- a fair average yield.

senger, in less than two hours after thee left it, was thrown over an embankment at a place called 'The Gap,' and half of the passengers have been killed or wounded. Child!—child! surely as thee lives, that vision of my poor Robert was

That is all I have to tell. I know nothing more about the affair than I have written, and I have no comments to make upon it. I saw that one-eyed conductor make the signal of "danger ahead;" I was so much influenced by what I saw, that I would not continue my journey. In less than two hours after that warning had been given, the danger was met, and death in its most appalling form was the fate of more than fifty of the human beings that dan-

ger-signal was meant to warn.

These are the facts. It is equally a fact that the man whom I saw give that signal had then been dead more than a year. Explain the matter who can—I have no explanation to offer.

#### Butter and Cheese Statistics. Butter and cheese making has been

diffused industry in many countries, from the earliest time; but it remained for American inventiveness to give con-centration to the work and show the nations how best to do it. In 1853 we exported to England a million of pound of cheese; in 1870 we sent her fifty millions! In the same year we imported nearly a million and a half of pounds to supply our own requirements; but in 1870, so ample and excellent had our supplies become that we did not require

to import a pound. to import a pound.

It is comparatively but a few years since farmers in New York State, seeing the waste of labor necessarily consequent on each small farmer being his own manufacturer of cheese and butter, commenced to form labor-saving co-operative factories, where one set of workers would do the work of many, and where, by affording superior facilities and giving special attention, the quality of the product might be improved. The move-ment was completely successful, and at this day, the number of these co-operative factories in the State is more than nine hundred, with a supply of milk from a quarter of a million of cows; every three thousand cows affording a million of pounds of cheese, valued at \$140,000, or more than three hundred pounds of cheese and three hundred gallons of milk for each cow. Of this large number of factories,

Oneida county has. Jefferson county has.

Jerkimer county has.

Jerkimer county has.

Jewego county has.

Jecounty has. As to the other States:

Vermont has...... Massachusetts has. Michigan has.... Pennsylvania has... Other States.... Total ... So that on this continent we have now after a comparatively few years of work nearly 1,300 cheese and butter factories, supplied with the milk of more than 300,000 cows, and producing about 100,-000,000 pounds of cheese annually. Our export of the product of this new in-

dustry, or old industry in a new form was last year the large amount of 57,-000,000 of pounds, valued at \$8,000,000, while the whole export from Britain of her cheese is little over 3,000,000 of pounds. Even the Dutch, who have made a speciality of cheese for centuries, and who in their varieties adapt their article to many tastes and markets, exported last year only half the quantity we did. When this experiment was commenced the European cheeses had all special markets and special customers who took them regularly, and would not while the previous character of our chees was not in its favor, but rather the con trary. We had, therefore, nothing to look to for success but the superiority of the article at the price, and in less than twenty years, with everything rather against than for us, we have surpassed England in the world's markets, and are at this day selling nineteen times as much prestige and previous fame as a cheese producer! In all the history of progress there is no parallel to this triumph of American adaptation of fitting means to needed facilities. Switzerland, from a kind of necessity imposed on it by the peculiarities of Alpine pastures, had had a kind of co-operative cheese-making before we commenced it; but it was and is of small account. Our co-operative arrangements enabled many single workers with but indifferent success, by that union which is strength, to become a great power for supplying the world with two prime articles of family consumption, and for doing it well. triumph, however, is not yet quite com plete. Before it is so we have got to do one of two things, or both; that is, to produce a cheese which will surpass in its attractive qualities the favorite products of all other countries, or to produce cheeses so nearly approaching these favorites in qualities as to compete with

them successfully.

Among the chief of these favorite cheeses is Stilton, the highest-priced, which is made chiefly in Leicestershire, England, from the cream of one milking being added to the new milk of the The weight seldom exceeds twelve pounds, and two years are re-

quired to mature it. Parmesan, the most famed of Italian cheeses, is a product of the richest pas-tures of the Milanese territory. It is made from skim-milk, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds each, and re-quires the milk of one hundred cows for

each cheese. Cheshire cheese, one of the very of English cheeses, is the product of the poorest land. Its weight is often as high se one hundred to two hundred pounds, and one pound of cheese to each cow as he wants. Any surplus he may daily throughout the year, is considered swallow will do more good than harm. and one pound of cheese to each cow

Gouda, the best Holland, is a full milk cheese and weighs about fifteen pounds. Gruyere, a celebrated Swiss variety, possibly owes much of its distinguishing character to the peculiarity of the Alpine pasture. It is made of milk skimmed or not skimmed, according to the kind of

cheese desired.

Chedder cheese is made chiefly Somersetshire from milk in which all its own cream is retained, and Gloucester is made from milk deprived of part of its cream. "Double" and "single" Glou-cester, are terms applied in reference to size and not as to quality, the one being twice the thickness of the other.

Dunlop cheese is the choicest Scottish product, and made much in the same way as Cheshire.
The Suffolk cheese is made from skimmilk, and weighs twenty-five to thirty

The Edam cheese of Holland owes not a little of its popularity to its smallness and form. In making it at certain seasons the milk is partly skimmed; the cheese is colored a yellowish red for the English market, and red for the French; the weight is about four pounds, and each cow in summer is expected to yield

two hundred pounds skim-milk cheese and eighty pounds of butter.

The Roquefort is the chief cheese of France. It is made from the milk of sheep and goats, half of which has been skimmed; its weight is four to five pounds, and it is believed to owe much of its peculiar character to the natural vautts or fissures in the neighboring rocks, where the ripening is performed, and which are constantly filled with cold air from subterranean recesses.

These special favorites are those which

bring the best prices, and Wisconsin has commenced the right policy for America, by ascertaining how these favorites are made, and making them so as if possible even to surpass the genuine original article in its peculiar excellence. It only requires a few intelligent, persevering men or women to set themselves to do it, in order to secure that in a very few years we should be sending Stiltons to Leicester and Edams to Holland, and the best variety everywhere. In all dairy management in order that the maximum of success may be attained. the whole of those things from which profits accrue and which dovetail or fit into each other, as it were, must be carried on simultaneously. A very large part of cheese, and possibly the best paypart of cheese, and possibly the best paying part, is made from skim-milk; a
butter factory should, therefore, always
accompany the cheese factory as its complement, and perhaps the best paying
part of the farmer's work. Again, the
whey of every two cows will keep, or nearly keep, one pig, and, therefore, a pork department is a necessity, and one in which the produce is nearly all profit and good prices always realized readily. Again, some cattle will pay better to fatten for the butcher than to milk, and there should be a beef department for this purpose. The feeding of such cattle is scarcely a perceptible addition to the expense of the establishment, and the price on sale is a very substantial gain. New York State will not be what it seems destined to become, the world's provision warehouse, until each of its many co-operative factories, or farm factories, is thus prepared to take advantage of all the sources of profit a farm

Oplum Raising in Tennessee. The Toledo Blade says: Dr. J. W. Morton, a gentleman residing in Nash-ville, has for several years past given considerable attention to the culture of opium in Tennessee, in order to stimulate which he sent abroad for different kinds of seeds, and distributed them gratuitously among his friends and neighbors. Owing to the lateness of last year's planting, the crop of 1870 proved a failure, which was, perhaps, also due to the inferior quality of the soil. To obviate this difficulty, he obtained seed this year from Calcutta and Smyrns, for which he paid as high as \$4.50 in gold per ounce. The crop of the present season has been a success, and the doctor will harvest from fifty to seventy-five pounds of opium per acre, from which he will no doubt realize a handsome profit. Another gentleman, Rev. Fountain E. Pitts, who has follow-ed the example set by Dr. Morton, and also extensively engaged in the culture of the poppy, reports similar success. Af-ter three years trial he succeeded in raising the best opium poppy seed from Smyrns, which he planted in good land, and now cultivates in much the same manner as cotton. When the capsule are ready to searify, he makes an incision in one side, and the next evening scrapes off the gum, which has, when first gathered, the appearance and consistency of cream. Incisions are then made on the opposite sides of the capsules, and the process of gathering repeated the following evening, which exhausts the capsules. A few hours after the opium is gathered it turns a dark purple color which continues to grow deeper until the characteristic opium color is reached. As long as opium and its products remain a medical necessity, we may as well congratulate ourselves that it has been demonstrated that we can grow it ourselves, and thus probably do away with importing this expensive drug from foreign countries; but of all exisiting remedies, the ultimate benefit derived from which is of a doubtful kind, and which causes probably more injury in proportion to the good it accomplishes, opium, next to whiskey, takes the fore-

correspondent writes to inquire what is the best treatment to prevent the development of hydrophobia in dogs?" Don't know about the best, but dogs ?" if you will give your dog water enough it is pretty certain he can't have the dis-case. The safest way to insure him an abundance of this indispensable fluid is to anchor him in about seven feet of water, so that his head will be from eighteen to twenty-five inches below the surface. In that way he can drink as much Chicago Republican.

# THE CRICKET.

BY EDNA CAUGER DAVIS. Through pane and crevice the moonbeams fall, And the owl takes up his shrilly call; The beaded grass is againt with dew, And blithely the cricket, the long night through, Sings chirrup, chirrup.

From her cosy nook by the ample hearth, Never the day so dark and drear,
That she cannot lighten with note of cheer—
Chirrup, chirrup.

When the summer hours wax bright and long, And the air is laden with scent and song; While the fierce heats glide in the wake of June, She begins to pipe her noisy tune-Chirrup, chirrup.

And still, when the autumn days grow brief, And the hectic tints have dyed each leaf, Beneath the hedge, and beside the hearth, This tricksy sprite, with its mocking mirth, Sings chirrup, chirrup.

Alas! for the gifted brain that wrought, And the hand that penned the glo thought, That linked for aye to a deathless fame,

Dear household fairy, thy humble nam Thy chirrup, chirrup.\* Each happy song in earth's wide domain To our inner sense bears a sad refrain; And we hush the sigh of valu regret For the vanished joys inwoven yet With each chirrup, chirrup! -Oliver Optic's Magazino.

# Dickens's Cricket on the Hearth MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Brunettes are coming into fashion

Indian tradesmen at Niagara complain ournfully of the season.

Miss Ada Shriver, of Dayton, Ohio, has been appointed Professor of Paint-ing, in Michigan University.

A watering-place correspondent writes that where he is they distinguish between tenor and bass musquitoes.

The Postoffice Department has figures to show that 100,000 people have settled in Texas during the past year.

A man in Barnet, Vt., boasts of havng read the New Testament through sixty-five times within ten years. A Massachusetts boy cut off his young

sister's golden curls while she slept, to get money with which to go to the Some of the farmers of Tennessee are successful in their attempts to raise opium from the poppy. The yield is from fifty to seventy-five pounds to the

The "Carolina Broom Company" is a company of colored men engaged in the manufacturing of brooms in Colum-

The Japanese government are to have pond with the American, of which the yeu, or dollar, will be the unit. The citizens of New Zealand have de-

termined to form a joint stock whaling company, to compete with American whalers in those waters. Dr. Duvall, who is serving out a life sentence in the Waupun (Wisconsin) prison, for murdering his wife, supports

his daughter by writing religious music. L. N. Casanava, a Cuban gentleman residing in Virginia, proposes to estab-lish a Cuban colony in Fauquier county, Virginia, made up from the best social

class in the island. Dame Fashion's latest edict, to the effect that quiet house weddings will be strictly en regle next winter, appears generally to have been favorably received by her devotees.

The Empress Eugenie is about to make visit to Spain to see her mother. Napoleon is purchasing property near Ge-neva, in Switzerland, with a view of residing there. John King, a Quaker, was the first teetotaler in Great Britain. He is now

seventy-five years old, and is living with

his fourth wife. All the teetotalers of the United Kingdom are going to give a penny each for his benefit. It is said that a reckless potato bug, having gone through the State of Rhode Island, was last seen mounted on a wind-mill by the seaside, wiping his eyes on

the sails, and weeping because there were no fresh worlds to conquer. A Lowell paper relates that a man in that town kept the dead body of a child for three weeks in alcohol, in a tin boiler, that he might bury it with his wife, whose death he was expecting, and

who died a few days ago! The Boston Transcript ventures the opinion that this is the carnival summer for vermin. Musquitoes sing like locomotives, and sting like the piercing of porcupine quills, while bugs swarm

Now is the time, when cholera is threatening, to use disinfectants, and to keep everything pure and clean about the house. Remember cleanliness is next to godliness—especially when an epidemic is approaching.

A general drouth prevails throughout the northern tier of counties in Texas. All kinds of vegetables and farm products, except cotton, are so nearly a to-tal failure that a stampede of settlers is expected as soon as cold weather sets in.

A California genius has invented what he calls the Eureka boot-puller, which consists of a leather belt having two hooks attached to it. He places the belt over his right shoulder, adjusts the hooks in his boot-straps, and then leans back-ward and the tightest boot is conquered.

A rural gent of eighteen summers invested in a banans on the cars on Mon-day. He carefully removed the peel, and put it on the seat by his side; then he broke the fruit up in small pieces, eyeing it anxiously as he did so. When this was done he picked up the peel, shook it in his lap, and finally threw the pieces out of the window, remarking as he did so, "That's the fust of them prize packages ever I bought, an' it's the last,