#### VOL. IV.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1875.

NO. 50.

#### Of Dogs.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog, Or of any dog that you please-I go for the dog, the wise old dog. That knowingly takes his ease,

And, wagging his tail outside the ring, Keeping always his bone in sight. Cares not a pin, in his wise old head, For either dog in the fight,

Not his is the bone they are fighting for, And why should any dog sail in, With nothing to gain, but a certain chance To lose his own precious skin? There may be a few, perhaps, who fail To see it in quite this light :

But when the fur flies, I had rather be The outside dog in the fight. I know there are dogs, most generous dogs.

Who think it quite the thing To take the part of the bottom dog. And go yelping into the ring. I care not a pin what the world may say In regard to the wrong or right :

My money goes, as well as my song,

# THE POSY OF SANDY GULCH.

For the dog that keeps out of the right.

and heavily bearded set of men, heavy drinkers all; and there were no women, dispensed in the front room, and fare in

Phæbe lived "a smart piece" above in a rough place, half canvas and if logs. What old Langsdale had half logs. What old Langsdale had brought her there for no one could imagine; she had been the only woman on the ship when they made their weary six-months' voyage from New York, and now she was the only woman in Sandy and went with the crowd to old Langs-dale's cabin.

But Jose intimated, in mellifluous if

Phoebe was twenty—most girls are pretty at twenty, if they are ever going to be pretty; Phoebe had hazel eyes, and rounded, rose-pink cheeks, and the prettiest pouting mouth in the world. The Sandy Gulchers thought her a goddess, and adored her accordingly.

Old Langsdale took the best of care of his daughter. When he moved his claim he moved his cabin, too; and always kept near enough for Phœbe to moving his cabin—there were always of Sandy Gulch could afford to be scorn-plenty of Sandy Gulchers anxious to ful.

There were not many loafers in camp; there were a few, a couple of Mexicans-Greasers," the miners called them-and two or three of the stamp of Slim Jim.

They were always busy enough at night; in the daytime they hung round the New Orleans Saloon, and they would have liked to have visited Phoebe, but old Langsdale would not have it. borrowed a pot of black paint and a brush, and painted over his door.

"Notice! No Loafens Wanted," He thought that this would do, but one day he came home and found Apodoca there. Phoebe was sitting on an empty butter keg, the rose-pink in her round checks deepened a little, and the ponting mouth was as smiling as you

Old Langsdale was mad; he called Apodoca out, and pointed to the notice on the door. Apodoca planted his feet tirmly on the ground, placed his arms akimbo, and gazed intently at the lettering for some time; then, turning to Langsdale, he said, in his politest ac-

"You no read!" interrupted Langs-

"Me no sabbee read Inglis," replied Apodoca, taking his sombrero from the bush by the door which caught the hats of most of Phæbe's visitors; once in a while a but was taken inside, if it chanced to be new, and kicked under the table for

"Well," said Langsdale, "I'll read it for yer: 'Notice' 'S'—he said this in thundering tones, which increased in volume as he went on—"'No loafers wanted. That means, Git! You sabbee

"Si, Senor," replied Apodoca, with sardonic smile, as, after a most profound bow to Phœbe, he placed his sombrero on his head, and walked serenely away. 'I'll horsewhip that fool, of I ketch him yere agin," said Langsdale, frowning at Phoebe.

"Why, papa, don't blame me," said she, tossing her head; "I couldn't tell him to clear out.'

"You needn't have been so dreadful sweet and smiling, though !" he replied. "I just gave him a pleasant word, pouted Phœbe; "I can't be cross people, and Jose was very polite, I'm

Laugsdale muttered something about " breaking his head," and went into the cabin for his dinner. Phœbe went in after him. When he had gone into the rear room, which was his room, par exuse, she softly closed the door beind him. The front room was her own; contained her bed, her wardrobe, and her trinkets; the latter were all presents, and all of one sort. They stood in a row on a rough board shelf-"speciwhich would have made Eastern

la:lies' eyes shine. When a Saudy Gulcher found a nugget which was remarkable for purity or beauty, he set it aside for "Posy"— they all liked to call the blooming maid their "Posy." The consequence was that Miss Phoebe had several thousand dollars on her rough shelf, and went barefooted and bareheaded, and ore a calico gown. She had no fear of any one robbing her, though there were scamps in the camp who would have cut a man's throat for a tenth of the wealth which Phosbe's unggets represented; but 22 unto the man in Sandy Gulch who I have robbed the Posy

went to attend the grand

undisturbed on the shelf, and found them there undisturbed on her return.

When she had shut the door after her father, Phæbe took from her pocket a then absorbed. He called for more

probably been won in the rear room at now he won, now he lost. His losings Slim Jim's, but that did not trouble were the greater, for he must always bor-row more dust from the "Greaser's" bag, so comfortably full. Slippery Jack and the Doctor slipped out of the game, with indifference. She admired her rowers. indifference. She admired her nugget, somehow, and he and Apodoca played not for its value, but because it was alone. Slim Jim looked on conpretty; perhaps because in her heart temptuously, commiseratingly. "Conthere was a soft place for the handsome founded fool!" he said to Bald Pete— Mexican. She despised him for dis laziness, and yet—she put it on the shelf no luck; oughter know it."

We with a sigh. "I'll tell papa," she thought to herself, "when he feels hinder toward Law".

Meanwhile, the Posy rode home over the mountain transport. kinder toward Jose,

Yet, in spite of old Langsdale's emphatic translation of the "Inglis" over his door, Apodoca came again.

Phæbe "couldn't be cross to people," and smiled and chatted, rose-pink deep-ened in her cheeks, light brightened in her eyes, until Jose was more enthralled and bewildered than ever. But, for all her pleasantness, Phoebe was a dutiful daughter, and not only impressed her adorer with the necessity of departing They called the place Sandy Gulch; it before her father came home for his dinwas hard to understand why, for it was ner, but likewise besought him not to full of rocks, apparently. There was not sand enough visible to scour a pan—tion. The Posy and her father seldom but then, pans in Sandy Gulch were not entertained less than twenty in an even-There was a deeply bronzed ing. Every one in the camp would have bearded set of men, heavy been there if the cabin had been bigger; as it was, half the callers had to content themselves with standing outside, and at least until Phœbe arrived. Slim Jim themselves with standing outside, and was the autocrat of the place; he kept the New Orleans Saloon. Liquors were from the goddess through the doorfrom the goddess through the door-way. The New Orleans Saloon did not begin to have such attractions for them; and the evening before the Posy went to Bootjack Bar, and held a grand farewell reception, in her ball dress, with shoes and stockings on, the saloon was wholly deserted, and Slim Jim himself closed up,

adulterated Spanish—Spanish flowed like oil from Posy's ready tongue—that he could not speak more than two words to her in the evening, and besides (with a smile and a jerk of his thumb toward Slim Jim's), his business engagements prevented his coming in the evening; and, still besides that, he must there meet a certain hated John, who was supposed to be the choice of her heart, as he cer-

tainly was of her father's.

Phæbe pouted and made a face at the hear the sound of his pick. When the mention of John; he would have been a diggings gave out in one place, the grand catch for pretty Pheebe Langsdale cabin was "toted" to where they had not given out. He never lacked help in had been brought up—but the golddess

lend a hand; they even quarreled about it, and Langsdale obliged them to take turns. You see, they called it "helping Phoebe."

Jose, however, was inclined to question the sincerity of her scorn; she, in turn, protested vigorously, and, in the midst of the discussion, old Langsdale walked in unsuspiciously. Casting one look fu fortune, and could not afford to loaf; but old man, who had the strength of a giant, seized Apodoca by the shoulders, and half lifted, half kicked him out, yelling, "Git! git!" at the top of his voice The Mexican, however, was not to be

kicked out of anywhere by anybody with impunity, and, drawing his short, sharp knife, without which a Sandy Gulcher would have been unrecogniza ble, he made a furious bound toward the old man, with his knife upraised, and a murderous rage distorting his handsome face. But Phœbe was there before him; seizing his arm with her little brown hand, the rose-pink all faded out of her cheeks, and her eyes wide open with ter ror, she cried: "Don't strike\_don't strike!" catching her breath in a terrified sob. Flinging his knife into the chaparral, he caught the terrified goddess in his arms, pressed a burning kiss—his first and last—on the round, warm cheek, and fled, and Sandy Gulch knew him no more. He knew that Phoebe and her guardians would never forgive his drawing a knife on old Langsdale, and he no armed. A man who would resent anything from the Posy's father was not to

be tolerated in Sandy Gulch. Time went by, and the goddess still reigned without a rival in her kingdom; and poor John still sned at her feet, though getting hopeless. His university education, his talents, his proud family, his manly beauty, all availed him nothing in his desire to gather to him-self the blooming Posy; and then, he did have wretched luck. He often said, with a gloomy smile, that when his pick

end.

One night, John sat in the rear room, tipped back in his chair with his heels on the window-sill. The Posy held no reception that evening; she had started at daybreak, accompanied by her father, for a visit over to Van Duzens. Aside from the unwonted absence of the Posy, John felt melancholy; he was dead broke, and had come to the conclusion that his claim was not worth as much as his pick; and then, although old Langsdale had invited him to ride over to Van Duzen's and help escort the Posy home that night, yet he could not but let the remembrance of Phoebe's tool manner rankle in himital, more than the pros-

\* Bucnas noches, Senor John," said a musical voice.

John looked up, a trifle surprised 'Hullo, Apodoca, that you!" Apodoca responded that it was un-doubtedly himself, and invited John to a game of cards. John looked at his watch; in ten or fitteen minutes he must be starting for Van Duzen's. It had been the Posy's sovereign desire to leave there about ten o'clock and come home moonlight; moreover, he knew that Mexican hated him, and that his reputation as an honest man had not een improved since he left Sandy So John tipped back a little more in his chair, and said he couldn't; had promised Langsdale and the Posy to home with them from Van Duzen's

that night. Apodoca smiled serenely, and said: One little game; it takes but few

"Come, John," said the Doctor, "I'm in good hick to night; you and I against Slippery Jack and Jose."
"I'm dead broke," said John.

"I lend; I have plenty gold-dust. looked comfortably plump. He insisted Bar, although she was on lending John an ounce, and the game she left her trinkets begas. On the first deal Apodoca and ever put up in this city.

new specimen—a particularly fine one, drinks, he borrowed more gold-dust, he and very valuable; it was a present just forgot the Posy and her moonlight received from Jose Apodoca. It had ride. His brain seemed to be on fire;

light, in a very bad temper. Her father rode before her; where was "that John," who ought to have been only too happy to have the honor of riding behind her? She had intended to be so pleasant to him, too! When they passed the New Orleans Saloon, it was brilliantly lighted;

it was always brillianted lightly, all night. 'Ask what time it is, papa," said

Langsdale asked Bald Pete, who stood by the door. "Two o'clock," he answered.

"What are they so still in there for?" asked Phœbe, accustomed to hear the most uproarious noises in the saloon, "Apodoca and John are playing,"

replied Bald Pete.

"Come here!" said the Posy, imperiously. Bald Pete came, obediently, as became a faithful subject. "What are the stakes! John's got nothing to play with. When did Jose get back! Who

Bald Pete answered all the questions, but the one about the stakes he evaded. But she made him tell how John had borrowed gold dust until Jose would end no more; that he had risked his claim and lost; his watch, his pick, the very clothes upon his back. "He's clean gone crazy," said Bald Pete— 'clean outern his wits,"

'What's he playing for now?" said Bald Pete hesitated, and tried again

to evade the question, in vain. "If you don't tell me," said she "I'll go right in and ask 'em,"

"Wall," said Pete, peering up in the darkness to get a look at the Posy's round, pretty face, "he's staked his chances ter git you again the dust he's "And who's winning:"

"I'm bound to say as Jose's winnin'," said Pete, sorrowfully, "John never had no luck at keards.

Phœbe whipped up Robin a little, and followed her father up to the cabin in silence. Once inside her room, she took from the shelf the nugget which had been a present from Jose, and, stepping outside the door, she threw it with all her strength into the thick underbrush, Then she went back, took the rest of her nuggets-gathering up the corners of her apron, that none might roll out-slipped out of the door, and ran at full speed down to the saloon, the silver moonlight shining upon her as she went. Bald Pete stood at the

"My eye!" he cried, when he saw the

"Are they playing yet?" she whis-

He nodded assent. She took his hand and clung to it like a child, drawing him into the room after her. Jose looked up when she came in, and started; John saw her, too, and let the cards drop from "Never mind 'em, John, she said, in so low a voice that he hardly your debt;" and she emptied the nug-gets upon the table, between the two side, ready to the hand of each player. She put her arms around John's arm, clinging to it, as if she loved it, and tried

to lead him away. Apodoca flung his cards upon the floor, and, quick as a flash, Phoebe heard the crack of his pistol—once, twice! John fell back against the wall there was a heavy thud, and Apodoca fell, between the wall and the table, dead, without a groan or a word; the pistol, clenched fast in his stiffened hand, went into the grave with him. And two days after, with all the inconsistency of a woman, the Posy searched away, and which, for all her searching, she never found.

John was all very well-she did love wound had been nothing; Apodoca's aim, so fatally sure the second, had missed the first time, and John had escaped with a mere flesh-wound. But his life, and even spoiled goddesses have tender women's hearts!

## A Rich Man's Possessions.

The following estimates of the estate of the late Captain Eber B. Ward, of Detroit, have been supplied by one of his executors, who regards them as

somewhat below rather than a real value of the property:	bove
Wyandotte iron interest Leeland interests Silver interests Milwaukee iron works Chicago iron works Ludington interests Lands in Michigan and other States Steamboat and vessel property Chrystal City glass works. Railroad property Real estate in Detroit Arizona copper interest	10 25 50 1,50 1,00 25 15 17 75 12
	-

By Captain Ward's will, which is an elaborate and business-like document, the entire property is left to his family and personal friends, there being no public bequests.

Ingenious.-One of the most ingen ions advertisements issued at San Franduring last summer, was the " Ice, Ice, ce, If you want it pure and n At a reasonable pr

Follow no new dev But send to me in a tr For I have the largest and best stock EXPERIMENTS WITH BUTTER.

A physician says: A lady writes us, asking several questions upon this subject. She says the disease is quite prevalent in her locality. Her first question is, "Are 'diphtheria' and 'putrid sore throat' the same?" Second, "If death is caused from choking—apnova—or an inability to get breath?"

The Pathology of Diphtheria.

To her first question I answer "Yes, I know the laity (and some not overwell-posted doctors, too,) make a dis-tinction from simply a difference in the severity of the complaint in two or more cases; calling the more violent cases of diphtheria "putrid sore throat."

The disease is a constitutional one.
The throat is only one place out of many in which it gives us a "local" appearance. It attacks all mucous surfaces ear, eye, mouth, nose, cesophagus, stomch, rectum, vagina, etc.—indifferently. It may be in any two or three of these localities in the same person at once. It also shows itself on any abraded surface of an afflicted individual.

The most general seat, however, is on the fauces (throat); yet cases are on rec-ord where, although evident in other parts of the same patient, there was no

throat complaint.

Locally, then, the expression of the disease is but an inflammation of the mucous membrane with an exudation of an organozolete (fibrinous) lymph. This shortly "organizes" (consolidates) to the leaden or ashen-colored membrane that is pathognomonic of the complaint. This membrane you find wherever the inflam-matory process is set up, and it can be readily pulled off, leaving the raw surface beneath. Sometimes it gets to be very thick. It is the abundance of this membrane in the trachea and bronchial tubes that causes death by "strangulation;" it prevents the passage of air me-

chanically. To answer her second question: In ome cases it is; in others it is not. Sometimes death occurs within forty-eight hours, and before this exudation is poured out from the inflamed surface anywhere. Again, when the disease does not attack the larynx or trachea, "choking to death" is impossible. Death, in the majority of cases in children, does, however, occur as she indicates. older persons death by asthenia (a gradual wasting of the power of life) is

full as common. The disease is one of excessive vomiting frequently, and loathing of food; hence, unless you are careful, your patient verily starves to death. Again, ome deaths are from nervous lesions—a paralysis somewhere—as for instance of the nerve of organic life to the heart. Again, the blood (which is normally supplied with fibrine) has the fibrine notably increased; so much so that it clots in the

heart, thus causing death. It is by no means so frequent a disease as is supposed. Other throat inflammations are very frequently called diphtheria, either through a careless diagnosis or an unlaudable motive of the attendant. Babies always have "croup," you know, yet I venture my life that not one in a hundred ever had any such disease. Babies with croup are sick, and not generally nine hundred and ninety nine out of a thousand get well. So with diphtheria, yet cases sometimes are very

I give no treatment, as it is a disease that only a physician should take hold of.

## In Behalf of the Birds.

George T. Fish, of Rochester, chairman of the committee on ornithology, resented to the Western New York Horticultural Society a well-considered statement touching the usefulness of our feathered friends. A French naturalist ascertained by careful investigation that heard her, "I'm going to pay Jose for a single insect might in five generations become the progenitor of five thousand descendants. With these millions of pistols which lay there, one upon each appalling figures before us we are forced to the conclusion that were the birds destroyed a desolation would result, ompared with which the grasshopper plague of the West would sink into significance. The vocal melody of birds would give place to the constant buzzing, scraping, hissing sound of insects, not however, to be endured, with a groan, the room was full of smoke the destruction of vegetation must ineand the smell of burnt powder; then vitably be followed by the destruction of animal life. It is evident God designed that the birds should hold insects in check. Can we afford to dispense with even a part of their assistance because it costs us something in fruit? We are willing to pay money for fertilizers and for labor. We even pay the chaparral, far and near, to find the men for destroying insects, and regard nugget which she had scornfully thrown it as a profitable investment. It is unreasonable to demand that the entire work of the bird shall be gratuitous. While the committee would advise the him, and would marry him, but his protection of birds as a class, they think experience has shown that the pugnacious character of the English sparrow renders him an undesirable Our domestic birds, more peaceably dis -"poor fellow!" his love cost him posed, incline to leave him the whole field, and his introduction to this country is probably no improvement on mature's plan. It would seem to be better to encourage by every means an income of our native tribes.

A Singular Discovery. Mr. Bruner, a perfectly reliable gentleman, whose home is at Angelos, California, is authority for the following. While he and his hired man was herding his stock about six miles from the "South Grove" in this county, they noticed a small hole about a foot in diameter and smoothed off, as if done with a mason's trowel. Their curiosity being aroused, they examined it and dropped a rock into it, which seemed to fall a few feet and lodge the next effort was more successful, and the rock after falling a considerable distance seemed to strike, and caused, a deafening, crashing noise perfectly indescrib able. It seemed to them that in comparison thunder would be a lullaby and the roar of artillery a murmur. The men lost no time in getting away from the place, but in a short time, the noise having partially subsided, they returned to it; they were, however, perfectly satisfied without trying any more experiments. Mr. Bruner ventures no theory about this, but only states the facts. Now, will some of our learned gentlemen explain this natural cariosity (

The New Haven Journal says that it takes five double teams to cart pies into Massachusetts from one baking establishment in that city.

What has been Accomplished in Germany and What More is Expected.

A new breed of cattle has been produced in Germany, and a correspondent of the World who visited the stables of a noted breeder, writes as follows: M. Van Koppenael went on to state that the object he set out with was to produce a hybrid of the genus Bos that would be superior to the improved ox in health, in speed, in milking qualities and in beefng qualities—a hybrid that would be able to reproduce its kind and be coning the domestic animal with the Indian buffalo, the gayal, the yak and the American bison. By a lucky accident, however, he discovered that a cross between the bison and the Brahmin cow was fertile, and this led him to experiments in the right direction, which finally had results of the happiest sort. bull weighing 1,500 pounds and a cow weighing 1,000. I was surprised at what M. Van Kop-

penael told me of the milking qualities of his new hybrid. The cows which he showed me were yielding an average bors, as our codling moths. Our Mich-per capita of 12,000 pounds of milk per gan friends have met this crisis resoannum, and this milk is so rich in butyraceous properties that its average yield of butter is one pound in nine, thus neglected to bandage his trees and deequaling the finest strains of Jersey cat- stroy the codling worms, the society

fault?" I asked.
"They have," replied M. Van Kop-

penael, "a very grave fault. They are have to breed this out of them before I knowledge, when we consider how much can venture to think them perfect, and I we have lost by not knowing these enetroduce another cross of the Bos Indi-cus by breeding the Trisabramak to that, during the first two or three years of grass regions to give my herds a mir by it.
chance, but I am too old to immigrate. It g
Those who come after me will develop preda the experiment, and bring out its full results. After the Bos compositus has been made reasonably perfect, a close and will be needed to mature and round off all the excellence of the new animal.

Van Koppenael cow, as it ought to be

M. Van Koppenael informed me that it was the success of his friend Van Mons, the great horticulturist of Ghent, in producing the new hybid fruits of such superior quality that set him upon attempting to improve the race of cat-tle. The known delicacy of constitution and tendency to sterility of the best strains of short horns made him think of tells me that its remarkable fecundity is one of the most valuable traits of bred so far has fetched him twin calves.

I think it probable that in a year or two at least M. Van Koppenael will transfer a portion of his improved stock to Kentucky. He was very particular in at the West, where they originated, than his inquiries about the blue grass coun- here. try, and was charmed with the glowing

## Editors' Work.

The Cincinnati Gazette has a sensible and timely article on the editorial sanctum and its visitors, from which we make the following extract: Not all who visit editorial rooms are

intruders or bores, but a great many are, and these are so numerous that all visitors are looked upon with some degree of suspicion until their business becomes known. It is never pleasant to be interrupted in editorial work. It has a tendency to make men cross. There is a pressure upon editors. They work early all the time under a pressure. Often their ideas do not flow freely, and when they are not pleasing themselves they are not in a mood to spend much time upon those who interrupt them. We suppose it is safe to say that three fourths of those that call to see "the editor" have no business properly with that individual. Often they do not know him personally, and in order to find him they interrupt half a dozen men, who have important work to do, and only a limited time to do it in. Then, if they receive short answers, they feel aggrieved, and talk about impolite treatment. editorial rooms of a newspaper establish ment are private, and are only to be visited, except as a matter of favor, by those who have business with the editor. The best way, if people have something to say to the editor, is to write that something down and send it to him. This would save time on both sides, and answer a better purpose, nine times out of ten, than personal interviews.

## "Discharging" a Servaut.

The London Figure says: "Speaking without reference to particular application it is a great privilege for a man to be permitted to serve a lady. Practically, however, much depends on who the lady is, and in what capacity the service is rendered; it is no great privilege to serve Mrs, Keating as a butler. lady, the wife of a retired colonel living near Aldershot, discharged her domestic leave without orders from 'the master' her mandate with a loaded revolver. For this freak of the amiable creature the colonel has to pay fifty pounds damages by law awarded. It is curious and instructive-to observe that the colonel had told his man to take no tice of the lady's commands.

#### ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

A Chapter on the Bugs that do so much Damnge. Major Hugh T. Brooks, of Pear Creek, in his remarks before the Western New York Horticultural Society, assured his hearers that the bugs are having a good time generally, and that "nobody about here" disturbed them to any alarming extent, and we bear our ills with patience. When we don't like the taste of the worm in the apple we spit him out. When cucumbers and melons disstant in its adherence to the type from appear we expected it, and we moralize which it originated. His first experi- on the transitory nature of earthly ment was that of crossing a Shropshire cow with a bull of the South African buffalo, and was suggested by a simi-without remonstrance see worms devour buffalo, and was suggested by a simi-larity in the arrangement of the horns our currants and our cabbage. Bugs of of the two animals. The product was a sterile monster of hideous proportions, the next attempted a hybrid between the tenth; now they frequently take the Brahminy bull and a Dutch cow, the whole, and the question arises, Howlong product again being sterile and worth- can we stand it? There are many damaess. The same result came from cross- | ges that money cannot measure. Shrubbery, watched and nourished with ten- and her death- oh, how consoling to her der care, perhaps planted by loved ones departed, punctured by a little worm and turned to dry wood. Can you enter that

upon your ledger ? Assuredly we need concerted effort to s in the right direction, which y had results of the happiest sort, result of the experiments was a and another breeds them, the breeder will get the best of it, or the worst. But where is the right to propagate nuisances? We might as well set up pest-houses as a worm factory; as well send out our pigs and poultry to depredate upon our neighlutely. One of their-pomological associations resolved that if any fruit-grower would do it for him. Every man did his "Have these precious animals no duty, and the past year the fruit was greatly improved. The codling moth came to us as one of the benefits of our foreign commerce-a fact which illusvery impatient of confinement. I shall trates the importance of entomological do not know how to do it, unless I in- mies and suppressing them when they Another thing, I have not room here. I their sojourn, at an expense of \$1,000 need your Western prairies or your blue-

It gives frightful interest to those depredations when we consider that the repeated destruction and failure of the young fruit will lead to shy bearing and sterility from the force of habit. Anithorough system of in and in breeding mals that prematurely east their young from injury soon do so from force of habit; and we may well infer that trees That is what I may not hope to which drop their immature fruit from achieve." After showing me much more of his menagerie and much and curious talk which I need not repeat here, I returned to the house with M. Van Koppenael. At lunch I had the opportunity to taste the sing of insects will soon utterly fail to perfect their fruit even if insects do not trouble them. With trees, as with us all, good habits are quite indispensable to usefulness. This codding nuisance, like certain devils in Scripture, securities, I can fairly hear them draw the rich golden butter and cheese made don't yield to mild treatment. You can't from the milk of Bos compositus, or the frighten them with scarecrows, nor coax them with sweets, but you must fight them by any and all methods known in

civilized and uncivilized warfare. The Colorado potato beetle is now subject of great anxiety in our States. Next in importance to wheat, the potato demands our best endeavors for its pro tection and preservation. So great has been the destruction of this household necessary at the West by grasshoppers and drought that it is at present in many going back to the wild blood, just as sections the dearest article of food in Mr. Goodrich did with the potato. He the market. It has been a very profitable crop in Western New York, and we cannot urge too strongly that growers Bos compositus. Every cow that he has make a concerted and determined effort for the destruction of its relentless enemy It is probable that its stay with us will be short, and this and several other in sect pests have a more congenial climate

A good kitchen garden is one of the grand pastures and grassy open woods magnificent with trees of primeval things, but every tin peddler knows that our country gardens are a fizzle and a fraud on the women who coax them into a feeble existence when they are allowed to "go to the bugs!" Currant sprouts cost nothing, and being persistent growers we had them, and they did great service. The worm spoiled the currents, and we meekly gave them up. Now this is to bear witness that white helle bore dusted on the bushes when the dew is on will save the currents, and any one who has lost his bushes should forthwith

replace them and take care of them. One of two or three things that we expeet to find in country gardens besides cents per pound. The patrons delivered weeds is cabbages. A green worm, about an inch long, acquired a taste for cabbage and quietly took it. Sprinkle on soapsuds, or salt, or dust from the road, and the worm will be disgusted. Shake in the cabbage cayenne pepper, or sprin kle on boiling hot water, and you will soon be rid of him. A moderate application of hot water will not injure th plant, as it has a thick, tough leaf. Coop a hen among your squash vines with a brood of chickens, and the chick ens will take care of the squash, if you only plant plenty of seed. fail to put boxes, 12 inches by 14, round your cucumbers, and 10 inches high Do this when you plant, and then it will be done. Neglected gardens don't pay: well-cultivated ones do pay. In conclu sion, the major earnestly invoked deter mined and united effort against insect enemies. The work is a duty every husbandman owes to his generation, and the individual who can lay his hand on his heart, and looking you in the face truthfully declare that he has killed, or even seriously crippled, one coddling worm, has not lived in vain, and may sink into the silent tomb with a glem of joy.

## Working in Leather.

The Belfast (Me.) Journal tells how an enterprising woman is making money there: It is not of that article of die This made by our grandmothers that we are to speak, but a pancake of a less disgesnature, manufactured at the Belsome months ago, and on his refusal to fast shoe factory. Nothing in the shape of leather is allowed to go to waste in she attempted to, and really did, enforce that institution. Even the shavings from the sole leather have their use, and from them the pancakes are made. shavings are placed upon a table before the operatives, who separate and carefully spread them out within a small casing with paste, and the whole patted down compactly. When a cake is com-

#### Items of Interest.

The Canadian canals are to be deep

ened to fourteen feet. Make out your bills and them collect them. The first is comparatively easy—

not so the last. The Bishop of Carlisle has pronounced himself in favor of the administration of

the cat to wife-beaters. The first impressions made by printers are invariably cast aside, because those that follow them are better.

A Fall River mule spinner has to travel nine thousand miles while on duty

during the year to earn \$675. Paris annually consumes an average of

one hundred and twenty-five pounds of meat for each of its inhabitants. The population of Louisiana, accord-

ing to the last census, numbered 301,450 whites and 463,067 blacks, a colored majority of 61,617. The obituary notice of a much respected lady concludes with-" In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed:

Friendship is a good deal like chira. It is very beautiful and durable as lorg as it is quite whole; but break it, and all

the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage Gen. M. L. Smith, whose sudden death has been announced, is said to have had his life insured for nearly \$100,-000, and just before leaving Washington

for New York took out a \$6,000 accident "The child has since died," is the laconic remark which a paper affixes to an account of a twelve-year-old girl who had already mastered logic, rhetoric,

geology, botany, and the mysteries of mental and moral science. The present system of penal servitude for women in England is one of solitary confinement, and it is asserted that not one woman in twenty undergoes imprisonment of over a year's duration without showing signs of temporary in-

At Trevoux, in France, a farmer's loy killed two young owls in a nest near the house, and the old owls watched around for several nights, till on the fifth night an old male owl struck the same boy in the face and put one of his talons in the

boy's left eye. A Western paterjamilias, who has raised two families, has discovered that children grow more between January and July than in the other half of the year. His theory is that the growth of humanity is governed by the same laws which prevail over the vegetable king-

interest, right through the side of the A New York life insurance company, in a recent publication giving a list gentleman who hold policies on their lives, puts down Alexander T. Stewart as insured for \$100,000. This paper is

authorized to state that there is not and never has been any insurance whatever on Mr. Stewart's life. A party of juvenile fiends out in Missouri tied an unpopular schoolmate to the railroad track, where the life was crushed out of him by a passing train. These young villains, when grown up, will probably black their faces and assist

in the administration of the laws accord ing to the code of Judge Lynch. The committee of relief for famine stricken people of Asia Minor urgently request the English and American press to let it be known that their funds are exhausted, while the distress is increasing. They state that it will be necessary to clothe, feed and give medical assistance to several hundred thou-

## The Sale of Cheese.

sand persons until next June.

The president of the Pennsylvania Dairy Association, at a late meeting, gave an interesting and suggestive address on "Co-operation in the Sale of Cheese." He commenced by alluding to the early history of cheese-making in this section. The first attempt at factory cheese-making was made in 1849, at Mosiertown, by Clark & Stebbins, who made an English dairy cheese weighing about sixteen pounds, selling it at three curd instead of milk. The second factory was built also in Mosiertown in 1851, and continued in operation three years, and then the system came to an The first factory under the present associated system was built by George Thomas in 1867, at Cambridge. The second factory was built by Messis, D. H. Gibson & Co., in 1868, manufacturing the first year 27,000 pounds of cheese, and two years later 145,000 pounds. In 1870 there existed in the State of Pennsylvania twenty-seven factories. It is estimated that there was produced during the past season in the counties of Craw ford, Erie, and Mercer, about 9,000,000 pounds of cheese, valued at \$1,200,000.

## Blackmail in Naples,

A gentleman who is very foud of that pungent little gourd known as the peperone, decided the other day to lay in a stock of them, and for that purpose went down into the lower, or eastern, part of Naples, where the trades-people about Vesuvius come to statiom them selves with their produce. He chanced upon an old man who had a nice lot of his favorite vegetable, and began to ask about the price. Beside the old man were standing a couple of loafers. of these fellows named a sum, which was of course exoroitant; but after a proper amount of hazgling a fair price per hundred was agreed upon and the bargain concluded.

The purchaser pulled out his mone and was about to hand it to the old countryman, when the second lounger stepped forward and took it. without waiting for the departure of ne, purchacer, or attempting to disguise the mecality of the transaction, he div the money into three parts, of which m d bir companion took two, g v'n third to the unlucky owner of duce, who had remained wis ly while this disposition was going o