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#### The Wornout Font of Type.

I'm sitting at my desk. Tom. Before me on the floor There lies a wornout font of type, Full twenty thousand score; And many months have passed, Tom, Since they were bright and new, And many are the tales they've told-The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told, Of tempest and of wreck; Of murder in the midnight hour, Of war full many a " speck !" Of ships that lost, away at sea, Went down before the blast ; · Of stifled cries of agony,

As life's last moments passed,

Of earthquakes and of snieldes.

Of flood and fire and accident

Of bank defaulters, broken banks And banking systems reiten : Of boilers bursting, stermers snagged Of riots, duels fought. Of robbers with their prev escaped. Of thieves their booty caught.

Those wornout type have told, And how the pestileace has swept The youthful and the old Of marriages, of births and deaths Of things to please or yez us. Of one man's jumping overboard. Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet summer days Have faded from our view. How autumn's chilling winds have swept The leaf crowned forest through. How winter's snow hath come and gone, Dark reign of storm and strife-And how the smiling spring hath warmed The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half My inky friends have told, Since shining bright and beautiful They issued from the mold-How unto some they joy have brought. To others grief and tears, Yet faithfully the record kept Of fast receding years,

#### BRIAN TAAFE'S

BY CHARLES BEADE,

In a certain part of Ireland, a lorg t me ago, lived a wealthy old farmer wrose name was Brian Taufe. His three sons, Guillaum, Shamus and Garret, worked on the farm. The old man had a great effection for them all; and finding h mself grown unfit for work, he resolved to hand his farm over to them, and sit quiet by the five-ide. But as that was not a thing to be done lightly, he thought he would just put them to their trial. He would take the measure of their intelligence, and then of their affection.

Proceeding in this order, he gave them each a hundred pounds, and quietly watched to see what they did with it. Well, Guillaum and Shamus put their penny; but when the old men questioned Garret where his handred pounds was, the young man said: "I spent it,

"Spent it?" said the old man, aghast. " Is it the whole hundred pounds?" Sure I thought you told us we might lay it out as we pleased.'

"Is that a raison ye'd waste the whole of it in a year, ye prodigal?" cried the old man; and he trembled at the idea of his substance falling into such hands. Some months after this he applied the

He convened his sons and addressed them solemnly; "I'm an old man, my children; my hair is white on my head, and it's time I was giving over trade and making my sowl," The two elder overflowed with sympathy. He then gave the the meadows to Guillaum. Thereupon these two yied with each other in expressions of love and gratitude. But Garret with his behavior about the hundred pounds, so maddened the old man that he gave Garret's portion, namely, the home and the home farm, to his elder brothers to hold in common. Garret he disinherited on the spot and in due form. That is to say, he did not overlook him nor pass him by; but even as spiteful testators used to leave the disinherited one a shilling, that he might not be able to say he had been inadvertently omitted, and it was all a mistake, old Brian Taafe solemnly presented young Garret Taafe with a hazel staff and a small bag. Poor Garret knew very well what that meant. He shouldered the bag, and went forth into the wide world with a sad heart, but a silent tongue. His dog, Lurcher, was for following him, but he drove him back with a

On the strength of the new arrangement, Guillaum and Shamus married directly, and brought their wives home, for it was a large house, and room for all But the old farmer was not contented

to be quite a cipher, and he kept finding fault with this and that. The young men became more and more impatient of his interference, and their wives fanned the flame with female pertinacity. So that the house was divided, and a very home of discord.

This went on getting worse and worse, till at last, one winter afternoon, Shamus defied his father openly before all the rest, and said: "I'd like to know what would plaise ye. Maybe ye'd like to turn us all out as ye did Garret.'

The old farmer replied, with sudden algority: "If I did, I'd take no more than

What good was your giving it?" said Guillaum; "we get no comfort of it while you are in the house."

Do you talk that way to me too?" said the father, deeply grieved. "If it was poor Garret I had, he wouldn't use

me so."
""Much thanks the poor boy ever got from you," said one of the women, with venomous tongue; then the other woman, finding she count on male support, suggested to her father-in-law to take his stick and pack and follow his beloved Sure he'd find him begging about the counthry.'

At the women's tongues the wounded parent turned to bay. I don't wonder at anything I hear ye say. Ye never yet heard of anything good that a woman would have a hand in

piteously.

tion, von'll never hear it's a woman done but if there is a duel with swords and guns, or two boys cracking each belly other's crown with shillalahs, or a Bu secret let out, or a character ruined, or a the year. man brought to the gallows, or mischief made between a father and his own flesh and blood, then I'll engage you'll hear a cent woman had some call to it. We needn't name have recoorse to histhory to know your

made the King o' Leinsther rebel against Brian Born. These shafts of cloquence struck home; the women set up a screaming, and pulled their caps off their heads, which in that part was equivalent to

gentlefolks drawing their swords. 'Oh, murther! murther! was it for this I married you, Guillaum Taafe?" "Och, Shamus, will ye sit an' hear me compared to the likes? Would I rebel against Brian Born, Shamus, a'ra

"Don't heed him, avourneen," said Shamus; "he is an ould man."

But she would not be pacified. "Oh, yo! yo! If ever I thought the likes 'ud be said of me, that I'd rebel against

As for the other, she prepared to leave the house. "Guillaum," said she, "I'll never stay a day undher your roof with them as would say I'd burn Throy. Does he forget he ever had a mother bimself? Ah! 'tis a bad apple that de-

spises the tree it sprung from."
All this heated Shamus, so that he told the women sternly to sit down, for the offender should go; and upon that, to show they were of one mind, Guillaum deliberately opened the door. Lurcher ran out, and the wind and the rain rushed in. It was a stormy night, Then the old man took fright, and

humbled himself. "Ah! Slamıs, Guillaum, achree, let ye have it as ye will; I'm sorry for what I said, a'ra gal. Don't turn me out on the highroad in my ould days, Guillaum, and I'll engage I'll niver open my mouth against one o' ye the longest day I live. Ah! Shamus, it isn't long I have to stay wid ye, anyway. Yer own hair will be as white as mine yet, plaise God! and ye'll be thanking Him ye showed respect to mine this night.

But they were all young and of one mind, and they turned him out and to go and turn you adrift, as I done, for horred the door.

He crept away, shivering in the wind apologetic wail: "I tuck the wrong for He crept away, shivering in the wind and rain, till he got on the lee side of a stone wall, and there he stopped and ask-

ed himself whether he could live through the night. Presently something cold and smooth poked against his hand; it was a large

breast he saw it was Lurcher, Garret's dog, the dog for "1-1 him. Lurcher! Garret was not wise either; shed another tear. but he would niver have turned me to the door this bitter night, nor even thee." Lurcher pulled his coat, and by his he crept on and knocked at more than one door, but did not obtain admittance, was so tempestuous. At last he lay

Next day the wind and rain abated; against besides winter and rough weather. The sense of his sons' ingratitude and his own folly drove him almost mad. dairy farm and the hill to Shamus, and Sometimes he would cause and thirst for vengeance, sometimes he would shed tears that seemed to scald his withered cheeks. He got into another county and begged from door to door. As for Lurcher, he did not beg; he used to disappear, often for an hour at a time, but always returned, and often with a rabbit or even a hare in his mouth. Sometimes the friends exchanged them for a gallon of meal, sometimes they roasted them in

the woods; Lurcher was a civilized dog, and did not like them raw. Wandering hither and thither, Brian Tagfe came at last within a few miles of his own house; but he soon had cause to wish himself further off it; for here he met his first downright re-buff, and, cruel to say, he owned it to his hard hearted sons. One recognized him as the father of that rogue Guillaum Taafe, who had cheated him in the sale of a horse, and another as the father of that thief Shamus, who had sold him a diseased cow that died the week after. So, for the first time since he was driven out of his home, he passed the night supperless, for houses did not lie close

together in that part. Cold, hungry, houseless and distracted with grief at what he had been and now was, nature gave way at last, and, unable to outlast the weary, bitter night, he lost his senses just before dawn, and lay motionless on the hard road.

The chances were he must die: but just at death's door his luck turned. Lurcher put his feet over him and his chin upon her breast to guard him, as he had often guarded Garret's coat, and that kept up a little warmth in his heart; and at the very dawn of day the door of a farmhouse opened, and the master came out upon his business, and saw something unusual lying in the road a good way off. So he went toward it, and ound Brian Tasfe in that condition. farmer was very well-to-do, but he had known trouble, and it had made him charitable. He soon hallooed to his men, and had the old man taken in; he called to his wife too, and bade her observe that it was a reverend face, though he was all in tatters. They laid him between hot blankets, and, when he came to a bit, gave him warm drink, and at last a good meal. He recovered his spirits, and thanked them with a certain

When he was quite comfortable, and not before, they asked him his name. 'Ah! don't ask me that," said he, "It's a bad name I have, and it used to be a good one, too. Don't

So the farmer was kindly, and said: "Never mind your name, fill your the yard, and then the wife could not restrain her curiosity. "Why, good

man," said she, "sure you are too de-cent a man to be ashamed of your name. "I'm too decent not to be ashamed of it," said Brian. "But you are right; an honest man should tell his name though doin's, 'tis undher our eyes; for 'twas the likes o' ye two burned Throy, and

they druy him out of heaven for it. I am Brian Taafe-that was,' "Not Brian Taafe, the strong farmer father. at Corrans?

Ay, madam; I'm all that's left of "Have you a son called Garret?"

"I had, then." The woman spoke no more to him, but ran screaming to the door: "Here, Tom! Tom! come here!" cried she, "Tom! Tom!" As Lurcher, a very sympathetic

Mister Taafe, the father of Garret Taafe himself. "Oh, Lord!" eried the farmer, in

equal agitation, and stared at him. "My blessing on the day you ever set foot within these doors." Then he ran to taken great care of, and became old and the door and hallooed: "Hy, Murphy! Ellen! come here!"
Lurcher supported the call with great

energy. In ran a fine little boy and girl. "Look at this man with all the eyes in your body!" said he. "This is Misther Taafe, father of Garret Taafe that saved us all from ruin and destruction ordinals." He then turned to Mr. tion entirely." He then turned to Mr. Taafe, and told him, a little more calmly, "that years ago every haporth they had was going to be carted for the rent; but Garret Taafe came by, put his hand in his pocket, took out thirty pounds, and cleared them in a moment. It was a way he had; we were not the only ones he saved that way, so long as he had it

The old man did not hear these last words; his eyes were opened, the iron entered his soul, and he overflowed with

grief and penitence.
"Och, murther! murther!" he cried. 'My poor boy! what had I to do at all the right; that's the way the world is blinded. Och, Garret, Garret, what will I do with the thoughts of it? An those wo vilvins that I gave it all to, and they turned me out in my ould days, as I poked against his hand; it was a large done you. No matther!" and he fell dog that had followed him unobserved into a sobbing and a trembling that till he stopped. By a white mark on his nearly killed him for the second time.

But the true friends of his son Garret dog.

"Ah!" said the poor old wandered, "you are not so wise a dog as I thought, to follow me." When he spoke to the dog, the dog for "!" I him. Then he hundred pounds out to interest, every burst out sobbing and crying: "Ah, blow he brooded and brooded, but never ask him to sleep there. They wanted to

And so he mosned and lamented. But came to him with a fat bag of gold. "Sir," said he, "soon after your son movements conveyed to him that he helped us, luck set in our way. Mary should not stay there all night; so then she had a legacy; we had a wonderful srop of flax, and with that plant 'tis kill or cure; and then I found lead in the hill down exhausted on some straw in the leave to mine there. I'm almost ashamed corner of an outhouse; but Lurcher lay so take it. I tell you all this to show close to him, and it is probable the you I can afford to pay you back that warnth of the dog saved his life that their pounds, and if you please I'll they had enjoyed together, and feats of count it out."

"No!" said Mr. Taafe, "Til not take but this aged man had other ills to fight mainst besides winter and rough weathvor, lend me the whole bag for a week, was addressing him. Garret reached the for at the sight of it I see a way to-Whisper.

Then, with bated breath and in strict Then, with bated breath and in strict into the house, so to speak. After the confidence, he hinted to the farmer a first ardor of welcome, he told them he scheme of vengeance. The farmer was not even to tell it to his wife; "for," said old Brian, "the very birds carry these things about; and sure it is knowing ones I have to do with, especially the

Next day the farmer lent him a good suit and drove him to a quiet corner going to blurt it all out, but her man scarce a hundred yards from his old The old farmer got down and left him. ter's heels. It was noon and the sun afterward. shining bright.

lo! scarce thirty yards from her, she saw her, she turned it off cleverly enough, an old man seated counting out gold on and said the dear old dog must have his a broad stone at his feet. At first she supper. Supper they gave him, and a thought it must be one of the good peonew sheepskin to lie on by the great fire. ple-or-fairies-or else she must be dreaming; but no! cocking her head on one side, she saw for certain the profile of Brian Taafe, and he was counting a mass of gold. She ran in and screamed her news rather than spoke it. "Nonsense, woman!" said Shamus,

roughly; "it is not in nature." Then go and see for yourself, man !"

said she. Shamus was not the only one to take this advice. They all stole out on tiptoe and made a sort of semicircle of curiosity. It was no dream; there were piles and piles of gold glowing in the sun, and his eyes steadily fixed on the glittering

When they had thoroughly drank in this most unexpected scene, they began to talk in agitated whispers; but even in talking they never looked at each othertheir eyes were glued on the gold. Said Guillaum: "Ye did very wrong,

Shamus, to turn out the old father as you done ; see now what we lost by it. That's a part of the money he laid by, and we'll

never see a penny of it."

The wives whispered that was a foolish thing to say: "Leave it to us," said they, "and we'll have it all one day." This being agreed to, the women stole toward the old man, one on each side. Lurcher rose and snarled, and old Brian hurried his gold into his ample pockets,

and stood on the defensive, "Oh, father ! and is it you come back? Oh, the Lord be praised! Oh, the weary day since you left us, and all our good Brian received this and similar speech-

es with fury and reproaches. Then they ask me, or maybe you'll put me out, as the others did, for the fault of my own two sons. It is hard to be turned from

—only mischief always. If ye ask who made such a road, or built a bridge, or wrote a great hory, or did a great action were linear to the road of the road and ask the old man's pardon, and not the road of the road and ask the old man's pardon, and not and ask the old man's pardon, and not let him ever leave them again. The supple sons were all penitence and affection directly. Brian at last consented to stay, But by and bye the man went out into but stipulated for a certain chamber with a key to it. "For," said he, "I have got my strong box to take care of, as well

as myself."
They pricked up their ears directly at mention of the strong box, and asked where it was.

"Oh! it is not far, but I can't carry it, Give me two boys to fetch it." "Oh! Guillaum and Shamus would carry it or anything to oblige a long lost

So they went with him to the farmer's eart, and brought in the box, which was pretty large, and above all very full and heavy.

He was once more king of his own house, and flattered and petted as he had never been since he gave away his estate. To be sure, he fed this by mysterious barked flercely in support of this invo-cation, the hullabaloo soon brought the farmer running in "Oh, Tom, asthore," cried she, "it's locked away in his strong box-with other

And so he passed a pleasant time, imbittered only by regrets, and very poig-nant they were, that he could hear noth-

But shocks that do not kill undermine. Before he reached threescore and ten, Brian Taafe's night work and troubles told upon him, and he drew near his end. He was quite conscions of it, and announced his own departure, but not in a regretful way. He had become quite a philosopher; and indeed there was a sort of chuckle about the old fellow in speaking of his own death, which his daughtersin-law secretly denounced as unchristian, and, what was worse, unchancy.

Whenever he did mention the expected

event, he was sure to say : " And mind, boys, my will is in that chest."
"Don't speak of it, father," was the

When he was dying, he called for both his sons, and said, in a feeble voice : "I was a strong farmer, and come of honest folk. Ye'll give me a good wakin', boys,

an' a gran' funeral."

They promised this very heartily. So there was a grand wake, and the virtues of the deceased and his professional importance were duly howled by an old lady who excelled in this lugubrious art. Then the funeral was hurried on, because they were in a hurry to open the chest.

The funeral was joined in the churchyard by a stranger, who muffled his face, and shed the only tears that fell upon that grave. After the funeral he stayd behind all the rest and mourned, When he recovered this last | being down in the will; but they did not be alone, and read the will. He begged One day, seeing him pretty well re- for some reminiscence of his father, and stored, as he thought, the good farmer they gave him Lurcher. So he put Lurcher into his gig, and drove away to that good farmer, sure of his welcome, and praying God he might find him alive. Perhaps his brothers would not have let him go so easily had they known he had made a large fortune in America, and they pay me a dale o' money for and was going to buy quite a slice of the

peaching. Porrold Lurcher kept pricking fell, with shricks that told they his ears all the time, and endgeled his was addressing him. Garret reached the not keep up their speed for any length farm, and was received first with stares, then with cries of joy, and was dragged had arrived only just in time to bury his father. "And this old dog," said he, "is all that's left me of him. He was mine first, but when I left, he took to

He was always a wise dog." "We know him," said the wife; "he has been here before." And she was "Another time," and gave her a look as black as thunder, which wasn't Lurcher walked at his mas- his way at all, but he explained to her comrades farewell, and shouting out the "They are friends, those three, over the old man's grave. The wife of Shamus Taafe came out to should think twice before we stir ill hang up her man's shirt to dry, when, blood betune 'em." So when he stopped

So there he lay, and seemed to doze, The best bed in the house was laid for Garret, and when he got up to go to it, didn't that wise old dog get up too with an effort, and move stiffly toward Garret, and lick his hand; then lay down derful wise dog."

In the morning they found Lurcher dead and stiff on the sheepskin. It was a long good-night he had bid so quietly

to the friend of his youth. Garret shed tears over him, and said old Brian with a horse pistol across his knees; and even Lurcher seemed to have his eyes steadily fixed on the glittering could see far. He was a deal wiser for a dog than I shall ever be for a man.

Meantime the family party assembled in the bedroom of the deceased. Every trace of feigned regret had left their faces, and all their eyes sparkled with joy and curiosity. They went to open the chest. It was locked. They hunted for the key; first quietly, then fussily. The women found it at last, sewed up in the bed; they cut it out and opened the

The first thing they found was a lot of stones. They glared at them, and the color left their faces. What deviltry was

Presently they found writing on one stone: "Look below." Then there was a reaction, and a loud laugh. The old fox was afraid the money and parchments would fly away, so he kept them down." They plunged their hands in, and soon cleared out a barrowful of stones, till they came to a kind of paving stone. They lifted this carefully out, and discovered a good new rope with a running

It was headed in large letters finely

BRIAN TAAFE,

But the body of the instrument was in the scrawl of the testator,
"I bequeath all the stones in this box to the hearts that could turn their father and benefactor out on the highway that

"I bequeath this rope for any father to hang himself with who is fool enough to give his property to his children be-fore he dies."

#### A WOLF STORY.

A Portion of a Party of Soldiers Sacrificed to Save the Rest---Life in Russia.

ome prisoners during a campaign against Russia, The Abassian party, to which the chief belonged, consisted of eleven woman. As they were traversing a vast steppe or plain, they perceived a pack of seven wolves slowly following them, of which number they killed two or three with their matchlocks for the sake of What is the difference between timed their journey. Shortly afterward a strange howling noise was heard in the rear, which at first sounded like the roaring of the wind, but afterward is the difference between alfalfa and lucerne?

Alfalfa, lucerne and Chili clover are one and the same. In botany this plant, which is one of the oldest known to be a stronger of the same of the oldest known to be a stronger of the same. creased to such a pitch that they thought heard was the exulting laugh of "gins" and "afrits," whom they believe to in-habit the eternal snows of Mount El-or three twirls. bruz. At length their attention was called to a dark mass of black objects spreading over the snow like a cloud over danger broke upon them, for they knew they were pursued by a pack of wolves. Their horses were already fatigued by a usual remedy long day's journey; but terror seemed to of hellebore. give them wings, for they tore along as if they knew their peril, and for a while seemed to hold their own. The nearest "kount" or hamlet was two "saat" or years. seven miles distant; and the ground was in many places so deep with drifting snow that their horses could hardly get along. The crisis was now evidently approaching, for the advanced troop were about within gunshot, howling and yelling as only wolves can.

A brief consultation was held, and it

was determined to sacrifice the prisoners shricks, as well as the cry of the horse, But it was not for long; they were soon again on their heels, when a Russian soldier was sacrificed by shooting his horse, A second, a third and a fourth soon followed, and much time was gained and considerable distance covered. Still the insatiable foes pressed on, apparently more ferocious than before, for their appetite was whetted by the taste for blood. They now commenced dis-charging their firearms among them; but it was of no avail, for though many fell, the rest rushed on, and the course of the horde was not stayed. The horses of two of their number now gave up and the fate that awaited them, and although their riders were swift of foot they could of time in the deep snow. So bidding their comrades farewell, they resigned themselves to their "kismet," or destiny, drew their yataghans, and shouting their battle cry, died like men, fighting to the last. The survivors were now within a couple of miles of shelter; but their horses were almost worn out, the eading welves hardly a pistol shot behind, and gaining upon them rapidly

Another moment and they expected to feel their fangs, when an old man, whose two sons were also of the party, seeing the hopelessness of the case, bade his omaun" (Mohammedan creed) as a death song, felled his horse to the groundwith the heavy butt of his pistol, as he could not reign up the frightened animal, and offered himself a willing sacrifice to save the rest. On tore the survivors, now reduced to eight in number, and on followed their relentless pursuers, now again only half a dozen lengths behind. In spite of all their efforts their doom appeared to be sealed, when their chief, giving an expressive look to the narrator, drew his pistol and shot the man nearest him through the head. He threw up his again all of a piece, as who should say: arms and dropped the reins, but although "I'm very tired of it all." "He knows stone dead, sat firm in the saddle, the me now at last," He was always a won- affrighted animal carrying the corpse until a second discharge brought both to the ground. Again the pursuit was checked for a time, and the kouat appeared in view. Luckily the door was open, for it was deserted. Men and horses rushed in, the door was closed, and a ponderous bar drawn across inside when suddenly a loud, heartrending shriek was heard from without above the howling of the wolves, and they saw through the chinks between the logs one of their comrades, whose horse had broken down and lagged behind unperceived by the rest, surrounded by the horde and fighting desperately,

A moment more and he was pulled from the saddle, and man and horse devoured before their eyes. Then the wolves surrounded the hut, and finding themselves balked of their prey, began to fight among themselves, at times endeavoring to scratch away the earth under the logs or force their way through the crevices. But the hut, being substantially constructed, resisted all their efforts, and a deadly discharge of firearms was kept up from the interior, which thinned the wolfish number, and partially avenged the victims of the chase. The dead wolves were speedily devoured by the survivors, who remained howling and shricking round the hut until the night

### "THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farmers' Club Questions and Answers. Why is wood better for handling butter than any other substances? Why use a wooden paddle instead of a metal

spoon? There is nothing better for handling butter than wood well soaked in water, for the simple reason that the pores of the wood are filled with water, which will not easily mix with oily substances; hence the butter does not adhere as to

the metal. Why is the preference given to tinware over wooden vessels for milking pur-

Because, unless great care is observed a striking wolf story is told in a volume entitled "The Hunting Grounds of the Old World." It was related to the author by an Abassian chief, and is an account of the loss of five of his tells. use. All wooden vessels, spoons, etc., used about milk and butter should be thoroughly scalded with boiling water. After having first been washed in that which is only warm they should men fairly mounted, and armed with then be dried in any airy place, but matchlocks, pistols and swords, with five prisoners—four Russian soldiers and a the sun, to fall in pieces. When by mischance they have been so dried they should be swelled back again by being filled full of cold water before coming

What is the difference between alfalfa

cago sativa; its leaflets are in threes Jehannum (the infernal regions) was like the common clover; the flowers turned loose, and that the cry they had vary from pale blue to purple in hue and vary from pale blue to purple in hue and are pea shaped; the seeds are held in

Is there any effective remedy for cab-

bage worms?
One correspondent says that buckthe horizon, and the full extent of their wheat flour sifted through a sieve in the evening or in the morning, when the dew is on, will eradicate them. The usual remedy advised is an application

> How long will an asparagus bed live? Asparagus beds will, with regular cut- my ting, continue from twenty to thirty

Give some suggestions for forcing lettuce for the spring supply.
Sowings of lettuce seed intended for the spring supply are made from December to February; twelve weeks are required for its full development in the winter months. The seed is sown thinly, broadcast in a hot-bed; and when the plants have made two or three leaves they are one by one, so as to gain time for the rest to escape. The woman met her fate first. One of them dropping behind drew his saber across the hocks of her transplanted into yet another part of the horse, hamstringing it, and causing both o fall heavily to the ground. Her size of the variety. As the plants increase in size, the quantity of air should but he joined the family at the feast which followed; and, behold! it was then all was still. They anxiously look-direct, come a day too late. He was welcomed with exuberant affection, not welcomed with exuberant affection, not expedient had enabled them to gain a corpeting or similar covering should be ection of the plants. Many farmers transplant directly from the nursery bed to where the plants are to remain, but good authorities advise the first

method as gaining the finest lettuce, Caring Hams. A New York farmer gives the following as his rule, instead of the old way of salting them down: For preserving beef my recipe is six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, three pounds of sugar, me gallon of molasses, three ounces of saltpeter and one ounce of saleratus, mix these ingredients and heat to a boiling point, skimming off all the impurities. When cold I pour it on the meat. I do not rate the amount of materials according to the amount of meat, but mix in the proportions given and use enough of the mixture to cover the meat I to preserve. I find that this method cures the hams and leaves them tender and juicy. They never get bard, I leave the hams in the pickle from four to six weeks, according to their size. takes longer to cure large hams than it does small ones. I always move the hams after they have been in the pickle three days—take them out and pack them over. This is necessary, for when they are closely packed together some parts of the hams do not have a chance to be penetrated by the pickle. I keep beef in the same way, except that I would boil over the pickle before warm weather in the spring. The finest hams we ever used were of a pig frozen with other fresh meat and so kept till spring, and then put into a pickle just long enough to "corn through," say ten or twelve days, when it was smoked and eaten. It was

as sweet and tender as a chicken Test for Quality of Milk. A member of the American Farmers' club thought it quite as important in butter making to know the quality as the quantity of milk yielded by each cow. One needs to know the percentage of cream to determine the value of the cow for butter, and as the price of butter is nfluenced by its color and flavor (some believe the color determines the flavor), the test should give both quality and quantity of cream. This is easily and cheaply done by filling a glass tumbler with the milk of each cow, and setting these tumblers in a cool place for the cream to rise. The transparent glass will show the thickness of the cream and its color. In this manner one has the milk of the several cows under inspection at the same time, and can therefore make an accurate comparison. night's and morning's milk should be thus tested. This testing often proves that the cow giving the smallest quantity of milk makes the most butter. hour's time will show the comparative quality of the milk given by each cow in herd, and enable the farmer to select out those that give cream of a rich golden color, and make way with the remainder, supplying their places with others it will pay better to keep.

# Horrible Infanticide

Some weeks ago a man named Crouch, living near Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., de-certed his wife and child, the latter ighteen months old, leaving them in destitute circumstances. The mothe arose, and they took themselves off in the dark, much to the relief of the six survivors, who, seeing the coast clear, made the best of their way home.

A few days ago Mrs. Crouch gave birth to another child, which she burned to death in a stove. She is insert.

# Up the Hill.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end. Will the day's journey take the whole long day From morn till night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place? A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin May not the darkness hide it from my face? You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before. Then must I knock, or call when just in sight

They will not keep you standing at the door. Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak? Of labor you shall find the sum. Will there be beds for me and all who seek? Yea, beds for all who come.

Items of Interest. Yonkers Gazette: A smart school-boy says it takes thirteen letters to spell eow, and proves it thus; double you."

A Frenchman got exceedingly angry with a waiter at an English hotel. "You rascal!" he exclaimed, "I'll blow your

nose for you.' A Detroit restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "free chops," and when the old loafers come around he shows them

an ax and a woodpile. Among the Copts, who are the oldest Christians in the world, a part of the marriage ceremony consists of the priest knocking the heads of the happy couple

The Story farm, on Oil creek, Pa., has produced, in the last fifteen years, 2,128,707 barrels of oil, and yielded dividends amounting in the aggregate to \$3,792,600.

Why do not printers succeed to the same extent as brewers? Because printers work for the head and brewers or the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains.

A young gentleman of Kilkenny, meeting a handsome milkmaid, said ; will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?" The girl instantly replied: "Yourself and a gold ring, sir."

A clergyman in Boston recently aroused his sleepy audience by announcing in the most positive manner that, "notwithstanding the hard times, the vages of sin have not been cut down one Jewish silver shekels have lately been found near Jerusalem, belonging to the time of Simon Maccabeus, B. C. 144.

On one side they have the cup of manna, and on the other the budding rod of Aaron. and a half square miles, has 364 miles of streets, and its population is 342,000. In 1860 the population was 178,000, the

city covered fourteen and a half square

miles, and had 102 miles of streets.

A lawyer was noticed at a recent conthe singers. "Fond of music, isn't he? said one acquaintance to another. "No," was the reply; "it's mere professional instinct. He is moving for a new trial." The employees at the government

printing office have raised a sufficient sum by subscription to enable them to distribute one hundred loves of bread a day from each of the five stations for the next twenty-four days, making a total of 18,000 loaves. An instance of coolness in danger was seen at the Ashtabula disaster, when man cleared himself from the smashed

car as soon as it struck, found his sa-

chel, overcoat and cane, and walked up

the bank with a check in his hat, to calm inquire when the next train came The average rainfall for December in England has been from 1.50 to two inches; that for December, 1876, was 6.48. The total rainfall for 1876 was 32.19, against 19 35 in 1874. People are consoling themselves with the reflec-

tion that there will be no dry wells next

summer.

An old fashioned minister was preach ing in a tight, unventilated church, in which by some means a window was left partly open. A good deacon during the sermon closed it. The minister stopped and turning to the deacon said, in solemn tones: "If I were preaching in a jug I believe you would put the cork

Among the buildings recently exhumed at Pompeii is a drinking saloon with its tables and other appurtenances. The pictures frescoed upon the walls represent tavern scenes. Men are drinking and gambling at tables; others are seatupon wooden benches against the walls, and others are standing in conver sation. It cannot be disputed that the man

who stops advertising for the purpose of retrenching his expenses succeeds in ac-complishing his object. At the same time his receipts are largely retrenched, enabling a material saving in clerk hire. If the policy of retrenchment is adhered to, he will soon be able to elude the payment of rent and annovances of conducting a business.

The night was beautiful and they were out sleigh riding together. He asked her to sit in his lap and drive. She felt it was delicious to be loved so dearly. and consented. As for him he was cautious young man, and had in view the best means of protecting himself in case the horse became excited and plunged his hoofs through the dashboard.

# A Fall.

A naval officer of her majesty's ship Royal Adelaide had a most uncomfort-able berth at Stonehouse, England, on able berth at Stonehouse, England, on January 8. A police sergeant and two constables saw him open a window on a third floor early in the morning, get out on the sill in his nightdress, and then drop out of the window, holding on by his hands. One of the officers endeavored to enter the house, while the others stationed themselves under the window to break the man's fall. He held on for three minutes and then fell turning for three minutes and then fell, turning over in his descent and coming down headforemost on the sergeant. was a clash of skulls, and both were thrown on the pavement and badly bruised. The naval efficer was a som-