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The Empty Cradle.

Sad is the heart of the mother, Who sits by the lonely hearth, Where never again the children Shall waken their songs of mirth, And still through the painful silence She listens for voice and tread ; Outside of the heart-there only She knows that they are not dead !

Here is the desolate cradle. The pillow so lately pressed, But far away has the birdling Flown from its little nest. Crooning the lullaties over That once were her babe's delight. All through the misty spaces She follows its upward flight.

Little she thought of a moment So gloomy and sad as this, When close to her heart she gathered Her child for its good-night kiss. She should be tenderly cherished, Never a grief should she know : Wealth, and the pride of a princess, These would a mother bestow.

And this is the darling's portion In heave --- where she has fled ; By angels securely guarded, By angels securely led. Brooding in sorrowful silence Over the empty nest, Can you not see through the shadows Why it is all for the best?

Better the heavenly kingdom Than riches of earthly crown Better the early morning flight Than one when the sun is down : Better an empty casket. Than iewels besmirched with sir : Safer than these without the fold Are those that have entered in

THE BIRD'S MISSION.

Elmside, the summer residence of the Morti-mers, is situated on the banks of the Hudson,

in one of the most beautiful spots of a region celebrated for the loveliness of its scenery. At the close of a suftry summer day the family assembled on the lawn to enjoy the soft , just cool enough to be refreshing, gently stirred the leaves of tree and The fumily party consisted of five memvine. The failing party consisted of five mem-bers : Mr. Mortimer, senior, a gentleman of sixty, with quite silvery hair and beard, and a countenance where pride and goodness were equally visible; his son, Royal Mortimer, a fine-looking man of thirty-five, bearing a great re-semblance to his father, and Mrs. Mortimer, a graceful lady of thirty, with their two children, Julian and Willie. Willie was a poble-looking

graceful large of Unity, with their two children, Lillian and Willie. Willie was a moble-looking lad of twelve, and his sister, two years younger, was a sweet, pleasant faced little girl, quite small fer her age. On this ev ming Lillian and Willie were armusing themselves with the sportive tricks of a lively little spaniel that was Will's favorite pet. Mrs. Mo timer scated herself on a rastic mode in the scated herself on a rastic a lively little spanner that herself on a rustic bench with a book in her hand, but was ap-parently more interested in the scene around her than in its pages. The elder Mr. Mortimer and his son had samtered down the broad path to the gate, and leaned upon it, talking ittle girl, apparently about the age of Lillian, hittle girl, apparently about the age of Lillian, nassed along the road quite near them. She

favor of a friend who had already done so much for her, and t e kind lady knew nothing of for her, and t e kind lady knew nothing of Lenn's loss. The next morning dawned bright and beauti-fu on the luxurious home of the Mortimers, as well as the humble cot where lived the sess-stress and her child. Lillian at Elmside, so I Lenn at the cottage, both arose with light hearts and happy stulles, but grief and care op-pressed some of the older members of the two families. Where the First American Menagerle was In the town of Somers, not many miles

back in the country from Peekskill, N. Y., is a hotel that has always had a local reputation from its title as the "Ele-After breakfast Lillian went into the pleasant After breakfast Lillian went into the pleasant sitting-room and amused herself with the cum-ning ways of her canary, letting it out of its cage. It was a very tame, intelligent bird, and would sit perched on her finger, hop on her shoulder, and even put its little bill between her lips with seeming affection. Lillian loved it, as you may imagine, and no dainty was too difficult to get or term of endearment tender enough for the little song-ter. The windows of the room were all closed so that " Bonnie " might fully enjoy his freedom, and he flew and fluttered around almost like a wiid bird. A servant came hastily into the apartment and left the door ajar; out flew Bonnie, and the nearest window gave him access to the open air. He says : ago.

air. Lena was out among her flower beds, and raised her head just as a bird alighted on the fence. She almost screamed with delight. "Oh," she thought, "that looks just like a canary, and perhaps he will go into my cage." She kept very still, and after a little flutter-ing and hesitancy "Bonnie Mortimer" hopped into the cage and began to eat seeds. Then Lena gently closed the door, and she had him

safe, "Mother, mother," she oried, running in, "the Lord has sent me a bird, just as I thought le would." On the morning of the fifth day after the loss

On the morning of the fifth day after the loss of Bonnie, Lillian's grandfather proposed to her to take a ride across the country with him on horseback. She gladly consented, and they were soon cantering away in the direction of Lena's home. As they came near they saw Lena standing on the porch playing and talking with her bird. Mr. Mortimer recognized her as the child who had affected him so much one night as she passed his gate, but Lillian saw only the bird. "Why, grandpa, that looks just like Bonnie !" she cried, so loudly that Lena heard her. "Hush !" said Mr. Mortimer, in a vexed tone, "the little lady will hear you." And he would have gone forward, but Lillian stopped, determined to see the bird that looked so much like the one she had lost.

like the one she had lost. The moment Lena heard Lillian's words she felt sure that the dreaded time had come when she must say good-bye to her treasured pet; so she was not surprised when she saw Lillian dismount and come through the gate toward her. toward her.

toward her. "Excuse me," said Lillian, with a pleasant smile, " but your bird looks so much like one I lost a few days ago that I thought I must come and see it. Isn't it funny that they should be so much slike 2".

and see it. Isn't it funny that they should be so much alike?" When Donnie heard his mistress' voice he knew it, and began to sing little chirping notes as he always did when she was near. Poor Lena kept back her sorrow as well as she could and said : "Perhaps this is really your bird, for it is one that came and sat on the fence a few days sgo and then went into the cage. I had a bird and it died, so I have let the cage hang here with the door open ever since. Mother here with the door open ever since. Mother said perhaps the owner of t e bird would come by, and I have let it hang out in sight all the time. You must love him ever so much, and I'm glad you've found him," she added, hereiseld.

hereically. Mr. Mortimer, finding Lillian determined to see the bird, had also come to the door, and saw the tears which would well in Lena's eyes, spite of all she could do. Declining her invitation to enter the house. Lillian and her grandfather turned to go away.

phant Hotel." Mr. John Codman tells

ELEPHANTS AND MILK.

Organized

very pleasantly the story of this hotel, as he learned it while on a horseback trip through that section, some years A lively gallop soon brought me twelve miles on my way easterly, over the hills, to the little village of Somerstwen. Like a great castle on the Rhine with its two or three adjacent appurten-ances, a large brick hotel looms up among the few small houses in its neighborhood. This seemed disproportionate, but my curiosity was particularly at-tracted by an immense statue of an elephant, nearly as large as life-I mean the life-size of a small elephant, of course. This remarkable resemblance

to the animal was mounted on a high post before the door of the hotel, and painted over the front of the building i read, in enormous letters ; "Elephant Hotel. It was time to breathe my horse, and

the ride had given me an appetite for anything I might find within, even if it should prove to be an elephant steak. The landlord observed that "the women folks were not at home, but he guessed he could find something." He accordingly placed a cold turkey and a bottle of London porter on the table, and thus proved that his guess was very correct. As he sat down by my side I asked him the meaning of all his elephantine display.

"Why," he answered, "Hackaliah Bayley built this house himself !" "Hackaliah Bayley ! Who was he ?" "Who was Hackaliah Bayley ! Don't

you know? He was the man who imported the first elephant into these United States-old Bet; of course you have heard of old Bet?" " No, I have not.'

"What, never heard of old Bet ! Well, sir, you are pretty well along in life. Where have you been all your

davs I told him I had not spent them all in Westchester county. "I should rather think not," replied the landlord, "or else you'd have heard of Hackaliah Bayley and old Bet. Right here, from this very spot, he started the first show in the country. Right round here is where they breed and winter wild animals to this day. Folks round here have grown rich out of the show business. There's men in this town that

have been to Asia and Africa to get animals. Hackaliah imported old Bet, and that wasn't more than fifty or sixty years

Lillian and her grandfather turned to go away. bear before she put her foot upon wonhl strange charm Bimeby they got a cage of monkeys and carted them along, and gradually it "Lena Howe," said the child, smilingly. At the sound of her name Mr. Mortimer grew deadly pale, and grasped his riding whip got up to bears, lions, tigers, camels, boa constrictors, alligators, Tom Thumb, prevolution pairs, and grasped his right whip convulsively. Just then Mrs. Howe appeared in the porch calling Lena, and ignorant of the presence of the visitors, whom she had not seen enter the yard. The first sight that niet her view was Jena standing before the door, and by her vide, regarding her with mingled hope and de-viate a tall gray headed may of noble prehippopotamuses and the fat woman-in fact, to where it is now. Yes, sir, P. T. Barnum got the first rudiments of his education from Hackaliah Bayley right milk have made this town. In fact, we spair, a tall, gray headed man of noble pres-nee, whose kindly features, though now con-vulsed with anxiety, were to her like a vision all live on elephants and milk. 'Elephants and milk ! Good graious !" I exclaimed ; " what a diet !"

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Beans and their Culture. The present high prices of beans are

The present high prices of beans are dish. You may make half this quantity. probably turning the attention of many others besides your correspondent S. H., to their culture. Medium beans, which a little more than a year ago sold at 620070c, per bushel, are now worth four of you hand ; grate some stale bread and

times that price, a greater advance than has been made in any other crop. High prices of potatoes always direct attention yellow rind of a lemon, a little powdered to beams as a partial substitute, and the threatened war in Europe has had some-on a large flat dish, beat up some eggs, threatened war in Europe has had some-thing more to do in establishing the ad-dipping each cutlet into the egg, then vance. Still, at \$2 per bushel, beans into the prepared bread, seeing that a are a paying crop, and the price is not likely soon to go below that. Medium beans are the kind most largely grown beens are the kind most ingery grown here. They sell somewhat lower than marrows, but are a surer grop, and have the advantage of ripening all at the same time if planted on uniformly rich and dry soil. This last is very important, as where some portions of the brown, when add boiling water to form field are richer or noister than others they will be more or less uneven in chopped parsley and vinegar, and pour, ripening, largely increasing the cost of boiling, over the cutlets. Serve at once.

ripening, Toorly ripened beans will stain and become worthless. This in-volves the extra labor of picking out the poor beans, which must be done by hand, and is a slow and tedious process. It is nearly done, where many beans are women are hired for this work. of sugar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, mix, and let stand to rise; when light, In western New York beans are grown in large fields, planted by machines which drop and cover in hills ten or twelve inches apart, and rows two feet to thirty inches wide. Unless the land is very weedy, most of the work is done by the outlinester a parametrized make into biscuits; let rise again, and bake in a medium oven.

Get Rid of Weeds.

For ridding lawns of unsightly weeds such as plantain and dandelions, the folthe cultivator, a narrow implement lowing plan is recommended by an expejust fitted for this purpose. Beans should not be cultivated when their Beans rienced gardener: To the end of a light wooden rod attach a small sponge, or, leaves or the ground is wet, as such culbetter, wind a few thicknesses of cloth tivation does more harm than good. It is also better not to throw the earth around it, dip the sponge in the oil of vitriol, and with it touch the heart of around the hills with the cultivator. the weed. The oil of vitriol may be The bean leaf is broad and the stalk carried in a wide-mouthed bottle, on the tender, so that dragging the field when end of another rod. just coming up, as is done with corn, is not admissible. A clover sod, two years

The Last Man.

grown the previous year, is best for beans, as such soil will generally be free from weeds. Nothing is gained by What will become cf the last man? Various theories that have been seriously maintained by scientific men are deplanting early. A week or ten days cribed in the Scientific American, and later than corn planting is better than the New York Sun summarizes them earlier. Hereabouts beans are mostly planted from the first to the twentieth The surface of the earth is steadily diminishing, elevated regions are being of June. Your Indiana correspondent lowered, and the seas are filling up. should select the time for planting, so The land will at last be all submerged, that the crop would naturally ripen dur-ing the dry weather. If delayed too late it is bad harvesting here, and would and the last man will be starved or drowned. 2. The ice is gradually accumulating at the North pole and melting be almost impossible on the deep loam of away at the South pole, the consequence the prairies after heavy rains begin. As a rule, mucky soil is not suited to this of which will be an awful catastrophe when the earth's center of gravity sudcrop, but I know no reason why beans denly changes. The last man will then would not do well on any dry loam or sand. A general idea is that rich soil is unsnited to beans, but this is a mistake. be drowned by the rush of waters. 3. The earth cannot always escape a col-lision with a comet, and when the disas-Dry and rich soil is the best, producing ter comes there will be a mingling of air larger crops, and maturing them early and cometary gas, causing an explosion If the last man is not suffocated he will

Thoughts for Saturday Night. It would be well if we had less medicine and more cures ; less cant and more

Advacate.

piety ; less law and more justice. We touch not a wire but it vibrates eternity, and there is not a voice that

The tall mountains are the subline apostles of nature, whose surplices are snows, and sermons are avalanches. Commune often with yourself. No doubt you might commune with much wiser persons, but with none more profit-

Give a little to those who ask, even though you suspect them to be impos-It may not do good to them, but tors.

Majestically mournful are the words no more," They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines.

set such a value on themselves, that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

The mind is weak when it has once given way; it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

miles in a thousand hours " is more generally admired than he who walks uprightly through three score years and

the best relief of anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, and without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

and

Men glory in raising great and magnificent structures, and find a secret pleasure to see "sets" of their own planting to grow up and flourish ; but surely it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man-to see a youth of our own planting, from the small beginnings and advantages we have given him, to grow up into a considerable fcrtune, and to take root in the world, and to shoot up into such a height and spread his branches so wide, that we, who first planted him, may ourselves find comfort and shelter under his shadow.

The Black Sea.

The Black sea, which is becoming the cene of stirring events in the Russo-

On this day the Chinese are

memory of Pun-Koon-Venga, a shep-

herd who clothed himself with the bark

Items of Interest.

An Irish lover remarks : "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer weetheart is wid ye !"

In October, electors of Colorado will vote upon the question of conferring the right of sufferage upon women.

If the ends of Russian names were to be chopped "off," the last syllable, in many cases, would be knocked "ski" high. A bridegroom over seven feet high is an-nounced, and a contemporary thinks she only married him to go chestnutting with.

An old Scotch woman recommended a preach-er who arrived at the kirk wet through to get at once into the pulpit. "Ye'll be dry enough there."

The married ladies of a Western city have formed a "Come-home-husband club." It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the ond of it.

Mrs. Anthony Dean, of St. Louis, had four babies at a birth—three boys and a girl. They averaged five pounds apiece, and three of them are alive and well.

Horrible as it may sound, we are glad that a war is about to occur in Europe. The Russian and Turkish names will kill off the individuals who read aloud in the grocery stores.

Said a faded belle to a fresh young rival : "You are having a great trial to-night. I won-der what your enemies will say now?" "I was just going to ask you," was the keen retort.

These big standing shirt collars are all right now, but how will it be along in dog days? When one of them begins to melt and subside, the owner will think he is being embraced by a weeping clam.

"Ah," he said, "another circus in town ; I see the white tent in the distance." He was short sighted, however, and it proved to be nothing but a fashionable young man wearing one of the present style of collars.

A youth refused to take a pill. His crafty A youth refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked : "Tom, have you caten the pear?" He replied : "Yes, mother ; all but the seed." A wife was enjoined by the doctor to give her husband all the delicacies she could procure, as there was no prospect of his recovery. "Then, what's the use of wasting dainty bits upon him if they won't cure him?" said the practical one. ractical one.

In consequence of the large number of hotel clerks and barbers out of employment this year, it is expected that the rush of Italian counts, English lords and foreign poblemen generally, at the watering places this summer, will be larger than ever before known.

Nothing undermines one's faith in a man's liberality to the church so much as to see him stick his hands down deep into his pockets as the contribution box is traveling his way, look astonished, and then remark to his next neigh-bor :"Twe got on my other pants."

bor :"I've got on my other pants." "I never saw such a restless child !" ex-claimed the mother as she tried to fit the boy with a new jacket. The little fellow grew quiet and thoughtful for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed: "I know why I'm so, ma-the day God made me I guess the tlust was flying awful."

Fighting Rattlesnakes.

Arthur and William McCarty, of the Shohola Falls Hotel, eight miles southwest of Lackawaxen station, Pa., went trouting in the Taylortown creek, which empties into the Delaware at Carr's Turkish war, is a remarkable body of water. It is about seven hundred miles in a dense forest at the foot of high long in its longest direction, and has an mountains. A short distance below that extreme width of about three hundred point they were stopped by the shrill and eighty miles, being three-fourths signal of a rattlesnake. Seizing clubs, longer than Lake Superior and more they started in the direction of the than twice as wide. Its depth is from sound, and, walking a few rods, mounted four to forty-eight fathoms near shore, a small ledge of rocks. The noise of rattlesnakes was heard in the brush bebut in the middle no soundings have neath them. Arthur McCarty leaned been found at one hundred and sixty fathoms. The greatest depth of Lake over the ledge and saw two monster snakes coiled upon stones, and their tails wriggling fiercely. Taking a superior is two hundred fathoms. The tails wriggling fiercely. Taking a roundabout way, the men approached Black sea is not, like our lakes, a fresh water sea, but on the other hand it conthem. As they neared them a fierce tains one-seventh less salt than ocean water, and is held to receive one-third buzzing broke upon them, and peering through the thicket upon a stony mound, the running water of Europe. The their eyes beheld a terrible picture. The puzzle is, what becomes of all this fresh spot was like a black moving mass, so water, and how the Black sea retains its saltness. The sea is tideless. There is hick were the snakes. Though at first startled, the courage of the fishermen did not fail them. Walking cautiously toward the den, the battle began. The no perceptible current toward the Mediterranean. It has the same level as the sea of Marmora. The outlet by the encounter lasted several minutes, and Bosphorus, even were there a strong seventy-two of the reptiles were killed. current, would be insufficient to discharge the immense volumes of water The remainder, estimated at two hunconstantly pouring into the inland sea, dred, escaped. Those killed measured from three and a half to four and a half and it scarcely seems credible that the evaporation is sufficient to carry off the feet in length, and several had twentysurplus water. Like our own lakes, it is three rattles. The fishermen wore high leather fishing boots, and were several subject to frequent storms, but navigatimes struck by the reptiles. tion is not perilous, and extensive steam navigation is carried on. There This den is about two miles from the elebrated Bald Hill den, at which two are several islands near the mouth of the Danube, but the sea is singularly New York gentlemen, who were passing free from rocks and shoals. The sea of through the woods a few years ago, had Azov, which is connected with the Black a desperate encounter and killed nearly sea by the narrow strait of Yenikale, is three hundred snakes. Although the surrounding country is thickly popumuch smaller, being only about one hundred and sixty-eight miles long and eighty broad. Its waters are fresh and lated, no one was ever known to have been bitten. The Bald Hill den was abound with fish, but are very shallow, and fall off toward the west into huge discovered about fifty years ago, by a hunter named Samuel Helms, who, every spring, would capture a number of the marshes, which have been aptly named the Putrid sea. It is of comparatively largest snakes, and exhibit them throughout the country. Some of the little importance for purposes of navigation, though it has several ports and most noted trout streams of northern Pennsylvania run through this snaky country, and are seldom fished, on ac-Curious Chinese Feasts. count of the great number of snakes The first day of the New Year's feasts called by the Chinese Birds' Day usually found along the banks of the streams. (Kay-Yat), and is intended to bring to

VEAL CUTLETS.-Have the cutlets cut from the fillet about three-fourths of an reports not at the throne of heaven. inch thick and about as large as the palm

ably.

it will to you.

Beauties often die old maids. They

The man who walks "a thousand

The expectation of future happiness is

guide of life, and the comfort of death.

Of little human flowers, death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossom of our earthly

passed along the road quite near them. She was dressed very plainly but neatly, and had a face of delicate, sensitive beauty as rare as it was pleasing. She carried a parcel on one arm. and in her hand a bouquet of beautiful flowers. The goldon-brown hair fell around her neck in The goldon-brown that fell around her neek in soft loose curis, and as she passed the two gen-tlemen she lifted to them a pair of dreamy deep blue eyes shaded by long dark lashes Her momentary glance was returned by such an enger, spellbound look from the older gen-tleman that her own lids drooped in modest confusion, and a blush mounted to her cheek. After watching her out of sight, Mr. Mortimer turned to his son with an expression of decreat turned to his son with an expression of deepest sadness on his noble features. It needed no explanation to enable Royal Mortimer to understand the reason for this.

stand the reason for this. "Her eves were like Annie's ; did you not think so ?" asked he. "They seemed Annie's own," was the reply, given in a trembling voice. "Oh, when shall I cense to suffer for that one act of injustice ? Royal! I would willingly give all my fortune if I could only undo the past. No day goes by that the shadow does not creep into it, and blot out all the brightness. No night finds me sleeping peacefully with a happy heart. Royal, I should go mad if I did not cherish a faint hope that I shall vet find her, and make amends. hope that I shall yet find her, and make amends, as far as I can, for what I have done. That is

my greatest object in life." The son had listened with an emotion cor-responding to that of the speaker, and now

asked : "What news did you receive from your last advertisement? You know I was away at the time, and have not had a chance to ask you before, except in the presence of the children." "Nothing definite," replied his father, sadly. "There has been a person of the name in S—, but he died, and his family removed from the place. No clow can be discovered to their where-

place. No clew can be discovered to their where-abouts. I tell you, Royal, the thought of Annie, slone in the world, and perhaps reduced to the utmost misery of poverty, is enough to craze me, when here am I, with wealth at my command, and yet powerless to relieve her." Looking at the sorrowful and even anguished

faces of the two men standing there in the gathering summer twilight, you would never have thought them the happiest of mortals, even though they did live in an "earthly para-dee."

Let us go back a few hours, and follow th Let us go back a few hours, and follow the steps of the child whose beautiful eyes recalled such bitter memories to Mr. Mortimer and his son. Passing along with a light tread, she came, after a half hour's walk, to a little cot-tage, in front of which was a small yard con-taining some carefully tended beds of flowers. Lifting the latch of the gate she went quickly up the path, and glanced with a bright smile through an open window where a still young woman was sitting, at the same time holding up her bouquet. The enthusiastic girl had not noticed at first

her mother's face was deathly pale, and that, as she lay back in her chair with closed eyes, tears which she could not conceal stole from under her long lashes.

"Why, darling mamma, what is the matter?" she cried, in distress, as she saw these tokens of grief.

Forcing a smile to her quivering lips, Mrs. Howe opened her eyes, full of lovelight, on her daughter, and answered with an effort at cheer-

"I have rather a bad headache, dear, but I "I have rather a bad headache, dear, but 1 hope it will be better soon. Your flowers are very lovely, and Mrs. Burt is slways kind. What is this?" taking up some bills that the child had placed in her lap. "Oh, that is the pay for the embroidery. Mrs. Burt said she might bave to send after it, and she would rather trust the money with me than with a servart "

than with a servant."

than with a servant." Lena told her how she had walked through Mrs. Burt's large conservatory, feasting her eyes on the rare luxuriance of flowers. "There were many beautiful little birds, mother, all free to go where they pleased, and they sang so sweetly it made me think of "Dick." And a sad look flitted across her face as she glanced at an empty bird cage that was hanging in the porch with its door open, as if waiting for an occupant. locked upon it in the rigidity of death. The enemy cut it away from him, leaving Subsequently the standard was retaken, waiting for an occupant. "Dick" had been Lona's pet canary, and the and ever since the flag of that regiment

"Dick" had been Lona's pet canary, and the solace of many a lonely hour. But one day the little yellow wings spread out helpleasly, the bright eyes grew dim and poor Dick breathed his last in the hand of his sobbing young mis-tress. Since then, Lena had kept his cage in its usual place, and the door wide open, "for who knows," she would asy, "what may hap-pen? Perhaps the Lord may send me another bird."

Mrs. Burt, she knew, would have given her ne, but the proud child would not ask the d octor, suggestively shaking his heavy walking tich.

from heaven. Springing forward with outstretched hands she cried : "Oh, father!" and fell into his think I meant that we crumbled elephants into milk and ate 'em? No ; I

The rapture of that meeting cannot be mean to say that the elephant business sed in words, but its memory will always s the hearts of the two who were thus and the milk business are what have built up this place. I've told you what united after long years of mutual suffering elephants have done for us, and now I'll The mystery is soon explained. Mrs. Howe vas the only daughter of Mr. Mortimer, the ight of his eyes and pride of his heart. Beautell you what milk has done. There's farmers round here owning a hundred iful and winning, she attracted many ad-mirers, and among them Ellis Howe, a young artist who had no inheritance but his genius and great charm of manner. cows apiece. From the little depot of Pardy's you'll pass a mile beyond this we send four thousand gallons of milk

The young girl married against the will of her father, and was commanded to leave the home of her youth never to return. For that hour of pride and anger Mr. Mortimer suffered years of solf torture. every day to New York ; and it starts from here pure, let me tell you, for we are honest, if we are brought up in the show business. Then right in our neigh-

years of self torture. The discarded daughter, wounded and sad at heart indeed, but still comforted by the love borhood are two condensed milk factories, where they use as much more. of her husband, had gone with him to a distant town. Then the strength of Ellis Howe failed, There's eight thousand gallons. The farmers get six cents a quart on the spot. brough overwork and exposure, and after So you see there is a revenue of twelve short illness he died, leaving his wife and little child penniless. Since that time Mrs. Howe had supported herself and daughter by the work of her needle. But she had struggled on, and at last her trials were over and the love she had longed for was her own. Lena and her mother immediately removed a filmside where the sense two removes we hundred and eighty dollars a day to this district. Now you've been telling me about the West, how they raise forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and all that. Well, what does it amount to by

the time you get your returns, paying all out in railroad freight? You ride b Eimside, where the warmest welco (114) W21 given them by Royal Mortimer and his wife. The children were the best of friends, and Willie declared confidentially to Libian that along this afternoon, and if you come back this way, tell me if the houses and Lona was the nicest girl he ever saw. fixings and things, especially the boys, and more particularly the gals, look any

A Wonderful Tim-piece.

hand the lower stud is revolved.

most remarkable thing about the time-

piece is that it is not like ordinary

watches, but has a dial resembling that

a bit of it between his fixed teeth

mouth.

Theodore Rohrer, a watchmaker of

better in them diggings than they do here, if we do live on elephants and Newcastle, has invented a piece of mechmilk. anism which is thus described : It consists of a set of gold studs, in one of The Humble Tramp. which is a miniature watch, which keeps excellent time. The combined weight

The

"Gimme a square meal, won't ye?" asked the brazen faced tramp, stepping of the two studs and watch, which are into a Chicago restaurant. connected together, is one and one-half ounces. The face of the watch is about sternly replied the pro-"No, sir," prietor. the size of a silver three-cent piece, and "Gimme a handful of grub ?" conwith its surroundings of gold it looks

tinued the tramp. much like a small compass. When the watch and studs are on the shirt front "Not any-get out !" said the owner. "Gimme a cracker ?" they are about two inches apart, and by

"Not a bit-move along !" cried the turning the upper one (in the same manrestaurant man. ner that a stem winding watch is wound) the timepiece is wound. In setting the "Lemme lick a spoon ?"

"Git out !" impatiently yelled the estaurateur.

"Lemme take a toothpick ?" "Nothing, I say !" screamed the eat-

ing-house party. And as the door slammed on the tramp's back he stood and looked wistof a clock. The pendulum will move correctly in whatever position the watch is placed, even when it is reversed and fully at the steam gathered on the inside run at the top instead of the bottom. of the plate glass, and he muttered : "I wish I had asked that man if I

IN MEMORY OF THE SERGEANT. - A Brit could a sniffed of them winders."ish color sergeant, shot down and over-Chicago Evening Journal. run by the enemy, once seized in his mouth a corner of the flag, and his teeth

Gems from Schiller.

Eternity gives nothing back. The May of life only blooms once. Opposition inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.

is made with that little piece carefully It is not flesh and blood, it is the heart cut out, in memory of the sergeant who that makes us fathers and sons. was buried with the fragment in his Be noble-minded ! Our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms

"I say, doctor, what's become of your dog?" "Why, he attempted to eat a hole through my leg, and before he got through he died suddenly of concussion of the brain," said the our true honor.

d uniformly. Where bean planters cannot be had,

old, where a rank growth of clover has

the crop is often put in with a drill, closing enough tubes to allow room for cultivating between. As bean roots do not spread widely, the closer they are planted with the above limitation, the better the crop. When well grown, beans should cover the ground. A crop in Somerstown. Elephants and of this kind should reach thirty, forty, or more bushels; fifteen to twentyfive is considered a good average. stalks are excellent for sheep, fed with other forage, and will be eaten by horses "Sir." retorted the laudlord, "did you and cattle after a little practice. It is coarse but nutritious food, but better for sheep than for anything else.

Beans have proved an exhausting crop, contrary to the general expectation of those who began growing. This is one reason why they are not now cultivated as largely as they were a few years ago. They do not return much to the soil, and the beans sold carry off as many elements of fertility as an average crop of They are also a poor crop to wheat. precede wheat, partly because they leave the soil too light and loose to hold wheat roots during the winter. A common practice in this county is to follow beans with barley or oats, and seed with wheat the year after. This rotation insures three good grain crops, and a good catch of clover following.

The White Wax bean inquired about by your correspondent is chiefly used for garden culture to supply string beans. If he can get a contract for it from some seedsman, he can make it profitable otherwise not. It will not yield " forty bushels per acre" with any ordinary cul ture. Both White and Black Wax beans are very difficult to get from the pod, which increases the cost of growing them. - W. J. F., in Country Gentleman.

Recipes. STEWED CALF'S LIVER. - Choose a

light colored liver, and cut incisions into it, in which put strips of very sweet bacon; put in a stew pan a quarter of a pound of butter ; when melted and boiling hot add a teaspoonful of flour, and stir until a light brown color, when place in it the liver, turning it over and around until it is cooked a little on all sides ; then add a pint of water, a squeeze of lemon juice, a sprig of parsley, some summer savory, a bay leaf and about a dozen very small young onions, salt and pepper ; simmer very slowly one hour : dish with the gravy strained and poured over it; you can mince the liver adding a small piece of isinglass, dissolved, or a spoonful of gelatine and add it to the gravy ; pour over the minced liver, stirring all together, putting into a mold, leaving until cold, when turn out for lunch or supper.

CREAM CAKE .- Four cupfuls flour, three cupfuls sugar, one of cream, five eggs, one teaspoonful soda.

Sweer Rusks .- One quart new milk, three tablespoonfuls yeast, flour to make a thick batter ; mix at night, and in the morning add one cupful fresh lard and better dress. one cupful sagar rubbed together, three eggs well beaten, preserving the white -replied the little one. of one ; beat this to a stiff froth ; add a little sugar, and spread over the top, They are excellent.

JUMBLES .- One cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful sour milk, one vesterday, and we was beating ours, and we egg, soda, nutmeg, flour enough to mold. GREEN CORN FRITTERS.-Grate a suf-

ficient number of ears of ripe corn to Happy child ! The cradle is still to the a quart; rub together quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls flour, a pinch of salt; stir into this one quart of by circumstances."

be blown up. 4. There is a retarding medium in space, causing a gradual loss of velocity in the planets, and the earth, obeying the law of gravitation, will get closer and closer to the sun. The last man will be sunstruck, 5. The amount of water on the earth is slowly diminishing, and simultaneously the air is losing in quantity and quality. Finally the earth will be an arid waste, like the The last man will be suffocated. moon. Other suns have disappeared, and ours must, sooner or later, blaze up and then disappear. The intense heat of the conflagration will kill every living hing on earth. The last man will be burned up. 7. The sun's fire will gradually burn out, and the temperature will cool. The earth's glacial zones will enlarge, driving our race toward the equator, until the habitable space will lessen to nothing. The last man will be frozen to death. 8. A gradual cooling of the earth will produce enormous fissures, like those seen in the moon. The surface will become extremely unstable. until the remnant of humanity will take r. fuge in caves. The last man will be rushed in his subterranean retreat. The earth will at last separate into small fragments, leaving the people without any foothold. The last man will have a lreadful fall through space. 10. The tenth theory, proving that there will be no last man at all, is thus expressed: Evolution does not necessarily imply progress, and possibly the race may have retrograded until the human being possesses the nature of the plant such being the case, this single inhabitant will spontaneously produce posterity of both sexes."

> roadsteads. How the Chinamen Fly Kites. The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise says :

"Yesterday noon the residents of the eastern portion of the city were surprised by the appearance in the heavens of a fiery, flying serpent of immense dimind the utility of the feathered tribes mensions. Its head appeared a lurid as food. flame, while its eyes rolled as if in search expected expected to abstain from eating flesh, of victims. Its motions through the air, and it is frequently observed as a day of as it billowed here and there, were like the contortions of a huge snake. This (Ku-Yat). According to a Russian monster was a Chinese kite. Its head representing the sockets. This head-kite was followed by eighteen others, about eighteen inches apart, made of tinted ed to murder him, and yet the Chinese paper, oblong in shape, through the center of which passed slender rattans, eat the flesh of the dog, which they the tips extending some distance on each side, and trimmed with fire-red paper tassels. Similar tassels along the tail and pendant from the head gave the

whole an appearance truly startling."

A little girl who sat on the front steps of a house in Detroit was asked by of trees, and refused to make use of any strange girl why she didn't have on a "I can wear silk if I want to," quietly

"Your folks ain't as rich as them folks over there," sneered the big one.

"Yes, we are, and a good deal richer. They was beating their carpets, had twice as much dust 8.9

"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said a gentleman who was about hiring a boy, "but you were born in Ireland." "Och, your honor, if that's all," said the 'cy, "small blame to that. Suppose your cat was to have kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?"

Fashion Notes.

Steel-finished jet is a high novelty.

The latest thing in nets is made of iute.

Slippers are fashionable for carriage wear.

Undressed kid gloves are the choice for morning wear.

Dresses buttoned in the back suit sixteen better than forty.

Black satin slippers trimmed with Torchon lace are en regle.

A black velvet boot makes the foot look smaller than any other.

Some of the new shades of gray silk might be called light black.

French lace is used on some of the most elegant imported garments.

flesh their principal dish on this festive occasion. The fourth day, Sheep's Day (Yaong-Yat), is specially honored in Carved Neapolitan shell jewelry is preferred to coral for evening wear.

One hundred and forty-four garments is the regulation number for a fashionable trousscau.

The fifth day is Cow's Day Black silk stockings with red rosebuds embroidered upon the hem in floss silk are the most recherche things out.

> CONSOLATION .- The Ohio State Journal tells of a village clergyman who, visiting a parishoner suffering from a lingering disease, expressed to his wife a hope that she sometimes spoke to him of the future. "I do, indeed, sir," was the reply. "Often and often I wakes the reply. "Often and often I wakes him in the night and says : "John, John, you little think of the torture as is prepared for you,"

writer, the Chinese honor the dog so was red paper, with eyes half red and half white, which rolled as the wind found its way through the apertures representing the spectrum the dig so that they have workmen whose especial business it is to make coffins for dead dogs. They believe that the life of one of their sages was saved by a dog killing and eating the man who attempt-

"Our Folks."

they did !" Tha' settled the big one and she moved

part of the sheep either for food or clothing. (New Yat). This day is consecrated to the cow that suckled an orphan, who afterward became Mandarin, and built a temple in honor of the cow. Ma-Yat, or Horse Day, the sixth day, is set apart to

call to mind the usefulness of this animal .- Dumb Animals.

consider a great delicacy. The third day, Hog's Day (Chen-Yat), is celebrated in honor of a hog that drew a valuable manuscript out of a fire. The Chinese honor this animal by making its