## VOL. VII.

## RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1877.

NO. 24.

# To a Seamstress.

Oh! what bosom but must yield, Whea, like Pallas, you advance, With a thimble for a shield, And your needle for a lance? Fairest of the stitching train, East my passion by your art;

# And in pity for my pain, Mend the hole that's in my heart.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. A bachelor still young and well-to-do is for obvious reasons an object of the deepest interest to his friends of the op-

posite sex. Lord Featherstone was as popular with ladies as if he had been a spirit-rapper, or an Hindoo potentate with diamonds to scatter broadcast and a suppressed begun in the background at me. They were always telling him that it was a sin and a shame the blinds in the town house should be constantly down; the hall filled only with shootingparties; the jewels buried in the strong

Only he would not settle down. He meant to have his fling first; and probably it was his habit of throwing himself about that made him so difficult to catch, He was as wary as an old cockatoo; prompt to cut himself free from the most

erions entanglements After making hot love for a week during wet weather in the country house, papa and mamma heard that he had oken his leg in two places, or that typhoid fever had laid him low. His last affair was with a gay widow, who thought him safely hooked; but at the last mo-ment he sent a posteard, conveying brief regrets, and sailed in his yacht for the

South Seas. He was absent after this for two or three years; but presently, wearying of the constant wandering to and fro, he returned, and took up the threads of his old life. The season was at its height, if that lugabrious season of 1876 can be sid to have ever risen above a dead el of lugubrious dullness. His friends e was a fool to come back. Never

> n-not a creature in town. like it!" thought Lord Feath-he tried to make his way serried ranks upon the in mansion in Grosveno:

this kind is especially e minute observation of atures. But the sights, s, were not enthralling na i just seen Fusiama and and Lord Featherstone oint of leaving the house it face in the crowd arrested , and he resolved to stay-at

quite a new face to him: the a girl still fresh, and seemingly enstomed to the town. A merry, piquant face, with small but perfect fer tures, violet eyes, and a laughing mouth wing often the whitest teefn. A face strikingly beautiful, but innocent and childish, just as the ways of its owner were unconventional and unconstrained. A most bewitching captivating young and Featherstone was mined to find out who she was. Surely

some one could introduce him. Quite half an hour elap ed before he caught Tommy Cutler, who knew all the world, and then, going to where he had last seen the girl, they found she had

disappeared. He had been riding on at a sharp can-

ter, which increased as he left the more frequented parts of the Row, to a hand-But an unexpected vision suddenly ar

rested his course. 'By jove! That face again!" Yes. the girl he had seen but a few nights since; the fair fresh young face which had taken his fancy by storm. She was alone, seated in a quaint old-fashioned yellow chariot, a ramshackle mediæval conveyance, probably as old as the hills. But where had she come from; who could she be? He was determined to

find out this time. The carriage would doubtless travel the conventional route, across the Serpentine bridge, and back to the crowd-

But, to his surprise, the chariot passed out at the Marble Arch, and left the park. He pursued, promptly, along Oxford street to the circus, up Langham place into Portland place, sharp to the right by Weymouth street into Albany

street, and so to Park street. What could have brought this young lady so far out of town? Business, pleasure, or mere desire for change of ir and seene? While Featherstone was till debating, the carriage stopped short in front of a modest cottage. Presently an old gentleman issued forth and assistthe girl to alight. There was no foot-

n, and as she went into the house she loud enough for Featherstone to ; "In an hour's time, Georgy;" he disappeared. Under her arm

ortfolio, in the other hand an unble color box. slowly to and fro, Featherstone nile the time slipped. Presently g lady accompanied by her

> to the carriage, and was driven r the first time, Featherstone ware that the coachman had king, and was almost too un-

aster came out, shook hands,

sit upon his box.

hman's erratic course soon there was some ground for

really time to interfere, rode up rapidly. is lady's life. Here,'' he e ubiquitous "Bobby,'

ellow into custody. Take nd all. My name is Lord hat is to become of me?" , a little tremulous in ot without asperity.

into custody too?' been unpardonable the situation. If nat you wish "be in terror."

drive you; [he

Chequers. You might put the carriage self. Of course she would say "youp, or get another driver there." A very sensible suggestion, adopted her.

forthwith. The chariot was conveyed thither in safety. Featherstone dismounted, then helped the young lady to descend.

It was quite with the air of the grand seigneur that he presented himself next day in Kensington square. To his surprise he was not very well received. "I trust you will have no more con-

tretemps." He spoke gravely. "This new conchman is sober, but he is of course an utter stranger."

There was a shade of misgiving in his

voice, which had the desired effect.

"Dear, dear, suppose he too should play some trick. I ought not to have come alone. Aunty said so. What shail I do now ?"

"If you would accept me as escort ' How deep he was! "Only too thankfully. But it would

be trespassing too much upon your good nature. You have been an kind al-

It was a wonder he hadn't developed navicular laminitis and farcy.

"Then I shall be doing you a service really?" she cried, with animation. "Distinctly."

Then they got in together and drove For a time neither spoke, Feather-stone felt upon his good behavior; he was disposed to be as deferential as to a royal princess.

Do you think he knows where to take us?" she asked. ' Not unless you've told him.

"Don't you know?" "How should I? To London, I suppose."
"That's a wise address," and she to laughed aloud. "No, Kensington square; I that's where we live, Lord Feather-

He started. You know my name, then?" Artful young person, why did not she confess to this sooner j
"Of course; I heard you tell the po-

"That's well; now may I know yours?" " Kiss. Good Heavens! Featherstone was

near saying. "Kiss? Kiss whom? Kiss "Kiss Legh; that's my name; it's

"And sweet," Featherstone could not check himself.

"Short," she went on, seemingly un-conscious, "for Keziah. We come of an old Quaker stock on the borders, between Shropshire and Montgomeryshire. My father and mother are dead; all my people are dead. I went to school in France, and now I've come to London to be finished.

She prattled on now, frank, fluent, and un-ffected. "And how do you like it ?"

"What? London?" "No; being finished."

"I haven't got to the end yet. That'll much chance of that yet a while.' "Why not?" asked Featherstone,

'I don't like anybody well enough. "Perhaps nobody's asked you?" "You are quite a stranger, Lord Featherstone, and you have no right to

ask me such questions.' "Well, I won't; we'll talk about something different. We're getting into the he went on, still unabashed. streets. Do you know this part of London? It's called Kentish Town, because it's in Middlesex.'

"I'm not well up in London geogra-It's my first visit to town. He's taking us through the park!" cried Featherstone, in some consterna-

"Yes; why not? I am glad of it. It's pleasanter than the streets.

"Oh, if you prefer it. Only "-He was thinking that it was now well on in the afternoon, and the park would be crammed. For the girl's sake it would be better they should not be seen thus publicly together, and alone. For his own also; few men like to be carted cound the drive in a carriage, least of all in such an antiquated conveyance as this old yellow chariot with its high

"We'll go out at Hyde Park Corner

"No, no; I love the drive best. Perhaps the princess will be out; and I like to see the other people, and you can tell me who they all are."

Lake a martyr he succumbed. was best to put a good face on the matter. Before night it would be all over London that Beau Featherstone had turned into a chaperon for country cousins, or that he had been taken captive by a fair face in a yellow "shay." "Here, hansom!" and his lordship drove on to Brooks'.

Here is Featherstone bimself ! you've started a yellow chariot, and were

seen in it in the park." "Did you pick it up in Japan ?" " Is it the coach Noah drove home in when he landed from the ark ?" Featherstone abruptly left the room.

The absurd story was evidently on the wing. More serious was the next on-

"You ought not to have done it, Featherstone," said old Mr. Primrose, who had been his father's friend, and presumed therefore to give the son advice. "You have compromised the girl seriously; and she is such an absolute

"Excuse me; I am not called upon to give account to you of all my actions.' "You ought not, I repeat, to have appeared with her thus publicly. It was mond, but to put your arm round her

waist openly in the park"—
"Really, Mr. Primrose!" Featherstone's face flushed, but he restrained

He knew gossip grew like a rank weed, and he wished to root up this scandal at once and kill it outright. "I may as well tell you at once; that

young lady is about to become my wife." "Featherstone, I beg your pardon, and I give you joy. I knew something of these Leghs; not over-wealthy, but charming people. I am heartily glad to a montl think this girl has done so well and so season. soon. Is it to be announced at once?" "Well, not exactly at once," said nounced immediately to benefit Miss bold," said S | Featherstone, thinking perhaps it would | Legh,"

1002. "there's good livery stables at the be as well to consult the young lady her-

It was quite with the air of the grane

There had been a scene between Keziah and her aunt directly the former reentered the house on the previous evening. The girl, without attempting to withhold one iota of information, had given her aunt a full account of what and occurred-the coachman's misconduct, the danger only averted by the timely intervention of a strange gentle-

man, who had kindly escorted her home.
"His name was Lord Featherstone." "That wretch!" instantly cried Miss Parker, an old maid, prim and precise in her appearance and in all her ways, yet not disinclined to listen to at least half the scandalous gossip in circulation through the world.

"Do you know him, Aunt Parker?"
"Who does not? He is a notoriously wicked man' "I thought him very nice," Keziah spoke defiantly and very firmly in de-

fence of her new friend. "Of course you did. He can be most agreeable. I have heard of him over

and over agair. That's the danger of "He was so kind and obliging. me who everybody was in the park "---

"Can it be possible that you were so mad as to go into the park with him in the afternoon, when it was crowded, when hundreds must have seen you together ?"

Of course we came through the park together; it was the shortest way home. cannot see any great harm in that."

"It's not likely; you are so young and inexperienced; you see no harm in any-thing. But he knew the mischief he was doing, only too well. The wretch, the wretch! Mild Miss Parker would have heard Aunt Parker go on! Did been glad to see wild be anybody sould you will be a see wild be a see will be a see wild be a see will be a see wi been glad to see wild horses tear him limb from limb. . "However," after a pause, "you must promise me faith-fully that you will never speak to him

" He said he would call just to inquire how I was," Keziah said, in a low voice, which might easily have meant that she hoped he would not be told peremptorily

to go away.
"I will see him if he comes," Aunt Parker finally replied. "It is not fitting that he should pursue his acquaintance with you, begun as it was under such questionable auspices." And in this decision Keziah was forced

to acquiesce. When, therefore, after some delay and demur. Lord Featherstone was admitted to Aunt Parker, her manner was perfectly arctic. She sat bolt upright, with a stony look in her eyes and only frigid monosyllables on her lips, "I called," said his lordship, with

much aplomb, "to see Miss Legh."
"Yes?" Aunt Parker asked, much though Lord Featherstone was the boot- | break in on her all at once. maker's man, or had come to take orders a funny man you are! That's just t for a sewing machine,

"My name is Lord Featherstone."
"Is it?" He might have been in the habit of assuming a dozen aliases every twenty-four hours, so utterly indifferent and incredulous was Aunt Parker's tone. 'It was my good fortune to be able to

do Miss Legh a slight service yesterday,' "A service!" Miss Parker waxed in-dignant at once. "I call it an injurya shameful, mischievous, unkind act; for which, Lord Featherstone, although I

apprehend it is not much in his line, should blush for very shame." "Really, madam"—he hardly knew whether to be annoyed or amused—" I think you have been misinformed. Probably but for me Miss Legh's neck would

have been broken. "I know that, I know that, and I almost wish it had, sooner than that she should have so far forgotten herself." Miss Parker looked up suddenly and sharply, saying with much emphasis: "Oh, Lord Featherstone, ask yourselfyou are, or ought to be, a gentleman, at least you know the world by heart—was it right of you to take such an advantage? Did you think what incalculable harm this foolish, thoughtless mistake—which is certain to be magnified by malicious tongues-may work against an innocent.

"I know I was greatly to blame. ought to have known better. But it was Miss Legh's own wish to go through the

park, and I gave way." "How noble of you to shift the burden on to her shoulders. But we will not, if you please, try to apportion the blame. The mischief is done, and there is no more to be said, except to ask you to make us the only reparation in your

power! "And this is"- he looked at her man, in the bay-window; "we'll ask surprise. She did not surely mean to I say they're betting five to four forestall him, and demand that which he came to offer of his own accord?

"To leave the house and to spare us henceforth the high honor of your acquaintance,' 'That I promise if you still insist after you have heard what I am going to say. I came to make reparation full and com-

plete, but not in the way you suppose. came to make Miss Legh-and if she and you, as her guardian, will deign to accept of it—an offer of my hand. Little Miss Parker's face was an amusing study. Her lower lip dropped, her eyes opened till they looked like

round marbles on a solitaire board. Lord Featherstone, you!" "I trust you will not consider me ineligible; that you have no objection to me personally, beyond a natural annoye at this silly escapade."

'It is so sudden, so unexpected-so-Poor Miss Parker was too much ewildered to find words; a thousand thoughts agitated her. This was a splendid offer, a princely offer. Match-maker instinct, as is every woman in the world, she could not fail to perceive what dazzling prospects it opened to her niece. But, then, could any happiness follow from such a hastily-concluded match? These latter and better thoughts

prevailed Lord Featherstone, it is out of the question, or, at least, you must wait; say a month or two, or till the end of the

The engagement ought to be

"And this is your real reason for proposing? Lord Featherstone, I retract my harsh words; you shall not outdo us in generosity. We cannot accept your life, although it is made." "No "Your life, although it is made."

in which it is made. "I assure you, Miss Parker, I esteem Miss Legh most highly. I like her im-mensely. I am most auxious to marry

The bare possibility that he might be refused-he of all men in the worldgave a stronger insistence to his words. Miss Parker shook her head.

No good could come of such a marriage; you hardly know each other. You say you like her; perhaps so; but can you tell whether she likes you?"

"At least let me ask her. Do not deny me that. I will abide by her an-There was no resisting such pleading

"I may prepare her for what she is to expect?" asked Aunt Parker, as she moved toward the door.

"No, no; please, do not. Let me speak my own way."
He did not distrust the old lady, but she might indoctrinate Kezish with her views, and prejudice her against him. It was becoming a point of honor with him to succeed, and he thought he could; He was no novice in these matters . ere now he had often held the victory in an issue more difficult than this in his grasp, and all he wanted now was a fair

field and no favor.

"Annt Parker said I was never to speak to you again," Kiss said, as she came into the room, with an air of extreme astonishment; "and now she sends me to you of her own accord!

What does it mean?"
"It means that I have something very particular to say to you. You are no worse for your drive, I hope?"
"Is that all? Yes; I am ever so

"I escaped any very serious rebuke-

except from my conscience."
"Dear me, Lord Featherstone, you make me feel as though I were in church. Was it so very wicked, then, to help me in my distress? I thought it we most good of you."
This simple but italicized carnestness

was very taking. "No; but people are very censorious, They will talk. They are coupling our names together already."
"Does that annoy you?" Her air was candor itself. "Do you mind very

"Well, perhaps not very, very much.

It can do me no harm.
"I am glad of that." "But it may you, and it ought to be stopped. Of course ; but how?"

"There is only one way that I can see Let us have only one name between us. I cannot very well take yours, Will you take mine?" "Why-why"- A light seemed t "Oh, wh

same as an offer of marriage. mean that, surely? It would be t quite too-absurd. "I don't see the absurdity," said his lordship rather gruffly. Were well

overtures ever so shamefully meant scorned ? "Oh, but I do !" Keziah's little foot playing with the fringe of the thrug. "I do. That is, if you are

in earnest, which of course you're not."
"But I am in earnest. Why should "You don't know me; you can't care for me. You never spoke to me till yes-terday. You are only making fun, and it isn't fair. I wish you'd leave me

Her eyes were full already.
"I am to go away, then? That is your answer?" She hid her face in her hands and would not speak. "You will be sorry for this, perhaps, some day." her head most vigorously. "Keziah Legh, you are the only woman I ever asked to be my wife. I shall

never ask another. Good-bye, and God bless you! And Lord Featherstone, with a strange feeling of dejection and disappointment, left the room. He could not have be lieved that within this short space of time he could have been so irresistibly drawn towards any girl. Now he was

grieving over his failure as though he were still in his teens. Presently Aunt Parker came in and found Keziah sobbing fit to break her

"I don't want him! I don't want him! He can go away if he likes—to the other end of the world." "Have you been very ill used, my

sweet? What did he say to you?" "He asked me to marry him," she said, with difficulty, between her sobs. "Was that such a terrible insult

"He was only making fun. I don't like such fun. And I don't want to see him again, never, never, not as long as I

"Kiss, you are right to consult your own feelings in this. But Lord Featherstone was in earnest, I think, and his in tentions do him infinite credit.' Then she told her niece what "Still, if you don't care for him, it is

best as it is. Dry your tears, Kiss, and think no more about it." "But I think I do care for him," said, and began to cry again. Lady Carstairs became very much ex-

ercised in spirit as the days passed, and yet nothing positive was known of Lord Featherstone's intentions towards Miss Keziah Legh. She made many futile efforts to meet

nim, then she called and sounded the ladies in Kensington square, with whom she was moderately intimate. They put back her cross-examination mildly effectually. But at last she met Featherstone face to face, and attacked him at "Your high-flown sense of honor did not bear practical test, then ?" "How so, Lady Carstairs?" His cool-

"Why rush off to Central Africa, except to escape scandal?"
"Am I going to Central Africa? Perhaps I am. Why not?" haps I am.

less was provoking.

'Can it be possible that she has re "Who could refuse me, Lady Car-

"No; but do ell me, I am dying to "You must fi .d some one else to save

your life, then. "But, Lora Featherstone, we shall see you once more before you start? You will come and dine with us? Just to say good-bye."

He could not well escape from an invi-

tation so cordially expressed, and the night was fixed. But he little thought what malice lurked beneath. what malice lurked beneath.

The party was a large one, and he, as was often the case, very late. But he entered gaily, as if he had come a little too soon, shook hands with the hostess, bowed here and there, nodded to one friend and smiled at another, then, last

of all and to his surprise, his eyes rested upon Kiss Legh.

Lady Carstairs had done it on purpose. of course; that was self-evident. Unkind, unfeeling, ungenerous woman. For himself he did not care, but it was cruel upon the timid birdling, so new and strange to the world. But fast as this conviction came upon him, yet faster came the resolve that Lady Carstairs should make nothing by the move. A thoroughly well-bred man is never taken aback, and Featherstone rose to the occasion. Without a moment's delay, before the faintest flush was hung out like a signal of distress upon Keziah's cheek, he had gone up to her, shaken hands, and spoken a few commonplaces which meant nothing, and yet set her

quite at her ease. "Miss Legh and I are very old friends," he said. "How do you do, Miss Parker? How is the coachman? Have you heard, Mr. John, the prince

is expected next week? There will be great doings." And so on, That little Kiss was grateful to him for his self possession, was evident from the satisfaction which beamed in her eves. Oh, those tell-tale eves !

Now Lady Carstairs brought up her reserves and fired another broadside. "It is so good of you, Lord Featherstone, to come to us; and you have so "When do you go, Featherstone? and

where ?"

"Haven't you heard? To Central Africa," Lady Carstairs answered for Can this be true? Keziah's eves asked him in mute but eloquent language, which sent a thrill through his heart. "Where this story originated I cannot make out," said Featherstone, slowly.

"I am not going to Central Africa. On the contrary, I have the very strongest reasons for staying at home. " And those reasons?"

### "Are best known to Miss Legh and Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Fortune is the rod of the weak and the staff of the brave.

Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of Friendship is the medicine for all misfortunes; but ingratitude dries up the

fountain of all goodness, Laughter is, indeed, akin to weeping, and true humor is as closely allied to pity as it is abhorrent to derision. As the touchstone which tries but is not itself tried by the gold; such

In the affairs of life activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and dispatch to premeditated composure and reserve. Many judge rashly only for the pleasure they take to discourse, and make

conjectures of other men's manners by

way of exercising their wits.

is he that has the standard of judgment,

To doubt is an injury; to suspect a friend is a breach of friendship; jealousy is a seed sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust, because apt to de-Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverent than plausible, and

more advised than confident. Above all things integrity is their portion and proper virtue. There is nothing," said Plato, "se delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth." For this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of a man of integrity, who hears without any inten-

#### tion to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Monkeys and Their Antics. From "A Village of Wild Beasts" St. Nicholas for August we call the fol-

lowing pen picture: Near the Lion House is a smaller building, which is appropriated entirely to monkeys, and is therefore a favorite resort for children, many of whom learn a lot of curious tricks by watching these tum y animals. Here are monkeys of all colors, and all sizes, and all kinds. There are about fifty of them in a great high cage in the middle of the room, and here you may see them climbing up swinging ladders, hanging from ropes, dropping down on each other's heads. pulling each other's tails, and doing everything that they can think of to tease and bother each other-all skipping and jumping and tumbling and chattering as if they had been in school all day, and had just got out for a little play. Some of these monkeys look like old men, with gray hair and beards, and you might suppose that they were much too grave and reverend to ever think of cutting up monkey-sbines. But if you watch one of these little old fellows, who is sitting, looking wisely and thoughtfully at you, as if he were just about to explain the reason why the sun gives us less heat in winter, when it is really much nearer to us than it is in summer, you will see him suddenly get up, and instead of taking a piece of chalk to show you on a blackboard the relative positions of the sun and the earth at the different seasons, he will make a tremendous jump, and seizing some other monkey by the tail, will jerk him off a swinging adder quicker than you could say " pterodactyl."

## Why ?

"Why is that tent on the lawn you der," asked Spilkins, one hot afternoon, "why is that tent like the last Presidential campaign?" Everybody at once knew something awful was coming, and gave it up. "Because it's a heated canvass," said Spilnkins, dodging around the corner of the piazza.

#### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Barley or Oats

In regard to whether it is better to sow oats or barley, much depends on climate and soil. In sections where outs do well, and barley usually fails, it would be unwise to sow barley. But in those sections where the climate is alike favorable for barley or oats, and where it is a ques-tion of soil and preparation, it may be observed: 1st. That oats sometimes do well on

an old sod, but barley rarely, if ever, does so. 2d. Oats ripen later than barley, and while it is very desirable to sow outs as early as the land can be got into good condition, still you stand a better chance of a crop from late sown oats than from late sown barley. 3d. Oats will do far better on low, mucky land, than barley. If such land is well drained and is in good heart, and in fine, mellow condition—as after a well cultivated corn, potato or root crop—a great crop of barley may sometimes be grown, especially if the land has been limed, but he chances are altogether more favorable for a great crop of oats, 4th. On low, mucky land, that is only partially drained, and which cannot be worked early in the season, it would be folly to sow barley. If sown at all, I would drill in oats, if the land was dry enough to admit the use of the drill; or if not, sow the oats broadcast, and if they could not be harrowed in, let them sprout on the surface, and roll the land when it is firm enough to hold up the horses. It would be better, however, to summer fallow such land, working it thoroughly, and make it clean and mellow, and then seed it down heavily with timothy (and perhaps red top) next August. At any rate, do not sow barley. 5th, Oats will do better on heavy clay land than barley. This is the rule. The exceptions are rare. The heaviestcrop of barley I ever saw was on a field of heavy clay land that was summer fallowed the year previous for wheat by three plowings, and then not sown to wheat in the fall, but plowed again in the spring early and sown to barley. Everything was favorable, and the crop was immense. 6th. On weedy land it is better to sow oats than barley. Drill in the oats deep and use a plenty of seed. Roll the land either at the time of sowing or after the oats are up. Then, when the weeds are sprouted, and are in the seed leaf, go over the field once or twice, or three times, if necessary, with a light, fine-toothed harrow, for the purpose of killing the young weed plants. Oats can be harrowed with less injury to the plants than barley. And if the soil and weather are favorable, and

#### oats. -- American Agriculturist. Farm Notes.

DRESSING FOR FRUIT TREES.-A barrel of ashes with eighty pounds of ground bone, made moist with water, will dissolve and constitute a good dress or for most

the operation is performed at the right

fruit trees. Colic in Horses,-An officer who ommanded artillery during the late war informs us of the following remedy for colic in horses which he has tried with perfect success in hundreds of cases: Rub the horse well between the fore legs and around the girth with spirits of tur-

pentine. Immediate relief follows. THE FARMER'S GRINDSTONE.—There is . no tool as essential on the farm as a good grindstone; it is therefore necessary that very farmer should have one and know how to take proper care of it. A grindstone should always be kept under cover, as exposure to the sun's ravs hardens the grit and injures the frame. The stone should not stand in water when not in use, as this causes soft places. The water should be allowed to drip from some vessel placed above the stone, and the drip should be stopped when the stone is no in use. All greasy or rusty tools should be cleaned before being sharpened, as grease or rust choke up the grit. The

stone should be kept perfectly round. Weaning Colts.-A Vermont farmer ays he weaned a last spring colt in the following manner: I fed grain or meal to the mare when the colt was with her. The colt soon learned to eat meal with the dame. After he has been taught to eat with the mare he will eat as readily when he is removed from her. I put my colt in a stable where he could have plenty of exercise in a large yard; fed nim with hay and bran mixed with milk, which I soon taught him to drink without the bran. I weaned him from the mare n this way when he was three months old; he seemed contented, and I think did as well as though he had run with the mare two months longer. It is much better for the mare, and more convenient if one wants to use her, as most people do in the country, while the colt is with her. This way of weaning colts is very convenient, and one can feed milk at such times as seem judicions, substituting grain or shorts for the milk at any reasonable time.

A Plague of Rats. The St. Louis Journal says when Samuel Davis introduced a bill into the Legislature last winter providing for the destruction of rats, the press of the State was inclined to include in a great deal of badinage at Sam's expense If all reports be true, however, the people, and especially the farmers of Missouri, have this summer begun to realize the benefits of Sun Davis' effort in their behalf. The counties of Saline, Cooper and Pettis are literally overrun by rats, and the crops are receiving incalculable thereby. In many localities whole fields of corn have been uprooted and destroyed by rats, necessitating replanting or abandonment for the season. The rats burrow in the ground close to the fences, in the hedges and ravines, breed large litters three times a year, and devour everything they come upon. They are the old-fashioned wharf rats, such as abound in every city. It is feared that they will ultimately become a greater scourge than the grasshoppers have been, although there is now a wholesale tracting the coal. The coal mined by movement against them in the counties them will be subjected to the same se-One farmer in Saline county has within the past three months, killed over 1,000 of the pests, for the scalps of which he received \$60, in accordance with the provisions of Sam Davis' bill." every day with pick and shovel.

#### Items of Interest. Seven thousand immigrants have ar-

rived in Oregon this year. A sparrow and a chicken fought in Pottsville, and the chicken was killed. The ninety-two papers in Mississippi have a combined circulation of 50,223.

The woman who neglects her hus-band's shirt front is not the wife of his The United States raises twenty-eight millions of swine, and Europe about

thirty-three millions, The boys at Reno, Cal., amuse themselves lassoing Indians. Indians used to lasso them, but they know the ropes

One of the first pennies issued by our government bore the inscription, "Mind your own business." Very cent-sible advice.

The French mint has struck 10,000 france worth of centime pieces in bronze, each representing about the twelfth of an American cent. The new jail at Fort Worth, Texas, is

described by a local paper as a "miserable failure, and not a safe place to confine prisoners in. Fifteen masked men went to a ball near McDade, Lee county, Texas, took

out four men from among the dancers and hanged them to a tree. When the czar's soldiers got into Paris in 1815, they drank all the alcohol in the jars in which the scientific French preserved the museum serpents.

Under the head of "Marriages" in an exchange we find one commencing "Paris—Green." The happy couple should never be troubled with potato

The Turkish soldiers are taller than

the Russians, and will average at least five feet and ten inches. They wear full beards, but have their heads shaved, or the hair cut very short. The cereal product of Europe is about

five thousand millions. Of this, Russia grows 1,006,000,000; Germany, 743,000,000; France, 687,000,000; and the Austrian empire, 550,000,000. Stereotype printing was used in Holland early in the last century. The rollers for inking the type were invented by Niedelson. Standard was a standard with the work of the standard was a standard with the work of the standard was a standard with the work of the standard was a standard with the work of the standard was a standard with the work of the standard was a standard with the standard was a standard was a standard with the standard was a standard was a standard with the standard was a

by Nicholson. Stereotype printing was introduced into London by Wilson in The United States, with a population of about 45,000,000, produces about 344 bushels of cereals to each inhabitant, while Europe, with a population of 297,000,000, produces only about 164 bushels to each person.

A Brooklyn' man went to the peniten-tiary for his health. He was unwell, and his physician told him to go right home moment, thousands of weeds will be de-stroyed, and the stirring of the ground will be favorable to the growth of the and take something. He went right home and took his employer's watch. He calls that going to the penitentiary for his health. At a recent party in Iowa a young man sat on a pyramid of ladies hats. Rising quickly, he glided from the room, and

bolted for the depot, where he poked his head into the ticket office and yelled, "When does the next train leave for Batoum ?" A locomotive on the Lake Shore railroad struck a two-year-o'd bullock. The animal bounded over the smokestack and fell across the boiler, the fore legs on one side and the hind legs on the other. The fireman went out on the engine and

held the animal until the train could be stopped. The lively little bullock was scratched, nothing more. A famous old horse, owned by a gentleman in the northwestern section of Baltimore, kills from three to a half dozen rats every night. When the rodents come into his trough to eat the feed, and old equine just seizes them by the back, gives a grip with his teeth, opens his mouth, and they fall dead at his hoofs.

He is worth a half dozen cats. A lady in the suite of the Princess of Wales, when that lady and her husband visited Constantinople, speaks of a dinner with the sultan as being very good, and in the European style, but as a very dull affair. It was the first time that the sultan had ever sat at dinner with ladies, or that any of his ministers, except the grand-vizier, had sat in his presence. There were twenty-four at the table twelve of whom were Turks, who looked frightened and astonished, and dared not

#### speak. Pardoned to be Arrested

A strange extradition case has just been settled in Indiana. On March 10, 1874, a rough named Meeker shot a man in Toronto, who ultimately died from his wound. Meeker fled, but left behind an overcoat with the name of a Cleveland tailor thereon. The tailor identified the coat and told to whom it belonged. Meeker meantime reached South Bend. Indiana, committed a burglary there, was caught and sentenced to the Northern penitentiary at Michigan City for five years. The Canadian detectives followed him up and requested his extradition, and for the first time in the history of the penitentiary a prisoner declined to leave. The question now arose, should he satisfy the law of Indiana, or should he be turned over to the tender mercies of Canadian jurisdiction? Judge Perkins feared that if the Canadians took him they might find him not guilty, and then Indiana would lose her loving clasp on the prisoner. The question was re-served for a full bench of the supreme court, and they decided to recommend the governor to pardon Meeker. This was done, and the unwillingly forgiven convict is now a guest of the Toronto jailer. His trial for murder will shortly take place.

A PRACTICAL MINING CLASS.—Thirty students of the Columbia College school of mines are to have practical instruction in mining coal this summer in the mines Drifton, Pennsylvania. A rough frame house has been leased as a sleeping place, and a New York cook engaged to accompany them and provide them with food. The students will be divide t into parties of four each, and put in charge of a miner, whose duty it will be to instruct them in the method of exyere examination as that dug by the miners, credit being given for clean coal and no credit for impurities, like slate. The parties will work for four hours