#### HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher-

### NIL DESPERANDUM.

County

Two Dollars per Annum.

# VOL. VII.

### The Man.

Is a man a whit the better For his riches and his gains? For his acres and his palace-If his inmost heart is callous-Is a man a whit the better ?

And if a man's no whit the better For his coffers and his mines, For his purple and fine linen, For his vineyards and his wines, Why do thousands bend the knee, And cringe in mean servility, If a man's no whit the better ?

Is a man a whit the worse For a lowly dress of rags? Though he owns no lordly rental, If his heart is kind and gentle, Is a man a whit the worse?

And if a man's no whit the worse For a poor and lowly stand, For an empty, even pocket, And a brawny, working hand, Why do thousands pass him by, With a proud and scornful eye, If a man's no whit the worse?

### A WHISTLING GIRL.

"'A whistling woman and a crowing hen never come to any good end,'" said Ben, prophetically. "That's the fourth Ben, prophetically. "That's the fourth tune you've whistled in the last half hour, Lute."

Lute first finished the concluding bars of "Kathleen Mayourneen," and then retorted, calmly : "Thanks, for keeping count. I will

begin the fifth as soon as I've regained my breath."

You can whistle better than any boy "You can whistle better than any boy in this town," pursued Ben, in a gradg-ing way. "I'd be ashamed to whistle better'n a boy, if I was you." "I'm not as easily shamed as you, Mr. Benjamin. Whatever I do, I like to do well. If I played marbles, I'd try and do it better than any body else." "Woll." remarked Ben, with the

"Well," remarked Ben, with the beautiful candor of boyhood, "all I can say is, I hope you won't come to a bad end. Grandpa, don't you think it's awful for girls to whistle ?"

That depends on the way they whistle," said grandpa, smiling, in h s slow, gentle way. "If they whistle as well as Lutic, why, let them whistle. I'd as soon hear her as a flute."

"Lute rhymes to flute, you know, observed Ben, as though that accounted for the fact.

"I'll tell you how I learned to whistle," said Lute, softened by these compliments. "You know when I had that dreadful cold, winter before last?"

"You ought to be more careful, child," said grandpa, looking at her anxiously. "You've gota bad cold now -enough to put any body else to bed. And sitting on the steps bare-headed this late in the evening ! Come in, child, come in.

"Heaven deliver me from a counter-hopper !" said Ben, piously. "Before I'd make my living by skipping round a store with a yard-stick in my hand, I'd —I'd dance the tight rope." Ben seem-ed to think he was uttering a heroic sentiment, and put on his most virtuous look. "But I bet I know what you like merchants for." her sense when she was in love? The smarter they are, the greater fools it makes them. The loveliest woman I ever knew made herself an idiot over an ugly little high-tempered wretch—and married him, too. Never be surprised at anything a woman may do when she is in love." nerchants for." The doctor lighted a cigar and puffed Lute's only response was to purse up her lips and elevate her chin. away in thoughtful silence. He finished

"It's because Dick Spurr's in a store. What you can see to like in that little whipper-snapper is a mystery to me. His beard ain't one-tenth as long as Cousin Reuben's." Ben valued men according to the abundance of their

beards. "Yonder comes Reuben now,"

The next afternoon was so tempting that Lute found it impossible to sit in the house and work. It seemed a sin to grandpa, looking up from his paper. "And your everlasting Dick Spurr with him. If I was that fellow, I d take stay in-doors while there was such sunup my board here at once. It would be shine and such fresh green outside. So she put on her sun-bonnet, and with "Endymion" in one hand and her fishmore decent than spending half his time here free gratis for nothing." The two gentlemen came up to the ing tackle in the other, set out for the pond to spend the afternoon in a way after her own heart. "Farra's steps as the candid Benjamin finished his remark, Cousin Reuben was tall and reserved-looking. Mr. Spurr was small and talkative. Both were mod-

Pond," as it was called, was the admira-tion and envy of the whole county. It was in a deep hollow, shaded by beauti-ful trees, and was so large that strangers erately good-looking. "Good-evening, Miss Lutie; good-evening, Mr. Farra," cried Mr. Spurr, often mistook it for a lake, much to old Mr. Farra's delight. It had been dug in his sprightliest manner. "How are you, Ben? How is your cold Miss Lutie?"

the blazing stump away, with a mutter-ed something that was not exactly a benediction, and marched off to bed

with a very resolved air and a much roughened forhead.

by the present owner's father when the adjoining city was but a humble village. "Oh, my cold don't amount to any-thing," said Miss Lutie, smiling in his face, and making room for him on the It was a favorite resort of Lute's, partly on account of the fine fish in which it abounded, and partly because of its own seat beside her. "You all make a mountain out of a mole-hill. You are determined to have me an invalid." lovely quietness.

She went to the skiff, put her bait in, and then got in herself, unloosed it, and paddled out beyond the shadows of the "It's because we love you so much, said Mr. Spurr, in a tender under-tone, trees into the warm sunshine. She took and pulling his mustache with a senti mental air. Mr. Spurr was much given in her paddle and laid it across her lap, baited her hook, and dropped it gently in the water, elevated her feet on the seat in front of her, and began to enjoy to tugging at his mustache, which was weak and whitish-looking. Ben said he pulled it to make it grow fast; but so far his efforts had not been crowned

herself greatly. After a while she began to read, at first with her attention divided between Lute's only reply was another danger-

her bobbing cork and her book, but the book soon got the best of it. The ven-turesome fish nibbled away at her bait without her noticing it; but finally a big fellow got the hook in his unfortunate Cousin Reuben, who had seated himself off at some distance, now looked up and said gravley: "You have a very bad cold. You are quite hoarse this evening. You must let me mix you some mouth, and gave the line such a jerk as to bring her back from the classic shades medicine before you go to bed.

"Thanks, no," returned Lute, coolly. "I prefer a bad cold—to something back without a start, though, and that start sent the paddle in her lap spinning in the water, and came very near sending her book after it, but it fortunately fell in the bottom of the boat instead. Lute was too keen a fisherwoman to waste "You needn't fear my giving you dis-

agreeable medicine," he said, smiling. "I wasn't alluding to any bad taste in your medicine; I was thinking of the a thought on such trifling things as paddles and books at such a moment as ffects of it; it might make me worse off this. Her whole heart was on the end of her line. After a dozen abortive efthan I am now," she said, looking stu-dionsly away from him, and whistling a little under her breath.

with success

ous smile.

forts, in which she came near capsizing her little skiff, she brought the fish out He looked at her in surprise as caught the sting of her remark, and his dark face reddened, but he answered, quietly, "You will do as you please; I press my services on no one." of the water, panting and wriggling, and regarded him in triumpb. "What a beauty !" she said, disen-gaging her hook from his mouth. "He's

"Oh, there ain't much the matter with me now," said Lute, carelessly, coming up on the porch and seating her passed. Mr. Spurr was too well bred to show any surprise at this little passage be jealous? There, old fellow, lie of arms; but Ben wasn't. He stared at there. paddle.' Now I must get that plagued his sister for a while in a markedly astonished and indiguant manuer, and But that plagued paddle was far be returning her evil with good in such a magnanimous way. "He's not only giv-en himself an awful wetting," she then said, in good strong English, yond her reach now, and was floating tranquilly off to shore. "It's a good "Lute, you're a brute, and deserve a good whipping." With that, young thing there's another in the bottom of Master Farra went his way in disgust. the bont, of I should be in a bad fix," soliloquized Lute, as she threw out her line again. "I'm glad my book didn't "Ahem ! it's a very delightful eve-ning," observed Mr. Spurr, anxious to change the subject, and saying the first again. fall in the water. I don't think I'll read thing that popped into his head. "Do any more now; I feel in a fishing hu-mor;" and the lately caressed book was you like the spring, Miss Lutie ?" "I do," responded Miss Lutie, taking allowed to lie neglected in the bottom of her eves from the tree at which she had the boat-a touching example of the fickleness of human favor. been looking and dropping them on him. confess that I used to dislike to hear a 'Likewise summer, autumn and winter She fished on till nearly dark ; even lady whistle, but-" -I like 'em all." then the fish were biting so well that "Most ladies like spring," said Mr. Spurr, gallantly. "Tis the season of "I'll never whistle again," interrupted she could hardly prevail on herself to Lute, "with as much decision as her voiceless condition would allow. stop. But the air was growing chilly, and she knew she ought to be in the flowers, and budding leaves and-"But," he continued, still smiling, "I don't dislike it now. I love to hear you whistle. Besides, it was your andhouse. She resolutely drew in her line " Fresh onions and green peas," said and wrapped it around the pole, lowered Lute, laughing. "It's a good time for fishing, too. Do you ever go fishing, Mr. Spurr? I'm devoted to it." her feet, reached down in the boat for whistling directed me to you to-night. Perhaps I shouldn't have found you the remaining paddle-The paddle wasn't there ! without it. So take back your rash vow, She felt nervously in every impossible place for the missing paddle, but it was nowhere to be found. Well, she was in a fix! Out in the middle of the pond, N-no; I'm not especially attached to it. I believe Reuben there is. Aren't Cousin Lute,' "I wish you would do something to you, doctor ?" punish me for my rudeness," she said, hurriedly. "Give me as much medicine 'Yes, I like to fish when I have the time for it, which I never do," replied with no possible means of getting to as you want; I will take a whole barrelthe doctor, coming out of a brown-study. shore ! Night was coming on rapidly, ful if you say so." "But I shan't say so," he said. There was still a smile on his lips, but none "Not that I have such an immense and she was already shivering with cold. practice," he continued, hastily, seeing Nobody at the house knew where she a slight curl on Lute's lips; "but what leisure I have, I think I ought to devote was; they would think she was in town in his eyes; they shone strangely. visiting some one. "I don't know what made me so cross," she went on. "I know I'm spoiled and willful. I never had a to study.' But the house wasn't very far off-"I wonder you are not studying maybe they could hear her if she called now," said Mr. Spurr. "I never saw such an old book-worm as he is, Miss out very loud. She rose to her feet, and mother to show me how to be gentle and opened her mouth to give a prodigious good; but I am not often so Lutic. He looks as if he grudges as I was to you yesterday. Oh, Cousin Reuben, can you forgive me ?" yell ; but she couldn't speak above a stopping study to talk to me when I drop whisper. The chill night air had brought in to see him." The doctor drew his long beard up over his lips to hide the smile on them. "I'll be bound, now, her cold to this climax. "Lute," he said, in a voice almost as Lute sat down, overwhelmed. There ow as hers, "look at me." was nothing she could do -absolutely nothing. She would have to stay out there all night, and she knew-there was They were standing in the narrow he doesn't waste much of his precious strip of light, and the moon lit up both conversation on you all here.' their faces. She raised her wet eyes obediently, but the strange look in his made her drop them suddenly, while a startled, painful flush bathed her face. "Shall I tell you why you were so cross to me?" he asked. "We rarely see him except at meals, no use mincing matters-it would be the death of her. She looked tragically into replied Lute, indifferently. "I feel like taking a walk. Would you like to the growing darkness, and thought, even go, Mr. Spurr ?" "I should be delighted," responded if they came there to look for her, they couldn't see her from the shore, and she that gentleman, gallantly, twirling his mustache. "You had better put somewouldn't be able to utter a sound to let "No, no," she murmured, hiding her them know she was there. She forgot face in her hands, there was such a thing as a moon at night. But stop ! she could utter a sound— thank Heaven, she could whistle. Her face brightened as she thought of this thing around you, Miss Lutie. "Was it because you cared for my "Bring me my shawl out of the hall, then," said Miss Lutie, rising and shak-ing out her draperies. "Grandpa, you opinion, because you-loved me ?" His wet arms were around her nowing out her draperies. "Grandpa, you had better go in now; it is getting cool t was well she had on his thick overdespised accomplishment of hers. With rising spirits, she drew her overskirt over shoulders to keep herself warmer, and began to whistle Schubert's "Serecoat-and were pressing her closely to out here. "Child, you cughtn't to go out this late in the evening," said grandpa, anxiously. "Reuben, it is too cool for his wet breast. "My innocent darling," he whispered, "you know now why you were so in her finest style. The birds nade ' cross with me." her to go out, is it not ?" started in their nests as the strange "How long have you known ?" she "Cousin Lute thinks she knows what sweet notes floated toward them, then said, her voice coming smothered from is best for her," said the doctor, disdropped their drowsy little heads and his shirt bosom. tantly. slept more soundly than ever. Music is "Know what, dear love?" "Why I was so cross to you." "Not five minutes. It flashed on me "I'm going to wrap up well, grand-pa," said Lute, taking the shawl--a fleecy white thing-from Mr. Spurr's hand, and arranging it around her bea good thing, but sleep is a better-at night. Whistling is proverbially good for keeping up one's courage. Lute found her courage mightily refreshed by it. She sat there for nearly an hour, whistjust now, while you were asking me to punish yon." "I'm glad," she said. "I didn't comingly. "Please let me go;" and she kissed and hung around him in a and know myself, or I should have hid it way that came near making Richard ling every thing she knew; she even began to enjoy herself, after a fashion. The moon soon rose, and filled every place with subdued shadow or soft better. Spurr crazy. "Well, go along, then," said grandpa, looking at her fondly. "I don't see "I'd defy you to do that," he said, with a low laugh. "Oh, my sweet dumb darling, look up and give me one why she lets that young Spurr go with kiss," She raised her fair smooth face, and light. There was a sweet stillness on her so much," he continued, as they every thing. She stopped whistling a moment to enjoy it more fully. Every now and then the lazy breeze brought and close contact with it. She murwalked off arm in arm. "I hope she won't fall in love with him." "I don't see how she could," respondher a faint mingled odor of apple and mured, on the divine breath of that first blossoms. How lovely, lovely it She felt as if she was enchanted, lilac was !

this place is far from dismal or swampy much ! I have been so mad about you either. Just then she thought she heard dis-

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1877.

Just then she thought she heard dis-tant footsteps coming toward the pond. She hastily resumed her whistling to di-rect them to her : she had no wish to stay out-of-doors all night, no matter how beautiful it was. The footsteps drew nearer ; they came hurrying down the slope, and in a few moments Congin the slope, and in a few moments Cousin Reuben stood in a narrow strip of moon-light on the edge of the pond. the cigar, and grandpa went in to bed, and to sleep, and to snore; but the promenaders did not return. He tossed

light on the edge of the pond. "Good heavens! Lute," he cried, in an agitated voice, "what are you stay-ing out on the water this late at night for? Don't you feel how cold it is? It is enough to kill you." Lute had stopped whistling abruptly, and now motioned to the paddle, which was lying near his feet. He did not un-derstand, and cried, impatiently. "Why

derstand, and cried, impatiently : "Why don't you come to shore? Oh, you rash girl, to be sitting there, with your bad cold 1 Make haste, and paddle back." Lute kept motioning so persistently at his feet that he looked down and saw

the paddle. He picked it up, and asked, quickly: "Did you drop this out of the boat? Haven't you the other one in there ?" Lute nodded to the first question and

shook her head at the last "Why don't you speak ? Have you lost your voice ?"

She nodded vehemently, and touched her throat and chest. "Good heavens !" he repeated, tearing

off his coat and overcoat, "she is so hoarse she can't speak. Oh, child, you'll kill vourself !' He jerked up the paddle, and was in

the water, swimming toward her, before she knew what he was doing. When he came to the boat he lifted himself in lightly, and sat with his back to her, so his wet knees and feet would not touch her. Lute watched him with a peculiar look during the few minutes he was pad-

ling back to shore. He did not speak till he had fastened the boat and helped her out. Then he took up his overcoat and said : "You are shivering ; let me

put this around you." "Oh, no; you are wet," she whisper-"You must put it on." ed.

ed. "You must put it on." "A little wetting won't hurt me," he said; "I'm as tough as a pine. You must let me put it around you. Will you put your arms through the sleeves? Well—there! Don't touch me, or I'll get rea wet." of Mount Latmos. It did not bring her

get you wet." "I will touch you ; I don't care if I do get wet," she said, in a sobbing whisper. laying her hand on his dripping sleeve. 'I was so rule to you yesterday, you ought to have let me staid out there all night in the cold."

"Oh no," he said, smiling, and wrapping the overcoat more tightly around

"And it was all about nothing," she said. "It was all because Ben said that you-you-" "That I what ?" asked Reuben, bend-ing his head closer, so he could hear

her, "You thought it was unladylike and he may be seen hovering in the rear of the may be seen hovering in the lobby, or -and ill-bred in me to whistle. Do you think it is so bad?" she asked, looking watching for his prev. in the person of

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. as even to be jealous of poor little Dick Spurr. Last night I felt like killing him when you smiled on him so." HOW TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM

Advocate.

Household Llints.

TO PROPERLY DISTRIBUTE RAISING.

To WASH GLOVES. - Have ready

Around the Farm.

very last.

him when you smiled on him so." She was too happy to feel a passing pang for poor Dick. How could she think of any one but Reuben, with his check against hers and his eyes on her? "You told me not to touch you," she said, presently; "don't you think you are acting inconsistently, sir?" "God forgive me!" he said, loosing her. "I am a selfab herate to be hold. BRUSSELS CARPETS.—Spread on a thick paste of potter's clay; tack over it some thick brown paper, and at the end of a week brush of the clay. It may be necessary to repeat the process, but one ap-plication is usually sufficient. If the grease has penetrated the floor it is best

to raise the carpet and put the clay on the floor and scrub thoroughly. "God forgive me!" he said, loosing her. "I am a selfish brute, to be hold-ing you against me, wet and dripping as I am I forgot every thing but myself. Do you feel cold ?" anxiously. "Not a bit." "Maybe the overcoat kept you from getting damp. I never thought to have hugged that old Ulster with as much zeat as I have done to night. Come. After the batter is all ready for the rais-ins, cover the raisins well with sifted flour and stir them in the batter quickly.

zest as I have done to-night. Come, let's hurry home, and I'll begin giving you that barrel of medicine you were so

you that barrel of medicine you determine anxious to take." "You must take part of it yourself," she said, as they started up the slope in double-quick time. "I'm dreadfully afraid this wetting will make you sick." "I'm too happy to be sick," he said, looking at her in a way that made her looking at her in a way that made her blush and tingle to her finger-ends. blush and tingle to her finger-ends. "We'll give grandpa and Ben a double surprise. They think you are in town somewhere; but I had a presentiment you were at the pond, so I slipped down there quietly, without telling anybody." "Yes, they will be surprised at our —" And Lute stop; ed and reddened. "At our what, darling?" "Oh, here we are at the house now," and Lute isrolevantly

it to dry, and the fair operator will be gratified to see that her old gloves look nearly new, They will be soft, glossy, smooth, sharp and elastic. "Oh, here we are at the house now," said Lute, irrelevantly. "At our loving one another?" said Reuben, inclosing the ulster in another rapturous hug. "Oh, my precious flower—my darling—my—" You may be sure the doctor filled these blanks in TO BOIL WATERY POTATOES. - Let the potatoes be of a size; do not put them in the pot until the water boils;

an appropriate manner. "You're a nice doctor," said Lute, when done pour off the water and remove the cover until all the steam is "You're a nice doctor," said Lute, disengaging herself, in a very rosy state, "to be putting such cold wet arms around a person hoarse with the cold." "Oh, I'll soon cure you,"—making as though he would seize her again; but she eluded him, and fled up the steps and into the house.—Harper's Bazar. gone ; then scatter in half a teaspoonful of salt and cover the pot with a towel.

Take good care of the implements through the winter that they may be ready to do thorough work another sea-

The Spectres of Congress.

est to feed oats and carrots together to A Washington correspondent says horses rather than either alone. If you The House of Representatives has its daily habitues and noted characters have been in the habit of feeding either alone try half of each at a meal and whose histories are interwoven with the mark the result. web of polities. Last year it had its "little Miss Flite," who watched the proceedings day after day with starving hopefulness until her suit was gained, Now that the year is near its close farmers should begin to think of closing up their running accounts. Prepare to keep a good set of books at the beginand then from her seat in the galleries she rose in full view of all and acknowledged ning of the year. Keep an eye on the manure pile and seen that this bank of the farm increases the victory with pantomimic gratitude and a stately courtesy, which the House received with laughter and loud ap-plause. This year we have the "Man from Shropshire." His name is Schell; in size and quality.

Plowing under green clover is highly time rich and mould-like. On heavy lands it loosens the soil making it more he is a tall, heavy man, with light gray eyes and straw-colored whiskers. Every day, as re ularly as the House meets, light and porous.

fore severe weather sets in get every-

men. - Massachusetts Plowman.

To Winter Hogs.

Items of Interest.

The present product of the oil country is estimated at over 40,000 barrels per day.

NO. 40.

Out of the 33,000,000 people in Great Britain 15,000,000 live upon imported food.

Barbers in Denmark are compelled to pass an examination in elementary surgery.

At the Krupp cannon works in Ger-many is a hundred - thousand - pound trip-hammer.

Fourteen ex-Governors in the Senate and eight in the House; so "How do do, Gov.," rarely strikes amiss.

It is announced that the order of Or-angemen in the United States has a mem-bership of 65,000. If currants are used they must be well washed in several waters : place them in a fine sieve, and while mixing the cake let dry thoroughly on the back part of

The principal resemblance between a man who stops a team on the crosswalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of the stove; then cover well with sifted flour, and mix them in the batter at the flour is, that both make about a hundred wait.

little new milk in one saucer and a little A Boston minister recently roused brown soap in another, and a clean cloth some of his sleepy hearers by stating in a very positive way that, notwithstand-ing the hard times, the wages of sin had or towel, folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the gloves smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, and then rub off a good not been cut down one iota.

It in the milk, and then rub off a good quantity of soap to the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove down-ward toward the fingers, holding it firm-ly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy vellow, though clean; if col-ored, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to day, and the fair overstor will be The problem of buying a ten-dollar Christmas present with seventy-five cents available cash will present itself for the elucidation of the brave Youngman-who-goes-to-see-his-girl.

Tack black velvetine on board or pasteboard, arrange white, yellow, and green ferns upon it to your liking, fasten them down with a drop of gum here and there, and you will have pleasing fern pictures.

and you will have pleasing tern pictures. "Madam, don't you know that your baby will catch its death of cold there?" "No, sir," she promptly responded. "Well, it's such carelessness as that which fills our cemetery with little graves," he continued. "While all the old fools continue to live," she replied.

Ann Wilson was courted twenty years ago in Bourbon, Ky., by George M. Gil-lespie, who afterward went to California, and she saw nothing of him again until very recently, when he returned, with eleven children by a wife who had died, and renewed the courtship. Ann accepted him.

Experiments have shown that it fit There is what seems a preposterous rule in the Turkish army, according to which a Turkish soldier's limb cannot be removed by a surgeoil without the sanction of the authorities at Constantible, whose decisions are oftentimes de-layed for weeks, and the poor fellows will lie day after day in agony, awaiting their fate without a murmur.

Allegheny's talk is about the attempted elopement of a pair of lovers whe be-longed to the wealthiest families in the city. The respective parents were as full of hatred as the Capulets and Mon-tagues, and would not sanction a marriage. Romeo went at night underneath Juliet's window. She let down a string, to which he attached a rope ladder, ands it loosens the soil making it more ight and porous. Push open ground work forward be-

popped his head out of the window.

self by grandpa. "I only feel a little hoarse morning and evenings. I forget what I was talking about. Oh, I re-member-about my dreadful cold. Well, I could hardly speak above a whisper for a month, and singing was out of the question. You know how I love to sing, grandpa. It seemed to me I never thought of as many beautiful strains of music before in my life as I did then. They used to buzz in my head till I thought I should go crazy. I believe they would have tormented me to death if I hadn't learned to whistle. I used to go into the attic every day and practice till I had mastered the art. You don't know what a relief it was to me, and is to me yet. I feel quite independ-ent of colds;" and Miss Lute stretched out her feet, and leaning her head against the wall, pursed her red lips in a preparatory way. "If you knew what somebody thinks

your about whistling, you wouldn't be so stuck up about it," observed Ben, with a turned-up nose expression. It galled the spirit of Master Benjamin mightily to have a mere woman excel him in that manly art. "I bet you'd stop it in a jiffy.

"Who is that dreadful somebody ?" "Guess,"

"I won't guess. I don't care to know." "You do care. It's Cousin Reuben'

-triumphantly. "What did he say ?" demanded Lute,

quickly. "Oh, I heard him and Dick Spurn

talking in his room about you. Dick said he didn't care how much you whistled ; whatever you did seemed pretty to him. I'd be ashamed to have any fellow as spooney about me as Dick Spurr is about you, Lute."

I don't care if you would. What did Cousin Reuben say ?"

"Oh, he said he thought it was unladylike, ill-bred, and all that sort of thing. He said lots about it. I'll be bound you never whistle before him again, Miss Lute.'

I'll be bound I do," cried Lute, flushing hotly. "I don't care two figs what he thinks. I'll begin whistling the minute I see him, and never stop till he goes away. There !"

"Will you whistle at meals too?" inquired Ben, charmed at having put his sister in a rage. "How will you man-age about eating?"

"I wish to goodness, grandpa," she continued, not noticing Ben's remark, 'you'd never taken him to board with

"Why, child, he had to board some where ; a young man like him couldn't keep house. Of course I couldn't let my nephew's son board anywhere else. my nephew's son board anywhere else. I did want him to live here without paying any board," pursued grandpa, in his slow, reflective way, "but he wouldn't hear to it.'

"I'd rather have a Hottentot in the house than a doctor. Somebody's always knocking him up in the middle of the night and waking the whole house.

'Lute Farra, you know that's a fib," said Ben, impressively. "Cousin Reu-ben hasn't been cal'ed but twice in the night since he's been here. What if you do get waked up ? Can't you go to sleep again ?" "I never could bear doctors," said

Lute, snappishly. "It's the finest profession on earth," retorted Ben. "You don't know what you do like." "I like merchants." "I don't see how she could," respond-ed Reuben, watching them rather grim-ly. "She has too much sense to fall in lowe with such a rattlebrain as he." "My dear boy," said grandpa, slowly, "did you ever hear of a woman using

"My dear boy," said grandpa, slowly, did you ever hear of a woman using

kiss, "You have not said whether you love me or not." "Does this feel like it?" he whispersitting there alone at night in her little boat. "I'm the lady in the Dismal ed, crushing her closer to him. "Oh, Swamp," she thought, smiling, "only my darling, I love you-I love you so

watching for his prev, in the person of humbly up in his face. "If you do, I'll never whistle again." Poor Lute was some innocent member whom he thinks is to procure him the position he is after. completely subdued by Cousin Reuben's He is a very harmless-looking individual, but we unto the person who arous as

reader.

dreadful

his wrath, as his record in that respect is something alarming and stands thus : One night last winter he had a little stabbing affair with Col. **F**airfax, of thought, remorsefully, "but he's spoiled his best business suit. His pantaloons will never be fit for a dog to wear Virginia, at the Ebbitt House ; another time, when he was custodian of the floor "I don't think I ever used such strong of the House, he punished a saucy page words as ill-bred and unladylike in reby pitching him up to the ceiling like an infuriated bovine would toss a dog, the gard to your whistling," answered the doctor, smiling in her troubled face. boy came down again considerably fright-"Ben exaggerated a little. But I must ened out of his pertness ; another of his

exploits was an attempt to hammer a grocer who presented his bill to him at the door of the House while it was in session, but the grocer returned this kind of payment by knocking him over two rows of seats and half a dozen Congressmen ; he also bruised a Philaa dozen lelphia reporter into a tinge of bluish ing the quantity per acre from two to five bushels. Of course any refuse black for daring to comment on these stunning actions, and how he will rebuke the present writer is left to his in- article is good enough .- Germantown genuity and the imaginations of the Telegraph.

## Remedies for Wakefulness.

Thousands suffer from wakefulness who are otherwise in good health. With some of them this becomes a habthat makes but very little bone or muscle, virtually a fat producing food only, it, and too often a growing one. Not a the best article to lay on fat with, but few resort to soporific drugs, and the taste for opium is thus often initiated. Others try alcoholic liquors, and there can be no doubt that in this way the foundation of intemperance has turnips ; these I will put where I can get been laid. Many people, however, have found a way of going to sleep without resorting to such dangerous measures. freely. The swine cat them cagerly, even now, and I feel surely that such a change of diet occasionally in winter will be a great benefit. I also cut a few For instance, looking at a fixed point steadily will often succeed in inducing sleep ; or, if it is too dark to do this, acres of clover second growth, cured it carefully, salted it well, and fed during sing the eyes and in imagination watching attentively the stream of air entering and leaving the nostrils. Another plan has recently been proposed by Dr. Cooke who tells us that in many cases of sleeplessness it is only neces-sary to breathe very slowly and quietly all they will drink of warm swill made of two parts bran, one part shorts, and one part meal, and at night a feed of corn. for a few minutes to secure refreshing sleep. He thinks that most cases de Now, with this bill of fare and variety pend on hyperæmia of the brain, and that in this slow breathing the blood of diet I hope to secure health for them and profit to myself .- Prairie Farmer. supply is lessened sufficiently to make impression. Certainly, when the mind is uncontrollably active, and so Faithfulness and sincerity are prevents sleep, persons whose observa-tion was worth trusting have testified highest things. From the lowest depth there is path to the loftiest height. It is less painful to learn in youth

that the breathing was quick and short, and they have found they became more disposed to sleep by breathing slowly. This supports Dr. Cooke's practice, but at other times his plan quite failed. is certainly worth any one's while who is occasionally sleepless to give it a trial. In doing so they should breathe very quietly, rather deeply and at long intervals, but not long enough to cause the least feeling of uncasiness. In fine, they should imitate a person sleeping, and do it steadily for several minutes.

In no case should opiates or other drugs be resorted to for sleeplessness except under the direction of a physician.

A Wayne county (N. Y.) farmer left his vest hanging upon a chair. In one of the pockets were about a dozen strychnine pills. His two little children discevered them, thought they w re candy, and ate them. Physicians were called and antidotes administered, but both died within an hour, strychnine pills. His two little children

thing in readiness for winter. climbed down the ladder as fast as he "A stitch could, and caught her. Then there was in time saves nine."

a struggle between the father and the The communications of farmers are lover for possession of the girl, who, of always the most valuable matter in any course, fainted. The father was the paper ; they deal with the practical devictor, and she is now under close guard. ails, familiar to the man who comes face to face with difficulties and over-A Cure for Intemperance. comes them. The editor can select such items of news of general interest as he It was sugggested some years ago that thinks will be interesting and useful,

the use of cod-liver oil would have a but to build up a truly useful and practical paper he must rely very largely upon the assistance of practical tendency to promote a distaste for alcoholic stimulants. According to the same authority many people had found they could take wine with animal food, but not with farinaceous or amyraceous nutriment, A well - known man of science, Mr. Charles Napier, has under-We have long been an advocate of the use of salt as a fertilizer, and have used it upon our own promises with good taken to test these assertions, and the effect. It would do good to sow it broadresults of his experiments are set forth cast every year or two in the spring, say in a paper read before the physiological about two bushels to the acre. We should like to see some of our intellisection of the British Association, and which has attracted much attention in gent farmers giving it a fair trial, vary-England.

The experience of Mr. Napier's own family had furnished a seeming proof of the accuracy of Liebig's statement. They had for two years a lopted a vegetarian diet, and although brought up in the During the winter is when we all fail moderate use of alcoholic liquors, now at handling hogs. The long months with but one kind of food, and that a kind felt no inclination for them. More decisive evidence, however, was supplied by the application of the theory to twenty-seven cases, one of the more striking of which may be briefly cited. not the best to build up the constitution The case is that of a military officer, and give health and strength. I have this year raised an acre of mangel wurt-zel and sugar beets, also half an acre of babits of excessive whisky drinking while on service with his regiment in at them in the winter, and when the India. We are told that his custom was weather will permit I will feed them to eat hardly any bread, fat, or vegetables, his breakfast consisting mostly of salt fish, and his dinner almost wholly of roast meat. During the day he consumed from a pint to a quart of whisky, and was not sober more than half his time. By Napier's advice he was in-duced to return to the breakfast of oatthe winter, perhaps cut short and moist-ened. I have quite a number of late pigs; these I intend to feed each day, which peas and beans formed important ingredients. He does not seem to have liked the change at first, and made the significant complaint that he could not "enjoy his whisky " as much as formerly, About this time there was a panic among flesh eaters in England, owing to the cattle plague, and, consequently, the whole family was put on a vegetarian diet. For some weeks the husband grumbled very much, but his taste for the whisky gradually disappeared, and in two months from the time he became an entire vegetarian he relinquished alcoholic stimulants, and, according to Mr. Napier, has not since returned to either

Those who blow the coals of others' flesh or alcohol.-New York Sun. strife may chance to have the sparks fly

There are sixty-eight different sewing nachine stitches, and a hundred and

sixty-eight different ways of lying about them. We are taught to clothe our minds, as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue, and it is accounted fantastical, or

something worse, not to do so. There is no teacher like experience-

Words of Wisdom.

than to be ignorant in old age.

in their own faces,

no scourge of our faults comparable to the lash. Time places in the hands of repentance The world pardons its prosperons children, and has courtly names for

Can Write but not Read.

The Raliegh (N. C.) Observer says : There is a man that resides in Buckhorn Township, this county, who has until recently been a county official for thirty years. He is an illiterate man, cannot read a line of print or manuscript, but can write page after page as smoothly and correctly as any bookkeeper in the city. He is very fond of writing, especially if any one dictates, and then when the manuscript is completed, he knows no more about it than a hog does