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The Farmer's Sceptre.* BY JOEL BENTON.

A giantess, when pagan folk Held all the world in sway, Looked from a hill one sunny morn Across the fields of May.

The song of birds was in the air -The winds with balm were sweet Her daughter, rosy-cheeked and fair,

Was playing at her feet. Soon runs with glee the little one From slope to slope away ; She holds the summer in her arms, The streams and fields of May,

The child could step from hill to vale, And as she wildly ran She saw beneath her towering stride The busy husbandman.

His oxen, plow, and him she took Within her apron's space, And, hastening with the portent queer, She sought her mother's face

"Oh mother! thou hast told me much I did not understand, Now tell me what this beetle is Which wriggles through the sand."

"O, child," the giantess replied, 'Go, put it back again ; These are the stern forerunners of The patient race of men.

"In other realms, my little one, Our home henceforth must stand For these who come in littleness Have come to rule the land."

*A Scandinavian legend.

the Weathercock Was Oiled

"I'm game to do it," says Billy Johnson, "any time you like."
"Not you," says Joey Rance. "It ain't in you.

"Ain't it?" says Billy. And as he spoke he took a pull at his

strap, and Parson says —
"My good man I couldn't think of You see, this is how it was. We'd got

a weathercock a top of our church spire at High Beechy; and it was a cock in real earnest, just like the great Dorking

"He'll do it—he'll do ory over and over again.

And it seemed as if he in Farmer Granger's yard; only the one on the spire was gilt, and shone in the sun quite beautiful.

There was another difference, though Farmer Granger's Dorking used to crow in the morn, and sometimes on a moonlight night; but the gilt one a-top of the steeple, after going on swinging round and round, to show quietly which way the wind blew, took it into its head to stick fast in calm weather, while in a rough wind-oh, lor' a' mercy! the way

I wouldn't believe as it was the weathercock at first, but quite took to old Mother Bonnett's notion as it was signs of the times, and a kind of warning to High Beechy of something terri-

ble to come to pass. But, there, when you stood and saw it turning slowly round in the broad daylight, and heard it squeal, why, you couldn't help yourself, but were bound

Just about that time a chap as called himself Steeple Jack-not the real Steeple Jack, you know, but an impostor sort of fellow, who, we heard afterwards, had been going about and getting sovereigns to climb the spires, and oil the weathercock, and do a bit of repairs, and then going off without doing anything at all-well; this fellow came to High Beechy, and saw Parson, and offered to

go up, clean and scrape the weathercock oil it and all, without scaffolding, for a five pound note. Parson said it was too much, and consulted churchwarden Round, who said "ditto," and so Steeple Jack did not get the job even when he had come down to three pound, and then to a sovereign; for, bless you, we were too sharp for him at High Beechy, and suspected that all he wanted was the money, when, you know, we couldn't have made him go

up, it being a risky job. The weather cock went on squeaking then awfully, till one afternoon when we were out on the green with the cricketing tackle for practice, Parson being with us, for we were going to play Ramboro' Town next week, and Parson was

our best bowler. He was a thorough gentleman was Parson, and he used to say he loved a game of cricket as much as ever, and as o making one of our eleven, he used to do that, he said, because he was then sure no one would swear, or take more

than was good for him. Speaking of our lot, I'm sure it made us all respect Parson the more; and I tell you one thing it did besides, it seemed to make bim our friend to go to in all kinds of trouble, and what's more, it fetched all our lot in the cricket club to church, when I'm afraid if it hadn't been out of respect to Parson, we should

have stopped away. Why, you may laugh at me, but we all of us loved our Parson, and he could turn us all this way or that way with

his little finger. Well, we were out on the green, as I said, and the talk turned about oiling the weather cock, and about how we'd heard as Steeple Jack, as he called himself, had undertaken to do Upperthorpe

steeple, as is thirty feet lower than ours, and had got the money and gone off. "I thought he was a rogue," said Billy "He looked like it ; drink

ing sort of fellow. Tell you what, I'm game to do it any time you like."
"Not you," said Joey Rance. "It ain't in you."
"Ain't it," says Billy, tightening his

belt, and then-"My good man," says Parson, couldn't think of allowing it."

You see, ours was a splendid spire, standing altogether a hundred and seventy feet six inches high; and as it says in the old history, was a landmark and a beacon to the country for miles There was a square tower seventy feet high, and out of this sprang the spire, tapering up a hundred feet, and certainly one of the finest in the

"Oh, 1'd let him go, sir," said Joey; he can climb like a squirrel."

"Or a tom-cat," says another.
"More like a monkey," says Sam
Rowley, our wicket-keeper.
"Never mind what I can climb like," says Billy. "I'm game to do it; so here

"But if you do get up," said Parson,
"you will want tools to take off and oil
the weather cock, and you can't carry

Just then a message came from the rectory that Parson was wanted, and went away in a hurry; and no sooner had he gone than there was no end of chaff about Billy, which ended in his pulling up his belt another hole, and

saying:—
"I'm going."
"And what are you going to do when you get up there?"

"Nothing," he says, "but tie the rope up to the top of the spire, and leave it for some of you clever chaps to

"What rope shall you use," I said, "The new well rope," says Billy, "Its over two hundred feet long,"

Cricketing was set aside for that day, for Joey Rance went off and got the rope, coming back with it coiled over his arm, throwing it down before Billy in a defiant sort of way, as much as to

say—
"There, now, let's see you do it." Without a word, Billy picked up the coil of rope and went in at the belfry coil of rope and went in at the belfry door, to come out soon after on the top of the tower, and then, with one end of the rope made into a loop and thrown over his shoulders, he went to one edge of the eight-sided spire and began to elimb up from crochet to crochet, which were about a yard apart, and looking like we many overmental keabs ing like so many ornamental knobs

sticking out from the spire. We gave him a cheer as he began to go up, and then sat on the grass wondering like to see how active and clever the fellow was as he went up yard after yard, climbing rapidly, and seeming as

if he'd soon be at the top. The whole of the village turned out in a state of excitement, and we had hard work to keep two brave fellows from going up to try at other corners of

the spire. "He'll do it!" was the

And it seemed as if he would, for he went on rapidly till he was within some thirty feet of the top; when all of a sudden he seemed to lose his hold, and come sliding rapidly down between two rows of erockets faster and faster, till he disappeared behind the parapet of the

We held our breath, one and all, as we saw him fall, and a cold chill of hor ror came upon us. It was not until he had reached the top of the tower that rough wind—oh, lor' a' mercy! the way it would screech and groan was enough to alarm the neighborhood, and alarm the neighborhood it did.

I wouldn't believe as it was the

Hallo !" cried Billy's voice, as we got half-way down the cork-screw. "I'm coming down.'

'Ain't you hurt, then ?" cried Joey not much," said Billy, as we

reached him by one of the loop-holes in the stone wall. "Got some skin off and a bit bruised.' "Why, we thought you were half-

we said. "Not I," he replied gruffly; "the rope aught over one of the crockets, and that roke my fall."

"Going to try again ?" said Joey, with sneer. "No, I ain't going to try again, either," said Bill, gruffly. "I left the neither," said Bill, gruffly.

rope up at the top there, thinking you were so clever you'd like to go." "Oh, I could do it if I liked," said Joey. "Only you daren't," said Bill, rub-

bing his elbows, and putting his lips to his bleeding knuckle "Daren't I ?" said Joey. And without another word he pushed

by Billy, and went on steadily up toward he top of the tower. "I hope he'll like it," said Billy, chuck-"It ain't so easy as he thinks,

Let's go down. I'm a good bit shook." Poor fellow, he looked rather white as he got down, and to our surprise on looking up on hearing a cheer, there was Joey hard at work with the rope over his shoulder, climbing away, the lads cheering him again and again as he climbed higher and higher, till he at last reached the great copper support of the weathercock, and then, he clung there motionless for a few minutes, and we began to think he had lost his nerve

and was afraid to move. But that wasn't it-he was only gathering breath; and we gave a cheer in which Billy Johnson heartily joined; as up there looking as small as a crow, the plucky fellow gave the weathercock a spin round afterwards holding on by his legs, clasped round the copper support, while he took the rope from his shoulders, undid the loop, and then tied it

securely to the great strong support.

All this time he had had his straw hat on ; and now, taking it off, he gave it a skim away from him; and away it went, right out into space, to fall at last far from the foot of the tower.

Joey now began to come down very slowly and carefully, as if the coming down was worse than the going up, and more than once he slipped; but he had a tight hold of the rope with one hand and that saved him, so that he only

rested, and then continued to come down. You see the spire sloped so that he did not hang away from it, but against the stone sides; and so we went on watching him till he was about half way down, when he stopped to rest, and, pulling up the rope a bit as he held on to the rope, so as to rest his

We gave him another cheer, and so did Parson, who just then came up, when Joey waved his hand.

As he did this, something occurred which took away my breath; for, poor fellow, he seemed to slip, and, before he fellow, he seemed to sip, and, before he could utter a cry, he turned over and hung head downward, falling, with his leg slipping through the loop, till his foot caught, and he hung by it, fighting hard for a few moments to get back, but in vain; and as we watched him his struggles grew weaker, so that he did not turn limself up so far in trying to reach weathercock, who did?"

the loop where his ankle was caught; and at last he hung there, swinging gently to and fro, only moving his hands.

By this time Parson, I, and two more had got to the belfry door, and we ran panting up the dark staircase till we got upon the leads.

"Hold on, Joey," I shouted. "I'm

"Make haste," he cried back. "I'm

about done," By this time I was about ten feet up, and climbing as hard as I could, forgetting all the dauger in the excitement; for I don't think I should have dared to go up on another occasion.

"Look sharp," said poor Joey. "It seems as if all my blood was rushing into

I leaned over and got hold of the rope close to his ankle, but do anything more I could not. I had all the will in the world to help the poor fellow, but it took all my strength to keep myself from falling, and as to raising my old com-panion, I neither had the strength nor the idea as to how it could be do.e.

The only way out of the difficulty seemed to be to take out my knife and cut the rope and then the poor fellow would be killed. "Come down!" cried a voice below

And looking toward the leads, there was Parson stripped to the shirt and trowsers, and with a coil of rope over his shoulder—for the new well rope had proved to be long enough to let him cut off some tive and thirty feet.

"Don't leave me," groaned Joey, who was half fainting. "I feel as if I should fall any minute. I say, lad, this is very awful.

"Here is Parson coming up," I said. And so it was, for he went to the row of crochets on the other side of Joey, who now hung looking blue in the face, and with his eyes closed. "He must make haste-make haste,

he moaned softly.

I stopped holding on, while Parson climbed up quicker than either of us had done it, drawing himself up by his arms in a wonderful way until he was abreast of us two-me holding on and Joey hanging on by one foot.

As soon as Parson reached us, he said a few words of encouragement to Joey who did not say a word, and then climbing higher, tied the short rope he carried, to the long rope just above the loop knot which held Joey's ankle. Then, coming down a little, he tied his rope tightly around Joey just under the arm-

"That will bear you, my lad. But catch fast hold of it with your hands, while I cut your foot free."

Climbing up higher once more, he pulled out his knife, opened it with his teeth, and then began to saw through strands of the loops that held Joey's

from below, he swung there, with us holding on for dear life.

"Can you climb down now, Rance,"

and needles." "Then we must lower you down," said Parson, calmly.

And getting hold of the long piece of coolly as if he was on an apple tree his own orchard, and saw that the knots

were fast; then, coming down, he passed the long rope through the one round Joey's breast, and tied it again round "Now," he said, "Fincher and I will hold on by this rope, you can let him work it over his head," and then, with Parson striding across from the crochets

at one angle to those on the other, and me holding on the rope as well, we let him down sliding, with his back to the stone till his feet touched the leads, when he fell down all of a heap.
"Untie the rope," said Parson, "and

get him down. He spoke very hoarsely, shouting to them below; and a cheer came up.
"Now, Fincher," said Parson, "we've

got to get down. As he spoke, he made a running in the rope with the end he held in his hand, let it run up to the big noose, and pulled it tight.

Then he made an effort to get his legs together on one angle; but the distance he had been bending was too great, and he couldn't recover himself, swung away by his hands, "I can't help it, Fincher- I must go

first" he cried. And he was already sliding down the rope as he spoke; but I was so unnerved and giddy now that I dared not look

I believe I quite lost my head then for few moments; for I was clinging there for life a hundred and twenty feet above the ground, and the wind seemed to be trying to push me from my hold.

I was brought to myself, though, just as the landscape about me seemed to be spinning round, by feeling the rope touch my side; and I clasped it convulsively with both hands, and then, winding my legs round it, slid rapidly down, the rope seeming to turn to fire as it passed through my hands.

A few moments later, and I was safe on the tower leads, trying like the rest to smile at the danger we had passed through; but it was a faint. sickly kind of a smile, and we were all very glad to get down to the green, and cared nothing for the cheers of the peo

The rope was left hanging there, and stayed till it rotted away; but somehow before a week was out that weatherock stopped squeaking, as if some one had been up to oil it, and, though noth-ing was said about it, I've always felt as sure that Parson went up himself and did it early one morning before any one

He was cool-headed enough to for he certainly saved Joe Rance's life and I know no one in the village would have done it without bragging after. At all events, the weathercock was oiled, and as I said over and over again to

TAMING WILD ANIMALS.

How Lions and Tigers are Tamed-The

A New York Herald reporter has in-terviewed a tamer of wild animals with the following interesting result: Ac-cording to the best beast trainers, no wild beast can ever be trusted, not even the so-called "noble" lion. They are all treacherous, the females generally being more deceitful and dangerous than the males. The lioness is more difficult to manage than the lion, the tigress than the tiger. Kindness—that is anything but ordinary kindness or "civility"—is but ordinary kindness or "civility"—is absolutely thrown away upon a wild beast. It has occasionally some little effect upon a lion, but really very seldom, the lion being really a surly and treacherous brute, all lion stories and talk to the contrary notwithstanding. But with a tiger, and especially a tigress, all affection is literally wasted. A gress, all affection is literally wasted. A tigress is as likely to eat you up after six years of attention on her as after six days, if she only fancies she is safe in so doing. In all professional intercourse with wild animals you must depend on fear—only absolute fear. Let the beasts know that you can and will beat them when they deserve it and they will not

Never trust them for a moment. Keep your eye on them all the time-not that your eye alone will have any effect upon them. All these stories in books about "eyeing animals" into submission and the power of the human eye over the brute creation are sheer fabrications. An i as a rule the whip is the most efficacious of instruments in training or subdning a wild beast. It can be used quickly and at once, and it hurts every time. So the beasts learn to dread it even more than a gun—more than any-thing save a red hot bar of iron or a fire. "I depend more on my whip when I go in among my tigers," said the reporter's informant, "than upon myself. If I were to drop my whip the beas's would fancy I had lost all my power, and would pounce first upon the whip, then upon me, I would consider the dropping of my whip while in the eage with ping of my whip while in the cage with

my animals as almost a fatal calamity.
"To train a wild animal," said Mr.
Still, "you must first make his or her acquaintance from the outside, doing chores around the cage and getting the animals acquainted with your face and, animals acquainted with your face and, above all, with your voice. They remember voices more acutely than they do faces; they are governed more by sound than by sight. Once I had a beast in my cage that had not seen me in my red suit that I wear when performing. When I entered with it on the brute did not recognize me, and would undoubtedly have appring on me and undoubtedly have sprung on me and torn me to pieces had I not shouted to her in my ordinary tone of voice. She remembered me at once and slunk down

submissive.
"The trainer feeds his beast and gives familiar. They serve as an introduction He did not make any effort for a few to tiger society. But you must always inutes, as cheer after cheer came to us | watch your beasts well, whether outside or inside the cage. In fact, I think, said Mr. Still, "that you are most in danger when on the outside. You do said Parson, "if I cut you free?"
"No, sir," he said hoarsely. "I've no not realize their proximity—and they do not realize yours—they have not quite the same fear of your whip when separated from you by the bars, and so they are ready to 'go for you' at any moment. The four tigresses here at the circus have bitten repeatedly people who came he climbed up once more, as too near their cages. One young man, as if he was on an apple tree in doing chores around the cage not long n orchard, and saw that the knots ago, was seized by the hair of the head by one of the beasts and nearly scalped. Another had his arm broken

wrench. "Having got accustomed to your beasts and your beasts accustomed to you, your next step is to train them to do their tricks. These tricks are very simple, but they require a good deal of time and a good deal of whipping to ac-

complish. "The lions are the smartest of the wild beasts. You can train a lion to do the ordinary tricks in trade-jumping through hoops and over gates, standing on hind legs, and so on-in about five weeks' constant work. In this time-table of wild beasts you can estimate that it would take a lioness about a weel longer, and a leopard, which comes next in intelligence to a lion, about six weeks to learn the same feats. The tiger would take about seven or eight weeks, a tigress about eight or nine weeks while you can keep on beating and teaching a hyena for about four months

before you can do much with him. "The most difficult feat of all to teach a wild beast is to teach him how to let you lie on him without his eating you. I do this every night with one of the tigresses, but she don't like it a bit, though she keeps quiet enough, for it

aggravates her inwardly.

all wild beast taming," continued the ti-ger tamer, "lies in the whipping of the animals—knowing just when to whip them—and just how much. You must keep them well whipped, but if you whip them either too little or too much, or them without cause, it may be As for positively taming a wild beast you can't do it—especially a tiger. One or two men may have more or less influence over an azimal, but no one is absolutely safe with them, and no wild beast was ever absolutely tamed. Food makes but little difference with any wild beast as to its natural ferocity, and with a tiger it makes none at all. My ani-mals would tear a man limb from limb after a full meal just for the fun of the thing. On the other hand I would just as lief enter their cage before a meal as after it; in fact, I do enter it to perform just before feeding time in the afternoon. Once I was obliged to keep them without food for four days, crossing from England to France, and yet I performed them before I fed them on the fourth day. On Sunday we do not feed the tigresses at all, so as to keep them from sour stomach and indigestion; yet on Monday before feeding time I perform them. The mere amount of food has very little to do with their behavior. Thirst excites them more than hunger. Each of my tigers drinks about a pail of water a day and consumes about pounds of meat."

"There is this difference between a tiger and a lion," said our encyclopædia she said he was a gay lute,

of wild beast lore. "A lion will tear you out of spite and temper occasionally, but a tiger attacks you only for sheer love of blood. A tiger's claws, too, are even sharper than a lion's. The leopard's claws are less sharp, while a hyena's foot is like a dog's, clawless, the hyena's strong point being, like a scolding woman's, in the jaw."

Having now pretty well exhausted the

Having now pretty well exhausted the subject of wild beast taming and training a concluding word may here be said as to the pay of the professional wild beast tamers. This is much smaller than is generally supposed, ranging from \$150. to \$100 a month. Considering the risks of life and limb these men daily take and the fact that there are not fifty of them altogether in the world. this would seem scanty compensation. But the men themselves seem satisfied, and there appears to be a wild bizarre fascination about this wild beast life, which, like the love of art in a fine artist, is its own, even if it is often, its

BUFFALO PEMMICAN.

How the Indians Manufacture this Article

A correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing from Winnipeg, thus describes the manufacture of pemmican by the half breed hunters of Manitoba:

Buffalo permican is essentially a British American provision; for, not-withstanding the vast annual slaughter of the herds in the United States territories, no pemmican is made. The article furnished the English Arctic expeditions under the name of pemmican, differs from the true provision in being made of beef, and preserved by means of spices and salt. Buffalo penmican con-tains no salt, and is made from the dried flesh of the animal. It is the product of the summer hunt, though a considerable amount is also made in the early part of the fall hunt, before the cold is sufficient to keep the green meat from tainting.

To manufacture it, the meat is first cut into thin slices, then dried either by fire or in the sun, after which it is pounded or beaten out into a thick, flaky substance by means of wooden flails and poles. In this state it is placed in a bag made from the raw hide of the animal, about the size and shape of a half-barabout equals in weight that of the pulp, generally fifty pounds, the bags averagtents of the bag cools it becomes very ise. It is calculated that, on an average. the carcass of one buffalo in fair condi-

traveling provision it is simply in-valuable. There is no risk of spoiling it, if ordinary care be taken to keep it free from mould; there is no assignable limit to the time pemmican will keep. As to its taste, I never met any two men who entertained exactly the same opinion. I should feel inclined to say, if asked the question, that it tasted like pemmican, there being nothing else in the world that bears to it the slightest resemblance. There have been people who were candid enough to say they found a resemblance in sawdust mixed with melted tallow candles, others, again, who suggested the close approxi mation of chips and boarding house butter, with plenty of hair thrown in to hold the compound firm. I am willing to acknowledge that much of the pemmican made would be the better of a comb, but after years of experience in th use of it, I am not able to pronounce upon its flavor. Nevertheless, there is no form of food that possesses anything like its sufficing quality. A dog that will eat from four to six pounds of fish per day, when at work in harness, will eat but two pounds of pemmican if fed only upon that food. Pemmican may be prepared in many ways for the table, but it is a matter of individual taste as to which method is the least objectionable. There is rubaboo and richot, and pemmican plain and pemmican raw; this last being the form most in vogue among the voyageurs. The richot, how-ever, will be found the most palatable.

else to be had.

Mixed with a little flour or potatoes and

onions, and fried in a pan, pemmican in

this form can be eaten: that is, provided

the appetite is good and there is nothing

A " Corset Liver." "The great secret of tiger taming and The Cincinnati Commercial says Some medical students in one of the colleges of this city, dissecting a female subject a few days ago, found what is called in doctors' parlance a "corset liver." When tight lacing has been practiced through several years, a permanent dent or hollow is produced the liver, which may be seen very plainly after the woman is dead and her liver dissected out. This kind of liver occurs so frequently in women that physicians have given it the name of "corset liver." In the subject mentioned the hollow in the liver was large enough for the wrist of a grown man to be laid in it. Young ladies who don't want their livers pu into the newspapers and made an awful example of after they are dead, would

He Didn't Know the Difference.

"See here, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe watermelon and a rotten cabbage?" asked one letter carrier of another the other day.

"You've got me there. I don't know," he returned with a look more puzzled than an illiterate man at a cross-roads "Then you'd be a mighty nice man to

send after a watermelon, you would,' remarked the quizzer as he moved on.

"Call me pet names something typi cal of sweet sounds," he murmured, and

Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

A GOOD PLAIN PIE CRUST .- Sift one A Good Plain Pie Crust.—Sift one quart of flour into a bowl; chop into the flour (using a chopping-knife) one-half pound of good firm lard; chop until very fine; pour in enough ice-water to make a stiff dough, and work it with your hands; flour your hands; work your dough into shape; handle it quickly and as little as possible; flour your pastry-board, and roll out your dough very thin; always roll from you; have ready one-half pound of good butter. ready one-half pound of good butter that has been washed in two or three cold waters to rid it of salt; spread the dough with butter; fold it up, then roll it out thin again; spread again with butter; fold again, and repeat the operation until the butter is all used up.

To ROAST COFFEE,-If you desire to To Roast Coffee.—If you desire to have extra fine flavored coffee, buy the green coffee—pure Java. Pick it over, wash it well, drain it and spread it out on pie pans; roast it in a moderate oven, or on top of the range; stir it often to keep it from burning, and roast it mill it is a good brown; then drange. it until it is a good brown; then drop a small piece of butter in each pan and mix it up just enough to make the coffee shine; grind it fresh every morning. The flavor will then equal, if not excel the "Vienna" coffee.

Calves' Feet .- Boil them until ender; cut them in two, taking out the larger bones. Season with pepper and salt and sweet marjoram, and dredge well with flour; fry a light brown in lard and butter mixed. Serve with

parsley sauce.
CRACKERS.—Butter, one cup; one teaspoon; flour, two quarts. Rub thoroughly together with the hand, and wet up with cold water; beat well, and beat in flour to make quite brittle and hard; then pinch off pieces and roll out each cracker by itself, if you wish them to resemble baker's crackers.

POULTRY GRAYY .- Poultry should be picked and drawn as soon as possible; never allow it to remain over night undrawn, for the flavor of the craw and intestines will penetrate the whole fowl; never cook it in less than eight hours after it is killed; after drawing a turkey rinse it out with several waters, and at the last mix in a half teaspoonful of rel flour sack. A quantity of Buffalo fat or tallow having been boiled in a caldron, is now poured while hot over the dry pulp in the bag, and the whole stirred together until thoroughly mixed.

The quantity of fat going into the bag. prepare your dressing; when the dressing is ready pour out the borax water, and if you wish rinse the turkey out with clear water; in roasting, if your fire ing one hundred pounds each. When a particularly nice article is desired about ten pounds of sugar and June or service berries are added. As soon as the conin the pan : wash the giblets well and chop them up fine ; boil in just water ankle, until there was a snap, a jerk, and a heavy swinging to and fro, for the poor fellow had fallen two or three feet, bold on their gratitude, but they serve and was now hanging by the rope round to rome for the form and voice.

Stephensive, submissive, which the whole composition forming the most solid description of food that man can make. The bag is then sewed up is done place it on a heated dish; and and laid in store, or ready for immediate the chopped giblets with the water in and laid in store, or ready for immediate the chopped giblets with the water in the chopped giblets with the w hard, the whole composition forming the chop them up fine; boil in just water most solid description of food that man enough to cover, and when the turkey which they were boiled to the dripping in the pan; thicken with a spoonful of tion will yield enough fat and dried meat | flour-wet, to prevent lumps; boil up to fill one bag with pemmican. As a once; pour into a gravy-boat; serve the turkey with cranberry sauce. In making gravy of any kind, if the meat

or poultry is very fat, it must be skim med off before adding the flour. Medical Hints. SOUR STOMACH, -A sufferer from want of appetite and sour stomach can be greatly benefited by leaving all medicines alone and for a time existing entirely on milk and lime water; a table spoonful of lime water to a tumbler of

milk. If this disagrees in any way, increase the quantity of lime water. How to GET FAT .- Abstain from the use of tea, coffee and tobacco, and acids of all kinds; take a sponge bath daily, and dry with a coarse towel, using plenty of friction to promote the general cir-culation of the blood; then consume with

How to GET THIN .- Take regularly hree times a day in a little water fifteen drops of hydrate of potassium—always after meals—and a little moderation in

eating will help. RELIEF FOR ASTHMA.—One to ablespoonfuls of syrup of rhubarb.

NEURALGIA REMEDY.-Extract of gelsemin (yellow jessamine,) five to ten drops, in about a tablespoonful of water; three doses taken at intervals of an hour apart, not sooner, have relieved very Cost of an Acre of Wheat. A correspondent of the Ohio Farm-er gives the following estimate of the

it costs to raise and put a crop of wheat into market, and what profit when there is a yield of fifteen bushels per acre: Plowing ten acres, eight days, at four dollars per day.

Harrowing over twice, two and a halt days.

Drilling wheat, one and a quarter days.

Seed wheat, fiften bushels, at \$1.25.

Harvesting, at two dollars per acre.

Thrashing, 159 bushels, at ten cents per bushels,

cost of growing wheat. He says: We

will now take a 10-acre lot and see

We have now a total cost for the tencres of \$112.75, and a cost per acre of

eleven dollars and twenty-seven and one-

half cents.

A Trap for Bank Thieves. The Scientific American thus describes a recent invention for catching thieves: The object of this invention i to provide for use in banks, stores, etc., a thief or robber trap, so constructed that it may be tripped by the cashier, proprietor, clerk, or other person sta-tioned behind the counter, or in any other convenient place, and thereby pre-cipitate the thief or burglar into the cellar or apartment below. The tilting sections constitute that part of a bankingroom which is in front of the counter. On removing the support of levers from the tilting sections they will tilt and precipitate any one standing thereon into the cellar or apartment below. It is hence within the power of the cashier, clerk, or other person having access to the tripper, to tilt the sections when-ever a robber has gained access to the bank or store, and thus precipitate him into a place of secure confinement without incurring the danger of personal encounter and injury.

Items of Interest Everything we add to our knowledge adds to our usefulness.

One of the greatest wonders in this world is, what becomes of all the smart

The under secretary for India esti-mates the cost of the Indian famine at

children.

Ohio has 381,000 acres of apple or-chards, and raised this year 15,000,000

bushels of apples. The editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in a car found himself "crowded out to make room for

more interesting matter.' Simkins playfully remarked to his wife that he had four fools: beautifool,

dutifool, youthfool, delightfool. "Poor me!" said she; "I have but one." During his long reign the Pope has founded 130 bishoprics. In Europe there are 595 prelacies ; in America, 72 ; in Africa, 11 ; in Asia, 10 ; and in Aus-

tralia, 21. An American tourist says that a San Domingo revolution consists of "a few yells, three or four hoots, some one accidentally wounded, and come home,

darling-all is forgiven." There are some seven hundred carpet making establishments in the United States, which in prosperous times furnish employment to between 150,000 and 200,000 operatives-men, women and

Barnum is said to have remarked, as he looked at a California artist's painting of a cow: "Good gracious! do you mean to tell me that's from life? If there is really such a strange beast in existence, I'll have it for my show, if it costs \$10,000."

A band of robbers, lying in wait in Nevada for a stage in which a large amount of treasure was to be shipped, were informed of the departure of the vehicle from Eureka by a confederate's signal fire on the top of a mountain nearly thirty miles distant. This fire also excited suspicion, and a guard was sent to protect the stage. A desperate encounter was the result, and the rob-bers were all killed or captured.

A sturdy vagabond, with full black beard of unusual length, was recently brought before a London magistrate, who questioned him about his past life.
"If one can believe all that is laid to your charge," said the judge, solemnly, "your conscience must be as black as your beard." "Ah," replied the wily rogue, "if a man's con-science is to be measured by his beard, then your lordship has no conscience at

Though Adam and Evewere full young to wed,

Though Adam and Evewere full young to wed,
They managed the matter right well:
No arrangements were made, there was no vain
parade,
No "Jenkins" the story to tell.
Their wedding was quiet as quiet could be,
They cooked no provisions to waste,
And to wed in a garden among the green trees
Was surely the height of good taste.

Would it not be relief to our anxious mammas If simplicity sweet could revive?
Twould be cash in the pockets of harassed

papas, And young men would be eager to wive. No costly outfit, no big frosted cake. No care about jewel or glove ; There would be no reception and no bridal

There would only be Eden and love.

Vanderbilt's Second Marriage. At the time of Commodore Vanderbilt's second marriage, says a writer in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, a lady acquaintance gave me its history as an evidence of superiority of feminine cleverness and finesse. Years ago there lived in a Southern city a shrewd, clearheaded widow with one daughter, who by the death of her husband was left in limited, though comfortable circumyour meals a large bowl of oat-meal por-ridge with fresh milk.

stances. A worthy young gentleman courted and esponsed the daughter, who was especially devoted to her mother. In fact, the devotion was so intense that first a separation and finally a divorce were the results. The mother visiting here Mrs. Vanderbilt, the commordore's first wife, who as I recollect was a distant relation, added so much to the hap-piness of the family that she was begged o remain, which she did, and after the death of Mrs. Vanderbilt suffered so much from lonelines that she sent for her daughter. It was not a very long time afterward that the mother and daughter returned to their Southern home; por did many moons wax and wane before Commodore Vanderbilt jumped into a special car, with a special engine attached, and with a trusted friend was whirled westward at a mile a minute pace until they reached London, Ont., and after a happy meeting and a brief marriage service, he was whirled eastward again with his wife, the beautiful daughter, who had journeyed from the South with her mother to the trysting place in London.

Words of Wisdom.

Fortune and the sun make insects

Every rain drop which smites the mountain produces its definite amount

"Forgetting the things that are behind, press forward." Excellent advice

Mediocrity, with concentration and

application, wins oftener than great tal-ent diffused about in the speculative air. The world is all ready to receive talent ith open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar-

over it. It backs into the shafts like a It is with glory as with beauty; for as single fine lineament cannot make a handsome face, neither can a single good quality render a man accomplished ; wuconcurrence of many fine features and good qualities makes true beauty and

true honor. All confidence which is not absolute and entire is dangerous. There are few occasions where a man ought either to see all or conceal all, for, how little seever you have revealed of your secret to a friend, you have already said too much if you think it not safe to make him privy to all particulars,