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Growing Up.

Oh ! to keep them still around us, baby day lings, fresh and pure, Mother's smile their pleasures crowning, moth er's kiss their sorrows' cure.

to keep the waxen touches, sunny and radiant eyes, Pattering feet and eager prattle-all young

life's lost paradise. One bright head above the other, tiny hands

that clung and clasp d, Little forms that, close enfolding, all of love's best gifts were grasped;

Sporting in the summer sunshine round the winter hearth,

Bidding all the bright world echo with their forrloss careless mirth. Oh! to keep them. How they gladdened all

the path from day to day, What gay dreams we fashioned of them, rosy sleep they lay;

How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling thought was bailed, As each bark went floating seaward, love-bedecked and fancy-sailed.

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our clinging hold, Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burg

the shy, sweet buds unfold. Fast to lip and cheek and tresses steals the maiden's bashful joy;

Fast the frank, bold man's assertion tones the accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them. Soon in other shape than ours Those young hands will seize their weapons, build their castles, plant their flowers;

Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we trained to see ; Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so. Fast the river nears the main,

Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never glows again. and sure the distance deepens, slow and

sure the links are rent; Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober bloom content.

AT THE GATE.

It was a bright day in early November, with clear skies and a keen breeze rust-ling the few many-colored leaves clinging to the trees along the streets of the fine old country town. A very quiet, genteel-looking street, lined with handsome residences, it was; and from the handsomest of them all, a lady came forth with a slow step, as if her only object was to enjoy as much as possible of the bright sunshine and the clear, healthy air. She was young, and quite pretty, with attractive, resolute features, and blue eyes dazzling beautiful. Her fair complexion was in perfect harmony with the resette of blue velvet on the front of her round hat; and her walking dress of gray silk was neatly fitting and stylish. The lady was Agnes Carroll, solicitor, Mr. John Carroll, who lived in the stately mension she had just

She came down the long garden walk slowly and thoughtfully, and pansed at the gate, leaning over it with an exclamation of surprise. On the foot-path a man was lying; his face was turned away, and he was so motionless that Agnes fancied he was dead; and, hurriedly unclosing the gate, she hastened

Evidently he had fallen headlong, for his clothes were in great disorder, and his hat crushed under the side of his head, which lay against the gardenfence. His face was pale and thin; his hair and long unkempt beard were a bright brown; and his garments, though much the worse for wear and very illfitting, had once been of the finest material. His shoes were old and much worn, and Agnes could see that he had no socks. As she gazed at the wretched outcast, a tear tremt led in her eye upon the baggard face over which she was bending; and then Agnes walked back to the house and sent some of the servants out to bring him under shelter.

The stable boy said he was drunk, but Agnes felt quite sure he was mistaken; the stranger could not be inebrishe said, and ordered them to carry him in and give him a comfortable

When the doctor for whom she had sent had arrived he said Miss Carroll was right. The man was not intoxicated: but in the last stages of starvation, and had fallen in the road out of pure inability to take another step. When Mr. Carroll came, Agnes told him of the occurrence, and made him promise that the poor man need not leave the house until fully recovered; and that, if he could, he would assist him to some better way of life than that which had

brought him to their gate. Having gained her uncle's promise, which she knew would be kept. Agnes again dressed, and set out for her long-delayed walk. Before she had gone far, she was met by a young gentlemen, who stopped when he sawher, and remarked, "I was on my way to call on you, Miss Carroll," walking along by her side.

"How is your mother to-day, Mr. Bell?" asked Agnes, as they walked

"Quite well, thank you. We are expecting my sister home from school, and a rising power in the world, as esteemed she is all excitement."

our circle this winter." Yes. By the way, Miss Carroll, will you lend your assistance in getting up those tableaux for our fancy fair?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Bell ; but my time is so fully occupied there, I cannot undertake to be anything more than a

Mr. Bell was disappointed evidently, and left Agnes at her gate with a parting request that she would call when she heard of Fanny Bell's arrival.

Agnes when she entered the house, inquired after the strange man. He was still in a stupor, she was told, and they were afraid that he would die. Agnes stole up to the room where he lay, above the servants hall; and her heart gave a great throb of pain and pity as she gazed on the white face and shrunken fingers of the poor fellow. His old garments had been replaced by a clean and comfortable dressing-gown, and the room was warm and sunshiny; but it mattered

little to the unconscious waif over whom she bent. Agnes had not always been the rich and petted heiress; time was when she, too, had known want, and care, and toil, and had been friendless and forsaken of all but God. This was all ended years ago; but the sight of the stranger carried her back to her girlhood and the friends of whom she had

hood, and the friends of whom she had lost sight when her uncle found her and bore her away to his stately home. There was one she remembered most of all, a poorstruggling law-student, half-starved, and half-clothed, who supported an invalid mother from the miserable pittance earned as a copyist; but not all the penury and want which was his daily portion could disguise the fact that he was a true and honorrble man, and that he had talent, and would rise in the world if the laborious life he was leading did not kill him; and in Agnes Carroll's eyes he was a hero to be worshiped at a

distance. They had been friends—nothing more. The blue eyes and prematurely-old face of the young girl had found no entrance to the frozen heart of Harly Morton. He was kind, as he was to all created beings, nothing more. From the misery of hopeless poverty and hopeless love combined, he, at least,

was spared. And Agnes Carroll went away to her good fortune with good wishes and a warm pressure of the student's hand that was all; she, and all women but his

mother, were mere shadows on the wall. She went away and forgot him, for she was young and life afforded her many delights; but she measured all men by the idol of her girlhood, and though she knew that he never cared for her, and that at last his memory was indifferent to her, yet, strangely, all men short of her standard, and eight years after she was twenty-five and still Agnes Carroll. Two days after, when Mr. Percy Bell came to tell Agnes that his sister Fanny

had come, she told him the story of the stranger she had found at the gate, and added that he was now dangerously ill of a fever; told him also to beg Fanny to waive formalities and come and see her. There was nothing on the stranger's person to give the slightest clue to his identity, and his chances of life were meagre, indeed. Would Percy Bell like

No, Percy did not care to see him. No, Percy did not care to see him. Very likely he was some wandering scamp, much beneath the notice of respectable people. Percy Bell said this in very nice language and in a polite tone, emphasized by the pleasant smile in the light gray eyes; and he wondered very much why Miss Carroll was so very haughty immediately after and never offered him her hand at parting. He did not know that Agnes Carroll had did not know that Agnes Carroll had been on the watch to measure the soul of her admirer, and that again her ideal lifted itself to an unapproachable height above him. He did not know, he never knew, that after that speech his star set from the heaven of Agnes Carroll's

Perhaps it would be well for her to hunt up some beggar, and bestow her hand and fortune on him! Anything to get rid of her senseless folly about Harly Morton, who had probably never thought of her once since their paths had diverged so widely; and Agnes strove to put her troublesome thoughts to flight by taking her work to the sick mau's room and sitting down by the window, sewed and read by turns, or talked to the nurse who was there, until the shades of night came on and the dinner-bell summoned her down stairs. That night the doctor pronounced his patient out of danger. and Agnes went no more to the sick room; but resumed her old round of duties and in her busy life nearly forgot him, until her uncle introduced the

"My dear," he said, "I have been talking to the stranger invalid, and I find that he is quite a gentleman. He has studied law, and I don't know but that I shall take him into the office. Besides, he is from Ashville."

"Ashville!" repeated Agnes, with a udden interest. "I should like to sudden interest. know about some of my friends in Ashville. I wish you would ask him down to dinner, uncle, if he has anything to wear. Such a wretched-looking object as he was! I am anxious to see how much a good bed and care and food have done for him. It was certainly a strange plight for a gentleman. Has he told you his story?"

"No; he only said that he came from Ashville, and was in search of employment. He was robbed on the way, and says that he should doubtless have died had we not found him as we did. I believe I will ask him to dinner."

Accordingly, when Agnes came to the parlor before dinner, she found the stranger there; her uncle was with him, and as Agnes entered he said :

"My dear, permit me to present Mr. "I never asked your name!" "It is Harly Morton. It may be that

your niece remembers me."

Adgres looked into his face, and laid her cold hand in his, She did not remember him, for the long beard and unkempt locks were gone; but, oh, how changed! Thin and pale he had always been, but he was ghostly now-a mere shadow of the olden man.

Agnes had never, in imaginings, dreamed that her first love would be cast helpless and broken down at her feet; she always pictured him as and honored for his goodness and talent; "Fanny will be quite an addition to and now he stood before her a failure, his life-work yet untouched. She drew her hand away; and, coldly kind, she

sat down to entertain him. She went to dinner in a sort of dream and listened to the story he told in dazed way. It was certainly a pitiful tale; and Mr. Carroll promised to help him; and he did so by taking him into his office as managing clerk, and letting him sit at his table, and converse in his

And Mr. Morton was gentlemanly, and kept his place, never presuming on his old acquaintance with Agnes—never seeking to build the old friendship be-

tween them. Percy Bell and Fanny came to see Agnes often, and Agnes returned their visits. She was quite as friendly to Percy Bell now as before the entrance of Harly Morton upon the scene; and that gen-tleman's hopes were again in the ascend-ant, and he certainly made an agreeable contrast to the ghostly, hollow-eyed

clerk, whom Agnes barely recognized. So affairs went on until Harly Morton had regained all his original good looks, and had made himself indispensable to

his employer.

One night Agnes gave a large party.

It was her twenty-sixth birthday, and she laughingly told her friends that it was the inaugural ball of her old-maidhood, and she meant it to be a success, And a success it was. Fanny and Percy were there, and so was Harly Morton.

Just before supper Agnes came across some gentleman in the shadows of the deserted drawing-room, and, tapping him on the shoulder, she playfully said: "And whom do I find playing the wall-

She started back ere the words were finished, for the gentleman turned a face of unutterable agony towards her, and she saw that it was Harly Morton.
"Miss Carroll," he cried, "I love a lady who is as far above me as you cold

moon is above us now, and my heart is "Why do you tell me this?" she said,

retreating haughtily, as he sought to take her hand. "Aggie, Aggie!" cried Fanny Bell at the door. "Will you show Percy those engravings you told me about?" And Agnes hurried off, and Harly Morton turned to his silent contemplation of the

cold heavens, at the long window.
"To-morrow," he said, "I leave this

house forever.

It was three o'clock before the last guest had departed, and the house was still. Mr. Carroll had gone to his room long ago; but Harly Marton still stood

at the window, and watched the stars.

By and-by, the drawing-room door unclosed, and he saw Agnes come and throw herself upon the sofa, and, taking the cushion under her head, began to weep violently. There was no light in the room save that which came from the open grate; but he could see that Agnes had not removed her evening dress; and, wondering what could be the matter, he was about to make known his presence, when he was conscious of a stealthy step in the hall. In a moment the room door unclosed, and a man entered. Morton could see that ke was muffled to the eyes, and carried a dark lantern ; and then, as Agnes became aware of the intruder's presence, she started up with a terrified shriek, and rushed into the music-room, and cowered in the shadows. The man with the lantern stood in thought a moment, and immediately followed her.

"Come, girl," he said, grasping her shoulder, "hand over them rings and bracelets, and you're all right. I locked the old gentleman's door and the door from the servant's hall; and how in the name of wonder you found out I was under your bed, I don't know. You might screech all night, and gain nothing by it but a sore throat."

Agnes by this time was senseless, and the robber proceeded to remove the jewels from his unresisting victim, when he found himself caught in a powerful grasp, overpowered, and bound before he could recover his wits. Harly Morton did his work quickly and well, and ed the burglar with the heavy cord of the lace curtains, which he was drawing carelessly between his fingers

a soldiers's death, be onrs.

A Tea Fraud.

our leading hotels and eating houses the

tea grounds are saved by the servants,

and sold to parties who come around in

wagons at stated intervals. What they

a mystery. Lately, however, the secret has escaped. We hear on good authori-

vicinity of Central Park, steeped in

acids, and dried in the sun on copper

plates. By this process each leaf is shrivelled, and made to assume its former

shape. The color is beautiful, and the

nized. The drying process completed,

tributed throughout the country, where

its remarkable cheapness attracts univer-

produce are semetimes received in ex-

ers in large cities, through fear of injur-

A Strange Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is

singular tradition regarding the white

man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the

earth he also made three men, all of

which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddled, and when he

the second hesitated a moment,

wagons, and eggs, butter and

change.

quality of the tea."

The New York Sun says: In most of

when Agnes entered the drawing room. By this time, Mr. Carroll had forced open his door, and hurried to the scene of action. The burglar had left a coarse sack in the hall, containing the most valuable of the silver plate he had found in the dining-room, and had he been satisfied with that, he might have got off safely. But he was tempted to enter | did with the grounds was for a long time Agnes's room, and had just time to secrete himself, when Agnes, who had remained in the parlor a long time after ty that they are taken to a factory in the her other guests, came into her room, vicinity of Central Park, steeped in and sat down before her dressing glass and leaning her head upon her hands, was buried in deep thought, when at the foot of her bed, which was just alongside of her glass, she saw a strange-look-ing sack, and beside it a man's boot this delightful drink, is plainly recogprotruding from beneath the bed. It was in the glass she saw them, and, with the grounds are packed in tin caddies or a thrill of terror, she rose up and stole second-handed wooden boxes, and disdown to the parlor; and remembering the presence of Harly in the music-room, was about to seek him when she was sal attention. Occasionally a little genovercome by her excitement and terror, and threw herself upon the sofa, hoping he would come out and speak to her. This adds to the flavor, and the victim is more easily taken in. Much of this he would come out and speak to her, is more easily taken in. Much of this All this she told afterwards; but when tea is said to be sold from peddler the police arrived with the messenger whom Mr. Carroll had sent for them, the robber knew that all was over, and his night's work undone by Agnes's op-

portune discovery. At his trial, he confessed that he had stolen into the house during the bustle of the entertainment, and, after the stance is not extensively sold to customsupper-table was deserted, had helped himself to every article he fancied. His sack was well laden; and, doubtless, he would have escaped had he been satisfied with its contents.

Harly Morton left the house as he had resolved. To all Mr. Carroll's entreaties and Agnes' proffered thanks, he said "I only did my duty as you did yours when you found me at the gate, houseless and starving. It is only heaven's mercy that I was saved, a brand from the burning. I feel that self-respect alike command my departure."

He went, but not to stay long. one day there came to him a note which read as follows :

"Mr. Morton, will you come to me and finish the story you were telling me, when Fanny Bell interrupted us the night of the party?

Harly Morton went: and the story, no doubt, was long and interesting, for Morton Carroll had to take his tea alone, and Agnes astonished him by walking into the library where he was dozing over his papers, and saying: "Uncle, permit me to inform you that this gen-tleman, who styles himself 'a brand from the burning,' is from henceforth

my exclusive property."

Mr. Carroll was quite satisfied, and made Harly Morton his partner; and he and Agnes were married quietly, and the first intimation their dear five hundred friends received of the turn affairs had taken, was the marriage-notice-no cards—in the local papers.

Three men being in a saloon, one called for a dram, because he was hot. "Bring me another," says his companion, "because I am cold." The third, who sat by and heard them, called out: "Here, boy, bring me a glass, because I like it." gave the white man pens, inks, and paper, the engine of the mind—the means of mutual, mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the founda-

A Ghastly War Scene.

A Russian officer, writing to a friend in Cleveland, Ohio, gives the following horrible narration, a translation of which we copy from the *Heraldof* that city. He says: Coming to a place where the road somewhat widened, about two miles from Telis, we halted, and after driving away and cutting down in a short chimish. Thomas Lord is an octogenarian millionaire and the father of a family well known in the social world of New York. He is nearly eighty-five years old, owns very valuable real estate near Wall street, and is worth, according to moderate estimates, not far from two millions. He has been a widower only a few years, and since his wife's death he has lived quietly in the old family home on Sevenand cutting down in a short skirmish a party of Turks who were busy robbing our dead, we stopped to form before going on. As I rode along the front shouting out orders to my men, an agonizing cry for help arrested my attention. I looked round. Nothing but heaps of dead everywhere. Of these none needed me quietly in the old family home on Seven-teenth street, near Fifth avenue. As might be supposed, considering his great age, his health is quite feeble, and for some time past he has not ventured out everywhere. Of these none needed me, But hark! once more, and again and again these piteous cries. Hastily dismount-ing, I threw the bridle over my sound without a companion.

Annetta Wilhelmina Wilkens Hicks is whose dinners and receptions attracted so much attention in London during the past few years. Probably the most notable of these was her dinner in honor of Green Generators and property and the past few years. arm and ran toward some bushes from behind which the sounds proceeded, and there, in a small pool of clotted blood, lay that which I at first failed to recogof Gen. Grant some months ago, which received a great deal of newspaper nonize as a buman being, though human nize as a buman being, though human it certainly was in its piteous cries, and the seemingly gloved hands that clutched air and earth in their agony. The rest, from the waist upward, was one mass of raw, quivering flesh—the face featureless, eye-lids and eyes cut out, the man flayed alive, all but the hands, whose white skin at first gave the impression of their being gloved. This ghastly object lay a few steps from a tice. She is forty-eight years old, and a woman of handsome and commanding presence. She has one residence in New York and another in London, and it has been her custom to alternate frequently from one to the other. Her quently from one to the other. Her first husband, whose name she has borne since his death, was a wealthy Quaker, of the family from which the Hicksite branch of the Society of Friends took its name. He left her a large fortune, which she has since been spending quite freely in lavish social entertainment. London gossip had it, some time ago, that Mrs. Hicks, the dashing and wealthy widow, was ghastly object lay a few steps from a dead horse, one of our own regiment's golden bays. Faint at heart I bent over the sufferer, evidently one of our own men, but now mangled beyond recogni-tion. He prayed for death with his poor torn lips, and in a minute more W., our surgeon, and two more of our officers the dashing and wealthy widow, was about to marry Gen. Schenck, but that seems to have been a mistake. She returned to New York in November, and were by my side. I made room for W., who steoped for a few seconds over our her reappearance was hailed with satisfaction by the society people who like receptions and good dinners. No one had the slightest suspicion, however, comrade, and then rising, sadly shook his head, murmuring "no help." A sudden impulse prompted me to seize the poor helpless hand in my own, and pressing it, whisper a few words of comfort. At the sound of my voice came the sadder appeal "Nicolai, for old friendship's sake, send a bullet through my heart!" This voice sounded so strangely familiar, and yet I could not recognize it. "Who are you?" "Alexis S." Alexis, my old schoolmate, who had that she came with matrimonial intenrecognize it. "Who are you?" "Alexis S." Alexis, my old schoolmate, who had steps to have the marriage set aside to few hours ago shared my breakfast by our bivouac fire, and then rode away, handsome and bold, at the head of our prevent him from settling his fortune on his bride. They allege that when he married Mrs. Hicks he was of unsound gallant first squadron. He had fallen wounded, helpless, his horse shot under him, and the fiendish Turks were slowly mind, and that he had been allured into matrimony on account of his money. torturing him to death when our approach drove them away. Clasping my hand in his, he still begged for death. My revolver was empty, discharged in the scuffle a few moments before. I looked at W., who silently drew out his, and all wild are in the scuffle and selection of the scuffle are selected as the scuffle and selection of the scuffl

My revolver was empty, discharged in the scuffle a few moments before. I looked at W., who silently drew out his, and shuddering in every nerve, placed the muzzle against S.'s breast, and, with averted face, fired twice in succession, while I still pressed the poor hand in mine. We wapped him up in my cloak and placing him in the shallow ditch, rolled a boulder over him, and then, with our hands still moist with his blood, we swore to each other never to empty the last chamber of our pistols, but always to reserve a shot for ourselves and love with an amiable and virtuous Never be afraid of becoming an "old ways to reserve a shot for ourselves and love with an amiable and virtuous to be left behind. May a quick death, gratifying spectacle even to the angels in Heaven than a sight so pure—so approaching in its devotion to the

A Marriage That Created a Sensation.

Thomas Lord is an octogenarian mil-

No ; fall in love as soon as you please ladies, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love and then marry; out never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry merely for a "home" or a husband Never degrade yourself by becoming party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things it ennobles all conditions. With love the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration Marry for love or not at all. Be an "old maid," if fortune throw not in your way the man of your heart, and though the witness may sneer, and the jester may laugh, you will still have your reward in an approving conscience

and a comparatively peaceful life.

Words of Wisdom. If you would know, and not be known, live in a city. National enthusiasm is the great nurs

ery of genius. Drunkenness turns a man out of him self, and leaves a beast in the room.

The tea is not strong enough to injure Crows are never the whiter for washanybody's nerves, but the acids used ng themselves. may undermine the health and prove ex-Contempt will sooner kill an injury tremely injurious to invalids. The subhan revenge.

Compliments cost nothing, yet many pay dearly for them.

ing the business of those who collect the Nature never says that which reason will contradict, grounds. A tea expert can detect the difference between this second-hand tea and the genuine. This faculty comes Fire and sword are but slow engines from his experience. "As a general thing," he says, "the farmer can lay down this rule—the greener the leaf and the brighter the caddy the poorer the

of destruction when compared with the Men look at the faults of others with a telescope-at their own with the same

instrument reversed, or not at all. Harsh words and harsh requirements have many a time alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.

The greatest luxury of riches is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising whom were fair-complexioned; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them the poor; but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.

An instance decides the life of ma leap in and wash. One obeyed, and and his whole fate; for after lengthened came out purer and fairer than before; thought the resolve is only the act of a and his whole fate; for after lengthened moment; it is the man of sense that seizes on the right thing to be done; it is ever dangerous to linger in your selecbathed, he came up copper-colored; the tion of this and that, at third did not leap until the water betion of this and that, and so by your

The World's Three Wealthiest Men.

came black with mud, and he came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man first choice. A report comes from Paris that the California miner, Mr. J. W. Mackey, is going to buy a papal earldom, and become Il'Conte di Mackey. He has lately bewildered everybody by the extravagance of his living, and some of the newspapers have been computing his He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain fortune together with the fortunes of the spades, hoes, and all the implements of two richest men of the civilized world. The table shows a heavy balance in his labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third favor.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints. Eat Graham pudding and milk for breakfast. Mend coal scuttles with flour paste and Canton flannel.

A cement of ashes and salt will stop Wicks must be changed frequently to

insure a good light. To RENOVATE CLOTH. -Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water is used by dealers for renovating old clothes. The stuff is rubbed on with

a stiff brush. The goods are nicely cleaned, and, strange to add, no tobacco smell remains.
VINEGAR.—A cheap vinegar consists of twenty-five gallons of warm rain water, with four gallons of treacle and one gallon of yeast. The mixture can be used after it has been allowed to

ferment. To Soften Water, -Hard waters are rendered very soft and pure, rivalling distilled water, by merely boiling a twoounce phial, say in a kettleful of water The carbonate of lime and any impuri-ties will be found adhering to the phial. The water boils very much quicker at

the same time. Soda in Washing .- Soda must not be used in cleansing colored clothes, as it changes many colors. If white clothes, after being washed with sods, are not perfectly freed from it by rinsing in pure water, they will turn yellow when heated or ironed, or even in drying be-fore a fire. Once produced, this yellow color is difficult to get rid of.

Sunflower Seed for Fowls. We have for years been aware of the value of sunflower seeds in the fall of the year, and in the winter, too, as food for fowls. This plant should be grown by every poultry grower in the country who has the opportunity to grow only a few stocks even. For its properties for glossing the plumage of exhibition birds are altogether remarkable. Buckwheat properly fed, will operate similarly but the latter is by far too heating in its nature, in comparison with the

This plant is a very gross grower, but it yields wondrously, and may be set in any soil where other fruit or vegetables cannot be conveniently raised—for example, along the sides of fenc s, or any where where the soil is not so easily cultivated as in the open fields. If given a good chance—as other grains have it will grow luxuriantly, and will well repay its care, for its yield is many hun-dred fold under any ordinary cultiva-

The great Russian sunflower is now a new thing with us, in this country, and a marvelous improvement upon the old style seed. The flowers are double the Herr Zeitteles has devoted eleven average dimensions of the common South American variety, so well known among us, and as a bearer it far excels that neither wolves nor foxes are in-the latter in the number of large seeds volved in the descent, but that jackals

ican what the stalk and ear of the field ralist's Society "Isis," giving a sketch maze are to the pop-corn variety, in or- of his researches and the reasons for the dinary culture.

Medical Hints

CHICKEN BROTH.—A broth or ten pre-pared from young chicken is, of all decoctions of animal matter, the most readily digested, and is especially suitable for delicate invalids, where great irritability of the stomach exists,

CANKER IN THE MOUTH.-A writer in twigs of last year's growth and make a burnt alum, the size of a hickory nut, it before. finely pulverized, sweeten with honey,

and wash frequently.

COOKING FOR THE SICK.—Nothing 80 ment of invalids as good nursing and proper cooking, yet how few cooks can church: serve up a basin of soup, or gruel, or broth, in a proper manner to fit the whimsical appetite of a convalescent. Some one should write a concise manual

of cooking for invalids. CROUP REMEDY. - Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.—Boston Tran-ally dropped upon the metal some of

House Plants.

Dust, insects, dry air and over-watering are the principal difficulties they have to contend with. By arranging some light covering to put over them while the room is being swept, and an occasional syringing in the bath tub,

Insects may be mainly kept off by hand picking and a brush; if needed, apply tobacco water, or arrange a box or | ly belonged to the Brooklyn fire departbarrel in which they may be thoroughly ment, and rode to all the fires on the fumigated with tobacco smoke.

Over-watering kills more plants than dryness. Pots in the house, especially the handsome glazed ones, should be provided with abundant drainage anything to make open layer at the bottom; then a layer of moss, to keep the earth from washing down and them. carth from washing down, and then a his master's bidding, but with a protest-soil made so open by sand that it will ing mew touches off a cannon without always allow the water to pass through. | blinking. With these precautions there is no danger, but where the surface of the soil is muddy an hour after watering. there is something wrong, and plants will not thrive.

It seems to be the ambition of all young wives to look well when any one calls. The other day a south side bride heard a ring at the front door. The maid was out and she rushed up stairs to "fix up" a little before admitting the caller. There was a moment of lightning work before the dressing case. Quicker than it takes to tell it a libbon was fastened at her throat, a flower stabbe-l into her hair, a flash of powder on her face, and she was at the door, all smiles and blushes. The gentleman said he had walked from Memphis, and couldn't remember that he had tasted to discovere her faced single search and she was at the door, and she was at the door.

I heard a bursting of a large number of brass cymbals; another, "I heard a mother, "I heard a mother, "I heard a bursting of a bomb;" another, "I heard no explosion, but the witness last quoted, says: "There was a ceafening explosion." Then the fire food since he left C ncinnati, -Oil City

Items of Interest.

Two Dollars per Annum.

Ground rents-Earthquakes. During the past year 135 tons amber were dug up in Prussia. In Japan alaw requires fish to be sold alive. They are peddled in tanks.

Pittsburg has a dog that can wait at table. This must be Old Dog Tray. Archibald Gordon of Granville, N. C., is the father of twenty-seven sons by

A short time previous to the death of Pongo, the famous gorilla, the directors of the Berlin museum refused \$12,500

A Cincinnati "society" reporter says "there's no end to balls." Balls, we believe are always round.—Norristown

Blankets are "the circulating medium" of the natives of Vancouver. The richest chiefs have them stored by the

At a dinner of shoemakers the following toast was given : "May we have all the women in the country to shoe, and all the men to boot.

How busily the town cow goes For the fodder of her country foes— She climbs into the wagon box Regardless of the well-aimed rocks, And eats her fill of straw, the while She wears a peaceful, pensive smile.

regiment of royal Bersaglieri troop in front of the palace at Naples, and was delighted, according to the local reports, by their splendid drill. The governor of Guatemala has given a large tract of land to two American gentlemen, on condition that they shall

General Grant passed in review s

cultivate it in the highest style of American agriculture.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I really think it is time we had a greenhouse." "Well, my love, paint it any color you please; red, white, or green will suit me," responded the husband. "Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man

who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on.
"I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, be me conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!" M. Hugues, the Marseilles journalist who lately killed another journalist in a duel, has written from Italy to say that he will give himself up at a proper time. He concludes his letter to the authorities.

ties: "I will answer to the law with my heart broken, but my head erect. When we have killed a man in a duel

years to the study of the phylogeny of the dog, and comes to the conclusion it ripens upon its more expanding and and the Indian wolf were the original heavier stalks.

The Russian sunflower is to the American a paper before the Dresden Naturella paper before the Dresden N conclusions at which he had arrived.

Among the friends of Lord Brougham was a lady who always expected s present when she received calls on the anniversary of her birth. Lord Brougham, called upon one of these days, forgot his present, but with ready presence of mind seized upon the finest ornament he could find in the ante-room, the Household says a remedy for this is to take the inside bark of peach-tree paper and presented it. The lady was excessively pleased with the gift, and pint of strong tea, then add a lump of never discovered that she had possessed

"HE DOES NOT COME."

The following lines were taken from much conduces to the successful treat- a young lady's hymn-book, a few days ago, which she thoughtlessly left in

> "I look in vain—he does not come : Dear! dear! what shall I do? I can not listen as I ought,
> Unless he listens too.
> He might have come as well as not—
> What plagues those fellows are!
> I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
> Or smoking a cigar."

The "gold" gilding so profusely used for ornamental purposes at the present day is said to be silver leaf, turned yellow and golden by the application of shellac. The discovery of the process ally dropped upon the metal some of the rosin he had been using. This changed the bright tin to a sort of dead yellow, resembling gold. The applica-tion of the observation which this humble workman made years ago, is the

gilding process of to-day. Among the novelties of the New York kitchen sink, or elsewhere, supplemented by sponging the leaves of all smooth-leaved plants, this great enemy to plant health may be kept under.

cat show is a sleek, gray creature that can play tag, hide and seek, and skip the rope; a black cat that has never been blest with teeth, but which enjoys life very well without them; "Jacob"—a white and gray that formerengine, but now, being fifteen years old, he has retired from active service; the "nautical cat," only four years old, that has crossed the ocean sixteen times; 'Mother Puss," whose kittens, 173 in ing mew touches off a cannon without

Human Testimony.

The unsatisfactoriness of human testimony, under certain circumstances, is illustrated by the different statements of eye witnesses to the Barclay street disaster in New York. One witness says: 'I heard a crash as though the chimney marshal says that no explosion has been