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The Song Sparrow, Bird of the door-side, warbling clear In the spronting or fading year, Well art thou named from the own sweet lay Piped from paling or naked spray, As the smile of the sun breaks through Chill gray clouds that curtain the blue,

Even when February, bleak, Smites with his frost the traveler's cheek. While the air has no touch of spring, Bird of promise, we hear thee sing, Long ere the first rathe blossom wakes, Long ere the earliest leaf-bud breaks.

April passes and May steals by; June leads in the sultry July; Sweet are the wood notes, loud and sweet, Heard from the robin's and hang-bird's seat, Then, as the green months glide away, Singest with them as gayly as they.

August comes, and the melon and maize Bask and swell in his firey blaze ; Swallows gather, and southward bound Wheel like a whirlblast round and round : Thrush and robin their songs forget, Then art cheerfully warbling yet.

Later still, when the sumach spray Reddens to crimson day by day, When in the orchard, one by one, Apples drop in the ripening sun. They who pile them beneath the trees Hear thy lay in the autumn breeze. Comes November, sullen and grim.

Spangling with frost the rivulet's brim. Harsh, hoarse winds from the woodlands tear Each brown leaf that is clinging there; Still art thou singing amid the blast, "Soon is the dreariest season past,

Only when Christmas snow-storms make Smooth white levels of river and lake, Sifting the light snows all day long, Only then do we miss thy song, Sure to hear it again, when soon Climbs the sun to a higher noon.

Late when the sorrowing south wind brought Tidings of battle fiercely fought, Tidings of hosts in war array, Marking with graves their bloody way, Still wert thou singing near my door, "Soon is the stormiest season o'er."

Ever thus sing cheerfully on, Bird of Hope! as in ages gone. Sing of spring-time and summer shades, Autumn's pomp when the summer fades, Storms that flee in the conquering sun, Peace by enduring valor won.

- William Cullen Bryant in "Great Songs of Great Poets,"

Solimin: A Ship of the Desert.

The biggest desert in the world is in Africa, and is called the Sabara. It is almost as large as the Atlantic ocean, but instead of water it is all sands and rocks. Like the ocean, it is visited with storms, dreadful gales, when the wind secops up thousands of tons of sand and drives them forward, burying and crushing all they meet. And it has islands, mall green patches, where springs bubble through the ground, and ferns and acacias and palm-trees grow. When sailor does at sight of land. It is desands, on the sweet green and the clear spring. Oases, these islands are called. Long distances divide them. It is often a race for life to get across from one to them up. Do you wonder at my saying that the desert cats men?

Now, you will be puzzled to guess what sort of ship it is which swims this dry ocean. It is the camel—an animal made by God to endure these dreadful regions, in which no other beast of burben can live and travel. I dare say many of you have seen camels in menaa load of 800 pounds on his back, a camel will travel for days at the rate of trees and bushes outlined against the eight miles an hour, which is as fast as | sky. an ordinary ship can sail. More wonderful still, he will do this without stoping for food or water. Nature has provided him with an extra stomach, in which he keeps a store of drink, and with a hump on his back, made of jelly-like fat, which, in time of need, is absorbed into the system and appropriated as food. Is it not strange to think of a creature with a cistern and a meat-safe inside him? A horse would be useless in the desert, where no oats or grass could be had, but the brave, patient camel goes steadily on without complaint until the oasis is reached; then he champs his thorn bushes, fills him self from the spring, allows the heavy package to be fastened on his back again, and is ready for further travel. Now you know what sort of a ship it

was a camel, named Solimon. He was of a rare and valuable breed, known as wild, blackened by the sun, they gazed at each other with horror; each thought, "Do I look like that?" and each tried to of a rare and valuable breed, known as so much swifter than ordinary camels. Solimin's master, Ahmed, was a poor man. He never could have afforded to buy a full-grown camel of this rare breed; and Solimin had become his through a piece of good fortune. When a little foal, Solimin was found in a lonely place in the desert, standing over the horizon, in hopes of a caravan, but the dead body of his mother, who had fallen and perished by the way. Led to the brown tent which was Ahmed's precious water diminished in the well; home, the orphan baby grew up as a child of the family, lay among the little ones at night, and was their pet and plaything all the day. The boys taught him to kneel, to rise, to carry burdens, to turn this way and that at a signal. The girls hung a necklace of blessed shells, saved for him the best of the food, sang him songs (which he was supposed to enjoy), and daily kissed and stroked his gentle nose and eyes. As he grew big and strong, the pride of his owners grew with him. Not another family of the tribe possessed a herie. Once and again, Ahmed was offered a large price for him, but he rejected it with disdain.

"Would I sell my son—the son of my heart?" he said. "Neither will I part with Solimin. By the prophet, I swear

Of all the dwellers in the brown tent

Solimin loved best Ahmed himself, and his eldest son, Mustepha. With them What you behold is the mirage, spread FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. his eldest son, Mustepha. With them he was docile as a lamb; but if strangers drewnear, or persons he did not like, he drew near, or persons he did not like, he became restive and fierce, screamed, laid back his ears, and kicked with his strong hind legs. A kick from a camel is no joke, I can tell you. All the desert guides knew Solimin, and, for his sake, Ahmed was often hired to accompany caravans. Nay, once, at Cairo, Solimin was chosen to cover the second research.

the Khedive on a day's excursion up the Nile bank, which event served the tribe It was the year after this journey to Cairo that Ahmed met with a terrible adventure. He and Mustapha, making their way home after a long journey, had lain down to sleep away the noontide hours, according to the custom of desert travelers. Their camels were tethered beside them, all seemed secure and peaceful, when, sudden as the lowering of a cloud, a party of Arabs, belonging peaceful, when, sudden as the lowering of a cloud, a party of Arabs, belonging to a wild tribe at enmity with all men, pounced upon them. Ahmed and his son defended themselves manfully, but what could two men, surprised in sleep, do against a dozen? In five minutes all was over. The assailants vanished in a cloud of dust, and Ahmed, who had been struck down in the rush, recovered his senses, to find camels, baggage, belt, money, everything gone, and Mustapha wounded and motionless on the earth

Ahmed thought him dead. They were alone in the desert, a hundred miles from home, without food or water, and with a groan of despair he sat down beside his son's body, bowed his head, and waited until death should come to him also. An Arab believes in fate, and gives up once for all when misfortune

But Mustapha stirred, and Ahmed at once sprang up. There was nothing he could do for the poor boy, except to chafe and rub his hands; but this was something, for presently Mustapha re-

vived enough to speak.

"Are they gone?" he asked.

"Yes, the accursed ones, they are gone, with all our goods and with Solimin! The prophet's curse light upon them!" And passing from despair to fury, Ahmed threw sand upon his head, and flung himself on the ground in helpless rage. Mustapha joined in with groans and lamentations.

When the father and son grew calmer,

they began to discuss the situation. Ahmed knew of a small unfrequented oasis, about twenty miles away. It was their only chance of safety, but could

"I think I can walk," declared Mustapha, tying up his wounded leg in a fold torn from his turban. But he limped sadly, and his tightly pressed lips showed pain as he moved. He was faint with hunger beside. Neither of the men had eaten since sunrise. Suddenly Mustapha uttered a joyful

cry, and life something from the earth.
"The prophet be praised!" he cried.
"My father, here is food. The robbers

have dropped a bag of dates. Sure enough, there it lay, a heavy bag of dates, shaken off from some camel's a traveler sees one of these fertile spots pack during the struggle. Heavy as it afar off, he feels as a tempest-tossed was, and hard to carry, Ahmed would fain have it larger. lightful to quit the hot, baking sun, sit in the shadow under the trees, and rest the eyes, long wearied with dazzling the eyes, long wearied with dazzling the longer, and gave them the eyes, long wearied with dazzling the longer that the longer are the longer than the walk it was! Poor Mustapha lay down every half hour from pain and weakness the sand was heavy, the darkness puzzled them. When morning broke, they had the other. Sometimes people do not not accomplished more than half the get across! In 1805, a carvan of 2,000 distance. All through the hot day-time persons died miserably of heat and thirst in the great desert, and the sand covered now and then a date, tormented with thirst and heat; and when evening came, they dragged themselves to their feet again, and recommenced their painful journey. Step by step, hour by hour, each harder and longer than the last, moment by moment they grew more feeble, less able to bear up, till it seemed as though they could no longer struggle on. At last, the morning broke. Ahmed geries. They are ugly animals, but raised his blood-shot eyes, seized Musvery strong, swift and untiring. With tapha's arm, and pointed. There, not a hundred yards away, was the oasis, its

> Poor Mustapha was so spent that his father had to drag him across the short dividing space. It was a small oasis, and not very fertile; its well was shallow and scanty, but no ice-cooled sherbet ever seemed more delicious than did its brakish waters to the parched tongues of the exhausted men.

All day and all night they lay under the shadow of the cactuses and the acacia-trees, rousing only to drink, and falling asleep again immediately. Shade, and sleep, and water seemed the only things in the world worth having just then.

The second day they slept less, but it was nearly a week before they could be sail to be wide-awake again. Such a pair of scare-crows as they looked! is that I am going to tell you about. It bers had taken part of his clothes, and was a camel, named Solimin. He was the desert thorns the rest. Haggard, hide from the other his own dismay. They could never tell afterward how

long they remained at the oasis. It seemed years, but I do not suppose it could have been more than weeks. All day long they looked wistfully toward a little longer and starvation would be upon them. They scarcely spoke to each other those last days, but sat each by himself in a sort of dull despair. At night, when they fell asleep, they dreamed of food, and woke in the morning to feel themselves. ing to feel themselves hungry. It was

terrible! Then came a morning when they rose to find the hard desert outline, which they knew so well, vanished and gone, and in its stead a smooth, shining lake, looked for discovery of a new species of fringed with trees and dotted with feathery, fairy islands. So near it seemed, and so real, that it was as "monster" a short time later, and in though they beard as youghed for though they heard the ripple of the the same neighborhood, as vouched

by devils for men's destruction

"Let me go!" shricked Mustapha, writhing and struggling. But even as he strove, the soft waterontlines shifted and trembled; the lake rose in air, melted, and sailed off into curling mists; the trees, the whole fair picture, dissolved, and the well-re-membered sands and black rocks took was chosen to carry the sacred person of the Khedive on a day's excursion up the Nile bank, which event served the tribe as a boast for months afterward.

membered sands and black rocks took its place. With a cry of horror, Mustapha slid through his father's arms to the earth, hid his face, and cried like a child.

Mustapha raised his head.

"Is it the mirage again, my father?" he asked. "For it seems to me that I hear the bell from the neck of Solimin, our camel. Eagerly they listened. Again the bell tinkled, and, looking through the

bushes, they saw, floating toward them, as it seemed, the form of a gigantic camel. Soundless and still, it moved rapidly along. Behind, but much fur-ther away, other forms could be seen, still dim and indistinct, veiled by the

mist of driving sand.
Suddenly Mustapha gave a start.
"My father," he cried, in an excited whisper, "it Solimin! I do not mistake! What other camel ever resembled Solimin? Do you not see his lofty hump,—his arched neck? Does not the bell tinkle as with the voice of

Then, half raising himself, he gave, with all the power of his voice, the wellknown call. Solimin-for it was indeed he-paused

as the sound caught his ears, and snuffed the wind. Again came the call; he wheeled, plunged, threw his rider, dashed forward, oroke through the bushes, and in a second was on his knees before his old master. "Up, up, my father! there is no time to lose!" cried Mustapha, grown stronger

in a moment. "Up, up ! for the robbers are close upon us!"

In fact, wild cries and clouds of dust showed that the foe had taken the alarm and were hurrying on. But already Ahmed and Mustapha were mounted, and Solimin, like a ship at full sail, was speeding away with them. And where was the camel could overtake him, even when he was loaded double? Fast and swift his long, swinging trot bore them onward, and before two hours were gone, all traces of the pursuers had disappeared behind them, and they were free to turn their course toward the brown tents where rest, and food, and welcome had waited so long for their coming, and where, after a little time, their

hardships and sufferings seemed to them only like a bad dream.

As for Solimiu, he hardly could be before this adventure; but if the freshest water,-the prickliest furze,-i bowls of sour milk,-if a triple necklace of shells,—if brushing and grooming,—if soft pats from childish fingers, and sweet names murmured in his ears by girlish voices can make a came appy, then is Solimin the happiest of heries. Solimin no longer, however. His name is changed to "The Blessed," in memory of the day when, like a state ly ship, he came over the desert sea and bore his starving masters to home and life, and liberty. - Susan Coolidge in St. Nicholas.

What Two Words were Good For.

Dean Stanley never loses a chance to make a point on an anniversary. When called upon to preside at any meeting, he always asks himself if the day is the anniversary of any great event, or the birthday of any famous person, in order to deduce some fitting lesson. On the last Saturday of the year he appeared at the industrial exhibition in London, and at once reminded the working-classes that that day was the anniversary of an event which happened 700 years ago, and which caused a great disturbance to the country. It was the anniversary of the murder of Thomas-a-Becket, in connection with whose life there was a circumstance which well illustrated the principle on which he was about to enlarge. People sometimes imagined that the small things they saw before them were not worthy of pursuit; whereas, in reality, small things often deserved consideration. A story was told which re-ferred to the father and mother of Thomas-a-Becket. His father, who was Londoner, went to the crusades, and having been taken prisoner, married an Eastern lady. He was afterwards ran-somed and returned to England, but he was unable to carry away his wife with him, and she remained in Syria. She, however, determined to travel to England-a difficult task, as she knew only two words of English, "Gilbert" (the name of her husband), and "London." She got through Europe by mentioning at every town she came to the word "London," at which place she eventually arrived. When there she made use of her other word, "Gilbert," and, having found her way from street to street, she at last discovered the house of her husband near London bridge. This was an example of the effect that could be produced by making the very greatest use of whatever little knowledge she possessed. - New York Tribune.

Sea Serpents. The gigantic whale captured in February last in the Gulf of Taranto, Italy, has been subjected to a critical examination by Professor Capellini, who, in a report lately published, states it as his opinion that the whale is of a species hitherto unknown to science, and he has named it Balana tarentena, in allusion to the locality of its capture. This unwater and the rustling of the wind in the tree-boughs. Mustapha stared as though his eyes would burst from his head; then gave a wild cry and was rushing away, but his father held him fast.

"Stay, my son! Stay, Mustapha! it same neighborhood, as voiched for by the officers of the royal yacht Osborne, is regarded as a strong argument in favor of the existence of unknown huge marine living objects, such as are popularly indicated by the name of "sea-serpent." Winter Farm Economie

The Prairie Farmer says: There are so many things that the farmer may do at home, in his own workshop, as well as another can do it for him, that it is surprising that so few are without a kit of wood working tools, a shoeing hammer, some horse nails, pinchers for iron, copper, rivets, screws, and other necessary articles as will enable him to complete many a handy job without the intervention of the carpenter. The time required to do the worl all often be found to be less than that spent in going to and from the mechanic's place of business. Thus with a few tools the wood work of harrows, plows, cultivawood work of harrows, plows, cultiva-tors, and other tools about the farm may be repaired. By having a few extra handles of forks and other imple-ments on hand, these may be cheaply repaired and made as good as new.

Wagon tongues, and many other duplicates for farm vehicles and machines, are now prepared so as to require but little fitting. In the case of quire but little fitting. In the case of machines, all that is necessary, as a rule, is simply to fasten them in place. In doing this the farmer not only renders himself handy with tools, but at the same time he becomes thoroughly conversant with the working parts of each individual machine—no small matter to the practical man. In fact every farmer ought to be able to take apart, and put together intelligently, any machine on the farm. Unless this be the case, they cannot be worked as economically as they should be.

While the farmer is thus educating that are getting shaky on their hinges will be repaired at once. If he burn wood, it will be prepared and piled secure from rain, and with proper ventilation, so it may dry perfectly. If he burn coal, a proper shed will be built to keep it dry. The pumps about the place will always draw. Water troughs will never have sloughs of mud about them in soft weather, to mire stock, nor glare ice in hard weather, to maim them. farm, and a general air of thrift will be

observable, not only about the home-stead, but over the farm.

In this we do not mean to assert that stead, but over the farm.

In this we do not mean to assert that the simple possession of the tools necessary to do odd jobs will accomplish all this; but the handling of tools soon gets a common sense man conversant with their use and the investigations necessary to do the investigation of the tools necessary to do the tools necessary to their use, and the investigations necessary to enable a man to do the work intelligently, broadens the mind, and one soon comes to see where money may be saved in many directions, and how easy it is to make all things tidy about the house and place, and also, where the were carved in stone, and, then dropabout the farm comfortable.

These may seem like small economies In truth they are; but it is these small conomies that go to swell the profits of the farm, just as in any other industry in life. It is, in fact, attention to small their wits in New York, says the Herald

Household Hints. Bad cooking spoils good food. Apply common baking soda to burns. There is no dignity in work half done. Bottom heat is not good to raise

Cold corned beef is best for making Eat what your appetite craves if you

can get it. Husbands must not expect their wives o make good, white bread from poor

eathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, generally throw aside all refuse, trim the clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlids and not a few other purposes.

To CLEAN PAINT. -Take one ounce of pulverized borax, one pound small pieces best brown soap and three quarts vater; let simmer till the soap is dissolved stirring frequently; do not let it boil. Use with a piece of old flannel and rinse off as soon as the paint is clean. This mixture is also good for washing

clothes. Washing Flannels. A lady correspondent says: "I will give a little of my experience in washing flannels. I was taught to wash flannel in hot water, but it is a great mistake. In Italy my flannels were a wonder to me; they always came home from the wash so soft and white. I learned that the Italian women washed them in cold water. Many a time I have watched them kneeling in a box, which had one end taken out, to keep them out of the mud, by the bank of a stream, washing in the running water, and drying on the bank or gravel, without boiling; and I never had washing done better, and flannels never half so well. I have tried it since, and find the secret of nice soft flannels to be the washing of them in cold or luke-warm water, and plenty of stretching before hanging out. Many recipes say, don't rub soap on flannels; but you can rub soap on to the advan-tage of the flaunels, if you will rinse it out afterward and use no hot water about them, not forgetting to stretch the threads in both directions before drying. Flannels so cared for will never become stiff, shrunken er yellow."

Japanese Beggars.

the attention of a reader of the Washington Star, who has traveled in that tell, of the impulses that are given, the country, and who writes: "Any one changes that are wrought, and the work From Yokobama to Tokio (Yeddo), by the Tokioado, or old national road, is sixteen miles. I have ridden over that splendid and often througed highway not less than one hundred times, and prove that the time when there were not been under God the germs from the special sp

A Remarkable Duel.

A correspondent in the South writes:
Once in a while duels are fought in
which a lady is a purely incidental
cause. Such a duel took place in South
Carolina, in 1853, between Messrs. John Dunorant and J. D. Legare. These gentletten were devoted friends. Legare was attentive to a young lady of beauty and worth in the upper part of the State. The two friends went to the village where she lived to get some village where she lived to get some shooting. They were, of cours. frequent visitors at her father's ho. c. One day Legare imagined that he detected a sudden coldness on the part of the young lady and the family towards himself. In questioning his friend as to the probable cause of it, he asked him if he had ever made any remarks about him to any of the family. Dunorant replied that he had said nothing of consequence: that on one nothing of consequence; that on one occasion he had been asked if Legare ever drank, and had answered that he ometimes did. Legare at once attributed the change, real or supposed, in the behavior of the lady to this statement or admission on the part of his friend. A prolonged discussion ensued. Dunor-ant was disposed to be conciliatory, while Legare was very much angered. The issue between them was finally narrowed down to a demand on the part of Legare that Dunorant put in writing precisely what he had said to the father of the lady. Dunorant declined to do this. He contended that the demand was an implied insult. Legare persisted, and, upon Dunorant's remaining firm, sent him a challenge. Dunorant promptly accepted it, and the details of While the farmer is thus educating himself, he will come to see the necessity and economy of having everything, in its place, and a place for everything, when not in use, and when in use they will be just in place. So he will come to occupy his leisure hours in repairs of various kinds. Barn and stable doors that are getting shaky on their hinges will be repaired at once. If he burn will be repaired at once, If he burn will be repaired at once, If he burn in the second state of the details of a meeting were arranged. Dunorant was a very poor shot with the pistol. It is said that on the evening before the duel he went out to practice, and literally could not hit a barn door. Legare was a capital shot. From the very first, however, Dunorant contended that he would kill Legare at the first fire. He never modified his as ertion, fire. He never modified his as ertion, but said all the time: "I will kill him

when I draw the trigger !"

When the men were on the ground s curious thing occurred. When the sec-ond who was to give the word called, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" Dunorant responded in a firm, steady, tone "No." He then drew a small pen-knife from his pocket, opened it deliberately, and, Sheds will be made comfortable. The best facilities will gradually be accumulated for accomplishing the work of the lated for accomplishing the work of the mill be vening distance he stopped, and, reaching down, cut off a small twig that kill him." The men being in position, the command "Fire ! one-tworang out upon the air. A ring of smoke were carved in stone, and, then dropping his arm slowly, turned to his second unhurt.

A Scheming Woman.

The number of women who live by economies that make the prosecution of business successful in its best sense.

of that city, is very large, and is daily growing larger. Some of these women are really very industrious and very clever in their peculiar line; one, now residing in elegant style uptown, has acquired quite a little fortune by trading in her "influence." She has a large circle of acquaintances among moneyed men, and has also a ready perception, a glib tongue and a keen, instinctive knowledge of human nature. These qualities she is turning to the utmost pecuniary account. She is a married woman, though her husband is a nonentity, our,
SAVE THE FEATHERS. — To utilize town. There in the evenings she receives calls from numerous bankers, brokers and others, whom she elegantly plumes from the stump, inclose them in and pleasantly entertains, and mean-tight bag, rub the whole as if washing while "talks them" into, wheedles or coaxes or argues them into favorable notice of any scheme she may have at the time a pecuniary interest in. She does a paying business in this line, as does a paying business in that a big she never undertakes any but a big she never undertakes any but a big most of the stock subscribed through the shape of an extensive roll of greenbacks, for it is characteristic of this personage that she will never take "com-missions." She demands so much money down and generally, having proved that she is worth it, gets it. By her earnings in this line, sub rosa, of course, she makes the major part of the family income and clothes herself and her daughers in excellent style. The lady is widely known by Wall street and Broad street magnates and is held in high esteem with them, as she is considered equally shrewd and "square."

How Good is Done.

You know the touching lyric of Long-fellow, which he has called "The Arrow and the Song." It is so familiar that it looks like an affectation to quote it, but I must indulge myself once more by repeating its sweet lines:

"I shot an arrow in the air; It felt to carth, I knew not where; For so swiftly it flew, the sight Out d not follow, in its flight. I breathed a song into the air; It fell on earth I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and strong.
That it can follow the flight of so g?
Ling, long afterward, in an oak
I lound the arrow, still unbroke;
A d the song, from beginning to and.
I found again in the heart of a friend."

A paragraph asserting that there are few or no beggars in Japan has attracted the attention of a reader of the Washingwho has ever ridden from Brussels to of self-sacrifice and devotion that is sugthe field of Waterloo knows how many beggars line that ride of nine miles. right moment into a human soul; and From Yokobama to Tokio (Yeddo), by among the many pleasant surprises that never saw the time when there were not have been, under God, the germs from more beggars in proportion to the distance and comparative population than between Brussels and Waterloo," which rich harvests of good have resulted to multitudes whom we have never seen.

— Wm. M. Taylor, - Wm. M. Taylor.

Fashion Notes. Chenille embroidery is in high favor. Seaweed is the garniture for tulle

There is a new diagonal, soft, heavy Bonnets are smaller and hats larger

than ever. Orange color is the fancy of the monent in Paris.

Epaulettes of flowers are the novelty Metallic ribbons are to be used for

rimmings of ball dresses, Broderic antique with a corded ground s a popular trimming. Satin and velvet are favorite combina-

tions in trimming materials. Silk, satin, velvet, and lace pockets are still worn for evening dresses.

Colored sets used for trimmings are cut both in facets and flat-dresses. Necklaces of lace with drooping penlants are pretty on well-shaped necks.

Young ladies have their dancing dresses nade with very short pointed trains. Arabesque patterns in braiding and mbroidery are the favorites of the hour Some of the new bonnets and hats have double brims. Others have split

Buttercups and Marshal Neil roses are a demand for evening dress trimings. Long lace mittens, black, white, and

Yellow, orange, and brown tints are used to a great extent in ball dresses this

Among new ornaments in silver and gold filagree are large gad flies with ewels for eyes.

Long Louis Quatorze waistcoats, simulated in brocade, satin, or damassee appear on evening dresses.

One of the coming fashions is ribbon seemingly woven of metal—yellow and red, gold, silver, steel and bronze. In coiffures the hair is worn less high upon the head, but there is just as much

chevalure needed as ever. Plastrons and puffed fronts, extending from the throat to the bottom of the

skirt, are very much worn for evening toilet Evening dresses are given an antique appearance by short, high-puffed sleeves, or Medici frills, in the armholes and

round the neck. Crimped crepe lisse frills are formed into cuffs to be worn outside the sleeve instead of inside; deep collars of the same go with the cuffs.

It is said that elderly ladies are going to wear evening robes of white silk and satin, made up very plain but profusely trimmed with lace.

Among the new goods is found duvet, or down cloth, a material made of the feathers of fowls, extremely light, warm, pliant, and impervious to rain or snow. Cardinal robe," an elegant dinner dress

made of scarlet faille, and trimmed with scarlet velvet fringes and passemen-An elegant novelty is feather ribbon. The centre is a wreath of flowers on a

light ground. On either side a border of soft unravelled silk forms a featherlike fringe. One of the prettiest of the new trim

mings brought out this season is the marabout ribbon, made of woven swan's down; it comes in all colors and shades, and in pure white.

Among new things are stuffs for evening wear-silk or satin, in electric colors -pale blue, rose, or green-which seem to emit sparks of light; these effects being obtained by a new process of

Wheat from High Latitudes.

There was brought into the city Winnipeg, in Manitoba, last fall, a half bushel of wheat, said to have been grown fifteen hundred miles north of point. The bearer was a half breed Indian, who had come from the far north to Winnipeg to trade, and the grain was brought with him to exchange for other scheme and a plausible scheme, and commodities. It was regarded at the when once she undertakes it does her time as quite a curiosity, and was pa_sed "level best" to carry it through. Not around from one to another for trial in long ago the lady talked up a mine, got the spring in that locality. A few grains of it fell into the hands of a gentleman her own exertions and took her pay in from Minnesota, who was in that city at the time, and was brought home with him on his return. At our solicitation it has been presented to Professor Lacy of the State Agricultural College, who has laid it away till time for seeding, when he will give it the most careful culture, and endeavor to prove whether there is any virtue in it or not. berry is very plump and bright, and we suppose from the very high latitude in which it was grown must be hard enough to satisfy the most fastidious miller. Whether the distance north of Winnipeg was precisely 1,500 miles we cannot say; but from all that could be gleaned from the Indian it was raised a long distance to the north-probably nearer the pole than any wheat that has ever reached Minnesota before, -St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.

Fraud in Bank Bills.

The United States treasurer is advised of constantly increasing attempts by persons in various sections of the country to cheat the government and innocent people by practicing what is known as a lecture on carelessness, approaches the "piccing process," whereby a given custacy. But look out when she gets number of currency notes of like denumber of currency notes of like de-nomination are cut in pieces and so pasted together as to give an increased number. The manipulators generally take ten notes, and by cutting and adroit piecing make eleven, thereby gaining one at the expense of the other ten. Of course the diminished notes get into the hands of innocent holders, and when sent to the treasury department for redemption they are at once detected by the treasury experts and thrown out. The regulations for redeeming mutilated currency do not admit of the redemption of anything except in a single piece con-taining at least one-half of the original, which makes it still harder for those into whose hands these nicely-pasted fragments fall.

No person wishing to avoid slang words and nicknames will call it "banjo." The full name is "banjoseph,"

A Woman's Wish.

Would I were lying in a field of clover, Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet, With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over, And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of Worry In eager haste, from Thought's impatient

And watch it coursing—in its heedless hurry Disdaining Wisdom's whi-tles-Duty's beck

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are

And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest; No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating Rocking itself to sleep within my breast.

Just to lie there filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a free bird's song!

Our souls require at times this full unsheath All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too

And I am tired! so tired of rigid duty!

So tired of all my tired hands find to do! I vearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty. Its loose beads with no straight string running through !

Aye, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude

speech-But women sometimes die of such a greed; Die for the small joys held beyond their reach, And the assurance they have all they need !

Items of Interest.

The boneless wonder-a well done "Put your lips on ice," is the latest

Very useful to the tiller of the soil-Highly connected-the man in the

In South America the cities are lighted with easter oil.

Europe obtains her sole supply of shoe

pegs from America. To cure a bachelor's aches-carry to the patient eighteen yards of silk with a woman in it.

Under Spanish law a man suspected of crime can be kept in prison for five years before the case is called. Straws show which way the wind

blows. You can get the same information from a pan of ashes. It is said that when Jonah saw the

whale getting ready to swallow him he looked "down in the mouth." Those young ladies at fairs who sell five cent pin cushions for \$3 ought to be

arrested for robbing the males. A little boy inquired concerning the stars: "Pa, what are those things up

there-are they little drops of sun? An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is by your side. Constantinople contains 750,000 in-habitants. The old eastern empire

walls, twenty-one miles in circuit, still surround it. It was the late N. P. Willis who discovered that King Henry VIII, always

married his wives first, and then axed A Montana justice of the peace doesn't

splurge any when he marries a couple. He says: "Arise! Grab hands! Hitched! Six dollars." A lady living near Cynthiana, Ky.,

pins still. In a wrestling match between Lucien Marc and a bear, in Cincinnati, Marc succeeded in throwing the bear, but in the struggle the bear bit off one of

Marc's fingers. Enamored writing-master (to a young lady pupil): "I can teach you nothing; you hand is already a very desirable one, and your I's are the most beau-

tiful I have ever seen. The coffee plant thrives finely in California, producing a bean of strongly aromatic flavor. It grows best in central and southern California, and its culture is becoming profitable.

"I say, Charley," said one friend to another on meeting, "I hear our friend

Brown has been dabbling in stocks late. ly; has he made anything?" "Yes," says Charley, "he has made an assign After the failure of the late insurrection in Japan, a richly-attired Japanese young lady was found lying dead in a castle moat, with her father's head in her left hand and a bloody knife in her

right. The devoted heroine had out off

her father's head, at his command, and then killed herself, that the two might not be taken prisoners. The heaviest court in the United States, in proportion to the number of its judges, is probably the court of appeals of Kentucky. Chief Justice Lindsey weighs 232 pounds, Judge Elliott 220 pounds, Judge Pryor 208 pounds, and Judge Cofer 201 pounds. The average weight is 2151 pounds. If wisdom and weight go together, then

Kentucky justice is all right. There's nothing to exceed the diabotical satisfaction a man will take in announcing to his wife, after he has got his shirt on, that there is a button miss-ing, and the keen delight he feels in seeing her dance around the room after a needle and thread, while she listens to a snap and commences-" There now-.

A Bee-Hive in a Church

The Manchester Mirror says : "The Congregational society at Boscawen Plain, N. H. reently held a festival that was brought about in a most singular way. A few weeks since George Knowles discovered a swarm of bees inside the finish under the eaves of the church. The construction of the building at that point was such that the bees were enabled to form a box hive about four feet long and eight or ten inches square, and which was nearly filled with honeycomb. Sixty-nine pounds of honey were found, and the society decided to make it a source of profit through a festival, which for a moderate admittance fee, gave all who attended a nice supper and plenty of honey."