Of Hall

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VIII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1878.

The Old Sampler. Out of the way in a corner Of our dear old attic room. Where bunches of herbs from the hillside

Shake ever a faint perfume, An oaken chest is standing With hasp and padlock and key, Strong as the hands that made it On the other side of the sea.

When the winter days are dreary

And we're out of heart with life, Of its crowding cares a-weary And sick of its restless strife. We take a lesson in patience From the attic corner dim

Where the chest still holds its treasures, A warder, faithful and grim. Robes of an antique fashion, Lipen and lace and silk. That time has tinted with saffron.

Though once they were white as milk. Wonderful baby garments Broidered with loving care-By fingers that felt the pleasure, As they wrought the ruffles fair.

A sword with the red rust on it, That flashed in the battle tide, When from Lexington to Yorktown Borely men's souls were tried. A plumed chapeau and a buckle,

And many a relic fine ; And all by itself the sampler, Framed in with berry and vine, Faded, the square of cauvas, And dim is the silken thread ; But I thin't of the white hands dimpled,

And a childish, sunuy head. For, here is a cross, and in tent-stitch In a wreath of berry and vine : She worked it, a hundred years ago, "Elizabeth, aged nine."

In, and out, in the sunshit e The little needle flashed: And in and out on the rainy day When the merry drops down plashed, As close she sat by her mother-The little Puritan maid, And did her piece on the sampler,

While the other clildren played. You are safe in the beautiful heaven, "Elizabe'h, aged nine;" But, before you went, you had troubles

Sharper then any of mine : Oh! the gold hair turned with sorrow White as the drifted snow, And your tears dropped here where I'm standing-On this very plumed chapeau.

When you put it away, its wearer Would never need it more, By a sword-thrust learning the secrets, God keeps on yonder shore ;

And you wore your grief like glory, You could not yield supine, Who wrought in your patient childhood. "El zabeth, aged nine." Out of the way in a corner,

With basp and padlock and key, That came from over the sea ; And the hillside herbs above it Stake odors fragrant and fine, And here on its lid is a garland, To "Elizabeth, aged nine."

For love is of the immortal, And patience is sublime, And trouble a thing of every day And touching every time ; And childhood, sweet and sunny, And womanly, truth and grace, Ever can light life's darkness, And bless earth's loneliest place.

-Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

A DOMESTIC CHAPTER.

It was a favorite expression of Mrs. Mayne's, "As long as a child of mine lives with me, no matter if she is as big as the house, she has got to mind me. But when girls have become perfectly indifferent to such threadbare assertions, and are really too old to submit to have their ears boxed, talk as you may, what is a mother to do?

Very much in this predicament was Mrs. Mayne with her daughters, four good-looking, good-for-nothing, charming girls, who, afflicted with the mania for pet names, only too common now-adays, had transformed themselves from plain Amanda, Cecelia, Esther and Margaret into Amie, Ceci, Essie and Midge. Then to complete the family circle, there was Oliver, a half-grown lad with a full-grown grievance. To be alternately snubbed and petted, cojoled and domineered over by his sprightly sisters, who were all older than himself, was bad enough; but when his mother not only disciplined him rigidly for his own offenses, but because those sauc jades couldn't be conquered, would make him suffer for it, that was altogether too much. Had Oliver Mayne been of a philosophic turn of mind, he might have seen in all this tagging a sort of retributive justice for the woes of the fair sex under the despotism of man, but alas! he was not; so he read "Mr. Midshipman Easy," and, when he dared, played truant and prowled around the water-front with ideas in his

Yet in spite of all her inconsistencies. Mrs. Mayne was a mother among a thou-What would she not do to push her daughters on in society? So, they were brought up as much like fine ladies as was possible with her limited means, she was cook, chambermaid and seamstress by turns; they gave their best energies to the glide, the cream of their good nature to gentlemen friends, and imbibing a taste for dress and fash-

on well nigh insatiate.

To such a length had this motherly self-sacrifice been carried that there had been months in Mrs. Mayne's life when Sunday was no more a day of rest than any other; and while the girls were rustling into church with their stylish suits she was as likely as not shut up at home, sewing away for dear life on some finery for them. All this she would do uncomplainingly, but of little brief authority she was extremely tenacious, and liked to be consulted by her girls on even the most trivial occasions.

As old as the human race, is the liking

were in the parlor, under pretense of dusting and setting to rights that most dusting and setting to rights that most important room.

"I tell you what it is," said Midge, yawning most prodigiously, for she had been out late to the theater the night before, "I think my plan is the best; just go on and make your arrangements without saying a word to ma. She will be angry, but what can she do?"

"Well, I don't know but what you are right, Midge," returned Amie, musingly.

musingly. "Of course," asserted Cecil, "since it is for your sake that we are hatching up this plot, Amie, you will have to shoulder the blame; but then we will back you—wou't we girls?"

Then they went up stairs, and in half an hour these four had written, sealed and addressed twenty-five or thirty dainty letter notes.
"New," said Cecil, moistening the last stamp, and affixing it with business-

like celerity, "all we have to do is to get Oliver to post them. You go and call him Es. "Where is he?" "Oh, out in the back yard sawing wood, I guess," said Cecil, esconcing herself comfortably in a chair with a

Great readers of romance they all

ball, one or the other of the sisters had been known to pass a whole day at a time, oblivious of everything except the deeds or misdeeds of some hero of the Strathmore type.

"Look here Oll"

Strathmore type.
"Look here, Olly," said Amie, sweet-ly, when her brother had come up into her room; "I want you to do something for me, like a dear good fellow."
"What's up now?" asked Oliver, the

more gruffly, because he knew his sister had a motive for pleasing him.
"I want you to post these letters for ne without letting ma know.'

"Why don't you post 'em yourself?" drawled he, ungraciously, turning one envelope after another to study the ad-"O, you know well enough, Olly; it

does not do for young ladies to run out on the street without fixing up—now, it don't matter about boys a bit." "That's what you always say,"

turned her brother, remembering the many times he had been left out at the elbow because in Mrs. Mayne's system of household economy the girls had always to be supplied first. But Amie knew well how to avert any

appleasant argument when it was politic "Never mind—see here," said she, slipping a small piece of money into his

He became perceptibly better natured on the moment. "Say, Amie," he cried, still intent on the envelopes, "I'll bet my head you are doing all this on account of Mr.

ing red as a rose, hustled him out of the door. How had he spied that name, when she had put Mr. Pickens' invitation in the very middle of the packet? Unconscious of these machinations, Mrs. Mayne was drudging away in the kitchen with that intense absorption in

her work which denotes the thorough Amie found her over the ironing "Mother," said she, "I should like very much to have some company here

next Wednesday evening."
Mrs. Mayne, who had been admiring the petticoat just finished so satisfactorily and hung on the clothes-horse to air,

turned about sharply.
"Amanda," she exclaimed, "you are Whatever luxury Mrs. Mayne denied herself, she certainly did not deny her-self the luxury of plain speech. "I'm sure I don't knowwhat you mean

by that, ma.' "I tell you it is not to be thought of -not for one moment," replied her mother, punctuating her sent mees with vigorous thumps of the smoothing iron.

I've got my plans all laid out for next week."
"What is there to do on Wednesday?" "Mrs. Nesbett is coming to cut and baste your polonaises, and I want to get a good day's work out of her; so you see, Wednesday evening, of all evenings, i

the worst for company." Amie naturally wished now, that she had not been so hasty alout sending the invitations. However, regrets were useless, so she said:

"But, mother, why need that inter-Her mother cut her short peremp-

torily. "Don't argue with mo, Amanda. along and get your worsted work, and tell Essie I want to hear her practicing

right away.'

Strange to say, Amie wasn't so courageous as usual; so she idled about without renewing the forbidden topic, and having looked into the small square mirror hanging by the sink more from habit than from inclination, thought "What a hideous complexion this glass gives me," and walked out of the room. The moment she showed her face to her sisters, they knew she was disappointed. After she had detailed her conversation with her mother, and had been rated for not being bolder, Midge

cried spiritedly: " Never mind, Amie, I'll go right out and see ma myself." She was the most demonstrative of

the family, was Midge; so she stole up behind her mother and slipped her arm around that ample waist. Mrs. Mayne was too warm and busy to be in a tendermood, so, without turning about she

"That's you, Margaret, I know your tricks; go along."
"You look so tired, ma; do let me

help you."
"You can't do this—go along." "O, you never think anybody can do anything but yourself!" laughed

Midge.

"Because it is so much easier to do s thing than to bother showing somebody

Nevertheless Midge coaxed so admirs As old as the human race, is the liking to have one's own way; so with these young rebellions spirits, nothing was so trying as to be obliged to say, "May I?"

One Saturday, toward noon, the girls

Nevertheless Midge coaxed so admirably that her mother left her work and satroke or two of the iron having put Mrs. Mayne jinto good humor, Midge, the sly rogue, began,

"Say, ma, dear, why won't you let us have company on Wednesday evening?"
"Well, upon my word, you girls are ridiculous. I thought I settled all that

"Yes; but ma, dear, you settled it the

"Yes; but ma, dear, you settled it the wrong way to suit us."
"O, I know your tricks, Margaret, and you are all alike. You make up your minds to anything, and there is no getthe notion out of your heads."
"Now, mother dear, if we are self-willed," exclaimed Midge, roguishly, "how did we possibly become so? We couldn't inherit it from you, of course, Why can't you have Mrs. Nesbett here some other day?"
"Why can't Amanda have her com-

"Why can't Amanda have her company some other evening?"
"Well," replied Midge, slanting her

head with an air of being very critical over her work as she bore hard across a rough place, "because she has already sent out the invitations." Mrs. Mayne's temper was instantly all

"Get away from there, Margaret," she cried, "you are pulling that biss seam the wrong way; give me the iron." But Midge was determined not to let

the main question drop,
"You needn't worry about baking,"
said she, mildly, "because it would be
so easy to order a few things from the

Wednesday evening, if he was the Pope of Rome, would be insulted."

Notwithstanding this edict, and the fact that Mrs. Mayne's pleasure had not been softened meanwhile by entreaties, tears or tempers, at precisely seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the girls had all gone up stairs to dress.

They occupied two small rooms open-

ing into each other, and were obliged to share many things in common. Just imagine four girls forced to take turns at one mirror! Then add to this the unaccountable way which ruffles, skirts and ribbons have of getting mixed u ρ, and you will not be surprised that there was some wrangling during the interest-ing process of toilet making. However, there are some things which must be viewed from a purely feminine stend-

Of all the sisters, Amie's temper seemed to be the most rasped on that eventful evening. Everything went

wrong with her.

"My goodness, Essie Mayne!" said she, scrambling breathlessly around, poking under chairs, the bed, the bureau, and even looking half demented into her bandbox, "I do believe you have got on one of my Oxford ties by mistake."

"No such thing, Amie," replied the sister addressed, who was at that moment subjecting her eye-lashes to a mysterious treatment which necessitated the making oo of a horrible face. gether in the shoe-bag.

"Come, do get out of the way, Es,' another voice-Midge's-was heard complaining. "I want the g'ass to do my hair ; you've been long e sough putting on that black stuff to make yourself into a Hottentot.'

"What I want to know; girls," said Amie, who had found her shoe in the work-basket, and was now struggling with an obstinate lacing, "is whether any of you had sense enough to light the gas in the hall ?"

"No lody in this family pretends to be smart but you, Amie," responded

Cecil, mucily. "Then go down stairs this instant and see to it," exclaimed the eldest sister, percomptorily. "Here I am only half dressed, and every time there is the least noise it gives me such a start-expecting to hear the bell. I have a sort of feeling that Mr. Pickens will be here

Cecil, who hated to be ordered about, scolded: "Oh, bother you and your old Pickens!" but she threw a shawl about her

and went hastily down stairs. "I suppose ma wouldn't go to the door," continued Amie, "if the bell should ring forty times before any of us are ready—here, Midge, hold these crimping irons in the gas for me."

In suite of all these presents are ready—

In spite of all these wearying approy-ances, could there have been possibly a sweeter, more artless face than Amie's when she had coaxed the little tendrils of hair low down upon her fore head; had knotted her silken tie and turned

to go down stairs? She was in good season after all, and bad full five minutes quite to herself in which to collect her thoughts. "Yes," said she, "I have made up my mind. It may not be so romantic and all that, but I am sure plenty of girls would jump at the chance. I must tell him beforehand that he must not expect me to give up the glide and everything —" here the bell pealed through the house, and as Amie ran hastly to the front door her heart seemed to flutter in her throat. Her first guest was, as she had surmised,

Pickens. He stepped into the hall, and as he hung his hat and overcoat upon the rack he glanced inquiringly about. None of these roguish sisters were in sight—only Amie, looking not unlike a dewy roseond. He was a gentlemanly person of fifty or thereabouts, with beard and hair well grizzled; nor in his strongly marked features did one discover the east hint of a susceptibility to rounded ourves and bright eyes-yet these had

taken him captive.
One glimpse of his face and Amie knew intuitively that a decisive moment in her life had come. Nor was she mistaken, for Mr. Pickens took the white hand she slyly gave him, and held it close to his immaculate shirt-front and whispered: "Mine, Amie?"
The ridiculous bell sounding once more

with startling emphasis, cut short the first kiss. Later in the evening, when the parlor Later in the evening, when the parlor was all alive with vivacious conversation and music, when everybody seemed to be entertaining everybody, one after another, the four girls slipped out into the kitchen, whither Mrs. Mayne had withdrawn herself directly after dinner. Amie was the last to go. She knew that her sisters intended making a united appeal to their mother to forego united appeal to their mother to forego her angry resistance, and to assist them in pleasing their guests; and she

Fashion Notes.

thought, "I am sure ma will be melted at once, if I can whisper two or three words in her ear,"
Unfortunately, when Amie got to the
hall door she heard loud voices in angry

From parlor to kitchen is always a sharp transition; but was there ever so marked a contrast between the two rooms as in Mrs. Mayne's house that

rooms as in Mrs. Mayne's house that night?

"There's no doing anything with ma," said Ceci; "she's just as obstinate as the Sphinx."

"Yes; everybody has been asking for her," said Midge, pouting, "and wondering why she didn't come into the parlor."

"So be sure—and I would have told."

"So be sure—and I would have told them she is sick, but like as not if I did,

them she is sick, but like as not if I did, she would come popping in the next minute, saying that he never felt better in her life," added Essie.

Then Mrs. Mayne broke in angrily "Don't want another word from you, Esther. I've caught you at your tricks, miss. Didn't you think I had any eyes in my head when you were giving Oliver money in the hall to-night?"

"Well, suppose I did," retorted Essie, indignantly; "I can't see people coming to the house and go away without a crumb to eat."

"That's just what they will do "said"

"That's just what they will do," said the mother, rapping her knuckles furi-ously on the table at which she had been sitting with her sewing. "Didn t I tell you that there shouldn't be any supper to-night? And as for tampering with your brother, and making him as dis-obedient as you girls are, that I will not

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Essie, nearly inarticulate with anger, "that you stopped Oliver from going out?" That's just what I do mean to say."

Mrs. Mayne's temper had now risen to such a pitch of exasperation that, not-withstanding the fact that since her entrance Amie had not ceased to pour gentle pleadings into her mother's ear, the good lady felt she must have some fuller vent than mere words. Her finger itched to box somebody's cars.

Just as she glanced about from one to the other, poor unfortunate Oliver, who

had been sitting on the lounge behind his mother, in swinging his foot, accidentally kicked his mother's chair. Quick as a flash she wheeled about on him and gave him a sound slap.

"I ain't doin' nothin," he cried, sharply clapping to him. sharply, clapping to his geography to hide the 'Claude Duval' he had been

slyly reading. "You needn't take it out on me because you are mad at the "Things have come to such a pass," said Mrs. Mayne, bitterly, "that I never

expect to take any peace or comfort in this house any more—"

Just then there came a gentle rapping at the hall door.

The girls' hearts stood still. Was The girls' hearts stood still. Was some guest coming out to be insulted? was their mother going to shame them has enjoyed all the luxuries and beau-

"Let me in," said a cheerful voice at the sound of which poor Amie's breath came quickly. O, horrible! If her mother should be disagreeable to Mr. Pickens!

Neither Amie nor her sisters need nave feared. Human nature is manysided; it has its curious instincts. Angry as a mother may be with her own flesh and blood, she cannot flaunt their failings before other people's eyes.

Bitter as the pill was, Mrs. Mayne swallowed her wrath whole and walked

to the door with a smiling face. "Why, Mr. Pickens! is that said she, giving him her hand.
"I was afraid you were going to invisible all the evening," replied Mr. Pickens, "and I made bold to hunt you

-besides, I want my Amie. A shock went through Mrs. Mayne's frame. Mr. Pickens had told the whole story bluntly in those few words, and magically as a picture sponged from a slate were Amie's shortcomings wiped

from the tablet of her mother's remem-"I'm sure," said she, tremulously, "I couldn't wish her a better choice Mr. Pickens; and if she makes as good wife as she has been a daughter, you

will be a happy man."

The little disturbance was all forgotten. The girls went back into the parlor radiant, while Mrs. Mayne dropped a few salt tears as she brewed some delicious coffee for her daughters' guests, and Oliver, harboring no resent. ment, sped to the baker's as fast as his

legs could carry him.
It was not until the guests were all gone, and the girls were alone together, that Amie received her sisters' congratu-

The gas flared over the byreau, piled with ribbons and crimping-pins; brace-lets and shreds of torn curling papers; a fringe of silken frizettes had fallen across the powder box; then there were ruffles, brushes, cosmetics and combs. But nobody minded the disorder in the

Perched on one bed, arrayed in the 'prettiest night-gowns under the sun." were the four girls, talking and talking, n spite of the lateness of the hour.

"There will be only three of us to squabble for the looking-glass," said Midge, sighing. "And I suppose we will have to go or paying for ment that is eaten, and clothes

that are worn out, while Amie will have no end of lovely dresses and bonnets," "You haven't guessed the nicest thing

of all that I shall have," laughed Amie.
"Oh, I know," exclaimed Ceci, triimphantly; "your own way!" Her Economy.

The dried apple of to-day has a hun-dred yards the start of the dried apple of ten years ago, but yet all people are not willing to admit it. A Woodward avenue grocerwas yesterday trying to induce a woman to buy a three-pound package, instead of half a bushel of green apples, telling her that she would

green apples, telling her that she would save money by the operation.

"Yes I might save money, and again I mightn't," she mused.

"I know you would," he urged.

"But if I took home dried apples instead of green, there would be no parings for the children and no cores for my husband to cher would recommend the limit of the same of the limit of the limit

Chene silks are revived. Macrame lace is revived. Polish styles are coming in vogue. Soft-finished percales are preferred. Table napery is trimmed with Macrame

Crape effects are seen in new spring Watteau backs are revived for princ

dresses. Moonstones and cat's eye jewels are very fashionable. Scotch ginghams are woven to produce

Velvet and satin are the materials for matron's ball dresses.

Black and white lace over white satin is revived for ball toilets. Moss greens, India reds and indigo blues are retained as spring colors. The new colored grenadines show India colors and Turkish designs.

The coming bonnet is a capote of shirred silk with a tulle cap under it. Cheap cotton and wool goods show a great improvement in the method of

Knotted, bouele or rough surfaces, polka dots, and Greek squares are conspicuous in spring fabries.

New grenadines are rough, knotted oucle threaded, and woven also in Mexicaine, brocade and canvas effects. Black grounds relieved by figures of white, gray, brown and high colors appear conspicuously among the new spring goods,

Basques are simulated on fourreaux, but are no longer made separate gar-ments in the most fashionable dressmaking establishments.

A novelty is black grenadine lamine, woven with flat threads of metal—old gold, silver and tinfel red, thrown into both warp and wool.

A Free City of Constantinople.

Constantinople under Turkish rule became the centre of a vast system of plunder and conquest. The city was enriched by the spoils of Europe and Asia. A large multitude gathered there. But its legitimate commerce has never been large. The race which held this golden key of the world's commerce has never been able to open the store-house. They were like barbarians in possession of a complicated machine. The sultans have simply wrung their wealth from the plicated machine. The sultans have simply wrung their wealth from the plundered peasantry, and lived generation after generation in their rich palaces on the Bosphorus. No building, no work of art, no machine or invention, se far as we are aware, has ever been discovered or constructed in Constantifour centuries, has seen the current of the world's history flow by, and has never contributed a single blessing or favor to mankind. Outside of the capital, its dominion has been to Christians a curse and a burden ; inside, it has permitted all things to remain as they were As a free city, it might, like Venice of old, or Hamburg in later times, be the centre of a world's commerce.

Greek has an aptitude for trade, and, no doubt, the merchants of all countries would gather there. The burdens that bave hitherto rested on all production and industry in the Turkish empire would then be removed, and we might see a new centre of civilization where Slavie barbarism has reigned so long. But this will not be till the empire of the race of Osman has come to its end. and that must be yet in a future, not remote, but not immediate. - New York

How Much Tobacco ? The entire mass of tobacco which i annually consumed in smoking, snuffing and in chewing on the earth, is 4,000,000. 000 pounds—manifestly too high au esti mate for from 1,200,000,000 to 1,500, 000,000 of inhabitants. Let us take the half as the more probable, and let us suppose the tobacco leaves transformed into roll tobacco, a tobacco serpent is inches, and following the direction of the equator, could wind itself around the earth thirty times, Let us suppose that the tobacco is formed into tablets similar to the chocolate tablets, and which, indeed, is the shape which the chewing tobacco of sailors takes, and we have a colos-al pile worthy of being placed beside the third largest of the pyramids of Gizeb, that of the Mykerinos, and as massive and high as that old regal edifice. Let us grind all the tobacco into snuff, and let us picture to ourselves the sad case that an evil equinoctial wind, one fine morning, blows the snuff over the ocean, and showers it on one of our German states, we are certain more than one of the Liliputian states would have much difficulty in recovering its existence by shoveling away the snuff.—Cope's Tobacco Plant.

We are social beings, and the home we are social beings, and the home circle, alone, however attractive, will not satisfy. The old-fashioned singing school, the husking party, the lyceum, the grange, the Good Templars lodge, or division of the Sons of Temperance, whatever draws to exthem whatever draws together the young men and women, the boys and girls, for development of mind and character and for social enjoyment, is to be welcomed All the better, too, if the parents can renew their youth, or enter heartily into the young people's enjoyment There is but one object in the world more pitiable than the adult man or woman who feels no thrill of sympathy over the happiness of the young, and that most pitiable of all is the old head on young shoulders, too dignified to ac-cept the keen wisdom of the old Roman poet, "It is pleasant to be foolish some times." Work and play each have their times." Work and play each have their time, and advancing years bring no pangs for the innocent sports and enjoy-ments of the youthful days long past. We grow old all too soon, but if the heart is fresh, and in sympathy with the world around us, it matters little how my husband to chew ou during the long evening. And there's the worm-holes—they're awful nice for my canaries."

She took green apples.—Free Press.

We grow old all too soon, but if the heart is fresh, and in sympathy with the world around us, it matters little how we count our years.—The Homestead.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Looking at the yard of a poultry fan-

A Model Poultry Yard.

cier a few days ago, I was pleased with his hen-house, not because it was the finest I ever saw, but because of its perfect simplicity. As he was a man of abundant means, and his place is near a fashionable resort, there was a tempta-tion for a nicer building than other people, but he preferred to set a good ex-ample for his poorer neighbors. This building was framed, of convenient size for two flocks of about twenty fowls each; boarded outside and inside of the frame with matched boards, and with a large window on the south side. It was very warm inside, even when the air outside was nearly at freezing point. On the inside of the sill a plank was spiked over to go down a foot into the ground, all around the building, which prevented the outside moisture from coming under the building, and as the building inside was raised some inches with earth and dry loam, it was at all with earth and dry loam, it was at all times a dry place to wallow in. As the house was for large fowls, the roosts were low, and a space was left where the hens could stand on the ground all night, instead of roosting if they preferred, which some did. I noticed the fence between the poultry yards was boarded up some three feet high, with short pickets above that. This prevented the cocks from fighting through the fence. The whole arrangements of building and yards were neat enough for a ing and yards were neat enough for a gentleman's country place, and yet not too extravagant for any farmer to copy. The yards were set with plum and beach trees, and the owner said he had no diffi-culty in getting abundant crops of the finest fruits every year, which was a handsome profit in itself upon the cost of keeping the fowl.—Boston Journal.

Household Hints.
To Make Boots Waterproof.—Yel-

low beeswax, Burgundy pitch and tur-pentine, of each two ounces; boiled linseed oil, one pint. Apply to the boot with the hands before the fire till well

MILK .- Milk absolutely supplies every equisite for the body, and enables a coung calf to grow into a heifer and a baby into a tariving child. It is a model food—in fact, it is the most perfect that exists in nature. Let parents realize this, and encourage its use in the

family. POULTRY AS FOOD,-For table use fowls that are killed directly from a free range, where they have been well fed for some time previously, and, having taken plenty of exercise, are in perfect health, are to be preferred to those which have been kept in a close coop, in con-nection with their own excrements and a polluted atmosphere.

To DISTINGUISH BUTTER PROM OLEO-MARGARINE, - Artificial butter now so most everything of value, but there is a nearly resembles the genuine article that fortune waiting for the man who patents it is difficult to distinguish one from the labort inch that will kill two. Thomas ties of the Golden Horn for more than other. M. Jaillard submits the follow-four centuries, has seen the current of ing plan: When the butter is placed between two slips of glass the animal fats appear under the microscope as aborescent crystallizations. Pure butter is seen only as fatty globules.

JELLIES. -In making jellies of apples, plums, peaches or apricots, peel, remove the stones or cores, cut in pieces, cover with water, and boil gently till well cooked; then strain the juice gently through a jelly bag and add half a pint of sugar to a pint of juice, boil until it ropes from the spoon, or from fifteen to wenty minutes. In making raspberry ie ly use one-third currents and two thirds raspberries.

Dentition of Cartle. H., Raymondville, writes: "I

would like to ask through the columns of your paper if cattle shed their teeth the same as the horse; if so, at what age?' Reply.—Cattle, as well as well as other animals with teeth, shed their first teeth before they reach maturity. The maturity of an animal is frequently considered the dentition beto be complete when comes permanent. In horned cattle the first two central permanent incisors appear at the age of twenty months or two years; the next two appear at three years; the next two at four, and the last two, which are the corner ones, at about five years old. The first and second permanent molar teeth appear at the age of created which, with a diameter of two two years, an additional one on each jaw appears every year after up to the sixth year, when the mouth is full. As the permanent teeth appear, the milk or deciduous teeth drop ont, or are forced out by the new ones. After the sixth year the teeth begin to wear down, and the amount of wear, in ordinary cases, is a guide to the age of the animal. When sheep or cattle are pastured upon sandy land this test is deceptive, as the teeth wear down faster than they would otherwise do. - New York Times.

The Soil for Flowers and Pinuts. The best soil for most flowers, and principally for young plants and the seed-bed, is a mellow loam containing mane even to what we term inferior anienough sand to prevent its baking after mals, it will do much to give them a watering it. A good many have the idea that seed will grow most anywhere and There is nothing meaner than barbarwith any treatment. Mostly the seeds are planted too deep, so they either rot creatures who cannot answer us or rein the cold, damp soil for the want of sent the misery which is so often needwarmth necessary to their germination, or after germination, perish before the tender shoots can reach the surface. To prevent this, sow your flower-seeds in a cold-frame, box, or pot, and transplant as soon as the young plants attain their proper size. Transplant when the weathbecomes warm and settled.

Absent Minded. A letter from New Preston, Conn., to the Litchfield *Enquirer*, contains this anecdote: A man who had been sort-ing tobacco for one of his neighbors, stopped at one of the stores on his way from work and purchased a pair of shoes. He threaded his dinner-pail upon his arm, took the shoes in the same hand, and with the other thrust deep in his breeches' pocket, started for home. Having got opposite Dr. Ed's he missed his dinner-pail, and, thinking he had left it at the store, back he went for it. As he went through the door it swung to, and hit the pail strung on his arm. His only ejaculation was, "Thunder! I thought I left it!" He's the same man who took his watch to New Milford to be repaired and two days afterward found it in his vest pocket.

fond of a fight. At the battle of Goito, in 1849, he charged at the head of a regiment, an Austrian battery, and showed the same courage during the eighteen hours' strife at Novara. On traveling one day in a carriage without escort, to his chateau of Polenzo, he found a number of gendarmes exchanging shots with brigands. Victor Emmanuel seized the carbine with which he traveled, and aided the gendarmes, two of whom were killed at his side. The brigands who were not killed finally fled. The officer in command of the gendarmes was much astonished on learning that the king was his new recruit. stopped at one of the stores on his way

NO. 1.

The Years.

Silent-silent! like God's blessing on a sinbewildered earth Coming—coming—with a glory and a promise

at their birth ! Wondrous-wondrous, white-winged heralds, with a wordless mystery,

Bearing with them gleam and glimmer of the far-off "jasper sea." swiftly-swiftly-down our earth-way; bring-

ing treasure all unknown; Reaching out still hands to touch us with the radiance of a Throne!

. . . . Silent-silent! going-going -out beyond our utmost reach !

Bearing with them so much sweetness scarce we knew they came to teach. Swiftly-swiftly-while we struggle for a little

Down their tide dear footprints vanish, leaving ours upon the shore ! Calmly-calmly-while our pulses beat to ev'ry

On their waves our sunlight trembles, and our day grows dim at noon !

Onward-onward-ending ever at God's footstool! Ah, will He

Merge these weary fragments into His serene

Eternity? -New York Evening Post.

Items of Interest.

Snoring is now politely described as indulging in sheet music. Petroleum is the favorite illuminator in many French households,

About 20,000 Italians annually immigrate to this country to settle. Turkey's experience is that iron clad

fleets do not amount to shucks. Dr. Petermann, the leading geogra-pher of the world, places Stanley foremost among all explorers. It is said by men who have sailed a mile a minute on an ice boat that the sensation is like falling from a building.

A London paper estimates that during the latter 200 days of 1877 that human blood flowed at the rate of forty gallons an hour. A Chicago German, who wanted to add a postscript to a letter after he had

mailed it, was found trying to dig up the lamp post. A paper speaks of a horse that eats meat. Harry says that he has never seen a horse actually eat meat, but has

seen one running for a stake. Lieut, l'lipi er, the only colored grad-uate of West Point, is to be appointed military instructor of the colored branch of the agricultural and military college

A patent has been taken out-upon al-

a boot-jack that will cats at one time. An Indiana farmer missed a 360-pound hog and found him, after thirfy-five days, under a box that had fallen and caught him under it. The hog lived, but he only weighed 200 pounds when

found. There was a shower of worms in Michigan, one day recently. Some days previously there was a shower of fish. And now, if Nature understands her business, a shower of fish-hooks is next

on the programme. The total dividends paid last year by mining companies, banks, insurance and express companies, and other commercial enterprises on the Pacific coast, not including the Central Pacific Railroad, was \$34,366,000, an increase of \$1,250,000. A deserted Ute squaw, grieved by the heartlessness of the Indian who had only a few months previously taken her

to his wigwam, drowned herself. Before

her suicide, she formally and elaborately cursed him. The Indian belief is that such a curse is a potent. A Frenchman has analyzed the dust and debris of the streets of Paris and Florence, and has found that thirty-five per cent, of that collected from the roadway is iron given off by horses' shoes, and that from thirty to forty per cent. of that taken from the sidewalks is glue. He proposes to ntilize both the iron and

the glue. In the harbor of San Francisco a wave struck a fishing boat, and overboard went two disciples of Ike Walton, Some parties who happened to be in a boat close by went to their assistance, and rescued the half-drowned pair. On being questioned how the accident occur-red, they replied: "We didn't capsize; we only went down to see why the fish wouldn't bite."

John Bright wrote, lately, a note in which occurred this passage: "If children at school can be made to undermals, it will do much to give them a, higher character and tone through life. ous and cruel treatment of the dumb sent the misery which is so often needlessly inflicted upon them."

> POP CORN. Pip, pop, Hip, hop, Tip, top, Pop corn Out of the pan, Into the fire, Bursting and bouncing, Higher and higher.

White as new snow, Yellow as gold, You'd better be patient Till it is cold. King Victor Emmanuel was especially ond of a fight. At the battle of Goito,