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NO. 2.

The Way of the World. Whene'er we see a man Who's wise beyond the rule; We ask who is there can, We ask who is there who'll Take his place another day, When his soul has passed away Out of all this world of clay-

When the weird fates his life-thread sever And he is lost to us forever? To us it seems as though The world could scarcely stand-The course of things scarce go Without his guiding hand; Strong the wide world to direct, Reconciling every sect,

Keeping evil courses checked-A hand that's strong enough, and clever, To keep the world's course straight forever.

But when he gains the bound. When runs his earthly race, Another man is found Straightway to fill his place: Just as though it were to prove Others can the world make move In its old accustomed groove-The world, that would survive him never, Still rolls on just the same as ever.

We learn a lesson here; We find we, after all, Who think ourselves so dear, Are only very small. Though we do our best to-day That our praises men may say, And we remembered aye; Yet, notwithstanding our endeavor, Our deeds and we are missed scarce ever. - Domestic Monthly.

Our Little Servant-Maid.

I never thought so little of Barbara Darling as I did that July afternoon when she stood by the window with a pout on her lips and a frown on her brow, looking out on the road with eyes that saw nothing, and utterly obvious to the fact that her dear, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little sister was tugging at her skirt with one small hand and holdher skirt with one small hand and hold-ing up her doll with the other, while she piteously complained, "There's sumfin bery awful wrong er matter wif my baby, Baba; her's broke in her inside, an' can't cry any more to sabe her life." until the speaker, as though to make up for this deficiency on the part of her "baby," burst into a loud, long, and tearless cry herself, and even then Barbara only pulled her dress out of the Barbara only pulled her dress out of the dimpled little hand, and said, in a decidedly unamiable manner, "Oh,

bother !" Barbara Darling was not pretty, that is, not very pretty—at least there was a diversity of opinion about her. The young men, alluding to her eyes and hair, spoke of violets and buttercups. the young women, on the contraryyoung women are so unpoetical when by themselves!—sneered, "Blue china and molasses candy;" the young women said it was "awfully babyish;" the young men called her "a fairy," the young women "a dwarf."

She was the eldest of eight children: had no accomplishment, unless singing a ballad or two passably well could be called one; was eighteen years old, poor and --and--well, to tell the honest truth, rather high-tempered. And yet she had for a lover handsome, talented, proud, wealthy Anthony Ditto, the match that all the girls in her circle had been msking eyes at for a year before he, with heart still untouched, had met "wee Bab," as he called her.

How he came to notice her at all goodness knows, unless the comicality of the introduction struck through the dignity which enveloped him as a mantle and softening his heart, let her steal into it, and then being a burry sort of a little body, he couldn't get rid of her afterward.

"Miss Barbara Darling," said the provoking Ned Parker, "Mr. Anthony Ditto;" and we (yes, we—I'm Bab Darling) burst out laughing, the names were so odd following each other in that manner, you know; and from that moment we were excellent friends until the day we ceased to be friends and became

Papa and mamma were delighted with the engagement, and so was I, for of course I loved him dearly; and yet for the life of me I couldn't stop what he called "flirting," though I'm sure I didn't mean it for that. You see every pody is so very kind to a little woman that it is almost impossible for me to be dignified. She gets used to being treated like a child, and accepts pet names and bouquets and bonbons and cloves and the best of every thing, and talks and laughs and sings with pleasan people of the opposite sex just as a child

Now Anthony didn't like it-absurd fellow! wasn't I going to marry him?
—and he used to look, oh! so very grim and ogreish, and lecture me on the im-propriety of my conduct, until I felt myself the most miserable of sinners: but -I don't know how to account for it-I always forgot the lecture as soon as it was over, and was in disgrace again

immediately.
"Well, the other evening-Fourth of July evening it was—a party of us young folks went to the village green to see the pyrotechnic (I had to consult the dictionary before I ventured on that word) display, and arriving there rather late, found ourselves the last comers, and consequently on the outside of the crowd. Ned Parker and I tried to push our way to the front, but we couldn't and I didn't see a thing, excepting few rockets and blue-lights, until th very last, when Ned lifted me in his arms so that I might at last catch a glimpse of Washington blessing his

countrymen and women with one flery while he pointed to a Roman candle that had just gone up with the

Anthony was a few feet away, talking to Netta Brooke; and when I joined him, expecting to meet with a terrible frown, greeted me with a charming smile And all the rest of the evening he was as amiable as possible, and though he had several five-minute chances to scold me, never said a reproving word—never even referred to the George W. episode but he did worse—he flirted himself.

fellow like him to do to revenge himself on a mite like me.

Yes, he flirted for two long, very long, hours; and when (the party ended at our house) the children proposed a kissing game, he, my haughty, reserved lover, joined in with that bold Brooke girl, and chose her for a "partner" every time, kissing her on the mouth—and she has a pretty mouth—as he did so.

occurrence of this nature, and you go."
And mamma said to her when she nearly drowned the baby: "Really, Eleanor, if any thing as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And I said to her when she nearly drowned the baby: "Really, Eleanor, if any thing as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And I said to her when she nearly drowned the baby: "Really, Eleanor, if any thing as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And I said to her when she nearly drowned the baby: "Really, Eleanor, if any thing as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And I said to her when she nearly drowned the baby: "Really, Eleanor, if any thing as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And I said to her when she freed my song-bird: "The very next wrong thing you do while reading—" and I made a significant parts and looked.

"Yes, miss." said Nellie, meekly, with the tears in her gray eyes, which didn't wearest less than the parts again.

I should have liked to box her ears, I should have liked to box her ears, and his too, for that matter—but I didn't of course not. I sauntered about with Ned Parker, and looked up into his face as though every moment I discovered some new beauty in it; and when Netta bade me good-night (Anthony could find no excuse for offering to walk home with her, her brother Dick being there), I kissed her, and hoped she had enjoyed herself.

But as soon as the garden gate closed behind them I took my engagement ring from my finger and flung it upon the ground, and I actually, I'm ashamed to tell it, but I did—made my hand into a fist and shook it at my promised husband. What would mamma, the dear, meek darling—I don't get my temper from her—have said if she had seen me? As for Anthony, he wasn't the least bit frightened, but caught the fist, and shut it up in his strong right hand like

something in a box.
"I hate you?" I cried.
ever treated me so before." "But how many have you treated so?" he asked, with a smile; and I couldn't help thinking how handsome he looked

in the silver moonlight. "Everybody has always done what-ever I wanted them to do," I went on, stamping my foot.

"And consequently spoiled you," said

"What did you love me for, if I'm not "Because I knew the moment I saw

you, you wee thing, you were my fate. I thought you were nice then, and wanted to take you in my arms the moment you smiled on me." 'And now?" "And now I think you a bad-temper-

ed, selfish, willful, unreasonable girl."
"Indeed!" and I wrenched my band
away, but not before he had kissed it away, but not before he had kissed it with the most provoking coolness.

"Then we'll part, unless you change your opinion immediately, and promise never to speak to Netta Brooke again.

"I shall make no such silly promise, Barbara." Good gracious! the idea of his calling me Barbara! "I have promised to the state that the state of the state o

ised to drive her to the depot to-morrow. "You return to the city together?"

"We return by the same train, as we ave done a dozen times before. with rage. "I never want to see you

again. "Are you sure, Barbara?" he asked-"quite sure? I think you had better wait for a day or two before you banish me. If by the day after to-morrowyour birthday—you still 'hate' me, send me word to that effect, and I will, the moment your note is read, accept a position offered me this morning, and start for a home beyond the sea. Good-night,

Miss Darling "Good-night, Mr. Ditto." And he strode away up the road, and I picked up my ring and stole into the house, and cried as though my heart would break. It was so cruel of him to

be unkind to a poor little thing like me. The next morning, as I sat on the front porch darning the children's stockings-dear me! it seems to me every time stocking-darning time comes around that there never could be another family with so many legs as ours—Anthony drove past with Netta Brooke at his side. I hid behind the stocking basket until they were out of sight, and then I flew to my desk and wrote as bitter a note as a woman twice my size could have writ-

ten, and I sent it to the village postoffice that very evening by our little servant-maid. Our little servant-maid is a pretty little maid, with large honest gray eyes, a small red mouth, bright chestnut hair,

a pleasant smile, a neat, plump figure, and a remarkably cheerful disposition. And a clever little maid she is, too -can wash and iron and cook, and do a hundred other things; but she possesses one taste which interferes sadly with the performance of her domestic duties -the most insatiate hunger for literature, which she gratifies whenever she finds an opportunity, in season or out of season, morn, noon, or night.

Potatoes and stews are burned, bread,

cakes, and pies baked to cinders, doors left open all night, breakfasts delayed, lunches forgotten, dinners served too early or late—all on account of this love of reading which characterizes our little servant-maid.

She nearly drowned baby once, while giving her her bath, by letting the darling's head slip under the water, while she devoured a story in a Harper's Weekly she had taken from a table near by. She let my canary escape while she removed his empty seed cup with one hand, and held Helen's Babies in the other, her eyes being fixed on the book. She spilled the soup one dinner-time over papa's immaculate white vest while trying to peep at the magazine he was glancing over. She set the hot flat-iron on our best damask table-cloth, and left it there to indelibly imprint its triangu-lar portrait, while she hastily read a

murder case in the morning paper. She could scarcely be got out of bed mornings, because she was tired and sleepy from reading the book she had abstracted from the book-case the night before, and when she did get up she actually sat before the dreary-looking stove for half an hour or so, intently perusing the various scraps of newspaper with which she should have been light-

In short, if she had not been the most devoted, sunny, unselfish, fond-of-us-all little creature, it would have been utterly impossible for us to have stood the many mishaps and disasters that sprang from our servant-maid's devotion to literature. That I had never dreamed of, and I As it was, papa said to her when she must say that I thought—at the time— drenched him with soup: "Another

it was a real mean thing for a great tall occurrence of this nature, and you go.'
And mamma said to her when she nearly

with the tears in her gray eyes, which didn't prevent her, as soon as she reached the kitchen; bursting out with "Why, why, why didst thou leave me?" to a tune made up of a strange combination of "Old Dan Tucker" and "The Russian Hymn."

But with the exception of a turkey nicely roasted and sent to table retain-ing its crop and one or two other supercould find no excuse for offering to walk home with her, her brother Dick being there), I kissed her, and hoped she had enjoyed herself.

"Oh! very much—very, very much, indeed," said she, flinging a look which she meant to be tender, but it wasn't—she has big, black, shallow eyes—at Anthony. "I never enjoyed myself so much."

But as soon as the garden gate closed behind them I took my engagement look is compared to the provided the broad both of the very day I sent that horrid letter: "So, miss, I shall be with you another birthday, after all; and len't that "Monarch of Minking Lane" lovely I reed a little bit of it when I lovely? I read a little bit of it when I

was dusting the parlor, miss."

Well, to go back to naughty Barbara, standing by the window, and gazing out

Oh, how my heart ached! How sorry Oh, how my heart ached! How sorry I was for quarreling with my dear, good, splendid Anthony! The first thing this morning, my birthday morning—Last year I was scarcely through my breakfast when he came, bringing me the lovliest set of pearls—he will get my cruel letter, and then, before I can send another to beg him to forgive me, he will have started for that dread-ful place away off goodness knows where.

"What possessed me," I said to my-self, wringing my hands in despair, "silly, wicked little thing that I am, to break my own heart and wound him so deeply? He loves me, I know he loves me dearly, and he never, never, never would have flirted had I not set him the example;" and I heaved a deep sigh, which was immediately echoed behind me, and turning, I saw Nellie laying the table for dinner, with a most woe-begone expression on her round rosy face; and as I turned toward her, two frightened imploring gray eyes met mine. For a moment I forgot my own

trouble.
"Why, Nellie, what is the matter with you?" I asked. with you?" I asked.
"Oh dear! oh dear! how can I tell
you? And out of this house I must go
as soon as you know. And I love your
ma, and I almost love your pa, and I
adore all the rest of you. Oh! oh!"
—bursting into sobs and tears.
"Take down your apron this minute,"
said I firmly "and tall me what you

said I, firmly, "and tell me what you have been doing this time."
"Well, miss," said Nellie, giving a great gulp, and coming and standing fingers nervously—"I can't bear to go out into a cold and heartless world. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I. "And I got my paper-The Weekly Roarer Avis, you know, where they're printing 'The Vow of the Glass Fiend; or, the Glittering, Gleaming Girandole. And oh! miss, what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I. "And I opened the paper in the store ust to see how Stephanyer Alveretter got out of the enchanted cave, and I came out into the road a-reading it. Oh, miss, it's most awful interesting ! And Nellie, completely carried away by her subject, unclasped her hands, and continued in as bass a voice as she could assume, "The dragon belched forth streams of fire." And then suddenly changing to a high, shrill tone, "Ru-dolfer sprang between her and the monster-r-r. 'Saved, saved, saved,' she cried Nellie, at the top of her voice, entirely lost to everything but the 'most awful interesting' story.
"Good heavens! Nell," said I, "you

will have ma tumbling down stairs, thinking it's tramps. Forget the 'Glass Fiend,' or whatever it is, for a few moments, and finish your own story."

The frightened look came back into Nell's face. "Well, miss," she said, slowly, "I got my paper, and, oh!

"Go on !" said I, stamping my foot I had made up my mind never to stamp my foot again, but the girl was so provoking.
"And, miss"—with desperate calm-

ness—"I forgot to post your letter."

I flung my arms around her and gave her a hug and a kiss, promised her a whole year's subscription to the village circulating library, and left her with round eyes and mouth wide open in wonder, while I flew to the door to

answer the ring of—
"Barbara Darling," said he,
"Anthony Ditto," said I.—Harper's

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish,

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them for a good price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor.'

"Only to tend this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand. The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he ad caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said: "THE GENTLE CRAFT."

Ancient and Modern-Shoe Who Have become Famous.

Shoes date from a very remote period, and the shoemaker is a relic of antiquity who lived and had his being in very early times. The Jews wore wooden shoes long before the age of Augustus, and sometimes leather shoes are men-tioned. The Jewish soldiers covered tioned. The Jewish soldiers covered their feet with copper or with iron. The shoes of the Egyptians were of papyrus; the Chinese and the Indians manufactured theirs of silk, of bark of trees, of brass, gold or silver, according as their fortune permitted or their fancy dictated. At Rome, as in Greece, leather was the material which covered the feet of most every one. In classical times the Romans wore cork soles in the shoes to secure their feet from water, especially in winter, and as high heels especially in winter, and as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies, who wished to appear taller, put plenty of cork under themselves. The Roman ladies wore white shoes; the common people wore black, and the magistrates and those of exalted rank set their feet off with red shoes and employed the crescent as an ornamentthey were often very costly. The cus-tom of making shoes right and left was common in classical times. Only one instance is drawn of an ancient monument exhibiting shoes with separate heel pieces. The streets of Rome in the time of Domitian were blocked up by cobbler's stalls, which he therefore caused to be removed.

The fashion of boots and shoes has undergone innumerable changes. Under William Rufus, son of the Duke of Normandy, who conquered at Hastings in 1066, a fashion was introduced by wearing long pointed shoes with up-turned toes curved like a ram's horn and stuffed with tow. In the fourteenth century they connected these points with the knee by chains of gold and silver—they were called cracows. Buckles were also worn in this century. The laboring classes were them of copper. Other persons had them of gold and silver. Not long after shoe rosettes came in fashion. In the last century, the high heels of ladies' shoes became a monstrosity. In our day the general disuse of the shoe proper, and the in-troduction of short ankle-boots, form the chief change of fashion.

About a century ago it was no uncom mon practice on the part of "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork, in an amusing paper in the Connoisseur, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and to be served for supper.
"The cook set himsel' seriously to
work upon it; he pulled the upper part,
which was of fine damask, into shreds, and tossed them up in a ragout, minced the soles, fried them in batter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their before me, "you know, miss, last evening I went to the village, and it was an elegant moonlight night, miss; and, oh! score of years, at a dinner of Irish miss"—twining and untwining her squires, the health of a beautiful girl, such circumstances!) In a week or two, score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose foot was as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain posses-

The patron saints of shoemakers are St. Crispin and his brother Crispian, who supported themselves by making shoes while they preached to the people of Gaul and Britain. In compliment to these saints, the trade of shoemaking is called "the gentle craft." The craft is rich in names which have become in greater or lesser degree household property, among which may be found Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg and the friend of Luther, the eccentric Lacking-ton, who, in the title page of his autobiography, says that he came to London with \$5 in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of 100,000 volumes; Richard Savage, the poet Bloomfield and his brother, and a whole constellation of rainor headed by James Lackington, of the Temple of the Muses; Sir Cloudesly Shovel, the redoubtable admiral; Sir William Reed, the powerful Gifford of the Quarterly; the radical Hardy and the astrological Partridge, Sir Simon Eyre, Benedict Bandora, Jacob Boehman, Samuel Drew, George Fox, the real original Friend, William Huntington, John Pounds, John Brand, Hans Christian Andersen, Dr. Carey, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, Dr. Marshman, Dr. John Kitto and many others—all shoemakers before they turned their thoughts and energies into literary channels.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the trade of shoemaker was somewhat comprehensive. He manufactured and supplied ankle leather, shoes, leather hose, bridle-thongs, trappings, flasks, boiling vessels, leather neck pieces, halters, wallets and pouches.

In the United States the manufacture

of shoes has attained the highest perfection, chiefly in Massachusetts, and in Philadelphia, also, the shoe manufacture has attained considerable importance, and the sole leather and the morocco of Philadelphia are far-famed.

The antiquity of the art of leather-dressing dates far back. The seventeenth book of Iliad speaks of tanners preparing skins to make leather of them. Over three hundred years ago the tanners composed a very important body in England. An account is given of a furious quarrel which broke out in Queen Elizabeth's time, between them and the shoemakers, -Troy Times.

British India.

A statistical abstract relating to British India, just issued by order of Parlia-French and Portuguese possessions, the total area of all India is 1,484,150 square miles, with a population of 239,970,595 Of the 191,000,000 inhabitants of British India, the religious denominations are "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waist no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

given as follows: Hindoos, 139,343,820; Sikhs, 1,174,436; Mohammedans, 40,-867,125; Buddhists and Jams, 2,832,851; Christians, 879,682; others, 5,417,804, and "religion not known," 532,227. A Receipt for Muffins.

As we all know, there are some women who are natural cooks. The "natural who are natural cooks. The "natural depravity of inanimate objects" seems charmed away when they get hold of bowl and spoon. Their ovens always bake on both top and bottom. Soups never scorch, nor biscuits sour. They always carry their recipes in their heads. With what exasperating indefiniteness de they appayer you when you ask them do they answer you when you ask them how they make any particular thing— muffins, for instance.

muffins, for instance,

"Dear me, I never have much of a
rule about such things."

"But can't you give me a little idea?
John has so often spoken of your muffins since we took tea with you, and I
really should like to learn how to make
them."

"Well I stir up a pretty stiff batter; depends something on how many folks I

have to tea," "Do you use milk?"
"Yes, if I have it; if not, I take water."

"Any eggs?"
"Well, if eggs are cheap, I break in a couple, if they are dear, I don't always."
"You use some butter?" "Oh yes, a piece about as big as an

She pauses, as if it were all. You timidly suggest—
"Cream tartar or soda?"

A look of surprise creeps over her face, as if she would say, "What does the woman mean by asking so many questions?" but she says—
"Well, if I have sour milk, I don't use cream tartar; if the milk's sweet I

put in a couple of spoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda," You wish you dared ask whether it's table or tea-spoonfuls she means, but if you are a novice, think it must be tablespoonfuls, the muffins are so very light. She evidently now considers the thing

"You haven't said anything about the flour?" you inquire—with inward trem-bling; but you really do wish to please

The look of surprise changes to a wide-

eyed amazement.
"Flour? Why, I supposed any goose would know about that. A good bowlful, of course. I always use my own judgment about the flour." You retire from the field discomfited, but not being easily discouraged, try to follow these "directions." The result is something very different from Mrs. Handy's delicate muffins. John breaks one open very suspiciously, and, after a minute's inspection, pushes back his plate—with that expression of huge patience which men assume when they want to say something severe but don't

—and says:

"Haven't you any bread, Mary?

Don't let the children touch these.

Why They are as tough as leather. Why don't you ask Mrs. Handy how she makes her muffins? They're something

You nerve yourself and pleasantly ask after a series of experiments, you finally evolve from your "inner conscious ness," and flour and eggs, some very creditable muffins—but you don't call your experience judgment. - Mary Blake in Scribner.

Wonders of the American Continent.

The American Enquirer thus catalogues a few of the wonders of the American continent: The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet, The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave, of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile re-gions of the globe. The largest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland see, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world s the Pilot Kuob of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard college for orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. Its length is forty and one quarter miles and it cost \$12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

A Bad Fit.

The doctors of Detroit don't take a joke as kindly as they might. The other evening a citizen of Woodward avenue went a block out of his way to put his head into a doctor's office and call out : "Man at the corner of Woodward

avenue and Elizabeth street got a bad The doctor put on his hat and hastened to the corner indicated, hoping that he might not be too late to save human

life. There was no crowd and no excite-

ment, and as the M. D. leaned against ment, shows that the area under British administration is 909,834 miles, with a population of 191,065,445. The native states comprise 573,052 miles and a population of 48,233,978. Including the "Blame that shoemaker; blame that boot—ah—yes, blame 'em!" It was a bad fit. After two or three

minutes the doctor saw that it was. What h's thoughts were no one will never know but as a boy came fact running a velocipede against him, he crowled out: "About ten thousand mee in this town ought to be taken out and shot!" -Detroit Free Press.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

From the address of Mr. J. Reall, of New York, before the annual convention of the American Dairymen's Association, of the American Dairymen's Association, we present this extract: Mr. Reall contrasted the prosperity of the dairy industry with other branches of farming, business and manufacturing which had outrivaled all. Cheese and butter were now bringing relatively higher prices than ever before. The export last year to Great Britain, our chief customer, had amounted to 110,000,000 pounds worth over \$13,000,000 a large increase over

amounted to 110,000,000 pounds worth over \$13,000,000, a large increase over the past, and susceptable of still greater enlargement. Butter had also been exported, to the amount of 14,000,000 pounds. It was a known fact that the home consumption is not commensurate with the foreign demand for cheese, but it is because the best grades were sent abroad and the process quality forced. abroad and the poorest quality forced upon our own people. If the American consumer were given a fine full cream cheese instead of an article skimmed to death, it would become popular as a wholesome and nutritious food. It was the skimmed cheese which naturally lies like a grindstone on the stomach, and give our people the opinion that cheese was indigestible. A mild rich kind was demanded by the home trade and wold be appreciated as highly here as in England. In reference to butter a stale article, however fine, was no longer wanted. The public taste had become so well cultivated that fresh flavored butter was demanded at all seasons of butter was demanded at all seasons of the year. To meet this demand the system of winter dairying, so successfully practiced in Illinois where the finest stock is made at all seasons of the year, must be extended. Creameries or the associated plan of butter making must take the place of private dairies, because a much higher price is realized for the product and much waste and labor is saved the dairyman. Besides, all classes should have the opportunity to enjoy fine butter, at reasonable prices, as well

as all other articles of food. Dairying gives its followers both physical and intellectual food. No class think more or discuss more. This was attested by their conventions which should continue to be encouraged. They had been of vast benefit not only to their members but to the entire dairy com-

An important feature of the dairy in-dustry has been the successful estab-lishment of two distinct dairy fairs the ast year. One at Meadville, Pa., and past year. One at Meadville, Pa., and the other at Chicago, the results of which would be of lasting benefit. Dairy fairs were of long establishment in England, where two had also been held within the year. In that country the leading men of the nation took a pride in participation in meetings of dairymen. At the fairs dules and lovel and members of fairs, dukes and lords and members of Parliament officiated. The Prince of Wales prides himself on having the

finest dairy in England.

FOR INVALIDS. - Crust coffee is an excellent substitute for tea and coffee; brown the crusts in the oven, pour hot water on, and let it stand for an hour on the back of the range; use milk same as for other coffee.

FOR DYSPERSIA. - Burn alum until the

DIPHTHERIA. -- Sulphur used as a gargle is said to be a sure cure for diphtheria This disease is only an accumulation of fungus in the throat, and sulphur is a specific for every species of fungus. If the patient cannot gargle, put the sulphur on a live coal and let it burn under his nose.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE. - To stop bleeding at the nose, says an exchange, exercise the jaws as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a child give it something to shew-a piece of paper, for instance. The motion of the jaw will soon stop the flow of blood. It is a sure remedy, simple as it seems.

CURE FOR INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION. Live temperately, avoid liquor, take a daily sponge bath, wear flanuel next the skin, and take every morning one-half pint of fresh milk from the cow, mixed with a wineglass of the expressed juice of green horehound. A person who has tried this remedy says: Four weeks' use of the horehound and milk, relieved the pains of my breast, and gave me the ability to breathe deep, long and free, strengthened and harmonized my voice, and restored me to a better state of health than I had enjoyed for years. The remedy to be effective must be continued for some time.

To Clean Black Thread Lace Veils.

Many a person has spoiled a comparatively good black thread lace veil in try ing to clean it. Such a veil can be made almost as good as new if you mix bul-lock's gall with sufficient hot water to make it as warm as you can bear your hand in, and pass the veil through it. It must be squeezed, not rubbed; and it will be well to perfume the gall with a little musk. Rinse the veil through two cold waters, tinging the last with a little blue. After drying, put it into some stiffening made by pouring boiling water on a very small piece of glue; squeeze it out, stretch it, and clap it. Afterward pin it out on a linen cloth to dry, laying it very straight and even, taking care to pin the edge very nicely When dry iron it on the wrong side, having laid a linen-cloth over the ironing blanket. Any article of black lace may be washed in this manner. Some people prefer to use spirits of ammonia, and it cleans very well.

Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed on to the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common silvered sheet glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half. Items of Interest.

The rabbit is timid, but no cook can make him quail. This is a fact in natu-

"I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth." "Oh, sir, that's nothing."

'Twas ever thus; from childhood's hour We've seen our fondest hopes decay— The fire went out, the batter's sour— We can't have buckwheat cakes to-day! The first hours of slumber are the sweetest. If ever a man sleeps the sleep of the just, it is when he's just

Immense beds of copper have been found at Blue Hill, Me., and in the neighboring town of Sedgwick silver veins of much promise have been un-

covered, the ore assaying from \$100 to What a beautiful example of simplicity in dress is shown some of the follow-ers of fashion by that domestic animal the cat, which rises in the morning, washes its face with its right hand, gives

its tail three jerks, and is ready dressed for the day! Gilmanton, N. H., has a lady farmer, Mrs. J. D. Piper, who, though over sixty years of age, owns and manages a farm of seventy-five acres. The past sum-mer she has herself done all her farming, planting, hoeing, harvesting and other farm work, with the exception of hay-

TWO BEASONS. When I kiss thee on thy lips,
'Tis my own love to impart;
For between those sweet rose-buds
Lies the doorway of thy heart,

When I kiss thee on thine eyes,
'Tis to bid thy love-tides roll;
For beneath those velvet lids
Are the fountains of the soul. A schoolboy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of pins produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children— in fact whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. The boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing

In 1876 snakes and wild animals in India killed 19,273 persons and 54,830 India killed 19,273 persons and 54,830 head of cattle. There were slain 23,549 wild animals and 212,371 snakes, rewards to the amount of \$62,287 being paid for their destruction. There were killed by snakes 15,946 persons, by elephants 52, by tigers 917, by leopards 156, by bears 123, by wolves 887 and by hyenas 49. The animals destroyed were: Elephants 4; tigers 1,693; leopards 3,768; bears 1,352; wolves 5,976 and hyenas 1,585.

1,585. Walter S. Harley and Robert Fish-burne, of Walterboro', S. C., were brothers-in-law. They quarreled in consequence of some opprobrious lan-guage addressed by the former to the latter. Fishburne sought to make Har-ley withdraw the offensive words. He declined to do so, and a challenge followed; they met at a point a few miles from Savanah; Harley discharged his pistol in the air, and Fishburne sent a bullet into Harley's body, inflicting a

mortal wound. A narrow escape from a singular acci dent occurred in the hunting field in England the other day. The Atherstone hounds, a celebrated pack, were in pur-suit of a fox, which tried to escape by moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days probably will answer; but take it until cured.

sant of a lox, which tried to escape by leaping into a stone quarry, eighty feet deep, but was killed by the fall. The leading dog of the pack also leaped in and was dashed to pieces, and the others would have followed had not the men employed in the pit, seeing the danger, formed a line upon the brink and drive

the dogs back, For many years past in an eastern city a letter addressed to "Philip Gregory, Esq.," has been dropped every day into the meil, with no indication of the place of residence of the person for whom it was intended. All began, "My own darling Philip," and ended, "Your faithful and affectionate Mary," and expressed the writer's undying love and confidence that her lover would return. Now suddenly the letters have ceased. and the clerks in the dead letter office at Washington really feel lonesome and

Mrs. Angela Podesta-Onetta died recently in Cincinuati at the remarkable age of one hundred and nine years and one day, after being confined to her bed only three days. For about three months previous she had been ailing somewhat, but she did not take to her bed until the Wednesday preceding her death. Her last hours were painless and her death came as calmly as if she were going to sleep. Mrs. Podesta-Onetta was born Jan. 10, 1769, in the village of Vignoio, Italy. At the age of twenty she was married to Podesta, by whom she had eight children, four boys and four girls. Her second marriage was to a wandering musician named Onetta, when she was eighty-six years of age. When 100 years old she danced all night at a ball in Cincinnati.

Fashion Notes.

The decadence of chinging skirts is announced.

White fur robes are used by ladies in their carriages.

Newest furs for the neck are Carrick apes, instead of boas. Good news for brunettes: Spanish tyles are coming in this spring.

Roses covered with dew-drops are the

new trimming for ball dresses. Feather fans are used with evening lresses almost to the exclusion of all other styles.

Wedding dresses are mostly in the princesse style, made plain, with very ittle trimming.

Pretty new handkerchiefs are of sheer lawn, with a ruffle embroidered in pale pink or blue silk. New artificial roses are closed as buds,

and by a spring open as full-blown roses while being worn. New veils are dotted with beads, and have a delicate fringe of the same on the edge. These are always in mask shape. A very sensible bangle (that still holds its own), is a plain band of silver with a patent coin-holder attached by a strong

silver chain. Ladies in mourning wear wide crape collars below the standing crepe tisse ruche. Crape cuffs over the long tight sleeve match the collar.