## VOL. VIII.

The White Czar.

Ha! he didn't know. Now he had it

Ha! he didn't know. Now he had it: she seemed so very, very—funny word, wasn't it? well, there was no harm in thinking it—clean, that was it. Perhaps it was the awful grime of Mrs. Gibson's front basement did it. Contrast is every thing, you know. But ah! she wasn't like the divine, the beautiful—"Mr. M'Govern, will you have another cup of tea?"

My! what a sweet voice!

Now what was it made the old boarding house dear her dearer. [The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batynshka, Father dear, and Gosuder, Sovereign, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.]

Dost thou see on the rampart's height That wreath of mist, in the light Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist! It is not a wreath of mist ; It is the Czar, the White Czar,

Batyushka! Gosudar!; He has heard, among the dead, The artillery roll o'erhead; The drums, and the tramp of feet Of his soldiery in the street : He is awake! the White Czar,

Batyushka! Gosudar He has heard in the grave the cries Of his people : "Awake ! arise!" He has rent the gold brocade Whereof his shroud was made: He is risen! the White Czar. Batyushka! Gosudar

From the Volga and the Don, He has led his armies on, Over river and morass, Over desert and mountain pass The Czar, the Orthodox Czar. Batwashka ! Gosnday!

He looks from the mountain chain Toward the seas that cleave in twain The continents : his hand Points southward o'er the land Of Roomelee! O Czar.

Batyushka! Gosudar! And the words break from his lips "I am the builder of ships, And my ships shall sail these seas To the Pillars of Hercules ! I say it ; the White Czar,

Batyushka! Gosudar! "The Bosphorus shall be free; It shall make room for me ; And the gates of its water-streets Be unbarred before my fleets. I say it ; the White Czar. Batyushka! Gosudar

"And the Christian shall no more Be crushed as heretofore. Beneath thine iron rule, O Sultan of Istamboul I swear it! I. the Czar. Batyushka! Gosudar!"

Henry W. Longfellow, in the Atlantic Monthly

## His Landlady's Daughter.

"Yes, Mr. M'Govern, she is coming ne to-morrow."
'No? Really—ah! I mean—ex-

"Ah, Mr. M'Govern, if you could know how I've toiled and slaved and pinched that that girl could have an edi-cation! I never had no learning my-

"Precisely—just so."
"And I made up my mind that Annie should be a lady, and she is, sir, she "Certainly-no doubt. Really the fact is-Would you mind ?-I am very

Now the fact was that Mr. M'Govern was determined not to take the slightest interest in the world in his landlady's daughter. And at this moment he was, also, engaged upon a piece of work that not only absorbed all his energies, but apparently presented difficulties that he

was not likely to overcome.

The case lay just here. Mr. M'Govern, salesman and commercial traveler for a large dry-goods house, had recently made the acquaintance in an adjacent lown, not as large, but fancying itself quite as important, as New York, of a young lady who had suddenly inspired him with the exaggerated sentiment we commonly call love. At least he thought so. And now the problem lay, how to awaken a corresponding emotion in the heart of the fair being to whom he felt auxious and desirous to offer the devotion of a lifetime. If he had been rich, he might have overwhelmed her with boquets such as can only be produced by a metropolitan florist. But he was not rich. On the other hand, if, as he expressed it to himself, he "had been one of those newspaper chaps, who are always saying things and writing things, you know, and walk into a girl's heart when they haven't even a respectabl pair of boots, or a shilling to get their hair cut," even then he might have done something. But, as it was, what

could he do? Finally an idea occurred to him. Brilliant in epigram he was not, and certainly could never hope to be ; but somebody had surely once said that "genius is only indomitable perseverance," and there was the hare and the tortoise, and the little busy bee, and there was no knowing but that if he gave a month to it he might yet manage to get up something she would like to read-he could certainly write as good a business letter as any fellow in the office. But then it ought to be in rhyme. And here another difficulty presented itself. Her name was Arabella? Yet Petrarch had certainly been in the same scrape; there isn't a word in the language that ends

like Laura. So he set valiantly to work, and on the morning when Mrs. Gibson invaded his sanctum to announce her daughter's expected return, he had got just this far "Midst roses fair, oh! lovely Arabella-"

Stop! there was cellar. But how to work it in? And here Mr. M'Govern was met by a difficulty that has oppressed

many a great poet.

His landlady had broken the chain of inspiration; besides, it was nine o'clock; he couldn't do better than go to the office, for there was a fresh consignment of goods that he was expected to dispose of. In the evening he would go out and call upon Arabella; which he did, and at midnight he returned to his grimy apartment ou Mrs. Gibson's third

oor, more in love than ever.

But on the following evening, when he came home from the office, he remembered Mrs. Gibson's announcement, and at the tea table he looked for the young lady in question. Not that he cared what she looked like, but then— "Hum! not a pretty girl, by any means!" but somehow he looked again. RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1878.

w what was it made the old boarding-house day by day so much less in-tolerable than it used to be? Perhaps it was the dust; Somehow the universal dust had ceased to assert itself as formerly, and became conspicuous by its absence. Every thing in Mr. M'Govern's room by some magic got into its right place. Inanimate things may be totally deprayed, but somehow his showed an avidence of reform that argued the existence of reform that argued the existence of the statement of the s istence of saving grace somewhere. Where on earth were the holes in his stockings? He missed them. Certainly a hole in one's stocking is more honored

a hole in one's stocking is more honored in the breach than in the observance; but what a peculiar experience for a clerk, in a boarding-house!

One day Mr. M'Govern happened to remember what his landlady had said to him about her daughter's "edication."

(Poor woman! he didn't wonder some big words bothered. big words bothered her; every now and then he came across one that puzzled him.) It might be that Annie would be nice to talk to. But he must get a safe subject. How would politics do?—here he was tolerably strong himself.

It is a humiliating confession to make regarding one's hero, but no sooner had Clarence M'Govern begun to talk polities with Annie than he speedily made up his mind that the administration of our Republican government was the one thing on earth that he knew nothing about. How humiliating it was! The same thing over again. "If you ain't a rich man or a newspaper chap, what can you do with a girl? They get their heads packed full of things at school that a fellow who's got his living to earn can't know anything about, and if you haven't got any money— This world's a beastly hole!" concluded Clarence M'Govern; and in that statement he embodied the sentiments of many a wiser

But in this case it was too bad. Now with Arabella, rich, beautiful and well-born, it was different; but to be extin-guished by Mrs. Gibson's daughter! he, Clarence M'Govern-abominable! Was he not a rising man, and were there not indications of good birth in his every feature and in his very name? To be sure, he hated to attempt tracing his lineage; it would bolt up against a tailor's shop in the Bowery in such an aggravating manner. But clearly names sprung from something. Why should his ancestors have been named M'Govern

asked him, very sweetly: "Who is Arabella?" Mr. M'Govern felt that his cup of happiness was full. With Arabella for a sweetheart and Annie for a confidante, what man could want more? The flood-gates of his soul were opened. He certainly lacked the eloquence of that much-to-be-envied newspaper chap; but Annie was sympathetic, and she got a notion of his longings, his doubts, his aspirations, quite as correct as if they had been more elegantly expressed. Then came the story of the sonnet that wouldn't allow itself to be written, and the stupid, uncontrollab!e, contumacious behavior of that awful pollysyllable

"Don't put it in at the end of a line. suggested Annie. "Get over it at once, and have it out of the way."
"Capital!" said Mr. M'Govern.
"Could you, Miss Annie, give me an idea, a suggestion, a line or two per

haps "What style will you have it in ?" "Well, something a little like Tenny-son, with a dash of Shelley, just a trifle of Swinburne possibly." He had evi-

dently been reading up.
"How would this do?" suggested th accommodating Annie, with a twinkle in her eye that somehow made Mr. M'Govern blush to the roots of his hair :

"Arabella, gaze upon me
With thy soft and gentle eyes.
See the wrong that thou hast done me:
All my troubled spirit lies
Fainting with its deep emotion,
Pulseless as a tropic ocean.
And I seem as one who lieth
Low upon his couch and dieth."

"Beautiful! Go on." Now the result of all this was that within the next three weeks Miss Ara- the blood of the M'Governs! bella received no less than nineteen love poems, all signed "Clarence M'Govern in that gentleman's best style, with a refractory pillows, he found he could; flourish underneath at least four inches and he did.

somehow this partnership But poetry did not seem to agree with An-nie, and before long she announced her intention of visiting a friend in the country. She "needed a change," she

Curiously now, the holes in Mr. M'Govern's stocking began to re-appear; the dust resumed its normal sway, and the only line of poetry the young man could remember was

"Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie." which he whistled so lugubriously that one morning, out of pure sympathy, Mrs. Gibson put her head inside his door and whispered, consolingly:
"Lor' bless you, yes, she will, Mr.
M'Govern; she's only gone for a

month. Then Clarence began to wonder when his thoughts had been straying; and as poetical effusions were no longer a possibility, he resolved to see Arabella at once, and put his fate to the touch, and win or lose it all.

It was a night of wind and rain and sleet as Mr. M'Govern left the station and approached the Lockwood mansion Miss Arabella would see him in a few moments, and in the meantime would h wait in the library? Fancying himself in solitude, he selected the easiest chair, and was just composing his address to the fair object of his affections, when a small voice appealed to him pathetically:

"Pleathe, thir, thith ith too thick, it

There she sat, a soft little body in a grey merino dress, with a pair of very pretty hands placidly folded in her lap.

What was the impression she gave him?

"I'th makin' lamp-lighterth. Thithter Bella gave me all thith white paper. I wanted new, but she thaid it wath good enough for me; there wath nothing on it but some thilly vertheth that big fool—she thaid hith name, but I forget—had written to her. Don't pinch me tho; I'll theream". I'll theream."

Oh agonies of unrequited affection!
There, curling gracefully around a lamplighter, destined perhaps to light one of his rival's cigars, were the tender lines:

"Arabella gaze upon me
With thy soft and gentle eyes."

The rest were goue, unless they might
be discovered on the vicious morsel of
paper that "wouldn't twitht."

In less than two minutes Mr. M'Govern was in the street. Oh, the dismal,
dreary, sleeting iniquity of that night!
Where was the station? It had disappeared. Down in torrents came the rain peared. Down in torrents came the rain, freezing as it fell; slippery and more slippery grew the pavement; only a cat or some animal with claws could have maintained a systematic perpendicular. Suddenly down went Mr. M'Govern. Perhaps it was a blessing, for the sudden application of cold ice to the back of his head restored his consciousness of where he was, and he turned toward the railway station, having in his excitement. railway station, having in his excitement wandered half a mile in the opposite direction.

Had that partial bath suddenly cooled his passion? Clarence could not have told, but somehow he did not feel as miserable as he had expected, only very wet, and the ride home seemed interm

inably long.

Two or three days passed by, and even yet Mr. M'Govern was in a remarkably serene frame of mind for a disappointed lover. A week passed away, when sud-denly he began to feel a serious distress in his left ankle. This struck him at once as peculiar, as according to all once as peculiar, as, according to all precedent, the anguish should have pro-

eeded direct from his heart.

But pretty soon the invisible tweezers of a most malignant imp began to wrench him in the knee; before long the grip was upon his arm; thence it struck to his hip; and utterly in the power of the enemy, Mr. M'Govern awoke one morn-ing and found himself, not like the Philistines dead, but unable to move a limb, and helpless before the eyes of Kitty, the waitress, who, late in the morning, poked her head into the room and inquired if he were ever going to get

"Get up?" no! Not for weeks upon weeks did Mr. M'Govern rise from his weeks did Mr. M'Govern rise from his bed. They blistered him, they poulticed him, they drugged him; but all to uo effect. The fever would have its way in spite of the whole medipharmacopæia. First of all, they placed him in the charge of a monstrous male nurse, whom Clarence, in his impotent fury, mentally denominated a "great hulking brute," but without whose assistance the unfortunate victim of his attentions could not even turn in bed. his ancestors have been named M'Govern if they had never had anything to govern?—impossible! But such a plebeian name as Gibson—bah!

But there was something very delightful in Aunic's society when he kept out the socie Even Mrs. Gibson's creaking boots and high-pitched voice became a blessing when, in the intervals of her domestic labors, she looked in upon the sufferer. But Annie-if he could have had Annie Finally, in his semi-delirium he began to call sloud for her; and Mrs. Gibson, whether out of the motherliness of her own heart, or because she had her own ideas about Annie and this thriving young dry-goods salesman-too mucl expected of landladies with marriageable daughters—promised him that Annie should be sent for. At last she came; and whether the

strength of the enemy was spent, or whether he did not dare apply his freezing, burning implements of torture in Annie's gentle presence, the demon of rheumatism was exorcised and peace began to reign.

Mr. M'Govern began to fancy that he

had lapsed into paradise, such was the glory of convalescence. And Annie was everywhere. Once more the dust disappeared, and Clarence himself witnessed the magical gestures through which it suffered aunihilation; he also saw the very process by which all holes depart from a stocking, save the one by which the foot enters it. Annie's fair fingers, that only wrote poetry under compulsion, seemed to luxuriate in the composition of broths and sonps and

And then, while the fresh air of the spring-time stole in through the flowers that Annie had placed in the window, and Mr. M'Govern lolled upon the sofa in all the enjoyment of valetudinarian luxury, a great strife arose in his mind. He was thinking—of Annie? No; of Mrs. Gibson. Could he; could he?—

But when Annie came once more, and her little hands were busy around his and he did

"Annie, Annie, I love you."

"And Arabella?" It was a cruel blow, and the spirit of the invalid was roused. Excitement began to gleam in the great hollow eyes, and he had just time to ejaculate, "Con-found her!" when Annie's hand was over his mouth, and Annie's soft voice reiterated the doctor's injunction to "keep very quiet." Then, in a meek voice, "Say yes; won't you, Annie?"
"I haven't been asked anything."
"Then put your arm under my head, and let me got a skeep. If you don't I'll

nd let me go to sleep. If you don't, I'll go into a rage, and make myself sick.

Annie did as she was bid. Some two hours afterward, when Mr.

M'Govern condescended to awake, his first distinct articulation was, "Aud; Annie, a-about—your—your mother?"

Annie withdrew her arm, and began to look severe. "Not a word about mother. There isn't such a cook in the universe. "No; that is true." And sundry

visions of the days when he had an appe-tite began to rise before Mr. M'Govern's eyes. "Annie you are right. She shall ve with us." And Annie, who had remembered what she had suffered from Arabella, replaced her arm, and, like a true woman, answered, "Of course." — Harper's

A young lady in Newtown county, Ga. is possessed by a strange monomania. She fancies herself a baby, and has not spoken a word in three years, although her powers of conversation used to be of an order higher than the average.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Medical Hints.

CURE FOR BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Dissolve and drink two teaspeonfuls of finely powered charcoal in one-half a tumblerful of water; it will relieve in fifteen minutes; take a Seidlitz powder an hour afterward.

SCROFULOUS SORR EYES.—The common blue violets, which grow wild in many places; take the top and root and wash clean, and dry; make a tea, and drink several times a day; wash the eyes with it seek time. it each time.

FOR BURNS. -- Charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasion

A HEAD WASH. - Sage tea is one of the very best preparations for washing and dressing the hair. The hair should be carefully brushed and braided in two firm braids, and the roots rubbed with a sponge dipped in lukewarm sage tea.
The braids can then be washed and dried
with a towel. This preserves the color
of the hair, and keeps the scalp clean.

Curine Curs.—Accidental cuts from knives, cutting tools, scythes, etc., are more likely to occur on the face and limbs than on the body. All that is requisite in general to bring the parts together as accurately as possible, and to bind them up—this is usually done by adhesive plaster, when the cut ceases to bleed. Nothing is so good for this purpose as paper previously washed over on pose as paper previously washed over on pose as paper previously washed over on pose of the people, the raising of the people in the previously washed to business of the people, the raising of the people in the previously washed to business of the people, the raising of the people in the CUBING CUTS .- Accidental cuts from pose as paper previously washed over on one side with thick gum water, and then dried; when used it is only to be wetted with the tongue. When the cut bleeds but little it is well to soak the part in warm water for a few minutes, or keep a

Cracked Hoof in Horses.

The following question and answer is from the New York Sun: I am the son of a blacksmith, and sometimes in shoe ing horses I find one with a cracked hoof, and more or less lame in conse-quence. Can you tell me what causes these cracked hoofs, and the best method of management in order to cure the de-

The causes of cracks in the hoof walls are various; sometimes they come from internal fevers, founder, or neglect in having the shoes properly adjusted. The hair which naturally covers the coronet, if cut away, permits the dirt and water to get in between the flesh and hoof, especially if there happens to be a slight abrasion of the parts, and, through neglect, the crack enlarges un-til it becomes a serious defect and malady. When a crack is discovered on the coronet, it should be coated with pine tar, and a small piece of rope wound about the top of the hoof. If the crack has progressed downward for an inch or before it is observed, it should be carefully cleaned out; if the foot is in flamed apply a poultice, and if the edges of the crack can be brought together a slender nail may be driven through the edges and riveted. Large cracks are sometimes filled with gutta-percha or some similar substance that will hold the edges immovable until the hoof grows down, and a new and sound one formed. For what is called quarter crack, a bar-shoe is indispensable, soothng applications should be constantly applied, and the crack kept free from dirt or anything which will prevent the rapid growth of a new hoof from above. When the new one shows itself, keep it well covered with a bandage, over which pour a little melted shoemakers' wax, or mixture of beeswax, rosin and tallow.

Lice on Cattle.

There are several kinds of lice which infest farm stock. Some confine them selves wholly to the horse and ass, others to the ox and cow, while another is particularly troublesome to calves. All the kinds may be safely treated by rubbing strong wood ashes into the hair, or with sulphur ointment. No parasites can withstand the fames of sulphur, and it is very easy to rub down a quantity of flowers of sulphur in whale oil, or even common lard. But killing the lice on the animals is but a temporary relief, unless all the buildings, sheds and yards where the cattle sleep are also thorough v cleansed. Scatter wood ashes freely bout the stables in dry weather, and use sulphur in the same way, as a few dime's worth will cover quite a large sur-face. Stock cannot thrive when tormented with lice, or other parasites; but cleanliness is a great eradicator of such

enemies. A correspondent advises the same method for killing lice on cattle that is employed by florists for exterminating bugs that infect plants, to wit: Cover the animal with a blanket pinned close around the nose, and smoke thoroughly with tobacco. It will destroy the lice, without the bad effects following the wetting with decoctions or use of grease; second smoking is seldom necessary.

## Broad-Chested Horses.

"Wind," says an old horseman, "is the grand secret of a fast horse. Good lungs will cover a multitude of faults; while, on the other hand, perfection of shape and form are useless when the wind is out. The chest, therefore, in all cases, should be large and capacious. In shape it may vary somewhat, according to the service to which the horse is to be put. If he is to be kept for slow work and heavy drawing, the chest may be nearly circular in form, because this shape is one for strength and bulk, to receive and bear up sgainst the pressure of the collar, while at the same time sufficient room is secured for that expanreceive and bear up sgainst the pressure of the collar, while at the same time sufficient room is secured for that expansion of the lungs caused by slow, regular work. But if the chest is circular, let it be at the same time deep, or else the lungs may be cramped. A horse with a shallow chest is worthless for any purpose. The rule, then, is this: For a draught house, a circular but deep chest; but, as you pass through the different degrees of speed, up to the racer and trotter, the chest will increase in depth, compared to its roundness, until, for the highest rate of speed, you must take a chest as deep as a greyhound, and at the same time not lacking in strength."

"Ay, truly, great sir," replied Nasur; "I gratefully enjoy the consequence of my own wit. My wife counseled me to bring quinces, but I chose to bring figs; and well that I did, for with figs you have only bruised me, but had I brought quinces you would have beaten my brains out."

The stern conqueror laughed aloud, and declared that, for the sake of one fool he would spare all the fools in the city, male and female, them and their property.

"Then," cried Nasur, "the entire population is safe!" and he ran homeward to communicate the joyful intelligence.

The Swiss Peasantry. One million cows inhabit Switzerland.

One million cows inhabit Switzerland. About three millions of people, also; one cow to three people. Each family is entitled to free pasture for one cow on the parish lots. I pitt the cows and the people into this association because the cows are the wealth of the people, and the word Aips means high pasture. A cow is worth here and now, a hundred dollars, gives thirty pounds of milk daily, which produces two hundred-weight of cheese in a season. These cows are which produces two hundred-weight of cheese in a season. These cows are driven up the mountains as the season advances, and down when it is time for them to descend, and so they get all there is to be eaten as it grows. Three persons are assigned to every forty cows; they milk them and make the cheese for they milk them and make the cheese for the whole number of owners, and when the product is sold, the profits are div-ided among them according to the num-ber of cows of each. The term chalet is properly applied only to the lodgings of these cow-keepers, but it is also given to Swiss dwellings generally. The small buildings scattered over the fields are for hay, cheese, and shelter. The cows are petted and carefully attended to. Perhaps none of them became so intelligent as to read their names on a card posted at the stalls they are to enter, as it was jestingly affirmed of my friend Mr. Starr's cows, at Litchfield, Echo Farm. But each canton has his business of the people, the raising of grass for winter feed is a matter of prime importance, and to it they bend all their energies and ingenuity. The smallest and most obscure spot where grass can be made to grow is carefully tilled, and wet cloth on it. This removes inflammation and pain, and also a tendency to fainting, which a cut gives some persons. If the bleeding be too copious, dab the part with a rag wetted with creosote.

The most to grow is carefully tilled, and the produce transported on the back or head of the peasant, man or woman. Where we would think it unsafe to go, they work without fear, and are satisfied the produce transported on the back of head of the peasant, man or woman. Where we would think it unsafe to go, they work without fear, and are satisfied with the pittance of hay they carry to

the barn. The Swiss women work in the fields, but the men are not idle. They are ingenious as well as industrious, making the works for watches by hand, carving wood into the most fantastic as well as wood into the most fantastic as well as useful shapes, turning out toys for foreign children, and doing anything to earn a little money. The time was when Swiss men hired themselves freely to the kings of other countries as soldiers, but they have ceased to seek money by such pursuits. They are wide-awake to the education of their children, and we meet the girls and hove going from meet the girls and boys going from school with their satchels filled with books. Many of the young men go to foreign cities seeking their fortunes; and the financial, scientific, and learned world, has often heard of their bankers, and merchants, and scholars. The teachers of Switzerland have their conven tions, and are quite as enthusiastic in

eachers in the United States. They take pains to make their dwellings comfortable, and some of them are models of neatness as well as convenience. But there is the same difference among them in this matter as in all other countries. The thrifty people keep things in good order; repairing, enlarging, embellishing, and making such improvements as their taste and means permit. The number of new houses going up is surprising. One would think something had occured to give a new start to business here, when it is de-pressed elsewhere. But the less thrifty and more shiftless of the people have the house, the barn, and the cattle shed all under one roof. How is it possible for the family to have health in such circumstances? The women, exposed to the weather and many hardships, have com-plexions almost the color of leather, and very few of the peasant women, whom we see in the fields or the streets, are in any seuse good-looking, but, taken as a nation, the poor people show plainly that they are hard-worked and ill-favored .- New York Observer.

The Man That Saved a City.

The inhabitants of Neopolis, hearing of the approach of Timour, the Tartar, prepared to defend themselves with vigor, but Nasur counseled them to do nothing of the sort, but to trust to him alone, and his mediation with Timour. The people were doubtful of his success, but they yielded. Before proceeding to the camp of the besieger, Nasur, who knew it was useless to approach the great chief without a present, considered what gift was likely to be most acceptable. He resolved it should fruit, but he hesitated between figs and "I will consult with my wife," said

Nasur-ed-Deen, and he accordingly did The lady advised him to take quinces,

as the larger fruit, "Very good," said Nasur; "that be ing your opinion, I will take figs."
When he reached the foot of the throne

of Tamerlane, he announced himself as the ambassador from the beleaguered citizens, and presented, as an offering of their homage, his trumpery basket of figs. The chief burst into rage, and ordered them to be flung at the head of the representative of the people of Jengi-Scheher. The courtiers pelted him with right good will; and each time he was struck, Nasur, who stood patient and immovable, gently exclaimed:
"Now, Allah be praised!" or,

the Prophet be thanked!" or, "Oh, admirable! how can I be sufficiently grateful?" "What dost thou mean, fellow?"

asked Timour; "we pelt you with figs, and you seem to enjoy it." "Ay, truly, great sir," replied Nasur;

Curious Habits of Grasshoppers.

Prof. Alfred Gray, secretary of the Kansas State board of agriculture, makes the following interesting state-ment in reference to the habits of grasshoppers: In mapping out the country in Kansas and Missouri in which eggs lind been laid most thickly in 1876, I was struck with the fact that the very was struck with the fact that the very counties in which the young insects had been most numerous and disastrotts in 1875, were passed by or avoided, and had no eggs of any consequence laid in them in 1876. The fact was all the more obvious, because the insects did much damage to fall wheat, and laid eggs all around those counties, to the north, south, and west. From the exhaustive report on the insect made by Prof. Allen Whitman, it was also very obvious that those portions of that State which had been most thickly supplied with eggs in 1875, and most injured by the young insects in 1876, were the freest from insects in 1876, were the freest from eggs laid by the late swarms of the lat-ter year, nothwithstanding counties all around them were thickly supplied.

I was at first inclined to look upon these facts assingular coincidences only, but instances have multiplied. A re-markable one has been furnished me by but instances have multiplied. A remarkable one has been furnished me by Governor A Morris, of the Northwest territory. You are well aware that in 1875 the locusts hatched out in immense numbers and utterly destroyed the 1875 the locusts hatched out in immense numbers, and utterly destroyed the crops in the province of Manitoba. Now, in 1876 they were very numerous over all the third prairie steppe of Brit-sh America, and largely went to make up the autumn swarms that came into our country a year ago. Governor Mor-ris started late in July of 1876 from Win nepeg northwest to make a treaty with certain Indians, and during the first five or six days of August he encountered innumerable locust swarms all the way from the forks of the two main trails to Fort Ellice. The wind was blowing strong from the west all the time—just the very direction to carry the insects straight over into Manitoba. The govstraight over into Manitoba. The governor watched their movements with the greatest anxiety, fearing that the province would again be devastated as it had been the previous year. Yet during all the time he was passing through the immense swarms, they bore doggedly to the south and south-east, either their against the rind or keeping to tacking against the wind, or keeping to the ground when unable to do so. Nothing was more remarkable than the manner in which they persisted in refus-ing to be carried into Manitoba. A few were blown over, but did not alight, and the province seemed miraculously de-livered, Prof. Whitman tells me, again, that in settling the present year the in-sects avoided those counties in Minneso-ta in which they had hatched most num-erously and done greatest injury, but selected such as had not suffered for ome years past.

Fashion Notes. Large hoop earrings are again worn.

Alsatian bows are seen on the newest mported bonnets. Pale blue brocaded silks are used for full-dress bonnets.

Cuckoo feathers, tipped with jet, are handsome for round hats. Shaggy beaver hats are most liked in

the Gainsborough shape. Marble paper and envelopes are the latest novelty in stationery.

Evening bonnets are all white with border of white ostrich plumes. Among new piece-trimmings are stamp-

ed velvet and tinsel galoons. Embossed velvets are greatly used in combination with silk or satin.

Exquisite card-holders are in the shape of a shell held by a pretty little finger. Point lace vests, with Louis XIII. cuffs, are the new extravagances for full

embroidery in pale tints, with scalloped New handkerchiefs have the border in large scallops, finished with small scal-

New collars and cuffs have colored

lops in colors, Favorite scarf-pins are made of two nakestwined together, and having bright,

enameled scales. A New York bride's extravagance was shown in point lace gloves and point lace covering for her shoes.

Habit basques, shaped like gentlemens. frock coats, are among the fresh impor tations for ladies' wear.

Standing collars and narrow cuffs are hard to abolish; they still continue to be favorites with many ladies.

The fashionable petticoat of the season is perfectly flat in front and on the sides, and with fulness behind not beginning higher up than below the lower edge of the corset. It should only reach to the knee, and the flounces are buttoned on to it, more or less long according to the dress to be worn. The fan shape at the back must be maintained.

## A Cheap Smoke House.

Dig a narrow pit from twelve to eighteen inches deep, throwing the earth all out on one side. From near the bottom of this pit dig trench sufficient length to hold one or two joints of stovetruly say is, that I return with earnest pipe, at such an angle as will bring longings, and with a passion stronger than ever for progress." end away from the pit to the sur face of the ground. Over the end of this pipe set a common flour barrel or large cask, as may be needed, and, having removed both heads, bank up around it with a little earth so that no smoke can escape at the bottom. Hang the hams, ect., n it . using some round sticks to run through the strings. Putting a cover on the sticks will leave space enough for draught to let the smoke pass freely. Build a smoke fire of cora cobs, damp hard wood or saw dust, in the pit, and you will have a cheap, safe and efficient smoke house, with very little trouble.

Life-Saving Service.

The general superintendent of the United States life-saving service has submitted his annual report of the opera-tions of that service for the last fiscal year. The report shows that there have been during the year 134 disasters to vessels within the limits of the operavessels within the limits of the opera-tions of the service. On board these vessels there were just 1,500 persons. Estimated value of the vessels, \$1,986,-744; and of the cargoes, \$1,306,588. Number of lives saved, 61,461; lost, thirty-nine. Amount of property saved, \$1,718,647; amount lost, \$1,579,685. Items of Interest.

NO. 3.

Army literature-Magazines and re-How to find a girl out-Call when she

The man who would like to see you-

The blind man. Boston contains the only cymbal fac-

ory in the land. Do not entertain visitors with your own domestic troubles.

"Old Nick" is none other that Nickr, the dangerous water-demon of Scandi-navian legend.

There is a parish in Wales, near the famous tubular bridge, named Slantair-pwllgwngwillgogerbwlidysillogogo.

With all his treachery and mean tricks, there's one thing the Indian ought to have a little credit for. He never steals an umbrella.—Cincinnat Breakfast Table.

Breakfast Table. Every man who makes any pretensions to sight must have seen a snow squall some time in his life, but show

us the individual who ever heard one squall.—Oil City Derrick.

LIFE AND DEATH.

On parent knees a naked, new-born child Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled; smiled; So live that, sinking in thy long last sleep, Thou then mayest smile while all around thes

The publisher of a weekly newspaper, in Illinois, prints in each number a chapter of the Bible, and upon being ridiculed for it by its contemporaries remarks editorially: "We publish nothing but what is news to our readers."

Influenza affords a familiar example of an epidemic disease, a whole com-munity being often attacked in the course of a few hours. From this it may be inferred that the occurrence of this disease is connected with some particular condition of the atmosphere, but what that condition is, is not yet known to

A distinguished politician, while conversing with a lady the other evening, became piqued by her attention to a beautiful dog that was resting its head confidingly in her lap and impatiently asked, "How is it that a lady of your intelligence can be so fond of a dog?"

"Because he never talks politics," was Recent excavations at Big Boone county. Ky., have brought to light an immense number of animal remains. Among them are immense teeth, tusks, juws with teeth in them, ribs, spinal columns—in fact there are bones for nearly every part of the mastodon, be-sides many that are not like any ever before found in that place.

HUMILITY. "The bird that soars on highest wing

Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth must sweetly sing.
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What hour hath humility. Inquiry into the wicked ways of Philadelphia's mock-auction men revealed that they hired two or three women to attend the sales, carefully inspect articles that were to be sold, start the bid-

ding at the article's cost price, and run

it up among themselves until an out-

sider put in a bid. It was then promptly knocked down-to the out-A post-office clerk in Russia was found to be constantly in trouble with the stamps. The accounts would come wrong. Sometimes there was not enough money in return for stamps sold, and on other cceasions there was too much. This made dishonesty on his part less likely, but it was incomprehensible how he could make the accounts so en-

tangled. At length it was discovered he

was color blind, and could not distinguish red from green stamps. The sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under water. It sparkles liks a diamond and is radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not be called a mouse, for it is larger than a big rat. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it breathes, and glitter like gold shining through a fleecy down, from which fine, silky bristles wave, that constantly change from one brilliant tint

As William drew his Susy near,

to another.

He whisper d to his bride:
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
To live by Suey's side,"
—Exchange. When years have passed and Sue his head Has clutched, as wives oft do, Poor Will will wish that he had wed

Some other sort of Sioux.

-Boston Globe Dom Pedro, while returning to Brazil in the autumn, wrote on the steamer a letter to an American friend, which let-ter contained this passage: "In a few days I will see my native land, which God has so wonderfully endowed, and I hope that that which I have learned during my absence from her will enable me to be useful to her. One thing I can

Some Busy Workers Underground.

It is not generally known to what extent we are indebted to worms for the productiveness of our gardens and fields. It has been found, by a series of experiments carried out by a German naturalist, that the tunnels made by worms into the earth are frequently of much service to plants whose roots occupy the channels that have thus been made. The mold of our gardens, and fields, too, is improved to an almost inconceivable extent by the burrowings of this humble insect. Each worm in less than a week passes through its body its own weight in mold, and the soil thus produced is fine and light, and ex-tremely helpful to the growth of plants. tremely helpful to the growth of plants.
When it is remembered that there are in every acre some 34,000 worms, and that in addition to forming every day about thirty-seven pounds of fine mold, they open up the subsoil and render it fertile, we shall gain some slight conception of our indebtedness to these apparently insignificant and generally unthought-of little workers.