

The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VIII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1878.

NO. 6.

Night.
Night came down o'er all the earth,
And took the tired day,
And clasped her tightly in her arms,
And bore her far away.
The moon like some vast light-house beamed,
Far up in the Milky Way,
The gleaming stars, like tiny barbs,
At anchor round her lay,
And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark curl,
The river wound through treacherous brakes,
A gleaming band of pearl,
I heard the soft low dip of oars,
Like a weary slow heart-throb;
And the wafted lapped the bow of the boat—
A low half-broken sob.
And on that night, so long ago,
A vision wondrous sweet
Came to me in its fullest joy,
So perfect and complete,
O golden dream! why did I wake
To find it past and gone?
The dream was like a glorious day,
The waking, cold gray dawn.

Two better far that I had died
Believing it were true,
Two better far to sleep for aye
Beneath the sky so blue,
Then live, when each long weary day
Seemed longer than before,
When life is but a constant pain—
A wound unhealed and sore.
The river still flows murmuring on;
The stars are just as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night.
The same? Yes, I alone am changed.
On God! each weary day
I wish that I had died the night
The vision passed away.

A Romance of the Pyrenees.

I am a Spaniard and the only son and sole heir of Don Guzman de Monsoria, a gentleman of Spain of the second class, by whom I was educated, according to my fortune and exalted rank. At the age of twenty-five I lost my father. It is the custom in Spain that at the death of a father the nobles should wear mourning for one year and pass that time in a state of absolute solitude at their remote estates. It was my father's tenderly and deeply regretted his loss. I observed my country's custom on that event as holy duty and in conformity thereto removed into Aragon where I had a castle situated at the foot of Mount Maladeta, on the extreme frontier between Spain and France. This was in the year 1779, when Spain was still beautiful and mighty, although the nobility and energy ruled it with an iron despotism; and the feudal laws, more rigidly enforced than they had ever been, even in France, were daily solidified by the perfect understanding on this point between the priests and the crown. The nobles ruled the people and the king ruled all. For my part, I frankly admit that I was proud of my title of Count and prized the prerogatives of my rank and the rights of my birth. My steward dispensed justice to my vassals in my name, and when his decisions appeared unjust to them they appealed to me in person.

The gallows, which stood before the great gate of the castle, pitifully announced my power of condemning to death within the limits of my county. By law all smugglers were subject to this rigorous penalty, to which my deputy always condemned them with unsparring severity, and which I always commuted to a lighter punishment. At this time the smugglers were a greater number than they are now, and as I had received directions from court to suppress the illegal traffic, I had armed my vassals, who patrolled the mountains, and ascended the officers of the king's customs on all occasions. This rigorous pursuit of the smugglers increased their audacity and inspired them with desperation and revenge. Before they were only dealers in prohibited articles; they now became brigands, organized regular bands into troops, and opposed open resistance in the field to the king's and my jurisdiction. One day fifty of my people were attacked near La Picauda and cruelly massacred by these bandits; whereupon I vowed never again to remit or commute the sentence of my deputy, but to hang up the first smuggler who should be captured.

A few days afterwards the worthy functionary was announced and presented me with a death-warrant for my signature. I hesitated, trembled and could not proceed. It is such a shocking, chilling thought that a few letters, so rapidly and so easily traced, should have the power of depriving a fellow-creature of life! I tried to read the sentence, but my eyes were clouded and I could not see distinctly, so I asked the steward to read it. He commenced with an official tone, but I stopped him at the second line—when I found that the culprit was a girl eighteen years old.

"My lord," said the functionary, "Milanetta is the daughter of the Captain of the smugglers. She daily deceives the vigilance of the guards, and passes and repasses between Spain and France with intelligence to direct the movements of the two troops of bandits, and they could not possibly have our authority but for her. This young woman is guilty; I have condemned her, and it is your duty to sanction the law's award. You have pledged yourself to the rigid execution of justice to your vassals, and you owe it to the king. The sword of a Spanish grandee is sacred; therefore, my Lord, you must sign that paper."

"Never! What; send a girl only eighteen years old to death! I couldn't muster strength to do it. What did she urge in her defense?"
"Nothing."
"Has she confessed the charge?"
"No."
"Then I suspend the execution of the sentence. Conduct Milanetta here. I wish to see and interrogate her personally."
My deputy obeyed, and in an instant afterwards Milanetta stood before me. Oh, if you had seen that youthful crea-

ture, glittering with grace and beauty! Had you noticed the sublimity of her looks at that trying moment, the clear olive of her expansive brow (the sun, you know, kisses our Spanish maidens with a scorching embrace), her dark tresses floating loose in the mountain breeze, her noble attitude and the majestic bearing of her head, like me, you would first of all be awestruck; like me, you would have felt an involuntary respect for her; like me, perhaps, you would have loved her! I was then only twenty-five, and knew nothing of women but what I had learned in the cloisters of Salamanca or the courts and revels of Madrid. My heart was yet in its virgin freshness, my head was heated under our burning sun, and I felt that insupportable want of something to love; something to invest with the rich worship of my soul; something which should burn itself into a vision of light, even if it consumed me in its revulsion. When I commenced my examination I was much more agitated than my prisoner. We were alone, and I am sure my emotion must have been apparent when I said:

"Do you know the punishment to which the steward has condemned you?"
"Yes, my lord," she answered, in a low, calm voice—"to death."
"Before confirming the law's sentence I have desired to see you, to ascertain first whether you have any extenuating circumstances to allege."
"Nothing."
"Oh, no?"
"Why, then, do you cross into France every night? What other motive could induce you to expose yourself to such peril?"

"That I will never disclose."
"Recollect that the only means of saving your life is a frank and unreserved declaration of—"
"I know it, but I will not do it. I will reply to you, my Lord, as I did to your judge: 'I have never smuggled.' Whether I cross nightly into France or not is my own business, and my motives are my own. My doom is spoken; let it be executed; I am ready to suffer it. My Lord, I shall not answer another inquiry."
From that moment she was insensible to advice, menace, or entreaties. Nothing could overcome her obstinate silence. During three days I was constantly with her, and did all that I could to extract her secret from her; but she treasured in the bottom of her heart what she wished to conceal from me, while she soon guessed what I dared not disclose to her. Yes, it was in her chill and comfortless cell that I—her judge, her lord, the arbiter of her life—fell at her feet and revealed in passionate accents what she already read in my looks and gestures. It was in her prison that she boldly repulsed my love and rejected her pardon on the terms I offered it. No one who had seen us then would have said: "He is the judge and she is the thief. She was always calm, cold and resigned, and in France, where she was appointed love irritated by repulses. The vault of the prison resounded with my entreaties and angry exclamations; with my sighs and passionate appeals; and I momentarily was the prey of every contending emotion—now ready to kill Milanetta, and now resolving to save her at all hazards; now begging her to be mine, and now determined to bid the executioner perform his fatal office. I was no longer myself—I loved for the first time, and the being to whom I poured out my heart and soul in protestations of my agonized transport and idolatry, coldly answered: "I cannot listen to you; I love another." After an awful outbreak of rage at such an announcement, I insisted upon knowing who my rival was, but she replied, with the same calmness of tone and look, "That you shall never know."

At this juncture a violent knocking was heard at the prison door. My people were looking for me on all sides, as a French nobleman had just arrived in great haste at the castle, and demanded to see me immediately. I went to him at once, striving in vain to hide from my servant the emotions which I myself was agitated, and at whose violence I myself was alarmed. I made my appearance in the great hall, a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. I there saw a young man who was pacing the hall with hurried steps, and who desired to converse without witnesses.
"I am the Marquis de Clairval," said he; "I possess a castle in France, which like yours, is on the very frontier, and like you I am engaged in suppressing smuggling and executing justice against those engaged in it."
The name of the Marquis was familiar to me, as we had corresponded together to devise measures for the security of the frontier.

"But," continued he, "however rigid and unrelenting may be our justice against those taken in the act, it is rather needless to condemn innocent and unoffending people to death merely because they refuse to give reasons for their behavior."
"To what do you allude, Monsieur?"
"Listen to me. A young girl, named Milanetta, has fallen into the hands of your officers."
"How can you explain—?"
"That is the sole object of my visit. It was this morning that I heard of her arrest, her condemnation and that she declined disclosing the motive of her frequent trips into France by night. I know the cause and am come to unfold it to you; but it is in full confidence of your honor and discretion. Milanetta is mine!"
"Yours? You Milanetta's lover?"
"You seem surprised at this—because such a beautiful creature as Milanetta did not reside with me in my castle, or that I did not take her with me to Paris during last winter. You may be also astonished that a noble of France should be sufficiently enamored of a peasant girl to submit to the constraint of mystery and the harass and trouble of nightly and dangerous interviews. But Milanetta is not one of those women who yield easily; nor is she one whose influence can be easily shaken off."
"I think I know her character," I added.

"Oh, no! You never can know the deep well of love and energetic feeling in the heart of that young creature. She has risked everything to see me and to love me in secret—and now you have the object of her nocturnal journeys, which she would not disclose to you because she would not wish to blush at the confession, and least a public declaration made to her judge should come to the ears of her father. To prevent this she would have died without opening her lips. Now, my Lord, I have said sufficient to convince you that she is unjustly condemned. You are absolute here. I ask her pardon of you and feel assured that you will gladly concede it."

The Marquis's language, the love which he confessed, and Milanetta's passion for him, of which he boasted so proudly and fervently, threw me into rage and despair. Ideas of vengeance and of blood rushed through my brain till I grew dizzy. Without a consciousness of what I was doing, or going to do, I rang the bell impatiently and ordered Milanetta to be brought immediately before me.
"Do not let her see me!" cried the Marquis; "let her not be made acquainted with what I have done! If she learned that it was to me that she owed her life, her feelings towards me would be all absorbed in gratitude, and it is her love only that I desire."
This expression increased my frenzy, while the Marquis, who was nearly as much agitated as I was, did not perceive my emotion. He only heard the sound of steps in the corridor, and thinking that it was Milanetta who approached, he asked me where he could conceal himself. I pointed to the door of my closet, and the moment it closed upon him Milanetta came into the hall. For a moment I was speechless, overpowered by transports of envy and passion. Milanetta turned away from the fierce expression of my features. With a hoarse voice she shouted, "I know your lover now; I am no longer ignorant who it is you prefer to me. He has come to solicit your pardon. The Marquis de Clairval has cleared you of the charge of smuggling, but has acknowledged that you are his love!"
"What!" she frantically exclaimed, "has the Marquis been here?"
"He is here still, Milanetta."
"What, here? here in your power? Oh! spare him, my Lord, spare him. It is I only who have deserved your vengeance—death is my portion; but for him!"
"Yes, fearful girl! Death for you! He has asked for mercy for you—he has come to ask me to place you again in his arms; but I will give you to the executioner, and your lover shall witness—"
The Marquis flung open the door with violence. I had quite forgotten that he was there, and he had heard every word I spoke. At his appearance Milanetta uttered one despairing shriek, while I looked at them both vindictively. He beckoned me aside, and said with a low voice: "My Lord, Count, you are a gentleman by birth, but you have disgraced your name and rank. Among people of our station the sword is the only arbiter, and the injuries of jealousy and love are settled by that appeal. It is not by hanging Milanetta that you should revenge yourself on me, but by the opportunity of a gentleman of fighting me."

"What! Would you accept a challenge?"
"This you know the strict laws against duelling, and the rigorous strictness with which both kings exact the penalty."
"I know very well that both in France and Spain the duellist is punished by the forfeiture of his estates; that his shield is defaced and his coat of arms burned, and that his name is blotted out of the books of his country; but I hate you now as strongly as you can hate me, and to hold my sword's point to your heart I would face every peril and every disgrace!"
"To-morrow, then, at daybreak, I will be at Venasque with a second."
"It is so. And now sign Milanetta's pardon."

"Her pardon!"
"It is the first and only condition of our meeting."
"I signed it, and handed it to Milanetta, who refused to take it."
"What was it?" said she, "when your father knows the secret of my nocturnal journeys? When he questions me, what answer can I give him? If I tell him the truth he will kill me on the spot."
"Kill you, Milanetta?"
"He is only a smuggler or a bandit in your eyes; but this is as heinous as any peer of France or grandee of Spain. He will kill me I tell you, and I would prefer dying by the executioner's hand to his."
Next morning, before the sun rose I was at the very extremity of the Spanish frontier, and the Marquis made his appearance almost as soon. He brought his second, but I had forgotten to bring one. A man on horseback was passing within a few paces of us. I called to him and asked him if he would become my second in a duel.
"What was it?" said he, "your father knows the secret of my nocturnal journeys? When he questions me, what answer can I give him? If I tell him the truth he will kill me on the spot."
The frontier of France and Spain is marked by that cross. You, who are a Frenchman, cross into Spain, while I step into France. We can then cross our blades, with our feet touching the frontier line, which we can keep between our bodies and our swords. The Spaniard who fights a Frenchman on French ground, and the Frenchman who meets a Spaniard on the Spanish soil, cannot be reached by the law, for the King of Spain has no more power over you than the King of France has over me, and neither would violate the laws of nations by arresting their subjects on a foreign territory."
With one bound I stood upon the territory of France, while the Marquis remained in Spain, and we both called to the guards: "Back, marshals of France, you have no authority over a

noble of Spain." "A way, holy brotherhood of Spain; keep your hands off a gentleman of France."
The soldiers fell back amazed and irresolute, while we stood and fought in the narrow pass, where there was not room for more than a man to stand. Our swords had scarcely recrossed when the Marquis fell, pierced to the heart. I rushed forward to support him, when my second, holding me in his iron grasp, shouted: "Stop where you are! One foot forward and death stares you in the face, and that upon the scaffold!" His words were interrupted by a shriek, and we saw Milanetta fling herself upon the dead body, uttering the most passionate exclamations of agony and tenderness. My second gnashed his teeth, when he saw and heard her. He rushed to her and tore her roughly from the body which she embraced. She uttered a heart-piercing shriek; and falling on her knees and clasping her hands, she exclaimed:
"Forgive me, father, forgive me!"
"Disobeyed!" answered he, with a gloomy voice. "Then die with him!" and with one blow of his knife he laid her lifeless at his feet. Then, turning, he flung it to me, saying: "She who loved a hated Frenchman is not worthy of finding a grave in her country; the soil of Spain rejects the body of Milanetta."

The guards of the holy brotherhood surrounded the smuggler, who threw his knife away and held out his hands to them.
"Bind me," said he, "I am the leader of the smugglers—you can hang me at once for smuggling, but not for killing my daughter! You have outlawed the smuggler, and therefore he takes justice into his own hands."
My estate was confiscated, my castle burned and a price set upon my head; but heaven has punished me in lengthening my life and protecting my sorrows. I have survived this cruel fifty years, but my heart is still young in recollections and sufferings, and from that time I have never trod upon the soil of my own!

Words of Wisdom.
He who waters his short story takes many words to tell a long story.
Friends are won by those who believe in doing.
He who has no taste for order will be often wrong in his judgment and seldom considerate or conscientious in his actions.
Some people are like eggs, too full of themselves to hold anything else.
Many people find their own happiness in forcing themselves to be unhappy.
When you are alone, watch your thoughts; when in the family, watch your temper; when in society, watch your tongue.
The real wants of nature are the measure of employment, as the foot is the measure of the shoe. We can call only the want of what is necessary poverty.
Haste runs usually upon a matter of ten minutes too late, and may be delayed by a habit like that of Lord Nelson, to which he ascribed his success in life, of being ten minutes too early.
Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we should be, our manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.
The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

The Potato.
Conrad Wilson recently read an article on the potato before the American Institute. Farmer's Club, giving much interesting information in regard to that valuable food staple. Mr. Wilson says:
A bushel of potatoes when judiciously fed to animals of a good breed will produce—
Of Beef.....from 2 to 3 pounds.
" Mutton....." 4 to 5 "
" Pork....." 4 to 5 "
" Milk....." 38 to 40 "
" Butter....." 4,000 " over.
An acre of potatoes, when expressed in the form of other food staples is measured—
In Beef.....by 400 to 500 pounds.
" Pork....." 800,000,000 "
" Mutton....." 7,000,000,000 "
" Milk....." 7,000,000,000 "
" Butter....." 400 "
Again, as I have already shown that the total potato product of this country is nearly certain to reach 200 million bushels as the average for the next decade, it will be seen that if the above figures are extended so as to meet this case of the total product then it will be found that the annual potato crop of the United States is equivalent—
In Beef.....to 400,000,000 pounds.
" Pork....." 800,000,000 "
" Mutton....." 7,000,000,000 "
" Milk....." 7,000,000,000 "
" Butter....." 400,000,000 "

Movements of the Stars.
The star known as Groombridge, though in the category of fixed stars, moves at the rate of not less than two hundred miles per second. With this speed it cannot be stopped in its career by any star which it may approach, or compelled to form an orbit round a star or star group. Whence originated this enormous velocity? The combined attraction of all the stars known to astronomy would not confer it. It must have begun outside of our visible universe. The star will pass through that universe with unchanged course. We know neither whence it came or whither it is going. As to the proper motions of other stars, they are so different in their direction and speed, that we must conclude that the stellar universe has neither the stability nor the regularity of our solar system. But these and other considerations—in fact, all modern scientific discoveries and research—point to the conclusion that our universe had a beginning and will come to an end.

How Rubber Balls are Made.
The process of making the hollow rubber balls used by children for playthings is quite curious, and may be interesting to those not familiar with it. The Holyoke writer thus describes it. The upper room of the mill is prepared to push this branch of the business for a few months, and it will probably turn out some 50,000 dozen of those balls between January and June. These balls have a solid surface, are made by a different process from that of making the soft rubber balls which are performed by an opening, and of course, are much more firm, durable and elastic. The sheets of rubber prepared for the balls are cut into strips of double convex shape. The edges of the strips are inclosed with a preparation of rosin and naphtha, by which they are joined firmly together, three of the strips being used for one ball. This part of the work is done by girls, and a skillful girl can earn about \$1.50 per day. When the strips are joined together, the ball is rolled down before a small, clear fire, before the last opening is closed, a small quantity of carbonate of ammonia is put inside, when subjected to a strong heat, will make the rubber expand and fill out the ball mold. The opening is then closed with the adhesive mixture, and it is placed in an iron mold of the size and shape of the ball desired. The molds are packed into frames in which they are subjected to the heat of the vulcanizer. They are kept in place in the frame by iron rods along the side, and when the frame is full, iron plates are secured down tightly upon the molds to hold them in place. These iron plates are about three-fourths of an inch thick, and so strong is the expansive force of the rubber in the molds that they have bent this thick iron into a curve. If one of the molds should in process, the molds will fly out with a noise like the report of a dozen pistols, and the work is spoiled. The action of the heat does the rest. When the molds are opened they contain the perfect round balls, with no mark of the places where the pieces were placed. The slight ridge made by the mold is ground off by a stone used for the purpose, and the ball is done. This is but one process of rubber work. Besides the hollow balls are made solid balls of rubber, etc.

Constantinople Socially.
A traveler through the East sends a letter to the New York Tribune, from which the following is condensed for the purpose of showing the social and political condition of Constantinople, as it appears to a non-professional. The war naturally worked a sad change in the lives of poorer classes. With the depreciation of paper money came a disproportionate advance in the price of bread, and consequent suffering among the people. One instance is cited as having come under the writer's observation. A young girl who was able to earn five piastres a day, with which to support herself and two sisters and herself, stood before a baker's shop with her veil fallen to the ground and her eyes flashing with anger, while her whole attitude beokened grave alarm. She had gradually seen the price of bread increase while her own wages remained unchanged, until at last she had been told that money was no longer sufficient to keep her family from actual starvation. The picture of that poor sufferer was one typical of the invaded and doomed region. The parent government is no longer able, if it is disposed, to help its children, and the tradesmen are ruled and controlled as they would be by a despotism. The condition of that section of the world is deplorable, but it is such as inevitably follows an unsuccessful struggle at arms.

A Dangerous Position.
On the coast of Normandy the women are tough and hard to kill. A few weeks ago the wives of three fishermen, having filled their baskets with shell-fish, were going home, when they found themselves suddenly in the midst of a dense fog, which prevented their seeing land. But they knew their way, and walked on. The water was cold, but they were not so much troubled by it as they were when they thought they were near home they were surprised by the tide. They walked as long as they could, but at length had to stop. The water was then up to their knees. They had to remain in the water till the tide receded, the fog being still dense. They screamed as loudly as they could, but heard no voice in reply, and they were finally overtaken by the morning tide. Meanwhile their husbands were running up and down the sands with lighted torches, screaming with all their might; but neither party saw nor heard the other. At last the fog cleared away and the tide ran out, and the three fishermen's wives were rescued, after having been in the water twenty-five hours, and during a night when the frost had bitten every tree in the neighborhood. They did not seem to feel much the worse for their adventure, and were inclined to laugh over it.

Death from Over-Eating.
A French cook named Paquette set out from a village on the upper Ottawa, Canada, some time ago, to walk to Gatineau Point through the snow, having supplied himself with provisions enough to last him several days. He proceeded quietly on his journey for the first day, and on the second, a blinding snow-storm came on, and he lost his way. At the end of the third day, the provision bag gave out and he had not the slightest idea of his whereabouts. On the seventh day he had grown so weary that he was unable to walk any further. He lay down in a snow bank and made up his mind that there he would have to perish. He had been there but a few minutes when a horse and cutter came in view, and he had barely sufficient strength left to hail the driver. He succeeded, however, in the end, and it turned out to be a priest, to whom he told his story. The priest drove him to the parsonage and gave him something to eat. He then left him alone at the table whilst he went outside to look after his horse, and when he returned found Paquette lying on the floor writhing in agony. He had eaten too much and died before a physician could be summoned.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.
RECIPES.
TONGUE TART.—Take cool boiled tongue, mince it fine, mix it with cream, and to every half-pint of the mixture allow the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Place over the fire and let it simmer a minute or two. Have ready some nicely toasted bread; butter it, place on a hot dish, and pour the mixture over. Send to table hot.
BRANST OF YEAH.—Cover thickly with crumbs of bread, put some small lumps of butter about on it, and sprinkle with pepper and salt when baked, making a gravy of butter. This is a very nice dish. Both the rack and breast, as commonly dressed, are but little esteemed, yet in this way make excellent dishes. —Biscuit Cook Book.
RIBS OF BEEF ROASTED.—The fore rib is the best roasting piece. Put the meat down before a nice, clear fire, put some dripping into the pan; dredge the joint with a little flour, and keep continually basting. When thoroughly done, put upon a hot dish, and sprinkle a little salt over the joint. Pour a little boiling water into the dripping, season with pepper and salt, and strain it over the meat.
VEGETABLE SOUP.—The best soup may be made with little expense when vegetables are plentiful. What remains of a roast will serve very well for a basis, if no piece of fresh uncooked meat is at hand. Let the vessel in which you make your soup be provided with a close cover, and allow yourself plenty of time, so that the soup may only simmer for five or six hours, but never boil hard. As the water evaporates, add more, but always let it be boiling water, after the first which is poured cold over the meat. Add vegetables according to the taste of your family. For instance, a quart of ripe tomatoes, scalded and peeled, is not too much, but even two or three make their impression when more cannot be obtained; a large handful of green corn, cut from the cob; another of young tender okra; and yet another of Irish potatoes, peeled and cut into small pieces, and lastly, a handful of small Lima beans. Season cautiously with salt and pepper, remembering that more can be easily added at table. In this kind of soup a pod of red pepper is regarded as preferable seasoning to black, the pod is not to be broken. Stir the soup frequently, lest the vegetables stick to the bottom and burn. Skim carefully, and dish up hot. In the far South, where this soup is made to perfection, they let the vegetables cook so thoroughly as to form an indigestible mass, and strain it, moreover, so that the flavor is left without their substance.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
Keep fresh lard in tin vessels.
Keep yeast in wood or glass.
Keep preserves and jellies in glass.
Keep salt in a dry place.
Keep vinegar in wood or glass.
Keep meal and flour in a cool, dry place.
Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat and fish.
Lard for pastry should be used hard, as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.
Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar, closely covered, in a dry, cool place.
In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.
Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on each side.
Place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste.
To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven. The steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.
Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done and letting the rest boil to the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

THE SCIENCE OF FEEDING POULTRY.
The purposes served by food are of several distinct kinds: the maintenance of animal heat, the growth of bone and muscle, and the supply of fat. For heat and respiration the food needs starch, sugar-gum and oily or fatty substances, for which purposes rice and wheat take the lead in value, followed by corn, buckwheat, rye, bran and potatoes. For supplying the growth of the body and the production of eggs, flesh-forming foods are required, such as peas and beans, middlings and oats. As bone-making food, bran is best; next is barley; white oats, wheat and beans have about the same relative value. To fatten poultry rapidly such food must be selected as contains most fatty or oily matter. In this respect corn stands at the head, next oats, middlings, cow's milk, wheat and peas. Rice, potatoes and vegetables have little or no fat. Animal food is frequently given, but, when roaming about at large, fowls get a sufficient supply in the insect and worms they naturally devour. Poultry needs a constant supply of vegetable food when confined in coops, such as potatoes, turnips or cabbages, and when this is cooked and mixed with meal, the effect is still better. Nothing is so desirable as a constant supply of pure, fresh water. —American Cultivator.

Items of Interest.
Shoemaker's Motto.—"Never too late to mend."
One of nature's no-bill men—He who pays cash.
Forty-four municipalities in Massachusetts are free from debt.
Egypt is the place for juvenile excursions. A boy can always find his "mummy" there.
General Mite, the dwarf who weighs only fourteen pounds, has earned \$20,000 for his mother in two years. She calls it the widow's mite.
Oil has been struck in the Black Hills. For the benefit of gentlemen who have been interviewed by the natives of that region we hope it is hair oil.
We cordially agree with the captain of the vessel that brought the Cleopatra obelisk into the Thames that it is a pleasant to have a needle in toe.
The Italian exploring expedition, which attempted to penetrate into the interior of Africa, has been attacked by the King of Soudan, and compelled to return to the coast.
Mr. Brandt, a member of the Minnesota Legislature, accepted a bribe of \$50, given to the clerk, and exposed the corruption, which related to the supply of books for the public schools.
A foolish fellow residing near New York, has issued a challenge to any man in America to smoke cigars. Henley says he has smoked in it in twenty-three hours, and can beat that. He desires to wager \$500 to \$1,000 on the result.
Montgomery Queen's menagerie has been sold in Louisville by the sheriff. An elephant worth \$205; a zebra \$230; lions, \$100 each; a leopard, \$50; hyenas, \$21 each; a war hog, \$190; an elephant, \$1,500; a camel, \$180; a royal tiger, \$900; and a rhinoceros, \$8,600.

THE TELEPHONE NOVELTY.
A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says: When we begin to use a telephone for the first time there is a sense of oddity, almost of foolishness, in the experiment. The dignity of talking consists in having a listener, and there seems a kind of absurdity in addressing a piece of iron, but we must raise our respect for the metal, for it is anything but deaf. The diaphragm of the telephone, the thin brass or steel plate which the living tympanum to all the delicate refinements of sound. Nor does it depend upon the thickness of the metallic sheet, for a piece of thick boiler-plate will take up in all the grades of their subtlety. And not only will it do the same thing as the tympanum, but it will do vastly more; the gross dead metal proves, in fact, to be a hundred times more alive than the living mechanism of speech and audition. This is no exaggeration. In quickness, in accuracy, and even in grasp, there is a perfection of sensitive capacity in the metal, with which the organic instrument cannot compare. We speak of the proverbial "quickness of thought," but the telephone thinks quicker than the nervous mechanism. Let a word be pronounced for a person to repeat, and the clock will hear and repeat it a hundred miles away in a tenth part of the time that the listener would need to utter it. Give a man a series of half a dozen notes to repeat, and he cannot do it accurately to save his life; but the iron plate takes them up, transmits them to another plate hundreds of miles off which sings them forth instantaneously with absolute precision. The human machine can, hear, and reproduce, in its poor way, only a single series of notes, while the iron ear of the telephone will take up whole chords and trains of music, and sending them by lightning through the wire, its iron tongue will emit them in perfect relations of harmony.

Premature Burial.
Another lucky escape from burial alive has occurred in Paris in the case of a lawyer named Ledone. His son, summoned to his death-bed, found him, as it was supposed, dead, kissed his brow, and was surprised at its warmth. Some hours later he revived and said: "Ah, doctor, those few moments' sleep have done me a world of good." The French laws require that interment shall follow death within, at most, thirty-six hours, and thus it often happens that burial takes place previous to putrefaction. It was against this limited time imposed by the burial bill that an eminent pleader so powerfully protested in the French chamber, relating how he himself had been laid out for burial. Here, too, in summer, burial takes place much too soon. In England at least five days intervene.