## VOL. VIII.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1878.

NO. 10.

#### Songs Unsung.

'Tis not the harp's wild string alone, Whose music charms the ravished breast : The thought of a remembered tone The singing of a bird that's flown. Oft fill us with a deep unrest Which music's most consummate art Can never waken in the heart.

Within the master's teeming brain What chord has swelled, what anthem strive Struggled for utterance in vain. Cried out for life, but died again Unknown but to its native heaven ; And left the mourning sons of earth To find above its perfect birth !

Within each separate human soul Live melodies that sweeter are Than those which solemn organs roll, Or silver-tongued singers troll, Or morning star cries out to star ; But, chilled by the dark world's eclipse, They die before they reach the lips.

#### CLOVER.

Bessie Moore was out in her father's pasture, back of the barn, picking black-berries, when she was startled by the blast of a horn. A look of anxiety came over her sweet face as she ran quickly and climbed the fence to see if Mr. Thyson, the "meat-man," who blew his horn twice a week to announce his coming, was to stop. She watched the horses climbing the hill; and when she saw her mother come to the back door and swing a towel she threw herself on the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break. She knew full well that it was not to buy meat that her mother had signaled for Mr. Thyson to stop, for, although she was but ten years old, she was aware of the fact that father?" there was no money with which to buy it. Oh, no! She realized that the event she had been dreading so long was to happen now-that her pet calf, Clover, her only playmate, so white and so fond of her, was to be sold. Week after week she had heard her parents discuss the subject of selling Clover, but week after week they had heard the butcher's horn week they had heard the butcher's horn blow and had let the wagon go by. But affairs had been coming to a crisis lately. Her father, who had been sick all summer, was still too feeble to work, and the small stock of money he had saved was small stock of money he had saved was rapidly going. She knew that he could not afford to feed the calf through the winter, and she knew that Mr. Thyson wanted her and had offered a large price for her. Mr. Thyson was a man who wanted to possess all the rarest speci-mens of cattle, and he had been very anxious to buy this calf, which was said to be the handsomest creature in color and shape, ever seen in Loudoun county. He was a selfish man, withal, and was very ready to take advantage of Mr. Moore's misfortunes to get her. He was troubles or felt it his duty to share or relieve them. He had one child, a boy about fourteen years old, named Tom, and he was determined if possible, to teach him to be as shrewd in business matters as himself; but so far Tom had not shown much progress in that direc-tion. He often went with his father as he rode through the country with his meat, and was advised by him to "watch sharp," for he would soon be old enough to take the business himself. And Tom did "watch sharp," and his large brown eyes grew moist with tears to see his father take Bessie's calf away, for he knew how Bessie loved Clover, and that it was only necessity that made Mr. Moore sell her. Meantime Bessie had climbed the pasture fence and crept quietly behind the barn, where, through a big crack, she saw and heard all that

in a trembling voice cried: to ask you something." Mr. Thyson drew up his horses, Mr. Thyson had foreseen that difficulty wondering what child it was in such from the first, but Tom, in his cagerapparent distress, for he didn't recognize apparent distress, for he didn't recognize ness to get the calf back to Bessie, had Bessie at first, as, in her haste to reach not thought of it. Mr. Thyson said the turn in the road before the wagon nothing, though. He thought he would came along, she had fallen down in the dust, and then, wiping her tears with the stained hands, had smeared her face ther to him and told her that although so as to be hardly recognizable. Her Tom was very kind and thoughtful to long, flaxen hair was blowing in every direction, and her hat was lying on the

side, ran slong the road to the corner

and waited for it. As she saw it coming

she waved her hand for it to stop, and

which she knew the wagon must pass,

"Father," said Tom, "that's Bessie very much. Tom saw her before she core. Why, Bessie, what's the mat-Moore. Why, Bessie, what's the mat-

No, no, child; I won't kill her. her whenever you want to."

see me cry, for that would make him went to his father to buy some feed for worse. I knew I should cry when I said her. He was determined not to ask him 'good-by' to Clover." And sure enough, when the horses started her tears started again too, and there she stood in the dusty road, weeping and watching the wagon until it disappeared behind the wagon until it disappeared behind the father:

"Queer," said Mr. Thyson, as they drove along, "that she should feel so.
Well, I can't help it. If I hadn't bought her somebody else would. Well, it's the way of the world. It don't do to give way to your feelings for little things like this, you know, Tom. If you do will never get sheed. They couldn't call's board, are you? Well, if you

help thinking how easily he could spare feed enough from the loads of hay and stacks of grain with which his barns would soon be overflowing to keep the calf for a time. How happy that would make Bessie, and how it would lighten her parents' hearts! He couldn't get the sick countenance of Mr. Moore out of his mind, or the tired, worn face of his wife, or, more than all, little Bessie standing alone in the dusty turnpike, watching him as he took away the only

pet and playmate she had.

It annoyed him, and it was something new for him to be annoyed in this way. He was glad when he found himself approaching another farm-house, and if he blew a louder blast than usual on his horn, nobody but himself knew that it was to give vent, if possible, to emotions that were getting too strong for tions that were getting too strong for

him to manage. Tom was very quiet all the way home. He seemed to be thinking very deeply about something, but when, occasional-ly, he did speak, it was sure to be some ly, he did speak, it was sure to be some innocent remark about Bessie or her father, which only gave his father's conscience a fresh prick and served to irritate him still more. So by the time they got home he was, as his wife said, "dreadful grouty."

As they were sitting at supper that evening, Tom burst out suddenly:
"Father, would you sell that calf?"
"Yes, and be glad to get rid of her, if I can get my price."
"Well, I'd like to buy her if I've got money enough in my bank."

oney enough in my bank,"
"You! What do you want of her?"
"Oh! something. Will you sell her

to me?" "Yes, I suppose so. Yes, you may have her for ten dollars, just what I

paid. "And do exactly as I please with her,

His father hesitated, He suspected what Tom was going to do, and he saw a difficulty in it for him. However, he

replied, at last: "Yes, Tom, you may buy her and do exactly as you please with her, upon one condition; and that is, if by buying her you get yourself into a hard scrape

lesson in shrewdness and foresight about

making a bargain.

Tom readily promised, for he couldn't imagine what scrape he could possibly get into by buying Clover. So the bar-gain was soon concluded and the money

Meantime, Bessie had dried her tears and gone home, trying very hard to be cheerful; but as soon as she had eaten her supper she crept up to her little bed and sobbed herself to sleep. The next morning she felt braver, and known throughout the county as a man thought she would try very hard to forwho always got the best of a bargain, get Clover. Her father usually lay on who thought more of making money than of anything else, and who never through the day, and for several morn-to him so plainly and reproachfully worried himself about his neighbors' ings Clover had been in the habit of coming there and putting her head in to be caressed. So Bessie made a point of getting a basket of fresh clover-blossoms, with which her father would feed the calf while Bessie and her mother were at breakfast. But the morning after Clover left Bessie sat down to the table with a heavy heart, for she missed Clover then more than ever. She had hardly taken a mouthful, though, before her father called out-

"Bessie, just bring me a basket of clovers, won't you? Clover wants her breakfast,"

Bessie sprang from her chair with a bound, exclaiming, "Why, papa, you've forgotton! Clover's gone!" But no! there was her sweet, white face peering in at the window, and there holding her by a cord stood Tom Thyson, his face covered with smiles. Then, as the wagon turned to Why, Tom!" screamed Bessie "did

go out of the yard, she went back, and, she run away?" 'No, I bought her of father, and running across the pasture with all her might, climbed the fence on the other now I'm going to give her back to you. She's yours again, now. Good-by;" and before Bessie could express her thanks Tom was gone.

Now, although the return of the calf a trembling voice cried:
"Oh, please stop a minute. I want equal concern to her parents, for the question arose how Clover could be fed.

see how Tom would manage.

Toward night Bessie's father called bring Clover back, she couldn't stay, for he had not feed enough to keep her other side of the pasture fence, where it had fallen when she climbed over. through the winter, and no money to buy any. So the next morning Bessie "Oh, please, please, Mr. Thyson," started to carry her back to some was two miles away, but it was a lovely morning, and Bessie enjoyed the walk

"I know you've brought her back," "Oh, I am so afraid your father will said he, laughing heartily, "because kill my Clover. You don't know how I you haven't any feed for her. I forgot kill my Clover. You don't know how I love her, and I can't help crying;" and here the poor child broke down, and sobbed bitterly. Then, as she saw Mr. Thyson draw up the reins to start, she Thyson draw up the reins to start, she continued:

"But, you see," he added, "Perhaps if papa gets well he can buy her back, you know. So you won't kill her, will you?"

that time. "But, you see," he added, "I'm in a scrape, whether I give her to you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't haven't haven't haven't have you or keep her myself, for I haven't ha any feed for her either, and it never will She's too pretty to kill. I will take good do to ask father for any. But I'll mancare of her, and you can come and see age it somehow before to-morrow. I'll whenever you want to."
Then I guess I can stand it better. go to bed soon after supper and think it out." So Bessie left the calf, and Tom I came out here so that papa could not took part of what money he had and

"Father, have you anything you could hire me to do this winter? I am going

carry it over."

His father smiled at Tom's businesslike way, and thought to himself, "Well, I am teaching Tom a good lesson, that's a fact. He'll get sick enough of his barbefore spring, but it will do him

Tom filled his hand-cart with the feed, Tom filled his hand-cart with the feed, and tying the rope around Clover's neck, started again to carry her back. I don't know what the people along the road thought to see the calf going back and forth so often. But Tom didn't care. He kept straight on and carried the calf to Bessie's door.

"'Here she is, Bess, and here's enough to feed her one week, anyway, and I'll see that she has enough all winter, unless I get sick, and I don't feel very sick now. Don't catch me backing out of

now. Don't catch me backing out of this scrape. No, sir-ee!" All winter, Tom was up betimes in the

morning, fed and watered the cattle, groomed the horses, and did whatever was required. He carried Clover's feed over every week or two, and never once complained. His father watched him curiously, and every week congratulated himself on the good lesson he was teach-

At last spring came. The tender grass began to sprout, and Clover could keep herself, from the pastures and meadows. The farmers were all plowing and harrowing, and getting the ground ready for planting. Everybody was busy, and in a hurry, as usual. Mr. Moore was improving, but was still very weak. His affairs looked very discouraging to him, and his depressed state of mind did much to retard his recovery. He had bought the farm where he was living only the spring before, after the planting season was over, expecting to earn enough by his trade, that of a carpenter, through the following seasons to enable him to buy seed and to thoroughly plant the whole place in the spring. Instead of that, he was taken sick soon after he bought it, and had been obliged to sell his stock to get money to live upon. And now, right in the busy season, when every hour seemed worth a day at any other time, he was sick, with no money to buy seed or the necessary farming implements, or to hire the needed help. recovery. He had bought the farm plements, or to hire the needed help. With his mind overwhelmed with discouragement, he sat, one evening, in the door-way of his house, and looked the door-way of his house, and looked hopelessly on his still unemployed land. At the same time Mr. Thyson was riding slowly along, having made an unusually good trip with his meat, and was reviewing in his mind with great satisfaction the prosperous condition of his affairs. As he passed he saw Mr. Moore sitting there and writing there. Moore sitting there, and noticed that he looked very pale and worried. A feeling of sympathy took strong hold of him, and he was tempted to stop and have a talk with him, but those fields,

and go along. "I'm sorry for Moore," he said to himself; "that's a fact. I'd be glad to give him a lift, but I've got my own family to look out for. If I had always given way to my feelings I wonder where I should be now. Oh, no! no; it will never do. No!"

But as he drew up to his own house, the sight of his broad acres so carefully planted, and the neat, thrifty appearance of all the surroundings, did not give him the feeling of satisfaction he was enjoying before he met Mr. Moore. As he went into the kitchen where his wife was getting supper, he said, glancing out of the window at Tom, who was having a grand frolic with his dogs :

"It does me good to see Tom playing. He has had a hard winter of it. But I'm glad I let him go through it. It has taught him a lesson he will never

forget, I guess."
"Yes, I think very likely," gently answered his wife ; "but I have thought many times, father, that Tom teaching a more important lesson than the one he was learning. But come, supper's ready." She then stepped to the door and called Tom, and the subject was not continued. As Tom came in breathless from play, his father re-

"That's better fun than working Clover's board and carrying it over to

her, isn't it?"
"Yes, sir. But I'm afraid if Mr. Moore doesn't hurry up and plant Clover will be marching back here in spite of me, next fall. I wish I was a rich'man. I'll bet I'd make things look

different over there in no time." Mr. Thyson made no reply, but finished his supper, and went out into the yard, where he stood leaning on the fence, apparently in deep thought. As Bill, his head man on the farm, came along, he stopped him, and they had a

quiet talk together. Meantime Mr. Moore had gone into his house, utterly unable to throw off the gloomy thoughts which filled his mind. He saw no way out of his difficulties. The faith and hope which had kept him up till now seemed gone. He went to bed early, but did not sleep for hours. Toward morning, however, he fell into a deep sleep. His wife quietly darkened the room and left him. The sun was several hours high when he drew aside the curtains to look out. What a sight met his eyes! Men were plowing, harrowing and shouting to their horses. Part of the ground was already prepared for planting, and there, in the barn doorway, sat Tom and Bes-sie, cutting potatoes and chattering like

"What does it mean, mother? What does it mean?" said he, as he opened the kitchen door. "It means, father, that the dawn has

come, "Twas very dark, you know last night. Those are Mr. Thyson's men!"
"Thyson's men! Thyson's men

Why! I don't understand.' "Well, nor I, and the men say that they don't know what has come over him either. But he told Bill to take

"Well, I'll take it and try. I'd like all like just bowing and passing on, to buy feed enough now to keep her this week, and after this I can earn it and earn it and earn it and earn it and end getting out to see how his men were

and getting out to see how his men were doing.

"God bless you, sir," said Mr. Moore,
"You have given me the best medicine
I've had. I believe it's going to save
my life. I don't know how to thank
you, but I know I feel like a new man."

"So do I, friend Moore. So do I.
But don't thank me. It's all Tom's doing. I thought I was teaching him a
great lesson, but, bless you! he was
teaching me a greater one, all the time.
Well, the Lord has great surprises in
store for us, sometimes, hasen't He?"
And, with a fervent shake of the hand,
Mr. Thyson got back into his wagon Mr. Thyson got back into his wagon

and drove hor From that time, Mr. Moore's health steadily improved, and from that time also, Mr. Thyson was another man. It was the beginning, but not the end, of his kind deeds.

A few years later, when Tom and Bessie commenced housekeeping on their ewn account, and Clover lowed contentedly in her new home, Tom re-

marked, with a merry laugh:
"You see, father, I was longer-headed than you thought. "Twas all in the family after all."

### Wind Locomotion on Land.

It is curious to note that while to the railroads is owing the abandon ment of the wind carriage (formerly seen by travelers in Chins, Spain and Holland), to the same agency it now seems likely that its rejuvenation will be due. Wind vehicles are already in use on the long stretches of tracks which extend over the Western prairies, and the speed attemption of the chicks hatched from the carriage to the comfort and productiveness of the heas.

Save eggs from the best hens for setting, Many poultry-keepers do not know which are the best layers, but this may be be discovered by a little attemption. Old hens lay larger eggs than pullets, and the chicks hatched from the past three years was devised by Mr. C. J. Bascom. The vehicle is said to average a speed of thirty miles per hour, and, with a strong breeze, to travel at the rate of forty miles in the same period. This last speed was reached with the wind right abeam. A distance of eighty-four miles has been passed over in four hours, the car sailing part of this time close hauled and over disadvantageously curved track.

The vehicle has abandon ment of the wind right should be due, will be an add much to the comfort and productiveness of the comfort and productiveness of the comfort and productiveness of the the comfort and productiveness of the the comfort and productiveness of the heavy leaves in the first old Hertzog moved the know which are the best layers, but this may be be discovered by a little attention. Old hens lay larger eggs than pullets, and the chicks hatched from two-year old hens, when mated with a vigorous one-year old cock, will be larger, more thrifty, and fledge better than chicks from pullets' eggs. In selecting eggs to hatch, take those that are of a fair average size; reject the wind right abeam. A distance of eighty-four miles in the same period. This last speed was reached with the wind right abeam. A distance of eighty-four miles has been passed over in four hours, the car sailing part of the chick by an examination of the size, shape, o It is curious to note that while to the

vantageously curved track.

The vehicle has four wheels, each thirty inches in diameter; is six feet in length, and weighs 600 pounds. The sail has two booms, respectively fourteen and fifteen feet in length, and an area of about eighty-one square feet. The mast is eleven feet high, tapering from four inches square at the heel to two inches at the truck

at the truck.

It will be obvious that many of the laws applying to the iceboat apply equally well to the sailing car. A little consideration will show that when the latter is sailing at forty miles per hour it is traveling fast-r than the wind that impels it, and this is constantly the case in iceboat sailing. On the other hand, iceboats always sail best close hauled; in fact, the sheet is almost constantly kept flat aft. The sailing car, as stated es fastest with the wind directly on the beam or side. Of course the difference is due to the greater resistance offered by the larger and more elevated surfaces of the car body and its occupants, and to the friction of the axle journals, which probably, under ordinary condition, is sufficient to prevent the sailing car ever attaining the iceboat's speed.—Scientific American.

In Russia The brilliantly colored signboards give the streets of a Russian city a particularly gay appearance. At almost every corner you come upon a Byzantine-looking shrine of the Virgin, with a number of Russians in front of it, bareheaded, crossing themselves. You meet the Virgin in various other unexpected places—in railway stations, in postoffices, with a little oil lamp flickering at her feet —even in the drowsy lock-ups, where tipsy mujiks can be heard yelling all day and night. The behavior of the people in the streets is quiet and civil. If a Russian knocks against you, he begs streets peddlers saunter, selling dried man, and has been used successfully in mushrooms, cotton handkerchiefs, relithe correspondent's own family. gious prints, white bread and fritters; but few of them shout. Pigeons infest the roadways with impunity, for they are held sacred. Even if a Russian were starving, it would not occur to him to knock one of the birds on the head and cook it. Dancing bears are also to be seen in great numbers, and, though not sacred, are great favorities, and always draw crowds, who laugh at their antics like children, for Russians are very easily amused.

## Words of Wisdom.

Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty. Dignity is expressive, and without other good qualities, is not particularly profitable.

Be not proud of riches but afraid of them, lest they be a silver bar to cross the way to heaven. You must answer for riches, but riches cannot answer for

There is hidden thunder in the stores of heaven, ready to burst with burning wrath, and blast the man who owes his greatness to the rain of his neighbor. Lost, yesterday, somewhere between

sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever. Love is a secondary passion in those

who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plentitude of growth and perfection but in the most evalted minds.

give way to your feelings for little things like this, you know, Tom. If you do you will never get shead. They couldn't afford to keep her and had to sell her, and that's all there is about it."

But if it was "all there was about it" is made him very uncomfortable. In spite of all his reasoning he couldn't sell of all his reasoning h

Feeld poultry on good sound grain.

Offal or damaged grain is unwholesome, and if fed freely will produce disease.

Pounded oyster or clam shells are good for laying hens. They act as gravel in assisting digestion, and furnish lime for the tissues from which the shells of organ are made. Break them up small eggs are made. Break them up small enough for the fowls to swallow easily. They will eat a good deal of this kind of

A neat, simple and effective method of keeping high flyers at home is mentioned by *The Poultry World*. Merely seissor away about half of the feathery part of each wing-feather, excepting an inch at the end, without cutting the quill or shaft of the feather at all. This shows but little when the wings are closed, and so does not disfigure the fowl, but it lets the air through sufficiently to

one of the best ways to destroy hen lice is by a proper use of the whitewash brush and fumigants. When the poul-try-house is kept in decent order there will be little trouble, but otherwise the fowls will not prosper. A very good plan is to wrap the roost-poles with pieces of old carpet, old bags, or horse blankets. Tack these on neat and smooth and saturate them once a fortnight with diluted carbolic acid, or coal oil. This will clean the perches and add much to the comfort and productiveness of the

where every facility exists, so few ducks and geese are raised. These are pro-verbially the most hardy and long lived of all our poultry. In places where cholera, croup, etc., sweep off the fowls and turkeys, geese and ducks, which are not subject to these diseases, should be tried. In densely populated Great Britain and even in Belgium where one would suppose there was little room, more geese are raised to the square mile than in the United States. In the interior duck and geese can be raised as profitably as other kinds of poultry, and where diseases prevail, more pro-

fitably. Medical Hints TEAS FOR THE SICK ROOM.—Dried leaves of sage, one-half ounce; boiling water, one quart; steep for three quarters of an hour and then strain for use: sugar can be added to suit the taste. Peppermint, spearmint, balm,

hoarhound, and other herb teas are made in the same manner. CURE FOR CHRONIC RHEUMATISM .-Dr. Bonnett, of Graulbet, France, recommends and prescribes for chronic rheumatism the use of the essential oil of turpentine by friction. He used it nimself with perfect success, having almost instantaneously got rid of rheu-matic pains in both knees and in the

left shoulder. RELIEF FOR CROUP.-Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to ac-complish the deed is to take a knife or grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantan-eous relief will follow.

Asthma.—The following prescription was given a correspondent by Hon. E. B. French of the treasury department : Iodide of potassium, two drams; tinet-ure of lobelia, half an ounce; syrup of your pardon with a sincere show of contrition; if he sees your nose turning white in cold weather, he picks up a handful of snow and rubs it with a brotherly officiousness till the circulation is restored. All along the populous above cured the above-named gentleman and has been used successfully in man, and has been used successfully in the contribution; the contribution is the contribution of the contribution in the contribution is the contribution in the contribution in the contribution is the contribution in the contribution in the contribution is the contribution in the contribution in the contribution is the contribution in the contribution in the contribution is the contribution in the contribution in the contribution in the contribution is contributed in the contribution in the contribution in the contribution is contributed in the contribution is contributed in the contribution in the contribu

the correspondent's own family. FOR SCALD-HEAD. - Alice M. writes to the Household: "Here is a cure for scald-head that I have seen used many years, but it has to be applied more than once: Take equal parts of good pine tar and new mutton tallow; melt just enough to mix well, then add a few drops of sweet oil to make it soft (if sweet oil is not handy, hen's oil or pig's foot oil will do); do not shave the head, but just open the hair and apply to the skin; if there is a scab, apply to that and it will soon heal and come off."

Household Hints. A little corn starch in milk will improve chocolate. Turpentine is the best to wet stove

One cup of beet's gall in sixteen quarts of water, will keep red clothes from fading.

If you will pour a little vinegar in the water you wash blue clothes in, it will

keep them bright. TEA. - Tea is best made in an earthenware tea pot, which should be kept dry, for if allowed to remain damp after use it becomes musty. The water should always boil when the tea is added. Tea

is not wholesome taken on an empty

CELERY.—Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in week or longer by first rolling it up in a towel brown paper, then pin it up in a towel and keep it in a dark place, and keep as cool as possible. Before preparing it for the table place it in a pan of cold for the table place it in a pan of cold life sentence in a Missouri prison, a water, and let it remain for an hour. It life sentence in a Missouri prison, a will make it crisp and cold.

KEEPING CORNED-BEEF. - Cut up the meat in suitable pieces, pack in a cask or vessel, then make a brine as follows: To one gallon of water add one and a half pounds of salt and one ounce of saltpetre; bring the brine to a boil, and then, while boiling hot, pour on the meat; it will keep as much as it will cover. The meat must be kept entirely under the brine. In the spring again boil, skim and pour it on the meat while hot. Some add one pound of sugar and one onnee of saleratus to 100 pounds o "Old Residenter."

You couldn't call him a sportsman by any strain on your imagination, and yet he was by no means a loafer, though he did talk with a drawl which indicated he did talk with a drawl which indicated that he didn't regard time as a very valuable commodity. He sat on the fence as the train came up to Siegfried's Bridge, with the three Easton fancy gunners aboard, whom he was to pilot across the country after quail. His gun having the lock tied on with a string, reposed across his knees, and his dog, looking like the ghost of starvation, reposed at his feet. The Easton men

came up to him.

"Do you know Abe Hertzog?" "Y-a-a-s, I know him."
"Where can we find him?"
"R-i-g-h-t hyar, I guess."
"Are you Mr. Hertzog?"
"Y-a-a-s! that's what I'm taxed for,

myway. "Jimminy!" said one of the party, sotto vocc, "can this be the man that Cap told us was personally acquainted with every quail family in Allen Town-

ship?"
"You fellers want to go arter som

quails, eh?"
"That's what we come for. Do you know anything about them?" "W-a-a-l, yaas; I can tell one when l

see it."
"What kind of a gun have you got

"W-a-a-l, yes! sometimes. That's the way I busted the stock thar whar the rawhide bandage air, a-knockin' a fellow down what made fun of it."

At this point the investigator suddenly lost interest in the gun, and the party moved off into the country. As they climbed the fifteenth fence, the old man moved off into the country. As they climbed the fifteenth fence, the old man paused on the top rail and waved his hand indefinitely over the fields before

A sweet seedling orange-tree in Hernando county, Florida, bore two genuine lemons with its crop of oranges this season. It had not been grafted with them.

"Gents, there's quails all about hyar and over yander—yaas, and thar's one on 'em now," he added, as he drew up Old Residenter and knocked it over where it sat.

More than 700 persons have entered the competitive examination for the thirty-two additional clerkships which Congress recently authorized in the surgeon-general's office.

"What! do you shoot a bird on the ground? Why, old man, that's infernal

Just then a small covey of the birds

took wing, and the man who scorned oot-hunting blazed away with both barrells of a costly breach-loader and missed. "Whar! whar do you shoot 'em,

mister ?" inquired the old man, quietly, as he put his patch and bullet on the muzzle of his rifle, which he held between his legs while he rammed the harge home, and then as a stray bird lew overhead, he raised and dropped it. 'Is that ar' the way you want it done, mister?"

The objector said nothing, and the gunning proceeded; but it soon became evident that the sportsmen were doing the gunning and the old man was doing the shooting. The lock tumbled off his gun occasionally, and the barrel had a loose habit of parting company with the stock; but the old man had a pocket full of strings, and as fast as it gave out he tied it up, and made ready to shoot whenever a bird showed, and he occasionally varied the monotony of the proceedings by coolly blazing into the bushes, whereupon his mean-looking dog would rush in and drag out a dead rabbit.

The Easton party hunted faithfully, according to their lights, and shot upon the most scientific principles; but, some how, the old man got the game, as the count showed five quail and a pheasant among the three for the day's work, while Mr. Hertzog toddled along un-der twenty-two quail and four rabbits; and, as they sat on the board-pile at the depot bargaining for the old man's lot, he remarked:

"Ye see, gents, Old Residenter be'ant much of a gun to look at. She ain't purty nor handsome at all, but I tell you she's mighty on the shoot. All you's got to do is jest to grease the patch right well, and ram the ball down close, and then, if you pint her at a bird and pull, that bird's got to stop. Leastwise, I allers find it so. Ye see, gents, where a man has such a awfully purty gun his 'tention's kinder taken up admirin' of it, like, and the bird goes away after he shoots. Leastwise I allers find it so." Just then the lock dropped off "Old Residenter" for the eleventh time, and, as the old man wasn't going to shoot any more that day, he put it in his pocket

along with his game money, saying: "Thank ye, gents, thankee. Come up soon again, and I'll take Old Residenter out any time; we'll be purty sure to get something." And he meanders off into the Indian summer haze.—Easton (Pa.) Free Press.

is awaiting trial in Iowa, all for murder. Killion was the third man he had killed, and that crime was committed because Killion had cheated hin at cards five

Items of Interest. It is a wise saw that works both ways, "Winding up business" - Starting

the clock.

Knife-grinders get their work in dur-ing dull times.

No one but a coward strikes in the dark, and then he only strikes a light. If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become? Sin. A man in Kern county, Cal., has a ten acre lot of mignonette, on which his bees

When a fisherman should be thankful—When his lines are cast in pleasant

As the twig is bent the average small boy is inclined, when it comes to punishment.

"The older the tree the thicker the bark," but the older the dog the thinner

the bark. In New York city alone the capital employed in the ice business exceeds \$5,000,000.

When a prize-fighter's mill is stopped only four hands are thrown out of employment.

—The laugh of the farmer—Hoe!

Hoe! Hoe!—Hackensack Republican

Also, Hay! Hay! Hay!

What is the difference between a butcher and a gay young lady? The former kills to dress, while the latter

The Czar has offered a prize for the best hymn celebrating the recent Rus-sian successes, and adapted for the army. The competition is restricted to Russian composers.

lemon. More than 700 persons have entered

It is saddening to watch the dying day, to see the flickering light fall pulseover a doubtful fire, when in a hurry for breakfast.

What a blessing the phonograph will be to editors! The bores can slip right into the phonograph room, and plead with the instruments, and the editor can grind it all out afterwards-if he wants

to, -Boston Transcript.

"It was my wife's wedding ring, but cruel circumstances forces me to part with it for \$1.50." The pitying servant girl produces the money, gathers in a brass circlet and the scamp moves on to repeat the game at the next house.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old, "Be hold! be bold! and everywhere be bold; Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess Than the defect; better the more than less; Better like Hector in the field to die. Than like the perfumed Paris turn and fly.

Russia has recently purchased 200,000 ounces of quinine in the United States, and that essential tonic has in consequence experienced a sharp advance in price. Shaking with the ague promises to be an expensive amusement this year.

A philosopher says: "We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills behind us, but on the mountains before us." Another way is to take a couple of rods the start, and try to beat an enthusiastic bull-dog over a nine-foot

## fence.

Capturing an Eagle's Nest. Recently United States Deputy Marshal Dewing and a party went up the river to investigate the cutting of logs from the public lands. On Black Lake they discovered an immense eagle's nest in the topmost branches or a large tree, and began cutting the tree down. There was a young eagle in the nest, and when the cutting commenced the parent birds made hostile demonstrations, swooping down upon the party. The female was shot and killed. The wing of the male was broken by a shot, and he was cap-tured after falling in the water. He was with considerable difficulty taken into the boat, knocking one of the men in the boat overboard by a stroke of his wing. The young bird was killed by the falling of the tree. The nest was twelve feet in diameter, and was constructed of at least three-quarters of a cord of wood, some of the pieces being four feet long and as large around as a man's leg. male bird measures seven feet and two inches from tip to tip. - Shreveport (La.) Times.

## Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough mus-cles than silver; and nerves that flash second was hanged in Texas, and a third | fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among A German inventor will exhibit at the Paris Exposition a patent scrubbing brush, which can be turned into a stove with red-hot coals and everything complete. Originally, he intended to have added a bed, but life was too short.

Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herbs and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportions of faculties to s'art with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his cemposition.