### VOL. VIII.

TOUR, COURT ARRESTS SEE

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1878.

NO. 11.

Some time, tired heart of mine, You shall have a long, long rest; And the quiet evening sun, Sloping outward to the west, Shall look on a quiet breast. Though the birds shall coo and call As the deeper shadows fall. You may rest.

Some time, patient eyes of mine, You may take a long, long sleep; Though the early morning sun All along the wall shall creep, Waxen eyelids will not lift From the watching which they keep Though a sunbeam, overbold, Seek to part your curtain's fold, You may sleep.

Some time, striving hands of mine, There will be a long, long peace; Loosened from the tasks you hold Into new and sweet release, Other hands must place you close In a dumb amen for grace. Even love's touch, soft and warm, Dare not break such prayerful form Of your peace.

Some time, restless feet of mine, There will come a long, long day When you need not cross the sill From the flushing till the gray. Other steps must bear you forth To the place where clay is clay. Though I led you out at light They will bring you home when night Ends our day.

## PRUDENCE GRAY.

That's my name, for father said there wasn't a better barge on the river than the Prudence, and if I was called the same he was sure there would never be

a better girl. Poor father! He' was always very fond of me, and my earliest remem-brances are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening steering the barge, with the great cinnamon red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foaming and bubbling by us as we ran on up the river toward the big city, where the ships lay close together in dock and against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the

I used to think our barge, which was a very small billy-boy, if you know what that is—if you don't I must tell you that it's a barge built with rounded ends and low bulwarks, meant for carrying loads up rivers, but built also to be able to go out to sea a little while, running along the coast—I used to think our barge, I say, a very, very large ship, till I grew old enough to compare it with those that passed us going up or down the river, and then it used to seem to me that it would be wonderfully fine to go on board one of those great ships and go sailing away-far away - across ocean, instead of just coasting along to Sheerness and up the Medway, as we used to go year after year, loaded deep down in he water with pottery or hops,

or even bricks. I can't tell you how my child-life slipped away, living with mother and father on board that barge, in a little bit of a cabin with a tiny stove; all I know is that I was very happy, and that I never hardly weut ashore, and when I did I was frightened and wanted to get back; and at last I seemed to have grown all at once into a great girl, and father and I were alone.

Yes, quite alone, for mother had left us very suddenly, and we have been ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and came back from the funeral and were sitting on the cabin hatch, before I could believe it was anything but a terrible dream, and that I should not wake and find that she was alive once more, as blithe and cheery as ever, ready to take the tiller or a pull at a rope, the sama as I did when father wanted any

and as a couple of years slipped by the work on the barge fell more and more into my hands, and I used to smile to myself as I saw how big and red and strong they had grown. For father grew quiet and dull day by day, and used to have a stone bottle filled whenever he went ashore, and then sit with it in the cabin all alone till I called him

to come and help with the sail.

Not that I wanted much help, for ours was only a small barge, and once started, with a fair wind, I could manage her well enough; while when we had to tack backwards and forwards across the river mouth, I could always lock the tiller by the rope that hung on the belaying pin, and give it a hitch on this side or that side, till I had taken a pull at the sheet and brought the barge round on the

I must have passed half my life in those days leaning back against that tiller, with its end carved to look like a great acorn, and the name of the old barge, Prudence, cut deep in the side. There I'd stand looking out ahead as we glided along over the smooth sea, passing a buoy here and a light there, giving other barges and smacks a wide berth, and listening to the strange squealing noise of the gulls as they wheeled and hovered and swept by me, so closely sometimes that I could almost have touched them with my hand.

Our barge was well known all about the mouth of the river and far up beyond the bridge; and somehow, I don't know how it was, the men on the different boats we passed had always a kind hail or a wave of the hand for us, as we glided by, if we were too far off for a kindly shout to reach us.

netimes I'd run the barge pretty close to the great ships and steamers, inward or outward bound, so as to look at the ladies I saw on board; not that I cared to do so very often, because it seemed to make me sad, for the faces I looked on seemed to be so different to mine that I felt as if I was another kind of being, and it used to set me wondering and make me think; and at such times I've leaned against the tiller and dreamed and dreamed in a waking fashion of hew I would like to read and write and work, as I had seen ladies sitting and reading and working, on the decks of the big ships, under the awning; and then I had to set my dreams aside and

have a pull at the sheet or take a reef in

the sail; because the wind freshened and my dreams all passed away. I don't think poor father meant it un-I don't think poor father meant it unkindly, but he seemed to grow more and more broken and helpless every day; and this frightened me, and made me work to keep the barge clean and ship-shape, lest the owners should come on board and see things slovenly, and find fault with father and dismiss him, and that I knew would break his heart. So I worked on, and in a dull heavy way father used to thank me; and the time glided on, till one day, as we were lying off Southend, with the sea glassy and not wind enough to fill the sails, I felt my cheeks begin to burn as I leaned back against the tiller, and would not turn my head, because I could hear a boat being sculled towards us, and I knew it was coming from the seat leeboard barge lying astern.

"He's coming to see father," I said to myself at last in a choking voice; and as a hail came I was obliged to turn, and there stood up in the little boat he was sculling with an oar over the stern John Grove, in his dark trousers, blue jersey and scarlet cap; and as I saw his sun-burnt face and brown arms and hands I felt my heart beating fast, and knew he was not coming to see father, but to see

We had hardly ever spoken, but I had known John Grove for years now, and we had nodded and waved hands to one another often and often as we had passed up and down the river.

"Heave us a rope, my lass," he said, as he came close in; and I did it dream-ily, and as soon as I had done so I began to pull it back, but it was too late; he had hitched it round the thwart of his boat, and was up and over the side be-fore I could stir; and then he stood looking down upon me, while I felt some-times hot and sometimes cold, as if I could not speak.

"Do you want to see father?" I said

"No, my lass," he said quietly, "I want to see you. "Me!" I faltered, with my face burning.

"Yes, you, my lass," he said; and his handsome brown face lit up, and he looked so manly as he laid his hand on

my arm.
"Prudence, my gal," he said, "we're both young yet, for I'm not six-and-twenty, but I thought it was time I 'Spoke to me?" I said, with my face

burning still. "Yes, my lass, spoke to you, for we've been courting now a matter of four

"Oh, John," I cried, bursting out laughing and feeling more at my ease, "why, we've never hardly spoken to one another."

one another."
"That's nice," he said, drawing a long breath. "Over again."
"Over again? What?" I said,
"Call me John," he replied.

"Well, then, John," I cried hastily.
"That's right, Prudence; but, as 1 was going to say, not spoken to one another! Well, how could we, always taking our turns at the tiller as we were? But all the same, my lass, I've been always courting of you, night and day, these four years, and looking out and longing for the time when the Pru-dence would come in sight and I could give you a hail and get a wave of the

I could feel the color coming back into my cheeks again as I heard him speak, and knew how anxiously I had looked out for his barge coming up or down the river; and then I began wondering what it all meant, and soon knew.

"Prudence, my lass," he said, "I've saved up £10, all my own, and our owner has just given me the command of a new barge, with as pretty a cabin as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass, I thought I'd ask you if so be as now we've been courting four years, you wouldn't come to me and be my wife."

"No," I said, "no," and shook my head. "I belong to father, and I could never leave him-never."

"But you'll have to some day, Prudence," he said, looking dreadfully down hearted and miserable. "No," I said, "I shall never leave him; he wants me more and more every

day, and I must stay."
"Prudence," he said sharply, "you ain't playing with me, are you?' "Playing with you?"

"Yes; I mean you ain't going to take up with any one else, and go aboard any other barge—no, no," he cried, "I won't be so mean as to ask you that. But, Prudence, dear, some day you may have to leave him, and when you do, will you blease recollect John Grove loves you etter than aught else in the wide world,

and is waiting for you to come?"
"Yes, John," I said simply.
"You mean it, Prudence?" h in delight, as he caught my hand. "Yes, John; I don't know anybody else, and there's no one as cares fo

"Hundreds on the river," he said sharply. "Then I don't care for them, John,

I said simply; "and if you like me, and I ever do-do-leave-oh, dear! what am I saying ?"

I sat down on a fender and covered my face with my coarse, red hands, and began to cry; but be took my hands down, and looked long and lovingly in my face, with his great, honest brown eyes; and then he couldn't speak, but med to choke. At last he gasped

"Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm going away now to wait, for you'll come to me some day, I know."

"For the time may come, my lass, when you'll be all alone in the world; and when it does come, there's the cabin of the Betsy Ann, clean painted up, and waiting for you, just as her master' a-waiting too."

He went quietly over the side and case off the rope, and was gone before I knew it; and I sat there in the calm afternoon and evening, sometimes crying, some times feeling hopeful, and with a sense of joy at my heart such as I never had felt before.

And so that evening deepened into night, with the barge a quarter of a mile astern of us, and no wind coming, only the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at lake night, when I was forward seeing to the war.

light hoisted up to keep anything from running into us, when I heard father come stambling up from the cabin, and make as if to come forward to me.

"Prue," he cried, "Prue!"

"Yes, father, coming," I said; and then I uttered a wild shriek, and rushed towards where the heart have actors by

towards where the boat hung astern by her painter, hauled her up and climbed in; for no sooner had I answered than I

in; for no sooner had I answered than I heard a cry and a heavy splash, and I knew father had gone overboard.

I was into the boat in a moment, and had the scull over the stern, paddling away in the direction that the cry had come from; but, though I fancied in those horrible minutes that I saw a hand stretched out of the water, asking as it were for help, I paddled and sculled about till I was far from our barge, and then sank down worn-out to utter a moan of horror, and sob, "Oh, father! father! what shall I do!" "Is that you, Prudence?" said a

"Yes, John, yes," I cried, looking out through the darkness, out of which a boat seemed to steal till it was along-side, when John streehed out his hand

and took mine. "Quick !" I gasped, " save him, John "When you shrieked out, Prue?"
"Yes, yes," I wailed; "oh, save him! save him!"

"My poor lass," he said, "that's a good quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's running strong. I've been paddling about ever since, trying to find you, for I went up to the barge and you

"But father," I wailed, "father-save

"My poor little lass," he said, tenderly, "I'd jump into the water now if you bid me; but what can I do, you know, Prudence, what can I do?"

I did not answer, for I did know that

he must have been swept far away before then; and I was beginning to feel that I was alone—quite alone in the world.

It was quite six months after that dreadful night that one evening John came ashore from his barge to the cottage, where I was staying with his mother, and had been ever since he had becomely the staying him. brought me there, without seeing him to speak to, only to wave my hand to him as he sailed by. That evening he came and looked wistfully at me and said but little, and at last his time was

up and he rose to go.

I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had got leave to alter the name of his barge, and it was called the Prudence, too; and then, without a word about the past, he

was saying good-by, when I put my hands in his and said quietly— "John, dear, I haven't forgot my "And you are alone now, Prudence,

my lass," he cried eagerly.

"No, John, no," I said softly, as the tears ran down my cheeks; "I never shall be while you live." "Never, my lass, never," he 'And you'll be my little wife?"

"Yes, John, yes; I promised you."
"When I come back from this voy-"Yes, John, when you will," I said,

and with one long hand pressure we parted, and I went back to wait for another month, and then I was his happy And there seemed no change, for I

was once more on the river or out at sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing straight before me, with the gulls wailing as they wheeled and dipped and skimmed or settled upon the water; while the soft wind gently stirred the print hood that was lightly tied over my wind-ruffled hair. Only a bargeman's young wife living on the tide, but very happy; for John often points to the great ships that pass us, with their cap-tains in their gold-laced caps, and as he loes so he whispers-

"Not with the best among them, Prue, not with the best; I wouldn't even change places with a king."

And if he is as happy as I, dear Jehn is right.—Cassell's Magazine.

# Grace Darling in Michigan.

Lake Michigan has its Grace Darling, and her father and brothers are as brave and heroic as she is herself. Sanford W. Morgan is keeper of the life saving station at Grand Point au Sable, Michigan, and after the close of navigation he llows the crew to go away for the winer, but remains on the ground with his daughter and his sons. At daylight, during one of the most violent gales of he season, with the sea so boisterous that it was covered with foam, a fishing boat was discovered about three mile off shore, in distress, by Miss Edith. Quickly giving the alarm to her father nd two brothers, she urged them to go, volunteering to take an oar herself to assist the crew. It seemed as though a boat could not possibly live in the mighty waves, but one was launched, and after a pull of two hours, with seas breaking over the small boat and threatening its destruction and the loss of those on board, they succeeded in reaching the wreck, to find that one of the rew who had been clinging to the side of the vessel had become exhausted, and etting go his hold had been drowned, Another sailor, however, was rescued as he was about to give up, and was taken ashore. Nor was this the first time that the brave young girl had ventured out on an errand to save.

# A Young Giant.

The "fat man" whom I mentioned in my last letter, writes a corresponden in England, is now exhibiting himself at the Egyptian Hall, in London, and making a good thing of it. Fancy, if you can, a young man only twenty-two years old, weighing 728 pounds, and measuring eight feet round the shoulders. He seems in perfect health and is very chatty, a peculiarity shared by his wife, who accompanies him and who seems proud of having the biggest hus-band of any woman in England, perhaps in the world.

# FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Parm Notes.

Do not plant trees deeper than is necessary to cover the roots well. Never place the roots in contact with manure.

Planting need not be hurried. When trees arrive from the nursery, unpack them, keeping a sharp eye to the labels, and "heel-in" at once.

Watering must be attended to, and when the soil gets packed and crusted between the rows, break it up, or mellow it with the finger, or a pointed stick.

Grafting is best done just as vegetation starts. A tree that produces poor fruit is easily converted into a profitable tree. The operation is a simple one, and any intelligent boy can perform it.

Stakes, where trees are properly planted, are not needed, unless in exposed localities where there are strong winds, and in such cases the orchard should be protected by a screen of some quick-growing trees that will serve as a wind-break.

wind-break.

Drains should be cleared of waste matter, such as leaves, and other trash that will interfere with the flow of water. In digging open drains, the earth should the thrown out upon the side opposite to that from which the surface water comes.

It is now that we require rapid, vigorous growth, to send up strong spears from the tillering roots. A moderate

from the tillering roots. A moderate dressing of some active fertilizer, rich in ammonia, and with a good supply of phosphoric acid for the needs of the grain, is precisely what is needed.

Laying out the ground may be done in squares, the trees in rows, and opposite each other, a common plan for small orchards, but where the ground is to be used to the best advantage, the quincunx method is adopted, in which each tree stands at the corner of an equilateral triangle, and is equally dis-

equilateral triangle, and is equally distant from six others.

A Silesian farmer has adopted a method of imparting to butter an aroma as delicate as that secured from cows pastured in the most fragrant meadows. He suspends in the empty churn a calico bag filled with fragrant herbs, keeping the churn carefully closed. When churning, he substitutes four smaller bags, attaching them to the beaters of the churn. The result is thus secured in a perfectly legitimate and harmless man-

A correspondent states that he kept a A correspondent states that he kept a plum tree from curculios by sprinkling the ground under the tree with corn meal. This induced the chickens to scratch and search. The meal was strewn every morning from the time the trees blossomed until the fruit was large enough to be out of danger. The consequence was, that the fowls picked up the curculios with the meal, and the tree being saved from the presence of tree being saved from the presence of the insects, was wonderfully fruitful.

Breeding Stock on the Farm. In view of the market for choice stock lately thrown open to our farmers by the sagacious coyote, followed by a the exportation of cattle and meat to general laugh when the utter ridiculous-Europe, it behooves them to pay increased attention to the raising of su-perior animals on the farm. A late report on the American trade, by Prossor Sheldon, of the Cirincester Agricultural College, England, after furnishing a mass of information on the subject, comes to the conclusion that, despite some fluctuations, the dead meat trade will rapidly increase, and that appli-ances for its successful management will be multiplied here and in Europe. The profits of the traffic will be in a great neasure, proportionate to the excellence of the product, and the limit to the quantity shipped will be the stowage capacity of vessels crossing the Atlantic, for, owing to the falling off in our im ports, the number of ships engaged in he transatlantic trade will be too small to afford room for a large export of meat together with other merchandise without dvancing the freight to a figure that

vill prohibit further exportation. The experience of many thriving farmers all over the country, proves that a better run of animals is obtained by breeding them on the farm than by purchasing them. More care is bestowed in selecting the likely offsprings of tried animals, they will go on fattening more rapidly and uniformly than strang-ers picked up here and there, for it takes some time before these get ac-quainted and become contented enough o lay on flesh kindly in their new home; and moreover, the tendency of prices for young stock is upwards, and the probability is very strong that ere long it will not pay farmers to go into the market for young animals. In any case, it is, as a rule, more profitable to breed the stock one handles than to purchase it,

-Massachusetts Ploughman, Vinegar Making. The apples should be crushed and the juice expressed and put into good tight barrels, with the bung left out. Fer-mentation will follow quite rapidly, and continue for days or weeks, according to the weather. After the the first fernentation ceases, draw off the cider carefully, in order not to disturb the sediment which will have fallen to the bottom. Rinse out the barrel, put the cider back, and set in a warm place, adding a pint of liquid yeast, or a half pound of yeast cakes previously dissolved in two quarts of water. If the cider is rather weak, two quarts of mo-lasses may be added to strengthen it, but usually the cider will be strong enough to make excellent vinegar, and sometimes too strong; in the latter case dilute with rain water, two, three, or more gallons to the barrel; at the close of the second fermentation, the cider will generally have become excellent vinegar. If what is called mother of vinegar can be obtained, a small quanti-ty may be added with advantage.

A Vienna mechanician has succeeded in constructing an apparatus for working sewing machines. Electricity, steam, or water power are, an the score of cost, domestically inapplicable, so the inventor of the new machine was restricted to gravitation or elasticity, and he, preferring the latter force, has contrived to make springs strong enough to keep an ordinary sized machine in motion, it is said for hours. A system of cog. wheels The "agony columns" of the Turkish newspapers are filled with advertisements for lost relations, giving painful syidence of the dispersion of families of the Mussulman population which has taken place in the districts ravaged by war.

### Hunting a Coyote.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle says: Yesterday afternoon a party of Virginians engaged in a coyote hunt, which was perhaps one of the most remarkable sporting events ever witnessed in the country. The meet took place at noon, on the alkali flat, about eighteen miles east of this city. The place semiles east of this city. The place se-lected for the liberation of the coyote was a sort of alkali flat about six-or was a sort of alkali flat about six or seven miles wide. The coyote, caged in a close box, had been brought to the place in a wagon, and was liberated about half-past twelve in the center of the flat. It was agreed to allow him to reach the edge of the sagebrush, some three miles distant, before the hounds were slipped. When let out of his box the coyote trotted off leisurely, leaving behind eighteen or twenty hounds struggling frantically in the leash and clamoring for the run. It took the clamoring for the run. It took the coyote about fifteen minutes to reach the edge of the flat, and just as he melted into the sagebrush the pack were turned loose upon the desert and took the trail in full cry, followed by a well-mounted field.

mounted field. The sagebrush was soon reached, and The sagebrush was soon reached, and then the chase began in earnest. John S. Kaneen, who was splendidly mounted, took the lead, with Jack Magee close at his heels and the rest of the field trailing behind. The sagebrush and boulders were not the easiest things in the world to run in, but the horses, which had got warmed you to the world. had got warmed up to the work, made light of the rough condition of the track as they went crashing through the brush or took flying leaps over the boulders. The hounds were about half mile ahead in the sagebrush, their

course marked by a continuous yelping and a trail of dust. After a run of about twenty minutes the coyote turned upon the trail and took a course leading back to the flat. Reaching the limit of the sagebrush, it shot into the clear flat again, and made a bee line for the box from which it was liberated. The bounds cleared the brush liberated. The hounds cleared the brush but a few minutes behind, with the field not twenty yards in the rear, and at this point the chase became very exciting. The flat was as level as a floor, and when the field straggled out of the brush the coyote was about half a mile ahead, and had three miles to run before reaching the box—a point for which it was evidently making. Horses, hounds and coyote were now all, for the first time, in sight of each other. About half a dozen horsemen led the field.

As they neared the box the coyote was

pretty closely pressed by the hounds, but made a spurt and slid into his old retreat like a flash of lightning. The driver of the team who had brought him out jumped down and closed the door, and in a minute a pack of disappointed dogs were yelping all around it. The riders came up immediately afterward, and a hearty cheer went up in honor of the sagarious courte followed by

an hour's rest it was decided to give the hounds a second run, and the snarling covote was again turned out upon the old charities of the sagebrush. made off this time at a pace which discounted his first effort. It did not take over five minutes for him to reach the sagebrush, and the instant he disappeared the field took the trail. He covered about the same ground as before, but doubled more frequently and ran a good deal faster. In about twenty minutes he again turned into the flat, and "Little Martin," the driver, who was near the box with his team, concluded to go out to meet him. The coyote was doubling in fine style on the hounds, but when Martin had traveled about a mile from the box the animal turned and made for the wagon. The dogs overtook him when he was yet about fifty yards from the wagon, and the leader springing for-ward fastened his teeth in his shoulder. The coyote turned nimbly, and appropriating a portion of the dog's ear, traveled on, and gaining the wagon, stopped directly under it, trotting along like a coach dog, beneath the fore wagon yelping savagely, and one would occasionally shoot between the wheels to try conclusions with the coyote, who would generally send him howling back with the blood streaming from his hide

The coyote finally became emboldened with its success, and gliding from between the wheels, sprang into the center of the pack, and, for a few seconds, fought savagely, sliding back to its van tage ground again when numbers threat-ened to overpower him. Little Martin, the self-constituted guardian of the coyote, enjoyed the fun immensely, and drove the wagon straight up to the box. The hounds, which seemed to auticipate a repetition of the first strategic movemade a rush to cut off the retreat but the hunted animal fought his way through, and clearing the back of the last one in his way by a leap that must have measured five times his length, he gained the door of the box, and was in-

side again in a second.

The field now came up and sent up another round of hearty cheers for the

# The Armies of the World.

Three years ago Major-General Emory Jpton, with credentials from the United tates Government, started on a tour to examine and report upon the condition of the armies of Japan, China, Persia, Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, France and England. He was gone nearly two years; and the work embodying the re sults of his observations has just been issued. The armies of the countries he

visited are thus re		
	Peace	W
	footing.	fool
Japan	81,440	46
China	600,000	1,000
India	190,000	500
Persia	60,000	120
Italy	230,000	869
Russia		1,640
Austria	800,000	1,040
Germany	421,000	1,340
France	490,000	1,78
England	138,624	541
Totals	2,981,064	9,226

The Great Thirst Land. We take the following from a recently published work descriptive of Southern Africa, entitled "The Great Thirst Land:" The sufferings endured on ac-Land: The sufferings endured on ac-count of the drought were at times al-most terrific. The throats of the oxen were so parched that they could not

were so parched that they could not low. The dogs suffered even more than the cattle. Nor are the wild animals exempt from the plague of the land.

When water becomes scarce in these thirsty plains, the whole of the wild animals that inhabit them congregate round any pool that may be left, for with very few exceptions all have to drink once in twenty-four hours. The lions, which follow the game, thus are led to their drinking places not only to assuage their thirst, but to satisfy their hunger.

To watch one of these pools at night, as I did in the northern Massara country, is a grand sight, and one never to be forgotten. The naturalist and the sportsman can here see sights that will astonish them, and cause them to won-der at the wonderful instincts possessed by the animal kingdom.

At such watering-places the small

antelopes invariably drink first, the larger later on, and with them the zebras and buffaloes. After these come the giraffes, closely followed by the rhinoceros, and next the elephant, who never attempts to hide his approach—conscious of his strength—but trumpets forth a warning to all whom it may concern that he is about to satisfy his thirst. The only animal that does not give place to the elephant is the rhinoceros; obstinate, headstrong and piglike, he may not court danger, but assuredly he does not avoid it. The elephant may drink by his side, but must not interfere with him, for he is quick to resent an insult, and I am assured that when one of these battles takes place the rhinoceros is in-variably the victor. The elephant is large, of gigantic power, but the other is far more active, while the formidable horn that terminates his nose is a dreadful weapon when used with the force that he has the power to apply to it. I have been told on trustworthy authority that a rhinoceros in one of those blind fits of fury to which they are so subject, attacked a large wagon, inserted his horn between the spokes of the wheel and instantly overturned it, scattering the contents far and wide, and after-

tent as to render it useless.

The lion is not tied to time in drinking. After it feeds it comes to water, but it never would dare to interfere with the rhinoceros or the elephant. Where the buffalo exists in numbers it is the principal prey of the lion; in other localities antelope and chiefly the zebra are its food.

wards injuring the vehicle to such an ex-

# What an Egg is.

To the reflective mind the egg consti-After the coyote had taken about half | ture. At first view it would seem that it is an especial characteristic of birds; but when we observe that fishes, so different from birds in their organization and their mode of life, have also eggs, we see that it must be the same in one sense with all kinds of animals. A pullet's egg is a very small germ, possessing at first only the most essential organs for the actual sustenance of its existence, and the gradual development of its other parts inclosed in a box, with its provisions for the time it must actually remain in seclusion. The animal is the little whitish circle remarked in the membrane which envelops the mass of the yolk. The house destined to protect the young animal until it has acquired all of its own organs, and all the neces-sary strength, and yet allow the air and heat to penetrate, is the shell. Hence the size of the eggs of animals is, not necessarily proportioned to the size of the animals to which they belong. All animals, whatever they may be the elephant to the humming-bird-are at the moment when they begin to feel the principle of life nearly of the same size. That which varies is the provision of nourishment they require. The cro-codile, destined to attain colossal dimen-sions, can take care of himself very well in the river where he was born when he ture places in the box where he is confined food sufficient to enable him to reach that size. The same with fishes; there are some enormous ones which have only very small eggs, because, however diminutive they may be on leaving their envelope, they can already obtain their own living in the bosom of the

### Alexander Hamilton Stephens. A Washington correspondent thus describes Congressman Stephens, of Geor-

gia: A white secretary, a colored servant, and a pair of crutches form Mr. Stephens' entire family. He was never mar-ried, and I believe has few or no relatives On account of his infirm condition he is never seen in the dining-room. He takes his meals in his room. He eats very sparingly, and is an epicure in his tastes. He hates the sight of pork, and he was once known to fire the plate at the waiter's head who had brought him sausage-cake for breakfast. But his wrath was over in a minute, for he soon laughed at the folly of his quick temper, and handed the astonished waiter a gift. Yet it is somewhat strange that, notwithstanding Mr. Stephens' natural aversion to pork in any shape-for it is said that he can hardly look at a hog in the street without having a touch of convulsions— notwithstanding this aversion, he is passionately fond of 'coon, and he employs two men constantly on the Virginia side of the Potomac capturing young raccoons for him. It tests Mr. Stephens' full strength to stand alone on his full strength to stand alone on his crutches. He appears to be all dead but the eyes, which are large and radiant, with wonderful depth and serenity. One leg is shorter than the other, and it is raised by a high heel on his shoe. Always dwarfish in size, there is now nothing left of him but the bones—the mere sheleton. He weeks a old beaver her four countries, we find that the peace footing of the nations more or less interested in the Eastern question is an aggregate of 2,096,600 men, while the war footing is nearly 7,600,000men.

And clothes that are not exactly shabby. One shrinks from his face at first sight as from a dead person. But the quiver is but momentary, for the eyes speak, and you feel that a man of intellect is somewhere near.

# Items of Interest.

Buckwheat is more eaten here than in my other land. The Chinese for "adieu" is very ap

ropriate-"chin-chin." Everyone is in one thing at least original—in his manner of sneezing.

There are nineteen thousand female Patrons of Husbandry in Texas.

One good turn deserves another, but a shirt collar is only capable of two. A picture frame just completed by a New Jerseyman, contains 1,682 kinds of

London is going to build a new bridge over the river Thames, and to pay \$10,-000,000 for it.

A five-year-old girl was actually whip-ped to death in Marshalltown, Iowa, by her drunken mother.

Gortchakoff is in his eighty-second year—beating Lord Palmerston, who

died in harness at eighty. The present rulers of the laws of eti-

quette have decided that it is only good style to bow after the lady has bowed. In Pennsylvania seventy-one per cent. of the farms are cultivated by their own-

ers, twenty per cent. are worked on shares, and nine per cent. are rented. An organ of the tobacco trade asserts that if the tobacco consumed annually, about 4,000,000,000 pounds, could be made into a roll two inches in diameter,

it would encircle the world sixty times. "June! June! June!" Low croon
The brown bees in the clover;
"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"

Repeat
The robins, nested over.

—Avis Grey in Scribner. Mr. F. D. Millet, an American, was the only correspondent who went through the Balkans with Gen. Gourko. The czar presented him with the decora-tion of St. Ann, which is the highest decoration given to any correspondent.

decoration given to any correspondent.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs
With insolent pride of station.
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes;
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

Henry Geodrich is a music teacher

Henry Goodrich is a music teacher. He has traveled from place to place until he has taught music in every State in the Union. It is said that he has married seven of his pupils and most of the States are yet to be heard from. In Clarksburg, Va., he outdid his former matrimonial exploits by marrying two girls in the same village. He is now in jail,

## The Great Eastern.

The leviathan of ships, the Great Eastern, is one of the wonders of our progressive age, and a mighty proof of the energy, perseverance and skill of man. No other ship is worthy to be mentioned with her. She stands alone, a proud monument to her designers and

She was built at London about twenty years ago, and cost a fabulous sum of money. She is nearly 700 feet long, 83 feet wide, and can carry 20,000 tons of freight. The next largest vessel's ca-

pacity is not over 6,000 tors.

Although of tuch immense size her lines are beautiful, and she sits upon the water as gracefully as a yacht. She has seven masts. Her engines, of the combined power of 10,000 horses, are a wonder to contemplate. Involuntarily the beholder exclaims, as he gazes upon the moving mass, "How could man ever fabricate them?"

Although built for a passenger and freight steamer, and intended for the Australian trade, she has been used almost altogether in laying submarine telegraphs, proving altogether too large for profitable use as a merchant steamer. There is no doubt, in the event of Great Britain's going to war, she would be used as a transport steamer, being able to accommodate 10,000 soldiers with their baggage.

Saved by Fire.

Three little girls, from six to eigh years of age, up at Mannville, on the Wis consin Central Railroad, wandered into the woods one day recently and got lost.

Night came on and the little ones finally, at about midnight, ran upon a haystack in a clearing. They pulled out some of the hay and made a hole big enough to crawl into, when, to their horror, several large wolves came howling about them and snapping their jaws in anticipation of the human feast before them. The children cried and screamed in their terror as the wolves came nearer and nearer. Finally the oldest of the children, while on her knees praying for herself and little sisters, happened to remember that fire would frighten away wild animals, and remembered also that she had a few matches in her pocket. In a moment she pushed the children out from the stack and struck a match and set fire to the dry hay. The effect was magical. In an instant the flames shot skyward, the wolves ran off in a rage of disappointment, and soon after, as the little ones were warming the chilled blood in their little veins, their parents and friends came up to their rescue, attracted thither by the light from the burning haystack.

Words of Wisdom. Self-denial is a grand virtue. Every high aim lifts you above your-

Selfishness has a variety of disguises, but under the velvet you can always find the claw.

If it be important to know whether a man will cheat you if he can, sound him as to his willingness to help you cheat somebody else.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. What difficulty is there at which a man should quail, when a worm can accomplish so much from a A man who covers himself with costly

apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark. Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is vastly easier to dispute with a statesman than

a blockhead. If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscle, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life,