

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1878.

NO. 14.

Good Night.

VOL. VIII.

Good night ! Now the weary rest by right, And the busy fingers bending Over work that seems upending, Toil no more till morning light-Good night ! Go to rest ! Close the eyes with slumber prest ; In the streets the silence growing, Wakes but to the watch-horn blowing, Night makes only one request-Go to rest !

Slumber sweet! Blessed dreams each dreamer greet ; He whom love has kept from sleeping In sweet dreams now o'er him creeping May he his beloved meet-Slumber sweet!

Good night ! Slumber till the morning light, Slumber till the new to-morrow Comes and brings its own new sorrow. We are in the Father's sight-Good night !

-From The German of Theodore Korner

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR ?

"O what a lovely bunch of pansies! Is it possible they are for me?" I ex-claimed to a tiny, brown-eyed girl who placed a fragrant bonquet of the gold and purple dewy blooms in my ham-mock in which I was idly swinging un-

der the big maple. "Aunty Lee sent them," said the wee child, "and she hopes the mountain air will soon make you well, and she's your neighbor, down under the hill

"Who is this neighborly Aunty Lee?" I asked the woman with whom I boarded when next she came within hearing

of my voice. "O, then, she's sent ye some posies," replied talkative Mrs. Evans, coming briskly from the garden and sitting down on the steps of the little porch so that she might entertain me while she was shelling her pease, thus "killin' tew birds with one stun," as she said. "I was a wonderin' tew myself not tew minutes ago how long 'twould be afore she'd find out about ye an' send ye suthin'. I can't see, for my part, how

she can afford to do as she does," "Why, what does she dol" I in-quired, "Ob, she says she aims to be neighborly, and if anybody happens to be sick anywheres around she sends 'em little things to eat an' flowers to cheer ' em up, as she says ; and she al-ways has her knittin' work in her pocket and her 'odd job o' knittin'' as she calls it, grows cout like magic into gloves and mittens and wristlets an'

stockin's that she gives away." "To her friends, peeple fully able to buy them, I suppose." "Ob, dear, no. To poor children an"

tew old men an' women that, I spose, are real needy, an' that set great storby her warm and handsome presents, for her yarms are as bright as her flowers, an' I've told my man a good many

I wonder now of Mis' Lee don't wish she hadn't been quite so neighborly, and so had a little sumthin' cout at interest," and it really seemed to me as if the brisk little woman chuckled to herself as she patted down the stairs. In less than half an hour she came

made terms with my master, because Mrs. Lee said she could not allow me to feel like a 'runaway.' Then Mr. Lee took me into his employment and gave me a corner in his shop where I could, at odd moments, work at my model. My invention proved a success and made my fortune, as you all know. I am thankful, my friends, that I am able to-day to repair the damages done to the dear little homstead and to rebuild my old friend's abop. "ard Major Sanford sat In less than half an hour she came back to my room with as doleful a look-ing visage as I ever saw. "Whatever is agoin' to become o' me and my man," cried she; "an' we a gettin' to be old folk, tew. Our savings were all in the stock comp'ny up to Minotsville, because they paid more interest than the bank; we call, that it coult o' the heads a list; old friend's shop," and Major Sanford sat down, wiping his eyes with his hand-kerchief, while his delightful audience kerchief, while his delightful audience if applauded vociferously. "Dear heart," said Aunty Lee to me, "what was he talking about? He's paid us over and over, and he's tried and t tried to make Elijah go into partnership i with him, but he wouldn't, and I would not let him." Then followed one minute speeches by the score. "They kent me three we only tuk it cout o' the bank a little we only tuk it cout o' the bank a little while ago, and neow their old mill has gone clean off, an' they'll all go to gin-eral smash and we along with 'em;" and this time she went slowly gronning down the stairs. I could not help pitying the woman from the bottom of my heart. There was great excitement in the little village as a matter of course, but

There was great excitement in the little village, as a matter of course, but Aunty Lee was reported to be as "chip-per" as ever. The nosegay came to me everyday as usual, not quite so many, nor so great a variety as formerly, for a part of the garden had been washed away, but enough to give me an increas-ed admiration for the sweat old had who by the score. "They kept me three months when I was sick and homeless," said one. "I made their house my home ed admiration for the sweet old lady who was so persistent and unwearying in her neighborly acts of kindness. The next Monday's local newspaper

had this unique notice at the head of the village items:

heed. And so from them all flowed out con-tributions of money, the greater part of which was safely placed in bank for the benefit of the Lees when old age and failing strength should overtake them. "All who have ever been the recipients of kindly deeds from 'Aunty Lee and who would like to reciprocate now in her day of misfortune are invited to "Dear me," said Mrs. Evans to Aunty Lee, "you've been lendin' to the Lord, bring their supper to Oak Grove on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock, and and He pays the best interest, arter all. I never could understand before; but I talk the matter up over a 'neighborly' cup of tea.

At the time appointed I had a car dew now." riage come to take my hostess and me, and my basket of cakes and buns fresh "There are none of us so poor that we cannot give such as we have. A smile or a kind word even will come back to us from the bakery, to the beautiful grove. As we were driven along I was surin kind," said Aunty Lee, and we all prised to see so many people, lunch-baskets in hand, speeding in the same brushed away the tears that we could not suppress while those touching speeches were being made, and went to direction.

"Almost everybody in town is going,' said Mrs. Evans, "high an' low, rich our homes. an' poor.

upon

How Wood and Morrissey Gambled. As I was being assisted to a seat a gentle, motherly little woman spread a soft shawl over the back of the chair Speaking of the recent failure of Ben-jamin Wood, publisher of the New York Evening News, the New York corresintended for me and quickly folded another shawl for my lame foot to rest pondent of the Detroit Free Press gives this reminiscence: It is well known that he once kept up

"This is Aunty Lee," said Mrs. Evans, and the sweet-faced little woman and I looked into each other's faces intimate relations with the "tiger" and had a strong penchant for "bucking" and I looked into each other's income with a little curiosity, perhaps, as well as sympathy, and shook hands cordially. "I don't know what all these good peo-ple are to do with Elijah and me," she that animal in his lair, and since his failure sat old gossip going again, some of his quondam chums have been rehearsing the famous bout he once had with John Morrissey, in the latter's club house in Twenty-fourth street. said with a smile that was as genial as a sunbeam, "but the minister would have us come, and he and his wife drove around for us." Ben was in the habit of dropping into Morrissey's place occasionally, and one

The minister ascended the platform just then, and after tenderly yet imhe looked down benignly upon the faces upfürned to his and with a touching intonation of voice asked : "Who is my neighbor ?" He then went on to tell how Aunty Lee had answered that question in regard to himself. "When I first became acquainted with

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee," he said, was finishing my theological studies here in the village with Dr. Mills, and they had just married and settled down in their little house yonder, which they had inherited. One day I was sent for to preach on trial in the adjoining town of Luxboro'. My only coat was worn threadbare and extensively patched, and I had no way of procuring another. Feeling sorely grieved and dispirited 1 started out for a walk, and for the sake of telling my troubles to some fellowcreature and with no thought of receiv. ing any aid in the premises. I turned in to Mrs. Lee's house and read to her the invitation I had had from Luxboro' and frankly told her why I could not go at

The Press. The following is taken from an ad-dress on the Press, delivered before the Psi Upsilon Society, in Boston, by George Corming Hill, a journalist of that city: Obedient as the Press may seem to be it is near-theleast sheeplessly isol

be, it is, nevertheless, sleeplessly jeal-ous of its standing and influence, lest they should be underrated or misap-plied. It is an unerring measurer of public men, and alone knows the little-ness of errort eners. An integer in the public men, and alone knows the little-ness of great ones. An integer in the fabrics of society, it has a scorn of be-ing thought to represent merely individ-ual interests. The personal organ is dead the day it is born. If to-day, therefore, it is the advocate, to-morrow it is the judge. If it is the eulogist now, it was the censor yesterday. Though it have three hundred and sixtr-five opinions in the year it is sixty-five opinions in the year, it is nevertheless consistent always. Not as yet has it found its ranks among learned professors, and it is doubtful if it ever for weeks when I was out of work," said another. Ten homeless working girls were married in their parlor and went out into the world with their bless-to public preferments, and it perhaps will, for it must needs be practical rather than learned. In this country it ing. There was a great number of fouching little speeches from those who had received flowers and delicacies in illness and warm garments in times of the Bar, and the schools of authorship.

In France it is the acknowledged finish-ing-school of publicists and statesmen, and the *entree* into the best society. With us, politicians would fain make a whetstone of it to sharpen and polish their blades; advertisers find it almost the whole of their intangible capital ; lawyers and doctors resort to it as birds do to the hedges for shelter; the grand army of grievance-bearers marches up

and flings down its knapsacks full of complaints at its feet; the accused run to it with their ready explanations; the defamed with their denials and defences; the philosophers with their remedies, the poets with their fol-de-rol, and the the poets with their fol-de-rol, and the other sex with their sleepless causes. The world at large seeks the cover of its sheltering fold. Everybody is eager to proclaim his existence and something more through its effectual agency, they alone excepted who are in the real negotiation of the provide of its secret and sit silent at the source of its power. It is Argus, Briareus, Hercules and Hermes rolled into one. Day and night it keeps its messengers running, flying, swimming, delving, looking and listening, and with their faithful assistance it manages to turn the world inside out. For it Schliemann uncovers Homeric Troy to verify the immortal story; Stanley cuts the dark core out of the long forbidden fruit of Africa; gov-

ernment despatch astronomers to the far-off capes to report the transit of Venus and correct the distance of the

sun; Sitting Bull harangues his harle quin braves and swings round the circle night about ten years ago he sauntered in as usual, and fell afoul of the bank. of Indian villages; the tireless interview-er pulls the bell at all front doors; and Morrissey was there, and many men about town, all of whom knew Wood's the local gossip glues his capacious ear to every private keyhole. All this purely for the production and dissemination pluck and hang-on-ativeness, and the party set down for some lively work. Wood had about \$3,000 in his pocket, of intelligence, the valuable and valueless. It supplants the orator, compresses verbose debate into pregnant statement, and as the betting was heavy he man-aged to get to the bottom in about an makes only straightforward business of hour. In fact, he was cleaned out. legislation, and turns eloquence into the But his blood was up that night, and as raw staple of facts and figures. It edits his reputation for pluck was at stake the telegraph, the mails, the cancus and convention, the Legislature-science, art and invention-commerce, law and agriculture. It is the free publisher for them all-makes their aunouncements-adjusts their differences-and assures their influence. It boils down books; extracts the soul from treatises; culls bouquets from the garden of the poets; gives flexibility and present use to learning; sets professors of Greek to writing on international law; and, in general, sifts, assorts and distributes literature. Its remorseless appetite for news-presenting horror and humors in parallel columns-will, however, create surfeit some time, and after that is ver will yield to the finer suggestions of its palate for thought. Just now it is not greatly given to the nicer moral shadings, but flings the pigment on the canvass with a rapid brush and exhibits all things in the same fierce glare of light. But its loudness will gradually be disciplined down to a low-keyed suggestiveness, with steadier aim and more practised engineering; and it will yet become the true living outline of the national literature.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD,

Horse Feed. Every good groom knows that sound oats and beans in due proportion, and at least a year old, are the very best food for a galloping horse—the only food in which it is possible to get the very best condition out of a race horse or a hunter. It also has recently become known that horses do slow work and get fat, indeed the fat on mains. Undiag norm, which is horses do slow work and get fat, indeed too fat, on maize, Indian corn, which is frequently one-third cheaper than the best cats. In the East horses are fed on barley, and it is a popular idea with English officers who have lived in Persia and Syria that the change of food from barley to cats often, when imported, produces blindness in Arabian horses. Now, although no men under-stand better or so well how to get blood horses into galloping condition as Eng-lish grooms, they do not, and few of their masters do, know the reason why oats and beans are the best food for put-ting muscular flesh on a horse. The ting muscular flesh on a horse. ting muscular flesh on a horse. The agricultural chemist steps in here, makes the matter very plain, and shows that if you want pace, Indian corn, although nominally cheaper, is not cheap at all. When we feed a bullock, a sheep, or a pig for sale, after it has passed the store stage, we want to make it fat as quickly and as cheaply as possible; but with a horse for work the object is to give him muscle—in common language, hard flesh. muscle—in common language, hard flesh. There are times when it is profitable to There are times when it is prontable to make a horse fat, as, for instance, when he is going up for sale. For this pur-pose an addition of about a pound and a half of oil cake to his ordinary food has a good effect. It is especially use-ful when a horse that has been closely clipped or singed is in a low condition. It helps on the change to the new coat by making him fat. A horse in low condition changes his coat very slowly. When from any cause there is difficul y in getting a supply of the best oats, an excellent mixture may be made of crushed maize and beans, and the proportion of two-thirds of maize and one of beans, which exactly afford the pro-portions of flesh-forming and fat-formng food. Bran is a very valuable food in a stable for reducing the inflamma-tory effect of oats and beans. Made into mashes, it has a cooling and laxative effect; but used in excess, especially in a dry state, it is apt to form stony secretions in the bowels of the horse. Stones, produced from the excessive use of bran, have been taken out of horses after death weighing many pounds .-London Live Stock Journal

Garden Notes.

Grated horse chestnuts mixed with ten times their bulk of water, will expel worms from the soil in flower pots. Many farmers think it doesn't pay

Many farmers think it doesn't pay to bother with much gardening; but a good, large garden, well planted and well worked, will give a liberal profit from the sale of surplus vegetables, after supplying the home table the season through with all the vegetables lesired.

A good supply of manure for a garden nay be made from the refuse of any household. A shallow pit may be made and some chaff, short straw, the contents of a worn mattress, gra weeds, woolen rags, burned bones, waste from the kitchen, wood-ashes, chimney sweepings, scrapings of roads, earth, chip-dust, saw-dust, manure from the poultry-house, old boots and shoes chopped into shreds, and all such matters may be thrown into this pit, and the waste slops of the house, soap-suds, etc., may be thrown upon them. In the course of a year a large pile can be gathered, and if a cow and a few chickens are kept the waste from these may add argely to the heap. The heap should be built up squarely and hollow at the top. A bag of bone-dust added to the pile would greatly increase its value, and a stock of manure that would cost at least ten dollars to purchase could thus be made. A pile six feet square and three feet high would richly fertilize a good sized garden, and help to produce sufficient vegetables to supply a large family.

A Virginia Tragedy of the Past. Among the numerous moss-grown old tomb-stones in the graveyard of Williamsburg, Va., is one which bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of SARAH SEMPHILL,

Who died at the age of twenty-five, slain, with her two infant daugh-

ters, by her own husband. She was fair to look upon, pure as snow, and beloved by all who knew her. Divine Providence alone knows why she had to perish so miserably.

This epitaph, some of the words of which are hardly legible any longer, is the only record left of one of the most terrible tragedies that ever took place in the Old Dominion.

It was in 1798 that John Semphill, a young man, who said he was from Santa Cruz, in the West Indies, arrived at Williamsburg and settled there as a tobacco planter. He had plenty of money, and was able to purchase about one thousand acres of the finest soil within a short distance of the old town. Being apparently agentleman in every sense of the word, Mr. Semphill was admitted to the best society in his new admitted to the best society in his new home, and a year later he was married to Sarah Jones, a beautiful heiress, the wedding festivities being celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendor. In course of time two daughters were born to the young couple, and everybody predicted a long career of cloudless hap-piness for them. Alas 1 How terribly

piness for them. Alas ! How terribly those bright anticipations were to be disappointed. It was on Christmas eve, in 1801, that a strange-looking man, in a sort of military uniform, appeared at the house of Mr. Semphill, who was in Richmond at the time. Mrs. Semphill received the stranger in the parlor.

"Do you speak French, madam ?" he aid to her in very broken English. She replied in the affirmative.

"Then, madam, please send your two nurse-girls with the children out of the She did so, and looked interrogatively

at her visitor. The latter hesitated a moment. Then he said in a tone of deep emotion: "Poor lady, I have terrible tidings

or you.' "Heavens !" she cried, turning very

pale; "my husband-"" "Your husband is an infamous villain.

"Sir !" she exclaimed, indignantly. "He has basely deceived you. He is an escaped galley slave, a thief and a murderer !'

She uttered a heart-rending scream. "Do you tell me the truth ?" she gasped.

"He is a Spanish thief, and was sent to the galleys of Barcelona for life. He made his escape from thence, and fied to Cuba, where he robbed and murdered a rich planter. I am here to take him to Cuba, where the scaffold surely awaits

The afflicted lady had become strangely

calm. "Sir," she said to the stranger, "becalm. "Sir," she said to the stranger, "be-fore you arrest him, will you permit me "Should be very happy to accommodate bones, with-" interview you, madam; but I want to get out here. "His true name is Juan Cefirio. If A. B. Robeson has probably the largyou will let me remain in an adjoining est poultry yards in New York. He keeps 6,000 ducks, 4,000 turkeys and oom until he returns from Richmond, where he has gone, I understand, you may see him privately." "I expect him back every moment." 1.200 hens. They consume sixty bushels of corn, two barrels of potatoes and other food daily. His fowl house cost Half an hour later, Cefirio, alias Semp-\$7,000. ill made his appearance. His wife He was fully six feet tall, yet he straightened up and exclaimed: "Talkbriefly told him everything. He flew into a terrible rage. He shot her through ing of short men, look at me!" and no the heart, and rushed out of the room to one could tell what he meant until he the nursery, where he stabbed his two little daughters. The next moment the turned both pockets wrong side out and Cuban officer, who had rushed after him, grappled with him, and succeeded. gasped, "Who is there in the crowd that'll lend me a quarter?" after a desperate struggle, in shackling him. The news of this horrible tragedy The Emperor of Austria, on his visit to Venice in 1875, conferred a decoration spread like wildfire through the old upon a colonel of the Italian army in own, and in less than twenty minutes a ommand of the fortress of Mantua, large course of people had gathered in front of Semphill alias Cefirio's house. The latter, in accordance with the rules of the service, was compelled to accept Vociferous threats to lynch the murder t; but a few weeks ago, having resigned er were made, and the deputy sheriffs his commission, he at once returned the who were promptly on hand to arrest him, had the utmost difficulty in taking decoration to the Austrian Government. saying that he did not wish to hold any him to jail, where he was chained to the honors from Emperor Francis Joseph, floor, having threatened to commit suiwho in 1852 had caused his brother to cide. be shot and had condemned himself to The villain was hung on the 17th of ino same death. May, 1803.

Items of Interest.

Coming to blows-The fruit trees. Indians are not at all contagious. They are very difficult to catch.

When do one's teeth usurp the func-tions of his tongue? When they are a chattering.

"Experience is a dear teacher"-old maxim. Not half so dear as a pretty school marm.

When is a mad bull as objectionable as an absent husband? When it is getting on towards one.

The Minneapolis fire has raised the question, "Will dust explode?" nave known it to blow up.

Ten per cent. of the husband's income is what it is legally decided in England he shall pay for his wife's dresses.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," says an exchange, "have black eyes." Impulsive people are only too apt to get black ey.s.

The amount of British capital invested in various ways in the United States and American securities of all descriptions is roughly estimated at \$700,000,-000.

A wit, on being asked what are the most common monosyllables in the language answered: "I don't know; but the most common money symbols are I. O. U.

"What are Russia's terms ?" asked a visitor, referring to the San Stefano treaty. "Two dollars a year, in ad-vance," replied the abstracted editor.— Hawkeye.

While a little girl was playing in a graveyard at New Lexington, Ohio, the other day, she suddenly ran against a gravestone, which fell over upon her, inflicting fatal injuries.

The United States sold to France in 1876, \$52,900,000 worth of raw cotton and other stuffs, and bought in return \$45,920,000 worth of silks, velvets, dress goods, and other articles.

A man at Evansville, Ind., in a fit of jealousy, cut his wife's eyes with a butcher knife for the purpose of "spoil-ing her beauty." The unfortunate woman will be totally blind for the rest of her life,

When you put your pen-holder be-hind your ear be sure that you have the pen to the front. Ideas of great pro-fundity are sometimes banished hopelessly from the mind by failing to observe this rule.

In 1877 there were 2,999,677 electors in Great Britain and Ireland, or more than one in twelve of the population. There are about nine million qualified voters in the United States, or one in every five of the population.

It's all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

Scene in a car: Seats all occupied. Lady enters. Elderly gentleman rises.

times that the color went half toward makin' her little gift so welcome. An' then she has so much comp'ny." "Rich people from the city, whose

visits she returns ?" "Oh, land sakes, no; poor folks that are tickled most to death to get an invitation to her pleasant little home. Yis, her home is an amazin' pleasant one. though her man is only a poor me-chanic. She's always a sayin' that she'd rather dew a little good every day as she goes along, than tew be a waitin' to dew some great thing when she gets able, and then, p'raps, lose her opportunity and never do nothin'. I told her one last year, says I, 'Miss Lee,' says I, 'I should ruther be a puttin' by a little sumthin' in the bank for a rainy day, than to be a givin' away all the time. And, says she, 'Mrs. Evings,' says she 'That's your way an' it's a good way. I don't find no fault with it, but all thes little things that I give away would never git into the bank, an' so, you see, they'd be lost, an' I should pass away without ever dom' anything for my Master. An' I don't want to go to bed a night without thinkin' that I have that day tried tew lighten some fellow mortal's burden, brought a smile to some face, or a streak o' sunshine tew some

heart, if it's only a givin' a bunch o' posies in the right speret.'" "And these flowers cost her a good deal, first and last, I suppose ?" said I, caressing my pansies. "Oh, 'twould cost me a good deal to

run sich a flower garden as she does, but Miss Lee says she's not strong, so she gits fresh air, sun-baths and exercise in her garden and spends her time workin' in there instead of visitin'. She returns all her calls by sendin' her compl'ments with a bunch o' posies.

"She hires some one to carry them abont. I presume ?"

"Massy, no. There isn't a child in the village but what would run its legs off for Aunty Lee," and having finished shelling her mess of pease, my talkative little Lostess trotted about her work again, saying, as she disappeared through the door way, "I's well enough to be neighborly, of course, but Mis' Lee may see the time when she'd a wished she had a leetle sumthin' cout at interest"

The Vermont mountain air agreed with me, my health gradually improving, and I stayed on and on, week after week spending a great part of my time, when the weather did not positively forbid, in my hammock under the maples. As yet I had not once seen my neighbor, Aunty Lee, but grew to love her on account of the pretty nosegays that daily found their way from her hand to mine by one and another child messenger.

One night, late in August, there was a heavy thunder shower. The sudden downfall of rain swelled the little river that skirted our village to a veritable mountain torrent, A mill-dam some miles up the stream had broken away and the angry flood came rushing down sweeping all before it.

"Aunty Lee's husband's shop has gone," shouted my hostess, Mrs. Ev-ans, as she knocked at my door in the early morning after the storm; "and that's not the worst on't, for her garden is all washed cout and undermined, so that it'll take a purty pile o' monoy tew fix it up again, if ever 'iis fixed, day Mr. Lee went over to H____ and

present. "Leave it to the Lord," said the good woman, and forthwith she proceeded to take my measure with a piece of tape. "Go home," she continued, "write your sermon and come here again Satur day morning." I obeyed. I subsequently found that

the woman had actually taken a piece of cloth that she had laid by in the house for a cloak for herself, and tailoress as she was by trade, had cut and made me a coat from it. I preached my first sermon in it, and shortly received and accepted my first call."

"Oh, dear," whispered Aunty Lee from her seat by my side, "he's paid me for that coat every New Year's Day since, and it wasn't much for me to do,

after all.' Major Sanford, the richest man in town, was the next to take the stand. The old people smiled and nodded their heads, but the young folks looked a each other and wondered what he could be indebted to Aunty Lee for.

very, very bad master, from whom I determined to run away. I availed myself of an opportunity to escape one Saturday afternoon, when I was sent to the pasture to salt the cattle. I came straight over the mountain to this place. I wanted to get out of the State as soon as possible, so came directly to the bridge down here at the river, which is, you all know, the New Hampshire boundary. Just after I had stepped upon Vermont soil I overtook, on th road, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, young people then. They had a basket and a spade, and had been digging up wild flowers to transplant in their garden. Although

an entire stranger, they accosted me kindly. Noticing that I had been crying, Mrs. Lee asked me my trouble. Before I knew it I had blurted out the whole story, and had been invited by her to go home with them and stay over Sunday. I was, of course, only too grateful to accept the invitation. After supper we set out the plants, and then Mr. Lee took me with him down the hill to the bank of the 'brook,' as we called it then, and into his little machine shop. I soon evinced my fondess for tools, and confid ed to him an invention that had, in a crude form, long had possession of my brain Being a natural mechanic, he saw the

atility of my invention at a glance. The subject was not mentioned on the mor row, which was a quiet, restful day ct me. Mrs. Lee loaned me a clean linen

am ng the boys, he decided that once for all it should be "make or break." His ready cash was all gone, but he owned valuable property on Tryon Row, where the Staats Zeitung building now stands, and he proposed to hypothecate the same to Morrissey against whatever sum, up to its value, he should lose. The offer was accepted, and the great fight began. It lasted all night and up to nine o'clock next morning, and, when a truce was finally called, Ben had won back the \$3,000 he started with, and secured about \$120,000 ahead besides. With the money that Morrissey had advanced to him on the hypothecated property, he turned round and gave John the worst whaling he ever received at the card table. Not a sign of wincing was shown on either side till physical exhaustion forced a cessation of hostilities. Both men were true grit to the

last and neither showed the least illtemper from beginning to end. It was on that occasion that Ben performed the extraordinary feat of smoking ninety ollars worth of cigars in one night. Morrissey had a special brand of cigars at one dollar each for his flush patrons, and Wood, who is a tremendous smoker (or chewer, rather, for he merely chews furiously at a cigar and then flings it

away), managed to spoil ninety of them while the fight lasted.

A Queer English Custom. The ancient ceremony of tossing the bancake, as it took place this year in the great school-room of Westminster, is thus described by an English paper: After the Latin prayers at twelve o'clock the college cook, preceeded by an Abbey beadle, marched up the school-room carrying the pancake in a frying-pan. This pancake is made, not of flour and eggs, but of putty, and well greased to make it fly from the pan. The cook's object is to throw this pancake over an iron bar, from which formerly hung a curtain, separating the upper from the under school. On the further side of the bar, which is some twenty-five feet perhaps from the floor, stands an expectant crowd of boys, every one of whom is eager to seize the pancake as it falls, and bear it off entire to the Deanery, where the reward of a guinea awaits the fortunate possessor. The cook also, if he does not fail to throw the pancake over the bar, obtains a guinea. This year the cook was successful in his first attempt, and sent the pancake flying well over the bar into the middle of the crowd awaiting it. Then came the battle, or rather, in Westminster parlance, the "greeze." Up and down, back-wards and forwards, surged the crowd of boys, and finally, when Dr. Scott interfered to disperse the mass, a broken form remained as evidence of the struggle. No one, however, was fortunate enough to obtain the pancake in its entirety, but several possessed small por-tions, which were afterward exhibited as trophies to admiring groups of friends and no doubt will be kept as reminiscences of the " pancake greeze" of 1878 It is now six years since any one succeeded in getting the whole pancake,

There were a few visitors present, who, with the masters, watched the proceedings from a respectful distance,-London Week.

A Narrow Escape at Minneapolis. A Minneapolis (Minn.) paper gives the thrilling experience of a survivor of the recent terrific explosion in the Washburn flour mills, which was attended with such beavy loss of life and property. The survivor referred to is seph Monti, Jr., the watchman of the Galaxy Mill, who was discovered by the reporter in all the plenitude of full health. He said he was in the basement of the mill, one story below the canal, engaged in putting in an alarm bell upon the shaftivg. The concussion lifted him fully six feet, when he fell and was stunned for five minutes. He was in a dazed condition when he recovered from the shock, and only heard one explosion. If there were other ex-plosions they must have occurred while he was stunned. When he realized his position, he found the water pouring in, and naturally thought the thud of the explosion was merely the result of the breaking in of the canal. He rushed to

Household Hints.

MUTTON AND BEEF .- Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, and a pound and five ounces by roasting, and one pound three ounces by baking. Four pounds of muttou lose fourteen ounces by boiling, and one pound six ounces by roasting, and one pound four

ounces by baking. OIL OUT OF WOOLEN. — You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. To MAKE TOAST-WATER.-Toast some slices of bread quite brown, put them in a pitcher, and pour on them boiling water, and let it steep. Bgp Chornes.—On getting up in the

morning the bed clothes should be thrown over a chair by the open window, to air for two or three hours before the bed is made up; otherwise the sheets and coverlids and be s, being charged with the moisture of perspiration, become unwholesome.

HEAT. - More than nine-tenths of the heat of a common grate or fireplace, being lighter than the atmosphere and subject to a direct draft, passes up the

chimney and is wasted.

a window up-stairs and looked for a place to jump. When there he saw John G. Rosienius, of the Zenith Mill, Why Do Eggs Spoil ! We find lining the shell a thick skin, looking out of the window. Monti called out to him, "Are you going to jump?" but Rosienius either didn't unwhich when kept in a healthy conditian by the albumen of the egg is impervi ous to air, but if the egg remains in one position too long the yolk being heavier than the albumen gradually lerstand or did not hear, and that was the last of him seen alive. Monti took in the situation, saw the elevator in one sinks through it and comes in contact tremendous sheet of flame, and was momentarily paralyzed. Looking below the window, Monti observed an ash heap, fifteen feet or so below him. He with the skin. As it has none of the qualities requisite for keeping the skin lubricated and healthy, the skin be comes dry and pervious to the air, which straddled the sill, swing himself over, hung by his hands a second or two on the sill as the roar of the flames boomed penetrates it to the yolk, causing the mass to rot. Therefore the true plan is is to keep the yolk in its central posi-tion. By doing this the egg can be preissingly around him, and then dropped served for a long time. My plan for accomplishing this is to take a keg or and rolled thence into the seething waters. Once in the water he swam out lespairingly and exhausted, until he barrel and pack the eggs on the side end struck a protruding rock, upon which he climbed and rested to recover his presence of mind and courage. His senses being gathered, he waded to the paper mill. Reaching the under portion to end, laying a tier around next to the staves so continuing until a layer is made, and so on until the barrel is full. Use oats for packing. Jar them down as much as is required to deep them

tirmly in their places, and head up the of it, he rose before some of the employes putting out a blaze. As a voice from the dead, he asked, "Which way can I get out?" He was then directed to a place of safety.

Words of Wisdom.

Common sense is nature's gift, but eason is an art.

The man who assumes to know every thing generally knows very little about anything.

To be comfortable and contented, spend less than you can earn, an art which few have learned.

Knowledge, when the possession of only a new, has always been turned into iniquitous purposes.

It is easy to pick holes in other peo-ple's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself.

When we are young we waste a great deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older; and when we are old we waste an equal amount of time in wondering why we waited so long before we began to do anything.

Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain hing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter in hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours. If you have a place of husiness, be found there when wanted.

Contempt naturally implies a man's esteeming himself greater than the person whom he contemns. He, therefore, that slights, that contemns an affront, is properly superior to it; and he con quers an injury who conquers his resentment of it. Socrates, being kicked by an ass, did not think it a revenge proper for Socrates to kick the ass again.

WANTED .- Mould for growing flowers of speech. A handkerchief for the weeping willow. E estricity for thunders of firmly in their places, and head up the barrel ready for market. By rolling the barrel about a guarter around every few Spokes for the ladder of fame. A few barrel about a quarter around every few days, the yolks of the eggs will be kept as required.—American Stock Journal. grains of nommon sense to sow in the

How a Man Reduced His Size.

Banting, "Undertaker to the queen and royal family," recently died at the age of eighty-five. He invented a system of diet which became as famous in our age as that of the Cornaro was three centuries ago. In a curious pamphlet which he wrote, and which had a cosmopolitan circulation some ten years ago, Mr. Banting related his sufferings from his enormous obeisity in terms as moving as those of "Falstaff." For years he had not tied his shoes, and he was obliged to walk down stairs backwards, lest the protuberant weight of his trunk should pitch him down head foremost. He adopted a regimen by which he gradually shrunk himself within such bounds that he became quite a nimble pedestrian. The fact that he lived through this process to die at the age of eighty-five, may be taken to show that abstinence from farinaceous and saccha-rine food worked as well in his case as living on an egg a day did in the case of Cornaro. But others who have adopted his system have fared worse. Still his work has borne good fruit, if only in making people think about what they eat and drink in its relations to their vitality as well as to their appetites; and the man cannot be said to have lived in vain who enriched his native language with a new verb, "to bant."

Unknown Regions of the Globe,

According to an English writer there are four vast areas wi io's have never been traversed by civ iz d man, and which among them consuit ite about oneseventeenth of the whol | area of the globe. Of these the greatest is the Antarctic region, the extent of which is about seventy-five times that of Great Britain; the second lies about the North Pole; the third is in Central Africa, and the fourth in Western Australia. The the fourth in Western Australia. The areas of these unknown regions of the globe are estimated, approximately, at about 11,600,000 square m