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If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker When helsoils a neighbor's fame, If we would but help the erring Ere we utter words of blame; If we would, how many might we

Turn from paths of sin and shame Ah! the wrongs that might be righted If we would but see the way! Ah, the pains that might be lighten'd, Every hour and every day, If we would but hear the pleadings Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold Of our selfishness and pride; Let us lift our fainting brothers, Let us strengthen ere we chide; Let us, ere we blame the fallen Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed-ah, how blessed Earth would be if we but try Thus to aid and right the weaker, Thus to check each brother's sigh ; Thus to walk in duty's pathway To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly, There are seeds of mighty good; Still, we shrink from souls appealing With a timid, "If we could," But God who judgeth all things, Knows the truth is, "If we would."

THAT VOICE !

A day in June, 1903, and one of the loveliest early summer days the world ever beheld—a cloudless sky, golden-bright sunshine, soft fragrant air, joyously sweet songs of birds, faint musical murmurs of brooks and plashings of

murmurs of brooks and plashings of fountains, delicately green grass, lingering violets, and budding roses.

On the lawn in front of the elegant mansion of Leon Fishback, Esq., a party of young people are playing "Follow-follow-follow-me"—a game somewhat resembling (so their mothers and grandmothers tell them) an old game called "puss in the corner," played a quarter of a century or more ago, only quarter of a century or more ago, only in "Follow follow" the players, instead of beckoning to each other, beckon to a group of metallic balls, around which they stand in a circle, and he or she who proves to have most magnetic force the balls follow with a rush, while the remainder of the players rush as wildly in their efforts to secure the place left vacant by the flying one. At this moment the balls are rolling

pell-mell, helter-skelter, knocking against each other with a pleasant ringing sound, after a pretty, fair-haired maiden, whose little feet, clad in slippers all gleaming with silver and gold, flash in the sunshine beneath her blue satin Tankish trouserlets as she springs lightly over the greensward amid the exquisitely modulated laughter—no one shouts loudly in this refined twentieth century-of her merry companions.

sweet grass plat, stands a broad, deep pasket of newly washed, snowy white linen, and a hanging-out machine, planted firmly in the middle of the plat, is industriously raising and lowering its wooden arms, grasping the various pieces in its wonderfully constructed hands, and hanging them upon the stout no-clothes-pins line, which is slowly revolving around it, and to which they alhere without further trouble.

In the dairy the rosy-cheeked dairymaid is reading a love poem while the automatic milker is milking the beautiful white cow that stands just outside the door; in the kitchen the cook is indolently rocking to and fro in a low rocking-chair, watching the "magic rolling-pin" roll out the paste for her pies, ready to stop its pendulum-like movement the moment the crust is smooth and thin enough; and a small servant-boy, with his hands in his pockets, lounges against the wall in one corner near a tall stool, whistling softly to himself as he waits until the pair of shoes the electric blacking-brush is polishing thereon attain the proper degree of brilliancy and mirrow-likeness.

This is a prosperous place, this domain of Leon Fishback, Esq., and Leon Fishback himself is a tall, handsome, energetic, positive man of one-and-thirty -a bachelor, who gives a home to his widowed sister and her four half orphaned children, and in return is taken care of by her, with the assistance of the old housekeeper—to tell the truth, with a great deal of assistance from the old usekeeper—as well as any brother was

taken care of by any sister.
Still, people, as people will—especially people with grown-up single daughters nder that he has never married. It was not for want of opportunity he had done so-oh, no indeed!-for a dozen lovely girls, half a dozen more or less charming widows, and several ladies of neither class, had, since his coming into the property of his uncle and godfather Leon Fishback, Sen. (whose ashes in a solid gold casket stood in a sort of shrine, made of a hundred rare woods, in the south drawing room), intimated to him, in every way that the shrinking sensitiveness of womanhood would allow, their perfect willingness—nay, anxiety—to assume the role of mistress of the Fishback mansion.

But Leon had walked calmly among them, dispensing hospitality, kind words, and gracious smiles with the strictest impartiality, distinguishing none by the slightest preference, until a few weeks before this beautiful June day when his young guests merrily called, "Follow-lollow-follow-me," to their highly pol-ished admirers on the closely shaven

school friend, Laura Beardsley by name, who had been residing in a far distant State, but with whom the sister had with loud acclamations as "Mistress of

Miss Beardsley is a lovely woman of eight-and-twenty summers, looking at least five summers less, with an exceptionally sweet voice, an exceptionally bright smile, an exceptionally graceful figure, and exceptionally winning ways. And to this bewitching woman has Leon Fishback, the hitherto apparently un-impressible bachelor, devoted himself-since the moment he took her slender

to his home. And it is by her side he loiters, untempted by the merriment without, in the deep, pleasant, vine-enwreathed bay-window of the library as the fair-haired girl comes flying across the garden, pursued by the tinkling

Laura starts from her seat with s blush, and, leaning from the window, entreats, "Coax them away, Bella, dear. They are dancing on the flower bed." And as the girl obediently turns and speeds in the opposite direction, she draws back her pretty head, and looking at her companion, says, "How much Bella is like her sister Teresa—that is, when

Teresa was only sixteen!"
"Is she?" asks Mr. Fishback. "Why, don't you remember?" says

the lady.
"I do not," replies Mr. Fishback with emphasis.

Miss Laura makes two interrogation mouth to speak, thinks better of it, closes her red lips firmly, and turns to the window again as the Follow-followfollow-me ers stop playing and gather in a group, with their eyes fixed upon a small zerial car, gayly decorated with flags, which is gently swaying between heaven and earth, as it slowly descends toward the lawn. In a few moments it touches the ground, and a handsome young man leaps out, and is greeted with many exclamations of pleasure and

"Your brother Reginald," says Miss Beardsley. "So soon returned from London? Why, he only started a few

days ago."
"Yes; flying ship American Eagle—
fastest of the Air Line. I heard of her
arrival just after breakfast this morning, when it was snouted by the telephone at the station below."
"Thirty miles away!"

"Oh! that's nothing. We expect to be able to hear news from a hundred miles away before many years are past."
"May I not be in the immediate vicinity when that news is shouted!" says the lady, with an involuntary movement of her pretty white hands toward her pretty rose-tipped ears, "for I should expect to be deaf for evermore." "Never fear, my dear—I mean Miss Beardsley. Such a misfortune as that shall never occur, even though you should chance to be at the very side of the shouter. Edison is at this moment perfecting an instrument that begins to deliver its messages in a moderately loud voice, which increases in volume as it is carried forward, until it receives the it is carried forward, until it reaches the most distant point it is intended to reach, thus maintaining an even tone all along the route. How glorious all these Edisonian inventions are!" he continues, with a glow of enthusiasm, "and what humdrum times our ancestors must have had without them! Why, they are the very life of the age. There's the phone. very life of the age. There's the phonograph, for instance—but I beg pardon; you are looking bored. I can not expect social virtues as to be carried almost to you to take as much interest in these ludicrous excess, Japanese manners are

"He is not," answers Miss Laura, denurely; "he is still holding Bella's hand, and totally ignoring all the other welcoming hands extended to him."

"'Ah! the old, old story that is ever new!" quotes Mr. Fishback, as he peeps over the shoulder of his fair guest at the new arrival; and then, sud enly rising and confronting her, he exclaims: You must have heard that story very, very often. Laura-forgive my you so, but you used to permit it in the lays we went blackberrying together some ten years ago; and forgive me again, but, upon my word, I cannot help asking you, impelled as I am by some mysterious power, why have you never married?"

A blush rises to her cheek, but she looks up in his face calmly, and replies: "I don't remember the blackberry episodes, and I have remained unmarried because I vowed when a young girl never to marry unless convinced that I was the first and only love of the man whose wife I became.'

"Laura, I have never loved another. "Mr. Fishback, you forget my old friend Teresa, the sister of the girl to whom your brother Reginald is now aking love on the lawn. "Good heavens! Laura, how mistaken

rou are !" "Twas with her you looked for blackperries. I never knew you to find any-

not with me, sir." "Laura, how blind you were! I sought her society only to be near you. I declare, upon my word and honor, I lingered by her side for hours and nours in the hope that you would join us for a moment or two during the time, and when you did, in that moment or two was concentrated the joy of the whole day. You were so proud, so cold, so reserved, I did not dare to approach you save through your friend; and—"
"And you did not bury yourself in seclusion for two years after she jilted

you and married Frank Huntington? she asks, as he pauses.
"Great heavens! how preposterous

Laura, I swear-" But, as he is about to swear, enter procession of small nephews and nieces and attendant friends, the leader of which carries an odd-looking box.

"See, uncle!" the bright-eyed little fellow calls out as he approaches. found this old phonograph on the top shelf of your closet, where I was look ing for your fishing line to play horse with, and it talks like everything."

With this he begins to turn the metal

crank, and a voice—a somewhat shrill young voice, the voice of Teresa, sister of Bella—whilom friend of Laura

Beardsley—begins to speak:

"Yes, Leon, my own, I will grant your impassioned prayer, and breathe the words you long to hear into this magical casket, and then, when you are lonely or inclined to doubt me, jealous kept up a warm correspondence ever lonely or inclined to doubt me, jealous since they parted at the college door the day on which each was publicly hailed back the smiles to your dear face, and joy to your dear heart. I do return the love you so ardently avow, and I will marry you when mamma gives her con-sept. Until then no lips shall touch the sept. Until then no lips shall touch the lips made sacred by your kiss, no hand shall clasp the hand that wears your lovely diamond ring. But, oh, Leon dear, try to like Laura a little for my sake. I know she is all that you say she is—affected, cold hearted, haughty and disagreeable (I am just naughty enough to be pleased when you tell me her beauty, so much admired by others,

particularly Frank Huntington, fades into utter insignificance beside that of your own little Teresa)—but, my Leon, your own little Teresa)—but, my Leon, try, oh! try, to tolerate her, for, strange as it may appear to you, disliking her as you do, I am quite fond of her. Goodnight, beloved. Dream of Tessa."

"That" — something or other — "phonograph!" said Mr. Fishback;
"I thought I destroyed it long ago," as he angrily snatched it from the hands of the small discoverer.

"What did our humdrum ancestors do without these glorious inventions?" murmured Miss Laura, as she quietly fainted away for the first and only time in her life.

"If ever you go prowling around my room again," continued Mr. Fishback— addressing his unfortunate nephew, and supporting Miss Beardsley with one hand, while he flung the tell-tale out of the window, where it broke into a dozen pieces as it touched the ground with a shrill ear-splitting shriek—"I'll apply the double back action self-acting spank-

the double back action self-acting spank-ing machine until you roar for mercy."

The procession, considerably demor-alized, started on the double-quick for the door, and Mr. Fishback, looking upon the inanimate form he held in his arms, cried out, as he struck his fore-head with his clinched hand, "She will never, never look at me again!"

But she did, and, what's more, she married him a month after. And—oh,

the marvellous progress toward perfect womanhood in this wonderful twentieth century !- although they have been man and wife for some twenty years, she has never once said to him: "That voice!" -Harper's Weekly.

Japanese and Chinese. Feminine dress and fashions in Japan are quite distinct from those of China; the barbarous custom of crushing the foot is unknown (as also are high-heeled boots,) and small well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of Japanese wo-men. They continue, however, to black-en their teeth and shave their eyebrows when they marry, although the present empress has set her face against these time-honored observances. The Japan-ese in general affect a simple style of dress, without gaudy colors or ostenta-tious ornaments; except for fastening up the hair, even women wear no jewelery, and do not, like their Aryan sisters, pierce the cartilage of nose or ears in order to insert metallic rings. Japan seems to be a country where men never lose their temper, where women and children are always treated with gentleness, where all the people bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict suffering upon the lower animals, where a paper screen is suf-ficient protection against all intrusion— even that of burglars, and where clean-liness takes such a high rank among but even according to such a standard as is generaly accepted in Europe, the Japanese are a thoroughly well-bred people. And "manners are not idle;" urbanity, gentleness, and consideration for others are not mere superficial qualities; when such national characteristics are found combined with courage, energy and intellect, they may surely be accepted as evidence of an advanced civilization, Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into "civilized sociehave even stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become to a courtesy singularly free from servile or mercenary considerations. The readiness of the Japan ese to adopt what seems to them worthy of imitation in foreigners is regarded by some as indicating a lack of originality and independence. But if they imitate, it is not without discrimination, and their willingness to accept what is new and strange, when convinced of its merits, seems rather to indicate acute intelligence with remarkable freedom from prejudice. The Chinese have just succeeded in getting possession of the only railroad in China, and have at once proceeded to destroy the obnoxious innovation. The Japanese railways are being steadily improved and extended, so as to compare creditably, under native management, with any railways in the world.—The Fortnightly Review.

A Shiety Match. One of the episodes of the long feud between the Clan Gregor and the Coluhouns of Luss-a quarrel that ended n the proscription of the MacGregors in 1603-is connected with a match at shinty. Two sub-sections of the Clan Alpine, who had some cause of disagree-ment, had settled the vexed question, and, to celebrate the renewal of perfect friendliness, the clansmen of both families agreed to meet and spend some time in merrymaking. One of the chief events was to be a shinty match between the men of each family. That their visitors and kinsmen might be royally entertained, the hosts organized a foray into the Colqubouns' country by Lock Lomond side, and carried off many head of fat cattle. Next day, in a level glen among the hills, the MacGregors, men, women and children, were assembled, the men armed for the time only with the sturdy clubs to be used in their game. The ball was thrown up, sticks rattled, all the shouts and cheers of the game were heard, when suddenly, high above the noise of the players, rose a shriek of the women, as from all sides of the glen advanced the hated Colqubouns. The clansmen, though surprised and unarmed, at once formed up, back to back, and with their clubs prepared to meet the swords of the foe; but tough ash and cold steel had hardly met when, with screams of fury, a naked dirk in each hand and a bundle of claymores under each left arm, the women of the clan cut through the Colqubouns, and brought to their husbands the broadswords that soon swept the men of Luss back again to Loch Lomond side.—Bel-

A newspaper in Eureka, Nev., declare that a silk hat draws attention to the wearer in that rude town, a cane giver rise to ominous mutterings, eyeglasses cause the gathering of a mob, and kid gloves lead at once to a lynching.

and strong, and exhibit in the highest de-gree the distinctive characteristic of the order to which it belongs—the front of hard enamel, which in the beaver is of a bright orange color; the back of the tooth, formed of a softer substance, is more easily worn down, so that a sharp, chisel-like edge is always preserved, the bulbs being also persistent, so that the teeth are continually growing, as by their employment in gnawing wood they are continually being worn away. Each foot has five toes; those of the fore feet are short and not connected by a web; those of the hind feet are long, spreading out like the toes of a goose, and webbed to the nails. In accordance with this remarkable pecul-

iarity the beaver in swimming makes use of the hind feet alone, the fore feet remaining motionless and close to the body. Another characteristic, to which nothing similar appears in any other rodent, is the large horizontally flattened tail which countries in the large state. ed tail, which, except at its root, is not covered with hair, like the rest of the body, but with scales. The food of the beaver consists of the bark of trees and shrubs and the roots of water lilies and other aquatic plants.

food and for the construction of its wonderful houses and dams. A tree of eighteen inches has been found cut lown by beavers, though they usually exhibit a preference for smaller ones When a large tree is cut, the branches only, and not the trunk, are employed in their architectural operations. These are very wonderful, although the statement, at one time commonly made, that beavers drive stakes into the ground, has no foundation in fact; and some of the particulars which passed current along with it were equally fabulous. Still, they are marvellous builders. A recent English writer, in speaking of the wonderful constructions raised by their industry, says: "Truly Canadians may be proud of the beaver. Its works give a stranger who sees them for the first time the idea of human intelligence, industry and forethought. Their dams, even mistaken for the works of man, are constructed with an amount of skill which leads the visitor to form a high

estimate of the local engineer; and if he investigate more closely the habits and modes of life of these extraordinary animals, he will find in their domestic habits, in their foresight in providing food for the morrow, in the way they regulate their water supply so that in the highest freshet and the most protracted drought they are on the one hand neither deluged nor on the other re-stricted in supply, in the construction and fortification of their lodges, and finally, in their system of government, which drives the drones out of the com munity, and regulates the size of the different households and villages according to the supply of wood that can be obtained and stored for winter use, he will find in all their mode of life a sagacity, a foresight, an intelligence, system of organization which elevate them above some race of savage men. Their influence on the features of the country constitute another paralol with man. Many small lakes and wild meadows are the work of past generations of beavers. First of all the small brook is dammed; by and by this dam becomes solid, and forest trees take root and grow on it; as other outlets of the water occur they are closed by these in-defatigable workers, till at length the pond assumes the proportions of a lake, and remains for all time to attest to

has left more permanent and enduring monuments of its existence on the sur-face of the country than the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada have left or are The houses or lodges of beavers ar almost without exception grouped to-gether near the edge of the water, the mud being scraped away from the front so as to secure a sufficient depth of water to allow of free egress even during the most severe frost. The winter stores of the animal, consisting of piles or heaps of wood, are always under water, and at such depths that they can not be locked up by ice. When the depth of water is not sufficient a dam is con-structed, by the side of which the lodge is placed. These dams are sensitives s placed. These dams are sometimes 000 yards in width, and always conver sou yards in width, and always convex toward the current; frequently they extend on both sides beyond the natural channel of the stream. In their building, beavers interlace small branches with each other, securing them to the larger with great ingenuity. A beaver kept in confinement has been known to

their powers. The meadows are formed by the draining of the lakes. The beaver

If there be only one species of beaver, it is very widely distributed throughout the world. In America it extends almost as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. It once existed in the British Islands, where, however, it has been long extinct, and it has become rare in Europe, in many parts of which it was once common. It has also become rare in the United States, disappearing rapidly as civilization advances, but it is still abundant in the wide region of lakes and rivers which lies to the north and west of the settled parts of America. Considerable numbers are also found on the banks of the Obi and other rivers of Siberia, and in Kamtchatka.

The beaver is usually at least two feet in length from the nose to the root of the tail, the latter being of oval form, about ten inches in length, fully three inches in breadth, and scarcely an inch in thickness. These dimensions are, however, sometimes exceeded. The general form of the animal is thick and clumsy, thickest at the hips, and then narrowing abruptly, so that it seems to taper to the tail. The head is thick and broad, the nose obtuse, the eyes small, the ears short and rounded. The longer hair is comparatively coarse, smooth, and glossy; the under coat is dense, soft, and silky. The incisors, or cutting teeth, of the beaver are remarkably strong, and exhibit in the highest degree the distinctive characteristic of the order to which it belongs—the front of hard enamel, which in the heaver is casely tamed, but natural-ly and the propersion of the common water-rat, to which the year education of an idler, as its expect to which it belongs—the front of hard enamel, which in the heaver is casely tamed, but natural-ly name of the scale of his cage.

A beaver's lodge resembles in shape the shoulding instincts by weaving twent being much pair with as they are wide. The average height is about three feet, and the diameter six or seven. These are the interior dimensions, the exterior measurement being much greater on Ecurope, in the diameter six or seven. These are the fa

"Madame Rachel."

It is not many years since the name of Madame Rachel, "Arabian Perfumer to the Queen," achieved a somewhat unenviable notoriety on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who remember the tribulations of the too credulous Madame Bonodaile, a middle-aged lady, who was inspired by the "Arabian Perfumer" with the hope that, for a certain considerable sum down, she would be made "beautiful forever," will not have forgotten that Madame Rachel came to dire grief, and, despite her oriental title dire grief, and, despite her oriental title and supposed miraculous lore, was igno-miniously cast into prison. But the "beautifier forever" of the vain and foolish womankind of London is, it would appear, fairly irrepressible. Once more London is agog with her doings; once more she is the central bark of trees and shrubs and the roots of water lilies and other aquatic plants. In summer it eats berries, leaves, and various kinds of herbage. There is reason to think that it never, as has been supposed, kills or eats fish. Like some of the rodents, it lays up stores of provisions for winter; but these in the case of the beaver consist chiefly of bark, or the branches and even the trunks of trees. Its extraordinary powers of gnawing are exerted to cut down trees of several inches in diameter both for figure of a cause celebre. It is amazing have obtained money under false pretenses, to have held on to jewels against all right, and to have led a most shameful career of fraud and deception for years. Add to this that she is grossly gnorant, unable to read or write, and that thus her assumption of mystical, Eastern lore is so absurd that the wonder is she was not long since laughed out of conceit of it. Her last perform-

ance only affords one more sad illustration of the inveterate gullibility of weak women in their mania to cling, by any means and at any risk, to the external advantages of youth.

A young married lady, the daughter of the great singer Mario, was caught in the net of the "Arabian Perfumer" by the thinnest of devices. She was told that by the payment of two hundred pounds she would be provided with certain washes which would preserve the beauty of twenty till she was sixty. A momentary glimmer of reason prompted her to ask Madame Rachel why, if she could achieve this marvel for others, she did not make her own person an example. The sly old woman was ready with her answer—that, though she seemed only sixty, she was really eighty-five! This seems to have extinguished all doubt in the mind of her a "wash" was given and used. The result was appalling. The victim found her face breaking out in a horrible humor. But her anxiety was appeased when Madame Rachel told her she had only to go on with the wash to not only cure the humor, but become as fair as the lilies of the field. Then the victim, unable to raise the cash to meet the demands of her ages benefactress, gave up her jewels, which the "perfumer" lost no time in pawning. Meanwhile, the bargained for beauty came not. At last the lady, driven to despair, did what she ought to have done she told her husband; and he at once caused Madame Rachel to be indicted.— Appleton's Journal.

Fashion Notes.

ducing bourette effects.

Among the new accessories to the toilet is the matelot or square sailor collar, Stocking manufacturers not to be hind the times have succeeded in intro-

Mitts form no unimportant the valuable accessories of the toilet, and fans are made to correspond. The rich falling collars of to-day are

copies of the paintings of the old French school, The new kilt-plated skirt and plaited blouse are stylish for street or house

Wash goods, such as prints or per-ales, will be trimmed with solid colors

Many sleeves of elegant dresses have no trimming, because separate cuffs are

The coat is one of the most popular oquetries of the season, and is becoming to all ladies. Woolen batiste dresses are favorites

with Parisian ladies, and are becoming ionable here. Easy elegance, without either scantiness or drapery or an excess of flowing folds, is the present fashion.

exhibit his building instincts by weaving FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Poultry Notes.

It is a fact well known to poultry raisers that the first eggs are always the best for hatching, and are also much truer to their breed, showing all the finer points as well as developing sooner, and approaching the nearest possible to per-

The chicken cholera was very bad here ast spring, and I will tell your readers how we cured it. For every forty fowls we took a piece of assa'œtida the size of we took a piece of assa catida the size of a hickory nut, broke it in small pieces and mixed it in about a pint of corn meal, wet it thoroughly with boiling water, and placed it near the roosting place, so that the chickens could eat of it the first thing in the morning. thing in the morning. If they were not too near dead to cat, a cure was certain, -Correspondence Ohio Farmer.

A successful turkey-raiser feeds the chicks during the first eight days on eggs boiled hard and minced; during the second week he adds to this bread crumbs, chopped with parsley and onions; during the third week he keeps back the eggs, and only continues the bread and the vegetables; afterwards in stead of the bread he gives moistened meal, boiled peas, and, above all, millet, of which young turkeys are very fond. When the birds are sickly they are easily cured by making them swallow a pepper-corn, their bills being carefully pened to avoid hurting them. The cleaning and disinfecting of the

poultry house should, of course, be done oftener than semi-annually, but a regu-lar thorough cleaning out is in order always. After removing all the utensils and fixtures (and they should all be movable), carry out all the dirt and filth that can be swept and shovelled. Then follow with a good coat of white-ways, cover any resist of the surface. wash; go over every point of the surface, floor and all. Then clean out all nest boxes, pour a little coal oil in the corners, then whitewash them, together with perches and everything in or about the house, and put everything in place again. Now make a fire on the floor, if it be an earthen one, as it should or in an old iron pot or kettle, if it is not, and burn half a pound each of rosin and sulphur in the house, keeping all doors and windows closed as tight as possible. When the fire is burning well, throw some shavings or rags, saturated with crude carbolic said on it and thus employ the carbolic acid, on it, and thus employ the fumes of this best of all disinfectants. When all is thoroughly done, open and ventilate the house, and it will be ready

of mashed potatoes, one pint-bowl of sweet milk, one egg, a piece of shortening as large as an egg, one large table spoonful of yeast; set to rise in half the milk: cloves: mix thin, and cover with a cloth till cool, after cooking,

Hor Rolls.-A nice breakfast ar rangement, where there are no dyspeptics in the family, is to take a quart of sifted flour, one and a half cupfuls of sour milk, two spoonfuls of thick cream, a teaspoonful of soda; stir up quickly and dip into roll-bakers, well-buttered or cup cake tins, and bake in a quick They are very palatable and easily made.

HOMINY BREAD,-This is easy, quick and nice. Two eggs; salt to taste; two cupfuls of boiled grits or boiled rice; one cupful of meal, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, and sweet milk enough to make a thin batter. Bake in the dish n which it is to be served; help with a tablespoon. The Virginia name for that soft kind of corn bread is "Pudding Bread."—Country Gentleman.

CORN | EEF SOUP .- When the liquo in which the beef and vegetables were boiled is cold remove all the grease that has risen and hardened on top, and add tomatoes and tomato ketchup and boil half an hour—thus making an excellent tomato soup; or add to it rice, or sage, or pearl barley, or turn it into a vegetable soup by boiling in the liquor any vegetables that are fancied. Several varieties of soups may have this "stock" for a basis, and be agreeable and nutri-

CORNED BEEF. - Select a nice piece of fresh beef, rub over it sufficient salt to "corn" it, but not to make it very salt. Let it stand two or three days, judging of the time by size of the meat. Then wash thoroughly in cold water, and putting in the pot, cover with cold water and boil gently till quite tender. Add such vegetables as are desired, like the old time-honored "boil-dish." Judge of the quantity of vegetables by the strength of flavor desired in the soup to he made from the water in which the whole is boiled. When done, dish beef and vegetables, and serve hot.

BAKED BEANS, -Soak a pint and a half of dried beans over night. In the morning pour off the water, cover with fresh water and boil till they crack open, or are tender. Then put them with the water in which they were boiled into a deep earthen dish, adding a little salt, and if agreeable a tablespoonful of molasses. Put on top of the dish one half pound of fat and lean pork, which should be considered. should be scored or gashed across the rind. Bake four hours, and longer if convenient. It will be better for it, only bake slowly. Keep nearly covered with water till two-thirds done, then allow it to dry away.

The first United States cent. issued from the Mint from 1777 to 1791, and now called the Franklin penny, bore on the center of its obverse a sun-dial shone upon by the sun with the word "Fugio" on the right and the date on the left, "mind your business" being inscribed in the exergue. On the reverse a circle of thirteen rings representing the orig-inal number of states, each ring bearing the name of a state on some varieties.

On some the larger circle incloses a smaller incribed "the United States," while on the others the order is reversed and the words read "States United," with the central legend, "We are one." Items of Interest.

Blunt people often say sharp things. A lady in New York sang three hours

An important suit—the first jacke

The more suits at law, the less suits

go on your back. February is the most impecunious month; is is always short.

When may a ship be said to be in love? When she wants a mate.

The Western Union T-legraph Com pany owns over 200,000 miles of wire, A gamecock drove his spur into a child's head, in Bullet county, making a

A correspondent writes to ask what it is proper to wear at picnics. We should say "clothes."

Edison has been asked to invent s nachine that will cause a carpet "to get up and dust."

The coast of Florida has but one Musquito Inlet, but the interior of Florida has a musquito-bar for every bedstead. A New York dancing master has added his to "one of the few immsrtal names," etc., by waltzing for sixteen hours. It must make Longfellow and Tennyson sick to think of what labor and study it cost them to become famous.

Close imitations of silver dollars are made of block-tin, bismuth and pulverized glass. An immense number of these bogus coins are in circulation in the West. They imitate exactly the true color and ring, and are about right in weight.

"That's our Jeremiah," said Mr. Sheldon; "he went off to make his own living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired a friend. "No," said the old man, with a sigh, significantly tapping his head, "he failed for want of capital."

The man who advertises in the newspapers to send directions that will enaole a person to make \$200 a month, owes his washerwoman for three months' washing, and was seen a few days ago trying to borrow five dollars to pay a week's board bill.

Fish in Germany are seldom broiled; they are boiled. The size of a fish that need not be returned to the water when caught is fixed by law. Thus a salmon must be sixteen inches long, a perch five and an eel fourteen. Germans do

not fish for sport as a rule. A growth of human hair, the longest on record, is among the curiosities to be seen at the Paris Exposition. It came from the head of a Norman girl, Merlot by name, who lived with her mother in the extremest poverty. It is seven feet long, of an exquisite golden color, luxuriant, and silky.

An Illinois farmer has told his rat story. He was going out to his corn crib the other morning, he says, when he saw a large rat with head erect, carying a full sized ear of corn in his mouth, while at the same time his tail was wrapped around another large ear, which he was dragging behind him.

Mr. Edison, who has within a twelvemonth made his name a household word in the scientific, social, and business world, was married in 1873 to Miss Mary Stillwell, of Newark, New Jersey. They have two children-a little boy four years old and a little girl aged two -nicknamed " Dot" and " Dash," dter the characters in the Morse alphabet.

A couple of young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm house, and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughter : "Girls, bave you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves." The boys calculated they had business away -and they went,

Pretty Parsees.

A correspondent of a New York paper writes from Bombay: A day or two after my arrival I accepted an invitation to attend the exhibition exercises at a Parsee school and witness the distribution of prizes. The visitors were Parsees, Hindoos and a few Europeans; the pupils were girls, some fifty or more, of ages varying from eight to twelve years. All were bright-eyed and intelligent, and nearly all were pretty as pinks—brown-hued pinks, I may say, as the most of the complexions had a brunette tinge. I do not remember ever to have seen a more pleasing lot of juvenile faces than on that occasion, and all through the exercises I continued to admire the galaxy of budding beauties. Each head was covered with a gold-embroidered cap, and the rest of the costume was quite Oriental-loose trousers, with a white or embroidered frock. As the exercises were entirely in Guzerat, the language o' the Parsees, I cannot say much about the sentiments expressed. The recitations and songs were delivered in a manner worthy of any school in America or England, and with a cool-ness and self-possession highly commendable to the tiny ladies that gave them. As each little miss-I don't know the Parsee name for miss-came forward to receive her prize, she bowed gracefully and marched off to her seat with all the dignity of a princess.

A Starling's Mimiery.

Mr. H. O. Forbes sends us the following instance: In the grounds of a friend in the neighborhood of London, a colony of starlings had for many years built their nests in the trees in boxes placed there for their accommodation. The children of the house-all quite young then—a few years ago—at whose presence the birds showed not the slightest alarm, were constantly playing about close to the nests, and of course constantly calling each other by name. There was only one girl in the family, called Maggie, and as she was a great pet, perhaps her name was oftener mentioned than those of the others. Be that as it may, her father was one day greatly astonished by hearing his daughter's name pronounced in exact imitation of the voice of one of her brothers, whom he knew could not be near. For whom he knew could not be near. For a moment he was puzzled, but close at hand, on the bough of an acacis tree, he detected the mocking bird—a common starling—in the act of deception, which he continued to practice often afterward.—Nature,