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Poetic Answers.

WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER? A rare compound of oddity, frolic and tun, To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun. -Goldsmith

the epicure, who, serenely full, may Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.

Laxurious, avaricious, talse, deceitful, inlien, malicious, smacking of every sin that -Shakespeare. has a name.

WHAT IS TOUR CHIEF ATTRACTION? Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven,

And though no science, fairly worth the seven A form so fair, that like the air

Tis less of earth than heaven. -E. E. Pinkney. He is so full of pleasant anecdote, So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit Time vanishes before him as he speaks, And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST. That all-softening, overpowering knell, The toesin of the soul-the dinner bell.

-Joanna Baillie.

-Hood.

A slight flirtation by the light of a chandelier. With music to play in the pauses And nobody very mear. Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! Bright and yellow, hard and cold.

Give me kisses! all is waste save the luxury of the taste. And for kissing-kisses live only when we take

or give, Kiss me, then,

Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again.

—J. G. Saxe.

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE MOST? Of every bore, It to the list you add a score, Are not so bad, upon my life, As that one scourge, a scolding wite.

Drunkenness, whose vile incontinence Take both away, the reason and the sense, It drowns the better parts, making the name To foes a laughter, to friends a shame -Randolph

Coarse speech, bad grammer, swearing, Drinking, vice. -Holmes. Home-made physic that sickens the sick, Thick for thin and thin for thick, -Hood.

WHAT IS YOUR HIGHEST AMBITION? To go to church to-day, To look devout and seem to pray, And ere to-morrow's sun goes down Be dealing slander through the town. -Mrs. Sigourney.

To dress as the nobles dress, In cloth of silver and gold, With silk and satin and costly furs In many an ample fold.

Oh, grant me, Heaven, a middle state, Neither too humble, nor too great. More than enough for nature's ends. With something left to treat my friends. -Mallet.

Oh, gie me the lass that hae acres of charms; Oh, gie me lass wi the weel stockit farm ! -Burns.

Then let me get money as bees lay up honey I'll build new hives and store each cell, The sight of my treasure will yield me great

pleasure, I'll count it, and chink it, and jingle it well.

-Dr. Franklin. WHAT IS YOUR PAYORITE PLOWER? Magnificent calla, in mantle of milk. -Mrs. Sigourney.

The chaste camelia's pure and spotless bloom, That boasts no fragrance and conceals no

And faith that a thousand ills can brave Speaks in thy blue leaves, "forget-me-not.

-Percival. Rose, thou art the sweetest flower. -Burns.

WHO IS YOUR INTENDED? A perfect woman nobly planned, To warn, to comfort and command, And yet a spirit still and bright,

With something of an angel's light.

-Wordsworth

A judge, a man so learned, So full of equity, so noble-envy Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.

-Chapman and Shirley. A hungry, lean-faced villain, A mere anatomy, a mountebank, A thread-bare juggler, and fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch -Shakespeare. A rosebud set with willful thorns

As sweet as English air can make her. -Tennyson. WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF YOUR INTENDED

She takes the most delight In music, instruments and poetry. -Shakespeare

The solemn fop, significant and budge, A fool with judges, and among fools a judge

She has rend her father's well-filled librar with profit, And can talk charmingly: she can sing And play, too, passably, and dance with spirit

She is knowing in all needle-work; And shines in kitchen as well as parlor -J. N. Barker. He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one,

Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and persuading -Shakespeare. WHAT IS YOUR DESTINY?

Never wedding, never wooing, Still a lovelorn heart pursuing. -Campbell

To be a man of rank and of capacious soul, To riches have, and fame beyond desire, And heir to flattery, to titles born, And reputation and luxurious life. -Robert Pollock.

Single as a stray glove, minus its mate. -Fanny Kemble

WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE? Where beasts with man divided empire clai

And the brown Indian marks with murderos

Where from the rise of morn to set of sun The mighty Mohawk runs, And the dark woods of pine

Along his mirror darkly shine.

In some enchanted isle, Where heaven and love their Sabbath hold. -Campbell.

DEMETER'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. De Lettante had invited a crowd of people to hear a white-haired man of lofty artistic pedigree read. She was fond of patronizing talent. When Mr. Kemble had given his Sir Anthony Absolute and Sir Peter Teazle, Mrs. De Lettante went about among her guests and explained that she had still another pleasure in store for them: Miss Hilda Wiese would now recite. Miss Wiese was a debutante, but they would see was a debutante, but they would see she had great possibilities; Mr. Kemble had spoken to her of the young lady, who intended to become a professional reader; he was enthusiastic in

her praise. after a brief interval, a young So, after a brief interval, a young girl was led forward, who recited por-tions of Elaine's beautiful and touching story with native ease and grace. She stood in the third of the suite of rooms that opened one into another. Behind her was a background of white flowers arranged on graduated steps, a mass of hyacinths chiefly and daffodils (it was spring). She was a flower of spring herself, with the ineffable glory and charm of youth about her: serene, wide brow, from which heavy dark hair was swept to one side; the outlines of her fa e pure and harmonious, and strong rather than delicate; in her cheeks the rather than delicate; in her cheeks the fresh, steady color that rarely outlasts girlhood. She wore a quaintly simple black silk gown, the sleeves cut to the elbows and fleecily ruffled with white; the same white effect at her throat. Her voice was rich and soft and full. Her recitation charmed; there was a murnur of pleased surprise. When she had done she simply fell back a step or two against the tiers of flowers. She two against the tiers of flowers. She helped herself to a daffodil, and stood carelessly swinging it, listening to something kind which the elecutionist said to her.

Draw done she simply fell back a step or two against the tiers of flowers. She heating—anything which furnished an excuse for being together. As for Hilda, she dared not stop to realize how happy she was in this constant companionship. She dared not realize that she simply.

Presently Mrs. De Lettante came up with a tall, fair young man of a studious aspect, whom she made known to Miss Wiese as Dr. Douglass. As this young man bowed in acknowledgement of the introduction, he said to himself. "Demeter's daughter, fair and free," out of a sweet rhyme-book of his sister's. "You gave me a great deal of pleasure," he said, with a touch of the self-confidence of youth in the worth of its

own praise.
"Did I? I am very glad."
"As for Mrs. De Lettante, she is fairly ruffled with complacency at having sponsored you."
"Mrs. De Lettante has been very good to me."

"You have repaid her. She is the woman in search of a mission. Look

She is very gracious and handsome. "She is very gracious and handsome."
"Exircmely so in her sweeping satin robes—Nile green you hadies call that color, do you not?—stately, dark-haired, fair-skinned. I wonder who the ugly little man is?"
"Mr. Kemble told me. He is a Frenchman, a duke. His father was made a duke by the emperor at Solferino. He inherits the title."
"Pasteboard nobility."

Pasteboard nobility

"There has to be a beginning to everything. Bravery is its own pedigree Did you ever hear what Nadir replie when 'Delhi's throne inquired the an-cestry' of his son? 'My child is noble, for, though lowly born,

He is the son and grandson of the sword. Her simple enthusiasm was contagious

"No doubt you and Nadir—is that his name?—are right. Here comes Mrs. De Lettante with her duke. He is like Jacob—he halts on his thigh."

The Due de Bonne Fortune was pre-sented in his turn. He was not an attractive personage, upon the whole; as you have gathered, little and dark, and very lame. He was a man who had lived in the world and for the world, and his life had left no impress of any lofty impulse upon his face; on the contrary, there were lines of craft and guile around his mouth and eyes. He was no longer young, but he looked older than his actual age. Still he showed traces of the old-world civilization he had sprung from: there was a gay sparkle and about his conversation which disposed Hilda in his favor. All women like to be amused. Besides, in her upright vigor she felt a "divine compas-

sion" for his ir firmity.
Dr. Douglass drifted away with Mrs. De Lettante, who said, going: "Do you know Mrs. Wiese? There she is, all by herself in that corner. Of course she is almost a stranger here. I asked her for the daughter's sake. I wish you would

Douglass agreed readily. Douglass was not singular in his alacrity to be civil to the mother of a beautiful daughter. And Mrs. Wiese proved to charming on her own account-literally charming, with the unbackneyed and fresh cheerfulness of a child. She had a "primrose face"—a phrase I like to borfrom Owen Meredith to describe a certain type of face that never entirely oses its youth-with ready smiles, and changing color, and clear eyes, add, in her case, sunny chestnut hair (the coloring should be bright). An electric spark was struck between Douglass and erself. She liked young men in a delightful, motherly way, that always bore in mind her own half-grown boys. And young men invariably liked her. She talked frankly to Douglass; among other things, about her husband's delicate health and failing sight. Douglass had made a specialty of diseases of the eye, and lent an intelligent interest. He said he should be honored if Mrs. Wiese would permit him to call upon herself and her husband; he did not add, "and your daughter," although at that very moment his gaze was resting on the calm young Persephone in the next room, who, still idly twirling her snowy laffodil, was talking to the pasteboard

Later in the evening Douglass fell in again with Mrs. De Lettante. "They tell me," he said, indicating Hilda, "that that beautiful child is destined for the stage. I confess I am sorry to hear

"She has a gift. To my thinking, it belongs to the world." "And so she will dim her loveliness behind the footlights, and lose the bloom of her reticence and modesty.'

"Not necessarily. An ordinary woman might. An artist is impersonal; her own identity is completely merged. Happy she! Most women's lives stagnate for want of an outlet."

Douglass carried out his intention of calling upon the Wieses, and found them

cating upon the Wieses, and found them living in a house very small, very shabby and forlorn, in the suburbs of the town. However, Mrs. Wiese and Hilda were more delightful than ever, and Douglass sat on a stiff cane-bottomed chair on a carpetless floor, and his heart sung within him. It was all so unconstrained and bright and placent. bright and pleasant. The father was a musician, a composer, an organist; now, in his feeble condition of body, very querulous and irritable. But Douglass conceived a hope that he should be able to do something for his eyes. Mr. Wiese was a German by birth; he had never was a German by birth; he had never his wife's motherway was a German by birth; he had never his wife's motherway wearisome experience how infinitely less wearisome experience how infinitely less conceived a hope that he should be able to do something for his eyes. Mr. Wiese was a German by birth; he had never learned to master his wife's mother-tongue. But he was exceedingly voluble in his own broken guttural. He never wearied of pouring his complaints into Douglass' ears. And Douglass It bored her to death to be a fine lady. It seemed to her that she was a very

into Douglass' ears. And Douglass listened with exemplary patience—nay, interest—for Hilda's sake.

Yes, for Hilda's sake. It had come to that. He had yielded to a sentimental fancy at first sight; now, at second and third sight, he had fallen in love desperately, with an absorbing energy which colored his whole nature, imparting sinew and muscle to his ambition. It seemed to him now that he had never known before what was genuine ambi-It seemed to him now that he had never known before what was genuine ambition. He grew feverish with impatience. He was a poor man; he could barely support himself. If he should support a wife, it must be in the simplest, plainest way. Would Hilda be willing? In marrying, Hilda would be called upon to make more special sacrifices than most women make when they marry. He al-most feared that she would never like him well enough to make these sacrifices

He knew that Hilda was meanwhile studying hard, preparing for her arduous profession. Besides, she was giving lessons in elecution. Poor little thing! How he longed to work for them both! He was with her constantly; after a while, every evening. Those delicious spring days suggested country rambles,

long days. Those days were shared almost as invariably with M. De Bonne Fortune. He had followed up his acquaintance as vigorously as had Douglass, appearing at the Wieses' dingy little house behind a pair of superb black steeds in gold-mounted harness. He whirled Hilda off in this showy equipage one fine day. Her father stood in the little doorway looking after them, shading his inflamed eyes with his hand. "He is in luf mit Hilda, I can see dat," he said to his wife. "It vill pe a goot ting for us alle."

It vill pe a goot ting for us alle."
Mrs. Wiese's bright face clouded. Her own choice for her daughter would be a different one. Nor had she failed to no-tice the lighting up of Hilda's face when

from the outset. He considered it hardly probable that the facts that he was yellow and wizened and lame, and Hilda's senior by certainly fifteen or twenty years, would weigh in the balance against the advantages of his title and years,

his wealth. Nor did they when it came to the point. It seemed to her that it was her duty to accept him. Her father had said as much to her from time to time during the weeks that the duke's black chargers swept his glittering chariot to and from town. Moreover, the duke made his offer to the father in the first place, and the father in repeating it urged the suit

in every way. "He has promise to settle an indebentfortune on you," Mr. Wiese urged. 'Mit dat you can do vat you choose. And he vil set Oscar up in business ven

he has finish school next year. It vil pe a great ting for us all, Hildachen." "Yes," Hilda said, "I suppose it will. I will marry him, father;" and having given her consent, she felt as though she had locked herself into a prison. That evening Douglass came.

Bonne Fortune, who dined late in the city, rarely spent an evening at the Wieses', and it so happened that he and Douglass had never met. Hilda felt like a traitor as she followed the young man down to the boat—they had an engage-ment to go rowing. The language of love is easy of interpretation; she had read it in his looks and in his voice a hundred times. Besides, she could interoret it by the key of her own feelings But she made up her mind that he should learn of her engagement from her own If he was pained, no one but her-

When she had told him, Douglass rowed on in silence for a while. Then he said, "I have no doubt you have decided wisely. The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the chil-dren of light. You have my good wishes, of course; you resign some things—your

t."
"Yes," she replied, wretchedly. "But woman cannot always think self." They rowed on in silence for another while. Presently she shivered and suggested that they should return home. "It is so cold on the water tohome. "It is so cold on the water to-night." Poor girl! she was cold to the heart.

The tears stood in Mrs. Wiese's motherly eyes, and there was a weight on her heart, as heart and eyes both followed the young man as he strode down the road, having said farewell that night. He was the mate she would have chosen for Hilda, in spite of waiting, in spite of poverty. Alas! she believed, she feared, that Hilda did not care for M. De Bonne Fortune. She was taking up the unutterable cross of a loveless life. her daughter on the spur of that convic-tion, but Hilda put her away with a cold "Dear mamma, let it be as I have kiss. lecided. It is best. I am not like you;

I have not the same necessity for loving."
The golden chariot with its coal-black steeds drew up in front of the Wieses' little cottage for the last time and whirled Hilda away, after the marriage cere-mony had been performed in the carpet-less little parlor—whirled her off to a life less little parlor—whiried her discharge as different from that of her girlhood as as different from that of her girlhood as though she had indeed died to her former but every spring has brought Hilda across the highway of the ocean. She

Once on their voyage out her husband found her crying, her faced bowed on her folded arms, as she gazed out upon the lonesome waste of waters. "Home-sick?" he asked, half friendly, half reprovingly. Then, taking the fact for lonesome waste of waters and the lonesome waste of waters. "Home-sick?" he asked, half friendly, half reprovingly. Then, taking the fact for lonesome waste of waters. We see gathers great bunches of lambatian rough diamonds emit an intense blue light when subjected to the action of electricity in a tube from which most of the lar half friendly in the time of their reunion and in the looking forward to it and the remembering it. Always when the daffodils bloom provingly. Then, taking the fact for lonesome waste of waters. "Home-sick?" he asked, half friendly, half reprovingly when subjected to the action of electricity in a tube from which most of the light when subjected to the action of electricity in a tube from which most of the air has been exhausted. Diamonds placed among other gens can thus be easily distinguished.

granted, he went on: "My child, never look backward; it does no good."

To the outward seeming she lived a golden life in Paris of ease and luxury and grandeur, steeped in all the extravagnace and display of the second empire. Nor did she fail to carry out her intentions toward her parents in America. She sent them, year by year, out of her superabundance, enough to keep the wolf from the door. Nor was the duke's promise to Oscar forgotten. The boy was established in a well-known banking house after a year or so of additional

house after a year or so of additional

It seemed to her that she was a very ghost of her former self; that that had died long ago, when she had closed the door upon the real things of life—the art she had surrendered, the mutual love she might have worn like a crown.

She grew quiet and pale, and her husband noticed it, and reproached her for it fretfully. Had he not married her for her youth and freshness? She must exert herself; she must go into the world; she must dress in a manner befitting her station. He did not choose his wife to be a dowdy. When he reproached her he dropped the mask of his smooth gallantry. He was as outspoken and as rough and coarse as though he had not been educated in the foremost he had not been educated in the foremost of modern civilizations.

The poor little duchess was in despair. Whom Whom was there to turn to? She against the hard, cold world! There was a church not far off. A fancy seized her to go ther. She had seen her mother some out of a church sometimes with a wonderful look of peace on her face. She might might find peace too.

She took her maid with her-since she never more went quite free now-and strayed into the great, quiet cathedral. She dropped down on her knees. She thought of a storm, and of a voice that came in the storm, and of the calm that followed. And presently there was a calm with her.

A calm, and a strength that is only born of calm. She went about her ways serenely; she ruled her kingdom beautifully. If she had made a grave mistake, she did not sit down with folded hands in its shadow. Poor little soul! she had strayed into hades; but she became the brought Douglass to her at the end of the light, the tranquil moonlight, of the

In a day of unfaith and of materialism and of mammon worship, she was true to her own ideals of goodness and loveli-ness. She never lost her childlike na-ture, her innocence, her simplicity. The worldly men and women about her treated her with a certain half-pitying

So she made her peace with life, with nature, as the pagans would have said, and as we Christians still may phrase it, with a devouter and more filial signifi-

woman in search of a mission. Look at her now, magnetizing that little dark man with those restless hazel eyes of hers."

Douglass came and went.

Mr. Wiese was right. M. De Bonne Fortune had fallen in love with Hilda. It was nothing to him who she was, little woman across the ocean who had above criticism as the Duchess de Bonne Fortune. He determined to marry her ried life. She had written to her mother ried life. She had written to her mother cold and studied letters during the first months of her married life; it was not until she had conquered her disappointment and her loneliness that she could write to her as she used to talk to her, with the outpouring of her heart.

One evening at a crowded reception at her hotel, a tall, fair man, with the slightly stooped shoulders of the student, made his way through the throng, and, hesitating slightly, bowed presently over

"I was by no means sure it was you Madame De Bonne Fortune," Dr. Douglass said. And in truth she was Dr. sufficiently altered to have made recogni-tion difficult. She had lost her fresh color; the mild rose bloom had given place to the pallor of the lily. There was an outlooking patience now in her eyes, and there were shadows under them that told of sleepless nights and restless days. But if the luster of her youthful beauty was dimmed, perhaps the splen-dor of the setting sufficed to make amends. Her palace was very splendid; her toilette was a triumph in its way; her fair head was diademed with dia-monds. She looked the queen that she was in the world of fashion. "I seem to be in a dream," Dr. Doug-

lass went on; "or rather it seems to me that it must have been in a dream that we once took country rambles together down shady lanes, and gathered wild flowers, and rowed about in a boat, and did various other rustic things. Part of the dream was that you wore a white straw hat trimmed with scarlet poppies Your dress is trimmed with scarlet pop-pies to-night, I see."

"Poppies are said to be the flowers of eams. As far as that goes, this scene dreams. to-night is the dream for me. I am not accustomed to my grandeur yet; it is still unreal. Oh, Dr. Douglass"—dropping her voice—"how is my mother? When did you see her?"

Poor little queen! there were tears in her eyes. Looking into her earnest face, and so into the soul behind it, it did indeed appear as though her fine clothes and her jewels were a mask, and as though she were holding court in a veri-table place of shades. Dr. Douglass had thought hard things of her; he had called her a mercenary worlding. He took it all back now; he forgave her; he pitied

After that, Hilda never rested until she had seen her mother face to face. Her conversation with Dr. Douglass brought up the past so vividly that she could not be satisfied without. So in the spring she crossed the Atlantic, with her little retinue of man and maid, two years after her marriage.
She knocked at the door of the shabby

she knocked at the door of the shabby ittle house she used to call home, late one evening. It was May. In the twilight gloom she could distinguish familiar flowers in the small garden—heart's ease and daffodils. She stooped and plucked a daffodil, her favorite flower, as she waited for them to open the door. Its fragrance carried her straight back to her happy, hopeful girlhood. It brought up such a look to her face that when her mother caught her to her arms present-ly, it seemed to her that her Hilda had never been away at all.

and her mother have been one in heart

the crisis, and Madame De Bonne For-tune still holds her shifting court.

The child of nature, gifted as are the favored children of our great mother; the ill-favored lord; the coal-black steeds; the daffodils, such as grew on Enna; the poppies that brought forget-fulness; the yearly visit to a purer air; the Hades throne—all these features in the Hades throne—all these features in an old-world story have come into my mind as I have written of a Persephone of to-day.—Harper's Bazar.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A number of English gentlemen have annually been in the habit of presenting to the poorer classes in their neighborhood a variety of flower seeds and a few ornamental shade or fruit trees. The result is that they have encouraged a taste for the cultivation of flowers, and the appearance of many villages has been wonderfully improved.

Japan loves the postal card. This cheap and useful device was introduced, into Japan three years ago, and last year over 10,000,000 cards were used. Foreign mail matter is increasing so fast in Japan that before long it must break down the exclusiveness of that country. In 1875, 44,000 letters were received from foreign parts. Last year the number was 158,203. The postal department is conducted with great honesty, only nineteen money letters being lost last year, containing \$130, which was made good to the owners by the government.

The gendarme lately killed in the attack upon Nihillists at Kieff, in Russia, fell by the hand of a woman, Olga Rassowska. Other Nihillist women figured sowska. Other Nihilist women figured in the defence of one of the houses entered by the police. In another house was Mile, Gersefeld, daughter of a general and a distinguished place-holder. She was a noted beauty and but eighteen years of age. While firing her pistol at the gendarmes in the melce, she was wounded by a bayonet and captured. On being carried before the chief of police, she said: "I fired to-day only upon a simple gendarme; but on the next occasion we'll kill all of you, as so many mad dogs." The Countess Panin, admired equally with Mile, Gersefeld for her beauty, was also arrested. Her husher beauty, was also arrested. Her hus-band's mother is one of the ladies of the

Mr. G. F. Needham, of Washington, thinks that the people of the Northern States make a great mistake in not raising figs. He says that the fruit is grown successfully in England, where the fogplant, and our days are more tempered than those of the South. In Ohio it has been found that the fig tree is quickly grown, is easily protected, is a sure bearer and is very prolific. The trees begin to bear when two years

old, and when they have attained an age of four or five years produce from the same area, with less labor, a greater and more certain crop than either pota-toes or tomatoes. Mr. Needham adds that what is true of Ohio is true of the whole North.

The New York Herald has a long article on preachers' salaries, from which we gather that the average compensation of clergymen, of all denominations, city and country, is less than \$500 a year.

Mr. Beecher's salary, once \$350, is now
\$20,000 a year, with a three-months' vacation; Dr. Halliday, Beecher's assistand gets \$3,000; Talmage receives \$12, 000; Morgan Dix, \$15,000; Dr. Wm. Taylor, \$14,000; Dr. Hepworth's salary is \$5,000, which he says is never paid him; Dr. Storrs gets \$10,000; Dr. Cuy-ler, \$8,000; Dr. Hall, \$15,000; Dr. Potter, \$10,000; Dr. Tiffany, \$10,000; Dr. Morgan, \$15,000; Dr. Tyng, \$8,000; Dr. Stone, \$12,000; Dr. Chapin, \$8,000 to \$10,000. The Methodist clergymen in he cities range from \$1,000 to \$3,000, the Presbyterian from \$1,200 to \$10,000, and the Congregationalists from \$1,500 to \$20,000. The Episcopalians average \$3,000, the Baptists \$2,000 and the Unitar-

The Friends.

A New York paper says: The Quakers, or Friends, are said to have been dimin-ishing slowly though steadily during the last twenty years, in consequence of the secularization of many of the younger people born in the society. Their faith and life are simple, and their ways so gentle and honest, as to be in sharp contrast to much of the complicated and artificial wants and manners of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Many members of the society in Philadelphia where they are far more numerous than in any other city in the Union, are anxious to correct the decreasing tendency of the body, and are zealously engaged in a movement for the formation ments in the West. The Friends have been so scattered and isolated in that section as to gradually lose interest in their habits and principles. The intention is to organize an association which shall purchase tracts of land, and sell farms and lots on easy terms, either to Friends or those in sympathy with them, and to aid such persons as have limited means with money to dwellings and develop their scanty re-sources. The association proposes to lay out roads, put up school and meet-ing-houses, and push forward all need-ful and worthy enterprises. The West can have no better or more useful or more desirable citizens, for the name of Quaker has become everywhere a syn-onym of purity, order thrift, and benevo-lence. The whole number of Friends is estimated at present at 120,000, of whom 90,000 belong to the United States.

An important discovery of a test for dia monds has been made by Professor William Crookes, of London, the full details of which have not yet been made known. finds that rough diamonds emit an intense blue light when subjected to the action of

and with their roots exposed. If thus left, the first drying wind completes the damage and destroys the weakened plants, This may be avoided by an early harrowing of the ground with a light harrow, the teeth of which should early harrowing of the ground with a light harrow, the teeth of which should slope backward at an angle of forty-five degrees. These teeth not only stir up the soil and press the roots into the ground, but they draw the soil over the plants and cover the exposed roots. The benefit is two-fold. The damage and threatened loss are prevented, and the plants are stimulated to a quickened growth. After several years' experience in the use of such a harrow in the spring upon fall grain crops, we do not hesitate to recommend it as a beneficial work. It is a question if it would not be advisable to add a rolling to the harrowing, which may be done without trouble by attaching a light roller to the harrow by short chains. It would add but little to the draft, but much to the effectiveness and usefulness of the work.

Another use for the harrow at thi

and usefulness of the work.

Another use for the harrow at thi season is to loosen up the surface of clover or grass fields. By thus scarifying the surface, the grass roots are induced to spread and thus thicken the herbage. This effect is greatly aided by spreading some fresh seed, some new variety, perhaps, and giving a fair dressing of fine manure or artificial fertilizers, such as guano, nitrate of soda, dissolved such as guano, nitrate of soda, dissolved bone, salt, plaster, wood ashes, or any other that may be chosen or found convenient. As a rule, our meadows and pastures are neglected and consequently poor; but by giving them attention in this way at this season their condition at this way at this season their condition at haying time may be found much more satisfactory. The harrow is also useful in spreading manure which has been carried into the stubble or plowed ground through the winter. The lumps are broken, the long litter is torn, the heaps are spread and mixed with the soil very thoroughly. If the harrow gathers the litter into heaps these may be spread again, and again harrowed be spread again, and again harrowed until the whole is broken up and proper-

ly distributed.

The roller should follow the harrow in all these operations. Even should the meadows need no loosening up of the surface, they will at least be all the better for a thorough rolling, which will sink all tufts, stones or other impediments to the mower into the soil, and

eave a smooth surface to work upon.

Household Hints. CLEANING CISTERN-WATER.-Add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rainwater that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle and the water be clarified and fit for washing, and even for cooking purposes.

MEALY POTATOES.—Select the potatoes gy atmosphere is not nearly so favora-ble to it as our sunny land. Northern climes are even better than southern, because too great heat is inimical to the gone: then scatter in a half teaspoonful of salt and cover the pot with a towel. Watery potatoes will thus come out

mealy. CLEANING DISHES .- Dinner dishes and plates which have had greasy food upon them may be rubbed off with a little Indian meal before putting into water. They are thus prevented from making the water unfit for continued use, while the meal, saved by itself, is good for the pig or the chickens.

A STRONG CEMENT .- A cement particularly adapted for attaching the brasswork to bottle-necks, lamps, etc., is made by boiling three parts of resin with one of caustic soda and five of water. The composition is then mixed with half its weight of plaster of paris. It sets firmly in about three-quarters of an hour. It is said to be of great adhesive power, not permeable by petroleum, a low conductor of heat and but superficially attacked by

hot water. LET THE BEDS BE AIRED.—It is a plan to "make up" the beds immediately after breakfast. The sleeping apartments in the house should be aired every day. Beds should be opened every morning to the sun and to the atmosphere. Do not be in too much haste to get the chambers in order. Let the sheets and blankets be spread over separate chairs, the mattresses lifted apart, and the pure morning air be allowed to get into every nook and cranny of the room before the beds are made. Better to endure a little delay in getting the house in order than loss of

health. Seeding and Fertilizing in Spots

Mowings and pasturage, when seeded and manured, are treated usually only once for all, and as a whole. We have often wondered why it was that farmers allowed bare and sandy spots to go un-attended to until the bareness, or the weediness, extended so as to cover a ercised. large proportion of the soil. This is, we know, altogether needless. We are acladies h quainted with at least one extensive farmer and dairyman who, not content with keeping his pastures free from all sorts of brush, never permits a bare or seedy spot in them. If from the settling of water, the effect of frost, or the pawing of animals, a bare spot appears, it is at once seeded, and in some cases even sodded, so that the turf is maintained unbroken. Similarly, where the grass gets thin and weeds begin to appear, manure is applied to that spot, and the enfeebled grass thus stimulated to re-occupy the ground. In this way a pas-ture of a hundred acres presents at all times a sod of pure, thick grasses, the like of which it would be hard to find on this side of the Atlantic. Yet there are thousands of farmers as well situated and as well able to have such pastures, if they only would, and the same prin-ciples are equally or more applicable to mowing lands.

mowing lands.

The result is not only a matter of looks, but of profit. The cheese of the farmer above alluded to is sought for and taken by the high-class restaurants and hotels of New York and Philadelphia at a fancy price. Much of its excellence is doubtless due to his hereditary skill in its manufacture, but certainly the excellent quality and perfect uni-formity of this cheese are due, in no small degree, to the fact that it is made of grass-milk, and because no weed-milk or browse-milk ever goes into it-Rural New Yorker.

Tally Several for the Toad Many gardeners already appreciate the valuable services of the common toad, and afford them protection for their in-sect-destroying propensities, while as many more perhaps are ignorant of their

usefulness. To the latter class it may be interesting to know that toads live almost wholly upon slugs, caterpillars, beetles and other insects, making their rounds at night when the farmer is asleep—and the birds too—and the insects are supposed to be having it all their own way. English gardeners understand these facts so well that toads are surplassed at so much a degenand tare purchased at so much a dozen and turned loose, and the best of it is the

turned loose, and the best of it is the tonds generally stay at home, so the gardener is not troubled with buying his own tonds over again every few days.

The tond can be tamed and will easy learn to know "its master," and come when called; the writer has not only had such pets himself, but could give other instances of tond taming that have come under his observation. Tonds can be made very useful about the house, and will do not a little good in destroying cockroaches, flies, and other household pests. They are sometimes known to ent worms, which they grasp by the middle with their jaws, cramming in the writhing ends of the unfortunate articulates by means of the front feet. Insects are seized and conveyed to the mouth by means of the rapidly darting tongue, which always secures the victim as it is about to fly or run away.—C. R. D., in New York Tribune. New York Tribune.

The Lawn.

The man who puts on a frequent little sprinkling of salt or bone dust or superphosphate, or any fertilizer that will add an additional rich green tint to the turf, is always recompensed by se-curing the most conspicuous grass plat in the neighborhood. The best lawn we ever saw, says an agricultural writer, was occasionally treated to a sprinkling of diluted blood from a slaughter-house, interpretations to a shower When the of diluted blood from a slaughter-house, just previous to a shower. When the soil is soft, run the roller over; it helps the appearance greatly. The application of a little ground gypsum will also freshen up the grass. But above all, never neglect to run the mowing machine over frequently. Once a week none too often during a wet season .-

Scientific American.

Pedestrian Hints. The common things of life
We little weigh;
Amidst much care and strife

We seldom stay To think of what concerns Our every-day Reposeful life. One learns Not all one may.

We've given farming hints, And guides to talk; We now give you a few glints Of how to walk.

Always keep to the left; by this course you show a spirit untrammeled by the thrall of convention. It may irritate those you meet; but what of that, so long as their irritation hurts them and

not you?

The above rule may be departed from The above rule may be departed from with propriety when the person met also shows an inclination to go to the left. Then, while pretending to do the same, dart suddenly to the right. With practice, by dodging first to one side and then to the other, you may keep a person at bay for several minutes. Not only is this a good example physically, but it this a good example physically, but it affords you an opportunity to study your

vis-a-vis. The proper study of ma By all means carry a cane. In the hands of an expert it is a powerful auxiliary in making pedestrianism a boon. It should be carried over the shoulder, the ferrule end on a level with the eye of the person following in your wake. It you can contrive to stop abruptly now and then, it will greatly add to his pleas-

If not convenient to carry the cane as above, another favorite fashion is to trail it a few feet behind you. The only objection to this is that occasionally some ungentlemanly individual will tread on your stick and break it. However, the pleasure afforded your fellows in tripping

over your cane amply compensates for the loss of one now and then. Prodigies may be accomplished with an umbrella. When one comes to deal-ing with this, he quits matters mundane nd soars to the empyrean.

When closed, the umbrella should be

carried under the arm or on the shoulder. Do this, and the oculist will bless you. When carried under the arm, a feat of surpassing merit can be achieved by any one after a little practice. This consists in turning half round suddenly. By this you kill two birds with one stone, or rather one umbrella. This exploit al-ways calls forth remark. With an open umbrella great amuse-

ment can be obtained by knocking off hats, eye-glasses and even wigs. This is rather too common to be recommended as a novelty, to be sure, but it should not, nevertheless, be overlooked.

Never walk in a direct path; it is in better taste to wabble from side to side of the walk. This gives any person behind you a diversity of view to the front; besides which, it exercises the patience of him who would pass you too eagerly Patience being a virtue, it should be ex Of course it would be idle to instruct ladies how to dispose their garments.

this matter that we shall attempt but one reflection. Trains should be worn as far back on the sidewalk as the length of the material will allow. In the absence of a train, a shawl can be substituted. If any ill mannered man should step on your trail-ing garments of the day, treat him sum-

They are such consummate experts in

marily, and in the manner his act deserves. Where there are two or three together, they may live in every heart by walking with due deliberation and spreading out

to the breadth of the pave. It is your duty to run into all the ladies you meet. It has a tendency to throw back their shoulders, you know. Ladies are oftener round-shouldered than men. You would best not attempt this with men. They might not ap your well-intentioned attentions They might not appreciate

If you have parcels with you, your own good sense will teach you how to dispose them so as to cover all the sur-face possible. The law of gravitation is your sufficient warrant for this.

With an oil can or paint pot you may be more potent than the greatest earthly monarch. The possibilities of these accessories are illimitable. There might be many more rules laid down. But the above are sufficient. If strictly followed, you will be immortalized—and very quickly.—Boston Tran-

Never use slang. It may not always apply. Listen as A comes into B's roon Says B: "How do you like my new shoes? 'Oh, they're immense !"