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The Children.

Do you love me, little children? Oh, sweet blossoms! that are curled (Life's tender morning-glories) Round the easement of the world Do your hearts climb up toward me As my own heart bends to you, In the beauty of your dawning

And the brightness of your dew When the fragrance of your faces, And the rhythm of your feet, And the incense of your voices Transform the sullen street, Do you see my soul move softly Forever where you move, With an eye of benediction And a guarding hand of love?

Oh, my darlings! I am with you In your trouble, in your play, In your sobbing and your singing, In your dark and in your day; In the chambers where you nestle, In the hovels where you lie, In the sunlight where you blossom And the blackness where you die.

Not a blessing broods above you But it lifts me from the ground; Not a thistle-barb doth sting you But I suffer with the wound; And a chord within me trembles To your slightest touch or tone, And I famish when you hunger, And I shiver when you moan.

Can you tell me, little children, Why it is I love you so? Why I'm weary with the burdens Of my sad and weary woe? Do the myrtle and the aloes Spring blithely from one tree? Yet I love you, oh, my darlings! Have you any flowers for me!

I have trodden all the spaces Of my solemn years alone, And have never telt the cooing Of a babe's breath near my own; But with more than father passion And more than mother pain, I have loved you, little children! Do you love me back again?

THE SOAP WOMAN.

It is doubtful if the judge would have felt as much surprised to hear his wif-say she was going to make a voyage to Europe as to hear her say she was going to make soap. They had not been very long married then, and the judge wa-not yet conversant with the full catalogue of that thoroughly home-mad woman's accomplishments. She had been one of the five daughters of a widow, left while her children were wee bit girls in very straitened circumstances. The way the mother reared them up to a true and useful womanhood was a marvel of perseverance, industry and economy. She managed to have them well educated for the times, and saw them all married into the best circles ity and influence. Judge Manotte's wife was the youngest of the widow's daughters, and it was thought she had made the best match of the five. The judge's place was the pleasantest in the thrifty village, which has since assumed the more ambitious name of city. He had been gently born and raised, went early to college, and from thence to his profession as a lawyer. Manual toil was a stranger to him, yet he was a man of industry, in no sense given to profuse-ness of expenditure. He approved and admired his wife's general prudence in housekeeping and spoke with pride to his guests of the excellent food with which his board was spread as the work of her own hands. Mrs. Manotte might have kept servants. I think the judge would have been better satisfied if she would have had a girl (all the ladies of her position had one or more), but she declared with decision, pretty early in their wedded life, that she would not bothered with servants as long as she had health to do her own work. The exercise was no more than she needed

Mrs. Manotte had a will and way of her own, as this little tale will bear abundant evidence. The judge made this discovery pretty early. He could doubtless make a moving plea in a court room, but he was aware he could make no plea to move his wife when she was

fully bent upon a certain course. . But yet when Mrs. Manotte, over the breakfast table of a fair April morning, announced her intention of making a barrel of soft soap, the judge looked as if stricken with a sudden palsy. I doubt he would have worn a more rueful e had his best lawsuit gone against

And I hope you will help me all you ." added the earnest woman, on thoughts of economy, ashes and grease

"Indeed, I can render you no assist-ance whatever!" returned the judge, in sharper tones than his wife had ever heard him speak before. Her calm blue eyes surveyed him with unruffled composure, but there was not in look or bearing one symptom of wavering from

'Then I must go about the job alone,'

she said quietly.

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," continued the judge, something very like a frown contracting his brow; "I am perfectly will not buy all the soap we need, and what use should we have for the vile, sloppy stuff!"

have for the vile, sloppy stur:

"Soft soap was good enough for my
mother, and it is good enough for her
daughter," said Mrs. Manotte, with a dignity approaching sternness. "I shall make no vile, sloppy stuff, but an article far more efficacious for cleansing clothes and for various household purposes, than anything to be bought at stores. Are you aware how much money we paid out for soap last year, ' No." said the judge, "and it doesn't

"Indeed, I think it does matter," said

"However much money people may have, they are never justified in wasting it. So I hope you will call at the grocer's as you go down this morning, and see if you can procure three molasses hogsheads"

"Three molasses hogsheads!" ex-claimed the judge in a tone of mingled terror and dismay, "do you then pro-pose to manufacture the article by wholesale? I shall next be invited to ddle soft soap by the gallon from door

The wife laughed gleefully at her husband's rueful apprehensions, and asked:

"Don't you know that I must set up a leech?"

"A leech, in old parlance, means an understrapper of a doctor," said the judge, moodily.

"Well, I mean a mash-tub," returned Mrs. Manotte. "Perhaps two hogsheads will answer, one for the ashes, the other to hold the soap."

The judge went out without further words; his wife did not know whether he would heed her request or not, but rather thought he would. She was right in this supposition. Within an hour a dray dumped two hogsheads and a tight barrel in the back yard. Mrs. Manotte at once attired herself in a short, stout dress, a long, black poke Mrs. Manotte. "Perhaps two hogsheads will answer, one for the ashes, the other to hold the soap."

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Next she got a great hod and com-

Next she got a great hod and commenced to fill the hogshead with ashes. She worked with such vigor that a tremendous dust was raised in the back yard. People going past in the street outside sneezed and coughed, and wondered what was going on at Judge Manatte's place.

But Mrs. M. was absorbed in the work of the hour to utter obliviousness of the fact that from the second story of the mansion just across the area from her own, curious and puzzled eyes were fast-ened on her and her movements. In her wash-room two kettles set in arches were heating the water to drench the dry ashes. She had to climb into a chair to

four each pailful on to the leech. Certainly to unfamiliar eyes, her work might seem strange and inysterious.

The Sequin girls, at the chamber window opposite, with tatting and crochet, could at length contain their sur-

prise and wonder no longer.
"Do let us call mother," one of them exclaimed, "and see if she cap unriddle he mystery, and tell us the meaning of the operations over in Judge Manotte's

ack yard."
"I think the judge has got a women to make some sort of compost for his pear trees," said the other.

While the two girls gazed, a stiff pole was plunged into the fuming hogshead, and the mass vigorously punched and shaken by the stout worker.
"She is a Hercules," they said.
"What muscle those women have. Mrs.
Manotte is a worker herself, and she

vouldn't hire a woman to sit still." But now the woman disappeared for a while, and when she next came in view she had under her arm an auger and axe, in one hand a smooth billet of wood, and in the other a huge red hot poker. The two girls gave a little scream at this way made a dubious blue cloud about

'I declare, things are getting desperate down there," cried the youngest girl.
"I believe some infernal witch-work is going on; I will have mother called." Mrs. Sequin was summoned. She was a city-bred woman, first and last, and the proceedings in Judge Manotte's back yard were as mysterious to her as to her

"What the woman is doing I don't know," she said, "but she works with a I should like to get her to do our

"It is very likely you can, mother," said the elder daughter. "We will get father to inquire of Judge Manotte about the woman—if, indeed, she is canny." Next there was a hole made by means of the auger in the lower part of the hogshead, and the bored billet of wood driven soundly in by aid of the axe, vigorously wielded by the woman's lusty arm, and a whittled plug placed in

the wooden spigot.

"What a great, stout creature," exclaimed Mrs. Sequin. "She handles tools like a man!"

Then more boiling water was dashed into the ash-filled hogshead till it stood seething and full to the very brim. And now all was silent and deserted in Judge Manotte's backyard. In the af-ternoon, Mrs. Manotte, richly dressed, was seen holding up her skirts, tip-toeing round the great hogshead, as if in-specting the work to see if it had been properly and thoroughly done.

At a very early hour the next morn-

ing the Sequin girls heard noises in the back yard, and sprang from bed to see if the witch was at her work again. Sure enough she was; they beheld huge kettle swung on a stout pole be-tween crotched stakes driven into the earth, and a pile of blazing fagots be-

"There is her cauldron; I told you o." said the younger girl. "And look so," said the younger girl. "And look at the pails of black liquid she is pour ing into it, and the foul lumps and bones she is pouring from that greasy cask. An infernal broth that must be she is

concocting.' "And there is another barrel with the

dark liquid dripping through the spigot," said the older one. "So there is," exclaimed the younger; "when did she fix that? What a vigorous creature! She would clean our whole house in twenty-four hours. Let us call father. He knows most everything. I'll bet he can tell us what all

this means." So Mr. Sequin was brought to look down on the spectacle in Judge Manotte's backvard. "It beats the witches in Hecate all

hollow," said the two girls in chorus, as their paternal parent entered the room. After quietly surveying the operations below a moment, he burst out laughing.
"Why, the woman is making soft soap," he said; "that is all; I have seen my old mother do it fifty times when I was a boy on the home farm; and that woman understands her business, too. I declare I'll have her make up our sebas. Soft soon is better first property of the second second in the second second

ashes. Soft soap is better for a hundred

purposes in a family than all your patent cleaners found at stores." "I wish you would, father," said the younger daughter, "for it is first-rate fun to see her work; but what is she throwing old bones into the kettle for?" "That is the grease; the lye wil! eat them all up. She has got a keg full of scraps. The result will be a barrel of good strong soft soap. Mrs. Manotte is a prudent woman. She was country raised; her mother taught her to save meat scraps for soap grease, no doubt.

she called her husband to see the result, which was a hogshead of rich brown liquid, smooth and thick, exhaling a clean, alkaline odor, as it stood in a sunny nook of the back yard. The judge gazed at it solemnly as his wife extolled its virtues and spoke exultingly of the "good luck" which had attended her efforts.

"As we burn the best of wood the ashes were string enough without potash, which makes soap biting and harsh. I added a strong solution of borax, which will render it softer for the hands, and also increase its cleansing proper-ties."

"How much do you call it worth?" asked the judge.
"I do not purpose to sell it," said the wife, "so you will not have the pleasure of peddling it out; but it will last two years, and save forty or fifty dollars."

lars."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the judge, with a humorous twinkle in the corner of his eye. "I am lost in admiration and amazement of this achievement. Could Lever have imagined I ment. Could I ever have imagined I should have a soap-maker for a wife?"

Mrs. Manotte laughed; she knew the judge was rather pleased after all. Though his wife dismayed and almost shocked his propriety sometimes, he had a certain quiet; ride in her prowess. He never knew her to make an essay which ended in defeat; nothing she attempted "fell through." If she could plan, she could also execute. A few days later, as the judge was walking home to dinner, he was accosted by Mr. Squine.

'Judge Manotte, will you have the kindness to give me the name of your soft-soap woman? Our folks accidentally saw her at work in your back yard. and we want to employ her to make up our ashes. She is a splendid workersuch activity and strength, you don't

The judge was aghast at first, but he soon railied, and said: "I will send her to you to-morrow morning, if you would like," and Mr. Sequin went home to tell his wife, "Judge Manotte's soap woman will be on hand with the morrow." will be on hand with the morrow,"
The judge merely remarked to his wife at the dinner table that Mrs. Sequin wished her to call at her house next morning, and Mrs. Manotte thought nothing strange of this. The ladies were acquainted, and attended the same church. Accordingly Mrs. Manotte made ready at the time specified. The judge's wife was a handsome, stylish woman when dressed. As she approachsight, but the worker heard it not, her head enveloped in the black, poke bonnet. She proceeded to bore through the billet of wood by means of the flaming poker, while the smoke as it burned its way made a distinct of the house had a decidedly shut up appearance, and she had to ring once and again for admittance. edly shut up appearance, and she had to ring once and again for admittance. Within the two girls were "peeping," and beheld Mrs. Marotte, "dressed so grand" on the front step.

"How strange she should ealf at such an unseasonable hour, they said. "! never knew her to do thus before, and when we are all in our worst clothes, with the parlors shut up, expecting the soap woman. It is too bad; how can we let her in?"

But the bell rang again rather per-emptorily, Mrs. Manotte saying to her-self, "As they sent for me and I have been at some trouble to call at this hour, why do they keep me waiting for en-

trance in this unseemly style?"
"I must let her in," said Mrs. Sequin "or she may take offence, and Mrs. Ma-notte is too good a friend to lose, though it is strange she should call at such an untincly hour. Something particular may bring her."

So a blind was hastily opened in the

parlor and Mrs. Manotte admitted, while Mrs. Sequin excused delay by saying they had some unusual work claiming their attention that morning. and told the girls aside if the soap woman came to show her the ashes and scraps in the area and set her to work at Then she returned to the parlor with Mrs. Manotte, who was unaccountably silent and rather stiff at length, as

she asked:
"Was there anything particular you wished, Mrs. Sequin?" and that lady answered, "Oh, no, Mrs. Manotte," as she bowed her visitor out.

Mrs. M. walked homeward feeling rather vexed. "I thought you said Mrs. Sequin wished to see me," she remarked to the

judge in the evening.

"So Mr. Sequin informed me," was the response, "then she did not see fit to employ you?"

"Employ me?" echoed Mrs. Manotte,

the judge was inscrutable.

The very next day Mr. Sequin sought out the judge and said: "Your soapwoman did not come yesterday; just tell me her whereabouts, if you please, it was seen ber out."

that I may seek her out."
"The soap-woman has informed me that she went to your house yesterday morning, but your wife did not say any-thing about wishing her services; I beieve virtually declined them."
'It is not so," said Mr. Sequin, "I fear

the woman is not to be relied on." "I never knew her to break her word; she is rather a wilful woman, but by no means an untruthful one," the judge said, with that sly twinkle in his eye which his neighbor had learned carried meaning of its own.

Mr. Sequin went home and asked his wife if she had had any callers yester-

day? "Only Mrs. Manotte," was the anwer, "and she came before nine o'clock in the morning; I never knew her to call at such an unseasonable hour fore. I thought something special had brought her, but she did no errand."

Mr. Sequin roared.
"Why, she was the soap-woman, wife," he said. Then he related what Judge Manotte had just been saying to him and it seem-ed plain. The judge had played a practical joke on his wife, he was fond of such, but they were never instigated by a malicious or vindictive spirit. She proved herself a match for him in this proved herself a match for him in this instance. One day at an hour when the streets were fullest of people, she asked her husband if he would "take something to Mrs. Seguin for her?" and he signified his readiness to do so.

"What is it?" he asked.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You will find it on the area steps,"

It was two buckets of soap! His word was given, and he kept it, as a man of honor and a "judge" should do. So he came within one of being a soft soap

Imitation Jewelry. Some of the imitations are admirable, it must be owned. A gold watch case, eighteen carats fine, costs fifty dollars; another, fourteen carats fine, can be bought for half the money; and a third, four carats fine for ten dollars; and nothing but comparison reveals any difference between the three to inexperienced eyes. Bracelets in gold plate finished in a dozen different ways, burnished, fretted, or faceted, cost less than nished, fretted, or faceted, cost less than those of real tortoise shell, and would those of real tortoise shell, and would deceive anybody when worn. Lace pins, cuff pins, rings and earrings are made at Attleboro: in Providence, and New York, in the same patterns used by the best jewelers, and, although not so well finished in minor detail, have no imperfections that can reveal themselves to ordinary inspection. Useful selves to ordinary inspection. Until very lately it was impossible to make the variegated leaves used on lace in any thing but good gold, but they are now produced in cheap alloys, and a method has been discovered for applying enamel to inferior gold.

In many cases, the stones used in the cheap sets are real; fine mosaics, amathysts of great clearness, and excellent onyxes being set in gold of a quality so poor that a whole set costs very little. In other cases, even the stones are false, and one can buy a set of what seem to be and one can buy a set of what seem to be initial onyx sleeve buttons set in gold, for less than it would cost to cut the stones if they were real. Second quality onyx, having the upper layer of uneven tuckness is used in so _e of the cheap seals, and in others a blood stone is placed on one side and a bit of glass on the other. The salles who meant to the stone is the salles who meant to the salles who salles to the salles who salles to the The seller who means to cheat is enthu-siastic over the beauties of the real blood stone, and the innocent buyer does another deceit is seen in large seals of pressed glass, apparently cut elaborately, but really representing no more work than a pressed glass tumbler; a microscope would betray the cheat at once, but really representing the microscope would be tray the cheat at once, but ordinary buyers. but ordinary buyers do not go about armed with microscopes, and do not wish to be obliged to do so. Diamond pins with solid backs are of doubtful perfection always, but some of the new pins have a pit of silver foil set behind the fragment of giltering glass that serves for a stone, and are more decep tive than the dull stones worn by some men who seem to think that they will

he respected if they appear to have spent three years' salary on an ornament. three years' salary on an ornament.

As has been said, there is no way of distinguishing between good and cheap jewelry when worn, but there are a few details to which buyers should look sharply, unless they have perfect confidence in the house with which they are dealing. Watch cases usually have the name of the firm selling them engraven on the inside, unless they are of poor quality. Good bracelets are as well finished close to the hinges as anywhere else. Fine brooches have good strong pins on the wrong side. Engraved or tooled surfaces are more deeply indented in gold jewelry than in that which is plated, and burnished surfaces on cheap goods are likely to be scratched, because oods are likely to be scratched, because they are more carelessly kept than those which are more expensive. There is a very slight difference in the color of the two classes of jewelry, but it only rereals itself on comparison. Large size is a danger signal in carrings, and false

diamonds ought to warn anybody from buying by their setting.
The demand for the cheap jewelry increases almost daily, many of the new styles being so fantastic that even those who are determined to wear them hesi-tate about paying much for them, purhase them in cheap materials and throw them away when tarnished. This course is expensive, but if a man or woman can afford it nobody is injured by it except the person who yields to the desire to assume the appearance of wealth that he has not. But nobody wants to be cherted, and he who buys cheap jewelry of ir-responsible persons is tolerably sure to waste his money .- Boston Transcript.

A Bird that Cries "Pa, Pa, Pa!"

Let me tell you about some queen birds that I saw in South Africa. The are called "Hadeda" by the natives, and are as large as crows, with long legs and bills, and wings that are dark-green in one light and golden in another. The birds look like gentlemen in dress suits with their hands folded under their coattails.

The hadeda lives in marshy places, but they are easily tamed to houses, and soon go in and out as if they were part of the family. And, indeed, you might almost think they were part of it, for, when they cry, they say "Pa, pa, pa!" quickly, like an impatient child. Two of these birds that I saw were very fond of the father of the family, and would follow him about all day. On Sundays they would even walk after him into church unless he locked them up at home. Once they actually did walk into church, marching gravely up the aisle, and taking their stand near their master, who was the minister, behind the little lectern or reading-desk. It was very funny to see these three solemn figures standing there, and it was lucky the birds did not think to call out "Pa pa, pa!" just then, for the congregation pa, pa:" just then, for the congregation laughed quite enough as it was. The birds wouldn't go away, although the minister told them to in a severe tone; so he had to walk out, and they followed so he had to walk out, and they followed him into the open air. When he came in again he shut the door close behind him and so kept them out .- M. Enanda, in St. Nicholas.

The Inhospitable Family.

The other day a genuine tramp with a omach yearning for a picked-up meal undertook to enter a yard on Winder street. A large, fierce dog stood at the gate to give him a hostile welcome, and after vainly trying to propitiate the ani-mal the tramp called to a lad of ten who was making a kite on the veranda: Hey, sonny!"

"Hey, sonny!"
"Yes, I'm hay," was the reply.
"Say, bub, call off yer dog."
"No use—ro use," replied the lad.
"Even if you got in here ma's waiting at the kitchen with a kettle of hot water, Sarah's working the telephone to git the police, and I'm here to holler 'murder!' and wake up the whole street."—Free

The midnight marauder should not be be the inimigst marader should not be ban-ished from our dwelling any more quickly than should a cough or cold of any kind be driven from the system. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup quietly yet positively places all colds under its control. Price 25 cents.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashions of the Season

Bonners.—The bonners now being made are taken from nearly all periods, and include all shapes, from the baby bonnet to the broad, flaring brimmed hat. From this it will be seen that there is no particular fashion for hats. Every lady can wear what best suits her taste, or her purse, and is most becoming. Nearly all bonnets have broad ribbon tie strings; some are brocaded, mixed with gold or silver; others plain and flowered stripes; and still others of satin, striped with Persian figured silk. Birds and feathers are used in enormous quantities. Owls, parrots, pigeons and even the little sparrows are not discarded. The latter dye easily and make a very pretty trimming. Small feathers of the most common kind of fowl are purchased in great quantities, dyed brown, black or in bright colors, are sewed separately on large pieces of thin cloth, and made into elegant feather bonnets. A black cottage bonnet is made entirely of small black feathers studded with black beads, trimmed with a cluster of black tips and black lace embroidered with jets; broad striped tie strings of plain and brocaded satin. with a cluster of black tips and black lace embroidered with jets; broad striped tie strings of plain and brocaded satin. The crowns of many of the bounets are embroidered in variegated beads, jets and silk, in many fanciful sh pes and figures. Patterns for these embroidered crowns and fronts can be obtained, and ladies can easily make their own bon ladies can easily make their own bon-nets. The newest style is to have the strings at the top of the crown and fas-tened at the side with some such ornament such as a bird's head or an arrow of jet or steel. Face trimming is not used, all brims being simply lined with

plain or shirred satin or velvet. Many of them are edged with gold braid. CHILDREN'S GARMENTS .- Garments for children are becoming more and more simple. A paletot of stone-colored cashmere with a plaiting of silk in the back, the same shade, will serve both as a dress, and with the addition of a canton flannel underwaist as an outside wrap; it is made long, loose and com-fortable. Others of dark plaid material, gabrielle shape, with two narrow plait-ings at the bottom headed with narrow ribbon velvet. A pretty outside gar-ment for a child is made of light blue cashmere; the front loose and of square shape, over which are short cutaway shape, over which are short cutaway fronts. The back is a very long plain waist, to which the skirt is attached in kilt plaits, finished with a broad blue sash of light blue silk, raveled out at the ends. The fronts are trimmed with a mixed galloon, cream and gilt. The garment is double-breasted and fastened with large nearly white buttons.

addition of vests, cuffs and revers of brocaded silks in colors of old gold, blue polka dot, crimson and torquoise blue. n combination with such colors an old black silk can be made to look fresh and

trimmed dresses may be made quite stylish for evening by simply adding a fichu. These are made in various shapes and of different material. For lderly ladies there is the black net, embroidered with colored sick, vest shape, with ruffles of kilted Spanish lace in the inside, forming a square shaped neck. Many handsome ones are of the same shape, with white lisse and plaitings of Breton lace, one inside, the other re-lieved with loops of colored satin. More imple ones are made of India mull, cut in the shape of half a square, the ends extending to the belt, trimmed with two ows of Valenciennes.

STOCKINGS.—Stockings are profusely embroidered. Many ladies embroider their own, buying stockings of a solid color and embroidering them in differ-ent colors to match the dress. Much spare time can be very pleasantly em-ployed in this way. In fact, if young ladies will simply undertake to consult heir own tastes and gratify them with their own handiwork they will be surprised at the increasing pleasure this will afford and the economy it will stimulate .- New York Fashion Letter.

Beds should be cleaned, mattresses sunned and bed clothing aired. Win-ter clothing and blankets, which have been packed away for the summer, should be taken out, examined and wel aired. Where carpets have been on the floor all summer, thorough sweeping is all that is required to clean them. For this a carpet brush is better than a broom and a patent carpet sweeper than either. The carpet sweeper, however, will not go into the corners of the room and these must be cleaned with brush and dustpan. This troublsome corner brushing is obviated by the modern fashion of leaving a strip of stained floor around the edge of the carpet. Where the floors are covered with matting it is generally agreed to be wisest to leave the matting down and put the carpet over it. The matting keeps better on the floor than if taken up and stored away, and at the same time helps to preserve the carpet. Two thicknesses of paper should be laid between them. Newspapers will answer for this purpose, but common brown wrapping paper, such as grocers use, is still better. still better, on account of its absorbent qualities. When it is used the mat-ting will usually be found much cleaner the next spring after the carpet is taken up than when it was laid down. For cleaning matting, damp corn meal or wheat bran sprinkled over it and then wheat bran sprinkled over it and then swept off is excellent. Soap should never be used on matting, it yellows it badly. When the matting is so dirty as to require washing, salt water will be found much better for the purpose. Every one knows how iron castors on

furniture stain straw matting. There is nothing which will remove these stains without injury, but they may be prevented by placing tiny round mats of straw coarse crochet cotton under each roller. When depressions occur in the matting an extra thickness of paper must be put, in order to prevent the carpet from wearing off in that spot. The new patent tacks for matting, made in the form of small staples, are much better than the old style. When a breadth of matting is to be pierced turn both pieces

under for three or four inches and overseam together on the wrong side. I neatly done the join will be scarcely ap-

neatly done the join will be scarcely apparent.

Carpets which have been laid away during the summer should be closely examined for moths and well swept before putting down. Ingrain carpets may be neatly mended by slipping a patch under, taking care that the figures match, and pasting carpet and patch together with stiff flour paste.

Clothes which are to be laid away for the winter should be washed and roughdried, but not starched, since the starch

the winter should be washed and roughdried, but not starched, since the starch has a tendency not only to yellow white cloth, but to rot it as well. To preserve the color they should be slightly blued. Mice are apt to cut white clothes and calicoes when laid away in a closet to which they have access, especially if any starch is left in them. Grenadines, buntings and summer woolens which will not be needed in cold weather, should be packed in trunks with camphor to preserve them from moths, which, in a warm house, are frequently as active in winter as in summer. The English custom of laying sprigs of lavender, or dried rose leaves among linen is an exceedingly fine one.—Philadelphia Times.

The Story of the "Resolute."

Never before, says a New York paper, was there a vessel that had a more wondrous record than the old Arctic exploring ship Resolute, from the timbers of which a piece of furniture is to be made for Mrs. Henry Grinnell, of this city. Early in 1854 a court-martial sat at Sheerness, England, to inquire into the abandonment, on Sir Edward Belcher's Arctic expedition, of the Investigator, the Resolute and the Assistance. These vessels, with two others, had been sent forth to search for the lamented Franklin and his devoted companions, and their three captains, Belcher, Kellett and McClure, had been obliged to return, not only with no news of the missing explorer, but without bringing back their ships. The Resolute, a stalwart and powerful sailing-craft, had passed through many difficulties, The Story of the "Resolute." a stalwart and powerful salling-craft, had passed through many difficulties, when she was finally fastened in the floes of Melville sound, and believing that she could never get away again, Sir Edward gave orders reluctantly to abandon the ship. The crew made everything snug below and aloft; then, one May day, in 1854, bade adieu to their floating home, and returned safely with their fellows to England. One morning their fellows to Engiand. One morning of summer, off the Labrador coast, an American whater named Hartstein spied a bark-rigged ship, strangely silent, lying aground. He bordered her, and found aground. He bordered her, and found everything in perfect order; every brace trimmed, every rope coiled, with colors flying at the mizen peak, but not a soul on board. Presently he discovered that this was the Resolute. She had drifted for over 1,000 miles without starting a rope, from Melville island through Barrows straits, through Lancaster sound, round by Cape Liverpool, past Pond's bas, down Davis' straits, to the shoals of Labrador. The ice had melted, the floes had opened, currents had taken charge of her, and the lonely ship, with none but the forces of the sea for her none but the forces of the sea for her pilot, and only invisible hands on her wheel, had floated safely and soundly so long a course, until such time as this "seafaring man" made her out. He brought this abandoned British vessel into Boston harbor as sound as on the day when she started from England. Our government behaved nobly about the Resolute. We paid Hartstein his salvage out of the treasury. Then the Washington authorities set riggers and ship-painters to work upon her, tidied her up inside and outside, and then sent her across the Atlantic under an emi-nent officer, with the English flag at the main and the stars and stripes aft the compliments of "Uncle Sam" Britannie majesty. The people of Eng-

land were greatly pleased by this act of generosity on our part, and Queen Vic-toria went herself on board to receive from our officers her ship, for which she thanked them most sincerely. It is a pity that this old wanderer should have to be broken up; but it is eminently proper that some sort of a memento should come out of her timbers to the widow of the American gemtleman who, at great expense, searched so ofter for Sir John Franklin.

A Remarkable Suicide. Another remarkable suicide has taken place in Russia. A" Nihilist of wide prominence at Odessa and a former

student at the university, was recently arrested and thrown into a jail, where he suffered so much from the filthy state of his cell that he burnt himself to death rather than endure the torture any longer. Though he had been in the cell many months, it had not once been cleaned, and so vile were the odors given out by the accumulated refuse that he complained of suffocation, giddiness and fainting fits. He begged the keeper to clean the place or urge on his trial, but to no purpose. Still he implored for re-liel, and at last the governor of the jail, wearied with his appeals, ordered severe corporal punishment to be inflicted upon him and that his hands be tied behind his back with a stout rope. In that condition, and smarting from the blows he had received, he was left alone stretched out on the sloping boards. That constituted his only bed. He was able after a struggle to get into a sitting position, and there contrived with his teeth to bite a hole through the glass which contained the cil in a burning amp on a bracket above his head. The oil soon caught fire, and the prisoner allowed it to run down over his body, setting his clothes on fire. Without a setting his clothes on fire. Without a to die. Soon the odor of his burning flesh brought officers to his cell, now nesh brought omcers to his cent, how filled with black smoke and flames. Not a word did the prisoner utter, but fixed his eyes coldly on the keepers while they put out the fire. He assured the officers he should have been content to die on the scaffold for the sake of his opinions, but that the inhuman tortures of his cell he was unable longer to en-dure. His body at the surface had been entirely carbonized, but he lived three and a half hours after the flames were extinguished.

A Philadelphia firm appends the following notice to its advertisements: "N. B -Customers from the country, purchasing \$5 worth of goods from us will be furnished with dinner on stat-ing they saw this advertisement." This is a serious blow to the chromo business, as the country customer will not hesitate to choose ice-cream and pie in preference to chromos .- Foster.

Let everything be taken at its face value and men with cheeks of brass would not go for much,—Picayune.

In the Last Pew. She sits, bent o'er, with wrinkled face, Poor and forlornly old; no grace Smooths the sharp angles of her form, Long buffeted by lite's slow storm All else around is fine and fair; The stained light falls, a golden glare,

seeming mockery on her loose, gray hair The preacher, faultlessly arrayed, Tells how our hearts afar have strayed, And how all souls should be content With those good blessings God has sent. And one, of all that self-poised throng, Hangs on his words nor deems them long, and humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn, Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim; What can their gay world hold for her-This worn and weary worshiper? Now, rustling down the aisles in pride, They toss bright smiles on every side, Nor does she know the hurts such fair looks

And still she sits, with tear-wet face, As loath to leave that sacred place; The organ, with quick thunders riven, Litts her sad, trembling soul to heaven; 3 4 She feels a sense of blissful rest, Her bony hands across her breast She clasps, and lowly sighs: "God knoweth

One day, within some grander gate Where kings and ministers must wait, While she hopes humbly for low place Far from the dear Lord's shining face, Above the chant of heavenly choir These words may sound, with gracious fire: Well done, good, faithful servant, come up

-C. M. A. Winslow, 'n Good Company

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Griswold calls a sick man an ill-look-

ng feilow. There are more than 2,000 retail eigar stores in New York city.

The champion State for divorce suits

The matrimonial state.

Cincinnati has a new paper devoted to the interests of lame animals. Queen Victoria reads the great papers of London every day before noon. One touch of nature—When you ge your nose frost-bitten.—New York News

In the United States there is one newspaper in every 5,660 of the inhabit-One weekly newspaper in England has

reached the enormous circulation of more than 600,000. Vice is a monster of such hideous mien, he who adopts it must be monstrous green.—Buffalo Express.

Compositors are the most gentlemanly and self-contained of men. They never want a finger in the pi.—New York Mail. "I should like to see that gold mine," said Smythekins, as he watched them

counting quarter-eagles in the treasury.

-New York Mail. When he is twenty-one the boy is supposed to have outgrown the switch, but that is just the age when the girl begins

to need one .- New York Star. The man who knows just how s newspaper ought to be run is always ready to back up his convictions with capital-talk .- New York People. When treedom from her mountain height

Unturied her standard to the air, She saw a woman's hat—the sight Made freedom sneak away and sweare.

-Toronto Grandie A rural editor has lost faith in the luck of horseshoes. He nailed one over his door recently, and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven stops and a man called with a revolver to ask " who wrote that article?"-Meri

den Recorder. A workman on the railroad at Flor-ence, Italy, was run over and killed. His sweetheart laid herself on the track to die in the same manner, but the train only injured an arm, which was subse-quently amputated. Still determined on suicide, she tore of the bandage and bled

A conscientious, observing daily news-paper man has perhaps a better oppor-tunity for studying human nature than falls to the life of most any other profes-sional, for the reason, if for none other, that men expose their weaknesses in a newspaper office, whereas they would hide them in the presence of a lawyer, a physician or a clergyman .- Camden Post.

Young man, don't swear. Swearing never was good for a sore finger. It never cured the rheumatism nor helped draw a prize in a lottery. It isn't re-commended for liver complaint. It commended for liver complaint. It isn't sure against lightning, sewing machine agents, nor any of the ills which beset people through life. There is no occasion for swearing outside of a newspaper office, where it is useful in proof reading and indispensably necessary in getting forms to press. It has been getting forms to press. It has been known, also, to materially assist the editor in looking over the paper after it is printed. But, otherwise, it is a very foolish and wicked habit. - Washington Republic.

A Young Marksman's Feats. Captain Bogardus, champion glass

ball and nigeon shot, gave an exhibition at St. Paul, Minn. After the captain had finished, Eugene his fourteen-yearold son, took the stand, and for nearly half an hour held the audience in breathless attention. Eugene is a youthful prodigy, says the *Globe*. For one so young his feats have never been equaled. With his little rifle, resembling more a toy firearm than a death-dealing instrument, he astonished the lookers-on by breaking forty-seven out of fifty glass balls thrown into the air, besides many other odd and difficult feats. When Dr. Carver gave his exhibition at the fair grounds, last season, people looked upon them as remarkable and wonderupon them as remarkable and wonderful. But now comes a mere youth, who, almost with a toy rifle, does equally, if not more, difficult feats. Carver used a large rifle, of which Eugene's is but a minature copy. Eugene's shooting record yesterday is ahead of anyting Dr. Carver has done. Despite a strong wind, he not only showed himself able to break class balls, but to hit half dollars over glass balls, but to hit half dollars, quar-ters, marbles, nickels, and even three-cent-pieces. His quiet, impassive, retiring demeanor is also a matter of wo derment. Apparently unconscious of performing any extraordinary feat, le continues to load and fire his little piece, in no way elated at his success. Eugene is certainly a prodigy, and will, no doubt astonish the world with still more re-markable performances in his line.