

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. X.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

The Sifting of Peter.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told How Peter in the days of old Was sifted: And now, though ages intervene,

Sin is the same, while time and scene Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small, As wheat, to sift us, and we all Are tempted; Not one, however rich or great,

Is by his station or estate Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is But he, by some device of his, Can enter; No heart hath armor so complete

But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its center.

For all at last the cock will crow Who hear the warning voice, but go Unheediug;

Till thrice and more they have denied The Man of Sorrows, crucified And bleeding

One look of that pale, suffering face Will make us feel the deep disgrace

Of weakness; We shall be sifted till the strength Of self-conceit be changed at length To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache.

The reddening scars remain, and make Confersion; Lost innocence returns no more;

We are not what we were before Transgression

But noble souls, through dust and heat, kise from disaster and detent The stronger,

And conscience still of the divine Within them, lie on earth sopine No longer.

H. W. Longfellow, in Harper's Magazine.

The Romance of a Water-Co'or.

Pretty Marie Lawrence sat in the ele gantly furnished library, dividing her attentions between the book she had in one hand and the sprightly little kitten in her lap, which playfully toyed with the trimming on her dress, when her father entered, having returned from his office intent on getting the cream of the

day's news before dinner was served by a hasty scanning of the daily papers. "By the way, Maric," he said, rather absent-mindedly, as he settled into a large easy chair, "there's a little package on the table in the hall which the expressman left at the office to-day."

For me, did you say, pa? Why, I'm not expecting anything by express. The matter was quickly settled by

keeping the water-color without the acquaintance, by legitimate means, of its painter. Surely, Mr. Hart's letter was on its face honest in purpose, but there was no alternative; the rules of eti-quette must not be disregarded, or the lovely Marie might become connected with a vagabond adventurer

with a vagabond adventurer. Months passed, but the circumstance would not free itself from Marie's mind, that afternoon, and he would call at three for them. To be thus favored and her father and mother had spoken of it more than once. One day the mail brought a letter to

three for them. To be thus favored seemed to have a noticeable effect on the whole party, and it is almost need-less to say they were in readiness some minutes before the time appointed for the start. Marie gave several expres-sions of her enjoyment during her drive to the gallery, and by the time the build-ing was reached she was the happiest of the party. Miss Lawrence from Margery Lovejoy, a dear friend, who summered at the same rural town with her, and who, womanlike, pretended to be a regular correspondent; but it was only when she had some bit of news of a social na-ture to communicate that she ever the party. wrote.

An hour or more was spent in the de-partments of sculpture and drawing, and nearly an hour in the grand gallery where the paintings were exhibited. It was understood that this was but a fly-ing widt, then would also be to be the "Do you know, Marie," wrote Miss Lovejoy, "that I have found out the name and all about the young gentle-man with the fine, manly face and lovely physique who stopped at Dixon's up at Grosvenordale for a week last summer. You will remember him, and how we used to drive our heads almost crazy with wondering why he took such ing visit; they would give a day to each of the departments later in the season. It was getting late in the season. It was getting late in the afternoon when M. Meunier suggested that they should go to the water-color department - his favorite room, he expressed it. Marie was beginning to show signs of fotions but of some departicle the how we used to drive our heads almost crazy with wondering why he took such long walks every day, always carrying a porttolio under his arm. There is one thing which you will certainly remem-ber, and that is that you did nothing but rave over him, and when he caught fatigue, but of course she would oblige him.

After the pictures on one side of the room had been hurriedly examined, and the party finding they would be late for dinner unless they made haste, M. Meubut rave over him, and when he caught your eye one afternoon, as we passed him while out strolling, you declared that you knew you could love him with just a little urging. Well, I won't keep you in suspense any longer. A short time ago I went to New York to visit my aunt Julia, and one evening cousin Tom took me to the theater, where almost the first face I noticed was that of our - or your - admiration of last

nier proposed to cross to the opposite side to see a famous picture, and then they would depart. "Why, what is the matter with Marief See, she is ill!" came the quick words from Mrs. Lovejoy, who was the first to notice her blanched face as she tood like a monument with are sized of our — or your — admiration of last summer. After making sure that there was no mistake, I asked Tom if he knew stood like a monument with eyes riveted on the picture which their escort had taken them to see—the picture of a country mill with its pond at the side and a single arched bridge spanning the stream as it crossed the roadway as if in a burn to get a way from the scheme burget who the young gentleman was, point-ing him out in an unobserved way with my fan, and he said it was young Hart -Jerome Hart, he believed-and that stream as it crossed the roadway as if in a hurry to get away from the pondereus wheel which but a moment before had made use of it. Marie would have failen to the floor had not the two gentlemen made haste in supporting her. A few minutes later she was assisted to the carriage, and the driver was told to be no time in medium the base hold. he was the young man whose watercolor paintings were exciting the ad-miration of every one who saw them, artists and connoisscurs alike. When my cousin saw that my interest was not mere curiosity he told me that Mr. Hart was received everywhere, not be-cause he was a power of weath e-

was a person of wealth or cause he was a person of wealth or family, but because he was a person of rare refinement and marked genius. Everybody said that his fame would be world-wide in a few years." Marie could not deny that she had thought of the young gentleman daily since her country sojourn—so much so, in fact, that she fancied that her heart had becomed steeled against any one else, although the subject of her grow-ing affection was unknown by name. to lose no time in reaching the hotel, a mile distant. On the way Mrs. Ostrander came out of her swoon sufficiently to realize that her friends were deeply disressed about her.

"It was only a sudden attack of a heart trouble, something she was subect to," she said. She was taken to her apartment im-mediately on arriving at the hotel, and her friends who had accompanied her up-stairs, fearing that she was going to to be seriously ill, were told to have no alarm. "No, it was unnecessary to call a physician." she said. Mrs. Levejoy remained with her until midnight, when her partient fall into a sound alore. else, although the subject of her grow-ing affection was unknown by name. When she read the name her heart gave a jump. Yes, it was the same person who sent her the picture a few months previous. To think that it was the one whose image was so impressed upon her

ther patient fell into a sound sleep. The next morning Marie was a triffe late at breakfast, and when she came For days her brain was in a whirl, and her agony was intense. "Oh!" cried she, "why were we so hasty in deciding to return Mr. Hart's down it was noticed that her face which had begun to have some color in it, was still quite pale, but she appeared quite cheerful, and inquired after their friend, picture and letter? He is gone from me forever. I shall never know him." out made no allusion to the occurrence She kept her grief to herself, not carof the day before.

ing to tell her parents, and tried hard to hide her sorrow, and to appear in her accustomed joyous spirit; but it was of Early that afternoon he called to in-quire after the health of Mrs. Ostrander, and she went alone to their private re-ception room to see him, her com-

Conveniently removed from Paris, in a suburban district, is now a charming villa, where Jerome Hart, justly called the greatest water-color artist in the world, and his wife live the happiest of mortals. In the richly furnished draw-ing-room of the house hangs a picture of the old mill, but not the one from the royal academy. It is a smaller one, and Marie Hart thinks she likes it better.

Deafness in Children.

The ear is subject to affections that im-

The ear is subject to affections that im-pair its functions at the earliest period of life; indeed, it is frequently found to be defective at birth. Children are ex-posed to influences from which they sel-dom entirely escape without more or less aural disease. Such are the conse-quences of colds, which, when of long continuance, are productive of enlarge tonsils, chronic catarrh of the mouth throat and nose, the resulting symiathetic deafness in some instances being so great that instruction is impossible

and the child is unable to learn to talk. It is then a deaf mute. The fact should not be lost sight of that at this early period of existence the

function of hearing is crude, and re-quires gradual cultivation for its devel-opment, and that any deafness should be promptly met. Thus the hearing of children ought to be often tested, and although accurate results may be diffi-cult of obtainment, the knowledge gained is advantageous.

Should an infant escape all other causes of aural disease it encounters causes of aural disease it encounters at the seventh month a physiological process in development that is frequent-ly the source of great irritation in the mouth, and of sympathetic irritation in the ears. I refer to the cutting of the teeth, which usually begins at this age. That this period is fraught with special danger to the organ of beaving is well. danger to the organ of hearing is well recognized by both mothers and nurses, who have long considered teething as in some way connected with enrache. Every one of the first twenty teeth in perforating the gum is liable to be thus heralded. Fortunate, therefore, is the infant who has passed its second year, the period at which first dentition is concluded, without having experienced aural irritation.

These first teeth, however, are subiect to premature decay, as well as a natural absorption of their roots, before the second dentition begins. From this cause sympathetic aural trouble often

About the sixth year, as stated, the second or permanent teeth begin to make their appearance, and at the thirteenth year they have all been cut, with the exception of the wisdom teeth. These second teeth are promoters of even more disturbance in the ears than the first; the earaches and discharges are more persisten', the complications in general more grave. Subsequent to this period there is a cessation of den-tal irritation, although established dis-

eried establishment drew up in front of their stopping place, and a minute later the three Americans were in high glee, for their benefactor had brought the in-formation that the szion would be thrown open on the morrow, but through the kindness of a friend, a member of the academy, he had obtained permission to take his friends there on that afternoon, and he would call at three for them. To be thus favored H. M. Stanley brought home from Africa the skulls of two animals called "sokos," which had been eaten by an affable chief with whom he hobnobbed one day, and Prof. Huxley at once pronounced them to be human. But Central America has now come forward the owner goes over them and butchers them miserably. The rough wounds inflicted do not heal, but rot begins, and in a short time the trees are useless, if with the susmetu, and so far as sub-scriptions go at present this animal would appear to come as near ourselves as the soko, for the other natives of its in a short time the trees are useless, if not dead. How rare is it to come across a good-looking old orchard, ven-erable with age, but yet trim, neat and sound in limb and trunk. Fruit trees exist in Europe that are historical in their age, and in this country there are trees from which the old Indian tribes cathered fruit before they were arounded forests whom we call men and women call the susmetu human.

When Washington was on his way to Red Bank just 100 years ago he sleptone night at Chew's Landing, a village which is also in New Jersey. Next morning he was surprised to find that half the inhabitants had formed them-selves into a delegation to ask of him a contribution toward. a none Enjegonal gathered fruit before they were crowded from the banks of the beautiful Delaware. But now, an orchard thirty years old is a ruin, and unless trees are planted every few years, a farmer must buy his fruit. Much of this is due to the rough pruning the trees undergo, and more to the continual cropping of the contribution toward a new Episcopal church. He not only gave the contri-bution but signed the church book, and so did Carroll of Carrollton. The book has been religiously preserved in the orchards. Perhaps something of it is owing to the root grafting which does vestry, and every governor of New Jernot seem to produce long-lived tr.es, sey has for many years given something to keep the building in order. Now, top-grafted trees seeming to be more vigorous than others. But had pruning however, it is to be torn down and a commonplace brick church erected. has much to answer for. One cannot prune by system. Each tree must be studied separately and in regard to some definite principles. For instance, prun-ing is intended to relieve the tree of use-

TIMELY TOPICS.

The German minister at Washington has recently inquired, on behalt of his government, for exact information as to Ing is intended to relieve the tree of use-less or superabundant wood; to take away less important branches that crowd and press upon others; to reduce the quantity of bearing wood, and so preserve the vitality and balance of the tree; lastly, to remove disfigured, blighted and diseased wood. Now, with these rules in mind, let one ex-amine carefully each tree before he cuts away a twig, and note where and what the process by which the signal service bureau so promptly collects at the war department the meteorological reports from all parts of the United States-an —and so rapidly drafts and publishes them upon the printed daily weather map. This is a high compliment to "old probabilities" and his staff. It is understood that Germany proposes to take a step forward in meteorological away a twig, and note where and what he should cut away, and then mind how he cuts. No axe should be used about a tree except to cut it down when it cumobservations; and all the assistance at the hands of the war department has been cheerfully given.

tree except to cut it down when it cum-bers the ground. A sharp, fine-toothed, long, narrow-bladed saw is the proper pruning implement. A sharp knife with a curving blade that makes a draw-cut, and a pot of shellae varnish should go with the saw. Everything that is re-moved should be cut close to the main moved should be cut close to the main Some remarkable statements were made by a prominent physician before the class of the college of physicians and surgeons at Buffalo the other day. He announced that one-fifth of all manwood, trimmed smoothly with the knife, and the wound covered with the var-nish. The varnish is shellac dissolved kind die of consumption alone, and one-third of all from the rayages of tuberin akohol. This leaves a water and air proof covering over the ground. The work may be begun now and continued as opportunity offers. There need then be no hurry. Young trees should be cles upon the bodily organs, including the lungs. Comparing this mortality with that from yellow fever during the epidemic of 1878, he said that it "would require 450 years of such epidemics of yellow fever to equal the devastation put in training now for future pruning. Three or four main limbs only should be left, so as to balance the head. All in-growing shoots should be removed wrought by consumption in a single generation in this country alone, and close to the main branch, so that no bud is left to sprout. Each main side limb may tork into two or three sub-branches, spreading fan-like around the central limb, if there is one. The sub-750 years of such work to equal the mor-tality caused by tubercles in one genera-tion in this country." These state-ments are appalling, but they are made by a man who has devoted the study of branches should be encouraged to start a life-time to the subject.

low, so that a low, round, compact, spreading head may be produced. Much may be done in forming the head by tying down or hanging weights upon limbs that are inclined to wander from Dr.Willard Parker, an eminent physi-cian and surgeon of New York, regards our system of caring for the insanc as the way they should go, so that when they are old they will not depart from it. "As the tree is bent the tree is inradically wrong. The institutions are too large. Too much care and responsiclined," and a piece of hemp twist will soon bring a crooked young tree into a bility are placed upon one man. It is a physical impossibility for him to conregular and handsome form.

New

selves with propriety.

A Valuable Discovery.

sult the peculiarities of each of several hundred natients whose cases differ entirely from one another. Each case should be distinctly studied. He has,

Kisses. Little child, when twilight shadows

NO. 1.

Close the western gates of gold, Then those loving arms of mother's Tenderly about thee fold. Over lip, and cheek, and torehead, Like a shower caresses tall; For a mother's kiss at twilight Is the sweetest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway, Shy, sweet face and downcast eyes, Two white, trembling hands imprisoned, How the golden moment flies! Lips that softly press thy forehead, All the rosy blushes call; For a lover's kiss at twilight Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband, More than half a lover yet-For those sunny hours of wooing Are too sweet to soon forget-On thy smiling lips uplitted, Full of love his kisses fall, For a husband's kiss at parting Is the dearest kiss of all.

Weary mother, little children With their dimpled hands so fair, Passing over cheek and forehead, Soothe away all pain and care. Lead your doubting heart to heaven,

Where no dreary shadows fall, For the kiss of sinless childhood Is the purest kiss of all.

-Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in Free Press.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Jefferson Davis is seventy-two years old.

" Before the war "-Courting .- Philadelphia Item.

A woodcutter never fells a tree against ts will. He always axes it first. Flattery is like cologne water, to be

sniffed at, not swallowed.--Boston Traveller.

The man who got hurt by stopping suddenly said it was the result of his bringing up.

Parnell has about \$500,000 in Irish real estate and \$150,000 in American securities.

Stanley has begun the ascent of the Congo, well armed and equipped with all kinds of provisions and boats.

What part of the wheel makes the most noise? Why, the spokes, man, of course.—Detroit Free Press. No; the hub, bub.—Boston Post.

The telephone is only about two years old, but some of the jokes about it sound as though they were ragged when the pyramids were young. - Burlington Hawkeye.

Ex-Governor Shepherd of Washington has a silver mine at Chihuahua, Mexico, that yields \$3,000,000 a year with no apparatus except the old time arastras and mule.

Mark Twain has furnished parents with a valuable recipe for bringing up boys: "Take 'em by the hair of the hair," he says, " and you're pretty sure to raise 'em ". to raise 'em

"Stony Batter," the little log house

Marie going into the hall and returning thick and perhaps a foot by a foot and a half square. There could be no mistake about it, for there were the name and address as plain as could be. The small red label showed that it had come from New York,

'I don't see what it is or whom it is from," she said, as she laid it down to go in pursuit of something with which to cut the binding cord and wrapper.

A moment later she held at arms' ler gth a little landscape done in watercolors and enclosed in an artistic gold-leaf frame.

She was not long in recognizing the locality, however, from which it was sketched, for it was perfectly fami iar to her, being the old mill in the town where she spent a portion of every summer. Yes, there was the pond stretch-ing back till it was lost in the distance; and the little stream as it crossed the roadway under the single-arched stone bridge seemed true to nature. How often had she visited that old mill,made dear to her perhaps by girlhood's memories!

But who was the artist that had

Sure enough, among her long list of acquaintances there was not a single artist.

In the lower right-hand corner there was a cipher which had escaped her scrutiny, and which on closer examina- disease seemed to baffle the skill of his tion took the form of "J. H."

Mr. Lawrence regarded the picture for a minute, and as he handed it back to his daughter he said that whoever he author of it was he was far from being a novice, for such blending of light and shade was rarely seen.

The remainder of the household were taken into the library after dinner to ook at the picture, and many were the utterances in admiration of it, and many were the surmises as to why it had been so unexpectedly sent to Marie. The mother said that probably it would be explained in good time. And sure enough, for the next morning's mail brought a letter for Miss Lawrence which partially cleared up he mystery.

" And so Jerome Hart is a : artist and strives to enter into corr. pondence with me, does he!" and Marie stamped her pretty foot in an impetuous manner and threw the letter to her mott cr.

Mrs. Lawrence read it slowly, ind as she returned it to the envelope she asked her daughter if she had any idea who Mr. Hart was.

"Not the faintest, only that the letter says he is an artist and has his studio at No. 155 - street, New York," came the response, "and he must be as poor in judgment as such people generally are in pocket to send me a picture one day, followed by a letter on the next, saying that he has had a desire for some time to know me, and trusts that I will keep the sketch, which of course means to start a correspondence with the fellow by writing a note of acceptance," she continued, showing her displeasure as much in her expression as in her speech. "To be sure," Mrs. Lawrence said.

"it was a peculiar way of seeking an acquaintanceship which must of course follow should the picture be kept," and she quickly decided that it must be re-turned. So the next express to New York bore the package which had created the admiration and at last the the displeasure of the family. A letter written by Mrs. Lawrence was placed within the package, in which she briefly but concisely stated that she could not

no use; she could never forget the young with a package about an inch and a half artist, and could never forgive herself or her mother for their haste in giving propriety its proper accord.

heart.

Four years later Marie, at the age of twenty-two, found herself the wife of a moderately well-to-do country physician. She had married Dr. Ostrander, not so much that she had any love for him, but that it was the desire of her father, who had from an early period doted on the union of the Ostrander and Lawrence families, the doctor's father having been a college chum of Mr. Lawrence, and they had become more and more attached after leaving college, their homes being favorably situated for such friend-

ship. Six months before her betrothai all the New York dailies and journals de voted to art had contained lengthy notices of the departure of Jerome Hart for Europe, where he had gone to reside in furtherance of his profession, and where his ability would be accorded the attention it so richly deserved.

Marie made the physician a good wife considering her regard for him ceased with admiration, and they were con-But who was the artist that had painted it, and why had it been sent to her? But who was the artist that had her? But who was the artist that had some property during the three years he had been there, having wedded Marie

a year after entering into the active duties of his profession. It was with tender hands that she nursed him durattendants, and just as the sun was sinking in the west on a sultry August afternoon his soul took flight to the bet-

ter world, and Marie was a widow. A few months were spent in the set. tiement of the estate, and when a pur-chaser for the little house had been

found, Mrs. Ostrander, not caring to retain it, returned to her old home Even the luxuriant abiding place of her youth seemed to have lost its charms, and she daily grew paler, until, by the advice of her physician, her parents and friends, she decided to take a foreign trip, in hopes that a change of climate and scene would rally her to her old self.

So in the early spring it was decided that she should go abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, who were to spend a year and a half in travel.

The little party spent a month in visit-ing places of interest in England and Scotland, and then went to Norway and Sweden; and it was not till the winter season that they arrived in Paris, at that time being in its gayest attire. Mrs. Ostrander gained considerable, and the last letter from Mrs. Lovejoy to Margery said that they had great hopes of bringing her around to the bright

and robust woman that they had so wished for.

Among the few Parisians whom Mr. Lovejoy had letters of introduction to was M. Meunier, an exceedingly refined gentleman and a pleasant acquaint-ance. Several times he had told them of the royal academy exhibition, and explained to them that it was there that the best artists of all Europe entered their productions for prize competition, and so great was the strife that whoever was fortunate enough to take even a second or third prize his star was asa second or third prize his star was as-cending to the zenith of notoriety, and when a first prize was awarded an artist it gave him rank with the leaders of the various de-partments. M. Meunier bad promised to take them to the sufference the to take them to the gallery on the very first opportunity when others than members of the society were admitted. for a moment think of her daughter At last, on a pleasant afternoon, his liv-

panions being absent on a shopping trip He was delighted to find her able to see him, and hoped she had fully re-

covered. Had he kept them too long at the neademy? Mrs. Ostrander assured him that such

was not the case, and when asked if she enjoyed the visit, aside from her illness, she replied that until they went to the water-color department it had been very pleasant. She then, in answer to a second interrogation, told him that the sight of the picture of the oid mill brought up an unpleasant remembrance which, she was frank to say, was in a measure the cause of her fainting.

"How peculiar," said he, "that that picture of all should tend to make one On the contrary that was the most 111. noted work of art in the entire collection. Why," he continued, "that is the masterpiece of Hart, the eminent watercolor artist, who was taking all Europe by storm by his brush. It had taken the grand prize, and its value in itself was a fortune. Had she never heard of was a fortune. Had she never heard of Jerome Hart? He was an American,

he believed." "I have heard of him," she replied faintly, and then she asked to be ex-cused as she was afraid that she was going to have a headache, and Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy coming in at that moment relieved the gentleman of embarrassment " Is it destiny?" Marie murmured, as

she threw herself upon the sofa in her room, and gave way to the tears which she had kept from the gaze of Mr. Meunier during a part of their short in-terview by only the greatest exertion. She took her tea and breakfast with-

out going down, and when Mrs. Loveoy came to her room for the third or fourth time she was assured that it was only a headache, and that she would be down in time for lunch at noon.

That afternoon she thought she did not feel well enough to go out with Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, and consequently they started alone.

As soon as they had departed Marie hastened to her room and dressed for going out, and in less than a half hour she entered a cab, which was in waiting for her, having been ordered by one of the hotel attendants, and drove off alone, going direct to the academy

She crowded her way through the immense throng until she stood before the picture of the old mill. Yes, there was the same cipher before her that she had seen six years before. To be sure it was not the same picture, but the same scene in larger form and more minute in detail and finish; but it was

the same to her. As she stood there it had another intent admirer, she thought, although the surging column of people at her back made general expressions of comment

as they passed it. It was a gentleman, she could see without raising her eyes, and when she did look up she found that his gaze was not directed on the pieture

but at her. "At last!" were the only words he spoke, as he grasped both her hands in

Mrs. Ostrander had an escort on her homeward ride, and before he had left the hotel it had all been explained. How he had seen her at the little village of Grosvenordale, and from the time he had caught her glance when passing her on the way back to his boarding place, from a short sketching trip, he had a

longing for her acquaintance, and had finished up the very sketch of that day, and learning her name and address from the Dixons before his departure the

charges from the ears are liable to con tinue on indefinitely.

The toregoing remarks will serve to draw attention to the liability existing

n youth to frequently recurring attacks of earache, each one of which leaves the ously greased conductive mechanism in a worse condition than before, repeated invasions finally leaving behind irreparable in-In these cases, even when com jury. paratively unimportant as respects early obtained, for the longer they are neglected the less amenable to treat-

ment they become. Certain diseases of childhood very frequently affect the ears; such are scarlet fever, mensles, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, whooping-cough, and mumps. During the attacks of these diseases, and even when conval-escence has been established, although escence may be absolute output of the second carache may be absent, occasional ex-aminations of the cars should be made, in order that, if affected, they may re-ceive early attention. Deafness is usually an early symptom of most aural affections; but, on the contrary, in some nstances very considerable impairment of the drum cavity and its contained

mechanism exists without any perceptible impairment of hearing. It is believed that a very small per centage of the adult population possess normal hearing, which fact greatly de-pends on the neglect in childhood to which allusion has above been made .-Dr. Samuel Sexton, in Harper.

A Puzzled Minister.

An old gentleman from the East, of clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver South in ante-railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not reassured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked for what

they were. "Perhaps you'll find out before you git to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out this person, taking out a large flask, asked : "Stranger, do you irrigate?"

" If you mean drink, sir, I do not.

"Do you object, stranger, to our irri-gating?" "No, sir." And they drank accord-

ingly. Alter a further distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked: "Stranger, do you fumigate?" asked sir. I do not." 'If you mean smoke, sir. I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?" "No, sir." And they proceeded to

At the dining place, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprie-tor said: "Your bill's paid." "Who paid it?"

"That man"-pointing to the supposed highwayman, who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied : Not at all. You see, when we saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumiate, we knew that you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.—Harper's "Drawer."

Thirty-lour years of constantly-increa use have established a reputation for Dr. Boil's Cough Syrup second to no similar pre-paration. It relieves instantly and cures all coughs, colds, etc.

Recipes.

SHAPE CAKES,-Beat the yolks of four eggs and then the whites to a froth. Then add a quart of flour and a quart of milk. To be baked in small shape tins previ-

SANDERS OF COLD BEEF .- Mince bee (or mution or veal) small, with pepper and salt; add a little gravy. Put it into scallop shells, or a baking dish, with mashed potatoes and cream. Put a bit pain, competent advice cannot be too of butter on the top, and brown them in an oven.

> OMELET -A dish made according to the recipe given below is called by the Poultry Yard an omelet: Three pounds of beef, chopped fine; three eggs, beaten together; six crackers, rolled fine; one ought to be. tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of melted butter, sage to the taste, mix well and make like a loaf of bread; put a little water and bits of butter into the pan; invert another pan over it; baste the omelet occasionally; bake an hour and a quarter, and when cold slice very thin. PUDDING .- One quart milk, four eggs one cup bread crumbs, one-half cup jam, one-half cup sugar. Butter a pud-ding-dish; sprinkle the bottom with bread-crumbs; pour over these one hal cup jam; cover this with the rest of the crumbs. Heat the milk till near boilcrumbs. ing, take it from the fire and add gradually the beaten yolks, whites and sugar; heat this until it begins to thicken; put it spoonful by spoonful upon the layer of crumbs. Bake until well set and

brown. Eat cold with cream.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES .- The best buck wheat cakes are made with an addition of cornmeal flour and oatmeal flour to the buckwheat, in this proportion : Six cupfuls of buckwheat, three cupfuls of oatmeal flour, or if this cannot be obtained, substitute Graham flour in its place, and one cupful of cornmeal flour;

to this add a dessert spoon evenly filled with salt, two taolespoonfuls of molasses, and lukewarm water sufficient to a batter; stir through the flour well four teaspoonfuls of baking powder before wetting; but these cakes are acted upon this principle, for she hermuch better raised over night with self used to take a club to all who came to the bakery and didn't conduct themyeast.

Household Hints.

Tea leaves, used for keeping down the dust when sweeping carpets, are apt to stain light colors; salt is the best in the winter and new mown hay in the summer.

Buttermilk is excellent for cleanin sponges. Steep the sponge in the milk for some hours, then squeeze it out and wash it in cold water. Lemon juice is also good.

For the earache, toast an onion thoroughly, take the heart out, put it into a piece of flannel and insert it into the ear, having previously put a few drops of hot water into the ear.

For soft corns dip a piece of linen cloth in turpentine and wrap it round the toe on which the corn is situated, night and morning. The relief will be immediate, and, after a few days, the corn will disappear.

The white of an egg, into which piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a jelly is a capital remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain upon a piece of lint and be changed as often as t becomes dry.

The vice-president of the New York elevated railway states that the company employs 25,000 men, and there are nesded vosit of borax in Teel's marsh rep 2,000 applications for the first vacancy. duces itself every two or three years.

Buchanan was born, is still standing. "The Latin school "which he attended s also intact besides, to superintend and manage the institution and the grounds, to be firmer, treasurer, etc. "As well ex-pect the captain of one of our large France has just been able, ten years after the event, to figure up the cost to her of the Franco-German war. It was steamers to act also as stoker and ccok." The buildings are too magnificent. They should be inexpensive, so that \$3.000,000,000, aside from losses to com-

merce and industry. The San Francisco public library has when the wards become saturated with put in electric lights in place of gas. The monthly bill is reduced from \$256 to disease they may be destroyed and others erected. Some occupation should \$90 and the lights burn till midnight, be provided adapted to the patients while the gas used to be shut off at 9:30. conditions. Dr. Parker maintains that insanity is not diminishing in this According to the Philadelphia Record, by carclessly forgetting that he invented country, as under proper treatment it the telephone a month ahead of Bell or

Gray, Edison failed to secure a patent for a device which to-day would be worth \$15,000,000.

Minnie Karell's fight with a burglar "There's something about your daughter," Mr. Waughop said, reflec-tively, "there's something about your daughter-" "Yes," said old Mr. Tais-tlepod, "there is. I had noticed it myin her room deserves to be immortalized She is a slight girl only eighteen years of age, and tends her father's bakery in York. She was awakened at an early hour in the morning by a man self. It comes every evening about eight o'clock, and it doesn't get away standing over her bed, and was told by the burglar that if she screamed he would kill her. Nothing daunted Minusually till about two o'clock. usually till about two o'clock. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the nie screamed and at once struck the burglar in the face with all her might. Quite a tussle now ensued, the burglar side gate and see what there is in it." trying to escape from Minnie's grasp, and she trying to hold him until her father and the workmen from below could come to her assistance. But the robber broke away from her and made

One Hundred and Eighteen Years Old.

A Washington correspondent writes: Washington now claims, besides other things, to have the oldest man in America as one of its residents. The his exit from a window, not, however, until Minnie had recognized him as John oldest man is a colored man, Shadrach Nugent by name, a Mary lander by birth, Oates, a resident of the next block When the police came they found Min-nie's bureau ransacked and all her best but for over sixty years a resident of Washington. He claims to have been born about 1762, and that he is now over 118 years old. Many of them in this clothes gone; but fortunately they met a man named Rogers in the street carrying a bundle of female wearing appare and arrested him. The clothing proved to be Minnie's. They next went in search of Oates and found him at a wake section at least claim to have been at times servants of George Washington. Nugent makes no such claim, though he says he often saw George Washington, next door to the bakery, coolly smoking his pipe and condoling with the be-reaved family. Minnie gets her heroism and that he has shaken hands with every President that this country has had from Washington down. Whether he is 11 from her mother, who is dead. She used to tell Minnie always to fight when she got in trouble; and the old lady years old or not is not known to any-thing like a certainty, but he has docu-ments from many of the oldest and best known citizens certifying that they had known him from forty to sixty years. The gentleman who says he has known Nugent for sixty years says he was at least forty years of age when he came to this city, and that he may have been much older. This gentleman's letter was Some five or six years ago a young man was traversing the mountains, can-ons and valleys of Esmeralda county, Nev., prospecting for gold and silver. As written several years ago, which makes the proof tolerably clear that he is over 100 years. He drove a cart for the father of the Hon. W. W. Corcoran, our philhe looked down on the valley of Teel's marsh he saw a vast bed of white sand or something like it, and was temp ed anthropist and banker, when Mr. Corcoran, the father, was but a young man This is important in view of the fact that W. W. Corcoran recently cele-brated his eighty-second birthday. He has records of his birth and other papers to descend and examine it. He found the place to be a dry lagoon, five miles in length, and about half as wide; and what he had taken for sand proved to be a soft clay like deposit, in which he referring to the same in identally, which have been copied from the court records sank ankle deep as he cautiously walked over it. Filling his pockets with the curious stuff, he mounted his horse at Frederick, Md , showing undoubtedly that he is nearly that age. He" fit into" the revolutionary war as a body servant of Licutenant Groff, who commanded an independent artillery company which was organized about Frederick. In 1812 he saw the public buildings in this city burned by the British, though he, like again, and rode to his home in Columbus. There an assayer pronounced the contents of his pockets the finest samples of crude borax he had ever seen. The astonished prospector—one of the large family of Smiths—lost no time in making formal claim to this find; and that obtained, he and his brother went many others, viewed the burning from a point in the adjoining woods, several miles distant. He is yet able to walk to work with tanks, boilers, crystal-izers and all necessary appliances, and are at the present writing, as the mas-ters of an immense establishment, driv-ing a very profitable trade, one likely to be as content of the sight of his left eye, he strongest hold. His health, as a rule, is good and always has been. His teeth be as permanent as possible, since the de-rosit of borax in Teel's marsh reproare as sound as they ever were, while his hair is now as straight as a white man's and snow white, but very thin.