

THE LANCET

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. X.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880.

NO. 3.

Two Lovers.

I love my lover; on the heights above me
He looks my poor attainments with a frown;
I, looking up as he is looking down,
By his displeasure guess he still doth love me;
For his ambitious love would ever prove me
More excellent than I as yet am shown;
So straining for some good ungrasped, unknown,
I vainly would become his image of me,
And, reaching through the dreadful gulf that lies
Between our souls, I strive with darkness night and days
Till my perfected work toward him I raise,
Who laughs thereat and seems me more than over;
Yet his upbraidings be beyond all praise.
This lover that I love I call Enderwae.

I have another lover loving me,
Himself beloved of all men, fair and true.
He would not have me change although I grew
Perfect as light, because more tenderly
He loves myself than loves what I might be;
Low at my feet he hangs the winter through,
And never won I love to hear him moan,
For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
To my bare life a fruitful-flooding in a sea,
His voice like April airs that in my ear
Wake sap in trees that slept since autumn's weep;
His words are all caresses, and his smile
The relic of some Eden ravishment;
And he that loves me so I call Enderwae.

—Mary F. Robinson.

MUSK AND PENNYROYAL.

Miss Margaret Willis slapped her maid in the face one morning as the girl was dressing her hair. "How often must I tell you not to draw the hair so tightly back from my forehead!" she said, frowning. "You must be quite loose, though, firmly held. You make me a fright!"

It was a soft hand, yet it could give a stinging blow, as Agnes had learned during the last few weeks, for such blows were given her up to her forehead, Miss Willis, who till lately had been the sweetest of mistresses. She said nothing, however, but made haste to loosen the brown hair over that snowy forehead till Margaret's sharp "Cos!" told her that the right point had been reached.

Miss Willis was already dressed, for she had adopted the custom of the Empress Eugenie of having her hair arranged last. When it was finished she rose, letting slip the large cambric mantle that covered her, and went to take a careful survey of herself in a long mirror that stood between the two windows. The result could not have been other than pleasing. She wore a long tunic of lace and muslin in stripes over a lavender silk, and rose-colored bows on the half-open sleeves and under her lovely chin.

"Non comale," she owned, and, drawing toward her a vase of large pink-and-white fuchsias, she fastened a bunch of them in the braid that surrounded her head like a coronet, and, taking the pearl rings from her ears, hung fuchsias in their places.

"I am going for a walk below the belvedere," she said then to her maid. "Say nothing about it to any one, and keep people away if you can. If any of those dreadful tourists come here to see the grounds, the gardener to come to the terrace and whistle."

Miss Willis went down the grand stairs. Not a soul was in sight. At this hour—it had just struck eleven from the clock in the grand fountain—all the ladies and gentlemen in the villa except, perhaps, the master of it, the Marquis of San Giorgio, were in their rooms, and would leave them only at the sound of the breakfast bell, which rang precisely at noon. If the marquis was out, he was at the belvedere, in the very farthest corner of the villa. He almost invariably devoted the hour or two before breakfast to his correspondence.

Following a little path that wound among the shrubs and trees, Margaret descended to the level, where, from the windows above, she might have showed like a large flower in the midst of the like green. She did not wish to be seen from the windows, however, but to escape all observation for a time, she hid herself in a bush.

Here was her position. She was a young, beautiful and accomplished New England girl, rich for her native city, but not rich for one of the grand cities either of the old or the new world. A wealthy and ambitious aunt who had spent the greater part of her life in Europe, had brought her here, intending to find a great match for her. Margaret had gladly come abroad, but had not committed herself to the matrimonial scheme—had, indeed, been very cool about the candidate who immediately presented himself. The marquis was agreeable, elegant, rich and of very high lineage, and he was not very old. She had no serious objection to make, but she had not yet been able to consent, though daily urged by her aunt and by the lover himself. She could say neither yes nor no. She was too indifferent to accept, and the proposition was too brilliant to refuse. She had seen enough of society in London, Paris and Rome to be weary of taking a subordinate place. With a coronet in her golden brown hair she could become a social power. Her bright, disdainful eyes had searched out all the wheels and cranks of the social machine, and with time and familiarity disdain was rapidly losing itself in ambition. It was a game, and a brilliant and exciting one it seemed to her. She was beginning to find that her beauty was a weapon to use, not merely a pretty flower. It might procure her other advantages besides a coronet.

But just as her imagination was about taking fire and she thought: "I will carry in a half-open rose and give it to him before them all, and give him a smile with it which he shall understand," some other second thought set aside her half-formed decision.

Walking thus pre-occupied, almost tormented, she became conscious presently of some sensible touch that reached her heart, yet so delicately that she was not aware of what sense it en-

tered. It persisted softly, withdrawing for an instant to make its presence more clearly felt on returning, and at every return the emotion it caused became perceptible.

Her attention at length arrested by this soft importunity, Margaret Willis paused and looked around to see what it was that had set her heart murmuring inarticulately like a mother over the cradle of her sleeping child. It was no sight or sound, though the birds were singing their noon lullabies.

It was a perfume, strong, penetrating and familiar—how more familiar than anything else there even while unrecognized! She stood and breathed it in a moment, then bent and looked searching in the grass. It was a gay with flowers of every hue, and set thickly among them, and looking over their heads, were stalks of pennyroyal, the dear old New England herb, studied all along the branching stems with tiny blue blossoms.

Picture after picture started up. The large, old-fashioned mansion house, with its pleasant verandas, its fields and gardens, and woods, appeared, all its twittering swallows circling round; the bubbling spring bubbling up under a birch tree in the field; the well, with its curb, pole and bucket, mossy and dank, in the midst of the chip-straw back-yard; the shining tin milk can drying on a sunny bench outside the back door; lace curtains waving in the drawing room windows, and transparent muslin curtains fluttering and puffing out from the chambers above. A blue smoke curled up from the chimney of the kitchen, where the floor was so white, and the bird's-eye maple in the dining room turned back on hinges and left a great chair full of all ironing daisies. The clock in the hall struck twelve over an intervening hill, and the primeval forest hung dark as a thundercloud close at the other hand. It was the best of the city with the best of the country.

There was John. With a dreamy smile on his lips and his unseeing eyes he followed the wood with his brother, Jamie. She had coaxed him to take her, and Jamie never refused her anything. How good he was to her that day, lifting her over the wet places, giving her all the little yellow violets he found, holding her up to look into a bird's nest while the mother bird chirped distressfully from a near tree, and telling her such wonderful things of birds and trees and flowers that he had learned from books.

Others followed in a more-bright, others mournful, many of them interwoven with the simple herb which she held clasped to her breast with unconscious hands.

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"You do intrude awfully, John," she said, giving him her hand; "there are two persons in the house who will be enraged at your coming."

"One is your aunt," he said, coldly. "And the other is—who?"

"Never mind, come and get some breakfast. The bell is ringing and I am hungry. Oh, you needn't hesitate about the invitation; we all ask whom we please. I have had one or two persons to breakfast. They will already have laid a place for you."

She was turning away, half waiting for him, when he took her hand: "If you are going to marry him I will not sit at his table. Tell me the truth; don't play with me, Margaret."

She had never heard his voice so passionate; it was almost commanding. "What is your advice about the matter?" she asked, innocently, turning once more toward him and dropping her eyes.

"I advise you to marry him if you want to," he replied, almost angrily. She looked into his face with her sweetest smile.

"And if I do not want to, John? If I hate to and won't?"

"In that case we had better not keep breakfast waiting," he replied, quietly. They went out into the tent-lung breakfast-room, where the company were assembled, and Miss Willis was edified to see how very cordial her aunt's greeting of the new-comer was after the first involuntary scowl of recognition.

As for the marquis, he was so truly and gracefully courteous that Margaret added a few explanatory words to her introduction. "Mr. Norton was a schoolfellow of my brother's," she said. "I have known him all my life."

She compared the two while they talked. The marquis was tall, slender and pale, and his beautiful face had that look of mildness which is the result of pride and culture rather than of a mild disposition. One might have said of this man that his face was calm and beautiful, and his passions were not strong, but because of their strength, which carried all before it. It is obstructed passion which graves the face. Whatever the Marquis of San Giorgio had wished to do, that he had done, and whatever he had wished to possess had never been denied him. The two gentlemen talked a little on political subjects. John was now a senator. His ideas were quite clear, and were well expressed. To his friend, who was French, he spoke quite fluently; he had the English accent, and pronounced too conscientiously all the little words which he should only have brushed; but he spoke grammatically, and, some way, it seemed a concession for him to speak French at all.

"I must make him practice talking with me against the time when he will be president and will have to talk with the four winds," thought Miss Willis. She saw with real gratitude and admiration that the marquis, perceiving that his guest did not understand readily, spoke more slowly and distinctly than usual, and sometimes repeated.

After breakfast they all went wandering through the large, shady rooms. Mrs. Willis fastened herself upon the new-comer, and confided to him the story of Margaret's approaching marriage.

"Whom is she to marry?" he asked. "Why, the marquis, of course. Haven't you heard?"

"Is she?" he asked, dryly. The marquis stood beside Margaret. "You have known this gentleman all your life?" he asked, gently, but at once.

"Oh, yes." She was beginning to feel the painful embarrassment of a woman who is obliged to refuse a man whom she likes, and who fears that she should have refused him more promptly. To be sure, she had expressly stipulated that her consenting to spend a week at his villa should not be taken as an encouragement of his suit; still, she was now sorry for having consented.

"His wife is in Rome with him?" the marquis pursued, watching his companion's face.

"Mr. Norton is not married," she replied. "There was a moment of silence; then he exclaimed: 'How long I wait for your answer, signorina! If you did not know before, you must know now.' emphasizing the last word and glancing to where John, who was standing in the corner by Mrs. Willis, was yet watching their conversation."

"I can answer you now, marquis," she said. "And I wish that I had done so before. Forgive me—"

"Enough!" he said, passionately. Then, making an effort, added with gentle coldness, "I would spare you the pain of an explanation."

"You do spare me a pain," she said, with an almost pleading look in her face. "I am not a child, and I should like to please you if I could."

"You will please me in consulting your own happiness," he said, with a proud smile.

"He got his quietus," thought John Norton. "But he looks rather badly. I ought not to stay here any longer. I am going back to Rome now," he said somewhat abruptly to Mrs. Willis.

"Good-by, I suppose I shall see you some time or other?"

"I ignored the good-by, and followed him as he went toward Margaret. The marquis, seeing his movement, recollected an engagement. "Please ask your friend to stay to dinner," he said, hastily. "I shall return in an hour."

"When and where am I to see you again, Margaret?" John asked, conscious of Mrs. Willis' angry face at his elbow. "I am going to the station now."

"I'll walk down across the green with you," she said, "and we can talk it over."

"But, Margaret, it is too hot to go out now," her aunt interposed, sharply. "It doesn't look well to go out at noon; no one does."

"This is one of the exceptions," the niece replied. She led him out through the flower garden, by the path she had taken but an hour before, and, going, told him the story of the pennyroyal.

"I knew you couldn't do it, Pansy," he said, with a tremor in his voice. "I heard in America that you were going to marry an Italian, and I started in twenty-four hours afterward. Yet I never really believed it, though I knew that your aunt would be teasing you."

"You were much too sure of me then," she replied, pathetically. "I am awfully wicked, John, and I was becoming ambitious to shine in society."

"Why shouldn't you like to shine in society?" he asked, smiling in her beautiful face.

"Oh, but you great honest goose! you do not know what that sometimes means," he replied, quite seriously. "When there is a crowd of handsome, brilliant women trying to do the same thing, it sometimes means all sorts of petty tricks and spites."

John became serious and looked down. He had heard of such things. "And it isn't impossible that I might have accepted the marquis if it had not been for you and the pennyroyal."

John's face flushed, and he looked at her sternly. "How could you accept him when you had never refused me, and knew that I was waiting and hoping for you?" he demanded.

"Because you had no right to wait and hope," she replied, tranquilly. "You ought to have come and taken me. Like men who cut the Gordian knot."

"Better late than never," said John Norton, with the quiet, strong breath of one who has escaped a danger. "I've come for you now, and I intend to take you back with me not later than the first of November; we can be married in October. I'm going to name the day myself. It shall be on the seventh day of October; that will give you nearly two months to reconsider Mrs. Willis."

TIMELY TOPICS.

An Ohio paper of a statistical bent publishes the following item descriptive of an incident which might well have taken place even if it did not: There was so much spitting of tobacco juice at his lecture in Hamilton, Ohio, that Professor Proctor took notice of it and made a mathematical calculation in regard to it. Let us suppose," continued Professor Proctor, "that the moisture extruded in this unpleasant way in Ohio in the course of a year would, if uniformly distributed, correspond to the addition of a film of moisture no thicker than a postal card over the entire State. Then if there were but 200 postal cards to the inch there would be 1,000,000 years before the entire State would be covered by a film of moisture. And as in the course of my lecture the audience will be asked to consider the future of 2,500,000,000 years, it would seem to follow (dreadful thought!) that the sea would rise over Ohio and neighboring States of equal salivary potentiality to a height of nearly 300 miles! Noah's flood was nothing to this!"

When General Grant had completed his trip through Florida, he gave the New York Tribune's correspondent his conclusions as to the future of that State. "I think," he said, "that Florida has a good climate, and the productions will be cotton, sugar, and besides her oranges, pineapples and semi-tropical fruits and vegetables, she will in time produce the sugar for the consumption of the entire country. Then she grows the finest tobacco, and her timber is of immense value. Then, when the swamp land is cleared of the timber, there will remain the choicest kind of a rice country. The soil, while apparently barren, is suited to the climate, and the rice will be an additional help for the purpose of looking after the matter, it is very profitable to do so; whereas, if special help has to be employed, or the manure piles or ash tanks are neglected for want of time, attention, it does not pay."

As regards the manuring of fruit trees in particular, not the worst mode of utilizing bones is to simply bury them in the ground around the trees, which gradually but surely causes them to be absorbed by the roots and consumed completely. The pear tree through which the bones of Roger Williams fed his descendants is a case in point, but it does not take a couple of hundred years for ordinary chemical action to accomplish the result. A tree thus manured will be sure to get all the phosphates it wants for its well-being.

An English impostor of the gentler sex has been unmasked at Chelmsford, after being petted and fed by the benevolent and finally petrified during the last time, too, when no one was looking on, or likely to enter her dwelling, the "paralytic" woman could deftly leap out of bed, dress herself swiftly, cook a substantial meal and eat it with a relish. She has been found out. Some prying neighbors invaded her privacy at times when they were not expected, and found her not only out of bed and dressed but making a hearty meal.

The work of the Bible revision committee, so far as concerns the New Testament is now substantially ended, and the revised text will probably be formally adopted by the synod of the American Episcopal church during the coming summer. No more of the old version could be selected for the present year is the fifth centenary of the publication of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, printed in 1380. The work has been going on since 1845, and has been a long and arduous task. The appearance of the new version will be one of the summer's sensations. A change that will strike the ordinary reader is the arrangement by paragraphs, according to sense, instead of the old arrangement by chapters and verses. The work on the Old Testament will hardly be completed before 1883.

"See me buy his soul for two cents," was the remark of a workman at Springfield, Mass., when his father's name was mentioned. He had been a poor man, but he had worked, who was esteemed a generous public giver, and had come into the shop to get some work done. The man laid a two-cent piece on the counter and turned away. The visitor soon saw the man, and after hastily looking about the room to see that no one was looking, picked up the money and put it in his pocket. When he came to pay for his repairs he was charged twenty-seven cents. As he had generally paid but twenty cents, he was surprised. He inquired what the extra two cents were for, and after some urging, he was gently informed that it was to pay for the two cents he had picked up. He seemed all at once to have important business at home.

Meat Pie.—Take cold roast beef or roast meat of any kind, slice it thin, cut it rather small, lay it, wet with gravy, and sufficiently peppered and salted, in a meat pie dish. If liked, a small onion may be chopped fine and sprinkled over it. Over the meat pour a couple of stewed tomatoes, a little more pepper, and a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Bake slowly in a moderate oven till the top is a light brown.

Whipped Cream.—Take one pint of very thick cream, sweeten it with very fine sugar and orange-flower water; boil it. Beat the whites of ten eggs with a little cream, strain it, and when the cream is upon the boil pour in the eggs, stirring it well till it comes to a thick custard; then take it up and strain it again through a hair sieve. Beat it well with a spoon till it is cold, then place it in a dish in which you wish to serve it.

Laying Hens. Hens require some care and attention. No class of animals is so susceptible to the ill-effects of crowding as chickens. Hens will not lay any eggs if they are crowded, nor will they remain healthy long if too many are kept together. The hen house should be kept clean and neat. The floor should be swept every day and the dusted over with dry earth, ashes, or straw, or litter of any kind. The house should have suitable roosts. Where eggs are made a specialty, only pullets should be kept for the purpose, and the earlier they are hatched the better. Egg production is harder work for hens than many suppose. An egg is composed of albuminous matter, and oils or fat, together with fibrin, phosphorus, sulphur, iron, etc., in small but appreciable quantities. In an egg there is the material for bones, flesh, blood, brain, nerves, feathers and all the organs of life. Any one can see, then, that egg production is an exhaustive. Not only this, but the shell is composed almost exclusively of carbonate of lime. Well, the hen food must contain the materials from which she secretes the egg. Corn may contain the elementary substance, but a hen cannot eat enough corn to afford the materials for an egg a day. In fact, there is a necessity for a variety of food. Grass, cabbage or boiled vegetables of any kind should be given. They also require lime and gravel. Hens are good eaters, and should not be scantily fed in winter. They should have as much as they want to eat, and as often as they want it. They should be supplied with animal food in some form—fish meal, cracklings, scraps, etc. Hens should be regularly cared for. They should have a reasonable share of attention. They should be furnished with suitable accommodations. Too many should not be kept together. As great a variety of food as possible should be furnished, and they should be quiet. Water is as important for hens as food and should be kept clean and fresh.

Some bystander, who did not know Dr. Goodell, said: "He won't recover at all; he is dead."

Dr. Goodell, who is himself in delicate health, almost fainted at the dreadful shock of this unexpected bereavement. The coroner gave his permission for the body to be removed to Dr. Goodell's house.

Killed in a gymnasium. Alfred P. Goodell, aged twenty-five, in Mass., when his father's name was mentioned. He had been a poor man, but he had worked, who was esteemed a generous public giver, and had come into the shop to get some work done. The man laid a two-cent piece on the counter and turned away. The visitor soon saw the man, and after hastily looking about the room to see that no one was looking, picked up the money and put it in his pocket. When he came to pay for his repairs he was charged twenty-seven cents. As he had generally paid but twenty cents, he was surprised. He inquired what the extra two cents were for, and after some urging, he was gently informed that it was to pay for the two cents he had picked up. He seemed all at once to have important business at home.

Death in the Coal Mines. The report of inspectors of anthracite coal mines in the Schuylkill region relating to a fatal disaster in the mines is a ghastly list. In 1878 the killed numbered eighty-seven and the injured 347. In 1879 there were 113 killed and 337 injured. Of the fatal accidents, twelve deaths were caused by explosions of fire-damp, seven by falls and other causes, and fifty-five by falling coal, slate and rock; twenty-two by cars and mine wagons, and seventeen in miscellaneous ways. The ways in which some men meet death are strange indeed. Patrick Casey was caught by a rush of coal in a shaft and carried with it to a point where a plank caught him by the neck and choked him to death. Griffith Watkins, a boy, left his place in the breaker and went to get a drink of water. As he was passing the boiler-house runaway car crushed through the side, struck him and killed him. Charles Dresman, a miner, aged twenty-two, who was engaged shoveling at the mouth of a shaft, was found lying dead, with one leg down the shaft and a small quantity of loose earth lying on him. No indications of what killed him could be found, but it was supposed that his foot slipped into the hole, and he imagined that he was about to fall to the bottom, was literally frightened to death.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Utilizing Bones for Manure. Professor E. W. Hilgard, of the California agricultural college, says: The simplest way in which a farmer who pays attention to the fundamentals of agriculture, the manure pile, can obtain the full benefit of a moderate quantity of bones is to mix them in a hot fermenting manure, provided the pile is kept in a proper condition of moisture. The smaller and softer bones are thus reduced to a very efficient state of comminution within a few weeks; the larger and harder ones may be partly softened, and will in that case mostly be left behind by the manure fork when the manure is hauled out, to be subjected to the process a second time. The success of this convenient process depends materially, of course, upon a proper management of the manure pile, which must neither be kept sodden with water nor allowed to become dry.

Large quantities of bones are very conveniently treated when wood ashes are abundant, by packing them in ashes (which may advantageously have been previously mixed with about a gallon of slacked lime per barrel) either in barrels, hogheads, or best of all, in iron tanks, and keeping the mass as wet as may be without leaching. In the course of from six to eight weeks most of the bones will be found reduced to a fine powder, and the mass will be a very efficacious phosphate fertilizer. The vice of the process is that much of the bone gelatine is thus lost in the shape of ammonia gas, but the loss of phosphate is left in a very active form.

In my personal experience I have come to the conclusion that where the home preparation of the bones in either of the modes described can be done in the country, the farmer can obtain an additional help for the purpose of looking after the matter, it is very profitable to do so; whereas, if special help has to be employed, or the manure piles or ash tanks are neglected for want of time, attention, it does not pay.

As regards the manuring of fruit trees in particular, not the worst mode of utilizing bones is to simply bury them in the ground around the trees, which gradually but surely causes them to be absorbed by the roots and consumed completely. The pear tree through which the bones of Roger Williams fed his descendants is a case in point, but it does not take a couple of hundred years for ordinary chemical action to accomplish the result. A tree thus manured will be sure to get all the phosphates it wants for its well-being.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two cups white flour, through a sifter, one-half cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, whites of three eggs, one pound of raisins, and one-quarter of a pound citron, chopped.

POR CORN BAKES.—These are easily made. To one gallon of water, add half a pint of molasses or sugar; put into a skillet and let it boil once, and then pour it over the corn; grease your hands with sweet butter, and make the whole into balls of such size as you please.

LARD FINGERS.—Four ounces of sugar, yolks of four eggs, mix well four ounces of flour, mix again; if you think add another whole egg, a half teaspoon of flavoring. Beat whites to a froth and stir in. Squeeze through a funnel made of wrapping paper into pans lined with buttered paper. These are used for Charlotte russe.

MEAT PIE.—Take cold roast beef or roast meat of any kind, slice it thin, cut it rather small, lay it, wet with gravy, and sufficiently peppered and salted, in a meat pie dish. If liked, a small onion may be chopped fine and sprinkled over it. Over the meat pour a couple of stewed tomatoes, a little more pepper, and a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Bake slowly in a moderate oven till the top is a light brown.

Whipped Cream.—Take one pint of very thick cream, sweeten it with very fine sugar and orange-flower water; boil it. Beat the whites of ten eggs with a little cream, strain it, and when the cream is upon the boil pour in the eggs, stirring it well till it comes to a thick custard; then take it up and strain it again through a hair sieve. Beat it well with a spoon till it is cold, then place it in a dish in which you wish to serve it.

Laying Hens. Hens require some care and attention. No class of animals is so susceptible to the ill-effects of crowding as chickens. Hens will not lay any eggs if they are crowded, nor will they remain healthy long if too many are kept together. The hen house should be kept clean and neat. The floor should be swept every day and the dusted over with dry earth, ashes, or straw, or litter of any kind. The house should have suitable roosts. Where eggs are made a specialty, only pullets should be kept for the purpose, and the earlier they are hatched the better. Egg production is harder work for hens than many suppose. An egg is composed of albuminous matter, and oils or fat, together with fibrin, phosphorus, sulphur, iron, etc., in small but appreciable quantities. In an egg there is the material for bones, flesh, blood, brain, nerves, feathers and all the organs of life. Any one can see, then, that egg production is an exhaustive. Not only this, but the shell is composed almost exclusively of carbonate of lime. Well, the hen food must contain the materials from which she secretes the egg. Corn may contain the elementary substance, but a hen cannot eat enough corn to afford the materials for an egg a day. In fact, there is a necessity for a variety of food. Grass, cabbage or boiled vegetables of any kind should be given. They also require lime and gravel. Hens are good eaters, and should not be scantily fed in winter. They should have as much as they want to eat, and as often as they want it. They should be supplied with animal food in some form—fish meal, cracklings, scraps, etc. Hens should be regularly cared for. They should have a reasonable share of attention. They should be furnished with suitable accommodations. Too many should not be kept together. As great a variety of food as possible should be furnished, and they should be quiet. Water is as important for hens as food and should be kept clean and fresh.

Some bystander, who did not know Dr. Goodell, said: "He won't recover at all; he is dead."

Dr. Goodell, who is himself in delicate health, almost fainted at the dreadful shock of this unexpected bereavement. The coroner gave his permission for the body to be removed to Dr. Goodell's house.

Killed in a gymnasium. Alfred P. Goodell, aged twenty-five, in Mass., when his father's name was mentioned. He had been a poor man, but he had worked, who was esteemed a generous public giver, and had come into the shop to get some work done. The man laid a two-cent piece on the counter and turned away. The visitor soon saw the man, and after hastily looking about the room to see that no one was looking, picked up the money and put it in his pocket. When he came to pay for his repairs he was charged twenty-seven cents. As he had generally paid but twenty cents, he was surprised. He inquired what the extra two cents were for, and after some urging, he was gently informed that it was to pay for the two cents he had picked up. He seemed all at once to have important business at home.

Death in the Coal Mines. The report of inspectors of anthracite coal mines in the Schuylkill region relating to a fatal disaster in the mines is a ghastly list. In 1878 the killed numbered eighty-seven and the injured 347. In 1879 there were 113 killed and 337 injured. Of the fatal accidents, twelve deaths were caused by explosions of fire-damp, seven by falls and other causes, and fifty-five by falling coal, slate and rock; twenty-two by cars and mine wagons, and seventeen in miscellaneous ways. The ways in which some men meet death are strange indeed. Patrick Casey was caught by a rush of coal in a shaft and carried with it to a point where a plank caught him by the neck and choked him to death. Griffith Watkins, a boy, left his place in the breaker and went to get a drink of water. As he was passing the boiler-house runaway car crushed through the side, struck him and killed him. Charles Dresman, a miner, aged twenty-two, who was engaged shoveling at the mouth of a shaft, was found lying dead, with one leg down the shaft and a small quantity of loose earth lying on him. No indications of what killed him could be found, but it was supposed that his foot slipped into the hole, and he imagined that he was about to fall to the bottom, was literally frightened to death.

Speaking of difficulties, the Modern Argosy says that a wasp or a well-organized hornet is the only chap on record that can back out of a serious difficulty at his own sweet will.

Life.

Short days flying, swift years rolling
Downward toward eternity;
Ere we understand our longings
Oft the open grave we see.
Cares and wishes crowd together,
Changing ever in the breast;
With the morning comes the knowledge
Joy fulfilled can take no rest.

Sciences of life and plans for living
Fancy bids us ever try,
But their sweet fulfillment never
Brings us that for which we sigh.
Young, we fancy pleasure deathless,
A far-reaching wonder-land;
Soon it fades, and sorrow follows;
On the desert waste we stand.