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A Dream of Autumn. Mellow hazes lowly trailing O'er the wood and meadow, veiling Somber skies, with swallows sailing, Sailor-like, to foreign lands: And the north wind overleaping

VOL. X.

Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping Wrecks of roses where the weeping Willows swing their helpless hands Flaunted high, like torches flinging Flakes of flame and embers, springing

From the vale the trees stand swinging In the moaning atmosphere: While in dead'ning lands the lowing Of the cattle, sadder growing, Fills the sense to overflowing With the sorrow of the year.

Fields of ragged stubble, tangled With rank weeds, and shocks of jangled Corn, with crests like wet plumes dangled O'er the harvest's battle plain; And the sudden whirr and whistle Of the quail that, like a missile, Whizzes over thorn and thistle,

Muffled voices hid in thickets Where the redbird stops to stick its Ruddy beak between the pickets Of the truant's rustic trap; And a sound of laughter ringing Where, within the wild vine swinging, Climb Bacchante's scoolmates flinging

And, a missile, drops again.

Purple clusters in her lap. Rich as wine the sunset flashes Round the tilted world, and dashes Up the sloping west and splashes Its red foam against the sky, Till my dream of autumn, paling In the splendor all prevailing, Like a sallow less goes sailing Down the silence solemply.

-James W. Riley.

#### A Drive and What Came of It.

"When two women will, they will, you may depend on't;
And when they won't, they won't, and that's an end on 't.

Adele and I began our offenses by sep-arating from our respective families at beginning of the season, and hunting out for ourselves a retreat in a remote country farmhouse, where, "far from the madding crowd," we elected to spend the entire summer in sublime indifference to chaperons, toilets and men-chiefly the latter.

Our plan did not meet the approval of ou maternal relatives, for certain rea-sons pertaining to our future speedy establishment in life which the summer had been expected to further, and that

our in-ubordination reduced to despair. We had, however, the ears of the paters, who were not nearly so anxious to transfer our small claims for mainte-nance to other than the fatherly shoulders, and so we carried the day, and found ourselves right speedily established at the farmhouse of Squire Brown, in a certain particular nook adjacent to a nameless river near a place which we elected to call Sleepy Hollow.

For a fortnight we did nothing material save sleep, read, drink milk and eat strawberries; then there came what the natives call "a spell of weather." we awakened to a consciousness of the loveliness about us, running wild to ex-plore the hills that lay around us, all day inwrapped in a golden haze; to penetrate to the heart of the dim, cool wildwood, where strange flowers were blossoming, and delicate ferns bowed to the vagrant breezes over fairy carpets of soft, green moss; and to follow in their vagabond course the countless laughing brooks that tumbled down the hillside or murmured under the willows, where, in the deep pools, the speckled trout lay in wait for the unwary fly, in blissful ignorance of hook and rod.

One day, while the rambling spirit was still unappeased, yet had boots and limbs put in their protest, an inspiration came to us most happy in its promise. We would drive to the falls in the squire's one-horse chaise. Neither of us had ever drawn rein over the back of living steed; but we were persuaded that driving in the country was a very simple matter, and then Roxy, the farmer's ancient horse, was a steady piece of flesh, not likely to bring us to grief, if her owner's statement was to be trusted--viz., that Roxy would draw the old chaise safely to the falls and back with the lines lying over the dash-

board! Accordingly Roxy was harnessed in, our basket packed with a comfortable luncheon, and we, mounting to our

In the matter of driving there had been a division of labor in this wise: Adele held the reins, while I carried the whip. For the first mile the road was level and smooth, and Roxy, persevering in the steady trot with which she had started off, permitted us to attain a serenity that our unusual situation may not have warranted; but just as I was beginning to get the better of any little tremors that had hitherto interfered with my entire enjoyment of the affair, Adele suddenly leaned forward, and, taking the whip from my hand, dealt a sounding thwack upon her

This was more than the most amiable beast could be expected to bear with equanimity, and certainly Roxy resented it, for she made a jump which fairly three me from the seat, and started at a tearing pace down the road.

A horse's memory for this kind of an affront seemed not long, however, and when, by dint of shouting, coaxing and sawing on the lines our Bucephalus was gotten down to her ordinary gait, I turned to visit upon Adele something like a remonstrance. At a glance, I saw that she was triumphant in the opinion that Roxy and herself had come to a thorough understanding of relative positions, and therefore only meekly

"What was the matter with her,

"Why, did you not see her switch her tail over the reins in the most impertinent manner? A horse never does that when it knows it has a master, and I determined to settle that question at

Only one more little irregularity disturbed my entire confidence in the superior horsemanship of Adele, and as that only came when we were in sight of the falls, our journey was the most delight-

It was at the top of a steep hill that the white, tumbling waters of the cas-

ing up wreaths of white spray that formed rainbows in the sunlight. The reins had almost slipped from Adele's hands, and the whip, to which

Adele's hands, and the whip, to which I had thus far paid manful attention, trailed ignominiously in the dust of the highway as we sat devouring the scene with enthusiastic gaze, when Roxy took it into her venerable head to start in the most unaccountable fashion at a tremendous pace down the hill.

Frantically I ciutched the whip, holding it as rigidly upright as our bouncing career over the stony road would permit, lest by a wave of its lash the speed of the incomprehensible Roxy should be accelerated; and, expecting nothing else than instant destruction, I held my breath until, as suddenly as she had started, our animal had landed us whole and undamaged in front of a high gate which barred our further progress.

Then I looked at Adele. Her face was white, and the reins were of a verity over the dashboard, since only the extreme ends of them remained in her tightly-closed hands; but her confidence in herself as a Jehu had evidently remained unabalant materials as he may

we ran away!" I gasped in consternation herself as a Jehu had evidently remained unskaken, whatever she may have suffered physically in that way, for she answered my look with the utmost gravity, saying:

"If I had not held her well up. Daisy I think that might have been dangerous."

Words failed me, and I turned my attention, therefore, to the practical difficulties besetting our path.

The gate, we concluded, was the entrance to the grounds of a certain unknown gentleman who owned all the lands hereabouts, and who had built himself a retreat in this wild and beautiful spot which, of late years, we had been told he seldom visited, and after due discussion we decided to tie Roxy to the gate-post, trusting to Providence to find the somewhat unstable beast there upon our return, and to climb the fence with our basket, when, after viewing the falls, we would select a suitable place in which to rest and eat our luncheon.

We found a nosebag under the seat of the chaise, which the squire, with due consideration for the welfare of his horse, had providently supplied with oats; but the adjustment of this portable

oats; but the adjustment of this portable manger was the most trying piece of business, in which we were likely not to be successful, we thought, until, in our maneuvering Roy got a sufficient with the contribution of the cont our maneuvering, Roxy got a snift of the grain, and lowered her head in a way highly satisfactory to two mediumsized young women, intent upon slipping a strap over her ears.

The next difficulty was the fence, which was very high, and ornamented at the top with a row of most malicious pickets, but at the cost of sundry garments torn and some bruises we scrambled or an armonic strain of the cost of sundry garments torn and some bruises we scrambled or an armonic strain or strai bled over, and straightway found our-selves in a paradise of grass, trees and flowers, growing in the wild luxuriance of neglect, to be sure, but a place nevertheless to rest the very soul of weary humanity, and in which to lose the very memory of the pushing, turbulent world in the roar of the bright waters dashing down its stony fall, and dipping its foamy tide beneath the mirror-like cur-rent of the river below rent of the river below.

When we had explored the place to

our heart's content, we sought a lovely little glade shaded by immense elm trees, quite near the house, which was ing its romantic situation. spread out the contents of our lunchbasket, and with much nonsense and laughter proceeded to enjoy ourselves in a manner to horrify the fashionable circle in which we were supposed to be too well-bred ever to do anything in a thor-

oughly natural and girlish way. There was a rowan tree on the outskirts of the little park, in which we had established ourselves, the unripe berries of which looked a pale, pretty yellow in the sunshine, and, dragging down Adele's long, waving, black nair. I dressed it fantastically with such arrowy leaves and berries as I could pull

from the low-hanging limbs. While we were engaged in this pretty business, there came through the still-

ness a long, low cry, half human in its sound, yet altogether unearthly. "What can that be?" questioned Adele, a startled look widening her magnificent black eyes, and just then I caught a glimpse of an immense black body, out of the mouth of which hung a great red tongue, and the eyes of which looked to my frightened imagination like balls of fire, and shricking: "Run, Adele," I set off myself as fast as my feet, that seemed palsied with terror, would carry me in the direction of the gate, thinking, with an agonized sense of insufficiency, of those horrible pickets atop of the fence, and never doubting that Adele was close at my heels, until again and again a bellowing "View halloo" came ringing down the wind after me, checking my headlong flight and giving me the sustaining sense of human assistance which induced me at least the statement. sistance, which induced me at length to

It was a shocking sight that met my gaze as I did so.

Upon the grass where she had sat when I stuck the berries into her cosened hair lay Adele, her head supported in the arms of a strange man who knelt beside her, and around the two a gigantic hound careening in wild circles.

More ashamed of myself than I had
ever been in my life before, I turned to retrace my steps, just in time to see the stranger lift Adele up in his arms, and

lowed by the big dog.
In vain did I hasten my steps. could not overtake them, but, shaping my course by the direction of their dis-appearance, I found myself presently in a pretty morning-room, in which Adele ay upon the couch, with a shriveled old fairy of a woman bending over her with a camphor-bottle in hand, no sign of either man or dog that I

rapidly toward the house, fol-

"Leo is as gentle as a lamb," said the little old woman, apologetically. "But he has come near being the death of you with fright, young ladies." For by this time Adele had opened her eyes and commenced to look around her.

It is a shame to allow such a monster to run at large!" I cried, more energetically than politely; and then Adele lifted her head and, peering into an opposite mirror, said nothing more sensible than, "What a fright I must look, Daisy!" at which evidence of re-turning life the old attendant nodded her head approvingly, and bustled away to prepare us some tea, for which thought I at least was grateful.

As soon as the door closed and we were alone, Adele sprang up and began twisting up her hair, but so far from cade came to us—a vision of beauty set in emerald banks. sparkling and throw-

"Did you see him, Daisy? He is quite "For heaven's sake, Adele, have done with nonsense, and let us fly to Roxy, and the squire's chaise before we get into another ridiculous scrape," I im-

plored.
"I shall do nothing of the kind, my dear. People who keep great dogs to frighten errant damsels out of their

frighten errant damsels out of their senses should not be suffered to escape paying the penalty of their indiscretion in some way or another," answered the heartless creature, land I prepared myself to sulk, when our old fairy again entered the apartment, and said:

"Mr. Islington presents his compliments to the young ladies, and begs, if they are sufficiently recovered from their fright, that they will allow him to offer them some refreshment in company with his friend and guest, Mr. Stephenson, with whom, he believes, they have an acquaintance."

"Great heavens!—the very pair of lions we were expected to encounter at Newport, and from the honor of which we ran away!" I gasped in consternation; but Adele only laughed and answered:

"Well since they are such Vandele

horse, had providently supplied with in four-footed animals and a woman

can well manage in one day, and there-fore we submitted with an easy grace to be carried back to the squire's by Mr.
Islington's bays, with that gentleman as charioteer, and bringing Fred Stephenson along for the sake of giving our host company on the homeward drive.

It is perhaps needless to say that Roxy had arrived in good order, considerably in advance of us and that the experience.

in advance of us, and that the squire was not so greatly concerned as to our probable fate as to forget to ask after the haiter which I had providentially clung to as to the only available voucher for my entire sanity; but this I might say. since the matter will creep out sooner or later, things are likely to fall out quite as completely to the satisfaction of our anxious mammas as if we had gone obediently to Newport, and never made acquaintance with the falls of Sleepy Hollow through the medium of Roxy and the one-horse chaise.

## The Bird Omen of Death.

terror to the physician attending her in her last moments, "look at that great bird flying about me." It was a bat that had flown into her death chamber, and Dr. Monier drove it out This little incident is suggestive of

the strong belief which once obtained in England and Scotland that the appearance of a bird in the sick room was sure omen of approaching death to the occupant. Sir Walter Scott, in his book on "Witchcraft and Demonology," gives many remarkable instances of this superstition which, like all superstitions, is never at a loss for eye-witnesses and circumstantial evidence. Faith in the omens of birds is indeed one of the most ancient of popular delusions. It was an article of universal faith among the ancient Greeks, and Sophocles, the most delightfully human of the tragedy writers of Athens, speaks of the sure prophecies and foreknowledge to be derived from birds, from the strident wings of full-grown ones to the young ones "whose callow wings refuse a lengthened flight."

The episode of the "great bird" which so terrified the dying actress reminds us also of one of the strangest of lives and deaths to be met with in the English history. Thomas, the second son of Lord Lyttleton, is believed by many critics to this day to be the author of the famous "Letters of Junius," although Macaulay inclines decidedly to Sir Philip Francis. Certain it is that the description given by Woodfall, the printer's boy, of the tall, thin gentleman, with high shoulders, gold-laced coat, and sword, who gave him the MS. of one of the "letters," accords with the appearance of Lord Lyttleton but not with that of Sir Philip Francis. Moreover, when the former spoke in the house of lords he fairly electrified his audience by his power of invective and sarcasm, and it is a notable coin-cidence that many of Lord Lyttleton's expressions, such as "women, and men like women," are found also in Junius. But all this, of course, is not conclusive, and we only recall the strange nobleman who, even at Eton, was looked upon with awe for his odd mixture of morose soicism with dissipation, because his death, so at least be as because his death, so at least he asserted, had been predicted to him by the appearance of a white bird in his bedroom. This was the third night be-fore he died, and he declared that his death would take place at midnight, just when it did. He was at a convivial party at a brother nobleman's country louse, and looking at his watch he said, with the sardonic smile peculiar to him,
"If I live half an hour longer I shall
jockey the ghost," n eaning that he
would give it the lie to the omen. He
retired shortly after, and sent his servant for a spoon that he might take his
customary does of rhubarh. When the customary dose of rhubarb. When the man returned he found his master dying in convulsions on the floor. There seems little doubt that he had poisoned himsel, and had predicted his death in the full purpose of fulfilling the prophecy by suicide. Still, the story of the bird may have been true, and the belief in such appearances of the feathered tribe, especially of one or sometimes two white birds, before death, was very pre-

valent even among the upper classes of society in those days.—Brooklyn Eagle. The Utes have killed five of Ouray's best horses that they might accompany him to the "happy hunting grounds." NEW YORK MENDICANTS.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Where the Street Tramps Pass Their Nights.

When the wind blows cold and the air is crisp with frost it is not an uncommon thing to meet at evening in the streets of New York, especially below Canal street and in the Bowery, beggars whose claim to consideration is either hunger or the assertion that they have no place to sign. The place of bypages is hunger or the assertion that they have no place to sieep. The plea of hunger is perennial, but the request for money to pay for a night's lodging is one that is seldom or never preferred at this season by the sophisticated or professional beg-gar. He does not now sigh for the shelter of a lodging-house, but is well content to forero the accommodations shelter of a lodging-house, but is well content to forego the accommodations which later he will beg to secure. The lodging-house keeper is not at present the person to whom he must look for such disturbed slumber as, in winter, he can snatch in the brief truces between himself and the predatory insect band whose name is legion. It is the policeman who is the autocrat of his bedchamber in summer, and the expony is chamber in summer, and the canopy is the sky. If he can only manage to escape the notice of the man with the club and off-hand manner, he is willing to insure the rest and to discount the worst efforts of all the mosquitoes in Manhattan island.

Where does the homeless beggar of New York sleep in the summer—the beggar whom the attractions of green fields, babbling brooks, henroosts and potato patches cannot seduce from the city to be a country tramp? The re-porter whose duties lead him about the streets at midnight stumbles upon him in many places; sees him curled up in a doorway, stretched out in some hospitable truck wagon that has been lett in the street, or wandering away in search of some secluded spot where neither the light from the street lamps nor the policeman's eye will find him out. And he may be found on the benches in the public parks, where he enters upon possession at the witching hour of midnight. It is curious to note what classes of people enjoy these parks, and when. Of those who make use of the seats and shade for the leisure hours of the day nothing need be said, for it is a patent fact that the old men and children under the charge of their white-capped bonnes are then largely in possession. in possession. As evening approaches the children go away home, and their places are taken by a variety of men. many of them young and well-dressed These do not, as a rule, remain long enough to decide where they will go to seek amusement. When the last meal of the day has been eaten, and the dishes have been cleaned, the servant girls and their male friends begin to apgirls and their male friends begin to appear in the parks. To watch them closely is to discover that the poor girls are invariably so wearied by the labors of the day as to need the supporting arms of their escorts, which are never denied them. After an hour or two spent in the mildly exciting pleasure of talking and being hugged, the girls go their ways to rest, and a little later the beggar begins to slink into the parks and to court forgetfulness of his daily wretchedness in sleep. It may be that honest workingmen have been in the parks to breathe for a few hours a purer parks to breathe for a few hours a pure sir than they can hope to find in their hot lodgings. These begin to go when the beggars and tramps come, in order

not to be confounded with them. has the beggar been since the sun set? Walk in any of the streets adjacent to the park and the question wil answer itself. As you go along you will become conscious at times of a shadow —even though it be at night; a shadow that is erect and walking. If you show that you are conscious of its presence, that you are conscious of its presence the chances are that you will hear the shadow muttering some words, among which may be distinguished "a few pennies" and "not a bite to eat." Thi shadow is the beggar who, unlike the wise husbandman, strives to make hay while the sun does not shine, and who wearily "moves on" through fear of the police, until he has moved with the hours to midnight. He then goes to the parks and sleeps, unless the park police man, who must remain awake himself maliciously decides to keep him awake also. And this is usually the case, fo it is an every-night affair for the man in gray uniform to flit about through the parks and roughly shake into semblance of wakefulness the wretched creature he finds, and admonishes him not to sleep. With a growl that is an oath the beggar declares himself awake, and straight-way nods again. This is often repeated during the night. At earliest dawn the policeman makes a final round, and with he voice of authority announces that sleep must positively have ending. This time he is obeyed, though with the slowness of unwilling acquiescence. The beggar sits sullen, blinking and yawn ing, until he finally becomes thor oughly aroused, when he rises and dis appears. Usually, as he slinks away ie seems like one who is "drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk." He is a sad specimen of ruined manhood, of an utter mental and mora waste.

Torpedo Balloons. A scientific gentleman warns the country and the government of a new and terrible engine of war that may pos sibly come into use, and against which New York would be utterly defense less. It is the torpedo balloon. A vessel lying out of range of any of our forts could take advantage of favoring breezes to set adrift, without aeronauts, small balloons, each carrying fifty pounds of nitro-glycerine, the explosive to be dropped by a well-known and cheap mechanical contrivance at such time as may be determined upon after the distance and velocity of the wind has been estimated. It will be readily seen that a vessel barely in sight of land and after only the rudest calculations, could not send out any such fiendist missiles without doing great damage to life and property somewhere within the great area covered by New York. Brooklyn and Jersey City. It is poor comfort to think that other large cities of the world are equally exposed to such terrors, and that even London and Paris are not far enough from the seaboard to escape harm. A general agree-ment between civilized powers, such as was made regarding explosive bullets, should promptly nip this danger in the bud.—New York Herald.

A funeral procession at Oxford, Ind., found itself without a minister when the grave was reached. After an embarrassing delay a ragged tramp, who was passing by on a railroad track. stopped, announced that he was a clergyman and, the mourners consenting, proceeded with the services, conducting them to the satisfaction of all, TIMELY TOPICS.

More than 13,000 people are given employment in Baltimore in packing fruits, vegetables and oysters in tin cans. More than 15,000,000 bushels of oysters are said to be canned there annually. The number of cases of all sorts of goods packed there it is estimated will not tall short of 2,000,000, averaging twentyfour cans to each case. There are eighty firms engaged in the various branches of packing business, capital is \$7,000,000.

A plucky woman, living in Pittsfield, Me., recently scared a quack out of his seven senses. He had promised to cure her of neuralgia if she would lay a roll of greenbacks on the kitchen table. She put the money on the table as he requested. He then asked for pen, ink and paper, and when she went upstairs to fetch them he disappeared with the money. In a moment she was behind him with a revolver at his ear, and she kept it there until he had crawled back into the kitchen, put down the money, and begged for mercy. and begged for mercy.

In the office of the treasurer of the United States is a glass case which contains the keys which were used in the olden times to lock the treasury vaults. Mr. Gilfillan says that in the old times the treasurer, when the vaults were locked up, carried the keys home with him, and several times the house of the treasurer, who had the keys in custody, has been broken into by thieves to get these open sesames. Under the present system the vaults are Under the present system the vaults are locked by time and combination locks. There are inner and outer doors to the vaults. The officer who knows the combination to open the outer door does not know the combination of the inner, and vice versa. When the combination is changed the changes are noted by different clerks and handed to Treasurer

Gilfillan in a sealed envelope. Syracuse, N. Y., has thirty-eight producing salt wells, varying in depth from 250 to 430 feet, and in strength of brine from ten to twenty per cent. of salt. Over 1,500,000 gallons of salt water are pumped daily. The daily production per kettle from the steam process ranges from 300 to 550 bushels, according to the strength of brine, and costs eight or nine cents a bushel. The solar evaporation costs, of course, little for labor. There are about 50,000 vats in use, with the annual production of sixty bushels per vat. The flow of these sait springs differs greatly. Some which gave early promise have been known to cease flowing in a few weeks; other have changed the saline quality of their stream to something quite different and mostly of little or no commercial value. On the other hand, there are springs now pro-ducing abundantly which have been flowing for thirty years or more.

According to the London Medical Press, those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such contingency, may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with absolute certainty between life and death, for two or three hours after the stoppage of the beautiful and the stoppage of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When stimulated by electricity they no longer contract It, then, when Faradism, as the treat ment with induced currents of elec-tricity for remedial purposes is called, is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after sup-posed death, there be no contractile reponse, it may be certified with certainty that death has occurred; for no faint, nor trance, nor comz, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric museular contractility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old tests were employed. The Isle of Man.

There is a patch in the Irish sea called the Isle of Man. On a sunny day the highlands of Ulster, in Ireland, and of Galloway, in Scotland, are visible from its western shore; and from the summi of Snaefell mountain, England is seen fretting in the golden haze across the

Small as this island is, it has a gov-ernment of its own, and a thrilling and eventful history. Hawthorne found it out while he was a consul at Liverpool, and has praised it in his "English Note-Books." Scott gathered material Books." Scott gathered material for 'Pevril of the Peak" from its romantic scenery and legends, and Wordsworth commemorated a visit to it in a sonnet In its greatest length the island measures about thirty-three miles, and in its greatest breadth about thirteen. In circumference it is seventy-five miles, excluding the sinuosities of the bays; and t contains a superficial area of about 130,000 acres, or 203 square miles. Enjoying the benefits of the Gulf stream, the climate is singularly mild and genial, and there are few other places in the world where the difference between summer and winter is so slight.

As to the healthfulness of the climate, you would find proof in the native girls-rosy-cheeked, plump, active and gleeful; and the men are as stalwart, masculine and handsome a race as

Most of the coast is rocky and wild

hoar with the foam of the turbulent sea that surrounds it, and indented with capacious harbors and innumerable creeks but in the north the land sinks into s low pasturage, and meets the water or the glistening pebbles of a smooth beach

The interior includes nearly every kind of natural scenery—heather-clad, balsamic hills, plains richly cultivated, wide reaches of prickly gorse as dread as Yorkshire moors, and the prettiest of cascades. The enchantment of northern land dwells in its subdued light and on its mist-crowned heights. its mist-crowned heights. Sleepy villages are perched on the cliffs where once the beacon-free of the wreckers allured many a goodly ship to

her doom. In the bays where the pirates hid themselves of old, fly the white sails of pleasure-boats.

The present invaders are not Romans, Picts, nor Scandinavians, but aggressive Picts, nor Scancinavians, but instead of tourists, bearing knapsacks instead of eagles, and walking-sticks instead of javelins. These confront you in nearly every part of the island; and the primitive character of the natives is fast changing under the influence of the town manners which the visitors bring with them. Many of the superstions have been laughed away, but there are not a few honest folks who ydt have a steadfast faith in mermaids and fairles.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD,

Hecipes.

POTATO CAKES.—Mix thoroughly with cold, mashed potatoes left from dinner the well-beaten yolk of an egg; make into cakes as you would sausages, place in skillet with a tablespoon hot ham or beef drippings, cover tightly, and, in five minutes, when lower side is browned, turn, remove cover, fry until the other side is a nice brown; serve hot Make up after dinner ready for frying for breakfast.

APPLE SNOW.—Pare, core and bring to boil in as little water as possible six tart apples, cool and strain, beat well and add the well-whipped whites of three eggs, sweeten to taste and beat thoroughly until a dish of snow is the result, flavor with lemon or vanilla, or add the grated rind of a lemon; serve with sweetened cream. Or make custard of yolks, sugar, and a pint of milk, place in a dish, and drop the froth on it in large flakes.

PICKLED ONIONS. - Select small silverskinned onions, remove with a knife all the other-skins, so that each onion will be perfectly white and clean. Put them into brine that will float an egg, for three days; bring vinegar to boiling point, add a little mace and whole red peppers (or sprinkle with cayenne, ad-ding bits of horseradish and cinnamonbark, with a few cloves), and pour it hot over the onions, well drained from

MARCH PUDDING .- One cup dried ap-MARCH FUDDING.—One cup dried apples, cup molasses, one and one-fourth cups flour, fourth cup butter, one egg, one teaspoon each of soda and cinnamon, half teaspoon cloves; wash and soak apples over night, cut fine and mix with water in which they were soaked, add molasses and spice; mix egg, butter and flour together; stir soda with apples and molasses; add and bake immediately; serve hot with sauce made of half cup butter and one cup sugar, beaten smooth and flavored with nutmeg, lemon or vanilla. Fowls Beneficial in Orchards.

Last fall the editor of the Poultry World visited an orchard in which fow is were kept, the owner of which told him that before the fowls were confined in it the trees made little or no growth, In Germany and Austria eminent and only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds killed, and the trees presented an appearance of thrift, which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous, and the foliage most luxuriant; the fruit was abundant, of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. The

excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and curculio in their reach, even to the canker worm." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and a picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another as the condition of the fowls or the orchard sections seemed to require.

## The Supply of Cattle.

The Indianapolis Price Curren! says: t seems to be the opinion of those who have examined this matter pretty horoughly that a considerable decrease will be found in the stock of the United States and Territories, after this year's shipments are over. We are of the opinion that this may be the case in regard to uch as are sufficiently well bred for shipment to foreign markets; but as to inferior stock, we question whether much, if any, deficiency will be found. Yet in any event there will unquestionably be a considerable advance in the price of cattle another year, as well as in sheep and swine. There are two reasons why this may be so; the first of which is the greatly increased tide of emigrants to our country this season, who will be consumers instead of producers for a twelvemonth to come; and the second reason is, so numerous are the losses sustained in Great Britain and Ireland during the past eighteen months in domestic animals, that their wants for this year will doubtless be

#### larger than the past have been. An Old Farmer's Wisdom.

One who has tilled the soil for forty ears, and meantime accumulated competence and given his children a good education, says his experience has taught him these things: 1. One acre of land, well prepared and well culti-vated, produce more than two which received only the same amount of labor had on one. 2. One cow, horse, mule, sneep or hog well fed, is more profitable than two kept on the amount necessary to keep one well. 3. One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two of cotton where no grass or clover is raised.

4. No farmer who buys oats, corn, wheat, fodder and hay, as a rule, for ten years, can keep the sheriff away from the door in the end. 5. The farmer who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken-down fences, and complains of bad "seasons." 6. The farmer who is above his business and intrusts it to another to manage, soon has no business to attend to. 7. The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refuse to drink.

## Words of Wisdom.

One maxim is, "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers it shows that he is a citizen of He that is not industrious envieth

him that is. Suffering has its limits, but fears are endless. Money is like muck, not good except it be spread.

We double all the ills of our fate by dwelling on them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

All that we do depends upon what we are; he then who has left to the world the record of a noble life no outward memorial, has left an enduring source of inward, and though inward, of outward greatness.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high callIs it So?

To long for and possess not, Remember and regret not, Mayhap, indeed, caress not, But ever to forget not, Is better than enough

A little song for singing, A little time for sighing. A summer swallow bringing Some word of love's replying, Is better than enough.

The end of all our dreaming Is surely but awaking; And sweet and subtle seeming Fulfillment overtaking,

Is bitter and enough. -G. H. Richmond

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Champagne is made out of tomatoes. Figs grow and ripen well in Califor-

Minnesota raises frogs for exporta-

A favorite word with women-The last one. There is one good thing about mulcs

-A good appetite. A prudent housewife makes her bread when she kneads it.

It is believed that the United States will produce 6,000,000 bales of cotton this year. The difference between some girls and

grapes is that you can't make the girls whine by squeezing them. There are sixty-three stallions that have a record of 2:25 or better, and of these nineteen were bred in Kentucky.

During a late balloon ascension a speed of not less than 120 miles an hour was attained. When the Constitution was adopted there were seventy-five postoffices in the Union. Now there are over forty thou-

It takes considerable produce to rear animals on a farm; but a mule, we have observed, will rear itself.—Marathon Independent.

physicians are generally associated with private hospitals, of which they are often roprietors. A Reading (Pa.) man only sixty-five years old has been married three times and is the father of eleven pairs of twins.

He has forty-one children in all. There have been opened since the present flurry six thousand mines in and about Leadville, Col., one hundred of which will perhaps pay the ordinary expenses of working and a little more.

Chicago thinks that it has the cham-pion cat of the United States. He stands lifteen inches high in his stockings, weighs fourteen pounds, and is exquis-itely sweet tempered. The little dear! Petroleum is now the fourth of the export commodities of the United States, although the first artificial well was sunk only twenty-one years ago. The

annual production is now fifteen million On the farm of Albert Perro, at Barkhamstead, Conn., is a trinity of trees, onsisting of a birch, maple and a hemlock, all joined together at the butt and

apparently springing from the same

It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that all the flags for the navy, war and treasury departments of the United States are now made seamless, the fabric being woven in white bunting, and the red stripes and blue field being dyed in pattern.

"There's a leak in the soup kettle," said Mrs. Barker to her husband, as gentle hint that he ought to have it memded, and the unfeeling brute re-plied: "Let the leak stay there, and it will be a great saving in enions.

Teacher-"Suppose that you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then " Little boy (shaking his head)—"You don't know him; he ain't that kind of a boy."—Galveston News. During the first six months of the resent year 390 ships were registered in

England as unseaworthy, and were in consequence detained from proceeding to sea, while 125 others were prevented from sailing because overladen. It is singular how the expectations of outh fall short of realization. Many a bright, promising boy, who starts out with the full intention of being a pirate, never rises above the station of clerk on

a river steamer .- Middletown Transcript. Ten thousand English miners are annually injured by accidents, and 850 of these die. In Prussia the mortality is much hither, a life being sacrificed for every 70.451 tons of coal raised, while in England the proportion is only one in every 89,419.

The sorrowful tree, so called because it flourishes only in the night, is found on the island of Goa, near Bombay. The flowers, which appear soon after sunset, close up or fall off as the sun rises. The treehas a fragrant odor, and blossoms a t night the year round.

## "Playing Frunk, as Papa Does."

"My early practice," said a doctor was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Be-fore I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We were wretchedly poor, so that my family became pinched for daily bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me on a lounge sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him: 'Now get up and fall again. That's the way papa does. Let's play we are drunk.' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to any actor. I arose and left the house, any actor. I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles in the country—thinkwalked off miles in the country—think-ing over my abominable sin, and the example I was setting before my chil-dren. I solemnly resolved that, with God's help, I would quit the cup, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. so benighted, forgetful of his high call-ing, there is always hope in a man that of my own sweet boys, 'playing drunk actually and carnestly works.

Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys, 'playing drunk