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NO. 51.

The Unseen Friend. Life is too long for me. I cannot bear The weary days and hours. But if I share

Thy weary vigil, wilt thou still despair? My burden weighs me down. I am not free

To haste with eager steps. Yet I will be

Thy help and strength. Divide thy load with

The path is strange and rugged, and the night Falls black along the sky.

I will be sight For thee, faint soul, and guide thy feet aright. Nay, but fair homelights on the valley gleam.

What doth earth's splendor seemmore lasting than the glow-worm's

And is there, then, for me, no home nor

love-Naught but those barren wastes? So thou shalt prove

The bliss God giveth to bis own above. Thou, who art thou, that by me toilest on,

Unthanked, urasked? Friend, when thou lookest upon My face, thy place in heaven will be won! -Mary Ainge De Vere.

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

A vigorous pull at the front door-bell started Mr. Wells as, with his feet com-fortable poised on his desk, chair typed back, and the fumes of an odorous Havana pervading the apartment, he in-dulged in his usual after dinner smoke. Mr. Frederick Wells was a confirmed bacheler, and not with standing the many solicitations of his fair friends, whose charms had failed to melt his obdurate heart, still persisted in eschewing so-ciety, and living with his sister almo t the life of a recluse. But Mr. Wells had not always been so exclusive; only a few years before he had met and loved Lucy Shelton, the caughter of one of Chicago's wealthy citizens. This young lady, though refusing to be his wife, acknowledged her heart to be his, but she had promised her father to marry his partner, Joseph Parker, and circumstances over which she had no control compelled her to keep her word and marry his rival—her father's choice. In vain he pictured to her the wrong she wou'd do him. herself, and her husband; nothing could turn her from her course. Not wishing to witness Parker's tri-umph, Mt. Wells resolved to leave Chicago. Accordingly be, with his only sister, removed to the East, where they occupied an elegant Lorse in one of New England's flourishing cities In their pencerul Eastern nome rumors had reached them of the failure of the house of Shelton & Parker. Later the sad story of young Parker's downfall reached their at meathetic ears-how, by becoming a victim of the demon, intemperance, he had reduced his fair young wife to the processity of giving music lessons in order to keep starvation from her door. Mr. Wells, by thinking o-Lucy as the wife of another and a wosought to banish her forever from his mind, and while he pitied the unjortu nate Lucy, he still thrught that she, it a measure, deserved her sad fate. With these hitter feel mas would come a wish to stretch out a helping hand to thi

woman, who, by secrning his love, had

existence.
On the afternoon our story opens he was musing upon a means of aiding Mrs. Parker—for he knew her proud spirit would refuse any pecuniary assistance from him-when the sound of an unusually loud ring of the door-bell aroused him from his reverie, and in-stantaneously brought his feet and chair to their proper position. "Whew!" he exclaimed, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, "something unusual is wanted to warrant such impatience. Just then the door of his study opened, and his sister called him to come and see what had been left at their door Hastily following her into the hall, he beheld, to his surprise, in the arms of a servan! - who explained that she had found "the little thing" lying on the door step when she opened the dooran infant some seven or eight months old, wrapped in a huge shawl, and calmly gazing with bright blue eyes at the astonished group Taking the child in his arms, Mr. Wells proceeded to remove the snawl and found pinned to the dress a card bearing the name Lucy, and gathering the little form to his breast, great tears welled up into his eyes as he bent his head over the tiny baby face and murmured: "Those eyes! that name! Surely, this is Luc.'s child." Then, as t ashamed of his emotion, he handed the child to his sister, telling her in a gruff voice to see to its wants, vanished into his sanctum, slamming the door with a bang that plainly told her he did not wish to be interrupted; and here, free from mortal gaze, gave vent to his pent-up feeli gs: and while sobs shook his manly frame, the question, can this be Lucy's child? constantly recurred to him. He had not even heard that she had a child; besides, he knew she was in Chicago very recently, in a state of abject poverty. But, not with standing these contrarieties, the resemblance he fancied existed be tween this little waif and Mrs. Parker. only served to confirm him in the idea that this was indeed her child; then again he would ask himself—How came it to that city? to his door? None of his friends in Chicago knew of his whereabouts, and how was it possible for Mrs. Parker thus to leave her child to the mercy of a man she had so cruelly wronged? At length, not finding a satisfactory answer to his queries, he resolved to keep this little foundling, to bring it up as his own, cherish it as a boon from heaven sent to cheer his lonely life and bring sunshine in to his heart and home.
"Well! Eilen, how do you and the

little stranger agree?" playfully inquired Mr. Wells, as he met his sister at the

tea-table that evening.
"Her ladyship and myself are on wonderfully good terms, considering our limited acquaintance," laughingly re-joined his sister. "Come and see her new quarters, but, as she is asleep, you must make as little noise as pos

"Oh! ho! the little tyrant has issued her decrees thus early in her reign, gayly retorted Mr. Wells; "but she'l not find an obedient subject in me;" and with stealthy steps he followed Ellen into the next room, where lying upon an impromptu couch, improvised with an arm-chair and pillows, was the form of

the sleeping child. As, Mr. Wells stood gazing at the infantile face, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, while ance, she resolved to fly with her child, ance, she resolved to fly with her child, ance, she resolved to fly with her child, and the child, a

gleam of the street lamp fell upon the upturned countenance of a young, and once beautiful, woman he staggered back, muttering: "Oh, my God! Has it indeed come to this? My poor, poor, Lucy!" and raising the frail form in his strong arms he carried her into the house, calling to his sister, who was sitting up waiting his return, to send for a physiwaiting his return, to send for a physician and bring restoratives, as he had just found Lucy Shelton, dead, or nearly so, at their door.

Ellen, who had known and loved Lucy during her happier days in Chicago, assuring herself that she had only fainted, immediately set bringing back to life inanimate form. At length her efforts were rewarded; the color came slowly back to the pallid cheek, the beautiful eyelids quivered and re-vealed a pair of blue eyes that wandered in a restless, searching giance, from face to face, as if looking for some beloved object. In tones of piteous agony she wailed: "Oh! my baby! my lost darling!" Then, as if speaking to some unknown person, she would clasp her poor little hands and implore the

restoration of her child.

The doctor declared hers to be a most precatious case of brain fever, and that her recovery would be almost a miracle, as some great mental sorrow was aiding

the ravages of this terrible disease.

For many weeks Lucy's life tottered on the verge of eternity. Mr. Wells and his sister were untiring in their care and watchfulness, making every effort in their power to save the life of the hapless mother of their little foundling, or as such both had grown to consider

During her ravings she reproached her faithless husband with having robbed her of her only source of happiness—her child, and besought him, in plaintive tones, to bring back her baby, to tell her where he had hidden their child. On one occasion she pleaded so piteously that she be restored to her arms, that Ellen, moved by her entreaties, brought the child and laid it at her side; but instead of assuaging the mother's sorrow, this only increased her agony, as, turning away from her little one, she accused them of trying to deceive her. "My husband has stolen my child," she cried. "Oh! what shall inding herself alone she threw herself d) without my darling ?'

One day, after Mrs. Parker had been ill for about six weeks, Ellen entered her room to see after her patient's wants. On approaching the bedside a thin, little uand clasped hers, and a trembling voice inquired:

'Have I been ill long? Oh, Ellen! why did you call me back to a life of misery and sorrow?"

Hush: you must not talk now. When you are stronger all will be exconsigned him to a hopeless, hapless plained," answered the delighted Ellen. and hissing her pallid cheek, and recommending her to rest, she fled to her brother with the welcome tidings of

Mrs. Parker's recovery.
On reaching Mr. Wells' study, she found him in a state of intense ex-citement, caused by something he had read in the newspaper which he convulsively clutched with one hand, while with the other he pointed to a paragraph that read :

Last night during a quarrel in one of the drinking dens in this city, a young man named Joseph Parker was shot through the heart by an unknown assassin. As Parker is a stranger in the city, his body will be in the morgue until to-morrow, in case some of his friends might wish to claim it."

'A terrible end to an ill-spent life,' was Ellen's verdict, as, g ancing over the article, she realized how just are he punishments of an all-wise God. Lucy has regained her reason," she old her brother, "and is sensible of her hild's loss. We must conceal it child's loss. safely and the death of her husband from her until she is sufficiently strong to bear this double shock."

"You are right; my dear sister," re-joined Mr. Wells: "but in the meantime I will have the unfortunate Parker decently interred."

Accordingly he proceeded to the morgue, and there recognized in the bloated, scarred face the features of a once brilliant man and the husband of the unhappy Lucy. By Mr. Wells orders the remains were conveyed to the nearest churchyard, and plain marble slab erected, to mark the resting-place of him who had been the cause of his unhappiness and

of Lucy's misery. Under Ellen Wells' skillful nucsing Mrs. Parker's return to health was rapid. Day by day she gained new strength, till at length the doctor pronounced her strong enough to hear the tidings of her child's safety. As yet Mr. Wells had not seen her, and only on one occasion had she mentioned her preserver's name. This was, when speaking f her past wretched existence, she lamed herself for having not only blighted her own life, but for being the cause of his misery. She told Ellen that her father had extorted a promise from her to marry Parker by avowing himself on the verge of bankruptcy, from which this marriage alone would save him. Accordingly she sacrificed her heart's dearest love in order to save her father's honor. Matters got worse, instead of better, after this ill-fated marringe. Parker spent his time and money at the gaming table, and, finally, not content with squandering his own money, spent that of the firm also. A crisis was inevitable, and when at last the house was declared bankrunt every thing was sacrificed to satisfy the credi Even her father was not spared her; for, when he realized the extent of misery in store for himself and his cherished child, he took his own life. But her trisls did not end here. Her husband fell from one degradation to another, till at last, from neglecting

eyes opened and looked up at him, while a bright smile lit up the baby features and rendered more striking the memory of another pair of eyes that had looked into his, another smile that had once shed its rays over his pathway.

Ellen was delighted at the prospect of caring for this little one, whose coming she felt would dispell her brother's glcom and bring joy to them both.

That evening, on returning home at a late hour, Mr. Wells perceived a prostrate figure lying directly in front of his door.

"Hello! Who is this? You will freeze door.

"Hello! Who is this? You will freeze to death in this blinding storm," he exclaimed. But the figure remained motionless, and, approaching, Mr. Wells proceeded to uncover the face. As the gleam of the street lamp fell upon the unturned countenance of a young, and their lodgings deserted, and not a trace of the whereabouts of her child to be of the whereabouts of her child to be seen. Realizing that her husband had kept his threat, she rushed, frantic with grief, about the streets in hopes of finding some clew to the little one's retreat. At length, tired of wandering about, she sat down upon a door-step to rest. Here she remembered nothing further; and "Oh! Ellen," the invalid continued, "to think that I should have come to you, to be nursed by you back to life you who would be justified in turning me from your door, because of the biight I have cast upon your noble brother's life. But God knows how bitterly I have been punished for my

folly."
Tears filled Mrs. Parker's eyes, as she concluded her sorrowful story, and trinkled down her pale cheeks. Ellen, kissing the tears away, vainly tried to cheer her by picturing a brighter fu-ture, the possibility of again finding her missing child. She declared she would never be happy while her tyrant hus-land lived.

band lived. Ellen, embracing this opportunity, disclosed the details of Parker's death and burial to his heart-broken wife, who listened with bated breath and long-drawn sighs till she had finished the sad recital; then throwing her arms about Ellen's neck she sobbed out her grief on her shoulder.

The latter endeavored to soothe her sorrows, but Lucy was inconsolable, not so much at the loss of her miserable husband as at the realization of her own destitute condition—deprived of father, husband and child. "My poor baby," she wailed, "if I only had you I could bear all else."

"Then bear with your trials, dear Lucy; your child is safe and well," Ellen said, and proceeded to tell the weeping mother how her child had been found at a gentleman's door; how it had been taken in and tenderly cared his daily rations, or seven pounds, in for until she should be sufficiently recovered to receive it back; that this same gentleman was at that moment waiting to restore it to her arms, and, recommending her to quiet and rest,

on her knees, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven, in fervent tones she thanked the Father of the widow and the orphan for having spared her to her fatheriess little one. "Oh, God!" she concluded, "bless and prosper him who, in his charity, has succored my lost lamb in its hour of direst need." Rising, she stood face to face with

Frederick Wells.

For an instant her tongue refused to articulate a word, but as her eyes fell upon her lost darling, whom he carried in his arms, she utterd a glad cry, and snatching the child to her bosom, the fond mother almost smothered frightened little one with caresses.

Mr. Wells, standing a silent witness of this reunion, felt amply repaid for his long years of pain, and he thought how much more blessed it is to give joy

than sorrow.
When Mrs. Parker raised her eyes, streaming with tears of joy, to his face, and said: "Mr. Wells, how shall I ever pay this great debt of gratitude for not only do I owe my own life to your kindness, but also that of this child, infinitely more precious to me?" he answered: "By giving me the right to watch over and protect you both, I will be made immeasurably happy;" and drawing mother and child to his breast he kissed Lucy's tear-stained face.

Of course she consented, for a few months later a quiet wedding took place from the Wells' residence, when, after all her sorrows, Lucy Parker became the wife of her heart's first love.

A Determined Office-Seeker.

Last spring a bright-eyed, pretty girl of sixteen made her way into the presence Secretary Sherman and said:

"Mr. Sherman, I have come here to get a place." "There are none vacant," was the reply. "I know you can give me a place if you want to, and I think I am as much entitled to it as anybody. My father spent his life in the United States army, and when he died he left nothing. The responsibility of the family is on me, and I think I've got as good a claim as any one else on the gevernment."
"What kind of a place do you want?"
"I don't care what it is, but I must have work at once." Mr. Sherman assured her that there were ten applicants for every one place, and there was very little chance. She very deliberately told him that such an answer would not do, and declared that if he would allow her she would come up black his shoes, day and every couldn't do better for her. The secretary was struck at her determination and charmed by her bright face and her sprightly manner. He face and her sprightly manner. He told her to come back. In less than a week she had a good place in the treasury, which she still holds. Every morning she walks to the department with the step of a business little woman who is proud that her delicate hands can be the support of others. receives \$100 a month and supports in comfort her mother and sister. This brave, bright young woman is Miss May Macauley, formerly of Atlanta.— Washington Letter.

The qualities that make a great orstor are thus stated by Wendell Phillips: A man may be a stammerer and yet great orator, a man may have a poor voice and yet be a great orator, a man may speak incorrectly and ungrammatically, and still be a very great orator; all that is needed is to have an earnest cause thoroughly at heart, and have his young wife, he grew to abuse her.
With the aid of a few friends she obtained several music scholars, and with the money thus earned kept starvation from her door. When at length her is filled.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Grape Culture.

The grape ought to be as widely disseminated as the apple, and there is no good reason why it should not be. The good reason why it should not be. The large vineyards can supply our city population, but to supply the agricultural districts, grapes must be grown at home. This can be done at so small cost that no man who owns a home with a half-acre of land has any apology for depriving his family of grapes. An eighth of an acre in vines will supply a family and leave a surplus to sell. Any well-drained land that will produce well-drained land that will produce sixty bushels of corn to the acre may be sixty bushels of corn to the acre may be expected to produce good grapes. Well-prepared borders, with a good supply of bones, are desirable, but by no means essential. A dressing of wood ashes is an excellent fertilizer, but any manure good for corn will be good for the vines. The varieties which do well under the greatest varieties. for the vines. The varieties which do well under the greatest variety of circumstances, and bear neglect best, are such as the Concord, the Hartford Prolific and the Ives Seedling. There are grapes of much better quality than these, but they are good enough to suit the popular taste, and are hardy. They can be relied upon to bear fruit every season in generous quantity. The Ives has a thick skin, and is particularly desirable to pack in boxes for winter use. They have been for years before the They have been for years before the public, are thoroughly tested and can be furnished very cheaply by any nurseryman. A cheap trellis of chestnut posts and wire will be all the support they need. A four months' supply of grapes will promote health in the family, save doctors' bills and prove an important part of the food supply.—

About Horses.

The stomach of a horse has a capacity of about sixteen quarts, while that of the ox has 250. In the intestines this proportion is reduced, the horse having capacity of 190 quarts, against 100 of the ox. The ox, and nearly all other animals, have a gall-bladder for the retention of a part of the bile, secreted during digestion. The horse has none, and the bile flows directly into the intestines as fast as secreted. This con-struction of the digestive apparatus indicates that the horse was formed to eat slowly, and digest continually bulky and innutritious food; when fed on hay it passes very rapidly through the stomach into the intestines. The horse can eat but five pounds of hay in an hour, during mastication, with four times its weight of saliva. Now, the stomach, to digest it well, will contain but about ten quarts and when the animal eats one-third of one and one-half hours, he has swal-lowed at least two stomachfuls of hay and saliva, one of these having passed to the intestines. Observation has shown that the food is passed to the in-testines by the stomach in the order in which it is received. If we feed a horse with six quarts of oats, it will just fill his stomach; and if, as soon as he fin-ishes this, we feed him the above ration of seven pounds of hay, he will eat ishes this, we feed him the above ration of seven pounds of hay, he will eat sufficient in three-quarters of an hour to have forced the oats entirely out of his stomach into the intestines. As it is the office of the stomach to digest the nitrogenous parts of the feed, and as a stomachful of oats contains four or five times as much of these as the same amount of hay, tain that either the stomach must secrete the gastric juice five times as fast, or it must retain this food five times as

long. By feeding the oats first, it can

only be retained long enough for the proper digestion of the hay; conse-

quent y it seems legical, when feeding a

concentrated food like oats with a bulky

one like hay, to feed the latter first,

riving the grain the whole time between the repasts to be digested. The digestion

of the horse is governed by the same

ought to navea little rest after his meal

while the stomach is most active in the

processes of digestion.-Planter and

awaas that of man; and we know it is not best for a man to go at hard worl the moment a hearty meal is eaten, so we should remember that a horse

LEMON CAKE. - One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and a half cups of flour, one scant cup of milk, two whole eggs and yolks of two, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of da, grated rind of two large lemons Bake in layer cakes. Icing for the cakes -whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one pound of powdered sugar, juice of two lemons. FOURCHETTE. -Bits of nice salt pork,

about one third of an inch thick, two or three inches square; bits of calf's liver the same size. Puf these alternately on a long skewer, beginning and ending with pork; lay it in the oven across a dripping-pan, and roast as you would a bird, basting occasionally. When done bird, basting occasionally. slide the pieces from the skewer, and

serve on a hot plate. TO KEEP TOMATOES WHOLE.-Fi large stone jar with ripe tomatoes, then add a few whole cloves and a little sugar; cover them well with one-half cold vinegar and half water; place a piece of flannel over the jar, well down in the vinegar; then tie down with paper. In this way tomatoes can be kept a year. Should mildew collect on the flannel it will not hurt them in the

STUFFED EGG PLANT .- Cut them in half, lengthwise, and parboil them in salted water; scoop out most of the inside, and pound this to a paste in the mortar, with a little fat bacon and some mushrooms, previously chopped up, s little onion, also chopped, pepper and salt to taste, and a little crumb of bread soaked in stock. Fill each half this mixture, lay them in a well but-tered tin, and bake for about a quarter of an hour.

Swallows in Louisiana.

In the winter swallows collect by the millions in Louisiana swamps and feed on what the French call swallow trees, a species of willow. They will settle on the trees in such myriads as to oreak limbs as thick as a man's leg, and a heavy load of mustard seed shot from s double gun will sometimes kill thirty or forty dozen at once. They are dressed and sold in the market for fifteen cents a dozen and are used by French and Creoles in making "jumbles," a prepa-ration of rice and meat, fish or game.

The New York Tribune says the bil liard saloons of that city have suffered a great loss of custom owing to the introduction of billiards as a househol

TIMELY TOPICS.

The inquiries of Professor Cohn, of Breslau, indicate that short-sightedness is rarely or never born with those subject to it, and that it is almost always the result of strains sustained by he eye during study in early youth.

Ten pounds of tobacco out of every eleven that is used in this country is grown here. We grow about 391,000,000 pounds, import about 7,000,000, export about 321,000,000, leaving 77,000,000 for consumption. It is estimated that there are about 7,000,000 smokers in the United States; thus the yearly average per smoker is eleven pounds. per smoker is eleven pounds.

A number of English coal mines are being worked under the ocean. In Northumberland the net available quan-tity of coal under the sea is estimated at 403,000,000 tons, and on the Durham coast under the sea, including a breadth of three and a half miles, with an area of seventy-one square miles, 734,500,000 tons. The latter mine is in a vein of an aggregate thickness of thirty feet, dis-tributed in six seams. Engineers are considering how it can be worked suc-cessfully in the future.

It is some consolation to know that the prophets of disaster to our steady-going old planet do not agree among themselves. Two of them have deduced from the Bible the conclusion that things will go on as they are till 1857. Then people must look out for a tremendous cataciysm; the Star of Bethlehem will reappear, and moral. physical and mundance convulsions will follow. Others, however, equally en-titled to credence also, have set the date of the event as November 12, 1881.

It gives one a vivid idea of the incalculable loss to the country in material wealth from the wanton or accidental destruction of our forests that the damnage from forest fires in but three States, New York, Michigan and Wisconsin, and in but a single year, 1871, is estimated at the enormous sum of \$215,000,000. As a consequence of similar destruction settlers in Mionesota have been compelled this winter to burn their furni-ture, farm implements, outhouses and even the doors of their dwellin's to keep from freezing. Others have paid from \$17 to \$20 a cord for firewood. No wonder the Minnesota Foresters' association is pressing so energetically the need of renewing their woodlands.

"Murder," according to the San Ber-nardino Times, "still stalks red-handed through the Pacific cosst." The record of violent deaths for a single week is given as a sample: At Cucamonga " a man undertook to shoot another; his hand was struck up, the pistol discharged, and a young man entirely in-nocent of the rownow lies at the point of death; at El Monte, Hunt, who is known to have murdered one or more the seventeenth, a man shot another over a game of cards; at Bodie the people arose in their indignation and ynched a murderer who had been arested and allowed to escape; at San Diego, a day or two since, a saloon heeper shot two men in self-defense. and they are now in a dying condition. The Times says this record is repeated week after week, and thinks it about time that jurors should begin to convict murderers, and that a severe penalty should be imposed upon carrying a deadly weapon of any kind.

A Terrapin Farm.

The Mobile (Ala.) Register has the following account of a terrapin farm owned by Mulford Dorlon at Cedar Point: This projection of land is on the western shore of Mobile bay, about thirty miles below this city, and is inhabited principally by oystermen, who reap golden harvests from the many beds which furnish nearly every oyster brought to the port of Mobile. Mr. Dorlon, who keeps a store at this point has about three acres fenced in with strong pilings Leading to this inclos-ure are two canals, one on the bay side and the other on the guif side, which supply with salt water a number of ditches ten feet wide and 100 feet long. The sand accumulating from the excavation of these ditches is thrown on each side, and used by the terrapins to sun themselv s and lay their eggs in, which, if counted, would go up in the millions, and can be raked up by the bushel. In the winter season the terrapins remain imbedded in the mud of the ditches, where they stay until spring time, never touching a morsel of food. to keep the ditches full of salt water, or drain them at pleasure, and he is not at all dependent on the tide for that pur-

The number of terrapins on the farm as far as can be ascertained and by the closest calculation, is between 20,000 and 25,000, and in the course of the next three or four years will be something hard to calculate About May 1, Mr. Dorlon makes his purchase of terrapins from the country people on the Mississippi sound, and takes all be can secure at \$3 a dozen, and that generally averages about 8,000 a year added to his farm, outside of those bred therein. The inhabitants of Mississippi and Alabama hunt the terrapins with dogs trained for that purpose. The dog barks when he finds one, and the hunter immediately secures it by going to the spot where

the dog points.

The cost of feeding the terrapins, which, as we have said, is only done in the summer, is about one dollar per dozen for the season, and the price per dozen in New York has varied from \$18 to \$8. The food, which consists of crabs and fish, is caught with a seine, in front of the farm, and really very little expense is attached to the raising of these valuable land tortoises. Dorlon begins to ship about October 1, and then on to May 10. He generally sends his to Savannah by rail, and thence to New York by steamer, averaging about 12,000 a season, and had it not been for a disastrous hurricane, which some time ago washed out Mr. Dorion's farm, it would be to day the greates terrapin farm in the world. He can always ship all he can get, for there is a ready market for these delicacies.

There are only twenty-four match factories in the United States.

Injecting Morphine.

A number of persons more or less prominent in different walks of life have died in this city, says a New York paper, within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine. Most of them had, according to report, begun the injections in order to relieve themselves from pain caused by neuralgia, rheuma-tism, or some other distressing disorder. The effect was so pleasant, so delicious indeed, that they were gradually seduced into such use of morphine when they had no need of it, and, soon yielding completely to the habit, were destroyed by it. Physicians say that this has grown to be far from uncommon among persons of wealth and position, particularly among wo-men, who, after having tried it a while, have not had the strength to relinquish the delightful anodyne. Nor is it by any means confined to New York. The evil has spread all over the land, though it is naturally most prevalent in the large cities. It is said to have grown alarmingly during the last five or six years, and many persons who would never be suspected of the habit are its irredeemable victims. It has largely usurped the place, with certain classes, of the old custom of taking morphine, laudanum, and other preparations of opium into the stomach. The ropular notion is that it is not so harmful. But there is very little difference, and the injections are thought to be more dangerous because they are more insidious. They can be self-adminis-tered without the least trouble, and are so administered in nearly all cases where serious mischief is done. The effect of the morphine under the skin is de-

scribed as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious languor steals over the frame, the senses are wrapped as in a voluptuous waking dream, and a most joyous consciousness of perfect yet fascinating repose softly over-flows the mind. Even strong men and women have frequently found it hard to resist its allurements, have not been able to surrender its bentitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstances, fearing the consequences to their patients. No a few women of the finer type have been wrecked by the habit, and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence.

It was hailed as a great blessing once, and so it is, properly regulated; but, like so many blessings, it may readily be converted into a curse.

Reading the Recipe.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and, being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson Jakie to read it for her. Jakie took the paper, like a dutiful child, and, holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken?

I thought the melon must be ripe."
"Oh, what's the matter wid yew Gew ever see a watermelon that wusn't

"Cut the watermelon halves-"
"But there ain't only two halves to

anything I don' believe you are read-ing that, Jakie."
"Well, I don't have to, anyhow that's

what the rescet says. Then soak it in a pint cup-" "Oh, dear me! How in the world

can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?"
"Well, I ain't here to tell the whereases and howfores. I'm just readin' the facts and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put it in a skillet and fry it fur five

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a recipe as that?" said the old lady; but Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vine-

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gailon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it;" but Jakie continued: through a milk strainer over the meion. and to one cup of butter and the white and yolks and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and two tablespoonfuls of quinine and run it through a coffee mill and let it stand until it ferments, and then put it in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tailthis will stir it up to the right consistency-and then you can turn it off in crooks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold and spread it on mince pie and it makes capital dessert," and Jakie slid

Human Force,

-Detroit Free Press.

out of the door and left the old lady

looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

In the lives of most persons there ar periods in which everything is at stake henor, competency and happiess all hang on the balance. They may be almost ours, or even be in our posses sion, while the events will shortly tell whether they shall be ours for life or be lost forever. No matter how dark it is ahead, we must go into the contest or lose all without a struggle.

It is upon himself that a man must depend in such emergencies. His friends have their own battles to fight or victo ries to enjoy. The quality that will help him most is aggressive force-the persisting and indomitable energy that bears down all opposition. The man filled with this combative spirit is the hero, the master spirit of the world in which he moves. impediments which he was carried off by is friends. would dishearten weaker men cause in him the most vigorous exertions. Difficulties are swept out of his path, and though borne down time after time he

strug-les on and wins. They are fortunate who are thus endowed. But we all need what we can of strength of action. We must have the desire and the determination to push our way through the world. Going re-olutely on our way, thrusting ob-stacles aside as they are met, gives us the power of conquering. To be self-reliant keep in sight the motto "God will not crush me and no man can.'

Concerning the cause of London logs, it is now suggested that they are largely due to the burning of sulphur, 200 tons of this substance being daily burned in

The Scientific American estimates that more than \$35,000,000 was brought into the United States last year by foreign

My Valentine.

My valentine lives in her deeds Nor praises unmerited seeks; Her poor little mother she heeds, And kindly her brother bespeaks

My valentine no cruel thing Will chatter of other girls' ways Or makes new gaiter or ring Her measure of consure or praise

My valentine mixes the pies. And rolls out the crust for her ma; And such a girl, earth or the skies Might claim for a flow'r or a star.

HUMOROUS.

A dangerous collision-Running into

A good trade mark-A big advertise-Rubbers do not necessarily give a man

an elastic gait. - Yonkers Statesman A New York man calls his sweetheart Kitty, because she gets her back up so

The counterfeiters making ten-cent feces cannot expect to have very good limes.

Circumstances make men, yet one man isn't a circumstance to another, requently.

Burglars are of great assistance to perchants, manufacturers and clerks in taking stock.

Thermometers reform late in life they never become temperate until nearly sixty.

Why is a police officer like a confidence man? Because he takes people in.—Philadelphia Sun.

Out in Montana, when they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his "appearance in a new role."

Smithkins, who is a tailor by trade, got married lately. He says now that, before he was married he had only one "goose," but now he has two.—Toronto A country doctor on being asked what was the best way to cure a ham, remarked that before answering that

question he should like to know what ailed the ham. When the telegraph companies are compelled to run their wires under ground, the worms will learn to read by sound so as to know when the fishing

s good. - Philadelphia Chronicle. "I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon time to a brother dea-

con. "Didn't like it, Brother A.? Why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the parson." A meditative man was roaming through an anatomical museum, and came across the szeleton of a donkey. "Ah!" he said in reverential awe, as he adjusted his green spectscles, "we are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made."

Nearly a year has elapsed since the last wealthy young lady eloped with her father's coachman, and the many respectable young men who hopefully sought employment in the stables of the rich during the epidemic are disconso

lately drifting back to their former pursui's .- Modern Argo. An exchange combines a great deal of sound sense as well as sarcasm in the following ironical answer it gives one of its subscribers: "We are sorry you don't like this paper. We publish it simply to please you. We should ask you to come to the office and editit, only that if you did some iniquitous idiol might write to tell you how much better he could do it himself, and that

would annoy a nervous person like you.'

Young Mr. Stayer was a frequent caller downtown, and always sat up very late with the girls. The other night the old gentleman was heard call-ing to some one in the hall. "Ah," said Mr. Stayer, "what was that?"
"Nothing," said Miss Angelica, "only papa calling the hired girl to get up and go about breakfast." It was then halfpasi ten o'clock and Stayer knew better, but somehow he couldn't remain and be happy, and he went away long before the clock struck eleven. men are so sensitive, you know .- Steubenville Herald.

Bound to Have It.

Elder Traverse was once the most noted man in Eastern New York as a camp-meeting leader. He had a powerful voice, was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to disturb

The elder was once holding a camp meeting near Yonkers, and word reached him that a notorious rough, known as "Chicago Bob," intended to be on hand on Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precautions, and when Bob appeared on the grounds with a cigar in his mouth and a slung-shot in his sleeve, the elder didn't grow pale for a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a forward seat. When the people started to sing he began crowing, and thus created

confusion. "Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder, as he came forward. "Chicago Bob sits down for no man,

was the reply. "Sit down, Robert," continued the elder, as he put his hand on the loafer's

arm crowed Bob, as he peeled off his coat. Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and, as he fell over a bench, he was followed up and hit again and again and while in a semi-unconscious state Next day he was the first one to go

forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and asked:
"Robert, are you in earnest?"

"I am. "Are you really seeking after faith?"
"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday I'm bound to have it if I have

He didn't get it very strong, but he did no more crowing while the meeting lasted .- Wall Street Daily News. At the Castle of Simonetta, about

twenty miles from Milan, a surprising echo is produced between the two wings of the building. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times; and Addison, who visited the place on a somewhat foggy day, when the air was unfavorable to the experiment, counted fifty-six repetitions. It is stated that the sound of one musical instrument in this place resembles a great number