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## The Indian Camp. Out from the Northern forest, dim and vast; Out from the mystery Of yet more shadowy times, a pathless past, Uniracked by history;

Strangely he comes into our commonplace. Prosate present; And like a faded star beside the bay's Silvery crescent,

Upon the curved shore of the shining lake His tent he pitches— A modern chief, in white man's wide-awake And Christian breeches.

Reckless of title-deeds and forms of law,
He freely chooses
Whatever slope or wood-side suits his squaw
And lithe rancoses.

Why not? The owners of the land were red, Holding dominion Wherever ranged the foot of beast or spread The eagle's pinion.

And privileged, until they welcomed here. Their rair-taced brother.

To hunt, at will, sometimes the bear and doer, Sometimes each other.

How often to this lake, down yonder dark
And sinuous river,
The painted warriors sailed, in fleets of bark,
With how half quiver? This lank-haired chieftain is their child, and heir To a great nation, And well might fix, you fancy, anywhere His habitation.

Has he too come to hunt the bear and deer, To frap the otter? Alas! there's no such creature stirring here, On land or water,

To have a little traffic with the town, Once more he chooses. The ancient camping-place, and brings his brown Squaw and paposees.

No tent was here in yester-evening's hush; But the day, dawning. Transfigures with a faint, a reseate flush, His dingy awning.

The came smoke curling in the misty light, And canvas slanting. To the green earth, all this is something quite Fresh and enchanting;

Viewed not too closely, lest the glancing wings, The tridescent Soft coloffs of romance, give place to things Not quite so pleasant.

The gossamers glistening on the dewy turf; The list and tuble Of flashing team-bells, where the placid surf liveace on the shingle; The shimmering birches by the rippling cove; A fresh breeze bringing. The fragrance of the pines, and in the grove The thrushes singing.

Make the day sweet. But other sight and sound And odors fill II. You find, as you approach their camping ground And recking skillet.

The ill-fod curs rush out with wolfish back;
Add, staring at you,
A slim young girl leads up, smooth-limbed and dark
As a bremze statue.

A bare papose about the camp-fire poles. Toddles at random; And on the ground there, by the blazing coals, Sits the old grandam.

Wrinkled and leap; her skirt a matted rag,
In plained collar
Of beads and hedgehog quills, the smoke-dried har
Squats in her squalor, Dressing a marmot which the boys have shot;

Which done, she seizes
With tawn claws, and drops into the pot
The raw, red pieces. The chief m anwhile has in some mischief found Who know- too well, alast that he is bound To have a birching.

The stoic of the woods, when and unmoved, lakes the light makes in Tickling the divide analysis in approved. Fatherly tacking.

The boy slinks off, a wherelor, indeed... Where and sorrier. And is this hall hall of the large we read, The contant warrers

Where han is his tour above? the scalps of tall Bray a struck in lattice. Why, bless out are his about is not at all That kind of earlie! In ceasing to be savages, they chose

That suit t of savage; even those blokery how are merely playthings, For common use he rather likes, I think,

Hatchet and district; and of white man's drink, I rear, a triffe. With neighbors' scalp-locks, and such bagatelles, He priver meddles. Bows, baskets, and I hardly know what else, He makes and peddles.

Quite civilized, you see. Is he aware Of his heatitude? Does he, for all the white man's love and care, Feel proper gratitude?

Feathers and war-paint he no more enjoys;

But he is prouder
Of long-tailed cost, and boots, and cordurors,
And white man's powder. And he can trade his mink and musquash skins Backets of wicker.

For white man's trinkers; bows and moccasins
For white man's liquor.

His Maniton is passing, with each strange, Wild superstition: He has the Indian agent for a change, And Indian mission.

He owns his cabin and petato patch,
And farms a little.
Industrious? Quite, when there are fish to catch,
Or shafts to whittle

Though all about him, like a rising deep, Flows the white nation. He has---and while it pleases us may keep--His Reservation.

Pliced with his tribe in such a paradise.
The test believing.
That they should still be given to petty vice.
Treachery and thieving.

Incentives to rensumee their Indian tricks Are surely ample. With white mare yiety and politics For their example.

But are they happier now than when, some night, Of tufted warriors sailled forth to fight The fierce Dakotas?

Still under that sedate, impassive port, That dull demeanor. A spirit waits, a demon sheps—in short, The same red sinner!

Within those inky pools, his eyes, I see Revenue and pillage, The midnight massacre that yet may be, The blazing village. When will he mend his wicked ways, indeed, Kill more humanely... Depart, and leave to us the lands we need?
To put it plainly.

Yet in our dealings with his race, in crimes Of war and ravage, Who is the Christian, one might ask sometimes, And who the savage?

His traits are ours, seen in a dusky glass, And but remind us Of heathenism we hardly yet, alas! Have left behind us. Is right for white race wrong for black and red? A man or woman, What hue seever, after all that's said, Is simply human.

Viewed from the smoke and misery of his dim

Civilization,

How seems, I'd like to ask---how seems to him
The proud Caucasian?

I shape the question as he saunters nigh.

But shame to ask it.

We turn to price his wares instead, and buy,
Ferhaps, a basket.

But this is strange! A man without pretense Of wit or reading. Where did he get that calm intelligence, That plain good-breeding?

With him long patience, fortitude unspent, Unfaught sagacity; Culture with us, the curse of discontent, Pride, and rapacity.

Something we gain of him and bear away We look awhile upon the quivering bay and shimmering birches---

The young squaw bearing up from the cancee Some heavy lading; Along the beach a picturesque papoone Splashing and wading;

The withered crone, the camp smoke's slow ascent. The purfs that blind her: The girl, her sifnoustte on the sun-lit tent Shadowed behind her;

The stalwart brave, watching his burdened wife, Erect and stolial: We look, and think with pity of a life So poor and squalid!

Then at the cheering signal of a bell

Back to the world, back to the great hotel
Leoming up yonder.

...J. T. Trombridge, in Harper's Magazin

### MABEL'S DREAM.

"Well, petite, is it to be wine or coffee?"

dained the city, where men jostle each out this minute." other, the strong mounting on the downfall of the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterdownfall of the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly of fashion to win his heart and conflict from the street form of the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the street form of the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak was a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak was a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak was a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak was a summer visit brought was a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly and the weak was a summer visit brought was a summer vi quer his prejudice, so that winter found him at her side in the city home, holding the hand that bore his ring, and

saying with a smile : "I have been brought up to believe with liquor. that 'wine is a mocker, and strong drink raging, but when one is in Rome, ou the man, you do nothing but cuddle friends predicted a speedy failure. him and he does nothing but whine. "Did she expect to support a fa credit on my patroness by unconventional singularity, which I believe is the greatest crime in your social code.

So I leave you to decide—wine or ties, while I starve. Bring that sauce-answered.

"Did show the does nothing but whine. Why don't you send him out to beg or work! He's old enough to. But no, he must sit in the house feeding on damities, while I starve. Bring that sauce-answered. coffee.

She looked at his strength. Of all men there could be no danger

And women would think it a country prejudice should he decline wine. "Come to me the first thing in the morning, and then do as I bid you,"

was her decision.

And five minuter later the crisp snow crunched under his firm tread, and she had gone to her own room to tell Cousin Grace what a splendid fellow he was, and afterward to dream of to-morrow's

"Wine or coffee ?" And with her jeweled hand she held a fragile wine-glass brimming with the red blood of the grape, and looked into his eyes with a smile that a siren might have envied. "To the health of our fair hostess

May her beauty never wane!"
And for good or ill the wine had passed his lips.

"Gentlemen, am I my own master or not?

"But, Burton, you are not fit to go to her now. Come, there's a good fellow! -we'll get you to bed, and in the morn- Pain. ing you'll be all right again. You see you ain't seasoned like us old stagers, but the women don't take that into account, and she'll think you're on the high road to ruin, and all that."

I promised her I would go to her the first thing in the morning, and I never buy the broth of which you deprived fail in the performance of a promise our starving child. Oh, my husband! when it is avoidable." "That's all right as a rule, but you

too tired to see you and all that." "No. I won't lie to her in the mere

trifle. But, Blake, you're making a price of a single drink. mountain out of a mole-hill. I tell you as straight as any of you. Halloa, driver,

"We'll take that for granted, Burton. But if you are determined to go you must at least take a plain soda and give your head a souse in cold water." "Nothing of the sort. You've inti-

Miss Aberdeen's presence, and she will not notice any change in me whatever!' They had to yield.

When before all those present, he raised her hand to his lips and said: "Mabel, I s'lute you f"

It was the first she had occasion to blush for him, and for the first time she was stricken with fear for herself.

Ten years with their changes have come and gone.

We pass from the fashionable thoroughfare down a disreputable street, through a filthy alley, up four flights of ricketty stairs to an attic.

Through the small, dingy panes of glass, where they are not broken and stuffed with rags to keep out the cold you can see only chimney-tops and roofs covered with snow. In a small, badly-cracked stove, sup-

ported by two iron legs and a pile of bricks, there are a few coals over which a woman is trying to cook something in a saucepan. They do not give out warmth enough

to dispel the chilly air of the room, and the woman shivers while she huddles as near as possible to the scant heat. Perhaps it was because she was wretchedly clad, and so thin and wan.

Want and sorrow were stamped on every lineament of the wasted frame and face. Her very hair seemed to hang gaunt on her cheek. Every once in a while she looked

toward a corner of the room where stood a tumble-down bedstead. Her attention was attracted by the coughing of a boy eight or nine years of age, yet so wasted by privation that he was almost a skeleton. Out of his great liquid eyes looked starvation.

"Mamma, I'm so cold," he said, in a shrill, piping voice. "Hush, dearest! Don't speak so loud. Huddle up close to papa. I'll

have you something warm in a min-The child looked to the other side of the bed where a man lay in a drunkeu

Gathering the ragged bedclothes more closely about his shivering little form, but moving no nearer to the man, the

child said in a hoarse whisper: " Mamma, I'm afraid." At that the woman straightened up, her heart swelling almost to bursting. With the hard tearlessness of despain her eyes rested on the man, then sought

the child, and last returned to the man, and from her quivering lips arose the invocation: His slumber disturbed by some hide-ous nightmare, the drunkard tossed his arm so that it fell upon the shrinking

child, who cried in quick terror: "Mamma! mamma!" "Hush, dearest," continued the wo-to her amond marriage, by the express man again, with her heart in her month; desire of Mr. Cross, who is himself very but to late, the drunkard was ground, well off.

"Hallon, there! Have you got anything for me to eat?" he demanded.
"No, dear, not a mouthful!" said the

waving grain which surrounded the home where he had been born and reputting under the stove? You're less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at reared. James Burton had rather dishiding it from me, are you? Fetch it He sat on the edge of the bed and

> had nothing to eat since yesterday." The anguish-wrung words fell from her lips in piteous, pleading tones that must have moved any one not insane

"Confound you and your child," cried ties, while I starve. Bring that saucepan here!

pan here!
"James, the child is starving! Look
at him!" cried the mother, in despair.
With an oath the man got up and approached the grate. "Husband, you must not take it. Oh, you cannot. Our child is dying—dying of hunger—and that is all I have to give him. "We'll see what 1 can do. Stand

aside, I tell you."
With an oath he struck her to the floor, and picked up the saucepan and

The frosty air seemed to fairly dance with the jingle of bells.

The reception-room was like a hall in a fairy palace.

"Wine or coffee" And seizing the frightened boy by the shoulder he dragged him out.

"James, James! what are you going to do?" screamed the mother, throwing herself on her knees and catching her child in her arms. "Take him out to the street corner

and make him beg." "No, no; the child will freeze to death. He is already sick and starving. You shall not take him out into the cold-you shall not!" Desperately she clung to the boy,

while his father wrenched at his arm, until the child fainted with grief and Then with an oath at his weakness, the father hurled the limp body back

upon her. "Have you got any money?" he "No. James. The last penny went to

how could you?" "I wonder if these things would can tell her that you knew she would be fetch anything in the pawnshop?" And he tossed over the ragged bedclothes to find something that would bring the

"The whole lot wouldn't fetch I am all right. Here, let me out of the shilling," he growled, and then walked carriage. I'll show you that I can walk out of the room, slamming the ricketty door, angrily.

Then the mother rose with her unconscious boy and laid him on the bed. There was a terrible look on her face as she drew from a closet a pan of charcoal and set it on a stove. With an icy calm she walked about the room, stuffing mated that I am drunk, and I'll prove rags in all the crevices, and when this to you that I am not. I shall go into was done, ignited the charcoal. She was done, ignited the charcoal. She bent over the child to take a last long look-a look of devouring love and pity She kissed his lips, brow and emaciated hands. Then she laid down and gathered him to her heart.

"God cannot judge me harshly for this," she said. "It will end his misery and mine." But a throb of anguish convulsed her,

as she thought that she would never see her child again in this world, never hear his voice, never feel the clasp of his arms nor the touch of his lips. As if her clasp awakened him, he moved and cried:

" Mamma, mamma!" Then the poisonous vapors that rose from the charcoal seemed to clear away, and the voice became more distant, re solving itself into the words: "Mabel! Mabel! what is the matter

Mabel Aberdeen shook off the nightmare that held her in thrall. She was no longer a starving wretch, courting death for herself and child, but a young lady in the full bloom of health and happiness, surrounded by every comfort and luxury. And it was only Cousin Grace she held in such a convulsive grasp, while she trembled from head to foot and a cold perspiration oozed from every pore in her body.

And this morning James Burton, no wrecked drunkard, but her noble James, so strong and good, would be there; and she was to decide whether he should drink wine or coffee.

"Gentlemen, we have taken up with the new idea, and will serve you with coffee instead of wine. We hope that you will appreciate our motive, and be as well pleased."

Politeness alone prevented some from elevating their eyebrows with a quiet smile. As for James Burton, his eyes glowed with genuine pleasure. No one heard him when he whispered to her: "Mabel, I am glad—very glad. I promise myself a brave little wife. But

am at a loss to know what influenced And with archness dashed with vein of tenderness, she smiled upon his

face and asked: "Do you believe in dreams?" He said no; but when she told him this particular dream, he replied that he would so far modify his opinion as to place implicit faith in all dreams that recommended coffee in the place of wine.

There has been some surprise that nothing was left in her will by George Eliot to her husband, Mr. Cross, but that all the money went to the family of her first husband. This was, however, an arrangement entered into previous FOR THE FAIR SEX.

What Women Have Done.

"Well, petite, is it to be wine or coffee?"

Standing in his own doorway and looking out over the thousand acres of waving grain which surrounded the home where he had been born and rearred. James Burton had rather discovered to the surrounded the home where he had been born and rearred. James Burton had rather discovered to the surrounded the looking under the stove? You're less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at the surrounded the looking under the stove? You're less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at the surrounded the looking under the stove? You're less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at the surrounded the looking the surrounded the looking under the stove? You're less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at the surrounded the looking out over the thousand acres of lying to me? I can smell something you've been cooking. What is that you as you've less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at looking the surrounded the looking th children out and perhaps she could support herself by sewing or teaching;" but, like the plucky woman that she was, she made answer:

> while I have health and strength to work for them." She rented a house with a few acres of land adjoining, invested the greater part of the \$300 in poultry, feed and "fixtures," and went to work. The

"Did she expect to support a family of five on the profits from a few "Yes, I expect to do just that," she swered. "When I was a girl I always

and as I made it pay then, I see no reason why I cannot make it pay now."
"You'll see," said the wise ones. 'It's our private opinion that you have thrown away the little money that you had. Five dollars for a rooster!" and eyes were rolled up and heads shaken over the "shiftlessness" of the woman who paid "five dollars for a rooster." Last winter I met this woman at a poul-try show, and she told me of her suc-cess. She had educated her children, paid for her little farm (worth \$800),

and had \$300 in the bank. Another woman, whose husband fell from a building and was crippled for life, took up poultry-raising because it was the only thing she could do at home; that was thirteen years ago, and to-day she owns a fine farm well stocked, has money in bonds and in the bank.

A young woman whose health failed in the close confinement of the schoolroom went to raising poultry because she was obliged to do something for a living, and because the doctors advised mental rest, and as much active outdoor exercise as possible. In two years her health was firmly established, but in the meantime she had found poultry-keeping so pleasant and profitable that she refused to teach again. She has been in the business five years, and is carning a fortune as fast as ever a pair

of woman's hands earned one.

Last year the writer made a clear profit of almost \$1,000 on a breeding stock of some 200 chickens, ducks and turkeys. I do not publish this to boast over my success, but to show other women what a woman can do under the most favorable circumstances. The favorable circumstances in my case were splendid stock of breeding fowls, healthy location, a thorough knowledge of my business in all its branches, and

nearness to a first-class market. Of course, some doubting individuals sible to make five dollars profit on every adolt fowl kept, but if they will stop and consider that I get spring chickens to market during the months of April May, when they sell readily for one do ar each; that I sell ten and twelvepound capons for thirty cents a pound; that I manage to have eggs to sell in winter when I can get from thirty to thirty-five cents a dozen, and that I sell a few trios of exhibition birds every year, they will see where the big profit

comes in. Now don't stop right here and give up all thoughts of raising chickens just because you cannot get such prices in your locality, but wait until I give you

few hints from my experience. I have kept poultry in the West where eggs sold at the "stores" for eight cents dozen in summer, and poultry sold in the fall for seven cents a pound, live weight, but I made it pay. We lived on a line of railroad, 200 miles from a city market, but I soon found out that all the poultry and eggs from our place went to the city, and I could not for the life of me see why I could not ship such things just as well as the merchants, so I sent a thirty-dozen package of fresh eggs to a commission house in the city they sold readily, and there was a call for more. "These small packages of eggs, every one warranted fresh, are just what we want," wrote the commission man. I did some more thinking, and then put on my good clothes and went to the city. Once there it did not take me long to find a grocer who wanted thirty dozen fresh eggs a week, so I shipped the eggs direct to him, and

saved the commission merchant's profits. In the fall I sold my poultry the same There was no thoroughbred poultry in the vicinity except that in my yards, and when people began to find out that my chickens were superior to the common mongrel fowls, they bought a great many eggs for hatching. There was not one pair of any of the improved varieties of ducks in the county. I sent a thousand miles for a pair of Pekins, and within a month after they arrived everybody had the duck fever, and I was overrun with orders for ducks before a single egg hatched. I also procured some bronze turkeys that I

raised at good prices. Every woman who goes into poultry-raising may not be able to get in those 'extras," but every woman who desires to earn money by raising poultry, and goes into the business with a determination to succeed, will be sure to make it pay, even if she sells every egg and every chicken at market prices .-

Prairie Farmer.

steel and silver laces.

Spanis lace, Breton, thread and steel, or jetted laces are used for garniture. Pink or blue muslin hems an inch wide are all around wide mull neckties. An effort is made to revive the oldfashioned silver gray shades to use with

Shirred cuffs of India muslin are to be worn outside the dressed sleeves, turned up from the wrists. The material for which the greatest

popularity is predicted is the satin merveilleux in bayadere stripes. The poke with higher brim and narrower sides is among the latest bonnets. It is more conspicuous than even

Lace braid will be combined with smooth braid in the straw bonnets this year, one being used for the crown and the other for the brim.

The round hats are made in large picturesque shapes with soft brim not wired, and lined with a plaited lace frill,

or else fully puffed satin. A great deal of ribbon is used for trimming pokes, and this is from five to seven inches wide; especially is it wide for strings, and all pokes have strings. has c Plaid and plain goods are combined "My children shall not be separated

> Coiffures have just enough additional fullness, either from false, hair or ingenious arrangement, to make them very becoming.
>
> For black round hats there are steel

trimmings, and voluminous scarfs of Spanish lace put on to cover nearly all the top of the crown, as well as to sur-Dark gray shaded to silver gray is a favorite omber silk for bonnets, the

managed the poultry on father's farm, trimmings consisting of steel and silver beads, steel and silver ornaments, and shaded dark and silver gray ostrich tips. Stockings must match the dress in both the color of the ground and in the

flower or figure embroideries on the instep, when the dress is composed even in part of flowered or figured materials. Long gloves reaching above the elbow have the length above the wrist oftener formed of alternate rows of lace and kid than of kid alone; the tops are invariably finished with a frill of lace above

the elbow. Combinations of materials seem to be as popular as ever, and spring costumes are composed partly of plain goods and partly of brocade; but when two fabrics are selected for a dress they are generally chosen both of the same color unless for very dressy evening toilets, the difference of texture producing sufficient variety.

### Why the Monkey Was Sold.

I haven't any monkey now, and I don't care what becomes of me. His loss was an awful blow, and I never expect to recover from it. I am a crushed boy, and when the grown folks find what their conduct has done to me they will wish

they had done differently. It was on a Tuesday that I got the monkey, and by Thursday everybody began to treat him coldly. It began with my little sister. Jocko took her doll away and climbed up to the top of the door with it where he sat and pulled over well-chosen humanized virus. 24. Well-chosen vaccine, from it to pieces and tried its clothes on, only they wouldn't fit him, while sister, who ered to make stock for human vaccinis nothing but a little girl, stood and howled as if she was being killed. This made mother begin to dislike the mon- arm to arm, must always be preferred to key, and she said that if his conduct was vaccine in tubes and on quills. call this unkind, for the monkey was in- from an unknown source must be revited into the house, and I've been told | jected. we must bear with visitors.

A little while afterward, while mother was talking to Susan on the front piazza, he heard the sewing machine upstairs, hine without ever asking leave." she ran upstairs and found that Jocko was working the machine like mad. He'd taken Sue's nightgown and father's black coat and a lot of stockings, and shoved them all under the needle, and was sewing them all together. Mother boxed his ears, and then she and Sue sat down and worked all the morning trying to unsew the things with the

SCISSOIS. They had to give it up after awhile, and the things are sewed together yet, vaccinal like a man and wife, which no man can demic. put asunder. All this made my mother

more cool toward the monkey than ever, and I heard her call him a little beast. The next day was Sunday, and as Sue to go to church with her, Jocko gets up on her chair and pulls the feathers out tion as follows: of her bonnet. He thought he was doing right, for he had seen the cook pull-

Father came home early on Monday, and seemed quite pleased with the monthat she would be contented with fewer beaux now that there was a monkey constantly in the house. In a little while me to take good care of him and not let | centuries. he was a man and had more sense than girls. But I was only deceiving myself and leaning on a broken reed. That like Sodom and Gomorrah. very evening when father went into his study after supper he found Jocko on his desk. He had torn all his papers to pieces, except a splendid new map, and that he was covering with ink, and making believe he was writing a President's message about the Panama canal. Father was just raging. He took Jocko by the scruff of the neck, locked him in the closet, and sent him away by express the next morning to a man in the city, with orders to sell him.

The expressman afterward told Mr. Travers that the monkey pretty nearly killed everybody on the train, for he got hold of the signal cord and pulled it, and the engineer thought it was the conductor and stopped the train, and another train just behind it came within an inch of running into it and smashing it to pieces. Jocko did the same thing three times before they found out what was the matter, and tied him up so that he couldn't reach the cord. Oh, he was just beautiful! But I shall never see him again, and Mr. Travers says that it's all right, and that I'm monkey enough been saying things against the monkey to him; but never mind.

First my dog went and now my mon-ey has gone. It seems as if everything key has gone. It seems as if everything that is beautiful must disappear. Very likely I shall go next, and when I am out in the 21st Psalm will receive the gone let them find the dog and the mon-

## VACCINATION.

What the Best French Anthority Has to Say We give below the conclusions of Dr. Froussagraves, a celebrated French writer on smallpox, regarding vaccina-

1. Vaccination has preserved and still preserves an incalculable number of

2. The number of blind and deaf has considerably diminished under the influence of vaccination.

3. Vaccination preserves human in some of the summer suits, the plaids being used for the plaitings and for bordering the basque and draperies.

3. Vaccination preserves human beauty.

4. The charges made against vaccination, when sifted down, are bound to have no foundation.

Vaccination does not cause en feebled constitutions nor destroy the health. 6. It does not make typhoid fever

more prevalent. 7. It does not increase the number of consumptives. 8. It does not transmit scrofula and skin diseases.

9. It is only dangerous in the hands of ignorant and incompetent practition-10. The innocence of the practice is so marked that in many countries vac-

cination is obligatory. 11. Vaccination is not infallible. 12. Revaccination is necessary when

the initial vaccination has left poor 13. The fact of an interior variolic eruption does not dispense with a revac-

14. It is necessary to revaccinate at ten years, at twenty years and at forty

15. Beyond the age of forty it is not necessary to revaccinate the fourth time, only during periods of violent epi-16. It is necessary to vaccinate as soon as possible.

17. Vaccination can be practiced at

the date of birth. 18. Vaccinations can be practiced at all seasons. 19. The period of dentition should prevent vaccination if the urgency

of the case demands such a step. 20. No age is safe from variola, vided the subject be unvaccinated. 21. Vaccination and revaccination should only be performed by a physician.

22. Well-chosen vaccine matter ex-

poses the subject to no transmissible disease. 23. Animal vaccine has no superiority up to his esophagus he finds it warm enough. This is about the time Mrs. J. 24. Well-chosen vaccine, from the cow or cow-pox, must be carefully gath-

such he couldn't stay in her house. I 26. All vaccine on points coming

27. It is necessary to place the value of vaccine in the following order: First -Spontaneous cow-pox vaccine. Second Human vaccine transmitted from arm and said: "Well, I never; that cook has to arm. Third-Human vaccine transthe impudence to be sewing on my ma- planted on heifers. Fourth-Recently preserved vaccine from a pure source. 28 It is is prudent to make a certain

> 29. The impression of variola may be ade until the fifth day of vaccination. 30. An infant is not enfeebled by caccination. 31. Revaccinations recognize the same

number of incisions.

rules as vaccination. 32. Pregnancy and nursing are not inpediments to vaccination. 33. It is altogether an advantage to vaccinate or revaccinate in times of epi-

The End of the World. James M. Swormstedt has figured it out that the world will come to an end was sitting in the hall waiting for mother | at midnight of November 12, 1881. He closes his wonderful and fearful predic-

"It is a very remarkable coincidence that at midnight of November 12 the ing the feathers off the chickens, but seven stars from whence Christ will de-Sue called him dreadful names, and scend, and Jupiter, the earth, and the said that when father came home either sun will be in a direct line with each she or that monkey would leave the other. The comet will, I think, come straight from this line. The most direful effects will follow its contact with our planet. Both bodies traveling at key. He said it was an interesting the rate of more than a thousand miles study, and he told Susan that he hoped per minute, there can but ensue the most disastrous consequences. It will produce the most awful earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, whirlwinds and torfather caught Jocko lathering himself nadoes the world has ever witnessed. with the mucilage brush, and with a The mountains will flow down with lava, kitchen knife already to shave himself. also with torrents of water, caused by He just laughed at the monkey, and told the melting of the accumulated snow of me to take good care of him and not let centuries. Whole cities will be swept him hurt himself. Of course, I was away by these floods. Other cities will dreadfully pleased to find that father be thrown down by great earthquakes, dreadfully pleased to find that father be thrown down by great earthquakes, liked Jocko, and I knew it was because and still others will be destroyed by tornadoes and whirlwinds. Many others will be destroyed by fire and brimstone,

> "Isaiah xxiv tells us the earth will 'reel to and fro like a drunkard' under the mighty bombardment through which it will have to go. St. John says: heaven will depart as a scroll when it is rolled together.' This indicates that the force of the great concussion will be so dreadful and produce such a tempest that the cloud which surrounds earth will be 'rolled together as a scroll' and carried off by the comet. The earth will present a wretched and

the comet's train. According to St. John, the world will become panicgreat men their estates, rich men their wealth, the chief captains and the mighty men their armies, and all other men their occupations, and will flee to the caves and rocks of the mountains for shelter. And after they reach those places, their terror will be so great amid the appalling calamities that herald the approach of the Christ they have so long rejected they will call for the mountains for one house. That's because Sue has and rocks to fall on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of

supernatural protection promised in this

A Point of Etiquette.

A cat one day a sparrow caught; About to eat it up, "Stop !" cried the sparrow; "gentlemen Should wash before they sup."

Grimalkin paused; to be presumed So fine was rather nice. "Quite true," he said, and dropped the bird

To follow her advice.

Off flew the sparrow. "Ah, you rogue !" Cried pussy, in a rage,

"So that's your game? But I'll be wise In future, I'll engage! I'll never wash before I eat,

But after." Which is still A fashion that the cats keep up, And, doubtless, always will.

# HUMOROUS.

-Our Animal Friends,

Gift-takers think there is no time like the present time.

A young lady at a ball called her beau an Indian because he was on her trail all the time. The mournful cry of the merchant who does not advertise is: "No sale

from day to day."-Rome Sentinel. Mr. Edison is now perfecting an invention to draw cold water from a watch spring.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

How doth the learned editor Delight to clip and write! He gathers items all day long, And writes them up at night.

An exchange tells of a man who says he has invented perpetual motion. But it doesn't tell how he got out of the asylum. A hen is more apt to have a higher appreciation of the value of an egg than

a human being has, because she sets more on it. A Boston physician who advised a dyspeptic patient to take plenty of exercise was quite taken aback when the patient told him that he was a letter-

The Detroit Free Press states that

the average time consumed by men in buying hats is seven minutes. The average time of the other sex is 177 We see it stated that it is impossible to get warm in cold weather with undigested food in your stomach. Jones says it is all humbug. When he goes home from a hot supper, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1 a. M., with his stomach full of undigested food clear

# gets her tongue a-going .- Boston Tran-

script. Eminent Shoemakers. Perhaps it was Coleridge who first re marked upon the great number of shoe makers that have become eminent in various walks of life; and certain it is that magazines and newspapers have found in men who sprang from this em ployment to higher things many sub-

jects for interesting sketches, obituary notices and special articles. There was a man some years ago in Portland-probably a shoemaker, but, at all events, too modest to give his name-who published a book which he called "Eminent Shoemakers," and the recent news that John Mackintosh, a shoemaker of Aberdeen, has written two volumes of a " History of Civilization in Scotland" will give interest to some of the celebrated names which the Portland

shoemaker succeeded in bringing to-William Gifford, the founder and long the editor of the London Quarterly Review, and than whom probably no shoemaker ever had " one sutor" thrown at him more often or with better effect, toiled, we are informed, six long years at the trade which he said himself he 'hated with a perfect hatred." George Fox, whom, by the way, Carlyle has celebrated as one of the noblest men in England, "making himself a suit .of leather," divided his time between making shoes and caring for sheep until he began to preach those sermons of his, and to do that Christian work which finally gave unto the world the first organization of the So ciety of Quakers. Robert Bloomfield. the poet, made shoes, and of him it was once said that he was "the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl." Hans Sachs, the friend of Luther, who wrote five folio volumes in verse that are printed, and five others that are not, was a most diligent maker of shoes in quaint old Nuremberg, and, for all he wrote, never made a shoe the less, he said, and virtually reared a large

family by the labor of his hands, independent of his poetry. Among others this author mentions no less a name than Noah Worcester. Roger Sherman, too, is on his list, and Thomas Holcroft. Others might be— Henry Wilson one of them. Indeed, it should not be forgotten that the father of John Adams, our second president and the father of our sixth, made many a shoe in his day during the leisure

#### which his farm-life gave him. Little Johnny's Pos um.

Possums has tobacco pouches on their stomachs, and one time there was a possum which was a show. A feller come to see the show, and he had a bunch of fire-crackers, 'cause it was the Fourth of ruined appearance as it emerges beyond July. The feller he took one off and put it in his mouth, then he lit one of the others and held 'em out to the posstricken as the comet approaches the sum, and said: "Have a cigarette?" earth. Kings will desert their thrones, The possum it snatched them, and crammed 'em in its pouch, and wank its eyes like it said: "Now you can just whistle for your old eigarettes, for I am

a regular savings bank, I am!" But bimeby the crackers went off wild and you never see such a busted bank like that possum!

Mr. Lancaster, near London, has forty-six acres of celery, and his celery commands the highest prices in mar-ket. His plantation, at 10,000 plants per acre, requires 460,000 plants. They are set in trenches, and vast quantities of manure are used. Seven horses are used in his eighty-acre vegetable gar-den. Radishes between the celery