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NO. 7.

A large and healthy peanut Lay cozily abed, And it chuckled, oh, so gleefully! And to itself it said: "There's a great big world before me And my mission yet to do; And up I'll be and doing it,

Ere the sun has dried the dew. "There are greedy boys to conquer, And hungry girls as well; What a world of power I've hidden Within this little shell.

Though they slay me in the battle, Though they crush me like a worm, Though they bake and crunch my body, If I can I'll make 'em squirm.'

And the small boy grabbed that peanut And he cracked it 'tween his teeth, But when he would have swallowed it, It choked him e'en to death; And the peaunt's work was ended-It had fallen in the strife-It had done its mission nobly, Though the doing cost its life.

AN APRIL FOOL.

was made for Casar.

Of course, none of us in the little vil- been declared. lage group ever thought of denying her supremacy. In fact, we all admired her last importation—an Italian gentleman too much for that, although I doubt if who was visiting America, a graduate of any of us leved her. But we all took a certain pleasure in seeing her arrayed to suit her beauty; and many was the scarf and ribbon and rose given her, Stanhope said, with a laugh, and who scarf and ribbon and rose given her, Stanhope said, with a laugh, and who like timid offerings at a shrine, from had found his way to the Italian lega-Clara and me, and, for the matter of tion at Washington, where Stanlope that, from Maria and Emily, and all the had met him. It was quite unfor-Clara and me, and, for the matter of rest of our girls except perhaps Jane, who had not so much to give and who never indulged herself in fineries a little Quaker-like body in her gray gown, with her light hair put back smoothly from her white forehead; not pretty in most eyes at all, but always so fair and pure to me. Helen, however, looked at Jane with a lofty disdain which Jane appeared to think all right and natural, for little Jane shared our popular feeling that Helen's movements had something to do with keeping the earth in equipoise. And, in fact, I have often noticed since that anybody with some one rait of pronounced mental or physical superiority, well sustained by a bad temper behind it, can rule all the world within reach, just as Helen did

We were, the most of us, better off, as the phrase goes, than Helen, so far as money was concerned; for she was only Mrs. Knowle's companion, and except little Jane, who was an orphaand had just enough income to dres herself meagerly and pay her board a Aunt Elrov's, we all had our happy Jane had set out to fit hersely for teaching. She played rather won derfully, and she could have spoken to you in one or two different languages, it she had not been always so shamefaced. As for Clara and me, we were the hoi dens of the village. Maria was the flirt and Emily was the religiouse. She and Mrs. Knowles used to have the most marvelous mornings together, talking of albs and chasubles and altar pieces and candlesticks, which somehow made Emily rather interesting to the rest of us, although Cousin Stanhope laughed at us about it, if he didn't laugh at her. Cousin Stanhope, be it understood, was the light of our eyes in that mountain hamlet, so far as connection with the outside world went. He was, in one degree or another, the cousin of almost we were not a great way from his headquarters, he often ran up for a Sunday and brough thus news of that great world, and occasionally brought some one of the people figuring on its scenes-now

a very calm and noble gentleman. "I don't know how you can say so," over on Aunt Elrov's piazza, our usual morning, April Fool's day, as we had learned, to our cost, in a series of Stanhope's jests through the mail. "A great, swarthy barbarian? I suppose it is because I am so dark myself; but I have no affinity with your dusky-skinned

and then an attache of one of the lega-

tions; once in a while a traveling for-

I saw Dr. Malatestata lower his book be back again at short intervals. from his own dusky face and look at the last I saw of her one day she had America! her curiously a moment.

"Being a blackamoor myself," continued Helen, "what I admire is my antipodes.

" Little Jane, for instance," said L. "No, indeed. That colorless morsel! A yellow-haired Norse, some descendant of one of the old Cimbri, a blue-eyed and red-haired Spanish Helen, laughing and putting up a great | identity. She forgets herself in

Or fall out with him," said I. go, with a string of titles as long as his titions, rent-roll."

"Then I suppose a poor, swarthy Roman doctor need never hope to find favor with those of your way of thinking, Miss Helen?" said Dr. Malatestata, his smooth English, to which the slightest accent in the world was like sauce piquante to flavorless meat. "Oh," said Helen, coolly, with her finest air of insolence. "I did not no-

tice that you were there, Signor.' "But you will notice the hidalgo, with the string of titles and the rent of admiration long received her roll? Well, hidalgos are often poor." pride had sailed upon a smooth cur-"Then I should have no use for

them." said Helen. "Do you mean to say, Miss Helen that you would not marry a poor and tide. What made me first think of it much that any of us should touch her. untitled man? What is the matter was Helen's picking to pieces a bunch. And then he took her off on the journey

with you American girls? What better of yellow blossoms she had brought in title is prince than doctor? I fail to see the secret of it. There is a legend doctor in his chair scattering a rain of in Italy," he said. in my land that once the Roman purple was put up at auction. Diavolo! Is back with a laugh that showed her from a shooting season in Colorado, all this beauty for sale, too, to the highest bidder?"

Helen stared at him a moment, answering nothing. "By the way, Clara," then she said,

entirely ignoring him and his remarks, "did you see the Spanish lace cape Mrs. Knowles gave Emily? I should have liked it myself; and, indeed, it was not

expensive."

"She made a real April fool of Helen with it," said Clara; "for when she unfolded it, Helen thought, of course, it

was for her."

"And I had just began to thank her, when she turned it over to the nun. However, it is the only time that I ever was made an April fool," said Helen, with her most superior gesture; "and I

defy any one to do it again."
"Why, Helen! How you forget!" I exclaimed. "Little Jane has made you one every year since she has known

"Oh! Little Jane! Her fooleries! Sweetmeats under your breakfast-plate! Yes, if you count that, little Jane has.' Helen was our beauty; there is no contradicting that. A haughty, high-spirited beauty, almost dark enough for an Asian; but so perfectly made, with such a glow on the clive oval, such a round the corner of the gallery, for a ruddy ripeness on the full lip, such a luster in the great dark eye. And, like had not been before her; " and if he had most beauties, she felt as if the world | said it Helen would have had her foot

on all our necks before peace could have some wonderful old university, who pertunate for him that he fell on the slippery pavement and broke his ankle; but Stanhope, who had taken a fancy to him, had brought him up to our village is soon as he could be moved, and had installed him at Aunt Elroy's, where he was waited on by inches, Aunt Elroy outdoing herself in fancy dishes, and little Jane now and then venturing lest he might be homesick to let him hear his native tongue again, while she spoke a little of her timid Italian with him, balf sure that he was laughing at her, but willing he should laugh if that di-

ain in his ankle. "As if it wouldn't make him home-ick," said Helen, high and mightily. But it didn't seem to do so. He used

watch little Jane a good deal. Peraps it amused him. When she came ack, with her basket on her arm from Aunt Elroy's errands among the poorer cople of the mountain (and she was lways sure to have one or two cases of want in reserve as her own property), would ask her a swarm and apparently derive infinite entertainnent from her answers. But he was ccupied the most part of the time with otes that he seemed to be collecting and arranging for a book.

"Şingular person!" said Helen, in sweetly scornful tone. "What ould Cousin Stanhope have been thinkng of to bring him here? He hasn't ven the manners of a gentleman." Why, Helen !" came a chorus.

man," said Aunt Elrov.

"Just about as much of a gentleman as Jane is a lady," continued Helen "Look at her now, bringing in the eggs. She hasn't a soul above her ing in the wood.

"She gives every egg to the poor and sick people up the hills.

all of us, for we were all more or less distantly related. He had a position in the state department at Washington collar, plain hair, generally drab. Well, that allowed him some leisure; and, as | there must always be one such in every circle

"One such!" I cried. "I wish there were a dozen such."

small, dear.' It was lovely April weather up our eigner; once, indeed, a South Sea island hillsides. Everything was blossoming chief, who boldly asked Helen to go into May. All life and the future seemback with him to Otaheite. A primitive | ed to our hearts as bright as the bloomsavage Stanhope called him; but, if ing world was. We passed the time in that were true, the primitive savage was one long picnie-Mother and Aunt Elroy and Uncle John and Mrs. Knowles and all-climbing the mountains, catch-Helen remarked, as we were talking him ing the brook trout and broiling them on our wood fires, and coming back place of congregation, one bright spring with our arms full of flowers. At least, we all did but little Jane. She said she had not the heart to leave their lodger alone in his condition to the mercies of Old Sally; and she used to do her little gardening around the house, and carry her pensioners our flowers of the day be fore if we had left them with her, and her davenport on the piazza and was writing away at his dictation, as if there were no such thing as May breezes and flowers and mountain rambles, and life were good for nothing except to make

it pleasant to his swarthy, lean, illfavored foreigner. But it was only Jane's way with everybody. "That is one of the troubles with grandee. He would like me, too," said her," said Helen. "She hasn't any dropping curl, "on the same principle. next person always. A bit of white glass—that is all she is." And there was such an assumption of authority in "Nothing less than a Spanish hidal- Helen's sayings that, after a few repeone was apt to take them as gospel, Only Dr. Malatestata never did; and his polite way of looking over her and through her as if she were a transparency or did not exist at all, was the only way he had of moving Helen. And that did move her. Fresently I thought I saw that Helen had detercould not brook a rebel within her dominion, and she meant to make

him care for her. In the full flow

beautiful for anything but dreams. The doctor must have seen what I thought where I sat in the window-frame, for ranean. presently he said to me: "Too brilliant for use, is it not? As for me, I prefer-What was it Miss Jane read to me to-"You mean

"A creature not too bright and good For human nature's daily food?"

That would be Miss Jane herself,"

said I. "St. Jane," said he.
"I suppose," I said, "that one sees plenty of such faces in Rome?"
"As Miss Helen's? Plenty."

"I always thought Helen looked like "Like a Roman peasant girl," said

But I knew better than to repeat his

vords. "So your peasant girls have that golden tinge under the carmine?" I asked him.

" All of them." In a day or two Helen, who often came over to Aunt Elroy's, where she saw a group of us, when Emily and Mrs. Knowles were having one of their seances, was standing by a pillar of the

gallery, twisting a budding vine about erself, and a humming bird came dartig along, and hovered a moment, just as if he took her mouth for a bloss We all exclaimed and laughed, even the doctor; and when the next moment a aucy robin in the black-heart cherry ree gave forth a burst of his music and Helen opened her lips and answered in delicious trill on trill, we felt as if te scene was something ideal.

"You could hardly do better than this in Italy," said I to the doctor.

"The robins take you for one themselves, Helen," said Aunt Elroy.
"It is one of the wise birds," said the "He wants another song from ou, Miss Helen, as I, indeed, do too.' And then Helen sang again. She had een chary of her songs before; but after this you always knew when Helen was coming by the music that ushered her, and where she was going by the sweet sounds that went dancing after

"How can be help falling at her feet?" verted the poor gentleman any from the said I to Cousin Stanhope, on one of his Saturdays with us.

"He is lame," said Stanhope. Nonsense!"

"And then I should have fallen in we with her myself long ago, if it had ot been for her temper.' "You, Stanhope !

"Yes, I; and if-"If what?"

mebody else.

But just then the doctor, who had so far improved as to be able to use a cratch, came down the garden-path and ok Stanhope off with him. I saw little Jane gaze after them intently a moment; and I wondered vaguely were too fond of Stanhope, and I felt vaguely disturbed and unhappy, and went home and practiced a sonata till I

How fair and sweet Jane was in those "Why, Helen!" came a chorus.
"I think he is a consummate gentle-I never looked at her without hinking of perfect, placid dawnings.

said to Stanhope once, as we were walk-

That is because her temperament is so quiet. It gives her manners repose, " · All her ways are pleashe answered. antness and all her paths are peace." And I knew I had no right to be vexed with him for speaking so. Who could be blamed for loving Jane?

"Only I never could see," added Stanope, "how any man could fall in love with Jane. I should as soon think of "Oh! well," said Helen, "we won't kissing a statue. But then, I suppose, quarrel over little Jane. She's too he said, looking half askance at me when one is in love with somebody else-" And he stopped, because two people were slowly coming through the wood, although they were not observing us. It was Dr. Malatestata, who could now walk tolerably with his stick. and Helen, whom he had met.

"Yes," he was saying, "I have quite recovered—so far that I shall be able to resume my journey in a short time. And, Miss Helen, shall I tell you? When I go home I hope to take a wife there

"Why in the world should Helen think he means her?" whispered Stan-hope. "Look at her!" For Helen had suddenly averted her face, and, thrusting her hands out before her in a beautiful forbidding gesture, had cried: "Oh, no, no, no! I could never leave

Dr. Malatestata stopped short in his walk, in blank amazement. "I beg your pardon, Miss Helen," he ried. "You misunderstand me," he said. "Believe me, I had no thought of asking you." And then he drew himself up proudly. "I was about to tell you,"

"that I am the promised husband of Miss Jane." But at that time Stanhope, who had been in the secret for some time, could not forbear a moment longer, and burst into a roar of laughter.

And then such an angry man as Malatestata was may I never see again, when he began adjuring Stanhope in foreign tongues, while the latter leaned against the tree and laughed on.

At any rate," said Helen to me, that night "the fact remains that I refused He didn't misunderstand me." Well, it was the loveliest little wedding

that we had two weeks later on Aunt mined to change it; and although she Elroy's broad gallery, with all the did not care a sou for him himself, she flowers and vines and birds. And a grand Italian gentleman came up with Stanhope, too, who treated us all like nobles, and delighted Emily and awed The doctor would have his wheel-chair present, for he declared rent, without an obstruction. This ob- it had been the best friend he ever had; struction of the oblivious Italian doctor and he looked at Jane in her white caused a disagreeable commotion in the muslin and jesamines, as if it were too

them all over him, and then looking | So letters came to us from Niagara, carnation on her olive cheeks and the last then from the islands of the Pacific luster in her eyes. Well, she was too seas, from Japan, from India; and Jane

"Just think of our little Jane!" said "She is putting Marco Polo in the

"It's about time he settled down to his practice now, though," said Aunt Elroy, not meaning Marco Polo, but the doctor. "I declare, what a gap it makes in life to have Jane gone; and now Mrs, Knowles and Helen too. I wonder if Helen is having the triumphant time she hoped for in Rome." Mrs. Knowles had gone to Rome, and Helen had been buoyant with expecta-

"Are you speaking of Helen?" said Emily, coming up with an open letter from the post. "She has seen some very pleasant people. She has been a guest at a grand villa, been present at a superb festival in the country and been and set sail. At the same time Astor's received by a prince and princess. Do ship, under the command of a new cap-you want to read about it?" And this tain, set sail also. They had a race for was what Helen had written on that

page:
"It was just a morning of mornings, this April day; and Mrs. Knowles and I, having left the city and come up here on the Apennings, were laboured by the Apennings. the Apennines, were taking our strolla stroll where we crushed the violets at every step-when we saw that the village was all aflame with flowers and banners, and the people decked out like a scene in a theater, and there was music, and there were throngs of children, with garlands, and I don't know what and all. It was the home-coming of the prince and princess, they said. And we had time to hear no more; for, as we stood just inside the gates of the lovely gar-dens, we stepped aside, to let the low carriage, with its four cream-colored horses, dash by. And all of a sudden there was a cry, and the horses were pulled up, and two people sprang out of the carriage. And oh, Emily! I had reason remember, all in a rush, that it was April Fool's day, and I the merest fool that ever was—I, who had actually re-fused this man! For who do you think the prince was but Prince Malatestata? And the princess—was our little Jane !'

Pearls of Thought.

There is a right and a wrong way of rubbing a man's mind, as well as a cat's nack.

The law can never make a man honest it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

Even the weakest man is strong enough to enforce his convictions.

What reason, like the careful ant, draws laboriously together, the wind of "If I had not fallen in love with accident collects in one brief moment. farmers, but also of eminent astrono-There's a sort of human paste that asm is only baked in harder shape.

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

Angry and choleric men are as ungrateful and unsociable as thunder and lightning, being in themselves all storm and tempest; but quiet and easy natures are like fair weather, welcome to all.

Men do not often dare to avow, even to themselves, the slow progress reason has made in their minds; but they are ready to follow if it is presented to complete lady Jane is," I | them in a lively and striking manner, and forces them to recognize it.

If the memory is more flexible in childhood it is more tenacious in mature age: if childhood has sometimes the memory of words, old age has that of things, which impress themselves according to the clearness of the conception of the thought which we wish to

retain. He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with the other; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls

down with the other. Man being fallen from his natural estate, there is no object so extravagant as not to be capable of attracting his desire. Ever since he lost his real good, everything cheats him with the appearance of it-even his own destruction. though contrary at this seems both to reason and nature.

An Indian Boy's Love-Letter.

A love-letter picked up on the floor of a school with Hampton's views on co-education need not inevitably shock even pedagogic sensibilities. Written in an unknown tongue, however, with only the names to betray it, a transla tion by the private interpreter, seemed only a proper precaution. If I confide it to the gentle reader, the Indian lov ers will be neither the worse nor the wiser, while some others may find in it valuable suggestions for similar correspondence.

Normal School, February 3, 1879.

Miss - — — : I said I like you and I want to give you a letter. Whenever I give you letter, I want you to answer me soon. That's all I want, and I will answer to you soon after. When you give me letter, it raises me up. It makes me heart-glad, sister-in-law. When I talk I am not saying anything foolish. Always my heart ve y glad. ? want you let me know your thought. 1 always like you and love you. I am nonest about what I say, I always keep in mind. I want always we smile at each other when meet. We live happy always. I think that's best way, and you think it is and let me know. say again, when I give letter, keep nicely and not show to any one. they know it, it no good way. They take us away, and that is the reason don't show it. Hear me, this all I am going to say. I like you, and I love I won't say any more. My whole heart is shaking hands with you. I kiss Your lover.

-Harper's Magazine.

your duty, than praised for not doing it. of Chinese coins. Both speedily died.

A Dear Chronometer.

Meanness not infrequently resembles

Vaulting ambition which oe'rleaps itself, And falls on the other. An excellent illlustration of this "o'erleaping" is furnished by a certain transaction of John Jacob Astor with one of his captains. The story is told by a writer in the Boston Transcript:

The captain had sailed six voyages to Chira without a chronometer, depending on "dead reckoning" and "lunars;" just starting on his seventh voyage, he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have a chronometer.

"Well, get one," said the merchant. The captain did so, and entered its cost in his account current. When Astor's eyes fell upon the item he drew his pencil through it. The captain expostulated. Said Arber: "I told you to get one; I didn't say I'd pay for it."
The captain severed his connection

with Astor then and there, and went into Wall street, engaged with other owners, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated in

Hong Kong, but the captain who, as he used to put it, had discharged John

wind and won by three days.

Then there was lively work. The ship was loaded in the shortest time possible, and before Astor's vessel, which had arrived meantime, was half loaded, our captain weighed anchor, and with a full cargo of tea set sail for Sandy Hook; arrived in good time; got his ship alongside the wharf and began hoisting out his cargo, which was sold

by auction on the spot.

This glutted the market, for the consumption was comparatively small in those days, and when Astor's ship

came in prices had fallen. Two days later, as the captain was sauntering down Broadway, he met his former employer. "How much did dat chronometer

cost you!" asked the latter. "Six hundred dollars."

"Vell," said Astor, "dat vas sheap. It cost me sixty tonsand dollars!" The merchant and the captain have long since paid the reckoning, but that chronometer is still a good timekeeper and a treasured relic as well.

Weather Prophets.

Speculations about the weather are not wholly useless if we are to accept the testimony of Professor J. Hyatt who has been engaged for a long time in s'udying the relations between the phases of the moon and the rainfall at certain stations. It has long been known that when the moon is full the sky is most likely to be clear. This is not only the testimony of sailors and mers and scientific men. It appears that the rays of the full moon have the power to dispel clouds, and it therefore seems not upreasonable to suppose that the moon exerts an appreciable influence upon the weather. Professor Hyatt's observations have led him to divide the lunar month, of about twenty-nine and a half days, into eight peiods, or octants, of three and two-third days each, and he has found that every lun-tion is apt to acquire its character as regards rainfall within the first octant, or within three and two-thirds days from the time of the new moon. It also appears that the same kind of weather, as regards temperature, cloudiness or rain, is ant to occur on or about the same day of the week, or more accurately, at the same stage in the lunar quarters. A number of instances are given, extending over a considerable period of time, which seems to bear out the truth of these conclusions with remarkable accuracy, and it would seem that if seven-tenths of an inch or more of rain falls within three and two thirds days of the new moon, the entire lunation is very likely to be a wet one; but if very little rain falls during that time the remaining seven-eights of the lunation will probably be dry. These observations verify the old saying that the first three days rule the month. As a result of observations conducted at two localities, extending over a period of three years, the rule has been found to hold good in at least eleven cases out of twelve, and they would doubtless hold good for all places in the hilly country between the Appalachians and the Atlantic, not too near either the sea or the mountains. Such conclusions are only reliable for places similarly situated, since peculiarities of location, elevation, the prevailing direction of the wind, etc., necessarily affect the result, and these characteristics must be studied for each place. The distribution of rainfall is very irregular throughout the year; two or

are apt to be grouped together.

three dry or two or three wet lunations

Great evils result from physical inaction. It is well known that through the whole human system strength and development come only by exercise. Every unused muscle shrinks in size derful and mysterious freak of nature and loses its force, and the man or woman who lives chiefly a li e of passive repose will gradually lose the power as vell as the desire for activity This, however, is by no means the whole of the evil involved. The connection between the mind and the body is very intimate, and the mental faculties cannot obtain their full power, nor the tranquil, the upheaving and troubled character attain its highest excellence, unless the body be kept in healthful decide wisely, to reason acutely, to plan with discretion, and to execute with vigor. Strength of will depends largely upon strength of muscle, and he who is weak and flabby in the latter resolute in the former.

Accounts from Foochow China speak of two natives who had been steeped up to their necks in quicklime It is better to be blamed for doing for counterfeiting "cash," the smallest

PENNY SONGS.

Extent of Their Sale-The Kind That Take

The demand for war songs is constantly diminishing, and it is only during exciting political campaigns that they sell well. A New York paper says of the penny ballads: There are about 11,000 penny songs, and over 50,000 copies are supplied to the trade every month. Some of these date back as horseback rider—A galop. — Waterloo far as 1798. Sometimes when a new Observer. song comes out, 2,000 copies will be sold every day for about a week. Such has recently been the case with the "Bogie Man," "Mary Kelly's Beau," "Wst! Wst! Wst!" and many numbers of the Harrigan & Hart series. Mary

Little Mary Kelly,
A darling, all in all,
Makes artificial flowers
On Broadway, class to Wall.

The continued popularity of the songs dating as far back as 1798 and thereabout is due to the fact that they are mostly Irish rebel songs, and have troubles in Ireland the demand has been larger than ever before. Among these songs are some of Tom Moore's best Irish melodies, such as "Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin," and "Forget not the field where they perished;" songs by Bryan Maguire and Maurice O'Connell, and the famous you know that I've been worrying about "Wearing of the Green." There is also a steady demand for the old Christie minstrels' songs, the most popular of which seem to be the plot of "Il Trovatore," and the verses "I come from Alabama," ending with :

I had a dream the other night, When everything was still;
I dreamt I saw Susama
A comin' down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her eye,

The tear was in her month, Says I, Susanna, don't cey, I'm comin' from the South. The most popular modern penny ongs are those written by Tony Pastor, Harrigan & Hart, Pat Rooney, J. K. Emmet, Sam Devere, Tom Barry and George S. Knight, and brought out at their variety shows. When a song has been received with more than usual favor at these performances it is withold from publication for a short time until its success is widely known. Then it is published and eagerly bought up. One of the most popular of Pat Rooney's songs describes the "Cats in Our Back Yard" who play "Pinafore" every night and have walking matches on the force.

They sing alto, basso, and tenor: Oh, they ought to be feathered and tarred!
Oh, they are worse than Haverly's minstrels,
Yes, the cats in our back yard.

Emmet tells of a man who wants to eform things so thoroughly that Streets would be all paved with bretzels,

Schweizer kase grow on der trees,
He'd make it a holiday aiways,
Und peeble should take of dere ease.
He'd give every poor man his rights,
He'd make the rich folks shell out,
He'd make all dem fet beebles thin,
Und make all dem thin beebles stout.

titled "When Charlie Plays the Drum," and the first verse runs as follows:

I'm in love with such a charming little man, musician in the military band and I love him better far than gold or wealth.
When I see him in his uniform so grand,

e first time that I met him, With love I was atmost damps And my heart was in a fintter, When Charley played the drum.

"The Donkey," words and music by Jas. Bradley, has been sung with success all over the country. The donkey seems peculiar in many respects. Bradley describes some of his peculiarities in the following verse: I've got a donkey, he stands six feet high; i'll sell to the man that wishes to buy,

drinks Seitzer water whenever he's dry; in a race on the turf he has never proved shy He makes good time—about one mile a day; I'll match him again any stallion or bay. He fought for his country; he's been through the war; I feed him on herrings, hay-rope and tar, " I've a Baby in Kalamazoo" has also

comes in for the following tribute;

Have you seen Sarah? Ain't she a teaser? None could be fairer than Miss Sarah B. Proggies and poodles, claret and noodles, And a lot of Fitzdoodles; oh, parly yous qu Among the sentimental and pathetic ongs the best known are "The Little Green Leaf in our Bible," "Baby Mine," and "Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone." The last-named sells quite as well as the best known comic songs. It was written and composed by Harry

Kennedy. The following is the refrain: Baby left her cradle for the golden shore, O'er the silvery waters she has flown; Gone to join the angels, peaceful everm Empty is the cradle; baby's gone.

Fresh-Water Spring in the Atlantic.

One of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Mantanzas Inlet, and three miles from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity This fountain is large, bold and turbulent. It is noticeable to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonhas been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and appearance of the water shows unmisnecessary in order to think clearly, to thing similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock, of the United States coast survey, was passing this place, and his attention was directed to the spring by the restless upheavings of will in all probability be feeble and ir- the water, which threw his ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by this important for home consumption. circumstance he set to work to examine its surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity. while the spring itself was almost a homless .- Savannah (Ga.) News.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cast thy money upon the newspapers and after many days it will return to you

fourfold. Sunday may be a very solemn sort of

a day, but there's a sadder day comes just before it.—Steubenville Herald. Favorite music for a soldier-A march-For a hunter—A schottische. For a

A member of the Colorado legislature in addressing that august body began:
"My fellow-statesmen." His bill passed unanimously.

James Gordon Bennett has paid out \$30,000 for music in Pau. But that's all right. He got his money from pau.-

The New York Dispatch says that the best way to raise chickens is to chuck a fish-hook loaded with a kernel of corn over your neighbor's fence.

A candidate whose principal supporters are tavern-keepers and shoemakers, their interest preserved by the agita-tions in Ireland. During the present of the bar and bench.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

The man who took a seat in the or-chestra when his ticket was for the second balcony, felt badly at having to change. In fact he was moved two tiers. -Boston Post. "Why, I'm so glad you've come. Did

you, John, all the evening?" "That's just what I married you for. It is pleasant to think that there is some one home worrying about you." Somehow this view of the matter didn't exactly coincide with her idea of positions. cide with her idea of marital amenities,

"The digestive process of a mosquito's stomach is so slowly performed that when the insect has dired on a human being, it continues for forty-eight hours to exhibit blood corpuseles." Not if the human being gets a good square whack at him with a towel he doesn't. He merely exhibits a spot on the wall .-

A Hartford man sent a pair of trousers his tailor to be repaired. The tailor and \$300 in a roll in the pocket and returned it, receiving the thacks of the owner thereof. When we send a pair of trousers to our tailor to be reconstructed and he finds \$300 in the pocket and returns it, we always tell him to keep the trousers for his honesty, which is the best policy.—Norristown Herald.

Washing Away the Earth.

No particle of sand which goes down into the sea ever comes back. Yet the particles leave the surface of the earth very second and are carried, suspended in the waters of more than twenty thousand rivers, out into the oceans. There are more than a hundred streams, classed on the maps as rivers, in Louisiana alone. Each one of these has several hundred creeks, brooks and spring branches tributary to it. Each brook or spring branch, with its countless rivulets, clasps the hillsides and drags One of the most popular songs was down the surfaces thereof-down into the sung by Adah Richmond. It is en- brooks-down into the creeks-down into the rivers-down into the ocean. And there the atoms rest patiently; each atom waiting for its sisters and its cousins and its aunts still lingering in the fields and on the hills, yet creeping toward the gullies and thence to the sea. This process has been going on since the time when "the world was without form and void;" whereby the primeval rocks were disintegrated and pread abroad in fertile fields; whereby he fertile fields are slowly being washed back into the occans; whereby the botom of the oceans is being prepared to be elevated again to the light and to form other fields whereon cotton and wheat or semething or other will grow. This is the very anotheosis of "demnition grind." He who originated that phrase spoke more scientifically than he knew. Life, animate and inanimate, is simply a grinding down of the higher parts and the distribution thereof in the hollows. The final outcome of earth, after millions had a large sale. Sarah Bernhardt of years, must be something in the nature of a large billiard ball whirling through the sky, with nothing in the world on it except a smooth, dead sur-

A Remarkable Fact.

face.

One of the most remarkable instances of phosphorescent light appearing on living creatures is found among the herons. Among the keys and the extreme end of Florida these birds are found in countless numbers. Mullet fishermen and sportsmen have often no-ticed peculiar dim lights standing motionless over the water among the mangrove thickets. They were discovered, however, to depend on the pres-ence of the birds. When they were approached in the dark, the flapping of wings as a crane flew away would be the last lights. The writer has examined many of the birds, especially the Ardea Herodias or great heron, and found on the breast a spot about as large as the open palm where the feathers are covered with a thick yellow powder, that is easishaken off and evidently exudes from the body at this spot as a secreti n, dry ing into a powder when exposed to the air. The bird stands motionless in the water, and this spot is undoubtedly used for or accomplishes the end of attracting the smaller fishes within reach of the bird, and if it is a decoy it is a most remarkable provision of nature.

Thread from Wood.

The manufacture of thread from wood for crochet and sewing purposes, has, it is said, recently been started in the midakable evidences of internal commo- dle of Sweden. It is wound in balls by condition by salutary exercise. Pure tions. An area of about half an acre machinery, either by hand or steam, air and regular physical exertion are shows this troubled appearance—some which, with the labeling, takes one minute and twelve seconds, and the balls are packed up in cardboard boxes, generally ten in a box. Plenty of orders from all parts of Sweden have come in, but as the works are not in proper order, there has hardly been time to complete them all. The production gives fair promise of success, and it is expected to be very

> A novelty in the form of a lace pin is a golden fishing-rod and silver line looped over the rod, with a gold fish dangling from the end.