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Work and Wait.

A husbandman who many years Had plowed his fields and sown in tears, Grew weary with his doubts and fears. "I tail in vain! These rocks and sands Will yield no harvest to my hands; The best seeds rot in barren lands,

"My drooping vine is withering; No promised grapes its blossoms bring; No birds among its branches sing. "My flock is dying on the plain;

The heavens are brass-they yield no rain; The earth is iron-I toil in vain !" While yet he spake a breath had stirred

His drooping vine, like wing of bird, And from its leaves a voice he heard; "The germs and fruits of life must be

Forever hid in mystery, Yet none can toll in vain for me. A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,

Must hang the cluster of the vine, And make the fields with harvest shine. Man can but work; God can create;

But they who work, and watch and wait, Have their reward, though it come late "Look up to heaven! behold and hear The clouds and thunderings in thine car-

An answer to thy doubts and fear," He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car, With trailing smoke and flames afar,

Was rushing to a distant star. And every thirsty flock and plain Was rising up to meet the ram That came to clothe the fields with grain.

NABBY'S HUSBAND.

A knock at the 'squire's door. An eager "come in" from the 'squire, to whom any outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having just reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescen :e when life becomes a burden not only to the so-called "patient" himself but also to those unlucky femi nine relatives whose duty it is to officiate as his "ministering angels."

Mary, the servant, came in. Piease, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman downstairs who says she must see you. She's been here to see you before since you were sick, and now she won' take no for an answer."

"Show her right up. Mary," said the 'squire, alertly, brightening up visibly like the war horse who scents be battle afar oif. Not all the cozy comforts of his sair andings, the "Sleepy-Hollowness" of his chair, the pleasant picture on the wall, the wood fire which now, that the wintry twilight was settling down over the hit of gray sky, left visthle by the curtains heavy folds, danced and thished all over the room in resy shadows, could not reconcile the 'squire to his enforced seclusion. Secretis he pined for his dingy old den of an office, and chafed at the doctor's restrictions, which as yet forbade all thoughts of business. But now the moral police force, represented by his wife and daughter, being luckily off duty, there was nothing to prevent this probable

"Show her up, Mary," and the 'squire cheerfully straightened himself and assumed as much of legal dignity as dressing-gown and slippers permit

Mary disappeared. Presently the door opened again. "Why, Nabby," said the 'squire, "is it you? How do you

"Yes, 'squire it's me," said Nabby, dropping down with a heavy sigh into chair, "and I don't do very well." Nabby was a short, squarely-built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about fifty years out of date. She had sharp, black eyes, and a resolute, go-ahead manner. Evidently a hard-working woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the deep wrinkles which ran across her forehead, and threatened lift her eyebrows up to her hair. Nabby had lived with the 'squire's mother fifteen years-from the time when Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-yearold orphan, who was, as the good old fell. lady sometimes expressed it, "more the steady and reliable hand-maiden who finally, with every one's good wishes, married young Josiah "ould, and set up in the world for herself. Oll Mrs Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but her family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the 'squire in particular being for her "guide, philosopher and friend" in all the emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nab-

by?" said the 'squire, good-naturedly.
"Are you sick?" "Yes, I am," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stan' it any longer, and I've come to talk with you about gettin' a divorce. You see he's been a growin' worse and homes made Nabby's little house parworse now for a good while. I've kept it to myself pretty mucl because I was ashamed on't, and then kep' 'hopin' he'd do better. I've talked an' talked to him and said and done everything a woman could, but it seemed as if the more I

talked the worse he grew." The 'squire looked at Nabby's rather sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected that Josiah had not been reformed by the "talking to he had undoubtedly re-

"He grew more and more shiftless and good for noth a q," continued Nabby, "till finally he didn't do much but sit around the kitchen fire, half boozy. If there's anybody I hate," burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' round the house under foot. And there I was a-takin' in washin' and a-slaving early and late to be kinder decent and fore handed, and him no better than a dead man on my hands, so far as helping any was concerned. And so I told him, time and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't get any of my money for that. But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been working hard ing what a good supply of kindlings all day helping Miss Barber clean house, Josiah always kept on hand for her, and

and it seemed as if every bone in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinking how good my cup of ten would taste. Then first thing I see when I opened the kitchen door was old Hank Slater settin' there in my ockin' chair. He and Josiah were both runk as—hogs," said Nabby, slanderng an innocent animal in her haste for

a simile. "They'd tracked the mud ail over my clean floors. The cookin' stove was crammed full of wood, roaring like all possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned ed the house up before I got there. And they'd got my best teapot out to heat some water, and the water'd all biled away and the bottom came out. But the worst was to see my husband a consortin' with such a scum of the earth as that miserable, low-lived Hank Slater. I tell you, 'squire, I was mad. I just hung that kitchen door wide open, and

"Get out out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't ever let me see your face inside on't again."

"Sez he, meek as Moses: 'Where shall I go to, Nabby?"
"Sez I, 'I don't care where you go to, so long's you don't come near me.

I've always been a respectable woman, and I don't want none of Hank Slater's friends round my house.""
"Well?" queried the 'squire, as Nab-

by's narrative came to a pause. "Well," said Nabby, in a rather subdued tone, "he went off. And he hasn't

come back. And I want a divorce." "Now, Nabby," remonstrated the old squire, "you don't want a divorce. I know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up and let him go to the bad without a struggle. You feel a little vexed with him now, and I don't blame you. It's hard-very hard. But you know you took him 'for better, for worse.' Do you think, yourself, it's quite right to break your contract because it proves the worst for youbecause you are the strong one and he he weak one of the two? That doesn't trike me as good Bible doctrine, Nabby.

'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,' and not to please ourselves, you know."

"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl, dubiously, "I hadn't thought on't in that light, I must say. It's so aggravatin' to have such a man for a husband. Besides, I dunno's he'd come back if I wanted him

"Hasn't he been back at all?" "Why, yes, he came back once for a pair of pantaloons. But I didn't take no

"Now, Nabby, you may depend upon it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was after. He wanted to see if you wouldn't relent. If he comes again be a little pleasant to him, and I'll warrant he vill stay. Give him another chance, Josiah isn't the worst fellow in he world, by any means. He has his edeeming traits, after all. I believe ne will do better if you will try to help | nnsatisfactoriness of life. Dead sor im. You know Josiah is one that bears encouragement, Nabby

"Well, 'squire, I'll think it over. Anyhow, I'm obleeged to you. You talk so-sorter comfortin' to a body. Your mother's own son; just the same good heart. Would you be able to eat

some of my cheese, 'squire?"
"Try me and see, Nabby," said the squire, smilingly, not impervious to Nabby's compliments. Nabby made her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in full of wifely indignation that the 'squire

ha I been allowed to see a "client. Nabby's home was over at the "Corne s," three miles from the village. She walked rapidly along in the fast thicken ng darkness, with the steady, strong gait becoming the self-reliant woman that she was. Yet even her unimaginative nature was not proof against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw November evening. The wind whistled through the bare tree branches, which creaked and groaned, mournfully, and waved wildly in the dim light overhead. The wind seemed to cherish a special spite against Nabby. It blew her bonnet off and her hair into her eyes, struggled madly with her for her shawl, took her breath away and firmly resisted every step. Finally it began to send spiteful dashes of cold rain drops in her face—rain that seemed to freeze as it

"Josiah used to come after me with plague than profit," until she grew into an umbrella when I was caught out in the rain," thought Nabby. "He was always real kind and good to me after all. I duno's he ever gave me a cross word in his life, even when he's been drinking.

Here the driving sleety rain, and piercing wind pounced down upon Nabby with renewed flerceness, hustling her madly in fiendish glee. "An awful night to be homeless,

Nabby," something seemed to say. "I don't care," said Nabby to herself, beginning to feel cross again, and generally ill-used as she grew wetter and "It serves him right. He's colder.

made his bed and he can lie in it." At the "Corners," light streaming out cheerfully into the night from other ticularly gloomy and uninviting. Nabby fumbled under the mat for the doorkey, fumbled with stiff fingers for the hey-hole, and finally succeeded in unlocking the door, and felt her way

through the little entry. There is always something "uncanny" about going alone at night into a dark and shut-up house. Every person of the best regulated minds experience a vague suspicion of something behind them, a sense of possible ghostly hands about to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with "no nonsense about her;" but nevertheless a cheerful tale she had read only yesterday about a burglar and a lone woman, kept coming into her head, and she carefully avoided the blackness of the corners and the pantry door as she groped around the the griddle the savory odor of the cakes citchen for a candle. Of course the

fire had gone out. "Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head." Nabby might have been heard muttering out in the woodhouse, as she stooped painfully down, picking up chips; by which oracular utterance I suspect she was think-

how much more comfortable it was in

siah's welcome.

For Josiah cherished the most profound admiration for Nabby-an admiration not unmingled with awe. He thought her a most wonderful woman. by bundle. She was just as beautiful to him now as "I'vo b eyes had degenerated into sharpness; before the smiling mouth had acquired its hard, firmly-set expression; before there were any wrinkles in the smooth forehead. People thought Nabby had done well in marrying Josiah Gould-a pleasant, good-natured young fellow that every one liked, a young mechanic, not very rich yet, it is true; but with a good trade and such a wife as Nabby, there seemed to be nothing to prevent his figuring as "one of our first citizens.

Anybody can be somebody in this country if he is only determined. But that was the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined about anything. He fell into the habit of drinking because he lacked sufficient strength of will to avoid it. Then Nabby's sharp words and his own miserable sense of meanness and self-contempt, of utter discouragement and despair, drove him lower and lower into the slough of

despond without effort or hope.

By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, whenever a poor, shiftless, goodfor-nothing man is sent out into our world, some active, go-ahead little woman is invariably fastened to him to tow him along through and keep his head above water. It is for the best, of course. What would become of the poor fellow without her? At the same time, she sometimes finds it a little hard.

Nabby was ambitious and proudspirited, willing to work hard to save, to do her part-anxious to get on in the world and stand well among her neighbors. The fact gradually realized, that in her husband she had no support, only a drag and a burden, and finally a disgrace, had been a disappointment embittering her whole nature. To have a husband that no one respected, that even the boys around town called "Si Gould," was dreadful to Nabby. Perhaps it was hardly strange that she grew

Meantime Nabby had succeeded in starting the fire, and, having changed her dress, sat down to dry her feet until the tea-kettle boiled. But even the ruddy light and warmth with which the kitchen now glowed could not send off he dreariness of the night. The rain "tapped with ghostly finger tip upon the window-pane," and the wind howled and wailed around the house like the spirits of the lost pleading to be once more taken back into human life and warmth. Such a wind stirs in even the happiest heart a vague sense of loss, of change of all that goes to make up the ows creen forth from their graves or such cold nights, and stalk up and down the echoing chambers of the heart.

Nabby could not help wondering where Josiah was to-night. It was so onely sitting there with no one to speak creaking of the blinds, the loud ticking

The wind wailed and wailed, and Nabby thought and thought. The fact of having "freed her mind" to the mire had relieved her long pent-up adignation, and now she felt more say than angry. Up before her seemed to rise a picture of her life-the vouthful dreams and hopes, the changes and disappointments, the love turned into rangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time "she put herself in his place," and realized how nature to resist, unaided, the temptation which would cost a stronger will an

effort "I'm afraid I've been a little too sharp with Josiah," thought she, "I've sorter took it for granted I was a saint and he was a sinner and scolded him right along down-hill. A nice saint I am! himself! Oh, dear!" sighed Nabby. "A pretty mess I've made of living! If we could go back and begin over again,

eems to me things would go better." Just then there was a faint noise, like the clicking of the door-latch. Nabby started and looked around. All was still again-no one visible. Yet Nabby could not rid herself of the impression that some one was near her, that odd sense we have of another's individuality near us, though not present.

"There's some one hangin' here, I know," said she to herself. Nabby was one who always things half way. Accordingly she walked to the outside door, and opening it quickly, peered out into the darkness. here stood Josiah, wet, sheepish, sorry. Once he started to go in, but his moral courage failing, he lingered in dubious hesitation on the doorstep.

"Why don't you come in, Josiah?" "I didn't know as you'd want Nabby," replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodi-

Want you? Of course I do," said Nabby, heartily. "Come right along in. I'm going to have good griddle cakes for supper, and you must tend them while I set the table." Griddle cakes were one of Josiah's weaknesses, and Nabby knew it.

Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven probably his sensations will not be one whit more delightful than they are now, as from forlornness of his wretched wanderings he came into the eozy brightness of the kitchen, and felt that he was home once more. How good the tea smelled. The fire roared and snapped, the tea kettle boiled and bobbed its lid up and down, and from ascended like homely incense. Josiah's face, shining with mingled heat and happiness as he turned the griddle

cakes, was something worth seeing. Nabby stepped briskly around getting It seemed so pleasant to see the table for two again, to have some one to praise and appreciate her cook-The November wind might howl its worst now. Its hold on Nabby was

In place of all the bitter sadness the old times, coming home to a house bright with light and warmth, and Jowas a warm feeling of happiness, of comfort and hope.

All the explanation they had was

coat an exceedingly awkward and knob-She was just as beautiful to him now as in the old courting-day, before the brightness and quickness of the black

"I've bought somethin' for you, Nabby,' he said.

The "somethin'" undone proved to

> had winked hard, and scorned the weakness of a pocket-handkerchief. "Thank you, Josiah," she said; "it's regular beauty, and I shall set lots by

Which, so long as they understood each other, was perhaps as well as if Josiah had made a long-worded speech of repentance and reformation, and Nabby another of forgiveness.

I wish I could say that Nabby never scolded Josiah again. But I can't. However, she "drewit mild," and there was a general understanding between them that this was only a sort of exercise made necessary by habit—a barking by no means involving biting. And Josiah was so accustomed to it that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day, later in the winter, Nabby

was washing for Mrs. Hosley. "So you've taken Josiah back

after all," said Mrs. Hosley.
"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving the last twist to a sheet she was wringing out. "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of; but then, you see, he's my own and all I've got. getting to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here.

"How has he been doing since he came back ?"

"First rate. He's walked as straight as a string ever since. He's a good provider, now he's quit drinking, and a master hand for fixing up things around the house and making it comfortable I tell you what it is, Mrs. Hosley, we've got to make 'lowance for folks in this world. We can't have 'em always just to our mind. We got to take them just as they are and make the best

"I'm glad to see you so much hap pier and better contented, Nabby."

"Well, I used to fret and complain good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to; but lately I've thought a good deal about it all, and I've made up my mind that there's considerable comfort for every one in this world, after all. We mayn't git just what we want, but we git some-

In which piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

Queer how the torce of habit will

eatch hold of a man. There was old

Major Dogshow who was a terrible victim of it. The major when a small boy to, listening to the moaning wind, the went down to Peru where they have to these details may reasonably expect by bake in a good crust. earthquakes and revolutions every ten days or so; where a man works to get sake of seeing him assassinated. major lived in that country till he was that they get sufficient food and shelnearly fifty years old and he had go, by that time, wonted to being mixed up a civil war or fleeing from an earthnake about half the time. Finally he the end of a week he was unhappy. He poorest foods, not only for quality but missed the revolutions and the earthquakes. Occasionally, he contrived to ream there was an earthquake, and impossible it was for one of his weak then he would hop out of bed and rush out of the house, without stopping to dress, and would run half a mile, howle ing, before he got sufficiently awake to realize his mistake. This kind of got the neighbors to thinking the major, 'had 'em." But this didn't afford much relief. However, a political campaign came on, and the major moved to As proud and high-strung as Lucifer Philadelphia and used to go to ward caucuses and take a prominent part, and he was elected to the board of aldermen, and got his head thumped with a cuspadore at most every meeting and that, in a measure, made up for the oss of revolutions. But the major hankered for earthquakes, and at last the desire to experience one became almost uncontrollable. He consulted a doctor. The doctor said he thought he could help him. The doctor owned an old Mexican mule with a back as sharp as an ax. The mule had been in the army ten years. He took it out in an open field and put the major on its back. Then the mule began to buck. Did you ever see a mule buck? It jumps about four feet into the air, and comes down stifflegged, and the jar the rider gets is enough to loosen his teeth. And you can't get off unless you fall off, and then the mule may jump on you. The major knew that, and he hung on for dear life. The doctor danced wildly about as the mule bucked, and the major swore and screamed. "Is it equal to an earthquake?" he yelled. And the major howled: "Hang it! yes; it's six of 'em, with a volcano and a stroke of lightning thrown in!" The mule finally quieted down, and he took the major off. He was the screet, lamest, maddest man in the State. And he says he has had enough earthquake to last him a lifetime, but he hasn't got through with the

Satisfactory. A gentleman writing to the Danville

Pribune says: Dr. Bittle, in a lecture to his metaphysics class, was once speaking of the shrewdness of children's replies, their perplexing questions, etc., and said to

before he gets well.—Boston Post.

"You just try asking some child why the sun doesn't rise in the west." When opportunity favored I tried the experint. I said to a bright little girl

"Who made the sun?" Where did He make it rise?" "In the east." "Well, can you tell me why he didn't make it rise in the west?" "He wanted that place for it to set at,"

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Canada Thistles.

An effective method of eradicating Canada thistles is as follows: As 'soon this: Josiah drew from under his shabby as they appear in the spring strike them off with a sharp hoe below the lower leaf or even with the solid earth. Repeat every time a sprout starts, and your efforts will be crowned with suc-The "somethin" undone proved to be a very handsome brittania teapot. The teapot must have known that it was a peace-offering, with such preternatural brightness did it shine and attempting to dig up the roots. Mowing closely when in full bloom will check them seriously, but the only sure method is that first mentioned above. This les are such a nuisance that farmers can afford to spend some time in their effective eradication. A few may appear the second year after this treatment; if so second year after this treatment; if so more and easier after getting up to repeat the cutting of the stalks, and if their work than when first searting. Never horoughly done sure death is the result .- American Cultivator.

Transplanting and Cutting Back.

Whenever a tree is transplanted many of the roots are injured-a part destroyed. Those that remain when set out in a new place are in no condition to feed the plant is it was fed previous to removal. Hence the top must be cut back to restore the equilibrium. Let us instance the case of a newly-transplanted grapevine. If many buds are permitted push and grow, the growth of each at the end of the season will be found to be of a feeble, immature kind. If, on the other hand, but one bud be permitted to grow, a strong, healthy cane will be the result. Thus we see in the former case the sap is distributed among many buds and shoots, while in the latter it is supplied to one. The tree or plant of any kind may live in either case. While, however, cutting back renders the chances of life greater and insures more vigor, we have still to consider whether a few strong shots are not more desirable than many feeble ones. -Rural New Yorker.

Good Food for Fowls. All varieties of poultry can be kept

well and economically upon screenings composed of all manner of seeds. They can be also kept upon table refuse, sour milk and decaying meat scraps musty grain. This may be an inducement for keeping poultry, but the ques-tion arises whether it is the best way to keep poultry where an excellent quality of eggs and flesh is desired. Beef may be fed on distillery slops, but the quality is very much inferior to corn-fed beef. Onions, cabbage, clover and filthy water affect the taste and quality of the butter and milk of the cows to which they are fed. Pork made from corn is very much superior to the swill-fed article. lesired poultry should be vigorous and taken to see that the poultry-house is days, and do not let the calves overfeed properly ventilated and not kept too themselves. warm, as a vitiated atmosphere has very of the flock. Poultry, to be kept profitably, must be watered, housed and fed abundantly, with frequent changes in well together with three teaspoons diet. The poultry-keeper who attends to realize considerable profit. profit may, however, be realized when enemy elected president, for the kept simply as the scavengers of the The farm, if ordinary care is taken to see ter; but the quality of the product is inferior. Corn and wheat produce the richest flesh and eggs, and should be the principal food employed. Buckoved back to the United States. At wheat and decaying vegetables are the color of flesh and eggs. - Correspondence Country Gentleman.

There may be something good and aseful thus far unwritten as to how to break a colt well. I may be allowed to try. When only about one week old put on the foal and let remain the head part of a balter. Soon after attach hitch-rein, by which to teach it to be led and stand hitched quietly without pulling backward, But, if not before, as soon as weaned break to halter; then commence to take up all its feet and clean hoofs with book and short broom. thus serving a double purpose, by cleanliness to prevent thrush and slipping. and also to get it well used to having its feet handled preparatory to being shod. If of very large size and showing considerable "high stuff," it may be well to commence breaking to harness at one and a half years old. First, in stable, put on all the harness and spend considerable time in adjusting each part and buckling and unbuckling everything. Tie traces into breech rings, pretty closely drawn, buckle both girths, ise no blinders on bridle and only loose check-rein. Let the colt stand several hours at a time with the barness on After some days of this usage, a small string of bells may well be attached to the girth. Take the colt out of doors with harness on, and first in lot, afterward in street, teach it to handily be driven by the reins and to turn out on meeting teams and turn around corners. Go different routes daily. Then teach it to back, first by taking hold of the bridle, afterward by long reins. Always on return home teach your colt to stand still while being unharnessed. Three weeks' daily lessons of this kind and your colt will be fit to hitch to a light but a rong sulky. Not less than two persons should be in active attenddoctor, who had better leave the country ance now; and first commence by simply placing one off shaft in thill holder, and let the attendant barely keep it in place with left hand, while he holds the large ring of the bridle bit with the right, yourself meanwhile leading the colt forward by the opposite bit ring. Should the colt show signs of much fright the shaft may be removed from the holder and gently let down on the ground; then try again, and so on; when it cares nothing for the sulky then traces may be hitched, etc. Thus the ultimatum of good and easy breaking may be accomplished, and so moderately and gradually done that the colt

> Farm and Garden Notes. Never overload a team nor discourage

will never know when he is being broken.-National Live Stock Journal.

it by a too heavy pull at first starting; nor start from a bad place, if possible to avoid it.

A change in seed is often very beneficial. It is said that a pullet's first eggs are

not so good as those laid later. Fowls seldom tire of milk. They may eat too much grain or meat for

health, but milk in any form is both palatable and healthy. One of the most deleterious systems of gardening, says the London Chronicle,

is to spade about a foot deep, while the subsoil remains untouched. Decayed grain of any kind is highly

injurious to stock. It has a paralyzing effect upon the animal fed with it, oftentimes causing death. A single horse or a pair will draw far

draw the check-rein tight in heavy pulling or in driving a fast gait. A New York farmer says that potato tops make the best mulch for strawber ries. They are free from weed seeds. heavy enough not to be blown off and

will pack and smother the plants as straw or hay will sometimes do. In spring they are so well rotted as not to need removal. "W. S," asks if cutting potatoes to one or two eyes in a hill would be too small to produce good results. The best crop of potatoes we ever saw was from potatoes cut to one eye and planted one piece in a hill. There is a great waste

of seed potatoes every year in our coun-

try through ignorance.- New York Her-A compost heap should be a permanent institution in every garden, and it will be found surprising how much fer-tilizing matter can be accumulated during a year. Such a structure need not present an unsightly or objectionable appearance; it may be built behind some hedge, or in a fence corner, and protected from sight by a few ever-

The most successful fruit growers, East and West, have decided that there is no better remedy for the codling moth than to pasture hogs in the orchard, to eat the wormy apples and the worms therein. If the orchards are too large for the number of hogs kept, sheep are turned in.

The prevalent idea that shallow plowing is sufficient for grass seed is an erroneous one. Unlike corn, the roots of which keep near the surface and require heat, the roots of grass require depth,

moisture and colder soil. There is said to be no cure for the disease in calves known as black leg or carbuncular crysipelas, when the swell-When ings on the flanks and legs have apfine quality of eggs and chickens is peared. In fact, cure may be said to be impossible at any stage, but prevention healthy, in order that their digestive or- is easy. To prevent danger, give each gans may do their duty. Care should be one ounce of linseed oil daily for three

JELLY CUSTARD.-To one cupful of my sort of jelly add one egg and beat cream or milk. After mixing thorough-

BRAIDED SAUCE .- Beat a cup of sugar and a heaping tablespoonful of butter to a cream, make into a pyramid on a mall plate and grate nutmeg over it. Very simple, but a favorite for apple or

erry puddings. SIMPLE LEMON PIE.-Five eggs, two ups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of warm water, one cracket bounded fine, rind and juice of one lemon; bake with an upper and under

crust. This should make two pies. CHOCOLATE.—There are several methods of making breakfast chocolate. A very old French recipe has been carefully tested and found perfect by the writer; simply place a square in a cup and pour upon it enough boiling milk to dissolve it into a paste; meantime have the milk boiling in a saucepan until it boils to a bubble, then gently stir in the paste, stirring until thoroughly mixed, and sweeten to taste. The white of eggs foamed on top is an improvement.

Household Hints.

TO MAKE SHOES WATERPROOF. - A coat of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and make them last three times as long.

STAINED MARBLE.-A small quantity of diluted vitriol will take stains out of marble. Wet the spots with the acid, telephonic exchanges by private perand in a few minutes rub briskly with a soft linen cloth until they disappear.

To CLEAN SILVERWARE.-Frosted silplain silver should be cleaned with a soft brush and strong lye, accompanied by frequent rinsings in soft water. After the frosted parts are dry, the polished parts may be rubbed carefully with powder.

To CLEAN BRASS.—Brass is cleaned with pumice stone and water, applied with a brush-an old tooth-brush will answer—polishing with dry pumice and woolen cloths. This will clean lamp burners, candlesticks, knobs and faulonly in the imagination of the poets. cets, also pedals of pianos, and gas

Use d to Suck 'Em.

A young college student was visiting his grandmother, and at the breakfast table he took an egg, and holding it up asked her if she knew the scientific way of obtaining the contents withou breaking the shell?" She replied that she did not.

" Well," said he, " you take the spher,

oidal body in your sinister hand, and with a convenient diminutive pointed instrument, held in the dexter hand, puncture the apex; then in the same manner make an orifice in the place either extremity to your labials, and endeavor to draw in your breath; a vacuum is created, and the contents of the egg are discharged into mouth."

"La !" said the old lady, "when I was a girl we used to make a pin-hole in each end, and suck 'em."

Give Them Now.

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends, To spare for me-if you have tears to shed That I have suffered-keep them not, I pray, Until I see not, hear not, being dead.

if you have flowers to give-fair hly buds, White roses, daisies, (meadow stars that be Mine own dear namesakes)-let them smile and make

The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me. For loving looks, though fraught with tender-

And kindly tears, though they fall thicksand

And words of praise, alast can naught avail To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice, Offered to one who can no longer gaze Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins laid Impart no sweetness to departed days.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dear at any price-Sweethearts. The fishery question-Got a bite A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occu

No star ever rose and set without in-fluence somewhere. It is the same way

with a hen. A woman's work is never done, because when she has nothing else to do

she has her hair to fix. Why is a dandy like a mushroom?

Because he's a regular saphead— His waist is remarkably slender, His growth is exceedingly rapid, And his top is uncommonly tender. The hog cholera excitement is the biggest thing in the porcine line since Theodore Thomas had to leave Cincin-

nati because he retused to beat time with a ham. Many a woman who would like to put down a new Brussels carpet in her parlor will be obliged to be centent with

putting a new hoop on the second-best washtub.—New Haven Register. Philadelphia has discovered that colored lard is being palmed off as butter. Passing off pigs' feet for spring chickens will probably be the next deception.—Phitadelphia Chronicle.

"You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. "I guess there's the most pain at my end of he stick," replied the boy, feelingly. "T any rate I'd be willing to swap,"

"Yes, sir," said Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried," and then he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face, and went away mad. - Boston

The favorite girls in Washington have big, brown eyes and large mouths. As the latter qualification enables them to eat ice-cream with a coal shovel, i. promises to be an expensive summer for unmarried government clerks.

When a member, in the course of a very long speech, called for a glass o water, a member sitting near exclaimed sotto voce to his neighbors: "This is all contrary to the laws of mechanicswindmill running by water .- Hartford

Courant. It is said that two French philosophers have kept nine hogs drunk for a year, and say they are none the worse for their tippling. Which proves that hogs are natural drunkards, or that nataral drunkards are hogs, we've forgotten which .- New Haven Register.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Mr. G. Phelps Beven estimates the grand total of gold produced during the historic ages to be \$17,500,000,000, and that of silver \$14,000,000,000, making the produce of both the precious metals to be worth \$31,000,000,000.

Eschnit has confirmed, by a new statistical table-showing the duration of life in the various professions in Bavaria -the general impression that medical men are shorter lived than any other class. Out of every 100 individuals fifty-three Protestant clergymen, fortyone professors, thirty-nine lawyers or magistrates, thirty-four Catholic priests, but only twenty-six doctors reach the age of fifty.

The government telegraph depart ment in Calcutta obtained last Novem ber a sample supply of the loud-speaking telephones of the Gower-Bell company, and the experimental trials of their instruments have given so much satisfaction that the company received lately an order for a large number of their telephones. The government of India will not sanction the establishment of

Although Dr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys has during a period of between forty and verware or frosted ornamentation on lifty years, dredged, as a explorer, all the seas of the British isles besides a considerable part of those on the coasts of North America, Greenland, Norway, France, Spain, Portugal, Morocco and Italy, he has never found anything of value except to a naturalist, nor any human bone, although many thousand human beings must have per ished in those seas. The gems, "dead

The artificial means by which drowsiness may be induced have been investigated lately in Germany by Preyer. The ordinary drowsiness of fatigue supposed to be caused by the introduction into the blood of lastic acid, a compound proceeding from the distingeration of he bodily tissues of nerves and muscle. To ascertain whether this view was correct, Prever administered large quantities of the acid to animals, and found that it would induce a drowsiness and slumber apparently identical with formal sleep, and from which they awaken seemingly much refreshed. Not only lactate soda, but sour milk and whey, fed to animals which had been fasting, produced this artificial sleep.

Some one who has had a sad experience in the purchase of a horse says that he asked the dealer how much he would take to warrant the horse good, and that the philanthropist replied at once that he would warrant him good for nothing.