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On the Farm.
Roosters crowing,
Cattle lowing,
Watch-dogs baying,
Horses neighing,
Peacocks in plumes of splendor screaming.
In the morning,
At the dawning,
Rising early,
Reaping barley,
The master regulating teaming.
Oxen feeding,
Weather hooding,
Bright or hazy,
Milking Davey,
Queen of the field, pride of the dairy.
Then comes Light-face,
Then comes Bright-face,
Then Blackberry,
And Red Cherry,
The milkmaid, meadow fairy.
Ripe fruit tumbling,
Farmers grubbing,
Corn husking,
Worm scolding,
And disappointed maidens "peating."
When the cream's off
Sendin' the butter,
To the cheese-press,
The milk weighs less,
But there may be a brook trout in.
At the night time
Brings the bright time,
When harsh voices
And loud noises
Are drowned in deep seas of slumber.
The whip-poor-will
Will not be still;
She's appealing,
Without failing,
For stripes for poor "Will" without number.
In thickets hid,
The katydid
Wakes to tell us
She is jealous;
It may be fiction, of flirtations
Of some coquette
When she's met
Sweet fair
Out in the air,
Said some soft things with palpitations.
—George W. Boag, in Ten per cent Banner.

THE MISTAKE GARNET MADE.

A little, low-browed, yellow cottage, sleepily nestling 'neath a canopy of branching hemlocks. Here dwelt Mrs. Darley, or the Widow Darley, as she was commonly called by the inhabitants of Linden. Here, since the departure of her niece, Garnet, her brother Robert's child, for the city to learn the dressmaker's trade, which event occurred a couple of years ago, she had lived alone, subsisting on the produce she raised on the few acres of ground attached to the cottage which she managed to sell or barter away for groceries at a thriving town three miles distant. Day was fast verging into dusk. Indeed, for some time twilight had lain gray upon the scene, and only a silver line kissed the purple tops of the distant mountain. The Widow Darley sat by the window busily engaged in darning a wretched-looking stocking over a mammoth mock orange, bemusing with her every stitch her recent attack of rheumatism which confined her to the house, when she was thoroughly conscious of the fact that her services were needed out doors. Now was the time to dig her potatoes, now the time to gather certain apples, and—do everything in fact; and here she was, not only unable to get about, but so heavily trammelled by delts that she found it impossible to secure the assistance so much needed.
"Well, I declare!"
This exclamation was caused by the rumbling old stage coach, that daily passed her house, stopping at the front gate, from which alighted her niece, who ran lightly up the walk and into the house, followed by a strongly-built man, leaning on his shoulder a good-sized trunk, which he deposited in the hall ere making his exit.
"How d'ye do, Aunt Susan?" with a hug and a kiss. "Not a slave to rheumatism, I hope?"
"Yes," replied Widow Darley, who, by the way, was a tiny woman of fifty, with a face not unlike the wrinkled apples that grew on the tree in the garden, "the monster has me again in his clutches. But, whatever brings you home? You haven't surely been sent adrift?"
"Yes, aunt," a tremor of pain threading her voice in spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned, "times are dull, and Madam Brown has so little work that she deemed it expedient to dispense with the services of those girls who proved the most incompetent. I, being the least skillful of all her apprentices, was discharged without regret. Most summarily she dismissed me, withholding the few cents that words of commendation she grudgingly bestowed upon the others. I have no taste for dressmaking, and am termed a regular botch. Not a very good recommendation to help secure another situation, eh? But, never mind, aunt! I see I am needed at home. How are things prospering?"
"Not at all," in her most dolorous tones, "the place is fairly weighed down with mortgages, and, for aught I know to the contrary, Mr. Lincoln may foreclose any day. Yes, any day may find us without shelter. Our larder is about empty and there is no money to replenish it; all of the flour has been scraped from the barrel, and to-day I was obliged to borrow a paulful from Jane Gray; then, too, there is not a tea-leaf in the caddy and I do not know how to exist without my cup of tea. I had meant to have dug a few bushels of potatoes and a half-bushel basket in her hand, in which I deposited a half-dozen potato peels and a dainty repast done up in a newspaper, she trudged to the potato lot, to

see what could be done; for the widow's niece, Garnet Embers, was a girl equal to any emergency. She was a slender, graceful girl, neither blonde nor brunette, but a combination of both, as pretty a creature as one would care to see, with her wonderfully fair complexion, tinged with the merest flush of pink, her dark eyes, almond-shaped, and full of vim, shadowed by black, curling lashes, and a superabundance of wavy, brown hair, coiled low on her well-shaped head. She had donned a dunned calico dress, which she had fastened up on all sides to keep clear of the dirt, thereby displaying a foot arched and lender as an Arab's and over her head, hiding her wondrous hair, was one of her aunt's sunbonnets, making her look, as she declared, a regular guy. She reached the lot and set to work in earnest, but somehow she made little progress. Oh! if some strong-handed masculine creature were but around! What short work he would make of that job. At this juncture the report of a gun sounded near, and Garnet looked up just in time to see a chipmunk, running along the fence dividing her lot from Mr. Denver's, topple over and an instant after a man in gray, muscled and handsome as Apollo, with wide sombrero shading his face, appeared in sight. How propitious the fates were! What she had devoutly wished for was yonder—a man, Mr. Denver's hired man, without doubt. She suspended operations, and with her hoe raised aloft, cried out:
"Here, young man, come here! I want you to help in digging a few bushels of potatoes. I will see that you do not incur Mr. Denver's displeasure by doing as I desire. And, indeed, for that matter, you might as well be working for me, killing harmless creatures. Come, what do you say?"
"All right, miss; I'll be with you as soon as I can exchange my gun for a hoe, for I suppose you intend to keep on digging?"
"Certainly. Now don't be long about it. That's a good man!"
She was earnestly digging away when he vaulted over the fence and stood by her side, hoe in hand, his hat lowered down on his face than ever. But Widow Darley's niece paid no attention to his personal appearance. He was nothing but a hired man, so whether ugly or comely what mattered it to her? Old Sol, an inflated ball of heat, glowered upon them savagely, and the perspiration stood in beaded drops upon their faces as they toiled on. Mr. Denver's hired man making no better progress with his row of potatoes than Garnet with hers. The girl glanced at him contemptuously.
"You don't succeed any better than I—girl. You are the greenest hand at digging potatoes I ever saw. Mr. Denver says he keeps you long, I know." "Perhaps not," she said, in a non-chalant way. "I am a green hand at it, I acknowledge, but I guess I can earn after a while. See, miss, if I have done my work well?"
"Oh, my!" she cried out, vexatiously, "how stupid—how very stupid you are! You have not well-got the potatoes half out of the hill, and those you have hauled out are well-nigh chopped to pieces by the hoe. You yield that instrument as if it were your intention to mutilate, to destroy. You need dig no more!"
"Well," leaning contentedly against the hoe-handle, and wiping the perspiration off his forehead with the daintiest of white handkerchiefs, from which emanated the perfume of violets, what next shall I do? Issue your commands, Miss—Miss?"
"Embers, young man, and an especial friend of your master, Mr. Denver. Well, as you do not manage the hoe adroitly enough to be anything but detrimental to auntie's potatoes, you may as well take the half-bushel basket, gather them up and put them in the bags. They are peach-blooms, and are sure to bring an excellent price in the market; Mr.—"
She stopped and eyed him narrowly for the first time, styling him a remarkably handsome and distinguished-looking person for a hired man.
"You may call me Bob," he said, with a comical grimace. "Mr. Denver calls me that."
"Well, Bob, to work! Don't lag, and when noon comes you may share my lunch with me under the apple tree."
Quite an inducement. A feeling of ludicrousness came over him, and he fairly shook with laughter. Was he laughing at her? Garnet drew herself up proudly, a spark of fire in her big dark eyes.
"What makes you laugh so immoderately, Bob? It is not polite of you, and I shall certainly report your ill-behavior to Mr. Denver."
"Pray don't, Miss Embers," with an affected humility. "I couldn't help it. Indeed I couldn't. If you had seen that ill-favored hop-toad leap over that potato, you'd laugh, too. It was so funny. The load was so small, whereas the potato has grown to an enormous size—a regular whopper! Look! Miss Embers, there goes the fellow now under that straggling vine!"
"Humph!" was all the answer she vouchsafed him as she went on with her digging, but she doubted the existence of the toad and believed he was making sport of her.
The minutes crept up, 12 o'clock came, and Bob was waxing savagely hungry. As he emptied the fourth basket of potatoes, he said:
"It is noon now, Miss Embers, I'm sure. See! Old Sol is directly over us. Come, let's have our lunch under the apple tree. I'm hungry as a cannibal."
"I too," acknowledged Garnet. "Get that parcel yonder, Bob, and don't squeeze it, else you'll crush the cranberry tarts in it. Aunt Sarah made them, and she's a famous pastry cook."
"Cranberry tarts!" his mouth beginning to water. "You bet I'll hold it lightly. I am especially fond of them. But what delicacies does the luncheon contain, Miss Embers, prepared by your hands?"
"Not any, Bob," with something that sounded like a sigh. "I am no better cook than dressmaker. We have both

missed our vocation. I worked two years in Madam Brown's establishment endeavoring to learn how to cut and make dresses, but failed ignominiously; was therefore sent home minus a recommendation. So it will be with you, Bob. Although a thoroughly good man, Mr. Denver is a very exacting one, and if your work to-day is a specimen of what you do he will not keep you in his service any longer than what is absolutely necessary. What up-hill work life is for the poor! Dear me! I wonder what I am good for, anyway?"
"Good to look at," he muttered, under his breath, wishing that she would toss off the sunbonnet that almost concealed her face. Then aloud, "Good to dig potatoes, I suppose."
At which both laughed heartily, and together they wended their way to the apple tree, weighed down with golden fruit, at whose foot they were to partake of their lunch. A musical streamer threaded its way over a pebbly bed, washing the roots of the apple tree as it ran merrily on. Here, on the grass, in sound of its babbling voice, they sat themselves and prepared to partake of the repast, which Garnet spread daintily out on a newspaper, first throwing off the offending sunbonnet, which motion caused the red-brown hair to tumble about her face, making a picture at which Titian would have raved.
"By Jupiter!" ejaculated Bob, "she is even prettier than I imagined. She is a perfect witch."
He had doffed his sombrero, and his picturesque, Moorish face, illumined by darkly splendid eyes, Garnet thought the handsomest in the world.
"If he were not a hired man," she mused, or even had over so small an income, I believe I could love him. As it is, the idea is simply ridiculous. I will sound him to see if he is as intellectual as he looks."
She did so, and they fell into a conversation so agreeable to both that time passed by unheeded. A man's voice aroused them. It was Mr. Denver's.
"Heigho!" he cried, in a hearty tone, "having a picnic on a small scale? The guy mean of you, Miss Garnet, not to extend an invitation to your nearest neighbor. When did you arrive?"
"Last night, and I took the liberty of soliciting help from your hired man in digging a few bushels of potatoes to take to my aunt's place."
"Ha, ha, ha!" The good man's laugh rang out loud and clear. "Did you really take Bob for a hired man? Why, this is my guest, Mr. Lincoln—the gentleman who owns the mortgage on your aunt's place. He, to use an expression in vogue, is fairly rolled in riches. Ha! ha! my hired man! Miss Embers, Mr. Lincoln!"
He stroked away, and the two were left alone. No reply; the fair face was buried low in her hands, and Garnet felt as if she could never meet his gaze again. How came she to make such an egregious blunder. Well, no apology would be admissible now, and she must brave it out as well as possible.
"Garnet," and now the hands were removed from the flushed face and held in his warm clasp, "listen to me. You have made a mistake, and the only way you can rectify it is to accept me as your friend. Will you?"
And plucky little Garnet, with a coquettish glance from under her jet-black lashes, said:
"I will. That is," with a pretty hesitation to her voice, "if you take me and auntie's potatoes to market with Mr. Denver's horse. I wish to purchase some groceries."
It is needless to say that he did as she desired, and late in November, when the air was chill and keen, and the flakes of snow eddied to the ground and covered it with a mantle of white, Robert Lincoln presented Mrs. Darley with a deed of the place and took Garnet away with him to his city home, where, as his wife, she reigns quite royally, and he always blesses the day when he dug potatoes with her, and she took him for "Mr. Denver's hired man."

CURIOS FACTS.

Celery seed will germinate when twenty years old.
A snail's head may be cut off, and in a certain time another head will be formed. At least, so says Spallanzani.
The elephant has been known to die for grief when, in a sudden fit of madness, he has killed his keeper.
In one district in Japan seventy-one Buddhist temples are reported to have been diverted to secular uses since 1873, and more than 700 in the whole empire since 1877.
Women never appeared upon the stage among the ancients. Their parts were represented by men until as late as 1662, when Charles II. first encouraged their public appearance.
It has been discovered by a microscopical examination that the crystalline lens in the eye of a codfish, which is never half an inch in diameter, is made up of more than five million fibers, which are united by more than 62,000,000,000 teeth.
A little girl at Davenport, nine years of age, will without a moment's hesitation spell backward any word of whatever length, given to her in English, more rapidly than the majority of children of her age would spell forward, and invariably correct.
An old soldier's overcoat was sold at auction in Pennsylvania the other day for \$75.50. It was worn in the winter of 1812 and during a part of the first war of the rebellion, and is still in a good state of preservation considering its long and severe usage.
It is well known that certain fowls fill their digestive apparatus with gravel and pebbles, which act as millstones in grinding up their food. Recent investigation showed that other animals are addicted to similar habits on a larger scale. Seals swallow stones weighing from one to two and sometimes even three pounds each, while one investigator found, not long since, ten pounds of these boulders in the stomach of a sealion.

Kisses.
"Kiss me softly, I speak to me low."
There is a story told of a girl for a good many years but never found courage enough to ask her to marry. One day, after she had been "keepin' company" for about ten years, he ventured to solicit a kiss.
"Let me first ask a blessing," he said, and falling upon his knees he implored the Divine benediction.
He next, with due circumspection and Scotch deliberation, dismissed himself of the kiss, when with a sounding smack he exclaimed: "Eh! woman, but it was good! Let us return thanks!"
That prince of good fellows, John G. Saxe, has added this to the kissing literature:
Give me kisses—all is waste
Save the luxury of the taste,
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take and give,
Only when we give and give,
Every moment, and again.
There are poetic kisses and Platonic kisses—such as the beautiful Malam Reclamier gave to Chateaubriand; there are historic kisses, such as those recorded in the book of Genesis; epistolary kisses—such as Solomon tells us about, and treacherous kisses, that betray:
And the best seldom slips
But it strikes a tender chord;
And a kiss was on the lip
Of the witch that sold his Lord.
What is the sweetest kiss in the world? Who can tell? Passion puts a sting into its kisses—love is selfish—duty cold. The kisses of friendship are mere compliments. The kiss of reconciliation between those who truly love should be the sweetest of all kisses. There is a kiss that is the embodiment of purity, innocence, and tender, trustful love. It is a fluttering, clinging, roselike kiss, that leaves a memory as pure and loving as itself; it is
THE BABY'S KISS.
"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does the baby grow?
Cotie spills, and cars like shells,
And kisses from top to toe."
It is upon the baby's kisses that the heart of the mother lives. Oh, the little ones that have been laid away baptized with tears and kisses! The kisses that were given not back again, and yet which were so dear—so dear.
"Dear as remembered kisses after death," says Tennyson.
The most picturesque legend that Christ had a dimple in his chin, laid there by an angel's kiss, and whoever he kissed would surely receive that dimple, so the Germans say of one who has a dimple chin: "She is Christ-kissed."
The kiss of respect is given upon the forehead; that of admiration upon the cheek; that of beatitude upon the cheek. The kiss of love is given upon the lips.
It is said men do not waste kisses upon each other when they can do so much better, but in every other chapter of the Bible some old patriarch falls upon the neck of some other old patriarch and kisses him, and the father of the prodigal son runs and kisses him, and lower down it may be noted he kissed each other at the present time when they meet after long absences and are closely related, or have a David and Jonathan sort of friendship for each other.
The late Princess Alice, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of an Austrian prince, lost her life a year or two ago through a kiss. Two of her children died of diphtheria, and she could not resist the pleading of her dying boy to "kiss mamma!" she kissed his pale lips in an agony of mother love and took the dread disease, which resulted fatally.
No doubt the kisses of young lovers taste better than any luxury yet discovered—except, perhaps, as "economic" and innocent and untutored—"for kisses like other nectar of the gods lose their flavor in time."
They stood above the world
In a world apart,
And she dropped her happy eyes
And still the throbbing pulse
Of her happy heart;
And the moonlight fell above her
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there.
The hero of Locksley Hall said:
"Many an evening by the waters did we watch
The starry ships;
And our hearts throbbed together at the meeting
Of the line."
The dramatic kiss has attracted considerable attention lately. The way in which Emma Abbott kisses that handsome Castle, who plays "Pani" to her "Virginia," is too, too much! It is recorded "spontaneous," "paroxysmal," "absorbing," and everybody wondered when little Emma learned to kiss in that way. Sarah Bernhardt makes a little rush at her vis-a-vis, and kisses him behind the ear before he knows what it is all about. Mary Anderson's kisses remind an actor who plays with her of the time he put his tongue to a frozen lamp-post when a boy and now all the old boys are looking at frozen lamp-posts to kiss. Hero is a darling.
LET OF SENTIMENT:
"Up to her chamber window
A slight wire tinkle grows
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.
To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time,
Ah, but it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb."
—Detroit Free Press.
While there is a gratifying increase in the number of Presbyterian churches, there is a discouraging decrease yearly in the number of communicants added. Thus in 1876 there were 5,077 churches and 48,240 accessions by examination; in 1877, 5,153 churches and 43,068 accessions; in 1878, 5,269 churches and 32,277 accessions; in 1879, 5,415 churches and 29,190 accessions, and last year, 5,489 churches and 26,838 accessions. Here is a steady decrease, the causes for which are not yet understood. It is needless to say that these facts are discussed with care at each general assembly, but as yet without finding any remedy.—Christian at Work.
Heliotropes, when growing rapidly, should be supplied freely with water. When somewhat dormant they should be kept rather dry.
Undressed kids will be quite common at the sea shore this summer.

FOR THE LADIES.

The Russian Priest's Wife.

There is only one happy woman in Russia; it is the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "as happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed, and becomes a mere layman; his property is taken away from him, and distributed, half to his children and half to the government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has got her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest, infinitely better than to be the wife of a noble.
Women of Many Husbands.
It is asserted that a lady in Calhoun county, Ill., although seventy years old, has recently married her sixth husband. Her late deceased husband was named Race, and the man she has just married is named Farris. A romantic feature of her last matrimonial venture is the fact that Mr. Farris was her first love, but cruel fate intervened and prevented their union. All her dead husbands are buried in the family graveyard upon the farm on which she resides, and her present husband, as he counts the green pounds, will have ample opportunity to reflect on the uncertainty of married life. Of another woman, living in Georgia, it is related that she has had five husbands. She married four widowers in succession. The first widower lived one and a half miles from the lady, when she was a widow; the second, third and fourth lived about the same distance from one another so that she had in turn charge of each of the residences, and she is now living happily with her fifth husband within seven miles of her original home.
Fashions in Round Hats.
The most picturesque round hats for dress wear at summer watering-places are of the open lace straw, with wide brim rolled up on the right side, or else just above the forehead. They have the trimming massed inside the brim, and consisting of shirred or plaited straw, either pale blue or cream, and some short nodding plumes falling over the brim at the top, and a longer plume curving down the left side, or else a wreath of crushed flowers without leaves takes the place of feathers. Outside, the hat is almost without trimming, having perhaps a single long-looped bow of satin ribbon low down on the left of the crown, or a butterfly that looks as fine as a jeweled brooch; or perhaps a long pin with an Egyptian head is thrust through the right side, or it may be, the ribbon that forms strings crosses beneath the crown, and is fastened each side by a dragon-fly pierced by a pin; or, stranger still, the strings are held by gray silver beads of sky terriers with tinted glass eyes. Very large oyster shells form charms or wreaths for the front of such hats.
For more general use are rough straw round hats with higher conical crowns and wide flat brims, trimmed with pom-poms and cords outside, or else a folded bayonet-striped handkerchief, or some short ostrich tips, eight of which surround the crown, spreading out on the brim. Sometimes eight or ten pom-poms of red, or black or cream white silk are around the crown; on others there are but two pom-poms, with a cord of steel or of gilt laid around in two or three rows. The flat brim is faced with velvet or becoming color, and may be studded with jet or steel balls near the edge, or else a row of steel or gold lace finishes it. Another becoming fashion easily copied is that of turning the wide brim back on top and making it flare slightly on the sides, then covering it with a wreath of soft crushed roses, which is in its turn covered by a wide scarf of black Spanish lace, and letting the lace fall over the crown sufficiently for trimming, and then form strings that drape the sides with the effect of the Spanish mantilla. The coronet round hat has steel lace sewed at the top of the coronet so that its pointed edges fall toward the face. The furring hats are worn very flat back on the head, while the coronet hat is placed further forward, and gives a very broad effect. The poke bonnets are sometimes so shaped that they may poke downward toward the nose and thus afford protection from the sun, and save the eyes, as the excellent English walking hats formerly did.
Round hats for little girls have shapes similar to those just described, with the wide brim turned back on the top, and are of either rough straws or fine Tuscan. Pom-poms of white silk and bows of long loops of white satin ribbon are the trimmings; the dark velvet linings for brims frame childish faces becomingly, and the daisy clusters at the top remain the most popular flowers for decoration. Dark rough straws hats with dark pom-poms and cords are for general wear, while large conical poke shapes are shown in Tuscan braids for dressy occasions; the latter have white plumes and white satin ribbons, and there are also little pokes of white plaited lace, with flowers for trimming. Larger girls and misses in their teens will wear the poke shapes that are so becoming to youthful faces.—Baar.

Fashion Notes.

A decided change in grenadines will be made the coming season.
The rage for Japanese figured stuffs for dresses is on the increase.
All new collars, whether of linen, batiste, mul or lace, are large.
Drop ball trimmings are used for trimming satin foulard dresses.
Loose light curls at the back of the head are much worn by young girls.
Low-necked linings are used in the lace dresses made for this summer.
The lace straw bonnets are open-worked and require a colored lining.
Tunic jackets with wide cascades of lace are much worn in the morning.

Strong contrasts of color are observable in most of the new satin costumes. Some of the new potpourris are made with full, panier-like draperies over the hips.
The favorite designs for steel lace are similar to those for point and Torchon lace.
The real novelty in ribbons is the double-woven ribbon without selvage or seam.
Steel is used to trim rather simple jackets as well as those of rich material.
Steel is much used in decorating laces, passementeries, gauges and trimmings.
Normandy bonnets of the most primitive shape are among the summer millinery.
Velvet collars, cuffs, bow for the waist and bands for the hair now come in sets.
Lace and flounces alternate with muslin platings on the summer dresses.
Shirred effects in skirt draperies appear on the most fashionable imported dresses.
Ombre satins de Lyon grow more and more popular for both dresses and bonnets.
Gingham and moccie cloth parasols to match suits, will be much used this summer.
The shirring on the front and sides of skirts is so fine that they look like an inch apart.
A dash of yellow, blue or red is deemed essential to the finish of all dark toilets.
Fine velvet is combined with the black and white checked silks used for summer costumes.
Little soft loose rings of hair falling over the forehead are taking the place of the long-favored bangs.
High neck ruffles of black lace and white lace plaited together are very fashionable and exceedingly becoming.
A novelty in English straw bonnets is in poke or coal-scuttle shape, with a brim in calèche style, formed by turned up bands of the straw.
Some of the black open straws in bonnets are so fine that they look like thread lace. Other designs are in imitation of Torchon lace.
Albatross cloth robes in full shades of coral, cream and pure white, are tastefully embroidered in Oriental colors and designs with floss silks.
A new sort of trimming is made by shirring satin, doubling the material where the thread is run so as to produce the effect of alternate tucks and puffs.
The favorite shape for tea gowns of ceremony is the loose dolman, visiterlike sack with elbow sleeves, worn with a richly-trimmed demi-trained skirt.
The gowns are made of the most costly broadens and gauzes enriched with silver, gold and steel threads, and trimmed with laces, fringes and tassels to match.
The Flying-Fish.
A letter in the New Orleans Times says: An extract from Nature throws doubt on the pursuit of flying-fish by the so-called dolphin, the coryphæne. As I was once a witness of such a chase, accompanied by a circumstance much rarer, I append an account. One afternoon, during a voyage on a sailing vessel bound to a West Indian port, while the ship was making some four or five miles an hour, a coryphæne was observed gambling under the bows, going ahead a little, as if to show its superior speed, and then returning to its frolics. While the sailors were fastening the harpoon to a line, the coryphæne sighted a flying-fish. At once it stiffened itself; its whole body quivered as if with excitement; its tail was agitated from one side to another, and it started in pursuit, bounding over the surface of the sea with leaps of some fifteen or twenty feet. Although a stern chase is held to be a very long one, this lasted less than a minute; one of the leaps brought the coryphæne right under the terrified flying-fish, which seemed to fall into its enemy's jaws. The latter returned to its "play-ground" under the bows, and was harpooned, brought on board, and cut up within two minutes after the meal. The flying fish was taken out whole, unjured. The coryphæne is the beautifully colored fish noted for the shifting and varieties of its tints when expiring. It is commonly but erroneously called a dolphin, as in the well-known verse, "The dying dolphin's changing hues." Now, in regard to the flying-fish, I have watched them on many voyages and I can confirm the observers who describe its motion as a leap, not an act of flying. It springs out of the water, gradually rising to the middle of its course, then falling, describing a parabola just as an arrow does in its flight. I have repeatedly seen them change direction during the leap, making a deflection amounting to about a half angle, never more. But I cannot agree with Mr. Whitman, who estimates the length of their leap to be as much as 800 or even 1,200 feet. I opine that about 200 feet is a pretty big jump for one of these fishes, and, instead of forty seconds, I calculate the time occupied in a long leap at fifteen seconds, which gives a velocity of nine miles and a fraction per hour.
Conversation turned on a late marriage between December and May, some of the gentlemen poolpooping the match. But the lady stoutly championed the frost-bitten Benedict.
"Why," said she, "every man ought to keep himself married as long as he lives. Now, here's my husband! What would he be good for without a wife? If I should die to-night he would get another wife to-morrow, I hope. Wouldn't you, Josiah?" Josiah breathed heavily, and seemed to sink up the conjugal torments of a lifetime in his calm response: "No, my dear, I think I should take a rest!"
The agricultural products of the country during the past few years foot up enormous figures. In 1879 they amounted to \$1,919,959,397, and the estimate for the present year is \$2,000,000,000.

First Time at Church.

A gray sweet woman in the lady face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a palmer hand might love to trace.
A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass window rise
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.
The people round her sing, "Aho! the sky
There's rest for little children when they die."
To her—thus gazing up—rest seems high.
The organ peals; she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses bound—
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.
The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden head;
And thinks of little sister who is dead,
She knows that now she dwells above the sky
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there too, by-and-by.
Yet, may He keep you in the faith away,
And bring you to that home for which you pray
Where all shall have their child-hearts back
one day.
—Chambers' Journal.
HUMORS OF THE DAY.
Shocking—A magnetic battery.
When is the most dangerous time to visit the country? Give it up? When the trees are shooting and the burrheads out.
The Philadelphia Chronicle says that married men are like eggs, because by being kept in hot water they become hardened.
Man's lot is—Twist women and wine man's lot is to smart; the wine makes his head ache and women his heart.—Old Rhyme.
A hungry hen will pick up 113 kernels of corn in a minute by the watch and have a second and a half left to look for more.—Free Press.
"Life is a great battlefield," says a renowned philosopher. Perhaps that is the reason there is so much charging done.—McGregor News.
Our forefathers could not harbor the idea of paying taxes on their tea, so they compromised the matter by harboring the tea.—Yanook Strauss.
The meanest man in the country lives in Missouri. He pleaded in a breach of promise suit that a contract made on Sunday night was not binding.
Darwin, in his recent book, says that "all plants circumnavigate." This is a serious charge and needs confirmation. There has been quite too much of this conduct. If it is true, a reform is greatly needed.
Japanese Children.
The Japanese children have to endure hardships from their birth. In their tiny houses are no bright, cheerful fires, no easy chairs, no well-spread tables, around which the family gather and hold sweet converse. You must stoop to enter the ordinary houses, and their rooms are not much larger than closets. A part of the floor is covered with mats, on which they sit and sleep. A block of wood four inches high, hollowed a little at the top, answers as a pillow. Sometimes it has stuffing on top an inch thick, over which a clean piece of paper is spread each time it is used, to save any needless washing. The head poised on this pillow prevents the disarrangement of the hair, so that it need not be combed more than once or twice in a week. But the poor babies, and little children's heads are shaved entirely, or have from one to five tufts of hair left on the top over each ear, and on the back. I have seen little babies with heads entirely shaven and uncovered on the coldest day, while the mother or person on whose back it was carried, laid the face and head covered, only the eyes and nose exposed. Dr. Hepburn says, "only very strong babies survive their infancy."
Japanese houses have only paper windows; they have no stoves or grates, but a little box, from one to two feet square, with some coals in the center, is all they have for warmth or cooking. Two or three cups, as many plates, a teapot, a kettle and some boxes to hold their clothing, complete their furniture. All the houses I have seen are very clean, which is their only appearance of comfort.
Little children are often made to take care of the baby. A very common sight is a little boy or girl, from five to twelve years old, playing with a kite, with a baby strapped on their backs, fast asleep, but sometimes crying. In the latter case, they only say "Be quiet," and go on with their play. But Japanese children seldom cry or quarrel, and are very obedient to parents and teachers, whom they venerate.—Missionary Link.
Unwinding.
The thieves who infest the lower part of the Bowery at night have a word which, if it is not new to them in the sense in which they are using it, is new in that significance to most readers. It is not uncommon for a stranger who strays into the Bowery late at night, considerably intoxicated to find himself in the morning "unwound." He would not be likely to thus describe himself, but to the thieves the word defines the process through which he has passed. While making his uncertain way along that thoroughfare the stranger has been caught by the arms and led into one of the many dens which keep open doors all night. His coat and vest are unwound, crasped by their fronts and wound off from him with a single motion while he stood just inside the threshold. The muscles of his arms, being incapable of that rigidity which a sober man might impart to them, offered no obstacle to the process of unwinding. After the rotation thus imparted to the stranger had ceased he found himself standing on the sidewalk with only a vagabond's coat and vest, whence he came. The thieves were richer by the value of the coat, vest, perhaps the watch, and maybe a quantity of loose change in the vest pockets. Those who profit by unwinding do not scorn such trifles even as pocket handkerchiefs and odd nickels.—Harper's Weekly.