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NO. 19.

Goin' Home To-day.

My business on the jury's done-the quibblin' all is through-

I've watched the lawyers right and left, and given my verdict true; I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I

would grow in ; And if I do not know myself, they'll get me

there ag'in ; But now the court's adjourned for good, and

I have got my pay, loose at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm

going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since the first day I came down :

It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town; And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine on Sunday

rightly sets; But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.

I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper, salt, and gray-Pil have it off in half a jiff when I get home

to-day. The mornin' that I came away we had a little

bout: I coolly took my hat and left before the show

For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offense, And she was always quick at words and ready

to commence ; But then she's first one to give up when she has had her say: And she will meet me with a kiss when I go

home to-day. I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well

as any one-As well as any woman could—to see that things

For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't

set her foot outdoors, She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to

all the chores; But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,

And I will put things into snape when I get home to day.

My little boy-I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;

It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man; The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'll ever

want to see ! And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.

The little regue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey; He'll turn my pockets inside out when get

home to-day. My little girl-I can't contrive how it should

happen thus-That God should pick that sweet bouquet and

ding it down to us ! My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;

And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.

She'll meet me half way down the hill, and

kiss me any way :

I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow

knows it when He's been away from home a week, and ther gets home again;

there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,

Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.

But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as

it may, My heaven is just ahead of me-I'm going

- Will Carleton, in "Farm Ballads."

DOLLY'S PARACHUTE.

"P-a-r par-a-e-h-u-t-e. Uncle Harry, what's that? a parachute?" 'A big word for a little girl's tongue, Dollie. Come, let me see if it bas

twisted it crooked ?" My six-year-old niece gravely put forth the desired organ, and I as gravely pronounced it sound and straight. "But I want to know, Uncle Harry,"

she persisted. So I took the young lady on my lap, and explained, as well as I could, the mysteries of the parachute; and the beautiful brown eyes grew bright with wonder at the new ideas thus presented

to her inquiring mind. My story finished, Miss Dollie sat awhile on my knee in deep thought; and then she got down, and trotted off

with a preoccupied, business-like air. I loved a good cigar in those days-I do now for the matter of that-and sitting smoking on the portico, with the sweet summer breezes dancing around me, and the woodland songsters filling the air with music, I forgot Dolliethough I had promised to keep an eye on her-until suddenly startled by a series of screams and outcries proceed ing from the garden, a sure indication that the mischievous little monkey had got into some sort of trouble, as usually happened on an average twice a day,

I threw away my beloved cigar, and rushed out to the scene of the turmoil, my sister closely following; but neither of us, I must confess, were prepared for

the sight that met our view. There was a tall grape-arbor in the garden, composed of several upright oosts connected by long slats, nailed longitudinally, and projecting a foot or more beyond the uprights at either end. There were fifteen of these slats, a foot apart, and on the end of one of the up-

permost ones hung Miss Dollie. She was suspended somewhat in the manner of a penknife with the blade partly open and the point turned downward; and as she swung to and fro, filling the air with lamentations, her poor little nose received many a blow from the frantic plunges of her knees and feet.

"Keep still, Dollie!" I cried out, my voice full of laughter.

And then I clambered rapidly up the arbor, and plucked the terrified child from her elevated, impromptu swing, landing her safely on the ground. "Dollie," said her mother, severely,

"haven't I forbidden-"It's all Uncle Harry's fault, so it is!" sobbed Dollie, in doleful accents. "He they felt as if they did, in the first said a person could jump off a high shock of surprise.

place, and come down easy, if they had a parachute, so I thought I'd try, and I

"Mine!" I cried out; "I have none, you little goese!"
"You has, Uncle Harry; you take it

out to keep the sun off when you go to draw pictures and to paint."

"Oh," said I, "I see; you mean my artist's umbrella, little lady! That is not a parachute at all."

"It's not an umbrella!" cried Dollie, indignantly. "It's big, and strong, and heavy, and you put it in a pipe, and stick it in the ground. I got it, and first I got on the fence and jumped down, and I bumped so hard it most took the breff out of me. Then I'mem-bered Uncle Harry said the air must

get under it; and so I climbed up the arbor and jumped off, and—and I didn't go at all. Just look at my hoopskirt, mamma—it's all Uncle Harry's fault just look !" Mamma did look, so did the muchabused uncle, and both fell into fresh

convulsions of laughter. It was the fashion in those days for the little feminines, as well as the big ones, to wear stiff, rattan hoopskirts. Dollie had been very proud of hers—the first of its kind to her—and now, alas, having served as a hook to suspend its owner in mid-air, it presented a woebegone appearance—rattans twisted and broken, and trailing behind in a decided

Altogether, it was too much for my gravity, and I lay down on the grass to laugh at my ease, while my sister carried off the much-offended Dollie to restore order to her dilapidated cloth-

It was some time before I recovered sufficiently to go to the rescue of my impromptu parachute, which, meanwhile, was reposing quietly in a blackberry bush.

The next day was like many of its predecessors-warm and beautiful-almost too beautiful, in fact, for we were getting tired of the hot sun and cloudless sky, and felt that we could heartily join in the cry of the drooping plants for clouds and rain.

We had had three weeks of oppressively hot, dry weather, but to-day considerably cooler; there was a brisk breeze, and a few floating, fleecy clouds gave some hope that a change of weather was at last approaching.

"Lou," said I, to my sister, as we stood on the porch together after break-fast, "it really looks as if it might rain some time, and perhaps I had better not postpone my sketch any longer. I'll go now; and while I saddle Fleet, and get my portfolio and Dollie's parachute ready, do you put me up some lunch, ike the dear, good sister you are. I hall not be back before night."

And thus it happened that an hour death that later found me riding over the broad pressed me. prairie that lay on one side of the beauiful lake near which my sister dwelt.

inning of one of those Western transmation scenes where the wilderness ecomes a city as by the stroke of a

The lake, as I have said, was a beautiful thing to look upon; its shores were bold and abrupt, in some places ocky, and more like a precipice than the banks of a peaceful sheet of water; on the side opposite the town, from which point I desired to make my sketch, a rank, dense growth of virgin forest extended to the very verge of the lake, forming a sharp contrast to the scantily-wooded prairie that stretched far away behind it, and in fact, on every side, leaving the lake and the rocky shelf-I saw that at a glance; but,

an oasis in the desert. It was a long ride around to the point I had in view, but finally I arrived there, and with a gentle sigh of satisfaction, I tied Fleet to a tree, and settled myself to the pleasant task of transferring to paper, as best I might, some faint like-

less of the beautiful scenery. I was an artist, not only by nature but by profession, and I had come from my far-away home not only to visit my sister and her husband, but to carry back with me materials for an ambitious landscape painting that was to appear on the walls of the Academy of Fine

In a fit of laziness, induced by the oppressive heat, I had put off my work until now, and found myself nearing the end of my visit without having taken one step toward the chief object of my

Now, therefore, finding myself at last on the spot I had selected for my grand sketch, I fell to work in all eagerness, absorbed utterly, as was my wont, so that I soon became oblivious of everyhing, save my task.

I forgot poor, patient Fleet, waiting for his dinner; I forgot my own lunch; I forgot that the hours were creeping on-until at last I returned to earth sufficiently to rail at the heavy fog, which had latterly been settling down

over the lake, obscuring my view. Next, I became alive to the fact that Fleet, my favorite horse and my pet, was snorting loudly and pawing ground in a way that plainly indicated something amiss with him

"Well, it is time to start for home," thought I, as I rose and stretched my cramped limbs. "The fog is shutting out the view. Whew! some one is burning brushwood hereabouts; my

nose sniffs it, my eyes weep at it." I turned my face away from the lake, and, good heavens! fog, brushwood—neither of these harmless things was it that had gradually darkened the atmosphere, and was causing my eyes and nose to sting and smart. No wonder that poor Fleet snorted and pawed the ground, wild with impatience and fear.

The forest was on fire-on fire in the most alarming sense of the word! It was not a slow, languishing fire, creeping along the ground at a moderate rate, but a fierce roaring army of

rushing onward with almost lightning I shall never forget the feeling of horror and despair that overwhelmed me, as the imminent danger of my position was thus suddenly revealed to me. I actually believe the hairs on my head rose up and stood on end; certainly

But that was over in a moment, and and then began a swaying, jerking mo-collecting my scattered senses I took in tion, that made my head spin.

the whole situation at one rapid glance. In front of me a bold, precipitous one or two moments' interval between bank, totally impassable on account of dense undergrowth, even if it had not been so steep; the glistening waters on the lake far below; to the right, to the When I climbed down to the ground, left, behind me, one unbroken semi-circle of flame—fierce, crackling, roaring—leaping over the dry, parched underbrush, with a speed that even my fleetfooted Arabian could not hope to equal. And if he could, what would it matter, since the flerce flames imprisoned me on three sides, and a precipice on the

fourth? With a sinking heart I strained my eyes to discover some loophole of escape, some break in the advancing wall of fire; and an ejaculation of thanksgiving burst from my parched lips, as, far away on the left, I saw a little, dark spot in the line of flame, and remembered that just there a beautiful spring bubbled up in the middle of the forest, making a pool small and shallow, yet all-sufficient to preserve my life, could I reach it before the army of fiery demons should flank it, and stretch an impassable barrier between me and this, my one hope of

In one second I was on my horse's back, and fleeing at a break-neck pace toward that blessed spot of refuge—an oasis, verily, in that desert of fire. It was fully half a mile distant, and though my fleet-footed animal, seemingly im-bued with a full knowledge of all that depended on his speed, flew over the ground as even he had never done before, I soon saw that the race was a desperate one, well-nigh hopeless.

The hungry outery and roar of the flames, as they leaped and danced and waltzed among the dry brush and trees—yet ever dashed forward on their irresistable course-maddened my poor horse with fear, and drowned my voice as I strove to soothe him.

On and on he rushed, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, the foam flying from his mouth, and flecking his sides with great white patches; seldom horse spurned the earth as did my poor. frightened Fleet, during that awful race with the demons of fire! But it was all in vain!

Before we could reach that one little rift in the great, red wall, it was closed up; and then the unbroken tide of fire seemed to dash onward with even greater speed then before.

There was only one thing left for me to do—to gain a few moments' respite, in which to make my peace, as best I might, with my God; and I thanked Him then that His hand had always been my guide and support, so that I had not that overpowering horror of death that otherwise must have op-

There was one little spot as yet unfall lake near which my sister dwelt.

There was a little town there, the beinning of one of those Western transing or one of the western transing of one of those Western transing or one of the western transitive transit

Then I looked about me once more, in last dying effort of hope, it was so hard to resign myself to meet so horri Behind me, to the right ble a death. to the left, that terrible wall of fire, in front, the lake, calm, beautiful, clear as a mirror, glistening in the sunlight, two hundred feet below me; and then looking down, close at my feet, I saw that I stood on a projecting point of the cliff, overlooking a tangled mass of underbrush at least one hundred feet below

The fire would be checked on its narrow belt of forest encircling it like alas! there was plenty of fuel to feed it up to the very utmost edge, and its mad career would be stopped too late to save me; for there was no spot of refuge to which I could flee until its fury should have passed.

Already I felt its scorehing breath on my cheeks as I stood waiting, with my hand resting on my poor, trembling horse; and suddenly, as he whinnied piteously, the thought came to me that he, at least, need not suffer so painful a

death as stared his master in the face. I always carried a pistol, and now I drew it out, and nerving my shaking hand, raised it to his beautiful quivering ear, but I lowered it again as for the first time, I noticed that my clumsy artists's umbrella still swung from its accustomed place from a ring in the saddle. It had so happened that the spot in which I had been sketching, when hemmed in by my flery foe, was so cool and shady that the umbrella was not needed; so I did not remove it from the

saddle. When I drew the trigger, Fleet would fall, it might be, upon it; he might not live a moment or two, yet even for that short time I did not choose that the strong, heavy, steel ribs should have the

chance of adding to his pain. I detached it from the saddle; and even as I did so the sudden memory of little Dollie's experiment that morning -ah, how far away it seemed!-forced a smile to my dry lips; and then followed a thought, swift and startling as a

lightning flash. A parachute, Dollie called it; and why not use it as such now in my dire extremity? It was very strong and stout. I had some twine in my pocket, with which to secure the ends of the ribs to the handle, so that it could not turn wrong side out.

With the resistance it would offer to my descent, I felt sure that it was quite possible to land in the middle of the brushwood-a hundred feet belowwith no more serious hurt than bruises and scratches, or perhaps a broken limb; and surely these were light evils in comparison with being burned to

With eager fingers I knotted the twine to the steel ribs, and secured the former to the base of the handle.

The flames were almost upon me by this time; so, with one long-drawn flery demons, leaping and dancing, and breath, I raised my pistor once more, and, with one quick, nervous jerk, sent a bullet into the brain of my petted

> Then, as he gave one wild shriek, and fell lifeless at my feet, I seized the umbrella-Dollie's parachute-and leaped off the rock. At the outset I fell so rapidly that I

scarcely believing yet in my wonderful escape, I found myself with sound limbs.

Doubtless there was not more than

my leap from the ledge and my landing

amidst the branches of a small tree, but

My hands and face were scratched and bleeding, my clothes torn to rags; but what cared I? The flery flends were leaping in disappointed anger, far above me, and now I could listen to their roar without a tremor, save of grief at the loss of my

favorite steed. Keeping along the shore of the lake, I reached my sister's house just as serious alarm was beginning to be felt at my prolonged absence, and a party about to set forth in search of me.

"Dollie," said I, that night, as I took up the dear little niece I had so nearly parted from forever—"Dollie, you were right, after all. Uncle Harry's big um-brella is a parachute,' and if you had not told him so he would never have known it, and so he would have been devoured by the hungry flames. We will make a beautiful glass-case, and put the parachute away in it, and label it Dollie's Parachute.

How Marbles are Made. Marbles are named from the Latin word "marmor," by which similar playthings were known to the boys of Rome two thousand years ago. Some mar-bles are made of potter's clay and baked in an oven just as earthenware is baked, but most of them are made of a hard kind of stone found in Saxony, Germany. Marbles are manufactured stone is broken up with a hammer into little square pieces, which are then ground round in a mill. The mill has a fixed slab of stone, with its surface full of little grooves or furrows. Above this a flat block of colors and the same fats as th this a flat block of oak wook, of the which curiously enough produced ransame size as the stone, is made to turn round rapidly, and while turning little sooner it supplanted bad butter the bet-streams of water run in the grooves and ter. He believed that it would do that, keep the mill from getting too hot. About one hundred or the square possible of stone are put into the grooves at once and in a few minutes are made plowing deep and harrowing. This will bring the roots to the surface.

China and white marble also are used to make the round rollers which have delighted the hearts of the boys of all nations for hundreds of years. Marbles thus made are known to the boys as "Chinas" or "alleys." Real China ones are made of po celain clay and baked like China ware or other pottery. Some

Glass marbles are known as "agates." They are made of both clear and colored up a little melted glass on the end of an | well established. ron roll and making it round by dropping it into an iron mold, which shapes by whirling it round the head until the glass is made into a little ball. Sometimes the figure of a dog, or squirrel, or kitten, or some other object put on the end of the rod, and, when it is dipped into the melted glass the glass flows all around it, and when the marble is done the animal can be seen shut up in it. Colored glass marbles the manure is placed close to the tree. are made by holding a bunch of glass rods in the fire until they melt; then to others ashes were applied at the rate the workman twists them round into a of one wagon-load of leached, or two or ball or presses them in a mold, so that three bushels of unleached per tree, othwhen done the marble is marked with ers were given a wagon load of barnyard bands or ribbons of color. Real agates, manure; these applications were made which are the nicest of all marbles, are made in Germany, out of the stone called | soon to arrive at conclusions, but as yet agate. The workmen chip the pieces the trees appear about the same, no of agate nearly round with hammers difference being visible in favor of and then grind them round and smooth on grindstones

Peanut Statistics. The crop of peanuts which supplies the entire country comes, for the most part, from Virginia. In a few of the other Southern States the peanut has been planted, but the yield in quantity or quality is scarcely worth counting in comparison with that of Virginia. Many years ago the Spanish seed was sown in Virginia and it fructified wonderfully, the nut as it grows now being double the size of the original seed. It is still still a foreign importation, but this is years. The receipts of the peanut in this city from Virginia for the past three years, from October 15 to June 1 each year, here is as follows: 1878-79, 84,605 bags; 1879-80, 99,017 bags; 1880-81, 76,bags. The total receipts in 1879 were 104,344 bags, and in 1880 127,402 bags. The average current price, as given by a large importer, was: Handpicked, 4 1-2c. to 4 3-4c. per pound; choice, 4c. to 4 1-4c. per pound; lower grades, 3c. to 3 1-2c. per pound. A large quantity of shelled peanuts is sold annually in this city for confectionery sumption throughout the entire country the following figures are quoted: Stock of bags on hand June 1:

59,885 Philadelphia......14,000 17,000

Totals.......84,374 119,885 in Virginia, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, June 1, 1881, i.: excess of the stock at the same time in 1879, was 102,882 bags, and in 1880, 67,371 bags. consumption of peanuts was much below the average. At the opening of spring dealers found their stock nearly all on hand; nor is there any likelihood, in the opinion of prominent merchants in the trade, that for the balance of the year the market will be otherwise than

dull and weak .- New York Herald.

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone both had deaf mute wives. Little com ment is necessary, but just see what a almost lost my breath, but in a second man can accomplish when everything is I could feel that my descent was checked, quiet.—Lowell Citizen.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The number of eggs consumed in this country is enormous, and has rapidly increased for a quarter of a century.

As many as 10,000,000 have been shipped to New York annually from Mon-Ohio and the interior states. Eggs are 400,000,000, valued at near \$8,000,000, are annually imported, mainly from the Continent. It has been estimated that the consumption in the United States reaches more than 1,000,000,000 every

prevent a sow from eating her young, a correspondent of the Country Gentleman recommends giving them "say half a pound of pork or scraps from the packing-houses or blood and waste from the butchers two or three times before and on the day they farrow. Since I have adopted this plan I never lose any. Last spring my man neglected one of the sows and she ate up twelve pigs. This rences, the Royal Georges, the Napospring she has ten, and is one of the leons, the Normans and many other rec-

cidity in bad butter-he thought the but he did not think that it would supplant good butter.

Plant corn or potatoes, and keep the crop well hoed to kill any sprouts that may appear. Two years of this treat-ment will thoroughly destroy them.

Fertilizing Orchards. Professor Beal, who has been experimenting with an orchard situated on rolling land of a black, loamy nature of them have a pearly glaze and some are painted in various colors, which will not rub off because they are baked in vated; but these trees do no better than and coarse articles to be washed sepathose which grow in sod. A circle of grass extending nearly out to the ends of the overshadowing lines is of little or out fine, one cup of fluid and two pails no damage to the tree after it has grown of soft water; put fine pieces into this The former are made by taking lifteen or more years and has become cold suds and boil a few moments; take

grass.

effect about two years sooner than when Some trees were kept heavily mulched, four years ago, and perhaps it is too either of the above modes of manuring. Where clear cultivation has been practiced without fertilizers or mulch, the fruit seemed to be just as abundant and of as good quality as in the three last cases enumerated. Thorough tilling of of the land has been one of the best experiments, and has apparently produced the best results. I have experimented in thinning apples while they are small

The Flower Garden. Aside from the pleasure derived in

cultivating flowers, there is no doubt supposed by many that the esculent is that floriculture is a profitable occupation. Towns and villages spring into not so nor has it been for the past three existence where a decade before was only an unpeopled waste, and the shopkeeper, mechanic, or artisan is glad to buy the surplus the farmer may have from his overflowing garden. This I know to be the fact in scores of instances where the business of nurseryman, market gardener, or florist was, as it were, forced upon the farmer by his products of his garden. Here is a case somewhat in point. The original proprietor of one of the largest seed houses in New York, a shrewd Scotchman with an eye to the main chance, emigrated purposes. To give an idea of the con- from Scotland sometime about the beginning of the present century. He was 187,256 city then. He went in and bought it The available surplus stock on hand for fifty cents, took it home, painted the The past winter was so cold that the ed out daily, buying plants of all kinds, would frown at)-doubling his money rapidily. From plants the transition to dealing in seeds was natural and easy : so that in less than twenty years from the time this numble Scotch nail-maker had purchased his first rosebush in the Bowery his seed house had become the largest on this continent and he was a wealthy man.

Breeding Farm Horses.

Poultry Notes.

treal alone, and it is computed that more than thrice that number come east from reported also as very scarce and dear this winter in Great Britain, where some

quietest and kindest of all the mothers." Posey county, Indiana, claims to have which we believe derived their merit assed the largest cow in the world. Her mainly from the old Percheron blood, raised the largest cow in the world. Her name is Lady Posey, breed mixed Dur-ham and Big English. Her measure-ments are: Greatest height, five feet more from an imaginary scion of imported Messenger, spirited in some ten inches ; girth, eight feet niue inches ; length, ten feet six inches, or including tall, seventeen feet; her form is good, and, though not fat, she weighs 3,000 pounds. Her color is red and white, red predominating. Age, six years,

Her present owner lives in Stark county, ter. He believed that it would do that,

Trees of this age left in grass without manure, in our orchards, grow more slowly, produce less fruit, of a smaller size and poorer quality than trees which have been well cultivated; the fruit is generally in our experiments of a brighter color when grown on trees left in When spread broadcast about a tree, barnyard manure produces a good

and find it very profitable.

village neighbors desiring to buy the a nailer by trade, and was entirely ignorant of anything pertaining to seeds or gardening; but one day coming through the Bowery, then half farm, half city. he saw a rosebush in a cottage window, It was a rose in a wilderness, for probably there were not a score more in the pot green, and placing it in the window of his nail shop, quickly sold it for a dollar. This was easier work and better pay than nail-making. So he startalways painting the pots green-(a practhe way that modern science

because we have thought that one of the greatest defects in our farm horses was want of size : and this, it seemed to us, could better be supplied by an infusion of the blood of the draft horse than from any other source. But we are cer-tain that in many localities quite as large an infusion of this blood has been made as will be profitable; and that, for the uses of the farmer, better horses can be produced from these grade draft mares by the use of a stout, large, compactly-built thoroughbred horse, or a highlybred, well-formed and good-sized trotting stallion than by a further infusion of the blood of the draft horse. Returning again to the Percheron blood, we have no hesitation in affirming our belief in its excellence, and that it is to Farm and Garden Netes.

In reply to an inquiry as to how to that the horses of that section owe much the United States have been brought from Canada, and evidently partook ognized families of superior excellence, mysterious manner across the border as a certain self-styled "horse authority" in this country has told us over and over again. And while, as we have said, we think in many sections we have had quite as much of the coarse, draught-horse blood introduced as will prove valuable, yet we are clearly of opinion that we can never get too much of the

our country, where the production of hardy, useful horses is the object in view.

genuine Percheron blood in any part of

Recipes. ROLL JELLY CAKE .- One cup sugar, three eggs and beat them well; one cup flour, one even teaspoonful soda, one

even teaspoonful cream tartar. Sour Milk Biscurr .- One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; add to your flour a half cup of lard and spoon-ful of salt; then mix the flour with the milk. Make stiff enough to roll out as pie crust; cut them and put them to

bake in a moderately hot oven. WASHING FLUID .- One bar of good potash, two ounces of ammonia, one ounce of salts of tartar; put the potash into four quarts of rain water (use porcelain kettles if possible) and soak slow-ty, not boil; when dissolved remove from the stove; when cool add the amrately over night. The following morning rinse out and use a half cake of soap, out, add a pail of cold water and put in the coarse clothes to boil; suds, rinse, blue and starch as usual, and your clothes will be beautifully clear and white without rubbing. Wash colored clothes in the water the clothes are taken

into from the boiler.

A Japanese Doctor. Traveling in the interior of Japan has sundry drawbacks. The water is bad, and there is a lack of such food as a civilized stomach can digest. The traveler is also assailed by myriads of fleas, hornets, and a fly which bites like an old-fashioned practitioner, whose

methods and drugs. Dressed in silk he entered the pa tient's room and prostrated himself three times on the ground. Then sither "honorable hand" and her "honorable foot." Feeling her pulse and lookglass, he informed her, with much suck-

Lighting his pipe he smoked and con templated his patient. After again making an examination he clapped his hands three times. A servant entered carrying a handsome black lacquer hest. Inside there was a medicine chest of gold lacquer, fitted up with shelves, drawers, bottles, etc.

Compounding a lotion he bandaged the patient's arm and hands, telling her to pour the lotion over the bandage at intervals. He then gave her medicine for the fever, to be drunk in hot water, and warned her not to use "sake" for a day or two. As this is rice beer, containing seventeen per cent. of alcohol, the prohibition did not compliment the Japanese ladies. On being asked to name his fee the

The lady by giving him a whole yen (a dollar) called forth fervent expressions of gratitude. Subsequently she invited him to dinner, and had her gravity nearly upset by his noisy gulpings, gurglings and drawing in of the breath. By these performances, most distressing to a

of the repast.

The States of the Union which have more women then men are Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. The greatest excess of females is in New York where it is 71,000, and the least in Louisiana where it is 3,000. The total bands. Think what the women may we rolled them into candles and torches, We have encouraged the use of the save who, if married, might have been and drew daily from our stores in the large imported horses of the better class, compelled to support those husbands! | forest for new ones, -Atlantic Monthly

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Wagons are born tired. Everybody should take a newspaper but not from other folks' doorst A lover is like a tug-boat when he goes out with a toe .- Salem Sunbeam. To be short in his accounts is, in a cashier, a crime; in a reporter it is a

Will the coming man eat dried apples?

—Central City Rem. If he wishes to be classed as a swell he probably will.

The man who has invented a flying machine should make his trial trip now.

There have never been more flies out than at this present time. - Picayune. The Brooklyn Eagle gives the follow-ing as a Boston lad's definition of his stomach: "Something that goes across the teacher's knee when I get licked."

Ground for objection : "Me buy the

roperty, sor? Me be a landlord and be shot in the back! Shure, there's to be no more landlords!—we're all goin' to be tinnants?"—Punch. We warn newspaper men against a counterfeit \$100 bill now in circulation. Probably no professional men handle so

many bills of that denomination as the pencil pushers, and we hope our timely warning will prevent any from getting caught.—Rochester Express. An elderly gentleman says to a little miss of seven: "Say, sissy, will you marry me!" The child, taking the preposition gravely, curls up her mouth as f considering the subject. "Come,

sissy," says her mother, "will you marry the gentleman?" "Yes, 'n., but— (aside)—ma, I'd like a newer husband." FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED.

A man in business often is,
You'll find, perplexed and harrassed;
But when he's walking down the street,
With his best girl so trim and neat,
And ice cream signs his eyes do meet,
With not a cent to stand the treat,
The girl may look him in the phiz;
And at such times he surely is
Financially embarrassed. Financially embarrassed

Some one has formed 1,051 English ords of not less than four letters from the letters in the word "regulations." The above item is having an extensive circulation through the newspapers. A glance at the word "regulations" shows that it contains all the vowels and six of the most frequently used consonants, so there isn't anything wonderful in the feat mentioned. The person who accomplished it could have done more for humanity by sitting at the forks of a road and acting as an automatic guideboard.—New Haven

A Taste of Maine Birch.

The traveler and camper-out in Maine,

unless he penetrates its more northern

portion, has less reason to remember it as a pine-tree State than a birch-tree The white-pine forests have melted away like snow in the spring and gone down stream, leaving only patches here and there in the more remote and inaccessible parts. The portion of the State I saw, the Valley of the Kenebec and the woods about Moxie lake, had been shorn of its pine timber more than forty years before, and is now covered with a thick growth of spruce and cedar and various deciduous trees. But the birch abounds. Indeed, when the pine goes out the birch comes in; the race of men succeeds the race of giants. This tree has great stay-at-home virtues. Let the somber, aspiring, mysterious pine go; the birch has humble every-day uses. In Maine the paper or cance birch is turned to more account than any other tree. Uncle Nathan, our guide, said it was made especially for the camper out; a mosquito. An English lady, while yes, and for the woodmen and frontiers-traveling in that country being laid up men generally. It is a magazine, a furwith pain and fever, produced by these nishing store set up in the wilderness, pests, sent for a native doctor. He was whose goods are free to every comer. The whole equipments of the camp lies medical knowledge, having been handed folded in it, and comes forth at the beck down from father to sen, led him to of the woodman's ax; tent, waterproof look with suspicion upon European roof, boat, camp utensils, baskets, cups plates, spoons, napkins, table cloths, paper for letters or your journal, torches, candles, kindling wood and fuel. The canoe-birch yields you its vestments ting down on his heels he asked to see with the utmost liberality. Ask for its coat and it gives you its waistcoat also. Its bark seems wrapped about it laver ing at her eves through a magnifying upon layer, and comes off with great We saw many rude structures ease. ing in of his breath-a sign of good and cabins shingled and sided with it, breeding-that she had fever and must and haystacks capped with it. Near maple sugar camp large pile of birch bark sapbuckets - each bucket made piece of bark about a yard square, folded up as the tinman folds up a sheet of tin to make a square vessel, the corner bent around against the sides and held by a wooden pin. When, one day, we were overtaken by a shower in traveling through the woods, our guide quickly stripped large sheets of the bark from a near tree, and we had each a perfect umbrella as by magic. the rain was over, and we moved on, I wrapped mine about me like a large leather apron, and it shielded my clothes from the wet bushes. When we came to a spring Uncle Nathan would have a birch-bark cup ready before any of us could get a tin one out of his knapsack, doctor, after many bows and much and I think water never tastes so sweet sucking in of his breath, suggested that as from one of these bark cups. It is exhalf a yen (fifty cents) might not be too actly the thing. It just fits the mouth and it seems to give new virtues to the water.

It makes me thirsty now when I think of it. In our camp at Moxie we made a birch bark box, to keep the butter in; and the butter in this box, covered with some leafy boughs, I think improved in flavor day by day. Maine butter needs something to mollify and sweeten it a European, but which Japanese etiquette prescribes, he showed his appreciation In camp Uncle Nathan often drank his tea and coffee from a bark cup; the china closet in the birch tree was always handy, and our vulgar tinware was generally a good deal mixed, and the kitchen maid not at all particular about dishwashing. We all tried the oatmeal with the maple syrup in one of these dishes, and the stewed mountain cranberries, using a birch-bark spoon, never found service better. Nathan declared he could boil potatoes in a bark kettle, and I did not doubt excess of women in these fifteen States is him. Instead of sending our soiled 300,000—they are minus 300,000 hus- napkins and table spreads to the wash,