120, 9, 1 all.

### VOL. XI.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

NO. 29.

The skylark's song : "Arise, arise ! Oh, free glad wings, awake the air ; On, on, above, the light is there : Pass the faint clouds and know the skies. Oh, blueness! oh, deep, endless height! Oh, unveiled sun! Oh, ecstasy of upward flight! mount! I mount! Oh, skies! oh, snn!"

The sparrow's song: "Let be to soar; Skies blacken under night or rain ; Wild wings are weary all in vain. Lo, the fair earth, the fruitful store ! And the dear sunbeams travel down, And warm our eaves, And bring gay summer to the town,

Oh, sun! oh, bloom! oh, safe warm eaves! The linnet's song: "Oh, joy of spring! Oh, blithe surprise of life! And flowers Wake in the birthday April hours, And wonder, and are fair, and bring New promise of new joy to be. Oh, hope! oh, Now!

Oh, blossoms breaking on the tree I live! Oh, day! oh, happy Now!" The night-owl's song : "The flowers go dead, Weak flowers that die for heat or cold, That die ere even spring turns old; And with few hours the day is sped : The calm gray shadows chase the noon,

Night comes, and dusk,

And stillness, and the patient moon. Oh, stillness! and oh, long, cool dusk!" The thrush's song: "Oh, wedded wills! Oh, love's delight! She mine, I hers: And every little wind that stirs, And every little brook that trills, Makes music, and I answer it With 'Love, love, love,' Oh, happy bough where we two sit!

I love! I love! Oh, song! oh, love!" The raven's song: "Waste no vaiu breath On dead-born joys that fade from earth, Nor talk of blossoming or of birth, For all things are a part of death,

Save love, that scarce waits death to die. Spring has its graves; Our yew-trees see the green leaves lie. Oh, churchyard yews 1 oh, smooth new graves

The song of the sweet nightingale, That has all hearts in hers, and knows The secret of all joys and woes, And till the listening stars grow pale, And fade into the daybreak gleam, Her mingled voice Melts grief and gladness in a dream She doth not sorrow nor rejoice.

She sings: "Heart, rest thee and be free, Pour thyself on the unhindering wind; Leave the dear pain of life behind : Loosed heart, forget thou art, and be. Oh, pain! oh, joy of life! oh, love! My heart is these.

Oh, roses of the noon! oh, stars above! Doad, waned, still with me; I am these." -- Augusta Webster.

# DELIA'S REWARD.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows board ers did not help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well-to-do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it does seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia, and there was her great-uncle John's widow a-larking on the continent, a-gaming at Baden-Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that "her folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property." Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had seen her great aunt-niece never since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals. which won the heart of her namksake. Since then Uncle John's widow has become sort of a gilded creation, always young and beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference to Delia's humdram life. After having nursed her father through a long sickness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poorhouse, unless they should bestir them-As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders: "Good board in the country, by the

river-side, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries, and new milk. One mile from the station.

" Address Delia Rogerson "Croftsborough, Maine." "Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady, who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson-an old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like

it, there'll be no barm done." And so Delia's first boarder arrivedpaca gown, and a hair trunk. de her as welcome as if she had been duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. room, as the night was Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old in debt to you," she began one night. Clement's

roses wreathing them.
"Wonderful kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisps

to a box. "Wonderful kindness for us; you are such company for mother seven dollars a week! She's new to and me. the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old

But in spite of her worldly wisdom demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Mrs. Gre-some complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with borries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had plodged herself there would be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission.

"What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare

"Yes; a long, long time ago."
"Tell me about him—it?"

"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and motner, you know (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That's all."

"And you—you—"
"'Now all men beside are to me like

"And have you never heard of him

"Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his letter." "And supposing he should return

ome day, would you marry him?" "I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you think me a silly old

maid, Mrs. Clement." "No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth it is as beautiful at fourscore as at sweet and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by leveloping the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you would rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon ometimes Captain against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he idoing; though I never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear.

Delia's summer boarders were not uccess, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with coyping for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs Clement

"I believe I will stay on," she said 'I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"

"Do you think my terms high?" "By no means. But when one's purse

"Yes, I know. Do stay at your price. I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one mouth more would not signify. she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went to bed hungry that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there an pearing to be "just a pattern." Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from an unknown

friend. "It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now that your Aunt Delia's dead.

"We are not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and ives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to be lieve I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our greatuncle's wife.

"She ought to be doing something for you." "How can she if she's dead? I don't

blame her, anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it "But if she should come back to you having run through with it, you'd

divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound. "I suppose I should," replied Delia. The winter wore away as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders

returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing an old lady with false front hair, brown more feeble daily, needed the luxuries wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black of an invalid and the attention of a Delia nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought for the morrow.

"Don't mention it!" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You are

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that biss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to kissed me."

And the next morning, when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pil-

The first shock over, Delia wrote to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply Mr. Willis wrote:

"The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who have an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime

I inclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure." "What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia;

in Mrs. Clement's will, "thought Delia; but read, nevertheless:
"Being of sound mind, this 16th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousine; and I bequeath the residue of my property—viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining company, fifty thousand dollars in United States. fifty thousand dollars in United States bonds, twenty thousand in Fortune Flannel mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, Delia Rogerson, of Crofts-

borough, Maine."
"For I was a stranger, and ye took me in, hungry, and ye fed me; sick and ye ministered unto me."

"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Of course Steve Langdon will come and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it, in replying to etters from indigent people, who cemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said, 'I told you so."

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said. "And we are too old to think of ow, Steve."

"Nonsense! It's never too late too mend. I'm not rich, Delia, but I've enough for two and to spare.' "I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants

under me now," laughed Delia.
"Indeed! Then perhaps you have
a better match in view. Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones'

interest.' 'Yes. Squire Jones proposed to me last week.

"Now see here, Delia, have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love. Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me-me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods

"I'm glad that you did." "In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones ?" "But I haven't accepted him. In

fact I've refused him-because-" "Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?" In Croftsborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.

# What a Gentleman Is.

"The essential characteristics of a gentleman," says our American essayist, Mr. Mathews, "are not an outward varnish or veneer, but inward qualities, developed in the heart."

The drover was a gentleman at heart, and in speech al o, of whom this anecdote is told. He was driving cattle to market one day when the snow was deep, save on the highway. The drove compelled a lady to turn out of the road and tread in the deep snow.

"Madam," said the drover, taking off his hat, "if the cattle knew as well as I what they should do, you would not walk in the snow."

Charles Lamb tells a story of Joseph Paice, a London merchant, who reverenced womanhood in every form in which it came before him. "I have seen him," writes the genial

ssayist, "stand bareheaded, (smile, if you please), to a servant girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, or himself in the offer, of it.

"I have seen him," he continues, "tenderly escort a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess."

These anecdotes show what genuine politeness is. It is a kindly spirit which expresses itself kindly to all. Of one who possesses it the remark is never made, "He can be a gentleman when he pleases." As Mr. Mathews says—and we wish the boys to memorize the saying-"He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be

"Here lies the youngest of twentynine brothers and three sisters." Such is the inscription on the stone that marks the last resting-place of General Marston G. Clark, at Salem, Washington county, Ind. He was a brave man and had a great deal to do with the vic-Clement, as she combed out her wisps have you take it to heart. You are tory at Tippecanoe, which made General of gray hair and confided the false front welcome to stay and share pot-luck with Harrison famous.

## THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Make the Ground Count.

have learned one mistake we have oade for years past, and that is covering too much ground with too few plants. Vacancies not only make a loss, but are expensive every way—in prep-aration and cultivation of soil, in extra expenses for manure, and interest and tax on land. We are too apt to be ambitious as to having a great number of acres planted, regardless of the yield, expense, etc. We will guarantee that, as a rule, persons having the least land get the most fruit from their land in proportion to the number of acres, and make the most money .- Fruit Recorder.

### A Valuable Table.

The following table will show the number of checks or hills contained in

an acre of ground at certain
1 foot apart each way,
2 feet apart each way,
3 feet apart each way,
4 feet apart each way,
5 feet apart each way,
6 feet apart each way,
9 feet apart each way,
10 feet apart each way,
12 feet apart each way,
15 feet apart each way,
20 feet apart each way,
25 feet apart each way,
30 feet apart each way,
40 feet apart each way,

Cuttings.

M. Loiseau recommends that the us ual method of striking cuttings should be altered. When, he observes, a cutting is put in perpendicularly, the sap, the natural tendency of which is to rise, is expended in pushing forward a new bud instead of forming a root. But if it is laid horizontally, or even with its lower end higher than the upper, that is not the case; the sap prefers to move toward the higher end, or at all events is evenly distributed between the two extremities. This causes the callus to form so rapidly that if the cuttings are put into a warm place eight or ten days are enough to secure its formation or even that of the roots. Autumn cut-tings taken off a little before the sap ceases to move, and treated in this manner, form the callus so quickly that they are ready for planting out before winter. In winter it is necessary to keep the cuttings in a gentle heat, or beneath leaves deep enough to keep off frost, and even then a callus will be round to have formed by spring time.

The Grape. Many vine-growers, says the Cincinnati Gazette, experience great disap-pointment between the budding and ripening of their grapes. In spring the leaves and sprays shoot forth abun-dantly and the "blossoms" appear in gratifying profusion. As summer advances the growth of the berries is at first satisfactory, and then a reverse commences. Some shrivel up, others mildew and many drop off, the curculio takes a share and general deterioration ensues. If the trunks of the vines are arge and the branches extensive thes changes are only the more remarkable But larger vines absolutely require to be profusely watered, for the propor tion of water in the skin of the is evidently very considerable, and every drop ascends through the pores of th trunk. If the vines are near the dwelling waste washing water, soapsuds, etc. cannot be poured too profusely on the roots. We have known young trees. vines, etc., rescued from death by drought by the profuse watering of their roots. Again, the paper bag protection to the bunches is well worth trying Old vine growers near this city find it to succeed admirably. There are few noble grape "trees" in this neighborhood which rival in size and production the famous Black Hamburg at Hampton Court, England, but they are well cared for by their owners, although in our latitude it is not necessary to keep them in glass houses. He who hath a thriving vineyard hath a good posses

sion. Raising Calves on Skimmilk A. B. Allen, writing to the Western Agriculturist, gives some advice on raising calves. He says: A friend who has large dairy in the western part of the State of New York informs me that he has kept twenty-four grade shorthorn and Guernsey calves, dropped the last spring, in the following manner: They were allowed to suck their dams a few times immediately after birth, and then taken away and taught to drink milk from the pail. This was warm and fresh from the cows for a week or ten days, and then skimmilk was gradually mixed with it till substituted entirely for the new milk. This was frequently lobbered, in very hot weather, feeding, and was thought all the better for it, as being more easily digested. The calves were put into a good pasture and at a few weeks old began to nibble the grass. The summer being very dry this failed considerably during August; cut hay mixed up with wheat shorts were then given in place of it. One may judge how well these calves throve when simply fed, for at six to seven months old they weighed from 500 to 600 pounds each. The cream from the milk of the dams of calves was made into butter of first rate quality, stored till October, and then brought a good price. Many think that choice calvers cannot be well raised on skimmilk, and therefore feed all new milk to them. But I think this is wasting the cream on such as are designed to grow up for dairy cows and that they are all the better for this purpose when reared on the quality of milk which is the least fattening and gives the most muscle. Many a shorthorn heifer is injured for the dairy by being overfed and kept too fat from its birth up to three years old, when it is the usual time for it to drop its first calf. As fed above the calves occasionally scoured, and to stop this some astrin-gent medicine had to be given in their food. But if a heaping tablespoonful of oilmeal, gradually increasing to a pint for each calf as it grew older, had been made into a gruel and mixed daily with the skimmilk, it would have prevented scouring, kept the bowels in good order and made them relish their

one-fourth of the former to threefourths of the latter, and then a quart or more, according to the age of the calf, fed daily, is a good substitute for

he oatmeal

Sweet Apple Pickles.—Sweet apples make delicious pickles; peel and quar-ter them, boil them until tender in vinegar and water; to one quart of vinegar add two pounds of sugar; heat the vinegar and dissolve the sugar in it; add cloves and cinnamon, and pour over the apples while hot.

Chanberry Roll.-Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning. Make very sweet, strain and cool. Make a paste, and when the cranberry is cold spread it on the paste about an inch thick. Roll it, tie it close in a flaunel cloth, boil two hours and serve with a sweet sauce. Stewed apples or other fruit may be used in the same way.

An Appetizing Dish.-One of the most appetizing dishes that can be placed before a hungry family, and which may tempt the appetite of one who isn't hungry, is made in this way : Take one dozen ears of corn, grate it, stir in four eggs, one-fourth of a cup of flour, a little salt, and fry in hot lard; if the corn is not milky add a little milk

or cream. This is next to fried oys'ers. To STEW VEAL CUTLETS.—Cut them bout half an inch thick, flatten them with a chopper, and fry them in fresh butter or dripping. When brown on one side turn and do them on the other, continuing to do so till they are thoroughly done, which will be in about a quarter of an hour. Make a gravy of some trimmings, which put into a stewpan with a bit of soft butter, an onion, roll of lemon peel, a blade of mace, some thyme, parsley, and stew the whole over a slow fire for an hour, and then strain it; put one ounce of butter into another pan, and when melted mix with as much flour as will dry it up; stir this for a few minutes, then add the gravy by degrees till the whole is mixed; boil it five minutes, then strain it through a sieve and put it to the cutlets. Some browning may be added, together with mushroom or walnut cat-

sup, or lemon pickle. To DRY PUMPKINS .- Take ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates, in layers some half an inch thick; dry it in a stove oven, which should be kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can then be stowed away in a dry place, and are always ready for use, either for pies or stewing. The quick drying after cooking prevents the souring which is almost always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried, while the flavor is much better preserved and the after cooking dispensed with. On going to use, soak ortions of the article in a little milk ever night, when it will return to as delicious a pulp as if made of a pumpkin

### A Thief Disguised as a Noble Lady. A recent letter from Vienna says: A noble lady from Holland landed here

last week with a secretary, a maid, and

a colored footman, the little set putting

up at the White Horse hotel, in Leo

poldstadt. The countess, in taking the pest suite of apartments, intimated to the hotelier that she expected both her father-in-law and her sister-in-law, who was to be married shortly to an Austrian noble of the best blood, and that the wedding banquet would take place in the hotel. She hired a handsome carriage and drove out every day with her footman on the box by the side of the coachman. During her drives she stopped at many shops, ordered samples and patterns to be sent to her hotel. and at the same time made purchases of silks, laces, fine trousseau linen for the bride, etc., never disbursing a single kreuzer, for the colored footman so thoroughly represented wealth and inspired confidence that shopkeepers were only too glad to send to the noble dame's hotel double the stuffs she ordered. The countess also called on several jewelers, one of whom had just received a handsome garniture in brilliants, which at once took her fancy, being valued at the lowest at 50,000 florins, and the father-in-law being ex pected on the following day the jeweler was requested to bring the set to the still, the sponges are easily seen, but hotel at a given hour. This was done, when a gentle breeze is blowing a "scaand when the diamond merchant came he was requested to be seated, and the countess took the little case into the next room, where father-in-law was dressing, she said. After waiting a quarter of an hour, Mr. Jeweler knocked at the door and got no answer; tried the is placed close to the other. By this door and found it locked. A noise in the passage attracts his attention. A rush, and he is in the portier's loge, where he finds the countess disguised in man's clothes and guarded by a policeman. Providence had warned that portier, and he had stopped the countess in good time as she was gliding past in her disguise. He saved the Vienna tradespeople from the loss of many thousands, and placed a set of dangerous thieves under the lock of justice. The tradespeople are very grateful, and the portier has received their thanks with many bows and salams. The jeweler, I believe, offered him a shilling,

Careful observations have shown the following to be about the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood when planted in groves and cultivated: White maple pecomes one foot in diameter and thirty feet high; ash, leaf maple or box elder. one foot in diameter and twenty feet high; white willow, eighteen inches in diameter and thirty-five feet high; Lombardy poplar, ten inches in liameter and forty feet high; lue and white ash, ten feet in diameter and twentyfive feet high; black walnut and butternut, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high.

Jokes on contribution boxes are worse off than the boxes themselves, other food more heartily. Flaxseed boiled to a jelly answers the same purpose, also if ground mixed with oats, which are never entirely empty.

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

John Skae was arrested in San Fran sisco, drunk, the other night, and has gone to jail because he couldn't pay the 85 fine imposed by the court for the offense. In 1876 he could have sold his mining stocks for \$10,000,000 but refused, and they slid out from under him so completely that \$5 is beyond his call.

The total amount of United States registered bonds is \$1,173,000,000. All are held in the United States except \$27,894,000. \$644,990,000, about half, are in the hands of seventy-three thou-sand corporations and individuals, not including national banks or foreign holders. Two-thirds, about \$400,000,-000, are held in amounts of over \$50, 000. Seven millions are held in sums of less than five hundred dollars.

A London paper says that "the queen has no wish to have her name associated with whisky. An enterprising American whisky manufacturer, it appears, recently sent the queen 'A beautiful barrel of the best distilled waters of Kentucky,' which he called Victoria whisky. He hoped thus to ob-tain an advertisement out of her majesty, but the queen showed her good sense by simply declining to receive it."

It isn't best to bring in a verdict until all the evidence is in. Deacon Gray, of Palmerston, Wis., detected one of his clerks in dishonesty. The young man was not prosecuted, and after a week of seclusion in his own room was allowed to depart from the town. In a prayermeeting at the deacon's church he was warmly praised by the pastor for his supposed forbearance toward the sinner. This brought him to his feet with a conession that he deserved no credit. The fact was that he had whipped the clerk unmercifully, hurting him so severely that he had spent the week of retirement abed.

Complaints are made in England that ynamite can be purchased without ifficulty in any part of the kingdom, and this with unfortunate results. Grenades of dynamite are employed to kill trout, and hardly a month is said to pass without reports of poachers using the explosive as a means of catching fish. It has been used also as a means fish. of taking one's own life. A case reported from Yorkshire is of a drunken well-digger, who put an end to his days by exploding a cartridge in his mouth His tongue, teeth and maxillary bones were blown to pieces, although his cheeks and lips, for some odd cause, suffered no harm at all.

During the month of July there were 102 railroad accidents, of which fortyone were in the nature of collisions, fifty-six of derailment, two of boiler explosions, two of broken connecting-rods and one was due to a broken wheel. Of the collisions twenty-three were from the rear, seventeen from in front and one from the side. The derailments were due to a variety of causes. Three were from broken rails, three from broken wheels, three from broken axles, two from broken trestles, two from broken bridges, one from spreading rails, three from accidental obstruction, eight from cattle on the track, four from washouts, one from land-slide, two from misplaced switches, and one each from runaway, flying switch, malicious ob struction, rail purposely removed, and sub-switch purposely misplaced, while nineteen are unaccounted for. collisions, as far as explained, eight came about by trains breaking in two. four by mistakes or neglect to obey orders, three by misplaced switches and one by fog. The record for the year shows that the greatest number accidents occurred in January and the smallest in April. The average of deaths by accident was 1 1-4 daily.

### How Sponges are Caught. A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) Register tells how they fish for sponges in the Bahamas: When a vessel arrives at the fishing ground it is anchored, and the men in small boats proceed to look for sponges in the water below. The water is a beautiful light blue color, and so clear a sixpence can easily be seen on the white, sandy bottom in thirty-five to forty feet of water. Of course when there is no wind, and the surface of the water is when a gentle breeze is blowing a "scaglass" is used. A sea-glass consists of a square pine box about twenty inches in length, a pane of glass about 10x12 inches placed in one end, water-tight. To use it, the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator means the wave motions of the water are overcome, and the bottom readily seen. Sponges when seen on the bot-

tom attached to rocks, look like a big

black bunch. They are pulled off their

natural beds by forked hooks, which

are run down under the sponge, which

is formed like the head of a cabbage,

and the roots pulled from the rocks. When brought to the surface it is mass of soft, glutinous stuff, which to the touch feels like soap or thick jelly. When a small boat load is obtained they are taken to the shore, where a crawl is built in which they are placed to die, so that the jelly substance will readily separate from the firm fiber of the sponge. These crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush into the sand out of the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insect to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black glutinous substance falls off, leaving the sponge, after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fishermen generally the occupation is not a lucrative one. I am told the wages will hardly average three dollars per week, besides board. There is but little diving for sponges, except for a particularly fine bunch which cannot be got with the hook. The sponge is formed by small insects, and is the hive in which they live. Different qualities are found growing side by side, although in certain regions the finer and more valuable sponges are found.

# Only a Smile.

Only a smile that was given me S On the crowded street one day But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart Like a sudden sunbeam's ray. The shadow of doubt hung over me, And the burden of pain I bore, And the voice of Hope I could not hear,

Though I listened o'er and o'er. But there came a rift in the crowd about, And a face that I knew passed by, And the smile I caught was brighter to me Than the blue of a summer sky. For it gave me back the sunshine, And ceattered each somber thought, And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth

Which that kindly smile had wrought. Only a smile from a friendly face On the busy street that day ! Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps As the donor went her way. But straight to my heart it went speeding To gild the clouds that were there,

And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies I also might take my share.

—Harper's Weekly.

## HUMOROUS.

Spell fat with four letters-O B C T. The true way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll avoid hitting her

thumb, anyway. "Smith," said Brown, "there's a for tune in that mine!" "I know," said Smith; "I've put my fortune in it."-

Philadelphia Sun. A codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs There's millions waiting for the man who succeeds in crossing the codfish with the hen.-Boston Post.

Sharks will eat cats if they can get hold of them. We shall make arrange-ments for shipping large quantities of cats to the seacoast to enjoy bathing facilities .- New Haven Register

A correspondent writes: "Will you tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was?" Certainly; her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry.

An Arkansas journal says that ther have in that State a spring so powey fully impregnated with iron that the farmers' horses which drink at it never have to be shod, the shoe growing on their feet naturally.

"There is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise;
Whenever he has goods to sell
He straight doth advertise;
And when he finds his goods are gone,
With all his might and main He hurries in another lot To advertise again."

Carrie was six years old and quite a model of propriety; but one day she shocked her mother by doing something very much like ordinary naughty children. "Why, Carrie!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "how could you do such a thing?" "Other little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But that describ make plied Carrie. "But that doesn't make it right, does it?" asked Mrs. B. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, makes it a good deal more

comfable." Young man, be happy-hoot, holler, skip, gambol and snap your fingers at the nightmare of a new overcoat for next winter. Last fall a Canadian genius shivered awhile and then reflected awhile, and the result was the purchase of a box of mustard plasters. These were discributed around on his frame where they would do the most good, and while men in beaver overcoats shivered with cold he was warm and happy in his shirt sleeves. One dollar takes you through a hard winter, and you

come out in spring fat .- Free Press. Now the papers are predicting a lumber famine. Good gracious, have we got to go through that horror, too. Have we got to sit idly by and suffer, with no sixteen-foot board to fill an empty stomach, no bunch of shingles to cool our parched tongue, no cedar posts to fill a want long felt, and no bundles of lath to press our fevered lips? This is too much. We could stand the famine in box cars, predicted last spring, but to cut off our supply of lumber, just as we have got a new bottle of stomach bitters for an appetizer, is piling the agony on too thick.—Peck's Sun.

# Fish that Fly.

An old sailor said there was nothing on land not to be found in the sea There are sea cucumbers and carrots, and many other sea vegetables that look very much like those whose names they bear. Some of the fish even have names like those of land animals. There are hog-fish, sea-horses, toad-fishes and seacows. One very lovely fish is the angel-fish. But the most curious of all is the flying-fish, which has broad fins like wing

This fish is shaped and colored something like a macketel. Its back is blue and its under parts are white. flies it takes short flights from the top of one wave to the top of another. The flying squirrel can fly, in this way, from a high point up on a tree to one lower down. They are plentiful near the West Indies, where the water is warm. In the morning the sailor may find a dead fish on the deck. It had seen the lights that the vessel carries at night and flown toward them. It could fly high enough to reach the vessel's deck, but could not fly across it. It may have struck a boom or sail and fallen dead from the blow. After this they grow more numerous, and you will see them in the daytime.

They will fly out of the water in front of the ship in little groups, looking like flocks of swallows. Their white sides will gleam like silver in the sun They cannot fly far, perhaps a hundred yards. After wetting their wings or fins they then can fly farther on. They look as if they enjoyed their life in the air, but they do not always fly for pleasure. The dolphin, a very and fast swimming fish, hunts them in the water. When the poor flying-fish tries to escape him, the great sea-birds, the gulls and pelicans, seize them as they fly out. They are very good to eat. The people in the islands about which they live catch them in dip nets and fry them.

Sitting Bull is getting fat and corres pondingly saucy. A few days in the guard-house and short rations would do that gentleman good.