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Lights Along the Shore.

The wild sea thunders on the shore,
The wind blows chill from off the wood.
The sea-gull gallops on the cliffs,
And prate and chatter of the cold;
The horse winds blow, the sun has set,
And "Lily," I said, "is like the sea—
Cruel, it casts our wrecks ashore,
In tempest and in misery."
A singing voice came up the cliffs,
A child with blue eyes, grave and sweet,
And fair hair blown about her face,
Sped up the path with flying feet.
"The fishing boats are in!" she cried,
"We've watched for them a day or more."
And looking down I saw the nets,
And lights were glancing on the shore.
As yester eve my mother wept,
The white gulls flew far out to sea,
The great waves beat upon the sand,
The surf rolled in so heavily;
At yonder door she stands and waits,
And I stand still, she flitted past.
"I thank thee, oh, my God!" I said,
"There are whose ships come back at last!"
—Annie LaFarge, in Scribner's.

A FIERY CHASTENING.

The lights streamed forth gaily from the windows of the ball hall of Bridgestoke, and there were sounds of festivity within. Mr. Robertson, the head of the principal banking firm of the town, was giving his annual ball. All the select society within several miles was gathered there, and was described in the evening number of the Bridgestoke *Guardian* as "a very brilliant assembly."
Lillian Grey was undeniably a coquette, and as undeniably the belle of the ball. A face of wild, haunting beauty, with its flashing eyes and wealth of raven hair, a superbly molded figure, and an air of queenly grace were fascinations that proved irresistible to the male admirers buzzing around her.
Mrs. Grey sat watching her alluring daughter, with a complacent smile on her stately features. She was a widow, with comfortable, though not considerable, means, and Lillian was her only child. They lived at Burnham house—a handsome residence standing in its own grounds in the outskirts of the town.
Lillian had danced with a tall gentleman of distinguished appearance, who was some fifteen years her senior. After the second time, he stood by her chair, talking to her, when a handsome, brown-eyed, brown-haired young man approached them.
"My next partner," said Lillian, with a faint change of color.
"Will you introduce me?" observed the tall gentleman.
"Certainly. So you have come to claim me, George? This is an old friend of mine, your lordship, Mr. George Howell—Lord Walsover."
They shook hands, and the introduction was made. His lordship was a widower, with one interesting little girl, and also a large landed property.
He was the best matrimonial catch in the county, as every match-making mamma knew; and that he—a man of more than local grandeur—should be present at the ball to-night was a matter of much comment.
A few minutes after, when the music commenced, Lillian arose, and with George Howell's arm around her waist, floated around the room in the mazy waltz. They stepped by a casement leading into a conservatory, from whence issued the perfume of choice exotics.
"Lillian, I wish to speak with you a moment. Will you come in here with me?"
He drew her through the casement, notwithstanding that she hesitated; and after wandering a little way in silence, they sat down.
"Will you let me look at your programme?"
It hung by a silken cord from her waist, and without a word, she handed it to him.
"R. W., once, twice, three times! Who is R. W., Lillian?"
"Lord Walsover," she replied, gently.
"What does it mean?" he asked, in a low tone.
She toyed with her fan and was silent.
"I thought we had known each other too long, Lillian, for there to be any secrets between us. When I told you of my true, honest love, did you not bid me wait? I am not wealthy, but I have sufficient to provide a comfortable home for you. I have waited, and what do you say to me now?"
"That I never can love you, George, dear, as you wish," she said, tremulously. "You must not speak to me so again. You forget that we are not still boy and girl together. We have grown up, George."
"I know it to my cost," he said, bitterly. "In the old days you did what you liked with me, blew hot and cold on me by turns, and by Jove! you are as bad as ever."
She hit her pretty nether lip, and bent very low over her fan.
"You must not hope, George; you will know why, later on. My present answer is final."
"Yes, I know! Your answers are always final, Lillian, and are subject to changes like the weather. Really, I think I'm a most long-enduring swain."
"But I mean it this time. I have reasons."
"What are they?"
"I oughtn't to tell yet; but you will know soon enough. I am engaged to be married, George."
"Engaged!" he gasped, beneath his breath.
"Yes; to Lord Walsover. It took place yesterday." And she sighed a little.
He was quiet a few moments, and then he asked in a sad, changed voice, "Do I understand, Miss Grey, that everything is settled?"
"I shall go away," he said, strangely, after a further pause. "You need not fear my presence any more, Miss Grey. I shall leave by the early morning mail for Liverpool. I shall try to mend a broken heart in a foreign land." And he rose as if to go.
"Oh, do not take it to heart, Geo-

George," she murmured, and her little white-gloved hand crept up entreatingly to his arm. "Don't hurry away; there are others as beautiful as I."
"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, turning on her fiercely. "Lillian Grey, you have sold yourself and your beauty for wealth, rank—to the highest bidder! How I loved you for beauty's sake? Never! I knew that within that hard shell of worldliness, which has fed itself on flattery of your beauty, there lay a kernel of goodness and womanliness, for which I was content to wait. Your beauty is your curse, and you will find it out in time."
As he took a step or two away, she stood up, her flushed face and burning eyes turned to him.
"Stay, Mr. Howell!" she said, haughtily; "what my beauty is to me concerns myself alone. I thank you for your good opinion of me, but I don't require it. You are incensed because I have not done what the world approves, what all sensible girls in my place would do—chosen a man in good position for myself. I hope I have a free will, Mr. Howell."
He would hear no more. With a mournful wave of his hand he rushed away, through the crowded ballroom, downstairs into the street. In the gray dawn he stood by the main train for Liverpool.

She stood motionless, where he had left her. But only for a moment, and then she started forward, stretching out her fair, white arms, and cried, faintly, "George, George! don't leave me. Come back, my love!"
It was no use. He had gone beyond sound of her voice; and so, with a heavy sigh, she sank on the seat and buried her face in her hands.
Presently footsteps approached her. "I have been looking for you everywhere. What is it, Lillian?" And the tall gentleman stooped over her.
"Nothing. I felt a little faint, my lord."
He seated himself by her. Half an hour after they entered the ballroom again, where her various partners had been searching for her right and left, and had nearly gone crazy in their search. She was immediately pounced upon, but excused herself fulfilling any more engagements that evening.
There was a sad, fearful scene in the ballroom that same night.
The gorgeous chandeliers, pendant from the ceiling, and adorned with glittering lusters, shed a brilliant light around from innumerable wax candles. Suddenly, the vibration of a chandelier from the dancing caused one of these candles to slip from its socket, and it fell on a lady sitting beneath it. But the work of a moment, and then the delectable, white texture she wore was in a cloud of flame, and she rushed lither and thither frenzied—screaming in her agony. The gay crowd of dancers made way for her, terror-stricken, as if by magic, some calling for water, others vainly endeavoring to escape in mortal fear. One or two of the boldest then watched their opportunity, lunged her down and rolled her in a huge rug, extinguishing the flames.
They picked her up and carried her away, a charmed mass of quivering, agonized humanity. Her groans and wailing cries were heard further and further, and after a time of doubt and internal torture, and months of nursing, she recovered—recovered in health, strength, body, in everything but one thing—her beauty was gone forever.
For the poor sufferer was Lillian Grey!

Four years passed, and people said that times were hard. Robertson & Co., the great bankers of Bridgestoke, had failed and brought ruin on hundreds of the confiding householders of that town. Among these was Mrs. Grey, of Burnham house. Mr. Robertson had been a friend of her husband, and after his death had offered to manage and invest her fortune for her. Unknown to her, he had absorbed it into his banking business, and after the final crash had passed, scarcely sufficient was retrieved to secure to her and her daughter a bare pittance for life. Greatly was Mrs. Grey distressed when they were compelled to leave Burnham house and take up their abode in obscure lodgings in the town.
Needless to say, after Lillian Grey's accident, nothing further was heard from Lord Walsover. He did not even trouble to inquire whether she recovered or not. A great change came over her with their reverses of fortune, and finding that at times her mother scarcely had the necessities of life, she pocketed the remnants of her pride and started as a music teacher. It was uphill work at first, and she had to endure many half-concealed sneers at her former arrogance, but she lived them down, and after a while gathered a decent little connection for herself.
But Mrs. Grey fell ill, and despite all Lillian's endeavors it became a difficult matter to provide the comforts for a sick parent out of her slender means. She saved all day at her various pupils' residences, and then set up half the night, tending the invalid lovingly. And yet the rent went back, and the surly landlord was inexorable, and if it were not paid within three days out they must go.
In this extremity Lillian bethought of asking a slight favor at one place where she attended. This was where she taught the three children of a wealthy retired merchant, named Price. Nearly half the quarter had run; she would explain her dire necessity, and ask to be accommodated with that and the remaining half quarter in advance. Modestly she stated her case to Mrs. Price, a stout, florid-looking woman, of rather coarse manners and appearance. But this worthy lady replied, with some show of anger, that it was impossible she could accede to Miss Grey's request—that it was a most unheard-of proceeding, and where would her household allowance be by the middle of the quarter if every one wished to be paid in advance? She should have thought that a young woman, who at one time had occupied the position of a lady, would have had more breeding than to ask such a thing. And with this ill-mannered sneer, Mrs. Price swept from the room.

Smothering her indignation and her sobs, and feeling doubly the burden of her troubles, Lillian repaired to her school-room to give her pupils their music lessons.
Only one child was there, a pretty little girl with flaxen hair.
"Oh, Miss Grey, Uncle George has come. And he has brought me such a beautiful doll! It can turn head over heels, and can squint, and he says it came all the way from Japan, where the tea-trays are made, you know."
But this gratuitous information did not secure the attention expected; and a few minutes after the child was stumped through her "scales" in a most reckless and unchecked fashion, as far as Lillian was concerned.
When half an hour of this sort of thing had passed, the child got down off the stool without a word.
"Yes, Fanny, you may go," said Lillian, rousing herself. "Send Charlie to me for his lesson."
Away went little Fanny, and Lillian was left to her reflections alone.
Some minutes elapsed, and no "Charlie" appeared.
Very bitter were her thoughts, and the tears kept stealing to her eyes, how ever much she tried to hold them back. At last they welled up so fast they toppled over their brims and rolled down her cheeks.
She buried her poor, scarred face on her arms, leaning on the desk, and gave way to a little "weep" over her cares. Presently she heard voices approaching, and little Charlie entered the room, accompanied by a gentleman, both talking vivaciously; but they stopped as soon as their eyes fell upon her. Then she heard the gentleman ask in whispered tones that sent a strange thrill through her:
"Who is the lady, Charlie?"
"That is Miss Grey, my music teacher. She is going to give me my lesson, Uncle George."
"She seems asleep."
With that tear-stained face Lillian dare not look up to show them that she was not.

"I think so, too, I will call her, Miss Grey!"
"Stay—stay, Charlie! Do you know what her Christian name is? Think, now."
And there was an earnestness in the deep tones that went straight to her heart.
"No, Uncle George; I can't think."
"Was it, Lillian? Can you remember that?"
"Yes, yes—it is! I remember; it is in her music-case," exclaimed little Charlie.
"It can't be her," she heard the murmured tones in soliloquy; and then, "Is he very beautiful, Charlie?"
"No, Uncle George. She has a big red mark all down her cheek; so," and he put his little finger along his face diagonally. "But her eyes are very pretty. She was burned."
"Burned!" came the whispered voice, breathlessly.
She felt, at any risk, she must pretend sleep now, rather than admit she had heard so much.
"Yes, uncle. It was at a ball a few years ago. It was that she was very beautiful, and going to be married soon to a lord; but after that he wouldn't have her. I know, because I heard mamma tell Mrs. Green all about it."
She heard a deep catcling of his breath and a hurried step forward, and then she said:
"Charlie, would you like me to give you that Chinese top I bought? Very well, then. Go up to my room and get it, and you may set to work and play with it for half an hour."
Off scampered the boy with a crow of delight, and then the school-room door was closed behind him.
A light knock approached her, and she felt a hand on her shoulder. She was quivering all over with emotion, and the great sobs would surge up and have a vent.
"Miss Grey, you have not been asleep; you have heard what was said. Are you the Lillian I once knew—the Lillian I left to become the bride of Lord Walsover? Nay, I know you are, and that you remember George Howell still."
But her face was buried on her arms, as before, and the tears were flowing silently.
He continued, tenderly and gravely: "Do you remember I said I was very patient, Lillian?—I could wait and hope? And do you remember what answer I asked you for that night in the conservatory? Will you give me that answer now, my love?"
And he bent over her, and gently tried to raise her head.
"No, George," she sobbed; "I am altered since my accident. You haven't seen me. You would not ask me if you had—still keeping her burning face in the sheltering arms."
"Do you not remember what I then said about your beauty, Lillian? Your face would always be beautiful to me. Then give me your answer before I see you, love."
He drew the music stool toward him, and sat down beside her, with his arm round her waist.
"Never! You shall know whom you would marry, George."
And she raised her head bravely.
There certainly was a change. A big, dark scar down one side of the face, and cutting into the curved upper lip; the eyebrows grown again, but not so finely penciled as of yore; and the dark lashes not so deep in their fringing as they were when he last saw her.
But, then, the soft, wistful eyes looked up at him through a mist of tears with a new and purer expression, and the chastening finger of sorrow had left light on the pale features sweeter and calmer than pride could give.
And George Howell, as he gazed on her, forgot the scars and all that was appertaining to that fiery chastening, and only thought the countenance that had come through it more tender and beautiful.
And he told her so; and when he pressed her for his answer, she whispered, "Yes, George, if you will have me."
And then she told him of her love for him, and how she had called him back, but it was too late; and then of her

fearful accident, and those weary years; how she often wondered where he had gone.
"Half over the world, my love," he cried, merrily; "and in luck's way, too. A nice little fortune I've gathered; enough to buy back Burnham house, if you will."
Then looking at his bronzed face, and brown eyes, and curly brown locks, she told him shyly how handsome he had grown, and really he was too good-looking for her; and he laughed, and said she ought to keep that to tell him after they were married.
And when Mrs. Price came in and inquired the tete-a-tete she was considerably surprised at the turn affairs had taken.
That George Howell—her cousin only, though called "uncle" by the youngsters—who had only returned from foreign lands three days, with a fortune in his pockets, should already have made up to such a girl as that, and he engaged to her, was extremely surprising. And she was permitted to continue in unlightened bewilderment.
And so they were married some three months afterward, and Burnham house was repurchased and they settled down there happily. A cloud hovered over them a short time after, when Mrs. Grey died, but it soon passed away.
And in years to come often would Lillian, when, nestling in the arms of her stalwart husband, as he stroked her soothed cheek, whisper in his ear her thanks to heaven that on that eventful night when he started for distant lands she had suffered and come forth the purer from her fiery chastening.

HEALTH HINTS.

The worst forms of disease grow out of excessive appetitive indulgence in the way of eating.
Educate the stomach. When it is once accustomed to simple food, voracious appetite, distress and disease will disappear.
Luns of Life says that grape toast is far more wholesome than dry, buttered or milk toast, and one of the most harmless dishes that can be offered to an invalid. It is made by spreading a few tablespoonsful of stewed grapes over butter biscuit or graham, letting it stand till cool, and then eating.

A short but excellent paper on insomnia and other troubles connected with sleep in persons of genty disposition has appeared in an English medical journal. The writer, Mr. Dyce Duckworth, deprecates the use of so-called hypnotics as means of relief, and a free diet, strict attention to diet, a free diet of the blood with bland fluids, regulated exercise of both mental and bodily faculties, together with occasional mercurial purgatives, will commonly avail to overcome the misdirected tendencies and to secure good nights for sufferers.

Newspaper Advertising.

The first-class newspaper or periodical possesses very obvious advantages as an advertising medium. It goes into the family, is read by each member, and is frequently so much in demand that it is reading it is not only impatiently awaiting his turn, but it has features which cause it to be preserved for a day or two, if not longer, and it is usually taken up several times after the first reading. The advertisements are looked at as well as the news, and if anything mentioned in the advertising columns is especially needed in the household, it is eagerly noticed, and one of the family will be likely to start out to purchase it. Every day a large number of persons who are in need of some article turn to the advertising columns of newspapers in the hope of finding an announcement of what they want. Newspaper advertisements are thus looked at when the reader is not in a mood to make a purchase, but the advertisements on notices and boards, and the other callipenny ways of advertising, will only by mere chance meet one's eye when the mind desires what is mentioned. Moreover, the newspaper advertisement is superior to all other forms of advertising in versatility. For instance, the advertisement of a grocery man can be at once altered so as to contain a notice of his trade, and by putting an announcement of some desirable goods just received in the place of some long-standing announcement of staple articles with which the public are already quite familiar. The public are on the lookout for novelties and special bargains, and there is no other medium than the newspaper through which they can satisfactorily and easily keep posted in these respects.

It cannot be too carefully borne in mind that the great advantages belonging to newspaper advertising can only be fully and satisfactorily derived from advertisements in the best papers, those which have high literary and moral worth, and find their way into the most respectable and thrifty families. The sensational papers, the papers that treat only of ephemeral matters in a superficial way, that have a skim-milk make up, and are perhaps only hastily glanced at as one rides in the horse-car, and then thrown away, are obviously poor mediums for advertising.

The country weekly is undoubtedly one of the best papers in which to advertise. Its circulation may be small, and mostly confined to one locality, but it goes among families who read it, and preserve it more carefully than the city man does his daily paper, and who depend on it almost exclusively for what advertising information they need. A large circulation, by the way, although very desirable, cannot make a paper that is deficient in character and literary excellence a valuable advertising medium, while a paper of high standing with but a moderate circulation can command the most valuable patronage.

A man who had his advertisement printed on a sprinkling cart is around with a search warrant looking for the cart. The poorest newspaper has a greater circulation than the dampest sprinkling cart, even in a drought.—*Puck's Sun.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Clover Hay for Horses.

Clover hay is very nutritious food for horses, and when well cured and put up so as to be free from dust and mold, may be fed with entire safety. The principal objection to its use lies in the great difficulty which attends its curing and preservation. Another objection is found in the fact that sometimes the second crop excites in horses an unusual and exhausting flow of saliva. When either of these objections are present, it is better to dispense with its use entirely, so far as the horses are concerned; but otherwise it is a good and safe food.

How to Treat Animals.

Another individual attempts by running and yelling to catch his cow or cows. Why do these naturally gentle animals run away from him? Because they remember full well that on former occasions when he has succeeded in catching them a series of blows from some heavy cudgel has been their reward. Is there not some better way of securing the good-will of our herds and in managing them as we wish? There is a hollow place on the head of every cow, just above the junction of the horns, which is commonly full of dust, short hairs and the like, causing the animal an itching sensation. It is a source of extreme pleasure to the cow to have the spot scratched, and since from its location the animal cannot reach it, hence when her keeper approaches her either in the stable or in the pasture, an era of good feeling may be established if due attention be paid to scratching the hollow spot. If at your first approach the cow is a little shy, offer her from one hand a nubbin of corn, while with the other hand you gently scratch the particular spot in her head mentioned above. In a very short time, whenever you go into pasture, the whole herd will come to you, and their heads scratched, and you will soon be satisfied that it is as easy to have them follow you as to resort to driving and loud noise.—*American Cultivator.*

Home-Made Fertilizers.

An English gardener says: I have long had great faith in soot as a manure, and have here a covered box placed near the castle into which the sweepings of the chimney are collected, and thence from time to time; this in the course of the year amounts to an incredible quantity of manure, and very handy and useful we find it. When a piece of ground is dug we give it a dressing with soot, and then, in gardening phrase, "break it down" for the crop. The soot really means running a harrow or rough rake over it, and it mixes the soot nicely, and the result is always satisfactory in the crop. Last year our onion crop showed unmistakable signs of the maggot. I immediately had the piece dressed with soot. Heavy rains set in just after, and soon the onions were on their legs, and the maggots were gone. The rain water from off the roof of the kitchen runs into a tank and is heavily charged with soot. This is handy to the flower garden, and we find it capital for watering flower beds in summer. The parker's autumn had a lot of what the country people here call "old to"—why I know not, but it means a lot of old, coarse grass—a good dressing of soot in the spring, and it soon grows place to fine young, fresh grass, and ever since the deer and Highland cattle may be found at pasture on this sward.

While I am on this subject of home-made manures, allow me to mention a few others, and the next shall be ashes, more especially wood ashes. This is invaluable in a garden kept tight till the soil is nearly exhausted, and the "plague" of the club is among the Brassica tribe; well, if the seed is sown on the surface and covered with ashes, and at planting time a hole, with a large dibber, is made in the ground and filled with the ashes, inserting the plant into this, I have never known the club to trouble one, and it is the very best remedy for dressing lawns and meadow lands, encouraging the best grasses and clovers. In a woody country like this there is plenty of charcoal dust at the bottom of the heap; this is most useful for potting and fruit-tree border making; some say it makes grass extra dark in color—that I cannot positively be sure of, although I rather side with the belief. Lime is not nearly enough used in the gardens. Every bit of ground should, in my opinion, be limed once in five years. It kills slugs and insects and lichen on trees, and acts chemically on the ground, and is often better than manure for certain crops.

I remember once seeing ground dressed in the gray lime produce seventy-five bushels of per bushels. Horse-hoof parings make most excellent manure for potting pines, vines, pelargoniums, etc., and one can easily make arrangements with the nearest blacksmith to save them. When one reads of horn shavings being run after, I often think there are as good at the village forge. Bones are most valuable in a garden; they decompose but slowly, keep the ground open, and are invaluable in vine border making. The champion bunch of grapes grown at Edinburgh some years ago, weighing over twenty-six pounds, did the clever gardener who grew it great credit; but it should also be known that there were heaps of bones in the border. A gardener whom I had got a good situation for took it into his head to send me a couple of geese at Christmas time. The geese were eaten, no matter when or where, but the bones were saved; these, with some others, were put into the bottom of two vases on the terrace wall, two good plants of Tom Thumb pelargonium were planted in them, and at the end of September they measured seventeen feet six inches in circumference. So much for bones and plenty of water.

A commission has been appointed by the Mexican government to arrange a basis for a commercial treaty with the United States, and to confer with the commission which, it is expected, will be appointed by the United States government for a similar purpose.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The reports of the semi-annual conference of the Mormon church at Salt Lake do not indicate any abatement of zeal on the part of the men with many voices. Fifteen thousand delegates were gathered from Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada, and their religious enthusiasm was remarkable.

The question of transferring the Russian capital from St. Petersburg to Moscow is being agitated in the Russian newspapers. The warmest advocates of the project are the Pan Slavists, who look upon St. Petersburg as the typical representative of the "traitorous reforms" of Peter the Great, and upon Moscow as the true center of Russian patriotism. On the other side it is urged that the history of Russia as a great European power dates from the foundation of St. Petersburg, and that the patriotism of Moscow is merely of a local or provincial kind. St. Petersburg is not only the seat of the imperial court, but of Russia's social and literary world.

The destruction of property by fire during September, in the United States and Canada, amounted to \$13,250,000. The forest fires in Michigan and elsewhere swept away \$4,000,000 worth of property at the lowest estimate. The *Commercial Bulletin* says that, apart from the three great conflagrations of modern American history, it cannot recall a single month so full of fire disaster to the country as that of September, 1881, and it adds: "With every allowance for pure accident and elemental adversities—such as the drought, lightning, etc.—the great bulk of all this waste must still be charged upon that disregard of plain precautions which has started and fed these flames. Care might have prevented the elaborate ceremonial of the latter. In fact, has been the incendiary, and for carelessness there is no other penalty than loss, in which too often the innocent suffer more than the guilty."

A Chinese philosopher, writing in the *Shenpaoo*, claims that the reason why so many rulers in Europe and America are assassinated, and so few in China, is because the former countries do not possess the elaborate ceremonial of the latter. He says: "Westerners possess few ceremonies; superiors and inferiors are commingled, and subjects venture on their poisonous plots. China has her shortcomings, and her ceremonial may be excessive, but the highest authority never falls into such abeyance. Western ceremonial is soant and the chief power is often laid aside. The lack of ceremony in the West brings constant trouble and fear of death to the prince, but the excess of it in China saves her at any rate from this and makes the state stable. The guards of the Russian emperor and his inability to go abroad, though preserving him, are not so efficient as the enforcement of decorum. The title of prince and minister without the ceremonial bring inevitable revolution."

Mr. D. H. Williams, secretary of the Michigan Fire Relief committee of Pittsburg, has made a thorough inspection of the burned district and, for the satisfaction of persons who have contributed to relieve the sufferers, has issued a report in which he says that the funds and supplies have been wisely and efficiently distributed. There is general satisfaction among the beneficiaries, and unbounded gratitude to the donors. Mr. Williams adds: The fact that planting time had arrived when the fires occurred, and that there is now a larger acreage sown than ever before, is the evidence of the efficiency of the committees. There are no fences, but the crop is in no danger of being destroyed by roving cattle. A little watching and an abundance of green grass will protect the wheat for the present. The extent of land under improvement was not anticipated by me, and the most astonishing fact was that, with such an area of improved land, so much destruction was possible. It is in one body as exists in this region. To sum up my observations, they lead me to believe that there has been a widespread destruction of property, great loss of human life, and a vast number of people requiring relief thrown upon the charity of the country.

It is a matter of discussion what Congress will do for Mrs. Garfield. In this connection the acts passed in relation to Mrs. Mary Lincoln are of interest. There were three acts of the kind passed by Congress. The first act, passed when Congress came together after the assassination of President Lincoln, was as follows: "That the secretary of the treasury pay out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to Mrs. Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, or in the event of her death before payment, to the lawful heirs, the sum of \$25,000; provided always that any sum of money which shall have been paid to the personal representatives of the said Abraham Lincoln since his death, on account of his salary as President of the United States for the current year, shall be deducted from the said sum of \$25,000." The amount thus granted to Mrs. Lincoln was the salary of the President for one year. Now that salary is \$50,000. In February, 1866, Congress passed the following act: "That all letters and packets carried by post to and from Mary Lincoln, widow of the late Abraham Lincoln, be carried free of postage during her natural life." In 1870 the following act was passed: "That the secretary of the interior be and is hereby authorized to place the name of Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, deceased, late President of the United States, on the pension roll, and allow and pay her a pension at the rate of \$3,000 per annum from and after the passage of this act."

A bear story is not necessarily the naked truth.

SUNDAY READING.

Religious News and Notes.

A single Methodist college, the Ohio Wesleyan university, is represented by two missionaries in Japan, six in China, three in India, one in Italy, two in South America and one in Mexico.
The Methodist Episcopal mission to the Chinese in California, employing five missionaries and ten teachers, has five stations, four native helpers, 111 church members, and 500 scholars in the schools.
English-speaking Roman Catholics have increased from 9,000,000 to 12,000,000 during the last eighty years, the increase of English-speaking Protestants during the same time being from 15,000,000 to 74,000,000.
A movement is on foot, set in motion by the woman's executive committee of home missions of the Presbyterian church, to raise a subscription among the women and children of America for the purpose of establishing mission churches in Utah in memory of President Garfield.

The Protestant Episcopal Society for the Increase of the Ministry received in the last year—its twenty-fifth—\$34,384, and added seventy-one scholars, a net-ten of whom entered the ranks of the ministry. A large share of the income of the year has been added to permanent or endowment funds.
The London missionary society issues a sketch of ten years' work at Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands. The population of the island is now entirely Christian. Out of the 6,576 inhabitants, 5,636 are Protestants and 940 Roman Catholics. The nine churches have a membership of 2,585.
There are more churches in Philadelphia than in any other city in the new world, there being over 550 churches and chapels dedicated to religious worship. Of these the Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Methodists have the largest number respectively, or about one hundred each.

A missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in Missouri writes: "In eighteen days I have arranged for organizing five new Sunday schools, addressed six old schools, attended one Sunday-school convention, preached to three churches and visited several families."
A joint committee of the Colored and African Methodist Episcopal churches is to meet in Baltimore next February to discuss the subject of the union of the two bodies. These are two of the three leading African Methodist churches of the country. The Colored church is Southern and is an offshoot from the Methodist Episcopal church South.

The statistics of the Protestant Episcopal church for Long Island gives the following figures for the present year: clergy, ninety-seven; churches, 211; chapels, eighty-three; churches consecrated, two; lay readers and catechists, fourteen; deaconesses, seventeen; baptisms, 1,039; of which 251 were adults; confirmations, 1,020; communicants, 14,950; Sunday-school scholars, 15,255; total contributions, \$472,488.

In illustration of the taste of colored church members in the Southern States for the ministerial career, Professor Simm ns, of the Louisville Theological seminary, recently remarked that he knew of one county in which there were eighty colored Baptist ministers, and some of the colored churches in which half the male members were in the same category.
The Rev. William Arthur, father of the President, was remarkable for his readiness in debate. Some years ago, at a meeting of the old Hudson River Baptist association, the Rev. Mr. Walden, who had been settled in the West but had recently taken a church at Troy, said: "I can tell the brethren that if they think that any sort of ministers will do for the West they are mistaken. It won't do to send second or third rate men there." Mr. Arthur was on his feet in a moment, exclaiming, "Mr. Moderator, I never knew before why Brother Walden came back."

What is Patent Flour?

Patent flour is now coming into general use, and many of our readers may be interested in reading the following explanation of what it is and how it is made, taken from the *Patent Flour*.
Until recent years the best flour was made from winter wheat; or, rather, the flour made from winter wheat sold for the most money because it was white. But it consisted for the most part of the starch of the grain, while the most of the gluten (the most nutritious part of the grain) went into the middlings.
In grinding spring wheat so much bran remains in the flour that it was too dark to suit the taste of the consumers. But the middlings, which sold at a low price, has become the most desirable part of the grain.
Middling purifiers—by which the bran is separated from the middlings—have made a revolution in the business of milling.
By the new process the wheat is ground as before, except that the efforts of the miller are directed to obtain the most middlings possible, and these are placed upon large horizontal sieves which are constantly agitated, while, at the same time, by ingenious devices, a draft of air is rushed up through the sieves which carries off the bran.
The purified middlings are then re-ground, and the product is "patent" flour, containing the glutinous, or most nutritious portion of the grain. Thus it is explained why the hard spring wheats of Minnesota, Northern Wisconsin and Dakota bring the highest price in the market, whereas only a few years ago they commanded the lowest price.

Newspapers have become teachers. They form and give direction to the public mind on all public questions, the public view them as the work of men who stand above mediocrity in education, general requirements and natural ability; and they should consequently be edited with a dignity, accuracy and ability becoming their high office.—*Portia Transcript.*