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THE DAYS OF YORE.

A stone falls in an azure lake.
And sinking to its pebbly floor,
Send swelling ripples far out to kiss
The pebbles in the distant shore.
And memory's depths off'ly stirred
By smiles like some we've known before,
Breaks forth in thoughts that wander back
And linger midst the days of yore.

A leaf that on the river's breast
Goes slowly drifting with the tide,
Is borne by whirling eddies back
Within its parent's safe to glide.
And many a woe-stricken wanderer
Up a swift, fearless shore,
Returns on sweet dream-lounged wings
To greet the happier days of yore.

The cloudlets on a summer sky
Dissolved in tears upon the main,
North smokes smokes, forget thy grief
To float serene in heaven again.
And human hearts unlock their gates
When sorrow's reign is most o'er,
And let the golden sunshine stream
Rependant from the days of yore.

The Bunch of Violets

Loudly rang the bell at Mrs. Evans' door,
One morning, and Maud Evans, peeping out,
Saw a small boy standing on the steps
Whom she seemed to recognize. Not waiting
for Jane, the only servant in the establish-
ment, Maud ran eagerly down stairs and
opened the door. The boy smiled in re-
cognition, and handed her a box.

"Please, ma'am, I was to give this to
Miss Evans; you're she, ain't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Howard, your employer,
sent you, I suppose?"

"Yes, Miss. He said as how there was
no answer."

"Very well."

Closing the door and running up to her
room she opened the box, and taking out an
elegant bouquet of flowers, stood and looked
at them with a tender look in the brown
eyes, as if she was thinking more of the
giver than the gift.

"So he has come back," thought Maud,
"and will be at the party to-night, since he
sent me these; I wonder if he will repeat
what he was going to say when we were in-
terrupted?"

Whatever the unfinished sentence was it
must have been something sweet to Maud,
for she stood there turning the flowers
round and round in her hand, with a happy
look in the bright eyes, till she heard her
mother call.

"Maud! Maud! Where are you child?
I wish you would come and help me with
this head-dress; I want it to wear to-
night."

Mrs. Evans was a widow. Her husband
had died five years before, leaving her with
one child, the Maud of my story. People
had thought Mr. Evans a wealthy man, but
it was found after his death, when every-
thing was settled, that the widow would
have but a very limited income. She knew
it would not go for anything to keep up
appearances and live in the manner in which
they had been accustomed. So being a
sensible woman, she had removed with
Maud to a small cottage that had been left
them out of the wreck, taking with them
what was suitable of their furniture, and
one servant, faithful Jane, who had been
with them many years, and who declared
she would never leave them.

They had many kind friends who did not
leave at their change of fortune. Judge
B—and his wife were attached friends,
the judge sending his carriage to take them
to and from places of amusement, when
they chose to attend, and the judge's wife
kindly matronized Maud whenever her
mother was unable to go.

The party of which Maud had spoken
was to be at the judge's house that evening.
They had been very gay that winter, in
M— parties and balls following in rapid
succession. Maud had been to several, and
had met Frank Howard, a young lawyer.
He had sought her society on every occa-
sion, and was evidently in-love with the
little beauty.

The week before there had been a bril-
liant party at a wealthy banker's. Maud
had met Frank there, and they had strolled
into the conservatory together. Standing
there beside some tropical plant he had been
telling her of, he felt each love for her
singing up in his heart that he felt he must
tell her—must know if his love was return-
ed.

"Maud!" said he. She looked up quick-
ly—looked up to encounter such a look
of passionate love that her eyes sank beneath
his.

"But the sentence was destined never to
be finished, for into the conservatory
hounded a young fox with tan-colored hair
and mustache. "And he was so delighted
to find Miss Evans! Did she know the
band was playing the waltz she had prom-
ised him?"

Young Howard glared as if he would like
to annihilate him in the spot. Maud, feeling
in no amiable mood, could do nothing
but accept his proffered arm.

After that, there had been no opportunity
for the pair to speak together alone that
evening; but as Maud stood with several
others, hiding their hostess good-night.
Frank had, in answer to some invitation ex-
tended him, answered that he would be un-
able to attend, as he should be obliged to
leave the city on business for a week.

When Frank returned from his business
trip, he found invitations awaiting him to
several merry-making, and among them
one for the party at Judge B—and that
evening. He knew that Maud would be
there, and being rather impatient young
man, thought he would risk another in-
terruption, but would write and tell her of
his love.

Seating himself at his desk, he proceeded
to dictate the momentous epistle, and after
using about half a quire of paper, he at
length finished one. He told her how dearly
he loved her; of how sweet the hope
had been to him that he might call her
"wife," and asking her, if she could return
his love, to wear the bunch of violets he
sent her in her hair that evening.

"I shall watch for these flowers, and
shall learn my fate from them. If they
are in your hair I shall know you return my
love; if not—then God forever bless and
make you happy, darling, though I can
never call you mine!"

Taking a box from his desk, he placed
the letter and flowers in it, and, tying it
tightly, called by the woman's acquaintance
we have made on Mrs. Evans' steps.

"I want you to take this to Mrs. Evans;
and inquire for Miss Maud; be sure you
give it to no one else. You know where it
is, don't you?"

He then proceeded to relate to Frank how

"Yes, sir; any answer?"

"No," said Frank, absently thinking of
the answer that Maud would perhaps give
him that evening.

He knew she had always seemed pleased
and happy when with him, and though not a
conceited or vain man, he hardly thought
her answer would be no.

But their love seemed destined not to run
smoothly, for the note that would have
made Maud so happy never reached her,
and this is how it happened: The aforesaid
small boy, having received the box, pro-
ceeded to carry it in the way boys invariably
do, swinging it from side to side, wrong
side up or any other way, it made no dif-
ference. Of course this one came to grief
accordingly. Having one finger in the
string tied around the box, he was swing-
ing it to the best of his ability, at the same
time gazing in open-mouthed admiration at
a boy about his size who was pomping
one several degrees smaller on the opposite
side of the street. Now the string
slipped off the box, when Johnnie sat
down with such force, and the poor little
violets slid off the walk into the gutter,
while the note, lying against the snow did
not attract his attention. Taking up the
bouquet of flowers, he deposited them in
them in the box, and tying the string se-
curely round it, started off at a good round
pace, arriving at Mrs. Evans' door without
any further calamity befalling him.

A young man was talking with some
one had been Johnnie's fall, and espied the
note. Picking it up, he called to Johnnie;
but as that youth's heels were just disap-
pearing around the corner, he did not hear.
"Good evening," thrusting the note in his
pocket, forgot all about it, being in a great
hurry to catch the train, with only five min-
utes left in which to reach the depot.

Ten o'clock saw Frank making his way
through Judge B—and's lighted parlor.
Looking eagerly, he espied Maud surround-
ed as usual by a crowd, for she had many
advices from the young lawyer. He
could catch a glimpse of her now and then,
so, standing quietly, he waited till the crowd
parted and he was able to see her plainly.
Looking, he could see no violets; he rubbed
his eyes and looked again; but it did not
improve his vision; there were certainly no
violets in the bonny brown hair.

He stood there, feeling himself grow
white and cold, till he was conscious that
his face was very pale, and that anyone
accosted him. Turning, he left the room,
going out on the veranda, and there sat and
forgot the bitter fight out. A less manly
man would have blamed Maud, would have
accused her of leading him on for her own
amusement; but he loved her too well.
He alone was to blame; he had thought it
was love he read in the brown eyes raised
so shyly to his; if she did not love him,
that was enough; he would never make her
happy by alluding to it, but would try and
be unselfish enough to be happy when he
saw her so in some other man's love.

After a time he went back to the parlors,
knocking being questioned as to his non-
appearance if he did not.

Now Maud had seen Frank when he en-
tered the rooms first, and missed him when
he disappeared, wondering what had be-
come of him. When he entered the parlors
again, she stood talking with someone.
Looking at her as he passed, he said,
"Good evening," and quietly passed on to
where Miss Fenton sat, and Maud heard
him ask her to dance.

Annie Fenton was a sunny little blonde,
and Frank had paid her more attention
than anyone else except Maud. And now,
when she saw them together, she thought,
"What if, after all, he does not love me?
He is seeming devotion over the little
blonde's chair. "But I will show him I
can be as gay as he; he shall never know I
love him."

So Maud danced and flirted, till you
would have thought she was the happiest
of the happy; but pride will do much, and
pride upheld Maud till the weary party was
at an end.

After that, Frank avoided every place
where he was likely to meet Maud, and be-
came morose and melancholy. As for
Maud, she went out as usual, but went in a
listless fashion that had become habitual
to her, causing her mother much anxiety.

But if Maud was miserable, Frank was
no less so, though he, having more to occupy
his attention, did not feel it as keenly as
she. Still, he was not feeling in a very
cheerful mood, one morning, as he sat in
his office, looking intently at the fire, and
puffing at his cigar like a whole volcano,
when suddenly the door was thrown open,
and in rushed the stranger who had picked
up the lost note.

"And how are you?" he inquired, seizing
Frank's hand and shaking it heartily.

"Fine," said he, replied Frank. "When did
you get back?"

"Oh, this morning; thought I would
drop in and see how you were. Seems to
me you are not looking remarkably jolly;
what's the trouble? Lost your money, or
has someone left you out of his will, or—"
With a laugh, looking at his friend's gloomy
face, he said, "I guess I've hit it this time,
I guess I've hit it this time," as his
friend's face slightly flushed. "You were
rather sweet on Miss Evans when I left.
You may as well own up; she has refused you?"

Frank was naturally of a reticent nature,
but he never could withstand Tom Lorimer.
Why, he and Tom had known each other
since the time they were roundabout jack-
ets—had helped each other out of unnum-
erable boy scrapes—had been room-mates at
college, and after graduating, had settled in
the same place. What! not confide in
Tom? It would be treason to the cause of
friendship.

So, in answer to Tom's question if Maud
had refused him, he answered that she had,
relating the manner in which the proposal
had been made.

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said Tom,
when he had finished the story. "I have
been doing a little in that line myself since
I have been away, and can imagine how I
should feel if her answer had been no in-
stead of yes."

He then proceeded to relate to Frank how

he had met his divinity, made fierce love to
her and had been accepted; going into
lover's raptures over her; to all of which
Frank listened patiently.

"But I've her photograph here," taking it
from her pocket, and handing it to Frank,
and at the same time pulling out the lost
note. "Hullo! I'd forgotten about this."

Turning it over several times, but not
gaining much information from the blank
envelope, he proceeded to open it. Having
perused a few lines he broke out with—

"I say, Frank, here's a go! Some one
has been writing a declaration of love and
lost it! Want to hear it?"

He then related how it came into his pos-
session.

"Let me see it," said Frank, excitedly,
a gleam of hope crossing his mind that it was
his note to Maud.

When assured that this was really the
case, he astonished his friend by jumping
up, over-turning his chair in his excitement,
and demanding his coat and hat forthwith.
Johnnie, entering about this time, caught
a pleasant little diversion. Frank pounced
upon him, asking what he meant by doing
errands in such a manner? While Tom
tried to impress upon the mind of the be-
wildered youth the awful retribution that
would surely overtake him if he did not own
up and tell the truth.

But Johnnie protested he had carried the
box all right; he owned he had fallen and
the flowers rolled out.

"But I picked 'em up," sniveled Johnnie,
"and gave 'em to the young lady all right."

"Frank was too happy to be very unfor-
getting toward the delinquent, so, after de-
livering a short lecture on carelessness, he
told him he would overlook it this time, if
he would be more careful in the future.

"That evening found Frank ringing the
bell at Mrs. Evans' door. Jane ushered
him into the parlor, where Maud sat. She
had not heard the drop open, and was quite
startled when a manly voice at her side
said—

"Maud!"

She started up with a glad cry as she
saw Frank, and he needed no other assur-
ance than the happy, blushing face that
his love was returned. Stretching out his
arms to her she went straight into them,
and as he folded them round her he knew
that for him the winter of his discontent
had ended at last in a glorious summer.

Barrett, the Piper.

Barrett, the Piper, you see, lost his skill,
and was advised to go to the Black North
to recover it. (Barrett was a Munster man).
Well, he took his little boy with him, and
they walked till the dark came, and then
went into a cabin by the roadside to look
for lodging.

"God save all here!" says they.

"Save you kindly!" says the man of the
house, but he left out the Holy Name.

"How are you, Jack Barrett?"

"Musha, pure and hearty, sir; many
thanks for the axing, but how do you know
me?"

"Och, I knew you before you were
weaned. Sit down and make yourself at
home; here you may talk morning."

Well, faith, they got a good supper
of proteas and milk, and a good bed of straw
was made for them by the wall up near the
fire, and they lay down quite comfortable
to a good sleep. But some bad thoughts
came over Jack Barrett in the dead of the
night, and he got up and went out of the
bed, and into the kitchen, and there he
saw a couple of mad dogs running after him.
There was a big tree near him with ever so
many crows' nests in the top, and he ran
and climbed up into it from the dogs, and
if he missed the dogs he found the crows,
and didn't they fall on him to tear his eyes
out! He bawled, and he roared, and the
man of the house came into the kitchen,
and stirred the fire, and there was Jack
Barrett on the hen-roost, and the cocks and
hens cackling about him.

"Musha, the sorra's on you for a Jack
Barrett! How did you get up there among
the fowls?"

"The goodness knows; it's not their
company I want. Will you help me down,
honest man?"

Well, he got into bed again, and if he
did he was not long there when a bad
thought came into his head, and up he got.
He was going into the next room, when
where did he find himself but by the bank
of a big river, and the same two dogs tear-
ing along like vengeance to make gibbets
of him. There was a tree there, and its
boughs were over the river. Up climbed
Jack, and up after him the dogs; and to
get out of their clutches he scrambled out
on a long bough, and he going out farther
and farther, till he was afraid it would break.
At last he felt it cracking, and he gave a
roar out of him that you'd hear a mile off,
and the man of the house came into the
kitchen and stirred the fire, and there was
Jack, straddle-legs on the pot-rack.

"Musha, Jack, but you're the divel's
quare youth at your time o' life to be mak-
ing a house of your pot-rack. Come down,
you och, and go to bed."

"Well, the third time, where did the
divel guide him to a bed in the next
room, and when he flopped into it he let
such a howl out of him that you'd think it
was heaven and earth coming together.

"What's in the win' now, Jack?" says
the man of the house.

"Och, it's the pains of labor I am!" says
the unfortunate piper.

"Will we send after the midwife for
you!" says the other.

"Och, the curse of Cromwell on yourself
an' the midwife!" says the poor man; "it
wasn't God had a hand in us the hour we
darkened your door. Och, tatheration to
you, you could thier! won't you give us
some ale?"

"Father, honey," says the boy, "it's
pishogues is on you. A drop of holy
water will do you more good nor the mas-
ter o' the house, God bless him!"

"I'll tear you limb from limb," says the
old villain, when he heard the Holy Name,
"if you say that again."

"Well, anyhow," says the boy, "make
the sign of the cross on yourself, father, and
say the Lord's Prayer."

The poor old piper did so, and at the
blessed words and the sign his pains left
him. There was no sight of the man of the
house on the spot then; maybe he was in
the lower room.

When the piper and his son woke the
next morning, they were lying in the dry
moat of an old rath that lay by the high
road.

The conqueror is regarded with awe,
the wise man commands our esteem, but
'tis the benevolent man who wins our
affection.

The Game that "Jeems" Played.

There was an awful time in a farm-house
near Pontiac. We haven't received any
particulars, but solemnly believe that a cer-
tain husband whose front name is "Jeems"
was made to wish he'd never been born into
this dreadful world.

There arrived on the Western express a
nervous, wary, black-eyed woman of forty,
who kept closing and opening her fingers
all the time, as if she was clawing noses or
pulling hair. She had a straight business
look in her eyes as she got off the train,
and one of the hackmen at the depot door
ventured the opinion that she had come in-
to the city to foreclose a mortgage or make
up a "shortage" on wheat.

"Sir!" began the woman as she walked
up to the depot policeman, "I want answers
to a few questions."

"Yes, mum—just so," was the humble
reply as he followed her into the waiting-
room.

"Now, then," she continued as she took
a seat, "I live near Pontiac. My Jeems
was in here the Fourth of July, and didn't
get home till midnight. He came in here
on my money, and I want to know how he
spent it. Here is his bill of expenses as he
made it out. He has put down \$2 for rid-
ing up town in a hack."

"That's twelve shillings too much," re-
plied the officer.

"Just as I thought—just exactly!" she
whispered as she put down the figures. "I
here has got down one dollar for seeing
the balloon go up."

"No, a balloon went up that day,
madam."

"Just as I thought—just exactly!" He
looked as innocent as a lamb when he wrote
that down, but he didn't know me! Here
is eighty cents for riding across to Canada
back."

"That should be ten."

"Just as I thought—just exactly!" I thought
last night when he kissed me and said it was an aw-
ful price, but lots of comfort," she observed
as she put down a "70" opposite his figures.
"He has it hid here that his supper and
dinner cost him \$1.50 per meal at the Central
Market. It strikes me that three dol-
lars would buy two pretty festive meals."

"You can knock off about two dollars
and a half from that," said the officer after
he had figured a bit.

"Just exactly as I thought. He smiled
as softly as an angel when he wrote that
down, but he was smiling at the wrong
woman. While I was home milking the
cows and having an awful headache he was
eating his high-toned meals like a second
bric-a-brac!" said she, nodding his head
toward the officer for seeing the bears."

"The fifty cents?"

"He says it cost him fifty cents to go
into a menagerie and see the bears," she
explained.

"If there was a menagerie in town on
that day, then I didn't hear it," solemnly
replied the officer.

"She looked so thoughtful as when she
said that and looked so loving and fatherly
and said it made his hair stand up. There
will be a 'walk' when I get back home,
and somebody's hair will stand straight up!
That's all, and I'm much obliged."

"You won't kill him at once, will you?"
pleaded the officer.

"She looked over his head at the wall,
breathed hard, clenched her hands, and
answered—

"I've 'specked it a long time, and now
I'll claw him if I die for it!"

She walked up and down the depot with
her teeth hard shut and her eyes growing
brighter at the time, and when she finally
got to the train for home, the bill of expenses
tightly clutched in her hand, the officer
looked after the receding train and mused:

"Now why did he give himself away in
that manner? Why didn't he tell her right
out that some one picked his pocket?"

Artesian Wells.

The first artesian well bored at Antioch,
France, over a century ago, has since then
flowed steadily, the water raising eleven
feet above the surface at the rate of 250 gal-
lons a minute. The famous Grenelle well
in the Paris basin was commenced in 1833,
with the expectation of obtaining water at
a depth of 1,500 feet, in the secondary green
sand formation which underlies the upper-
most of this series. At 1,500 feet the water
the government would have abandoned the
enterprise but for the urgent appeals of M.
Arago. It was continued till on February
26, 1841, at the depth of 1,797 feet, the
biting rock suddenly penetrated the arch of
rock over the subterranean waters and fell
fourteen feet. In a few hours the water
rose to the surface in an immense volume,
and has continued since. It is well known
that at the depth of a few feet below the
surface of the earth the temperature never
changes. At St. Louis, Missouri, the tem-
perature of water at 1,500 feet below the surface
is eighteen degrees higher than the mean
temperature at the surface, making the in-
crease one degree for eighty-three and one-
third feet descent; and, strange to say,
the increase of temperature is one in
every fifty-two and one-half feet at Char-
leston, South Carolina. The hot springs that
flow out to the surface in many parts of the
world are natural artesian wells rising
from great depths. In Virginia these
springs are found along the lines of great
faults or breaks in the stratification of the
rocks, by which formations usually separ-
ated by thousands of feet are brought into
contact with each other. There is a class
of hot springs called geysers whose force
would be as servicable as that of the hy-
drostatic presses if it were practicable to
boil water. Geysers, or eruptive fountains
of boiling water, are found in different parts
of the world. There are some very large
geysers in the southern part of Iceland. In
a circuit of about two miles are more than
fifty springs which send forth hot water.
These springs are of different degrees of ac-
tivity. Geysers are to be found in Califor-
nia and in New Zealand. The two prin-
cipal geysers in Iceland are called the Great
Geyser and the Strokr or Churn. The
Great Geyser, when quiet, presents the ap-
pearance of a circular mound of siliceous
incrustations, inclosing a pool with sides
sloping inward and outward. The height
of the mound is about twenty feet. The
diameter of the basin varies from fifty to
sixty feet, and its average depth is four
feet. In its centre is the mouth of the ver-
tical tube which connects it with the sub-
terranean passages. The tube is about
nine feet in diameter at its mouth, and sev-
enty feet in depth. When the geyser is in-

active the basin is filled to the edge with
clear water, which has a mean temperature
of 185 degrees Fahrenheit, and runs gently
down the mound, emitting clouds of steam;
but for several hours after an eruption, the
basin is empty to a depth of four or five feet.
At intervals of about an hour and a half a
rumbling noise is heard, and the water
heaves up in the centre, throwing an in-
creased quantity over the margin. The
great eruptions take place at irregular in-
tervals sometimes exceeding thirty hours.
At these times loud explosions are heard
beneath the surface, the water is thrown
into violent agitation, it boils furiously, and
at last is suddenly sent forth in a succession
of jets, which increase in force till they be-
come an immense fountain, that is lost to
view in the clouds of steam in which it is
enveloped. The heights reached by these
jets are almost incredible. Van Troil,
traveling in Iceland in 1772, saw an erup-
tion of boiling water from the Great Geyser
which ascended ninety feet. Sir John
Stanley, in 1789, saw one ninety-six feet.
Lieut. Oshen, a Danish officer, in 1804,
saw an eruption of jet which rose to the
height of 212 feet. This intermittent ac-
tion of the Great Geyser is supposed to be
owing to the sudden production of steam in
subterranean chambers connected with the
channels through which the waters flow.
The water from the geyser has its origin in
mountain land, and in issuing forth is only
seeking its level. It is hot, and in some
instances boiling, because it comes up from
an immense depth—from a depth where
the earth is of a high and uniform temper-
ature. The water of the geysers is always
boiling the time of an eruption. The
temperature of cold springs is also uniform.
He because they take their origin at some depth
from the surface and below the influence of
the external atmosphere. The same spring
water which is deemed warm in winter is
deemed cold in summer. But it is really
of the same temperature at all seasons, the
difference being that in summer it is sur-
rounded by a warmer atmosphere and ob-
jects than in winter.

Six Feet Around the Waist.

A negro cobbler, named Charles John-
son, weighing nearly four hundred pounds,
died in Washington. He was born a slave
on the estate of Charles Carroll, of Carroll
County, Md., in 1809, but was liberated
before the war, on account of his phre-
nological size—the then weighing nearly five
hundred pounds. In family history there
was nothing remarkable about Johnson, ex-
cept that he had two sisters and one
daughter who nearly approached his own
bulk. One of the former still lives in Car-
roll County, and is the mother of a large
family of children with a average size.
The fat daughter lives, but is unmarried at
forty-six. "Aunt Eliza," the helpmate of
Uncle Charles, was but a little woman,
weighing about seventy-five pounds, and
appeared to feel deep grief at the death of
her decidedly better half. The church
people have been in the habit of presenting
their bulky brother with a new suit of
clothes at each Christmas, made of such
substantial material that they sufficed for
the whole year. The cloth used in these
clothes was sufficient for three ordinary
men. The tailor had to repeat the stale
joke of asking his customer to hold the
tape while he went round, for the girth of
Uncle Charles was a serious matter for one
man to attempt to encircle, he being over 6
feet around the waist. His shoulders meas-
ured 3 feet 2 inches across, and his hips
the same. When a young man he was said
to have stood over 6 feet, but at death was
but 5 feet 6 inches in height. He weighed
slightly over 400 pounds, and therefore
the arrangements for the funeral, which
are in the hands of Nelson & Dabney, are
matters of considerable difficulty. No or-
dinary casket will contain the huge bulk,
and a coffin is now being built of such
proportions and strength as will insure a safe
interment. It will be over three feet across
and two feet six inches in height. The
cylinder had to be taken out of an ordinary
large ice casket, and even then there is not
sufficient room for ice enough to serve
without constant renewal. It is probable
that the side of the frame house in which
the body lies will have to be torn out to al-
low of its removal. Johnson was very
fond of gin, of which he would drink all he
could obtain; but claimed to be a temper-
ance man and despised beer or whiskey.

Pursuing it to the End.

One morning recently a stranger pur-
chased some fishing tackle at the ferry
dock, and took his seat under a sheet of
fish. People who were watching him
saw that he paid fully as much attention
to a flask of whisky as to his fish-
line, and it was remarked that every
time after he took a drink he appeared to
have several bites at the hook. After
he had been fishing for an hour, he
was seen hauling up the hook about
once every ten seconds, and an idler
sauntered over and observed:

"Beginning to bite, eh?"

"Yes, it seems that way," replied
the man, as he hauled up again.

"Are you having more bites than
when you first began?"

"Well," answered the fisherman, as he
vainly tried to look the other in the
face, "I can't zhactly shay. I'm
either having more whisky or more fish,
an' I'm going to keep right at it till one
or the ozerer am all gone?"

Changing the Names of Streets in Paris.

The Municipal Council of Paris has or-
dered the following changes in the names of
streets: From Ave. de la Reine-Hortense
to Ave. Hoche, from Ave. Josephine to
Ave. Marceau, from Ave. du Roi-de-Rome
to Ave. Kleber, from Rue du Dauphin to
Rue de la Convention, from Rue Saint An-
and to Rue Lincoln, from Quai Napoleon
to Quai Fleurs, from Rue Fontaine to
Rue Valette, from Rue du Freres-Philippe
to Rue Paul Louis-Courier, from Rue Bil-
lault to Rue Charron, from Rue Bonaparte
to Rue Gutenberg, from Rue Abbateucci to
Rue de la Botte, from Rue Cambaceros to
Rue de Coulimiers, from Rue d'Albe to Rue
Rouget de l'Isle, from Boulevard Haus-
mann to Boulevard Etienne-Mareel, from
Rue Magasin to Rue Beaupaire, from Rue
de Rovigo to Rue de la Bienfaisance, from
Rue de Bouille to Rue de Duban, from Rue
Marie Antoinette to Rue Antoinette, from
Rue Marceau to Rue de la Vallee, from Rue
Hoche to Rue de Presles, from Rue Kleber
to Rue de la Federation.

A Pennsylvania Geyser.

The Kane Geyser Well is located in Mc-
Keen county, Pa., four miles southeast of
the "Summit Summer Resort." This well
was drilled for petroleum in the spring of
1878 to a total depth of 2,000 feet. No oil
was found in paying quantities and the well
was abandoned, since which time it has been
throwing periodically—ten to fifteen min-
utes—a column of water and gas to a height
varying from 100 to 150 feet. Mr. Charles
A. Ashburner, assistant in charge of the
survey of McKean county for the geological
survey, has made a study of the "Geyser
Well," and furnished the following facts:
During the operation of drilling a number
of fresh "water veins" were encountered
down to a depth of 364 feet. All of this
water was shut off by a cast-iron casing 6 1/2
inches in diameter, which was inserted in
the six-inch hole to the requisite depth.
Thus the hole was kept free from water
during the after-drilling. At a depth of
1,415 feet a very heavy "gas vein" was
struck. After the well was deserted from
failure to find oil the iron casing was with-
drawn from the hole and the fresh water
permitted to flow in on the top of the gas.
Here the conflict between nature's elements
commenced, which has made this well one
of the most interesting natural phenomena
in Pennsylvania. The water flows into the
well on top of the gas until the pressure of
the confined gas becomes greater than the
weight of the superincumbent water, when
an explosion takes place and a column of
water and gas is thrown out of the well.
This occurs at present every thirteen min-
utes, and the spouting continues for one and
a half minutes. On the evening of July 31
Mr. A. W. Sheaffer, of the McKean Survey,
measured two columns which went to a
height respectively of 210 and 128 feet.
On the 9th of August Mr. Ashburner mea-
sured four columns in succession and the
water was thrown to the following heights:
108, 132, 120 and 138 feet. During the
time that the columns are thrown out of the
well the gas is thoroughly mixed up with
the water and is readily ignited. The sight
after nightfall is grand beyond description.
The antagonistic elements of water and fire
are so promiscuously blended that each
seems to be fighting for the mastery. At
one moment the flame is entirely extin-
guished, only to burst forth at the next in-
stant with increased energy and greater
brilliance. In winter the columns become
encased in ice and form a huge translucent
chimney.

The Art of Keeping Cool.

It is not by fretting or worrying or ply-
ing the fan that we can keep cool, but by
taking up our work, doing it bravely and
cheerfully, with as little fuss as possible.
"Take time by the forelock" and rise early,
getting as much done as possible before the
heat of the day. Never do any work
directly after breakfast, for the heat of the
body is at its height, and it is not till the
forenoon that it goes into the cooler
you will live just as long and the family
as comfortable. It is a mistake to keep
the house close as a cell all day, lest the
sun rays should enter it. Pure air must
be allowed to circulate through the house,
and this is of importance in keeping the
body cool. They open the windows and
blinds very early in the morning and keep
them so until the dew has dried off; then
close them tightly and the rooms will re-
main quite comfortable until evening, when
the blinds can once again be thrown open
to admit the cool evening breeze. Drink-
ing large draughts of cold water when the
body is heated or perspiring too freely
of food or ice, should be carefully avoided.
Bathing when heated or in excessive per-
spiration is a good cause for illness; but
an ammonia or salt water bath once a day,
but not directly after a meal, is not only a
luxury but a positive necessity. Also we
should be careful to get our food, and very
little meat is desirable, but fish, lamb,
chickens and all white-fleshed foods are
in season; also, all kinds of vegetables and
fruit. Berries as well as stoned fruits can
be eaten in moderation. Much is said
against the unhealthfulness of cucumbers
and watermelons; the first can be eaten
without discomfort if allowed to remain a
few minutes in salt water, then prepared
of vinegar put in its place. Watermelons
can be eaten if fresh and thoroughly
ripe. Iced tea and coffee are very desir-
able; as they act as tonics upon the system.
Only enough should be cooked to be
eaten the same day, for even if put in an
ice box it will taste stale. All animal food
should be eaten sparingly, but milk and
fruit, bread and vegetables, ice cream,
(which can be bought at a small cost), iced
fruit, oat meal, hard boiled eggs, served in
vinegar and salt—they have lately been
pronounced by medical authorities more di-
gestible than soft-boiled eggs—all these
articles, when eaten in moderation, are
fresh crackers, dried fish;—of these
very good for summer meals, or for picnic
lunches.

To Make Flowers Bloom.

No plant can continue in bloom if nature
is not permitted to do work completely,
for the going to seed exhausts the energies
of any subject, and stop everything else.
By constantly removing decaying flowers be-
fore a seed pod can swell, the growth of the
plant and the continued development of
new buds and flowers upon the new growth
are matters of course. Try the experiment
upon the rose. Two cottages, having fine
plants covering their fronts, being in the
hands of two different persons, frequently
exhibits the most striking contrast—one a
mass of flowers, while the other is bare;
and those who pay no attention to the
cause are, nevertheless, often surprised at
the fact. If they look a little further into
the matter they would observe that one is
labeled with hips or seed vessels, which are
swelling in great numbers, while in the
other not a solitary berry could be seen.—
It is only necessary to cut away the dead
flowers and the season of bloom will be
prolonged.

A Cure for the Crow.

A very successful plan has been tried by
placing in Mr. Crow's way a number of
grains with a horse hair run through them.
He is bound to swallow one, and his note
of alarm is soon sounded. It is impossible
for him to dislodge the grain, and if he
can be watched a sufficient length of time,
he will be seen to cut his own throat in
scratching at it. His usual note is changed,
and I can assure you that life to him is
such a misery he would "even wish that
he were dead." It has been noticed that
after the note of alarm had been sounded
all the crows in the vicinity will leave that
Jeld and approach it no more that season.
It is a simple thing, yet all who try it
find it a success.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To work out our own contentment,
we should labor not so much to increase
our substance, as to moderate our de-
sires.

Those who can themselves do good
service are but as one to a thousand
compared with those who can see faults
in the labors of others.

It is better to wear out than to rust
out. We must not only strike the iron
while it is hot, but strike until it is
made hot.

Happy is he who has learned to do
the plain duty of the moment quickly
and cheerfully, wherever and whatever
it may be.

The poorest of the poor have been as
brave as the wealthy; the learned have
died gloriously, but the unlearned have
almost stolen the palm.

A mind trained to self-denial meets
trials with an amount of reserved moral
force quite inexplicable to those less
habituated to self-control.

A man should never be ashamed to
own he has been in the wrong; which is
but saying, in other words, that he is
wiser to-day than he