

Bellefonte, Pa., November 8, 1889.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Pretty Kathleen, there she goes, Tripping through the meadow, With her eyes of bonny blue Beaming half in shadow.

She is loved the country round For her truth and sweetness Even in her simple gown, Pink of girlish neatness.

Cherry lips and cheeks of rose, Hath this rural charmer; Eldest of a loving brood, Daughter of a farmer,

Glad and happy at her book, She excels in learning; Yet she often takes her turn At the weekly churning.

When she, on a Sunday morn, Hears the church-bells ringing, She must hasten on her way, For she leads the singing.

As she nears the simple church, Treble voices reach her From a flock ef little ones— Kathleen is their teacher.

After service, home she goes Modest sweet, and smiling; Speaking many kindly words, Tender and beguiling.

She must break full many hearts; This, we know, would pain her; For, of all who ask her hand, Only one can gain her.

"TAKEN IN."

Peter Buskirk was very fond of money; not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or hid it up a chimney, or refused himself fire, or lights, or a pillow, but yet so very fond of it. as to be on the verge of miserhood with-out quite having fallen over. Beggars reaped no harvest from his purse or kitchen, and match makers could make no impression on his bachelor heart. Peter Buskirk saw through the latter as well as the former, and buttoned up his pockets as hastily in the presence of bewitching crinoline as in that of a seedy gentleman with a folded document in his breast-pocket. The men wanted to rob him, the women to marry him. The last was the worse. Not that Peter hated the women; on the contrary even at fifty he was remarkably susceptible; a bright eye put him in a flutter. But the fact was, women as wives or daughters, were expensive. They were proverbially extravagant. Should he marry one, she would spend his money while he lived, and squander it after he was dead. And, with this awful terror before him, Peter steered clear of the shoals of matrimo-

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. This was the housekeeping; for it involved a servant -some one to make the beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant of all work was always the bane of Peter's life—eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel and each above in the last she said: "I'm afraid to say yes, Mr. Buskirk. I love you but you are kitchen incumbrance being followed and coffee, and eat butter, and really I by the disappearance of towels and should fear coming to want, I should napkins and such small ware. There indeed. was no rest for poor Mr. Buskirk. He tried Betty and Dinah and May and cal soul living," said Peter. Ann, and despair flew to a certain Mrs Brown, the giver of tea parties innumerably, for advice.

"Servants are such plagues," she said.

"Eat you out of house and home," said Peter. "Not to be relied on for honesty,"

said Mrs. Brown. "Thieves, ma'am, thieves!" said Pe

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now I should advise marrying, Mr. Buskirk."

"Marrying!" "Yes, sir; a wife can manage such rushed back to Widow Barlow's. things so much better. Besides, if you choose a smart, capable woman, she will keep an eye on the servant. It would be much more economical to

"Economical!" yelled Peter; "my good lady! Eco-I-O, goodness! Feathers and flowers, laces and silk and rings and -ice cream and things economical! How many yards do you

take for a dress, ma'am? "Well, sir, twelve or fifteen-some times, when it's silk, you know, eigh-

"Eighteen yards at five shillings or so a yard, and not one dress, but twen- gain. He, he, he! Peter Buskirk is ty. My good lady, it would be enough | the man for luck. to ruin a man.'

Mrs. Brown reflected. "But if you could find an economi

cal woman, Mr. Buskirk." "Ah! If I could find a mermaid." "One who never wasted a penny?"

"She does not exist, ma'am." "Who lives on next to nothing. The fact is. Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow-quite a young one-Mrs. Barlow, and I'll

have her at Peach House next week." Peter grunted sarcastically. "Economy in hoops and bonnets," he said to himself. "They want to marry me and spend my money."

And he went home wroth. "However, economy forbade him to refuse an invitation to dinner; and when a week after Mrs. Brown sent "her compliments," etc., Mr. Buskirk donned his Sunday suit and went over to the Peach House at five precisely The parlor was full of ladies, ladies in silks and muslins, with crinolines and flounces. Most of them Mr. Buskirk knew well, and he looked around in vain for a stranger, Mrs. Brown's note

"Mrs. Barlow will be with us." But which was the economical wid ow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remem

ber her face. Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set to rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated:

"Dear me! Where is Cousin Betsey? Mr. Buskirk, you must be in troduced to Mrs. Barlow," and at these words something small and flat emerg ed from between two portly dames and stood before him. It was a very short! Peter staggered on.

and slender little woman, with a remarkkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadths in it. The dress itself was of very plain merino, and she wore neither brouche nor bow-only a white linen collar. Peter looked ap- | are you?" proval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, a faint giggle was heard: and, if by a common consent, the two

were left tete-a-tete in a corner.-"Pleasant day," said Peter, to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold."

"Ah, yes, but I dislike cold weather." said the lady. "Don't agree with you, ma'am."

"O, that's not it. I am never ill: but cold is so expensive. Lights early and coal dear," proceeded the lady. 'Money slips through one' fingers; and I never waste things."

"My case exactly," said Buskirk. "It's astonishing how things cost. Now there is butter-say a pound a fortnight.'

"O. I never eat butter; it costs too much," said the lady. "Ah! sugar and tea and coffee."

"If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow. "They are artificial wants, altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk.

"But then, habit is second nature." "Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. 'Oh, I shudder when I look at those flounces. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought," said Peter. And you don't wear them?"

"I!" said Mrs. Barlow. "I have my senses, sir. I've no wish to die in a work-house. I've had this dress ten "Indeed!" said Peter. "And I sup-

pose some ladies buy one every month."
"Every ten days," said Mrs. Barlow. O, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do, indeed."

Peter was charmed. He began to think Mrs. Brown right. The cost of such a wife would be a mere trifle, and what an eye she would have to the ex-

pense of a household. Ere the evening was over he had decided it would be cheaper to marry than to remain single, were Mrs. Barlow his helpmate.

"She'd not be saving herself, but she would check me in my little extravagances," said he. She would be in valuable to me. She wears one dress ten years. The fates must have sent her to this earth for my special benefit.' So after due consideration, Peter resolved to court the economical widow. and that lady being conveniently domiciled at Mrs. Brown's he found every poportunity.

It was a very inexpensive courtship. He gave her no presents. She expect ed none. He took her nowhere save to church, where neither of them ever saw the plate, and both were happy. And at last he proposed. She blush-

butter and fuel, and each change in the so terribly extravagant. You drink tea

"I? Why, I am the most economic "Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No, I am afraid to say yes, unless indeed you were to make your property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not ruin yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a care that really, I could scarely desire it even from

gentleman I so much respect." And the economical relict blushed and hesitated.

It was Peter's turn to pause and consider. He went away to do so, and returning suddenly to his house, found his serving maid selling dripping to a man. He dismissed her at once and

"My money, would be safer in your hands than in mine," he said with a moan. "Marry me and keep me from being ruined.'

What the widow's answer was may be judged from the fact that three weeks from that date they were united, the clergyman receiving five shillings from Peter, and the bride wearing her brown merino, in the pocket of which she carefully deposited the deeds which made the property exclusively her own. "Now for happiness," said Peter. 'No more thieving servants-no more waste-and a lovely wife into the bar-

And he took his bride home to dine with him on cold meat aud radishes being absolutely ashamed even to speak

of his mutton chop before so economical a ladv. The next morning he hurried off to

"Never waste time, love," said the newly married dame. "Besides I have a great deal to attend to; so good-bye.' "Good-bye," responded Peter. "What a treasure you are, my dear. My mother always washed on Mon-

And away he went content with himself, and all the world. At six he returned. Horrors of horrors! there were ladders against his house, and men were on them. Had

there been a fire! He rushed up breathless. "What is the matter? Who are these men? he panted. 'Fire! thieves! Oh! I must be dreaming.

"Don't make a noise, love," said a "They voice from the parlor window. are only the house painters.' "Yes, dear. Don't you know the Dutch proverb. "A coat of paint pays

for itself? "But the awful expense!" he said. "Dear, you should have consulted me." He stumbled into the house, and over the form of a man kneeling in the hall. "Who are you?" he asked.

In reply the person produced a card on which was printed, "Guilt & Binder, Upholsters."

"And what are you doing?" cloth, sir," said the man.

A woman was making up a carpet in the front parlor; another was arrangog curtains

He rushed up stairs. There sat another woman also at

Again he gasped the question. "Who "Mrs. Buskirk's regular seamstress, please, sir," said the woman.
"And where is Mrs. Buskirk?"

'Here love,' said a voice. And there entered from the adjoining room, a lady dressed in silk, and in expensive crinoline, with bracelets, brooch, ear rings and a little cap worth a fortune.

"The furniture is ordered, and the painters are here, and I've engaged all the servants, Mr. Buskirk," said the the lady; "and cook wants to know whether you like beef rare or well done. In such things you shall have your choice always. There was no time to make a pudding to-day, so we must have ices. Strawberries, too, are only two shillings a basket.
"Mrs. Buskirk, have you gone cra-

zy," cried Peter, "or am I dreaming?" "I'm wide awake, at all events," cried the lady. "I've starved long enough, and worn that brown merino until I hate it. I always was fond of

"Fond of dress!" repeated Peter; "and love good things!" "Love good things," repeated the spouse, "and now I'm married, I mean

to have them.' "But if-I had-known-I-Ibegan Peter.

"Wouldn't have married me, 1 supsaid the bride. "Well, my pose," cousin, Mrs. Brown, told me that, you

Peter looked at her. The truth was plain at lest. He tried to speak, but could not. He stared at his lady for five minutes by the clock, and then rushed out of the house muttering, 'Taken in! taken in!"

It is said that Peter Buskirk never recovered from the shock. Against his will he lived luxuriously ever after, and his wife astonished the neighborhood by her magnificent attire and grand parties. But nevertheless Peter himself expired in less than a year; and the ast words on his lips were said to be 'Taken in! taken!'

Two Phases.

Arkansaw Traveler. On a farm. Early in the morning, ust as the birds have begun to twitter in the locust trees, a lusty voice shouts: "John, oh, John!"

A sleepy boy turns over in bed. "Ho, John!"

"Yes, sir." "Git up now, and feed your hosses. Daylight long ago.

How delightfully somnolent the morning air is-the very bloom of sweet "John, if you don't git right out this minute I'll come in there after you.'

He puts one leg into his trowsers, and, walked on he felt belittled and degraded with the silken strand of a dream still in his mind, he sinks back upon the pillow. selves to death. Hope there'll come a time when I can lie in bed as long as I limb.—Detroit Free Press want to. This thing of snatching a fellow out of bed at such an hour is all wrong. The hogs and the dogs are all asleep, but I've got to poke round here and feed the stock. Wish I were a man

or a dog, I dont care much which." The years pass on. The trees in the grown old. It is early morning on the farm. A man gets out of bed and looks at the clock. "What time is it, John?" his wife

"Only 3 o'clock. It does seem as if day will never come, and that bottom field of corn has been literally run away articularly interesting in themselves. with by the grass. Heigho, it does seem that we can't get time to do anything.' He goes back to bed and vainly attempts to sleep. Rheumatic pains are sending dispatches up and down his legs. An hour passes. A cock crows and birds begin to twitter in the locust trees. "Well, its time we were stirring. Jim,

"Yes, sir," comes a drowsy answer. "Come, get up now and feed your

horses. Ten minutes pass. No Jim.

"Confound that boy, he's as lazy as a dog. Jim, Jim!" Yes, sir. "Hustle out of there now or I'll come after you.'

Ten minutes pass. "I'll go in there and take a strap to that lazy rascal."
He starts; Jim comes out. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wanting to lie in bed this time of day. When I was a boy you couldn't have kept me in bed

Jim starts toward the stable, muttering as he goes: "Hope the time will come when I can sleep as long as I want to. Wish I was a man, or a dog, I don't care much which.

Ah, Lord, how we do forget. The esson we learn is that everything comes too late. In youth we smell the ripe fruit, and we long to eat it; at last it falls within our gresp, and lo! our teeth are bad an our taste gone.

-Bulls are dangerous animals. and a majority of the injuries received occur from placing too much confidence in gentle bulls, which suddenly and unexpectedly attack the attendant. A bull usually proves obedient when young, but it is seldom that a fully ma made to work if training is possible.

-A little girl in Plainfield was very thoughtful on the way from morning service on a recent Sunday. The last hymn had been, "Even me. even me." Finally she asked her mother, who was holding her by the hand: "Mamma did Adam write that hymn?" "Measuring the hall for a new oil "Why, no, my child," said her mamma; "why do you ask?" "Because it says "Eve and me."

Must "Season" Awhile.

An old Henry county farmer, who is a Democrat, caught on to the Northwest the other day, and backing him into the corner of the drug store, said : "One of my Republican neighbor had a dream the other night."

"Yes; well—"
"He dreamed he died, and on the other shore came to a fork in the road. A sentinel in uniform stood there and challenged his politics. 'I am a Republican and voted for Protection last fail,'

way; you'll see the smoke room soon.' "I see. What next happened?" "Well, my neighber saw a flerce-look-ing devil roasting a sleek cunning-looking chap, and asked who he was. 'That,' said the demon, as he piled on a fresh scuttle of coal and brimstone, 'that is a scuttle of coal and brimstone, 'that is a protective tariff shouter.' A little layer of cream, then will come a layer of further on another devil with his sleeves up and sweat pouring down his temples, was tucking up the brands around a big fat fellow whose lard was running merrily down into the embers.

" 'And who is the fat victim?' inquired my neighbor in his dream. "'That," replied the devil, as he lean-ed his spade against a pile of coal and mopped his brow-that is a protection monopolist." Further on still, in a corner not very hot, my neighbor saw a man hung up with a piece of binder twine.' "

"Indeed! that was singular." "Yes, it struck my neighbor so, and he inquired of the devil what it meant."

"Jesso! Well-"The devil who stood there told my neighbor that the hoodoo hung up with binder twine, was a Republican farmer who voted for Trusts and Protection last fall. He was too green to burn yet, and it was concluded that the best thing to do would be to hang him up and let him season awhile!"—Napoleon Northwest.

Put it in the Law.

There is one other thing that ought to be made a penal offense, with a minimum fine of at least \$200, with imprisonment of not less than six months. is that of doubting the statements of a man who has been a-fishing. Fish have been caught ever since hooks were invented. The fish were made to be caught. They rather expect it. It is no trick at all to catch fish. And yet as Jones returns from his vacation he is stopped and asked:

"Been away?" "Yes.

"Up North?"

"Yes."
"Went fishing, I suppose?"

"Of course. "Catch anything?" "Certainly.

"H'm! Caught some four pounders presume

'Yes; I caught one which weighed ven pounds.'

"H'm! Good-by!" Jones not only caught one weighing seven pounds, but a number which weighed five and six pounds apiece, but John knows what this declaration means, but how harsh and rasping is the thought of breaking the golden doze! weighed live and six points apiece, the dared not speak of it. Even with what he did say he felt that the other man believe him to be a liar. As he and he made in "I am coming!" he exclaims. He that he did not even see a fish while he lie on the next occasion and declare hears his father's footsteps. He mut- was gone. Something should be done ters as he starts toward the stable: "I in this matter, and it cannot be done don't believe in people working them- too soon. A man should be protected in telling the truth as well as in life and

Ceylon's Cinnamon Gardens.

According to the London Standard the famous Cinnamon Gardens of Cevlon are doomed. Some of them, as those about Colombo, are already being cleared, with the intention of planting cocoanuts upon the site. We sympathize with the young men and maidens traveling eastward, who will miss a little diversion enjoyed by their fathers. The cinnamon gardens of Point de particularly interesting in themselves. But they made a pretext for little excursions, while the ship was coaling, or unloading, or waiting for some mari time event, and a goal for an hour's drive through the loveliest country upon earth. A visit to Arabi Pacha and his brothers in exile is a very imperfect substitute for the time honored expedition It appears that cinnamon does not pay and we can quite believe it when we read in the Ceylon Advertiser that the price has fallen from \$5 a pound to \$2, and occasionally of late to less. This disaster is caused, it seems, by the export of "chips," which used to be worked up in the making of cinnamon oil. A combination was formed some years ago, what we call a syndicate or trust nowadays, to restrict the exportation of "chips," but it failed. Another is concerted, which, as is hoped, will be more successful. The syndicate, at least, will have the good wishes of every old trav-

The Moon and Vetation.

New York Telegram.

The influence of the moon upon vegetation is very feeble compared with that of the sun, but is established. Professor Lindler says that possibly the screens which are drawn over hot-houses at night to prevent loss of heat by radiation, may produce some injury by cut-ting off rays of the moon, which nature intended to fall upon plants as much as the rays of the sun. Again, M. Duchalie, a French scienits a few years ago experimented on the sprouting and germination of seeds in moonlight instead of sunlight. He subjected the seedings of lentles, vetches, etc., to its influence. When the seeds had sprouted he put them in a dark place and kept them tured bull is safe. No bull should be there for a time, so that the stalks grew kept on a farm that has not been tender and of a yellowish white. After-"ringed" in the nose, and should be ward on three nights, when there was clear moonlight, he exposed them for six hours each night. He found that the ed the moonlight just as many plants turn toward and follow the progress of turn toward and follow the progress of the heavens. In hot Circulator—Nothing wrong with the heavens. stalks at once turned toward and followcountries it is well known that vegetation is largely dependent upon the moon. West Indian planters affirm that the growth of the sugar-cane is twice as family into a house adjoining the b great during moonlight nights as when park where they can watch the ga there is no moon, an assertion which has been repeatedly proved.

Watered Milk

The milkman who waters his goods generally does so under the impression that the water poured in incorporates itself with the milk and cannot be detected except upon chemical analysis. This shows gross ignorance. The milk will hold only its own fluid; all foreign fluid will be precipitated if the mixture is allowed to stand a couple of days. Any take a long slender bottle, clense it answered my neighbor. 'Turn to the left,' said the sentinel, 'it's but a little it is filled with milk and allowed to stand in a cool—not cold—place for forty-eight hours, all the foreign fluid will be precipitated—that is, it will settle to the bottom of the bottle. The soured milk will then fill the middle of the bottle and the fatty substance will be floating layer of cream, then will come a layer of albumen. Another artificial device is to Trust gets started the American housemake the milk look rich; then will come the soured milk and at the bottom will be the foreign water. The whole scheme of deception can be read by a

Sheep in Small Flocks.

whether or not the milk is normal.

scientifically satisfactory, but it will al-

ways develop the fundamental fact-

A member of the Oxford, O., Farmer's where the World, s Exposition is held clud, in some remarks on sheep growing, while he is holding the world's fair in said: Sheep are profitable and healthy when kept in small flocks. They are good scavengers, and with the exception of ticks and grubs not liable to diseases. Chicago market is, however, not sup-For grubs this farmer's preventive is a plied by Massachusetts. very simple and very effective one. It consists of a log with two-inch holes bored into it. Salt is placed therin and the edges of the augur holes are kept smeared with tar. This keeps tar on the heep's nose and protects against the ins egg, which produces grubs in the head. His protection against ticks is earners get through with their reckoning the "dip," and against seab and foot-rot the exercise of care in buying new stock. He says: "Be careful how you buy stockers at the stockvards.

WHY HIS PAPER WAS "STOPPED."-I happened to be in the office of the Mercantile Review and Live Stock Journal on Wednesday last in time to hear one of the best reasons ever given for stopping a newspaper. A German boy entered, removed his hat, and asked:

"Is Mr. Vepsder in?" "He is," replied Charles H. Webster, Service. looking up from a mass of tissue live stock reports which he was winnowing. "Vell, Mr. Bitters don't vant to take dot paber no more. He vas dedt last

already." The name of the late Mr. Bitter, a cattle dealer, was duly erased from the delivery sheet—Buffalo Truth. -It was getting very late. The an-

entering the parlor to tell the young man to go. It suddenly occurred to him that a hint was sometimes as good as a kick. So he quietly descended the stairs, stepped on the veranda, and started a racket for his native land in a precarious at the door. condition. His constitution has been

"What are you doing, father?" inquired the daughter from the parlor. "Bringing in the morning's milk was

Exit young man.

EUGENIE AND THE MONKEY .- Benevers in the Darwinian theory of the descent of man should be cheered by a little story told by a French paper about the visit of the Empress Eugenie to The Empress brought back with her a certain monkey which she had received as a present; and Jacko subsequently delighted the court by administering a severe bite to M.Emile Ollivier, who was never a popular personage. That monkey evidently meant to give M. Ollivier a hint to withdraw from the Tuileries, and if the "Cæur leger" hac only taken it he would not have become prime minister, the war of the following year might have been averted and the history of France changed. The mon-

key was wiser than his mistress. MACARONI. - Macaroni is a peculiar roduct of wheat, formerly made only in Italy and still popularly regarded as a distinguishing diet of the natives of that country. The name is now applied only to the larger pipes, and the small er ones are known as vermicelli, though there is no real difference between the two except the size of the tubes. The ground with the use of heat wheat is and moisture into a sort of meal or pase called semola, from which the bran s excluded. This meal is made into a dough with water, and is forced through gauges from which it emerges as mack roni or vermicelle, the process resenbling that of lead pipe drawing. Special varieties of wheat, those containing the largest proportion of gluten, are demanded for the successful manufactur of macaroni.

EXTREME PIETY. - White gentlem

-Uncle Joe, you never work on Surday, do you? Uncle Joe-No, sah. Yu doan kete sich a 'ligous nigger as me wukkin' Sunday. I so keerful 'bout dat I'do wuk on no day dat tech Sunday doan wuk on Sat'day nor Monday, nut er; an' sometimes I keep Sunday of whole week. You got to rustle roun you want ter find a nigger wid mo' 'lis

ion den I's got .- Harper's Weekly. To Color Frosting .- Pink-A lite red jelly or preserve juice, cranberr sirrup or cochineal, stirred into ordin ry frosting, colors a pretty pink. Ye low-Cut an orange in halves, a soak the yellow part-of the rind in t juice. Put in a thin muslin bag, a queeze it through the muslin. juice will be colored by the rind. St it into ordinary frosting. The white icing is made by adding lemon-juice

-Omaha Citizen-You may sto

paper, I hope?
Omaha Citizen-Oh, no, the paper first rate, but you see I've moved

from the upstairs window, so the rept

doesn't interest us now .- Omaha Wor

the egg and sugar.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

-Even the homeless man may have a

title clear to mansions in the skies -They boast in Minnesota of a potatoe yield of 250 bushels per acre.

.- The slot machine to test your weight is one of the weighs of the world.

-There has been of late a marked housewife may spot a dishonest milk-rise in the rice of quinine. Men with man with very little trouble. Let her malaria feel shaky.

-The way to put the sugar trust in the soup is to refuse to put the sugar in your tea or coffee. -Buggy wheels of steel on the princi-

ple of a bicycle wheel will be made by a Pittsburg concern. -The late Henry Charles Westover, coachman to the Prince of Wales, left a fortune of about \$50,000.

keeper will indeed be floored. -An Onion Trust has been organized

in New York. There is nothing too strong for a Trust to tackle. glance at the bottle after one has had a single lesson in the rudiments of milk inspection. This sort of work is not -Ex-Senator J. McDonald's friends claim that he would have been worth \$1,000,000 had he left politics alone.

-There is another war cloud over Europe. The Autocrat of all the Russias left Berlin with a Czardonic grin on his face. -The faithful lover doesn't care

his arms. -Massachusetts machines make a pair of shoes in twenty minutes. The

-The woman who carries a hankerchief in her corsage should remember the fate of the man in the fable who warm-

ed a wiper in his bosom. -Not much of that 80,000 majority will be left when the farmers and wage with candidate Boyer.

-The great trotter Axtell has been

purchased by Col. Conley, of Chicago at \$105,000, the highest price ever paid for any horse in the world -A Democratic postmaster in Virginia holds on to his office, because, he says,

he "buys a great many goods from Wanamaker." Can such things be? -Mr. Edison having returned from Europe, another period of electrical disturbances in the country may be confidently predicted by the Signal

-When a young lady begins to manifest an interest in the arrangement of a young man's cravat he wants to be as careful as he can possibly be or he is gone. -The Chicago justice who fined a

pretty girl \$5 for kissing a strange man against his will did his duty like gry parent was frequently on the point of a hero. The poor, defenseless men of Chicago must be protected at all hazards. -King Dinah, the Senegambian who made a sensation in Paris, has started

> Express Company to ship notes of small denominations from Washington to banks throughout the country at less than the regular rates has prac-

tically stopped the issue of small notes. -Louis Linn, who spent ten years in prison for the murder of his wife. has begun suit at Indianapolis against Egypt in 1869 to open the Suez canal. his children to set aside the will of their mother. The woman's faithlessness had driven her husband to his crime.

--An Imperial decree has been issued compelling Austrian State officials of every rank to wear uniforms at all times and to salute each other in military fashion. This is another straw which shows that the wind is rolling up war-clouds over Europe.

-The wife of the new Chinese Minister at Washington has not emerged from the seclusion of the Legation so that prying eyes could not catch a glimpse of her. She gets fresh air and a knowledge of the capital by driving or walking in the evening with

Consumption of Rice.—Rice is, no doubt, the most extensively used article of food the world over. Hundreds of millions of people chiefly subsist on it, and its consumption is constantly increasing. It is the principel diet of at least one-third of the human race, forming the chief food of the native populations of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and in fact of almost all Eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumersof it. A Malay laborer gets threugh fifty-six pounds monthly; a Burmese or Siamese forty-six pounds in the same period. The Eastern nations also chiefly btain their beverages from rice, which is the principal grain distilled in Siam, Japan and China. Saki, or rice beer, produced in Japan to the extent of 150,000,000 gallons annually. Although rice is such a universal article of food it is not so nourishing as wheat or some other grains. More than ninetenths of its substance consists of starch and water; consequently it forms more fat than muscle.

----One-half of what we call naughtness in children is simply weariness, and at least a third is due to indigestion, which leaves but a very small fraction for the theory of total depravity to rest upon. A child who is rested, is almost invariably good joyous and tempered. 1t is as natural for a child to be happy as it is for a bird to sing .- Phrenological Journal and Science of Health.

-"How are the crops doing?" said the Czar to a favorite at court. ty fairly, your Highness," was the reply, "although in some quarters the peoe are complaining of too much reign. "Let them take twenty years in Siberia to dry up," answered his Majesty, who is quick at repartee.

-"Shall I vind the clock, vadder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store. "No, said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "pizness vas too pad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, and ve vill save vear and tear on the veels .- Norristown Times.