True to thy colors, when many deserted, Proudly they waved, in defiance of wrong,

What thou deemed'st right, was bravely asser And scattered abroad, to enlighten the throng Events sad and joyous, thy columns have noted The weather, the crops, and the last sad affray How goes the election, and this township voted

In short, all that happens, called news of the Thus may'st thou live, ever onward still mov

Striving for truth, with no shadow of fear; But amongst all the change, in this age of im

Miscellaneous.

THE FAITHFUL GUEST.

There was something-I forget whatto take grandfather and grandmother away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burns's Hollow. It may have been a funeral or some religious meeting, for they both drove off dressed in their best, in the glg. with old Ajax harnessed to it, and after I had tucked in grandma's iron-gray silk skirt and ran back to the house for grandpa's speciacles, and had seen the gig vanish in the distance, I felt lonely. Burns's Hollow was a lonesome place at all times; and the handsome rambling mansion, which neight have sheltered a regiment, had a ghostly air about it when one walked through the upper rooms

There were but two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oaks and the Irish lad, Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for, though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun, and in five minutes the door opened, and Hannah came in with the tray.

Please, miss,' she said, as she sat it down, may I run over to Mapleton tonight? My sister's married daughter had a boy last night, they say, I want to see it nat'rally-it's the first f ever had or grandniece or nephew!

Who brought you the news?' I asked. 'Anthony, miss,' said Hannah. 'He met George-that's my niece's husband when he was out after the cow. straving as she always is, and he told him to tell Hannah she's a grand aunt.'

'You may go,' I said, 'but don't stay away all night, and I feel nervous. To I waited and listened. be sure, there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not tostay late.' I repented this injunction with a sort of fright stealing over me-a presentiment of evil, I might say-and something. prompted me to add, 'Be back at 9.1 Why, I cannot say, but I felt as if, at 9, I should be in some psculiar danger.

Hannah promised, and after doing all her heavy shoes on the garden walk out-

Early as it was, I had dropped the curmen of all ages will.

I sat thus a long time, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door -a timid sort of a rap-so that I knew at once that it was neither a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to answer the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a kind of crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light of the hall lamp I saw a black man. I have always had a sort of fear of a negro, and instinctively shrunk away, but as I did

he snoke in a husky whisper: This is Massa Morton's, isn't it?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but grandfather is out.' I retreated. He advanced. 'Please miss,' he said, 'Judge B. sent me here. He said massa 'ud help me ou.

Let me stay here a night, miss. I'se trabbled five days sense I left. Hidin' like. I'se awful hungry, 'pears like I'd drop, and old massa'r arter me. For the lub ob heaben, Miss, let me hide somewheres, and gib me jes' a crust. Massa Judge promise Massa Morton 'ud help me, an' it's kept me up. Missus will, I I knew that grandfather had given suc-

cor to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong by admitting a stranger in his absence. Cuation and pity stauggled within me. At last I said :

'You have a note from the Judge, I

'I had some writin' on a paper,' said the man, 'but I'se lost it, de night it rained so. Ah! Miss, I'se tellin' the truff—Judge sent me sure as I's a sinner. I'se been helped along so far, and 'pears like I mus' get to Canada. Can't go back noways. Wife's dare, and the young 'uns. Got clear a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebery day ob my life ef you'll jes' be so good to me. So will Dinab. Tank you, Miss.'

For somehow, when he spoke of wife and children, I had stepped back and let

It was the back hall door at which the rap had come, and the kitchen was close exclaimed the Coroner. 'That will do at hand. I led him thither. When I We've got at the bottom of this bus saw how he was, how wretched; how ness.' his eyes glistened, and how under his rough blue shirt his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. I brought out cold meat and bread, drew a mug of eider, and spread them on the table. The negro ate voraciously, as only a starving man could eat, and I left him to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging throughout the night.

To my surprise, Anthony was nowhere about the house or garden. Hannah must have taken him with her across the lonely road to Mapleton.

It was natural, but yet I felt angry. She should not have left me here alone,

The American Bounteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

and what if the negro should be an imnoster, after all? I shuddered at the hought; but when I ventured again to he kitchen there he sat, humble and don't know. Haven't I been there to gathfearful as before, and I could harbor no uch fancy.

Yet I longed for Hannah's return and listened very anxiously until the clock struck nine. Then, instead of her lootsteps, I heard the patter of rain drops and the rumble of thunder, and looking out saw that a heavy storm was coming

Now, certainly, grandpa and grandma would not come, and Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be here for hours. However my fear of the negro was quite gone, and I felt a certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstances. Accordingly I went up stairs, found

in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters, and carried them kitchenward. 'Here,' I said, ' make yourself a bed on the settee yonder, and be easy for the night. No one will follow you in the storm, and, no doubt, grandpa will assist you when he returns home. Good

'Good night, and God biess you, Miss,' still speaking in a very husky whisper. And so I left him

But I did not go up stairs to my bedroom. I intended for that night to remain dressed, and to sit up in grandpa's arm-chair, with candles and a book for company. Therefore I locked the door, took the most comfortable posi-

tion, and, opening a volume, composed myself to read. Reading I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel. At first it mixed with my last dream so completely that I took no heed of it,

but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the lock of the door. I sat perfectly motionless, the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip. chip, chip, went the horrible little intrument, until at last I knew whence the sound came.

Back of the sitting room was grandpa's study. There, in a great old-fashioned chair, were stored the family silver, grandma's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and important papers The safe itself stood in a closet in a recess, and at the closet the thief was at

The thief-ah without doubt the negro I had fed and sheltered! Perhaps the next act would be to

murder me. I listened. The storm cups, violets and daisles should prefer was still raging; but, though the road | that place to any other. But they seemed was lonely, better that than this home with such horrible company. I could | fusion in which they grew. not save my grandfather's property but I could save my own life.

I crept across the room and into the hall, and to the door. There, softly as I could, I unfastened the bars and bolts, Grandpa and grandma may be but, alas! one was above my reach.

Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door

It was but a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped. I heard a gliding foot, and horror of horrors, a man came from the study that I required, went away, and I heard and clutched me with both hands. holding my arms as if in a vice, while

he hissed in my ear: 'You'd tell, would you? You'd call tains and lighted the wax candles on the help? You'd better have slept, you had; mantel, and I sat long over my tea, find | for you see now you've got to pay for ing a certain companionship in it, as wo- | waking. I'd ruther hev let a chick like | you off; but you know me now, and I

can't let you live.' I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise, for now that it was close to me, I saw, not the | I could not tell what; then they turned negro, but our hired man, Anthony- upon me and I returned the gaze. But Anthony, whom I had supposed miles away with Hannah. He was little | a foul or evil thought to hide, it was not more than youth, and I had given him | conscious of a sin in word or deed, hence many a present, and always treated

him well. I plead with him kindly. 'Anthony, I never did you any harm I am a girl. Don't kill me. Anthony Take the money, but don't kill me, for

poor grandma's sake.' 'You'd tell on me,' said Authony, doggedly. 'Likely I'd be caught. No, I have got to kill you.'

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders, and clutched my throat

flercely:

I had time to utter one suffocating shrick-then was strangling, dving, with sparks in my eyes, and a sound of rearing waters in my ears, and then-What had sprung on my assassin with the silence of a leopard? What had clutched me from him, and stood over him with something glittering above his heart? The mist cleared away-the blurred mist that had gathered over my eyes. As sight returned I saw the negro

with his foot upon Anthony's breast. The fugitive whom I had housed and Ten minutes after-ten minutes is which, but for that poor slave's presence, I would have been hurrled out of life-

the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax were heard without, and my grandparents were with me. It is needless to say that we were not

ungrateful to our preserver; needless, also, to tell of Anthony's punishment.

A young drug clerk committed suicide in Bristol, a few days ago. At the inquest, the Coroner asked a fellow clerk of the deceased if he knew of any cause for the suicide. 'No,' was the reply; 'he for the suicide. 'No,' was the reply; 'ne was getting along very nicely, and was of a noble looking man, with expresgoing to be married next month,' 'Going to be married next month,' was he?' exclaimed the Coroner. "That will do.

An old agricultural laborer in England tried a singular method of evangelizing his family. Being remonstrated with by his pastor for not 'bringing up' his boys as he should, he replied: 'I dunno 'ow 'its, sir; I order 'um down to at his portrait. pray every night and morning, an' when they won't go down I knock 'em down

-and yet they ain't good!' MRS. McGHIRE, of Dodson station, O. broke the head of a young man who insisted on wooing her daughter. Though dead, he cannot but be congratulated upon this early escape from such a motherCARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873.

'Do tell me the story-I should be deighted to hear it.' Again she smiled, saving :

PLEASANT STORY.

every night to be milked.

roved his wife's choice.

mmoral?' I asked.

'What is the matter with him-is he

'Not that I know of,' was the rejoin-

and you know it always made me ner-

vous to look at anything of that kind.'

'Poor man! Perhaps he got burned in

escuing some child or feeble woman

from the flames,' I said.

'Do, that's a dear, good Dolly.'

The whole atmosphere seemed redo-

lent with music and fragrance. I

couldn't tell why all the birds had taken

build their nests there, and I didn't

it into their heads to sing, warble and

know why it was that the roses, butter-

to prefer it, judging from the great pro-

The whole aspect was delightfully ru-

ral and picturesque, and all over linger

ed an influence of quietude and repose

walnuts, and by this I approached, en-

graveled walk, bordered by beds of flow-

It was open and not pausing to rab

within. The balmy wind nestled in the

wreaths of snowy drapery hanging at

the window, where great white and red

roses bowed their graceful heads, and

lay in bright bars of radiance upon the

conjuring to tell that it had an inmate-

a self-dignified, thoughtful, impertura-

could not understand. It was wide

awake, and its great blue eyes were star-

ing with infant persistence at something.

There was a rustle and a flutter of mus

The baby had roused now, to be sure-

no more of its quiet and calmness-no

way, that set off the little fellow with re-

serene as the heavens in June

Winslow stood before me.

health in her eye.

newed delight.

sive and faultless features.

I replied in the negative.

'Is that your husband?' I asked.

'You will remain with me this eve

I replied that I should be happy to

'He doesn't look like that now,' she

answered, wiping away a tear, 'yet he

says he shall ever have cause to bless

the fire by which he lost his good looks,

but which won him what he esteemed a

countable duliness of apprehension.

'What was it?' I asked, with unac-

She pointed archly, with a smile, to

housand times more valuable.

her wedding ring.

form his acquaintance, and again looked

bands.

the warm, rich summer light came in and

sked.

And I did.

ers, to the door.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that 'I do not know that you will consider it very interesting ; however, several rear roses and feast on strawberries? No. it wasu't a cottage ornee-there was sons conspire to make me wish that you, nothing Frenchified about it. It was should know all, and since you have nevpurely American, and harmonized sweet er heard it, perhaps I may as well tell it y with the delightful scenery. No, it 'Certainly, certainly.'

hadu't a flat root, nor a portico-nothing at all of the kind. But then it had rose 'You see, when Mr. Winslow first be gan his attentions to me, I wasn't at all vines running at over the windows, and whole colonies of wrens that made their pleased. He was handsome, I knew, but ests and sang beneath its caves. To I had set my mind, very foolishly, upon the right was a field of clover, red with having a rich husband, and one that clossoms, on the left an orchard whence could keep me above the necessities of winds scattered a shower of bloom. In work. So I slighted and repulsed him front was a green lawn, shaded with on all occasions, treating him not meresome massive walnut trees, and to the ly with indifference, but with actual rear opened a long green have through loathing and scorn. Such treatment one which the cows walked every morning | might have supposed, would have quickto their pasture beyond, and returned ly obliterated his passion; on the con trary, however, it only seemed to in-

I know well enough to whom this cotcrease it. tage belonged. It was built by the hand About this time I formed the acquain of him who owned it and lived in it and tance of a city gentlemen, whom rumor I had always admitted its excellent tasto | reported immensely rich, and whose inin blending the useful with the beautitense seifishness was veiled beneuth a ful, though I had never seen bim-my manner of the utmost suavity. His at visits having been to his wife and durtentions to me were marked, and not to be mistaken-and though he had not ing his absence. I had learned of him, though-heard enough to make me inspoken of love, he looked and ac'ed it, and I believed in him. tensely curious to see him: for not a fe-It was in October, I think, the atme

male tongue in the neighborhood apphere was dry and cool, with night winds-when, as we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked at the appearance in der. But to tell the truth, Dolly, he is the distance of a red light that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very insufferably ugly--his face is all scarred and cictraized, I should think by fire, stars. A wild and awful presentiment of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind. 'If that should be our house!' I almo-

sbrieked. 'Nonsense: it is much farther off,' ex-'Don't know, never heard; never made claimed Barton. But I was not satisfied, and I hurried inquiries; you know they only came to

live in this neighborhood last summer, on eagerly, dragging him with me-We came nearer, nearer. My fears and I have never had the courage to ask were all too true. It was indeed our beauwhat disfigured him, but I wish that you tiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame, or with forked 'I am considerably acquainted with tongues lapping the pillars, and shooting Mrs. Winslow,' I replied; 'I thought of calling upon her this morning; perhaps skylights my mother was standing in him what ails him, laughs at him for she will tell the story without being

her night dress. With one wild shriek I called the attention of the crowd to her situation. Hundreds of people by this time had collected, though chiefly, as it seemed, for the gratification of their curiosity. Some were running with ropes and lad ders, while many others were shouting and giving orders, which no one seemed inclined to obey. 'My mother, my mother!' I cried.

'Will no one go to the assistance o' my mother? Every moment the flames increase with astonishing rapidity, surging and roaring like a sea of storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene A narrow foot-path, crooked as footwith the resignation of a martyr. paths usually are, wound along through the lawn, beneath the shadows of giant

'Barton! Barton!' I shricked, 'for God's sake help my mother!' He stood still. tered the little gate, and ascended the

even vour mother. A serene and peaceful hush rested 'Great heavens! and I have loved this

> The thought rushed heavy and seething through my brain. There was a shout, an exclamation, ar

utterance of brave, strong words. Some nervous arm had placed a ladder, and a nan was rapidly mounting on through A gradle was there, and it required no the dense smoke wreaths—through singing flames, scorched by the intense heat. The crowd swayed and murmured like wind swept wave.

ble little baby, whose quiet calmness I He appeared again-I saw my mother n his arms-I knew that she was saved, There was a crash of the roof, mingled with exclamations-a great mist swan before my eyes-a noise not unlike that it made no difference, the baby had not of the roaring flames, was in my ears and I lost the consciousness of surround ing objects.

there came no blush to that delicately Is it necessary to tell who it was that rounded cheek, no falling to that calm. thus rescued my mother? What emoquiet eye, limpid as a lake in summer, tions I experienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised? It is necessary for me to tell you, however, that then and there he lin, the sound of a light, springy step, the climpse of a tairy form, and Mrs. forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body, and the flesh of She was not very beautiful, but sparkhis face and neck scarred and scorched till ling and vivacious, with a glow of health the skin seemed to have the consistency on her cheek, and with the light of f leather.

There, my dear, you have told enough -let me finish it,' said a manly voice

more of its thoughtfulness and serenity. I looked up, a man was there, on Its little form fairly fluttered with pleawhose countenance there were deep trasure. It laughed, clapping its dimpled ces of the fiery element, but he didn't look ngly to me at all. Each scar seemed 'You've come to stay all day with me, rather a badge of honor. haven't you? and the haby had such His wife presented him, and as he gave good company while mamma was gone, hadn't it?' she said, in a light, chirrupy

ne his hand, he said: 'One whom my wife esteems so highly cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you part—for I have been a sad eaves-dropper-let me tell

Her invitation had only seconded my you the rest.'
I joyfully assented. design to remove my bonnet and mantilla, while she sat down on the rocker "I'hen and there,' he began, 'I heard and took the baby, we prepared to enthe flames roaring around me, and felt joy the day and each other's society. its flery breath scorching my cheeks, and I can't tell you what we talked about No, it was not of balls, nor operas, nor seeming to lap up the very-springs of ions, nor sights. No, not a neighbor's life, but was conscious only of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of the character was dissected. No, the infirprized one was in my arms. I knew mities of the clergyman were not shown up. No, not a morsel of private scandal when I touched the ground with my charge, by the acclamations that rent was cut, and carved. But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and the air, but could only think that I had when the great round sun was sinking made her happy, and in the bliss of that

assurance, forgot for the time my sufferbehind the trees that burned and glowed ings, the world and everything. in the rich, warm light, she came to I lay ill through several weeks-thro' where I was sitting, and without a word, days and nights that would have been auguished indeed had had I not known 'My husband as he was,' she answersuch a sweet face bent over me, such a soft hand ministered to my wants. Need, heaving a little sigh, 'You have seen ver in the proudest days of my health had I experienced such exquisite felici-

ty, and never in my weakness. Now, when she sat beside me, when she brought me fruits and flowers, when she put her hand in mine and whisper ed something that would have repayed sufferings a thousand times bitter than

'Oh William,' she cried, blushing to the very roots of her hair, 'don't tell how silly and foolish I was. 'It was neither silliness nor folly,' I widowers. exclaimed, 'but the reward of the greatest virtue and heroism. Let him go on, I am deeply interested, and long to know consin, has actually been sent to the pen tuined an injunction to prevent his next

'I have but little more to tell, but as I grew strong and able to walk about. I observed that all the mirrors had been

removed. Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the sears which I should have known would deface my features. This incident reminded me of it, and excited my curiosity. When I requested which belongs rather to sex than to one to be brought she implored me to race except the Indian squaw. A woshock me in the least.

I took her in my arms, and whispered, that since her beautiful face had become mine I saw no cause to regret the loss of one, and wouldn't, for the world, change

back again. 'You have seen and loved mo new,' I aid, 'whereas, you didn't before-you know all my disfigurement, and with it your manner has changed from scorn o loving kindness, so I have nothing to nourn for.

'And every day of my life has since convinced me more and more that I told the truth.

BOILS.

A boil is generally very small at first and a fellow hardly notices it; but in been amused to note that a women a few days it gets to be the biggest of who was complete mistress of a recalthe two, and the chap that has it is of citrant mustang, would utter the little very little account in comparison with his boil which then "has him." Bolls appear mysteriously upon various por- the lizards which infest the prairie paths of the human body, coming when and of the Southwest. On the border, the where they "darn please," and often in old business of the sex, to look pretty, very inconvenient places. Sometimes receives as much attention as it does a solitary boil is the sum total of the affliction, but frequently there is a of material-calico is the article. Va-'rubbishin' lot of 'em" to help the leneiennes and Mechlin, and all the first one. If a boil comes anywhere on a person, that person always wishes it had come somewhere else, although it would puzzle him to tell just exactly

Some persons called their "damnboils," but such persons are addicted to profanity, the proper name being boil. If a chap has a boil he generally has a good deal of sympathy from from the windows, while up at one of the others-" in a horn." Whoever asks his pains to answer, while many un the gravity and persuasiveness of kicks scientific ballocaing. feeling persons make game of his misfortune, or boil. It is very wicked to burned, but not always wanting in due make fun of persons with boils; they cannot help it, and often feel very bad about it. Physicians don't give boil patients ver; much satisfaction as a general thing, although young physi- so necessary to style, and the hair cians just beginning to practice are fond of trying their lances on them.

into a tight little knot behind, which, Boils are said to be "healthy." and as compared with the enormous myste judging from the way they take hold ries which for these many years have and hang on and ache and burn and been carried about beneath the hats of grow and raise Cain generally, there is no doubt they are healthy and have strong constitutions.

They are generally very lively and playful at night, and it is very funny whiteness. Cleanliness there is to be to see a chap with a good large one, sure, but it is a cleanliness of material prospecting around his couch for a and fact, and fails in any suggestion of I implored and urged him. At length place where his boil will fit in "with daintiness. It is upon the catico menhe turned toward me with a frown, and out hurting." Boils tend to purify the | tioned that the efforts of taste are most blood, strengthen the system, calm the expended. There are ruffles there, and 'I cannot risk my own life to save nerves, restrain profanity, tranquilize he spirit, improve the temper and pretty and fantastic devices which is

beautify the appearance. They are good things for married scribe. Yet there are no prescribed men who spend their evenings from fashions for these vagaries in dress .home, as they give them an opportu- There are women here whose hair falls nity to rest their night keys and get | in troublesome abundance, and will acquainted with their families. It is not be confined; whose checks, if they said that boils save the patient a "fit could but know the absence of the caof sickness," but if the sickness is not resses of the sunbeams and the boisterthe best to have, it must be an all-fired ous kisses of the wind, would show the mean thing. It is also said that a per- clearest white and the bonniest bloom. son is better after he has had them, and There are limbs which shuffle slip there is no doubt that one does feel shod along trails in search of lost anibetter after having got rid of them. Many distinguished persons have enjoyed these harbingers of good health. Job took the first premium at the from the spring whose whiteness and county fair for having more achers un- mould would fit them rather for the der cultivation than any other person. Shakespeare had them, and meant boils when he said "One woo doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow.'

widows" ought surely to be supple-

mented by a maxim to beware of

itentiary. What are we coming to?

What assertions will make one believe that in one second of time, one beat of Matrimonial Statistics the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light Some curious facts are to be gleaned travels over 152,000 miles, and would from the marriage statistics of various therfore perform the tour of the world in countries, as shown by a recent article about the same time that it requires to in Lippencott's Magazine. "It is found wink with our eyelids, and in much less that young men from fifteen to twenty than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride! What mortal can be made years of age marry young woman averageing two or three years older than to believe, without demonstration, that themselves; but if they delay marriage the sun is almost a million miles larger than the earth?-and that, so remote until they are twenty to twenty five years old, their spouses average a year from us, a cannon ball shot directly toyounger than themselves; and thence- ward it, and maintaining its full speed would be twenty years in reaching it forward this difference steadily invet it effects the earth by its attraction creases, until in extreme old age on the bridegroom's part it is apt to be enor- in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when mous. The inclination of octogenaritold that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary ans to wed misses in their teens is an flight, beats many hundred times in every day occurrence, but it is amusing second?-or that there exists animated to find in the love matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies land togethe Thackeray and Balsac. Again, the would not extend an inch? But what husbands of young women aged twenare these to the astonishing truths which ty and under average a little above modern optical inquiries have disclosed twenty-five years, and the inequality of which teach that every point of a medl age diminishes thenceforward, till for women who have reached thirty the um through which a ray of light passes respective ages are equal: after thirtymovement; regularly recurring at equal five years, women, like men, marry intervals, no less than five hundred milthose younger than themselves, the lion of millions of times in a single sec disproportion increasing with age, till ond! That is by such movements comafter fifty-five it averages nine years." municated to the nerves of the eye that The greatest number of marriages for we see; nay, more, that it is the differmen take place between the ages of ence in the frequency of their recurrence twenty and twenty-five in England, which affect us with the sense of the diversity of colors? That for instance, in between twenty-five and thirty in France, and between twenty five and acquiring the sensation of redness, our thirty five in Italy and Belgium. Fieyes are affected four hundred and eightywhose care it was that provided every- nally, in Hungary, the number of in- two million of millions of times-of yelthing essential to my comfort-had not dividuals who marry is 72 in a thou- lowness, five hundred and forty-one milsand each year; in England it is 64; in lion of millions of times-and of violet, Denmark, 59; in France, 57, the city of seven hundred and seven millions of times per second? Do not such things Paris showing 53; in the Netherlands, 53; in Belgium, 43; in Norway, 36. sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in Widowers indulge in second marriages their waking senses? They, are, neverthree or four times as often as widows. theless, conclusions to which any one For example, in England there are 60 marriages of widowers against 21 of may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the widows; in Belgium there are 48 to 16; in France 40 to 12. Old Mr. Weller's chain of reason ng by which they have been obtained. paternal advice to "beware of the

> A LOVING swain in Maine dedicated : nankin ring 'to my almost wife.'

An overcoat thief at Green Bay, Wis-

VOL 59--NO. 33. WOMEN ON THE FRONTIER.

THE DEATH DARING DONALDSON. Prof. Donaldson, known in Harrisburg A writer in the Kansas Magazine gives the following account of the as the most intropid balloonist that has ever ascended from our streets, has been women found along the Wetern frontier. I know of no female inhabiting | interviewed by a reporter of the Reading Eagle with the following result: the border wilderness of our country Donaldson's first ascension was made in Reading last August, and since then

who has not some of the refinement he has visited the clouds twenty-four desist now, but thank God it didn't man whose face bears any evidence of times in various parts of the south and a relationship with any of the domibruised, scratched and injured in many nant races of the world, has something ways; has been dropped into the Atlantabout her wherever you find her which ic and ducked in Lake Michigan; has is womanly and attractive. The borbeen thrown against chimneys and landderer's wife does not swear or chew ed in trees; has been lost, given up as tobacco, nor offer any suggestion of dead, and found again; has put on his immodesty in action or word. If I citizen's dress while two and a half miles might be allowed to coin the expreshigh; has bursted and cut his balloon sion, I would say that the standard over a mile from earth; has performed of delicacy by which the border wo on the trapeze, for the benefit of an eagle man's sensibilities were governed was a mile above the clouds, and has won the a different and broader one than that distinction of being the most reckless in common use. She associates with and during performing aeronaut in the men, and very coarse ones. She is inknown world. He was well pleased on timately acquainted with and interested meeting the Eagle representative and in all their affairs. She is is accustomentered into conversation very readily. ed to wildness and danger, and learns After giving the detailed accounts of his to be strong of hand and nerve, and to performances above mentioned, the reorter inquired: "What is the most darbe cool in sudden emergencies. I have ing thing you do, Professor?" Donaldson replied, "Well to my mind I have done nothing during or reckless. A little trick which is amusing, and which I intend farmers, the plowing question seems cry of her sex and ingloriously retreat to do, will be done in this manner: I a'- to be settled. That deep plowing one at the sight of one of the harmless litways go up without a basket, on the bare | year with another, will give the best trapeze bar. In the act where I fall crops of corn, wheat, oats, grass, &c., backward and catch myself by the toes, is, in their opinion, and according to I; will have the bar arranged so that it breaks as I fall, allowing me to tumble anywhere. There is not much choice some twelve feet toward the earth, when I shall be caught by a rope. I also have it to break and catch myself with my cunning variations in name and materight hand. This will be done when I rial which make up the lexicon of the am a half mile high, and it will be well modern dry goods clerk, even the cant about "chaste" colors and "pretty" calculated to amuse the people."

Reporter. "What would you call reckstyles are utterly unknown to the belle less performing?" Donaldson. "I should like to anchor two balloons in the air about a half mile easy to perceive that feet which are high, and walk a rope attached to both of them. That might be called reckless, gans, constructed with a special view by hervous people. However, I dislike the business of frightening people, I | crop? Certainly not. to the roughness of wayside stones, the penetrating qualities of carly dew, and shall hereafter pay more attention to

of the border. As she tilts back in a

hidebottomed chair like a man, it is

not always coarse, are incased in bro-

administered by them. The neck, sun-

proportion and natural whiteness, is

gnorant of collar or confinement,-

Waist and limb are unconfined by any

of the devices which are supposed to be

combed straight and smooth, is twisted

fashionable women, remind one of the

knob of an old-fashioned bureau draw-

er. In the frontier toilet there is a

lack of the two essentials of starch and

beyond masculine technology to de

mals, of whose round strength the

owner has little thought, and arms

which split firewood and bring water

adornment of golden clasps and folds

Wonders of the Universe.

of ancient lace.

R. "How about your proposed ocean D. "I shall cross the Atlantic ocean by balloon next summer, if I can satisfactorily arrange things by that time. I am positive it can be done, and I am determined to do it. During my limited experience as an teronaut I have ascertained many things that render it conclusive to my mind that the voyage can be successfully accomplished. , I shall construct three balloons, have them joined together, with boat, ballast, provisions thus equipped, I shall start in a calm season and perform the journey in about two days and a half. I shall make a voyage first, however, from St. Louis to

R. "How do you navigate the air?" D. "That is one of the discoveries of eronauting. It is an established fact that at a certain altitude, say two and a bias stripes and flounces, and a hundred half miles, there is a current of air blowng from west to east. I shall ascend to that current, and with it travel the 2,600 miles in about two days and a half." R. "But is there not a possibility of

failure?" D. "None that I can discover. I shall feel above the ocean as I feel above the the cases given, that shallow plowing land, just as secure as I feel at this mo- is the very thing. But such cases ment sitting in this chair. Of course I shall have a bashet attached to the bal- the ground was rich, and the season loon on the ocean voyage." R. "How high have you been, Pro-

three miles. I ascend and perform on apparent to all; not that the ground put my citizen's clothes on, while standing on the bar."

R. "What is the ocean trip to cost? D. "About \$5,000." After giving the reporter a graphic description of the many phenomena to be witnessed above the clouds; the lights and shadows: the true causes of rain and, hall, and many other interesting subjects, a detailed account of which the crowded state of our columns will not admit, the interview closed. The aeronaut is in excellent health, and as the reporter left the professor assured him that the Eagle before long, could furnish the bulance of this article by recording the ocean voyage successfully accomished .- Patriot.

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE .- The following remarkable incident is related washing, increased yield, &c., &., but to have recently occurred by the Rockland county (Wis.) Independent: An all see the facts in the same light? I Indian trapper and hunter has been am ready to admit that there may be operating in one of the northern towns of that county, and near his camp lived a farmer. The Indian had a box covred over with glass filled with rattlesnakes. Last August the Indian came to the farmer's house one day intoxicated and asked the farmer to give him a certain sheep he was preparing for exhibition at the county fair, saying that he was hungry. This the farmer refused, but offered him a ben if he would shoot it. The Indian declared he would have the sheep, and fired at it, but missed it. The farmer then set his dog on the Indian and drove him away. A few nights since the farmer was awakened from his sleep by something cold crawling over him, and seizing the object, he hurled it across the room. He was horrified to hear the noise of rattles in every direction Telling his wife to lie quiet for her life he raised up and turned up the light, when he saw a huge rattlesnake coiled up at the foot of the bed, ready for a suring. Seizing his revolver, he fired, and shot off its head. The noise of the pistol arouse i the hired man, who hastened to the room, and before reaching it (the door was opened,) killed two rattlesnakes. Two more were killed in the bedroom, making five in all. At the foot of the bed was the Indian's box. It is supposed he entered the opened window and emptied the anakes out on the bed.

A MAN in Duluth cannot get into good ociety until he owns twelve corner lots.

In New Haven, a lawyer recently ob-

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Agricultural.

DEEP vs. SHALLOW PLOWING.

The subject of the deep or shallow olowing has been much discus ed in the last few years, without definite settlement, and may still be considered

an open question. Why is this? Is not the question susceptible of demonstration? I think it is. As a rule, either deep or shallow plowing is right. New to find the rule suppose we take a period of ten years and observe the success of two farmers possessing land similarly situated, of like character, the one always plowing deeply, the other always shallow. The results ought to be significant and almost conclusive.

Now I undertake to say that, by this very test, the question has often been settled, and that too, in favor of deep plowing. I ought to say, in this connection, that my observation has been limited to a few counties in Southern Ohio, possessing a great variety of soils; but stiff clay, or heavy clay loam, largely predominating. In my neighborhood, among a kirge majority of my observation, a fixed fact.

I know there are exceptions as there are to every rule. To illustrate, I will give two cases, which may be taken as experiments. As good a field of corn as I ever saw was raised on an old meadow field, plowed not more than three or four inches deep. But in this case the season suited the plowing. It was an extraordinary season, hot and wet. Had it been such a season as 1871 or '72-very hot and very dry-would such a field plowed as that one was, have produced more than half such a

In the spring of 1871 one of my neighbors plowed an old sod field (a good field) ten to twelve inches deep. The plowing was done with three heavy horses and well done. I was in the field while it was being plowed. My opinion was asked as to the plowing and as to the probable results; I replied that the plowing was magnificent, but that he (the owner) was doomed to disappointment-at least for the first one or two crops. " Why so?" he asked. "Because you are at once bringing to the surface four or five inches of cold subsoil, which is not fit and all the necessary requirements, and to produce a crop." As I expected, scarcely half a crop was obtained. Now who will say that that field, with subsequent deep plowings and thorough mixing of the soils, is not permanently benefitted, and will not be for years to come in a condition to produce greater crops than it could have done without such plowing?

Now, is not this the trouble; have we not a class of men among us ready to draw deductions from single experiments, and come to conclusions that no amount of reasoning, nor any number of contradictions, will disturb?

Such would at once conclude from prove nothing at all. In the first case hot and wet. Any tyro in farming could have predicted the results had he known what the season was to be. In D. "My barometer has indicated over the second case the cause of faiture is the bar in my performing clothes, and was plowed too deep, but that there when out of sight, above the clouds, I | was too much cold subsoil trought up at one time.

I am not an advocate of deep plowing all at once. My plan is to plow a little deeper each time a field is plowed. Bring to the surface a small quantity of earth that never saw the light before. By following this course I am enabled to raise, one year with another, better crops than any of my shallow-plowing neighbors.

In this article I do not propose to notice many of the arguments in favor of deep plowing and deep cultivation of the soil-such as being dryer when the weather is wet, and holding moisture longer when it is dry; the advantages we have in tending a crop on deeply plowed ground, the protection against soils which, from some peculiarity, may not require or even tolerate deep cultivation; still I have never seen a field (and I have traveled some) that I would be afraid to stick the plow into 7 or 8 inches deep. I might not make much out of the first crop or two; but so convinced am I that deep plowing is what we need that I would go right on feeling sure of my reward in the end. May not one objection to deep plow-

ing be traceable to these two factsviz: That many farmers are not fixed for plowing deeply; that is, they have not the plaws or the teams; and that it is the fashion all over the country to plow much (surface) - to plant out many acres-and therefore they have not the time to plow deeply.

We all understand that we can plow two acres two or three inches deep, cheaper and quicker than we can plow one acre eight inches deep. Then we can plow two to three inches deep with any kind of a plow and any kind of a team. To plow eight inches in our stiff clay soils, we must have a good plow and two or three heavy horses, weighing from twelve to fourteen hun dred pounds each, and trained to move slowly.

Now when we consider that nerhanthree-fourths of all the plowing done in the United States is done with two horse (or mule) teams, weighing not over ten hundred to the animal-is it wonderful that we have so little of what we call deep ploying done, and that among so large a class, there should be those ready and willing to Some are unwisely liberal, and take persuade themselves into the fallacy more delight to give presents than to pay | that, after all, shallow plowing is the best plowing .- Cor. Country Gentleman.