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Proprietor.

AND  
NEWS ITEM.

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AND

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and remunerative business, and today  
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passengers by the stage.

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(JOHN V. BROWN, Prop'r.)

OSWAYO, PA.

## Poetry.

For the Journal.

White Lilies.

A lily bud upon the lake  
Half open at morning lay;  
A traveler passing plucked and bore  
The treasure rare away.  
A bud upon the sea of life  
As pure as lilies be—  
What wonder that an angel bore  
Our treasure up to Thee?  
ESMA H. REBER.

## Miscellany.

[From the Christian Union.]  
Our Winter Birds.

"What, no winter birds!" I ex-  
claimed in reply to my little friend,  
Molly Stebbins, who had just come  
in and declared to me, "she should  
not try walking again, though the  
doctor should order it twenty times,  
when there was nothing to see, no  
grass, no flowers, no birds."

"Oh," said I, "you are mistaken.  
Sit down here by my window, while  
I dress myself for a walk, and I will  
soon show you your error." I had  
a little artifice, I must own, in se-  
lecting her by my delightful window,  
for the blistered tree that sent its  
branches out to within arm's length  
of the window pane, was to my cer-  
tain knowledge, full of a flock of the  
lesser redpoll, arrived not less than  
half an hour previous.

So I said, "Molly, I want you to  
observe this tree that I take such  
pride in; though stripped of leaves,  
how beautiful is the network of  
branches, especially the upper ones,  
still hung with tassel, like seed ves-  
sels." I had hardly gone from the  
window when I heard a lively excla-  
mation and a call, "Come here, cous-  
in May, and tell me quickly what  
this darling little bit of a bird is  
called." "How does he look?" said  
I; not that I did not know perfectly  
well, but to entice her to observe  
minutely.

"Something like a sparrow," she  
replied; "but there is a beautiful  
crimson spot, like blood, on his head,  
and all his feathers look as if it were  
really blood that had trickled down  
and got smeared over them. Why,  
you dear little thing, prettier than  
any summer bird, one, two, five,  
eight, nine. I can count nine. What  
magic have you, cousin May, that  
brings them here, and do you often  
have such rare visitants?"

"Oh, no," said I, "this is the first  
time I have seen this bird this win-  
ter; they only come when it is ex-  
tremely cold at the north, and then  
in large flocks. Wilson says that  
hundreds of them are offered for sale  
in the Philadelphia markets at this  
season. They remain with us till  
April, then retire to the far north for  
incubation. And as for magic, all  
the magic I use is to keep my eyes  
open to see when they do come. But  
if we are ready let us go up the  
street, towards the open field at the  
end."

"I can hardly tear myself away  
from this pretty sight," said she.  
"But, perhaps, you will show me  
something better."

The village of Flushing—thanks  
to its nurserymen—is plentifully  
adorned with evergreens, growing  
thickly in great fields, or standing  
by twos and threes, sometimes singly,  
in front of houses. As we passed  
close by some of these, I heard the  
faintest little chirp, and I called on  
for several days we could not per-  
suade it to drink. Some one at last  
suggested that we should present  
frozen granulated snow to it. Of  
this it partook at once plentifully.  
How forcibly does this peculiarity  
tell of those frozen countries where  
it is its habit to live. In its as-  
pect it is the gentlest of birds. It is  
difficult to convey an idea of the  
dove-like innocence expressed in its  
looks. I can tell you a way of draw-  
ing birds near the house where you  
can observe them. We have prac-  
tised throwing hominy under our  
dining-room windows. We have had  
the white-throated sparrow, the snow-  
bird, the fox-colored sparrow and  
song sparrow, all feeding there,  
scratching with their tiny feet in the  
snow, like miniature hens. This you  
cannot do, of course, if any cats are  
about.

"That," said I to Molly, as we walked  
on, "is the golden-crowned wren,  
called a wren, though he does not  
belong at all to the wren family.

There is on the crown of the head an  
orange-red spot like gold, margined  
with lemon-yellow and black. This  
can only be seen by parting the  
feathers. In times of great excite-  
ment they show this themselves, add-  
ing greatly to their beauty. In the  
spring and fall they feed about the  
extremities of the branches, some-  
times fluttering in the air in front of  
them, seizing small flies, and at such  
times often expose the golden feath-  
ers of the head, opening and shutting  
them with great adroitness. At home  
I have a stuffed specimen, which you  
shall take in your own hands."

"I would," said she, "that I could  
any way attain your knowledge. I  
have a friend—a naturalist—who  
thinks those young ladies very defi-  
cient who don't know the birds that  
frequent the fields and orchards. He  
says it is a shame to them to be so  
grass, no flowers, no birds."

"Oh," said I, "you are mistaken.  
Sit down here by my window, while  
I dress myself for a walk, and I will  
soon show you your error." I had  
a little artifice, I must own, in se-  
lecting her by my delightful window,  
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"That," said I to Molly, as we walked  
on, "is the golden-crowned wren,  
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belong at all to the wren family.

when I come down next week to  
celebrate your birthday, I shall report  
progress. I have seen so much to-  
day. I am delighted. I think I shall  
recognize all these birds again, the  
Arctic snow bunting, the gold-  
crowned wren, the lesser red poll.

The next Wednesday brought my  
Molly as bright and sparkling as us-  
ual, indeed I thought her cheek had  
a wholesomer glow, and her eye a  
clearer light. She brought a basket  
on her arm which she set aside care-  
fully. When I asked her what suc-  
cess had attended her plan, she re-  
plied, with great animation:

"Perfect success. Brother Will, in  
the most obliging way, searched the  
arkets for me, and brought home a  
dozen snow buntings, no, not a doz-  
en, eleven snow buntings and a bird  
I did not know, and in another lot,  
two other birds. Well, cousin May,  
here was a dilemma, for Bridget was  
so cross from not being able to get  
out her washing this week, that I dared  
not take them to the kitchen. I had  
determined Aunt Susan should have  
them cooked for her. Her appetite  
is so small, I think the leg of a fowl  
would satisfy it, so what could I do  
but pick off all their pretty feathers  
myself, and roast them on the oyster  
gridiron over the dining room fire; it  
would have done your heart good to  
see aunt eat them. She declared I  
was a most astonishing cook, and she  
ate every one of the eleven."

"I will help you," I replied. "It  
is necessary that you should be able  
to handle them and compare them with  
stuffed specimens, or colored engrav-  
ings. Some of the first birds we  
learned about were obtained from  
the New York markets. At this  
time of year various birds are offered  
for sale."

We were now passing a neglected  
field where seedy weeds in many  
places cropped out above the snow.  
"Hush," said Molly. "What are these?"  
A whirling flight of birds, like leaves  
blown by the wind and settling down,  
fell now on all the straggling plants.

It is a flock of Arctic snow bun-  
tings, driven by stress of weather to  
find food in this milder climate.  
These birds have their breeding-  
places far to the north. Greenland  
is full of them. Their nests, made  
of grass and feathers, lined with the  
down of the Arctic fox, are placed  
in the fissures of the rocks. When  
the extreme cold drives them south,  
they seem to overflow the lands in  
great abundance. They have a soft  
whistling call-note which they repeat  
at intervals while they are flying. I  
have often been first made aware of  
their presence by hearing this note  
dropping down from the sky. Pretty  
creatures of white and black, inter-  
mixed with a reddish brown! Could  
I ever examine them closer you would  
find no two alike!

Molly looked a little and exclaimed  
"I thought I knew the snow bird.  
The bird I have always called by that  
name is of a dark mouse color."

"Yes," I replied. "That is the com-  
mon snow-bird, you must mind the  
distinction. This is the Arctic snow  
bunting, and it does not come so  
regularly as the other. We have  
had this bird alive caged for awhile.  
We gathered sprays of seedy weeds  
for its food, which it accepted, but  
for several days we could not per-  
suade it to drink. Some one at last  
suggested that we should present  
frozen granulated snow to it. Of  
this it partook at once plentifully.  
How forcibly does this peculiarity  
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bird, the fox-colored sparrow and  
song sparrow, all feeding there,  
scratching with their tiny feet in the  
snow, like miniature hens. This you  
cannot do, of course, if any cats are  
about."

"I feel encouraged," she replied,  
"and I will begin in good earnest my  
studies. Brother Will shall go to  
the markets to-morrow for me, and

when I come down next week to  
celebrate your birthday, I shall report  
progress. I have seen so much to-  
day. I am delighted. I think I shall  
recognize all these birds again, the  
Arctic snow bunting, the gold-  
crowned wren, the lesser red poll.

The next Wednesday brought my  
Molly as bright and sparkling as us-  
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a wholesomer glow, and her eye a  
clearer light. She brought a basket  
on her arm which she set aside care-  
fully. When I asked her what suc-  
cess had attended her plan, she re-  
plied, with great animation:

tered manner, and cover open com-  
mons and sandy plains, feeding on the  
seeds of weeds and larvae of insects;  
their call-note," he says, "is like that  
of the sky-lark, heard high in the  
air, and he is told that its song re-  
sembles that bird's."

"Audulon," says he, "found their  
nests in Labrador; a tall, gray tuft  
moss grows all over the granite rock  
that forms the foundation of that  
country, and on those tufts the shore  
lark builds in great numbers; their  
color being hardly distinguishable  
from the moss. Samuels says he has  
had their eggs sent him from Wis-  
consin and Illinois. But let us ex-  
amine his colors to identify him  
again. Here is the faint yellow of  
the chin and throat; the pinkish  
brown of the back, streaked with  
dusky; the black crescentic patch  
below the eye; the broad fan-shaped  
patch of black on the breast; the  
slightly crested head—and here are  
the long black feathers above the eye,  
which, when erected, have the ap-  
pearance of horns, whence the name.  
It must be a beautiful creature when  
seen in the open fields.

"But let us return to the cross-bill.  
This is a finely-colored specimen, a  
mixture of carmine and vermilion,  
dulled by a intermixture of other  
colors. Its bill is the most wonder-  
ful thing about it. The upper and  
lower mandible are curved and cross  
each other, looking deformed and  
useless. This bird inhabits the im-  
mense pine forests northward, and  
feeds on the seeds of the pine and  
hemlock; and its bill is an instru-  
ment marvelously well adapted by  
its Creator to open the bracts of the  
cone and take thence the seeds. But  
now for the woodpecker."

"He is in rather a dilapidated con-  
dition," said Molly, "but not so that  
we cannot learn his character. Some  
things are very marked about him,  
his great size, his crimson crest and  
the pure white on the under side of  
the wing feathers. What kind of a  
woodpecker do you call him?"

"This," said I, "is the pileated wood-  
pecker, the largest of the kind that  
frequents our woods, and a fine one  
to introduce to you the whole class.  
Observe his strong bill, his barbed  
tongue and the hard sharp-pointed  
tail feathers which he sets hard against  
the trunks of trees to assist him in  
climbing. There is a still larger spe-  
cies which Wilson found in North  
Carolina, and he tells a most charm-  
ing story of his capture of one and  
its efforts to escape, which I would  
read to you had I time."

The day slipped away most delight-  
fully while we still searched our books  
and studied our birds. Meanwhile  
the dinner was done to a turn, and  
when my husband returned from the  
city we had our little feast, and we  
made a merry time of it.

As I parted with Molly at the door  
I could not help remarking "that her  
mysterious friend would be well  
pleased with her progress." She gave  
me an arch look, then a sigh, as she  
replied, "It will be a long while before  
he hears of it—he is in Germany."

When I returned to the dining  
room my husband's first remark was,  
"How Molly has brightened up; it re-  
ally does one good to talk with so in-  
telligent a girl."

Listen!  
Do you wish to do something to-  
ward making your home happy? Do  
you desire that your brothers and  
sisters should be glad to have you  
with them, and that you should al-  
ways be a welcome companion to your  
parents or your children? Do you want  
to have your society coveted every-  
where and to feel, the while, that you  
are doing good as well as giving pleas-  
ure? Would you like to help peo-  
ple to think well and to have them  
serve their best thoughts for you?  
Would it please you to get all the  
good you can out of the people you  
know?

If so, learn to listen.  
But first learn what listening is;  
for it is not merely the exercise of the  
sense of hearing. The stupidest of  
us all can keep ears open and mouth  
shut. To listen properly means to  
make other people talk properly.  
That is a social definition, if it is  
not a Websterian one. The good  
listener is a cause of talking in oth-  
ers, and by a proper exercise of this

valuable and too scarce gift makes the  
diffident say what they think and the  
verbose think what they say. For  
the greatest talkers are careful when  
they find they have a good listener.  
They know that they may not often  
be so fortunate, and they talk their  
best. The adept at listening may  
sometimes hear more prosing than  
he likes; but if he be skillful, this  
will not often happen. When it is  
impossible to get anything interesting  
or useful out of a man, he need be  
listened to no longer. Every one of  
sense will agree to that. But it is  
astonishing how many good things  
some very unpromising persons will  
say if they be properly and conscientiously  
listened to.

To be sure, it is very hard for some  
persons to listen. They have a gift  
for talking, and they like to exercise  
it. But these are the very persons  
who should do a great deal of list-  
ening. They know what a luxury it  
is to talk, and they should give their  
families and friends a chance to learn  
the art. Besides, like farmers, they  
will often find much advantage in a  
rotation of crops. A season of listen-  
ing is often a most excellent prepara-  
tive for a season of talk.—*Independ-*

A County without a Dram-Shop.

A correspondent of the *Evening  
Post* writes this from Caldwell, Ohio:  
"I have two items that may interest  
friends of the temperance reform.  
This (Noble) county is the only one  
of having not a single dram-shop.  
The enforcement of the Adair Liquor  
Law closed all our whiskey shops two  
years ago. The criminal law against  
the sale of liquors was fearlessly en-  
forced, and multitudes of sellers were  
fined and imprisoned. Simultaneous-  
ly wives of drunkards brought suits  
for thousands of dollars against the  
dram-sellers, and gained immense  
sums. Thus did we eradicate the  
liquor nuisance. No man dare open  
a 'rum hole' in our county. He  
would be fined, imprisoned, and  
molested in thousands of dollars dam-  
age beside. Our jail has been abso-  
lutely tenanted for two years, our  
criminal courts have not had a crim-  
inal of any sort to prosecute, and  
pauperism and insanity are almost  
unknown. Our new railroad—the  
Marietta and Pittsburg, finished from  
Marietta, Ohio, to Cambridge, Ohio  
a distance of fifty-nine miles, run-  
ning through twenty towns—has not  
a single dram-shop along its entire  
line. The officers will not permit  
any such nuisance, and the result is  
that in two years not a life has been  
lost on that road from any accident!"

WHAT would you advise a poor sin-  
ner to do who knows he has a re-  
bellious, wicked, ungrateful, un-  
feeling heart, but does not feel it,  
and can neither believe, love, nor  
obey?

Do the best you can. God is not  
"an austere man." No one can be  
in the sad state of mind described by  
our correspondent who has a right  
notion of God. But the remedy is  
not in thinking about God, nor in  
trying to feel. Find some Christian  
work and do it, help somebody, re-  
lieve somebody—exercise yourself in  
some way. Let your feelings take  
care of themselves. It is too much  
looking in that has done the mischief.  
"Look upward and not downwards,  
outward and not inward, forward and  
not backward, and lend a hand."—  
*Christian Union.*

Journalism in Turkey.

A despatch from Constantinople  
says that the *Levant Herald* has been  
suspended for two months on account  
of publishing satirical articles con-  
cerning the insufficient arrangements  
for supplying water to the inhabitants  
of that city. We are in doubt as to  
the peculiar views entertained by the  
Turkish government in respect to  
water, but clearly the old maxim that  
"cleanliness is next to godliness"  
does not obtain at the court of the  
Sultan. It is possible that for state  
reasons water is not thought to be a  
wholesome drink, although perhaps  
it is unaccountable to assume that these  
reasons are chiefly personal. What-  
ever may be the reason, the fact still  
remains that it is not profitable to be  
known as an advocate of an abun-  
dant supply of water in the city of  
Constantinople.

We happen to know, however,  
that there is great need of more wa-  
ter in that city. A friend who was  
recently there says that the hotels are  
filthy beyond account, and that  
the private and business parts of the  
town, so far as he could learn, were  
in as bad a condition.