The Advocate

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"INDEPENDENT"—"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

VOL XX. No. 41. Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., September 10 1892. $1.00 a Year in Advance.

Reading R. R. System.

Lehigh Valley Division.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 15, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE LEHIGHTON

For Newark and New York 5.38, 7.46, and 11.41 a. m.; 2.06, 5.32 & 7.26 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk and Belvidere 5.38, 6.[illegible] a. m.; 12.55, 4.37 and 7.26 p. m.

For Lambertville and Trenton 5.38, 8.00 and 11.12 a. m.; and 12.37 & 4.37 p. m.

For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, 5.38, 6.47, 7.46, 9.06, 9.54, 11.12 a. m.; 12.32, 2.43, 3.06, 4.37, 5.23, 7.26 and 10.27 p. m.

For Philadelphia and points south at 5.38, 6.47, 7.46, 9.54 and 11.12 a. m.; 2.43, 3.06, 4.37, 5.32 and 7.26 p. m.

For Reading and Harrisburg 7.46 and 11.12 a.m., 3.06, 5.32 and 7.26 p. m.

For Bowmanstown, Lehigh Gap, Cherrytree, Lauryx, White Bah, Tooley, and Hokendauqua 5.38, 6.47, 9.06, 9.54 & 11.12 a. m.; 12.32, 2.43, 4.37, 5.23, and 10.27 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 6.03, 7.43, 8.36, 11.15 and 11.53 a.m.; 1.16, 3.37, 4.16, 5.13, 7.17, 9.38, 9.[illegible] p. m. and 12.05 Night.

For Weatherly and Harleton 6.32, 7.43 9.36 and 11.53 a.m.; 4.16, 5.13, 7.17, 10.54 p.m.

For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.53 a.m.; 4.16, 5.13 & 7.17 p.m.

For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.32, 7.43 and 11.53 a. m.; 5.13 p. m.

For Pottsville 6.32, 7.43, 7.43, 9.36 11.12 and 11.53 a. m.; 3.06, 4.16, 7.17 and 7.26 p.m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 7.43, 9.36 and 11.53 a.m.; 4.16, 5.13, 7.17 and 10.54 p. m.

For Tamaqua 7.43 and 11.53 a. m.; 4.16, 5.13 and 10.54 p.m.

For Oswego, Auburn, Ithaca and Geneva 11.53 a.m.; 10.54 p. m.

For Lacyville, Towanda, Sayre, Waverly, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, N. Agara Falls and the West 11.53 a.m.; and 10.54 p. m.

For Elmira and the West via Sayre 11.53 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For New York 6.07 and 11.17 a. m.; 5.17 and 7.26 p. m.

For Philadelphia 7.57 a. m.; 2.24, 5.17 and 7.26 p. m.

For Easton and Intermediate Stations, 6.07, 7.57, 11.17 a.m.; 12.35, 2.24, 5.17 and 9.02 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 8.14, 9.56, 11.18, 11.38 11.53 a. m.; 3.08, 5.15, 8.44 and 9.39 p. m.

For Reading at 6.07 a. m.; 2.24 and 7.26 p. m.

For Harleton 9.56, and 11.53 a.m.; 3.08 and 10.54 p. m.

For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 9.36, 11.53 a. m., and 3.08 p. m.

For Pottsville at 2.32 p. m.

For White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Sayre, Ithaca, Geneva, Auburn, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 10.54 p.m.

For further particulars inquire of Agents for Time Tables.

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May 14, '92. 1y

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During one years over 10,000 persons have used these medicines and are living witnesses of their worth. I will not go into practice myself, being over 72 years of age, will sell my medicines only. I have two eminent physicians connected with me to attend to calling at the residences of the sick if required.

TESTIMONIALS.

NEWTON, Feb. 17, 1891.

Dear Sir—To those suffering from Spinal trouble, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Heart Diseases and Rheumatism, I would highly recommend Prof. Boudrou's remedies; I was a sufferer of these complaints for years at times was hardly able to move, could not straighten my left. The pain and agony was inexpressible. Doctored with several physicians for years, found but little relief, not permanent, until I was cured by his medicines; his is unsurpassed; would highly recommend Prof. Boudrou's unbiased and fearless to all sufferers.

Respectfully yours
M. J. Vanartsdalen,
Newton, Bucks co., Pa.

NEWTON, Feb 17, 1891.

PROF. BOUDROU,

Dear Sir—Allow me to write you a testimony of your medicine. I can say to all those suffering with ailments of my description, would recommend Prof. Boudrou's medicines. Has little pain in my stomach for a long time, suffering painfully be described by words, deprived me of sleep at nights, would be awake, suffering with pain for hours at a time. Doctored with several physicians; their medicine would for awhile relieve me, but would soon lose their effect; by using Prof. Boudrou's remedies have been entirely cured; would recommend his remedies to those suffering with similar complaints.

Respectfully yours,
T. M. Vanartsdalen,
Newton, Bucks co., Pa.

Office and Laboratory open daily from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Call or write to

ALEXANDER BOUDROU,
622 North Tenth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa

nov. 7, '91-1y.

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O. C. DORNEY, Prin.

Please mention this paper. 6.27-6m

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow suffers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York. apr. 25, '92-1y.

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Just Right for Railroad Men!

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Guaranteed full Length.

The very best Shingle in the Market, Manufactured by

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To Contractors and Builders.

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Building Stones

in any quantity at reasonable rates. He also keeps a supply at his residence on SECOND STREET, to supply immediate demand.

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THE LIBERTY BELL

Where congress met and freedom rang
Our starry banner to the breeze
Exultingly its iron tongue
All thro' that summer morning sang
Our newborn liberties.

It told the coming of the night,
The happy dawn of freedom's day,
And overhead there flashed a light
Of brotherhood and human right,
The end of kingly sway.

Oh, how the good old bell told out
The joyous tale of freedom's birth!
From east to west, from north to south,
The message of its brazen mouth
Rolled all around the earth!

It sang the birthright of the race,
The glory of the brave and free,
And pealing from its sacred place
It set the whole wide world ablaze
With dreams of liberty.

'Tis old, and silters now no sound,
But yet its echoes ring sublime!
Its resting place is holy ground
To freedom's sons, wherever found,
Until the end of time.

—L. S. Amonson in Youth's Companion.

GENIE'S CASE.

In the fall of 18—, after they had had such gay times and so much company at their country home, Mrs. Alford began to look over her box of homopathic remedies for "something that would suit Genie's case."

By degrees she made the girl take upon her tongue or in two glasses of water, alternately crossed by the spoon if one made no mistake, samples of most of her nice white medicines. But somehow Genie kept on looking pale and growing thin and being depressed, and that unmistakable symptom of having red eyelids of a morning continued.

"Genie always used to look so fresh when she came to breakfast," Mrs. Alford said. "And I give you my word, her face was quite swollen yesterday when I went to call her."

It never occurred to Mrs. Alford that the mysterious symptom of pink eyelids in the morning might be occasioned by shedding tears during the night.

"Why on earth should Genie weep?" she would have said had this been suggested. She had no trouble. But even mothers do not always know everything, and "Genie's case" was really this.

William Ritchie, their next door neighbor's son, with whom Genie had always been "very friendly," who had walked to school, and gathered nuts with her, and pulled her about on his sled, and skated with her on the pond in their childhood, had, after a two years' absence from home, returned to find Genie quite grown up and wonderfully pretty. For her part she saw in him the pink and perfection of manhood, and their eyes confessed their mutual admiration. No one else dreamed of any change of feeling between the lifelong friends. But it was not long before William said things to Genie that made her happy when she thought of them, and had rejoiced her soul by gifts of flowers and volumes of poetry and all manner of delicate attentions, and at last had proposed to her and been accepted.

They had not made the fact public yet, however, when Major Standish came to them from the west to pay them a visit and brought his daughter with him.

The major had married Mrs. Alford's sister years before, and Cora was their only child.

She was a belle in army society, and if there is anything calculated to increase a young lady's satisfaction with herself it is that.

She made no secret of her conquests, but spoke openly of the bleeding hearts she left behind her. She might if she chose be Mrs. General That, or Mrs. Colonel This. Captain So-and-so was ready to die for her sake, and she had a long string of lieutenants to laugh about—even the chaplain was really very far gone.

With all these adorers watching for her return to the fort it seemed hard to Genie that she should instantly make a dead set at William Ritchie and know no peace until she had stolen her one ewe lamb from her. But this is just what Cora did, and it seemed to Genie that William met her half way.

Innocent Genie had never seen a fine, well managed, genuine flirtation before.

Her wonder was almost as great as her grief to find man so treacherous, and one evening, when there was a gay party at the house and Cora and William seemed to have vanished mysteriously, she hid herself in the honeysuckle arbor—a place just then plunged in deepest shadow—and flung herself down on a corner of the bench to indulge unseen in a few tears.

And while she lingered there Cora and William came softly in, and sitting down where the moonlight drifted in upon their faces began a most sentimental and dramatic conversation.

He compared her to a rose and a nightingale. He told her what a startling effect she had upon his heart when first he saw her, and he alluded mysteriously to "bonds that bound" him and to what he would do were he free.

But honor! honor! He would break no sweet girl's heart.

"Never for my sake," Cora declared. "Better that I should suffer than one innocent."

It was quite like a chapter from a sensational novel. She gave him her hand to kiss, neither of them guessing that the deep shadow in the corner was Genie, and he quoted poetry by the yard. They evidently considered themselves very noble and self sacrificing, wonderful, suffering, glorious beings. And how the little maiden sat quietly two feet from them until they rose and went away arm in arm she never knew, neither how she lived through the night. But the next day found her very strong. Early in the morning she went to the garden fence and beckoned William Ritchie to come to her, and took his arm with a laugh, and made him walk with her out of hearing. Then she said:

"Don't you think that when people have made a great mistake the best thing possible is to confess it?"

And when he answered, "I suppose so," she simply took her ring from her finger and gave it back to him. Then she left him and walked away, and oh, how gay she was all that day! She had never believed that she could act so well. Her heart was full of burning pain, and she wished that she were dead. But her pride upheld her, and no one guessed how she suffered.

She was so glad that she had never told any one of her engagement to William Ritchie, and could join in all their merry talk when it was publicly known that Mr. Ritchie had cut out the generals and majors and captains and colonels of army society.

As for William, he was greatly congratulated, and when the major went back to his quarters with his daughter, in something of a hurry, there was talk of trouble with the Indians. It was understood that William Ritchie was to go out in six months' time to claim his bride and bear her away before the very eyes of all those envious warriors.

The major did not profess to be pleased. That a girl who could marry in army society should choose "a civilian" amazed him, he openly confessed. But "a willful woman must have her way." Cora was of age—full five and twenty.

"William Ritchie is very nice," Mrs Alford said.

"No doubt," the major assented. "But Cora might have had a general."

How glad Genie was when they were gone! How soon she left off her acting. Her mother opined that she had been too gay that summer. Mrs. Ritchie, who was broken hearted at her William's choice, came in sometimes and was apt to wish herself in the tomb of his forefathers. But William never came. He corresponded venomously with Miss Cora Standish, who made him jealous of now one officer and now another, and he felt that he received little sympathy at home.

At last the time arrived when he was to go to claim his bride. Between a horror of having her brought home, "to ride over her head," as she expressed it, and a fear that they would induce "her William" to take up his residence among them, Mrs. Ritchie was quite distracted.

"She is your cousin," she said to the girl one day, "or I'd say what I think of that creature. She might have kept herself with her own kind. Why should she carry off my boy?"

Then Genie felt so much sympathy for the bereaved mother that they mingled their tears.

Mrs. Ritchie would not go to Will's wedding—not she, indeed!

She went so far as to hope that when he returned he would find her dead of a broken heart. But she packed his trunk for him and put in a new Bible as her wedding gift to Cora. Then Will departed.

What with Will's popularity, his mother's despair and the doubt as to whether the young couple would come back to live or settle down at the fort, this wedding made a great deal of talk, and when time passed on and neither telegrams, letters, nor anything else in the shape of news arrived, there was some excitement. Had there been "trouble with the Indians" the newspapers would have revealed the fact. This silence was very strange.

Old Mrs. Ritchie was sure that Will was "weaned from her already," and consigned herself to despair. Genie read over and over again a poem which began:

Married, married, and not to me?
Is it a dream or can it be?

and pasted it in her scrapbook, and was reading it in the honeysuckle arbor when an expressman passed at old Mrs. Ritchie's gate and hauled from his wagon one solitary trunk with "W. R." upon it. Later Will himself walked up the road alone, with his portmanteau in his hand, and stood at his mother's door.

Something had happened. Genie would have been an angel if she had grieved over the fact. As it was she felt that her little bit of revenge was ready for her, and revenge was sweet, and with a merry laugh she skipped over to the fence that divided the gardens and called out:

"Why, how do you do, Will? Where is Cousin Cora?"

Will turned and looked at her, and came straight toward her.

"When I reached the major's residence your cousin Cora had just eloped with Colonel O'Shannessy," he said. "As the major and Mrs. Colonel O'Shannessy's brother are out hunting the colonel, I thought I would return home, though kindly invited to join the sport."

"Oh!" cried Genie, with all the horror of an innocent girl. "A married man! Is she like that—as bad as that?"

"It is pretty bad," said William. "But I'm glad I found her out so soon. Later would have made it a tragedy for me—and all your family, Genie!"

"Mine!" cried the girl.

"Yes," said Will. "When you gave me back my ring you threw me into her hands. Before that it was only a flirtation. I never intended it to be anything else, for my part. But when you used me so"—

"I used you so!" said Genie. "Why, William, I heard you talking to Cora in the arbor the night before I gave you back my ring!"

"No man ever talks that way to the woman he loves," said William.

Then they turned away from each other, but though Mrs. Alford wept over the awful conduct of her sister's daughter, Genie was happier than she had been for many moons.

You and I may wonder whether William Ritchie told the truth, or whether he told half of it, but Genie believed him.

Before long the gossips of the place whispered that she intended "to take pity on him," and this was Genie's view of the matter.

Her petulant conduct she said had driven him into the meshes Cora spread for all men. She was to blame. It was her duty to atone as far as she could. She felt sure of that, and William insisted upon it also. Therefore she one day married him.

In their case marriage has not proved a mistake, for they make a very comfortable couple, and no one was happier on the wedding day than old Mrs. Ritchie.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

Some Old Newspapers.

The first Dutch newspaper, which is still continued under the name of the Haarlem Courant, is dated Jan. 8, 1656. It was then called De Weeckelycke Courante van Europa and contained two folio pages of news. The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, in which are marks and alterations in his own hand. There are two complete copies of the first year's edition of this paper in the imperial library of St. Petersburg. The first newspaper established in North America was the Boston News-Letter, commenced April 24, 1704. It was half a sheet of paper, 8 by 12 inches, and having two columns on a page. It survived for seventy-two years and advocated the policy of the British government at the outbreak of the Revolution.

None of these newspapers ever said anything about baseball, but they make very interesting reading these days nevertheless, and if you ever come across any of them in your cellar, or under your parlor carpet, or indeed anywhere, you will be a very wise person if you take the best possible care of your find, for a single copy of any one of these papers is worth quite a hundred times the price of a copy of today's paper, or tomorrow's either, for that matter.—Harper's Young People.

The Reason for It.

"If cigarettes cause insanity, why don't more young men go crazy?" asks a correspondent. That is an easy one. Brains are a prime requisite to an attack of insanity. That's why more cigarette smokers don't go to asylums.—Pomona Progress.

A lady of Eastbourne, England, has just offered the sum of $350 to the Seamen's mission if the society will appoint a reader for that town, and the offer has been accepted. The fishermen of Eastbourne are all residents, without any admixture of nautical strangers.

A negro living near Choker, Ga., is the owner of a hound which, he says, attends all the religious meetings of the negroes, stands up and tries to follow them in the singing, and regularly goes to the altar to be prayed for with the rest of the mourners.

We know all about the plants of the Old World and their sober characters. What they can do in our New World has to be still more developed and is another thing.

In speaking of the solidification of a body by cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

Bathe in plenty of sunshine as well as in plenty of water, and don't forget to dry rub morning and night. It will add years to your life and vigor.

Facemaking was first done by Barbara Uttmann about 1500, though the invention is claimed for an earlier date by France and Italy.

EXPORTING COFFEE.

THE JOURNEY FROM THE BRAZILIAN ORCHARD TO THE OCEAN.

The Favorite American Breakfast Beverage Undergoes Many Experiences Before It Comes Before Us Hot and Steaming—How the Berry Is Secured.

Coffee is not a shrub, as is generally supposed, but a tree, which, if allowed to go untrimmed, would attain twenty feet or more in height, but which is generally kept down to eight or ten feet for convenience in picking. A grove can be started by burying the berries or from slips. The latter are preferable placed about six feet apart, and those plants which have been taken from the nursery with considerable earth around their roots will bear fruit in two years, though their full yield is not attained under four years. It is calculated that 1,000 thrifty trees will yield on a fair average 2,200 pounds of coffee per annum, but in some parts of San Paulo province the yield is as high as 6,500 pounds. There are two and sometimes three harvests to a year, but after fifteen or twenty years the old trees must be cut down to give place to new ones.

When fully ripe the berry is about the size, shape and color of a large cranberry. The tough red skin incloses two grains or seeds. The old way of preparing it for market, still much used in Brazil, was as follows: When the berries have acquired a rich blood red they are picked into bags by the negroes, twenty-three pounds being considered a fair day's work for one picker. The bags are then emptied on the terreno or drying place, which is generally a level piece of ground beaten smooth or covered with cement. After a few days in the sun the outer skin becomes black, hard and shriveled, and then the berries are pounded in huge wooden mortars until the skins are broken without injuring the tough grains.

By sifting, the skins and grains are separated and the latter are again spread out in the sun until the pellicle enveloping each grain is dry as dust. Then they are again subjected to the mortars and the winnowing fan, and are ready for sale or immediate consumption. The improved method now in vogue on the wealthier estates consists in drying the freshly picked grains on wooden trays or pavements, by which they escape the earthy flavor acquired when dried on the bare ground, and the outer and inner envelopes are removed by passing them through two mills.

The main feature of the first mill is a horizontal copper cylinder, whose surface is roughened after the manner of a rasp. It revolves against a board, between which and the teeth space is left for the grains to pass, but not the husks. The grains drop into water and are left to soak twelve hours, in which time the parchmentlike film that envelops each seed is softened. They are spread out again on trays in the sun, and when thoroughly dry are passed through the second mill, which resembles those used for grinding plaster, except that the two vertical rolling disks are of wood, six feet in diameter and five inches thick, their light weight abrading the pellicles without injuring the grains. Then the fanner is brought into requisition and the berries are put in bags for transportation.

The freight on a sack of coffee (188 pounds) is about one cent per mile; therefore, coffee coming from the end of the Dom Pedro II railway must pay in the neighborhood of four dollars the sack for transportation to the shipping point—one-third of its value when delivered in Rio. From Rio to New York the freight rarely exceeds sixty cents a sack, and it is often as low as twenty-five cents. Thus fifty miles of railroad carriage in the country where it grows costs more than 5,200 miles of ocean. Many of the planters still send their coffee to market by mule train, considering that the cheaper way of transportation.

The entrance into Santos of a mule train from the interior is something worth seeing. The train is always preceded by a white horse wearing a string of bells, and the mules obediently follow the leader. Sometimes troops of several hundred arrive in a morning, and again there are weeks when none appear. Every mule brings two bags of coffee on his back. Having made long, slow journeys, often hundreds of miles, the animals are pitiable looking objects when their burdens are removed, for the constant sawing of the loads has not only abraded the skin, but in many instances ground off the flesh to the bone.

The bags are dumped in huge piles in the custom house yards, and around them cargadores immediately collect like swarms of black bees. There is an export duty to pay, and every bag must be gleaned and a sample withdrawn in order to determine the quality and the duty thereon. The tariff, based on the market price, is regulated anew every Saturday.

The sampling instrument is a brass tube, shaped exactly like a pen. When the point is pushed into a sack of coffee the berries run down through the tube, and after a handful has been abstracted the instrument is withdrawn and its point turned over like a crochet hook, thus closing the opening. The operation occupies only a few seconds, and the "samples" taken out amount to many tons in the course of a year. They, together with all samples of exported sugars, are presented to the lepers' hospital.

The gangs of cargadores employed in "toting" the coffee away from the custom house and loading it upon waiting vessels are a feature of Santos. Naked, except from waist to knees, their chocolate colored hides glisten in the sun and their well cultivated muscles stand out like whipcords. Each gang has its leader, generally the tallest and most powerful negro among them, who carries a rattle, to the music of which his followers keep step in a rapid jog trot, singing a low, monotonous song meanwhile in words to us unintelligible. Sometimes the rattle gives place to a small flag.—Cor. Providence Journal.

The Worthy Member.

"Brother Lastly," said the spokesman, "I have an unpleasant duty to perform. There is a report that you have said that one of the best and most worthy members of our congregation is unable to attend service often on account of not having good enough clothes. We have come to ask the name of that member. We don't know of any such person, and a report of that kind is likely to reflect upon us as a congregation that does not look after its poor but worthy members. Will you tell me who it is?"

"Certainly, brethren," replied the Rev. Mr. Lastly, with a brave attempt to be cheerful. "It's my wife."—London Tit-Bits.

Honor Today.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday. Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of those blank todays. Let us not be so deceived! let us unmask the king as he passes.—Emerson.

Gentility on Forty Pounds a Year.

Many country curates of the English Established church are paid only forty pounds a year. The American office boys get better wages than that, yet the poor curates have to support families and keep up some show of gentility on their stretched pittances.—Churchman.

COME!

My sweetheart! my loveling! you darkened all the day,
When from my silent dwelling your footsteps turned away;
The morn was dark as midnight, the noonday sad as dawn,
The milk white daisies drooped their heads along the dewy lawn.

My darling! my dearest! I sought the garden round,
But never in a blossom your precious face I found;
No rose was red beside your lips, no lily like your throat,
No sound or thrilling of your voice in any thrush's note.

Ah! What is like your eyes, dear? gray sparkles of the sea,
So clear and crystal shining their beryl glances be;
And where is any flower of all that may compare
With the softly dancing glitter of the sunshine in your hair.

Alone through lingering daytime I listen for your feet,
Those springing steps no longer along the pathway beat;
I hear the dewdrops rustle in the branches overhead,
But home and you together for many a day have fled.

My life is sad and weary, too dark with want and pain,
But your dear eyes would bring its light and gladness back again;
My soul is tired of desert sands, bereft of cheer and balm,
For you were like the diamond spring beneath its lonely palm.

Come back, come back, my darling! Across the spaces hear!
Come light this night of grief and gloom, my Hesper shining clear;
Not long have I to linger, not long to call or cry;
Come back my treasured come, my heart, and bless me e'er I die!

—Rose Terry Cooke in New York Independent.

Proposing Under Difficulties.

An English writer tells an amusing story of a country house where a regular daily routine is observed, and where no chance is given one of breaking the monotony. It is of a man who wanted to stay in a country house, thinking it would give him the opportunity of proposing to a girl with whom he had been in love for a long time. His visit was to last a fortnight, but the last evening came without his having the one chance of being alone with her during the whole time. As he sat at dinner (of course he was at the opposite end of the table where she was) he felt the time was fast passing away, and in a few hours he would no longer be in the same house with her.

When the ladies went to the drawing room he would have to sit on in the dining room. His host might allow him to look in at the drawing room for a few minutes that evening, but after that his presence would be required in the billiard room. In utter desperation he took up the menu card and on it wrote, "Will you marry me?" He doubled it up, telling the butler to give it to the lady in question. He did so. She read it and with the perfect sang froid born only of the Nineteenth century said, "Tell the gentleman 'Yes.'"

Big Lamps.

Among the larger members of the lamp family a Turkish lamp more than half as large as a flour barrel is the most conspicuous. Its top and bottom are made of copper and the body is of linen, after the style of the ordinary Chinese lantern. Next in size to this is a Japanese "night lamp," used for all-night burning in the Jap's house. It is a square wooden frame nearly four feet high, with sliding frames on two sides, covered with white paper. The other sides, to within ten inches of the bottom, are also paper covered. A transverse board half way up this light tower holds a brass sancer, in which is burned "brassica" oil with wicks of rush.—Mechanical News.

To Preserve Milk.