

### Through Life.

Entering life, we come fearfully  
Into the new and unknown,  
Trembling and terrified, fearfully  
Lifting life's burden alone;  
Braving its dangers more cheerfully  
When we the stronger have grown.

Still, like old earth so receivingly  
Taking the bad and the good—  
Taking, nor choosing, believingly  
Ever the best as we could;  
Sadly repenting, then grievously  
Striving to do as we should.

Long may we wonder suspiciously,  
Ingrates whom passions enslave,  
Scornfully, proudly, rejectingly  
Serving the mercy God gave;  
Nor look to Him who protectingly  
His arm forth stretches to save.

Thoughtlessly, carelessly, amusingly  
Playing at life's checkered game;  
Ever the tally-sheet losingly  
Scorch a list to our name;  
Bravely our conscience accusingly  
Stirreth our senses with shame.

Looking to conscience inquiringly,  
Thoughtlessness seemeth a sin;  
Working and striving unfruitfully,  
So must the battle begin;  
Faith, hope and love will inspiringly  
Teach us how life we may win.

May we our duty do dutifully,  
Strengthening, careworn, oppressed;  
Treading our way ever carefully  
Through snares to home of the blest;  
Hopefully, cheerfully, prayerfully,  
Finding in heaven a rest!

Striving with sin, sin enslavingly  
Holding us ever so fast;  
Looking for mercy most cravingly  
Through the dark clouds sweeping past;  
Tenderly, lovingly, savingly,  
Jesus redeemeth, at last.

—Boston Transcript.

### 'WATCH THE BOX!'

The 6:20 evening express, No. 39, was over an hour late that night. Cause enough, heaven knows. For twelve hours the storm had raged, and now instead of showing any signs of breaking, the rain came down in torrents from the inky sky, and the thunder rolled ominously overhead. A bad storm to drive an engine through, as anybody would have known, and the wonder is that No. 39 was not here hours late instead of one. Luke Granger, the trustee, nervous engineer on the road, rounded the curve just below Red Ravine station at twenty-six minutes past seven. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the headlight cut a hole in the darkness. The station bridge might have given away in a storm like that, and I was beginning to get nervous over this thought.

Somehow everything made me nervous that night. It was just the kind of weather when things look all out of gear, anyway.

Then, I suppose, the knowledge of that money package being due and failing to come on the 11:30, as it should have done, had its effect on me. I didn't relish the idea of keeping \$13,000 in cash until the next day. Eldridge & Ricketson had been down themselves to meet the morning train, and if the package had come I could have turned it over to them at once, and that would have been the end of the matter. But it didn't come. That's a way things have in this world, when you most want 'em.

There wasn't a soul at the station that night except myself, and there were only two passengers who got off the train. I speak of 'em that way not meaning to be disrespectful, or make light of solemn things; only a habit, I suppose; for most people would say there was only one passenger that got off at Red Ravine, seeing that the second of 'em was carried out of the express car in a wooden box. Usually when a body was coming on I got word beforehand, but this one took me quite by surprise, and added not a little to the nervousness already felt.

"Who is it?" I asked, as the box was carried into the station.

The passenger who had got off the train, and who was a stranger to me, answered my inquiry.

"The body is that of my sister-in-law," said he. "She was the niece of Thomas Eldridge—doubtless you know him. Her death was very sudden. She is to be buried in Mr. Eldridge's lot here."

"Then I suppose the body is to be left in my charge until to-morrow?" said I.

"Yes," answered the stranger. "Do you suppose that I can get to Mr. Eldridge's myself to-night?"

"Well," I replied, "it's a good four miles, and in such a storm as this—"

"I'll wait until to-morrow," interrupted the stranger. "There is some sort of a hotel here, isn't there?"

"Yes, a good one. You'll have to foot it, though; but it's only a matter of a quarter of a mile, and you can't miss your way, for the road up the hill leads to the house."

Here I made my way out to the platform again and made my way on the express car where the money package, which all along I had secretly hoped wouldn't come, was delivered to me by the messenger. As he gave it to me he said:

"You'll want to keep a sharp eye on that, Billy. There's enough in it to make one of your Red Raviners put a bullet through your head, and never give you the chance to object."

"I look out for the Red Raviners, and the package is 'too,'" said I, confidently enough. But if the truth had been told, I didn't like the suggestion which the messenger had made.

lust train which stopped at Red Ravine until ten minutes past six the next morning. So my work for the night was done, and I had only to lock up the doors, see that things were all right about the place, and sit down to my newspaper in the little room which served as my sleeping quarters.

Twenty years had passed since I first found myself installed at Red Ravine as telegraph operator in the railway station. Being content with the humdrum sort of life, and faithful to my duties, I had come by degrees to attend to all the work which the place required. That is, I was ticket agent, baggage-master and keeper of the station, besides acting for the express company and continuing my charge of the telegraph key. These combined labors made it pretty close work for me, but they all yielded a very comfortable income; and as I was troubled with no unsatisfied ambitions, I counted myself well fixed. As I have intimated, I slept in the station, partly to keep guard on the company's property and partly from choice; being a bachelor and without kin, I was nothing to attract me elsewhere. My duties had grown a part of second nature, and I had lived in the little town so long that the younger generation had come to speak of me as "Old Billy." That was, I suppose, because my hair was getting gray and my joints a little stiff.

The Red Ravine station was a wooden building, about forty feet long and twenty wide. It was divided into two compartments, the larger one being for freight and baggage, and the smaller one for passengers. My own little room was only a piece partitioned off from the freight quarter, and ten feet square, and connected by a door with a box of an office in the passenger's room, which served both for selling tickets and holding the telegraph key. In this latter apartment, also, was placed the old-fashioned iron safe, in which I locked up my valuable express packages when any happened to come to Red Ravine. The village, I ought to explain, had grown up entirely through the influence of the great iron works of Eldridge & Ricketson. There were rich beds of ore a few miles to the north, and these, as well as the foundry, which employed 400 or 500 hands, were controlled by the firm I have mentioned. There had been some trouble at the works recently—a strike or something growing out of delay in paying the men their wages. This is how it happened that the \$13,000 money package came into my keeping for a night.

Well, when I had made all my snug about the station, and got off my wet clothing, I sat down comfortably with pipe and newspaper to enjoy my customary reading. The storm outside continued to rage more and more fiercely, but within, things were cosy as could be. But that night, things seemed all out of gear, as I have said. My pipe didn't soothe me as was its wont; try as I might, I couldn't get interested in the newspaper; an uncomfortable feeling of dread—a feeling that some shadowy but horrible thing was about to happen—possessed my mind.

"It all comes from that pesky money package," I muttered to myself. "Why couldn't it have got here on the 11:30 and saved me the job of keeping it here over night?"

Just at this moment came a terrific clap of thunder and a flash of lightning vivid enough to make the lamp dim. I had looked up the package in the safe and put the key—there was no combination lock—in my pocket. But I had not the largest faith in the security of the old safe. It had occurred to me often that a person could open it, even if he wasn't a skillful crackman. It was my custom to leave my door open between my little room and the ticket office, so that if Red Ravine was called on the telegraph key I could hear it. The instrument had been clicking away at a great rate for the past hour; but as it was none of my business I had paid no attention to what was going over the wires. I judged now from the nearness of the lightning and the jerking sounds of the instrument that the storm was playing the mischief with the messages. I passed into the ticket office where a light was left burning, and stood for some time thinking whether the money package would be less exposed in the safe than it would be under the mattress of my bed, and I finally concluded that the latter would be the hardest for any possible thief to reach. So I took out the heavy brown envelope and stowed it away under the mattress.

Once more I sat down to my newspaper and pipe, but with no better success than before. The storm seemed now to have centered right over the little station. Peal after peal of thunder rent the air, and the lightning played about the sky like phosphorus on an inky background. If you have ever chanced to be in a telegraph office during a thunder-storm, you may have seen the electricity dash down the wires in a way to make timid people nervous. Even veteran operators, like myself, wouldn't want to undertake to receive that sort of message. I was tempted to close the key, but the meaningless ticking had a sort of fascination for me in the mood I then was.

To occupy myself about something I reached my lantern, went into the freight room, examined again the bolts of the doors and the fastenings of the windows, and returned to the room more worried and upset than ever. Just as I was entering my own nest, the light of the lantern fell squarely on the wooden box. Oddly enough, until that moment I had forgotten all about the dead young woman. Thinking so steadily of the \$13,000 had, I suppose, driven the box out of my mind. But I can't say it was any comfort to have it brought back now; for a corpse is never the most cheerful of company, and, feeling as I did then, I would a great deal rather have had no company at all.

It must have been the imp of the perverse, I suppose, that impelled me, after the box had been brought back to my mind, to look at the door open so that I could sit and stare at it with morbid curiosity. As I have already said, my sleeping-apartment was partitioned off from the freight room, and was connected with the latter by a door. The body had been placed in such a position that when this door was open the head of the box was in sight. Two or three times I got up to shut the door, but some strange fatality drove me back to my chair, and caused me to keep in view the box with its sad freight. All this time the storm raged, the thunder discharged its mighty batteries, the lightning flashed, and the mad ravings of the telegraph continued. I caught my hand trembling as I tried to refill my pipe. Nervousness, no doubt; but possibly an observer might have thought old Billy was frightened.

I had just risen to wind the little clock on the shelf, when suddenly out of the hitherto meaningless ticking of the in-

strument sharply and distinctly came to my ears these sounds:

— Watch the box! —

which in spoken words meant, "Watch the box!" I started as if a charge of electricity had shot through my frame. I could fairly feel my face grow white. I stood motionless, clutching the back of my chair, and with my eyes riveted in vacant stare at the table in the telegraph office. I knew this was no work of an excited imagination. The words, to my practical ear, were as plain as if shouted in clarion tones. There had come no call for Red Ravine, and the message ended without signature or mark, but abruptly, as it had begun. More than that, it was not the writing of an operator on any section of the line. I would have sworn to that with as much positiveness as you would to the tones of a voice with which you are familiar. In the dot and dash alphabet we learn to distinguish who is handling the keys almost with as much accuracy as others distinguish handwriting. And in all my experience I had never heard the sibilant click of a message like that.

While I stood dazed and almost paralyzed (for you must remember that old Billy's nerves were strung to a terrible pitch that night) the rapid and unintelligible click-click was resumed as if a demon had again got hold of the key. It tumbled five minutes before I mustered courage enough to pass into the ticket office and sit down by the table myself. Not once had I turned back to look at the box. Almost at the instant of my sitting down at the table the clicking stopped short, as it had done before, and then these words were repeated: "Watch the box!"

I sprang up from the table, and, with the now strengthened conviction that it was no delusion, no fancy, but that the sound had come plainly over the wires, I felt my courage returning, and resolved to heed the mysterious warning. The rolling of the storm no longer depressed me. I stepped boldly back into my own room, and rested my eyes unflinchingly on the mysterious box. What was the mysterious freight? Why had the phantom of the storm sent these startling words over the wires? What unknown hand had reached out from the very lightning itself to warn me of some impending danger? These questions rushed through my mind as I felt the dread fear disappearing and found myself of a sudden growing strangely calm.

The clock struck ten. I turned to the shelf, and with a hand that no longer trembled inserted the key, and wound it composedly. Would it be the last time that I should perform that simple task? No matter. Happier than most men, because content with my humble lot, it should never be said that old Billy flinched in the face of duty. For that night it was my duty—my sacred, all-important duty—to guard the treasure left to my keeping. And guard it I would while life remained.

When I had finished winding the clock, I took down from the shelf an old rusty pistol which had lain for years undisturbed. It was not loaded, nor had I either powder or bullet anywhere in the station. But the weapon was an ugly looking one, and carried a sort of silent force in case of too aggressive argument. After examining the rusty clock, I put the pistol on the table, lighted my pipe, and—closed the door that opened into the freight-room. Now that I was thoroughly myself again, I found it easy enough to shut out the sight of that ominous oblong box.

It was not until the clock struck again—that is eleven—that I made up my mind to go to bed. All the time the storm held on, although the thunder had begun to rumble more distantly. I threw off my coat and slippers, put out the light in the ticket office, and turned that in my sleeping-room down to a low flame. Then I drew the money package from under the table and pinned it securely to my wooden chair under my vest. This done, and the table so placed that I could reach both the lamp and the pistol, I opened the door into the freight-room some three or four inches and then threw myself upon the bed. Just as my head touched the pillow the instrument, which had grown quiet now, clicked off for the third time, loudly, distinctly, slowly, its words of warning: "Watch the box!"

This time the warning was not heeded. I had not gone to bed to sleep, but for the very purpose of watching the box. Standing as it did, with the head close to the door, and therefore close to the box itself, the bed afforded the very best point from which to keep an eye on the suspicious freight. Had my faith in the telegraphic clicking been less, or had my own sense of great responsibility deserted me for a single moment, I should certainly have given up the job of watching as foolish, and in that case it is not likely that this narrative would ever have been written. But I believed in the three-repeated message, and did not let drowsiness overcome patience. Twelve, one, two—how very slowly the hours seemed to drag themselves out. The low flame of the lamp went out, as the oil went dry. What a relief it was to hear the clock strike! At last, somewhere about midnight, the storm had broken. I could see the stars as they came out, through the window in the freight room, which was on a line of vision with the box. How strangely still it seemed after the mighty roar of the storm and the sharp claps of thunder! Not a clink from the instrument thence. Not a sound save the sturdy ticking of the clock. Still I lay listening, watching, with faculties all alert and my eyes always on the oblong box.

A little past two—perhaps ten minutes. The silence almost painful in its profundity. Nothing but the tick-tick of the clock, which, to my eager ear, had taken on this sound, which it kept repeating over and over.

"Watch—the—box! Watch—the—box!" What was that?

Not the clock, not the telegraphic instrument. No, it was the sound as of the grating of iron. Faint, very faint, yet still audible to my ear! Breathing regularly and deeply, as one breathes in sleep, I lay and listened. Another interval of silence, and then a trifling sound came again, this time a trifle louder than before. The light of the stars shining through the window made the objects in the freight-room just visible. Almost simultaneously with the second grating noise I saw the cover of the wooden box rising slowly from the end furthest removed from the bed. I could feel my heart thumping away like a sledge-hammer, but I continued to breathe heavily and to watch keenly. Gently and noiselessly the cover was pressed upward until it reached an angle which completely shut out from my view the window beyond. A moment later the figure of a man came out of the

shadows, while the box cover was let down as noiselessly as it had been raised.

This then was the burden of the box. This was the meaning of the mysterious warning which the sibilant had spoken.

With cat-like tread the figure moved toward the door of my room. Still I lay as in deep sleep. On the threshold the figure paused, and in a moment later a single ray of light like a silver thread pierced the darkness and fell upon the bed. Luckily it did not strike my face, and in an instant I closed my eyes. As I had anticipated, the ray of light was directed toward my pillow, and by the sense of feeling I knew it rested on my face. Satisfied that I was in deep slumber, the figure, still with cat-like tread, glided through the bedroom and into the ticket office. My eyes were wide open again by this time. The light from the dark lantern had increased, but its rays were now turned toward the safe. Obviously the robber believed the treasure he sought was there. I waited until he knelt down to examine the lock, and then, with steps as noiseless as his own, I slipped from the bed and toward the half-opened door. So intent was he in examining the safe that it was not until I was within reach of him that he heard me.

He sprang to his feet, bringing the glass of the lantern full into my face, and reaching for his revolver, which he had laid upon the top of the safe. But he was too late. With the rusty old pistol, held by its long barrel, I dealt him a crushing blow on the head just as his fingers grasped his own weapon. He fell heavily without uttering a groan. The lantern was extinguished as it fell, and with trembling fingers I struck a match and lighted the lamp in the office. The rays fell upon the upturned face of the robber I saw that blood was flowing from the wound I had inflicted, and I saw, too, that his eyes were fixed in his outlines and intelligent in expression. I had time to notice no more, for I felt now that the danger was past, the need of aid. So, after binding the unconscious man's feet and arms and bathing his head in cold water, I pulled on my boots and overcoat and started in hot haste for the hotel.

Half-way on the road I met a covered carriage drawn by one horse. I took it to be the turn-out of Matthews, the hotel proprietor, and wondering what he could be out for at that hour, I shouted his name. I got no response. Then I cried out at the top of my voice:

"I've killed a burglar down at the station! Whoever he is in the carriage must have heard me, but the horse only quickened his sharp trot, and disappeared in the darkness."

They give me a good deal more credit, the people of Red Ravine, for that night's adventure, than I deserve. And I do not blame them for laughing at how things came out. For when a party of us got back to the station my unconscious burglar had disappeared, and the tracks next morning showed that the covered carriage which I had met on the road had drawn up at the platform. Who was in it? Well, I couldn't swear, but I have a notion that it contained the gentleman who had come on with the body. At all events, neither he nor the body was ever seen in the town again. I had the satisfaction of delivering the money package safely to Eldridge & Ricketson, but the clerk they gave me was not really merited. For what would have happened had it not been for the mysterious message which no man sent?—Washington Post.

### Runaway Horses.

The horse that has once acquired the habit of running away, says "The Book of the Horse," will bolt on the first opportunity. If you suspect his intention the best plan is to check it the moment he begins to move, taking hold of one rein with both hands, and giving it one or two such violent jerks that the rogue must pause or turn round. Then stop him, and if you doubt your being able to hold him, get off. Perhaps a too vigorous "pull" may make him cross his legs and fall—not a pleasant contingency, but anything is better than being run away with in a street. In open country you may compel the runaway to gallop with a loose rein until he is tired, or to move in a constantly narrowing circle until he is glad to halt. A ten-acre field is big enough for this expedient. But the great point is to stop a runaway before he gets into his stride; after he is once away few bits will stop a real runaway—a steady pull is a waste of exertion on the rider's part. Some horses may be stopped by sawing the mouth with the snaffle, but nothing will check an old hand. Another expedient is to hold the reins very lightly, and on the first favorable opportunity, as a rising hill, for instance, to try a succession of jerks. But the cunning practice of runaway is not to be so much feared as the mad, frightened horse. The mad horse will dash against a brick wall, or jump at spiked railings of impossible height. I once saw a runaway horse, after getting rid of his rider, charge and break open his locked stable door.

### Richard the Third's Bed.

In the corporation records of Leicester there is still preserved a story curiously illustrative of the darkness and precaution of Richard's character. Among his camp baggage it was his custom to carry a "practical" runaway in a furniture box, which he had made to resemble a cumbrous wooden bedstead, which he covered with a heavy blanket. He could sleep in, but in which he contrived to have a secret receptacle for treasure, so that it was concealed under a weight of timber. After Bosworth field the troops of Henry pillaged Leicester, but the royal bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterward discovering the board became suddenly rich without any visible cause. He bought land, and at length he became mayor of Leicester.

Many years afterward, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was assassinated by her servant, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this culprit and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light. Concerning this bed, a public print of 1830 states that about a century since the relic was purchased by a furniture broker in Leicester, who slept in it for many years, and showed it to the curious; it continues in as good condition apparently as when used by King Richard, being formed of oak and having a high polish. The daughter of the broker having married one Babington, of Rothley, near Leicester, the bedstead was removed to Babington's house, where it is still preserved.

Large holes in a loaf of bread are proof of a careless cook. The kneading has been slighted.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

The London Times says that the Russian Nihilists carry about their persons the types with which they do their printing. If it is necessary to publish a proclamation or other document the compositors meet in secret, and in the quickest possible way put in type the manuscript, and then print it from a hand press. When the necessary number of copies is ready the press is taken to pieces and put in the pockets of the conspirators, who immediately return to their homes.

Prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century, opium was imported into China in comparatively small quantities, and mainly used as a remedy in dysentery. The vice of opium smoking began in the latter half of the seventeenth century, but the drug was then too dear to permit the habit to spread rapidly; at the end of a hundred years, however, it had extended over the whole empire. The first edict against the practice was issued in 1796, and since then there have been innumerable prohibitory enactments, but all powerless to arrest the evil, which is now greater than ever before, and increasing in an alarming ratio.

The report of the Canadian government superintendent of railroads shows, that including 945 miles under construction, there are now 8,022 miles of railway in that country, with an invested capital of \$302,000,000. These roads last year earned \$19,925,000, and their operating expenses were \$16,190,000; the net earnings were, therefore, equal to a dividend of 1.67 per cent. upon the share and bonded liability, allowing nothing for the government and municipal bonuses. The number of passengers carried during the year was 6,523,000, of whom but nine were killed and but twenty injured. Of the four leading roads the Grand Trunk did the largest business, their earnings being over \$8,500,000, and more than twice as large as those of the Great Western, which ranks next in importance.

Miss Riley, of Cincinnati, is making her mark as a dentist. One day her father asked her if she would not like to study dentistry. She caught at the idea eagerly. "I went into it with all manner of enthusiasm," said Miss Riley, "and I think it is beautiful work." One could not but think of the horrible clamps and other instruments of torture, but evidently these had no part in the young lady's visions. After studying at Hamilton she came to the Ohio Dental college and took the course, setting up herself as a professional dentist only last month. "Do you find that you have the strength to pull teeth?" was inquired. "Yes, if necessary," she replied, "but really it is very seldom that it is necessary. Dental science has discovered so many ways that are better, and we restore the imperfect tooth rather than extract it."

A difficulty has supervened in the construction of the St. Gothard tunnel under the Alps which threatens to seriously retard its completion. In the part of it where the formation is of porous white stone the vaulting has already given way twice or three times, and it has required the greatest care and constant staying with timber to prevent the passage thereabouts from completely collapsing. It was thought, however, that a granite wall six feet thick would support the superincumbent mass of white stone and keep the tunnel permanently open. A wall of this thickness has been finished, but it has begun to give way, and the engineers are at their wits' end how to overcome the difficulty. In the opinion of the geologist of the tunnel it can be overcome only by making a wide curve so as to get round the white stone instead of going through it. This would involve the entire reconstruction of that part of the tunnel, in which cases probably, it will not be ready for traffic before the time fixed for the completion of the lines of approach—two years hence.

### Milk as Food.

Unadulterated, undiluted, unskimmed and properly treated milk, says the London Lancet, taken from a healthy cow in good condition, and produced by the consumption of healthy and nutritious grasses and other kinds of food, contains within itself in proper proportions, says Professor Sheldon, all the elements necessary to sustain human life through a considerable period of time. Scarcely any other article of food will do this. When we eat bread and drink milk water—all of them in the best combination and condition to nourish the human system. All things considered, good milk is the cheapest kind of food that we have, for three pints of it, weighing three and three-quarter pounds, and costing ten cents, contain as much nutriment as one pound of beef, which costs fifteen cents. There is no loss in cooking milk, as there is in cooking the beef, and there is no bone in it that cannot be eaten; it is simple, palatable, nutritious, healthful, cheap and always ready for use with or without preparation. This is to say that, chemically, three-sevenths pounds of milk is the equivalent of one pound of beef, in flesh-forming or nitrogenous constituents, and three-sevenths pounds of milk is the equivalent of one pound of beef, in heat-producing elements, or carbohydrates. We must therefore assume from the data offered that the relative of beef and milk as human food are as three and one-half pounds to eleven and one-half pounds, or, in round numbers, one to three and one-half.

### House-Building Ape.

In the middle of Africa is found an ape which builds a shelter for himself in a tree. He selects a tall tree growing nearly straight out, and about twenty feet from the ground. This branch is for his floor, and over it he makes a roof, exactly in the shape of a large umbrella, with the trunk of the tree for the handle. It is made of leaf branches, tied on to the tree with vines, of which African woods are full, and is a well-shaped and neatly made that it would do credit to a human builder. When the ape is at home, he sits in the branch with his head up under the green roof, and an arm around the trunk to hold on. One animal lives in each house alone, and he uses it only until he has eaten all the food he cares for near, and then he builds a new house in another place.

Two hundred railroad bridges are said to have fallen within the past ten years.

### The Song of the Sower.

The farmer stood at his open door,  
Looking north and south and east and west  
God wife, the swallows are back once more  
Back again to their last year's nest.  
I'm off to the fields to speed the plow,  
The birds are singing on every bough.  
The skies are dreaming of summer blue;  
Trees are dreaming of rustling leaves;  
And I have a dream—God make it true!  
Of standing corn, and of golden sheaves,  
Of meadows green, and of new-made hay  
And respersing again at dawn o' day.

Call all the boys; we must go afield,  
To speed the plow and cast the seed;  
God bless the seed, and make it to yield  
Plenty, both man and beast to feed!  
God bless the seed, and speed the plow  
For birds are singing on every bough!

Then out with his boys the farmer went,  
Into the fields the soil spring morn,  
Sowing the seed with a glad content,  
Singing, while sowing the good seed-corn,  
God bless the sower, and bless the plow,  
The corn, the wheat, and the barley mow!  
—Harper's Weekly.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Whoever learns to stand alone must learn to fall alone.

When a man attains the age of ninety he may be termed XC dingly old.

Does not a farmer become a cannibal when he eats his own kine?—Yonkers Statesman.

"What," asks the New Haven Register, "is worse than freckles?" You might try a boil.

Kanrokuro Naka Yoma, a Japanese, has passed a satisfactory examination for the bar at Boston.

The first iron works in this country were erected in 1619 at Falling Creek, not far from Jamestown, Va.

There are, it is said, eight translations of the Bible in the languages of the South Sea islands and New Zealand.

The Federal government has spent over \$30,000,000 since the war in erecting government buildings all over the country.

About 336,300,000 gallons of beer were manufactured in the United States in 1879, and 1,545,500,000 gallons in Great Britain.

Lady Harcourt, daughter of J. Lotrop Motley, is the first American lady who has become the wife of an English cabinet minister.

It is now about 140 years since the beginning of foreign missions, and converts from heathenism now number about a million and a half.

"None knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise," yet his friends stuck all the closer when they found he'd made a "raise."—New York News.

What's the use of talking so much about spelling reform that's an easy word, anybody can spell reform. Why don't they take a hat one?—Seabenville Herald.

A friend writes from the Colorado mountains to say that he got as ravenous as a raven among the ravines, and sat down in one of the gorgeous gorges and gorged himself.

The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

To keep dried beef: Do up in a thick brown paper each piece separate; take a box, put in a layer of dry ashes, then a layer of beef, then alternate; cover the top with dry ashes; set in a cool, dry place.

A newspaper out West thus heads its report of a fire: "Feast of the Fire Fiend—The Fork-Tongued Demon Licks with its Lurid Breath a Lumber Pile—Are the Scenes of Boston to be Repeated?—Loss 1500 doll."

The suit with postilion basque, tablier overkirt and round skirt, is one of the prettiest designs for a simple dress of woollens—bunting, cashmere, cheviot, or camel's-hair—to be worn in the mornings at home, for shopping, traveling, etc.

A Michigan girl eloping to get married had on the day to purchase a pair of cotton gloves, and her father had time to come up and put a stop to the proceedings. Hang a girl who won't get married bare-handed to the chap she loves.—Detroit Free Press.

According to the Abbe Petiot there are two districts in the Bouches du Rhone where all the inhabitants—some 15,000—stammer. He ascribes this to long continued intermarriages among the communities and to a consequent degeneracy of the race.

An Ohio pioneer, James D. Covert, recently died at Mansfield. He went there from New Jersey in 1807. At Chautauqua, N. Y., his team gave out and he and his family walked the rest of the way, and arrived with but three dollars in money. He worked steadily, and died the richest man in his town, ship, leaving twenty-two children.

It may interest somebody to know that the first summer cottage built in Newport, R. I., was in 1838, and is the house now standing opposite the Ocean house. It was built by George Jones, of Savannah, who paid \$6,700 for the lot. David Sears, of Boston, George Bancroft, H. A. Middleton, of South Carolina, and Albert Sumner, brother of Charles Sumner, were among the first summer residents. The growth of Newport is something astonishing to look back upon. Here is one instance. A plot of ground sold in 1848 for \$2,000, and its last sale was for \$60,000. The first hotel was built there in 1843 at a cost of \$30,000, and Abbott Lawrence was its first patron.

It is a curious fact not generally known at a certain point on the Upper Columbia, close to the water's edge, the fine sand is continually traveling up stream in one eternal procession. Talk of the great army of Xerxes on the march—what was that to the myriad but atoms that pace on the margin of the mighty river? In comparison with these tiny travelers what are the "leaves of the forest when the summer is green?" This sand is being continually washed ashore, and as the water falls away with the death of the season it is taken up by the winds, carried back up stream, is blown into the water and makes another voyage, and so the work of transportation back and forth, by land and by sea, goes on forever and ever.