THE DEACON'S WEEK.

Rose Terry Cooke

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, id people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table. and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Eugar brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was a still scattered population eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer t theological problems as well as hot iron, with the calous, and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps be had a still harder task to waken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with parren lside and rocky passure for mere food and clothing, a d their nights to sleep the full sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and toilow His feetsters. lo-day - no - a long time be fore to-day, he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible-reader. she noble utterance of Gamaliel concern ing Peter and his brethren when they stood before the counsel: "if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come sto naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." So with a sense of strength the minister spoke. "My dear fri nds," he said, "you all

know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the week of prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make for this once a week of practice in stead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this I don t mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For in-

stance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try ah that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Eunday-schools; go and your scholars, such of you as are teachers. and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the 1 ord is to His family, the church, remembering the words, 'r athers Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. These are texts rarely commented upon I have noticed in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obed ence due from chiland the submission and

brethren.

I ever did in my life tefore; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm a goin' to stay stopped. "Well, come to dinner, there was an-other fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks, always had it three times a day, and the doctor has been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsia like every thing, and it makes me useless by spells Die. and as onreliable as a weather-cock. An Dr. Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I was waiting for breakfast, for twas Monday and wife was kind of set tack with washin' and all, and I come acrost that part where it says that the bodies of christians are temples of the Holy Guost, Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pic, I felt as though I couldn't; and, lo ye, I didn t! I cat a piece right against my conscience, facin what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me considerable, and said i wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him, and help him, for I see just how it was So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n l knew be ore.

'I started out next day to look up my Bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday school as they ought to along back, but I was busy, here and there and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Weil, twould take the evenin to tell it all, but 1 found one real sick, been abed three weeks, and was so giad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heard the Lord for the first time sayin : 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another mans old mother says to me before he come in from the shed, says she: Hes been a sayin that if folls practiced what they preached you d ha come round to look him up be fore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Erethering, so was I! ted you, that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lords wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me.

a smile he could not repress passed over Mr i arkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

Brother Emmons, do you remember what the master said. 'If any man will do his will be shall know of the doctrine. whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself?

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon. "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible class nor took no seeh int rest in 'em as I do to-day -not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more reg lar now too. '

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant toward everybody; so I went around secin' folks that was neighbors. and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philury says, says she: 'Squire Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a-tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down tiat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a-breakin' into my lots ever sence we got in th' aftermath and it's Squire Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter. and that orchard was a young one jest coming to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better blieve I didn't have much fellerfeelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship meetin' day, ant it, deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped

they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons' shortcomin's that Oh! never sink 'neath Fortune's frown, was real agreeable

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the carly part of the week, and things was a little cuterin', but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so muc. as common. I began to think 'twas get tin' easy to practice after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a han some piece, a l done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin'-every now and then a thin streak. She d dn t notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on it, and said shed take the whole piece Well, just as I was wrappin of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act jest as the Lord would in our place, came acrost Why, I turned as red as a beet. me. know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was 1, a door keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin a woman. I tell ye brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' herr.ck,' says I, 'I don t believe you've looked real close at this goods. 'tain't thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it, but what fetched me was to think how many times I'd done sech mean, onre inble little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin and prayin' that I wanted to be like (hrist. I kep' a trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd rather, as far as the bard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wail than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours, and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought

to be. So this morain' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twis missionary mornin', aud seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' vedders. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I. Good mornin', ma'am, and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come ove to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, and finally I said, says 'We don't see you to meetin' very fre

quent, Mis' vedder. "'No, you don't'" sez she as quick as a wink. 'I stay to home and mind my business.

" 'Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good, ' says I, sort of conciliatin'. 'Look a here, deacon!' she snapped. Tve lived alongside o, you fifteen years and you knowed I never went to a meetia; we sint a pious lot, and you

knowed it; we're poorer'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you a comin here to-day for, 1d like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin ? Go to meetin' I'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' W come at me with a broomstick. Why, she There wasn t no need on t; what she said was enough. I hadn't mever asked her nor her n to so much as taink of goodness be Then I went to another place jest fore. like that-I won t call no more names-and sure enough there was ten children ia rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drank. He giv it to me, too, and I don't wonder. I'd never lift a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'e said considerably about the heathen foreign parts and give some little for to convert em, and 1 had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say: "These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, breth:en. I come home,

BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR.

[W. Gilmore Simms.] But brave her with a shout of cheer, And front her fairly-face her down She's only stern to those who fear! Here's "Better luck another year! Another year!

Aye, better luck another yeari We'll have her smile instead of sneer--A thousand smiles for every tear, With home made glad and goodly cheer, And better luck another year-Another year!

The daniel fortune still denies The plea that yet delights her ear; The blea that yet delights her ear; Tis but our manhood that she tries. She's coy to those who doubt and fear, She'll graat the suit another year! Another year!

Here's "Better luck another year!" She now denies the golden prize; But spite of frown and scorn and sneer, Be firm, and we will win and wear With home made glad and goodly cheer,

In better luck another year, Another year! Another year.

Emancipation of the Workingman. [Emma W. Rogers in The Current.]

What Goldwin Smith says of English workingmen is equally applicable to the same class in the 1 nited States: "A slight change in the habits of our workingmen would add more to their wealth, their happiness and their hopes than has been added by all the strikes or by consicts of any kind," Whisky, tobacco and loafing are, without doubt, the weights that drag down the laboring class, in spite of efforts to elevate it, both from within and with-These have blocked the way out. every advance movement and they threaten defeat to any experiment that shall require sobriety, c. e.g. and industry on the part of the workingmen,

In the twelfth annual report of the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor the objection urged by manufacturers against the uniform ten-hour law is stated by the chief of that bureau to be the misuse the laborers make of leisure, re su ting in loss to their employers as well as to themselves. "Whiskey, tobacco and loafing," he says, "these three words were a most daily urged against ten hours. It is not too much to say that the sobe industrious and 'frugal operatives, and all who seek for better things for them, have to carry, the loafers, the tipplers and the saloon-keepers on their backs.

If the laborer desires to share more largely in the increasing product of in-dustrial enterprise he must acquire capital, and to do this he must learn to save. airnes sets forth i ngland's annual drink bill of 1:0,0 0,000 pounds sterling, one-half of which he thinks belongs indisputably to the laboring class, as an answer to the assertion that the laborer's income leaves no margin for saving. "The ob-stacles to saving," he says, "are not physical but moral obstacles, and, supposing laborers had the virtue to overcome them, the first step toward their industrial emancipation would have been accomplished.

> A Novel Clock. [Exchange.]

A novel clock is described in the newspapers of Liverpool, where it has re-cently been set up. The clock is made on the simple principle of a counting or registering apparatus, and indicating in large legible figures the exact hour and minute throughout the whole day and night. The dial consists of a series of e ual-sized plates, on which the figures are marked.

These figures are arranged side by side, and exposed to view through an aperture, a division being made in the center of the opening to distinguish between the hours ind minutes. The figures on the left in dicate the hours, those on the right the minutes past the hour, in the same manner as the time is shown in railway and here I be. I ve been searched through and through, and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!" every sixtleth second the last figure on ELLEFONTE and here I be. I ve been searched through guides. The figures remain stationary

Quick Railway Time.

Rockford, 11., Jan. 1880, This is to certify that we have appointed To Your Interest F-ank P. Blair, sole agent for the sale of our Quick Train Railroad Watches in the town " Bellefoute.

ROCKFORD WATCH COMPANY, . BY HOSMER P. HULLAND, Sec. Having most thoroughly tested the Rockford Quick Train Watches for the last three years, I offer them with the fullest confidence as the best made and most reliable time keeper for the money that can be obtained.

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DIGHTON, Jan. 27, 1882. The Rockford watch purchased Feb. 1879, has performed better than any Watch I ever had. Have carried it every day and at no time has it been irregular, or in the least unreliable. ! cheerfully recommend the Rockford HORACE B. HORTON, Watch. at Dighton Furnace Co.

TAUNTON, Sept, 18, 1881. The Rockford Watch runs very accurately ; better than any watch I ever owned, and I have had one that cost \$150. Can recommond the Rockford Watch to everybody who wishes a fine timekeeper.

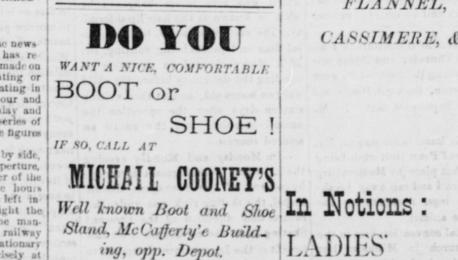
S. P. HUBBARD, M. D.

This is to certify that the Rockford Watch bought Feb. 22, 1879, has run very well the past year. Having set it only twice during that time, its only variation being three minutes. It has run very much better than I ever an. ticipated. It was no' adjusted and only R P. BRYANT. cost \$20.



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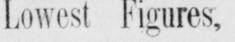
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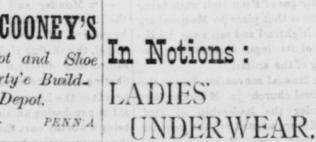
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te Zona Bread to ort, et a

our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us then each for himself try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great Exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and he world about us that we have not taken upon us II is name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know, and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find. work that ye know not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday even ing meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience for the You who are willing to try tills week. method, please to rise " Everybody tose except old Amos

Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him. imploringly- He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixel and positive to do; it was the lever point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

to move a world, saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they booked downcast, troubled, weary, as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on

You." "I'm sorry for 't," said the deacon, ris-ing up, and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ve.

"That isn't what we want, " said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience.

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick set man, with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found cut these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Mon-day I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and ithin't good for me. the doctor says it in t; but, dear me it does set a man up od, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse! I knew it made me what olks call nervous and I call cross before night come; and I knew it friched on spells of low spirits when our folks couldn't get a word out of me-not a good che, anyway; so I thought I'd try of that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though bouldn't eat my breakfast without it. feel to pity a man that loves lignor more'n ye know, but I hadn't never thought that

my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty dis-tinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a p:ofessor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one dav!

" Hreth-e ren," interrupted a slow. harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on 't. Josiah Emmons came around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothin else. I think more of him to day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas evenlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer-meetings than work at bein' good a week. I blieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it han't worked, and I leave it behind to day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to 't. " Amos Tucker sat down and buried his

grizzled head in his rough hands. "Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye

gave silent response. "Go on, brother Emmons," said the minister."

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the tire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlins. I'd opened my moath to give him Jesse, when it come over me sud-

din that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I jest fetched in the kindlins myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

" 'Dear me,' says she, 'I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.' I lidn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin always havin aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says: 'Philury, you lay a bed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to day.' I declare, she turned over and gave me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twarts call was the an' waited on me twenty odd year, most scar't because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she's always drawn herself, and then I milked the cow. When I come in Philury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a leetle but she hadn't no need to. I felt a leetle meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twant nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so'a the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy: 'I do b'lleve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' Why, Josiar Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant and good natered I can't but think pleasant and good natered I can't but think he's struck with death.' "I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on

them sullar stairs and cried. I did, reely Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter, Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em u:

head; and many another bent too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr Parkes rose, and prayed as he had never low; not a year of excitement or enthusi | inated by the electric light. asm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward, and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, per haps, as new growths are, but still an off shoot of the peace past understanding. And another year they will keep another

week of practice by common consent.

The Issue of Cents. [Chicago Journal,

The first coin ever issued in this country was the old-fashioned cart-wheel cent. The in excellent condition, first issue was in 1793, and there were Carrying out this international exfirst issue was in 1793, and there were three dies made. With the single exception of the year 1815 there has been no break in the issue of cents from that time to the present. The labor required to se-cure a sample of the three varieties of cents made in 1793 is very great, and they bring from \$3 to \$5 each. The cent of 1794 is a trifle more common and can be bought for about 60 cents, while a sample of the issue of 1795 is worth \$1.25. It changed to the fillet head, and these were issued regularly for thirteen years, when the Goddess of Liberty appeared on the face of the coin, with thirteen stars surrounding it. A cent of the issue of 1799, in good condition, is worth \$40 or \$50.

Swallowing a Chicken's Heart. [Chicago Tribune,]

A romantic young waiter girl at a hotel in Ontario, Can., came near losing her life the other day by trying a foolish ex-periment. She had heard an old saying that any girl who swallowed a chicken's heart raw would have for a husband the first male person she shook hands with, and believing the proverb, attempted to swallow a chicken's raw heart, but failed.

The heart stuck in her throat and would not move either way, down or up. A doctor was called in and arrived only in season to save the deluded girl from an untimely death by choking.

Menu and Programme.

[Chicago Times.]

A New York musical critic sees a parallel between the menu placed beside the diner's plate and the programme of a concert. Beethoven and Bach, for example, furnish the sturdy beef; Men-delssohn the tender mutton; Schubert and Schumann the side dishes; Rubinstein the relishes, and other composers the remaining courses and dessert.

Bill Nye: Some of the things that we know should be saved for our own use. The man who sheds all his knowledge, and don't leave enough to keep house with, fools himself.

We remain young so long as we can warn, can adopt new habits, and can bear contradiction.

right is instantaneously exchanged for the next in succession. Every ten minutes two figures are thus replaced, and at every hour they all suddenly disappear, and th exact time is simultaneously shown. The prayed before: the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a mem-prable year for the church in Sugar Hol-bright and clear, and at night are illum

A Curious Frame. (Cincinnati Euquirer.)

The national interchange in fish-eggs has reached enormous figures, and in fact this traffic has become one of the curiositics of commerce. Onesof the Glasgow steamers recently brought nearly 500,000 eggs of Loch Leven trout, which were de livered to United States Fish Commis sioner Baird. He placed, them, at cold opring harbor, Long island, where he has a suitable depot, but they will soon be sent to various hatcheries. These eggs were structions given in Painting. contained in six cans, and were thus kept

change the commissioner has shipped nearly 100,000 eggs of lake trout, whitelish and brook trout to the Fish Cultural association of London. He has also sent 1,000,000 white fish eggs to Berlin, where they are placed in what are termed the "rischerie Verein." A half million of the same kind of eggs were sent to Berne, Switzerland. Commissioner Baird has on hand 1,000,000 of white fish eggs was in this year that the liberty cap was ready for any demand, and expects to hatch 500,000 of salmon for our own rivers; also, a large huantity of German carp. He has 500,000 eggs of the tom cod which will also be hatched during the coming season.

> Grant's New Endeavor. ["Gath" in The Enquirer.]

Poverty is not so dreadful when it comes as we may think. It incites new endeavor. Gen. Grant immediately set to work to be an author. He had given away great volumes of books; allowed pictures of himself to be taken by any body who wanted to sell them; had allowed newspaper writers to go with him around the world and make books for their own wealth.

He new began to see that he had been too prodigal, and started on his own com-position. If Grant had never allowed a picture to be taken of himself there would be a fortune in his mere photographs. George Sand, the French authoress, declined to have a photograph taken until rather late in life, when Nadar, the bal-loon photographer, paid her for the privilege,

A New Ceramic Product. [Scientific Journal.]

A new ceramic product, according to

Mons. Hignette, is now made from the abundant white sands of French glass-factories. The sand is molded into blocks by immense hydraulic pressure, and is then baked in furnaces at a high temperature. The product has remarkable solid-ity and tenacity; it is not affected by frost, rain or sun; it resists very high temperature; it is very light; and it has a fine white color. It is predicted that the material will be used for many architectural effects in combination with brick of stones of other colors.

A UDITORS NOTICE.—In the Orphans Court of Centre Ocunity in the matter of the detailed of A. D. Hahn deceased, the undersigned available appointed by said court, in said case to available appointed by said court, in said court, available appointed by said court, available appointed by said court, available appointed by

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