LOVE'S SEASON.

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes Burn red on maple and sumach leaf. When sorrowful winds wail through the rushes,

And all things whisper of loss and grief, When close and closer bold Frost ap-

proaches To snatch the blossoms from Nature's

breast, When night forever on day encroaches-

Oh, then I think that I love you best.

And yet when winter, that tyrant master, Has buried autumn in walls of snow. And bound and fettered where bold Frost

cast her Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe. When all earth's pleasures in four walls cen

And side by side in the snug home nest We list the tempests which cannot enter-Oh, then I say that I love you best.

But later on, when the Siren Season Betrays the trust of the senile King, And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason. And winter dies in arms of Spring, When buds and birds all push and flutter To free fair Nature so long oppressed, I thrill with feelings I cannot utter, And then I am certain I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly summer Reigns over the earth and the skies above, When Nature kneels to the royal comer. And even the Sun flames hot with Love, When Pleasure basks in the luscious weather,

And Care lies out on the sward to rest-Oh, whether apart or whether together. It is then I know that I love you best.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott.

PRISCILLA'S MANAGEMENT.

BY MARAH CROSSE FARLEY.



afforded, and nothing Miss Prissy ever tried to do or make ever resulted in failure. It was neither the eatables nor yet the drinkables that caused the cloud on the deacon's brow. As he expressed it, he "felt blue as a whetstone," and the cause arose from the tightness in money circles.

Prissy, the deacon's strong-Miss minded daughter, perceived the lowering countenance, and wishing to conciliate the old gentleman a little, put an additional lump of sugar in his tea.

"Third, and lastly," he said, in an abstracted manner, as he passed the cup for refillment. Prissy smiled almost involuntarily at

this "power of habit" exemplified. The worthy deacon, busy with his bread and butter, did not see his listener's face.

or so, I have accepted the offer. That the third year of Miss Prissy's manageis cow No. 1. ch?" "Cow No. 1-yes."

"Uncle Bemus has taken a fancy to my gold watch, and wants to trade me a cow and a hog of the female persuasion for it, and as the watch is useless to me in our present circumstances, I have to dispose of in the fall to take him commade up my mind to close with him. So there is cow No. 2, and aforesaid pig."

The deacon opened his eyes.

" 'Pon my word, Priss, you're a born trader. But what about the chickens?" "I have bought five-four hens and one rooster-of the Bowers, on 'tick,' as they say. The bens are wanting to set, and I shall send you to Neighbor Tootle for eggs to set them with. Tootle charges fifty cents per dozen for eggs, but his are an extra kind of large fowl that can be made to bring four dollars per dozen as early spring chickens by the first of June. I can have at least thirty or forty chicks for the June market and the proceeds therefrom will take up a certain note of yours. In the meantime the butter shall pay our household expenses as we go along. There shall be no butcher's bill, nor any other kind of a bill, run up for future settlement. The calves we will fatten and sell this fall, the hog ditto. Uncle Bemus advises me to keep the litter of pigs until next year, when they will fetch us something over a hundred dollars. The eight acres of ground, for the use of which we pay forty dollars, must be shaping the hills and valleys of New planted with corn, and I have already selected the seed. As the land is particularly clean and of uncommon good soil, the yield should be not less than seventy-five bushels to the acre, which, if corn comes down to an unprecedentedly low figure, will still pay all expenses for seed, rent, tillage, and leave us enough to fatten our hogs after all."

The deacon was silept from astonish-

ment. DODGE "I shall raise as many chickens as possible through the heat of the coming summer; so that the next spring I shall have eggs by the quantity, when the market reports quote a good price, with supply less than the demand.

'You talk like a farmer, Priss," ejaculated the dazed deacon. "When did you learn so much, I wonder?"

"Don't ask me questions, but promise me," giving him a tight squeeze.

"I promise." She shook herself loose from him, and poured out for herself a cup of hot

"Very well; go to work and make me some chicken coops and a hen house, and fetch home my hens to-morrow, and this fall I will show square accounts with some folks I know of."

In the course of time the cows were driven home, the chickens roosted in the deacon's hen house, and the "female hog, with her seven children, occupied the attention of the deacon's daughter. Of a morning Prissy went into the cellar and skimmed, and strained, and churned, and outside the deacon himself, with the spade and ax made good time among the stumps, thereby saving hired help and the additional cost of a wood pile.

The deacon had lived all his life under a lazy cloud. He couldn't cut wood, he beneath twenty feet of soil out in Missaid, because it made him so tired. couldn't work at farming, because the weather was either too hot or too cold, or too wet or too dry. He couldn't stay all the while at his place of business (he was a photographer) and wait for customers, because he "wanted to get out and stretch his legs." But suggest the idea of an impossible enterprise to him, or ask him to invest in a lottery ticket, or talk travel, and directly the deacon was your man.

ment.

But I saw the deacon the other day trimming his hedge, which was all white and sweet with bloom, and he tells me that the carpenters are busy at his house, and that he shall have enough produce pletely out of debt. He certainly has the handsomest place in the country, and by far the most stylish house. As for Prissy, her face is tanned a light brown. and her hands are not quite so white and small as they once were-not "so useless by half," she says, turning them over carefully, and showing the little calloused lumps on the palms.

"But we are out of debt anyway," she added, triumphantly. "This thing of being dunned by every other person one sees is anything but funny."

May Forrest Hill long outshine its reighbors, and stand as a striking memento of one woman's will .- New York Weekly.

An Old Settler.

Geologists agree that many thousands of years ago-they do not agree on the number of thousands-great ice fields, like immense glaciers, moved slowly out of the north over a large part of the United States and Europe. These glacicers were so thick that they have left on the top of the White Mountains bowlders which they had carried hundreds of miles, and they had much to do with York, Pennsylvania, and New England. The marks made by these glaciers as they ground and crushed their way over the rocks are still plainly visible in many places, and it is easy to trace the large bowlders they carried northward to regions where such stone occurs in large quantities.

Those were days of great things, and among the hage creatures that roamed about in the region of the advancing glacier was the Elephas Americanus, or American elephant. Part of the skeleton of one of these animals has just been unearthed at Carl Junction, Missouri, and sent to the Washington University. These bones show this animal to have been from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and fifteen feet tall. It fed on trees and bushes, and a wagon-load of pine branches and cones would have made a light supper for this monster. Its molar teeth had grinding surfaces nine by four inches in size, and its tusks were nine feet long. Coarse long hair covered the big fellow from head to toes, and a drove of such animals must have been an imposing sight, even in the presence of the mighty glaciers.

In a cave in France has been found, scratched on a bit of ivory tusk, a rude picture of one of these prehistoric mammoths. This picture is supposed to be the oldest known, and was made by some man or boy who was more clever than his fellows, but who lived in a cave, ate raw meat, and wore scanty clothing made from untanned skins of wild beasts which the filthy and savage men of those far-off times killed with clubs and stones. It may be, therefore, that human beings saw the living animal, pieces of whose skeleton were dug the other day from souri .- Harper's Young People.

The Sharpshooter's Story.

During the winter of '61 my company occupied two islands in the upper Potonac, where they did constant picket luty, having their posts and "dugouts" along the entire south shore of the islunds. 'The following incident occurred I few days after our return from that wearied forced march of seventeen miles ilong the slippery tow path to Edward's Ferry to the assistance of the unfortusate Colonel Baker of the California regiment at Ball's Bluff, where, as you know, we arrived too late to afford relief. Dur men were feeling very much disgusted on their return over the unsuccessful result of their march, so that the light of a rebel picket on the opposite shore was the signal for the simultaneous discharge of a dozen rifles, and you may be sure they kept themselves well out of sight. We were equipped with the Enfield rifle, warranted to kill at 1000 yards, and in this respect had greatly the advantage, and had few casualties to record on our side. The distance from shore to shore was about 800 yards. There had been for some time considerable rivalry among our men as to who was the best shot, and when off duty they were allowed to practice on a range at a target.

One morning a Confederate officer. evidently on his rounds inspecting his pickets, had stopped at a bouse probably 100 yards back from the shore, and was engaged in conversation with a woman standing on the porch. The First Lieutenant of our company having command of the lower island, after carefully observing the officer through his glass, quickly sent for four of his men who had the best record as "crack shots," and selecting a rifle for himself the five stretched themselves behind a log on the river bank and deliberately "drew a bead" on this unsuspecting victim. They fired by a prearranged signal from the Lieutenant at the same moment, and saw, with no more apparent concern

than if they had dropped over a rabbit, both horse and rider fall together. A few weeks afterwards, when our regiment crossed over and captured Leesburg just after the rear guard of General Hill's army had left it, we found the wounded officer in the house before which he had been shot as deliberately as a hunter would have shot a bear. I believe every one of those five men was sincerely glad of two things, first that they did not kill their game, although he lost his leg, and second that none of them knew in this instance who was the best shot, one bullet only hitting the man, while every one of the other four struck the horse .-Pittsburg Post.

What is said to be the largest sawmill in the world is in Clinton, Iowa. It has ten saws, seven band and three gang, and two batteries of ten boilers each. Its capacity is 500,000 feet of lumber a day.

The truth of Mr. Ball's statement is certified in M. McDERMOTT, Cohoss, N. Y. Pharmacist.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Bellast, Maine.

Cohoes, N. Y.



Beast Men.

After all there seems to be some shadow of probable truth in the old legend which tells us that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were reared and suckied by a she wolf. Ethnologists who have of late years been studying the "Beast Man" or "Wolf Children" of India have come to the conclusion that the story of Rome's founders is probably the "whole truth and nothing but the truth." Scientific investigation on the Ganges has unraveled much that renders the old legend far from improbable, as well as throwing much light on the "ages of the cave man." Professors Muller and Gerhardt, as well as Colonels Sleeman and Price, relate made in the caves of the Indian mountains, where many "so-called "wolf children" were found that possessed monument of the face. every instinct of habit and taste that characterizes the wolf-discoveries that settle the question of wolves raising children-a question that has been disthis interesting subject says: "These 'beast men' or 'wolf children' resemble both the savage races of men and representatives of well-known types They the animal kingdom. have no place of shelter except that afforded by caves and hollow trees, nor have they the least capacity for constructing such domiciles. One 'beast man,' an elderly fellow dug out of a wolf's den by Doctor Gerhardt, heads of fowls, snakes, etc. He lapped water just as a wolf or dog would, and seemed to prefer raw meat to all other kinds of food."

in company with a female wolt and her cubs in the North of India could climb a tree with as much agility as a squirrel; would lap water or suck it like a cow or a horse. Professor Max Muller, who made a lengthy study of the case, says that the boy would devour anything but preferred raw meat. He would fly at children and try to bite them, and was never known to smile, cry or show other sight of either joy, grief or shame.

How to Keep Young.

We find this circulating in the newspapers. The author is unknown to us. It contains much truth:

"Past grief, old angers, revenges, even past pleasures, constantly dwelt uponmany wonderful stories of discoveries all dead, decaying, or decayed thought -make a sepulchre of the soul, a cemetery of the body, and a weather beaten

"This is age.

"The women who never grow old are the student women-those who daily drink in new chyle through memorizing, cussed for 3000 years. The report on thoroughly analyzing, and perfectly assimilating subjects apart from themselves.

> "Study is development-is eternal youth.

"The student woman who makes wise use of her acquisitions has no time to corrugate her brow with dread of the beauty destroyer leaping fast behind her.

"Not considered or invited, old age keeps his distance. Brain culture, based on noble motive, means sympathy, heart would tear and eat raw flesh, gather gentleness, charity, graciousness, enand gnaw bones like a dog, catch and largement of sense, feeling, power. Such swallow fies and vermin, bite off the a being cannot become a fossil."-Scientific American.

Mohere, at the age of forty, married an actress of seventeen, and soon sep-A wild boy found running on all fours | arated from her.

CATARRH

"Each Spoonful has done its Perfect Work,"

Is the verdict of every woman who has used Royal Baking Powder. Other baking powders soon deteriorate and lose their strength, owing to the use of inferior ingredients, but Royal Baking Powder is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.



"I'll tell you what," said he, carefully adjusting his knife and fork, "unless something happens in our favor pretty soon, we are gone to smash completely.' Even the lingering shadow of the

smile that had played round the corners of Prissy's mouth died out, and she looked anxiously at her father as he went on:

"There is a four-hundred-dollar mortgage on the house, with interest at seven per cent., and no man can stand such a per cent. as that. There is that onehundred-dollar note, and two of fifty dollars each, besides one hundred and sixty dollars yet unpaid on the lumber, seventy-five dollars-got to come somehow-for the carpenters, twenty-five for the mason, twenty-five more for the painting. Besides, that leaves us with the house not yet half finished, the ground yet to be grubbed and laid out and fenced, and not a cent, mind you-not a single cent-to do it with."

The deacon leaned back in his chair and fairly groaned.

The strong minded Priscilla got up, and walking round to his side of the table, laid her hand on his arm.

"Listen to me, deacon," said she. thoughtfully-she always called him that plan I have for extricating our affairs from financial annihilation."

"Talk away," growled the bear. "Talk, at any rate, is cheap enough; even in these hard times."

Prissy declined to actice the slight and made five dollars a week besides. put upon her tongue, and continued, bravely:

"You know you have always refused to keep a cow, pig, or chickens. Now. then, let us have all three, and I will show you this fail that your interest of thirty cents a pound. The two calves money shall be forthcoming, besides having our grocery bill footed as it is made.

a groan of dirapproval, "how could you do it? Besides, my credit isn't worth a blue bean. I haven't the money to pay for a cow, nor a pig, not even the chick- ing. ens, so there's an end of that."

In no wise discouraged, the strong

deacon. And if you will solemnly agree to do in all things as I suggest and ad- the next year. vise, I in turn will promise and ratity it, too, to take these debts and the unfinwe will owe no man, and our house and ground shall compare favorably with any in the country."

The deacon considered a moment. "Show me your ways and means, possible point. Priss."

"Well," a little reluctantly, "you know the Laureis? Mrs. Laurel wants to trade a young new milch cow, with the calf, for twenty-four yards of that new ingrain carpet of our, and as I have cover all the floor we shall use for a year I cannot state what the result was for and never let her step behind met"

He was utterly and abominably lazy and selfish. He forced Prissy to pinch and save a dollar, while he would squander fifty, and have nothing to show for what he had paid out. Such is man -that is, so much of it as went by the name of Deacon Dodge.

One of the things the strong-minded girl got him to do was to make a fence. which she insisted should be hedge. A hawthorne hedge, she declared, was both beautiful and attractive, besides just as useful as any other.

So, under her vigilant generalship, he delivered some trees for the nurserymen and took his pay in hedge plants, which she made him set out and attend

Little by little she put the deacon on when she felt particularly in earnest __ his mettle, until at last she herself was and bass viols. The deep tones were "listen to me, now, and I'll tell you the surprised to find how much she had made him accomplish. At the end of the first year he had grubbed their one and a half acres, put the first coat of paint on the house, made the fence, dug the cellar, built outhouses, cut all the fire wood

> At the end of their first year Prissy found she has sold six dozen chickens at four dollars per dozen, and had as many more to winter over. She had sold six hundred pounds of butter, at an average

fetched twelve dollars readily, and the fatted hog twenty-seven more. Their household experses had been just one "Pshaw, Priss !" ejaculated he, with hundred dollars, aside from what she had raised in the garden, and the butter and eggs were of home manufacture, also. She spent not a penny for cloth-

one evening, and to his intense surprise minded young woman coolly continued: the deacon found a little matter of four "I have ways and means for all of 'em, hundred and fifty dollars to his credit, besides having a much better start for

He paid the balance due on his lumber, and thankfully took up three other ished house on my shoulders, metaphori- notes, after which he breathed more away. cally speaking, and in three years' time freely. The next year the invincible Prissy sold two hundred dollars' worth of hogs, sixty dollars' worth of eggs, and ten dozen chickens, still keeping household and personal expenses at the lowest

The deacon, too, had better luck, or perhaps attended more strictly to his business, and the end of the second year was also the death knell of the insatiable mortgage.

already carpet enough, besides that to contrary, is a veritable "leaf from life," but I'm precious careful to follow her,

How Deaf Mutes Dauce.

"I never felt so lonesome in my life," said a gentleman recently, "as when I chanced to be thrown one day with a picnic party of deaf mutes. They could understand each other, laughed and carried on and had a good time generally, while I sat like a mummy, apart, looking on, but unable to participate in any of the fun.

"One thing that surprised me greatly," he continued, "was to see them indulge in dancing. I had always supposed that it was absolutely essential to hear the rhythm of the music in order to keep the time of a waltz or a polka. To be sure they had an orchestra on the dancing barge, and for a time I regarded that as peculiar, for few if any of the party could hear the strains.

"After a little thought I solved the mystery. The mutes could not hear the music, but they felt it, which was just as effectual. To be sure of the matter I spoke to the leader of the orchestra and he assured me that my surmise was correct, and that when he was employed by the party it was expressly stipulated that he should bring his biggest bass drum more vibratory than the others and the mutes kept excellent waltz time by feeling the vibration of the wood flooring upon which they danced."-New York Herald.

A Tame Mountain Lion.

The author of "A Ride Through Wonderland," says that she was invited, when in Colorado, to visit a hunter's store and see a mountain lion; the only one, as its owner asserted, which had ever been tamed. It was in a little back room, chained to an iron staple in the floor, round which it was pacing, uttering low growls.

It appeared very much like a small panther, and seemed anything but tame, snatling at us as if it longed to spring. It was in awe of its master, however, and cowed down every time he cracked his Together they checked off accounts whip. He made it do several tricks with a retriever dog, which did not seem to like the task very well.

"Come and kiss Miss Pussy," said the man, and the dog went up to it, laid a paw upon its neck, and licked its face. The master then put a piece of meat on its nose, and told the dog to fetch it

"He doesn't care for this part," was his comment. "She has had him by the throat once or twice. Just look at her iron paws! One blow would lay you dead as mutton. What, you brute, you would, would you!"

Miss Pussy had tried to gnaw his boot, and needed to be lashed off.

"Did you ever take her out?"

"Oh, yes, she goes walking with me in the mountains, sometimes. I take her As this is no fancy sketch, but, on the chain off when we're out of the town,