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A Hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang A hundred years ago? The flowers that all in beauty sprang A hundred years ago? The lips that smiled, The eyes that wild In flashes shope Soft eyes upon. Where, O where are lips and eyes, The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,

That hved so long ago? Who peopled all the city streets A hundred years ago? Who filled the church with faces meek A hundred years ago? The speering tale Of sister frail; The plot that worked A brother's hurt; Where, O where are plots and sneers, The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears

THE BEACON LIGHT,

That lived so long ago?

Yes, I was to be married the coming fall to Rollin Weatherbee, heir of the Weatherbee estate. How matters had progressed so far and I had been engaged to Rolliu I scarcely knew. Did I love him I asked myself many times, without being able to answer the query. My mother had very quietly and in her determined way settled the whole affair, and I supposed I had nothing to do but quietly submit to the decree. I did not lislike Rollin, and indeed there was little about him to make one do anything but like him. I knew my young female

friends envied me. I was paying my last maiden visit with my mother, and the wedding day was drawing near. At the seaside where we were I met Breece Rogers, and our acquaintance at once ripened into friendship. I had scarcely noted the growth of this intimacy until one evening Breece and I were taking our accustomed walk when he suddenly turned to me and

"Is this thing true your mother tells

"What thing?" I almost whispered,
"You know!" he answered fiercely,
"Is it true that you are to be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next October? That you are here to make your preparations?"
"Yes." The word came almost with a gasp. He took my hands in his and looked down upon me.

"You shall not-you shall not! I love you, you are mine, now and forever."

Before I could speak or cry out he had taken me in his arms, and was raining kisses upon my lips. I was young, romantic and impulsive. This man had aroused a strange feeling in my breast, that now, as I lay in his arms, I believed must be love. I could see the reckless beauty of his face as it bent above me, and almost unconsciously I clasped my arms about his neck, sobbing wildly, and whispering: "Oh, if I had known

"It is not too late," he cried, passionately, straining me to his heart. "You are mine, now and for all time. You must be my wife!" "But I cannot," I sobbed, "I am

bound to another-the wedding day draws near." "I care nothing for that. You must wed me, and no other. I cannot give

His imperious manner, his impassioned earnestness, aroused my girlish admiration. He seemed like some knight of olden romance to me, besides whom Rollin Weatherbee, with his patrician beauty, was completely overshadowed. For three weeks I met Rogers each day, and listened to his words of passionate devotion. At last came an afternoon late in September. I was to meet Breece that evening, and stood looking out at the gorgeous sunset, with a heart full of contending emotions, when mamma came into the room. "Rose," she said, "you remember Breece Rogers who

came here so often some time ago?"

Remember him! but I only said

"Yes, mother," in a very low voice. "Well, Harwood tells me a painful thing in connection with him. She says her husband tells her it is the neighborhood talk now. It seems there is a very lovely young girl, a gardener's daughter, Cora Smith by name, whom Breece has been very attentive to for some months. The girl's father says she is betrothed to At all events, he has been a most ardent lover, for a year or more, and now, without a word, or any apparent cause, he has deserted her. Has not been near her for two mouths, and the girl is very ill-calling for him constantly, but he does not go near her. It is thought she will die. She is a poor, frail, childish thing, and never knew what it was to suffer before. It is very What a heartless villain he must

My heart seemed to die within me. rush of emotion, shame, anger, grief, misplaced love and wounded pride fought together in my breast. Oh! mean the man was whom I had placed above Rollin Weatherbee in my heart's affection. How I despised him, for that Then 1 began to think it might not be so- there might be some mistake. "I will go to him to-right, I thought, "and I shall know."

I did go, when the shadows of the gloaming settled down over the earth. found him waiting for me. He held out his arms, but I stood aloof, "Go to Cora Smith." I said. "She

is entitled to your caresses—she wants them-I do not.'

I needed no further proof of his guilt. His face turned crimson from brow to chin, and then pale as death. "What do you know of her?" he cried,

hoarsely. "Who has been telling you "No one," I answered. "Your face is a proof of the truth of all I have heard. I will make this our last meeting. My eyes are opened in time, thank God. I do not want to set them upon you again. Do not try to see me, for it will be useless. I utterly despise you. Go back to the only person who be-

lieves you worthy of love-who is dying I turned and sped back to the house, and for two weeks scarcely stepped outside its walls. I was ill in mind and My unreasoning romantic folly, that I had called love, died suddenly at to me on that ship, and he was fiend one blow, and I knew there was only one enough to wreck a hundred lives for man in the wall that I loved, or ever the sake of killing one man. What

had loved, and that one man was Rollin Weatherbee. But my heart was filled with regrets for my past folly, and fears for what might follow. But two weeks passed by and I heard no word and saw nothing of Breece Rogers until that chill October night, when my story

I turned my face away, lest the light of those dark eyes should bring back the old delirium. For at that one glance I felt the blood leap through my veins, and a strange glow shoot through my heart. I thoroughly despised this man, yet he had a power over me still. A woman who has ever been held in a man's arms, and felt his kisses upon her lips, can never so learn to despise or for-get him that the sight of his face will not sometimes move her. At length I arose and moved away from the window. A second later something struck the glass with a sharp click.

"What was that?" asked mamma.
"The wind hurled something against
the window pane," I answered. A moment later and it was repeated. "Why, it sounds like something thrown against the glass," mamma said. "Tell Harwood to see what it is, Rose."

I got up and went out of the room. I

knew it was useless to resist Breece Rogers' summons longer. I must go a d see what he wanted. I threw a dark cloak over my shoulders and went out. He heard the door open, and glided into

the shadows again.
"What do you want?" I asked, icily.

"What do you want?" I asked, icily.
"Why are you here? I told you never
to approach me again."
"Yes, but you were angry then. You
have had time to think more kindly of
me since, and I came to tell you that
Cora is dead. She died last night, and with her dying lips she forgave me what-ever wrong I have done her. I was with her and caught her last breath. If she could forgive me, surely you ought. I know I did her a great wrong, but I re-pent of it, and she has forgiven me; will not you do the same and come to me?"

He took a step toward me, but I retreated. "I have nothing to forgive," I answered coldly. "If she whom you so wronged has forgiven you, well and good. I owe you no ill-will, but I do not love or respect you now, and never

"Rose!" he cried, "you are cruel! Oh, come to me, and fly before it is too

"Hush!" I said sternly. "All that wild folly is past, and forever. I shall be the wife of Bollin Weatherbee next week at this time, and far from here. The wife of the only man I ever loved. That mad fancy I conceived for you died as suddenly as it sprang to life, and can never live again. Go away now and leave me. Good-night and good-bye."

I sped back into the house, and locked the door behind me, leaving him alone in the darkness. I found mamma had in the darkness. I found mamma had form of the fisherman entered and stood fallen to sleep in her chair by the stove, and was relieved that I would cried. "He will kill me!"

thus be spared answering any questions.

The wind blew colder and harsher gan to fall, and the night settled down, desolate and lonely. Merideth House was oppressively quiet, and my heart stout cord that securely fastened the was full of sad forebodings. What if came to me? Would it not be a just punishment for my wild folly? Had I not been untrue to him in thought, and almost broken my vows, and fled with another, and that other a basehearted, unprincipled villain? Oh! I was ashamed-ashamed; and I hid my face in my hands, praying to God to forgive me, and send Rollin to me in safety.

The days that followed were damp and chill, with mist and wet east winds. But the dreaded storm did not come on. Each night I went to rest with a heart full of auxious fear: each morning I arose, thankful to find only wet winds and somber skies. Thursday morning came gray, cold, chilly, like the ones that preceded it. Thursday night the ship Cora Ball was expected, and by that ship Rollin Weatherbee would come to me. I was restless and uneasy all the long

day. No glimmer of sunshine lighted the dull, gray skies. A damp mist fell, and the cold east wind blew over the moor. By night I was almost hysterical, and my heart was like lead in my breast 'A wan-faced bride ve'll be, if ye dinna brighten up a bit," Harwoodsaid to me and I did not wonder as I caught sight of my dead white face in the mirror. The evening came on dark and deso-

late. No moon, no stars, only a gray

sky, varied here and there with dense black clouds. I could not stay in the house. It seemed like a prison to me, and seizing a cloak I threw the hood over my head, the cape over my shoul ders, and walked down the avenue, and leaning on the stone pillars of the gate, looked out towards the lake. Suddenly oked out towards the mething caught my eye; it was a mething caught my in the air. "A bright light high up in the air. "A lighthouse, of course," I said, mentally, 'but why have I never seen it before That is not the lighthouse that directs ships to Avondale landing, for the land-ing is exactly opposite Merideth House. I have seen the light night after night from my chamber window." I turned my eyes in the direction of the landing. It was dark as pitch. But to the left, full half a mile, shone that brilliant Suddenly a thought struck me. "My God, it is the lighthouse on the rocks!" I cried, and my heart seemed to stand still. I remembered that I had been out there once, in my boat. old fisherman, sitting on the rocks, and dropping his line in the water, had answered my queries concerning the light-house. "It is where the red light is noisted of a very stormy night," he said. "Not often used, miss, for the beacon at Avondale guides the ships safe to the landing. But this is lighted sometimes

night is o'er dangerous." His words all came back to me now with dreadful distinctness. The light seemed to burn into my very eyeballsthe light that shone clear and whitenot the red signal of danger-high up on the cruel rocks. Quick as lightning it all flashed through my mind. one had lighted the lamp to wreck the Cora Bell upon the rocks. Who could that some one be but Breece Rogers? He knew Rollin Weatherbee was coming

to show where the danger lies, if the

could be done—how could the danger be averted? Without even a glance back

to the house, I opened the gate and sped toward the lake. I knew every inch of the ground.

On I went till I reached the hut of a

fisherman. I gave a loud knock at the door, then burst it open without waiting to be bidden. A stalwart man and his burly son sat over the grate. Both started to their feet at the sight of my

deathly face and staring eyes. "Why, Miss Rose—but"— I stopped them. "For God's sake," I cried, "come with me! The beacon at Avondale landing has not been lighted, and the house on the rocks is burning a white light, and the Cora Bell will be a wreck unless something is done. One of you go to Avondale and see why the keeper has neglected his duty, and one of you come with me to the lighthouse on the

"With you, Miss Rose, why "-"Yes, with me! I can't stay here, I must go with you in the boat and see that the light is put out. I am not afraid. The night is dark, but the lake is not rough. The only dauger is threatening the Cora Bell. We must be quick."

On we hurried, I keeping pace with the long-limbed fisherman. Down to the landing the young man hastened, and up into the lighthouse, while I sprang into the boat which the old man unlocked, and, scarcely waiting for him to seat himself, seized an oar and rowed with all my might. Howslowly we went
—how slowly. Would we never reach
the rocks? And all the time that wicked,
hateful light burning into my very eyeballs. There at last! The light made the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the boat, and I clambered up the rocks.

"Careful, miss," he continued, "those rocks are wet and slippery;" but I resolved to the lighthouse south and support the second sup

I reached the lighthouse, and entered with a heart so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for myself. I ran like a squirrel up the stairs, up the ladder—on—up—up—till I reached the tower. I opened the door, I leaped into the loft, where the lamp gleamed and flashed its white light into my very eyes. A man, with a dare-devil face, turned at the noise. He had been so intently gazing through a glass out upon the waters that he had not heard my approach. "Fiend!" I cried, "what would you do?" and with one bound I dashed my whole force against the lamp, shattering it in pieces, and extinguished the baleful light. For one now." I felt his iron grip upon my wrist and screamed outright. Then the door burst open, the light of a lantern flashed into the tower, and the burly

The burly fisherman set down his of siderable reasoning they admitted that lamp and caught the arms across the moorlands. A dreary rain be- Breece Rogers, and quick as thought villain's limbs. He scarcely moved-so the dreadful autumnal storms should sudden had been the fisherman's attack. come on just after Rollin embarked for so iron-like his hold. "Now bring him Avondale! What if his ship went down down," I said, "I will lead the way in the waters of the lake, and he never with the lantern." He took Breece Rogers' lithe, slender figure in his arms as if it had been a child's, and followed me down the ladder. It was a treacherous descent, but we landed safely upon the rocks and took our seats in the boat Breece was not gagged, yet he said no word—made no sound. We had not word-made no sound. rowed half the distance back to the landing, when, joy of joys! the light flashed out from Avondale beaconhouse, reaching far over the waters, and I knew the Cora Bell was saved.

The strain upon my nervous system had been too great. As we reached the Avondale landing I fell in a dead faint, and knew no more till I woke in my room surrounded by a crowd of anxious faces. Harwood was rubbing my hands, mamma bathing my forehead, some strange faces were scattered about the room, and-Rollin, my Rollin, bent over me, with tears in his blue eyes. I was strong enough they told me all. How I had been brought back by the fisherman, hours and hours before, and the story of my adventure briefly stated by him. How the fisherman's son had found the keeper of the lighthouse in a dead stupor, a drugged sleep, and the lamps so tampered with that it took him a full half hour to right them and make them burn. How they did burn at last, in time to guide the Cora Bell safely to shore, and bring Rollin and the wedding guests in season for the

morrow's bridal I was a pale bride and had to be supported by my husband's arm, but it was glad bridal for all that. We left Avondale, mamma, Rollin, and some few of the wedding company, that very day, and I have never set foot there since. Breece Rogers was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison, where he died two years later. Rollin knew the whole story my folly before I became his wife. He did not censure me-since I had risked my life to save his, and to atone for my error.

A Will Case. Mrs. Cruger, a lady of wealth, and distinguished for many years in New York society, died in 1872, at the age of eighty-three, leaving a considerable estate. By a will which is the subject matter of the surrogate's decision, she left some \$240,000, being the larger part of her estate, to the American Bible Society and the Board of Foreign Missions in equal parts. This will was executed Jan. 3, 1868, and a codicil, which changes the method, but not the purpose, of the previous paper, was executed July 20, 1869. In opposition to the probate of the will, it is alleged by Mrs. Cruger's next of kin, who under an intestate distribution of the property would be her heirs, that the testatrix was at the dates of the will and codicil incapable of making a valid will, on account of an insane condition of mind, with special reference to the subject matter of those instruments. Surrogate Hutchings, after considering the evidence in the case, rejects the papers and decides that Mrs. Cruger died intestate. The Bible Society loses the large bequest, and it goes of course to the heirs of the deceased.

Superstition in Kentucky. The following story seems incredible, but it is told, apparently in entire seriousness, by the Columbus (Ky.) Messenger: There lives within a few miles of Clinton, in this county, a well-known and respected family by the name of Berry, the oldest daughter of which has been married and lives in the has been married, and lives in the edge of Ballard county. This daughter has poor health, and it seems must be at least partially deranged. This daughter told the family that a man by the name of McDonald had died near Charleston, Mo., and that he had since appeared to her in the form of an angel and made various revelations to her; that he had told her the nature of her disease, and what to do to effect a cure; and that she form of cats and do them some great in-jury. The family were firm believers in the power of spiritual to communicate with physical beings, and their minds were so wrought upon that they fully believed the insane story of their daughter. The Holy Scriptures were searched for confirmatory proofs to prophecies and in parallel cases of history, as well as for authority as to what should be done with the witches. Here they con vinced themselves that the "witches" should be put to death. In the meantime the ladies who had been accused of witcheraft were apprised of the state of mind existing in the Berry family, and became alarmed and terror stricken almost beyond endurance. Finally, one day while the two boys in the family were out getting wood a couple of cats came running and caterwauling near by. The boys, to use their own words, "thought the witches had them," and scampered into the house; the elder boy, aged probably fifteen or sixteen years, took a gun and went out to shoot the cats, or witches, or whatever they might be; but failing to find them, he began making threats against the ladies whom he supposed to be identical with the cats, for he firmly believed that these ladies could transform themselves into cats and again resume their human forms at will. Some reports say that he actually went to their houses in search of them, making threats by the way. Having gone thus far, other neighbors interfered and caused the arrest of the moment we were left in utter darkness family, consisting of Mr. John Berry, and a man's voice hissed: "Girl, you shall rue this. I have you in my power now." I felt his iron grip upon my wrist and screamed outright. Then the witchcraft, and that in justice and in witchcraft, and that in justice and in should be killed. One or two attorneys and some other citizens told them that such belief was insanity, and that if they persisted in it they would have to be sent to the insane asylum. After considerable reasoning they admitted that they might be mistaken and in it will be mistaken and in it will be mistaken and in it will be mistaken and in it is a very lone of them now, and it is a very lonely place. I want some person to take care of it for me. Can you recommend any person?"

I really don't know a single person I could trust," she replied.

''I do," said I want some you recommend any person?"

I could trust, she replied.

''I do," said I want some you recommend any person?"

I could trust, she replied.

''I do," said I want some you recommend any person?"

\$500 for good behavior. The Olden Time.

Hon, Allen W. Dodge gives the folwhen making application for the posi-tion of schoolteacher:

I was reading an account of Concord -when I was a young man in college, ver fifty years ago, I taught school there two winters-and all of a sudden came to the picture of old Ezra Ripey, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was the very man who examined me and gave me a certificatehave it at home—certifying that I was of good moral character;" and certifying, too, that "I was qualified to each school in the town of Concord, and he signed it in a sort of John Hancock style, "Ezra Ripley, minister," and the minister par excellence in the town of Concord. If you will pardon med, the poorest product is the result, me, I will tell you how he examined me. and this quality proves an exceedingly I went there in the evening with fear him that I was the man he was to examine. He looked at me, and I trembled from head to foot, and he spelled me—"spelling matches" of that kind were rare-he even made me read, and tion, multiplication, and division, vulgar tainments, but there is one thing, before I give you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." I said: "What is that, sir?" "You must open and close your school every day with prayer!" 1 said: "I am not a professor of religion; I never prayed out oud in my life, and I think it is unfair for you to require it of me." He said : Young man, I want no arguing." I said : "What do you want, Dr. Ripley He said : "I want you to pray;" and I said again that I could not do it, and he "You cannot keep this school." Well, now, I wanted to keep the school badly; it was my first attempt, and I thought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I thought it over; I thought very quick, and I said: "Will you allow me, Dr. Ripley, to write out the form of prayer on a piece of paper or a slate, and pray with one eye open until I get it by heart?" He said to me : "Any way you can fix it, young man; I am satisfied if you are." And I said: "I will keep the school." And-well, what do you think? He had to can his daughter Hannah-Hannah was there in a moment-he said . "Hannah, draw a mug of cider." Well, we passed a very pleasant even-ing, the cider was very nice, and we parted good friends; and I didn't think ne was so stern a man when I left, as when I came. Well, that illustrates, to a certain extent, the character of the

HER MONEY .- An old lady in New York particularly desired that a certain cushion on which she sat in church should be buried with her, and as there was a difficulty about getting it into her coffin it was luckily proposed to cut it, when several thousand dollars in green-backs came to light. The old lady was clearly resolved that, if she did bring nothing into the world, she would at all events, as far as possible, take something

How He Won Hex.

The reader must imagine that the following takes place in a snug little parlor before a bright fire. The speaker is a short, dark-complexioned man, who seems to enjoy life thoroughly. His companion is a younger man than him self and a bachelor, "How did I come to get the prize Well, now, that is a question. If you have patience enough to listen I'll tell you. As you know, I was what my family called a queer boy. I didn't drink and keep late hours, but much to the pity and possibly annoyance of my relatives, who were strict Methodists, I wandered in the neighborhood of —— church.
" Rather timidly I sat down in a po what to do to effect a cure; and that she had followed the directions given and been relieved, thus proving the reliability of the spiritual communication. She also told them that on another occasion this spirit had informed her that certain neighboring ladies were witches, and that they would come to the house in the form of cats and do them some great inform of cats and do them some great inrelative. This only added to ber charms. Her face was a beautiful clear pale. Her eyes were blue, and of that large and loving kind which a fellow cannot help admiring. When she laughed two rows of pearly-white teeth were displayed. Her whole manner was that of a lady combined with the beautiful simplicity "Under the left lappel of my vest all at once something began to jump. I guess it was my heart. For the life of

me, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Now and then I was rewarded with a smile and a glance. For some time this was our only acquaintance. I attended that church Sunday after Sunday. last I was introduced to her. This was what I had been looking for, and now that I had it I seemed to be in the third leaven. I was timid at first, but one vening after church I heard her say : "Oh, dear, I've no one to leave mo ome, my folks are all gone." "I at once volunteered to be her es

cort; my offer was accepted, and from that day onward I grew into her con-fidence. I gave to her my whole heart. I couldn't help it, she was so good and so beautiful. Four years ran on and I ventured to pop the question, although it had been mutually popped a long time before. We were sitting alone one evening in the cozy little parlor of her house. Her hand was in mine. I nervously

"Katie, do you remember that little two story house I said I'd like to live "Yes, what of it?" she said, her large

released on giving bond in the sum of

"A gentle pressure on my hand was ne answer. That evening we asked the answer. Pa' and 'Ma,' who both said 'yes.' "There is the whole story. know the rest. How happy we have owing account of his first examination lived. Not a single quar-here she comes herself, the best little wife any

man could wish for."

The Cheese Industry. According to the American Grocer, the cheese industry is in danger of rain, and the only salvation, it is said, is to abandon the manufacture of every quality except full cream cheese, is the only kind entitled to the designation of cheese. So-called cheese is made of every gradation of quality, from the poorest skimmed to the richest full cream cheese, and sells in the market from two cents to thirteen and a half cents a pound. If the milk is all skimunprofitable manufacture, as it costs to and trembling, and sat down and told make and sell it at least three cents a pound, and nets a loss of one cent a pound. The next quality above, with five per cent, of cream, and made of good texture and properly colored, brings a relatively higher price; and so examined my writing, and then put me on for all gradations of quality until through a course of addition, subtractions when the cheese is made with a mixture of morning milk skimmed and evening fractions, and that sort of thing; and said he: "I am satisfied with your atarticle may be produced by proper care that will pass very well with those who are not experts for a full cream cheese. Then comes in the oleomargarine cheese the cream all taken off and the oil called oleomargarine, from the fresh fat of the caul of an ox, substituted in equal weight for the cream. This produces an article which in many respects so closely resembles the full cream cheese as to be readily sold for it.

Last year skimmed milk cheese very well up to the best grades. This year they can hardly be sold at all, from which it appears that, after all, cheating don't pay. All who are interested in the export trade, and nearly every receiver tells us that the presence of adulterated cheese in the English market is being felt here, and that it is absolutely certain. if their manufacture and shipment is persisted in, will react disastrously upon ur cheese trade, and ultimately to drive us out of a market that has cost us so many years and so much labor to estab-Of the 1,905,978 cheese received here during the year ending May 31 last, 1,701,328 were exported, leaving 204,650 for home consumption, about nine per cent, of the total receipts. Figures like these show the importance of sending

LIBERAL.—Aboard of one of the sleep ing-cars which arrived in Detroit the other morning, was an Iowa man, whose big boots had been blacked with the clergy of that day—they were the "mas-ters of the situation;" their word was rest while he slept. When he came to put them on he asked what the charge was, and the porter replied that he could give whatever he saw fit. The traveler put out a nickle, smiled patronizingly, and handed it out with the remark :

"There-you may keep the whole of it. When I'm around home I like to know where my money goes to, but when I travel I pay my way and want things pleasant.

The misery felt by the child who couldn't go to the picnic is nothing to that of the one who has been to it.

THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

Viewing Fish from Under the Ocean-An phibious Life at the Isle of Wight. After several days' energetic sight-seeing in very hot weather, says a corre-spondent of the *Graphic*, we packed our valises and stole away to the Isle of Wight, by way of Brighton, where we stopped over for three hours to see the aquarium. You descend a series of elegant terraces, and find yourself ap-parently at the bottom of the sea. Cool, arched, grotto-like halls extend in every direction, ending in ferneries bright with falling water, while along the sides of the long arcades, only a crystal wall separates you from the watery homes of fishes, eels, and all the innumerable finny and funny inhabitants of the deep. You look up through the green water as though you were a fish yourself, and know for the first time how it feels to be at the bottom of the sea. Great, solemn, aldermanic-looking cod-whiting swim up and stare into your very eyes; enormous conger eels writhe playfully around your head; idiotic-looking dogfish lie piled on one another, and blink placidly into your face like so many sheep, while the skates and the stingrays are flattened out in panting flaccidity upon the grave at the bottom. Little silver herring and golden-hued young salmon drift about like clouds lit by the moon, and on all sides, against the rocks that vary the surface of the tanks, wave the exquisite

fringes of the sca-anemones. Here, above all, is the supreme beauty of the water-world. Every variety of fringe and flower-cup is mimicked here in hues that fairly rival the roses of the garden. Purest white, soft, creamy yellows, rich salmon color, every shade of tender rose and glowing red and royal purple and vivid green spring from these rocks a living flower, with petals as delicate as they are deadly. For these beautiful fringes and ethereal-looking bubbles of color are so many murderous arms outstretched for food. As we watch them swaying gently in the current, a poor little transparent shrimp comes paddling swiftly by. He touches a rose-colored petal, it flashes round him, he is sucked into the gorgeous heart of the flower, and it closes con-tentedly over his vanished form. They knew their danger generally, these poor little creatures, and did they touch ever so lightly the tip of a floating fringe, would spring away from it with an electrical recoil. It is a very interesting thing to spend a few hours at the bottom of the sea to see the eight-armed dicuvre hanging from the rocks, or the green turtle sleeping peacefully just below the surface of the water; to watch the her-mit crabs scuttling busily about, each in his stolen shell; and to study the manners of the tip-toeing crayfish and the unboiled lobster. There are curious fresh-water fish here, too, in large globes. Among others the Mexican azotis, most melancholy of fish, drapped in inky hues, black as a hearse and feathers, with plumy tufts, waving all about their Then there are the telescope fish from China, swollen and distorted golden carp, with their eyes so goggle that they really look like spyglasses.

A Word to Young Mechanics.

Every one that ever learned a trade doing, having merely acted as the machine of a master who was credited with being a No. 1 mechanic, and all which that should imply, but who just lacked one thing, and that a very important one-he did not understand how to tell another how to do what he could do exceedingly well himself, and, as a general rule, got into a passion because his 'cub didn't do it just to his mind. Now I could drop a word of advice here to journeymen; but you know, boys, as well as I do, that it is not our place to tell a "jour." anything, for fear his dignity might suffer, and ours too in consequence. But my advice to you is simply this: In starting out to learn a trade make up your mind to learn and study both at the same time. This combina tion of occupations, it unfortunately happens, is rarely agreeable at fifteen or seventeen years of age, when one has just left school, and all study is looked at as something belonging to bygone days. I have been told by many a young man that work was his portion now, and that he didn't have time to study and besides he was so tired at night that it was out of the question. My reply to those who speak in this way is :

"But you misunderstand me, my young friend. The lessons you need to study now are not taught in schools, colleges or seminaries. You never see the books you need to apply your mind to now in libraries."

I lay a piece of wood before the carpenter and say: "My boy, that is one of your books." I present a piece of iron to the blacksmith in the same manner, and on through all the branches of mechanism. The carpenter answers:

"Why, this is only a piece of pine, or of oak, and nothing more." will say : "A bit of iron, and that's all." But here comes the question: "What do you know of the nature of the wood, or of the iron, and why should you know its nature? True, you may be able to work them after a fashion, and your powers of imitation may enable you to be as good a mechanic as the man who taught you; but you will never thus, in the nature of things, excel, and excellence is what every young man should have in view in any pursuit, for without it you will be termed just what you so often hear of-only a mechanic.

Every mechanic should have as thor ough a knowledge of the material he works as has the best chemist in the land : and this cannot be arrived at without close study and attention to its every natural feature-strength, power of resistance, and tension; in short, everything connected with its working or transformation from one condition to another. This knowledge is what is meant when you hear a man spoken of as an experienced mechanic.

If a man has got something to say, it is proper to let him say it. If he is a reasonable man he will be satisfied with the permission to speak, and not expect you to quit work and listen to him.

The reports from the various depart ments in the South concerning the sotto crop are highly satisfactory.

creased.

The Milkmaid's Song.

In Tennyson's new drama, "Queen Mary," we find the following little song

MILKMAID (singing without). Shame upon you, Robin, Shame upon you now!

Kingcups blow again,

Kiss me would you? with my hands Milking the cow? Daisles grow again,

And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow. obin came behind me, Kisa'd me well I vow

off him could I with my hands Milking the cow? Swallows fly again,

Cuckoos cry again, And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow ome, Robin, Robin, Come and kiss me now :

Help it can I? with my hands Milking the cow? Ringdoves coo again, All things woo again. come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

A Strange Superstition.

A singular case has been heard before the English courts. A laboring man was tried for the manslaughter of his son, a child two years of age, under circumstances of the most extraordinary character. This prisoner was a member of a sect called the "Peculiar People." One of the rules of this denomination is that in all cases of illness it is against the law of God, as written in the Holy Scriptures, to call upon medical men for assistance. The church provided that in all cases they should rely entirely upon "prayer and anointing the body with oil." The infant son of this laborer was attacked with pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. No doctor was summoned. The clders of the church visited the child, prayed over it, laid their hands upon it and anointed it with oil. In time it died, and the father was arrested on the charge of manslaughter, in virtu-ally contributing to the death of his son.

On the trial one of the elders of the 'Peculiar People" testified to the anointing, and quoted Scripture to prove that his action was according to the law of God. He furthermore informed the court that the father had given the child "port wine, arrow root, new milk and other nourishing things," and he gave the still further information that the sect had resolved, in the event of contagious disease breaking out among their number, to call in medical advice "for the sake of their neighbors." In response to a question of the judge this elder said that they used the same reme-dies for helpless infants unable to pro-tect themselves that were employed for grown up persons, and declined to pledge himself, in response to further inquiry, or to pledge any of his people to make any alteration in the treatment of their chilen in cases of sickness. They still depend upon prayer. A physician testified that the child died of pleurisy. and that it might, if properly treated, have lived. The jury found the prisoner guilty, but added that they believed he was acting for the best "according to his religious notions, and that what he did was intended for the benefit of the knows that many a time he has been without any clear idea of what he was that the law should compel people to obtain medical assistance for children when they are ill. The judge postponed judgment, allowed the prisoner to go at large upon bail and submitted the case the court of criminal appeal, saying that if his view of the law were correct i would have the effect of compelling people, whether "peculiar" or not, to

cure medical treatment for their children. This is a singular phase of our modern civilization. It seems to us that the position taken by the judge is the proper one, and that when "religious convictions" develop into manslaughter they should be interrupted by the law.

The Potato Bug.

The Colorado potato beetle has put in its appearance, and has now reached salt water. Some of the potato growing counties of New Jersey are badly infest ed, and they are equally numerous in Pennsylvania, and southward. Last fall, says the Agriculturist, we gave warning that they were near the coast, and have this year given timely notice. Knowing that they were to be expected, the writer began to examine his potatoes as soon as they were fairly up, and in the last week of May a few bugs were found. Examination was daily made of the vines and a few hundred in all collected, and what few eggs were found destroyed. If the first ones which come from their winter quarters in the ground are allowed to breed, then the case becomes serious, but having, while the plants were small and the beetles easily seen, disposed of the first bread, we hope to keep them in check, though no doubt some will come in from other places, and it will not do to omit frequent examination. Those who have been so unfortunate as to allow the insects to get the mastery must resort at once to parisgreen. Every day of delay makes the matter worse. bugs are few, pick by hand, and destroy the eggs, which will be found in little orange-colored clusters on the leaves. If too many to pick, then use paris green, observing all the precautions given relative to its use. Keep up the watch if no bugs are found now, they are liable to come at any time during the summer, and success depends greatly on beginning in time.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. - Captain Eads eports that provisional works 1,000 feet long have already been constructed in the south pass of the Mississippi on the line of the jetty and are being pushed seaward at the rate of two hundred feet per day. Two hundred mechanics and aborers and four pile-driving machines are at work, and a large quantity of stone with other material is ready at hand. Additional machinery and accommodations are being prepared, and in a short time the working force will be largely in-

A Cleveland woman has cut out all newspaper accounts on the Beecher scandal which she could get hold of, and pasted together they make a string estimated to be three miles in length.