

# He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

VOL. V.

A little child rests on a bod of pain. With an aching head and a thr. b ing brain A feverish flush on the soft check lies, And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes, As the sick child moans : " How the slow

hours creep ! Will not the Lord send to His little one sleep?

And the mother smoothed from the child's

brow fair The clustering locks of her golden hair,

And murmured : "My darling, we cannot tell :

But we know that the Father doth all things woll :

And we know that never a creature in pain Addressed a prayer to His mercy in vain. Time has no line that His hand may not smooth :

Life has no grief that His love cannot soothe And the fevered brow shall have rest at last, In the healing shade from the death-cross

Cast. Look up, my precious one ; why shouldst thou

weep ? The Lord giveth sys to His loved ones sleep.

And the little one gazed with a glad surprise In the loving depths of those patient eyes, Then lifted her lips for one long embrace, And turned with a smile on her weary face.

And the mother smiled as the early morn Marked the deep peace on the childish form, And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep : " The dear Lord be praised, who hath given her sleep !"

Ay, mother-she sleeps, is that charmed re-

That shall waken no more to earth's pains and

For the Savier bath gathered His lamb to His

breast. Where never life's storms shall her peace mosaid, coldly; "they're honest enough, only poor.

lest. Bis dear love willed not that time should trace One sorrowful line on that innocent face ; Others, less favored, might suffer their share Of the midnight toil and the poontide glare : Others might labor; others might weep,

But "the Lord giveth aye in His loved one sleep."

RUTH'S STEPFATHER.

those people-do you hear?" "Father," he says, looking me full in A curious trade to take to, but then it the face, "I couldn't insult them by dohas grown to be profitable. Things ing such a thing," when, without another were at a low ebb with me when I took word, he walked quietly out of the shop, it up. I was at my wits' end for some-thing to do, and sat nibbling my nails leaving me worse than ever. It was about eight o'clock that I was one day, and grumbling horribly. "Don't go on like that, Tom," says sitting by the parlor fire, with the wife working and very quiet, when Luke came in from the workshop with a book under his arm, for he had been toting up the

my wife ; "things might be worse." "How?" I said.

"Why, we might have Luke at home, and he is doing well."

Luke's our boy, you know, and we had got him into a merchant's office,

"Things can't be worse," I said, an-grily; when there was a knock at the

He saw it; too, but he said nothing, only put the accounts away and began to read. The wife saw the storm brewing, and she knew how put out I was, for I had not wat hit me since out I was, for I had 'Come in," I said, and a fellow lodger put in his head. "Are you good at works, Mr. Smith?" he said. "Middling," I said, for I was fond of pulling clocks to pieces, and trying to it to pieces in the ashes, she gave me one invent. "I wish you'd come and look at this head, as with one hand she pressed me back into my chair, and then with the sewing machine of mine, for I can't get it to go. I got up to look at it, and after about tobacco. an hour's tiddling about, I began to see I was done. She always gets over me a bit the reason why. I had my bit of like that, and after smoking in silence for dinner and tea with those people, and half an hour, I was lying back, with my they forced half a crown upon me as eyes closed, dropping off to sleep, when well, and I went back feeling like a new the wife said (what had gone before I man, so refreshing had been that bit of hadn't heard) : work. The very next day the folks from "Yes, he's asleep now." the next house wanted me to look at That woke me up, of course, and if I theirs, and then the news spreading, as didn't lie there shamming and heard all news will spread, that there was somethey said in a whisper ! body who could cobble and tinker ma-"How came you to make him more chinery, without putting people to the vexed than he expense that makers would, the jobs wife, and he told her. came in fast, so that I was obliged to get "I couldn't do it, mother," he said, files and drills and a vice-regular set of excitedly. tools by degrees; and at last I was as She's living in a wretched room there busy as a bee from morning to night, with her daughter, and, mother, when I and whistling over my work as happy as saw her I felt as if-there ! I can't tell a king. VOIL. Next we got to supplying shuttles and "Go on, Luke," she said. needles and machine cotton. Soon after "They're half starved," he said, in : I bought a machine of a man who was husky way. "Oh! mother, it's horri-ble. Such a sweet, beautiful girl, and tired of it. Next week I sold it at a good profit ; bought another and another, and sold them ; then got to taking them and the poor woman herself dying almost with some terrible disease. money in exchange for new ones, and The wife sighed. "They told me," he went on, "how one way and the other became a regular big dealer, as you see. I've got at least hard they had tried to live by ordinary three hundred on the premises, while if needlework, and failed, and that as a last anybody had told me fifteen years ago resource they had tried to get the that I should be doing this, I should machine. have laughed at him. That pretty girl showing and explain "Poor things !" said the wife ; " but are you sure the mother was a lady ?" "A clergyman's widow," said Lake, hastily ; "There isn't a doubt about it. ing the machine to a customer ? That's Ruth, that is. No, not my daughteryet, but she soon will be. Poor girl, I Poor girl! and they've got to learn to always think of her and of bread thrown use it before it will be of any use." upon the waters at the same time. "Poor girl, Luke?" says the wife, softly; and I saw through my cyclashes that she laid a hand upon his arm, and "Curious idea, that," you will say, but I'll tell you why. In our trade we have strange people to deal with. Most of was looking curiously at him, when if he 'em are poor, and can't buy a machine didn't cover his face with his hands, rest right off, but are ready and willing to his elbows on the table, and give a low pay so much a week. That suits them, groan! Then the old woman got up, stood behind his chair like the foolish old and it suits me, if they'll only keep the payments up to the end. The way I've been bitten by some mother would. "Mother," he says, suddenly, "will folks has made me that case-hardened you go and see them?" She didn't answer for a minute; only that sometimes I've wondered whether I'd got any heart left, and the wife's stood looking down at him, and then had to interfere, telling me I've been said, softly: spoiled with prosperity, and grown un-feeling. It was she made me give way "They paid you the first money?" "No," he says, hotly. "I hadn't the heart to take it." about Ruth, for one day, after having "Then that money you paid was had my bristles all set up by finding out that three sound machines, by best vours, Luke ?" "Yes, mother," he says, simply; and makers, had gone nobody knew where, who should come into the shop but a those two stopped looking one at the ladylike-looking woman in very shabby other, till the wife bent down and kissed widow's weeds. She wanted a machine him, holding his head afterward, for a for herself and daughter to learn, and few moments, between her hands; for said she had heard I would take the money by installments. Now just half only one; and then I closed my eyes an hour before, by our old shop clock, I thinking. had made a vow that I'd give up all that For something like a new revelation part of the trade, and I was rough with her-just as I am when I'm cross-and had come upon me. I knew Luke was more. five-and-twenty, and that I was fifty-four, I co said, "No." "But you will if the lady gives but he always seemed like a boy to me, curity," says my wife, hastily. The poor woman gave such a woe and here was I waking up to the fact that he was a grown man, and that he was thinking and feeling as I first thought begone look at us that it made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel and felt when I saw his mother, nigh that if I stopped I should have to let her upon eight-and-twenty years ago. have one at her own terms. And so it was; for I let her have a first-class ma-I lay back, thinking and telling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving chine, as good as new, she only paying seven and six down, and undertaking to me, and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against pay half-a-crown a week, and no more security than nothing ! me, and that I wouldn't stand by and see him make a fool of himself with the

To make it worse, too, I sent the first pretty girl he set eyes on, when hing home without charge, Luke going he might marry Maria Turner, the engithing home without charge, Luke going neer's daughter, and have a nice bit of money with her, to put into the business, and then be my partner. "No," I says; "if you plot together, I'll plot all alone," and then I pretended to wake up, took no notice, and had my with it, for he was back at home now keeping my books, being grown into a fine young fellow of five and-twenty, and I sat down and growled the whole of the rest of the day, calling myself all the weak-minded idiots under the sun, and

self, Tom," she said.

try and work it all off.

bank a "-

angrily.

all th

telling the wife that business was going supper. I kept rather gruff the next morning, and made myself very busy about the place, and I dare say I spoke more sharply than usual, but the wife and to the dogs, and I should be ruined. "You ought to be ashamed of your-"So I am," says I. "I didn't think I could be such a fool." Luke were as quiet as could be; and about twelve I went out, with a little "Such a fool as to do a good, kind

action to one who was evidently a lady born, and come down in the world." oil-can and two or three tools in my pocket. born, and come down in the world." "Yes," I says, "to live in Bennett's place, where I've sunk no less than ten machines in five years." "Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds. Tom, I'm ashuned of you—you a man with twenty workmen busy up stairs, a couple of thousand pounds' worth of stock, and in the bank a."—

and looked in upon as sad a scene as I "Hold your tongue, will you ?" I said, roughly, and went out into the shop to shall ever, I dare say, see. There in the bare room sat, asleep in

her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would Luke came back soon after, looking very strange, and I went to him directly. "Where's the seven an' six?" I says,

He didn't answer, but put three halfsoon be over ; and, situated as she was, crowns down on the desk, took out the book, made his entries-date of delivery, it give me a kind of turn. "It's no business of yours," I said to myself, roughly; and I turned then to first payment, when the other's due, and rest of it-and was then going inlook at who it was bending over my ma-

all the rest of n—and was then going in-to the house. "Mind," I says, sharply, "those pay-ments are to be kept up to the day, and to-morrow you go to the Rolly's, who live nearly opposite to 'em, and tell 'em to keep an eye on the widow, or we shall lose another machine." chine. I could see no face, only a slight figure in rusty black ; and a pair of busy white hands were trying very hard to govern the thing, and to learn how to

use it well. "So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself. "Ah! Luke, my boy, you've got to the silly calf age, and I dare "You needn't be afraid, father," he I got no further, for at that moment

I was just in that humor that I wanted to quarrel with somebody, and that did the girl started, turned round, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face, that made my heart give a queer throb, and I couldn't take my eyes off her. "Hush !" she said softly, holding up "When I ask you for your opinion, young man, you give it to me, and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it," I says, in as savage a way as ever I spoke to the lad. "You go over to-morrow and tell Bell's the state the second

her hand; and I saw it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill. "My name's Smith," I said, taking out a screwdriver. "My machine ; how

does it go? Thought I'd come and see." Her face lit up a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, 'I can't quite manage this." She pointed to the thread regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a

with delight, as she found out how easily she could now make the needle dart in and out of hard material. "Do you think you can do it now?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad you came.

within me, "I think there's room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird. Luke, my boy, will you go and fetch a cab? Mother will see to what wants doing here."

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1875.

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hand in his, and the next moment he did what he had not done for years—kissed me on the cheek-before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling

nestling in my breast. I said "my darling," for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since-a pale, wintry sunshine while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now. Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed sometimes to think that she, a lady by birth, should come down to such a life, making me-well, no, it's us now, for Luke's partner-no end of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, think-ing her husband that is to be the finest fellow under the sun ; and let me tell you there is n any a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade.

the story she once told me. One day, when I was about twelve years old, I had planned to go after strawberries, but Aunt Rachel said to me : "A girl of your age should begin to learn how to do housework. Take off your hat, roll up your sleeves, and help me do the baking." I pouted and sighed and shed tears,

but was encouraged by the promise that I might go after the baking. Under good Aunt Rachel's direction I mixed a big loaf of bread, placed it on a tin as bright as a new dollar, and was rubbing the flour off my hands when she called

-you haven't scraped your bread-bowl clean. I shall never forget the picture sh

made standing there, her eyes regarding me sternly, one hand resting on her hip, while in the other she held the untidy bowl.

too much waste; to be a good house keeper you must learn to be economical. dicate that the yield will be less than You have heard the story of the young usual and the quality poor. All the valley of the Danube has suffered by the weather. In France more is due to the man who wanted an economical wife?" "No," I answered, and I might have added that I didn't wish to hear it general bad weather than to the destruc-

very likely young man, and he wanted a careful wife, so he thought of a way he scrapings of their bread-bowls to feed his horses. You see they all wanted him, so they got all they could for him. Finally he found a girl who hadn't any, so he asked her to be his wife, because the places upon which that current must draw? In the center of Frauce, in the southeast, in the west and the north, the he thought she must be economical.

Now," said Aunt Rachel, triumphantly,

The Harvest and the Prospect.

For the first forty days of summer it was constantly dry, and the grain and hay were starved down to half, or, at most, three-quarters of a crop; and then came the rain, too late to help the crop.

came the rain, too late to help the crop, but just in time to prevent the possi-bility of harvesting in good condition even what there was of it. From the consequences of this departure from the happy order of nature half Europe sees before it in the near future the calamity of dear bread; and we ourselves have will, and continued:

And That's the Way He Felt.

had such an experience of this perver-"There's no more Reb-no more had such an experience of this perver-sity of the elements as will impress the lesson decepty in the economical tables, though, fortunately, our experience is not that of Europe. Our hay crop has, perhaps, suffered most; for, though there is a good crop on all the low meadows, the loss by thinness and poor quality at all points where rains in May

and early June are necessary to give a good result, will reduce the yield to a fifth or sixth less than is obtained in a chinery! We're about through camping good year. Our farmers are, therefore, out, old pard, and we hain't sorry-not poorer by at least one hundred million a bit!"

dollars, or, may be, one hundred and fifty million dollars, on this one count. Perhaps the first estimate is more near-ly accurate, for the higher price that is burg when I was under Barksdale, and

of course the immediate consequence of the short crop will establish the equi-Burnside thought he could whip old Uncle Robert and Stonewall Jackson librium against whatever is lost in excess together ! Good Lord ! but wasn't it hot that day, when the Yanks laid their pontoons and got up and got for us! And of that sum. All the loss by grasshoppers and potato bugs will not equal the loss of hay; but with these losses added to that the sum represents an enormous when we got up and got for them, wasn't it red hot !"

addition to the regular burdens of the ag-ricultural interest, though, by the same machinery of the adaptation of prices, He stopped to ponder for a while, and

"But I forgive 'em! I took the chances—and lost. I'm reaching out now to shake hands with the Yank who the burden will be distributed more or less evenly over all classes, But though we have not altogether shot me, and I'll divide my tobacco half disastrously exceptional weather of the Xank and Reb stood right up and show year, we have reason to congratulate ed pluck, but it's time to forgive and

ourselves on a happy escape by compari-son with what has happened in the Eastforget.' • He cut a chew off his plug, took off his battered hat and looked at it, and ern hemisphere, and on the advantageous continued:

to the markets with our grain crops. All "Didn't we all come of one blood over Europe the weather has been bad, Hain't we the big American nation? Isn't this here United States the biggest but worst in France. There is little precise knowledge of what has happened plantation on the river, and is there a in the great grain districts of the Black sea country, but the general reports innation in the world that dares knock the chip off our shoulder ?

" Maryland, my Maryland, Michigan, my Michigan,"

He put down his leg, looked at his

"Three fingers gone—hand used up, but I'm satisfied. Folks who go to war expect to feel bullets. We stood up to the Yanks—they stood up to us—it was tive inundations, but the inundations themselves seriously disturb the balance The fact that always produced famine and pestilence in the valley of the Gaa fair fight, and we got licked. Two fingers hain't as good as five, but they are good enough to shake hands with ! ronne down to the fifteenth century now moves the current of supplies toward that district from other parts of France. Come up here, you Yanks, and grip me ! We raise cotton down here-you raise But what is the condition of the crops in

corn up there-less trade !" He lifted his crutch, struck it down hard, and went on: "Durn a family who'll fight each other! We've got the biggest and best

that come among them.

William Sangborn, of Medway, Me., is under arrest for having killed his wife, aged sixty-one. He sets up that he "dreamt he was fighting a bear.

It is proposed to have a State law in New Jersey prohibiting any one from selling a can of fruit which isn't full weight. That's the right weigh to cure the wrong weigh.

experience as follows: "No man cau keep habitual company with a cockroach and be cheerful."

woman's love ? A "Smoky City" po-liceman shot a drunken husband while beating his wife, and now she is prosecuting him who perhaps saved her life.

of making paper incombustible, and it will doubtless prove of great value to a nation that has her public records burn-ed so often as the one in which he belongs.

Burglars are common in Atlanta-too common. When a family man goes home at night he has to hide behind the gate post and bawl out, "It'sme, my dearest," at the top of his voice, in order to keep from being shot.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Washington is an undertaker, and there is some talk of asking him to resign because he makes the children sing "I would not live always" regularly every Sunday.

Sixty miles north of Duluth, Minn., an iron mountair has been discovered which rivals its namesake in Missouri. It is eight miles long, one and a half miles wide, and 1,200 feet above the level of Lake Superior.

A recent number of the Chicago Tri

A Story for the Girls. Sit down on the porch, children, and let me tell you about Aunt Rachel, and

out : "This will never, never do, child

position in which we stand with regard

"It will never do, child," she went on ; "it is not only untidy, but it makes

either. "Well," she continued, "he was gentle, timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there two hours helping her, till her eyes sparkled quaintance, and asked them each for the

cereals are in a bad state. Though these countries are not inundated they had "So am I," says I, gruffly; "it will "suppose a young man should ask you make it all the casier for you to earn the money, and pay for it." for the scrapings of your bread-bowl, what could you say?" what could you say?" "What could I say?" I repeated,

For a lie which is all a lie, May be met and fought with outright, But a lie which is part of a truth, Is a harder matter to fight. -Tennyson

A lie which is a part of a truth,

Is over the blackest of lies.

Items of Interest.

A Lie.

A national ode-The public debt. Being threadbare is a terrible bear to proud man.

NO. 24.

The great feature at seaside resorts-The big bill-owes.

Carlyle's recommendation was : "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

A flock of hens in Fairhaven, Vt. have been fed so much on raw meat that they kill and eat all the young chickens

A woman named Adelaide Robin. fifty years of age, threw herself from an attic window in Paris not long ago, being a victim of unrequited love.

The oldest journalist on the staff of the Cleveland *Plaindealer* sums up his

Who can sound the depths of a

A Frenchman has discovered a method

not yet lit my pipe, nor yet had my evening nap, which I always have after tea. So she did what she knew so well "And I will work so hard," she said, how to do-filled my pipe, forced it into my hand, and just as I was going to dash earnestly. 'That you will, my dear," I says, in

tell Rolly's to keep a strict lookout on

men's piecework, and what was due to them, and the sight of him made me feel as if I must quarrel.

of her old looks, kissed me on the foreother she lit a splint and held it to my

"Months," she said, with the tears starting in her pretty eyes; "but," she added, brightly, "I shall have enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy;" and as I looked at her, something in me said :

ward her mother.

"God bless you, my dear ! I hope you will;" and the next minute I was going down stairs, calling myself a

fool. They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over and over again to Bennett's place; and was, Luke?" says the all sorts of nice things were made and taken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; "It was heart-breaking. and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half-crown every week out of his own pocket, after going to

fetch it from the widow's. And all the time I told myself I didn't like it; for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself, and I hated poverty, and I used to speak

harshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter. At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman —I knew who it was, bless you !—and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself ; and at last he took his hat and went

"They might have confided in me," I said, bitterly; but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be "They'll be spending money-throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them al-

ready. At last I got in such a way that I called down our foreman, left him in charge, and took my hat and went after them.

Everything was very quiet in Ben-ett's place, for a couple of dirty, denett's ected-looking women, one of whom was n arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they should not come

back. I went up the stairs softly, and all was very still, only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter, wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently and

went in. Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine ; the wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, she always did worship that chap, our was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break ; while on the bed, tight, and went on breathing heavy and with all the look of pain gone out of her husband, where pain and sorrow are no parade.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there

was a mist like before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at me in a frightened way. But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a very

gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft brown hair. " Mother," says that something from

scornfully, "why, I'd tell him if he couldn't afford to buy oats for his horses spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't e of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't they might starve. I wouldn't rob the speaking, but something in me. pig to feed them." "She been ill long?" I said, nodding to-

I suppose Aunt Rachel thought that lesson was all lost on me ; but as true as you live, I never knead the bread to this day without thinking of her lesson in economy.-Detroit Free Press.

## A Balloon Reconnoissance.

The Count de Paris gives, in his 'History of the Civil War in America," the following vivid description of a baloon reconnoissance:

While the two hostile armies observed each other between Arlington and Fairfax Court House, a balloou was sent up every evening to reconnoitre the surrounding country. It was the only this small addition to the people's ex-means of getting sight of the enemy. As penditure will be more than compensated soon as we rose above the primeval trees which surrounded the former residence of Gen. Lee, the view extended over an quence of the general activity that this undulating country, covered with trees, dotted here and there by little clearings, current of supplies toward Europe will set in motion. If people get employ-ment at fair wages out of an event that and bordered on the west by the long range of the Blue Ridge, which recalls

the first lines of the Jura. Thanks to the bright light which ilabout that cent. lumines the last hours of an autumn day in America, the observer could distin guish the slightest details of the coun-

try, which appeared below us like a map in relief. But in vain does the eye seek the apparent signs of war. Peace and tranquility seem to reign

said everywhere. The greatest attention is necessary to discover the recent clearings, at the edge of which a line of redlish earth marks the new fortifications. dispose of the tickets." However, as the day declines, we see to the south little bluish lines of smoke

rising gently above the trees. They multiply by groups, and form a vast semi-circle. It is the Confederates cooking their supper. You may almost count the roll of their army, for every smoke betrays the kettle of a half-section.

Further off, the steam of a locomotive flying towards the mountain, traces by a ine drawn through the forest the railroad which brings the enemy their provisions. At the same moment a strain of military music is heard below the balng taken in. loon. All the clearings, where we sought in vain to discover the Federal camp,

are filled by a throng coming out of the woods that surrounds them. This throng terms : arranges itself, and forms in battalions. The music passes in front of the ranks with that peculiar march which the Eng-

lish call the "goose-step." Each battalion has two flags, one with the national colors, and the other with its number and the arms of its State. These flags are dipped, the officers salute, the colonel takes command, and a moment after all the soldiers disperse; fifty. for it is not an alarm nor a prelude to march forward which has brought them face, lay the widow-gone to meet her thus together, but the regular evening

Very Dirty.

The English colliers must be a nice set of men. At a recent meeting of a local board the question of providing public baths was raised, when one of the

who boasted that he had not been washed all over for thirty years, Another gentleman said the colliers avoided

fight than twelve cents for a bath.

continued dry weather through April country that ever laid out doors, and if and May, and then for the few weeks beany foreign despot throws a club at the fore harvest heavy continuous rains, so American eagle, we'll shoulder arms that the crop is small through the and shoot him into the middle of next drought and poor in quality from the week !"

bad condition in which it was harvested. He sat and pondered while the shad-Outside of France the first draught is ows grew deeper, and by-and-bye he upon Algeria, and there also the crop said:

"There's lots of graves down herehas been exposed to the same conditions there's heaps o' war orphans up North; and is in the same state. France, therefore, must buy largely. England, as is going to get up and hit the onery cuss already known, must also buy largely, who dares say a word ag'in either. We've got through fighting-we're shakand Germany and the eastern districts will, perhaps, esteem themselves fortunate if able to supply fully their own wants. Thus we shall be without coming hands now, and durn the man who says a word to interrupt the harmony petitors for whatever we have to spare petitors for whatever we have to spare It's one family-ole Uncle Sam's boys out of our great grain crops. Undoubt- and gals and babies, and we're going to edly, the prices to which grain will be live in the same house, eat at the same carried by this movement will fall sometable, and turn out bigger crops than what heavily upon poor people here, whose loaves will be the dearer for the any other ranch on the globe.

He rose up to go, rapped on the box with his crutch, and continued: competition of European hunger; but "Resolved, That this glorious old

family stick right together in the old by the impulse that will be given to homestead for the next million years to every branch of industry as a consecome !'

#### **Oranges** and Lemons.

Orange and lemon plantations, in the Mediterranean countries, are called garat the same time adds a cent to the price | dens, and vary in size, the smallest conof every loaf they will scarcely grumble taining only a small number of trees, and the largest many thousands. The fruit is gathered in baskets similar to peach baskets, lined with canvas, the basket being held by a strap attached The following characteristic story is told of Alexander Dumas, the author : and passed around the neck or shoulders. From the garden the fruit goes An artist brought him a picture and to the repacking magazine, where it is removed from the boxes, in which it was

"I do not ask you to buy this canvas, packed in the gardens, and repacked for only put it into a lottery ; your connecshipment by experienced female packtions are extensive, and you can easily ers, after having been carefully assorted by women, and wrapped in separate pa-

Dumas consents, and advances pers by young girls. As many as 500 required sum to the needy artist. Then persons, mostly women and children, he cuts out fifty squares of paper, are employed by some of the fruit growers in their gardens and magazines, adorns them with pretty numbers, take half himself and offers the rest to his for gathering, sorting, and repacking tor shipment, the wages paid them varyacquaintances. But that which succeeds hundreds times fails the hundred-anding from nine to sixteen cents a day. first time. Dumas offers them in vain ; full grown orange tree yields from five he sighs, and takes ten more numbers. hundred to two thousand fruit annually, and arrives at the bearing state in three "I can certainly dispose of fifteen," he says to himself. At last a visitor comes or five years, as does the lemon tree. who lets himself be tempted. But six In sorting, every fruit that wants a stem is rejected. The boxes are then securemonths pass without another person bely covered, strapped, and marked with In the mean time the gentleman who the brand of the grower, when they are took the single number besieges Dumas ready for shipment. Twenty years ago this trade was nothing in its commercial characteristics, or the inducements it with letters, and asks him, in pressing offered to capitalists. Now it is progress-"When are you going to draw

ing with giant strides into prominence, and is a considerable source of revenue to the government.

# Why 'Twasn't a Good Likeness.

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and some of his clients went to see it. Everybody said: "Oh, how much it is like him ! It is

the very picture of him !"

One farmer, who happened to be pres-ent, thought differently: "Tain't a bit like him !"

""Tisn't, ch !" said half a dozen at once; "just show us wherein it is not a capital likeness."

"Wa'al, 'tain't; no use talkin', I tell "Well, why? Cau't you tell us why

it ain't a good likeness?

"Yes, easy enough. Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket ?

bune serves up the murder and robbery of one day in several columns of elabo-rately headed matter, one of the lines reading : "Several plain, upassuming murders committed out West."

A certain young gentleman of Evanston, Ind., recently accompanied a lady to a train to see her safely started on her journey. He carried her railroad ticket there's heaps o' war orphans up North; I'm crippled up and half sick, but I'm there, when he reached home, some hours after the train left.

Scientists have at last found out what tobacco smoke is—a mixture of cyanbydric, suphureted hydrogen, formic, acetie, propionie, butyrie, valerianie and carbolic acids, half a dozen kinds of alkoloids and creosote. We don't wonder the humanitarians declare that it is killing people.

A catannoyed Louis Vollman of Mount Airy, Ohio, and he loaded heavily a double-barreled gun, intending to shoot the pest. He fired once, wounding the cat, and then chased it, striking with the stock of the gun. A blow hit the floor hard enough to explode the other charge, and Vollman was killed.

In the case of King vs Fenton, where the prisoner was tried in 1812 for the murder of Major Hillas in a duel, old Yudge Keller thus capped his summing up to the jury : Gentleman, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says the killing of a man in a duel is murder ; therefore, in the discharge of my duty I tell you so ; but I tell you at the same time a fairer duel than this I never heard of in the whole " coorse" of my life.

Distance of the Sun.

Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, professor of mathematics in an Indiana university, contributes the following to the Indi-anapolis Journal : The earth's mean distance from the sun, as deduced from Encke's discussion of the observations made on the transits of Venus in 1761 and 1769, was 95,280,000 miles. Till within a few years past the accuracy of this determination was not called in question. So lately as 1854, Dr. Lardner, in his "Hand-book of Astronomy," affirmed that Encke's value of the distance could not vary from the truth more than its three-hundredth part. Quite recently, however, astronomers have been led, by various considerations, to regard the distance as somewhat too great, and hence the results of the observations in December, 1874, with the improved instruments of modern construction, have been looked for with a lively interest. The discussion of these observations has not yet been completed. It is known, however, that the result-ing value of the sun's horizontal parallax cannot differ materially from eight seconds and eighty-seven hundredths of a second. This corresponds to a mean distance of 91,875,000 miles. We are, therefore, nearer to the sun by 3,423,000 miles than was believed but a few years The distances of the other since. planets are to be diminished in a corresponding ratio—the reduction in the case of Neptune, the most remote, amounting to no less than 100,000,000 miles.

STOLEN LETTERS. - A Marblehead (Mass.) correspondent of the Boston News charges that fifteen hundred and ninety-eight letters sent to his address have been stolen by some one in the Boston post-office during the past five months, and estimates his loss thereby at over \$2,000 a year.

### lottery?" If he meets him on the street, he calls to him from afar : "Will the lottery be drawn soon?" Tired of waiting, and in order to get rid of the troublesome man, Dumas takes the other fourteen tickets,

Dumas and his Pleture.

which gives him forty-nine out of the He then proceeds to draw the lottery, and, to cap the climax, it is the gentleman with the one ticket who draws

the picture.

# Profiting by Grasshoppers.

Minnesota citizens are making profit out of their adversity. In one of the counties of that State, where the authoripublic baths was raised, when one of the members said he had heard of a collier for grasshoppers, the inhabitants roasted the insects, thereby doubling their size you 'tain't !" and the reward. They also went into the neighboring counties where no rewashing, as they thought it weakened ward was paid and imported an immense them; while still another said the men stock, for which, when duly increased would rather pay five dollars on a dog fight than twelve cents for a bath. by roasting, they were paid from the funds of their own county. "Twould be as good ag'in if he had it in somebody else's 1"