VOL. VII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1877.

NO. 5.

Called by the Angels. The farmer's wife is sitting alone

In the dusk of a winter's day, While over the hills the shadows fall, And over the meadows gray, And the cares of many a busy hour Steal fast from her heart away.

Her eyes have wandered through mist of tear To the churchyard under the bill, Where the snow, like the wings of a brooding

Lies soft and pure and still, And where her treasures, so long ago, She laid at the Master's will.

And ah! how oft as the days go by, She starts, as her listening ear Has almost caught on the passing breeze Voices so sweet and clear. "Tis the angels calling!" she thinks, "Ah, me

It is weary waiting here,' The farmer from his work, at last, In the dusk of a winter's day, And he sits him down by his faithful wife, And she parts his locks so gray, And looks in his face with a loving smile That years never steal away.

And back again as her dim eyes turn To the hills where the shadows fall, She thinks: "My treasures are lying there. But He has not taken all, Since one is waiting beside me still

Till the angels' voices call.' But the weeks are slow, and the aged twe, In the dusk of many a day, Will watch the shadows come and g O'er the meadows cold and gray, Ere they, at the Master's will, may lie

Where their treasures are laid away. PURSUED BY WOLVES.

A Race for Life in a Russian Forest.

"And so, mine host, you wish to frighten me with the old fabled cry of Wolf ;' no, no ! it won't do You don't suppose a few cowardly rascals like your wolves are going to frighten two such old hunters as myself and Paulo, here? What say you, Paulo?" and the speaker, a tall, fair-haired young Englishman, turned to his companion, who stood in the rear and exhibited the respectful familiarity of a confidential servant; a man who had passed the prime of life, but was yet hale and strong; a thorough picture of the true Muscovite. "I will drive wherever the master

orders," was the quiet reply.
"Good! I knew that, Paulo. And our host thinks to keep us here when a glorious welcome is waiting us at Grovonoff palace, only three leagues away,
by the fanciful story that the wolves are
about. For my own part I should like a
pot shot at them. But I forgot, there's
Isabelle, and she might not care to venin the open fields the cowardly beasts
turned tail and slunk back to their native
when, turned tables of another barrel in the origin
to fo one that had already mounted the
oldege.
But this was the final charge. Once
in the open fields the cowardly beasts
turned tail and slunk back to their native
when,

soft voice at his elbow, proceeding from a graceful young lady who had at that moment entered the apartment, holding in her arms on infant, "I am as anxious to reach the palace to-night as you Is not dear Alexis waiting for me? You forget I have not seen him these three months; and baby here wants to be presented to his father.'

"Not a doubt," was the laughing re-"Well, we had better see about starting. Paulo, get the sledge round. "Will your excellency order the bells to be taken off; they attract the wolves,"

interposed the host.
"Not I, indeed, The horses would not get along without them. It encourages them; besides, I like the music of the bells on the frozen air; and if the wolves are to come, they come, bells or

The innkeeper bowed and withdrew. Now while the party are settling them-selves comfortably in the sledge, let us briefly explain who they are, that they find themselves at a Russian outpost late on a harsh winter's night. Harry Fordyce, who has been on a hunting tour with his trusty servant, Paulo, a thorough hunter and trapper, has appointed to meet his sister on her way from England, where she has been spending the summer, and escort her to her husband, a Russian noble, who, as governor of a district, is located on an outlying post far removed from civilization. The jour-ney has been accomplished, up to the time of our meeting them, without accident; but, putting up to rest their horses at a wayside inn, three leagues from their destination, the landlord endeavors to persuade them from proceeding by informing them that the pine forest which lies midway between the little village and the palace is infested with a pack of wolves-but the answer to this has already been given.

Now then, Paulo, shake the reins and we'll be off. You are all right, Isabelle," turning to the lady, "perfectly safe and warm, and the little one?" queries our hero.

"Quite, thank you." And waving his hand to the innkeeper, Paulo shakes the reins, and the sledge with its three horses dashes over the hard snow with a speed and ease hardly equaled by any other conveyance in the world, and at this pace the pine wood is neared. But Paulo is an old hand, and almost imperceptibly slackens the speed of his horses, allowing them to take breath, as he knows that they may require all their strength before the forest is passed. With one hand holding the reins, he looks calmly to the priming of pair of revolvers and then, quietly eaning over to his master, whispers in

"All right," is the sole response, but the young Englishman as quietly looks to the adjustment of a breech-loading rifle which has hitherto been concealed by a fur rug, and brings his cartridge belt

nearer to his hand. The forest is entered by this time, and the deep shade thrown by the gigantic pines creates a darkness almost as intense as that of night to the party who have just come out of the glare of the snow; the one relief to the solemn shade is the long road stretching out in its whiteness, and in its winding and turning looking almost like a living serpent, sooner are the party well within the shade of inhospitable and grim-looking trees, than Paulo begins to peer about

ground, but evidently he sees nothing to alarm him, when suddenly he exclaims "Hah!" and gives the reins that he has been holding in his hand a shake that seems to send a thrill through the horses, who have also seen or heard something that they do not like, for they throw back their ears, and the thick spume flakes fly from their mouths as they chafe at the

Isabella, who has been dozing, sudden-ly opens her eyes at the jerk which has been given to the sledge, and in accents of terror exclaims: "What are those eyes amongst the trees on the hill?"

No need to ask a second time, as the hoarse howlings, which had been but mutterings mingling with the sighing of the wind through the leafless branches, now swell into a loud chorus, and a pack of wolves dash from the trees after the sledge and its inmates, and then ensued a race for life indeed. The horses were as sensible of the danger as their human freight, and plunged along with all the speed of thoroughbred animals. Attracted by the cry of the child and the alarming shriek of its mother, the fierce pursuers came up on that side of the sledge nearest to them, and seemed de-termined to leap into it. They were, close alongside, their hot breath could could almost be felt, while the glare of their fierce-looking eyes were terrifying.
At this moment Paulo pulled out his revolver and fired, and the one nearest the side rolled over and bit the dust in his death agonies, but the others, nothing daunted, leaped over the body of their dying comrade and kept up the chase, Harry leveled his rifle and another beast rolled over. Just then one who appeared to be the leader sprang at the nearest horse and hung on his side, while the affrighted animal plunged and struggled to such a degree as to threaten the overthrow of the sledge. To reload and fire was for the experienced hunter but the work of a moment, and the horse was

freed from his assailant.

Paulo had not been idle. His revolvers had told more than once upon the hungry pack, but they were pressing closer and closer, and it seemed as though they must be eventually sacrificed to the rapacity of the wolves, when a turn in the road showed them that the forest was nearly ended, and that the remaining portion of the journey ran through an open country, where the wolves would doubtless hesitate to follow; indeed, the pace had been such that they were already falling off, and a shot or two more from the rifle and revolver, seemed to check their onrush. But it was as if they were only concentrating their energies for a fresh charge, for just as the forest was cleared, they surround ed the sledge on all sides, and Paulo had just time to fire at the first on one side,

onoff palace in a fety, but did not easily forget, amid the festivities that awaited them, the terrible race for life they had run on that harsh winter's night.

Experiments with Eucalyptus Trees.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Record-Union, in a late issue, publishes the following important piece of news : The Central Pacific railroad company have arranged to have 40,000 eucalyptus trees set out along five hundred miles of the right of way of the company. It should not be understood that that is the whole number of trees to be set out. It is but the first installment, and is for commencing the work. The object of this plan is to note what effect the planting of trees will have upon the climate. It is the theory that large numbers of them will increase the humidity of the atmosphere and lessen the liability to droughts. The de-nuding of hills of their timber and the clearing away of forests has a direct offect upon climate, as is well established. and the intention now is to see how far artificial means will be effective in restoring the balance believed to have been lost by the clearing out of our forests. as well as the scattered groups of forest trees. In this connection it is to be noted that the directory of the Good Templars' Home for Orphans, at Vallejo, has now in progress the work of setting out three thousand of the encalyptus globulus upon the grounds of the home, which will make quite a forest when the trees shall be fairly grown.

Does Its Own Feeding.

An English mechanic has contrived to make a steam engine do its own stoking. A large sheet iron hopper is set above the mouth of the furnace and in front of the boiler. This is the receptacle for coals. Below the hopper a steel crusher is made to run somewhat rapidly, and, as the coals fall by reason of their own gravity upon this grinding apparatus, they are reduced to the uniform size of cob nuts by the action of the crusher. Thence the equalized fuel drops upon a pair of iron disks or fans inclosed in a box, and running in opposite directions as a high velocity. The fans are in fact the furnace feeders, for as the box has but one opening, and that leads to the fire, they literally blow the coals into the latter and distribute them equally over the whole surface of the fire bars. The feed is regulated in quantity according to the heavy or light work the engine may be doing, by means of a single adjusting set screw. This is the automaton stoker. The furnace fires are fed and steam is kept up in the boiler without the turning of a shovel, and all that the fireman has to do is to smoke his pipe and whistle "Down in a coal

Infantile Mortality.

The following figures are instructive as showing for ten years the ratio of mortality of children under five years of age to the total mortality in the city of New York :

| Fer Cent. | Per Cent |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1867 52.99 | 1872 49.5 |
| 1868 52.50 | 1873 48.70 |
| 1869 51.09 | 1874 48.8 |
| 1870 49.66 | |
| 1871, 48.08 | 1876 48.7 |
| | ady decrease, much |
| of which is traceable | it is claimed, to im- |

The Indian Famine.

Mr. Monier Williams writes from Madura that at least 15,000,000 human will have to struggle for existence, if they are not actually struck down by famine, or by the disease which famine brings in its train. Of course this estimate has reference only to the poorest classes. * A sad feature in the spectacle is the condition of the cattle. As I traveled from one place to another, often diverging from the neighborh od of the railway to less frequented outlying districts, I saw hundreds of lean, half famished kine endeavoring to eke out a doomed existence on what could only in mockery be called herbage. When it is remembered that the cow is a principal source of sustenance to Hinloos of nearly all castes, and that no such animal as a cart horse is to be found in India, all agricultural labor depending on the ox, some idea may be formed of the terrible calamity involved in a mortality among cattle. Even the cows and oxen that survive will be almost useless. Utterly enfeebled and emaciated, they will have little power left either to yield milk or to drag a plow through soil caked and indurated by months of unmitigated sunshine. But the saddest feature of all is the condition of the human inhabitants of this great peninsula, I will simply recount what know; and testify of what I have seen

collected on the shore and on the pier. They were crowding round the sacks of rice grain, with which the sands for at least a mile were thickly covered and almost concealed from view, the grain bags being often piled up in the mounds to the height of fifteen feet or twenty feet. Yet no onslaught was made on the A few men scattered about, armed with canes, were guarding the sacks for the merchants who owned them, and were sufficient to prevent any attempt at depredation, though here and there I detected surreptitious efforts, not so much to make incisions, as to en-large any happy defects already ap-parent in the material which enclosed the coveted food. What generally hap-pened was this: Very few of the grain bags were so well made as to make any eakage impossible, and sprinklings of rice were thus scattered about everywhere. The knowledge of this circumstance was the cause of the vast concourse of miserable, half starved, emaciated creatures who had walked many miles to the spot. Men and women, old and young, even cripples, mothers with infants on their hips, and naked children—all more or less pitiable in their leanness and in their hard-set aspect of

Prisoners of War.

els of sand.

That a recognized code for treatment of prisoners of war should exist we believe to be most desirable. We have frequently heard it said—among others, M. Dunant-that the treatment of French prisoners by the Germans in the ast war had, to French eyes, been so bad that should war again occur between them, and France take prisoners, they would suffer for the past sins of the Germans. We may claim some right to offer an opinion on this matter. We have ourselves been instrumental in giving relief to French prisoners who were undoubtedly suffering extremes of hard-We have seen some of the saddest sights that war has ever shown; the French army captured at Sedan, cooped up in that narrow peninsula, suffering the pangs of hunger; the captive army of Metz, marching out under the disdainful eyes of its conquerors, the soldiers haggard, worn, weary, throwing themselves down in the deep black mud, in the sheer bitterness of despair, while he pittiless rain poured down upon We have seen the French prisoners in the camp at Mainz, cold, bitterly cold, with the snow deep on the ground, many in thin clothing, and stockingless feet, fed by but one meal a day, and that ften given in the early morning of one day, and not till the evening of the next. Nay, worse, we have seen the prisoners of the army of the Loire literally freezing to death in the open railway wagons in which they were for days retained in that severe winter, on their road to Germany; and we have heard, on unquestionable authority, of men being taken out of those wagons when they reached their journey's end frozen to death. And vet we say these are but the inevitable hardships of war .- Blackwood's Maga-

Thoughts for Saturday Night. Need teacheth unlawful things. Genius is only great patience.

All philosophy lies in two words, sustain and "abstain." Be calm in arguing, for fierceness

makes error a guilt and truth discour-The best and sweetest flowers of para-

dise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven or key to let us into para-Garments that have one rent in them

are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken; such is mans' good name once tainted with just reproach. Men's lives should be like day-more beautiful in the evening; or like sumner-aglow with promise; and like au-

tumn-rich with golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened in the field. Conscience is a clock, which in one oan strikes aloud and gives warning, in another the hands point silently and strike not, meantime hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes

It is an observation no less just than common, that there is no stronger test of a man's real character than power and authority, exciting as they do every par-sion and discovering every latent vice.

A fair reputation is a plant delicate in its nature and by no means rapid in its growth. It will shoot up in a night like nim, now forward, now to the right and of which is traceable, it is claimed, to imnow to the left, and on the snow covered provements is sewerage and ventilation. gourd, it may perish in a night.

A New York Merchant.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Bulletin writes:
The mention of Emma Abbott's name inevitably suggests some anecdotes I heard recently concerning Mr. George G. Lake, whose elegant mansion on Fifth avenue she makes her home here, and to whom she is glad to be indebted for much of the material encouragement that enabled her to pursue her career. Mr. and Mrs. Lake keep an apartment in their house which they call the "Abbott room," and which they have decorated with a number of objects of art, including a portrait of its occupant, painted by Frank R. Carpenter. Mr. Lake is one of the remarkable men of New York, He is well known as the senior member of the Broadway dry goods house of Lake & McCreary, but he retired from active

business some years ago. He is to-day a millionaire. Mr. Lake came to New York a poor boy from New England. He obtained a situation in the old house of Ubsdell & Pierson, and, in the course of time, made a contract for three years at five hundred dollars per year, or an aggre-gate of fifteen hundred dollars for the three years. Just after making this contract he was called on one day by Mr. Crist, of Spies, Crist & Co., who said to him: "Mr. Lake, we have had our eyes on you for some time; your fidelity with my own eyes in the capital of this presidency. Only a fortnight ago I saw many thousands of poor famine-driven creatures from the villages round Madras partment of our business. We offer you three thousand dollars for the first year, five thousand the second, and seven thousand the third." Mr. Lake replied:
"I am obliged to you, Mr. Crist, for your good opinion, but I cannot accept your offer." Mr. Crist was surprised.
"Why not, Mr. Lake?" "Because I

just made a contract with Ubsdell & Pierson." "But not on such terms as we offer you, Mr. Lake?" "No, certainly not," replied the young man. "Is your contract with Ubsdell & Pierson in writing, Mr. Lake?" "No, sir."
"Well, then it is not binding," said Mr. "Well, then it is not binding," said Mr. Crist. "It makes no difference," was Mr. Lake's reply, "I have given Ubsdell & Pierson my word." The years went on, Mr. Lake supporting his wife and child on \$500 a year. They boarded in Canal street at \$8 a week. Near the end of the three years Mr. Pierson one day said: "Mr. Lake, we wish to say to you that we are much pleased with you. Among all our young men you have been the most faithful. We know where you go, When your daily duties are over you go home. We are so much pleased with you that we have decided to infants on their hips, and naked children—all more or less pitiable in their leanness and in their hard-set aspect of misery—were earnestly engaged in gleaning up every grain that escaped from the sacks on the pier and on the shore. Many were provided with coarse sieves, by means of which a few rice grains were, with infinite pains, separated from bushels of sand.

The pleased with you that we have decided to offer you an interest with us." Mr. Lake replied: "I cannot except it, Mr. Pierson." "Why not?" "I have no capital and I will not borrow." It was Mr. Pierson's turn now to be surprised. "But, Mr. Lake, you will stay with us." "I will stay, Mr. Pierson, but you must make it an object." Mr. Lake then for the first and the offer of Spies. Crist & Co., three years before Spies, Crist & Co., three years before. This he had kept to himself, as faithful to his duty at \$500 a year as he would

> could not always keep out of his mind the tempting offer he had put aside. Mr. Pierson said: "Mr. Lake, on what terms will you remain with us?" 'I cannot both buy and sell the same bing, Mr. Pierson. If my services are desired by you, make me an offer.' They parted. The next day Mr. Pierson said: "Mr. Lake, my partner and myself have determined to make you this offer-\$10,000 per year for ten years." "All right, Mr. Pierson, I accept.

A Wealthy Thief. At one of the Paris police courts a rich and elegant Russian lady has lately been condemned to three months' imprisonment for theft. She is the pretty young wife of Capt. Garianoff Korewitchenski, serving in the Russian cavalry. Her age is twenty-six, and she has a daughter of eleven who was implicated with her in stealing a number of articles from a deal-er in fancy goods. On searching their were discovered which had doubtless been taken from many establishments during a considerable period of time. Many Russians of distinction attended the court on account of the social position of Mme, Korewitchenski, who was somberly but elegantly costumed. At the first interrogation she burst into tears, and vehemently denied the charge. Her child, however, acknowledged the rob-beries, both of her mother and self. Capt. Korewitchenski had hastened from Russia to be present at the trial, and urged his wife's innocence, stating that her income was 30,000 francs, and that she had no need to appropriate the possessions of others. As it was apparently a case of kleptomania, the punishment was rendered light. The child was ac-

How a Woman Drives a Tack.

Did you ever see a woman drive a tack? She holds it between her first and second fingers and pushes it a little in com ways into the carpet. Then with the ed off that it enters the floor on a bias. Then she pulls it out, selects another tack from Then box, and sticks a dozen into her hands while doing it. Finally, with an prepare them for winter. effort, she makes the point clinch floor, and with one blow she settles the matter by knocking the head off.

A Skeleton.

The St. Paul Dispatch has discovered skeleton closet in the State capitol. Intemperance has been increasing in the legislative halls and statesmen have been on sine die benders. Some of the committee rooms have been turned into private bar-rooms, which are run at the ex-pense of the State. It is alleged that one of the committees obtained an allowance of \$300 for expenses; that \$20 went for a cupboard and \$10 for keys; that the balance was used to buy liquors to put into the cupboard; that the drinking men in the Legislature were supplied

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

BREAKPAST OAT MEAL.-It may be very palatably cooked in water, with a little salt added. The water must be boiling hard when the meal is put in, and as soon as it sets or thickens the

water it must be set back where it will

still boil, but not scorch. Much stirring spoils it. Boil one hour or more, To SAVE WASTE IN COOKING. -To cook oat meal or cracked wheat without any waste, butter a basin and fill it two-thirds full of water, and when it boils stir in the out meal or wheat: be sure to have it thick enough, as you can easily thin with boiling water. Set your basin in a steamer. Rice, etc., should be steamed

TO COOK WHEATEN GRITS,-In one quart of milk or water of tepid heat stir five heaping tablespoonfuls of grits and one tablespoonful salt; put in a farina kettle and place in the boiling water in the under kettle. Place on the fire where it will keep boiling, adding water as it boils away. Boil one hour, then turn out in an earthen baking dish, and cover with a plate that covers the dish tightly; put in a rather moderate oven and leave a half hour. If it should boil very stiff it must be thinned by adding a little milk or water.

PUDDING UNDER MEAT. - When roasting a piece of beef, three-quarters of an hour before it is done take it out of the oven and pour the drippings out of the pan for gravy; have ready six or seven nice apples, pared, cored and halved, and lay them in the bottom of the pan; then make a batter of two cupfuls of flour, with a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in dry, one pint of milk, three eggs, and one tablespoonful sugar; pour this over the apples; then lay the meat on sticks in the baking pan, so that the juice from it will drop into the pan below. Send to table in a side dish with the meat.

POTATO DUMPLINGS-(According to German receipt.)—Boil five or six good sized potatoes; let them get cold, then peel and grate into a large dish; do not crush or mash them together, but keep them light and flaky; then peel about the same quantity of raw potatoes, grate, and put into a cloth, press out all the water, and put the potatoes in a dish; cut up an onion very fine, put in two or three eggs, and a small handful of salt; cut some stale bread into small squares and fry in hot lard or butter until they are brown and crisp; thoroughly mix the raw potatoes, onions, eggs and salt; put in the bread, and lastly the boiled pota-toes, handling as little as possible; roll the mixture into balls, and put them in a pot of boiling water, into which you have thrown a handful of salt; after they have been in about twenty minutes take out one and try it.

Farm Club Questions and Auswers. How about horseshoes made out of

Bessemer steel?
The manufacturers claim that the steel have been at \$5,000 or \$7,000, though he iron ones; that they are lighter, and consequently easier on the horse, and that when bought by weight you can get twenty-five per cent, more shoes than when buying iron ones. -

What is the occasion of cows losing the use of one or more of their tests?

The cause is largely owing to neglect in properly "drying off" a cow, and generally those that lose the use of their teats will be found to be among the best animals of the herd. Cows cannot be dried of their milk at once, and some cows continue to secrete milk in small quantities for a long time. In all cases where the animal has ceased to give milk, or is what is termed "dry," she should have her udder examined from time to time, and the teats tried to see if any milk can be drawn. At first the trial should be made at intervals of two or three days, and if there is a particle of milk in the bag it should be all thoroughly drawn. This prevents particles of coagulated milk filling up the milk duct at the base of the teat, or lower apartments a large quantity of articles down, causing a stoppage of milk through the duct and so spoiling the teat for further use. Not unfrequently this foreign substance, acting as an irritant, induces violent inflammation, and the result is a swelled bag, garget, or some disease of the udder, which causes trouble.

> What is the cause of the peculiar sheepy" cdor and taste often found in mutton?

An impression is very prevalent, even among experienced sheep raisers, that the taste and odor mentioned are due to the contact of the wool with the meat, but high authority states that the true cause is to be found in d lay in disemboweling the carcass. The intestines should be removed at the earliest possible moment after life is extinct, and before the removal of the pelt.

When should lambs be weaned? Generally at shearing season, when they are four or five months old. Separate them from the ewes, and place them in company with a few barren or "turnways into the carnet. Then with the ed off" ewes, to guide and gentle them, other hand she takes up the hammer, ali in a field sufficiently distant from the ways with the wrong side down. She mother ewes to prevent them from hear-hits three or four delicate blows, not ing each other bleating. The lambs raising the hammer half an inch from should have fresh, tender pasturage for the head of the tack, but pinches her the first few weeks, and the ewes dry fingers, lets go and hits it sideways, so and short food, to reduce the flow of milk. As soon as assured of the safety of their bags from garget the ewes ought to be placed in good pastures, to

The Roman Sentinel.

When Pompeii was destroyed there were very many buried in the ruins of it who were afterward found in very different situations. There were some found who were in the streets, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone there for security. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him stand-ing at the city gate, with his hands still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain. And there, while the lava stream rolled, he had stood at his post; and there, after a thousand years he was found,

quently importations of neat cattle and the annual yield of Germany is only 300,000, to 6,000,000 in France. The skins of 400,000 demostic cattle or further orders. while the heavens threatened him; there,

Vitality and Cunning of the Locust. In 1865 I made experiments to see

how soon locusts would drown. After confining them in water twelve hours they soon showed signs of life when placed in the sunshine, and in a few minutes began to move. I tried freezing, and came to the conclusion that they could be frozen up any length of time, and the warm sunshine would revive them. In 1847 I tried animal poisons to see what effect they would produce on locusts. I put the poison on celery, which the locusts prefer to other vegetables, and after observing the effect formed the opinion that they could eat their weight of any animal poison with-out ill-effect to them. As soon as they hatched out and began eating in April, 1875, I took a can of coal oil and a pan for the purpose of making a fagot to burn some that had just begun to eat my wheat, coming from a sandy knoll in the field. I poured the oil in the pan, and in moving about the pan I caused two or three to leap into it. I perceived that they changed color instantly, and to all appearance were dead. I then forced them in and observed the same results. On placing them in the sunshine it failed to bring them to life again. I afterward tried coal tar with the same happy re-sult. Turpentine, alcohol, alkali and eroton oil will kill them, and from the results of my experiments I believe that anything that will kill vegetable life will destroy locust life under the same con-

I know no insect that exhibits the cunning of locusts after they are four weeks When very young they appear to have no sense, as they will leap into water or fire if in their course. After four weeks old they will perform sets of cuming that are incredible to the unobserving. In 1875, after they are my neighbor's crop on the east, they set out for my field. I turned water between his and my field, and caused it to flow four or five feet wide in places, and let it flow through the wheat ten or fifteen feet wide in places. I soon found them crossing by thousands, swinging from blade to blade of the wheat that stood in the running water. I then cut the wheat out, but at the junction of a ditch I had left two fence poles in the form of a letter V, the lower ends crossing near the water of the creek, and the upper ends on either side of the ditch. They soon found passage, and would and did climb down a pole fifteen feet long over the water of Bear creek, and up the other pole into my field. They were making the passage in one continuous stream when I made the discovery, and the ground and wheat were covered near the passage by those that had crossed .-Milwaukee News.

The Priest and Physician.

A French journal says that a famous French surgeon, lately deceased, who was brusque and unpolished, found, on entering his house one day, an old priest who had been long waiting his return. "What do you want of me?" "I want shoes will last three times as long as you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woolen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. "You'll have to die with that," coolly remarked the surgeon. "I thank you, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat, "and am much obliged to you for warning me, for I can prepare myself, as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest. who received his death sentence unmoved, with amazement, and said: "Come to-morrow, at eight o'clock, to the Hotel Dieu, and ask for me." The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room, and in a month the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of a sack thirty francs in small change. "It is all I have to offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from Rouen in order to save this." doctor looked at the money, smiled, and, drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying: "It's for your poor," and the priest went away. Some years later the surgeon feeling death to be near, bethought him of the priest, and wrote to him. He came at once, and the surgeon received at his hands the last consolation of religion.

What Shall He Do?

An editor writes: Editing a paper is a nice business. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle headed. If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing something they have not read in some other paper. If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices, folks will say we are calous. If we do not cater to the wishes of the ladies, the paper is not fit to tie up a parcel or make into a bustle. If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out, they ray we never attend to our business. If we wear poor clothes, folks say business is bad. If we wear good clothes, they say we never paid for them, Now, what are we to do?

Ravages of the Rinderpest. .

Earl Fortescue in the House of Lords called attention to the outbreak of rinderpest in Essex and Yorkshire and the lord president of the council what steps have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The privy council has issued a notice stating that he cattle plague . has been detected at Bow and Stepney, both within the metropolis, and also at Hull. A fresh outbreak is reported at Hull. among stock in the vicinity of the first outbreak, though the entire herd where the latter occured were immediately slaughtered.

RINDERPEST .- A circular letter bas been sent to collectors of ports by the United States treasury department announcing that it is understood from the public prints that the rinderpest has again broken out in England, and conse-

In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting place beside.
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
Jut the dry leaves of earth were all adame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.

With tints that brightened and plied.

How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living to wing with mirth the weary hours.
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

Longfellow.

Items of Interest.

Do not forget that while you fold your hands time folds not up his wings.

Lamp wicks should be changed fre-quently if a clear, bright flame is de-

If persons would take more trouble about living they would be less troubled when dving.

To scold people when they make con-fessions is the way to keep them from

confessing again, The blue glass treatment is ridiculed by the Medical and Surgical Journal ns a "silly mania."

The condition of the British coal trade grows worse. The oldest man in the trade cannot remember a time so bad. They say it is dangerous to go into the

water after a hearty meal. But who expects to find a hearty meal in the water? Nearly 8,000 persons worm out a liv-ing in silk manufacture in the State of New Jersey. There are \$20,000,000 in

Some hygienic writer says : "Let your children eat all the salt they want." Bless you, it isn't salt they want—it's sugar.

The hop crop of Maine for 1876 is estimated at 400,000 pounds, valued at \$100,000. Three-fourths of the crop was raised in Oxford county.

Somebody in St. Paul, on the way home from the doctor's office, dropped the following prescription: "Blue glass, one part; faith, ten parts." A young man having complained that

a young lady had sat upon his hat, he was told that he ought to know better than to hold his hat in his lap. It is thought that the time will yet come when members of the choir will be expected to behave during divine ser-

vice just as well as other folks. No trouble to pay board in Mississippi. The Handsboro Democrat says: "Saw logs are legal tender here." Split wood, of course, is fractional currency.

Bayard Taylor says : "It is a withering commentary upon our modern cos-tume that no sculptor has dared, or ever will dare, to model a statue wearing a stove-pipe bat."

Revenge is like a boomerang. Although for a time it flies in the direction in which it is hurled, it takes a sudden curve, and, returning, hits your own head the heaviest blow of all.

Elder Evans, the leader of the Lebanon Shakers, has started a graveyard on a new plan. The graves are to be twenty feet apart, with a tree planted over each, so that in time there will be a handsom grove.

A bill introduced into the Legislature of Delaware enacts that where a bride and groom, or the bride only, are residents of the State, and leave the State for the purpose of being married beyond its limits, they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Your hand, Mr. Hayes, and please remember, sir, that we carried a torch for you three separate times last fall, at great personal sacrifice. Without being presumptuous, sir, a custom house would deemed a sufficient reward for this trifling service.—Exchange.

The best solace for the desponding patriot now may be expressed in the words of the mighty Daniel Webster : "Fellow-citizens, you have a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. No peo-ple with a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high ever lost their liberties." A lady, whose cook went to a wake,

was given notice by hera fortnight afterward that she was going to be married. "Who to?" asked the mistress. "Please, mam, to the husband of the corpse. "Why, does he love you?" mam; he said I was the light of the funeral." In the United States, where a whisky

shop, a blacksmith's shop, a grocery and two or three residences, constitute many a city, it is strange to read that the English are only now talking of elevating the great port of Liverpool to civic dig-Yet such is the fact, Liverpool is nity. only a town. "I came out of the accident," said he,

"and who do you think was the first per-son I met?" "Who, but that same eternal prize package peddler who had bored me for six hundred miles on the train, and-Nemesis, where art thou?-he was the only one aboard who wasn't hurt Brigham Young, Jr., is organizing in

Salt Lake City a company of 500 Mor-mon families, which will colonize in Sonora, Mexico. The Mexican authorities have promised perfect religious tolera-tion, and large grants of land. A rendezvous of the colonists will be established at St. George, Utah, and the march to the new land will be taken up on the tenth of April.

Smifkins always meant to be very polite, and among the conventional rules beaten into him was the one about "present company excepted." At a gathering of young Beacon Hillers, the other evening, allusion was made to the acknowledged good looks of Boston girls. "Yas," said Smifkins, "it is—ah—undoubtedly twew that Bahston labdies are bootiful," and he turned smirkingly to his lady listeners, "pwesent companny excepted-ah."

Germany sends annually into the fur market about 120,000 fox skins, of which 30,600 come from Bavaria and 22,000 from Prussis. Of other skins, her average annual produce is 20,000 pine martens, 60,000 stone martens, 280,000 polccats, 8,000 otters, 8,000 badgers, and 600,000 hare skins, which last are used by the felt hat makers. Of rabbit skins