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NO. 18.

Under the Violets. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Her hands are cold ; her face is white ; No more her pulses come and go : Her eyes are shut to life and light ; Fold the white vestures, snow on snow, And lay her where the violets blow.

VOL. VII.

But not beneath the graven stone, To plead for tears for alien eyes, A slender cross of wood alone Shall say that here a maiden lies In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb Shall wheel their circling shadows round To make the scorehing sunlight dim, That drinks the greenness from the ground And drops their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run, And through their leaves the robins call, And, ripeting in the autumn sun, The scorns and the chestnuts fall,

Boubt not that she will heed them all. For her the morning choir shall sing Its matins from the branches high,

And every miastrel voice of spring That thrills be eath the April sky Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round their dial track, Eastward the lengthening shadows pass, Her little mourners, clad in black, The crickets sliding through the grass, Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees Shall find the prison where she lies And bear the buried dust they seize. In leaves and blossoms to the skies, So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood, should ask : "What maiden lies below?" say only this : "A tender bud, That tried to blossom in the snow, Lies withered where the violets blow.

### The Young Artist.

There was a low, timid knock at Mr. Hilton's back door, which, after some little delay, was opened by a girl who was busy in the kitchen proparing tea. She felt in no good humor at the interruption, and her feelings of ill-temper were not amelicrated when she saw, standing on the door-step, a li tle, poorly-clad girl, from whose face suffering and want had blotted out all that freshness and bloom which always give a certain charm to the features of childhood, a certain charm to the features of childhood. ven when they have no pretensions to beauty,

a creat when they have no pretensions to beauty, or to delicacy of outline. "I expected to find a beggar at the door, and that disappointed," said Minds, the girl who opened the door. "What do you want?" she inquired, in a sharp, angry voice. A quick blush passed over the child's face, and there was a degreeating look in the dark, mourful eves, which were raised to Minda's. "I thought that, perhaps, you would give me one of those fine peaches for my brother," said she, pointing to a tree which grew near the garden fence, and whose boughs were bending beneath their burden of luxurious fruit, now glowing in the light of the evening sunbeams.

"It is a mighty modest request for a beggar to make," said Minda. "If you want a piece of bread, I'll give it to you, but who ever thought of giving beautiful ripe peaches to such as you?"

beg a peach for her sick brother, and after tea, if you would like to accompany me. I thought we would call and see if the family caunot be put in a way to earn a better livelhood than I should judge they were able to de at

than I should judge they were able to us at present." Mrs. Hilton was in favor of the proposition, so, as soon as tea was over, and little Emily in the midst of pleasant thoughts about Ella and the peaches, and numerous plans of her own for the girl's future pleasure and comfort, had dropped asleep, they prepared themselves for a walk to Mrs. Selby's. "This must be the house," said Mr. Hilton, stopping in front of one of those cheap tene-ments built for the express purpose to let to poor families.

ments built for the express purpose to let to poor families. All doubt on the subject was terminated by seeing through the window, the curtain of which was a little drawn axide, the basket of peaches on a small table, at one side of which sat a boy avidently employed in sketching it. He had a pale, thoughtful face, and earnest with d, which was now it up with a glow of enthusias n, a could be seen from the top of the star. as could be seen, from time to time, as he raised his head to look at the basket of fruit he as could be raised his head to look at the basket of fruit he was drawing. A woman sat near, sewing by the same candle that afforded light to the child artist, but her face was turned from the window so that Mr. Hilton was not quite cer-tain that it was his old acquainturee. Cathwine May. Ells stood just back of her Irother's chair, her hips parted with a smile, as she silent-ly watched his progress. "I wish I were an artist." said Mr. Hilton, " and I would reproduce this scene on canvas. The quiet, graceful attitude of the mother, the beautiful and spiritual face of the boy, and Ella (who by the way. I believe, has a spark of the same fire in her bosom, which is stready kindling in his), with her unconscious, though cordial and appreciative smile, would form a sweet home picture, poor and humble as the

weet home picture, poor and humble as the surroundings." Mr. Hilton now rapped at the door, which

Mr. Hilton now rapped at the door, which was opened by Ella. She started a little at sight of him, but at once recovering her self-possession, invited hum and Mrs. Hilton to enter. Mrs. Selby rose and went forward to meet her unexpected visitors. A glance showed Mr. Hilton that, as he suspected, it was Cath-erine May, the friend and acquaintance of his earlier verse. The recommition was mutual

earlier years. The recognition was mutual. Her history, since they last met, was quickly told. She married a young and promising artist, who by his talent and industry had alartist, who by his talent and industry had al-ready secured a competency, when, contrary to his better judgment, he was persuaded to invest his capital in Eastern lands. These looked very fair and tempting on paper, but when he came to trace out their boundaries on *terra firma*, they proved to have as little real existence as the mirage of the desert. He was not discouraged, for there was one at his side, ever ready to speak words of cheer and encouragement : but ere by redoubled dili-gence, he had time even partially to recover from the false step he had taken, he was stricken by disease, which in a few days proved fatal. atal.

It was now several years since his decease It was now several years since his decease, and for the last three months, owing to the severe and protracted illness of Winnie, they had suffered much from want and privation. "Winnie," said Mrs. Selby, "had employ-ment as an errand bay at the time he was taken sick, which obliged him to be out in the storm as well as the sunshine, while he was often obliged to carry such heavy packages as to task ins strength too severely. He used, when his father was alive, to sit hours at his side, which his father was alive, to sit hours at his side, watching the figures on the carvas momentarily glowing

father was alive, to sit hours at his side, watching the figures on the cauvas momentarily glowing into more vivid life beneath the penell. It was thus that the love of art was silently and im-perceptibly implanted in his boson." It was even so. The bud was already gliut-ing forth, destined, one day, to expand into the flower. As Ella had said, he loved everything which was beautiful, and the contemplation of a star, a flower, or even a golden sunbeam, which at a certain hour, peeped over a shed that stood opposite, and then stole in st the top of the window, afforded him exquisite de-light. light The bird sketched with a bit of charcoal was produced, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilton were sur-prised at the skill of hand and the delicacy of way. and will not practice it.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. corp be dug in the fall, and the roots ex-Recipes. REUBARB PIE. - Put a small basin in a

deep pie dish, cut the stems in pieces about an inch long, without peeling, plenty of sugar, and a good light crust.

NUT CARES. - One pint of chopped hickory nuts, one pound of sugar, whites

until the water hoils; when done, pour off the water and remove the cover until all the steam is gone; then scatter in half a teaspoonful of salt and cover the pot with a towel. By adopting this plan watery potatoes will be mealy.

PEACH COBBLER. --- Make a rich biscuit crust; put it rolled thick around the dish ; put in a layer of peaches, then butter and sugar, and a very little flour,

then peaches, and so on till the dish is full ; cover with a thick crust, cut a slit in the center, and pour in boiling water till full : bake in a moderate oven.

ITALIAN CREAM .- Set a quart of milk, sweetened with white sugar, on the fire to boil ; break the whites of six eggs into one bowl and the yolks into another; beat up the whites to a high froth, and as soon as the milk boils take with a fishknife large flakes and lay them lightly on the boiling milk. After letting them boil a few minutes, repeat the operation

with the remainder of the whites, and pile it high in the center of a glass dish. Make a custard of the yolks and milk, and pour around the whites Touch the

top flakes with cochineal essence. CREAM CHEESE .- To every quart of new milk, add one gill of cream, make it

curd comes, lay a cloth on a mold, which may be the bottom of a seive, but should be the size desired for the cheese, then leave it to drain ; as the curd settles keep filling in more, gently pressing down, till all the whey is out; turn it into a dry cloth, and press it down with a mod-

erate weight, not exceeding two pounds ; at night turn it into a clean cloth; next morning sprinkle on it a little fine salt, when dry enough lay it on a bed of strawberry or ash leaves, cover with the same, turn it over twice a day, change the leaves occasionally, and in a fortnight

it will be ready for eating. Feeding Growing Chickens.

As a rule, the poultry-raiser feeds his young chicks liberally; and this is necessary in the early part of the season. The feed for the first month is ground corn, wetted with water. This is a nearly unvarying bill of fare. Some give young chicks scaled state bread for the

amined, the upper portion will be found very fibrous, while the other roots run The retired politicians can truly say, in the language of Rip Van Winkle: "How soon we are forgotten." Yes, down deeply, apparently to bring up the needed moistare, and in less than the third of a century

How to Protect Melons. Common land plaster is a sure protection to melon and encumber plants, if sprinkled on while the dew is on them,

To BOIL POTATOES.—Let the potatoes be of a size ; do not put them in the pot until the water boils ; when done, pour off the water and remove the cover until all the steam is gone ; the

## AN IMPECUNIOUS CAPITALIST.

Man Who Liked the Town but Couldn't Stand a Landlord Up For His Dinner.

chus H. Desplaines, Crestline, Ohio," Then he lazily picked up a toothpick and leaned gracefully up against the counter and nodded affably at Andrews, who wore on his usually placid brow the expression of a man who is anxious to have something to hold. Mr. Desplaines ask, how many of the present generation apparently failed to notice this expres- ever heard of him ? We venture to asenthusiasm :

" I like this town."

No one dissented, and the stranger, entiment to impress itself on his audical fame.

ence, went on : "Yes, sir, I like this town. There is an air of enterprise, of activity, of restslightly warm, put in a very little ren-net, just enough to turn it; when the it that invites investment. The streets have risen from the pathless wilderness; take ont the curd with a skimmer, fill up the censeless hum of machinery and Whigs tried their level best to loosen the mold, turn the cloth over it, and stroke of the hammer call loudly for his grip on the State department, but

Girl." Mr. Desplaines continued : "Yes, sir, I do like this town. I madn't been here half an hour, hadn't gentleman. He soon found out that this old gentleman was a citizen of New talked with a dozen business men, before Hampshire, and lived in Mr. Webster's talked with a dozen business men, before i said: 'Here is the place." I know the spirit of this town. And it isn't only a live, but it's a safe town. I can put my money into any one of the half dozen enterprises that have been brought to my notice here and turn it at eight per cent, every year. Safer and more pro-fitable by far than the wild spirit of first month. This is very good feed ; and where the honsewife has time the and the inclination to do the baking, it is all right ; but it becomes burdensome where large numbers are raised and fed in th lawyer in New Hampshire, and one of the greatest in the country." He then took up the daughters and told whom speculation so rife in most other cities, hat promise the operator twenty per Some poultrymen, who desire to raise cent, but give him naught but min. extra fine chickens, feed them for the And I will-what ?" he added, suddenly they married, and finished his account first month, at least once a day, on hardboiled eggs, crumbled and mixed with glancing at the clock, "half-past one of the family without mentioning the already ? How the time has slipped by. name of Daniel. "Were those all the children?" asked Mr. Webster. The moistened bread crumbs or oatmeal, I had nearly talked away my dinner. The The average poultry-keeper, however, way to your dining-room, if you please," he added, a little haughtily, as a man dd man answered in the affirmative, will not see the profit of this method, "Are you sure there was not a boy not accustomed to ask for things, but atnamed Daniel ?" inquired Mr. Webster When the chicks are one or two months "Daniel, Daniel, Daniel," soliloquized the old man for a few minutes, and then old, sour thick milk will be found a good tended by servants who anticipated his feed for them. It should be scalded and requests and orders. The clerk, instead of flying around broke out with this reply : "Oh, now mixed with wheat brand, or corn and oats and marshaling Mr. Desplaines to the I do remember. There was one by the name of Daniel, but he went down to hopped together. No great deal of the dining-room, merely glanced at the capithickening is required, but enough to talist's clothes, and murmured the cus-Boston, and I have not heard of him since,"-Louisville Courier-Journal. Unless the potato bug masters the omary remark about the duties of baggageless guests requiring them to situation, we always include boiled podeposit something before banqueting. "What?" shouted Mr. Desplaines tatoos in our bill of fare for growing One Danger of Blue Glass. chickens. A potful is boiled in the It seems that the excitement about the you want me to pay in advance! Me? skins, the water is drained off and the potatoes turned into a stout wooden Me? Pay in advance? Why, dash your curative properties of blue glass, which vessel, and mashed. Sour milk and impudence, I'll buy your beggarly little filled up so much space in the newspabran are then stirred in, and the whole poured into troughs. We have always fed this mess liberally, and found it town and have it moved into the river. Pay in advance? Here, give me a pers a little while ego, has been producive in certain instances of more harm blank check book, somebody. I'll drain than such periodical epidemics, if we may call them so, usually are. That blue glass has any curative propyour miserable little village banks so dry profitable to do so. Whole grain should seldom be given they can't change a ten-cent piece for three months to come, Porter bring erties remains to be proved ; but that to chickens in hot weather. They will down my trunks and boxes and carry glass of that color will concentrate the be healthier and grow better on such diet as here recommended. Of course them over to the other hotel. Take them rays of the sun, in a lesser degree, as the common burning glass does, was known before General Pleasonton's book was they should have their feed of ground to the depot and carry my card to the president of the rolling mills and tell grain night and morning, but not too im to dine with me at the Palmer in much of it, especially of corn, which is heating and stimulating, and has a tenprinted and made so much of in the Chicago next Thursday. I'm off. I'm newspapers. A gentleman of Brooklyn dency to cholera. Oats and wheat are out of this poverty stricken town by the suffering from weakness of sight was led by the advice of well-meaning friends to first train that will carry me." better.-Furm Journal. And half an hour afterward Mr. use spectacles of blue glass, such as cer-Low Prices for Dairy Products. Desplaines was seen walking across the tain opticians are selling just now. The price of butter and cheese is result was that his eyes, already too weak to be used much in ordinary cirbridge, comfortably eating a piece of rapidly falling to the basis of 1861, when bread and chewing a raw onion, regardordinary State butter sold from nine to ing with lofty disdain the policeman who cumstances, were exposed to a terrible twelve cents and cheese for eight cents. stood at the end of the bridge, and glare and heat, which in less than a week Mr. Lewis, a leading butter merchant, entirely destroyed the eyesight of the warned him further away .- Burlington could only get offered, May 1, eleven cents for one hundred tubs of different sufferer. He is now totally blind. This is a fact, and the gentleman would Hawkeye. dairies. He thinks that the very best Words of Wisdom. doubtless be glad to have other sufferers quality of butter will not bring this sumfrom weak eyes know of his case and mer more than twenty or twenty-five It is a fraud to borrow what we are cents. There are from 2,000 to 5,000 draw a moral therefrom. Another simiot able to repay. lar instance has come under our observapackages of old butter now in the mar-Advise not what is most pleasant, but tion, a young lady being, in this case, ket, which will have to be sold at from what is most useful. the dupe of the blue glass enthusiasts. ten to twelve cents. Last year we ex-Christians should be humble and It is worth bearing in mind that the ported 6,000 packages, and this year the hankful, watchful and cheerful. only property of blue glass that has been exportation has run up to 50,000, at an You can't get anything in this world proved is its power to concentrate the rays of the sun and produce extraordi-nary heat. One of the most efficient methods employed in Siberia to bline average of \$15 a hundred, which has without money, some say ; but this is not true, for without money you get into prevented a complete break down in the market. The market is clean of cheese, debt. which now rates at fourteen cents. This The mixture of an error with much political prisoners is to pass before the is owing to the fact that many cheesetruth adulterates the whole; as the eyes of the captives a bright steel blade makers last year made butter, and to the chalice of pure liquid is rendered danneated to a red heat ; but it seems likely presence of large quantities of artificial gerous by the infusion of a drop of poithat with the march of civilization the butter-oleomargarine-which is manuson. We should therefore beware of all factured from tallow and then churned Russian jailers will adopt another method error, however slight and inconsiderable which will produce exactly the same rewith a little milk to give it a sort of butsult, that is, they will try blue glass .-ter flavor. A number of factories are

Political Fame.

# TERROR NUMBER ONE.

Advocate.

How He Intimidated the Citizens of Custer City--His Downfall.

Every day the bull trains, mine teams, and stages roll into the Black Hills with their loads of "fresh fish," as the vetafter the grave incloses them there are e ans call the new arrivals from the East. These "fresh fish" rush for hotes, boarding-houses and saloans, get a meal or a luuch, and are presently seen walking up and down the streets of the frontier city or collecting on the cor-nets to hear the latest news from the diggings and the prospects of striking

a job. The other day, when a wagon load of bull-heads was dumped out in Custer City, as wagon loads had been dumped out every day before since grass started, the first man to welcome them to the infant city was a chap five feet high, and weighing accordingly. There was a blood-stain on his left cheek, a scar on his right, and he had fierce eves, a voice like a roaring lion, and a bad limp in one of his legs. He was whilling out a tent-pin with a big bowie-knife as the wagon drove up, and, pushing the kn fe down the back of his neck, he lifted up a Henry rifle, ran his eye over the crowd, and called out, in an awful voice :

"Is there anybody in that crowd look-ing for Terror No. 1? Kase if there is, here I am; and I'm just aching to be shot full of bullets weighing a pound apiece !"

No one was looking for him. Some looked at him, and some looked across the street on purpose not to see him, while there was a uniform movement toward hip pockets. "I didn't know but that some of you

might have come out here from New York or Boston to plant me under the sweet jessamine or the climbing morning glory !" chuckled the Terror, as he rested the butt of his rifle on the ground and fished up a six-shooter from his boot leg.

There were men from New York and Boston in the party, but they didn't want to bury anybody just then.

" I don't own this town," continued the Terror, as he laid his infant armory across the head of a barrel. "I don't own a foot of ground or a share in any of the public buildings erected at the expense of taxpayers, but when I stand on Washington square and utter one yell this whole town quakes. I'm Terror No. 1. There's one or two other Teriors around here, but I'm the boss-I'm the reg'lar death's head and cross bones

of the Black Hills region !" Before he had ceased speaking most of the new comers had disappeared, some looking pale and anxious, and others feeling shivers race up and down their backs.

An hour later, when a party of five strangers from New England were makstrangers from New England were mak-ing the acquaintance of the infernal beverages on sale in one of the shanty away, spit tobacco ince on his hat and saloons, and at the same time pumping the proprietor about prospects, in walked the Terror. He looked as ficree as a catamount, about a street. The terror was an awf il coward, catamount cheated out of her dessert, and there was an awful growl in his voice as he called out

dig out mighty lively. But these weapons, the name I've got, and my auxious look for gore frightened him half to death."

drawn blood in this town. There comes the chap who acts as city marshal, sheriff, chief of police, or whatever you may call him. He's six feet high and weighs over two hundred pounds, and yet see

shouted :

"For God's sake ! don't raise a row

the little man as the official moved oa. "That man could make my heels break my neck, and yet he is alraid of me. Here are some grizzly bear claws which I bought in Omaha for two dollars. Everybody around here thinks I pulled the beast out of a hole in the hill, held him by the ears with one hand, and cut these claws off with the other. There are twenty notches in the stock of this rifle. These folks around here have got an idea that I have killed twenty men in

There was a period of silence, and

"There's money in it, and it's rather pleasant to be top of the heap, but this thing can't last long. Some day before long I shall light down upon the wrong man, and he'll dress me down and drive me to the hills. I hope you boys will have lots of luck. I've been square and honest with you, and now don't give me away.

At that moment three men on horseback came down the street, and the Terror jumped out with a screech and shouted:

"Here's the holyhock you are looking for. Here's the modest violet who wants to be carved up and fed to the wolves !"

They wern't looking for him, and they got away on a gallop. The party from the East went out among the diggings and were absent a whole week. When they returned to Custer City, they inquired for the Terror, and a hotel keeper replied:

"Yes; they did use to call him the Terror, I believe, but they didn't know him. He was whooping around here in his usual awful style three or four days ago, swearing that he must kill some-

# but few persons on earth who are ap-prised of the fact that they ever lived. These reflections were fastened on our

mind by reading in the Congressional dictionary a brief sketch of the life and public services of General Sam Smith, of Maryland. He was a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, once or twice mayor, and contributed much to its growth and prosperity—more, perhaps, than any other citizen. The good people of Maryland exhibited their appreciation of his talents and personal worth by

sending him to Congress for a longer period of time than the average life of man. He served them as a Representative or Senator in Congress for thirtynine years. He was made chairman of A gentleman with his coat tail pockets full of baggage strolled into the office of the Gorham House and registered in a bold, free hand the name of "Aristar-of the coat tail pockets" and discharged the duties of the posi-tion with marked ability. Fe was a warm supporter of Jackson's adminis-

tion, and said, with a sudden glow of sert that could he now arise from the grave he would find three-fourths of the citizens of Baltimore entirely ignorant of his long and useful career as Baltiafter a moment's pause, to allow the more's public servant. Such is life and such is the ophemeral character of politi-

We cannot close this article without telling one of Daniel Webster's anecdotes. It is decidedly to the point. After Presiit that invites investment. The streets dent Tyler's second veto of a bill to these people have hewed out of the solid rock; the elegant business blocks that every member of his cabinet, save Mr. Webster, indignantly resigned. The Eastern capital to come here, and, hand all their efforts were unavailing. Then in hand with labor, coin new and added they came down upon him like a thouwealth out of the rugged rock, the mine, the quarry and the loom. Yes, sir; I like this town. This is the place where my money stops," The stranger paused again. Most of the audience had ceased to chew their toothpicks and were looking at the orator with an air of interest. Mr. Andrews brukhed an immersentible gravit of the following story. He said has brukhed an immersentible gravit of the orator with an air of interest. Mr. Andrews brukhed an immersentible gravit of the orator brukhed an immersentible gravit of the orator to be gloomy about anything ; your fame is made." "Fame," replied Webster, "and much for fame," Whereupon he to the following story : He said has the story of the same with an air of interest. Mr. Andrews brushed an imperceptible grain of dust from the sleeve of his coat and softly whistled a bar from the "Behemian was seated by the side of a very old

to death." "Yes, everybody seems afraid of you," observed the man from Troy. "Afraid? I guess they are !. When I walk into a place everybody begins to quake and shiver, though I have never how I can bluff bim.

The official referred to was coming up the street at a leisurely gait, and when he came along opposite the group, the Terror leaped out with a wild yell and

"Looking for me, are you ! Want to see me bad, do you ? '

with me!" whispered the sheriff as he looked around for cover. "I don't want you, you don't want me !"

"You see how it works," continued

rows or fair fights, but I never even shot at one.'

then the Terror continued:

"Winnie is sick, and has been begging of Winnie is sick, and has been begging of mother all day to buy him a peach, but she hasn't s peans in the wor'd, so I told her that perhaps somedone would give me one for him.
During this colloquy a child seven years old, her head covered with soft, brown curls, and her blue eyes unconscionsly filling with ters, atood at the door, which opened into the kitchen, earnestly listening. When she heard what the fittle girl last said, she darted up stairs and entered the room where her father, who had returned homo half an hour earlier than usual, was reading the newspaper to her mother while waiting for tea. She approached her mother softly, and whispered som request. Mrs. Hilton give a smilling assent, and the child with a joyous bound had hiready nearly reached. with a joyous bound had already nearly reached it will see that you are placed under an able master."

What is it, my daughter ?" "Wont is it, my daughter?" "There is a little girl at the back door, who wants a peach for her sick brother, and Emily wishes to give her one," said Mrs. Hilton. "May 1?" said Emily, addressing her father. "You a dozon if your chases."

"Yes, a dozen, if you please," "Then I'll till my little willow basket with It will hold full a dozen. I know it will. If I could only reach some of those large ones at the top of the tree, that look so ripe and

ow." I believe I must lend you a helping hand," said Mr. Hilton, laying aside his newspaper. "Oh I can hear Minda shutting the door now. She has turned her away. But never mind—I

can overtake her.

can overtake her." The next moment Emily stood at the outer door of the kitchen. The little girl, with a dvooping, sorrowful look, and tear stains on her pale cheeks, was just closing the gate. "Come back," said Emily, "and you shall have plenty of peaches for your sick brother, and for yourself, too. I have got leave to give you this basket heaped up full." "Have you?" said the girl, in a quick, earnest volee, which was full of toyful survive.

but pleasty of them which had accidentally fullon, were lying among the grass. Emily, in the meantime, had selected some sprays of the bright green peach leaves, which she quickly arranged among the glowing fruit, heightening by contrast the rich, delicious hues, and making if anyong more monthem abuear more tempting.

t ablear more tempting, "These," said Emily, handing her the bas- (a), "I want you to carry it home just as it s how, because the peaches look so beanti-ally among the green leaves, it makes them are better. aste better

Taske better," The look of sadness was now all gone from the little girl's eyes, and instead, they sparkled with delight, as she placed the basket on her aria, dropped a courlesy, and murmured her theaks.

' Mother loves to look at whatever is beautisaid she, "and so does Winnie. He always stealing in at the top of the window. He drew a bird one day with a plece of charcoal, and he to draw another, as soon as he can get a piece of paper."

a biers of paper, "Stop one minute, and take some peaches to eat by the way. Here's plenty of them," and Emily put as many into the little girl's hands as they would hold.

"Won't you tell us your name, my little girl, before you leave us," said Mr. Hilton, approach-

Ella Selby, sir."

And you have a brother who is sick? 'Yes, sir, he has had a fever, and den't seem

get over it." "How old is he?"

will be ten next month."

Mr. Hilton's next care was to ascertain where as girl lived, which he wrote down on a blank the girl lived, which n leaf in his pocketbook.

"There's something strangely familiar about that child's face," said Mr. Hilton, when he had returned to the room where his wife

was. "What is it?" she inquired. "I can hardly tell, though if these large, dark eves of hers had been in company with a pair of rosy cheeks, I should say that she re-sembled Catherine May, who used, before I was married, to live in the neighborhood of my old

Was she ever married - this Catharine May you speak of ?"

"I don't know. It is now many years since I at sight of her. At any rate, I was much in lost sight of her. At any rate, I was much in-terested in the child who came to the door to

Hilton. make a slop. . . . . . .

Fourteen years, with their burden of care and errow, brightened now and then by a few learns of sunshine, have merged into the past, "There, the light is better here—much bet-

ter, which a young man, removing a picture that hung against the wall of a small, elegant-iy furnished apartment, and placing it so as to would the cross lights, which came in from two opposite windows. "Don't you think it is, Emily?" said he, addressing a lady who stood

isoking at the picture. "Yes, much better," she replied ; and as she stood with her head a little thrown back, the light of her violet eyes beaming from beneath their long, sliky lashes, and the rich, brown enris failing back from her forehead, no cao could have failed to remark the resemblance between her and the child of seven years old. dvooping, sorrowful look, and tear stains on her pale checks, was just closing the gate.
"Caue back," said Emily, " and you shall have pleuty of peaches for your sick brother, and for yourself, too. I have got leave to give you fits basket heaped up full."
"Have you?" said thegirl, in a quick, earnest voice, which was full of jorful surprise, " Yes, and father is going to gather me some of the largest and ripest ones."
"M. Hilton, at this moment, made his appear area, to enable him to reach the higher limbs, the little willow basket was not only soon filled, but blocht of them which had accidentable. between her and the child of seven years old

was only ten years old, which, in compliance with your father's request. I have recently With your father's request, I have recently transferred to cavas." He removed the cloth that covered it, and recealed the home picture, which Mr, and Mrs. Hilton had many years previously gazed upon through the half-curtained window of Mrs.

elby's humble domicile. "I should know those large, carnest eyes anywhere," said Emily, indicating a boy who was sitting at the table, sketching a lasket of seaches, "But in every other respect you have altered, if I except that somewhat proud

"I little thought," said he, "as I at there, "I little thought," said he, "as I at there, with my piece of coarse paper and a hit of charcoal, that hidden among the fruit I was copying, was a golden key which would open to me so bright a vista in the future. How sad would have been my desimy-how sad would have been my desliny-how sad that of my mother and sister, if she who is now my wife, had not obeyed the warm im-pulses of her generous nature. Truly, the angel stirred the waters of the fountain at the

right moment."

### Character in Women.

Women are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display indefatigable activity in serving them. "Whoever has gained the affections of a woman is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists or advises him men draw back much sooner in such cases. Who is not astonished at the courage shown by a woman when her husband, whose misconduct has perhaps a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friends. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, her father, she penetrates into prisons-she throws herself at the feet of the ruling

powers. Such are the women of our day, and such has history represented those of antiquity. Happy, I repeat, is he who has a woman for a friend

it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred-ay, to a thousand. scattered throughout the United States

turning out tallow butter. The imita-tion is so close that it is difficult to tell the No man will hate a good man so much as he who has ill-treated him. Let a man who you have injured hate you, difference, and the spurious article finds and there is an end to his enmity. Repaits way to many tables where it is eaten ration frank and full puts an end to his under the supposition that it is fresh made and pure butter. Grocery men buy hard feelings toward you, and even lays the foundation to a protracted friendship. it cheaper, and, with the incentive of

large profits, do not hesitate to palm it But let a man hate you without a cause, save such as his envy, or bigotry, or vanity supplies, and his hate is endless. off on unsuspecting customers. Manuring Corn. In manuring for corn apply the dung

or fertilizer near, the surface. This is and yet not of it; to think only, to not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the we can offer substantial reasons. The senses painfully conter; to he a stream we can offer substantial reasons. The corn plant loves warmth, and the roots in the midst of buxom life, and yet have grow best in the warmest earth. A tem-perature of ninety degrees is said to be myriads of beings who throng the highthe most favorable for the growth of corn roots. Now by applying the fertility This is a dirge-like melancholy inseparanear the surface, the roots find nutri-ment to absorb at the point where the physical agencies are present for the most rapid development. If a hill of

New York Evening Post. Some Improvement.

An old toper, whom nothing on earth could part from his glass, met a red ribbon man of his acquaintance and said : "Now, Tom, you don't drink any

more. "No, sir."

"All your money is used up in the family, ch?" It is sad to be alone, to be in the world

"Yes, sir." "Well, Tom, be honest now and tell me if you feel any improvement-tell me if you don't feel sneakish." "I think I have improved," slowly

replied the reformer. "A month ago I could take all such slang and not say a word. Now I feel so much like knock-ing you down that I know I've improved fifty per cent."

argument.

"Five o'clock by Omaha time, and I haven't killed or been killed this whole day long! Turn loose your pet grizzlies, unhitch your whirlwinds, and let a dozen wild lions come for me at once !"

"Take something to drink, my good friend," mildly replied the saloonist. ' You are always welcome here, but you don't drop in half often enough. Don't be afraid to pour out all you want.

"To tell the honest truth, Steve, said the Terror, as he poured out nearly half a pint of the worst whisky ever made, "I came in here to kill some one; but you are a white man clear down to

your toe nails, and I won't raise no row. That's good whisky, that is, and if you want any one in Custer City put under ground, just give me his name. Can you think of any one?"

The saloon keeper reflected for a moment, as he slowly wiped off his bar with an old calico apron, and finally he replied :

vill not cling or drape, is at a discount. "No; I don't think of any one just Torchon, Clovis, Smyrna, and Imperial now, but something will probably turn up in a day or two. Any time you feel thirsty come in and help yourself." laces are the novelties in lace this sea-

Night chemises of colored Surah are One of the five men had formerly been affected by fastidious women of luxuriant a molder in a Troy stove foundry, and he had been closely watching the Terror. All of a sudden he held out his hand for tastes. Scotch gingham is revived for summer

a shake, cheerfully observing : "I'll bet one hundred to one that we cloth."

used to work, board and room together." The Terror reached out his hand, closely scanned the molder's face, and after a moment he said to the whole five

"Gentlemen, come out doors and take seats on the bench. I begin to know Forchon laces are shown to trim linen lawn and percale dresses. this man, and I don't want to answerany Chip shade hats, light as a feather, are trimmed with puffs of organdy inquestions in here." stead of ruches this summer.

"Well, but I am surprised to find you out here and rigged up in this style,' remarked the molder, as the men found seats.

"So you may be," slowly replied the Terror. "When I worked in Troy there wasn't a man or boy about the shop who couldn't make me eat dirt. I was one of the biggest cowards east of Chicago, and now I'm one of the biggest west of that town. I own right up, because know you won't go back on me. I might fight if I was cornered, but if there was a chance to run or crawl out I wouldn't strike a blow."

"But you talk very brave," said one. "And it's all talk," replied the Terror, as he picked his teeth with his bowie knife. "I floated out here from Chicago, knife. poor as a rat, and the biggest coward in the whole train. If luck hadn't favored me I should have been under the sod long ago. I've got an awful voice, and

I can look as ugly as a bear in a trap ; Boring for Coal and Finding Water. A subterranean lake or river was tap-ped by some men who were boring for and somehow or other the story got afloat that I killed two men in Chicago, was rescued from the gallows by a mob, coal at Coe, Iowa, a few days ago. When and that I had come out here to escape they had penetrated seventy feet, they heard a heavy rumbling noise, which was immediately followed by a rush of water, filling the six-inch tube, which raised the drilling machine, weighing some seven hundred pounds, many feet. justice. Men grew afraid of me, and I soon got the cue. I determined to become a Terror in order to make an honest living, and I've got the thing right down On moving the drilling apparatus, a vol-

"And you are not a fighter and a shooter and slasher?" "Gentlemen, it's kind o' mean, for a

man to run his own character down, but to be honest about it I don't suppose there is a man in Custer City who could is estimated that it discharges a barrel a not wollop me inside of one minute by minute. The water is pure and cold. A the watch. I go around simply to make stone thrown into the tube is hurled back into the air, as is also a rail, when regument.

the bed, and he'll never be seen in Custer again."

### Fashion Notes.

The flors fan is the newest fancy. Banged front hair is the style for little girls.

The fan manufacturing center of the world is Japan.

" No silk for morning toilet " is the rule in Paris.

Chemisettes of various styles are very fashionable.

Linen lawn and percale costumes are in great demand.

Pique is on the wane as a dress fabric for little children. Black lace scarfs make handsome

Spanish flounces are seen on nearly all

Lisle thread gloves and black net mit-

Silk as an obstinate material, which

dresses under the name of "Zephyr

Twelve or fifteen silver bangles are

sometimes worn over the long gloves of evening toilets.

Colored Hamburg embroideries and

Fashionable chemises are lavishly

trimmed with lace insertions and edg-

Wild roses and buttercups, nasturti-

Children's sashes are still worn very

Fans for toilets of ceremony are of

satin and silk, with lace of fine artistic

design, or marabouts, or other feathers

for ornamentation. The sticks are de

The Manila shade hats of the season

are trimmed with bunches of roses and

knots of fringed ribbons, pale blue and

tilleul being the favorite colors. The brim is lined with silk to match the rib-

ume of water was thrown into the air

twenty feet, and still continues to rise

seven or eight feet, when it spreads out

into jets like an artificial fountain. It

wide, low down and loosely around the

figure, with deep loops in the back.

rigeur of mother of pearl or ivory.

bons, and edged with Valenciennes.

ums and forget-me-nots, are favorite

flowers for trimming summer shade hats.

ings and tucks, but not with puffs.

trimmiugs for white chip shade hats.

summer dresses for little girls.

tens are in demand all of a sudden."