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RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1878.

NO. 13.

The Unknown Land.

Darest thou now, O Soul, Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region, Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide, Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand, Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

Nor dost thou-all is blank before us; All waits, undreamed of, in that region-that

Till when the ties loosen, All but the eternal, Time and Space, Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bo

Then we burst forth-we float, In Time and Space, O Soul—prepared for them

Equal, equipt at last-(O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfill, O Soul!

-Wall Whilman

OVER THE FENCE.

It was a shabby old mansion in a shabby old thoroughfare, which had been a fashionable street in its day, but was anything else now. Grocery shops and junk shops had invaded it. The and junk shops had invaded it. The square, white-painted, green-blinded dwellings, with railed roofs and pilastered front doors, through which decorous worthies in ruffles and bob-wigs had once gone in and out, shorn of their prestige now, and divested of shining knobs and knockers, were turned into tenement-houses of the poorer sort. Only the magnificent double row of elms, which had been the glory of the street in its prime, remained intact to deck its decadence. Thet owering splendor of their green masses rustled in the salt air now as then, but a mournfulness mingled with the rustle Perhaps—who mingled with the rustle Perhaps-who knows?—the elms were sorry for the deserted old street. It is not easy always to fathom what lies at the heart

of things, trees or men.

The shabby old mansion had belonged to General Wesson, a Revolutionary hero, less conspicuous in history than in the affections of his townsfolk, who to do him honor had called the street by his name—Wesson street. His residence, once the fluest in the neighborhood, had still this advantage over its dilapidated compeers, that it retained its old-time compeers, that it retained its old-time garden, a large square inclosure laid out in formal box-edged beds and walks. This garden had the odd appearance of having sunk slightly during some convulsion of nature, for its surface lay some five feet below the level of the street, which had been "filled in." It was walked on these sides Parsing or the street of the street, which had been "filled in." was walled on three sides. Peeping over the low fence which topped the wall, a passer by could look down into the very heart of gooseberry bushes and peony clumps. The wall itself was a tangle of honeysuckle, ivy, and brier roses, and altogether the garden had a sweetness

still, though its paths had run to weeds, and lines of wet linen flapped over the rose circle which had been the pride of dred years ago.

So long past, so forgotten, were the traditional dignities of the old house, so poor and decayed was its present seeming, that people experienced a shock of that the Moravian Society had bought the property for a chapel and parson-age. "What! that old thing?" they cried. almost indignation—when told But the thrifty Moravians went their way without minding much what people said. They had little money to expend, and a righteous horror of debt. The old place was cheap; they could make it do, they thought. So a little army of work-people deployed upon the premises, and presently all was changed. The ground-floor, divested of partitions, became a large plain meeting-room. The second floor was reserved for the pastor's dwelling. There was much scrubbing and whitewashing, new paint and plaster; blinds were rehung, a tottering chimney rebricked, the fences mended. Last of all arrived a cart-load of benches, another of furniture, and Pastor Lubke and his family. The neighbors, watching, saw them go in: first the grave old pastor leading a little boy, then a long file of girls of graduated heights, all clad in black, worn, it was whispered, in memory of their mother, who had died a few months before. The beds, chairs and tables seemed scanty plenishing for so many, and lookers-on wondered how they managed; but no-body found out, for the Lubkes were quiet and reserved, saying little or nothing of their affairs, but simply taking things as they were and settling into

All these things to watch did seriously incline Mr. Erasmus Stockton-a young man whe, for his misfortune, had little to do then except look out of win-dow. His lodging next door commanded a view of the long south side of the 'Wesson house," as the neighbors still called it, and of the whole garden, and having, as I said, little to do except look out of window, while waiting the report of the Patent-office on his "improved air brake," he naturally looked out a great deal. Idleness is the root of curiosity as well as of mischief. It is astonshing how persistently he watched the Lubkes and their doings, and how much entertainment he found in doing so, all the time persuading himself that he was studying "Chitty on Special Pleas," which lively work he held in his hand, to be sure, but ever the top of which his eyes were forever straying to note the comings and going next door, "Heavens! what a lot of girls!" was

his first reflection as he saw the sable-elad procession file up the walk. "And how much alike they are !" was his second. They were strangely alike. The four elder all seemed of the same age. They were of the same slender build, with clouds of flaxen hair flying over their shoulders, the same pale blue eyes, the same colorless skins. For a eyes, the same colorless skins. For a long time Erasmus could fix on no point of difference by which to distinguish them, but after a while he learned to classify the four as "Sister," "The Twins," and "Hilda," The twins were classify the four as "Sister," "The Twins," and "Hilda." The twins were always together, inseparable as Castor and Pollur. "Sister" was the central star of the little ones. They were forever clinging to her skirts and fellowing to help or hinder in her many household tasks, from washing windows and careless habits about church-going, but now morning and afternoon and evening make you happy? Just say 'Yes,' and the rest is easy. Only one word, dear love!"

"It might be easy to say 'yes,' pered the back of Hilda's hat and shawl—Hilda who never turned her head. His seat, had he known, occupied the pre-difference in the rest is easy. Only one word, dear love!"

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hanging out clothes to sweeping the door steps in the early morning. Hour after hour Erasmus heard the hum of her wheel. He had seen it carried in with the other things—a genuine old-fashioned spinning wheel, which an antiquarian might have coveted for its quaintness, but which "Sister" valued for its use. It was she who took the lead in reforming the garden, where disorder

and intiquarian might have coveted for its quaintness, but which "Sister" values in reforming the garden, where disorder and neglect were giving place to thrift and neatness, groundsel and pursley to peas and beets, and where pot-hersh, it is and deeds, and where pot-hersh, it is and deeds, and where pot-hersh, it is and multitudinous cabbages jostled each other in true German fashion.

"Sister" took the lead, but every one helped. Even the little ones could weed and dibble holes for the insertion of infant-roots, and in the cool of the day, the sedate old pastor himself would descend from his study, knife in hand, it to prune, not in the most skillful manner, the fruit trees whose best days had gone by with the best days of the old house round which they grew.

Hidda was the prettiest of the sisterhood. Her blue eyes had the advantage of a fringe of long golden lashes; her hair waived naturally through all its pale length; there was a tinge of color in her head if a fact a girl must be plain indeed not to do ky, with glints of sunshine and dusks of shadow. Erasmus watched her flit in and out and to and fro, her veil of flaxen hair blown by the wind, her plient fact a girl must be plain indeed not to do when, as in this case, he is lying on his surprise, he found himself in love with Hidda. He had not meant it, but how could it be helped? A young man's fancy is easily caught, and most easily of all when, as in this case, he is lying on his four the listing and most easily of all when, as in this case, he is lying on his four she had not be seen without looking and it is so little in the otology is easily caught, and most easily of all when, as in this case, he is lying on his cars for a while, and has not much to do.

Had Hilda noticed him? He could not tell. She had never given a look, so far as he could detect, nor had he risk ters. But a good deal can be seen without looking and it is so little in the order of such a himself. In least of the congregation, mounced him a most suffered to mar his outward quietu

Had Hilda noticed him? He could not tell. She had never given a look, so far as he could detect, nor had her sisters. But a good deal can be seen without looking, and it is so little in the course of human nature that seven girls, with fourteen eyes between them, should not see a young man who sits at a win-dow and gazes out at them all day, with only a fence between, that I am inclined

to think they did. Meanwhile, though he knew their names and was familiar with their habits, Erasmus had never exchanged a word with his new neighbors. It was not from want of inclination; but he was a modest fellow, and truly he did not know how to begin. Pastor Lubke was a "strict" father. "Be sober, be vig-ilant," was his motto. He had no sympathy with the frivolities of youth among which frivolities, it was rumored, young men were conspicuously included. voung men were conspicuously included. Erasmus studied his stern, placid face from behind the blind, and saw nothing to encourage him there. And so, while thus his "hopes belied his fears, his fears his hopes belied," the days went on. He made no progress, and might have made none for a much longer time,

had not Fate taken pity and sent her messenger to assist matters. That messenger was—a monkey!

The monkey appertained to a hand-organ, and the man who ground the organ—and the monkey also, it is to be feared-sent him in to levy the customary black-mail on the Lubke sisters, who, sitting on the door-step, in the pear-tree shade, were knitting stockings of the blue yarn spun by "Sister's" wheel. The sudden apparition of the diminutive messenger, in his red coat and cocked hat, startled the simple family, whose lives heretofore had in cluded few monkeys. They jumped up, screamed; Hilda dropped her thimble; Bena and Naunul clung to each other; "Sister" lost her presence of mind for a moment. The monkey, emboldened by their evident fear, danced, chattered, and, suddenly pouncing upon Hida's thimble, ran across the garden with it in his paws. Hilda pursued, but the monkey ran fastest, and, scaling the wall with great agility, would have got off with his prize, had not Erasmus, who had realized the situation and hurried to

the rescue, caught him as he reached the top and held him tight. "What shall I do with him?" he asked, grasping the scratching, biting prisoner

"Don't hurt him !-oh, don't hurt him!" said Hilda. "It's only my thimble. If you could get that away from him. He stole it, so I ran after him."
"Here it is," said Erasmus, handing
her the thimble, he dismissed the monkey, with an unseen kick, to its owner.

"Oh, thank you!" replied Hilda, the new home without discussion or She walked away as soon as she said it, and did not look to see whether Erasmus went or staid, but all the same he felt a joyful sense that the ice was

And so it was; for common gratitude compelled Hilds into recognition after that, and forced her to bow in return for the low bend and the raised hat with which Erasmus met her. "Even father would say I must," was her secret reflection. Common politeness made her linger to exchange a few civil words when this obliging neighbor leaned over the fence to admire the garden or the sunset. Gradually, as her shyness wore away, these lingerings grew longer. Now and again she ventured to raise her eyes, and Erasmus met their full blue gaze. These fragmentary interviews held food for thought for long hours. Every moment, every syllable, was dwelt upon and dreamed over. Little as had been said, it seemed that they had said much; and there was always the delightful uncertainty at what moment she might drift that side of the garden again, might glance upward, might speak. Time seemed made up of Hilds; nothing else was worth consider-ing; and yet the sum of these import-ant conversations, had all his words and

all her words been written down, could easily have been condensed on half a sheet of note-paper. Of such stuff are lovers made! Sundays became noteworthy days just then to Erasmus. He had fallen into careless habits about church-going, but

cise spot where, in days gone by, Madam Wesson had been wont to sit for long hours every evening, and play "Patience" with her general. Dear me! what energies of patience it required for Erasmus to keep still, while Pastor Lubke slowly plodded through his fourthlies and fifthlies, his predicates and deductions, and Hilds never turned her head! But a lover will endure much

heard of such a thing!"
"Oh, don't talk like that, please
don't," cried Hilda. "And I must say
good-night—indeed I must;" and a way
she ran. Erasmus watched her go with rage in his heart,

"I declare," he groaned, "she's like a girl in a fairy tale, held fast by some old witch so that no one can get at her." He went to bed that night quite downhearted. But next day, his courage restored, he again attacked Hilda, as she accidentally strayed in the twilight toward the spot where he stood leaning

about all the time. Shall I tell you a solid basis of every-day contentment,

why? May I tell you, Hilda?"
Hut Hilda had fied, in obedience to a call from some upper window, and Erasmus smote the fence wrathfully

"Confound it !" he muttered. "What chance has a fellow who has to make love five feet off? I never can get near enough to be heard, on account of this old fence. I'll be hanged if I stand it any longer?" And he strode into the

Next day brought exciting news. His patent had been granted, and a manufacturing firm in New York, with whom he had been in treaty pending this re-sult, wrote to offer a handsome sum for control of it. But what were air brakes, "royalties," and ten per cents to him just then, with Hilda evidently avoiding him? She had not once come to that side of the garden during the day. He felt melancholy in spite of the realization of his hopes, and in melancholy mood strolled out to his customary walk alongside the boundary fence, though with little hopes of seeing Hilda, for twilight had fallen, and she was rarely in the garden at so late an hour.

Perplexed and unhappy, he lingered and leaned, and presently, to his sur-prise a little sound, half sigh, half sob, struck his ear. He bent over: a dim, crouching figure met his eyes. It was Hilda, crying quietly, while pretending to stake down a straggling verbena in

the flower bed below.
"Miss Hilda!" exclaimed Erasmus,
in amaze. "This is too good fortune! I have so much to tell you!" "Oh, you mustn't-I mustn't-

mustn't talk any more," replied Hilda. lifting a tear-stained face. "It isn't right. It will never do." "Who says so?" with surprise.
"Sister. She says people will call
me light-minded—and—improper, and
father will be angry—and—oh, indeed,

"Light-minded! Improper! Just let me catch them !" thundered Erasmus -so far as one can be said to thunder with voice lowered almost to a whisper.
"Now listen to me, dear—dearest Hilda. have great news to tell. My patent is granted, my fortune as good as made.

Day after to-morrow I must go away."

A sob from below.

"Are you sorry to have me go?

Dearest Hilds, are you sorry? If you are, even the least tiny bit, let me have the comfort of hearing you say so. Don't you know that I love you, my darling. I loved you from the first moment, I came to this old house. Could you care for me, dearest? Will you be my

"Perhaps-I could care," faltered

here at this hour, and with whom are you conversing?" asked Pastor Lubke.

There he stood behind her, a dim and appalling shape. Hilda shivered—her voice failed. Erasmus, his courage rising with the occasion, answered in her steed.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Veterisary Advec.

"A cow vomits all hay and coarse fodder almost as soon as eaten, while meal, bran, and other finely divided

rising with the occasion, answered in her stead:

"She was speaking to me, sir—or rather it was I who was speaking to her. I was telling Miss Hilda what I should have come this very evening to tell you, sir, if this opportunity had not arisen—that I have news which makes it needful for me to go away, and that I cannot go without saying that I love her, and want her to be my wife, if she will." His voice faltered and broke.

"And pray, sir, who are you?" asked.

"And pray, sir, who are you?" asked the pastor, grimly. "My name is Erasmus Stockton. My

"My name is Erasmus Stockton. My father was Judge Stockton, of Danbury—all my connections are respectable," replied Erasmus, succinctly. "I can refer you to people whom you know for my character and prospects. I have a little money now, and Smith & Petrie, of New York, have offered \$10,000 for an air brake of my invention, which is just patented. I can afford to keep a wife, Mr. Lubke."

Mr. Lubke."
"And pray where have you learned to take so great an interest in my daughter "Over this fence." answered Erasmus, stoutly. Pastor Lubke gave a grim

little laugh. "Such things are not to be settled in

"Such things are not to be settled in a minute, my young friend," he said. "Youth is always in a hurry. Hilds, you had better go in. If you will follow me to my study, Mr.—ahem!—Stockton, we will talk farther of this matter."

"Follow" by way of the gate, was what the good pastor meant; and he was by no means prepared for what happened, namely, his young friend's vaulting the fence like an acrobat, and gaining the garden at a single bound.

"Hurrah darling!" he whispered to

"Hurrah, darling!" he whispered to Hilda as the pastor led the way through the garden. "The fence is climbed. I always vowed that I would get over some lay or other, and I have.

day or other, and I have."

And so it proved. There were some hitches, some delays. Erasmus was not allowed to marry Hilda next week, as was his first wild proposition, or even next month. "Sister's" wheel buzzed like a great bumble-bee all summer long, and busy fingers toiled over the wedding outfit through winter days and spring days, before Hilda was pronounced by her family "ready" to begin her new life. A year's engagement even seemed a disgracefully short one to "Sister." Had not their own mother been betrothed for seven years before she ward the spot where he stood leaning over the fence.

"I say, Miss Hilda," audaciously,
"I've been thinking over what you said last night, and I'm certain you must be mistaken. About your father, I mean. He's too wise a man—I'm sure he is—to want to shut you all up forever, and keep you from making friends. Why, how could you do anything if he did—get married, for instance?"

"Oh, " cried Hilda with a vivid and they departed prosaically in the standard of th and, given the contentment, one can easily dispense with the fairies .- Har-

A Man-Eating Stallion.

The Hambletonian stallion Risingham, owned by Dr. James A. Schultz. of Middletown, N. Y., was shot and killed one night recently, he being considered unsafe to keep. Dr. Shultz says the horse was insane beyond a doubt. He was twenty-one years old, and for nineteen years has been a confirmed man-eater. More than twenty keepers have been crippled by him, and e has killed three persons outright. No professional horse-trainer could subdue him, and all the systems of horsetraining and breaking have been tried n vain. He was a thorough-bred, Hambletonian being his sire, and his dam being a mare of fine blood. He had been in harness but once in fourteen years, and that was recently, when Dr. Schultz had him hitched up, it re-quiring several men to do it. The doctor then attempted to drive Risingham, but the horse became so furious and unmanageable that he was allowed to go at once to his stall, where he has remained ever since. The sum of remained ever since. The sum of \$7,000 was once offered for him, and re fused by his owner, in hope that he might be cured. The last feat Risingham performed was to bite the right cheek of a negro keeper entirely off, the unfortunate groom's three immediate predecessors having lost respectively an ear, three fingers, and a thumb, and the muscles of the right forearm. Five shots were fired in the forehead

of Risingham as he stood in his stall, They seemed to have no effect upon him, except to increase his attempts get at the bystanders, and to add to the ferocity of his kicking and jumping. By strategy Dr. Schultz managed to sever his jugular vein, and he bled to death, dying as he had lived, exhibit-ing all the fierceness of a most vicious nature. His last effort was an attemp to seize his owner's arm in his teeth Dr. Schultz intends to dissect the remains of the stallion, and have the skeleton articulated and set up in his office.

Why He Never Wore a Collar.

It was a fact observed by many that Governor Briggs for several years before his death never wore a collar. When he was the honored chief magistrate of Massachusetts, he appeared at his levees and on all public occasions think—from the very day that you all his levees and on all public occasions came to this old house. Could you without a collar. There were comparatively few who knew the reason of this, But the secret is more interesting and suggestive. He had a neighbor, whom he very highly esteemed, who had fallen into the habit of using intoxicating Hilda. "But—my father doesn't—"

"Now why should we talk of your father?" broke in the impetuous lover from overhead. "If I love you, and you—like me, all the fathers in the world sha'n't stand between us. My way is all clear now, dear Hilda. I can make you comfortable, and oh! won't I try to make you happy't Just say 'Yes,' and intoxicating eup. and the governor laid." you comfortable, and oh! won't try to make you happy! Just say 'Yes,' and the rest is easy. Only one word, dear love!"

"It might be easy to say 'yes,' perhaps"—began Hilda. But an austere voice interrupted her:

"My daughter, what are you doing the governor. The man gave up the intexicating cup, and the governor laid aside his collar. He never wore it again, but he saved his neighbor. The adverse criticisms, to which this seeming lack of attention to his dress and personal appearance exposed him never moved him from his purpose.—Chicago Standard.

"A cow vomits all hay and coarse fodder almost as soon as eaten, while meal, bran, and other finely divided materials are retained. Has suffered for six months, bloats and belches, and steadily loses flesh. A neighbor lost a cow, similarly affected, a year ago."

This may depend on any disease of the gullet or first two stomachs, or it may be the result of deposit of tubercle in the lymphatic glands around the gullet as it passes through the chest. We in the lymphatic glands around the gullet as it passes through the chest. We have seen such symptoms from thickening and unhealthy growths on the living membranes of the gullet near the lower end, and one instance has been reported to us in which interstices of the diseased mass were occupied by minute worms. If any such should be found in this case I will thank you for specimens of the same in alcohol, as we have no description of a worm of this specimens of the same in alcohol, as we have no description of a worm of this kind in the ox. From whatever cause originating, a disease of this kind and of six months' standing, is not likely to prove curable. The following may be tried: Trisnitrate of bismuth one ounce, red oxide of iron one ounce, ground cention two curses as shelp.

ounce, red oxide of iron one ounce, ground gentian two ounces, carbolic acid one ounce; mix, divide into eight powders; give one daily in food.

"A horse has a swelling beneath the throat. What shall be done?"

It is not likely to harm the horse for work, unless it increases to the size of the fist or over, and presses on the nerves of the larynx and lungs. A free use of tincture of iodine, painted over the tumor every other day will often lead to its steady decline. Above all the horse should be kept in the most vigorous health and condition, and should be restricted to pure rain-water. should be restricted to pure rain-water. If the horse is allowed to run down in condition in connection with unsuitible feeding or air, with overwork or disease, the goiter will almost certainly undergo an increase forthwith.

"A horse suffers from neglected

grease which dried up under the use of a stringent, but breaks out at intervals in spite of the greatest care."

In washing the heels do not use cold

water or soap of any kind, and always dry carefully. When standing in the stable apply the following: Oxide of zinc, one drachm, cape aloes, half drachm, glycerine one ounce. When taken out, dry this off and dust on a little finely powdered calomel.

"A five-year old horse has clouding

of the eyes and watery discharge after very hard drawing."
This horse will probably continue to suffer under such exciting causes until he goes blind. Such attacks are usually ane to a constitutional predisposition and will reappear under every condition which temporarily impairs the health and vigor. After another year, how-ever, when he shall have completed his teething, he will be less liable to such attacks than before, and if blindness can get married, for instance?"

"Ok!" cried Hilda, with a vivid blush, "we don't think about that.
And father does feel just as I told you."

"But—please—why not think about that? It's exactly what I want you to think about. It's what I am thinking about all the time. Shall I tell you indoors and out, and correct every existing cause of ill-health. The horse may take the following: Powdered calumbia, one ounce, powdered colchi-cum, four drachms, powdered coriander seeds, two ounces; mix and divide into eight powders; give one daily in the

food.—Professor James Law.

Farm Notes. An agricultural exchange says: There are a thousand little leaks about the management of an ordinary farm, that if not closely attended to will surely bring the most hard-working farmer t ruin and bankruptcy. Nine tenths of sinking farmers can attribute their present distress to no other cause than lack of close attention to small details of the farm; a closer supervision of machinery and tools, the stock and their feed, place for everything and everything in

To drain a depression in a field when a clayey or hard-pan subsoil prevents the sinking of rain-water, and the lay of the land is unfavorable for ordinary methods of drainage, first dig a hole as for a well, through the impervious strat-um at the bottom hollow, fill it up to the brim with refuse stones, remove the excavated earth so as to allow the surface water free access to the pit, and standing water will never injure the grass or grain crop in that part of the field.—Exchange.

A cheap wash for barns and fences i thus given by Mr. C. Byrne, of Friends-ville, Pa., in a letter to the Elmira Far-mer's Club: "We have used cement and skimmed milk and think it better than lime. It is a light drab color, It costs but little—fifty cents' worth will paint a large barn. We put two quarts of cement into a six-quart pail; add two quarts of skimmed milk; mix well and it is ready for use. Stir occasionally while applying it. We paint one or two boards at a time, beginning at the top. The cement is the kind used in building

In an old agricultural paper, of fortyseven years ago, we learn that it is a good plan to put a piece of chalk in the pen with the young calves. They will lick it and thus correct the acidity of their stomachs and assist digestion and prevent dyspepsia, which often leads to cours. There is no doubt but that this is a most excellent practice. Prepared chalk is often prescribed by doctors as a remedy for heart-burn, which is a symptom of dyspepsia, and for diarrhea. The crude chalk (carbonate of lime) is, unquestionably, a good preventive and remedy for similar disorders in stock. The prepared chalk is the crude with all the critical services and the critical services and the critical services. the gritty particles worked out, -Rura New Yorker.

"A good solvertisement in a newspar per pays no fare on railroads; costs nothing for hotel bills; gives away no boxes of cigars to customers, or merino dresses to customers' wives; drinks no whisky under the head of traveling expenses, but goes at once and all the time about its business free of expense." All of which is true, albeit it is a little rough on the commercial traveler. - Practical

The number of hogs packed in the West last winter was 6,505,000, a gain of 1,404,000 over the previous year.

Coral.

Coral-fishing yields an ample return

when properly carried on, coral being always much sought after for the toilet, and commanding a high price. It has required twenty centuries of incessant groping in the dark to unveil its mysterious nature. groping in the dark to unveil its mysterious nature. It is a branched polypustrunk, of a beautiful red color, which is as hard as the most compact rocks, and, like them, capable of taking a fine polish. When it is withdrawn from the sea, of which it only inhabits the great depths, it is, owing to the arrangement of its branches, precisely like a bush in miniature, and a section of its stem presents concentric layers analogous to those of cerand a section of its stem presents con-centric layers analogous to those of cer-tain trees. Its branches are covered with a soft rose-colored bark, and dis-play here and there small holes, in each of which resides one of their builders. These are so many polypi, which, when they expand, wear all the appearance of pretty little flowers of a beautiful white color, with eight divisions spread out like rays, and the borders of which are ornamented with a fringe of cilis. It ornamented with a fringe of cilise. It was this deceifful appearance which made naturalists waver so about the nature of coral. Its extreme hardness, and the beautiful polish it takes, led some observers to look upon it as a simple mineral. But the idea which seemed to predominate over all others was that of coral being only a sub-ma-rine shrub. This was the orinion of Pliny and Dioscorides; and these two great scholars, seeing it was so hard and compact, added that the shrub only made its appearance in this indurated form, because it became suddenly petri-fied when brought into contact with the air, as it issued from the waves. The sagacious traveler Tournefort also took it to be a plant, and even had it en-graved under this heading in one of the plates of his magnificent work. In the eighteenth century Count Marsigli an-nounced to the scientific world that he had discovered the flowers of the coral, and that consequently its vegetable na-ture could no longer be called in ques-

tion. By placing branches of this poly-poid in sea water, immediately after they had been fished up, the Italian naturalist saw the kind of buds which cover their surface, open like so many eight-petaled flowers, formed of elegant white and starred corollæ, outlined upon the reddish bark of the stems. Marsigli doubted no longer; these were the flowers of the paradoxical shrub; he had solved the problem left unsettled by Tournefort. In his joy, when an-nouncing his discovery to the assembled Academy of Sciences, to whom he had forwarded his spec mens, he wrote to the president, "I send you some branches of coral covered with white flowers. This discovery has made me pass for almost a sorcerer in the country; no person, not even fishermen, having seen anything similar."

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss affort,
and then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss affort,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky
boat;
The eater it finds a place where the sea in a very leaky and condition, feed well, avoiding heat- The eater it finds a place where the antiis to work, and lies down, and pays out its tung, and shets up its eyes. Then a ant comes there, and takes a look, and says to the other ants: "This duffer has over et hisself, and gone to sleep without finishing his last werm, lets

take wot is left for our own selfs. But when they have all got hold they stick fast, and the eater it opens one ey, like sayin: "Ime reddy if you are," and then it touches a spring, and the tung is drawed in quick, and them ants is astonish.

And now Ill tell you a story wich aint

true, jest for a change.

There was a ant eater wich had lain out his tung that way, and a ant come up and said: "Hello! wot's this?" The eater was so hungry he cudent wait so he said: "Why dont you see?

That is a nice red werm."

But he had to pul in his tung for to say it, and then the ant said: "I was jest a looking for a worm like that, and if you hadent grabed it so quick I would

have took it my own self.' The eater see he had made a mistake, so he said: "I know where there is a other worn, same kind. You follower me and He sho you."

So the eater went of a little way with his back to the ant, and laid out his tung agin, and wen the ant had cum the eater winked its i, like saying: "Do be carefie, or you wil friten the werm, an he might git away, cos you see I only got him by the tail." Wen the ant had looked it said: "You

can't fool me smarty; that's the same old werm wich you have had in your mowth. Ime hungry, but I dont want no boddys second hand vittles."

And the eater it dident dare to say twasent so, cos it wud have to pul in its tung agin to say it; but after the ant had went away mad then it said. "Its mity hard to be silent under a unjust suspicion, wen natur has give me so much tongue for to deny it. - The Argonaut.

Hung Lung at Base Ball. The base ball mania has at last reached

Chinatown, says the Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle, and the Mongolians have a regularly equipped nine. They practice with three men at the bat and nine fielders, each batsman remaining in as long as he can and taking his place in the field when put out. While they adhere as closely as possible to the rules of the American game, their manner of playing it slightly differs. They want the ball pitched straight overhead in-stead of to the right side, and they strike much as if they were chopping wood. After they hit, they run the re-verse way of the diamond, making for the third base first. In catching they are very expert, and rarely missed a ball that was knocked in the air. In several instances it was knocked from one hand to another and caught. In batting they were very weak, but in throwing they average better than the Caucasian clubs of the Comstock. The reporter watched the game for an hour, and did not note a single overthrow. The game dates its a single overthrow. The game dates its decline from the year 1442, when at one of the big matches a lady of the royal household was hit in the neck with a ball and killed. When Hung Lung was told that the game was considered an American institution, he laughed loudly and intimated that it was hard to find anything the Americans didn't claim.

Items of Interest.

The tired shoemaker waxes weary. When Time is no mower he will lay

If I were in the sun and you were on of it, what would the sun become? Sin It is a great deal easeir in these days to borrow trouble than to borrow

Clock- work has been successfully applied as a motor to sewing machines by a mechanician of Vienna,

Oertainly, the state of matrimony is one of the United States. To obtain divorce is to secede from the Union.

Who is it with funeral tread Comes slowly home and goes to bed, And utters what is best unsaid? 'Tis he who's fished since rose the sun, Subsisting on a single bun, And after all's caught nary one.

Some signs of taverns in London are Some signs of taverns in London are curious, viz.: "Goat and Compasses," "Anchor and Bodices." "Bull and Mouth," "Green Man and Still," "Pig and Whistle," "Who'd a Thought It?" "The Splendid Shilling" etc. Shilling," etc.

A silver wedding party was given here recently by a prominent official at which the gifts were exhibited. The gifts were divided into two classes, and a card attached to one class conveyed this information: "These are all solid silver."—Washington Letter.

The salaries of some of our railway presidents are stated to be as follows: Col. T. A. Scott, Pennsylvania, \$24,000; Mr. Isaac Hinkly, Philadelphia, Wil-mington and Baltimore, \$24,000; Mr. F. B. Gowen, Philadelphia and Reading, \$30,000, and Mr. Hugh J. Jewitt, Erie, \$40,000.

A female tramp was arrested recently at Manchester, Vt., and in one of her pockets were found a three-quart bottle, a pint dipper, three spoons, a knife, a beer bottle, a razor, packages of tea, coffee, salt and sugar, a lot of bread, soap, wire and articles of wardrobe—nearly half a bushel in all.

THE SANCTUM INVADED.

The sanctive invaded.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook, and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink, and paper, all about, peace in its very looks—
Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,

plague on men, And then they vanished all away—books

papers, ink and pen. papers, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must of nights.

To find a i things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights,"

When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still.

And the carpet woman on the stairs—that harbinger of ill—

He looks for papers, books, or bills that all were there before.

And eighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand,
defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said, So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

A Russian Girl's Revence. The recent dismissal by the Emperor of Russia of his sanguinary Chief of Police Trepoff recalls the wounds he received last winter from the pistol of the young girl, Vera Zasoulitch, who was triumphantly acquitted after a trial amid frantic applause in the court. Last June Trepoff visited the prison for political prisoners in St. Petersburg, and inspected the inmates, who, according to the rules, walked about the court yard without speaking to each other. Finally, he observed two men in conversation, and shouted to the prison director, who tremblingly followed him: "Why do these men enjoy an immun-ity?" "Seigneur," said one of them, named Bogoliouboff, "we—," "Hold your tongue," was the reply. "Director, place this man in a dungeon," Bogo-liouboff remained immovable, with his hat upon his head. Trepoff lifted his stick to knock it off, but his victim snatched it from his hand, and threw it away. "I do not take off my hat to tyrants," said he. At this moment two jailers seized him, laid him upon a bench, took off his garments, tied him, and administered, by order of Trepoff and under his eyes, fifty blows with the knout, which left the unfortunate man mutilated, inanimate, and streaming with blood. Six months afterward a young girl called at Trepoff's office with a petition for Bogoliouboff's release. "In twenty years," said Trepoff, with a sardonic smile, motioning his attendant to admit another visitor. At this moto admit another visitor. At this moment the girl fired two balls into his breast, and with flashing eyes, held the revolver smoking in her hand, crying: "I am Vera Zasoulitch, the betrothed of Bogolionboff, whom you would have assassinated. I revenge him!"

Effect of Hard Water upon Animals. Horses have an instinctive love for soft water, and refuse hard water if they can possibly get the former. Hard water produces a rough and staring cost on horses, and readers them liable to gripes. Pigeons also refuse hard water if they can obtain access to soft. Cleg-horn states that hard water in Minorca causes diseases in the system of certain animals, especially of sheep. So much are race horses influenced by the quality of the water, that it is not unfrequent to carry a supply of soft water to the locality in which the race is to take place, lest there being only hard water, the horses should lose condition. Mr. Youatt, in his book called "The Horse," remarking on the desirableness of soft water for the horses, says, "Instinct or experience has made the horse himself conscious of this, for he will never drink hard water if he has access to soft; he