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Churn Slowly. A little maid in the morning sun Stood merrily singing and churning-"Oh, how I wish this butter was done, Then off to the fields I'd be turning ! So she hurried the dasher up and down Till the farmer called, with a half - ma frown,

" Churn slowly !

" Don't ply the dasher, so fast, my dear, It's not so good for the butter, And will make your arms ache, too, I fear ; And put you all in a flutter-For this is a rule, wherever we turn, Don't be in haste whenever you churn-Churn slowly !

" If you'd see your butter come nice and swee Don't churn with a nervous jerking, But ply the dasher slowly and neat-You'll hardly know that you're working : And when the tutter has come, you'll say, 'Yes, this is surely the very best way '-Churn slowly !"

Now, little folks, do you think that you A lesson can find in butter? Don't be in a haste, whatever you do, Or get yourself in a flutter ; And while you stand at life's great churn, Let the farmer's words to you return, " Churn slowly !" -Sarah Keables Hunt.

OUR TRAMP.

Our tramp came to us footsore and dust-begrimmed one evening last June, Perhaps it was the title of "madam" prefixed to his petition for something to eat and a chance to sleep on the hay-mow, which moved Mrs. X ---- to acmow, which moved Mrs. X — to ac-quiesce—somehow against my own judgment—or it might have been the wearinces visible in his air and speech. Be this as it may, he was inducted kitch-enward, with instructions to wipe his feet carefully, where I judge his per-formances with built and fork core formances with knife and fork gave rise to Bridget's remark the next morning, that he'd breed a famine in any

"What can you do, Jim?" I asked of him the next morning, as, embolden-ed by a breakfast, he begged for a job.

"A'most anything, sir, that's hard work," was his answer. "Them as goes to sea for a livin', gen'ly speakin', can turn their hands to all sorts."

"There's the strawberry-bed to be weeded, John," suggested Mrs. X---seemingly interested in the wanderer, who, barring the loss of two front teeth, and hair suggestive of brick-dust in its hue, was not a bad-looking fellow.

I do not assert that Mrs. X—'s gentle will is law in our family, but I ind it more conducive to harmony to fall in with her suggestions with as much dignity as possible; so, with an air of indifference, I acquiesced, and Jim proceeded to his task, which, being accomplicated with classify and partners. accomplished with celerity and neatness, my wife conducted him to the flower-garden—the pride of her own heart,

don't mean that there are men on ship-board to-day who are such brutes as all that? Why, the law would"—— "The law 10" repeated Jim. "Law's for cap'n an' owners, not for us sailors, though they did manage to broke the petty officers of the Jack Frost, Jr., into mission a fow years are more then; then is the last seen, as per report of old But to this day I have never learned satisfactorily concerning the result of the race, for neither Captain Hanson or Jim has ever returned to tell the tale. When last seen, as per report of old Rogers, ex-mariner, now mail carrier, "they were headin' for Philadelphy, with ev'rything set, the clipper"-by which I understood Mr. Rogers to refer to Captain Hanson-"bein' two knots akead, an' workin' to win'ard all the time." petty officers of the Jack Frost, Jr., into prison, a few years ago, arter they'd killed two or three men aboard on the passage—though I mind it was said that the cap'n and mate 'scaped punishment by happenin' to both die—sing'lar, wasn't it?—just afore the ship was hanled into dock." time. "But such men are the exception. There are plenty of kind-hearted men

time." For aught I know, they kept on until they reached the Atlantic; and it is quite doubtful whether Miss Nellie, now engaged to be married to the son of our neighbor Jones, will soon hear the last joke against her runaway lover, But, being somewhat a methodical man, I have estimated the cash value of our experiment somewhat as follows: Services of Jim for ten days who go as captains now-a-days," I urged after a short pause "Indeed there are !" suddenly broke in Miss Nellie, with energy. "Ohar-that is, a captain whom I know," she said, interrupting herself suddenly, "says that the trouble is with the men; that they are a drunken, reckless lot

"Nellie," said Mrs. X-, reprov ingly. "Well, I don't care !" said the willful

"Well, I don't care !" said the willful girl. "Only I beg Jim's pardon; I didn't mean such men as he is." "It's all right, mum," returned Jim, quietly. "Taint to be expected that the likes o' one o' you young women, wi'a heart like one o' them ore big J'pan lilies, knows of men's badness aboard ship—why should you !" "But are there no captains who are kind to their men?" asked Mrs. X...., in some perplexity; and Miss Nellie was heard by me to say, under her breath.

A Whole Family Murdered.

One of the most cruel murders ever perpetrated occurred at Vincennes, Ind., one night, not long ago. The farm where the murder occurred is situated about four miles east of the city and about 200 yards from the Evansville railroad. A dense forest of scrub oak is heard by me to say, under her breath,

that she knew one, at least. "Bless you, yes'm," said Jim, "there's lots of 'em; on'y it hasn't been my luck to sail with 'em. There's cap'ns sails out o' New York to day, as I hear don't allow swearin' from men near the house on two sides, north and hear the house on two sides, north and west, the land on the south and east being cultivated. The house is a quaint old structure, and was occupied by John D. Vacelot, with his family—a wife and two sons. These were the victims. Pierre Provost, the hired man, who was arrested lived also in the house. The house avoid the source recome nor officers; gives 'em good grub, watch an' watch, an' has 'em in the cabin of a Sunday for prayers. Though," he added, "where there's one o' them, there's a dozen that's either flends house consists of three rooms.

there's a dozen that's either hends themselves, else they're that careless as they let the officers do jest as they happen to feel. I don't mind tellin' you," he continued, seemingly betrayed into an unwonted confidence, "that my business ashore is mostly to run foul of a cart' man as I'm sure to man to be a cart' The two boys—Frank, sixteen years, and John, fourteen years old—were found in bed in one room. Their heads were horribly mangled by repeated blows from an axe. In the door connecting this room with one occupied by Vacelot and his wife, lay the old man, covered with cuts and bruises, there being nine gashes on his head and three on his arms and breast. He was evia cert'n man as I'm sure to meet sooner or later. I know he's roun' these parts. An' when he an' I does meet," said Jim, rising and striking a brawny, clinched fist into the hollow of the other hand, dently coming into the room to see what was the matter when he was attacked. On the bed lay his wife, with her head horribly mutilated and her throat cut, apparently forgetful of everything but

some remembered wrongs, "there'll be a hard reckonin !" "I think," said Mrs. X.---, rising, with as much dignity as is consistent with a height of five feet four, "that we have heard quite enough. Come,

Whereupon the twain (the latter a lit-tle unwillingly, as I fancied) entered the house, manifestly to the discomfi-ture of the sailor. "There they go," he said, dropping his head and speaking in a rather sad voice, "a thinkin' how I'm only a low. 'yengeful critter, with no feelin' mor'n with an axe he jumped out. The sill of

the window shows a blow from an axe, but an indentation on the low rail of the r'vengeful critter, with no feelin' mor'n the ship's dog ! But, sir, s'posin' a man

to be six or even ten feet wide, if room can be spared. Loose boxes are impor-tant for horses of great value; in such stalls they can get perfect repose by changing their position, recover from the fatigue of a hard day's drive, and be ready for their task the next day. The food best adapted to the horse is oats and hay of the best quality, occasionally varied with a bran mash, with turnips or carrots as an alternative. The growth and development of bone and muscle de-pend greatly on the food they eat. It is important to select such as contains all the elements needed to form the bone and muscle of the horse. It is self-eviand muscle of the horse. It is self-evi-dent that the nutritive matter supplied by the food must be equal to the exhaustion or natural waste of the body to

tion or natural waste of the body to keep up condition. The horse that is about to be driven on a journey needs hardening by exer-cise—preparing by sweating out the body to purify and increase the circula-tion of the blood, and also by hand-rubbing the legs to make them firm and elastics, a preparation in some docrease rubbing the legs to make them firm and elastic—a preparation in some degree corresponding with that attained by a horse that is daily driven on the road for ordinary work. For one week from the start they need daily exercise, commenc-ing with eight or ten miles and gradually increasing to trents use day ing with eight or ten miles and gradually increasing to twenty per day. This ex-ercise, with appropriate food, will harden their muscles, strengthen their limbs, and prepare them to perform their tasks without giving out on the road, material-ly declining in flesh, or seriously ex-hausting their physical powers, If we perform long drives with horses accustomed to short work only, the sud-den transition from indolence to great exertion will relax their muscles, weaken their joints, depress their spirits and

exertion will relax their muscles, weaken their joints, depress their spirits and break down their constitution. The lead-ing cause of so many valuable horses be-ing spoiled by long drives is being short of work. They are not prepared for such severe exertions. Condition will pre-pare their work cheerfully, last out with sound limbs, and preserve their constitu-tional vigor for future usefulness.— Ex. Ex.

Protection to Young Trees from Borers and Grubs.

We tried an experiment last year on cabbage plants which satisfies us that the same thing may be carried out on a was the matter when he was attacked. On the bed lay his wife, with her head horribly mutilsted and her throat cut, the jugular vein being severed. Three axes were found smeared with blood, only one, however, showing marks of use. Provost claimed to have escaped through a window, but examination shows the window fastened down and cobwebs across on the outside. He also stated that a blow was struck at him with an axe he jumped out. The sill of bage plants last spring wound with newspaper, and, notwithstanding a good but an indentation on the low rail of the window sash shows conclusively that the blow was struck with the window closed. The sight in the house was sickening we find the paper all around the trunk. The sight in the house was sickening and horrible in the extreme. The floor Peach trees need protection, especi-ally when young, from the grub, and if started well and grubs kept away for other deformed ones, and I mentally was covered with blood ; the walls and ceiling were spattered with it, and the bed-clothes were literally soaked in blood. Vacelot was an old Frenchman only first two or three years they will live and yield beautiful crops for many f quiet ways, and well known as an upyears, while if grub is allowed to work right, honest farmer. He was fifty-five in them when young they are sickly and years old, and his wife was about fifty. spindling and soon die. When they are No cause was assigned for the deed, save set out and before paper is put around them, scrape the bark well and destroy hat Vacelot had just received about and disorderly. all grubs. These are plainly detected by the gum exuding from the bark in places. After planting out the trees scatter around them a spoonful of salt and if you have them a quart of wood ashes, being careful not to hill up ashes, being careful not to hill against the body.-Fruit Recorder.

NOSES MADE TO ORDER.

Peep Into a Paris "Bugle" Factory-Aquiline Ornaments on Short Notice. I sympathize with people who have I sympathize with people who have a nose, observes a Paris correspondent of the Baltimore Sun. I have one myself. Consequently, when passing through the Citie du Retiro, in that region of the Rue Boissy d'Anglass known to every American visiting Paris, I was rather drawn toward the sign near the photog-rapher's, which says, "Noses made to order." We see art brought to the aid of nature in the shape of wigs, teeth and a few other matters and things I need not particularize, and we never shou not particularize, and we never shou "thou deceitful one" at the dear indulger therein. The art of being agreeable and looking so is an esthetical social accomplishment. So in I go to see the nose machinist. He smiles all over, and at once sees he has a good customer. and at once sees he has a good customer. Irather, in a nasal way, pooh-pooh him. Bowing and scraping, and squeezing his hands like a polite ogre, he ap-proaches and pertly says: "An aqui-line will suit you, sir." I disdain to re-ply, but take up his photograph book of restored or reformed noses. May the sanctity of all privacy pardon me, but the first photograph I see is labeled Mr.——, Baltimore, U. S. A." Well there is a nasal balm in this Gilead of the Citie du Retiro, and at once I feel at there is a nasal balm in this Gilead of the Citie du Retiro, and at once I feel at home. "Pray, sir," I boldly asked, "what is your process?" With a scien-tific silence, a "mighty mute manner," as John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to say, the nose dealer places his hand on my forehead and pats it affectionately like Professor Fowler, the phrenologist. "Good frontal cuticle, space large, hair falling down in freedom ; you can afford to have a real Roman, sir!" "But tell me how?" "Well, sir, we cut an angle

to have a real Roman, sir !" "But tell me how?" "Well, sir, we cut an angle of the frontal cuticle, that is to say, an angle upside down of the forehead skin, and bring it from the apex over the nose, and by applying this lotion, that salve, these unguents and that plaster, and these bandages, and these washes, and the following rules of friction, and this prescription of diet, and these rules of exercise in three months you are of exercise, in three months you are another man with another nose." Yes, I quietly think, there can be no possi-be doubt about that, whatever sort the other man and other nose may be. "Anything else, monsieur?" I ask. Looking at me as a tailor does when he contracts to make a six-foot man a suit of clothes at a boy's price, the voluble "we" adds : "Yes, to a man of powerful physique, like you, sir, we command dumb bells, shoulder-boards, gymnastic dumb bells, shoulder-boards, gymnastic exercises, the consuming of sugar and water only by way of drink (it imparts brilliancy to the eyes, and a good nose and bad eyes are a failure), and the lib-eral eating of flesh-giving food, and then sir, what a pleasing personnel !" "And the cost of such a nose—a Ro-man, a full Roman ?" "Only \$400, sir." I bow and retire with my own nose, and mentally embrace all the suf-ferers that ever came out of the Citie

I had at one time a fine flock of white turkeys, which were always shy, though tarkeys, which were always shy, though much petted by the family because of their great beauty. There was a cover-ed gallery between the dining-room and kitchen, with broad folding-doors at each end, in which we were in the habit of sitting to read, sew, as women will, and where was a cradle for the baby.

Was it Animal Magnetism ?

Our turkeys would sometimes stalk rapidly through this gallery as a sort of short cut on their way to the poultry One day I was sitting here, the baby in the cradle asleep, when in strutted a tall hen-turkey, and instead of hurrying through as was the habit, she stopped in

Advocate.

front of the cradle, stretched out her long neck and began a sort of guttural cry, and stood motionless. Presently another and another entered, and were each transfixed in the same way. I arose and approached them, but not one stirred aside, as was their habit when any one came near them. I noticed their eyes all had a strained, unnatural look, their wings drooped, as if relaxed; they all kept their necks craned out in a

stiff, constrained manner. At first I thought of the sleeping child, but they were used to it and never took notice of its presence. Looking in took notice of its presence. Looking in the direction of their eyes I beheld a large snake of the adder kind, with its body partially coiled, head erect, and tongue oscillating, while to me its color, ordinarily of a dirty black, with orange rosettes, seemed remarkably brilliant. The creature was in high excitement of some kind

ome kind. No sooner did I move the cradle than its whole aspect changed, and it was a common, sluggish adder which slunk aside to escape. T' e turkeys all jump-ed into the air with a ridiculous antic of delight, and ran or rather flew out of the lace.

Now, leaving all but the first turkey out of the question, what was it that arrested her? It is possible that all but the first were actuated by imitation when they first paused on their way; but the whole eight or ten turkeys fell at once into a semicircle around the reptile, and the action of all was precisely alike, and like the first.

Was it terror that caused them to halt? Did the reptile magnetize the first one, and was it a case of fascinaion? Are fascination and magnetism identical, and are they a paralysis of the nervous system, for the time being, from whatever cause? A remarkable degree of mental action, imagination, and observation were evolved in this

I have before me a natural drum, the I have before me a natural drum, the withered vertebra of a rattlesnake, which was killed by a neighbor of mine, a woman of some skill in handling a rifle, which may further illustrate the subject. Her house was built on the side of a hill, making it one story in the source was ap rear and two in the front, where was an open area, free for the poultry of the farm-house, and covered with low grass, plantain, etc.; a sunny spot, sheltered

The Snow-Bird. When the leaves are shed,

And the branches bare, When the snows are deep, And the flowers asleep, And the antumn dead. And the skies are o'er us bent Gray and gloomy, since she went, And the sifting snow is drifting Through the air ;

Then, 'mid snow drifts white, Though the trees are bare, Comes the snow-bird bold, In the winter's cold ; Quick, and round, and bright, Light he steps across the snow, Cares he not for winds that blow, Though the sifting snow be drifting

Through the sir. -Dora Read Goodale, in Scribner.

Items of Interest.

France levics a tax on cats, The bedouins eat locusts fried in but-

A well-known country-The oil regions.

Salted rats are actually exported from India to China as an article of food ! They have at the university of Ley-den an oyster shell which weighs 130 pounds.

Winter clothing is desirable, but in slippery weather every man should wear his fall suit.

Any man pays too much for his whis-tle who has to wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.

In China the agricultural laborer is a sort of aristocrat. Public opinion puts him above the mechanic. For of all sad words that ever were were writ-

ten, The saddest are these, "I got the mitten." —Edenburg Herald.

There is an oak tree in Texas, upon which have been grafted sprigs of pine, holly, dogwood, elm, ash, walnut, ap-ple and peach. The sprigs have all budded and give promise of thrift.

Mont Blanc has a cold in its head, but Etna fires up if you even hint that there is an eruption at its mouth. This is a mountainous statement, but it comes from the steep and rugged path of truth. Friend (to practical joker): "Hello! where are you going?" Joker (solemn-ly): "Going to eat some dead fish." Friend (horror-struck): "Dead fish !" Joker (still more solemnly): "Do you eat it alive?" (Exit.)

What we know of stellar distances makes our system seem like a group of islands in a vast sea, far removed from other lands. Neptune is 2,775,000,000 miles from the sun; and the nearest star is more than 7,000 times as far !

A young man sends us a long essay on "The True Aim of Journalism." We haven't read the article, but suppose the author, like almost every one else, prefers the Smith & Wesson, navy size, No. 44 caliber, to any other pistol. In this locality, especially, is the aim of the journalist of the greatest importance, and the man whose hand shakes and who can't hit an outraged community's third vest button three times out of five has no business trying to ran a paper in California.-San Francisco Naws-Let-Don't point your gun at yourself. Don't point your gun at any one else. Don't carry your gun so that its range includes all your hunting companions. Don't try to find out whether your gun is loaded or not by shutting one eye and looking down the barrel with the other. Don't use your gun for a walking-stick. Don't climb over a fence and pull your gun through muzzle foremost. Don't throw your gun into a boat so that the trigger will catch in the seat and the charge be deposited in your stomach. Don't use your gun for a sledge-hammer. Don't carry your gun full-cocked. Don't carry your gun with the hammer down. Don't be a fool. Don't you forget it .-Forest and Stream.

from weeds is concerned, the detestation of my own. "Ain't they han'sum, mum?" said

Jim, kneeling and turning with his rough forefinger the modest face of an English daisy outward. "'Minds me of that 'ere young lady on the verandy this mornin', as must be your twin-sister ?"

His reference to a resemblance be tween Nellie and herself was not at all displeasing to Mrs. X —, who is five years older than her sister, although she effected incredulity at the doublebarreled compliment.

"He has a rough sense of refinement quite uncommon for one in his station of life," she said to me afterward, by which I knew the leaven of flattery was working; and when, the next day, she decided that we had better keep him till the gardening season was over -"It will save you so much hard work, John,' she remarked, en parenthese)-I knew that Jim, our tramp, had found favor in her eyes.

"Shall you ever go to sea again, Jim?" asked Mrs. X ____, as we made a family group on the piszza in the cool of a summer's evening, while Jim loiter-ed near by, picking up the garden-tools, and whistling softly to himself. "Yes'm," was the answer, somewhat

constrained withal.

"You must have met with some strange adventures in your life," said Nellie, who was just crossing the threshold of an age when all things are touched with the glamour of romance ; unexpected answer, in a tone and with a manner that savored rather of coarse

moreover, anything pertaining to the sea had of late been full of interest to her-ever since the dashing Captain Hanson had made her acquaintance at Hastings, where she had spent part of the summer

I had lately learned, through the medium of Mrs. X, that Captain Hanson was daily expected to favor Ley-bridge with his presence, ostensibly to see one of his ship's owners—possibly and probably to renew his acquaintance

"Well, mum," answered Jim, who I have left sitting uneasily on the handle of the wheelbarrow, "adventures is mostly in sea-yarns, as is writ for the story-papers; but I've had some con-siderable hard pulls, what with bein' wrecked four times—the las' time losin' of as good a chist of clo's as a feller would want, to say nothin' of bein' in a open boat 'leven days-me, the mate an' four men-with never bit or sup the blessed time. We was picked up," continued Jim, "by a blasted-beg your pardon, mum, for swearin'-packet ship, boun' from Liverpool to New York. Ol' Beansole was the cap'nmebbe you've heerd of him, sir ?"this to me.

"Wasn't it he," I asked, as a dim membrance of the name brought to mind a newspaper narration of cruelties on shipboard, which somehow died out very suddenly, "who was heavily fined for brutality toward some of the emi-

grant passengers?" "Wot's a fine, that the owners steps up an' pays," said Jim, in scorn, "to lettin' a woman die on deat for, "to lettin' a woman die on deek from the wet an' cold? An' why didn't they bring up some of his other cruelties-shootin' men off in the tops' vard dei shootin' men off in the tops'l yard, dri-vin' em overboard in the Mersey, or breakin' a rib or an arm wi' an iron be-

"Oh, come now, Jim," said I, " you

should call the mother that bore you by he wust name as is in this here langwidge of ourn, not o'ny once, but a doz in times a day, accordin' as he's mad or oot, wot wud you do, sir? How far wud you forgive a man as had you strung up to the main-riggin' for a full

Nellie !'

our by the two thumbs, an' all for that begged of him to send me up to stow r'yal in a gale, 'stead of a little chap as was a stowaway, an' no more fit to go than a girl baby ?" again asked Jim. Before I could frame a suitable answer, which should combine prudence

ness, but which contrasted strongly with

full of flowers.

more

\$100 as the proceeds of a sale of cattle, which was supposed to be in his house. John Burroughs on "Cows," with the usual forms of good advice, always proffered and seldom heeded in such cases, Jim had taken himself off. I saw no more of him until the follow.

Blessed is he whose youth was passed upon the farm, and if it was a dairy farm his memories will be all the more ing morning, when he abruptly in-formed me that it was to be his last day; ragrant. The driving of the cows to and from the pasture, every day and every season for years-how much of summer and of nature he got into him no persuasion or inducement of min being sufficient to turn him from his

on these journeys! What rambles and excursions did this errand furnish the excuse for! The birds and birds' nests, purpose. Clad in a pair of voluminous overalls and a dilapidated felt hat, I was assistthe berries, the squirrels, the wood-chucks, the beech woods with their treasures into which the cows loved so to ing at the turfing of a flower-bed in front of the house ; and while awaiting the return of Jim with the wheelbarrow, I was accosted by an elegantly-dressed and gentlemanly-looking young man, wander and to browse, the fragrant wintergreens and a hundred nameless adventures all strung upon that brief journey of half a mile to and from the who, accosting me by the rather familiar who, accosing me by the rather familiar title of "old chap," demanded in a somewhat peremptory tone, to know "where Mrs. X— hung out." With an inward chuckle, I mildly designated the house behind me as the residence in question, and asked if he wished to see Mrs. X—. remote pastures. Sometimes one cow or two will be missing when the herd is brought home at night; then to hunt

them up is another adventure. My grandfather went out one night to look ap an absentee from the yard, when he "What's that to you ?" was the rather and somothing in the brush and out stepped a bear into the path before him. Every Sunday morning the cows must be saited. The farm-boy takes a pail with three or four quarts of coarse salt and, followed by the eager herd, goes to the field and deposits the salt in hand-fuls upon smooth stones and rocks the snavity of manner with which he

greeted Miss Nellie, who just then ap-peared on the scene with both hands As the young lady blushed charming-ly, and murmured her surprise at meet-ing Captain Hanson, that gentleman, not at all disconcerted by his introducand upon clean places on the turf. If you want to know how good salt is, see a cow eat it. She gives the true saline smack. How she dwells upon it and gnaws the sward and licks the stones tion to myself, which immediately folwhere it has been deposited ! The cow is the most delightful feeder among anilowed, expressed, with great ease and fluency, his unadulterated satisfaction mals. It makes one's mouth water te and surprise at the meeting, as though see her eat pumpkins, and to see her at it had been on the banks of the Nile. Completely ignoring my own presence, as the two stood by the gate, the creak a pile of apples is distracting. How she sweeps off the delectable grass ! The sound of her grazing is appetizing ; the grass betrays all its sweetness and sucing of the wheelbarrow was heard, and in another moment Master Jim came culency in parting under her sickle, --"Farm Life in New York," in Scribbearing down upon us, the wheel just grazing the doeskin-clad leg of the gal-

lant captain, who, turning, remarked, with languid reproach in his tone : "My good fellow, pray be a little Largest Orchard in the World. A correspondent of the Country Gen-

Captain Hanson, to the best of my knowledge, has never finished his ex-postulation. With an oath, the sailer dropped the

lleman, says: The largest orchard in the world is doubtless that owned and worked very successfully by Mr. Robert McKinstry, of Hudson, Columbia county, N. Y. Mr. McKinstry's orchard is barrow and sprang forward, exclaiming: "I knew I'd run foul of you !" but too late to lay violent hands upon Capprocuring for him a world-wide reguta-tion, and he has many visitors. Like all fruit-growers, and others of kin to that profession, he is kindly and liberaltain Hanson, who, catching a glance of the sailor's face, muttered an inarticulate remark, and, turning down the drive-way, ran like the startled fawn,

ter.

closely pursued by the avenger, leaving Miss Nellie and myself gazing blankly

A teach other. "Oh, John, he'll kill him—indeed he will !" said the girl, with white face and clasped hands, as she watched the pair disappearing over the brow of the little hill which led to the town. "You needn't be alarmed.

"You needn't be alarmed, young lady," was my confident reply. "Cap-tain Hanson has the lead, so to speak,

Propagation by Cuttings.

Many things can be propagated easi-and rapidly by cuttings. This is apy and rapidly by cuttings. plicable to many trees, shrubs, vines, plants and flowers. And in cold climates it is best to save the cuttings in the fall. The best time to save cuttings is in the fall after the leaves have fallen. Bury them in a dry place in the ground. A sandy soil is the best. Such trees as the willow, catalpa, Lombardy poplar, mulberry, cottonwood and many other kinds can be multiplied rapidly in this way. So also can goose berries, currants, grapes, snow balls roses and many of the ornamenta shrubs. Now is the time to look to this matter. They may not, like the hog or the ox, bring money directly to the pockets, but such things by care add largely to the value of real estate, and still more largely to the great sum of human happiness. As soon as the leaves drop, select cuttings of various things. If one has them not, probably a neighbor has, and to one who shows a spirit to take care of them, they are generally freely given. Then bury till spring in the ground where the water will not stand, and set out in the spring. -Iowa Register.

The Value of Soup.

There are hundreds of families in comfortable circumstances who never have soup at dinuer (which without soup is always a failure), unless it be a sort of ragout, the product of what farmers call a boiled dinner. They are not aware how easy it is to prepare or-dinary soup, and how cheap it is, too. It can be made of almost anything, and

It can be made of almost anything, and a pot of water placed on the stove may be the recipient of divers odds and ends of meat and vegetables to excellent ad-vantage. After these have been boiled a few hours there will be found in the

many families would be surprised and pleased at the result. They would have a much better dinner for almost noth-ing than they have hitherto had any idea of, and once accustomed to soup they could not be persuaded to relin-quish it. A simple soup benefits at once health, appetite and the purse.

"What news to-day?" said a merchant to his friend, lately. "What news!" responded the other. "Nothing, only things grow better—people are setting on their legs again." "On their legs?" Al said the first. "I don't see how you can make that out." ""Why, yes," re-plied the other; "folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now; is not that getting on their legs again?"

kick out the powders, Columbian balm bandolines, ingenious paddings, fearfully and wonderfully made, and determine to go through life as I am, but never omitting to note on noses to order, as well as other matters, orderly

The Author of "Grandfather's Clock."

"Grandfather's Clock " is one of three songs published early in 1876, but which did not reach the "Whoa Emma" period of universal popularity until within the past few months. Its author, Henry C. Work, a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., has written several other songs whose prominence at one time will be remem bered by many. The Church Union presents a sketch of Mr. Work, from hich we make the following extracts : Henry C. Work, now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., was born October 1, 1832, in Middletown, Conn., and is the son of Alanson Work, who, with Messrs. Burr and Thompson, was in 1841 con-demned to twelve years' servitude in the Mississippi state penitentiary for assisting fugitive slaves across the Mississippi river. At the beginning of the war he was a poor printer. He wrote "Kingdom Coming," the great temper ance song "Come Home, Father;" also "Marching Through Georgia," "Wake, Nicodemus," "Babylon is Fallen," and others relating to the war, which had large sales. He was no long-er the poor printer. He was a successful man. He traveled in Europe, he explored this continent, and when he left Chicago, in 1867, he was worth a

small fortune. At that time he came to Vineland, N. J., bought (in company with his brother) two or three hundred acres of land in that unique rural city, built two houses, and for a time engage built two houses, and for a time engag-ed heartily in the preliminary arrange-ments for establishing a great farm. His possessions and his comforts were swept away, one by one, till finally there was but a solitary blessing left to cheer him —that blessing being his young daugh-ter, Nellie Louisa. He never drank a drop of liquor in his life, never used to-based and never took God's name in bacco and never took God's name in vain.

An Old Relic.

The following remarkable list of articles found in a servant's drawer was published in a New York paper more than thirty years ago :

Two sprons, a stocking, a brush and a comb, A piece of white string, and a dry marrow bone, A duster, two walnuts, a reel of black coiton, An old silver spoon that had long been for-

gotten. A bodkin, a fruit knife, a glass rolling-pin, A bodkin, a fruit knife, a glass rolling-pin, A bottle containing a wee drop of gin. A lot of ourl-papers, an old pair of stays. A tract telling sinners to mend their bad ways. A paper of tea put there on the sly. Her mistress' bustle (I cannot tell why). A thimble, some needles, an old book of songs, Three clothes-pegs, a slipper, to the house-hold belongs. The claw of a lobster but recently boiled, A new cambric handkerchief, never been solled. A letter from a lover away in strange lands.

solied. A letter from a lover away in strange lands, A pot of goose-grease for chaps on the bands; Some buttons, a pencil, a bit of bath brick, A small looking-glass, and a broken toothpick. A bundle of rags, and a fortune-telling book, Were the things that were found in the drawer of the cook.

rom the cold of the north winds by a woody hill, whose trees quite embowerd the cottage.

One day she was attracted to the window by a low plaint from her poultry, which scemed to be all hurrying in one irection. Looking down she saw them anging in a semi-circle, with all their heads bent in one direction. There

were at least twenty or thirty silly creatares all looking the same way, and in-tent upon the same object. Leaning from the window, she beheld a monstrons rattlesnake coiled in a pile, with tail vibrating in a soft, gentle motion, which just stirred the music of the rattles, and the head keeping time; tongue red and quivering, and the motion of the neck swaying from side to side, sweeping in the whole array of stupefied chickendom. Watching all this some time, with no change on the part of snake or poultry,

she went to the back of the house, took down her husband's rifle, and fired at he head of the creature, killing him at once. The spell was broken, and the poultry sprang away with the same ridiculous kind of jump and fly I had observed in my turkeys, as if relieved rom a spell.

Now, what brought all these hens and chickens to range themselves in this dangerous companionship around this uncannie monster? Was it sympathy? Was it imitation? Was the magnetism extended to a distance in its action? Why should the snake so long continue his insidious movement? It was evi-dently not hunger that actuated him, or he would have seized his prey and made his exit. Did he enjoy his awe-struck auditory, and was he fond of the dis-play of his power.—*Elizabeth Oakes*

A Faithful Companion.

Mr. Stanley, in his expedition through Africa, took five dogs with him, but no one of them survived the journey. The last one of them, a noble bull-dog, called "Bull," traveled over 1,500 miles, and died at length from sheer exhaustion. He was faithful to the last.

"Though he had often staggered and noaned, he made strenuous efforts to keep up, but at last, lying down in the path, he plaintively bemoaned the weak-ness of body that had conquered his

ness of body that had conquered his will, and soon after died, his eyes to the last looking forward along the track he had so bravely tried to follow." "Bull's" grief was almost human when he lost his last companion, Jack, a young dog, killed by a vicious cow. "Grave and deliberate from years and long travel, he walked round the body two or three times. examining it care.

two or three times, examining it care-fully, and then advanced to me with his aonest eyes wide open, as if to ask: What has caused this?' Receiving no answer, he went and sat down with his back to me, solemn and sad, as though he were ruminating despondingly on the evils which beset dog and man alike in this harsh and wicked world. '

Condor hunters are warmly welcomed by inhabitants of the South American sierras, as the birds commit great havoc among the herds. Waiting till the mother of a calf is at some distance from her offspring, they will swoop down and strike the young animal to the ground, immediately ripping out its tongue to prevent it from raising any alarm. In a few minutes nothing but the skeleton is

Burlington Hawk-Eyetems,

"You're an gnawful thing," as the bone said to the dog. "You're two jawful for anything," the dog said to the bone.

Some weeks ago the telegraph "fatal-ly wounded" Sitting Bull, but the old man hasn't heard anything about it himself yet.

"Chained in the market place he stood," Nor knew his heart one throb of fear ; But no one either could or would Buy a nice, two-year-old red steer.

Did you ever notice the innocent but very practical ease and celerity with which a cat, when it sees a philanthropist coming down the street, places itself on the more inaccessible side of the tree box?

We can't see why the world should be so hard on rats because they desert a sinking ship. Does it never occur to people to think how awfully the sinking ship would go back on the rats if they would only stand by it?

"What is the bane of beauty ?" asks Harper's Bazar. Ah, don't touch on such a tender theme, dear heaven knows how much we have suffered from it. Sometimes we almost wish we had been born plain-featured but rich, but it is hard for a man to fight the fates.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there snything you wish to say be-fore sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward

The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good-evening," if it would be agreeable to the company. But they wouldn't let him. Science has led the world into an at-mosphere of intelligence and discovery that is fairly startling, education has de-veloped the human mind to a point but little removed from perfection, but the little removed from perfection, but the world has not yet advanced to that stage of progress when the average man can ell when the sitting-room carpet mas been turned the other side up.

been turned the other side up. "Now then," growled old Mr. Bosby-shell, when he was about ready to start down town, "what fool moved that hat?" A little search in silence; then, "What idiot touched that hat, I'd like to know?" Silence and search. "Some empty-headed ninny has got my hat again." Sees it sticking on top of his cane, where he leaned it up in the corner. Dead silence.

pot a very good soup, wholesome, nour-ishing, appetizing, and its cost will be nominal. If the experiment were tried, many families would be surprised and

ly disposed, and has no secrets to re-

serve from others who love fruit-grow-ing, and to talk of fruit. Visitors are,

ing, and to talk of fruit. Visitors are, therefore, made welcome, and his or-chard is open to inspection by all who are interested in his labors. The or-chard is situated on the east bank of the Hudson river, on high rolling table land, and occupies 300 acres, and con-tains more than 24,000 apple trees, 1,700 pears, 4,000 cherries, 500 peaches, 200 plums, 200 crabs, 1,600 vines, 6,000 cur-rants and 200 chestnuts.