#### VOL. IX.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1879.

NO. 6.

## From My Arm-Chair. TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's Am I a king, that I should call my own

This splendid ebon throne? Or by what reason, or what right divine, Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong; Only because the spreading chestnut tree Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime, When in the summer time, The affluent foliage of its branches made A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street, Its blossoms white and sweet

Entired the bees, until it seemed alive, And murmured like a hive. And when the winds of autumn, with a she Tossed its great arms about,

The shining chestnuts, bursting from sheath, Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare, Shaped as a stately chair, Have by my hearthstone found a hor And whisper of the part.

The Danish king could not, in all his pride, Repel the ocean tide. But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme Roll back the tide of time.

see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the bees, And hear the children's voices shout and call, And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the believe blow; And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, bave ye made for me This day a jubilee, And to my more than threescore years and ter Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind, And in it are enshrined The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought

The giver's loving thought. Only your love and your remembrance could

Give life to this dead wood, And make these branches, leafless now Blossom again in song. -Henry W. Longfellow

# UNDER A CLOUD.

"Did you ever see a sadder face?" It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrr. Loring passed her win-dow. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for the first time for months; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive command of her physician. She was in deep sorrow, refusing all comfort. Heavy clouds were in her sky—black clouds, through which not a ray of sun-

shine penetrated. Fever,"answered the friend, while a shade caught from Mrs. Loring's countenance flitted across her own face. "Who can she be?"

" Didn't you recognize her?" "No. The countenance was, to me,

that of a stranger." "I can hardly wonder that it should be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring, who lost her two children last winter from scarlet fever.

"Mrs. Loring!" The lady might well look surprised. "Sorrow has indeed done a fearful work there. But is it right thus to sit under a cloud? right thus to oppose no strong barrier to the waters of affliction that go sweeping over the soul, marring all its beauty?"
"It is not right," was the answer.
"The heart that sits in darkness, brooding over its loss, sorrows with a selfish sorrow. The clouds that shut out the sun are exhalations from its own stagnant surface. It makes the all-pervad ing gloom by which it is surrounded. I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer that she is; but my pity for her is al-ways mingled with a desire to speak sharp rebuking words, in the hope agitate the slumberous atmosphere in which she is enveloped like a shroud."

"I wonder," remarked the other, "that her husband permits her to brood so long in idle grief over the in-"Husbands," was replied, "have

often the least salutary influence over their wives when bowed with affliction. Some men have no patience with dis-plays of excessive grief in women, and are, therefore, more ignorant than children in regard to its treatment. Such a man is Mr. Loring. All that he does or says, therefore, only deepens the encompassing shadow. A wise, un-selfish man, with a mind to realize some-thing of his wife's true state, and a heart to sympathize her, will always lead her from beneath the clouds of sorrow upward to the cheerful heights upon which the sunshine rests. If she shows unwillingness to be led; if she courts the shadows and hide in the gloom of her own dark repinings, he does not become impatient. He loves her with too unselfish a love for this. And so he brings light to her on his own counter nance, the sunshine of even affected cheerfulness that penetrates the murky atmosphere in which she sits, and warms heart with its genial radiance, Thus he wooes her with sunny gleams from the clear sky that yet bends over her, and that will make all again bright and beautiful on the earth of her spirit, she will but lift herself above the clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs. Loring that she is not blessed with such

out with her in her carriage. "I shall be much better at home, the objected to the urgent appeal of her friend. "This quiet suits me. The to the heart of a grieving sister. From Then he threw all his soul into that ten-stillness of my own chamber accords the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. der strain. "For the pain that's in my best with my feelings. The glare and buttle of the busy etreets will only dis-turb me deeper. I know it is kindness in you; but it is a mistaken kindness."

"I have come prepared to hear no objections," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your health, and must go out. So get your-

self ready."

"Health—life even! What are they to me? I have nothing to live for!" was the gloomy responses. "Come quickly the time when I shall lay me down and

sleep in peace."

"A woman, and nothing to live for?
One of God's intelligent creatures, and nothing to live for!"

There was so much rebuke in the tone with which this was offered that Mrs. Loring was partly aroused thereby.
"Come! Let us see whether there be not something to live for. Come! you must go with me this morning."

Bo decisive was the lady's manner—so impelling the action of the will-that

Mrs. Loring found herself unable to resist; and so with reluctance that was not concealed, she made her preparations to go out. In due time she was ready, and, descending with her friend, took a seat in her carriage and was driven away. Houses, trees, public buildings, swept like a moving panorama before her eyes, and though familiar objects glassed themselves therein, they failed to awaken the slightest interest. The sky was clear, and the bright sunshine lay everywhere; but her heart still sat under cloud, and folded around itself gloom for a mantle, Her friend talked to her, calling her attention every little while to some new palace home, or to some glimpse of rural beauty which the eye caught far in the distance. But all was vain; the mourner's slender form still

shrunk back among the cushions, and her face were its saddest aspect.

Suddenly the carriage drew up before a neat looking house of moderate size, with a plat of ground in front, wherein were a verdant square and borders of well-tended flowers. Ere Mrs, Loring had time to ask a question the coachman was at the door. "Why do you stop here?" she in-

quired. 'I wish to make a brief call. Come

you must go in with me."

Mrs. Loring shook her head in a posiive way, and said "no" still more posi-

tively.
"You will meet no light votary of fashion here, my friend," said the lady, "but one who has suffered like your self. "Come!" But Mrs. Loring shrunk farther back

in the carriage,
"It is now only three months since
she followed to their mortal resting
place two precious little ones, the last
of her flock, that, scarcely a year ago,
numbered four. I want you to meet her. Sisters in sorrow, you cannot but feel drawn toward each other by cords

of sympathy."
Mrs. Loring shook her head impera ively.

"No—no! I do not wish to see her.

I may grief enough of my own without sharing in that of others. Why did you bring me here?" There was something like anger in the voice of Mrs. Loring. "Six months, nearly, have passed since God took your children to Himself, and time, that softens grief, has leaves. The friend I wish to visitfriend in humble life-is sorrowing with as deep a sorrow, that is yet but three old. Have you no word to speak to her? Can you not, at least, mingle a tear with her tears? It may do you both good. But I do not wish to urge a selfish reason. Bear up with womanly fortitude under your own sorrow, and seek to heal the sorrow of a sister, over whose heart are passing the waters of affliction. Come, my friend !" Mrs. Loring, so strongly urged, step-ped out upon the pavement. She did so with a reluctance that was almost unconquerable. Oh, how earnestly she wished herself back in the shadowy

solitude of her own home. "Is Mrs. Adrian at home?" was inquired of the tidy girl who came to the door. The answer being in the affirmative, the ladies entered and were shown into a small but neat sitting-room, on the walls of which were portraits, in crayon, of four as lovely children as ever the eyes looked upon. The sight of these sweet young faces stirred the waters of sorrow in the heart of Mrs. Loring, and she hardly restrained her tears. While yet her pulses throbbed with a quicker beat, the door opened and a woman entered, on whose rather pale face was a smile of pleasant wel

"My friend, Mrs. Loring," such was the introduction, "of whom I have spoken to you several times."

The smile did not fade from the countenance of Mrs. Adrian, but its expression changed as she took the hand of Mrs. Loring and said:

"I thank you for your kindness in calling." Mrs. Loring scarcely returned the

warm pressure with which her hand was taken. Her lips moved slightly-but no word found utterance. Not the feeblest effort at a responsive smile was visible.

"We have have both been called to pass through the fire," said Mrs. Adri-an, in more subdued tones, though the smile still played around her lips. Happily, One walked with us when the flames were flercest, or we must have been consumed."

It was now that her voice reached the heart of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the selfish woman dropped to the floor, and her thought was turning in upon itself. In the smile that hovered about the lips of Mrs. Adrian she had seen only indifference, not a sweet resignation. The words just spoken, but more particular-ly the voice that gave them utterance, unvailed to her the sorrow of a kindred sufferer, who would not let the voice of wailing disturb another's ear, nor the Loring that she is not blessed with such a husband."

The subject of this conversation had on that morning yielded to the solicitations of one of her nearest friends, and with great reluctance consented to go of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered the smile of Mrs. Adrian. about those pale lips; but its meaning was no longer a mystery; the smile was a loving effort to send light and warmth Loring wandered to the portraits of her

children on the wall. "All gone !" The words fell from Mrs. Loring's lips almost involuntarily. To reason with her would have been useless, and so reason was not attempted. a sister in sorrow.

"Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring still gazed on the portraits. "And all taken in a year. Oh how did you keep your heart from breaking?"

"He who laid upon me so heavy a burden gaye me strength to bear it,"

was the low reply.
"I have found no strength in a like affliction," said Mrs. Loring sadly.

"No strength! Have you sought sustaining power?" Mrs. Adrian spoke with a winning earnestness.
"I have prayed for comfort, but none came," said Mrs. Loring, sadly.
"Praying is well; but it avails not, unless there be also doing.

"Doing?"
"Yes, the faithful doing of our duty.
Borrow has no antidote like this."
Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the face of her monitor.

"When the last heavy stroke fell upon my heart," continued Mrs. Adrian, "shattering it, as it seemed, to pieces, I lay for a little while stunned, weak and almost helpless. But as soon as thought began to run clear, I said to myself: 'Is there nothing for my hands to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours the only suffering spirit in the world?'
Then I thought of my husband's sorrow,
which he bore so silently and manfully, striving to look away from his own grief that he might bring comfort to me. 'Is it not in my power to lessen for him the gloom of our desolate house-hold?' I asked of myself. I felt that it was; and when next he returned home at the day's decline I met him, not with a face of gloom as before, but with as cheerful a countenance as it was in my cheerful a countenance as it was in my power to assume. I had my reward; I saw that I had lightened his burden; and from that moment half the pressure of mine was removed. Since then I have never suffered my heart to brood idly over its grief; but in daily duties sought the strength that never is given to those who fold their hands in fruitless inactivity. The removal of my children lightened all home duties, and took away objects of lovejthat I felt must be in a measure restored. I had the mother's measure restored. I had the mother's dile of July to go to work next day to remeasure restored. I had the mother's heart still. And so I sought out a motherless little one, and gathered her into the fold of my love. Ah, madam! this is the best balsam for the bereaved and bleeding affections that I can tell of. To me it has brought comfort and reconciled me to losses, the bare anticipation of which once made me beside my-self with fear. Sometimes, as I sit with the tender babe I now call my own rest-ing on my bosom, a thought of heaven ing on my bosom, a thought of heaven goes pleasantly through my mind, and I picture to myself the mother of this much larger amount of potash than any adopted child as the loving gnardian of my own babes, now risen into the spiritual kingdom of our Father. I can-not tell you what a thrill of delight such

thoughts at times awaken !"
Mrs. Loring bowed her head upon her bosom and sat in silence for some mo-

ments. Then she said: "You have read me a lesson from which I hope to profit. No wonder my heart has ached on with undiminished y grief.
for, I acre will furnish nearly the same ingrepain. I have been selfish in my grief. There is nothing now to live have repeated to myself over and over again, until I believed the words."

"Nothing to live for!" Mrs. Adrian is two hundred to two hundred and fifty

"Nothing to live for !" Mrs. Adrian spoke in a surprised voice. "In the image and likeness of God we were all image and likeness of God we were all made; and if we would have the lost potash per acre. This gives some sevenbeauty restored, we must imitate God in our lives. He loves every one with a divine tenderness, and is ever seeking to bless us. If we would be like Him, we must love each other and seek each other's good. He has given us the ability to impart blessings, and made true happiness to depend on the exercise of this ability; and if we fold our hands and sit in idle repinings, happi-ness is not possible. How fully have I

proved this!"

"And, God helping me, I will prove
the opposite," said Mrs. Loring, speaking from the warmth of a new impulse. Long enough have I been sitting under a cloud.

"While the bright sun shone above in the clear heavens," added the friend, with a smile of encouragement, "May we see this babe you have called your own?" said Mrs. Loring. The little one was brought, and, as she lay tenderly clasped to the bosom of her new mother, giving even more of blessedness than she received, Mrs. Loring, after her lips had touched, with a lingering pressure, the pure forehead

"Your action has been wiser and bet ter than mine, and you have had your reward. While the waters of love have grown stagnant in my heart, sending up murky exhalations to darken my sky, yours have been kept sweet and pure mirror the bending heavens. I thank you for the lesson.

She wore a different face on returning nome than when she went forth so re Inctantly. There was a rift in the over-shadowing clouds, and a few rays of sunshine came warmly down. Even the in-ception of good purposes had moved the long-pulseless waters, and the small ripples on the surface were catching the

A few weeks of unselfish devotion to the life duties swaiting her hand on all sides wrought a wonderful change in Mrs. Loring. In seeking to be useful to others, her heart was comforted; and when into that heart, ever yearning with a mother's undying love, a babe left helpless and friendless in the world was taken, the work of consolation was completed. She sat under a cloud no longer. bove her arched the beautiful sky, bright through the cheerful day; and when the night of grief for the loss of her precious one returned, as it would return at intervals, a thousand stars made beautiful the azure firmament.

Last night one of our sweetest young men gathered all his musical talents and repaired to the pavement in front of the house in which his Dulcinea was sleeping. He sang several selections, Then he threw all his soul into that tenbosom is hard to bear," and a window in the upper story was gently lifted and this bouquet was wafted to him: "Young man, try a mustard plaster for that pain." He fainted on the spot, - Salem

shrink their milk. Cows never should be allowed to stand in a draft. A good,

careful man, placed in charge of a badly-managed herd of cattle, has increased

the flow of milk to an extent sufficient to pay his wages. Putting salt on the hay mow is a useless practice; in this

dle of July to go to work next day to re-claim other lands. The new agriculture teaches us the different amount of nu-trition in the different kinds of corn.

Under the old system twenty to forty bushels were considered a good yield, but the new one teaches us that seventy or eighty will only be considered a fair yield; it also teaches us that the nu-

tritive value of the cob is superior to

of the straws. Eastern corn ground

with the cob is equal in feeding value to

the Southern corn without the cob; but to obtain the best results from any

grain it should be ground very fine. The amount of potash taken from the

soil by the corn cobs is enormous.

Sweet corn makes the best fodder to

Starving Orchards.

feed green to cows.

"All," was answered. "They were precious to me—very precious—but God look them."

A slight huskiness vailed her voice.
"Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring still gazed on the portraits. "And all taken in a year. Oh how did you keep your heart from breaking?"

"He who laid upon me so heavy a burden gaye me strength to bear it,"

"They were taken and HOUSEHOLD.
When the plants are sending out runners, I wait until a few young plants have begun to take root; then with a pair of sheep-shears I stand astride the row and with one hand gather up the runners and clip them with the shears in the other. This I repeat two or three well grown and well cared for and properly packed will bring best prices ing I use the slat crate made for sixty boxes, but I take out fifteen, thus leav-The following hints are taken from an essay on "The New Agriculture" by Dr. J. F. Nicholas, a distinguished agricultural writer: "Apples carelessly grown will bring poor prices; but those well grown and well cared for and properly packed will bring best prices even in these times. The best corn will make the best meal. Bome farmers make their cider from rotten or otherwise worthless apples and put the cider into musty casks. Buch cider, however, is of little value compared to that made from good apples and put in clean, sweet casks. Pork fed from slops and kept in dirt and filth is not near as valuable as that fed on good meal and always well littered. Good food is always worth paying for. A pan of butter has been spoiled by the farmer going into the milk room with his boots covered with manure; butter and milk boxes, but I take out fifteen, thus leaving forty-five; removing one partition and putting a couple of strips at each end, dividing the crate into three tiers instead of four. The upper strip at one end should be so placed as to allow the easy removal of the lower partition. By this plan the fruit gets plenty of air, and I can round up my boxes well with berries and there is no danger of their getting mashed, if carefully handled; and when exposed for sale they present a much finer appearance and command a much better price than is received for hundreds of quarts marketed in trays or closely packed in large crates.—James Hunter, Jr., Fairfax county, Va., in New York Tribune.

Stans of a Prespersus Farmer. overed with manure; butter and milk bsorb odors rapidly. It is always best to aim at excellence in everything, Fodder-corn is good feed if properly grown, but it is not good when sown broadcast and thick. It is as foolish to Signs of a Prosperous Farmer. say that either milk or beer can be pro-duced from food which chemistry says lacks the elements of which they are composed, as to say that dung will pro-duce plants if the minerals are lacking. Fifteen cows, allowed to stand out one hour on a cold day, shrunk in milk nine quarts; ice-cold water given to a cow will shrink the milk; cows allowed to stand in water on a hot day will also

Rooting of Cuttings.

A writer in Vick's Monthly says. The rooting of slips I have found very easy matter in a double pot. take an eight-inch pot, cork up the bottom hole, and put it into enough clean sand to raise the top of a fourinch pot to the height of the eight-inch pot when placed thereon. I then place the four-inch pot in the center without corking, fill around it with sand, place in a warm, sunny position, and fill with water by pouring into the small pot. Slips placed in the sand near the outer Slips placed in the sand near the outer pot will root rapidly if kept warm and plenty of water is kept in the pot. In summer I place the pots on a fence in the hottest place I can find, and in winter in a south window of a warm room. As soon as rooted, the slips must be transferred to good soil. I have never found any trouble in rooting anything in this way."

in this way." Boston Journal: If one were to judge simply by the appearance of the levees pounds of bone dust and three hundred ty or eighty pounds of potash, fifty to sixty pounds of lime (from the bones) and ten to twenty pounds of nitrogen, and some magnesia in the potash and fertilizer, all of which are called for to to nourish orchards on insufficient soil, as the flesh of most fruits contain much potash as well as lime, in combination with the fruity acids, and the seeds phosphoric acid. Whether the ingredients required are applied in the formula given or in the unleached ashes sug-gested, it is recommended to sow broadeast and lightly harrow in, leaving it to the rain to more thoroughly incorporate with the earth. Such treatment has

signs of decay both in this country and in Europe. Coal ashes and salt are employed with great benefit on some soils, especially in orchards bearing sour fruits. Or-chards, the soil of which, from close pas-turing or other causes, is nearly destitute of humus, will gradually deteriorate and finally die unless restored to that state of fertility which is necessary for the thrifty growth of the tree and its existence in a healthy and vigorous state. Such orchards are greatly benefited with a top dressing of leafmold, rotten chip manure, muck from a creek, broken bones, animal hair of all kinds, and similar material generally at band on farms, which can be applied without other expense than the time and labor expended. When manures are used they should be well decomposed; fresh warm manures excite young trees into a very rapid growth, but the wood is A dry soil, of but moderate richness,

is the one that produces and sustains hardy trees; their wood is firm, the buds plump and close together and the parts well proportioned.— Home and Farm.

Success with Strawberries.

It is becoming more and more a necessity in the successful culture of the strawberry to raise only the best varie-ties and put them in market in the best possible condition. We often hear the ory that strawberries do not pay, and I fully believe it; for under the common mismanagement—letting the plants run at will-weeds are allowed to occupy space in the bed, and little or no care is exercised in regard to manure. I prefer, rather than the matted-row or the system, to cultivate in the single row, making the rows two and one-half feet spart and the plants about eightor feet spart and the plants about eighter ten inches in the row. This will give plenty of room for the hoe and cultivator, which I use freely through the summer, keeping the soil well stirred and allowing no weeds to grow about the plants. In manuring, care should be taken or you may seed your bed with weeds. I prefer to use bonedust, or some reliable commercial fertilizer of which I know the ingredients and the manufacturer. Clean the commercial services or wheely manufacturer. Clean rye or wheat straw, well rotted, is good to put under the row before planting, and a free ap-

boxes, but I take out fifteen, thus leav-

J. D. Hall.

When you see a barn larger than his ouses, it shows that he will have large profits and small affections. When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity. When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three months or more, it shows that he will be more than a ninety days' wonder in farming operations, and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic. When his sled is housed in summer and When his sled is housed in summer and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of his early life and the winter of old age. When his cattle are shielded and fed in winter, it evinces that he is estimated in the summer of his early life and the winter of old age. that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is mer-ciful to his beast." When he is seen subscribing for a paper and paying in advance, it shows that he will never get his walking papers to the land of poverty.—Minnesota Farmer.

Scenes on the Levees at New Orleans. Edward King writes as follows in the

slong the Mississippi river, as he enters New Ork an from Mobile, he would think the town enjoyed a full tide of prosperity. Dozens of long, dark-bodied steamers from England, from Nor-way, from Russia, and scores of ships from each of those countries are loading with cotton. The tall white steamers from the upper waters of the Missis sippi and from the dozen great streams tributary to it stand ranged in rows like impatient steeds, foaming at their flery nostrils with anxiety to depart. An army of whites and blacks scurries from teamboat to cotton-press or broker's office, from ship to shore, from dancing boat to crowded wharf. The "roust-abouts" sing and shout in their peculiar and almost incomprehensible dialect, as proved successful in orchards showing they dexterously handle the "cotton hooks." The lines of mules pass sober-" The lines of mules pass sober ly, with the hot sun glistening on their backs, which have long since become impervious to any sensations except those produced by sev-rest beatings. Draymen urge their mules to gallor through sloughs of mud, and the wanderer on the levees is quite sure to come sway well spattered and covered with little tufts of cotton. John Bull's rosy face and shapely form is seen here, in sharp contrast with the saturnine features of the planter from up river. Everybody is talking cotton, shouting cotton, breathing cotton, for the dainty white fibers float in the air. Morgan's Louisiana and Texas railroad, a line as yet incomplete, but running to hoats which ply on the gulf, has hundreds of cars scattered on the levees. Here are types which you never see save on the Mississippi river, the active, devil-may-care, laborious boatmen, who have rough struggles all their lives, and some of whom die violent deaths, but who are thoroughly in love with their amphibious evistence and could not be amphibious existence, and could not be persuaded to change it for anything else. Men from far Arkansas waters, from the muddy bluffs of 'Missouri, from the fat lands of "Egypt," from the water-invaded plantations of Mississippi and Tennessee, are huddled together, discussing the latest political excitement, or the price of the staple in which they all trade. They are all of one mind as to general politics, but local matters allow of hundreds of points of difference, none of which do they fail to improve. Sometimes discussions become violent, but this is rarely the case in New Orleans, between gen-tlemen. I doubt if there is another point on the globe which can furnish so interesting, animated and peculiar a spectacle as may be seen here on a Saturday afternoon, when packet after

Reports from Minnesets, Wisconsin Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Michi gan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri show that the yield of winter the row before planting, and a free application of liquid manure from the barn-plication of liquid manure from the barn-yard gives good results; I have a barrel 27,092,000 bushels last year.

packet moves away majestically and ascends the enormous stream, leaving

behind her a vast trail of smoke, and when the wharves are thronged with

agents, passengers and laborers.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A curious display of folly and stub-bornness on the part of a Russian noble-man is reported. This man owns 40,-500 acres of arable land, which he will 500 acres of arable land, which he will not cultivate nor lease to anybody else; and he will not permit the extirpation from his acres of the Siberian marmots or of the beetles, which spread over the country, destroying a large portion of the crops every year, and for whose ex-tirpation many thousands of people are elsewhere employed by the authorities.

barism. The men most noticeable in the outrage were subsequently arrested.

Wurtemberg, in Germany, is often wurtemberg, in Germany, is often visited by terrible bailstorms. In some parts of the country whole districts are exempted from the land tax on account of the damage caused by the hail. And these hailstorms are apparently becoming more destructive. As regards liability to being visited, it apregards liability to being visited, it appears that pine woods enjoy comparative immunity, while beach woods and bare hillsides are particularly unfortunate. The parishes most frequently devastated lie on the outskirts of wooded hills, but it does not appear that clearance of a wood has any deleterious influence. The valleys of the Neckar and some other rivers are the least troubled. some other rivers are the least troubled by this annoyance.

"Serkys Tea," as it is called, is now turning the heads of Philadelphia ladies. Olive Harper describes it in a late let-ter. It is a decection of various Oriental herbs, has a slightly resinous and aromatic taste, and is said to confer on the ones who drink it faithfully almost the bloom and beauty of eternal youth. Miss Harper saw it often and drank it in Turkey, and really believes it will prolong the freshness of a woman's complexion to an advantage. It scems to act on the skin, and to promote a general health and vigor. Only one firm sells it in Philadelphia, and their rooms are thronged from morning till night, by ladies seeking to renew their youth. The story sounds fishy.

Botel Tobago is an island in the South eas which has been visited by a party of United States naval officers. were surveying a rock east of the South cape of Formosa, and called at this island. They found a curious race of Malay stock. These aborigines did not know what money was good for. Nor had they ever used tobacco or rum. They gave the officers goats and pigs for tin pots and brass buttons, and hung round the vessel all day in their cances thing which might be thrown overboard. They wore clouts only, ate toro and yams, and had axes, spears and knives made of common iron. Their canoes were made without nails, and were orns mented with geometrical lines. wore the beards of goats and small shells as ornaments. Such is the account of these strange people given by Dr. Seig-fried in a letter read at the last meeting of the Philadelphia academy of

True Success.

"——the men who speak With the loudest tongues do least." It was a favorite remark of an old sea captain whom Causeur knew, that he earned in youth never to talk about anything that he had determined upon.
"Men waste their energy in talk," he would ay, "and have none left for their enterprises. But if they are wise enough to keep still, and devote themselves to doing, they will find that their actions speak for themselves and that talk is unnecessary." Good advice this, but many find it hard to follow. Man is a social animal, and there is a certain pleasure in discussing one's plans with friend and enjoying their fruits in anticipation. Some go through the world in a cold-blooded, calculating way, seeking advantage at every turn, and doubtless finding it, but are they, after all, the best patterns to model after? Is not a little human weakness of this sort rather amiable, on the whole? It certainly is true that he who keeps his mouth shut and his ears open, lays deep plans, and watches his oppor-tunity as a cat watches to take the fatal the world calls success than the more confiding kind. But what is success? Is it simply to lay up store of this world's goods? The many so view it, but those who have looked deeper feel that he is most truly successful who has borne his share of life's burdens and roubles, who has opened his heart to his fellow-men, whose thoughts have not been of self alone, and the workings of whose mind have not been wholly concealed. Of course prudence is to be observed, and care must be taken in the choice of confidents. And moreover

"----still keep something to yoursel"
You scarcely tell to ony." But don't seal up the windows of your soul too tightly. It needs an occasional airing .- Causeur in Boston Tran-

Rome Sentinel Brevities. -The dollar is mightier than the

-"Now I'll try to brace up," as the man said when he bought a pair of sus-

penders. -"That takes the cake," as the compositor said when he removed the piece

of fat poetry from the hook.

—The "Faille Bridal Toilet" is illustrated and described in a fashion jours al. To purchase such an outfit is enough to make the average father fail.

-After you have related a rich joke to a friend, and you expect to hear him burst out into uproarious laughter, nothing is more calculated to convince you of the correctness of the Darwinian theory than to have him stare and blandly inquire: "What's the point?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST. A biting wind-A gnaw easter. The plow is said to be the oldest land-

The man who was in "high feather" has got down.

They say that fat is not conducive to long life—in a pig.

A good motto for a young man just

starting a mustache—Down in front. A German theorist thinks cooking de-stroys the nutritive properties of food,

The average yield of wheat per acre in Belgium is nearly twenty-eight bushels.

Balloonist John Wise writes that the north pole can never be reached save in an air ship.

Eighteen hundred girls under twenty rears of age were married in New York ity last year.

The leaves of the coffce-plant will make nearly as good coffee as will the berries. The flavor is more delicate. There is only one thing that is more

wearing or distressing to man than hav-ing to wait for a train; and that is when the train hasn't waited for him.

In 1695, in the township of Eastham,
Mass., a regulation was made that every
unmarried man should kill six black

birds and three crows a year as long as he remained single. If he neglected this order, he was not allowed to do so till he had shot his full number of birds. A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was ask-

ed whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the wit-ness; "I considered the patient in danger as long as the dector continued

In the spring a million sunbeams steal fro out the eastern sky,

In the spring we hear the buzzing of the fes-In the spring the village damsel decks herself

with violets blue, In the spring the landlord hastens to collect the rent that's due; the spring the sparrow's chirping floats

scross the meadow land. the spring the lovesick couple at the front

gate take their stand; In the spring the young man's ulster on the porch is hung to dry,

In the spring the lazy bullock on the hilltop stops to sigh; the spring the gentle cockroach dances

'round the kitchen floor, In the spring the little children jump upon your cellar door; In the spring the gay mosquito from New Jer-

sey seems to float, In the spring the little urchin goes out sailing in a boat-

And never comes back. -New York Express.

Words of Wisdom.

Circumstances cannot control genius; it will wrestle with them; its power will bend and break them to its path. Let every one sween the drift from his own door and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

Friendly letters should be written because the words spring spontaneously from the heart, and not from a sense of One moment of true love and happi-

ness among years of sorrow is worth more than a lifetime of quiet, even monotony.

They who prepare the soil of the world for the seed are but little known; for unto those who sowed is ascribed the

Looking up so high, worshiping so silently, we tramp out the hearts of flowers that lift their bright heads for us and die alone. The man or woman whom excessive

cantion holds back from striking the anvil with earnest endeavor, is poor and cowardly of purpose. When you have nothing to say, say nothing. A weak defense strengthens

your opponent, and silence is less in-

### A Farmer's Square Meal,

jurious than a bad reply.

Years ago there lived some miles from Philadelphia a farmer named Jerry Fos-ter, noted for eating much and spending little. One day he took a wagonload of butter, eggs, potatoes and ready-dressed pigs to the city; and before he had been in the market disposed of all his stock save one pig. Driving round to a tavern, the landlord of which was wont to supply market folks with a dinner for twentyfive cents, he sold his roaster to Mr. Randolph for seventy-five cents, and departed to while away the time until dinner hour. Jerry was punctual to the minute, and found no one ready for the meal but himself, the landlord and his wife. Just as they were sitting down, Mr. and Mrs. Bandolph were called away, the former telling Jerry not to wait for them, but go ahead. Before him, nicely crisped and brown was his own roaster, with plenty of potatoes, cranberries, turnips, bread and butter; and the farmer went shead to such good purpose that when the host and hostess returned to the room they found Jerry leaning back in his chair picking his teeth, complacently regarding all that remained of the porker—its bones. He never dined there agein.

### Authors' Ages,

Charles Reade is 64 years old; Jacob Abbot, 75; Edmund About, 50; William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), 56; A. B. Al-cott, 79; T. B. Aldrich, 42; Berthold Auerbach, 69; George Bancroft, 78; Robert Browning, 66; Carlyle, 83; 8. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), 43; G. W. Cartis, 54; Darwin, 69; Disraeli, 73; L. Clemens (Mark Twain), 43, G. W. Curtis, 54; Darwin, 69; Disraeli, 73; Hepworth Dixon. 57; Emerson, 75; J. A. Fronde, 60; W. E. Gladatone, 69; Bret Harte, 39; J. G. Holland, 59; Dr. Holmes, 69; Julia Ward Howe, 59; Thomas Hughes, 55; T. H. Huxley, 73; George Eliot, 58; Longfellow, 71; Benson J. Lossing, 65; Donald G. Mitchell, 66; Max Muller, 55; James Parten, 56; Mayne Reid, 60; Roman, 55; Ruskin, 59; John G. Saxe, 62; Mrs. Stowe, 63; Tennyson, 69; Anthony Trollope, 63; Whittier, 71; Wilkie Collins, 53; Swinburne, 41; William Black, 37; M. F. burne, 41; William Black, 87; M, F. Tupper, 68; W. D. Howells, 41.