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Mother's Work. Dear patient woman o'er your children bendin

To leave a good-night kiss on rosy lips, Or list the simple prayers to God ascending Ere slumber veil them in its soft eclipse, I wonder, do you dream that seraphs love you, And sometimes smooth the pathway for your

That off their silvery pinion float above you, When life is tangled and its cross-roads meet

So wan and tired, the whole long day so busy, To laugh or weep, at times you hardly know, So many trifles make the poor brain dizzy, So many errands call you to and fro.

Small garments stitching, weaving fairy stories And binding wounds, and bearing little cares, Your hours pass, unheeded all the glories Of that great world beyond the nursery

One schoolmate's pen has written words of beauty.

Her poems sing themselves into the heart; Another's brush has magic; you have duty; No time to spare for poetry or art. But only time for training little fingers,

And teaching youthful spirits to be true; You know not with what tamine won lingers.

With art alone to fill her, watching you. And yet, I think you'd rather keep the babies, Albeit their heads grow heavy on yous arm.

Than have the poet's fair, enchanted may-bes." The artist's visions, rich with dazzling charm Sweet are the troubles of the happy hours, For even in weariness your soul is blest, And rich contentment all your being dowers That yours is not a hushed and empty nest.

-Margaret E. Sangster.

TYRAWLEY.

A large party is assembled to celebrate be feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the northwest corner of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some guardsmen, some undergraduates. a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever

on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things. but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself.
Such as he is, however, he is an object

and pink, and who look prettier in the

And there is Constance Baynton, with gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.
Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and

still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are. The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, 'not clever enough to

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to dis-believe. She stated as her opinion to her friends, that she didn't believe he ever had done or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could

possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as con-scientious as usual, but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth

century.

The day lingered on after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country-houses. There was a little country-houses. There was a little dancing after dinner: but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the mor-

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-

Pleasant, by Jove! he soliloquized.
I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are: never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night! as a flash of lightning illuminated the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. The wind must be about nor-nor-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up! what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the

Before starting on this expedition, he changed the remainder of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-grown) for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near that he found it unnecessary; as, springing to it, he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across the country, 'like a bird,' to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles

seemed one sheet of foam. But a flash of lightning discovered a

in two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

'Is there no way of opening communi-cation with her?' he asked of an old

'Why, ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford tor Manby's rockets, but she must break up before they come.' 'How far is it to Bilford?'

constguard man.

'Better than seven mile, your honor.'
'If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew.'
'Every one of them, your honor; but

it ain't possible.'
'I think a man might swim out.' 'The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff.' 'What depth of water below?'

'The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least." deeper the better. What distance to the water?'
'Good fifty feet.'
'Well, I have dived off the main yard

'Well, I have dived off the main yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?' 'As much as you like.' 'Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it, "You won't draw much after the first

plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit.'

'Well, we shall see. There's no time to lose; lend me a knife.' And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots and pea-jacket; then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman bright-ened. There was evidently a method in

his madness. 'You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?' . 'I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times.'
'I never knew a white man that could do that.

Tyrawley smiled. 'But whatever you do,' he said, 'mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clean start.' He walked slowly to the edge of the liff, looked over to see how much the ock shelved outward; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty fect from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a pluminto its dark depth he went, like a plum-met, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he has been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For wo moments he draws breath, then, ere t reaches him he dives below its center. The water dashes against the cliffs, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives gain and again, rising like an ofter to take breath, making very steadily on-ward, though more below the water than

thove it. We must now turn to the ship. The Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and cannot be more than two-and-thirty. can live in such a sea. Suddenly she in the water. "Ship, ahoy!" pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls, shouts a loud, clear voice, which makes who hover between the two orders, and itself heard above the storm. "Throw combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue was still hanging in its accustomed The life-buoy place by the mainmast. The captain one color than they do in the other; but almost mechanically takes it down, and who always command your suffrage in with well-directed aim throws it within favor of that they are wearing when you a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half

minute he is on board.
"Come on board, sir?" he says to the aptain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the ower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on hoard; then a second, and the communi-cation is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breakup, and there is a lady passenger. While the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her upon his left arm, steadies himself with the right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear; five minutes more and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been arous d by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravel-stoke has just arrived with blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and, thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady whom Tyrawley had depos-

ited in a cottage, with a strong recom-mendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Rayelstoke to the Hall and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undis-turbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain anything like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain ap-peared, and although almost over-whelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless, between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question: 'Who is it who swam to the vessel?' Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had

been no one to recognize him.
'I scarcely saw him,' said the captain, but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard. Was he a gentleman?' asked Miss

Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair. Well, d'ye see, miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but if isn't, he'd make a good one—that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever group of figures about a quarter of a bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay! now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock with-

At this moment—half-past ten A. M.— Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast

'Now here's a gentleman, captain, Mr Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never saw any thing to equal the affair last night.

'You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?' inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity. 'Five minutes more, sir, and Davy Jones' locker would have held us all.

Begging your pardon, miss,' apologizing to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the

was anxious to finish his breakfast So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

Well, Mr. Tyrawley, said she at last, what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?

Well, thirk Miss Baynton I

As he was speaking, the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak—and there are some voices which a woman never forgets—and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence. She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you?'

Tyrawley rose, as in duty bound, say-g, 'Do not speak of it. I did not know, ing, 'Do not speak of it. I did not know, when I came off, that I was to have the bleasure of assisting you.'

But the astonishment of the captain

was beautiful to behold.

'Why, you don't mean to say,—Well,
Inever:—dash my wig,—well I'm—Here,
shake hands, sir, will you?' And he
stretched across the table a brawny
hand, not much smaller than a shoulder The grip with which Tyrawley met

his seemed to do more to con-vince him of his identity than the lady's e ognition of their preserver. The day was as wet as the preceding. Half an hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynon, and, by the singular coincidence

which favors lovers or historians, she sat Now Constance had decided that she would compliment Mr. Tyrawley on his

rallant conduct.
She had, in fact, arranged a neat quiet, cold, formal, appropriate form of words, in which she would give her views expression And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said, 'Oh, Mr. Tyrawley," and burst into

If a woman's pride is a shield to thee, oh man, as well as to her, against the grows of love, remember that if ever be throws it away—after she has com-elled you to acknowledge its value—you erly defenceles:

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at acc. They are to be married this And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, some future time, achieve a reputaion which no mystery can cloud, it wil not be Mrs, Tyrawley's fault

An Epicure's Fate.

Mr. Rogerson, the son of a gentleman of large fortune in England, after receivng an excellent education, was sent broad to make the grand tour. ourney young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cook-ry and the methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, when he entered into the posssion of a very large fortune. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurm and to discover where the most exquisite dishes and best cooks were to be procured. He had no servants but men ooks. Footman, butler, housekeeper, oachman and grooms were all cooks. Among those more professionally so were one from Florence, another from Sienna, and another from Viterbo, who was employed for the special purpose of dressing one particular dish only—the "docce picante" of Florence. He had also a German cook for dressing the livers of turkeys, and the rest were all French. Mr. Rogerson had a messenger constantly traveling between Brittany and London to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover near St. Malo, and a single dinner, consisting of two dishes only, sometimes cost him upward of fifty guineas. He counted the minutes be-tween his meals, and was wholly ab-sorbed in devising means to indulge his appetite. In the course of nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and he was verg-ing fast to poverty. When he had spent fortune of \$750,000 and was totally ruined a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving: but a short time after he was found dressing an ortolon for himself. A few days later he died by his own hands.

Words of Wisdom.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employ-Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly

eaves the worst for the day when it comes Harmony and good will toward men nust be the basis of every political estabishment.

In order to dispose our hearts in devoion, the active life is to be preferred to the contemplative. The happiness of the tender heart is in-

creused by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others. Great vices are the proper objects of ou detestation—smaller faults of our pity; but affection appears to be the only true source year, and they could hurt nothing.) Kanaffection appears to be the only true source

of the ridiculous. No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life beongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind. The very heart and root of sin is an in-

dependent and selfish spirit. We erect th idol self, and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves. Universal love is a glove without fingers which fits all hands alike, and none closely; but true affection is like a glove with fin gers, which fits one hand only, and fits close

Eighteen hundred girls under twenty years of age were married in New York SOMETHING ABOUT PIGS.

Farmer's High Opinion of their Intelligence, Courage and Cleanliness, I breed pigs on a large scale, and I oldly affirm from my experience that the pig is more intelligent than any other beast, more courageous, cleaner and possessed of more delicate organ-

I once bought thirty-six young pigs, and put them in a pen. For the first few days they behaved themselves admirably. Being a novice in the business of handling pigs, I thought this quietude was the result of their being well fed. What they were really doing was reflecting on their confinement, and devising a way to get out of their pen. At any rate, they got out. I searched for the missing thirty-six, and found them in my garden, cating lettuce and early peas. But with the help of all the men on the ranch. I could not drive them back into the pen; they seemed to have Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

'Well, Mr. Tyrawley,' said she at last, what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?'

'Why, I think, Miss Baynton—I think' said he hesitating, 'that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold.'

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foot under the table.

Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking, the door on his down. Standing over the prostrate pig.

down. Standing over the prostrate pig, the dog growled savagely, and every now and then he gave him a severe shaking. When, by my command, the pig was released it ran to a corner of the pen, leaped to the third board, turned slightly on its side, and scrambled through. The others followed as fast as possible. They would have scampered around that pen for a week, and not one would have retor a week, and not one would have re-vealed the place, if the sudden and over-whelming fright resulting from being held in the jaws of a hundred-pound dog had not made this one betray the secret. Afterward the thirty-six pigs would turnel under the fence and invade my garden, but when the dog was called, with wild grants of alarm than related ith wild grunts of alarm, they rushed into their quarters. Soon it became necessary only to stand on the hill and yell, "Fred, Fred! Pigs, pigs!" to make every hog within hearing run for that hole in the pen. Once, and only once, the big dog went over the fence to punish the property of the ish a small pig that had been uncom-monly exasperating. The knowledge then and there absorbed by him lasted the rest of his life. He was willing to est his forepaws op the fence, to look over, and bark at the occupants of the ocn, but when urged to go over he sulked. nd said, by his looks, "I tried that nee, and believe me, it was not well."

I had a big crop of corn and oats, and ices were very low. Not being in im-ediate need of money, I determined to reed pigs enough to eat my crop. In se course of my shooting prairie chickcons. I one day strayed on horseback some forty miles from home, and coming across a large pigpen found in it a lot of pure razor-back sows. I thought I straight along his back. Now, said I, would like to be the owner of these razor-backs, so I returned with a couple peared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubf teams and bought twenty-two of them—long of snout, long of leg, roach-backed, long tailed, heavy in the shoulders, high in the withers, light and low in the ham. Not to enlarge on the troubles and vexations those pigs caused the same way. He then took this casttroubles and vexations those pigs caused me before I got home, I will simply say that I lost all standing in my church from what was overheard on that jour-

But I got the pigs home. ney. But I got the pigs home.

My wife had raised some eighty turkeys, and countless chickens ranged around my stacks, sheds and barns. used to select and point out with the index finger the gobblers we would eat when cold weather came. We enjoyed many turkeys that way, and it was wel we ate them in anticipation, for we did not taste them any other way. The razor-backs were turned into yard, containing about an acre, and the process of building up meat on their open bonework began. The still hunt of the sows also began—turkeys and hickens the game they stalked. Though I was on the point of losing my mind, as I looked on I could not help admiring the skill displayed. A wagon load of corn would be scattered on the ground in the pen, and the sows would slowly rise up on their haunches. Sitting in all conceivable attitudes they would yawn, opening their long jaws much as an alligator does his when he sees a young per-son indiscreetly coming to play in the river. Then, getting on their feet, they would slowly feed up and down the pen. A turkey would hop over the fence an begin to pick corn, and may be, in his exceeding comfort, spread his tail and give voice to a cheerful gobble or two. A long, lean, wiry sow would look at him, her bright black eyes sparkling with the pleasure of anticipation. She would slowly feed toward the turkey, mild grunts issuing from her the while. She would not hurt a turkey—not she! Slowly and cautiously she would draw near to the bird, and nearer yet, until he was within three or four feet of him. Suddenly a long, active body would be launched through the air; a snapping of reat jaws, a sudden jumping of the fore-feet on the body of the gobbler, a firm grip of the jaws on leg, wing or breast; a quick, powerful, upward jerk, and the gobbler that erst strutted in my yard was being converted into pork. I once saw a sow miss a turker, and

the fowl took to wing. The sow gathered herself for a run, and, jumping high in the air, snapped at the flying bird. The flying turkey would be horrified to see every sow he passed over rise up in the air toward him and vainly snap her jaws at his dangling legs. The gobbler who had made an escape of this kind would spend hours in standing around, medita-ting on the hard times it would be for turkeys if razor-backed sows had wings. The upshot of this stalking of my fowls was that I lost all I had, and to-day there is not a fowl on the place.
Once I had a couple of sows, each of

sas was considerably pestered with wolves that year, and my neighbors predict-ed that I would lose my pigs. I met them-all over the neighboring country, but at sundown they were generally at home. I used to think they were lucky, until one day, while shooting prairie chickens, I saw a wolf dancing around in the grass in a very peculiar manner. I watched him from a distance, but could not comprehend his behavior. So I walked toward him, and, by taking advantage of a ravine, was able to get within forty yards of the beast. Lying down behind a bunch of blue-joint grass, I looked on. The coyote had found my eighteen pigs. then some four months old, and wanted one for dinner. The pigs, objecting, had formed a circle, with their heads out, and saw a wolf dancing around in the grass

were bravely grunting defiance. The wolf was running around them, snapping his jaws and doing all in his power to frighten a faint-hearted pig out of the circle. The compact ring of sturdy little black porkers slowly moved down the road, never faltering, but constantly keeping up their war grunt. As the passed me at about twenty five yards, rebuked the coyote with an ounce of No. 10 bird shot. He suddenly lost interest in pork, and retired to the hills to hunt jack rabbits. I never had any anxiety

jack rabbits. I never had any anxiety about my pigs after that.

Once I built a pen for 100 stock hogs by a deep pond of water. I ran the fence out into the pond to where the water was five feet deep; then I took logs and, chaining them together, stretched them between the ends of the stretched them between the ends of the fence. This made a pen with a big pond in it, and the pigs could not get out unless they dived under the logs. I was raised in the belief that a pig could not swim. The hogs were driven to the pen, put in, and, as I had self-feeding corn-bins that were full, I flattered myself that I was rid of the personal care of those hogs until butchering time. The result was that they became such expert divers that they were never in the pen. result was that they became such expert divers that they were never in the pen. They would swim out to the logs and dive under. If I went to the pen on horseback, accompanied by my dog, I would gather them up by setting the dog on them, make them all jump into the pond, swim to the log, plunge under it and swim ashore into their pen. There the dog dayed not follow

the dog dared not follow.

The courage of a sow with young in her nest is something wonderful. No wild animal that walks on Kansas soil can drive her from them. She will die in defense of her pigs, and the wolf doesn't live that can get the better of a razor-back sow. She will always eat young pigs, provided they are not her own. Her own she never eats. The pigs of any other sow she considers le-gitimate food, and she will eat them up to the time that they are three weeks old; and any other sow in turn will eat her pigs. The sows regard each other with an evil eye. Distrust, doubt, uncertainty reign everywhere until the pigs are quick and active. Then the friendly family relations are resumed. It is strange, but I have never seen a boar eat young pigs, and I have had all kinds—from the blooded "wind-splitters" to the pure Berkshires—and I never had a nig eaten by one of them. and a pig eaten by one of them.

How a Tond Undresses.

A gentleman sends to an agricultural aper an amusing description of "How a Fond takes off his Coat and Pants." He says he has seen one do it, and a friend has seen another do the same thing in the sam

About the middle of July I found a peared sluggish and not inclined to move Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides, and rubbing down-ward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs his skin began to burst open ping until be had worked all his skin into off cuticle forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew t from the neck and swallowed the whole The operation seemed an agreeable one and occupied but a short time.

The Andre Monument.

Cyrus W. Field has purchased the land at Tappan, N. Y., where Major John Andre was executed October 2, 1780, and is having prepared to be placed on the same a on the front of which will be in-

Here died, October 2, 1789,
Major JOHN ANDRE, of the British Army,
who, entering the American lines
on a secret mission to Benedict Armold,
for the surrender of West Polist,
was taken prisoner, tried and condemned as a sp His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate

of one so young and so brave.

In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster
A hundred years after his execution
a citizen of the states against which he fought
placed this stone above the spot where he lay; Not to perpetuate the record of strife, But in token of those better sentiments Which have since united two nations,

One in race, in language, and in religion;
With the earnest hope that this friendly union
Will nover be broken,

-Arthur Penrhyn Studey, Dem of Westminster. -Artiser Penrays of the back. [On the back.]
Sunt lacrymæ reruru et mentem noortolla tangunt
- Virgil, (Bacid 1, 462,

"Tue spy of the neutral ground,
Who died as he had lived,
Devoted to the service of his country."
—Fininger Copper, [On the right side.] "He was more unfortunate town criminal; An accomplished usu and galant officer," — George Washington. He died universally esteemed and universally regretted."

-Alexander Hamilton

Summer Vacations.

Summer vacations have now become a

permanent institution; yet they are of comparatively recent origin. Our ancestors never thought of traveling beyond the limits of their city, village or native valley, except when driven by their affairs or their predatory instincts. What lay beyond the familiar circle of their daily lives was foreign to them, and rather to be shunned than sought. The traveler by choice was looked upon as bold and foolhardy. Men and women lived in narrow groves of their own, and had no desire to emerge into a larger space. But times are changed. The modern facilities for intercourse and communication have greatly enlarged our world. In one sense enlarged, in another belittled, for while our experience, through personal travel, books and the reports of friends, has brought the distant near and interwoven it with the associations of daily life, it has drained away the sources of mystery which fed the imagination of our ancestors, and compensated the littleness of their actual world with indefinite conceptions of the vastness and wonderful nature of the world that encircled it. If the earth, as they conceived it, was flat to us, in another sense, it is still flatter. Still, another sense, it is still natter, our new way is an improvement upon the old, for man needs variety of thought and action to perfect his intellectual are making it read, a "battle-scared soldier."—Chicago Commercial Advertiser.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The so-called "Horse Communities" of Russia flourish in all cities where there are universities. Most of the poorer students, who are free from prejudices, live upon horse-flesh, which can be procured at one-fifth the price of beef. It is the custom of such students to board in parties of from five to twenty, and hence the name of "Horse Communities." So many Nihilists have been found in these communities that the horse-meat eaters are liable to prosecution by the government.

The Cherokees, with a population of 19,000, support two seminaries, male and female respectively, an orphan asylum, a deaf and dumb asylum and seventy-four common schools, having in all 3,000 pupils. They annually expend for purposes of education \$79,000. The seminaries and asylums are in brick buildings, with three stories and a basement, and are quite handsome and a basement, and are quite handsome and commodious. They were erected at a cost of \$40,000 each. The Creeks number 14,260, have twenty-eight public schools and two mission schools, with 1,200 pupils, costing \$23,000. The Choctaws, numbering 16,000, have fifty-five schools and one academy, costing \$29,000, with 1,200 pupils. The Chicksaws, numbering 5,800, have The Chicksaws, numbering 5,800, have twelve public schools and one academy, costing \$21,000, with 400 pupils. The Seminoles have five schools, with an attendance of 180, for which they pay annually \$2,800.

The "Loyal Sons of America" is the itle of an organization which was founded in 1871, and now lays claim to ten thousand members in different parts of the Union The members are all American-born boys or young men between sixteen and twenty-six years of age, and their professed object is to join the American youths together "by the golden band of fidelity and love." To quote their constitution, "what we desire to do is to organize in every town and city in the country a lodge where the strict principles of justice, honor and noble deeds will be carried out, and prepare ourselves for any position of trust we shall be called upon to fill." They have a constitution and by-laws, and "wigwams" in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and other large cities. The first wigwam was established at Medusa, near Coxsackic, and the association intends to hold a grand encampment the next 4th of

A case in which a romantic girl played an important part is narrated in the Missouri papers. She, with other ladies, were visiting the penitentiary at Jefferson City, when she was struck with the appearance of a youthful convict, and his story was told by the warden. When a boy just out of college he had become implicated in the About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave, I hoed around him; he apand an introduction was followed by promises to correspond. This she did in spite of the remonstrances of her family and friends, and before his term of imprison ment expired she had engaged to marry the convict. The day he was to be liberated she appeared in a carriage at the entrance, and both parties were ready for an entrancing consummation of their fondest hopes when a horrid old unromantic officer arrested the embezzler on another indictment

It has hitherto been the graphers to give the palm to Borneo as the argest island in the world, but, according to the Popular Science Monthly, this is decidedly "A careful estimate, founded or nn error. the most recent maps, shows that New Guinea is considerably the larger, and must or the future be accorded the first place. In shape this island differs greatly from Borneo, being irregular and much extended a north-northwest and a south-southeast direction, so that its greatest length is little short of 1,500 miles, a distance as great as the whole width of Australia from Ade laide to Port Darwin, or of Europe from London to Constantinople. Its greatest width is 410 miles; and, omitting the great peninsulas which form its two extremeties, the central mass is about 700 miles long with an average width of 320 miles, a country about the size of the Austrian em pire, and, with the exception of the course of one long river, an absolute blank upon our maps.

The Health of Printers.

In the course of a lecture on the "Effects of Occupations upon Health," recently de-livered at Leipsic by Dr. Heubner, he drew attention to the frequency of lead-poisoning among typefounders, compositors and press-men. In Leipsic itself, the great metropolis of the German book trade, seventy-seven per cent, of all who are thus affected belong to the trades enumerated. Typefounders are poisoned by inhaling the fumes of the metal, while compositors and pressmen in hale minute particles of the same material. Fraught with still greater danger is, however, the frequent practice of compositors of bringing their type-stained hands in contact with their lips or keeping eatables in composing-rooms, etc. The great preventives against all such chronic poisoning are clean-liness, both of person and in the work-room, and ample ventilation by the frequent oper ing of windows, etc. As regards fung diseases, too, printers compare favorably with most other trades, the proportion of leaths from this cause being exceptionally large. The one safeguard against this danger also is ventilation, which, as we all know, is sadly neglected in printing-offices generally by reason of the almost universal dread of draughts.

" Editorial Ediflers."

A lawyer keeps his own counsel. Not hard to take-Garden sauce.

dipper. Whoop skirts are much worn on the frontier. Fair one, if you don't want some fel

A pretty cornseat-A number one

ow to steal your heart, you must steel

it yourself. A perpetual-motion watching machine -A mother with several marriageable daughters.

It is really amusing to examine the maps of the different railway lines, and find on each one their own road conven-iently represented as direct "as the bird flies," and all competing lines crooked as a ram's horn or the streets of Boston.

The editor who wrote what he intended to be a complimentary paragraph concerning a battle-scarred soldier, who had honored his sanctum with a call, exasperated beyond taking up his paper the following morning, and seeing his fine effort utterly second as blood money. The hangman let go ruined by the intelligent compositor his ho'd of his expected victim, and handed making it read, a "battle-scared sol-

The Morning Comes Before the Sun Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose

Softly and still it grows and grows, Petal by petal, leaf by leaf, Each sleep-imprisoned creature breaks

From out night's gay and cloudy sheath,

Its dreamy fetters one by one, And love awakes, and labor wakes-The morning comes before the sun What is this message from the light

So fairer far than light can be? Youth stands a tiptoe, eager, bright In haste the risen sun to see; Ah! check thy longing, restless heart, Count the charmed moments as they run, It is lite's best and fairest part,

This morning hour before the sun. When once thy day shall burst to flower, When once the sun shall climb the sky, And busy hour by busy hour The urgent noontide draws anigh, When the long shadows creep abreast To dim the happy task half tone, Thou wilt recall this pause of rest,

This morning hush before the sun

To each one dawning and one dew One fresh young hour is given by fate, One rose flush on the early blue-Be not impatient then, but wait! lasp the sweet peace on earth and sky By midnight angels woven and spun, Better than day its prophecy-

The morning comes before the sun -Susan Coolidge

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A cawtious bird-The crow. A calico hop-A farmer's wife getting linner for harvest hands.

It underwent a change. The cargo that was thrown overboard. It is always well to be prepared for fires

whether we have them or not. If you have a fine toned piano keep it free from dust to preserve its quality. The base ball season is fairly opened. Flies are already seen around our office.

rod principle was understood and applied 500 years B. C. Boston Corbett, who shot John Wilkes Booth, is represented to be extremely poor and out of employment.

Scientists believe that the lightning-

So late as the reign of Henry VIII. not a cabbage, carrot, turnip or other edible root was grown in England.

According to the most recent calcula-tions—those of Peterman—the population of the whole world is now 1,424,000,000. A Grand International Exposition is

to be held at Moscow next year. One at the city of Mexico, and one in Australia. There are said to be 2,000,000 or 3,000,-000 people in France who eat no bread, subsisting on chestnuts and vegetables. Coffee and tea do not have the same flect on every one. Some they render vakeful, and to some they prove a gentle

anodyne. An ingenious instrument has been incented by the use of which the action of the pulse is actually measured and pho-

Picagune: Life is but a span. Marage a double team. Youth wed ed to ddage is a tandem. A cross old bachelor single and sulky.

bout a dozen or fifteen of which are ranked among the cultivated or more righly nutritious kinds. Saying that he "took it for a lark" was not held by the justice to be a sufficient plea in bar of judgment, in the

There are 3,800 species of grasses, only

ase of a boy whole stole a pigeon. The French peasantry are not yet tired of shuffling about in wooden shoes, and France produces about four million pair yearly. They are very economical and keep the feet dry. The best are made of maple, and in provincial towns, ladies

often wear them. The men engaged in cleaning Monumental park. Cleveland, of the debris and rubbish, while taking down the sparrows' nests in the trees came across one in which they found a \$5 bill neatly woven. The money was crumpled, but good, and the half-dozen men quietly "divided" and went into the task with renewed zeal, expecting to find a few more bills hidden away somewhere in the nests. Strange to say, they found a lady's fine gold chain in another, and a

number of other curiosities of less value. An Extraordinary Scene.

Three years ago a young Christian Maronite in Turkey killed a Musselman in a hot-headed quarrel. After lying ever since in prison the mother of the victim came forward last February and insisted on his being sentenced to death. What fellowed the Constantinople correspondent of the Philadelphia Press thus describes: "As the crime was proven according to the local judicial forms, she obtained from Midhat Pasha, the governor of Syria, a firman for the execution, and a day was fixed for the hanging. In vain the notables of all creeds and races, Musselmans and Christians, appealed to the old woman to be merciful, for upon her word depended the life of the Maronite. They represented to her that if he did do the deed it might have been in self defence; that at any rate his guilt was not perfectly clear; that he had already grievously suffered in body and mind by his imprisonment, and that the people of Beyrout did not want a capital execution in their midst. Neither the Turkish ulemas, the Greek and Armenian bishops, or the Turkish officials could soften the obdurate heart of this cruel woman. 'I have the firman for his execution,' she said, 'and his fate is in my hands. I will not spare him. In the night of February 5th, three hours after midnight, he was taken from his cell and led to the place of execution. An immense crowd of people gathered around the staffold. There took place a scene of the most extraordinary kind. The woman was told by the executioner that the man's rela-tives were ready to pay her any sum in their power if she would, as custom authorized. allow him to go free on the payment of blood money. She shricked and foamed for vengeance. For an hour and more she revengeance. For an hour and more she re-fused to be merciful, notwithstanding the entratics of the mass of men, women and children. In the meanwhile the young man stood on the gallows with the halter about his neck, trembling for his life Finally, worn out by the prayers of the peo-ple, and tempted by the high figure to which the relatives of the Maronite had run u the bid for his life; she consented to accept

off amid the acclamations of the spectators