NO. 14.

VOL. IX.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879.

liad come to her—as in truth every good friend comes to us—as an angel of God.

she proved—and of comfort to many suf-

pital, where she came upon John Leon-

She felt as though this satisfaction more than compensated for all that she had

There was fittle romance about Maud

Gale. She made some excuse for breaking her engagement as soon as she learned

of John's misfortune. She had little faith in a one-armed man's being able to

fight the battles of life successfully. And success meant to her more than affection:

before his marriage to Tilly, and his

name by this time is one that is well

known among physicians.-Harper's

The Horrors of Famine.

crush, bruised and not unfrequently

three at a time; brought back to town,

a plate of soup and a cover were suffi-cient to bring life to the dying. More than once have I met a young man or woman coming from the country with

no strength to finish the last quarter of a mile; with bruised head and broken

eeth from falls in the effort to get up

from the ground. The starvation was not confined to men; cattle, camels,

horses, asses, sheep and poultry have all, or nearly all, perished; but the dogs have survived, and in their insatiable

hunger, finding no food in towns and

bandoned by their masters, who either

him. Some twenty women and men

were eaten up within one mile of the

town. One day I was busy by the river side, with the help of my servant, giving

assistance to a dying young woman,

when our attention was drawn to an

Arab who was being eaten by dogs. He was dead before we reached him, and we had only the painful duty of burying

that I really cannot put on paper. More than 13,000 have in this town perished from hunger. There were dead or dying

ving in every street in and out of town

house where there is not one sick person. In the Mullah, or Jewish quarter, every

ouse has been turned into an hospital

"Angelina!" cried Theodore, melo-

dramatically, "may I call you mine, wholly mine? Oh, say that I may, dearest." "Well, let me see," answered

the saucy fair one with provoking de-liberation; "I am hardly prepared to

capitulate unconditionally, to sign a definite treaty surrendering my autonomy

n perpetuam; but I think I should not

dead were buried not more than

being they met and devoured

The following are extracts from a letter

foncliness, neglect, disappoint-

fering souls.

suffered-

Bazar.

ment-in the past.

Lines to the First Fly of 1879.

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet, Blue bottle fly! Sing in my ears with your buzz to greet Me, as I lie.

You will seek me out in my dark retreat, With an eager zeal that no screen can beat, And I try to slap you clear into the sweet, Sweet, by-and-bye.

I haven't seen you since 'seventy-eight, Little house fly; And I see you now with the bitterest hate

You can dety. Oh, how I hate you, nobody knows, Author of half of my summer woes, Oh, how I prayed that you might be froze, Villainous fly.

All through the winter you did not treeze, Not much, Mary Ann. Now all the summer you'll do as you please, That is your plan.

When, in the warm afternoons, we would sleep, Near us your wakefulest vigils you'll keep; Precious is sleeping, but waking is cheap, Sleep, man, if you can.

Oh, how I wish that my two broad hands, Spread left and right, Stretched from the poles to Equator's bands, Giants of might. Some summer day in my wrath I would rise, Sweeping all space with my hands of size, And smash all the uncounted million of flies

Vain are my wishes, oh, little house fly, You're hard to mash;

Strong men may swear and women may cry, *Teething their gnash; But in to the house your friends you'll lug, You'll bathe your feet in the syrup jug, And your cares you'll drown in the baby's mus Cheeky and brash.

Still, precious lessons, dear little house fly, You teach to me. Hated or loved, you tell me that I

Happy may be. Why should I care, when I tickle a nose, Whether its owner's conduct shows That he likes it or hates it, just so it goes Pleasant to me.

*This line should read; "Gnashing the but a little poetie license was necessar to bring in the rhyme. -Burlington Hawkeye.

TILLY.

"Asked Tilly?"
"Yes, actually. I heard him myself.

Did you ever!"
Miss Rosie Green, for an answer looked unutterable things. Miss Posic Green took off her sundown and fanned herself vigorously with it. She looker warm: her face was flushed with feeling no less than with the weather. She are her sister were no longer as youthful as their names suggested. Moreover, irritation brings out the lines and wrinkles of a face, and it is unquestionably irri-

tating to be passed over for a slip of a thing with a doll-baby face, not one's own flesh and blood at that.

"It's all pa's fault," Miss Rosie pursued, presently. "He does spoil that

girl so abominably. There will be no enduring her presently."
"I shouldn't be one bit surprised if Mr. Leonard makes so much of her just to Men are such time-Of course it's to his interest to keep, in

pa's good books."
"There they go now!" cried Miss Rosie in an excited whisper, flying to the window, and peeping through a crack in

the shutter. "For goodness' sake, don't give her the satisfaction of seeing you look at

"I don't care whether she sees me or not—not a rush. That old pink calleo on! I do think she might have had the decency to make herself look respectable, riding out with pa's young man."
"Pa's young man! What a way to

put it?"? He's Well, isn't he, for the present? He's reading medicine in pa's office, I'm sure, and he takes the messages that are left, and tells pa afterward. For my part, I is bound to be civil to pa's

Well, he is being civil to one of them."
"Yes. That's the worst of the way
pa treats Tilly. It's real unjust to us.
Hateful little piece!"

A case of cruel step-sisters, you are thinking. However, there was no tie either of blood or of marriage in this instance. Dr. Green had adopted Tilly, stance. Dr. Green had adopted Tilly, brought her with him when he moved to Woodbridge fifteen years ago. She was a mere baby then, and his wife was still living, and cared for the child like her own. She was a motherly soul, and loved babies. Her own girls had left infancy half a score of years behind them. Since her death life had not been so smooth for Tilly. Perhaps the Green girls would have been kind to another person in the same situation, but they certainly made life a burden to their little adopted sister. There is no account-ing for likes and dislikes. It did not prove Tilly morally deficient because she aroused the worst feelings in Rosie's and Posie's natures. It is an unpleasant mystery why certain antagonistic natures should be subjected to certain exasperating frictions. There are those whom it sets wild to feel the down of the peach. Others bite through the skin

with unalloyed enjoyment. Leonard-he hoped to be Dr. Leonard this time next year—drove a fast horse before a shining new buggy. It was a bright day, and he had a pretty girl beside him. His spirits rose to the level of the occasion. Tilly and he aughed and talked in a way that would Rosic and Posic." ave driven Miss Posie frantic. I specify Miss Posie, because her sister had ac quired two or three years' additional resignation in which to bear the ills of spinsterhood; wall-flowering had be-come almost a second nature. But Tilly laughed on regardless. She was happy. John Leonard was the handsomest, bestmannered, the best-dressed young man she had ever known, and he had singled her out for his especial favor. She was willing to believe anything of an auspi-

John Leonard compared her meanwhile to a wild rose, her broom was so exquisite, her whole effect so dainty Her large dark eyes were wonderfully bright and shining. I am afraid she was quite unaware how much they avowed as she raised them to John's face now and again. Prudence should

have kept them averted. "I turned my finger to-day," she said, displaying it, "taking the baked custard out of the oven."

"Why, the poor little finger! And such bad stuff as custard is, after all."
"Do you think so? Pa likes it."
"Yes. So did my mother. She always considered it an especial treat. I was a tender-hearted chap. It made me unhappy because I hated it; it seemed ungrateful."

ungrateful."
Tilly thought this a delightful trait.
"We often have custard," she pursued. "It's so hard to think up new kinds of

"And a great waste of brains."
"Perhaps it is. I often wish I had more time for improving my mind."
"You should take the time," dogmatized John. He had had it on his mind tized John. He had had it on his mind to say this. It struck him that Tilly's education was shamefully neglected. She wrote a wretched, scratchy little hand; she stumbled in reading aloud an ordinary newspaper paragraph; she had once committed herself to the opinion that Vienna was in France. It was strange that beauty could be so illiterate—strange and a shame. The poor child was kept drudging from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, dusting. Why didn't those two sisters of hers put their shoulders to the household wheel? It was all they were good for. Some one shoulders to the household wheel? It was all they were good for. Some one had said that Tilly was not old Green's own child. The more fool she to wear herself out in his service; but women were apt to be fools; they would slave themselves to death for any man who gave them a kind word. At least so his mother had always said. And old Green was certainly affectionate enough to the girl. Poor little thing who

Green was certainly affectionate enough to the girl. Poor little thing, who could help being good to her? All this, while he kept up at the same time an animated conversation with Tilly. Nor was that the last drive they took together, He asked her all the oftener when he saw it made the "wicked sisters," as he dubbed them, angry. As it proved, he asked Tilly far oftener than was good for her. This was only an episode with him; with Tilly it was the most real experience of her life. John Leonard seldom talked of his plans, but

drives occurred during the April and May when the first regiments were put in the field. At first John Leonard, who was an Englishman, escaped the war fever. Let these brothers fight out their own family quarrels. But gradually the soul of the war clarions 'passed into his blood." He must have a hand in this himself. A man must belong somewhere. So he coolly informed Dr. Green one day that he had enlisted; he was going to fight for his shoulderstraps. "As for my diploma, I'll wait awhile for that."

awhile for that.' The doctor told him he was mad, and urged him at least to wait a year. But much recked John; it is a waste of words to answer a young man except acwords to answer a young man except according to his folly. John was an ardent soldier by this time. He had come to America to seek his fortune; perhaps the way to it lay along the path of glory. When he came to bid Tilly good-bye, she burst out crying. That settled the question as to their manner of farewell. He took how he is his arms evaluated.

He took her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. This was decidedly wrong, decidedly imprudent, although they were only affectionate, brotherly kisses Miss Rosie came in as he released her.
"Well, Matilda Green!" she cried, with an intonation that meant anything but well. But Tilly was too heart-broken to extenuate her conduct. She left that to John, who said, good-naturedly: "You'll give me a kiss too, won't you, Miss Rosie? Remember, you may never see me again,'

And he actually kissed her too. He wanted to put it out of her power to tease poor Tilly. She had been guilty of the same impropriety herself.

Poor Tilly was wretched, wretched, after he was gone. But she was buoyed up by hopes and visions. She had a brave picture, too, of John which he sent her when he was made a lieuten-

ant. Oh, how proud she was when that came! She never forgot that speech of John's about improving her mind. She tried hard to find time to do so. Her favorite method was the composition of letters to John, which were never sent, in the course of which she would laboriously hunt out in the dictionary nearly the words she wanted to use, to insure their correct spelling. She also endeavored

stories, to be sure, with an especial zest apart from their purpose as educators. They struck a kindred chord. One day John Leonard received in camp a copy of this same paper—the Woodbridge News. It contained a marked paragraph. "Good gracious!" he said, reading it, "old Green's dead. How fearfully sudden!"

His particular chum, Lieutenant Phil Ross, was standing by. This gentleman was a cormorant of facts—a trait which the thoughtless are apt to confound with curjosity; but I contend that there is a difference between inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness. Mr. Ross stretched out

"Old Green? Hum! ah, yes—Dr.
Green! By Jove! 'Philbrick Green, formerly of Greenbrier, New York.' I
knew the man. I hall from Greenbrier myself. So he has turned up again, has he? 'Woodbridge, Rockland county, Pennsylvania.' Been in Woodbridge, ch? What ever took you there?"

"I studied medicine in Dr. Green's office. There was an excellent opening for a country practice

"Three."
"The third was only an adopted daughter. She accounts for my interest

Her mother was a distant cousin of mine. Left a widow with three children, utterly destitute Sewed for her living. The Greens took a fancy to her little Tilly, and offered to take her off her hands. She agreed, rather than let the child starve. The Greens moved away shortly afterward. The last time was in Greenbrier (I run up there every summer to see my mother) I found that my cousin had married—a very well-to-do man, too. Her other children had died meanwhile, and she had set her heart on reclaiming Tilly. Her husband had made inquiries for Dr. Green, but to no purpose. He had made two or three moves since leaving Greenbrier, and no one knew where he had moved to last. My cousin was fretting herself sick. It can't say that I pitied her as much as though she had not given up her child of her own free will, to begin with. It every summer to see my mother) I found

always seemed an unmotherly thing to me. And here I have suddenly uncarthed the girl!"
"Laukily enough for her." John opined. "Rosie and Posie will lead her a life of it, I dare say. They'll have it all their own way now, and a very unpleasant way it is, as I happen to know."
"Had old Green, as you call him, any money?"

"Should say he had. I hope he has

left Tilly her share of it. She will get nothing by favor from those two close-fisted old maids that does not come to her by right."
"Pll write to her mother this very

day.

"And Pli write to Tilly," John added. He wrote to the mother, too; he seemed so anxious, as Phil said, to have his finger in every corner of the pie that Phil waived his rights of acquaintance-ship and permitted his friend to make the disclosures to Mrs. Eaton, Phil con-tenting himself with inclosing a few lines to his cousin—indorsing John's moral character-in that young man's own words.

Speedily came the answer. A very incoherent, agitated, short little note from Tilly, so badly penned and expressed as to be almost illegible and unintelligible. But John made out from it that she was very unhappy, and would hail any change with joy. Mrs. Eaton's missive was blotted with tears. She had evidently a talent for letter-writing, had evidently a talent for letter-writing, that is, for the writing of ietters considered as essays. This one invoked blessings upon John's head. It referred to the writer's past sorrowful life. It was a direct work of the writer's past sorrowful life. It was a direct work for an unemployed woman just the personal part to do the one work for an unemployed woman just the personal part to the constant and the personal part to do the one work for an unemployed woman just the personal part to the personal part to do the one work for an unemployed woman just the personal part to the personal par

a dirge.

"She always had that whining way about her," Mr. Ross commented, after perusing it. "Coddles her miseries, you thour" know.

Not long afterward arrived the news that Tilly had gone on to her mother in Greenbrier. John breathed a sigh of relief. He had learned that Dr. Green had died intestate. His property had gone to his legal heirs. It would have been hard lines for Tilly, slaving all the part of her days for those lard task-mis she had mapped out his career for him, when he graduated in medicine he should become her father's partner, and finally relieve her father of the burden of his practice, and then—and then—Tilly always herself shared these air castles with John.

Governance to his legal heirs. It would have been hard lines for Tilly, slaving all the rest of her days for those hard task-mis tresses, the "wicked sisters." The life-long bondage seemed inevitable to John's excited imagination.

So several months passed. Then John applied for leave, on his doctor's advice,

. So several months passed. Then John applied for leave, on his doctor's advice, This was a long, long time ago—before the war, almost; accurately, at the very breaking out of the war. Those drives occurred during the April and him with open arms, and make each him with open arms, and make each day he was at home a holiday. He had distant relations in England, none in this ountry. He would have gone to Woodbridge, as being the nearest approach to home, had Dr. Green and Tilly still been there. He would like to see Tilly. She had cried when he had bidden her goodoye. He did not think that any one els and shed tears for his sake since. Poo ittle Tilly! Pretty little Tilly! He had a great notion to go to Greenbrier and look her up. He wanted to find out whether she would be glad to see him.

whether she would be glad to see him.

He went to Greenbrier. He found the decent, tidy little brick house where the Eatons lived. He was shown into a dark little parlor. The woman who admitted him went up stairs to tell Miss Tilly so noiselessly that John thought she must be in her stocking-feet. And when Tilly came down to him she appeared to have on list shoes. Everything about the house was muffled.
"Mother has a dreadful headache,"
Tilly explained; "she suffers terribly with neuralgia."

It was impossible not to see that Tilly was extremely agitated. The hand she gave to John was like ice, and trembled to his touch. He almost seated her, still rolding her hand, and she looking up at him with the old wistful look in her eyes. John was touched. He always had liked Tilly. And, poor little soul, how thin she was! Was it possible that she had only exchanged one kind of bondage for another?

from the Rev. J. B. Ginsburg, missionary to the Hebrews at Mogadore, Morocco: "We have passed a season of ndescribable difficulties, misery, sickness and trial ever since I returned to went out to the front door with him when he left, and he saw then in the daylight how pale she had grown. The thousands, pressed to the gates for relief; little wild rose had lost her bloom. He asked her to take a drive with him for the sake of old times. "You look as though you needed fresh air." skeletons—emaciated by hunger, almost maked, bearing traces of every possible disease and suffering—who, for a loaf of bread, would be trodden down by the

"Yes, I do not get out often; mother is so alling."

On the evening of his last day in Greenbrier he had made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him. He had very little doubt of her answer, poor foolish child; for his own part he fancied woman, or child, sometimes two or he was in love with her. At all events, he ought to be in love with some one by this time. Tilly was almost the only girl he had ever known well.

But fate interfered with his intention. Mrs. Eaton was so ill that Tilly could not be spared from her side for more than five minutes. She ran down just to say good-bye. John resolved that he would write instead. He told Tilly he would waite. "And take care of yourself," he waite. "And take care of yourself." he added. She did not cry this time. Persons who take an extreme view of human maladies would perhaps have said that she looked simply broken-hearted.

When John did write, it was a differ ent sort of letter from the one he had planned. On his return to camp he was confronted by a crisis in his life. A gay party from Washington came down to dance and flirt in the tented field in lieu of the conventional ball-room. Of its number was Maud Ga.e, who, if experience goes for anything, should have been an adept in both dancing and flirting. A society girl par excellence, but the first of the type who had crossed John Leon-ard's path. She had cultivated fascina-tion to the full extent of her powers, and John fell an easy victim to her praciced wiles. He was bewitched. What f her hair were blondined, and her skin were whitened and reddened, and her eyebrows blackened? John was as innocent as a babe about these matters. To him Maud was radiant in all the fresh beauty of young womanhood. Tilly? She faded in his thought by conrast into such a mere dull little country

Still bewitched, he became engaged to Maud. She reasoned that she might do worse. She had weathered a good many Washington campaigns now, young as she looked. Still bewitched, he would have married her had not fate intervened. Had he done so, he would infallibly have rudely awakened from his golden dream; but he would doubt-less have survived his disillusion, just as other men and women have done before him. He might have found comfort in him.

TIMELY TOPICS.

that he would rather die outright. A cripple! maimed! He thought of Maud and her strong, bright beauty with a sickening sensation of unfitness.

He lay at death's door for weeks. Part of the time he was too ill to recognize any one. Only the tenderest nursing the strong of the stro The shark's voracity is something wonderful. When the British bark Lutterworth was becalmed in the tropies, a large shark was observed swimming around the ship. A large hook with a chain attached was baited with a fouring, the most assiduous care, saved him.
And when he finally opened his eyes to chain attached was baited with a fourpound piece of pork. The shark made
for it, bolted it, but in hauling him up
the chain parted, and he coolly swallowed the hook, chain and pork. Another hook was then baited, which he
instantly seized, biting a three-inch rope
in twain, and also swallowed it with
another four-pound piece of pork.
Another hook was then baited with a
similar piece of pork, and with this the
shark was caught and landed on the
main deck. When at last he was killed
and cut open, the large hooks, chain and consciousness; upon what assiduous and tender nurse do you suppose they It was incredible. Upon whom but gentle, care-worn, guzelle-eyed little Tilly! "How on earth—" began John, then dropped off to sleep again. It had been almost a year now since he had seen this dewy woodland rose. He had only written her one letter mean-while, but that letter had been her heart's sustenance ever since. She had haid it away among certain other mem-ories of hers—memories which retained and cut open, the large hooks, chain and rope, together with eight pounds of perk, were found in his stomach.

their sweetness like withered sprigs of layender. As the months speed by she made up her mind that she would never see John again—that he had forgotten A recent examination of French black silks in New York city showed that they were heavily adulterated. The weight her. This was her presentiment. But she did not blame John because he had of dye in American silks is about sevenof dye in American sits is about seven-teen per cent., but the French silks show-ed a weight of from thirty-three to fifty per cent. The principal article used in weighting is iron. The silk is repeatedly she did not brame John because he had not proved all that she once hoped he would; that had been her mistake, but a mistake which had been also her one joy and romance. She called him her good angel. In the dear Hebrew phrase, he inserted in a solution of nitrate of iron. It then receives a blue tint from prussiate of potash, followed by several baths in gambier, and a treatment with acctate of iron. It is then made bright by logwood and soap. To make the silk soft, a little oil and soda are added, while to make it stiff and rustling an acid is used. The "wearing shiny" is caused by the action of the soap and alkali, which develop, under friction, a sort of grease. The cracking of silk is owing to its inability to carry the great load of material used in the dying. of potash, followed by several baths in an unemployed woman just then. But it was some little time before she gathered courage to carry out her wish to become a hospital nurse. The alarming first step once taken, she went on easily enough. And she found an im-mense pleasure in thus being of use—as

A careful estimate respecting the cir-culation of the Bible during the past century places the total at the enormous number of nearly 150,000,000 copies. The British and Foreign Society is in ad-The Providence which directs small matters as well as great, appointed her duties in a certain ward in a certain hosvance of any other institution of the kind as regards the number of copies issued. ard's white face one day, as he lay stretched on his cot of pain, and she realized, with a sudden tumultuous rush of feeling, that it was for her, hu-manly speaking, to tend him back to life. It was founded in 1804, and has circulated upward of 82,000,000 copies. The American Society, founded thirteen years later, has caused a circulation of 35,000,000. These two organizations are far in advance of all others. Next in respect of copies circulated are the German Societies, which together have issued 8,500,000. Then comes the National society of Scotland with nearly 4,768,000, then the Hilbernian with 4,189,000, the Swiss with the Second with Exercise 1,000,000, and the Exercise with nearly 2,000,000 and the French with 1,600,000. The National Society of Scotland has circulated its 4,768,000 copies since 1861, the year in which it was

success meant to her more than affection; one might fall in love many times over.

John fortunately found that the cure for his disappointment lay in the nature of the disappointment lay in the nature of the disappointment itself. "So weak a thing!"

So we come to the end. Tilly, continuing her round of blessed duties, was greatly surprised when John told her, not many months after that, that she was the one need of its life. She had buckled down to work. When love came to her suddenly, its voice was as a manity is in permitting them to remain came to her suddenly, its voice was as a manity is in permitting them to remain voice in a dream. But she believed it —oh, how gladly! It is so easy for youth to be happy, to forget! management of lunatic hospitals, and to be happy, to forget! management of lunatic hospitals, and Miss Gale might have married a distinguished man, after all. Dr. Leonard to the mismanagement of some of them. graduated in his profession immediately. One ill-regulated establishment may bring a great many well-regulated re-treats of the kind into disrepute. Mr. Edwin Booth no doubt has strong opin-ions upon the subject, and so would every reader of this have after escaping

from a similar peril.' Mr. L. Delmonico, the celebrated New York restaurateur, has been telling the public the best way of cooking fish. Boiling seems to him the "most legitias well as quickest and most convenient. His direction is to "put them in cold spring water—the less the quantity of water that the fish can be boiled in the better-with a handful of salt. Rub a little vinegar on the skin of the fish, to prevent it from cracking, and to make the fiesh solid. Ten minutes to the pound should be allowed for a salmon, and three or four minutes for almost any other kind; but a good general rule is that the fish is done when the fins pul-out easily." Mr. Delmonico also says that broiled fish should be "carefully split in two from head to tail, dried, seasoned with salt and pepper, greased with a little oil (which is preferable to butter), and broiled to a nice brown color, the gridiron having been previously well greased, too;" and that small fish may be "deliciously fried in oil, after dipping in milk and then flour, or in very hot grease, after being breaded with beaten eggs and crumbs.

Despite some one's dismal prophecy that on account of certain changes in the heavenly bodies during 1881, the earth will be overwhelmed by pestilence, famine and other disasters too numerous to mention, an astronomical writer says: died or left their villages in search of food, fed on human flesh. Roaming over "There will be no catastrophe in 1881. The conjunction of the four great planets the country in bands of twenty, thirty or the country in bands of twenty, thirty or at perihelion is not going to take place, if ty, they sometimes even attacked any. It is an idle scare. It is true that the longitude of the perihelion of these three planets will bring them somewhat near each other. Jupiter will be in perihelion, I think, about 1881. Saturn will be in conjunction near that time, and Neptune will not be near enough to help any mischief that may be feared; while the po-sition of the planet Uranus in the heavens in 1881 will be about 148 degrees right ascension. Every one hundred the remains decently in the sand. I must apologize for writing about such hideous misery to you. But, dreadful to read, what is it to witness? There are cases which have come before me years we have five conjunctions of Jupi-ter and Saturn, and always have hadwithout the least damage thus far. ing in conjunction so near to Jupiter's perihelion may possibly produce higher tides than usual, as Jupiter's position will be twenty-three million miles nearer the sun and the earth than he is at his mean distance. Let us not delude our-selves, nor be frightened by chimeras. one span deep, and the dogs soon un-covered the earth. There is hardly a

Jests from Riggs' "Recorder." Out of print-The letter B.

Now doth the golden butterfly over the rural gutter fly. The flower of the family needs careful

looking after at this season. The days have arrived when women who do not own and cannot borrow a sealskin sacque feel that they are just as good as those who are able either to own or

borrow. His name was Wrath, and when he asked her to be his, she curtly replied, "I'm more than half a mind to be Wrathy, too." And they two concluded to become one. That is how he won

in perpetuam; but I think I should not object to entering into amicable relations, according you all privileges possessed by the most favored fellows." The poor fellow thought she was making fun of him and looked hurt. But she soon took means to reassure him, and a treaty offensive and defensive was immediately entered into. And scaled? Well, rather.—Boston Transcript. One little hoy said to another that it was nice to see the swallows back again; whereupon the other said he couldn't see their backs they flew so fast.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Novelties in Millinery.

Very small cottage-shaped bonnets and the picturesque large shapes have both been adopted, as milliners predicted they would be. Some of the dressiest bon-nets to be worn with various costumes are small close shapes of Tuscan straw, or else eeru chip, trimmed with loops of cream-colored satin ribbon and a wide Breton lace barbe that forms, a bow on the crown and also strings; inside the brim is shirred satin, and the flowers on top are either chrysanthemums or roses. This is a charming bonnet to wear with elaborate costumes of black grenadine, silk and satin. The beaded lace bonnets to wear with various dresses are either close shades, or else they have Marie Antoinette flaring fronts; these are also most often trimmed with white chrysanthemums, lily buds, roses and a barbe of Breton lace. Simpler bonnets of black chip are edged with beaded lace, or else they are daintily trimmed with a jabot of Indian muslin and lace on the right side, Breton lace barbe that forms, a bow on Indian muslin and lace on the right side, some saucy perked-up loops of black satin ribbon on the left, a bunch of white lilacs or of chrysanthemums on top, and four narrow strings, two of which are white satin ribbon and two black. Inside the brim is shirred black satin, on which rests a row of white Breton lace. To make this sill lighter, the brim may be faced with shirred white muslin. Other black chip bonnets have an Alsacian bow and strings made of a white Breton lace barbe; this is quite far back on the crown, while in front of it is a cluster of black ostrich tips; the brim is edged with large jet beads, and a crescent of jet is in the center of the lace bow.

For light mourning are very dressy bonnets of black chip, trimmed with black China crape edged with black Breton lace. The crape is twined around the crown, and held by jet stars. A wing is stuck in the back quite ow down

The large Marie Antoinette bonnets are pointed in the middle of the front, and one of the flaring sides is filled in quite low down with flowers. This is a fanciful shape that should be worn only by very young fresh faces, and will probably be more worn in Saratoga and New

port than the close cottage shapes now so much liked for city streets. One of the freshest novelties for the watering-places is an imported "poke" of Tuscan straw trimmed with white dotted muslin. The sides and crown of the bounct are close to the head, while the brim pokes far up over the forehead, and is lined with a full gathered puff of soft twilled foulard silk. Polka-dotted Swiss muslin covers part of the poke brim plainly, and is gathered back to form a puffed Alsacian bow on the crown. This bow is held in place by an inch-wide band of pink satin ribbon that passes around the crown and is tied in a pert bow on the larger muslin bow. A bunch of red cherries with natural-looking pale green leaves and woody stems is on the left side. A tiny bow made of the Tuscan braid is below the crown on

the back. Price \$30. Cherry bonnets are also novelties. These are close cottage shapes of white Indian muslin, shirred, or else of tulle, with the smooth broad crown trimmed with many parallel rows "round and round" of red iridescent beads. The brim is nearly concealed by the green leaves of the cherry, while on its edge and around the entire bonnet is a fringe of drooping small cherries shaded from red to black. The strings are a barbe of white Breton lace. Similar bonnets are made of white crepe lisse with the cherry beads, etc., and also entirely of et beads.

Old gold braid, one or two inches wide, faces the brims of black chip round hats and bonnets. There are also round nats and bonnets. There are also jet galloons showing nothing but the beads used for facing the brims of black satin or jet bonnets. Still other black chip bonnets have a jabot of black thread lace trimming the right side, loops of black satin ribbon with old gold on the wrong side are arranged in a ladder on the left and the sets of the partnership and I Are Out." They decided to separate, and the assets of the partnership he left, and yellow chrysanthemums are clustered on top. Inside the brim is shirred old gold satin, on which is laid plainly a row of black lace.—Harper's

News and Notes for Women

In Greenland the women paint their nces blue and yellow.

It is proposed to hold an exhibition in London for the display of every kind of art work done by women. Several women in the city have been

arrested recently for treating their husbands brutally.—New York Tribune. A girl in an Iowa seminary cut all the hair from the head of her sleeping room-

mate in revenge for a slight, and ha been expelled by the faculty. Miss Julia Hole-in-the-day, daughter of the distinguished Indian chief, was recently married at White Earth Agency

to John Fairbanks, a white man. Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, hav ing reared all her children, is about to re-enter the ministry. She was the first woman ever ordained to preach in this

country. Miss Abbie Colby, formerly head nurse at the New England hospital for women and children, has left for Onalas-ka, Japan, where she is to labor as a

Madame Bestajeod, a regular author ized Russian doctor, courageously visited professionally 2,000 women at their homes in the plague-infected district of Wetlianka.

Mrs. Mary L. Carpenter, school super-intendent of Winnebago College, Ill., has asked and obtained permission to in-clude an educational exhibit in the dis-play at the next county fair. Miss Wordsworth, daughter of the

Bishop of Lincoln, and grand-niece of the poet, is to be lady principal of the college for young ladies proposed to be established shortly at Oxford, England. The wages of male and female teachers come nearer to being equal in Colorado than in any other State of the Union. Men average \$49.90 per month pay, woman \$46.95—less than \$3 difference.

In England thousands of women are employed in hardware manufacturing establishments, especially in the finish of fine steel instruments, making cartridges, percussion caps, files, steel pens and the like.

The third day of the third month is kept as a special holiday for girls in Japan, and every toy-shop is decorated with large numbers of dolls or hinas, representing the Emperor and Empress, warriors, nobles, the spirits of Sumiyoshi and Takasago, bands of musicians and like personages, and with all kinds of furniture, games and ornaments to suit the size of the dolls.

Rural Scenery.

The wild bee o'er the prairie Sought honey for her hive, The stream came leaping from the rock As though it were alive.

While the solemn mountain trowning Beheld its devious way, And like a mentor, old and stern, Reproved the thoughtless play.

The crimson oriole flaunted Like lover through the glade, And paid gay homage to the flowers In beauty's garbarray'd;

But lightly there before him

While bird and bell with rapture thrilled To meet his kiss of love. The beetle and the butterfly Met on their glittering track,

The humming-bird would rove,

The snail moved onward, slow and sure, His house upon his back; And life to all was beautiful, As, like the leweled ray,

They gleamed in nature's joyance sweet On that bright summer's day. Oh, frail and winged creatures ! That perish in an hour, Methinks ye are our teachers,

Mid all our pomp and power. Mid all our vaunt of learning, Mid all our pride of sway,

Be pitiful, and teach us Before ye pass away; How to be simply happy

Amid a world so fair, And in the confidence of trust Accept our Father's care. -Mrs. L. H. Sigourney

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An inn-specter-A hotel ghost. Hailstones do a smashing business. Never make light of a lantern-jawed

Miss-Construction-Whalebone, paint, owder, and so forth.

When the lungs are in any way affected the pulse beats more rapidly. The man who stuck to his colors was the painter who sat down in one of his

paint pots. A statue of Sir James Young Simpson the inventor of chloroform, is about to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

It is estimated that the production of iron in the United States in 1879 will equal the exceptionally productive years of 1872 and 1873.

There is a walking club in New York, the members of which take long walks through the country around the metropolis every Sunday. The reign of lawlessness is said to be completely over in Deadwood, Black Hills. There is a flourishing temperance

society, and only one gambling-room is A meteor, a foot in diameter, with a blazing train, fell at Worthington, Minn., exploding just before reaching the earth with a noise that shook the

A writer in London Truth says: "I believe it is an undoubted fact that fully one-half of the beef sold as English, Scotch and Irish in England is in reality

American." A bald Cincinnati woman does not cover the bare top of her head with false hair, or by combing her own hair over it, but appears to be proud of the dis-tinction that it gives her in public as-

were divided up until only the baby was left, when the father said, "If you will leave the baby with me I will give you a good cow." The mother considered a moment, and decided that a good cow was worth twenty-five dollars, and the baby—well, pretty poor property. So she took the cow.

A hardy sailor-Valentine Roper-is the only survivor of the crew of the schooner Golden Gate, which sailed from San Francisco northward three weeks ago. The craft was waterlogged in a gale, and six sailors were immediately drowned, while seven lashed themselves to the rigging. The former were luckiest, for the others all died of starvation, one by one, except Roper. They had nothing to eat, save a few raw potatoes that floated up from the vessel's stores, and several fish caught by hand. A cabin boy held out longest of those who died. Roper was eleven days without food, and, when picked up, was a raving

THEN AND NOW. Talking of the prevailing depression of the agricultural interest, I was reading a doggerel the other day descriptive of what used to be considered a proper distribution of business on a farm, and how the farming class now do heir work:

Man, to the plow; Wife, to the cow; Girl, to the sow; Boy, to the mow And your rents will be netted. Man, tally-ho! Miss, piano; Wife, silk and satin Boy, Greek and Latin; And you'll be gazetted.

-London Truth.

Lukens' "Pith and Point." A man who sells alum may not be an alumnus of any college.

Winking at others' faults soon makes us indifferent to our own.

Prudence and economy come in small packages, like compressed herbs. Merit is a claim ignored by our enemies and sneered at by our friends.

Poverty is one of those inconveniences for which there appears to be no help. More time is wasted in conjecture than is ever willingly spent in consummation. The rapid growth of friendship is too frequently precursor of its hasty over-throw.

There is more anxiety when a vessel s over-due than when its owner's note is in the same predicament. When we have wit enough to humble

ourselves in our own opinion, we cease worrying about the world's.

Fuming and fretting over probabilities has deterred many men from attempting that which might be a possible success.

-New York News.