HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

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RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1879.

NO. 15.

At the Gate. And where were you just now, Mabel? Where have you been so long? The moon is up, and all the birds Have sung their evening song; I saw you loitering down the path, So lonely and so late. Beyond the well and lilac bush,

And hanging by the gate. I love to hear the birds, mother, And see the rising moon; And, oh ! the summer air is sweet Beneath the sky of June. My cow is milked, my hens are cooped, And washed are cup and plate, And so I wandered out a while,

To hang upon the gate. The gate is by the road, Mabel, And idle folks go by, Nor should a maiden brook the glance Of every stranger eye. Besides, I thought I saw a cap-

I'm sure you had a mate: So tell me who was with you, child, Just hanging at the gate. Now you know just as well, mother,

'Twas only Harry Gray. He spoke such words to me to-night, I knew not what to say; And, mother, oh! for your dear sake, I only bade him wait : And mayn't I run and tell him now ! He's hanging at the gate.

-Harper's Magazine.

A PRELUDE IN BROWN

"But, my dear boy, who is going to say anything of the sort? What mis-construction can be put on your going to the seaside for a month, meeting a young lady there, and in a natural way making her acquaintance? Nothing may result from it beyond acquaintance, and no one is called upon to remark what, after all, is mere coincidence."

"Uncle Joshua, I wonder you can look me in the face! 'Mere coincidence! when you know perfectly well that this is a cut-and-dried arrangement, and that I am led like a lamb to be sacrificed on the shrine of your heiress. Coincidence, for sooth! I am aston-ished at your cheek, sir, if you will pardon the expression.

'Upon my soul, you young fellows take pretty airs on yourselves nowa-days," retorted Uncle Joshua, angrily. "Mand Lovell is an heiress—and I don't deny—a very considerable heiress; but none the less is she a remarkably pretty girl, accomplished too, and amiable, and giri, accomprished too, and annable, and all that; just the girl whom you would be sure to fall in love with if it wasn't worth your while to do so. You are a fool, Ned, let me tell you, a very pro-nounced fool, if you let such a chance as this slip on account of a farrage of non-sensical notions about love and disinter-rated are all treadles. Such ideas dan't estedness; all twaddle. Such ideas don't wash, sir, let me tell you. I've tested 'em: they don't wash," bringing his nand down with a bang on the table by

ly over the surfaces of ideas and things with due avoidance of all dangerous or debatable spots. This challition therefore took his nephew quite by surprise. Never had he seen his relative so excited about anything before. His carefully preserved old face was red and hot: he jumped about in his tight boots; his voice and manner were fully of unwont-ed vigor. Ned Banks had been used to think of his uncle as a kindly, formal fop, to be gently chaffed and practically ignored when convenient. He hardly knew what to make of him under this

new aspect.
Uncle Joshua, for all his little absurdities, had been a good friend and a helpful one to his nephew. To him Ned owed his college education and his start in life—obligations which he had ac-cepted easily at the time, as the young are wont to accept all favors done them, but of which he felt the weight when thus reminded. His opposition to his uncle's scheme had not sprung from any deep-lying principle. The idea of marrying an heiress was no more distasteful to him than to any other man of his age; but he had experienced an instinctive repugnance to entering into a precon-certed, cold-blooded arrangement for the purpose. Now, however, seeing his uncle's real annoyance and displeasure, he said to himself, "After all, why not? I don't commit myself by simply going to the place." And after a short silence he added: "All right, sir; it's settled, then. I'll be at the Cove at the time you name, and do my best to be civil to the young lady. First of July, is it?" and he took out a note-book and made

an entry of the date.
"My dear Ned," cried the older Mr. Banks, deeply gratified, "now you are behaving just as I should wish. I hope every confidently hope—that this trip of yours may eventuate for your welfare in many ways. Nothing could be farther from my wish than to force your inclinafrom my wish than to force your inclinations; but there is no harm in forming a taken ill; nothing serious, but it might pleasant acquaintance, Ned; there can be no harm—no possible harm."

The South Cove was looking its pret-tiest when Ned Banks, true to his word, alighted on the 1st of July at the door of its hotel. All the little cottages and de-pendencies of the large establishment a kind of prelude to the real thing," shone in the brilliance of fresh paint, told himself, "keeping my hand in, The grass was newly cut; the plaster vases and red-tinted firkins were filled with gay geraniums and bright-leaved plants. Beyond lay the sea, vast and blue, no whit less solemn or less inscru-table for this little fringe of ornament on its border's hem. A boat, with a scarlet-shawled lady sitting in the stern, was rowing across from the green island opposite. People thronged the piazza. From a distance came the intermittent thunder of the bowling-alley. The sea-son was fairly under way; that was evi-dent. Ned scanned the groups on the veranda with the natural hope of seeing some acquaintance. He discovered none; but presently, from the lips of a lady near him, he heard a familiar name. "Mr. Allibone Crosby told me so."

"Where is Mr. Crosby this afternoon?".
"Driving with those Baltimore peo-

ple, I believe."

"Hullo! what brings him here?" soliloquized Ned, as he slowly strolled toward the office.

through the open window. The idea of a possible rival stimulated his interest in Miss Lovell amazingly, and he made his toilet next morning with the athletic determination to "go in and win" at all hazards.

Uncle Joshua and his party were not due until the 3d, so he had a day in which due until the 3d, so he had a day in which to look about him and elaborate a plan of campaign. Entering the breakfast-room, the first object his eyes encountered was Allibone Crosby himself, coffee-cup in hand. He greeted Ned cordially enough, but without affecting surprise at seeing him.

"When did you get in? I heard you were expected about this time."

"Last night. How long have you been here?"

"About a week. Where have they seated you? I say, Julia"—to the wait-ress—"put Mr. Banks here, will you? Mrs. Reeves won't be back for another fortnight; he might as well have her seat till she comes."
"I'll take it for to-day with pleasure

but to-morrow I expect some friends,

said Ned.
"Oh!" replied Crosby, with a sort of rapid glint in his eye. "Well, sit down now, at all events, old fellow."
The "here" indicated was a seat next but one to Crosby's own, round an angle of be table. The chair between, as well as that on the other side of Crosby, was tilted forward to indicate pre-engage-ment. Ned ordered his breakfast, but before it appeared, two ladies entered, and advanced at once to the reserved

They were so much alike as to be evi-They were so much alike as to be evidently sisters; but while one had the air and bearing of a youthful matron, the other was as unmistakably a young girl. This latter took the chair next to Ned, and Allibone Crosby, after a moment's low-voiced conversation with the older sister, leaned forward and introduced them.

them.
"Miss Darbelle, may I introduce my friend Mr. Banks, of New York?"
Then to Ned, "After breakfast I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Peters, Miss Darbelle's sister; just now you seem at an unapproachable

Both ladies bowed, Mrs. Peters leaning past Mr. Crosby, and smiling brightly as she did so; Miss Darbelle with a shy, upward look out of a pair of brown

She was a brown little thing alto-gether, was Ned's first reflection, for her hair, evidently all her own, and bound in a great knot at the back of her small in a great knot at the back of her small head, was bright hazel in color, the long lashes which shaded her eyes had a bronze-like glitter, and her skin was the richest brunette, with a lovely plnk in the cheeks, like the hue of a sun-ripened peach. Even the delicate liands were brown, and the slender arched throat which rose above the dainty ruffle; and as if to enhance the effect, the dress was as if to enhance the effect, the dress was brown also—a pale cream, relieved with knots of chestnut-colored ribbon. The extreme finish and delicacy of every line and tint in both dress and wearer gave a piquant and striking effect to the whole, which amounted to absolute beauty, as Ned presently decided; and the impression deepened as conversation brought out a saucy glitter in the coffee-Uncle Joshua was a natty, debonair colored eyes, and smiles revealed the flash of pearl-white teeth. Miss Dar-buy over the swife and low ball of the colored eyes, and smiles revealed the flash of pearl-white teeth. Miss Dar-buy over the swife and low ball of the colored eyes, and smiles revealed the flash of pearl-white teeth. is so charming to the unaccustomed ear. She was very easy and natural, and alto-gether Ned found himself so well entertained as to prolong his breakfast to an unconscionable extent. It was not till Mrs. Peters had inquired, more than once, in a tone of slight impatience, "Haven't you finished, Essie?" that at last Miss Darbelle, with a demure little

> Ned followed, of course. "What else was there to do in that stupid place?"
> he asked himself. The ladies were
> going to walk with Mr. Crosby, and he
> went too. What between the rocks and the beaches, hours sped rapidly away. There was a row in the atternoon, a game at tenpins-later, a chat on the moon-lighted piazza. We all know how such things go at a watering-place, where the business of life is simply to where the business of me is shape, live and enjoy the passing moment. It was but for a day. To-morrow Uncle Joshua and his heiress would arrive to you had been and devoirs. Mean-the who talked with her for five minutes.

salutation, rose and pushed back her

soon enough.

Alas for the mutability of human plans! Next morning brought the following telegram:
"Delayed a few days. Stay where you are. Will write.

J. Banks."

"What can have turned up?" asked "What can have turned up?" asked Ned of himself, but he submitted to the delay philosophically. The hotel proved very comfortable; the weather was delicious; there might easily be found a worse place to wait in than South Cove even without Miss Lovell to add to its attractions. He telegraphed an answer: "All right; will wait," and resigned himself with happy ease to the situation. A letter from Uncle Joshua came next day. Mrs. Lovell, it seemed, had been taken ill; nothing serions, but it might detain them two or three days-perhaps till Thursday. "Till Thursday," then Ned felt himself to be off duty, and he utilized his reprieve in the manner most agreeable to himself—by seeing as much "My dearest Ned." he cried, drawing as possible of the Baltimore ladies. "It's told himself, "keeping my hand in, so to speak, and will be all the better when the other girl comes to the fore." Ned had probably heard the adage about edged tools and the dangers of playing therewith, but it did not recur to his

mind just then. Mr. Banks' flirtation with the pretty Miss Darbelle became the mild excite-ment of the season at the South Cove. Morning after morning the cream-brown costume was to be seen on the rocks in close proximity to Ned's suit of gray tweed or spotless duck, the afternoons saw the two together on the water, the evenings in close conversation in the dimmest and most remote corner of the long piazza. Mrs. Peters looked on without interference, tolerant, like all Southern women, of the progress and evolution of love-making in its incipient

**Essie always was run after wherever she went. She knows well enough how to take care of herself, and Mr. Banks "He! he!" tittered Uncle Joshua, reseems a very nice gentleman," she told a stored now to all his pristine compla-scandalized matron who felt it more ceney.

"prelude" was protracted to an unexpected length. Allibone Crosby disappeared. For a day or two only, he hoped. His room was kept for him; but his absence prolonged itself to a week. This left the field free for Ned, and his intimacy with the Southern ladies grew apace. Before the final telegram arrived to announce Uncle Joshua and his belated party, three weeks from the time originally set, all was over, so far as Ned Banks was concerned. He was hopelessly in love—so hopelessly and so utterly as to make any other idea impossible to his mind. And with the resolute determination to clinch fate, and defy the world, the fiesh and his uncle, he proposed the very day of their expected the world, the flesh and his uncle, he proposed the very day of their expected arrival, won a lovely, blushing "yes" from Essic, and awaited the appearance of his relative with a sense of joy and exultation at heart which made facing lions an easy matter enough, and how much more so confronting one old gentleman of placable manners and a countenance habituated to the expression of the milder emotions?

Miss Lovell was pretty—wonder-

thence north 51 degrees east atom; said

Miss Lovell was pretty—wonder-fully so for an heiress, Ned was forced to confess. Uncle Joshua seemed singularly depressed. He introduced them with an air so deprecatingly miscrable that his nephew did not know what to make of it. Behind the trio appeared a fourth passenger—Allibone Crosby.
"Glad to see you back," said Ned, who
felt in good humor with all the world

just then. His secret burned within him. He followed the party as they went up stairs, Crosby carrying the ladies' wraps, and assisting Mrs. Loyell with an air of profound devotion. He turned to meet Uncle Joshua's eyes fixed on him with a

Uncle Joshua's eyes fixed on him with a look of mournful emotion.

"Come with me to my room," said the old gentleman; "t went a chance to speak with you in private."

"And I want a chance to speak with you in private," retorted Ned, gayly.

"It is not your fault, my boy," began Uncle Joshua, in a melancholy tone, as he 'ocked the door and motioned Ned to tule a chair. "That is a comfort for me to 'jink of."

he 'ocked the door and motioned Ned to tale a chair. "That is a comfort for me to 'ink of."
Ned stared. What was not his fault? Had Uncle Joshua heard?
"There was no fault about it," he began, flushing a little. "Such a word is out of the question in speaking of the matter. Wait till you know her, sir."
"You're right. I didn't know her." continued his uncle. "I don't like to say that I was deceived; but I am a man of the world, and tolerably acute, as I flatter myself; and without a good deal of pains having been taken to blind me, I am certain my eyes would have me, I am certain my eyes would have been opened long before."

"But, uncle, you were not here. If you had arrived at the time you fixed, you would have seen the whole thing coming on weeks ago."
"Months you mean. It seems there was an understanding, if not an engage

ment, in the spring."
"Spring! why, I never set eyes on her till I came here."
"On whom? I am not speaking of you, of course, I refer to this fellow

with her? "Do with her? why, they are engaged, Ned. It is a great blow, after all my hopes, and will be so to you." "Engaged! Crosby! But what has he to do with Miss Darbelle?"

"Crosby! why, what has he to de

"Miss Darbelle! Who is that? I never heard of her in my life before. Of course I mean Maud Lovell."

Ned stared for a moment; then the full absurdity of the situation flashed before him, and he burst into a laugh so long and loud that Uncle Joshua, sus-

pecting sudden frenzy, cried:
"My boy, control yourself! What an
extraordinary way of relieving your feelings! Do stop. What is there to laugh
at?"

His perplexity changed to dismay when at last the true state of the case was explained, and he found that his cherished nephew had engaged himsel to an unknown somebody from Mary

land.
"You positively know nothing about her—about her family, her means of support?" he gasped. "Oh, Ned! Ned! I never heard of anything so insane in

Joshua and his heiress would arrive to claim Ned's time and devoirs. Meantime Miss Darbelle was very pretty, and there was no harm in getting what fun he could out of this extra day. The graver business of life would be along soon enough.

That is enough for me, Uncle Joshua, and I think it ought to be enough for the prettiest.

It wasn't, however. Uncle Joshua's afternoon was completely spoiled. He went about dejectedly, his hands clasped behind his back, head bent, drooping whiskers—the very picture of a misera-ble old gentleman. The very tails of enough for that, remarked Uncle Joshua,

with a low groan.

It was astonishing how he revived uch it's his nephew aside, "I have just heard something which has gratified me very much—very much indeed! Why didn't you explain that Miss Darbelle was the adopted daughter of my old friend Sena-tor Ross? I knew him well in Wash-ington in, let me see, '49 it must have been—a highly elegant man, and a most princely fortune. Your fiance and her sister are his reputed heiresses, I under-stand. I should have met your an-nouncement yesterday quite differently had I known this. My old friend's daughter!—well! well! In some respects the connection pleases me better than the other of which we have spoken. You are going to do remarkably well by yourself—remarkably well, you lucky fellow!"

"I knew that before without waiting to learn your further particulars," re-torted Ned. "Uncle Joshua, I pardon you because you have not seen Essie yet. After you have seen her, if you don't ask

For Allibone Crosby was a reputed guitor of Miss Lovell's—Uncle Joshua's ward. It was a singular coincidence, estainly, if nothing more that he should turn up at the South Cove just then; and so Ned reflected as he went to bed, with the moon for a candle, and the boom and surge of the waves coming in

out of him was that of the original pur- FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

shore.

"Oh, you poor fellow!" she cried, between her peals of laughter; "you poor victim! Going out to shear, and coming back shorn. Such a fine plot, so beautifully organized, and all to go awry! Oh, Ned! Ned!"

Ned's color deepened perceptibly, but he met her laughing eyes boldly.

"Well, yes, it was something like that in the beginning," he confessed. "You see, Uncle Joshua had got this idea into his head, and I felt bound to gratify him if it proved possible. I think I tell in love with you that first morning; but I wouldn't own it, and went on stupidly wouldn't own it, and went on stupidly trying to prove to myself that you were

"A Symphony in Black and White, A Sympnony in Black and White, berhaps," broke in Essie, saucily, reading the words from the newspaper in her ap, "or 'A Nocturne in Yellow.' Which was it, Ned?"

was it, Ned?"

"Neither," cried Ned, catching up the paper. "A Prelude in Brown.' That was it, Essie. Prelude? That's the thing they play before they begin the real theme, isn't it? Well, all I ask is that you will keep on playing so long as I live, darling. I want no other music, nor ever shall, than just my "Prelude in Brown."—Harper's Bazar.

Enterprising Correspondents.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says: Members of Congress are constantly puzzled as to how correspondents get hold of their secret proceedings in caucus. After the last caucus there was a pretty correct report given in one paper of the sub-jects reported from one of the committees and presented for discussion. It was afterward learned that the chairman of the committee had made some notes in regard to the subjects presented to the caucus. When they adjourned he tore the paper to pieces and threw them in the waste-paper basket. When all had the waste-paper basset. When all had departed an enterprising reporter entered the hall and began a search for items. He saw the bits of paper and carefully collected all of them, then he retired and skillfully fitted the particles together. Next he visited a committee-room and asked the clerk if that was the handwriting of the chairman. He went from one to the other, until he fixed upon the member whose writing he held. Next morning his paper had a pretty correct report of the proceedings in secret caucus. Many think it would be better if the caucus would give correct news to the papers, and thereby avoid the many imaginary reports which correspondents send out as news. A prominent paper published a sensational report which. I am told, had not a shadow of truth for a foundation. When the correspondent was taken to task about it, he said, "I was obliged to send correspondent." was obliged to send something to my paper, and, if you will not give me news, there is nothing to do but invent. I would prefer the truth, but you leave me

Sharper than a Lawyer.

A wag of a lawyer, says the Iowa State Register, was sitting in his office the other day deeply engaged in unraveling some knotty question, when a gentlemen entered and inquired: "Is this Mr. Z.?" The student of Blackstone, order to give them a wide spread of Mr. Z.?" The student of Diackstone, I raising his eyes from the legal book beof fore, replied; "If you owe me anything, or have any business in my line, then the Z. is my name; if you have a claim to present I am not the man. If you have called simply for a social chat, you can all me any name.'

"I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of twenty-five dollars I want you to col-lect," and handing the lawyer a note, departed to call the next day. As soon as he was gone the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises to pay.

The next day his client appeared and aquired: "Well, what success?" "All right; I have collected the "All right; I have collected the money. Here it is, less the fees," handing him fifteen dollars.

"Good!" said the client. "I have made two dollars and a half by this

peration. How so?" said the lawyer. "Well," replied the client "I tried all over the city to sell your note for twelve dollars and a half, but couldn't

Words of Wisdom. Learning without thought is labor ost; thought without learning is peril-

Friends are as companions on ney, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happier life. When the millions applaud you, seriously ask what harm you have done when they censure you, what good.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually, are what win and pre serve the heart and secure comfort.

Misfortune is but another word for the follies, blunders and vices which, with a greater blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars to anything, in short, but to ourselves Our own head and heart are the heaven and earth which we accuse and make responsible for all our calamities.

There is this difference between those temporal blessings, health and money money is the most envied, but the leas enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

What " Boom" Means.

The current word to express a peculiar and frequent phenomenon in our politics is "boom." It is derived from the Western idiom describing the freshets in rivers and creeks. In those streams that are far from the stable equilibrium of tidal waters, there are very great ine-qualities of volume. Some of them vary from six inches of dust in a dry time to sixty feet of water during a season of rains, and all have their times, when the usually thin and shallow streams comes pouring down in a yellow flood,

Some Hints on Praning

While the scientific gardeners and orchardists are usually doing more or less pruning at all seasons, and are constantly clipping off a shoot here and a larger branch there, or breaking the bud out of some twig to prevent it going astray, the novice in such matters seems to be fearful of losing something of value if he cuts a tree or shrub in any part. Then we have men aspiring to be teachers in the horticultural art, who inveigh against any kind of pruning, and tell us that it is not a natural operation, and the less done of it the better, as though there was no such thing as improving there was no such thing as improving upon natural methods of raising trees upon natural methods of raising trees and shrubs, or of rearing animals to meet the wants or fancies of men. But cultivated plants are placed under unnatural conditions, and to bring them to our ideas of perfection requires the application of unnatural processes, among which pruning is one of the most important and

seem a rather singular operation to cut away one-third or one-half of a tree, in order to increase its size and stimulate it to make vigorous growth; but long experience has taught the gar-dener and orchardist that severe pruning dener and orchardist that severe pruning is one of the most certain and effective invigorators to apply to old, stunted trees and shrubs. Old fruit trees, or even young ones that have become stunted by over bearing or neglect, may often be started into a vigorous and healthy growth by merely shortening all the branches to one-half of their original length, or when there are so many branches that they crowd each other, a portion should be removed entire, and the remainder shortened to a proper length. Of course, cultivation and manuring should not be neglected, but in many instances these will not produce in many instances these will not produce the desired effect unless they are accompanied by severe pruning. Vigorous growth in fruit trees will result in large and handsome fruit; for while a stunted tree may put on a promising show for fruit in its abundance of bloom in spring, it may fall short long before the harvest; and even if it should carry a goodly num-ber of blossoms through to the ripening season, the fruit will be invariably small and inferior. Better a little and perfect fruit, than an abundance that is small

To lay down any specific rules for pruning is impossible, as each individual tree or shrub may require a different treatment. Some may need trimming up, others heading back; instances will also occur where one tree needs thinning out of branches, and the very next one a shortening in, for the purpose of increasing the number, or thickening up of the head. These operations may be em-ployed not only to invigorate, but also to give the required form to the tree, and they are as important as good food, shel ter and care to the domesticated animal.

PRUNING ORNAMENTAL PLANTS .-Among ornamental plants there is as much need of pruning as among the more useful. If the pines, spruces, and other large growing evergreens are permitted to grow unpruned, they will usually shoot up too tall and slender, and their lower branches, and the latter should also be shortened to make them more compact, if the tree is inclined to be of a loose and open habit. Old-time gardeners and nurserymen were very chary of breaking or cutting off the leading shoots of evergreens, especially those of the but our best cultivators of such plants in these days purposely cut out the lead-ers of all the rapid-growing sorts to im-prove the form and enchance their value for ornamental purposes. If the trees are to be raised for timber, a straight tall stem would be of more value than any number of handsome branches, and beauty might be well sacrificed to usefulness. In raising deciduous trees, a man can readily change the form to suit his taste, and produce almost any style he fancies; and if the pruning is done at the proper season, there is no reason for believing, as some persons assert, that it

induces early decay, or shortens the life of trees or other plants. There are many ornamental shrubs which are much improved by severe pruning, especially by thinning out the stems of those that grow in large thick clumps, and shortening those which proluce their flowers on the young growth of the season. Roses of the class called monthly, and also the hardy perpetuals, should have all their main shoots cut back at least one-half early in spring, as the flowers are produced on the new growth of the season, and the stronger and more vigorous the shoots, the larger and more perfect the blooms. There is too much dependence upon what is called nature in the management of both plants and animals, which is but a hand; excuse for a far too wide and genera

neglect of both.—New York Sun.

Rot and Mildew of the Grape. The origin of rot and mildew of the grape, says the New York World, has given rise to numerous and widely-di-verging conjectures, and the various causes that have been attributed do not appear to be very reliable. Both disases come and go with the seasons, one year being noticeable on one variety and the next upon some other kind, giving evidence that it is miasmatic or sporadic, and developed according to the atmosphere and condition of the vines as regards health and vigor.

The precautionary measures largely

adopted by leading fruit-growers consist in a free use of sulphur, applied by dusting the vines occasionally, from the time the seed is formed until the coloring is at least half completed.

Vineyards with southern exposure are generally considered more nearly exempt

avoid rot, in the Farmers' Advocate, urges the use of the spade instead of the plow in the preparation of the land for plantrains, and all have their times, when the usually thin and shallow streams comes pouring down in a yellow flood, bearing fence rails and corn stacks and other signs of the invasion of the invasion of the riparian farms, and laden with the doggene expletives of the settlers and the yexations of the travelers delayed at the fords. The stream is powerful while it lasts, but that is only for a day or two, and while it is at its height of temporary greatness it is called a "boom." "Lost Creek or the Dry Fork is a booming," is the way in which the natives describe these passing chullitions of nature.—

Providence Journal.

The travelers delayed at the soil about the vines be thoreand the spring with a statistic portion of the land for plant-fried potatoes as an article of commerce, And now comes the report that a charter dompany has been engaged in the manufacture of fish balls for the manufacture of fish balls for the market.

It is no longer necessary to be a cook in order to keep house. It requires scarcely any cooking utensits to provide a warm meal. A can opener, a frying and a coffie pot are the portional receiving five or six whacks he made a dash for liberty, leaving his nicely-launding the first or such that the soil about the vines be thoreand and while it is at its height of temporary or greatness it is called a "boom." "Lost that the soil about the vines be thoreand and the spring with a space, followed by four or five headings in the summer, whether there are weeds or not, in order to keep the ground contains the first plant of the potatoes as an article of commerce.

And now comes the report that a charter dompany has been engaged in the manufacture of fish balls for the market.

It is no longer necessary to be a cook in order to keep house. It requires a warm meal. A can opener, a frying an and a coffee pot are the principal receiving five or six whacks he made a dash for liberty, leaving his nicely-launding or the last is not about the vines be thoreand and commerced thumping him or the potations. Eve

soil is dry. Keep the ground worked as deep as may be with the hoe. It will then remain cool, the vines will thrive and the quality of the fruit or wine be improved thereby.

In garden culture, for a single row, the border should be eight to ten feet long and about four feet wide. An approved mode of preparation is to dig out the natural soil to the required depth and the length and width necessary. If the soil be stiff or damp, small stones, brush and rubbish may be laid at the bottom as a sort of drainage; on top of this deposit, the compost for the border. This may consist of two parts of good, fresh friable loam, one of old, well-rotted manure, and one of ashes, shells and broken bones, all mixed together. The top of the border, when finished, ought to be at least a foot higher than the surface of the ground, so that it may still remain higher after settling. When a southern exposure which gives the vines the benefit of the sun's rays all day cannot be gained, an eastern exposure will often be found successful especially with not be gained, an eastern exposure will often be found successful, especially with often be found successful, especially with the early-ripening varieties. A northern exposure ought to be avoided if possible, and, if used, the hardy, early-ripening varieties only should be planted. PRUNING TO INVIGORATE.-It may

An exchange gives this hint: We have often been annoyed, in cutting up a roast of beef on the dinner table, by the difficulty of holding it in a fixed position difficulty of holding it in a fixed position on the smooth, oval plate, while attempting to slice the meat down in a handsome manner. Sometimes we have thought that corrugated dishes would hold the meat better and prevent its sliding about. But more recently we have found a much better remedy, by the use of two carving forks set some distance apart in the roast, but with the tance apart in the roast, but with the handles brought together and held in one hand. The ease with which the carving is now effected is really surprising Freshly cooked and flexible beef is sliced down with entire control and accuracy and as thin as pasteboard if he desire it. Nothing is easier than to try this method, and one trial will satisfy any one. It is not patented.

A Big Meteorite Found.

A corespondent of the Chicago Tribune writes from Estherville, Ia., as follows: Something, of a sensation was caused here on the 10th, at or near five o'clock, by the falling of a meteor. The sun was shining, and only occasionally a fleecy cloud visible, when all at once fleecy cloud visible, when all at once, far up in mid-air, there was a loud report resembling the discharge of a cannon, only louder, followed soon by another resembling a heavy blast, which was followed by one or two more reports that might have been the echo from the first; then, for a minute or so, there was a rumbling sound, seemingly passing from northeast to southwest, as near as I could judge from the location I was in. About two miles north Mr. Charles Ega was at work planting corn when the explosion came. Looking in the direction of the report, he could not see anything on account of the sun, but, following with his eye the direction of the roaring sound that followed, he saw dirt thrown up to some height in the edge of a ravine a hundred rods or so to the north-northeast of where he was at work. Mr. John Barber also reports a similiar appearance a hundred rods or so further in the same direction. Further observations were made by S. W. Brown, who lives three-fourths of a mile north of here. He was in the edge of the timber, looking in a northwesterly direction into the tops of some oaks, to pines and spruces, fearing that the loss of the "leader" would permanently injure the form and symmetry of the tree; sun: he saw a red streak, and was looking attentively at it when the explosion came. He claims that it was passing from west to east, and that when it burst there was a cloud of smoke at the head of the red streak, which rushed forth like the smoke from a cannon's mouth and then spread in every direction. Upon examining the edge of the ravine a hole was found twelve feet in diameter and about six feet deep, which was full of water. Parties have since, by untiring labor and search, found numero pieces varying in size from one to eight ounces, also four pieces about four pounds, and one weighing thirty-two pounds and two ounces; but the largest was found bedded eight feet in blue clay and fully fourteen feet from the surface. Its weight was 431 pounds, and I should judge it was two feet long by one and one-half wide, and one foot or so thick, with ragged, uneven surface. It is com posed, apparently, of nearly pure metal of some kind, a piece of which has been made into a ring by flattening out a small piece. A hole was then drilled in it. It was then drawn over a round iron, and makes a very pretty ring, resembling silver somewhat, but a trifle darker in

Housekeeping Made Easy. A couple may now set up for them-elves with very few utensils, scarcely

any provisions, and next to no know ledge of cookery. A gas or oil stove takes the place of a costly and cumbrous cooking range. Coffee is bought not only parched but ground. Spices and pepper come all prepared for use. Every kind of bread, cake and pastry can be purchased at a slight advance on the cost of the materials they contain. I one wishes the sport of making them, self-raising flour may be had in any grocery. Fruit of all kinds, all ready for the table, can be purchased about as chemply as that which must be pre-pared. Not only lobsters and other shell-fish, but salmon may be bought cooked and ready to be served at a price but little above what the crude articles cost, and cooked corned beef, tongue, and pigs' feet and ham have long been on the market. There are also canned soups, that only need to be diluted; mince meat all ready to put between piccrusts and roast meats and fowle of generally considered more nearly exempt from rot than any others, especially if the soil is naturally a well-drained one and so situated that no stagnant moisture can exist upon it. A correspondent writing on the treatment of grapes to writing on the treatment of grapes to is the Farmers' Advocate, urges plum puddings are also on the market. Last summer witnessed the event of commerce. plum nuring the past few years. English so he spoke up again:
"Not at all, I assure you; come, take my arm, and we'll go and get some iceand now comes the report that the respect that the sound in the young man thought he hadn't,
"Not at all, I assure you; come, take my arm, and we'll go and get some iceream."

"Accepted and Will Appear." One evening while reclining

In my easy chair, repining O'er the lack of true religion, and the dearth of common sense,

A solemn-visaged lady, Who was surely on the shady Side of thirty, entered proudly and to crus

'I sent a poem here, sir,' Said the lady, growing flercer, And the subject which I'd chosed, you remember, sir, was 'Spring.' But, although I've scanned your paper, Sir, by sunlight, gas and taper,

've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing." She was muscular and wiry And her temper sure was flery, and I knew to pacify her I would have to I

fib like fun. So I told her ere her verses, Which were great, had come to-bless us, We'd received just sixty-one on "Spring" of

which We'd printed one. And I added, we decided

nong the years that follow-one to each suc ceeding spring. So your work, I'm pleased to mention Will receive our best attention

That they'd better be divided

In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds -Free Press. begin to sing.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A chest-protector-a lock. Crows fly nearly twenty-five miles an

It is estimated that there are 600,000,-000 sheep in the world. Forty different species of tobacco are described by botanists.

The best sheep sell at sixteen to twenty cents per pound in London. If a man is known by the company he keeps, how do we recognize a hermit.

"There must be lawn order," said the judge yesterday, pushing his little mower rigorously. "You are beneath my notice," as the balloonist said to the receding crowd of

gaping citizens. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve but the will to labor.

Exporters of live stock from the United States pay three per cent insurance on cattle, and five per cent on sheep.

The paint mine at Reno, Nev., comprises a ledge forty-two feet wide and of unknown depth. The material is said to mix well with oil. Three hundred workmen are employed

in building the Second avenue branch of the Elevated railroad in New York, and the daily pay-roll amounts to \$4,000. A young lady at a ball in New York recognized in her comb-ly partner the young man who had dressed her head for the evening. Her hair stood on end.

If John P. Brady gave me a black-walnut box of quite a size." Nothing remarkable about it, however, except that the sentence contains all the letters of the alphabet.—N. Y. Tribune.

The boy that walks lame around the streets now and looks pale and dejected, is the same gay and blithesome child of joy who but yesterday got caught slip-ping under the canvas at the circus. The greatest number of vessels of war

at any time in the service of the Colonies, during the Revolutionary war, was twenty-five. The little American navy captured over 800 veesels during 1776-'77.

Mr. G. T. C. Bartley writes: "An ounce of bread wasted daily in each household in England and Wales is equal to 25,000,000 quartern loaves, the produce of 30,000 acres of wheat, and enough to feast annually 100,000 people. An ounce of meat wasted is equal to 300,000

"John, did you go round and ask how old Mrs. Jones is this morning, as I told you to do last night?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what's the result?" "She said that seeing as how you'd had the impudence to send to ask how old she was, she'd no objections to telling you that she's twenty-four.

The principal thing we have to rejoice over on the fourth of July is the en-couraging fact that the day doesn't come oftener than once a year. We always cherish the memory of our forefathers with a deeper affection when we think of this. We entertained an entirely different opinion when we were boys.-Norristown Herald. BEDRIDDEN.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And none would ever like to keep—a bed,
—Eugene Field. And in the stillness of the night,

When silence is most awful thick. And you have just turned down the light You think you hear that same bed tick. -Claude De Haven

A Young Man who was Fanned. Last evening between eight and nine

Last evening between eight and nine o'clock a "nice" young man was standing on the corner of Fifth and Vine streets, smoking a cigar and twirling his little rattan cane, endeavoring to attract the attention of young ladies who chanced to pass by. A lady crossed over from the opposite corner and walked down Fifth, and the young man followed her until about the middle of the square between Vine and Race, when he stepped between Vine and Race, when he stepped up beside her and remarked:

"Beautiful evening, isn't it?"
The lady looked at him but made no "May I have the pleasure of a prom-

enade with you?"

The lady stopped and said: "Sir, I think you have made a mistake," and resumed walking.