VOL. IX.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

NO. 19.

Do Right. Take this motto for your life, Do right! Guard it well in every strife. Do right! Fieed its teachings in your heart, From its precepts ne'er depart, Let not evil get the start,

Though the tempter whisper low, Do right! He will only prove your foe, Do right! Ever be where duty calls, In the field or palace halls, Flee from haunts where sin appals,

Do right! Pleasure will allure the mind, Do right! 'Tis a snare to all mankind, Do right! Principle must help us here, Keep our minds from doubt and lear, Make our pathway bright and clear,

Do right! -Hattie B. Austin

TWICE MARRIED.

"Yes, I suppose it's all very fine and grand, but I b'lieve I'd rather Eddie had taken a fancy to some one who wouldn't have felt himself too fine and grand for

have felt himself too fine and grand for her ma and pa."

"I can't see but that the young man is perfectly civil and respectful. And certainly his mother has acted the lady by you. Called on you first, and asked Eddie there to tea right off. We should bear in mind that she never expected to make the acquaintance of plain folks like us."

There was nothing else to do, unless she quarreled with her son, and that she would never do, and he the apple of her eye. So she made the best of it. But I'll tell you what, pa—I mean to have my own way about the wedding, for all Mrs. Le Roy's wheedling soft speeches."

Mrs. Le Roy's wheeding soft speeches.

Mr. Clark was always more or less absent-minded when he came home at night from the store. It was a minute or two before he asked, as was expected of him, "What do you mean. Eliza?"

"As it's to be an Episcopalian wedding, it has to be in church, and of course there." course there il be a crowd, her friends as well as ours. And she is ashamed of us. She wants Eddie to have Governor Reed give her away instead of her shabby old

pa."

"Well, if Eddie's willing—"

"Eddie willing! Of course Eddie 'd be willing if you was willing, and you never could say no to a woman. So if she comes along—Mrs. Le Roy, I mean—and talks to you about the social advantage it will be to Eddie to go into the church on the governor's arm, don't you listen to her. Just you say that you have left it to the women-folks to settle the wedding."

Mr. Clark received his orders meekly. He hoped he would not be called upon combat the eloquence of Mrs. Le out against it unless his wife were by to back him. He sighed. He hated to see Eliza fretted. It was his nature to take things as they came, but it was certainly not hers. But he had never seen her so

completely upset as she was now. Some mothers would have been elated at the prospect of a daughter's marrying above her, as the phrase goes, but of these was not Mrs. Clark. She was satisfied with her own station in life. She preferred to keep to Ler own She preferred to keep to Ler own ways and that other people should keep to theirs. She felt that she was as good as anyhody else, and she did not desire to be thrown with people who held a

contrary opinion.

The next morning came a pleasant, ordial note from Mrs. Le Roy, asking the Clarks-father, mother, daughter-to tea with her that evening. Eddie wished to accept the invitation, and Mrs. Clark could never bear to cross Eddie's wishes. She therefore somewhat unwillingly dressed herself in her best and brushed up her old man. "Now, pa, don't give in to her," were her last words as they were admitted for the first time into the beautiful Le Roy mansion-really a mansion, built in Port Royal in the old colonial times. Mrs. e Roy received them with a manner was graciousness itself. If she made up her mind to do a thing at all, she did it thoroughly. She had combated her son's engagement to beautiful Eddie Clark as long as there remained a grain of virtue in opposition. Now she deter-mined that there should be no vulgar family jars. She showed a proper genin that at least.

Alas! Mrs. Clark was powerless to interrupt a long, amicable tete-a-tete be-tween their hostess and her husband, during which George Le Roy showed her the various curiosities with which the drawing-rooms were filled, and Eddie played soft airs on the piano. Eddie had been heautifully taught at the academy; her tact in music, as in other matters, when she chose to exercise it, was great; she played in that charming pensive, twilight style which serves so admirably to fill up odd corners and crannies. George walked home with Eddie; the

husband and wife were together. 'I've done it," Mr. Clark said, desperately, as soon as they were fairly started. She was too much for me; I couldn't

"You didn't agree that a perfect stranger should give away Eddie?"
"Yes, I did. After all, what matter does it make? Anyway, it can't be helped now; and it's nothing but a form

anyway. "Our only child!" groaned Mrs. Clark, with tears. Her heart was very sore. At that moment she would far rather At that moment she was a feeling to marry Joe Eddie had been going to marry Joe Thompson, a clerk in her father's store, who had been in love with her for years, and who would have been honored by the connection, rather than blue-blooded George Le Roy, to whom Eddie's parents were a thorn in the flesh, to be endured

as best might be Mrs. Le Roy carried the day; Mr Clark, having given his word, held by it like an honest man. The wedding took place in St. Mary's, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark were ushered to their seats like all the rest of the congregation, to see their darling married. Mrs Le Roy swept in on her son's arm, calm, cool, collected; the bride followed, supported by the white-headed governor of the State. In bitterness of heart her mother heard her take the vows which made her Edna Le Roy. It was a large, digni-fied assemblage, in which good Mr. and Mrs. Clark felt lost. They felt equally lost afterward at the wedding reception at Mrs. Le Roy's. It was a very melanat Mrs. Le Roy's. It was a very melan-choly satisfaction to them to hear on all

If Edna did not realize the pain of all this to her parents, it surely was not because she did not love them. She loved them dearly, with a tenderness all her own; but at that time she was too utterly absorbed in her own tumultuous happiness to be able to conceive of there being a serpent trail in her paradise. She clung to them with passionate kisses before she started on her wedding journey, and had almost to be torn from their embraces; but this without probing the nature of their regret and wretchedness. embraces; but this without probing the nature of their regret and wretchedness. She and George sailed for Europe almost immediately. He was a rich man, but he had a profession to which he proposed to devote himself. For the next two years he attended medical lectures in Paris as assiduously as though he had been a needy student anxious to go to work to earn a living. He and go to work to earn a living. He and Edna were very happy during those two years; it was the life that suited Edna art and music and congenial society.
The world was even gayer and brighter
than her day dreams had pictured it.
Then a year of travel. Then home.

Eddie had never known how she had missed her dear father and mother until missed her dear father and mother until she found herself once more clasped in their loving arms. How had she done without, all this while, their extraordinary devotion, their blind infatuation? She had never half enjoyed her own two babies until she had shown them to her father and mother. Tears of joy and pride rained down Mrs. Clark's cheeks. Eddie's little girls! There never were such beauties, such darlings. Eddie's leyes, clear, brown, eager, with their father's beautiful golden hair. Fortunately they were sufficiently like their father's family to win favor with their grandmother Le Roy on that score. On the whole, she was satisfied with the appearance presented by her son's family. Eddie's French toilettes were stylish and becoming: the elder baby prattled in French in a distinguished way; the baby proper was a stury for a picture as she lay in the arms of her bonne, whose picturesque cap and apron were the first that had ever appeared in Port Royal. Edna really did not do George discredit; she would be well enough, if only it were not for her vulgar father and mother. she found herself once more clasped in

Still there were no jars. But, all the same, Edna grew gradually harassed and unhappy. It became patent to her that Mrs. Le Roy looked down upon her antecedents, and that it was perpetually upon her mind to instruct her in the different articles of her own social greed. Eddies her mind to instruct her in the different articles of her own social creed. Eddie's gentle soul rebeiled. She had her own pride of birth. She hated Mrs. Le Roy's arrogance and assumption. She almost hated Mrs. Le Roy. Day after day she was made to appear to disadvantage before George. Day after day she felt that she was stiffening and hardening before the icy breath of her mother-in-law's constant surveillance. A word here and constant surveillance. A word here and a word there will prejudice almost unawares. George, for the first time, noticed that his wife had defects; she lacked self control, self-possession. These things would come in time, but they were an indispensable part of the equipment of a finished woman of the world.

Gradually George began to object to her frequent visits to her parents, al-though never in so many words. The argument he used was that she was so much away from home; he saw so little of her. Gradually Eddie abandoned this point; but in return she resolved that she would be equally chary of her visits to other places. She established a character for unsociability and indifference among all the Le Roys' friends in ence among all the Le Roys' friends in Port Royal, people whom Mrs. Le Roy had arged her to cultivate—"for your husband's sake, my dear; a physician's wife cannot exercise too much discretion in the choice of acquaintances.'

Gradually she did not seem to herself to be the same girl. Oh, if only she and George could live in a little house of their own! This great, grand house was a prison. But it had always been on the cards that George should live with his mother An unusual devotion existed between the mother and son.

Eddie was not a wise woman. She made no effort to conceal the bitterness in her soul from her own parents. They knew that she was not happy; they never dreamed of blaming her when day after day went by without their seeing her. But they did blame Mrs. Le Roy, and none the less as they saw Eddie grow quiet and dull and changed.

George and she drifted farther and farther apart. His was an impressionable nature, which speedily fell away from the magnetism of any influence from the magnetism of any influence which was not vigorously exerted. And he liked life and gayety; Eddie's mood chilled and repressed him. He had no sympathy for people with the blues. So he sought amusement elsewhere. If Eddie'refused to return visits, the more reason that he should visit vigorously. He was always warmly welcomed at the houses of his old intimates. The Storeys, for instance, made as much of him as though he still were unmarried. He believed those girls would do anything for him. He showed Eddie with some-what of schoolboy triumph a pair of slippers Minna Storey had worked for him in shaded flosses.

Port Royal-at least its exclusive circles—always left home in August and September. The Le Roys from time im-memorial had gone to the Sweetbrier springs during those months. It was decided to carry out his usual pro-gramme, almost without consulting Mrs. George Le Roy. She, for her part, detested the idea of going, as indeed she had ended by detesting all the Le Roys'

Nevertheless, Sweetbrier springs was a pleasant place enough, in the heart of the peaceful, serene mountains. It was not so tar from Port Royal but that George could join his family once a week, for which fact Eddie would have been more than thankful had she had the full benefit of his society when he did come. But these roices did come. But there were not many men at the springs, and Dr. Le Roy was handsome and popular. His weekly arrival was the signal among the idle girls at Sweetbrier to monopolize his attentions. And George was nothing loath. He came up here to recuperate and to have a good time, and when he applied to having a good time, it was with the same zeal which he had brought to bear upon the study of his

profession. The Storey girls were his warmest admirers. Minna Storey was as bewitch-ingly beautiful as the typical Eastern houri—all rounded curves and dimples, soft, tendrilly brown hair, and laughing, mischievous hazel eyes. She was a girl who never hesitated to follow the bent of her pleasures, although these at times led her into somewhat devious ways. She generally had a love affair on hand, although this was apt to be not so much sides praises of the bride's exquisite love- a flirtation as a romp. At least this was

liness. They seemed no longer to have part or parcel in the matter.

If Edna did not realize the pain of all was great fun, no doubt, but it could present encounter with Dr. Le Roy. It was great fun, no doubt, but it could hardly be said to be dignified. As the weeks slipped by, the fact grew to be an established one among the other girls that Dr. Le Roy was Minna Storey's exclusive property.

WHA GARELLIATES

clusive property.

Eddie was wretched. Those women are perhaps to be envied who, in similar situations, cultivate a gayety which, if forced, at least serves as an escape-valve. Eddie not only was wretched but looked so. And George became irritated. He actually was at last in the condition of believing himself to be the aggrieved party.

party.

One evening, when Eddie hung over the children until they were asleep, crooning soft airs to them which always lulled them to rest soonest, she wandered down stairs with the vague intention of finding George and trying to dispel the miserable cloud which had hung between them now for so long. A wish to do so had come into her heart as she kissed her babies good-night. She drifted down the great sounding stairway, looking like a pale ghost with her sad eyes and her flowing white dress. She glanded out on the different piazzas on her way; the boarders were apt to walk and sit about on these during the long evenings. But she did not see her husband. She drifted through the parlors, where there were

she did not see her husband. She drifted through the parlors, where there were card-playing, dancing, music.
"Look at Mrs. Le Roy. How beautiful she is!" one person remarked.
"And how intensely unhappy! Poor thing! What a pity that any one with a heart should have married George Le Roy!"

She stood in the open doorway and looked up and down the piazza on which opened the parlors. Ah, at last! George was seated with his back toward her, in was seated with his back toward her, in a lounging, negligent attitude. Facing him, in an attitude equally negligent, was Minna Storey, her dimpled Bacchante face upturned to his; her white awns gleaming out of the falling rose-colored sleeves of her dress, and wreathed with Roman pearls. Perhaps she was posing for Lalla Rookh or some other Oriental character, to whom strands of pearls are appropriated in tableaux vicants; at all events, her graceful head was adorned to correspond with her arms. She made a slight movement at the moment that Eddie appeared in the doorway, with which her little white hand fell against Dr. Le Roy's knee, and lay there carelessly. Eddie's face contracted as in pain. She came forward. Minna slightly changed her attitude, but with as in pain. She came forward. Mining slightly changed her attitude, but with no visible show of embarrassment. George glanced up. "Will you join us?" he asked, in an unsympathetic, super-

Eddie paused a moment, looking down upon Minna. Then sheesaid, icily, "No, thank you," and moved away. She was combing at the long hair

She was combing at the long hair presently, when George knocked at the door. Still that rigid look on her face, that hurt look in her eyes. He closed the door, and stood leaning with his back against it. "I wi-h, Edna," he began, directly, "that you would be a little more like other people. It is confoundedly unpleasant to have you going about looking like a mute at a funces!" about looking like a mute at a funeral. "I cannot look more unhappy than I feel," she burst out, with gathering sobs.
"Why did I ever marry you? I wish I

had died instead. Why did you no marry this Storey girl, whom you make love to now before my face? If you have no feeling for me as a woman, I should of her | think you might show at least common espect for me as your wife."

Her tone, her words, stung George Le Roy to the point of fury. "My wife!" he said. "Heavens! I wish you had not that claim upon my tolerance. A man reaps a fearful harvest from a youthful Then he turned on his heel and closed the door sharply behind him

Eddie was only a trifle more miserable than she had been before.

The next day was Sunday. Parties for church were made up. Eddie found herself listlessly included in one. It might at least be more tolerable than might at least be more tolerable than wandering aimlessly about the hotel. As she was handed into the stage she noticed her husband gathering in Minna Storey's draperies within the compass of a light wagon, in which he was going to drive her. She was talking and laughing as usual. There was not a load. cloud on George's face. The sight cut Eddie to the heart. She averted her face hastily. Her fellow-passengers saw what she saw; they pitied her. It is hard to a young, proud nature to be

The stage clattered off amid a gay The stage clattered off amid a gay Babel of voices. A mile down the road there was a hill. At the top of this hill the horses took fright, one becoming perfectly uncontrollable. Plunging and rearing, they dragged the stage to the edge of the mountain. The next moment the great lumbering vehicle was overturned and pitched down the mountain side. Then the horses, having done tain side. Then the horses, having done their worst, stood still. The driver picked himself up and surveyed the scene of the disaster. The first object that met his eyes was Mrs. Le Roy, who had been thrown against a heap of stones. A messenger was dispatched to hotel, who met Dr. Le Roy first of

all in his no-top wagon. "Hurry! hurry!" he cried. "The stage has gone over the side of the mountain. Mrs. Le Roy is dead."
George was off like the wind; but not before Miss Storey had entreated, with white lips, to be let out. He was alone when he was confronted by Eddie's piti-

ful pale face. They gathered her up and carried her to the hotel for dead. The rest of the party escaped unburt, except for trifling cuts and bruises; but when they laid her on her bed they thought that life

Was extinct.

I might quote pages in support of the assertion that the worth of a treasure is emphasized by the dread of losing it. Harshness, indifference, neglect, dogged George Le Roy's steps like stern accusers, now that Eddie lay speechless, uncon-scious, for hopeless hours. It seemed to him that he had killed her. If he had been with her this might not have hap-pened. Surely he might have shielded her. Shielded her? Ah! had he shielded her from other dangers, other itis? The bitter reproach haunted him that he had betrayed his trust.

How utterly little and contemptible their dissensions now seemed! Only the one truth remained, that she was his, the woman he loved, the only woman who could fill his heart.

He sent for her father and mother. They came, wrung by the cruelist anguish; but they came just as she began to revive. Youth is stubborn; life is obstinate; and love wrestled with prayer. George Le Roy had never known before what it was to face a mysterious Prayidence completent, and yet heavier. Providence, omnipotent, and yet hearks ping to supplication.
Eddie was given back to him again-

given back to him, so it seemed, from FARM, GARDEN, AND HOUSEHOLD

lives better if we could live our again. Certainly Eddie and her huss band profited by their former mistakes. For one thing, they spent their second honeymoon in a home of their own. When Eddie went down from Sweetbrier springs, in the fall, to Port Royal, she found a lovely house made ready for her, of which she was the unconditional mistress. George explained, to all whom it might concern, that the situation of the house suited the requirements of his practice better than that of the Le Roy homestead.

Health Hints.

EGGS IN CASE OF TROUBLE.—The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones sticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw and will carry a bone down easily and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs which it will be well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs taken will neutralize the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of the house suited the requirements of his practice better than that of the Le Roy homestead.

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BAISAN OPERATOR OF TROUBLE.—The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones as ticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw and will carry a bone down easily and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs which it will be well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is a large business in the same field. The cardy is made and eaten in the United States than in all the rest of the white of one or two departments of the world combined. Boston manufacturers combined states than in all the rest of the w omestead.

homestead.

It was astonishing how easy it was to get on with Mrs. Le Roy mere after this. Sometimes, indeed, Eddie wondered whether her former troubles had not been chimeras of her brain.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Clark, they were at last entirely reconciled to their daughter's marriage. They spent the greater part of their subsequent lives in spoiling their little grandchildren to their heart's content.—Harper's Bazar.

The Health of Cities.

The following tabulated statement is compiled from the annual summary published by the Registrar General of England. It shows the death rate and population of twenty-three of the largest cities of Great Britain for the year 1878:

	April V CHAN	Deaths	
	Population,	per	1,000
Cities.	1878.	living.	
London	3,577,304	The street of th	23.
Glasgow		150/2510	24:
Liverpool			39.
Birmingham			25.
Manchester		*	27.
Dublin	314,666		29.
Leeds			23.
Sheffield			25.
Edinburgh			22.
Bristol			21.
Bradford			22.
Salford			20.
Nottingham			21.
Newcastle			23.
Hul			24.
Portsmouth			19.
Leicester		7	20
Sanderland			25.
Oldham			25.
Brighton		16.9	21.
Norwieh			24
Wolverhampton			23.
Plymouth	. 73,599		25.
			47/11

Total population 8,373,953 We publish below a table giving the death rate and population in twenty-three cities in the United States, which correspond as near as possible in size with those given in the English table

and ve-		The state of the state of	
		Deaths po	
	Population.	1,000	livi
New York	.1,046,037		27.
Philadelphia	. 825,000	27	22.
Brooklyn	. 527,830		23.
Chicago	420,000		20.
Baltimore	. 355,000		20,
Boston	. 346,000		23.
San Francisco	. 390,000		18.
Cincinnati	. 280,000		20.
New Orleans	. 215,000		29.
Clevel and	. 162,000		19.
Washington	. 160,000		26.
Buffalo	. 150,000		14.
Louisville	. 150,000		18.
Pittsburgh	. 145,000		19.
Detroit	. 120,000		15.
Milwaukee	. 110,000		18.
Providence			14.
Albany			13.
Richmond			21.
Syracuse	. 60,000		13.
New Haven	. 60,000	-	20.
Charleston			35.
Woreester	. 52,000		21.

try than in as many in Great Britain. Still, as will be seen, the population in the cities of America is not as dense, and in most cases the water is more pure than there. In England the rule is laid lown that the mortality of a healthy city should not exceed 17 per 1,000. Un-til we reach that limit in both countries the work of the sanitarian must be regarded as incomplete. - New Haven

A Slighted Girl's Revenge.

Norman Spencer stole \$17,500 from the Pennsylvania Oil Company, that employed him as bookkeeper, and fled to the Southwest. The robbery was carefully planned, and the thief's intention was to take a new name, settle down as a planter, and marry the Titusville girl to whom he had long been engaged. She knew all about this scheme, and was to join him as soon as practicable. A detective was sent to watch her, and when she started Westward, after receiving a mysterious letter, he guessed she meant to join her lover. He shadowed her on the journey so closely that she became aware of his watching. At Quincy, Ill., she hired a woman of about her own size and shape to put on her travelling suit, cover her face with a veil and go to Chicago. The detective unsuspectingly followed the wrong woman, while the real one went on to meet the fugitive thief. Meanwhile Spencer had bought a plantation near Galveston, Texas, and fallen in love with a neighbor's daughter. Desiring to marry her, he wrote to the Titusville girl at a point on her journey that she need not come to him. The Titusville girl was as quick at revenge as she had been at deceiving the detective. She at once informed the police where Spencer was and he was

Words of Wisdom.

There is no difficulty to him who open countenance, but close An thoughts. We live no more of our time than we

spend well. Never mind where you work; care more about your work. There is nothing so fatal to comfort

is well as to decorum, as fuss. It is the best proof of the virtues of a amily circle to see a happy fireside. How few faults are there seen by us

which we have not ourselves committed. The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no narm unless thou hast sore places. Hannah Moore said to Horace Walcole—"If I wanted to punish an enemy t should be by fastening on him the rouble of constantly hating somebody." Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore comes the hottest furnace-the brightest flash from the darkest cloud.

BALSAM OINTMENT.—Two ounces of balsam fir; two ounces of mutton tallow; two ounces of beeswax, and two ounces of spirits of turpentine must be simmered together and well stirred, then strained through a bit of coarse muslin into a tin box or wide-mouthed bottle that can be kept closs from the air. This is one of the best oinments that can be procured for burns, cracked hands, runrounds on the fingers, and is equally good for wounds upon horses and cattle.

A CONVENIENT PLASTER—Take one

A CONVENIENT PLASTER.—Take one ounce of white rosin, one ounce of mut-ton tallow and one ounce of granulated sugar; simmer well together. Have ready half a yard of fine bleached cotton. ready half a yard of fine bleached cotton, and with a case knile spread the salve, while hot, over the surface of the cloth; spread it on evenly and quite thin. When cold, lay a thickness of tissue paper lightly over the surface. This will prove a constant comfort in little wounds, such as scratches, cuts or burns. A bit cut off and stuck over the place is a quick cure, as it excludes the air and is not bulky or in the way, as finger rags always are.

Weak Stomach.—Where the stomach is weak, its muscular action impaired, and its nerves over-sensitive, but little food should be taken into it at a time. The best diet is skimmed milk, half a pint every four hours. When milk is not well digested, lime water is combined with it. Such foods as coffee, tea and tobacco must, of course, be given up absolutely and at once. A sovereign article of diet is buttermilk. In buttermilk the casein of milk is coagulated and broken up, so that the stomach is spared two steps of the regular process of di-gestion. Another excellent preparation of milk is koumyss. It contains a good deal of carbonic acid. In all cases the stomach's work should be made easier by a diet consisting of eggs, milk, starchy vegetables, stewed fruits and a little butter, with stale bread .- Medical Record.

Fruit Trees.

I find that lime, wood ashes and old iron put around the roots of declining fruit trees have a very beneficial effect. These fertilizers restore the tree to a healthy condition, and also greatly improve the fruit in quality a d quantity. I made the application on a Windsap and Never Fail; about half a bushel of mixed lime and askes to each and done mixed lime and a hes to each, and dug it in with a hoe some six feet around the trunk, and put the old iron immediately around the base of each.

The trees put forth with renewed vigor. bloomed abundantly, and yielded a good ercp of fruit. An excellent wash for trees may be made thus: Heat an ounce of salsoda to redness in an iron pot, and dissolve it in one gallon of water, and while warm apply it to the trunk. After one application the moss and old bark will drop off and the trunk will be quite | Zeitung, a German, named Karl Stein smooth. The wash has highly recuper- bach, has made an important discovery

young trees, for several seasons after they are planted. Apple trees are said to have two growths during the season— the secondary growth takes place after midsummer, hence it is that a top dressing of good manure, and also coarse litter, facilitates the late growth, and often produces very marked results in the habit and formation of the tree.

The good effect that mulching has to young trees is, that it wards off the interest heat of the surface of the trees.

tense heat of the sun from the tender roots, and also has a tendency to hold moisture. A good top dressing of stable mapure in the fall, around young trees, with a good many corn cobs cast over the surface of the soil, give satisfactory results.—Rural Messenger.

Some Little Things Learned by Experience. If your coal fire is low, throw on tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently incarpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak withmeat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Stickpenny went down to see Whewell brush and soap will grain them. brush and soap will ruin them. Tum-blers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful never be put in not water. A spoonting of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours,

Pruning Peach Trees

Frequently old peach trees are made thrifty and fruitful by severe cutting back—cutting the large branches down to the very stubs. Not long ago we were told by a very intelligent and experienced iruit-grower that he was once very much surprised by seeing some previously fruitless old peach trees hanging full of superior, large fruit. Inquiry led to the statement that they were apparently worthless trees, which had been the year before closely trimmed to get the outstretching limbs out of the way of working around them with a team, so that the trees presented little more than a trunk with stubs sticking out a foot or a trunk with stubs sticking out a foot or two, and now hung full of fine fruit.—

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Prussian government appears determined to make sure that the army shall not, like the French soldiery, be permeated by the leaven of democratic ideas. The troops stationed in Berlin have been forbidden to read the Liberal newspapers, and their quarters are to be searched at regular times for the prohibited journals and for other objectionable publications. Severe punishment is promised those with whom such articles are found.

There are more than a million Welsh speaking people in Great Britain. In the Isle of Man twenty-five per cent. of the population in 1871 understood Manx. In the same year it was computed that not more than five thousand persons could read Irish, and no newspaper was published in that language, whereas in 1851 there was scarcely a whereas, in 1851 there was scarcely a county in which Irish was not more or less spoken. Now it is scarcely heard except in the extreme west. Clare, Galway, Donegal, Kerry, Mayo and the western islands are the strongholds of the ancient language. the ancient language.

"Blind with rage" meant something "Blind with rage" meant something in a Paris workshop one afternoon some weeks ago. An overseer of the works, finding that one of the men had not finished a piece of work which was urgently required, fell into such a state of fury as to strike him in the face. Almost in the very act of striking, however, he staggered back, shouting for aid and complaining that he could not see. The workmen came round him see. The workmen came round him with offers of assistance, but nothing could be done. It was certain that he had suddenly lost the use of both his eyes. Medical evidence showed that some of the blood vessels behind the eye had burst, and that the blood had flooded the integer working of the available. the interior cavities of the eyeballs.

An aeronaut named L'Estrange re-cently met with an extraordinary escape from death in Australia. In the presence of thousands of spectators he made an ascent from the agricultural grounds on the St. Kilda-road, in the balloon Aurora—the same, it is said, which was used to convey dispatches during the Franco-Prussian war. When the balloon had attained the great altitude of a mile and three-quarters it suddenly col-lapsed, the gas bursting through its side; but the parachute came into play, and, instead of the wreck falling like a stone, it went down in a zizzag course, and finally struck a tree. Women screamed and fainted, some fell on their knees with their hands clasped in prayer, while hundreds of men rushed into the government demain expecting to find a mangled body, but to their astonishment they discovered L'Estrange alive and almost unhurt.

According to the Deutsche Allgemeine coating evaporates, and the likeness of the person remains in natural colors on the light surface. The image, so fixed s brought in to a bath, and is exposed half an bour to sunlight, before deliv-ery. A rich capitalist in Peru, it is said, has acquired this invention for \$400. 000, and large establishments are to be formed in North and South America for carrying it out.

The Two Mill-Owners.

There were two men (about 1838), Stickpenny & Whewell, who owned a sawmill near Old Town, Maine, in common. The arrangement under which the mill was operated was that each one had the mill all to himself during the al-ternate weeks. Stickpenny was a mean, rusty old chap. Whewell was a shrewd, investigating young man. The mill was run by a crude, rough kind of an under-shot wheel that gave very little power for the amount of water used, so that the use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any wasn't going to lay out money for any wasn't going to lay out money for any "such job as that." Finally, Whewell said he would pay all the bills, to which Stickpenny at last agreed, "but provided you put the wheel in in your week." So the new wheel was put in, and Whewell, being of a mechanical turn of mind, experimented with it, and soon found that hy allogating the same of the or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in
cooking; it is desirable to keep these in
if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides.
Piace on a platter; salt and pepper to
taste. Beef having a tendency to be
tough can be made very palatable by
stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of
the liquor when half done, and letting
the rest boil into the meat. Brown the
meat in the pot. After taking up, make other Whewell always managed to saw a couple of thousand feet more of lumber in his week than ever Stickpenny could,

about it. Says he: "Whewell, how is it that you always manage to saw more lumber in a given time than I can when my turn comes round?" Says Whewell: "Don't you know how that is? Waal, I'll tell you. It's because you ain't been treatin' of me fairly on this matter. It's again nature. You can't expect the mill to saw as well for you as it does for them as do the square thing all around." Stickpenny wouldn't believe that and went away. But still the mill went on turning out regularly more lumber for Whewell than Stick-penny managed to get out of it; so finally, the latter came around and said:
"What's your bill? I'll pay my share."
He paid it, and thereafter Stickpenny managed to saw lumber just as lively as Whewell did. "Well," said the old fellow, "I always knew that the folks fellow. "I always knew that the folks around here were all ag'in me, but I never thought the Almighty was;" and he died without finding out the explanation of it all.

A man may be as pure as a virgin snowflake and as mild as a May morn-ing, but he will get wild just the same when his office boy dips the mucilage-brush in the inkstand.

Song and Summer.

Whilst the golden hand of morn Scatters roses over the sky; And the south wind, nearly born, Wanders full ot odor by; Sing-for summer speedeth last?

Soon, alas, the wintry blast Strips the woodland bare, Sweet bird,

Strips the woodland bare ! Sing, and make the morn thy triend ! Circle round each happy tree Where thy brother mates attend, Full of joyous liberty! Speed thy wing from spray to spray-Teach the world thy merry song; Swittly summer glides away-Pleasure lasts not long,

Sing-and every pleasure share !

-Charles Swain. ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Sweet bird,

Pleasure lasts not long!

What the country wants-Summer

Uneasy lies the man who has already seen caught at it once or twice.

Three Nevada mining towns that had 21,000 people now muster, all told, about

Hanging is capital punishment—especially when you're hanging on some good looking girl's arm.

Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? Because every one should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbor's.

A liver pad man wants us to advertise him and take a pad. We don't want a liverp ad. without the money. Saturday Night.

George Eliot got \$35,000 for her last novel. We expect people would pay us that much for our last one, too—if they could be convinced it really was the last

one.-Burdette. Young men who make regular visits Sunday nights, with several sandwiched in during the week, may properly be said to belong to the "Press Association."—Bradford Era.

"The only real bitter tears." says some one, "are those shed in solitude." You may bet your life that philosopher never saw a ten-year-old boy coming out of the woodshed in company with his father and a skate-strap.—Hawkeye.

"Must have rained around about last night," remarked the old farmer, as he looked abroad in the morning. And his little boy, whose jacket was very ragged, said he wished that it had rained a roundabout for him.—Griswold.

A parishioner of a Berkshire pastor was asked what the color of the parson's eyes was. He didn't really know, "for," he said, "when he prays, his eyes are shut, and when he preaches, I generally

When you and I were lad and lass A fresher hue was on the grass, And stars were twinkling in the sky, Because you hit me in the eye, We quarreled then from first to last, When you and I were lad and lass.

When lad and lass were you and I You stole and are ma's custard pie, Then in my coat the crumbs did throw And how they licked me you well know; Such were the things that came to pass When you and I were lad and las -Oil City Derrick.

An Enormous Condor.

In the course of the day I had an opportunity of shooting a condor; it was o satiated with its repast on the carcass of a dead horse as to suffer me to approach within pistol shot before it ex-tended its wings to take flight, which to me was the signal to fire; and having loaded with an ample charge of pellets, my aim proved effectual and fatal. What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravine beneath me, screaming and flapping in the last convulsive struggles of life! It may be difficult to believe that the most gigantic animal that in-habits the earth or the ocean can be equaled by a tenant of air; and these persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle will probably read with astonishment of a species of that same bird, in the southern hemisphere, being so strong as to seize an ox with its talons, and to lift it into the air, whence it sets it fall to the ground in order to kill and prey upon the carcass. But this astonshment must in a great measure subside when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I now in-sert verbatim, from a note taken down with my own hand. "When the wings were spread they measured sixteen paces (forty feet) in extent, from point to point, the feathers are eight paces (twenty feet) in length; and the quill part two palms (eight inches) in circum-ference. It is said to have power suf-ficient to carry off a live rhinoceros."— Temple's Travels in Peru.

The Duke of Argyli.

The Duke of Argyll now visiting America is the eighth duke of that title. He was born at Ardingcaple castle, Dumbartonshire, in 1823, and succeeded his father in 1846. Before his father's death, and while he was Marquis of Lorne, he took an active part in the controversy in the Presbyterian church, and did some literary work, publishing, among other things, "A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son," a letter to the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., on the present position of church affairs in Scotland, and an essay entitled "Presbytery Examined." He has been a frequent speaker in the House of Peers. He has filled enough offices to turn an American politician green with envy. In 1851 he was chancellor of the envy. In 1851 he was chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's, in 1852 lord privy seal in the cabinet of the Earl of Aberdeen, in 1855 he held the same office under Lord Palmerston, in 1856 he was postmaster general, in 1858 lord privy seal again, in 1860 postmaster genera again, 1861 lord privy seal again. He has been rector of the University of Glasgow, president of the Royal Society of Edin burg, and secretary of state for India. Among his other offices are those of hereditary master of the queen's household in Scotland, chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, trustee of the bold in Scotland, chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, trustee of the British Museum and hereditary sheriff and lord lieutenant of Argyllshire. Still, with all these honors, he walks and cats and has hands and feet just like other men. In later years he has published "The Reign of Law," "Primeval Man" and a number of other works.