VOL. IX.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

I Go to Bed.

When I have lost all faith in man, Or tailed to consummate some plan; When women tair are cold, unkind, And things accord not with my mind, I do not rashly seize mg pen And in a flurry there and then Declare this gladsome world to be One endless round of vanity; Ah! no, for this were mockery-I go to bed.

When through my head there darts a pain And life seems an increasing bane, When triends their patronage withhold And creditors become too bold, I do not in seclusion mourn, And curse the hour when I was born-

I go to bed. When some D. D. deserts his creed, And quacks their many victims bleed; When editors write sharp replies, And moneyed men keep back supplies. I do not then, in prose and verse, Implore the gods mankind to curse-I go to bed.

When couples marry in great haste, And servants piller, fret and waste; When general courts their terms prolong, In short, when things get somewhat wro I do not bite my lips and scowl, And at the children snap and growl-I go to bed.

I go to bed and soundly sleep, While friendly angels vigils keep; But it, however, I awake Before my ailments me torsake I do not of my life complain. But try the remedy again-And back to bed.

Ye who have griefs (and who has not?) Let past prescriptions be forgot, My panacea for old and young Is given in the English tongue, It hath to untold millions wrought Sweetest relief, nor cost them aught; And now if you, like these, would be From every pain and trouble free, Light a small lamp and come with me-I go to bed.

The Wreck of the "Pioneer."

Ralph Keystone was one of those men who combine a talent for practical things with an active imagination. He was at the same time a most unpractical man in affairs of business. Like all imaginative men, he early found a woman whom he could clothe in ideal charms, and then fell in love with her. Jane Besant was the only daughter of Farmer Besant, who owned and operated an immense wheat form not for from the vil-lage of Muskalontic. To Farmer Besant went Ralph in the first flush of his love

"You wish to marry Jane?"
The young man replied, "Not immediately," for just at the time he was out of

employment. "That's just it, Keystone," said the fourth time since you came from the How can y certain a prospect? You are too unstable; you do not stick to anything." admitted he had been unfortu-

nate in his ventures; but he still had a little money left, and he would now go into some manufacturing business. 'Manufacturing, indeed! nothing but farms within fifty miles. Wheat is the only thing that pays here,

unless it be lumber, and there isn't sawmill within a hundred miles "Then I might start one," said Ralph, catching at this straw, for he felt himself sinking. He could make no head-

way against this hard, practical man, who knew nothing beyond wheat. "Start a sawmill! Where's your power? And, if you had it, how could you compete with the mills up the river? Look here, Ralph, I don't want hard on you. I see you love Jane and Jane loves you-at least she seems

'That's the truth," said Ralph. "We love each other dearly. 'Now I'll make a bargain with you

If you will go into some business, and make it a success, you shall have Janethat is, if she wants you."
"Thank you, sir," said the young man.

"I'll start the sawmill at once." The road to the village followed the river for some distance through Farmer Besant's land, and then turned east through the woods toward the village. Ralph walked along in a dazed fashion, mentally numb with his refusal, his body walking automatically, just as it will when the mind is absorbed in contemplation. At the turn of the road his feet took the right direction for home, but after going a few steps he stopped abruptly, and turned back to the river. The Muskalontic is a wide, shallow stream, winding sluggishly through the

country, its banks being hereabouts heavily fringed with woods. The young man left the road and fol-lowed the shore down stream, walking quickly, as if looking for something. Like all imaginative people, he had been given to wandering about the country, and was familiar with the land for miles around Muskalontic. He remembered having seen falling into the river, be-

tween two low hills, a slender brook, half lost in the woods.

Just as he had supposed. It was a living stream, still running, though it was August. He looked at the tiny run for a moment, and then started briskly up its winding channel, carefully noting the slope and character of the ground. After walking a short distance he found the little valley narrowed, and then spread out into a slough, a marsh, where

the stream was lost in pools and sedges.

Like a prospector searching for precious metals when he finds a vein, he threw up his hat with a cheer.
"I've won her! I fancy the old gen

tleman will let us marry now."

Just then there came through the woods the sound of a passing steamer on the river, and the young man smiled.
"I'll beat those fellows yet. They

take all this trade up the river, and leave this farming region to stagnate. We must have manufactures here, and they shall begin with a sawmill.

Keystone sat up all night over his drawing-paper and pencils. Two days after saw three woodman felling trees by the little brook. The land belonged to Farmer Besant, and he had consented that a dam should be erected thereon. If Keystone was fool enough to sink his money in improving the bit of water-power he thought he had found, he was at liberty to do so, provided he gave half

Axe in hand he headed the woodmen, directing the fall of each tree, so as to save labor in hauling the logs. When about a hundred trees were down he organized his force into choppers, and began to get out logs of every size. A pair of oxen were hired, and things began to assume shape. Heavy logs laid end to end in a double row stretched across the little valley, and marked the foundation of the dam. Stout stakes were driven on nais was promptly engaged, and within of the dam. Stout stakes were driven on the low side, and shorter logs laid up stream, with the ends resting on the heavy timbers, raised the dam about one foot. The news quickly spread through the country round about. Young Keystone had found water power—in other words, weekly in the little in

The next day a small army of laborers appeared in the woods, and by night they had dug a long ditch or canal from the river up the bed of the brook. Two days after it reached the foot of the dam.

The men suggested that such a long the brushes at once, and then came more planks, laid lengthwise. The two platforms were cut to the same form, and were quickly spiked together.

The men suggested that such a long days after it reached the foot of the dam, and brought the river water close up to the logs. At the upper end it was five feet deep. Five and three make eight. Eight feet fall in the clear, Here's power in abundance. Thereupon the on-lookers said the young man was a smart fellow, a good engineer, etc., etc. Within a week the village carpenter had constructed a water-wheel from Raiph's designs. Within two weeks saws and gearing arrived, a shed was put up, and the sawmill was opened for business.

The first job was for a lot of two-inch

The first job was for a lot of two-inch plank for Farmer Besant. He claimed that he was half owner of the mill by their agreement, and would only pay half the bill. Keystone took the job, and soon had it finished, and even ran through a lot of logs and piled up the planks on sale. Sundry small jobs came in, and it began to look as if he had started a good business. One morning a stranger are business. One morning a stranger arrived, and introduced himself as a lumber dealer from a town fifty miles down the river. He was in search of a lot of small stuff, light scantling two inches wide and an inch and a half thick, in lengths of twelve feet and upward. He wanted a million feet, and he offered a good price, and gave his name and references. The offer was tempting, and Raiph took it, and agreed to have the stuff ready in two weeks. Encouraged by his success, he hired more help, and started on the new order. In ten days he wrote to the party to say that the scantling was nearly all ready, and could be put on a raft and floated down the river. No reply came, and he wrote again, and in a few days re-

ceived a notification of the failure of the lumber dealer, and an account of the winding up of his affairs. Discouraged and sick at heart, he wandered down by the river and sat down on a fallen tree alone. Everything was lost. He could never marry Jane. A large part of his lumber had been cut up into a useless and unsalable shape, and he was in debt to his men. In fool-"'s just it, Keystone," said the 'i-bily trusting the word of a stranger he had made a wreck of everything. When the mind is ill at ease a trilling circumtion, and as he sat gloomily brooding over the ruin of hopes, he saw a steam-beat rounding the bend of the river about a mile up stream. She was steering dangerously near a haif-sunker island in the middle of the river. He watched her with a vague curiosity as she came swiftly onward. Suddenly she turned, and with apparent purpose ran directly across the upper end of the sland, struck, and grounded. He could see the wheels reversed, and in a moment after saw the wildest confusion among the passengers on board. Springng up, he ran at full speed along th ank till he came opposite the stranded

ont. It was a freight and passenger steamer the Pioneer by name. She blew her whistle loudly, and a moment after he saw a boat lowered. For an instant there was some confusion on the steamer as if the people were demoralized, but a tall fellow interfered, and order was re-stored. The boat came slowly ashore, and by the time it reached the bank all his mill hands and several farming peo ple had arrived in an excited crowd on the bank. In the boat came the captain of the steamer. As he sprang ashore h

" Are there any boats or barges about

"Nothing but a punt or two, Can't you bring your passengers ashore in your Bother the passengers! I can land

hem easy enough. It's the cargo. steamer will never come off. The tiller rope broke, and she ran nose on at full speed. The old Pioneer had laid down her bones forever. Poor old tub! I pity

"I'll take your cargo ashore, or down stream to any point you say, in three days, for five hundred dollars."
"Oh, you've a barge or two. Why didn't you say so?" I'll hire 'em of you."

"I have no barge, but I'll make one in twenty-four hours—for cash. I have a sawmill just back of here." I'll give you five hundred dollars if

you'll put the cargo on a flat within three days. I can't get a steamer up here in less than two days, and it will cost almost as much, though I don't see how you're going to make a flat in that time.' That's my look-out. I'll have a barge longside before to-morrow night.

"It will take two barges. Heavy cargo this trip."
"If I leave a single barrel behind, I'll forfeit a hundred dollars. You can take the passengers to the village. Some of the folks, will give them lodging till

the boats come up on Monday."

The captain agreed to the bargain, and put off to bring his passengers ashore.
"Johnson," said Raiph to one of the young men, "go to the painter's, and tell him to send me three men and a lot white-lead paint. Then get two kegs of sixpenny nails and bring them to the mill. Take my horse. Pick up all the men you can find. I want all the carpenters in the place to work day and night on a good job."

Ten minutes later a dozen men, with carpenters' tools, stood ready in the mill-

yard waiting for orders. "I was born next door to a Massachu-setts shipyard," said Ralph, "and I know something about boat-building. I am going to make a barge big enough for a steamboat. Let every man do exactly as I tell him, and we will have her

the work when finished to the landowner, with half the lumber cut on the land. If he failed, then all the lumber was to remain on the land. Pretty hard terms, but Ralph accepted them on the spot.

Axe in hand he headed the woodmen, discribed the failed of the woodmen, and the land the woodmen, are the ways, or slides, were lines of timber "ways," or slides, were was cleared next the water, and four lines of timber "ways," or slides, were laid down heading into the water, se-curely fastened together, and then liber-ally spread with grease and oil. Then,

three weeks the dam had been raised three feet, and the water began to back up behind it, spreading out over the marsh in a slowly widening pond. Then the people began to laugh. Keystone was a fool, after all. What could he do with only three feet fall of water?

The next day a small army of labors.

scantling were ready, and taking one in hand Ralph laid it along the edge of the raft and nailed it down, then another, till a strip had been laid entirely round the raft. As the strips were long and flexible, they were easily bent to fit the curved lines of the platform. At the upper end the cross-pieces were nailed together, and at the bow end the strips were brought to a point and fitted to an upright piece set up at the end of the platform. Then through the center of the platform was laid another strip from end to end, while at intervals of about five feet cross-pieces were laid from side

"Now, men, you see my idea. Lay strip over strip, and nail them firmly one to the other through the holes, till the sides are six feet high; break the joints of the strips and nail-holes; lay on the paint freely as you go, and we shall seen have a steamboat without ribs. The cross-pieces will brace her, and she'll carry a big cargo, even if she isn't very pretty.

The men, unaccustomed to marine architecture, greeted this novel system of boat-building with pleasant surprise, and went to work with a will. More men arrived, and the clatter of twenty banners going on at once made the woods ring. The sun went down and torches and bonfires were lighted. A boy was sent round for the men's suppers that there might be no delay. The passengers of the wrecked steamer were be-stowed in sundry farmhouses, Farmer Besant taking his share at two dollars each. The news of the boat-building spread quickly, and the people flocked down to the mill-yard to see the work, and with them came all the passengers. Among them came Farmer Besant and he captain of the Pioneer. The farmer alked about the curious structure nov anidly rising, and seeing the enormous trated in no pleasant mood.

"What right have you to use up your ustomer's stuff in this way?" "He's failed," said Keystone, without opping his work.

"How do you know? He may claim , and you are spoiling thousands of et of good stuff on a piece of folly." "Don't know about that," said a big fellow near by. "It's about the smartt idee I ever seen. Guess you belong East, young man?

'Massachusetts. I've seen many : oat built without ribs, though none quite so big. She'll carry your cargo,

'Oh, she will when she's decked. say, young feller, don't you want to sel her just as she stands?" 'No. She is to be a steamboat

Farmer Besant felt confirmed in his iews of young Keystone. He was a come from the very home of unatics and visionaries. " I'll give you three hundred dollars

The Jane is not for sale." "Jane for sale? Don't insult the girl, Mr. Ralph." A little more paint-lay it on thick!"

Then he turned away to drive more nails. Farmer Besant went home, intending to tell Jane of the insult she had received. He would never speak to Keystone again, neither should Jane. Luckily Jane had gone to bed when he returned and knew

nothing of the building of the boat. Morning came and saw the sides of the oat well advanced. Some men left for home and frest, and others took their places. Even some of the passengers volunteered as painters and nail-drivers. There was no thought of the Sabbath The excitement of the wreck, the arrival of so many strangers and the boat build

ing brought everybody out of doors, and the yard was filled with people watching the progress of the work.

Among them came one with shining eyes and a rosy blush upon her face. The name of her lover was on every tongue The marked approval of the captain of the steamer, and the enthusiasm of his engineer, won the confidence of the rural population. Keystone had always been nsidered an eccentric sort of fellow. but now, after all, there might be something in him. These things she heard and treasured in her heart. She kept out of sight in the crowd, but saw everything and heard everything with the greatest interest and pleasure. There was a man painting letters in blue on the stern of the new boat. He had made a J, an A and an N, and was at work on another letter. Ah, Jane—her name! There was quite a company of people watching the man, and when the name was finished there was a little shout of

I allers said he was dreffle sweet on Squire Besant's darter." Sho! That's a pretty idee, anyway." She blushed scarlet, and slipped away and went up to the deserted sawmill, and sat down on a log by the little water.

Suddenly some one stood beside "Oh, Jane! It's all over. I have failed, and to-morrow your father will take the mill. That lumber dealer has failed, and that brings me down."

"Can't you sell the lumber?" said

Jane, with ready common sense.

"I have used a part of it in making the barge. If I get the money for saving the cargo, I shall have just enough to pay every bill, but with nothing left."

She stood up, and placing a hand on each shoulder calmly kissed him. "Thank you, love, for the compli-

ment."

"I heard the engineer say the—the
Jane would make a good freight steamer
if she were engined."

"Did he? That's not a bad idea. I

had thought she would make some kind of a craft. Oh! Perhaps I could buy the engines out of the steamer. They

will sell them cheap.
"I thought you had failed and lost

"I thought you had failed and lost everything."

"No. I can't fail while I have you."

What further sentiment he would have indulged in cannot be known, for some one called them.

"She's 'bout ready to slide," said the big captain. Seeing Jane, he took off his hat and said, politely, "Will the young lady name the boat?"

"The boat is named the Jane Besant."

"The boat is named the Jane Besant. Let me present my friend Miss Besant, "Glad to meet you, miss. I called my boat the Nancy K., after my wife. It brings luck."

The built-up sides of the boat and the interior cross-work that braced her and held the hull together in every direction had been raised six feet high. Boards were laid down on top to form a deck, and she was ready to be put afloat. The captain and the engineer, Raiph and about a dozen men armed with long poles, mounted the deck. The word was given, the blocks were knocked away and the blocks were knocked away, and down she slid swiftly into the water amid the cheers of the people. She settled down in the water with a slight list to one side, and the rural population

gave a little cry of alarm.

"The cargo will ballast her," said Ralph. "Get out your poles, men, and push her along the shore till we come to the steamer."

The Jane Besant was quickly brought

round, and went up stream, followed by an enthusiastic multitude on the shore. Shortly after, the barge was secured alongside the wreck, and the men began to put the cargo on board. She did not leak a drop, and appeared to be as stiff and strong as the best ribbed boat affoat. She was very buoyant, and readily minded the rude rudder that had been hung at the stern.
"I shall be glad to consider your pro-

posal, sir, to-morrow!"
"Come in my cabin—I guess it isn't wholly wrecked. Come, Bates, I want

you too."

The young man followed the captain and sat and his engineer into the cabin and sat down, while the captain ordered some wine and lunch. When the lunch came,

the captain began to be expansive.

"She only wants a little more sheer, and a deck and house and engines. She'll not be a fast boat, but she'll go in She'll not be a last boat, but she'll go in shallower water than anything on the river. She'll be running regular trips when the big boats are laid up for low water. Tell you what I'll do, young man, I'll put engines in her, and make her a stern-wheeler. Mebbe you can raise enough to put a house on her. I'll go halves with you in the business. We can haul her ashore and sheathe her bottom to make it smooth, and make a good thing of it. What d' you say? Is

Then it would be a bargain-if it wasn't Sunday. All right. We'll a ashore this evening and hear the parson Two months later the purser of the new freight and passenger boat Jane Be-sant opened the books of the boat for business. There was a line of passengers, headed by one of the boat's servants, alady waiting at the ticket-window.
"Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Keystone-oh,

yes—all right—free passes. Give them the bridal-room, John; here's the key. Next!"-Harper's Bazar.

Peculiar People. Odd folks here and there are described in the newspapers. Roxbury, Mass., has an eccentric tramp who lives in a cave during the winter and spends the summer in making begging excursions to the neighboring towns. He never says a word, and his dress consists en-tirely of old bootlegs fastened together with leather strings. A small wagon, drawn by two goats, and containing a helpless, shrivled man, attracted atten-tion in Hagerstown, Md. He said that he had traveled in that manner for many tor her just as she stands, and finish her myself." He is entirely helpless. His wife and four children accompany and attend to his wants, getting their living by the sale of a temperance song and other small articles. Jefferson Stevens, who lives near Sulphur Springs, Ky., concludes that he is gifted with peculiar powers, of which he lately gave a street exhibition. He held a forked dogwood switch, like those used by wizards, in his mouth, and told the rowd to ask any questions they pleased. A pair of tramps turned up at Des Moines, Iowa—Peter Carlisle and wife -who were on their way to Leadville from the Pennsylvania coal regions. They had pushed a handcart all the way, containing their baby girl and a household utensils. Carson Carr, of Moodie, Cal., will on no account walk step, but always runs, no matter if the distance is only a few feet: while Mrs. Main, of Chicago, will neither walk nor run, although physically able to do either, because she thinks her legs will drop off if she stirs them.

How to Swim.

The editor of the London Truth, after observing that probably not one in twenty of the persons who indulge in boating on a holiday can swim, proceeds to tell his readers how to acquire this accomplishment. Nothing, he says, is more easy. When the air is out of a body its owner sinks; when the air is in the body its owner floats. Let any one slowly draw in his breath as he draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it while he is preparing for arms, retain it while he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go through his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides and his legs are stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downward. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim is because swimming professors either do not know or do not choose to teach the philosophy of breathing so as to render the body buoyant I would engage to make any one a tolerable swimmer in an hour, unless he be a congenital idiot.

At this time of year a dish of ice-cream in the hand is worth two in the freezer.

TIMELY TOPICS.

New England has over 230 farmers' clubs, with 72,000 active members and library books to the number of 21,000, and in the United States there are nearly 2,000 agricultural societies, 58,000 volumes in their libraries, and with access to 360 different agricultural publi-cations, all exerting a direct influence on the intelligence and future prospects of the tillers of the soil.

The California ranchman or farmer is to a certain extent demoralized by the climate, which allows him to perform outdoor work the year round. Unlike the Eastern farmer, therefore, he is in-clined to let things go by the board. There is a lack of thoroughness in build-There is a lack of thoroughness in building, in planting and in the care for animals. There is little concern for appearances; the soil of many years remains undisturbed upon the wagon wheels; no flower garden is well cared for; they mend the harnesses with bits of rope, and they trust little or nothing to the vanity of paint.

Twenty-nine years ago two boys, about a dozen years of age, were playing "tag" in Lewiston, Me. They were merry and active lads, and were frolicking with schoolboy enthusiasm and carelessness. One lad caught the other, struck his heels and playfully tipped him over. His whole weight came down upon his failing playmate, whose spine was seriously injured in consequence. He was conveyed home, and it was found that he was a physical wreek. For two years he was able to walk around a very little, and then, as the results of a very little, and then, as the results of his injuries gradually grew more serious, he was obliged to be carried from one place to another, entirely losing the use or his lower limbs. At length his whole body became rigid, and he was power-less. For twenty-three years Mathew Rankins has sat fixed in his chair as in a visc night and day. vise night and day.

The New York Herald thus describes a horse-power: "This question is fre-quently asked: What is understood by a horse-power, and why came that way of reckoning to be adopted and brought into general use? Before the power of steam was generally known and applied to mechanical purposes, horses were used to raise coal and other heavy ies. Mr. Moots, in his experiments, carefully compared the relative power of the different breeds of horses, and found its average equal to raising 33,000 oounds one foot per minute, or, what is equivalent, to roise 330 pounds 160 feet, or 100 pounds 330 feet during that space of time when attached to a lever or weep of given length. This afterward became the standard of measuring power or force applied to mechanical purposes, and which is still retained in commo

Major J. M. Walsh, who has become ta nous in the Indian country as the offi-cer of the Canadian Mounted Police, in charge of the camp of Sitting Bull and the Uncapapa Sioux, has contributed several columns of opinion and narrative to a Chicago paper He thinks Sitting Bull is well disposed toward the United States, but adds this criticism of the In-dian policy: "You can't make two governments—one for the Indian and one for the white man. You don't need them. Treat the Indian like a white man from the start. Show him that you recognize the fact that he has rights, and point out to him what those rights are. Teach him that the white man's rights reach lim that the white man's rights and his are identical. Then show him that he will be protected in his rights, and that he will be punished if he infringes on the rights of others, and the business is settled." And it is by enforcing this policy, he says, that Canada has been enabled to live at peace with the says generation. savages for a generation.

To Make Ice-Cream.

One quart of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one large spoonful of flour stirred to a smooth paste in a little of the milk, and one pound of sugar; scald until thick, taking care not to let it burn. When cold, add one quart of whipped cream and the beaten whites of four eggs flavor to suit the taste, and it is ready to

To make ice-cream nicely and quickly suitable apparatus is indispensable If one has no freezer, a tin pail with a losely fitting cover can be made to an-Set the pail in a basket-a large peach basket is good; pack equal quan-tities of coarse salt and finely broken ice around the pail, nearly up to the rim pour the prepared cream into the pail. taking care not to get any sa't into it; cover the whole with flannel and leave for twenty minutes, that the cream may chill. Freeze by turning the pail half-way round and back, and every few minutes open the pail and stir the cream for this purpose use a smooth stick. Work fast while the pail is open as the air that reaches the cream delays the treezing process. Have a damp_napkin at hand to wipe away the salt from the freeze every time that it is opened. It may be necessary to renew the ice and salt while shaking, as the freezing mixture must be kept close to the sides of the pail. When the cream becomes solid cover again with flannel, and if convenient, let it stand for an hour before serving.-Rural New Yorker.

It has been before stated that an experienced farrier in England was advo-cating the abolishment of horseshoeing. and now a writer in the London Times has been trying the experiment, and thus reports: When my pony's shoes were orn out I had them removed, and gave him a month's rest at grass, with an oc-casional drive of a mile or two on the high road while his hoofs were harden-The result at first seemed doubtful. The hoof was a thin shell, and kept chipping way until it had worked down beyond the holes of the nails by which the shoes had been fastened. After this the hoof grew thick and hard, quite unlike what it had been before. I now put the pony to full work, and he stands it well. He is more sure-footed; his tread s almost noiseless; his hoofs are in no danger from the rough hand of the farrier; and the change altogether has been a clear gain, without anything to set against it. My pony, I may add, was between four and five years old—rising four, I fancy, is the correct phrase. He had been regularly shod up to the present year.

The big female African elephant of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden is dead. Investigation showed her stomach to be filled with pebbles, sticks, bones, wads of paper, etc., that had been given to her by visitors and were the cause of her

A Dual Robbery.

A physician, living at Cambridge, Dorchester county, Md., who signs him-self, "A Constant Reader," sends us a graphic description of the dual robbery of a fish-hawk by a bald-headed engle.

He writes:

"I had just left the dinner-table, to walk across the lawn with my children, when my attention was attracted by furious screams in the upper air. A dark shadow flitted across the grounds. Looking up, I saw a fish-hawk flying low in a straight line, and pursued at a hun-dred yards' distance by a bald-headed cardle.

eagle.

The hawk was moving leisurely, so much so that I was struck by the little dread of capture which his flight exhidread of capture which his flight exhibited, and the fear that his startling cries betokened. The intentions of the eagle were soon seen. A few strokes of his poverful wings brought him in close neighborhood to the hawk. The screaming flaherman relinquished his prey, which quivered and gleamed in the sunlight like a disc of silver as it clove the air in its descent toward the earth. It was a small fish, apparently a perch.

"We were a little surprised that the rapacious bandit should have devoted his powers to the capture of such small

his powers to the capture of such smal game. The fish had not fallen fifty feet before the eagle, by a peculiar dip, rather than by the use of his wings, sank below it, and turning almost upon his back, clutched and bore it away. He flew in an opposite direction to that the hawk was going.

"The hawk seemed satisfied to have escaped with the loss of his property, and kept the even tenor of his way. But and kept the even tenor of his way. But our attention was again arrested by re-newed screams. Looking at the hawk, we noticed that he was a changed bird as to conduct. Visibly agitated, he was urging his flight with surprising energy. "A glance at the robber revealed the cause of the change. The eagle had turned, and again was in pursuit. The hawk seemed almost frantic in its strug-

gles to escape. A torrent of cries, screams, maledictions, imprecations, poured from his throat. He vainly beat the air, flying now higher, now lower, now straight forward.

"The eagle came down upon him in swifter flight, causing us to wonder as to the cause of the pursuit.

"In a few moments he came almost in contact with his fleeing victim, with in contact with his fleeing victim, with outstretched talons, and poising himself above the hawk, as if to tear him in pieces, he uttered a loud shrill scream Instantly we saw, leaving the claws of the hawk, a second fish, much larger than the first. The eagle did not see it until it had fallen a hundred feet. Design of the contact of tanti it had latich a hundred leet. Desisting at once from his threatened attack, and half closing his wings, he plunged swiftly downward below the fish, turned on his back, and clutching it, bore it off in triumph.

"The hawk, with a wail of vexation and resentment, sullenly continued its

flight.

"The fact suggests a curious speculation. Did the hawk part designedly with the smaller fish? If so, it exhibited an intelligence which we have been accustomed to observe only in beings of much higher order."—Youth's Com-

A Case of Suspended Animation.

Emil Bausch, of Williamsburg, N. ime from heart disease, sat down to his dinner table one day recently, seemingly in his usual health. After partaking eartily of the viands placed before him he rose from the table, but was taken ith what he thought a fainting fit, and said he felt sick; then, throwing up his hands, he fell on the floor. The family boroughly startled, though they had ong been expecting such an occurrence nastened to his relief and bore him to sofa, where after two or three efforts to articulate both respiration and pulsa ion apparently ceased. The blysician was sent for, but being absent word was left for him to call immediately on his return. Meanwhile no signs i life were visible in Mr. Bausch, and the family convinced of his death sent for an undertaker, who came and was also convinced of the death of Mr. Bausch. Before going back to his store or ice and box with which to preserv he body until the time for the funera ie attached the usual crape insignia of

eath to the front door bell. He was gone an hour, and then when he reached the house and prepared to remove the body to the box the jar of removal startled the supposed corpse into Sneezing first, he gasped for breath and in a few moments circulation that had been temporarily suspended resumed its course, and, though weak, Mr. Bausch became once more a man among the living. The family rejoiced at the recovery, overwhelmed him with attention, and even the undertaker felt pleas ure in the unusual termination to his services and joined in the congratula-tions. He quickly hastened the removal or his paraphernalia, the last thing to take down being the badge of crape from the door, which for two hours had been suspended there.

Leadville Gambling Houses. A correspondent, writing from the great Colorado mining town, says

Although there are State laws and city ordinances forbidding gambling, no effort is made to enforce either. The doors of these places stand wide open day and night, and everything is done to attract the notice of passers-by, just as if the business were a legitimate one. protected by law. There is no pretence of elegance in any of the gambling-houses which I visited in Leadville, as there is in those of Eastern watering-places or large cities. The inside of most of them is destitute of paint or plaster. The tables are plain pine ones and are surrounded by wooden chairs. The floors are covered with tobacco juice and mud, and the patrons are mostly roughly clad miners, who play a small or a large game as money is plenty or searce with them. In a prominent place in each saloon there is a bar which is always well patronized; in the larger places there are two bars. One-half or or one-third of each gambling-house is separated from the remainder by a low railing and is set apart for keno. Around the sides of the remainder are tables upon which are played faro, high hall poker, rouge et noir, hazard, etc In the rear of each place a private room is partitioned off for the accommodation f persons who wish to "fight the tiger" a private. In the public room the play is generally for comparatively small sums; chips are sold for from ten cents to one dollar each, and the bets rarely exceed five dollars. In the daytime the gambling saloors at Leadville are almost descreed, out at night and on Sundays they are constantly thronged.

NO. 22.

Little Barbara. Pretty Barbara, ripe and red, With sweet small mouth like the bee And full of nectar and honey-dew; so pretty a thing, I dare not swear To the art of the ribbon that ties her hair

Or the buckle that binds her shoe; So like her each trinket she has to wear, It seems just as if it grew, Like a rose in its petals and pollen dust, That wears its beauty because it must, And something like Barbara, too.

s she dips her small tin backet in The little fountain of woven glass, .ike webs that the spiders weave and spin To hang on the shining blades of grass, A face as bright and happy as hers, In the nets of the silken gossamers,

Looks out of the water's smooth eclipse As it it was happy to hold within it The soft verbena red of her lips, and kiss and caress her just for a minute In the arms of the dimples, smooth and still Ere it goes and soberly turns the mill.

For life to her in the honey-dew Is nothing yet but the wayside spring, Between the upper and under blue, That makes a fiction of everything, As perfectly like as if it grew;

The shape of her small sweet self a minute, From the bow in the hair to the tie of her To know that the marvelous shadows mean The simple inner beauty that shows

And she is too happy to see within it

But now in the color of a rose, And now like the water's smooth celipse In hearts that hold her picture still,

As we go and soberly turn the mill. Harper's Magazine

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

What women are doing-Men.-Earl

One-third of all the coffee sold in the United States is said to be adulterated. The Countess de Montijo, mother of the ex-Empress Eugenie, is eighty-two, and was much afflicted at her grandson's

The parlor matches of the winter now rest their heads together over the front gate, and the moon makes light of it.— The People.

A beheaded Kansas rooster still lives after several months of decapitation. He is fed at the throat, and is in good health. The head was cut off at the base of the brain without injuring the spinal

At Kansas City, Mo., Andre Christol, a "champion wrestler," wrestled with and defeated a man who had been traveling through the country and engaging in wrestling matches under his (Christol's) name. Ex-Governor Tilden's summer home

at Yonkers, N. Y., is known as "Greystone." The grounds cover thirty-three acres, including lawn, meadow and forest. The massion and grounds, which are leased by Mr. Tilden, cost Darwin is as straight as a dart and as robust as an oak. He looks hale and hearty enough to live 100 years and

ambition to the completion of two works he has begun. One is the life of his grandfather, who was an illustrious doc or, and the other is a work on vegetable Field bakeries form part of the train of nearly every European army. Despite these arrangements, it has in recent wars been frequently found impossible

ore. It is said he now confines his

to supply the large armics with fresh bread from day to day, and it seems likely that the attempt to do so will be bandoned, and biscuit issued instead of oread. A heavy rain-storm suddenly swelled a Dakota mountain stream to a torrent, and David Morton, arriving at its bank with his wife in a wagon, found that he could not cross. Desiring to get rid of Mrs. Morton, he threw her into the stream and drove the horse in after her, letting both drown. A coroner's jury was about to decide that the woman had been accidentally killed, when a detective arrived with the news that there

and he confessed the murder.

were marks of a struggle beside the stream. This overwhelmed Morton,

The Fete of St. Fiacre. Not the least interesting of the many urious customs of the world is the fete elebrated annually in France, in honor of St. Finere. The saint is the especial patron of flower dealers and gardeners, and the festival, which occurs in Sep ember, is celebrated throughout France, with great honor and beauty; no ornanents, however, being allowed, unless composed of flowers and evergreens.

On the day of St. Fiaere Paris is a wilderness of flowers, every doorpost, pillar and portico being twined with gay wreaths. The tables are loaded with bouquets, and wreaths are about all the wine cups, and pendant from the ceiling of every public room. A castle, built entirely of the most fragrant flowers, enshrines the small, mean-looking statue which is his saintship, St. Fiacre. All the gardeners contribute to this grand castle, which is a wonderful piece of architecture. There are pillars, pyra-mids, domes, temples and arcades, all of the most magnificent description. All the floral beauties of the flower dealers and gardeners are brought out to pay homage to the patron saint.

The saint does not always appear the

same. Sometimes the insignificant statue is arrayed in rich apparel, and wears a superb crown of flowers; sometimes he is dressed as an old man, sometimes as a tonsored monk, while again he is not adorned in any way. His name always appears in letters of brilliant flowers beneath the riche where he is enshrined. and, also, the words, "Priez pour nous!"
It is the usual custom, on the first day of the fete, to bear the flower eastle and its ugly little image to the church, at the head of a grand procession. There grand nass is celebrated, and the cure blesses the image in his most solemn manner. Upon the altar are laid offerings of beau-tiful flowers and rare fruits, and the church walls are festooned with flowers, while bunches of ripe and luscious grapes are twined about the altar rail-When mass is over, the castle and saint are borne from door to door, and every one is asked to contribute money. The sum thus obtained pays the ex-penses of a grand ball, to which all the florists and gardeners have free admit-tance, and this winds up the celebration of the saint's birthday.—Portland Tran