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**Lessons on the Way.**  
Starting from the cradle  
Toward the grave below,  
Treading in the footsteps  
Made so long ago;  
Do we note the landmarks  
All along the way?  
Do we stop to gather  
Wisdom, day by day?  
Do we see the rivers  
Made of human tears?  
Swelled by evil passions  
Fed by cruel fears?  
If so, are we stronger  
Battling with the foe?  
Are we hourly growing  
Wiser as we go?  
Do we heed the breakers  
With their sullen roar?  
Do we see the timbers  
Strewn along the shore?  
Wrecks of human greatness  
Foundered in a night—  
Do we mind our rudder  
Better for the sight?  
Beneath lights are shining  
From the hills and towers;  
Angel voices calling  
In the darkest hours!  
Let us heed the warning,  
All along the way—  
Let us gather wisdom  
While we watch and pray!

## THE DAISY'S PROPHECY.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief, doctor, lawyer—there Julia, my fate is at last decided. Three times the daisy has said I am to marry a lawyer; so let me hear no more about Luke Hartwell's well-stocked farm; or the significance of Squire Day's glance at our pew at church;" and Kate Morrison looked up into her elder sister's face and laughed merrily. Julia's annoyed expression was very amusing to her. "You are as usual," said Mrs. Bertram in a tone of vexation. "Not a day passes that you do not get some new freak into your head; and you are as persistent and stubborn in clinging to it as a mule." "A mule," said Kate, as her sister hesitated for a comparison. "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings, Julia; you know I am hardened to scoldings, and willing to concede that I do cling to an idea with tolerable firmness. But I always did believe in telling fortunes by the June daisies, and I am mortally certain that I shall marry a lawyer. I shall wait for him in the city, as a badger when he comes along, and again Kate laughed, tossing her long curls with a determined motion of her small head.

"I don't know where you ever obtained such notions, Kate," said Julia, whose fair brow was still drawn with its vexed expression. "I am sure mother has taken the same pains in your bringing up as she did in mine, and tried to instill into your mind the right ideas of woman's duty. And yet, here you are twenty-three unmarried and unsettled. Why, I was engaged to Charles when I was only nineteen and married at twenty."

"But then you had such a good offer, Julia. There are not many men like Charles."

"The wife's face wore a serene expression, again as her sister said this, tribute to the manly excellence of the absent husband.

"But you seem so hard to suit, Kate," she argued; "I am sure Luke Hartwell is a very fine man, and I would be civil to him; and there Squire Day, who is as rich as a prince and owns the finest span of horses in the county."

"I wouldn't marry a man for the sake of his horses," said Kate, setting her lips firmly together.

"But you would learn to love him for himself after a time, Kate."

"I'm afraid it would be a very long time, Julia. The old scarecrow wears false teeth, and his eyes are cross red-headed, uninteresting children. I know I couldn't do my duty to them."

"But suppose mother should die, Kate? Luke Hartwell will have the farm in one, and you will be left penniless."

"I will teach the district school when that happens," said Kate, cheerily. "The daisy is one of the trustees, and he would see that I got it if I was just the least bit pleasant to him."

"Very well," said Julia, now really flushed with anger. "Go your own way. The doctor said last week that mother was breaking up very fast indeed, and you will feel sorry for your obnoxious when you see Luke Hartwell in possession of this place."

"Oh, my lawyer will come along before that evil day comes," said Kate.

"It is of no use to cross your own house, Julia. The daisy has said you will have faith in its prophecy. I felt sure I was not doomed to be the wife of Luke Hartwell, or the second Mrs. Day."

The sisters had now crossed the meadow, where the daisy had been found by Kate, and were within the sweet old garden of Bower Farm. Julia went at once into the house, but Kate stood under an old gnarled apple tree, and looked around her. Was this dear old place with its wealth of fruit and flowers to pass away from them, and become the property of Luke Hartwell? It seemed hard that at the mother's death it should not become the property of her daughters. The cottage was half-moth-eaten, and in creeping roses, white and red, sweet honeysuckle and passion-flowers. Three old oak trees mounted guard in front, and at the back stretched out the old orchard, in which Julia and Kate had played in childhood. The commodious barn, the airy stable and the grass-grown farmyard were all dear to Kate's heart from long association with her life. The farm had belonged to Mr. Andrew Hartwell, an uncle of Luke's. He had loved Mary Penrose, but she had given her heart and hand to Arthur Morrison, who had led her a sad life for twelve years and, dying, left her penniless. Andrew Hartwell had not married. He had remained an old bachelor for the sake of his early love, and when he found that she had been left forlorn and poor, with two little daughters, the younger only a year old, he installed her at once on Bower Farm, and at his death left it to her for life; then it was to revert to Luke, Andrew's brother's child. This decree was only just; yet it seemed hard to Kate, who had lived here twenty-two years and loved every stick and stone on the place. She was who managed the dairy and poultry-yard;

who hired men to farm the land and made money enough to support herself and mother comfortably. Mrs. Morrison's days of activity were long past. She had managed the farm with great executive ability until rheumatism crippled and confined her to an easy chair, and the farm had gone into Kate's willing hands. Julia, who was older by nine years, had grown up and married; but every summer saw her at Bower Farm with her two children. She found it both convenient and economical to pay her mother and sister a journey during the hot weather, and Kate's happy disposition made her a general favorite in the neighborhood, but in spite of much attention from the sterner sex she was still single, which Julia seemed to think a disgrace to herself and family. But Kate only laughed at her arguments and snubbed Luke Hartwell on every occasion, and was deaf to the compliments of Squire Day, who had singled her out as the one best qualified to administer to the wants and undertake the education of his six auburn-headed olive branches.

The month of June was fast passing away, and the roses were blooming more luxuriantly than ever, and sending their fragrance into the kitchen where Kate was kneading bread, when Luke Hartwell came over the meadow with shambling gait, determined to try his fate, and make a last effort to see her.

Kate's sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and her arms were white with flour, but she was not at all embarrassed by Luke's appearance.

"Good afternoon," she said, shaking back the curls which were drooping over her face. "Will you stay out here, Luke, or shall I call Julia to take you into the parlor? It's none too cool out here."

"Well, sit down and make yourself as comfortable as you can. I am too busy to talk, but I can listen well enough."

But now Luke did not know how to begin his tale of love. He had prepared a long speech in his mind as he walked over the meadow, but every vestige of it had flown from his memory at the first sight of Kate. He therefore twisted his fingers backward and forward in a nervous manner, moved his chair half a dozen times, and coughed repeatedly before he could summon courage to speak.

"Kate," he said at length, with a kind of choked gasp, "I've been intending to come to see you for some time back."

"I believe you were here only yesterday," replied Kate, coldly. "Oh, was it?" stammered Luke, "but I've come for a different purpose to-day."

"I don't see what you expect," said Luke, and he blushed crimson as he made what he thought a neat speech.

"Very kind of you, Luke, I'm sure; but it isn't yours yet, so I don't see how I can accept it from you."

"I see you won't understand me, Kate; and I'd better be plain in my speech. I have had a liking for you for a good many years, and I believe I'd like to have you as my wife, and you would find it in the county."

Kate made no reply, and the drooping curls concealed her laughing face. Encouraged by her silence, Luke proceeded.

"You shall dress equal to any woman round here, and I'll make you a present of that coat I'm breaking. You know I ain't poor, and you shall live as well as anybody in these parts."

"I made sure you would have me, Luke, and I'll wait, and try again after a spell."

"No, it would be useless to try again," interrupted Kate. "The fact is, Luke, I am going to marry a lawyer."

"I am going to marry a lawyer," she said, with a pucker of her rose lips at Luke's uncomely amazement at hearing the information.

"A lawyer!" he exclaimed. "Well, that does beat all! And I never even knew you were receiving letters from any lawyer when you were in the family, was in her opinion, really criminal."

"You are crazy, Kate. Haven't I warned you over and over that you will be left penniless, old and faded at mother's death? You will be an old maid, and no one will have you then—oh good heavens, what do you expect?"

"I expect my lawyer," coolly answered Kate, patting the smooth leaves of bread in the pan.

"That is the craziest notion of all. I give you credit for more common sense than to believe in such trash. It is really too ridiculous to talk about."

"Then don't talk about it," said Kate.

"I am not anxious to hear your eloquent harangues on my poor little daisy prophecy, my dear."

"But you can't mean that you will throw away good chances for the sake of a silly notion."

"I mean that I will wait for my lawyer," said Kate, still smiling.

"How you cling to that idea! I've no patience with you at all. If Luke had been a lawyer, would you have married him? Come, let's see how much you really think of that idea."

"I didn't say I'd have any lawyer," answered Kate. "I mean to choose my own lawyer, and I'll pull every leaf off the daisy, and it'll be the last one a lawyer; so a lawyer it will be; and I mean to wait for my lawyer until my lawyer comes."

"Horrors!" cried Julia. "don't use that detestable word again. I am utterly sick of it. I hope I'll never more see a lawyer of the profession."

Kate laughed out loud as her sister fled to the parlor, worsted in the battle.

The first week of July came, and one fine day when the sun was shining in the west, Squire Day drove up to the front gate of Bower Farm, hitched his horses—they were certainly handsome creatures—and entering the house asked to see Miss Kate. Julia saw the arrival;

and leaning over the railing at the head of the stairs, heard the question. She knew at once what was meant by it; she knew on what errand the portly squire had come, and she prayed that Kate would not throw away this second chance of settling herself advantageously. Squire Day was able to buy Bower Farm three times over and would give her like it, as far as money was concerned.

Kate went into the parlor without even a glance in the glass to see if her appearance would be apt to please her visitor. She knew as soon as she saw the old man's appearance, the halcyon, and the new suit of broadcloth he wore, and the general aspect of the whole man, that he had come to ask her a very important question. And she was not mistaken. A brief but impressive manner Squire Day offered her his name and heart.

Julia kept her head out of the window until the squire came forth. She had a full view of him, and knew his dejected aspect that he had been refused. This was a little too much! Kate described a serious reprimand now; and prepared to deliver it, Julia ran down stairs and met her sister in the hall.

"So you've rejected the squire," well, you've taken your own stubborn, foolish course, Kate Morrison, and you'll have no more to say to me when you are an old maid with your pretty looks all gone."

"I won't spend much time thanking myself," said Kate. "I will buy a bottle of 'Bloom of Youth,' and paint my cheeks, and go to work at the district school."

"Kate; you may laugh now; but you won't laugh so much ten years from now. Squire Day is so rich, and those lovely horses!"

"And lovely red-headed children," interrupted Kate.

"What matters the color of their hair. The squire is rich, and loves you, and would give you an elegant home. Good-bye, and don't expect to see me."

"I expect my lawyer," was the laughing answer.

Kate! I told you never to mention that word again. I have no patience with such folly. You refuse Luke Hartwell; you refuse Squire Day. Do you think a prince is coming to woo you? What can you be waiting for?"

"Waiting for my lawyer," answered Kate, and Julia went out, slamming the door behind her in a manner that spoke volumes.

A few days after the squire's call, Kate received an invitation from an old school-mate who lived in a town a dozen miles from Bower Farm to pay her a visit, and she consented to leave the farm affairs for a week, and so Kate went off for a holiday, and was gone ten days.

"I have news for you Kate," said Julia, as she sat at the table the evening of Kate's return home. "Your lawyer has actually come at last."

"I knew he would come sooner or later," said Kate.

"Well, he is here; or rather, is staying at the Farmers' Rest in the village."

"Who is he?" asked Kate, with an appearance of interest.

"A Mr. Alfred Pendexter from the city. He is to be here a couple of days, and he knows the law, and is quite well, and came out here the evening of the day you left to call on me. He is full of fun, and you will be sure to like him."

Kate did like him. He, too, was very friendly and kind. He was tall, handsome, and a thorough gentleman, and a favorite everywhere. He came often to Bower Farm, and when the fall was throwing her brown mantle over her shoulders, she told Kate that he had learned to play the piano, and was a better player than she had given Squire Day and Luke Hartwell.

"Now, Julia, I told you I should marry a lawyer, and here he is, when she announced her engagement to her elder sister.

"Well, I am very glad you have found him. I didn't believe you would, but I wish you much joy and a speedy wedding."

"He is to return to his law office next week," replied Kate. "But in December he is to come and take me away. I shall believe more firmly than ever in daisy fortune-telling after this, and shall never forget to pick one every June."

In December Kate was married, and her dress was trimmed with daisies—artificial, of course—and a bunch of the pretty white and gold flowers was at her throat. Mr. Pendexter smiled as he saw them, and said, "I don't see how you got so many of them."

"I don't know," she said, "but I have had a very good fortune."

They went at once to the pretty home in the city which the young husband had made ready for his bride, and over the quiet elegance which Kate went into ecstasies.

One morning, when they were fairly settled in their new home, Kate told Alfred that she wanted to walk down town with him to see his law-office.

"You had better go from your own home, Kate. I have ledgers by the dozen, and nothing pertaining to the law. You can see all the grain and hay you want, though."

"Why, Alfred, what do you mean?" asked Kate, pale with surprise.

"That I am not a lawyer, my dear, but a commission merchant. Let me explain this mystery: I went to the Farmers' Rest to stay a couple of months, and indulge myself in hunting and fishing. I called on your sister, and she told me all about you, and your fancy concerning the lawyer. With no thought of ever becoming more than a friend to you, I proposed passing myself off as a lawyer, and went to court, and in search of rest. After I learned to love you I would have told you my real occupation, but Julia begged me not to do so, saying that you were too full of notions for me to risk it. I don't believe that, dear; but since it was a harmless deception, I consented to keep it up until after I had married you. Perhaps I had a faint idea of being a second Lord Burleigh. Do you feel very sorry I hoaxed you, Kate?"

"No; I don't care at all. I love you now, so it makes no difference to me what your business is."

"But you will never again believe in daisies," she said.

"Indeed I shall, she cried, with energy. "How could the poor little daisy tell if I was to have a bogus or a genuine lawyer?"—*Florence H. Birney, in Domestic Monthly.*

**TIMELY TOPICS.**

It is estimated that the evangelical work of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the United States, reaches 800,000 non-communicants, 60,000 college students and 100,000 commercial travelers. It is also officially stated that work is being done for the benefit of 500,000 who speak the German language alone, and of 500,000 young colored men.

The councils for the settlement of trade disputes in France in their last year considered 35,046 cases. Of this number 25,534 were heard in private, and a reconciliation was effected in 18,415 (seventy-one per cent.); 7,535 could not be reconciled, and were remitted for hearing to the general council, and 1,096 were referred to the arbitration board of the councils. As to the causes of dispute, 21,388 cases were relative to wages; 4,733 to dismissal, and 1,795 to matters affecting apprentices.

An old Bible is now in a bookstore in Albany that was picked up by a Union soldier in the streets of Frederickburg on December 14, 1862. The soldier gave it to his chaplain, who forwarded it to Albany, and there it has been ever since. It is a Latin Bible that was printed in the year 1500. The first person of the book is the name of a man who represented about the size of a bread cracker, Moses is invariably pictured as having horns.

The Western Michigan Methodist Conference at its recent meeting gave unmistakable expression to its sentiments on the use of tobacco by the unanimous adoption of the following resolutions: First—That hereafter no young man using tobacco in any form coming us a candidate for the ministry, shall be received into this conference. Second—That those members of this conference already addicted to the use of tobacco are exhorted to desist from it in public and in private, and if persons who are made use of it. Third—That all circuits and missions are advised not to send delegates to this conference hereafter who are users of tobacco. Fourth—That no local preachers shall be ordained an elder who use tobacco.

Emigration to the United States will reach for the current year about 160,000. In nine months the number of emigrants from France has amounted to less than half that of the corresponding months of the whole year. This is inferential proof that the French are too well off at home to make emigration desirable, a fact which is a direct result of the fruitfulness of the soil, and the abundance of the enormous benefits of a subdivision of landed property among millions of small proprietors who till their own grounds, live in their own houses, raise their own food, and are not dependent on the producing landlords, contribute liberally to the support of a wise government and repose in contented industry literally under their own vines and fig trees.

Yes, and from these conditions come no one to monopolize the results of their thrift and toil.

Scientists are just learning that man hears as much through his mouth as through his ears. The roof of a person's mouth, and the skull entirely are mirrors, and reflect the sounds of the excellent properties, and serve as valuable assistants to the tympanum. Hence it is that deaf persons are now being materially aided in hearing, by discarding the ear, and using the mouth as a hearing better apparatus—the audiphone—a new-invented, fan-shaped instrument held between the teeth. The results are marvelous. With it all persons possessing the auditory nerve may hear, though the ears may be of no service. Many who have passed as deaf and dumb, now converse with the aid of the new instrument. The deaf hear, the blind see, and the aged call the age of miraculous inventions.

Crime is rampant and misery unprecedented in Paris at present. "The series of crimes," says the *Parisian*, "which have been committed in Paris during the last few months, are of a constant succession, has hitherto failed to attract attention to the misery of this great city. Foreigners who come here and walk about the boulevards and the squares, and the streets, only see the bright life of Paris. They only see the La Villette, Montmartre, Saint-Ouen, the Quartier-Mouffetard, and the banks of the Bievre. They do not see the children in rags, huddled up in damp holes, and the old men, who, for want of fermentation of rotting ordure. The Parisians themselves see this misery, and if you speak to them about it they reply with an incredulous 'Is it possible that you should see this?' From these criminals—the Tropmanns, the Prevosts, the Abadies and Gilles. In no city in Europe is social reform more needed than it is in Paris. The Mont-de-Piété, the hospitals, the relieving offices, and the workhouses, and the various asreshouses were created by fallen dynasties. To say that they are defective is to say very little."

**Kangaroo Tongues.**

A new Australian delicacy is finding its way into the London markets in the shape of dried kangaroo tongues. The tails and skins of these animals have long been utilized for making soup, the latter for leather; and the recent enormous destruction of kangaroos has given considerable impetus to these two trades. Struck by the waste of food occasioned by the slaughter of so many thousands of these mammals, whose bodies are frequently left alone to rot where they have fallen, a Warroo settler made an experiment in curing the tongues of some of the slain, and so highly were they approved that a considerable trade has sprung up in this commodity. The tongues are usually cured by drying in smoke like the Russian reindeer tongues; but a much better plan is to preserve them in tins, like sheep and ox tongues from America. Tongues lend themselves to this treatment better than almost any other portion of an animal, and they stand excessive boiling better than beef or mutton. —*The Colonist and India.*

**Be Patient, Wait.** Don't fret over last summer's ice bill. Scientists tell us that in 17,000,000 years ice sixteen feet thick will entirely envelope this planet, and then the ice man's extortions will end. —*Saturday Night.*

**FOR THE FAIR SEX.**

**Fashion Notes.**  
The fashionable man is quite small. Jet ornaments are beautiful on black hair.  
Suits are much trimmed in apron shape.  
Gold-embroidered lace is among fresh extravaganzas.  
Quillings of different kinds are much used as trimmings.  
Brunettes are wearing ties and neckerchiefs of bright turquoise yellow.  
Astrich feathers in contrasting shades, are now found to match the changeable silk.  
Colored chenille fringes, finished with cashmere beads, are among new trimmings for costly dresses.  
All sorts of crawling things, lizards, spiders, beetles, frogs and centipede-like, as well as serpents, are reproduced in jewelry.  
The richest toilettes are of black satin and silk profusely decorated with jet embroideries, fringes and passementeries.  
A coquettish addition to a set of furs is a bag to be worn at the side. When the suit is fur trimmed a fur belt may be added also.  
Engagement bracelets are sometimes substituted for rings. They fasten with a golden padlock and the lover wears the key at his watch chain.  
Long neckties of bright colored silk, embroidered on the ends, have again appeared, and will be more popular than it has ever been before.  
White is much worn by young ladies in the evening. Cream and ivory white are much used. The materials are faille, cachemire, light cloth and muslin.  
Some of the new morning dresses have the front breadths opened to show the neck and shoulders, and are made with "house waists and panier sashes."  
Short waists are predicted as among coming styles. In that case the "slim slip of a girl," who has reigned so long, will retire in favor of her more plump sister.  
The fine shirtings used on underclothing, are separated into plain bands about a tenth of an inch wide, and stitched on both sides so that they are as firm as cords.  
Broad head laces and head embroideries are used for side trimmings upon dresses, separating the back from the front, or for the back of mantles or the front of bodices.  
Pretty little black silk chateleine pockets are painted on the upper side with a single flower or a bouquet of roses, lilies and other flowers, and bordered with other favored flowers.  
The finest variety of the season in millinery is what is known as the "feather" bonnet. This is composed almost wholly of mounted feathers taken from the necks of pheasants, at least half a dozen of which are required for one bonnet.  
The birds that find most favor are of the parrot species, with long bills and very gay plumage, in which there is yellow, green and red, and these colors are much seen in the cashmere combination. Dragon flies of brilliant colors are for the same reason popular ornaments.  
Recently imported fans are of silk and satin in all the new colors, and also white and black with hand embroideries in artistic leaf and flower designs and jardiniere colors, and bordered with double or triple row of feathers colored to match the embroideries; the sticks are of carved ebony.  
Harper's *Bazar* says that in New York the eclair (or victorin), with long wide ends in front to cover the chest is like a glove, except the buttons, which are often striking, always handsome.  
Queen Victoria's income is over \$2,000,000 a year.  
A London physician lately advertised in the *Times* for a lady housekeeper, offering liberal terms, and received 1,100 applicants.  
There are now five ladies in the school of theology of the Boston University. In the college of liberal arts there are eleven ladies in the freshman class.  
An English school board has expelled an eight-year old pupil who came to school with ornamental beads in her ears, and a Philadelphia private school teacher refused to readmit a girl who had been playing in the juvenile "Pinafore" company during the summer.  
Miss Alice S. Hooper, of Boston, left \$100,000 worth of property by will to friends and public institutions. She gave \$1,000 each to the Boston training school for nurses and the Bethesda Society, of Boston. The rest of her valuable property she bequeathed to personal friends and relatives.  
Mrs. Mattie Potts, who in May last left Baltimore for New Orleans, has returned, having made the whole distance on foot. She averaged twenty-one miles a day, wore out five suits of clothes, "didn't spend a cent," was entertained free at all hotels and eating houses, received innumerable presents and sent her trunk ahead of her by express all the way "without charge."  
The King of Siam, appreciating the results of the English education of his childhood, is giving the same advantages to his own children. Princess Civil, his bright, clever ten-year old daughter, receives from an accomplished English lady regular instruction in French, English and German, music, dancing and drawing. The queen, her mother, takes great interest in the lessons, and is so pleased with foreign ways that she wishes to adopt the European dress.  
The poor authorities of Dover and Canterbury, England, are greatly puzzled over a supposed Japanese girl who was recently found wandering about the streets of the latter city. No one

there or in Dover being able to converse with her, she was sent to London. The Japanese consul of that city says that there is no similarity between her language and that of Japan. The girl and her story remain mysterious. As no one will support the poor stranger "in a strange land," the authorities send her from one city to another.

**Two Children's Trip in a Balloon.**  
When Mr. John Wise, of Philadelphia, was lost in his balloon called "The Pathfinder," the newspapers printed many accounts of trips made into the air, some by brave men and some by foolish ones. A lady who lives in the town of Centralia, Ill., did nothing until all the rest were through talking. Then she told the editor of the *St. Louis Republican* to look into the number of the *Republican* that was printed on the 21st of September, 1856. The editor looked and found an account of how two little children took a trip in a balloon all by themselves. On that day an aeronaut or sailor of the air, named Mr. Brooks, filled a balloon with gas from the farm of a Mr. Harvey, who lived near Centralia. He expected to sail up in the afternoon. About midnight Mr. Harvey put his two children into the basket of the balloon with gas on them and not thinking for a moment of any danger. The balloon was tied to a tree by ropes. All at once a gust of wind broke the ropes and the balloon shot up into the sky with nobody but the two children in it. None of the neighbors was wild with grief and shouted aloud, "They're lost! they're lost!" All the neighbors ran to the spot, only to see the balloon drifting off to the north and more than a mile away from the children was a girl, Nettie, eight years old, and the other was her little brother, Willie, four years old. Both cried when they found themselves leaving the ground and going on a very, very strange journey indeed. Nettie looked over the edge of the basket and saw her father wringing his hands away below. Soon the people looked to her smaller than a child, and the houses like toy houses. She and Willie were going up, up, up all the time. "I expect we are going to heaven, Willie," said Nettie. Willie thought it was very cold in heaven, then, for the higher they went the colder it grew. None of the gates of heaven that she had heard about in Sunday-school. But Nettie fell asleep, too. When she awoke she found that some strange man was lifting her from Glasgow, says that while on a farmer in Northern Illinois, who had seen a balloon drifting low down across his field. The rope was dragging, and so he caught it and landed the children near his house. The boy and girl were night. Nettie and Willie's father soon learned that they had been found, and took them home two days afterward. Nettie is now a woman—the very same one who was the editor of the *Republican* to look back in his files for the story.

**The Sea-Serpent Shows Himself.**  
Fourth Officer F. G. Rowell, of the steamship *Anchorage*, of the Anchor line, which arrived at New York port from Glasgow, says that while on a Newfoundland bank, he saw a sea-serpent, which he estimates to have been fully as long as the steamship. According to "Lloyd's Shipping Record," the *Anchorage* is 400 feet long. Rowell was walking the bridge at four bells in the afternoon watch, when he noticed a disturbance in the water about a mile distance from the port beam. At first he thought the motion was caused by a school of porpoises, but on closer observation, he changed his mind. When he looked through a pair of strong glasses he saw the head and a portion of the body of the sea-serpent rising above the water. Portions of the back of the creature could be seen rising out of the sea at intervals as it propelled itself along on the top of the water. Its motions were similar to those of the land snake as it moves along the ground. The water in the wake of the creature had been lashed into a foam by its tail. Its head was large and contained an enormous mouth, which opened frequently and spat out large quantities of water. Its tongue, which was broad and long, could be seen at times, but no teeth or fangs were observed. The body of the serpent was round, and its color was black. It was moving in the same direction as the steamship, and at a greater rate of speed. Within five minutes it had got a little ahead of the vessel and sank down into the water and disappeared.  
Several passengers were on deck at the time. Observing the commotion on the sea, they asked Mr. Baxter, the second officer, what the thing moving in the water could be. He was able to take only a hurried glance, before he was called to his duties, but he was sure of the performance of his duties. When he returned with his glasses the creature was not in sight. Mr. Baxter says he thinks that it must have been a sea-serpent, and he places implicit reliance on the fourth officer's statement. Mr. Rowell has made marine animals the subject of study, and has always been in the existence of sea-serpents; but his desire to see one of these animals had never before been gratified.

**The Fate of Zulu Cowards.**  
What Zulu discipline and rule was, says a correspondent in South Africa, is clearly indicated by a story told by Cetewayo himself while on his way down to the place of embarkation. Pointing to a bush which he designated by the name of the Coward's bush, he informed his conductors that in front of that bush Chaka used to sit after a battle had been fought in order to hear accusations of cowardice against any of his soldiers. If a man was convicted on what seemed sufficient evidence he was expected to stand still with his left arm high above his head, while an assaesi was slowly and by degrees thrust downward from the armpit till it pierced the heart.

One cricket would stand a poor show trying to stop a railroad train, but millions of them can do it. A Western bound railroad train met an army of crickets at Clark's station, about fifteen miles west of Reno, Nev., and was detained two hours and a half trying to get through. To make the passage the train men were finally forced to take brooms and sweep the insects off the rails. The crickets covered the track for about three miles, and were driving wheels of the engine would strike them they would whirl around without going forward an inch.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

France has penny savings banks for schoolboys.  
Postal cards, now almost universal, started in 1869.  
The dentist, like the farmer may reckon his profits per acre.  
He who gives you fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.  
"Swains sing before they die." They have to, if they sing at all.  
"None but the brave deserve the name of brave."  
"None but the brave deserve the name of brave."  
The saddest words of tongue or pen.—Here's that collector of bills again.  
There is a test, plantation at George town, S. C., and it is paying its owner.  
Fifty is the youth of old age; forty the old age of youth. So says Victor Hugo.  
Cane City, Kentucky, has been shipping its strawberries of the second yield.  
In San Francisco-bay are ninety-two varieties of fish for food.  
America had 150 exhibits at the Industrial Exhibition at Sydney, Australia.  
A new kind of sweet potato is cultivated in Kern county, Cal., picked specimens of which weigh from fifteen to eighteen and twenty-two pounds.  
Enterprising miners are mining gold on the ocean beach in Curry county, Oregon. The gold is found in deposits of black sand on or near the beach.  
Lettuce in writing in Great Britain goes largely ahead of this country, it being thirty-one per capita here, compared with sixteen per capita here, for the past year.  
E. E. Mack, of Albany, New York has secured prospectors and is excavating a tunnel near Idaho Springs, Idaho. The tunnel will be four miles long.  
The Cincinnati Commercial gives preference to canal boats as a safe means of travel, for the reason that the boats never run off from the track, and the propelling mules seldom explode.  
Some one has invented a machine for breaking the cancus into a mass of white, elastic fiber, which will be used in making mattresses. It is said the cost of mattresses will be reduced forty per cent.  
France, Germany, Italy Austria and Switzerland have agreed that their embassies and consulates shall send home indigent persons of their respective nationalities at half the ordinary railway fares.  
It is pleasant for a man to go early to a church service, and then sit in the parlor and listen to every fresh mail arrival knock his new silk off the top peg in the hat rack, down to the floor.—*Housekeeper.*  
The Norristown Herald tells a good story about a man who purchased an alarm clock one day and returned it the next afternoon. He said that it made such an awful racket in the morning that he couldn't sleep.  
"No boy of ordinary ability, who has to make the buck-saw and ax, and furnish the family with fire-wood, will think of going to work before he has selected a convenient place where he can hide the knots that split hard."—*Oswego Times.*  
The new machine for the manufacture of paper boxes, which threatens to revolutionize the important Birmingham trade, has just been introduced by a company in Cleveland, Ohio. A single machine is capable of producing 15,000 complete boxes a day.  
A new occupation for the young men who are filling up Western Texas, seeking their fortunes, is to start "goose ranches." One ranch has 3,000 geese, whose feathers are plucked every two months for the market. A goose is worth a half a year, the feathers being worth fifty cents a pound.  
News comes from Peru, that an American, knowing in the geology of coal oil, has discovered more and better petroleum oil in that country than Pennsylvania has. The petroleum is a fine quality, with boring tools in hand, he has more flowing wells than he can handle. He is making a fine quality of illuminating oil, and he has sent East for men, means and appliances.  
**Rhymes, Funeral and Hymenaeal.**  
It has long been the federal custom among the members of the society in New York to append a poetic tag to the news paper announcement of the death of a relative. The verse is not, as a rule, very good; but the sentiment is sincere and of a tenderly respectful nature. A recent example called for in the columns of the New York Herald. After recording the death of Isaac Florence, a child aged three years and eight months, the bereaved parents add two verses, of which we quote the second:  
Fold away those little clothes,  
The earth is now his home;  
He's no more on earth to need them,  
He has climbed the golden stair.  
Underneath is gravely written by way of postscript, "He has gone to meet his grandmother." There is a pathetic underlying in the rude rhymes which tapers them from the earth. But we cannot observe without protest a nascent practice of invoking the family muse on the occasion of weddings. It has come to pass, notably in Michigan, that no wedding is complete without a poetic address from the parents, which is appended to the customary newspaper announcement of the ceremony. To quote one example from a score: Mr. Oliver Hill, of Davisburg, marries Miss Mira Lyon, of Medina. The event is announced in the form in the local papers, with the addition of the following verse:  
Oliver, you have from her childhood's home  
Our prize taken;  
May she by you be no forsaken,  
And may her love to you prove always true  
And unshaken.  
It must be admitted that this is not a cheerful marriage hymn. There is a tone of melancholy running through it—a prevision of evil pervading it not calculated to raise the spirits of a bride. On the threshold of life Oliver is marked with the suspicion of intent presently to abandon the girl whom the first line leads us to fear he has forcibly abducted. This may be due to a tinge of melancholy in the constitution of the parents. Persons of more sanguine nature, would have taken a brighter view of things. But, apart from particular instances, the growth of the custom is to be deplored. A new error would unquestionably be added to matrimonial relationship if on his wedding-day a man's father and mother-in-law were, like Sir Walter Wegg, expected to drop into poetry.—*London News.*