

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879.

Ripe Apples.

Apples red and apples fair; See them lying here and there, In the market, on the stand, Every where throughout the land. How the children love to eat Apples ripe and rosy!

A Turn of Fortune's Wheel.

The air was freighted with the faint scent of mastic, of masses of cream-white bloom shone everywhere. Nora Leonard, leaning from the window, pale and weary, hated the heavy fragrance. She knew she could never now see the castle, the faintest hint of that subtle odor without a sudden vision of all the suspense, the pain, the crushed hopes, the despair, that had wrung her heart since she entered the place.

woman, setting her bowl down and touching Philip Leonard's brow and hands; "do not change, my lamb, do not change do not come to me, do not let me see you planetary ball, do not change—eat."

ety. There was no troublesome questioning, no doubt, no apparently, in the minds of the solicitors about her claim. She had grown, and she was now no longer a cowering and trembling before her own conscience any more. She began at once to consult about the best treatment for her child. The city was ringing with one name just then—a name that had thrilled her heart in the old time, that had power to thrill it still. She held back for a while for the sake of those old days. She scarcely dared to face the past in the person of Dr. Nicol Collamer; but when her child's health is in question a mother forgets everything.

haunted spirit, there was no rest for her. The avenger was on her track, she felt, and a few days' work would be over—whirl! the force, and the longing. Her imagination, fevered and unnatural, went into vague speculations about that other heir—the true one, whom she had defrauded. Why was she that she dared to say, "My need is greater than mine?" Who knew what misery her hand had wrought? Perhaps there was poverty of the direct kind in that household, sickness, privation, death even, that money and care might have averted. How many had she murdered? She wondered, with a sickening pang; how many hearts had she wrung, how many hopes shattered? She trembled to walk among graves all those terrible days till the end came. It came one day at sunset—a sunset of rare beauty, when the clouds opened and a glory glistened through.

The Child on the Door-Step. "Did she leave any children?" "Yes, this bit of a child." "A whole lot?" "I don't know. We are all very poor around here, sir, but we must find her a place somewhere. God help the little girl, for she's all alone now!"

INDIANA CLAIMS. The number of packages of tomatoes put up in the United States last year reached the great total of 19,968,000; Maryland leading off with 6,840,000; New Jersey, 5,500,000; Delaware, 7,884,000; New York, 1,680,000; Massachusetts, 960,000; Pennsylvania, 182,000; Pacific coast, 1,200,000; Western and other States, 1,320,000. Yet many of the present generation can recall the time when the tomato was regarded as a curiosity.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. It is estimated that there were 36,000,000 sheep in 1878 in the United States, which produced a total of 210,000,000 pounds of wool. Indiana claims to be the banner wheat raising State this year. The crop there is placed at 55,000,000 bushels, which is about 20,000,000 more than Minnesota is credited with.