## VOL. X.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880.

### Consistency.

There a time to wake and a time to sleep, A time to sow, a time to reap; There's a time for work, a time for play, A time for haste, a time for delay: There's a time to rejoice, a time to weep, A time for the living, a time for the deep; There a time for hope and expectations, A time for fulfillment and realizations; Poor mortal, whatever thy lot may be, Cultivate flashes of consistency.

There's a time for love and a time for hate, A time to augment, a time to abate; There's a time to adhere, a time to secede, A time to wound and a time to bleed; There's a time to endure, a time to forbear, A time to do and a time to dare; There's a time for silence, a time to unfold, A time for the meek and a time for the bold; Poor mortal, whatever thy lot may be, Cultivate flashes of consistency.

There's a time to abide, a time to absterge, A time to caress and a time to scourge; There's a time to intrust, a time to decry, A time for decoy and a time to copy; There's a time for justice, a time for right, A time for pity and a time for might; There's a time for the noble, the good, and the true,

A time to gather and a time to strew; Poor mortal, whatever thy lot may be, Cultivate flashes of consistency. -Charles A. Fischer.

# The Red Flag at No. 54.

(MRS. GRAY TO MRS. THOMPSON.)

Cousin Ned from California, Nevada New Mexico, and all other places beyond the Rocky mountains, has been paying us a visit. You know just what a jolly good soul Ned always was, and he is just as jolly now—as why should he not be, with an income of six or seven thousand a year? Beside that my poor George's eighteen hundred hides its diminished head. He is handsomer than ever, too-the same merry brown eyes and chestnut hair; but, in addition, an appearance, an air so altogether distingue that our neighbors all go to their windows to gaze after him. Well, do you know the him. Well, do you know, the mo-ment heappeared I set my heart on him for our dear old friend Adelaide, who shall not waste her sweetness on the desert air if I can help it. You know I always had a fancy for matchmaking, though, to confess the truth, I have never yet scored a success in that line; ray two predestined affinities always fly off at a 'angent just as I flatter myself it is un fait accomp i (You will perceive I have not forgotten quite all the French we learned ogether at the Riverside seminary, notwithstanding my years of devotion to pies and puddings I will keep a little of it out of respect for the memory of poor Mademoiselle Laurent who worked so hard to drill it

into me). But Adelaide and Ned baye been corresponding a year or two; he speaks of her wish great respect—as how could be otherwise, of course?—and I have East may have more relation to the affairs of the heart than to miningstocks, as he pretends.

after his arrival three weeks ago, Ned and I were sitting in the dining-room a one; the children had started for school, and George had kissed me and gone downtown, after an hour's talk with Ned about ranches, and burros, and gulches, and canons Now that I was alone with our visito the conversation took a confidential turn, bordering on the sentimental, and in pursuance of the idea uppermost in my mind, I told him I thought it mysterious, providential, that he had not fallen a victim to some bonanza princess, or some bewithing senorita with no dower but her beauty.

"And by the way," I went on, " what was ever the trouble between you and the captain's daughter?" You remember of course, Julia, how much we heard at the time about that

affair-how during the war I used to read to you, even during study bours, the letters I had received from brother Jim, stationed at Fortress Monroe, giving the details, in Jim's rather satirical style, of the serious flirtation in progress between Lieutenant Ned, Company C, and Captain Darrington's pretty daughter, of the regulars? And afterward, how some way a shadow came between them-nobody could tell how, only that Ned was hasty, and had exaggerated ideas of a man's prerogatives, perhaps, and Miss Darrington proud and shy? So it was forgotten.

And now this same lieutenant, after hair-breadth escapes from shot and shell, and scalping Apaches, sat there in an easy chair by my Baltimore heater and actually turned pale because mentioned the "captain's daughter!" Love is indeed la grande passion.

He had nothing to communicate, however; bade me consider that we were always great fools at twenty-one. and likely at that time to get caught in a trap, or, on the other hand, to throw our chances of happiness away, just as it chanced to be; he became silent, and I had not the heart to rally him as he sat there watching the floating smoke of his cigar with a far-off look in his -knowing as I did that he had gone back fifteen years, and that he was walking the moonlight beach with pretty Lottie Darrington, while the hand of the regiment played in the dis-

From the sublime to the ridiculousit is always my fate, dear Julia. Barney, the fartotum of the neighborhood, tapped at the window, and as I raised the sash, "A foine morning, mum," said he; "there's a red flag out at Number 54, and I thought I'd be after comin' to tell ye. 'I's a foine house, and a foine leddy, more's the pity." You see, Barney knows my weakness, and he had seen me a lew days before an ani-mated bidder at an auction in the neighborhood. "Thank you, Barney; I think I'll be on hand," I replied, clos-

ing the window.

"A foine leddy," to be sure; I had often met her—a fair-faced woman, plainly and tastefully dressed, walking with two charming children. Her house seemed the abode of peace and comfort, so far as the passer-by could judge, and what could have compelled the breaking up of so cosy an establishment? At all events I would not stop to speculate-it was possible here was my opportunity to secure a handsome sideboard at a bargain. As I wished to be on hand in time to look through the house before the sale began, I asked Ned to have the goodness to excuse me the part of the angel without knowing it, and my one a chancefor a romantic adventure spoiled forever. It was

"Oh, I will go with you, Mrs. Too-dles," said he, quite gayly, and ran up-stairs for his hat and cane.

stairs for his hat and cane.

So off we went to No. 54, where the flaming flag announced the desecration of household gods. We were admitted by the man in charge of the sale; and such a charming abode! Not a downright curiosity shop, the effect of decorative art run mad, but such taste and ingenuity everywhere visible. People with shrewd, hard faces, boardinghouse keepers, "second-hand men," e yeing the engravings and pretty water-colors on the parlor wall, running their colors on the parlor wall, running their greasy fingers over the keys of the piano, turning chairs topsy-turvy, and shaking tables to see how firm on their legs they might be. In the bay window was a large stand of beautiful thritty plants of which I resolved to carry off at least balf. The two floors above were neat and pleasant; but it was the second story back that wrung my heart. It was the nussery. Toys and personal ar-ticles had of course been removed, but there was a pretty little bed beside the large one, and two cunning little rock-ing-chairs. The windows looked out on a pleasant garden, and here was sit-ting old Mrs. Wiggan, with whom I

had a little acquaintance. "Such a charming house," said I, "is it not a pity to break up this pretty nest? Do you know the family?" "Poor Mrs. Graham! She lived here

with her children so comfortably and happily, two or three lodgers on her upper floor, until a few months ago she lost everything by the failure of a banking-house. She had no relatives in the city; has struggled on, tried to get boarders, but the location is too remote; she sees no way but to give it up, place her children with friends in the country, and try to earn a liveli-hood by painting. She is said to be an excellent artist, though I'm no judge myself. These are all her own pictures, I believe. She is shut up in the back parlor; everything taken out of it but chair. I saw her a few minutes ago. The tears were running down her cheeks, but there she sat, bravely stitching on her children's winter clothes, sewing on the last button, and mending the last stocking-poor thing. There are the little innocents at play now in the yard."

Mrs. Wiggan herself (although she had an eye on the best chamber set) wiped away a good generous tear; my eyes were dim, and I would gladly at that moment have relinquished the best bargain in sideboards. Ned, too, the day old follow looked with the set of the set dear old fellow looked awfully sorry, as he gazed meditatively out of the window where the bright-eyed little girl and the boy with fair long curls window where the bright-eyed little girl and the boy with fair long curls were loading dirt into a tiny cart with a miniature shovel. From the floor above came the sharp ring of the aucabove came the sharp ring of the auctioneer's voice:

"How much, how much? Six dol-lars did you say seven? Six dollars,

seven dollars—gone at seven!"

The auctioneer descended with his followers into the front chamber. Be-fore I knew it Ned was there, and in hi-impetuous way was bidding in a fashion to astonish the second-hand men. He swept everything before him; Mrs. Wiggan, to be sure, stood him a little contest on the "set," and I laughed to absorbed that several punches with my parasol had no effect whatever. "Was there insarity in his family?" I asked myself. By the time we reached the parlor the second-hand men 'had slunk away, the boarding-house keepers looked ghast. I made a brave stand for the ideboard, but it was of no avail; and ndeed most of us sat down leaving Ned and the auctioneer to themselves. Every article from the second floor down was purchased that morning by the distinguished stranger.

This amusing turn of affairs rather confirmed my hopes in regard to Ade-laide; of course, thought I, he cannot rid himself entirely of those old recollections; but he knows very well the sterling worth of Adelaide, and what a charming, intelligent, devoted wife she will make.

All had gone but Ned, myself and the auctioneer. The latter knocked at the d or of the back parlor. "Come in," said a voice, and the burly man swung the doors aside. The mother was making an effort to rise, but the little fellow with the fair curls was clingling so closely about her neck that she could not readily free herself. As she arose and came forward we saw the traces of tears, the paleness of her face, the trem-ulousness of her whole form.

From Ned, who was standing just behind me, I suddenly heard the words:
"My God! is it possible?" and turning saw him with a face most indescribable n expression. Of course there was no doubt about his being out of his mind-too much auction had made him mad. The auctioneer, after opening the doors, had been called suddenly away, and we three now stood there-those two gazing at each other, and I at both.

"Edwin!" at last said Mrs. Graham; Edwin! with a voice and smile so sweet and sad that I did not wonder at what followed.

Ned's ashea face suddenly flushed all over. "Lottie!" he cried, stretching his arms toward her, "Lottie, my beoved, have I found you again?" and he clasped her to his heart.

The queerest termination to an auction! I have seen many in my capacity of housewife, but never one like this. Mrs. Graham was the "captain's daughter," and the generous impulse of the honest Californian had restored his old sweetheart her home-yes, and the heart of her faithful lover.

"Mamma," said the little fellow, shyly, "is this gentleman the auctioneer, and will he take away all our pretty

things?"
"No, my daring," said Ned, lifting the child far above his head, and then bringing the round cheek to the level with his own lips, "all your pretty things will remain, you and mamma too."
"And you, too?" said Bertie, cordially.

I like you."
And so these two, after years of separation, were brought together again. And in such an odd manner, too! I couldn't help thinking how differently I should have managed it, had I been writing a story instead of acting a part in real life. I should have found Mrs. Graham first, and sympathizingly won her to tell me the story of her troubles. Of course she would have mentioned Ned, and of course I should have seen at a glance that she loved him still. And then I should have been the good angel to bring them together, and merit and receive their life-long thanks, and instead of that, here was Barney acting

adventure spoiled forever. It was shanerul—abominable, and then my plans for Adelaide and Ned, of course it was clear they never could succeed now. And yet I felt delighted.

I went home leaving Ned at No. 54. What a heavenly change for Mrs. Graham! How different from that of the morning looked the sunlight of this afternoon. Her home intact—her little ones safely near—the prospect of the lonely garret faded away like a frightful dream. And Ned, happy as a clam, for having remembered the widow and

ful dream. And Ned, happy as a clam, for having remembered the widow and the fatherless. I had them all to dinner that night. Mrs. Graham is charming, I will say it even it Adelaide dies an old maid.

There will be a wedding soon at No. 54. I have already received as a present a sideboard much handsomer than Mrs. Graham's. Barney will be provided for, and we shall all bless the day that Cousin Ned went to the auction and bought up the entire establishment—including a widow and two children including a widow and two children not on the list.

It is time for me to look after the din-ner; but I thought I must write to you this little romance of my humdrum life. As ever your old chum,

# -Ehrich's Quarterly.

Food as Wealth.

The most pressing care is to provide for the food wants of the body, and the labor to satisfy these is as obligatory under the equator as in the frozen regions near either pole. It is true that in the torrid regions the earth is so profuse in her gifts of fruit and vegetables, and the population there is so scanty. and the population there is so scanty, that a sufficiency of food can usually be obtained by the mere gathering; but this labor, though slight, cannot be neglected, and even there, where clothing is not one of the human wants, a part of every day must nevertheless be devoted by some member of every family to provide food for the daily use f the household.

In our more rugged climate food is still the most pressing want; and in the temperate zone of the northern hemisphere, where we dwell and where the most dense population of the globe is to e found, the struggle for existence is but a continual struggle for bread. Nature here does not endow the vegetable world with such wealth of human food; and the fruits which aid man's sustenance are not here sufficient, either in quantity or character, to keep in good tive life the over-working minds and bodies of the predominant ruling races which inhabit Europe and America. Man is here, by necessity, forced to till the soil, to aid the earth by his skill.

affairs of men, manufactures have their established position of importance, railroads and ships seem to be indispensable to the comfort, even to the life of us, in cities remote from the overburdened deid, where the golden grain and the homely useful roots cumber the ground with the promise of the needed suste-

nance of far-off, unthinking millions. Wealth is nothing but food, and the means of growing it, excepting perhaps some shelter from the weather, either of lothing or of houses, is demanded. has been written that paper money is not wealth, neither are diamonds, although selling for millions; but that gold only is really wealth. However opinions may vary, each of these is as much wealth as the other, and none of them are of any value unless some one, not the owner, has food enough and to spare, and is willing to exchange some of it for some of these articles.

It is again said, and with an apparent show of reason, that as we may have shipped across the ocean during the past year three hundred million dollars' worth of farm produce, and that we have five times that amount left, that our home reserve is worth only fifteen hundred millions. Can this be true? Let hungry Europe offer again to buy of us the same quantity of grain, beef and pork we have just sold her; would five hundred millions buy it? We think not; and there is not enough gold, silver and precious stones in the world to take from us our entire annual vield of food products. Gold may be dis-pensed with, food cannot. Gold can never measure the value of our farm oroduce, but merely regulates the value

our surplus; we will not sell our life. nd the life of the nation is its food, and he nation is the farmer. A few hundred years ago our ances tors landed upon this continent, a mere handful, and planted themselves upon the eastern border of a vast territory of to them unknown dimensions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the frozen regions of the North to the sunny gulf on the South, as yet untouched by the plow or the spade. From the nev but comparatively rugged soil of the lands they tilled, they wrung their subsistence, little dreaming that in the then unknown far West vast areas of the most fertile land were waiting, and vaiting in vain for their cultivation. Gradually as they increased in num-bers, and as the soil became in some measure exhausted of the elements necessary to bountiful harvests, our fathers moved westward, tilling the richer ground as they moved, producing therefrom crops of fabulous size, compared with those now attainable in the East. They who were left behind on the Atlantic coast, by harder work, more careful cultivation, as well as by the application of large quantities of enriching material, strove manfully to produce from mother earth a harvest of equal value with those raised by the

oneer in the great West. By these means they were for a long while enabled to compete with them, as the cost of bringing to the East the bountiful Western yield tended to equalize the value of an acre's return in both places. But as time rolled on and still more had been gathered from our Eastern fields, without adequate return, and the West was still unfolding myriads of new fields, the contest became more unequal. As a country we have, and no doubt shall for many years continue to have, a large amount of harvest of all food products, enough and to spare, but surely as the sun moves westward every day can we see the time in the future when many of our most fertile States, now furnishing to Europe millions of bushels of the most nourishing grains, will silently enroll themselves with those who are now compelled to go down to

Egypt to buy corn. Russia is afraid of American grain

### The Orient.

The native bazars of Cairo and Alexandria reveal to the traveler, at a glance, the character of the Orient; its glance, the character of the Orient; its cheap tinsel, its squalor and occasional richness and gorgeousness. The shope on each side of the narrow street ars little more than good sized wardrobes, with rooms for shelves of goods in the rear, and for the merchant to sit crosslegged in front. There is usually space for a customer to sit with him and, indeed, two or three can rest on the edge of the two or three can rest on the edge of the platform. Upon cords stretched across the front hang specimens of the wares for sale. Wooden shutters close the for sale. Wooden shutters close the front at night. The little cubbies are not places of sale only but of manufacture of goods. Everything goes on in the view of all the world. The tailor is stitching, the goldsmith is blowing the bellows of his tiny forge, the saddler is repairing the old donkey saddles, the shoemaker is cutting red leather, the brazier is hammering the leather, the brazier is hammering, the weaver sits at his little loom with the treadle in the ground-every trade goes on, adding its own clatter to the up-

oar. What impresses us most is the good What impresses us most is the good nature of the throng under trying circumstances. The street is so narrow that three or four people abreast make a jam and it is packed with those moving in two opposing currents. Through this mass comes a donkey with a couple of paniers of soil or of bricks, or bundles of sorangry sticks; or a camel surges in of scraggy sticks; or a camel surges in, loaded with building joists or with lime, or a Turkish officer with a gayly-caperisoned horse impatiently stamping; a porter slams along with a heavy box on his back; the water carrier with his nasty skin rubs through; the vender of sweetness finds room for his broad tray; the orangeman pushes his cart into the antique brasses and more antique rai-ment. Everybody is jostled and pushed and jammed; but everybody is in an in perturbable good humor, for no one is really in a hurry, and whatever is, is s it always has been and will be, what a cosmopolitan place it is! meet Turks, Greeks, Copts, Ezyptians, Nubians, Syrians, Armenians, Italians; tattered dervishes, "welees," or Mos-lems, nearly naked, presenting the ap-

pearance of men who have been buried a long time and recently dug up; Greek priests, Persian parsees, Algerines, Hin-doos, negroes from Dafour, and blacks from beyond Khartoum. The traveler has come into a country of holiday which is perpetual. Under his sun and in this air there is nothing to do but to enjoy life and attend to re ligion five times a day. We look into nosque; in the cool court is a fountain for washing; the mosque is sweet and quiet, and upon its clean matting a row of Arabs were prostrating themselves in prayer toward the niche that indi-cates the direction of Mecca. We stroll

long the open streets, encountering ovelty at every step. Here is a musician, a Nubian, playing upon a sort of tambour on a frame; a picking, feeble noise he produces, but he is accompanied by the oddest char acter we have yet seen. This is a stalwart, wild-eyed son of the sand, coal black, with a great mass of uncombed, disordered hair hanging about his shoulders. His only clothing is a breechcloth, and a round shaving-glass ound upon his forehead; but he has hung about his waist heavy strings of goats' hoofs, and these he shakes in time to the tambour, by a tremulous motion of his big body as he minee about. He seems so vastly pleased with himself that I covet knowledge of his anguage in order to tell him that he looks like an idiot. - Charles Warner.

# An Adventure at Lachine Rapids.

Canadian tourists, or those familia: with the river St. Lawrence, need not to Lachine rapids. Many traditions and some authentic stories are preserved of luckless persons who have been engulfed there, and the "shooting" of the rapids even by skillful pilots is always an anx ious and delicate piece of work.

Another sad example was recently added to the record of calamities at this celebrated locality. In this case, as in others, the presence and exertions of a famous pilot-named Dai lebout in the present instance—failed to avert the catastrophe. Ten lumbermen, under Dailebout's command, started early in the morning from Caughnawaga village to make the descent of the Lachine rapids Another raft under Baptiste, also a well known pilot, set out at the same time happened to the crew of the first one. It seems that, by some mischance, Daillebout swung his raft out of the right channel at a critical moment. error their control of the raft was gone. awful velocity into the vortex of foaming waters that the tourists' steamers pass through when running the rapids. Those steamers, steered with matchless dexterity, and having their engines to steady their course, get through hab.t-ually in safety. But with a rait, having nothing but human strength to shape her course, it is, of course, far different. In this case the frail structure was rolled over and over and hurled in every direction. She had to go through a mile of tumbling, seething waters—for the most part indeed half a cataract—before she or any fragments of her could emerge into the smooth safety of the river below. The spectators saw a moving and extraordinary sight. Logs sixty feet long were tossed in the air like so many twigs. Piece by piece the raft broke asunder. No power on earth could aid her wretched crew, and it seemed inevit-

able that they must perish to a man. But it was otherwise decreed. Despite this amazing ordeal, and despite most of their number being frightfully bruised, eight of the eleven occupants of the raft went through the rapids alive. only that but they managed to cling to portions of their shattered bark so as to be rescued at last by their brother lum-bermen who had seen without being able to aid them in their peril. The remaining three raftsmen perished; and the wonder is, according to the reports that have reached us, that there should have been any survivors at all from a catastrophe which in former cases has been fatal to every man concerned.

Jefferson Davis' plantation at Hurri-cane, Miss., is leased by Montgomery & This firm is composed of four negroes who were formerly owned by a prother of the ex-president of the con-They own plantations worth \$75,000, hire several more, and do a large mercantile business at Vicksburg

# FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Tomatoes on Trellises.

As an experiment I trained one tomato vine this year on a trellis and do
not think I shall ever plant another
vine, without some kind of a trellis, unless it is to experiment. The fruits on
trellised vines attain a large size, are
uicy and do not taste of the ground.
While the fruit of the vines that were
left to run on the ground were round;
those trained to a trellis were sound those trained to a trellis were sound and growing rapidly. The trellis I use is the same as the one described and engraved in the Rural last spring. It takes but little work to make one. Any farmer can make all he wants in the barn some day when it rains. The fruit will ripen more evenly and ten days earlier—which is quite an advantage. Moreover the arrangement gives the garden a more tasty appearance and it is muc., easier to keep the trellised ground free from weeds .- C. T., in Rural, New

### Kill Your Sheep While Young.

There are few animals kept on the farm which, when they are in their prime, pay as well as sheep, and there are very few, if any others, upon which old age has such a damaging effect. As theep are much shorter lived then any other of our domestic animals, it is not strange that many farmers attempt to keep them too long. At ten years of age the horse is just in his prime, and the cow is as good as ever, with the prospect of remaining so several years longer. But the sheep is very old when it reaches ten, the natural limit of the term of its life. After reaching this age sheep are very likely to be injured by the slight exposure which do younger animals no harm. They are more liable to be attacked by disease, and if they live they will be likely to produce less wool and smaller lambs than they have done previously. We do not think it pays, except, perhaps, in special instances, to keep sheep after they are

Put Clover on Your Land. An Ohio paper says that by clovering nundreds of farms that were about worthless have been rescued from dilapidation and ruin. It is an accepted truism that as long as "clover will catch" the farm can soon be restored to paying fertility, and by a good rotation is even getting more productive and profitable; for after some years of such treatment the land will bear harder farming—that is, two or three crops may succeed a good coat of clover before succeed a good coat of clover before laying down to clover again. Rough new land should be subdued by the use of large clover. Nothing so effectually rots out stumps and kills weeds and sprouts, and prepares the land for the plow and good paying crops. Wild, new lands should always have it sown on the first grain crop down. It saves a vast amount of labor, for in a few years it so tames the ground and clears it of enemies to the plow that it works it of enemies to the plow that it works like old ground, and is good for full crops. One great error is often fallen into, and that is following the old tradition that a bushel of clover seed will do for eight a res. That may have been enough to clover land partially when it was new, but whoever aims at getting up his land in a speedy and profitable way should sow a bushel on four acres so that his land may be thoroughly

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Grate three dozen large encumbers and twelve white onions; put three bandfuls of salt over them. They must be prepared the day beforehand, and in the morning lay them to drain; soak a cupful and a half of mustard seed, drain it and add to the eucumbers, with two spoonfuls of whole pepper; put them in a jar, cover with vinegar, and cork tight; keep in a dry

place, - Jewish Cookery Book. VEAL HASH .- Take a teacup of boil ing water in a saucepan, stir in an even teaspoon flour wet in a tablespoon cold water, and let it boil five minutes; add one-half teaspoon black pepper, as much salt, and two teaspoons butter, and let it keep hot, but not boil. Chop the veal fine and mix with it half as much stale bread crumbs. Put it in a pan and pour the gravy over it, then let it simmer ten minutes. Serve this on buttered

toast. ASPARAGUS SOUP. - Select about two lozen of good asparagus stalks; boil these thoroughly in enough water to cover them; a quarter of an onion boiled with the asparagus is an improvement; when tender take the aspar agus out of the water, saving the water from the same place; and those who and removing the onion; cut the asp gwere on board the last raft saw all that agus into small pieces, of course only the tender part, and put them in a mor tar, adding a little of the water; must be pounded until perfectly smooth; now take some sifted flour, a dessert spoonful fore he and his men could retrieve their a bit of butter as big as an egg, and a very little pulverized sugar; mix well, In a few moment they were driven with and then put on the fire until it melts stirring all the time; add this to the pounded asparagus and the rest of the water; when it has boiled a few minutes mix the yolk of one egg with a tumblerful of cream, and add this; if properly made it wants no straining; use sait and pepper to taste and a ver little nutmeg; one stalk of asparagus may be left, which may be cut in thin slices and added last.

# A Glass Mountain.

Another marvel recently brought to ight in the Yellowstone park, of North America, is nothing less than a mounam of obsidian or volcanic glass. Near the foot of the Beaver lake a band of explorers came upon this remarkable mountain, which rises in columnar cliffs and rounded bosses to many hundreds of feet in altitude from hissing hot springs at the margin of the lake. As it was desirable to pass that way, the party had to cut a road through the steep glassy barricade. This they ef-fected by making huge fires on the glass to thoroughly heat and expand it, and then dashing the cold water of the lake against the heated surface so to suddenly cool and br ak it up by skrinkage. Large fragments were in this way detached from the solid side of the moun tain, then broken up small by sledge hammers and picks, not, however, with out severe lacerations of the hands and faces of the men from flying splinters. In the Grand canon of the Gibson river, the explorers also found precipices of yellow, black, and banded ob-idian, hundreds of feet high. The natural glass of these localities has from time immemorial been dressed by the Indians to tip their spears and arrows.

The Hindeos are imitating the missionaries in circulating religious tracts, heir tracts are devoted to accounts of e exploits of their gods.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

the year 1883, when the New York word's fair is to open, the Brooklyn bridge and the Hudson river tunnel will both be finished and in constant use.

An exchange is responsible for the statement that more people lost their lives in this country by the burning of hotels in 1879, than by the accidents of travel on railroads and steamboats on all the rivers, lakes and sounds com-

Little Wolf, who was sixteen years old when the declaration was signed, but who, nevertheless, never saw Washington nor acted as his body servant, died recently in his wigwam, near where he was born in 1760, on the St. Croix river in Wisconsin, five generations being present at his death.

A list of the rail road lines either directly or indirectly under the control of Mr. Jay Gould has been published, by which it appears that he now operates, under the Wabash consolidation, about 8,168 miles, or nearly one-tenth of the entire mileage of the United States. It is safe to say that, as far ae u ileage is concerned, this is the largest combination of roads in the control of any one individual or corporation

Some years since a cluster of women in association with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, founded a society whose purpose was to bring the influence of women to bear in the promotion of peace. Their annual meeting recently took place in Boston, and addresses were made by Mrs. Diaz, Miss Selma Borg, Miss Jen-nie Collins, Miss Horatia Ware, and others. One of the speakers illustrated the blight of war by mention of the single article of gunpowder, of which the annual production for military use was stated to be one hundred million pounds, which would be equivalent to ten million pounds of fertilizing nitrogen, again equivalent in productive ca-pacity to five hundred million pounds of

The origin of the familiar abbreviation SS., so often seen in legal docu-ments, has caused not a little discussion. An exchange says that the received opinion that SS, is an abbreviation for scilicet is correct in substance. It stands, however, not simply for scilicet, but for three repetitions of the word. The court crier prefaces announcements by "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye," and in like manner writs and memorials of courts are prefaced, in contemplation of law, by a thrice repeated "Be it known," or "Know ye." The initial S of scilicet is doubled to express the repetition, in analogy with the familiar use of the double initial as an abbreviation for plurals and superlatives.

The little busy bee commits murder more often than is generally supposed, and the danger of keeping hives, especially incities, has recently been pointed out by M. Delpech, speaking for the hygienic council of the department of the Seine, to whom the question had been referred by the police, great inconvenience having arisen from bee culture in the department. M. Delpech cites many cases of fatal results from the sting of the insect. It appears that especial danger attends such wounds about the head and face and near the great nerve centers. The blood, being hanged in character by the poison, can no longer excite the motor nerve and asphyxia rapidly supervenes.

# A Lover of Shakespeare.

One of the most noted characters on the border twenty years ago was old John Bridger, of Fort Bridger, in Utah. On one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow down-town streets with high buildings on each side, and com-plained ithat he had once lost his way in "Dey Street Canon," and been rescued with difficulty by the police. He like the theaters, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream. He had no clear idea who Shakespeare was, but conceived and developed the most

extravagant admiration for him Returning to the lort, he sold stock and supplies to emigrants and other travelers as in times past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one yoke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards, in the morning a messenger came to say that the man wanted thi syoke, and none other. said Jim

"He can't have 'em," There's no use talkin'." "Well, he wants them, and is just a-waiting for them," said the messen-"He's a-settin' there, readin' a book carled Shakespeare."
"Eh?" yened Jim, jumping to his

feet. "Did you say—Shakspeare? Here, you, give me my boots." He ran to the corral.

Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book, and take them oxen. "On, no," said the man. "I only bought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."
"Stranger," sail Jim, resolutely,
"jest you take them oxen, and give me

that book." And so the man did. Jim hired a reader at fitty ollars per month, and listened to Shake peare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to the proposed murder of the princess in the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled, in thunder-tones, "Hold on there! Jest wait till l git my rifle, and I'll shoot the scoun-

As one of his old "pards" justly remarked, a sincerer compliment was never paid to Shakespeare.—Harper's

Lyman Beecher, on returning home from church one Sabbath, said that he had done very poorly. Said one of his had done very poorly. Said one of his boys: "Why, father, I thought you were never in better trim; you just shouted it out to 'em." "Aye, aye," replied Mr. Beecher, "that's it exactly; when I'm not prepared I always holler at the top of my voice."

"Goods at half price," said the sign "How much is that teapot?" asked the old lady who had been attracted by the announcement. "Fifty cents, mum."
"I guess I'll take it then," she said. throwing down a quarter. The dealer let her have the teapot, but took in his sign before another customer could come in. - Boston Transcript.

# What Is't Endures.

NO. 18.

This trifling jewel which a maiden wore It is now tolerably certain that by In her pink ear thousands of years before This time in which I look at it-this toy Is here; while she to whom to breathe was

> In the dark earth a part of it has lain. No record of her life, no name, no word

remains. And I who feel such rapture on the earth, To whom existence is a thing of worth, Must soon resign it with regrets and tears,

And this lead thing I write with stay a thousand years. -M. A. Marshall, in Independent

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 20,000 gypsies in England. There are 60,000 German in St. Peters-

The iron horse has but one ear-The engineer.

A five-cent fan makes as much wind as a \$50 one.

The mortality in London is only wenty in 1,000.

There are 3,500,000 watermelons in a single patch in Georgia. A bottomless pit—The one inside of a cherry.—Marathon Independent.

English farmers are liable to arrest for killing hares on their own farms.

Authors are spoken of as dwellers in attics, because so few of them are able

to live on their first story. Where New York pays an average salary of \$814.17 to public school teach-

ers, Philadelphia pays \$486.10. Montreal is acknowledged to have about the finest wharves of any city in America. The harbor is lighted with

The rentals of grass land in England this year show a considerable increase, while those of corn land show a corresonding decrease.

The uses of adversity
May be sweet as honey's wing, But we'd rather have some other chap Than ourselves to test the thing.

-Steubenville Herald.

A Connecticut man has made a walkng cane containing 649 pieces of wood to two being of the same kind. It is almost as good to club a dog with as a udgel all of one kind of wood.

Denver is bragging about a resident who is gradually turning into stone while he is yet alive; but he is nothing compared to lots of chaps who turned to brass soon after they were born. -Dεroit Free Press.

One thousand dollars is a large sum of money to pay for a little piece of floating wood, but if it is found and can be shown to be a part of the missing ship Atalanta, the British admiralty will pay

hat amount to the finder. A writer in the Scotsman avers that out of 35,000 hams imported into Hamburg last year, 297 were found to contain triching, while of 14,000 sides of bacon eighty-five were found to be more

seriously infested. The Philosophical society, of Glasgow is to hold an exhibition of gas apparatus on a large scale next autumn, and it is intended also to make a display at the same time of the apparatus which will llustrate the progress made in electric ighting, in telephonic communication, in the manufacture of mineral oils, in vater measurement and regulation, hydraulic engines, in heating and ventiation, etc. There can be no doubt that this exhibition, taking up, as it means to do some of the most important probems to which man's attention is given at present, will prove of great service to those who have to deal practically with

### anitary appliances. " Wrecked."

Few men can hear of the loss of a galant ship without a touch of sadness. Lite has been compared to the great ecean, and men to ships which thereon. When a bark which has braved the tempest of strange seas comes nome with rusted hull and tattered sail men welcome ner back just as they do one of their own kind who has journeyed afar and passed through peril to benefit his race. It is when we come upon the wreck of a once noble ship that men try hardest to remember how well she served her builders. It is when we hear that some gallant bark is missing, leaving no sign nor trace, that men are

wed as they speak her name. There is nothing that will touch and soften the heart like the sight of the wrecks which drift here and there on life's ocean-once grand and gifted men -now blown hither and thither, now going with currents, now hidden from sight by the mantle of night or the mysterious fog. He who visits an asy-lum for the insane will gaze out upon an ocean which is ever changing its surface and its shores. One moment the waters will be calm and peaceful—the next there will be the roar of a storm and the growl of breakers. Before him will drift wrecks without numbersome moving slowly out of the fogsome drifting into it-some skirting the shores on which stand tearful friends to wave farewells-others being carried by unseen currents afar to sea. It is an ocean without a harbor of refuge. Once a wreck upon its bosom and there is no landing. Day and night, for weeks and months and years, the dismasted and dismantled huiks weave in and out of the fog-in and out of the sungishtwhirl slowly about in the eddies-catch on the shoals and go driving further out upon the troubled waters. Storm and rust and time are silently at work, and one by one, as the years creep on, old wrecks sink silently into the sea and are

heard of no more forever. When men die we forget that the were like those who still live on. orget all that was bad in them and re-member all that was good. We know that they are dead, and the busy world closes up the gap and marches along. But when men sail out upon lite's ocean to become wrecks—to be dead in all but name-to drift in the darkness without chart or beacon-to feel the shires going further and lurther away from them, there is something so pitilul that eyes fill with tears and hearts grow tender. They are not dead, yet their faces are never seen on the streets. They have no tombstones, yet men read their epitaphs and forget battered hulk drifts a skeleton crewdrifting, driving, swirting, plunging, and there is no help. The end is a darker night, a stronger gale and a cry of despair as the waters close over all and roll on as before.—Detroit Free