VOL. X.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1880.

"Do You Remember ?"

on listened to their talk, as they faltered in their walk, In the moonlight on the terrace, he and

You would marvel much to hear, This-" Do you remember, dear!" Till I almost smiled outright for sympathy

Remember this or that; remember how they

Or danced, or talked, or quarreled-who shall say?

It was still the self-same thing-Old beads threaded on the string

Of the memories that came of yesterday. Not the yesterday just done; but the one that

they begun When they woke the dreamy shadows up again;

They forget their silver hair; They forget the chill night air; They lorget the years that wrought the

They are back again, I see, in their lovers. Arcadie. When the world was young and trusting-

parting pain.

speed the tale! For the heart of love beats on

When the fire of youth is gone, And the leaves of autumn rustle down the

-Rochester Democrat.

His Mother's Blessing.

There was the usual crowd at the depot. Some hurried hither and thither with sachels, bundles, shawls and all the other paraphernalia of the wellequipped traveler, not excepting the lunch baskets, which filled the mind of the beholder with a vague appetite as his vivid imagination pictured tooth-some repast of cold chicken, tongue, preserved sweetmeats, pies and the like, closeted in their dark recesses.

Noticeable among the passengers which filled the ladies' waiting-room and overflowed on the platform were a distinguished pair-notable anywhere, but more particularly here in this het-

erogeneous mass of human beings.
Some strong emotion held them both with its deep and earnest spell, but in one the feeling while deeper, was at the same time under better control. There are few spectacles more touching than the appearance of deep feeling with evident effort at strong and continued re-

The two persons were nother and son; the former a widow, clad in the sable weeds which mutely and sadly told the story of her bereavement, and it required but little penetration to perceive that this was her only son and that her heart, sore perhaps from recent affliction, was altogether bound up in him. She was tall, slender and stately, and on her white brow, touched here and there by raven tresses, min-gled with silver, and in the soft, dark eyes there slumbered, rather than shone, that expres ion of patient resignation, that serenity of heart which comes alone to those for whom affection has been sacrificed; those who have learned in the midst of crushing sorrow the sublime meaning of thos words: "To suffer and be strong. Her son was a tall, slight and gracefu youth of about eighteen summers, with the same clear honest eyes, and cheeks bronzed by the sun, but a forehead white as alabaster, surmounted by a waving mass of nut-brown curls, which defied the touch of the heirdresser's pruning scissors, and showed here and there a rebellious lock, as irrepressible, alas! as the owner, the irresolute curves of whose searlet lips betrayed him an easy dupe, to those who cared

The preparations grew more hurried as the hour for starting approuched. A middle-aged gentleman, portly and good-natured, made his appearance, and seeing outtravelers, exclaimed heartily:
"How d'ye do, Mrs. Baifour; how are you, Fred? Are you going on this

"I am going to try my fortune in Colorado, Mr. Lawson." 'And your mother?" he said, turning

'She remains here for the present." "I thought perhaps it would be better for him to leave home for awhile, especially as he has an uncle there who urged me to send him, and has already pictured a bright future for him said the lady, in clear, sweet

tones, though it was with an effort she kept back the tears. "Quite right," responded Mr. Lawson; "it will make a man of him to depend on himself. I've no doubt it will

be quite lonely for you, madam, for a "I do not take my own feelings into consideration, I assure you, sir, else I would never give my consent. It is only that I feel that there are better opportunities in the West for a young man who has to make his own fortune, and there are surely no openings for him

here. We have tested that pretty thoroughly," she added, with a sigh. The presence of a third party at this last interview between mother and son was felt to be a relief, for, when the heart-strings are about to be shattered, the untold agony is inexpressible and each utterance is felt to be a pang. The trio beguiled the time in conversation on unimportant and trivial topics until rang. Then the pale mother. clasping her treasure once more in her embrace, and secretly and without ostentation placing a plain gold ring on his finger, while with trembling lips she invoked a silent blessing on his young head, bade him good-bye and saw the head, bade him good-bye and saw the so far in the distance and from which swiftly-moving train bear him out of his all too willing feet had sadly

A year had passed, and with it had brought many changes. Surrounded by the temptations which, in a strange and dis ant city, are so apt to lead young feet astray. Frederick soon became an uncle was immersed in business cares, stiletto. and, having no children of his own, was not calculated to scrutinize the actions had by this time gathered near, and exof his nephew. Besides, most of his derelictions from the path of rectitude took place out of business hours, when the old man was "sleeping the sleep of the just," leaving his ward to do the same if he chose. As Fred was for the most part attentive to his mercantile duties, and his uncle over-indulgent (for the former was really a loyable and the same the lady in the vehicle sailed to the deliver to ner-(for the former was really a lovable and

chuckle of amused satisfaction. When some of his male friends told him that his nephew was "cutting rather a wide swath," his good-humored countenance would cloud up for a while, and then he would say: "Oh, he will turn out all right. Sowing his wild oats, you know. Blood will tell," and mention other provers which can often he made to proverbs which can often be made to point many interior jests and strengthen

many a weak argument.

But there was one sentinel that kept watch and ward over the fatherless boy. Night and night, while the pale stars looked down with their solemn, serious eyes, the anxious mother knelt by her couch, and the name of the distant, wayward, but beloved one, was borne aloft on the pinions of those pure and holy orisons which enter into the court of heaven and plead with strange and

unearthly sweetness there.

Time passed and the letters which had at first been regular, affectionate and satisfactory, were few and brief, and there was a notable lack of information about his duties, pursuits and pleasures, in great contrast to the confidential communications of the past. A deep anxiety took possession of her, when after a long delay she wrote a letter of inquiry to his uncle, to which she re-ceived a reply rather evasive, yet cheerful enough for any but the argus-eye of maternal affection. Deeming herself perhaps too solicitous and prone to look on the dark side of events on account of past vicissitudes, she waited with what patience and resignation she could command for further particulars concerning the success of his business ventures. It had been her intention when he left her to join him as soon as circumstances would permit, and now she hastened her preparations with greater rapidity as weeks passed and she heard nothing save a few brief lines informing her that he was well. As the time of departure drew near a strange presentiment of evil seemed to settle down upon her spirits, and a deep gloom as of approaching danger filled her aching heart

. It was night in Denver. In one of those gilded haunts of vice so numerous and popular in that Western city, the sound of drunken revels could be heard. The waning moon shed a soft, mild luster on the almost deserted street, for the night was far advanced, and the fresher breeze of approaching morning began to make itself felt in the atmosphere without; but within, the fetid fumes of liquor, tobacco and artificial light, together with the stifling warmth, of-fered a nauscous contract and proved a fered a nauseous contract and proved a siekening pabulum for lungs expanded and braced by draughts of the purer evening air of heaven. And if the contrast was distinct in this respect, how much greater, alas! was it, considered in a mental and moral aspect? Within, the dice rattled, the glasses clinked, and rough and burly forms associated, with besotted and degraded faces, lurked around the tables and handled the treacherous ivory, and still more treach-erous fluids with which the wearied erous fluids with which the wearied bartender served the frequenters of the vile and desperate place. From many a belt gleamed the murderous light of a hidden stilletto, and the ready pistol was a necessary adjunct to the "apparel" which he e, as elsewhere, "proclaimed in the congregation.

the man." Many nationalities were represented among them-Mexicans, with dark fierce faces and sombrero bats; Chinese smooth and oily, with outward stupid ty, concealing deep cunning and artiice, and American youths, coarse and lebased by habit, association and lack of restraining self-respect.

which he e, as else where, "proclaimed

Amid this mass of human debris, near one of the card-tables, his face flushed with intoxication, his hand trembling with nervous eagerness, and his form ca elessly attired, sat Frederick Balfour. How like a fair flower amid weeds he looked, in spite of his haggard face, his reckless air, and his bloodshot eye. The graceful air so natural still lingered in his lithe movements and on the brow and mouth, once so fondly imprinted with a mother's parting kiss, dwelt a shadowy expression of sadness, as if his guardian angel, bidding farewell, had fanned him with her departing pinions and left the fleeting perfume of her holy presence on his guilt-stained brow.

The play was at its height when s quarrel arose among the men; the in-tense eager looks of the players were exchanged for those of malice, hatred, murder! In the dark, wicked faces gleamed a deadly light, as Frederick with youthful pertinacity and abandon heeded them not, and by continuous contradictions added fuel to the danger-

ous flame. He had no more money to stake, and foiled in their expectations, they made threats, both loud and deep, and boldly accused him of fraud and even theft. At this juncture, the eye of one of his adversaries fell upon the ring which still adorned his hand and glittered like a talismanic guard against evil and de-struction. Its intrinsic value was little calculated to awaken the cupidity of any observer, but to a grasping mind the sight of gold, however insignificant, is in itself a temptation

Stake the ring," the Mexican rough-Yes, the ring," stupidly echoed his companions, who were more inebriated than himself and were ready to greet

any brutal iest with oaths and ap-Frederick looked at his mother's part ing gift and as he impulsively drew it from his finger, the inscription which he had once read with such deep emotion, met his fevered gaze-" God bless

With what a thrill of anguish he res the words, and the unconscious little shining circlet seemed a sad and silent monitor, pointing him toward the scenes of happiness and innocence now far in the distance and from

strayed.
"I will not, I cannot," he answered. hoarsely, as with pale and averted face and trembling hands he replaced the loving token on his finger.

"Then, by ____, I'll make you!" yelled the ruffian, and seizing him by the to more than one vice. His throat he made a fero lous lunge with a

The parties in and around the saloon

At the sound of the name the lady in the vehicle called to the driver to perprepossessing youth), he took it for granted that all was as well as could be expected, and if not, why, "boys will be boys," he asserted to himself with a was rapidly collecting. With nervous mines.

haste she threaded her way into the room from which the noise of strife proceeded, the gamins making way for her in silent wonder as she advanced. And well they might gaze at her in startled surprise. Such a face and presence were never seen in the purlieus of that region before save to pass by in a public conveyance, perhaps, and then as rapidly as possible, as if to avoid contamination with the coarser elements of the degraded resort.

with the coarser elements of the degraded resort.

Tall, stately, with streaming eyes and quivering lips, her black robes sweeping behind her as she walked, she entered and saw her son just as he reeled from the blow inflicted by the cruel knife of his vindictive foe. His glance, full of terror, despair and agony in that dreadful moment, saw and recognized her, and his bleeding form fell into her loving, faithful arms with the simultaneous exclamation: "Oh, mother!" and "My dear Frederick, my precious boy!" fell on the ears of the astonished multitude.

A hush of respectful sympathy moved

multitude.

A hush of respectful sympathy moved those rugged hearts as quickly and carefully they assisted in removing the sufferer from the dreadful scene. Speedily summoning aid, the mother drove to the hotel with her cherished burden, once strong and athletic, now weaker and more frail than herself.

A physician was called in, and to her great relief the wounds, though danger.

great relief the wounds, though danger-ous, were not pronounced fatal. A faint hope still lingered, and with care and watchfulness he might survive. And need it be added that there would be no lack of affectionate care, when a devoted mother keeps sleepless vigil beside the couch of her suffering, yet youthful and only son.

Reader, would you follow the fortunes of Frederick Balfour, go with me to a great city in the West, where the lapping waves of a peaceful ocean caress the beautiful concave of the Golden Gate; where, amid the hum of business, the dreams of the most visionary are often a bright reality; where the for-tunes, like the far-famed palace of Aladdin, rise in a night and gladden the sur-rounding plains with their splendor at

rounding plains with their splendor at the rising of the morning sun.

It is the holy Sabbath day, and as the voice of deep-toned bells, calling to cathedral and chapel, linger faintly on the air, the throngs of expectant and devout people hasten to the temple of worship. In one of these, the young minister takes his place behind the puicit, and for a few moments bows his pit, and for a few moments bows his head in prayer.

In this vast assemblage there is one whose heart throbs with far deeper and grander joy than it ever pulsated before. There she sits. Her pale face has borrowed from excitement a faint tinge of youthful bloom; the clear dark eyes are true and earnest as of yore; and the slightly curling threads of hair which touch her placid forehead so carelessly are now quite silvered, yet seeming to wear heaven's holiest benison nestling among their waves of snow.

The choir began their solemn anthem,

It is the same Frederick. changed more, perhaps, from within than with out, for the frank, carnest eyes are still there, the scarlet lips, surmounted now by a brown mustache, the waving locks are brushed smoothly back except where here and there a wayward curl will steal rom its restraint, and hint that boyhood was scarcely passed, though stern yet noble manhood, on the brow and in

the heart, now reign supreme. His voice, deep and musical, enchains and enrapts the hearers, as, filled with reverence, fervor and holy enthusiasm he leads them in prayer, and points with unerring distinctness to the snares and pitfalls of the path once trodden by his own youthful feet, and with glowing zeal invites them to a fairer road, where blossom the flowers of purity and holi-ness, conducting the tired wayfarer to the re-reshing haunts of wisdom, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."-Louisville Courier-Journal

Stick to it and Succeed.

Perseverance is the main thing in life To hold on and hold out to the end is the chief matter. If the race could be won by a spurt, thousands would wear digest. For health's sake put them in the blue ribbon; but they are short warm water for an hour before cooking. the blue ribbon; but they are short winded, and pull up after the first gallop. They begin with flying, and end in crawling backward. When it comes to the collar work, many take to jibing. If the apples do not fall at the first shake of the tree your hasty folks are too lazy to fetch a ladder, and in too much of a hurry to wait till the fruit is ripe enough to fall of itself. The hasty man is as hot as fire at the onset, and as cold as ice at the end. He is like the Irishman's saucepan, which had many good points about it, but it had no bottom. He who cannot bear the burden and heat of the day is not worth the

salt, much less his potatoes.

We ought not to be put out of heart by difficulties; they are sent on purpose to try the stuff we are made of, and depend upon it they do us a world of good. There's a sound reason why there are bones in our meat and stones in our land A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not at all a fit place for men. Celery is not sweet till it has felt a frost, and don't come to their perfection till disappointment has dropped half a hundred weight or two on their toes.

Words of Encouragement.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do Fear not if troubles come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one. Troubles never last forever

The darkest day will pass away. If the sun is going down look up to the stars; if the earth is dark keep your eye on heaven. With God's presence and on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be

cheerful.

Never despair when a tog's in the air, A sunshiny morning will come without warn-

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness; but that which you can keep and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay, When gold and silver fly away. — Liverpool Mail.

Colorado has many men of many

PARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle in China says: Crossing a

Early Brenkfast for Fowls. In keeping fowls remember that the morning meal with them is the most important one of the day. They are cold and hungry; and for that reason need some kind of warm, cooked food. Fowls will eat almost anything if it is served up right. Boiled potatoes, turnips, carrots, anything in the vegetable line, mixed with cornmeal outmeal or line, mixed with cornmeal, oatmeal, or bran and shorts, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fed warm, will suit them. Feed a few handfuls of wheat screen-ings at noon, and at night give them a liberal feed of some kind of whole

grain. Sowing Rye Among Corn. One mode of getting green food for cattle and sheep in early spring is to sow rye in corn stubble early enough to get a good fall growth. What feed is thus grown is as nutritious as ordinary pasture or roots, and costs nothing except for seed and cultivating under. Really the feed costs nothing, for in sowing the rye many weeds are destroyed, a new surface is turned up, and the weed seeds which sprout perish the winter. This slope is ample and and the weed seeds which sprout perish in the winter. This alone is ample pay for labor and seed. There is a further advantage in having the soil covered during the winter instead of being naked, as it otherwise would be. Rye sown now will give considerable feed for sheep and cattle this fall, and more yet in the spring before plowing. This spring feed is especially valuable for ewes with lambs after the ground has settled. As we are likely to lose our clover, I fear, for a term of years, something must be found to partially take its place. Drilled corn and millet may be substituted as winter feed, but they are not available for late fall or early spring —Correspondence of Country Genspring -Correspondence of Country Gen-tleman.

Food for Calves,

The cause of calves scouring is a change in their food too wide and sud-den. Animals but a few days old can bear but a little change in their food. They will be easily killed by a variation which an adult would bear with im-punity. Calves, like infants, are too often made sick by a change of one cow's milk for that of another. The food of calves may be modified almost food of calves may be modified almost indefinitely, but it must be varied gradually. When they get more age they will bear change better. When taken from the cow, teed first the mother's milk warm. The difference between sucking and feeding is change enough to begin with. In a few days a little skimmilk may be substituted for new milk as a part of its mess, but it should be warm as the new milk. By degrees the skimmilk may be increased, if it is fed warm, till the new milk enif it is fed warm, till the new milk enif it is fed warm, till the new milk en-tirely drops out, and no scouring or other ill effects will follow. In the same way, whey sweet and warm may be substituted for skimmilk, or a little well-cooked meal, or what is better, a little oil-meal may be gradually worked in as a substitute for milk and the change will not be materially feit. If P. W. C. will bear in mind that the essential points in feeding young calves are warm food and slow changes, he will not only stop the mortality in his will not only stop the mortality in his herd but he can have thrifty animals growing up on other food than new milk, by using milk to start with. Sweet whey in moderate quantity is good in connection with grass. It would be found an improvement that would more than pay cost and trouble to dissolve a little oil-meal in it.—New York Tribune.

Household Hints. The yolk of an egg binds the crust much better than the white. Apply to the edges with a brush.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them. Never wash raisins that are to be used

in sweet dishes. It will mak, the pudding heavy. To clean them wipe in a dry towel. In boiling dumplings of any kind put them into the water one at a time.

they are put in together they will mix with each other. Cutlets and steaks may be fried as well as broiled, but they must be put in hot butter or lard. The grease is hot enough when it throws off a blackish

There is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to

Fish as Food.

During the last twenty years chemists and physiologists have been studying the nutritious value of various foods. They have advanced so far as to compute the relative values of the common articles of diet. These have been so arranged in tables that the bread-winner of the household may see at a glance what food will give the most nourish-

ment to his family.

A prominent subject of these studies has been the common food fishes. At the recent meeting of the American As-sociation of Science, Professor Atwater, a chemist, gave some of the results of these experimental studies.

In 100 pounds of the flesh of fresh cod there are eighty-three pounds of water and only seventeen pounds of solids. In the same weight of salmon there are sixty-six and one-half pounds of water and thirty-three and one-half pounds of solids. The meaning of these figures is that a family eating 100 pounds of cod would be nourished by one-sixth of it, while if they fed on the same weight ot salmon, they would find one-third nutritious.

Next in nutritive value to salmon come fat halibut, shad and whitefish. Then follow mackerel, bluefish, lean halibut, striped bass, flounder and lake The order in which they are trout. The order in which they are placed indicates their relative value as food. Lean beef is less nutritious than salmon, as it contains seventy-five per cent. of water and twenty-five per cent.

While fish is highly nutritious and healthy, there is a somewhat exagger-ated notion that it is particularly valuable for brain food on account of the popularity to a remark, alleged to have been made by the late Professor A zassi: "When I wish to be very brilliant," he is reported as saying, "I eat fish for dinner."

A recent work on the flag of the United States. large amount of phosphorus which it contains. The notion owes some of its

But Professor Atwater says the notion is not founded upon fact. While fish is excellent, there is no evidence to prove

A Farmer's Home in China.

Chronicle in China says: Crossing a small stream we prepare to enter a farmhouse for rest and refreshment. As usual, our first salutation came from the dogs, who were speedily quieted by the men. These were Chinese settlers who had intermarried with Mongols, and although the elders retained their Chinese traits of countenance, the offspring were clearly of a mixed race. A number of Tangoats were stretched 'upon the ground sleeping, having arrived in the morning with a number of sheep for the market town number of sheep for the market town of Liang Chu, to the west. The build-ings, in lieu of possessing an inner and outer wall, consisted only of a quadrangouter wall, consisted only of a quadrang ular courtyard. On the upper side was the dwelling houses, with large open windows. On each side of the door-way the women of the family sat sew-ing and mending clothes. Mules and ponies were engaged in the open space threshing out the wheat. This rude threshing out the wheat. This rude operation consists of dragging a heavy stone roller to within a few inches of the head of the grain. The grain was winnowed by men with wooden shovels, who gather it up and toss it against the wind. In the house we saw an old crone grinding millet and wheat for family use in a hollow stone mortar, with a heavy wooden pestle. The straw was stacked in heaps at the angle of the yard. Agricultural implements, of a bygone age, were lying around; square yard. Agricultural implements, of a bygone age, were lying around; square harrows, with long irou prongs; plows with immense shares of a peculiar shape; the rough carts used for transport. Heaps of manure were lying around for future use when dried. The dung of the camels, or argol, as it is called, which is used for fuel, was to be seen in one of the outhouses. Having obtained permission to enter the house. obtained permission to enter the house, we found ourselves in a square room. The furniture consisted of a round pine table, with some two-legged stools of the commonest kind. The picture of the Buddha hung immediately opposite the door.

Sleep at Night.

Sunshine is given us for use that we may require little artificial light. Gas, oil and candles alike vitiate the air. The fewer hours that are spent in artifi-cial light the better; and this suggests of itself that within reasonable limits the sooner we go to rest after dark the bet-ter. We require, in the cold season of winter, when the nights are long, much more of sleep than we do in the summer. On the longest day in the year seven hours of sleep are sufficient for most men and women who are not in the prime of life. On the shortest day nine hours of sleep is not over much, and for those

who are weak ten or twelve hours may be taken with real advantage. In win-ter children should always have ten or twelve hours of sleep. It is not idleness to indulge to that extent, but an actual saving, a storing up of invigorated existence for the future. Such rest can only be obtained by going to bed very early, say at half-past eight or nine o'clock. It is wrong as it ever can be that our legislators should often be siting up, as we know they do time after time, in the dead of night, trying against ife to legislate for life. It is most foolish that public writers, who hold so many responsibilities in their hands, should be called upon to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature is calling out to them, "Rest, rest, rest!" There are many who will disagree with me in saying these things, but nature is on my side. In every man, woman and child

there is, at or about the early time I is ve; named, a persistent, periodical desire for sleep, which steal on determinately, which, taken at the flood, leads to a good sound night's rest, and which, resisted, never duly returns, but is replaced by a surreptitious sleep, broken by wearying dreams, restless limbs, and but partial restoration of vital power. Work with the suu as far as possible.-Chicago Ledger.

Adventures of an Aeronaut.

The St. Petersburg Hera'd contains the particulars of the adventures of the Russian aeronaut Rudolph, who ascended by a balloon, and had been several days reported missing. "The day selected for the flight was not a good one, the wind being strong and boister-ous. My companion was Professor Baranovsky, of the Meteorological ob-servatory. On entering the car, I sang out to the twelve sailors holding it, to let it go. As the men dropped the ropes a sudden gust of wind struck the balloon and dashed it against some neighboring trees, the branches of which tore a hole in the silk before it had time to rise. I threw out ballast, but to no purpose. The car drifted along the ground till it approached a lake, when I begged the professor to leave it with his instruments. The sailors running up just then, seized hold of the ropes, and en-abled Baranovsky to get out. They begged me earnestly to do the same, on account of the dangerous condition of The prothe balloon, but I refused. fessor being clear of the car, I shouled to them to 'let go.' All obeyed the summons except one mar, who was carried several feet into the air, and dropped amid a general roar of laughter. After this the balloon sailed along tolerably well, and flew for fifty minutes through the air, when, the gas being exhausted, it fell near the village of Rootchi. In a very few minutes it was surrounded by men and women, who proceeded to tear it to pieces and appropriate all the articles in the car, including a fifteen-guinea glass, forgotten by Professor Baranov-sky. In all probability I should also have experienced rough usage, but for the opportune arrival of a colonel of the imperial guards and two soldiers from a neighboring chateau. For a few minutes the peasants refused to release me, and defied the colonel, but his determined attitude and threats to send for more soldiers, coupled with rubles to buy them a drink, induced them to relinquish me, though not my property. The colonel very kindly took me home, and afterward put me into his

States, giving its origin and history, shows that the stars and stripes are one of the oldest national symbols now in use, the present flag of Great Britain dating from 1801, the Spanish flag from phorus than are other meats.—You'h's Companion.

Traits of character which you seek to conceal you had better seek to reform.

It is prosent from 1801, the Spanish flag from 1835, the French from 1794, the Portuguese from 1830, the Italian from 1818 and the German from 1876. The United Sates flag in its present form was adopted in 1777.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Scien'ific American says that The Scien'ific American says that sugar, syrup, fresh cheese, wheaten grits, hominy, julcy meats, are the foods to make flesh. Almost any woman will get plump on brown bread and wheaten grits, or oatmeal eaten twice a day with plenty of meat and vegetables at breakfast and a supper of brown biscuits, with sweetmeats, cheese and cream, or coffee drank with plenty of sugar and cream. It is not necessary to eat largely The conee drank with pienty of sugar and cream. It is not necessary to eat largely if the appetite does not call for it, but the food must be tempting, and if hunger is keen, one who would be plump and spirited should not be afraid to induled it. Havelighing distanteful bood dulge it. Unrelishing, distasteful tood, will not nourish and stimulate like what is piquant and savory and changed

in variety day by day. A wealthy French gentleman, owning an estate at Gonesse, near Paris, has for some time past devoted his time, money and attention to soothing the declining years of superannuated beasts and birds years of superannuated beasts and birds by accommodating them with comfert-able residences in his spacious park. He has already collected a strange assem-blage of venerable creatures, duly pro-vided with authenticated records of their respective ages and careers. The patriarch of this quaint community is a grizzled old mule, just entering his seventy-third year, between whom and an obese goose of thirty-seven an affecan obese goose of thirty-seven an affectionate intimacy subsists. Mother Goose is beset by infirmities. Her legs are so distorted that she cannot waddle straight, and her we bed feet are studied with huge warts, which sometimes dis-turb her temper; but, on the whole, she is cheerful, and even sprightly, for one of her years. Among the companion of this oddly-assorted pair of friends are a cow of thirty-six summers and a hog who will never see his twenty-seventh birthday again. In an aviary overlook-ing the park feebly pipe and twitter a bullfinch of eight and-twenty, and a sparrow hatched in the year 1849.

Far out in the Atlantic, 184 miles very nearly due west of St. Kilda, and 290 miles from the nearest point of the mainland of Scotland, there is a granite stack which rises to a height of seventy feet above the sea, and at a distance has been mistaken for a vessel under sail.
The upper part is inhabited by vast
numbers of sea fowl. The name of the
stack is Rockall. The great sandbank
from which it rises abounds with cod. For nearly two years a man, through the columns of the London Spectator, has been calling the attention of various scientific societies and individuals to the suitability of Rockall for a meteorological station, and has been offering, under certain conditions, to reside there alone for a twelvemonth, and take a series of observations. With a foundaseries of observations. With a foundation of seventy feet above the sea, or even less, he says, there would be no difficulty of fixing a house upon Rockall which would laugh at the wind and spray. One chamber would do, and it could be made of stout timber locked to ringbolts, or to be built of concrete. If connected by telegraph to the mainland, Rockall would, this person thinks, be isolated state it would be endurable enough if the occupant were cheered by the reflection that he was a pioneer a noble cause. A little money would be well spent in trying to make storm warnings more reliable than they have ocen of late. Besides meteorological observations, an observer posted on Rockall might, if properly instructed, be ble to throw a little light on oceanic circulation, temperature, etc. A letter from St. Michael, the largest

of the Azores, says that two British

steamers have been wrecked in the har-bor during a hurricane. It must strike persons unacquainted with those islands as very strange that vessels should be wrecked while in the harbor; but good harbors the group has always lacked. Their want is one of the greatest draw backs to the prosperity of the Azores The only telerable port is Angra, capital of the islands, on the south side of Terceira, and even that affers little protection save in fine weather. They are of volcanic origin, and subject to most extraordinary convulsions of nature. Eruptions, hurricanes, water-spouts, earthquakes, cyclones and the like are so common that the natives think litt's of them. In 1591, an earthquake, which continued twelve days, destroyed the town of Villa Franca on St. Michael. In 1808, a volcano suddenly arose on St. leorge to the height of 3,500 feet, burned furiously for a week, poured out a flood of lava, overflowing the whole island, and then became extinct. Three years later the crater of a volcano was a ruptly thrust 300 feet above the sea, and, after emitting quantities of cinders, stones and lava, slowly disappeared. Immense rocks and volcanic islands have been repeatedly pushed up from the bottom of the ocean, and after a time submerged. The Azores do not appeal to the imagination of persons fond o quiet life and tranquillity in na-ture. But their climate is delightful; the soil is very fertile, bringing every vegetable product to perfection; they are covered with cornfields, vineyards, groves of lemons, and orchards, and the peculiar archipelago is much enjoyed by such foreigners as do not object to an occasional tornado, eruption, water-spout or earthquake. To Americans, who relish variety and excitement of any kind, the Azores are usually very attractive.

Cultivating Ants.

Many of the leading orchard proprieors in Northern Italy and Southern Permany are cultivators of the common lack ant, which insect they hold in high esteem as the fruit-grower's best friend. They establish ant hills in their orchards, and leave the police service of their fruit trees entirely to the tiny colonists, which pass all their time in climbing up the stems of the fruit trees, cleansing their boughs and leaves of malefactors, mature as well as em-bryotic, and descending laden with spoils to the ground, where they comfortably consume or prudently store away their booty. They never meddle with sound fruit, but only invade such apples, pears and plums as have already been penetrated by the canker, which they remorselessly pursue to its fastnesses within the very heart of the fruit. Nowhere are the apple or pear trees so free from blight and destructive insects as in the immediate neighborhood of a sin the iarge ant hill five or six years old. The favorite food of ants would appear to be the larvæ and pupæ of those creatures which spend the whole of their brief bewilderment at the wreek, his first existences in devouring the tender exchamation was, "What mashed that shoots and juvenile I aves of fruit trees. wagon up that way?"

The Golden Sunset.

NO 34.

The golden sea its mirror spreads Beneath the golden skies, And but a narrow strip between Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds, Dissolved in glory, float; And midway of the radiant flood Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky, The sky a sea as well; And which is earth and which the heavens, The eye can scarcely tell. So when for us life's evening hour,

Soft passing shall descend, May glory born of earth and heaven The earth and heavens blend.

Flooded with peace the spirit float, With silent rapture glow, Till where earth ends and heavens begins The soul shall scarcely know! -Samuel Longfellow

HUMOROUS.

Land agitation-An earthquake. A lying institution-The lodging

Doing their duty at the poles-Hop pickers.

There's many a slipper 'twixt mother and son. Misers generally die of tightness in

the chest. You can't make plaid socks of ailor's yarns.

Slippers are now made so thin-soled that children are spoiling.

The fisherman's wages may be called net proceeds.—Rome Sentinel. The fair is always well attended, especially if it be of the feminine gender.

Why does a hangman never read the papers? Because he is a nooseman al-"I don't care a snap for you," as the trigger said to the empty gun.—New York News.

A young lady must be pretty far gone when she can't get a step father.— Meriden Recorder.

"Do fish sing?" asks an exchange. Certainly, and many of them have been known to reach the high sea.

The mosquito has six legs and only one mouth. Let us then be thankful that if it does bite it doesn't kick. When a man and woman are made one it is usually the man. Sometimes

the fight is long and severe, however.

"Why do we weep?" asks an amateur poet. Sit down on a carpet tack or eat a last year's onion and you'll find out. The young woman who married a man employed in a bank applied for a divorce when she discovered that it was

a sand bank. It is hard to decide which season of the year is the least expensive. The plumber always commences when the ice man leaves off.

People are odd about some thin Those who won't even allow a dog to look into the dining-room will have catsup on the table. It is said that we spend more for to-pacco than for bread. This seems a lit-

bacco than for bread. This seems a lit-tle hard to believe, when every one appears to depend on his friends for the Says the Philadelphia Bulletin: An

editor out West was in prison for libel-ing a justice of the peace, and when he departed the jailer asked him to give the prison a puff. There's a girl in Kansas only nineteen years old who can knock a squirrel out of the tallest tree with her rifle, ride a

kicking mustang, help "round up" herd of cattle and ride down a ja rabbit, and yet, the local paper states in a tone of surprise and no little anxiety, "she is not married."

In a Whale's Month.

A Nantucket correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal tells this story: Here I met Captain Wood, who had been in whale's mouth. After edging carefully toward the matter, a friend induced him to tell about it-probably for the ten thousandth time.

"Yes, I was standing in the bow of the boat, with the iron in my hand,'-nid he, "looking around for his maj esty, for I thought we had given him i is death-blow. Suddenly up he came right ahead of me, and he struck the boat underneath with his prolonged lower jaw knocking it out from under me, and feli straight over into his mouth."
"What did you think then?" asked a

listener, as the captain paused.

'Thought I was a goner," answered the captain, "especially when he shu; his mouth on me. But he was fortu-nately in the agonies of death, too worried to think of me, and after giving me one savage crunch, he blowed me out of his mouth, covered with blood. I at

once struck out for the boat "And when they picked him up they thought he was killed," said another captain; "though after a good while, he recovered, with the ugly wounds that you see." There was a scar some inches long across Captain Wood's scalp, and a great lump on his side was visible

under his coat.
"What did you think when you were in his mouth, and knew where you were?" asked another bystander. Thought he'd yield about eight bar-" said Captain Wood, turning over

his quid and calmly firing at the box of An Astonished Farmer.

A farmer who had been to market in Philadelphia fell asleep while he was driving home. His horses knew the road, and traveled safely until they reached the railroad crossing at Belfry. A train was approaching, and atthough the engineer, who saw the market wagon, blew his whistle, applied the brake and rang his bell, he was unable either to stop the train or to arouse the sleeping farmer. The horses were al-ready across the track when the col-lision occurred, the cowcatcher of the angine striking the wagon, tearing off the running gear and throwing the hind axle and wheels about thirty feet to the were caught. The farmer awake was thrown out but much injured. he gathered himself up and stared in