HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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Thanksgiving. Sweet was the song of the robin.

Blithe was the hum of the bee, In the day when the drift of the blossom Was light as the foam of the sea. Then deeply was cloven the furrow, And gayly they scattered the seed, Who trusted that rainfall and sunshine Would surely be given at need.

The robin hath flown to the tropic, The honey-bee flitteth no more, The resper hath garnered the harvest, And the fruit and the nuts are in store. The flams bath died out on the maples. We tread on the loose-lying leaves, And the cora that was sturdy and stalwart Is gathered and bound into sheaves.

And sweeter than music of springtime, And toller of jubilant mirth. Are the strong-tided chorals o'erflowing From hearts where thanksgiving has birth The songs of the home and the altar, The gladness of children at play,

And the dear love of households united Are blending in praises to-day. For pasture lands tolded with beauty,

For plenty that burdened the vale, For the wealth of the teeming abundance, And the promise too royal to tail, We lift to the Maker our anthems, But none the less cheerily come To thank Him for bloom and traition. And the happiness crowning the home.

Oh, the peace on the brow of the father, The light in the mother's clear eyes, The lift in the voices of maidens Who walk under dream-curtained skies, The dance in the feet of the wee ones, And the sparkle and shine in the air! The year has no time like Thanksgiving-A trace to our fretting and care.

Sweet was the song of the robin. Blithe was the hum of the bee. In the day when the drift of the blossom Was light as the foam of the sea; But sweeter the silence of autumn. That maketh a space for the strain Of the joyance of home, when the harvest Is gathered from hillside and plain.

THE MINISTER'S PIE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

" Look here, Sally!" Mrs. Deacon Farrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well-filled kitchen table, with its generous array of kitchen table, with its generous array of unbaked bies and cakes, the plump tur-key stuffed and trussed ready for the morrow's baking, and the big chicken-ple to which her skillful fingers had just put the finishing touches, as she re-pested rather more decidedly: "Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken let, with the giblets—that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't relish 'em—ter make a

shouldn't wonder if, in time, you came to be quite a cook." It was Thanksgiving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the min-ister's back door. To be sure it was rather early for callers, but Miss Pa-

It was Thanksgiving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the min-ister's back door. To be sure it was rather early for callers, but Miss Pa-tience was as she often boasted, "one of Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the room, and the kind that never stood on ceremony." Indeed, she didn't consider it necessary even to knock before she opened the door, although she way thoughful enough, in opening it, to do so softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the or an although she way thoughful enough in opening it, to do so softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the friend here "—and she nodded brightly

"In the chicken-pie that our good minister's wife was just taking from the oven a newiy warmed chickenpie, which she nearly dropped from her hands, so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so close to her ear: "Good mornin', Mis' Graham. Haint been to breakfast yet, I see—we had ours half an hour ago. I know my mother used "Good mornin', Mis' Graham. Haint been to breakfast yet, I see—we had ours half an hour ago. I know my mother used to say that if anybody lost an hour in the mornin', they might chase after it all day, an' not ketch up with it then. That's a good-lookin' pie—pretty rich pastry, though, for a chickenpie! I don't never put much shortenin' in anything of that kind; it's rich enough inside to make up. But you're young, an' have got a good many things to learn yet. I run in ter see if you could spare me a cup o' yeast; there? It is certainly very mysterious anyway." Silence, dead, profoun I, yet, how terribly significant to the deacon's wift and her spinster neighbor, fell upon the group. This was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Graham, who, with a playful admoni-tion to Miss Patience take better care of her thimble in the future, began an animated conversation with the ladies see if you could spare me a cup o' yeast; mine soured, an' the last batch o' bread nearest her, and soon restored the com-pany to their wonted case and good mine soured, an' the last batch o' bread I made I had ter throw to the hogs." "Certainly," and a roguish laugh flit-ted over the fair face of the minister's wife, at this specimen of her meddle-some neighbor's own economy. But she had learned the rare lesson of a judi-cious silence, and taking the cup that MissPatience produced from beneath her shawl, she bade her visitor be scated while she left the room to get the desired article. humor. But poor Miss Patience! She never heard the jast of that lost thimble. While the deacon's wife, to the day of her death, never trusted any hands but her own to make Thanksgiving pies for her minister.—Fouth's Compution.

Primitive Agricultural Methods. article. As her steps died away, Miss Patience Writing from Albuquerque, New noiselessly arose from her seat, and ap-proaching the dresser upon which the Mexico, a correspondent says: The Mexican and Indian methods of har-Mexican and Indian methods of har-vesting their grain are very primitive, similar, indeed, to those of Eastern countries in Bible times. The wheat is cut by hand with a sickle, and taken, unbound, in carts to the threshing-floor. This consists of a round plat of level ground in an elevated place, fifty, one hundred, or two hundred feet in diame-ter as the form is a large or mell onepie stood, peered curiously into the apertures in the crust, her sharp face expressing eager curiosity. "I'll bet a ninepence she didn't know

chough ter put crackers in. I wish't I could get one look, jest ter satisfy my own mind, 'she added. And determined to accomplish her object at all hazards, she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, and inserting four inquisitive fingers, lifted the brown crust, and took a glimpse of the conter, as the farm is a large or small one, the surface of which is pounded or trodden as hard as a cement floor. Around the edges of this, tall poles are set in the ground five or six feet apart, forming a simple. tents forming a circle. The unthreshed grain is piled up loosely in the center, and, when everything is ready, a thin layer is raked down between the central pile of grain and the circle of poles, and then A look of unmitigated disgust passed

over her face. Dropping into a conaloud "Well, I never! an' we payin' that man \$500 a year besides a donation party

of grain and the circle of poles, and then a flock of goats or sheep, or sometimes oi burros, or ponies, is driven around over the grain until it has all been beaten out of the heads by their feet. The straw is then thrown outside of the circle of poles, and the wheat pushed up toward the center. Another lot oi the unthreshed grain is then raked down, and the operation repeated until the whole is threshed. I was forcibly reminded of the Scriptural injunction which forbade the Hebrews to muzzle the ox that trod out the grain. The winnowing is also done in the Biblical way. After the wheat has been sepa-rated from the straw, it is gathered up into a heap, and when a brisk breze arises it is thrown into the air in the teeth of the wind, which blows away at Christmas. Ough!" Unsuspicious Mrs. Graham as she returned with the yeast, was somewhat puzzled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as guest, who hurried out of the house as it some dreadful contagion had haunted it; but when the minister, in carving the pie the deacon's wife had sent, made two curious discoveries almost simultaneously, the reason for Patience's altered de Leanor was made plain, and the young pair indulged in a hearty laugh that made the old parsonage ring like a peal of Thanksgiving bells. The Tuesday, following was the reag-

The Tuesday following was the regu-lar day for the weekly sewing-circle, and seidom had that interesting gathering proved so lively and animated as on occasion. Miss Patience was in the field brigh

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Fanctes.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880.

Fashion decrees this winter that richer and more striking fabrics, brighter colors and more striking fabrics, brighter colors and more bizarre combinations, shall be used in the composition of toilets and in millinery than we have had for many years. To describe in words the bro-cades, satins, silks, plaided stuffs in silk and wool, handkerchief goods, chevio's, serges, flannels and novelty materials for dresses brought out this winter is impossible. In fact, not even pictured representations can do justice to the present facts in dress fabrics. The special rage of the season is for plaid effects. Toward these the index of fashion has pointed steadily for some time, and manufacturers, guided by the signs of the times, have not hesitated in the production of new and exaggerated styles. Bold handkerchief patterns, in wool materials, are produced in every variety of combination and effect. Some-times the outer border of the handker-

times the outer border of the handker-chief square is marked by large plaids, while the inner portion is filled with small checks. In other patterns the plaids cross the centers of the squares and the small plaids are placed without. In colors every age and fancy can be suited. From the brightest to the grav-est, scarce a shade is unrepresented. Indeed, to look at the variety of color combinations and brilliant effects in fabrics of every kind, one might think the looms had run riot, were it not that through all there runs a spirit of order imes the outer border of the handker-

tion.

hrough all there runs a spirit of order in disorder, and by the union of colors

apparently the most incongruous, the most unique and tasteful effects are pro-duced. Shades of dark plum, garnet, marine, gendarme, and turquoise blues. bronzes, old gold, red and green, are all used in combination with each other, cording to the predominance of particu-lar shades, and the method of their combination. The changes which fashion has made

in the make-up of materials this season are shown more in the minor details than in the general effect. In trammings them feit that they had had enough of the sea and incidents, and preferred to remain where they were. They are naked black giants, and as they throw their for e to turn the handle of the screw, capstan-fashion, their muscles stand out and the whole frame is a model of herculean power. a fairly prodigal use is made of black jet, which is used in fringes of unprecedented width, as well as on those of ordinary size, and on passementeries, cords, tassels, spikes, frogs and buttons. Pas-sementeries, especially, are made in the richest designs with flowers, foliage, corais and so forth, closely imitated in the all-pervading jet. Frogs for cloak fustenings also are made in very elabor-ate designs, representing leaves, flowers, instantion of the second se The storehouse is full of bales ready The storehouse is full of bales ready for the steamer by which we expect to leave, and these find a market in Syd-ney, while the bristles go to Eng and. We pass along by the laborers' houses, and there we find the familiar coolies, and hear again the "Salaam, Sahib," often heard when I sojourned in Marybutterflies, cornucopias, etc. Buttons this season will be more elaborate than this season will be more elaborate than ever; and those used on outdoor gar-ments are of unprecedented size, many of them rivaling the diameter of a trade dollar. The old patterns are still popu-lar, but genre and odd-shaped buttons are advancing in favor, and owls, lions' heads and similar designs are seen with many dresser tollets

many dressy toilets. Skirts still cling moderately to the figure, and are trimmed with flounces, scarfs, hip draperies and loop-back dra-peries, as well as in straight unlooped ones. Basques are still worn, but polo-naises are also in vogue, though not so popular as basques and bodices. Cowls or hoods, just like a monk's cowl or hood, appear on many of the new suits, teeth of the wind, which blows away the chaff while the wheat fails by itself on walking jackets, cloaks, and someCOOLIES AND COCOANUTS.

Frontier 7 ragedy in Which One White Manand Thirty Indians Figured. It is ten o'clock in the morning. The Glimpse: at Native Life in the Fiji Islands-Picturesque Life in the South Pacific.

no & Hall

It is ten o'clock in the morning. The honey-bees are darting over the prairie in search of the sweet flowers, butter-flies float on lazy wings, and birds are singing their sweetest songs. It is a scene of deepest peace. Away to the right is the Little Bear Range of moun-tains—to the let the prairie ocean ex-tends as far as the eye can reach. Ten miles ahead is a grove of cottonwoods Our sojourn on the island for the next Our sojourn on the island for the next ten days, however, far more than com-pensated for the trouble. The house is inely situated on a spur overlooking the bold hills of Vanua Levu. The long Undu point closes in the view to-ward the north, making the part of the sea visible appear one great ake, and all around us and up the slopes of the hills and at our feet in the plain, the young coccoanuts are waving. Let us go down to the beach to visit the ma-chinery houses, and thus get an idea of the work upon an estate of this descrip-tion. miles ahead is a grove of cottonwoods and a spring-behind are thirty halt-

Advocate.

THE SCOUT'S LAST SHOT.

Here is a frontier scout as the pivot on which the scenery swings. On his way from fort to fort with dispatches his trail has been struck by a war party o' Pawnees, and they have hung to it since dark last night, following it across the levels and over the swells at a slow but never-ending galop. They knew that he was a full hundred miles from help, and they knew that his bloody scalp would add another to their trophies. These wast heaps of cocoanuts are ga hered from all parts of the island, ga hered from all parts of the island, which has a circumference of about thirty miles, and after the kernel has been extracted and dried on the long catas or tables, or in the steam drying house, which is the more approved me hod, it is packed in bags for trans-port by the inter-island steamers to Levuke or by some of the small craft trophies. "You're a rubbed out man!" said the

scout as ne looked back at dusk and saw them coming at a slow gallop over his trail. They could not have over-taken him in a dash of two miles, but Levuka, or by some o' the small craft which the merchants employ to collect their cargoes. The price in the island is about \$70 per ton. But after the ker-nel has been disposed of the husk is atin a gallop of fifty they would tire him

nel has been disposed of the huse is at-tack d, and by means of various ma-chines popularly called "devils," it is torn into the fiber of which it is com-posed and c.eaned of its dust (which is a valuable compost), and turned into bristles for brusnes, or treated as fibers to be packed into bales for export. out. At an easy gallop of five miles an hour the mustang forged ahead through the long and weary night, changing his pace only when the rider got down and ran beside him. Two miles behind him, riding thirty abreast and covering a front of half a-mile, followed the implacable foe, gain ing a little, losing a little, but ever con-tident. When the sun came up from his

All the laborers who attend to these machines are Polyneisans, meny of them on R mbi being the wild-looking Tokalaus from the Gilbert and Marshall group. Let us w/ tch for a moment the two why are from the New Hebrides

When the sun came up from his prairie bed not a savage was missing. The scout turned in his saddle and counted them, looke1 ahead for land-marks, and coolly said: turning the screw-press by which the fiber is compressed into bales. One of

"You took the chances and you have ost, but you will die game."

them is a survivor of the Carl massacre, who refused to go home when one of her majesty's ships came to repatriate the remnant who escaped. Three of them felt that they had had enough of The mustang was almost blown. For the last half hour he had labored heaviy. and had almost been held up by the The grove would have been a better

place, but the end would have been the same," said the scout as he drew up and dismounted. The Indians were two miles away. In

en minutes they would be within rifle-

"Good-bye, old pard—I must do it," said the scout, as he took hold of the mustang's head and drew his knife cross the faithful equine's throat.

He wanted a breastwork, and here he had it. Two minutes were time enough to cut bridle and saddle to pieces, and then he mounted the bcdy of his dead triend and calmly waited the approach of the Indians. tius. Mr. Hill is the only proprietor as yet who has had the good sense to take

yet who has had the good sense to take up about 100 of the first ship.oad of Ind:an emigrants. They are quite friendly side by side with the Poly-nesians, whom they term "Iunglis." A curious traffic has arisen between them, the Polynesians roing out to the woods to hunt the wild pigs, which No shout of triumph was sent across the prairie as he was brought to bay. That had been a strange chase. They had suddenly appeared on his trail with-out a sound, seeming to rise out of some fissure in the flower-covered prairie Not once through the long night had the woods to hunt the wind pigs, which th y sell to the Indians, who get much better wages than themselves, for a dol-lar a pig; and on the bread-frait, which grows in profusion, and other extras, the coolies are becoming fat and sleek

Love is Enough.

NO 40.

Love is enough. Let us not a ek for gold. Wealth breeds! talse aims, and pride and s lfishness;

in those serene Arcadian days of old Man gave no thought to princely homes and dress.

The gods who dwelt in mir Olympia's height Lived only for dcar love and love's delight. Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we care to fame ?

Ambition is a most unpleasant gue It lures us with the glory of a name Far from the happy haunts of peace and

rest. Let us stay here in this seeluded place Made beautiful by love's endearing grace! Love is enough

Love is enough. Why should we strive for power?

It brings men only env 7 and distrust.

The poor world's homage pleases but an hour, And earthly honors vanish in the dust. The g andest lives are ofttimes desolate;

Let me be loved, and let who will be great Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we ask for more?

What greater gift have gods vouchsafed to men?

What better boon of all their precious store Than our fond hearts that love and love again ?

Old love may die; new love is just as sweet, And life is fair and all the world complete; Love is enough!

-Ella Wheeler

MUMOROUS.

General Hancock's pay as a major eneral is \$7,000 per year.

When your opponent calls you a liar, let him have the floor.—New York News. There are 1,000 pupils in the mission-ary Sunday-schools of Lucknow, India.

Help somebody worse off than your-self, and you will find that you.are better off than you fancied.

Rebecca: Yes; when a young lady "goes crazy" over dancing, we think she could consistently be called hop-ping mad.—Yonkers Statesman.

Railroad accidents have their use in the world. They give thousands of young husbands an excuse for not taking their newly-wedded wives upon a bridal tour.

A gentleman'saw an old Highlander one day fishing with a bent pin. He said to the man: "Fish will never be caught with that." "Aye, they will," the man replied, "if they'll only take it into their heavis."

Not once through the long night had the scout heard from them except as he dropped from the saddle and placed his ear to the ground. But for the steady thud! thud! of their horses' feet he might had the ing syrup, you will dance without oth ing any questions.-Rochester Herald. The room was poorly lighted; He couldn't see, he said, And when he tried to kiss her mouth He bit her nose instead. -Peoria Transcript. Necessity is the mother of invention, nd a newly-married Philadelphia man is experimenting with an electrical apparatus by which a party on an upper oor can light the fire in the kitchen without coming downstairs or getting out of bed. The Lowell Courier isn't printed on he sea-coast but it knows something about lighthouses, just the same. It say: Lighthouses are of great benefit to the sailor, in preventing him from being wrecked; but a succession of light nouses is sure to wreck the theatrical manager." "So you enjoyed your visit to the me-nagerie, did you?" inquired young Silla-bub of his adored one's little sister. 'Oh. yes. And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully, fand sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the church socia-bles."-Yonker's Gazette. "Did you hear about that boy being washed ashore?" asked Gilhooly of one of the most prominent citizens of Gal-veston. "No; when did that happen?" "This morning." "How was it?" "He was washed ashore by his mother. You don't suppose she would take him out into the middle of the Gulf of Mex ico, do you?"- Galveston News. When you meet a young man who is smoking a cigar it is your duty to stop him, and say: "Young man, that cigar contains acetic, formic, cutyric, valeric and proprionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuret-ted hydrogen, pyridine, virodine and rubidene, to say nothing of cabbageine and burdockic acid." He may stick to the cigar, but you have done your duty in the premises. "I assure you, gentlemen," said the convict, upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had consulted my own interests I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted .- Boston Transcript.

naked savages on horseback. Here is a frontier scout as the pivot on

deacon don't relish 'em—ter make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister's folks. 'Twon't need ter be very large," she added, in reply to Sally's doubtful look. "Only the minister and his wife. -an' you can bake it in that smallest yaller dish.

'Now, I'm goin' upstairs ter look over them rug-rags, an' you make it an bake it right off, so't I can send it over by the deacon. He's got ter go out to the Corner this afternoon, an' can take it along as well as not." She bustled out of the door, but the

next moment, seized perhaps with a sudden pang of compunction, she put her head in again, to say, warningly:

ten

erin

"Be sure you put in a good parcel of gravy; that'll keep it from bein' dry, if 'tis half giblets." "Yes'm." answered 'Sally, briskly: catching up the rolling-pin sh brought it down with an emphasis upon

a lump of dough on the mold-board. the stairway-door closed behind her mistress, Sally dropped the rolling

pin, and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more stolid than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment: "Giblets! What, in all creation, it

anybody can tell. me, does she mean by them?

Involuntarily she took a step forward, but checked herself as quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly:

"I guess I ain't a-agoin' ter confess my ignorance ter the deacon's wife, an' hear her say, as she always does, 'Two terms to the 'cademy, Suly, an' not know that!' No. ma'am! not while there's a dictionary in the house!"

So, softly creeping into the adjoining sitting-room, Sally hastily opened the big dictionary on the deacon's writingdesk, and began her search for the mysterious word.

"G-i-b-here 'tis!" and she read aloud to herself, with an air of triumph, the following definition:

"Those parts of a fowl that are removed before cooking-the heart, giz-

"That's it!—'heart, gizzard, liver, and so forth," she repeated, joyfully, and she retraced her steps to the kitchen. and began, with great alacrity, to fil according to directions, the minister's keeping up, meanwhile, a running fire of comment for her own special benefit.

Six gizzards! Well, that is rather steep,' as Dan Watson would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows; if she don't. 'taint none 'o my business. Six hearts! Them's small, and tuck into the corners handy. Six livers! Seems ter me they don't fill up much," and she glanced, with a perplexed air, at a pile of denuded chicken-bones that formed her only resource.

'Now, I wonder," with sudden in-'what that 'and so forth' spiration' meant? Here's 'hearts, gizzards and ivers,' plenty of 'em, but no 'and so forth.' and the pie ain't more'n twomeant? forth. thirds full yet. It must mean," and she cast a bewildered look at the halffilled pie, "the chickens' legs. I never knew nobody ter put 'em in a pie, but that must be what it means, an' they'll just fill up."

No sooner thought than done. In went the three pairs of stout yellow legs upon which their unfortunate owners had strutted so proudly only a day before; on went the well-rolled dough, covering them from sight, and into the oven went the minister's pie, just as the thimble, Miss Patience?" mistress of the house re-entered her kitchen, and with an ap groving glance snowy pastry, emarked en-

conragingly : "That pie looks real meat, Sally. "I

and carly, and it was evident at a glance to those who knew her best that she wa well nigh bursting with some important ec. et that she was only waiting a fitting opportunity to divulge. That opportunity was not long in coming, for

Mrs. Dea. Farrell, who was a constitu-tional croaker, took occasion to say in ere reference to the hard times: The deacon has been tryin' ter collect the church tax, and he says never found money so tight in all the years he's lived here. It's as hard ter get five dollars now as it used ter be

"And no wonder," spoke up Miss Patience, with the stony severity of a sphinx. "You can't expect folks ter feel like payin' out their money when they see it fairly thrown away an' wasted."

Everybody looked curious, and some of the younger girls began to bridle de-fantly. The minister's sweet young wife was evidently a favorite with gether. them, at least.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Deacon, pointedly. "Mis' Graham is young and inexperienced, to be sure; but, as the deacon was sayin only yesterday, she does very well indeed, consid-

Miss Patience tossed her head knowingly. "I don't want ter say nothin' to hurt her, but, livin' next door as I

do, I can't always help seein' and hearin' things that other folks can't be expected to know about, and when I see an know things like-" There was an ominous pause, and the

acon's wite asked, excitedly: "Like what?"

"Chicken pies, with the legs and fect of the chickens baked in !"

Had a thunderbolt fallen among them, it could not have caused greater surprise to those tidy, thrifty New Eng-land housekeepers than this dreadful revelation of the incapacity of their pas-

tor's young wife. "Are you sure of it?" gasped one matron, breaking the ominous silence. "I know it for a fact." was solemaly coturned.

"Chickens' legs in a pie!" "She's a born fool!" ejaculated the deacon's wife, indignantly, "and I'm thankful, for her poor husband's sake, that I sent her over one of my pies yesterday. It's lucky that i.e didn't have ter go without his Thanksgivin' breakfast on account of her income or children and of her ignorance au' shiftlessness. "How did you know about the pie? asked one of the girls.

Miss Patience bristled defiautly. "That's nobody's business but my own!" she retorted, tartly. "I don't go round ter find out things that don't concern me, I'd have you know; but

when they're thrown right into my face, as you might say, I don't shet my eyes no more'n other folks." Just here, the door opened, and in walked the subject of their conversation, her pretty face glowing with the haste that she had made, and a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes, that nobody noticed, so occupied were they in hiding the confusion that her sudden entrance had created.

Walking up to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she saluted them cordially; and then, holding out upon the tip of one sleader finger a wellworn silver thimble, she said, archly: "Where do you think I found your

1 1100 At a distance the lying chaff looks like steam escaping by uccessive puff | from the exhaust pipe of an engine

The Mexicans and some of the Indians are beginning to adopt modern farming implements, and in a few years ron plows will probably have replaced the wooden ones that have been in use for centuries, and which are like those with which the Egyptians cultivated the valley of the Nile in the time of Moses. I saw one of these plows, but as this is not the season

when the ground is broken up, I have had no opportunity to observe its use. It consisted simply of a crooked stick, upon the point of which an iron point was fastened by means of rawhide thongs. The Pueblo Indian carts are

ilso cariosities. Not a scrap of iron is used in their manufacture The wheels are discs made of boards, with a clumsy vooden hub on the outside. The tire is of rawhide, and the body of the cart is constructed of poles rudely framed to-

Teas and How They Are Adulterated. It is pretty generally known that the

orthodox teas prepared in China for American and European consumption are adulterated, but comparatively few people are aware of the extent to which

the adulteration is carried on, or what substances are used. M. Hussen, a French chemist of note, has made a thorough investigation of the subject, and the result of his researches has been aid before the Academy of Sciences. He finds that Prussian indigo and gyp-sum, in small quantities, are the principal ingredients employed to impart the "face," of "bloom," to teas, and that in the proportions used they are very

innocuous. This adulteration take place where the plants are raised; bu more extensive adulteration is subse-quently indulged in by the Europeans, who, with their superior knowledge, have surpassed the Asiatics in their fraud by the use of still more dangerous

drugs, such as chromate of lead and arsenicate of copper, besides making use of comparatively innocuous sub-stances such as sulphate of iron, stearite,

carbonate of lead and magnesia. The Chinese have become most expert in manipulating green teas, which they color with a few simple substances some of them poisonous-for example plumbago, Prussian blue, carcuma and kaolin. With or without the true leaf of the shrub, they can produce a tea of any desired tint. In order to give the in-ferior or false leaf the aroma of the tea,

the Celestials mix a quantity of it with the Celestials mix a quantity of it with certain flowers, especially a species of olive. In short according to M. Mus-sen, no injurious proceeding is omitted in the Celestial empire to palm on the outer barbarian inferior to false teas. In the leading tea-growing districts the government has a corps of inspectors who are remained to see that the goods

who are required to see that the goods are dispatched in pure state. The precaution, however, avails little, for at the shipping ports there is no attempt to prevent the merchants or brokers from ommitting their fraudulent practices which they carry on to their heart's content. In spite of their knowledge of the extent to which this adulteration is

carried on, we presume our people will continue to drink of the cup which is said to cheer without stealing away a person's brains.

So pleased was Miss Patience?" So pleased was Miss Patience to re-gain her lost treasure that she had for-gotten for the moment all her assumed dignity, and exclaimed, j oyfully; "Well, I declare, I am glad to see that they think themselves worth, and could be bought at their actual value, dia-monds would be plenty in the alms-houses of this free republic.-Hartford

times even on dolman visites. The dol-man visite, by the way, is the leading This winter it comes lined with wгар. colored plush instead of with fur. But fur-lined and all-fur garments are not by any means discarded. In fact, they are the only proper wraps for the coldest weather in this latitude. Circle cloaks lined with fur are also to remain in vogue. This season they are made a little more shapely by having the back the fittest to survive. seam curved to the line of the figure, giving a graceful spring to the garment. While black wraps continue to be worn ton, and it is easy to perceive that the and called for more than any other, it is observable that seal brown has be exports from this one island alone will come very fashionable for jackets, dol-mans and cloaks. Seal-brown plush jackets and dolmans imitate scalskin to perfection, and seal-brown cloth, beaver with seal-brown plush have all the rich-ness of effect of a real sea-fur trimmed garment. Jet and other glittering bead rimmings are used on the richest Sicil

ienne and damassee cloaking wraps In fact, jet grows more and more in favor from season to season. It crops shedding their long tassels of pink and out on everything-dresses, bonnets, hats and cloaks; and for colored dresses white flowers, which filled the whole air with a delicate perfume. The path passed through timber which, from its there are bead trimmings of the rarest artistic merit, showing the colors of costume or toilet on which they are majestic growth, showed the richness of the soil, and on our return in the evening by sea we had a good opportunity o

In millinery, gold, silver, tinsel, gold-brocaded ribbons, gold cords and braids, gold sequins and golden ornaments viewing the finely wooded hills, which, even in the days when Commodore Wilkes made his survey of the group ighten and brighten the plush, velvet caused Rambi to be distinguished among and satin which compose the dressiest the islands. The Tinonee, the successor of the Fretty Jane, and a steamer more worthy b. nnets, and it is used unsparingly, too, on furry beaver and plush felt hats .-Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.

A Story from Paris.

at lawn tennis when the sun was dip-ping behind the mountains of Vanus During the last year I was in Paris heard a very pretty story. A party of merry, bright-eyed American girls were Levu. She was filled up with cotton and copra from the windward, with bales of fiber from Undu Point, and merry, bright-eyed American girls were at a window looking on to a court-yard. Soon a seemingly old man crossed the yard. "That's the Marquis of X," said one of the girls. "He lives in a garret of the house and lives by giving French lessons." "I'll begin lessons with him to-morrow," then said one of the yourgast girls. And she did do f when she had taken in the Rambi bales with some hundred, of bags of copri from Vuna Point, Tavuni, she sailed for Levuka via Savusavu bay, bearing us homeward to Ovalau, which, after all the youngest girls. And she add so. She soon perceived that her master was one of the most polished men she ever can holds its own in loveliness with any island of the group .- Contemporary Re view. met. He was not over thirty. Want and grief alone had bent him into premature old age, for he had an aged and sick mother to keep, which his carnings could not always do. What did our little American girl do? She quietly proposed to marry the marquis. I need not tell you how readily he accepted This is the happiest marriage between a poor French nobleman and a rich American girl that I know of. I can give the number of the house and the street where the first act of the comedy took place. The marquis walks now as straight as any one, and the dowager marchioness may frequently be seen at the Bois sitting by the side of her daughter in law, whom she worships, A few hand looms can still be as well she may.

Supremacy of the Dressmaker.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her lecture

on "Modern Society," strongly portrays the supremacy of the dressmaker of to-day. The fashionable women say to her: "Do how you will with me. Make me modest or immodest. Tie up

my feet or straighten my arms until the If some men could be sold for what use of them becomes impossible. Deprive my figure of all the drapery, or upholster it like a window frame. Nay, set me in the middle of a movable tent, but array me so people shall look at me and say I look well."

Passing on, we get into a cocoanut grove, which stretches a long distance along the coast, the lap of the fall tide might have almost made himself believe that he was being pursued by shadows. coming up to the very roots of the first line of trees. On some of the trees the "Sixteen bullets in this Winchester

Still

and six in the revolver." soliloquized the nuts are so thick as to defy comi uta-tion, being indeed too crowded for scout as the Indians were within a mile of the spot. Did they mean to ride him growth. As many as 300 have been down? Each rider was bent over his ounted on one tree, but this is only horse's neck, and each kept the pace he had had for hours. when they are as small as apples, for

they fall abundantly in the struggle of "My sculp is worth the sculp of ten Indiana!" said the scout as he raised his along the coast we come to other flats and valleys which are also being cleared rifle, " but mebbe I can't get over six or out for planting with cocoanuts or cot

Straight at him rode the line of thirty edskins until he raised his rifle for thot. Then the band divided right and in not many years, equal the exports from the whole colony when I arrived. eft and inclosed him in a circle. Not a shout from any tongue. It might have been called a still huat. On one occasion, when the ladies went

by boat on a picnic to a locality called The line was out of rifle-shot at first, Ge rgia, where the proprietor has another house, I walked with Mr Hun ter, the chief magistrate of Levuka, out it gradually worked nearer and nearer, and at last the report of the scout's rifle broke the stillness of the along the coast a distance which was norning. stated to be six miles, but which in the

"Twenty-nine left!" he | said as he heat of the day, without a breath of wind in the woods, I took to be double the distance. The immense vatu trees were brew out the empty shell.

Not a shot came from the Indians in reply. Every warrior threw himself on he opposite side of his horse, and the hardy ponies followed the circle at a

steady gallop. "Twenty eight left!" said the scout s he fired again. No shout or shot in reply, but the cir-

le was growing narrower. "Twenty-seven left!"

Three of the horses in the ring were galloping without riders.

"wenty-six left!" The scout had fired coolly and de-

liberately, shooting every victim through the head. His rifle had a of the colony, arrived all too soon to cut onger range than those of the Indians, short our expeditions in search of wood but now they were near enough to open pigeons and wild pigs, and our struggl in reply.

Twenty-five left!" he said as another savage tell into the grass with a wild cream of rage and pain.

Five of the thirty were dead Now a yell runs around the circle, and every norse turns his head toward the common center and charges the scout.

Puff! bang! puff! bang! bang! ang!

Three horses went down and two nore riders fell backward from their saddles.

"Twenty-three left!" counted scout, as he dropped the gun and leveled his revolver.

They were upon him. They shot at According to the Building News a him, struck at him, and tried to ride of ancient Meruphis in Egypt containing 540 picks to the inch, and it is recorded over him.

"Puff! bang! puff! bang!"

that one of the Pharaohs sent to the Five shots struck men or horses, and when the hammer fell for the sixth time Lydian king, Crœsus, a corselet made of linen and wrought with gold, each fine it sent the last bullet into the brain of the scout.

thread of which was composed of 360 smaller threads twisted together! The ancient Egyptians wove a fabric called the "linen of justice," or "justifica-tion." So beautiful and valuable was it Nine Indians were lying dead around the pivot, three more were wounded and five or six horses were disabled. Al this for a single scalp and the glory of shooting a brave man's dead body full that it was esteemed the most accept able offering to the "Restorer of Lafe. of arrows, cutting off head, hands and feet, and shrieking like demons as the work in the Eastern bazars of Cairo, the cloth woven in which rivals in texture, blood spurted far over the rich green grass. When they rode away the body was a color and designs the finest glass screens

shapeless mass. It would rest there dur-ing the day, and when night came the woives would come sneaking from hidden ravines to devour it to the last morsel and then fight over the bloody grass.-

Detroit Free Fress.

Salmon fishing on the Columbia river, Oregon, is very dangerous, owing to certain tidal peculiarities. Two hundred men at least are reported as lost during boys of the latter place Foard them and gather the ro.t in large quantities. The licorice root is better and fresher than that found in the drug stores, and as it is a foreign substance, the boys gather it out and eat it.

He stood, a bronzed and battered form, Within an old embrasure warm, And leaned upon a cannon old, Half sunken in the fragrant mold; Then, turning from the rusty gan, With help of crutch he tottered on. A sweet girl-face looked up at him, And sweet eyes scanned his aspect grim, And sweet voice said, in quaver low, Oh, gallant warrior, do not go, But tell me-tell me where you tought-And where these itearful wounds were wrought. Wert smitten in the furious tide That drenched in blood the bastion's side? Or fought upon the slippery deck

And sangidefiance from the wreck? Or waved the starry banner high, Bravely resolved to do or die?" "Hold on, young gal!" the vete ran said : 'I am a whitewasher by trade; never fit; this trouble is Inflammatory rheumatiz!" --- Andrews' Queen

In the iron ore brought to this coun-try from foreign ports there is mixed large quantities of licorice root, and as cars which haul the ore from Philadel-phia to Johnstown pass Altoona the boys of the latter place board them and

Ancient Fine Linen.

of Munich.