VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881.

NO. 1.

" Of the Earth, Earthly,",

Have they told you I am going To the land of rest ? I am very patient, knowing All is for the best: Yet the summer light is clearest Ere the soul departs. Nature seems to draw the nearest

Unto dying hearts. Have they told you I am leaving Earthly things behind? Love, perhaps, but not deceiving, Friendship proved unkind; Yet the sunshine, slowly stealing Down the soft, green slope, Brings back all the trustful feeling,

All the dreams of hope.

Have they told you I am hasting To a fairer home? Yes, but here are roses wasting, Blossoms white as foate Here are sun-gilt vine leaves wreathing Round our cottage door : Here are solemn fir trees breathing

Fragrance evermore. Have they told you I am setting All my thoughts on high? Yes, but can I learn forgetting While old haunts are nigh? When the bracken plumes are swaying On our pine-crown'd hill, I can almost hear you saying

That you love me still. Hush! I hear a footstep falling On the garden plot, And a voice speaks, softly calling, Yet I answer not

Till I feel your arms around me, On my face your breath, Love and fairh have sought and found me ; This is life-not death.

Sarah Doudney, in Good Words,

THE OLD STORY.

A sober, half-discontented face at the window—a bright face in the street. The window is thrown open, and a smile goes from the bright face to the sober one, giving it a new and pleasanter as-

"I was sure I saw you, not ten minutes ago, riding out with Harry," said receive; yet she saw no remedy. But the young friend, as they met and kissed now, by a word or two, her friend has at the door. 'Oh, dear, no! I haven't oeen out

member when you rode out together love lay all her world. almost every afternoon."

recreation than the lover. He must give more thought to business," remarked the friend.

The little wife tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders in a doubtful way, saying, as she did so:

"I don't know about the business. But lovers and husbands are different species of the genus homo. The explanation lies somewhere in this direction, I pre-

"Ah, Bella, Bella! That speech does not come with a musical sound from your lips," remarked the friend, smiling, vet serious.

"Truth is not always melodious," said Bella. "How is it to sweethearts and wives?"

asked the friend; "do they belong to the same class?" her excitement died away. "Ah, Mary, if I should lose my husband's love, it would kill me!" wife's ears with a suggestive young force. Her voice was a little changed

as she answered: 'I don't know; perhaps not!" Then, after a moment, she said: "And

you thought it was Harry and I that you saw riding out ?" "I was certain of it; but, it only goes to show how one may be mis-

The friend had been scanning the young wife for some moments, from head to foot, in a way that now called

out the question: "Do you see anything peculiar about

"Yes," was answered.

" What ?" "A peculiar untidiness that I never saw in the sweetheart!" Bella glanced down at her soiled and

"My neglige?" she said, with a little "So I should think! Now, shall I

draw your picture?" 'Yes; if you have an artist's fancy. Here it is: Hair lusterless and untidy; skin dull for want of action and feeling; a wrapper better conditioned for the washing-tub and ironing-table, than as a garment for the fair person of a young wife; no collar nor ornament of any kind; and a countenance-well, I can't give that'as I saw it a little while ago, at the window, but I'm sure it wasn't the face to charm a lover. Perhaps it might suit a husband-but I have my doubts.

Why, Mary. You are in a sportive "No; serious. How do you like the picture? Let me compare it with the original. Fairly reproduced, I believe. I hardly think that you were in this trim when Harry fell in love. But it may all be well enough for a husband. I have no experience in this line, and

can't speak by the card." Bella felt the reproof of her friend, as was evident by the spots that began to burn on her cheeks.

"You wouldn't have me dress in party style every day?" she said. "Oh, no; but I'd have you neat and sweet, as a young wife should always be; that is, if she cares for the fond eyes of her husband. I verily believe it was Harry I saw riding out a little

while ago upon her friend who, already, half regretted her closing sentence.

swered the friend.

" To plague me?" There was an expression in Bella's their delicate cutting. Two open rose-face that Mary had never seen there bebuds—red and white—nestled in her fore. Her eyes had grown suddenly of bair. She did look lovely and lovable, a darker shade, and were eager and as her mirror told her. questioning. Her lips lay closer to-gether; there were lines on her fore-

"To plague me?" she repeated. "Take

she had not been mistaken as to Bella's husband; but who was the lady with whom she had seen him riding out? Bella had said, a little while before, that her husband had not driven her out for a month; and yet Mary felt certain that she had seen him riding out "Bless me!" he exclaimed, after a moment, "how charming you look!" with a lady at least three or four times during that period. Should she hide the truth; or trusting to its power for ultimate good, let it appear? There was no time for reflection. She spoke, now, rather from a desire to help her friend into a better state of perception, then for the state of the spoke in the state of the spoke.

Sweet as a rose!" he added, holding her away from him, and gazing at her admiringly. How her heart did beat with a new delight!

than from any clear sight in the matter.
"I think," she said, "that having now your husband, you have fallen into now your husband, you have fallen into ness in Harry's voice, as he suggested the error of thinking that personal at- the probable reason for her singularly tractions are not needed to hold him by improved appearance. your side. Now, it is my opinion that if Harry had found you in your present untidy condition—and you are often in no better plight—in a single instance before marriage, he would have broken off the engagement; and I'm sure that in a suit for breach of promise, if I had been on the jury, a verdict in his favor would have been rendered."

sally, but sat looking into her friend's face in a strange, bewildered, troubled way. The intimation that her husband had been riding out with a lady, when it fairly reached her thought, gave her a sharp pain. It had never entered her imagination that he could look, with a passing sense of admiration, into any he felt no pleasure at the thought of face but hers—that his heart could turn meeting one who, since their marriage, pect. Both faces are young—that at from her to another for a single instant had seemed to grow every day less at-the window youngest; almost child-like. of time. She had perceived that he was tractive. But now Bella was his queen Yet the window-face is the face of a colder, more indifferent, less careful of wife, and the street-face that of a her pleasures than in the sunny days of maiden, "fancy-free." and betrothment—but, "How strangely I was deceived, Bella!" said the lady in the street.
"Deceived! How, Mary? What do you mean? But, come in, you're just the one I wish to see."
"I was some I saw you not ten min." was an unpleasant truth, and hard to started her into a different view of the case. Was her husband's heart really riding with Harry for a month." turned from her? She was frightened at the remote suggestion—for in his turned from her? She was frightened the cold, balf-indifferent husband, Harry

"You are not really in earnest, Mary, "Yes; but that was before our mar- about seeing Harry riding out with a of tender admiration or loving pride. that made her friend look into her face narrowly.

"The husband has less time to his afterneous and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The color had left her the tenth time (North Land) and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The color had left her the tenth time (North Land) and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The color had left her the tenth time (North Land) and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The color had left her the tenth time (North Land) and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The color had left her the tenth time (North Land) and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The color had left her the tenth time (North Land) and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The husband has less time for face, and her heart shook in her voice

"Probably I was mistaken, Bella, you at the window a little while ago." · Did you notice the lady very particutery crystal drop on her cheek.

No; but let the matter pass, dear. No doubt I was mistaken. It is worrying you more than I could have imagin Bella looked at her friend for ome moments, in a strange way, then giving a low, suppressed, wailing cry, bent forward and laid her face upon her bosom, sobbing and shuddering in such wild turbulance of feeling that her friend

became actually alarmed. "You have frightened me!" said the young wife, lifting her head at last, as

'Then, Bella," answered her friend. see to it that you neglect none of the at Work. means required for keeping it. If you would continue to be loved, you must not grow unlovely. The charms that won your husband must not be folded up and kept for holiday occasions, and then put on for other eyes than his. You must keep them ever displayed before him; nay, put on new attractions. Is not the husband even dearer than the lover, and his heart better worth the holding? Look back, my dear friend, over the brief moons that have waxed and waned since you were a bride. Put vourself on trial and take impartial testimony. How has it been? Has your temper been as sweet when you sat leaning together summer twilights, talking of love-crowned future? Have been as studious to please as then; as careful of his feelings; as regardful of his tastes? Do you adorn yourself for his eyes now, as you dressed for his coming then? As a wife, are you as lovable as you were when a maiden? Bella, Bella! look to the little foxes that spoil the tender grapes, if you would have love's ripened fruitage. Love is not a chameleon to feed on air, and change in every bue of condition. It must have substantial food. Deprived of this, and it languishes and dies. And now, dear, I have warned you. Meet your husband, when he returns home this evening, as sweetly as when he came to you in your father's house, at-

came home yesterday?" The face of Bella flushed a little. "Husbands soon lose the taste for kissing," she answered, at the same time patting her small foot nervously on the Brussels carpet.

note the manner in which his face will

lighten up. Did he kiss you when he

"If the wife's lips remain as sweet as the maiden's-never! it," said Bella. "Wait until you are

After the friend said good-afternoon, the young wife went to her room and cried for a good quarter of an hour. Then she commenced doing as her friend had suggested. Refreshed by a bath, wrapper, with a delicate blue belt bind-Bella threw a quick, startled look scarcely whiter than her pure neck,

"Why did you say that? What did you mean?" she asked. "I only said it to plague you," an golden brown, had been made glossy as the wing of a bird, and was folded just enough away from the temples to show

Harry was half an hour later than usual in coming home. Bella was sitting in the parlor when he came in, waiting for his return with a new feeling at her heart-a feeling of blended fear and The friend wished now that she had hope; fear lest he was actually becoming tot made that suggestion; and yet, estranged from her, and a trembling not made that suggestion; and yet, estranged from her, and a trembling since making it, doubt had reached hope to win him back again. His step conviction in her mind. She was sure | was not very light. She noticed that,

> "Bless me!" he exclaimed, after a moment, "how charming you look!" And he came forward with a pleased smile on his face, and, taking her hand,

"Dressed for company?" There was just a little shade of cold-

"Yes," replied Bella.
"Who?" "My husband," in a trembling voice. Harry was a little puzzled, but greatpleased. It was true that he had been riding out that afternoon with a lady; a handsome, attractive woman, who was throwing around his weak, almost boyish, spirit, a siren's fascination. She Bella did not smile at this closing put on every charm in her power to ally, but sat looking into her friend's summon; while the foolish wife was hiding hers away, and taking no pains to hold dominion in the heart she had won, and was now in danger of losing. Five minutes before the companion of his ride appeared to his fancy so charming, in comparison with his wife, that

hearts again! "And are you really dressed to re-ceive me, durling?" he said, as he kissed her again, and then drew his arm lovingly about her waist.

Yes, for you. Could a true wife wish to look lovelier to other's eyes than her husband's?

"I should think not," he answered. She understood, in the words, more than he meant to convey. There was a rose-tint on everything in Bella's home that evening. From was transformed to the warm, attentive lover. How many times, as she turned her eyes upon him, did she catch a look

the tenth time. "You look as pure inden of safed as of meat. Saft is used to make human food more palarand sweet as a hity." "Love for my husband," she anreplied the friend; "though I had not swered, and then a tear, in which joy's doubted the fact a moment, until I saw sunlight made a rainbow, stole out from the drooping lashes, and lay, a them to desire salt. Hence, in a wild

state they seek for salt springs She made no confession of her "licks," where they may satisfy this natural craying, and in a domesticated thoughtless neglect of the means by which hearts are held in thrall to love; condition it should always be accessible though her husband half guessed at the to them, and then they never will injure themselves by enting too fact that something had awakened her to the truth.

On the next afternoon Harry rode out with a lady again; but that lady was his wife. He was never afterward in danger of being won away from faithful love, for Bella grew in his eyes more attractive, more charming, more lovable every day. And thus she saved him, in his younger and less stable years, from being drawn aside from the right way; and both herself and him from years of wretchedness. - Christian

A Train's Frightful Position. The most hair-rising episode that ever ers to the stomachs of pigs. They are happened to a New Mexican mountain railway train fell to the lot of Conduc'or or perhaps to live a long time on only Blessingham, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, on the west slope of tion is the cause of frequent diseases Glorietta Summit. The train comamong pigs, chief of which are diarrhea prised thirty loads, and as it was entirely and constipation. Regular feeding of upon the descent, Jack Brown, the salt in moderate quantity and of sulengineer, threw on the water-brake, but found that it was broken and would not work. The train gained momentum to good appetite, promote digestion. such a frightful extent that the switch cables and books lying on the pilot base bowels, which is more likely to occur in front were hurled from their places into the air, breaking one of the locomotive's guard rails. Brown called for brakes, but the train men had already set every one, and realized that the train was beyond their control. Seeing their food. Pigs suffer much from indithat nothing could be done to stop the mad course the train was running, Brown jumped from the cab while going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, landing seventy-two feet distant, actual measurement. Blessingham, who was on the caboose with Pawnee Charley and they care themselves, or, in other words wife as passengers, fearing that the train was going to destruction, cut his way car loose, and checked it with the brakes, while the train continued its velocity down the long grade. The vent extremes. The best medicine for fireman stood at his post like a hero, and while the engine was plunging down the flight at a giddy speed, he tracted as the bee is to the flower, and crawled out on the footboard and poked sand through the sand-box, thinking that it might assist the wheels in getting a grip upon the rails. As the train ed around Material curve, which is This inconsistency is all the more "short and steep," the velocity was so great that that the locomotive ran on are always reared only for human food, one rail, and overbalanced so greatly that it came within an ace of losing its equilibrium. The brakemen on deck were obliged to lie flat and cling to the "Oh, you don't know anything about running boards for safety. For six miles those badly frightened men stuck to the ship and faced the horrors of death. Below Conocite is a natural basin, with three miles of level track, and it was on this stretch the runaway train was mastered and stopped. Some of the cars were laden with iron for the dangerous for food than beef or mutton, she attired herself in a spotless white front, but they were unloaded before as neat cattle or sheep will not naturally oper, with a delicate blue belt bind-her waist. A small lace collar, burled in all directions. Just how the eat anything but grain or vegetables hurled in all directions. Just how the train held to the rails as well as it did food or the refuse of shaughter houses. edged and tied with a narrow azure rib- is a mystery the doctors must solve- Cattle may be taught to subsist on fish bon, was turned away from her swan- we can't .- Los Vegas (N. M.) Optic.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Valuable Table.

The following table, giving the quantity of seed and number of plants requisite to crop an care of land, will prove valuable to farmers and gardeners, and to families generally who may have only a small garden : Celery, seed...
Celery, plants, 4 by ½, feet...
Clover, White Duteb...
Clover, Lacerne...
Clover, Alsike...
Clover, large red, with timethy...
Clover, large red, without time'y...
Corn, sugar... Flax, broadenst.
Grass, timothy, with clover.
Grass, timothy, without clover.
Grass, orchard
Grass, red-top or herds.
Grass, blue
Grass, ree Henny, broadcast.

Kale, German green.

Lettuce, in rows 2½ feet.

Leek, in rows 2½ feet. Lawn grass. Melons, water, in hills 8x8 feet Melons, citron, in hills 4x4 feet, Oats... Okra, in drills 2½ by 1-4 feet. Onion, in beds for sets.... Onion, in rows for large bulbs Peas, broadcast.....

Rve, broadcast

Tomatoes, plants... Wheat, in drills... Wheat, broadcast...

Rye, drilled... Salsify, in drills 21, feet... Spinach, broadcast Squash, bush, in hills 4x4 feet...

Turnips, broadcast.
Tomatoes, in frame.
Tomatoes, seed, in hills 3x3 feet.

Indigestion of Pigs.

table, and seems necessary to supply

the wastes to the system caused by the

animal secretions. The justinets of

horses and runinating animals lead

much of it. Pigs do not seem to have

this natural craving for salt to the same

extent as other animals, but I have

known them to eat it when given to

them while in pasture, and also while

confined in pens, and I have made it a

practice to put salt where pigs could bely

themselves to it. When pigs are fed

cooked food of any kind, and especially

vegetables, the food can be improved

and made more palatable, so that the

appetite may not flag, by moderately salt-

ing it. The proportions of salt should

be the same as for human food. Too

little attention is usually given by farm-

expected to cat anything and everything,

one kind of food. This want of atten

phur, with an occasional feeding of char-

coal (once a week), will serve to make a

amount of magnesia was given them in

gestion, caused by over-eating, and if

they had the remedies accessible their

instincts would teach them to make use

of them and thus prevent the frequent

when pigs have access to the ground,

prevent diseases of the stomach by eat-

ing grass, which is laxative, or earth,

rotten wood or bits of charcoal, which

seem to check this condition or to pre-

In summer-time.

and prevent

result—diarrhea.

disturbance

Rve, drilled,

25 Crown street, Philadelphia, between whose oldest son assisted in the performance at Trenton when Washington to curses the blessings that are upon him; bring to the dust whatever highwas inaugurated. The descendants of him; bring to the dust whatever ingularity may be his; blue the place at the Philadelphia theater, being greatly discouraged by his prospects, called on Hopkinson ment, pain and sorrow; bring thame It is not a general practice with farmers to give salt to pigs or to mix it in their food. Salt is no more injurious for a patriotic song one Saturday after- and reproach upon brothers and sisters; to a pig than to a person. The stomach noon to increase his chance of success. trample upon the love and confidence By Sunday afternoon it was ready; on of his fellows; shut himself out from Monday morning it was advertised to all goodness, purity, usefulness and be sung that evening. Its success was happiness; blot out the image of God of a pig and its digestive functions are more like those of a lourism being than are those of almost any other nnimal. A hungry pig would probably cat enough to injure itself if its food was then so great that it was repeated more that is stamped upon him, and drag than once every night and the audience himself down lower than the brutes.

ed into beef in this country is extremely

more plentiful. A butcher or any per-

son who cuts up such animals can readily distinguish them, as the flesh is soft and flabby. It should be made a mis-

demeanor to sell such meat, as it is not

realthful food. Pigs from the country

Household Hints.

Rural New Yorker.

cleaning the scalp.

a deadly poison.

To remove ink stains from printed

books, procure a cent's worth of oxalic acid, which dissolve in a small quantity

of warm water; then slightly wet the

stain with it, when it will disappear,

leaving the leaf uninjured. The oxalic

acid must be handled carefully, as it is

Three Popular Songs.

written in 1798 by Judge Hopkinson, LL. D., at 132 Spruce street, Philadel-

"Hail Columbia"-This song was

song was sung by crowds in the Geraldine Germaine, streets at night, both parties and members of Congress taking part, the words suited either,
"The Red, White and Blue" -This ong was written and composed by Thomas A'Beckt, Sr., and published by T. Osborn, Third street, above Walnut, Philadelphia (but on his failure the plates went to Benteen, of Bal imore). under the title of "Columbia, the Gem the Ocean." It was written for David T. Shaw, of Philadelphia, to sing at a Philadelphia concert. He pub. showed symptoms of resentment at the lished it as his own work, and it was so severe punishment the trainer was copyrighted in 1843, by George Willy, of Philadelphia. As "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean" it was sung nightly in London, and published without tendance, and the lion-tamer gave two any name, by T. Williams, Cheap-performances. The first was concluded side. The name Nelson, in the last in safety, but as Alicamousa made his verse, was substituted for Washington, in 1847 it was claimed as an English composition. The author, T. A'Beckt, was, however, English by birth, and this accounts for the order, "red, white and blue," being adopted. To be distinctively American, the order should be blue, red and white. This song was extremely popular in England during the Crimean war, and in America ground, and bitten in the arm. The blue as it did when you got it."

during the late civil war. "My Country 'tis of 'Thee," as "God Save the King," was first sung by Henry Carey, at a public dinner, to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon (November 2, 1739). The words Anglia," 1742 or 1743. It became popular as a loyal song during the Scottish rebellion in 1745. The Pretender was without these precautions. The health proclaimed at Edinburg, September 15, and digestion of pigs would unand the song was sung at Drury Lane, doubtedly be promoted if they had September 28, harmonized by Dr. Arne. access to prepared chalk or if a small Dr. Burney wrote the harmonies for

Covent Garden theater. This song soon crossed the channel, and was used as a Danish national air, at Berlin as a Volkslied, and is now the Prussian and German national anthem. The words are said to be culled from many sources, and the music also. The melody which was once claimed for Carey and Lully, is similar, in technical points, to the Scotch carol, "Remember, Oh Thou Man !" and the song "Franklin is fled away!" Dr. John Bull also wrote a similar theme, in his MS. sketches, page ninety-eight, in 1619.-St. Nich-

any animal is preventive, hence their food and surroundings should be such as to promote health. The opposite is Tact. too frequently the case, as they are often kept in filth, and their food is prepared for them regardless of sanitary laws, out tact, any more than they can help their physical wants or natural instincts, having no ear for music; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible be charitable to a tactless person. are always reared only for human food, Yet people who have no tact deserve and are the most liable of almost all anipity. They are almost always doing or mals to possess parasites in their bodies, saving something to get themselves into and are susceptible of a great variety of disgrace, or which does them an injury. diseases, and among them those of a They make enemies where they desire scrofulous nature, which may be transfriends, and get a reputation for illmitted to the human family when the nature which they do not deserve. pork is eaten. I never eat random pork, They are also constantly doing other as I am afraid of it. When carefully people harm, treading on metaphorical raised and properly fattened, however, pig meat is healthful food. The omnifamily skeletons are kept, angering vorous nature of pigs makes them more people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another, it is tact, for without tact the career of the richest and most beautiful and be made to consume swill, but the is often utterly ruined.

number of such animals which are turn-"He Get's Drunk," --- A Sketch for Young People. limited, while "swill" hogs are much

"He's the smartest young man in our

"Yes, but he gets drunk."
"Oh, but he's so fine-looking, so noble and so talented withal! His composition yesterday was the very best in our division. He writes splendidly! They say he's writing for a magazine, no older than he is, and not out of school yet!—won't he be a great man, though some last!" are almost always fattened on grain, and the firmer the flesh the nearer it is to perfection and health.—Correspondence

though, some day!"
"No, I don't think he will."
"Why not?"

"He gets drunk."

Rusty black Italian crape may be restored by dipping in skimmed milk and "Oh, that's nothing; a good many water, with a bit of fine glue dissolved smart men get drunk. Every young man has his wild oats to sow; and because a in it, and made scalding hot. It should be clapped and pulled dry, like muslin. fellow gets a little boozy once in a white I wouldn't condemn him forever; quite Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie likely he'll outgrow it when he gets a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot. "More likely that will outgrow him.

older and sees the folly of it."
"More likely that will outgrow him, rub them first with a wax rag, then and, as to his getting a little boozy, scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled Tm afraid he was a good deal so when with salt. Beef having a tendency to be tough the other night, and had to carry him to his room, dodging around can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of liquor when half done, and letting the rest corners and skulking through by-ways so that none of the professors would see him. I tell you a person who drinks at boil into the meat. Make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

all is not to be depended on. The only young men that I have any confidence in are those who let intoxicating Half a pound of borax will drive the liquors entirely alone. ' cockroaches out of the house. A large

"Well, I don't care ; he's good and handful of it put in ten gallons of water saves ten per cent. of soap. It is an ex-cellent dentrifice, and the best thing for smart, anyhow, and I like him."

"I don't; he gets drunk!" So t'e conversation ran on between two schoolmates, who were walking just ahead of me. Ah, how those words, "He gets drunk," kept ringing in my cars! Possessed of a noble manhood and a glorious intellect; blessed with the greatest and best of God's gilts; having the love and approbation of teachers; admired and looked up to by associates: the pride and hope of a fond father, intertwined in the heart and life of a deting mother, united in close and tender bonds with brothers and sisters; holding in his hand the honor and good name of the institution with phia, to the well-known tune of the which he is connected, of the society in "President's March," which was either which he mingles, and yet—"gets composed by Roth or Roat (Philip?), at drunk!"

As a natural consequence that young joined in the chorus. War with France Aye, so surely does he shut himself out was then considered inevitable. The from heaven as "he gets drunk!"-

Startling Scene in a Menagerie.

A lion-tamer, a colored man named Alicamousa, came very near being torn to pieces by an infuriated lion during a performance in a menageric at Birmingham, England, a short time ago The animal is a vicious one, and a few days previous had shockingly mangled one of the attendants, whom Alicamousa rescued. The lion afterward obliged to inflict upon him at that time and several times afterward. One Saturday afternoon there was a great atsecond entry into the den the large lion sprang at him and had to be beaten back. While proceeding across the erge the lion-famerunfortunately lifted his eyes from those of the lion, which was upon him immediately, amid the shrieks of the immense crowd of spectators. Alicamousa was clawed on both sides of the face, struck to the red-hot irons were at once thrust between the bars, and the man wriggled like an eel from beneath the lion, the blood streaming down his face and shoulder. He discharged his revolver three times in the lion's mouth, and, and music first appeared in "Harmonia gaining his feet, placed his back until it was almost stunned. The counter had been watched with breathless anxiety, but as the lion-tamer left excited feelings by enthusiastically cheering him. He was not seriously injured.

They Lost Further Interest. There is a nice little game in vogue

among the young folks in this vicinity known as the "Hutchinson family." The game consists in beguiling some unsuspecting person into a room into which the whole "family" is stationed -the members of which imitate in word and action everything done by the victim, and the amount of amusement that can be extracted from a nervous young man of bashful proclivities can easily be imagined. At a sociable gathering People cannot help being born with- held in this village a short time ago, a young newspaper man was introduced into the room, and the "Hutchinson square. It is hoped he will be supfamily" began its imitation to the intense delight of everybody present-except the victim. It didn't take the young man a great while to appreciate the situation, and then he calmly walked to the center of the room and stood on his head. The "Hutchinson family" at that moment was composed of two young ladies and a gentleman, and it is needless to remark that the lady members immediately lost all incorns, opening the cupboards where terest in future proceedings. - Independent Republican.

> The Mechanicsville (Iowa) Press relates how a man named Seth Wilson, a cooper of that place, left his second wife recently to die in distress, and when the funeral took place the sound cratic demonstrations. The French of his hammer was heard all day in chemist can't be swept out of existence the shop next door to the house.

The Orchard-Lands of Long Ago. The orchard-lands of long ago !

Oh, drowey winds, awake, and blow The snowy blossoms back to me, And all the bads that used to be! Blow back along the grassy ways Of truant reet, and lift the hazo Of happy summer from the trees That trail their tresses in the seas Of grain that float and overflow The oreher i-lands of leng ago!

Blow back the inclody that slips In lary laughter from the lips That marvel much if any kiss Is sweeter than the apple's is, Blow back the twitter of the birds-The lisp, the fitter and the words Of merriment that found the shine Of summer-time a glorious wine That drenched the leaves that loved it so In orchard-lands of long ago!

th, memory! alight and sing Where rosy-bellied pippins cling, And golden russets glint and gleam As in the old Arabian dream The fruits of that enchanted tree The glad Aladdin robbed for me! And, drowsy winds, awake and fan My blood as when it over-ran A heart ripe as the apples grow In orehard-lands of long ago. James W. Riley.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

To make a successful run for office a man must imitate snow. He must come down occasionally .-- Philadelphia Chro-

The Canadian weather prophet in-forms the world through the Oil City Devick that no weather is genuine uness Vennor's name is blown on the

"Improve the evenings," says an exchange, and the Norristown Herald adds that it is needed, for some evenings this car have not been fit to be recognized by decent people.

We [are informed by the immortal declaration that all men are born free and equal. How is it with twins? Does a twin have an equal chance with the rest of humanity? -Beston Transcript.

January, sneezy; February, freezy; March, breezy: April, wheezy:
May, showery: June, lowery:
July, bowery: August, showery:
September, 11 wey: October, flowey:
November, snowy: December, glowey.
—Louiseille Courier, Journal.

Statistics show that fewer marriages occur upon Friday than upon any other day of the week. Friday is considered unlucky, you know. A crusty old bach-elor whispers in our car that marriage is unlucky, no matter what the day.-Boston Transcript. "Ma," said young impudence at

breakfast, this morning, "this is the last pie you made, ain't it?" "Yes, my son; why?" "I guess you had to paint the stuffing in with a brush. It's awful thin." Sentenced to go pieless antil he can cultivate a proper spirit of appreciation.—New Hoven Register. A crushed youth's revenge: Ambitious

"Mother, may I go out West and Indians?" Mother—"No, my fight Indians?" son, but you may go down to the cellar and fetch me up a scuttle of coal."
Thereupon the heart-crushed lad swore eternal hostility to society and forthwith became a plumber's apprentice .-

A creditor who had given his debtor a week to contrive some plan to meet his obligations called at the expiration the period and politely "Have you thought over that matter yet?" "Not exactly," responded the debter with a troubled look; "you see I wanted to think of it a good deal but the very day you left my doctor told me I mustn't do any brain work." Brooklyn Eagle.

A fond Galveston wife presented her husband with a beautiful suit of blue cloth as a New Year's gift. She was looking at him yesterday, when struck her that the cloth was fading Said she: "That suit don't look near as is rather strange, for I feel bluer than ever in it since I got the bill. I assure you. I changed color as soon as I saw it." - Galreston News.

They were watching the sea-gulls whirling in graceful circles above the waters of the bay, while the rays of the against the side of the cage and at- sinking sun covered the landscape with tacked the animal with his loaded whip, a flood of gold. Finally he turned to hitting it repeatedly between the eyes her, and in a voice trembling with emotion, asked: "Darling, if we were seagulls, would you fly away with me and be at rest?" To which she answered, the den the crowd gave vent to their with her gaze fixed on a far-off mass of castellated clouds: "No, George; Pd let you fly away, and then I'd have all the rest I wanted here."

Sam Johnsing is the colored porter in a large Galveston business house, which is proverbial for not paying its employees living wages. The other day the head of the firm called Sam back just as he was going to dinner and said to him: "I wanted to ask you something, Sam, but to save my life I can't remember what it was." haps," said Sam, " you was gwine to ask me how de deuce I keep soul and body togedder on seven dollars a week?"-Galeeston News.

A French chemist claims to be able to create thunder-storms at pleasure, each one having an area of six miles pressed before his secret is made known to the public. If the people generally were to possess such a gift, the thunder storms would average at least one a day all the year round. A Sunday-school couldn't have a picnic without some mean member of an opposition church bringing down a thunder-storm upon their heads. This wouldn't be so bad however, for Sunday-school picnics are accustomed to such things; but imagine how it would be during a presidential campaign! It would be impossible to have a torchlight procession without having a thunder-storm at the same time. The Democrats would make it unpleasant for the Republican turn-outs and the Republicans would drench the Demo a minute too soon .- Norristown Herald.