no, & Hall

VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1881.

NO. 23.

The Long Journey.

When our weary feet become heavy and weary On the valleys and mountains of life, And the road has grown dusty and dreary, And we groan in the struggle and strife. We halt on the difficult pathway, We glance back over valley and plain, And sigh with a sorrowful longing To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleasures, And seasons of joy and delight, While before all is doubting and darkness, And dread of the gloom and the night; All bright sunny spots we remember-How little we thought of them then!

But now we are looking and longing.

To rest in those places again. But vain of the vaincet is sighing, Our course must be forward and on; We cannot turn back on the journey, We cannot enjoy what is gone. Let us hope, then, as onward we travel That cases may brighten the plain, That our roads be beside the sweet waters,

Though we may not begin it again. For existence forever goes upward-From the hill to the mountain; ts rise On, on, o'er invisible summits, To a land in the limitless skies, Strive on, then, with courage unshaken-True labor is never in vain-Nor glance with regret at the pathway

No mortal can travel again. The Baroness' Jewel Box.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Baroness Rukavina Eltz was the most splendid and dashing personage in the Er valley. Her castle near Somlyo was the finest specimen of a great residence in all that shadow of the Ermellek, and she, a Roumanian by birth, and a Hungarian by marriage, seemed to unite all the brilliant characteristics of both these picturesque races. She was a widow to begin with, and

since the animal, man, has speculated upon the varieties of the angel, woman, a widow has been pronounced the most amiable variety of the species. She was very beautiful, tall, blue-eyed, black-haired, piquant, red and white. with the most scornful little mouth, and the most delicate profile; her hand and foot were models, although the latter was frequently stamped when she was not pleased. She was-in the third and last place, as the preachers say-very rich, and had fallen beiress to two collections of jewels which were almost fabulously valuable. A brilliant creature, the baroness. She owned villages and vineyards, and made a large income every year from her sale of ruster, a as full and peculiar a flavor as she had herself. The bareness sent her wine to Vienna, where it was considered almost equal to Tokay. Of course she had suitors, the beautiful, sharp baroness They came from Transylvania and Rusfrom Austria and from the German principalities, and as for the unlucky wretches about Puspoki, and the Behar settlement, and the country gentlemen of Erdiozegh, they knelt and worshiped in vain as she da hed past them on her fleet thoroughbred, for she was Diana, as a huntress, and the queen of the amazons; also her black horse Tetenyer was said to emit fire from his nostril

when he stopped to breathe. This grand lady was afraid of nobody. loved nobody, had no friends save the nuns at the foot of the Rez Gebirge and one old priest who seemed to be deeply in her confidence. Every year she made a grand visit somewhere - Vienna. Paris, Rome, London or St. Petersburg. She spent money like water, made everybody talk, wonder and admire, and her splendid jewels were the envy of all the court ladies.

Yes she was afraid of one man, and that was her steward, Neusiedler, he who for years had managed her vast estates, her vineyards and her wheat fields, her fields and fisheries.

Neusiedler was a crouching, crosseyed, mean-looking man, married to a bold, black-eyed, large-nosed woman, who was twice his size, and who lived in the village, near the castle, and who baronness. Madame Pasteur, the French companion, and Matilde, the French who never left the baroness, thought that Neusiedler and his wife had the evil eye, and that they would some day wilt the baroness. But Rukavina Eltz laughed at this fear, and kept on her course exultant. Still when the yearly payday came round, and she had to look over accounts with Neusiedler, she did show what she never had shown before—fear.

Among her jewels was a splendid rope of pearl-colored pearls, the rarest thing in the whole world, neither black white, but pearl color, with three great emerald pendants, each as large as a small pear. The emperor always noticed this jewel with a smile and a compliment when the Baroness Rukavina Eltz went to a court ball at Vienna. He told her that the empress had nothing half as handsome, and it is to be feared that the emperor spoke also of the white neck on which the necklace rested, for Rukavina Eltz was apt to blush and look magnificently well at such moments. Then she had great chains of sapphires as blue as her eyes, and some big rubies which the baron had given her (the old baron, twice her age, who went down into Roumania for her when she was fifteen); and she had diamonds, of course—every rich lady has diamonds—and a grand boxful of engraved amethysts and antique gems. Some, that Cardinal Antonelli gave her in Rome, for he, too, had admired the

wild baroness. Indeed, if the Baroness Rukavina Eltz had ever written her memoirs what a story she could have told! But the end of every woman's history is that she finally falls in love; and such was the beginning of the end of the story of Rukavina Eltz. She went to England one summer, and there was a young Lord Ronald Somerset, or a Lord George Leveson Montague, or a young Lord Howard Plantagenet (they mix them up so, these English words, they are not half so individual as our Hungarian

could. This was a dreadful blow to the baroness, and she wished herself dead.

But when at dinner the soft-voiced, tary to her seat, cross-country, and the money, and I have come to Vienna noticed the pearl-colored pearls, and to sell the necklace where it is well-the emeralds, with his lips, and the neck with his eyes, Rukavina Eltz forgave him and began to talk of her home near Somlyo, and it ended in a large English party coming to the Er valley, under the shadow of the Er Mellek, for a long the scenery, the wild, barbaric splendor of the baroness' housekeeping, and how they all hated Neusiedler, and his vited up to the balls.

There was an English lady, one with very long teeth, and a very long nose and very high eyebrows, and they called her Lady Louisa. She was very evidence against the baroness was damngrand and lofty, and Madam Pasteur heard her say one day :

manians, and then you keep them in such open closets and boxes." Madam Pasteur nodded her meek head, too. She had trembled for the jewels always. "Only this!" said the baroness, holding up in her hand the pearl-colored pearls and the emerald drops, the real necklace! On the judge's desk lay a But the baroness and Sir Lyster began

to think of other things than jewels; there were moonlight rides and walks, and there were long talks and many reveries; Lady Louisa went home, they all went, but Sir Lyster came back. And then, one evening, Madam Pas-

teur said afterward that she saw Neusiedler come in and bully the baroness, and she heard him hiss out the words: "Remember if you marry, you lose

Remember the baron's will!" And Rukavina Eltz turned pale and said, "Bully, traitor, fiend," between her shut teeth. She went off to Paris, for one of her long visits, and Neusiedler squeezed the tenants, and made every one miserable. The castle was shut up, and black Tetenyer grew thin in his stable.

When she came back she looked older and more sedate. She went often to see the nuns at the foot of Rez Gebirge. She saw the priest also very often, and Madam Pasteur thought she was growing English ladies were so much, and very pretty it looked, with her dark habit nd her dark dresses looped up over it. This, with a scarlet feather in her hat, looked as if the baroness was thinking of England.

It was a miserable day that, when Madam Pasteur and Matilde came creaming down the long corridor.

"The jewels are gone! gone! gone The baroness had the great bell of he castle rung, and Neusiedler was ent for at once. She was very pale, for

she loved those pearls and emeralds. Neusiedler was composed; every look was made to say, "I told you so;" he had always warned her about the jewels. "What can be done?" asked the bar-

"Search, whip, imprison all who attempt to leave the province," said Neusiedler, calmly.

"Except women - I will have no women whipped," said the baroness. "I am glad to hear that," said Neusiedler, laughing his malicious laugh, for Madam Neusiedler goes to Vienna | that!"

to-morrow." "Ah !" said the baroness, "you know I could not mean, at any rate, that Madam Neusiedler should be disturbed: send her in my little carriage with the

three ponies to Erdiozegh." "Your excellency is very condescending," said Neusiedler, bowing to the ground.

The local police sought everywhere spent her time envying and hating the for the lost jewels, but no trace of them could be found. The baroness sat in a sort of stupor, and gazed out of the window.

> "I will go to England!" said she, hastily, one day. "Neusiedler-some money, and arrange for me to be gone three months."

"It is well, madam," said the steward. It was a very roundabout route that the baroness took for England! When Matilde and Madam Pasteur reached the station at Erdiozegh, they were astonished to see the baroness dash into the ticket office and buy tickets for Vienna, and when they arrived, all of them at her fine hotel at Vienna, who should step out to meet them but Sir Lyster

Howard Lyster! Nothing but the well known eccentricity of the baroness apologized to Madam Pasteur for what followed. She commanded two dresses to be made, and that Madam Pasteur should go with her to a masked ball at the

opera house in Vienna. "Sir Lyster Howard Lyster will go said she, as a shade passed

over the pale face of her companion. Oh! that the lady of sixteen quarterings should be seen in such a low place! No, she was not seen! she was masked; but that she should even go! of decency, sacrifice of pride and Madam Pasteur thought it, as she saw the baroness take the arm of one masked man after the other, and then go into the supper room with a party who followed a tall mask in a black domino.

ear—was it that of Madam Neusiedler's? Was it—could it be? Yes! and as she threw back mask and hood there sparkled on her neck the pearl-colored pearls, and the emerald pendants of the lost jewels. Oh, heaven! "The necklace of the baroness,"

shouted the impulsive, the imprudent Madam Pasteur.
It nearly spoiled the plot, for Madam Neusiedler was amongst friends and confederates. However, the tall Englishman stepped forward, and two Viennames), who could ride better than she | nese policemen arrested the woman.

She behaved with extraordinary coolness, and explained :

"It is indeed the necklace of the handsome, tall young Englishman, Sir baroness, given by her to my husband Lyster Howard Lyster (that was his for moneys which he has advanced to name after all) sat next to her and her. Let her deny it if she dare! I talked so well and was so complimen- have her written acknowledgment of

The people gathered around the wonderful necklace, which the chief of police put in his breast pocket, removing the woman Neusiedler.

The baroness went back to her hotel,

summer visit. And how they raved and allowed Madam Pasteur to pass a about everything—the wine, the horses, wretched night. She would explain wretched night. She would explain

nothing.

All Vienna was alive when the great case came on, and not a few ladies were big, black-browed wife, who were in- glad to hear that the Rukavina Eltz ewels were in pawn-that envied neck

Neusiedler came to his wife's rescue, ing. She had, according to his story, lived far, far beyond her income, and "Do you know, dear baroness, I think he had supplied her with money from you are very careless—don't you know? the money-lenders. She had fabricated about those beautiful jewels of yours- | the story of the lost necklace to try and cheat him, but here were her signatures, "But who could steal them?" said and here was the baron's will, which the baroness, laughing. "There are she was about to try to disregard. His none like them in all Hungary, and no one would dare to wear them, they are or, if she did, that she lost all her vast

estates.
"Baroness Rukavina Eltz, what have "Ah! but some of these wild people of yours! They might swallow your emeralds, those fierce Croats, the Rou-

fac-simile of the famous necklace; the two ornaments looked exactly alike. "Let an expert be brought and say

which is the real necklace and which the imitation one, made in Paris, and used by me to lure this wretched and dishonest thief of a steward on to his destruction!" said the baroness, with a flash of Roumanian fire in her eyes.

It was true! Neusiedler had been foiled; he had stolen a false necklace, which the baroness had had made in the Rue de la Paix. "He has been stealing from me for years; he has doubtless forged a false will of the baron, for I have found the true one!" said Rukavina Eltz. "I could not unravel the net that he has thrown over me, but for this happy thought of tempting him to steal some false jewels. Had he got the real ones his story would have been possible. Now, I trust justice is convinced that it is a lie!"

A dreadful noise followed this speech Madam Pasteur thought she was growing of the spirited baroness. Neusiedler had devote. But she dressed in her usual fallen down in a fit. Never more would dashing colors (for she was a very Rou-manian at heart) and she wore one of those scarlet quilted petticoats that the cheating the baroness. The baroness d cheated him at last! Sold! sold! old! with false pearls and emeralds! It was a very grand wedding, that of ne baroness to Sir Lyster Howard Lyster, who though only an English country gentleman, proved to be richer than she, and who made her a loving

and a hunting husband. The emperor gave her away, and she wore the pearl-colored pearls with the emerald drops, now become historical. "Ah! Madame, dear baroness, please Madam Pasteur, almost kissing the

hem of her mistress' robes. The baroness was dressed for travelasked this question. She had on the without causing the toad the quilted satin red petticoat; the scarlet of old England.

"Was it in the double-locked closet of the north tower?" "Ah, no! faithful Pasteur,

knowest Neusiedler had the key to "Was it in the jewel case of thy great

incestress, the Roumanian princess?" "No. Guess again!" "Was it in the convent of the nuns

of Rez Gebirge?" "No! Pasteur. I never gave them anything to keep but my sins! "Was it in the baron's strong box in the cellar?"

"No, my dear Pasteur, no. You have the hiding place under your finger. They were quilted into the lining of this red satin petticoat. I owe the idea to that good Lady Louisa. See her e?" and gently raising the edge of her the baroness showed Madam Pasteur jewels had been safely hidden in a scarlet prison.

The Age of the Earth.

Richard A. Proctor says that the age of the earth is placed by some at 500-000,000 years; and still others of later time, among them the Duke of Argyll, places it at 10,000,000 years. None place it lower than 10,000 000, knowing what processes have been gone through. Other planets go through the same pro cess. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in a so much earlier or later stage of existence. The earth must have become old. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct. As the earth keeps cooling it will become porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress so far that the water diminishes at about the rate of the thickness of a sheet of writing paper a year. At this rate in 9,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 years every A voice struck on Madam Pasteur's trace of water will have disappeared from the face of the globe. The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creature we know could breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come

Thirteen hundred sheep, with their shepherds, were recently overwhelmed ornamented them with fanciful titles, by an avalance near Brigel, Switzerland.

Sonnets from the Afghanese.

In venturing to publish a few specimens of the literature of a remote race, who have lately attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, I deem it necessary to offer a word of explanation, lest the reader should conclude that the colloquialisms of Cabool are too suspiciously like the slang of our own metropolis. Sir William Leslie, in his admirable work on the "Social Life and Manners of the Afghans," says: "Their poetry is rude and simple, full of colloquial phrases, and celebrates only the primitive passions and most familiar surroundings of their daily life." It will be observed that this remark is eminently true, if the following sonnets are faithfully typical of Pushtaneh literature. In translating, I have been at some pains to preserve a natural atmosphere by substituting for the idioms of the Pushtu language such of our own colloquialisms as most nearly correspond. In no other way could I preserve the viva voce tone of the originals.

No. 1 .- TO A MULE. A weird phenomenon, oh, mule, art thou!
One pensive car inclined toward the west,
The other sou'-sou'-cast by a little sou',
The aeme explicate of peace and rest.
But who can tell at what untoward hour

Thy slumbering energy will assert its function, With fervid eloquence and awakening power, Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunc-

tion?
War, havoe, and destruction envy thee!
Go! kick the stuffing out of time and space!
Assert thyself, thou child of destiny. Till nature stands aghast with frighten face!

A greater marvel art thou than the wonder Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunde

No. 2.-TO A GOAT. Thou hast a serious aspect, but methinks
Beneath the surface, Billy, I discern
A thoughtful tendency to play high-jinks,
A solemn, waiting wickedness supern.
Within the amber circle of thine eye
There lurketh mischief of exsuccous kind-

A humor grim, mechanical, and dry; Evasive, subdolous, and undefined. I would I understood thee better, Bill.

Beseech thee of thy courtesy explain

Now, doth the flavor of a poster fill

Thy utmost need? Of old hats art thou fain?

I prythee, goat, vouchsafe some information.

Oh, say! Come, now! Get out! Oh, thunderation!

No. 3.- TO TAPPY. Hail, Taffy, new-born goddess! Thou art com Into the world emollient and screne,
With liberal hands dispensing balmy gum,
A syrup-mouthed, molasses-visaged queen!
What are thou giving us, oh, gracious one?
Thou dost assuage our daily cares and toils.
Tis thine to mollify the rasping dun,
Thine to alleviate domestic broils:

Thine to alleviate domestic broils; The lover seeks thy aid to win his joy, The statesman looketh toward thee, and the preacher, The interviewer, and the drummer-boy, Who drummeth wisely, owning thee for teacher.

The clam-dispenser toots thy tuneful praise, The lightning-roddist knoweth all thy ways

—D. S. Proudfit, in Scribner.

Toads in the Greenhouse.

A writer in the London Journal gives some interesting statements respecting the toad. In the matter of feeding, he either as to quality or quantity. Any thing that creeps or crawls will do for him-woodlice, beetles spiders, slugs, worms, even snails with their shells are put out of sight as if by magic, for he has a peculiar way of catching his prey. He watches the moving insects for a second or two, then suddenly darting tell me where you have kept the real out his tongue while at a distance of jewels all these months!" said the pious one or two inches the insect is snatched up and swallow instantly. One evenng he gave one a wasp and a humble bee. Both were snapped up directly ng, as her faithful adherent knelt and they commenced to move, apparently discomfort, though they must have reached his stomach in a tolerably active condition. In plant houses, especially forcing houses, where insects increase their numbers so rapidly at all seasons, the toad's services are especially valuable; and if a suitable ladder, made of a narrow board with bits of lath tacked on it two inches apart, be set in a corner, slanting from the floor to the stage, he will climb it, and then be enabled to make himself still more use. ful. But perhaps the most remarkable fact concerning the toad is, that though he can and does eat a great deal, he can exist a long time without eating anything. Years ago he buried one for month in the earth, as an experiment. and when dug up it was apparently at well as ever. More recently, having been bothered with myriads of woodlice in an early cucumber house, and traveling skirt, right over her left foot | not being able to find toads in February, he, later on, when they became a neat little series of pockets, where the plentiful, buried three in a nine-inch pot, with a slate on top, eighteen inches under ground, that he might have them handy for the next early forcing season. But that season he did not require them. so they remained buried until the following one, and were then, on being taken up, apparently not much worse for their eighteen months' fast, though they didn't have any ice water or alcoholic baths.

The Fishermen.

Yesterday forenoon there was a party of five persons on the wharf waiting to take the boat for St. Clair Flats, and each man had fishing tackle and other preparations for a good time. After looking the crowd over from his seat on a salt barrel, an old cynic of a dock loafer approached one of the gentlemen and inquired:

"Goin' a-fishin'?" "Yes, sir."

"Expect to catch any?" "I hope so." "Goin' to lie about their size?"

"Goin' to lie like blazes about their size and number?" "Sir! I am a truthful man." "Oh, youu are, eh! Then you'll let the other follows do the lying and you'll

swear to it! I see-I see!"-Detroit

Free Press. The way of publishing a work in ancient Rome was this: The author placed a copy of it into the hands of the transcribers, called librail, who wrote out the required number of copies. These transcribers, who were equivalent to modern printers, passed the copies over to certain artists, called libraraioli, who

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Gardent Notes. Alcohol, slightly diluted, mealy bugs, scale and other pests that infest house plants.

To cure fowls of the trick of egg-eating the feeding of clear tallow is recommended by a Country Gentleman writer. It is said, with how much truth we do not know, that the free use of buttermilk will kill lice on all kinds of stock. An orchard should never be planted

drained, after which it becomes one of the best soils for apples and pears. The following is said to be an antidote for blight in pear trees: One quart of slaked lime, one quart of bone phosphate and one ounce of sulphur,

in a clay soil unless the latter is under-

sprinkled under each tree. Scatter white powdered hellebore over the currents and gooseberries when damp with rain or dew, or put a handful in a pail of water and sprinkle bushes when foliage is dry.

When ensilage is not fed at just the right time all the work expended upon it is lost. In addition it must be fed with the right proportion of winter grain to make it a complete food.

Roup is a sort of catarrh. The nostrils discharge matter which has a disagreeable odor and the breath is thick and wheezy. It does not hinder the patient from freely moving about.

Dr. Hexamer, noted as a potato grower, attributes the scab in potatoes to stable manure, and writes that since he has used commercial fertilizers ex-

clusively the scab has disappeared. President Barry, of the Western New York Hordicultural society, reports unfavorably as to the policy of growing grass in fruit orchards. Most other

observers have noticed the same thing Sugar beets and mangel-wurzel plants can be transplanted with success. Take out surplus plants, make a hole with a dibble in vacant spots, insert the roots and press the ground firmly around the

Such poultry feed as will swell much after eating should be seaked and swelled before it is fed, and especially in the case of quite small chickens. Corn meal freshly wet up has killed many a chicken. A Missouri sheep-breeder says that

chamber lye, sprinkled on sheep twice a week, will not only keep dogs from killing them, but will insure them against such diseases as rot, seab, ticks, hoof-ail, etc. Poultry manure will lose in value in exposed much to the weather. Lime and wood ashes should also be kept free

from it, as those articles liberate the ammonia. Road dust, swamp muck, old sawdust, marl and coal are all good to mix with it. The following is recommended as a of tincture of aconite dropped on a piece of bread and mixed with the food

at night. Next morning four drops

more given in the same manner will generally complete the cure. If you wish success in raising young chicks and turkeys do not feed cornmeal. For very young chicks give cheap oatmeal and broken rice, and in two o three weeks feed cracked corn and cooked scraps. Young turkeys must be fed on bread, thick milk and chopped

dandelion and onion tops. Hens should not be allowed to disturb the setters by laving in their nests. Broken eggs and a bad hatch will result. If the setting hen cannot be isolated in any way, cover her with an empty coop, basket or box, being care ful to have her come off every day for feed, water, exercise and dust bath.

Never have an excess of fruit to mature upon a tree under the impression that by so doing you can hope to in-crease the yield either in quantity or quality. An excessive crop is always secured at the expense of quality, with loss of value, and not infrequently at the expense of the health and even ultimately of the life of the tree.

Loppered milk is considerably better for calves in hot weather than skimmilk, being more easily digested. If they are being reared for dairy purpose they should not be fed on new milk, which is too fattening. Oil-meal mixed with their milk will prevent scouring. Begin with a tablespoonful daily and increase it to a pint as the calf grows

When squashes and melons first break ground give them a dusting of ash compost, made of equal parts of sifted, unbleached wood ashes and gypsum or land plaster. This will proteet the young plant from the "striped bug," and its use may be continued with advantage until the vines get so strong as not to care for this enemy. As a top dressing to almost any garden crop it will be found beneficial.

Flies greatly annoy horses, some being very sensitive and suffer greatly from them. It is said that strong tea of hickory leaves, put on with a sponge and renewed daily, will keep away flies. A thin cotton sheet will keep them away, and is often a great comfort to the horse. Darkening the stable during the daytime will help keep out the flies. The cleaner the stables the less annoyance at the house from the flies.

A London gardener planted a strawberry bed four feet wide across his garden, on one side of which potatoes were planted. These were dug up about the end of June, the ground leveled and raked smooth, so that the runners established themselves and found a new bed. The next season a similar process

was pursued, and thus a movable strawberry bed was created. At the end of three years the original plants were exhausted and dug up, though the bed annually grows wider without renewal or transplanting.

A correspondent who has made the drainage of land a great success, writethat when quicksand or unsound ground occurs drains should be cut wider and in some cases deeper, with their sods trampled down along the bottom, before either tiles or stone conduits are introduced. Sods thus placed always ad-

consequence very soon become solid. He recommend sods in preference to clay, because at the bottom of drain the fre nent variation of the clay between a drenched and a dry state are calculated o disarrange or absorb the materials.

Recipes. FRUIT BISCUITS. — One coffee cup sugar, one cup butter, one cup raisins seedless are best), one egg, three teapoonfuls baking powner: flavor with vanilla and lemon extract to taste; the raisins to be chopped fine. Roll out and cut thin with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a dripping pan with a greased paper

in the bottom of tin. MOCK CREAM PIE. -Roll out the upper and under crust with a little flour tween, bake a delicate brown, split them as soon as baked, and set them away until wanted for the table, then fill them between with a custard made with one pint of boiling milk thickened with two eggs, two-thirds cup white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, salt, season, and scald together until thickened. When almost cold fill the pie, and eat when cold.

BREAKFAST ROLL.-Prepare a good dressing, such as you like for turkey or duck, take a round steak, pound it, but not very hard, spread the dressing over it, sprinkle in a little salt, pepper, and few bits of butter, lap over the ends roll the steak up tightly and tie closely spread two great spoonfuls butter over the steak after rolling it up, then wash with a well-beaten egg, put water in the bakepan, lay in the steak so as not to touch the water, and bake as you would a duck, basting often. A half our in a brisk oven will bake. Make a brown gravy and send to table while hot.

MINCED SPINACH .- Boil the spinach in salt and water until tender. Drain in the colander, and chop fine in the tray. Season well with pepper and tray. Season well with pepper and salt. For each quart of the chopped spinach put two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour in a frying-pan. When this has cooked smooth, and before it has become browned add the spinach. Stir for five minutes; then add half a cupful of cream or milk and stir three minutes longer. Arrange in a mound on a hot dish. Garnish with a wreath of slices of hard-boiled eggs at the base, and finish the top with another. Serve hot. Lettuce can be cooked and served in the same manner. It must be boiled about twenty minutes to be tender.—From Miss Parloa's Neu Cook Book.

POTATO AND MEAT PIE.—Cut any kind of cold roasted meat into very thin slices; shake a little pepper and salt over each slice; then dip it into a small will prevent bread and cakes from burn ing. Thanks for the information. And ing. Thanks for the information. nappy; and if a seasoning of onions is liked, sprinkle a little chopped onion About one boy to four barrels of apples, over each layer-or use three or four doctor.-Hawkeye. ablespoonfuls of canned tomatoes in-The following is recommended as a stead of the onions; but a very small cure for garget in cows: Eight drops quantity of onion will add to the seasonng of the tomato and the meat. in all the gravy that was left from the roast meat, or if none remains, put bits of butter over the top layer of meat, and pour in enough boiling water to cover the meat. Put a plate or tin "Hob-nob" is a corruption of the old cover over the dish, and bake for an Saxon hab-nab, from Habban, to have, our. While it is cooking, put some and nabban, not to have. otatoes into salted boiling hot water, and boil until a fork goes easily into them (perhaps twenty-five minutes). Pour off all the water, scatter salt over the potatoes, and shake the kettle vigcrously while you slowly count one hundred. This will make the potatoes very mealy. Then mash them with a wire masher or fork, and spread them over the top of the dish of meat. Put bits of butter all over the potatoes and brown them in a quick oven. makes an excellent breakfast or lunch

Bloomingdale's Suicide. The New York correspondent of the

Troy Times says: The reader has no doubt often heard of attempts at starvation with a suicidal purpose, but none has ever succeeded except in the recent case of the lunatic, John Burns. The unfortunate man resisted food in every shape, this being the only way in which he could accomplish his fatal purpose. On the twenty-seventh day of abstinence he was successful. Perhaps he would have held out still longer had he been in a healthy condition. This occurred at Bloomingdale asylum, which once was a suburb, but is now brought into convenient access by the elevated road. There are several points of interest connected with this asylum, one of which is the refusal to admit Horace Greeley. The Tribune had published some unfavorable revelations concerning the treatment of the patients, which was made by a reporter who feigned madness in order to obtain entrance of the wards. The managers of the insti tution considered this method dishon orable, and the public generally did no credit the reporter's statement. Not long afterward Greeley became deranged and application was made for his admission, but it was declined. Hence the unfortunate editor was removed to a private retreat, where he soon expired.

It was not sickness: "When we are married, Lucy," said the poor man's son to the rich man's daughter, "our honeymoon shall be passed abroad. We will drive in the Rois, promenade the Prada, gaze down into the blue waters of the Adristic from the Rialto, and enjoy the Neapolitan sunsets, strolling along the Chiaja" "How delicious," she murmured, "but, John, dear, have you money enough to do all this, for pa says I musn't expect anything until he dies." John's countenance underwent such a change that she couldn't help asking him if he felt sick. "No, ling," he answered, faintly, "I am not sick. I was only thinking that perhaps we had better postpone the marriage until after the funeral."-Brooklyn Eagle.

If you want to get the reputation of knowing a heap do as Professor Proctor does. He guesses what happened three or four million years ago, and predicts what is to happen fifteen million years hence. It is only a few years since he commenced, and now he can get credit mit water freely, and the substrata in at any grocers .- Detroit Free Press.

The Dark and the Dawn

The glow against the western sky Has faded into tender gray;

The breezes in their fitfel sigh Betoken soon the end of day. The shadows ereep from vale to hill, The chill mist settles o'er the river; The things the day brought now are still

The birdlings in the night air shiver. From out the woodland's darkling glade Two figures take their silent way: Across their path has come no shade,

The world to them is fair and gay, The paling light that wraps the earth Is more to them than bright adorning; But marks the token of the birth, The dawning of love's fairest morning.

HUMOR OF THE DAT.

The fly that walks on oleomargerine is not the butterfly.-Picagune. Melinda wants to know the exact

length of a lumber yard. - Philadelphia It is a mistake co assume that a rose by any other name would smell as wheat.—Yonkers Gazette.

War history: "What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered: "Seventeen dollars

for hack hire for self and girl for two hours." "There goes the celebrated Mr. C. the lame lawyer," remarked a lady to her companion as he passed them the street. "Excuse me, madam,"

he, turning sharply, "you are mistaken a lame man, not a lame 'awyer." "Iam waiting, my darling, for thee," he warbled; and yet when the old man threw up a chamber window and assured him that "he'd be down in a minute," he lost his grip on the melody and went

out of the waiting business. How is this for a three-year-old? An old man was passing the house Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk stingy?"- Springfield

Young lady (to her old uncla): "Oh, uncle, what a shocking thing! A young girl was made crazy by a sudden kiss!"
Old uncle: "What did the fool go crazy for?" Young lady: "What did she go crazy for? Why for more, I

ODDITIES.

India for 3,000 years. The first knit silk hose made in England were worn by Queen Elizabeth. "Hob-nob" is a corruption of the old

The stories of Jack the Giant-killer and Tom Thumb were brought to England by the earliest Saxon invaders.

The divisions of nature into the three kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral, is one of the things we owe to the much derided alchemists. The art of iron smelting was known in England during the time of the Ro-

man occupation, and working in steel was practiced there before the Norman Conquest. Hunting humming birds is a favorite sport in Brazil. The natives arm themselves with blow guns made of reed, about fourteen inches long, and take pellets of cotton. With these they so stun the little creatures that they fall

an easy prey to their pursuers, and their beautiful plumage is thus uninjured. It is well known that birds of different kinds, notably the ostrich, turkeys and chickens, swallow stones to help digest their food. Recent researches show that seals swallow stones of one, two or three pounds weight, and one investigator, not long ago, found "ten pounds of these boulders in the stom-

ach of a sea lion." A correspondent of a mathematical turn of mind has calculated that the 320,000,000 postal cards sold during the last fiscal year, if connected end to end, would run a girdle around the world with enough to spare to make a showy knot. An order is sometimes received for as many as 40,000 postal

cards at once.

Novel Device in Smuggling. A novel device in smuggling has recently come to the notice of Colonel Alexander, the fifth auditor of the treasury. Sometime ago a vessel laden with lumber somewhere in Texas was dispatched to one of the Mexican ports, but for some reason she could not make her destination, and discharged her cargo upon the beach some sixteen miles distant. After a time the American consul or some one acting for him, evidently not well informed of the affairs of the vessel's owners, sold the lumber on their account, and sent the

money to the treasury department. The lumber was sent by its purchasers to a sawmill, and the first log was placed in position to be cut into boards. The saw had penetrated only a few inches when there began to appear upon its teeth shreds of clothing and finally it became fast and refused to move further. Investigation disclosed the fact that the log had been made hollow by boring, and had been filled with clothing and other dutiable material, and then plugged up. The vessel was seized by the Mexican government, but being wormeaten and worthless was abandoned.

Gen. Tom Browne says that "when the Naval Academy Board unanimously voted the use of tobacco an injurious habit, which ought not to be tolerated among cadets, every member of it had

a cigar in his mouth.