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# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1881.

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### The Farmer's Corn. At early dawn, when o'er the leaves

The hoar-frost creeps and steals their bloom When trees stand stiff in gloom Beneath the sunless morn, Old Farmer John salutes his sheaves Of ripened corn.

Bright jewels 'mong the stubble gleam, And sparkle from his careless tread. And gossamer, outspread, Enrobes the naked thorn; But Farmer John, to all a-dream,

Moves through his corn. The startled have before him springs, And down the furrow speeds like wind While crisp leaves spirt behind;

The yellow mists, upborne," Skim o'er the vale on noiseless wings Above the corn. But Farmer John with auxious eyes The struggling streaks of dawn surveys,

And through the spreading haze That vells the face of morn A blood-red rim he sees arise To greet his corn,

And fear croops through his trembling veins As the rising sun dilates in red, And as each mountain's head His crimson hees adorn, John quakes to think the coming rains

May swamp his corn. Still high o'echead the waning moon Reveals a patch of clearing blue, And hope comes peering through

With Lama's welcome horn, That yet a favoring sky at noon Will bless the corn. The changeful sun, erst steeped in fire,

Behold, pours forth rich amber streams That quench with bright Joy-gleams The frowns his face had worn, For heaven and he may now conspire To save the corn.

See, o'er the cast a golden mautle's flung! Fast move the mists from out the north, And as the winds come forth, To little shreds are torn The great cloud-masses that o'erhung

The golden corn. And lo! the wakened crows soar high; How arrow-straight they upward fly O'er bits of dappled sky,

And leave the earth forlorn! While clouds of lazy rooks float by What smiles sleep in the farmer's eyes!

To-day he'll "in" that precious grain, For he knows the dreaded rain Such bodings dare not scorn So, whistling thanks to sun and skies, He teaves the corn

### The Parson's New Coat.

The village of Buzzville having gone safely through the cauning and pra-serving season; having with praise-worthy zeal carried off the palm as re-garded the "annual county fair," over an undeniable air that took immensely. and above the surrounding towns; having shone conspicuouslyin an elaborate worlds to conquer before settling down

"Our minister needs a new coat," said Miss Mirandy Stebbins, rattling her producing an idea; "he does, most dretful bad, an' that's a fact. Hain't any of you noticed how shiny it's got?" She cast a reproachful glance on all of their tongues-and then proceeded "An' I say it's a cryin' shame to see him git up in that pulpit another Sunday with that old coat on. Somethin' must done. I'm awful glad I thought of it.'

'You hain't thought of it any quicker'n anybody else," spoke up little Mrs. Bisbee, a stout, buxon matron, with parson never saw a coat." And, all her flaming cheeks; and her black eyes flashed volumes. "'Tain't alwus talkin' folks gits the first idea. I've ben a-thinkin' of that same thing for some time now," she added, with a venomous snap at the placid figure behind the rattling needles. "An' I shall do my best to git the parson one," she added, the best rye-bread premium, which Miss Mirandy had successfully carried off before her very eyes at the county fair, urging her

I shall begin a subscription right straight off, this very minute," cried Miss Mirandy, with great determination, and starting from her chair, ignoring her rival completely. "How much will you give, Mrs. Bassett?" she asked, going into the center of the group to attack the "Square's wife."

"An' I shall start one, with my own name first, before I ask other folks to give," exclaimed little Mrs. Bisbee, triimphantly, with an unpleasant laugh at Miss Mirandy, who was known to be "tight as the bark of a tree." five dollars," she added, in a loud voice, determined to go without her new winter bonnet sooner than that her rival should carry the day.

"An' I'll join you with another five," spoke up the "Square's wife," looking past Miss Mirandy to the stout little ministered, under the big table where figure with flaming cheeks, "Now, then, Mrs. Bisbee, that's a good start, I'm tory pinch on that lady's toes, "that

There was no show now for the spinster's side, since, for various reasons of know, but probably he won't. An' her own, the "Square's wife" had gone then, besides, 'twould look rather queer over to her rival. So she stalked back to hev us go outside, you know, to git to her rocking-chair grimly, took up her knitting work, and watched, as best she think the 'First church in Buzzville might, the subscriptions grow enthusiastically under other hands than her

At last, as the laughter and excitement progressed on all sides, she was find that some one else had done them utterly unable to bear it another mo- the good service of whirling them over ment longer, and jumping up, she mumbled something about "must be home," and flounced out of the room.

"I'm glad she gone," said the guare's wife," as the door closed after the retreating form of the spinster; "I am sick to death of havin' you

"She wouldn't see the need of the

"Gracious!" ejaculated little Mrs. Bisbec, with a short laugh; "who ever see that pocketbook anyway? I never did, an' I don't b'lieve any of you have

"A cent's as big as a cart-wheel to her," said the big square woman, who didn't love Miss Mirandy to death. "It all runs in the family. They

wouldn't any of 'em open their mouths to breathe, if they didn't get somethin' at the same time they giv it out."

"Well, she won't put anythin' in her mouth this time," observed the "Square's wife," laughing, and settling back comfortably. "It's the first sewin' meetin', I guess, where she's gone home before tea."

"An' it means somethin' to go home before tea from Mrs. Deacon Higby's," exclaimed little Mrs. Bisbee, enthusi-astically, with an energetic bob of her black curls over at the hostess. "So she's lost her cake an' credit, too."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Deacon Higby, deprecatingly, though she wrig-gled all over with delight at the implied praise to her suppers. "My doughnuts ain't so light as usual, an' the loaf cake ain't riz quite as I'd like it. The deacon came home last night in a chill an' I run in the midst of everythin' to give him a camfire sweat. So I didn't hev as good luck as I set out to hev."

Notwithstanding these lamentable failures, the round, comfortable visage of Mrs. Deacon Higby presented a series of rippling smiles that threatened to eclipse every feature of her ex-pressive face, while she smoothed her

fat hands complacently together.
"Oh, well, you can talk," said little Mrs. Bisbee, energetically, and beginning to count up her list of subscriptions to the parson's new coat, "but we all know, as well as the next one, what your cookin' is. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-one, no, twenty-two-Mrs. Spencer Higginson's makes twenty-two-twenty-

five, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-one—thirty-one and a quarter. Oh, dear! what a pity 'twarn't just thirty-two."

'I'll make it up," said the "Square's wife," quickly, enjoying the distinction of being the only woman in the room to whom a dollar or two more or less didn't make a matter worth a moment's consideration. Now, then, thirty-two dollars ought to git a first-rate article. Where'll we buy it? that's the ques-

Hereupon ensued a lively discussion, the deacon's wife favoring employing the village tailor, and, as he was second cousin to her husband, family reasons might have something to do with her opinion. Some of the ladies falling in with her, the idea would soon have ocen carried, but for the warlike, determined attitude of the other party, who decidedly favored the coat being

'I shan't approve in the least its being done here. When we give anything, "harvest festival" for their church-and let's give a good one. How should we vet surviving, now cast about for other feel to see the parson up in the pulpit with anything but the best on!"

The view of the parson from his high erch dispensing spiritual things, with mything less than a town made coat knitting-needles in huge delight at first adorning his person, was a sight that even in imagination so filled the circle with disfavor that the whole roomful is a body went over immediately to the side of the "Square's wife." All bu the circle—who, while they waged war on unbleached cotton and red flanuel, firm, while the round visage lengthened also carried on admirably the war with ominously, and the little eyes snapped. "An' if you think 'Biah Williams would make any but a good coat, you're much mistaken," she cried, with indig nation. "I must take back my sub scription then, for the deacon never'd hear to my given' his second cousin on his mother's side sech an insult, of the

> feathers ruffled, she sat straight up, and glared at them all. Now it never would do to offend Deacon Higby in all the world; everybody saw that at a glance; so, with many sidelong looks at each other, each lady began to east about how she might gracefully wriggle back on to the other wife. side without arousing the wrath of the

"Square's wife." "I s'pose we had orter employ our own church people," said little Mrs. you would have your own way. Now Bisbee, thoughtfully, seeing no one guess you'll go over to the Methodists. else was willing to take it up. besides," she added, brightly, "p'r'aps, secin' it's for the parson, 'Biah Williams may do it considerable cheaper. So we'll save a good deal."

"I don't know whether he will or ' said the deacon's wife, sturdily. "I sin't in 'Biah's business, an' I sin't a-goin' to say what I don't know nothin' about. But I do say, if the job is taken away from him, an' he a church member in good an' regular standin', to give "I'll give it out down in the city, why, the deacon 'Il be so mad he won't git over it in one spell, I cau tell you!"

"Yes, I do think," said little Mrs. Bisbee, reflectively, and giving a swift, comprehensive look at the "Squire's the work was being cut out, an admoniprobably 'Biah Williams won't charge near so much. We don't know, you some one else to do the work. They'd had quarreled, maybe;" and she fin-

ished up with a laugh. "So they would, so they would," cried every lady present, delighted to safely. "We wouldn't go out of Buzzville for anythin'; an' 'Biah Williams is jest the one to do it," they added, de-

termined to do nothing by halves. So oil having been poured upon the troubled waters of Mrs Deacon Highy's spirit, she considered her husband's always come to me for subscriptions; family honor to be thoroughly vindishe never gives the first cent her- cated, and resuming her former jolly expression, she set acout preparing to pass around the fragrant tea and the parson's coat, if she had to open that abundance of good cheer that accompocketbook of hern," said a tall, square- panied it; and a committee of three-

built matron, who looked as if she had plenty of opinions of her own, and could express them when occasion required.

Mrs. Squire Bassett, Mrs. Bisbee, and in compliment to her relationship to the aforesaid 'Biah Williams, Mrs. Deacon Higby—was unanimously appropriately.

It is outrageous!" she hissed to her-Deacon Higby-was unanimously ap-pointed to confer with the tailor and order the coat.

Feeling quite sure at this point that duty had been done and full reparation for any fancied insult to the deacon's family pride had been made, they one and all, in a highly exalted frame of mind, energetically set to work on the supper.

"I never see such eaters," said a muffled voice. The remark was addressed, in the depths of a big closet full of all sorts of family lumber and cast-off articles, to another person who, like the owner of the voice, was crammed in a most uncomfortable position up against the door that led into the "keepin'-room" where the sewing society was convened. "Whackety! if we should eat so much, I guess ma'd whip us. Just look at Miss Bassett stuff!"

Thereupon the other figure bounced. up with great difficulty to get a good up with great difficulty to get a good view from the keyhole. When he had gotten his eye fixed, he drew a long breath. "Whew! don't she, though! An' see Miss Henderson! Her nose is a yard long. Look at her bite into that biscuit !'

"Let me see—let me see," exclaimed the boy on the floor, crowding up to push the other away from the keyhole.

"Well, I want to see once," said the first boy, waiving the point of exclusive rights; "so git away, or I'll holler;" and he gave a smart push to the figure enjoying a view of the society that caused it to take its eye quickly away from the key-hole, while he resented his wrongs.

"If you do, you won't git nothin' only a whackin', an' I'll cut an' run," he celared, savagely, dumping down into the vacated place on the floor. "So do look if you want ter; then you've got to give the place back."

"She's beginnin' on another," cried the victor, as loudly as he dared. "Oh! my jum-zies! I say, Tom—"
"What?" said Tom, gloomily, on the

"There won't be a scrap left for us if they keep on catin like that. The riz cake's agoin just awful! Let's go out in the back yard and holler 'fire,' an' start 'em home."
"Oh no, we mustn't," cried Tom, in

alarm; "that will spoil the whole "They can't eat much more," he added, decidedly. "An' then, after we've had our supper, we'll start an' tell all we know. Hain't we heard lots?" he asked, enthusiastically.

"Lots!" declared his brother; "I guess at last s'ciety; then 'twas all about Jinuy Ann Rogers; that wasn't no fun at all. "Let's go to Cousin 'Biah's first," said

om, eagerly, "an' mad him all up; an' then we'll cut 'cross lots to Miss Mirandy's. Let's, Joe." "All right," said Joe. "I don't care

which one we go to first. Oh, dear ! I wish they was through." But before he could plaster his pale

blue eye up to the key hole again, the enterprising Thomas already had posession of that outlook : so he was forced o content himself with conjuring up ew dark plans on the floor.

At last they had the supreme pleasure of seeing and hearing the biscuits, cake and tea passed out into the kitchen when, losing no time, they speedily took themselves out to the charms of a supper with no one by to restrain.

When they had finally eaten till not another crumb was possible, they each grasped his cap, and flew as fast as was possible on their pleasant errand.

wouldn't 'a believed it." Mr Biah Williams brought his hand down hard on his knee, then stared at his

"I would," she said, spitefully "They're a mean, hateful set. It's jest what I've alwas told you, 'Biah, only guess you'll go over to the Methodists. 'I'll go to the Methodists next Sun-

day, Sarah, if you want ter," said Mr. Williams, decidedly. "I'll jine a "I'll jine a church where the folks ain't too big for their clothes." "Ain't too big for your clothes, you

said his wife, with a bitter "To think that stuck-up Miss mean." laugh. Bassett, whose father used to peddle dared turn up her nose at your tailorin' !' "An' that Miss Bisbee, who don't know what a good coat is when she sees one," cried the tailor, in the greatest exasperation, "a-settin' herself up to tell me how much I was to charge! I guess I'll learn her how to mind her own business." And 'Biah got up, and sticking his big hands in his pockets, began to stalk up and down the room

in high dudgeon. "Biah!" Mrs. Williams stopped ombing out her scanty locks, and letting them string down each side of her thin face, she eagerly faced her hus-band. "I'll tell you what to do."

"What?" asked her husband, stopping in surprise.

"You charge 'em just twice as much as you would 'a done," said his wife, peering through the two wisps of light hair that hung dismally on either side of her enraged countenance, "'an git your pay out of 'em all; an' then you give it back to the parson yourself, when the coat's done."

"Good for you," cried her husband. Hain't you got a head, though!" And then he was so delighted at her enteness that he lifted the two wisps like pump handles and kissed her.

Meantime, Miss Mirandy Stebbins, eeling herself overreached in her effort to be the prominent originator of the gift to the parson, and defrauded as to the supper she had counted so much upon, was doing up her corkscrew curls

self, her false teeth being out and carefully placed on the bureau. "I never was so insulted in my life. That little fat chunk of a Miss Bisbee, too, to do it! An' Miss Higby to set by an' see 'em, an' never say a word! I'll be up

to 'em, I will." Thereupon she blew out the candle, and flounced her thin frame down into the middle of her feather-bed, trying to think of something bad enough to satisfy her thirst for revenge. Suddenly she sprang into a sitting posture.
"I'll git straight up now an' write it down, before I forgit it," she cried, in

great excitement, "for I never'll git And clambering out of bed, she groped around in the dark to light her candle, when she proceeded to slip her feet into some flannel slippers, and herself into a monstrous bed-gown of wonderful

"There, now, what was it?" Let me ee," she said, scratching her head with the end of a rusty penholder that she had with great difficulty found, after much rummaging in the bureau drawer. "Oh, yes, that was it. Yes, now,

small mangy piece of paper that Miss Mirandy considered suitable for the oc-casion, until these words appeared:

bein' an efort started afoot to give you a coat, I wish to state out of profound respect to yourself and Mis. Blodgett an"—here Miss Mirandy, finding still quite a stock of respect left within her bosom, concluded to bestow it liberally, so she added, with extra flourishes-"an your whole inclusive family, that I had the honor to propose the coat, an should a had the extreme pleasure of presentin it in a way suitable to the ocashun, if that insidious creature Mis. Sath Bisbee hadn't insulted me at the sewin society this evenin at Mis. Deacon Higby's. She started all those la-dies to talk awful about me, behind my back, when I wasn't there; but Tom and Joe Higby are noble lads, an they've jest ben an told me all about it. pardon my assumption in writin', an be-lieve I would a give fer the coat if I'd ben let to, an present my respecks to Mis. Blodgett and your eldest daughter

an Sarah Ann, an all the rest. "Yours to command, "Miranda Steburs." Miss Mirandy couldn't help reading this over three or four times, she was so delighted with it. Then she blew out the light, and clambered into her

feathers again. "On second thoughts," she said, as we have. Just twice as much as we did | she drew up the thick comfortable around her spare chin, "I won't send it now. I can afford to wait, an' when the cat's done, I'll jest git 'Biah Williams to stick it in one of the pockets. That 'Il be 'most as good as helpin' give it;" and hugely tickled at the turn of affairs, she composed her mind and fell asleep.

On the first Sunday in December-a bright, beautiful day-the "First church in Buzzville" wss crowded to its utmost capacity. The presentation had taken place the evening before, and consisted in the coat being sent over at the hands of the tailor's boy, with a note contain-

ing the names of the fair donors. All eyes and ears were therefore agog to see the parson in his new habili ments, and to hear how he returned thanks. As he went up the broad aisle every neck was craned to catch a sight of the new coat, and many nudges and smiles were given to express the general satisfaction that was bubbling over in

the audience. After the first prayer, with a few preliminary "hems," the parson stood and began to unburden his mind of the deep debt of gratitude that seemed to weigh him down.

"Hem! It gives me great pleasure," he mumbled; then sought relief in his handkerchief, which being in the depths of his left-hand pocket, required a strong pull and a long pull " to get it "Hem!"

Whiz-rustle-went some small white object out beneath the parson's hand up into the air; then it settled slowly, and made its way down, down toward the floor, when it fluttered a moment, to land in the second pew from the front, directly in Deacon Higby's lap. two boys leaned past their mother to see the sight, and almost laughed aloud.

They didn't laugh again for many a day! The deacon heard the concluding words of Parson Blodgett's acknowledgment, who, now that he had his handkerchief, was all right; then he slowly unfolded the paper in his hand and examined its contents.

Which done, he turned and took a long, deliberate look at his two sons, who were placidly observing the erratic movements of a belated fly on the ceil-

Miss Mirandy Stebbin's letter, though not in the way she had intended, finally reached the minister's hand, and she had full revenge; so also was the soul of 'Biah Williams fully satisfied.

But those "two noble lads," the deacon's sons, had the jelliest whipping ever known, and it wasn't safe to say "sewing society" to them for one good spell.-Harper's Bazar.

Why He Mourned. The late George Borrow, of England, was a man of powerful frame and was six feet two in height without his shoes. Having been born at a period when pugilism was in vogue-it was one of his father's accomplishments he was not slow to exercise his physical capacities if the occasion required it. menting, when he was verging toward zixty, that he was childless, he said very mournfully: "I shall soon not be, able to knock a man down, and I shall have no son to do it for me."

Oregon's wool crop amounts to 9,000,

Two Pictures.

Many years ago an Italian artist, while wandering through the streets of his native city, saw a little boy whose countenance bore a beauty so wondrously pure that, in contemplating it, he forgot the troubles and anxieties thrust upon him by pecuniary embarrassments.

"How I should like to portray those features," sotiloquized the frtist.

"Will you come to my studio, my little lad? I should like so much to paint

your picture." Most willingly the boy accompanied the painter, and soon enjoyed the pretty sight of another little lad—his second self-smiling down upon him from the artist's easel.

The painter often sank his every thought in contemplation of the lovely picture. When the bitterness of life made him weary of living, he needed but to lift his eyes to the beautiful pic-ture that graced the wall of his studio, and its look of innocence and hope would drive the shadows of despair from out his heart and fill it with happiness. Many were the offers to buy the portrait of the lovely child; but the artist, though often in want, stead-fastly refused to sell "his guardian angel," as he called him.

Years passed. Many times as he sat The old pen scraped its way over the small mangy piece of paper that Miss Mirandy considered suitable for the ocwenerd Mister Blodgert, Dean (On second thoughts, consider(Second thoughts)
(Second thou Has he grown to be a man, good and true, or a knave—a ne'er-do-well; or dees he dwell in heaven?" And, as once again the artist sauntered through the streets of his beautiful town, he came upon a youth whose features bore the stamp of vices so terrible, of a degradation so low, and an expression so diabolical, that its sight caused him to hem his steps. What a picture! "How I should like to sketch those features as a contrasting piece to the beautiful, pure innocence of the boy I portrayed years ago," said the artist to himself.

The youth, having noticed the interest with which the artist scanned him, begged for money, for he was both a eggar and a thief.

"Come with me to my studio; let me paint your portait, and I will pay you

what you may demand.' The youth followed the artist. When the sketch had been completed, and he had hidden in his pockets the coins the artist gave him, the beggar turned to go. As his gaze fell upon the picture of the little boy he started as if stung by a serpent; while his eyes seemed riveted on the painting, he paled as if in death. It seemed as though he'd ask a question, but tears appeared to choke his utterance. He pointed to the cicture, and, throwing himself down on ais knees, he wept and wailed aloud.

"Man, man, what ails you?' asked the astonished painter. "But twenty years ago you bid me come to you, as now, and then, as now, ou portrayed me; see then-mine own! and now? You see me a wreck-a ruin-a human being, so degraded that all the pure, the good,

will turn their faces in disgust !" The astonished artist could hardly credit the testimony of his senses. "But tell me man, whence this terri-

ble change? The youth told his sad story : An only son and of great beauty; his parents spoiled him; bad companions taught him their vices; brothels and combling dens became his home, until he had lost his all, and then-unable, or, tather, unwilling to work, and, as yet, ashamed to beg, he began to steal caught in the act, he was thrown into prison; and then he went on to tell how each bad act appeared to contain the germ of another-appeared to create the desire; aye, the necessity to

commit another and a worse one. His story, as told by himself, sounded terrible and brought tears to the painter's eyes. He adjured the youth to give up his felonious career, and offered his assistance in so doing. His kind endeavers came too late; sickness, the consequence of vice and dissipation, threw the unhappy youth upon a bed of pain. He died before he had an opportunity to prove the sincerity of his

repentance. The artist placed his portrait by the side of that beautiful boy; and when his patrons asked him why he put so terrible a face beside another of such wondrous beauty, he answered, sadly: "Be tween you demon and you angel, there are but twenty years of vice."- Wm. Richter

## Temper.

Happy is he who can command his temper even under trying circumstances. The evils wrought by unbridled tempers are beyond calculation. The violent temper of a fretful and irascible man gives his friends much concern. His conduct while under its influence renders him unamiable, and, of course, greatly diminishes their regard for him. And this is not all. If he has any real responsibility, the emotions he feels are as painful as those he causes in the breasts of others. When the calm of retirement succeeds to the bustle of company, his solitary moments are embittered by very mortifying reflections; for it has been well remarked "that anger begins with folly and ends with repentance." A few bitter words spoken in anger may rankle for a lifetime. Self-command, besides preventing their utterance, enables us to maintain the dignity of our nature as intelligent beings by establishing the empire of reason over passions. It renders a person the master of himself under all the various circumstances of life; in prosperity, cheerful without insolence: and in adversity, resigned and calm without defection. It gives an effectual check to all the vicious propensities of envy, malice and anger; and in the same proportion as it restrains them, it vents them from running into extremes, and fixes their due bounds. Plaited collarettes of mull,

white, dotted, embroidered, and polksdotted in black and colors, are much worn, with scarf-bows to match. Past and Present.

There is a good deal of harmless prattle about the superior health, the strength and the wisdom of our great-grand fathers and great-grandmothers. It is a common thing to hear old people who ought to have better sense, talking about the good old times and the higher mental and physical ability of those who lived long ago. While we have great respect for the old folks, living and dead, we must not shut our eyes to the reality. The total is that reach live. reality. The truth is that people live longer now than ever they did. The medical profession knows more new than ever it did; and we could put into the field to day a bigger army of centenarians than our grandfathers could in the good old days when they were

young.

Moreover, old people now are much more vigorous than the old people of times past. Our people are growing larger and stronger. It is not so very many years since the American woman was a slight, delicate creature; now she is tall and portly. The numbers of sing-ularly tall and well-proportioned young men and women to be seen in the streets of New York to-day astonish the old fellows who remember the boys and girls of forty and fifty years ago. Some persons imagine that this increase in size is confined to the children of our foreign-born citizens; but this is a great mistake, for the increase growth is general. Certainly the mixture of races may have something to do with it, but, whatever may be the cause, it is a fact plainly to be seen by any observer.

The greatest known feats of physical

strength and endurance are recorded to the credit of the young men of this age; and, indeed, it is hardly too much to assert that the greatest runners, the greatest walkers, the greatest jumpers, the greatest swimmers, the greatest oarsmen, the greatest weight-lifters, the greatest gymnasts, the greatest boxers, the greatest fencers and the heaviest men that ever lived are among the iving to-day. There seems to be a universal increase in the growth of humanity. The height, the chest mea-urement and the weight of the coldiers of the immense armies of Europe of the present time are at least as great as they were among the picked men of the much smaller European symies of fifty years past, clearly showing that the

average man of to-day is as big and as strong as the picked man of long ago. old people of this country are, as a borger!"
rale, bigger and stronger than their fathers and mothers were. An ordinary satisfied difficulty in squeezing himself into the armor of one of the Norman conquerors of his country; but what could one of our Western farmers do with it? Certainly he could pick it up and look | letters, except the address." at it, but this is all.

We have great respect for the memory of our grandfathers and greatgrand-fathers, as well as for our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, but we cannot afford to delude ourselves with ideas and notions that fact and figures set aside. People are inclined to overestimate the measure of wisdom and ability of the grand old fellows of days gone by. It is an amiable fault, but still a fault; because the truth is not so.

## New York Sun.

A Miner's Experience. He was on his way home from Leadville. He had on a ragged old summer sait, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals thirty hours' apart to make

his money carry him through. "Yes; I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine, and ".The some of the people are hone t as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take the bad ones.

"I should think that would be easy." "Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original diskiverer of the richest mine around Leadville, Yes, I am the very man, though you couldn't think it to look at these clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?"

" Not a bit of it."

" How is that." "Well, I was looking around the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay, staked off a claim and went off to the assayers. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever as aved and then burried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spot and built up a pole shanty and hung out the sign of the First Baptist church over the door. True as shooting they had, and the law out there is that no man can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there they were holding a revival. There was six of them, and they got up one after the other and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, andwould you believe it? -- they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after came the verdict, the First Baptist church had burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth \$3,000,000. You see I didn't know how to take them. '

"Was there any particular way to take them?"

"You bet there was. I ought to have opened on the revival with a Winchester rifle and given the coroner \$50 for a verdict that they came to their death from too much religion."-Salt Lake Tribune.

The Boston Watchman (Baptist) asks: "Ha e we any preachers?" the question being suggested by the fact that the leading papers of the denomination are publishing English instead of American sermons. It has a theory on the subject, encourages the growth of virtue, pre- that while Americans preach quite as well as Englishmen, when an American pastor is asked to furnish a sermon for a paper he selects one on some special contented to give their average dis-courses "on plain, simple Gospel seen a lightning-express train at full themes."

Reconciliation.

At fend with anglit shat's mortal.

If thou wert lying, cold and still and white, In death's embrace, oh, mine enemy! I think that if I came and looked on thee, should forgive; that something in the sight Of the still face would cononer me, by right Of death's sad impotence, and I should see How pitiful a thing it is to be

My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace-Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet, The dead face and the living-fain would cry Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease! Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet;

#### -Caroline A. Moson, in Seribner. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

How to avoid drowning-stay at

Advice to a married man : Put a safety valve upon your self-esteem if you do not want to get "blown up."

"I would not strike you for \$10," said J., playfully, to his friend E. "Well, you would not get it if you did," replied E .- Philadelphia Sun.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,"
Or take in its strength such a boastful delight,
A single bald bornet can scatter a crowd,
And a wasp that means business can put it

"You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get

along without it," said the independent Lesson for young housekeepers-'How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?" "By the teeth?" "But fowls have no teeth!" "I know they

haven't, but I have ! A newly married couple riding in a carriage, were overturned, whereupon a standerby said it was "A shocking sight." "Yes," said the gentleman, "to ce those just wedded fall out so soon.'

A clergyman remarked the other day: Alas! how times change! In the Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now it seems as though nothing short of a miracle would keep one quiet." The cable has informed us that the ezar and the Emperor William kissed

each other when they met at Dantzig; but it forgot to add that after the osculation the czar gave a significant sniff The fact stares us in the face that the and remarked in an "aside": "Great grown-up sons and daughters of the Casar, Bill! you've been eating Lim-A young lady became so much dissatisfied with a gentleman to whom she

sized Englishman finds considerable was engaged to be married that she dismissed him. In revenge he threatened to publish her letters to him, "Very weil," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my

## Habitual Mouth Breathing.

Many people sleep with the mouth open, and thus make this organ perrm a duty which should be transa by the nose. There are many objections to this, and Dr. Wagner clearly points them out. The air in passing through the channels of the nose, for instance, is raised to the temperature of the body before it reaches the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter how low the temperature may be, the sense of old is never felt below the border of the soft palate. But when one breathes through the mouth on a cold day the sensation proceeds as far as the larynx, and an irritating cough may be caused Then, again, in nose breathing the air is moistened by the natural secretions which cover the turbinated bones in a condition of health, and the short bristly hairs at the openings of the nostrils act as a filter to arrest impurities and reduce the likelihood of laryngial, pronchial or pulmonary disease. In fants, athletes, savages and animals breathe through the nose; the ordinary civilized man employs the mouth to an unnecessary, and often to a very injuri-

ous, extent. The causes of mouth breathing are myriad. Complete or partial closure of the passages, polypus, congenital bony closure, enlarged tonsils, protruding teeth, adhesion of the soft palate of the posterior wall of the pharynx-all these are sufficient causes of mouth breathing. The indications are not so subtle as not

to be readily recognized. Retracted ips, open mouth, receding gums, protruding teeth, shrunken alae, decreased rize of the nostrils' orifices, wrinkles at the eyes' outer angles, and lines extending from the alse to the mouth angles are the predominant signs. The effects of mouth breathing upon the pharynx are often most deplorable. The mucous membrane becomes much irritated. A chronic engorgement of the blood vessels may take place, until permanent dilitation of the vessels is produced, and so on until the disease known as clergyman's sore throat is produced. The writer devotes a part of his space to showing the bad results of sleeping with the mouth open, and suggests an appropriate remedy. If all snorers were to adopt it one of the most disagreeable noises of the night would be silenced, for people who breathe through their noses while sleeping never snore. The flity short and clearly-printed pages of which this monograph consists appear to exhaust the subject. -Dr. Clinton Wagner.

The Fourteen Wonders of the World. The seven wonders of the world, in ancient times, were the pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Diana, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, the Mausoleum of Artemesia and the Colossus at Rhodes.

The seven wonders of the world in modern times are the printing-press, the steam-engine, the telephone, the phonograph, photograph, telegraph and electric light. The so-called "seven wonders" of the

ancients were mere trides compared with those of the present time. The Brooklyn bridge, for example, would make the hanging gardens of Babylon a mere toy, while the whole seven wonsubject, while Euglish preachers are ders put together would sink into inseen a lightning-express train at full