#### VOL. XI.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1881.

NO. 39.

#### A Thanksgiving.

I bring my hymn of thankfulness To Thee, dear Lord, to-day ; Though not for joys Thy name I bless And not for gifts I pray. The griefs that know not man's redress Before Thy feet I lay.

Master! I thank Thee for the sin That taught mine eyes to see What depths of loving lie within The heart that broke for me : What patience human want can win From God's divinity.

I thank Thee for the blank despair, When friend and love forsake That taught me how Thy cross to bear, Who bore it for my sake, And showed my lonely soul a prayer

That from Thy lips I take. I thank Thee for the life of grief I share with all below, Wherein I learn the sage relief My brother's heart to know, And in the wisdom taught of pain

To soothe and share his wee. I thank Thee for the languid years Of loneliness and pain, When flesh and spirit sowed in tears,

But scattered not in vain ; For trust in God and faith in man Sprang up beneath the rain.

I thank Thee for my vain desires, That no fulfillment knew ; For life's consuming, cleansing tires, That searched me through and throng

Till I could say to Him : "Forgive ! They know not what they do.' What fullness of my earthly store, What shine of harvest sun, What cintment on Thy feet to pour,

What honored race to run, What joyful song of thankfulness, Here ended or begun,

Shall mate with mine, who learn so late To know Thy will is done? -Rose Terry Cooke

## MISSES TEMPLETON'S TEAPOTS.

"Well, ef it don't bear all! I'm struck all of a heap!"

"An' what's more," pursued the striker, leaning a little further from his wagon, and speaking through tightly shut teeth, as if thereby the sound would be prevented from passing beyond the listener, "there ain't no backin' down, as you might think. If ever you seen a face sot, you'd 'a seen it this mornin'; an' she lookin' back all the time, too, as if I was carryin' her to the vault in the lower graveyard. I de-clare I'd just about as soon. I hain't

Dianthy stop her?"
"Past stoppin'. These still folks,
when they do take the bit between their teeth. don't stop for 'whoa.' Dianthy wasn't up, nuther. You'd ought to hev seen her when I druv up with Lucindy. She came nigher speakin' out when I handed in that hair trunk than she's done for ten year. But I guess the town 'll be in an uproar when it knows. It ain't agoin' to allow

'How'll it hender it, Lamson, I'd like to know?"

"Don' know," said the first speaker "but there's got to be a way found Why, this mornin' Hiram come out, an' his wife, too. They're good sort o' clks of they do run the town farm, an' 'Now, Miss Templeton, I told you before, an' I tell you now agin, 'tain't no use. You ain't a pauper, and you jest can't an' shan't change off.' I've settled it,' sez she, hard an' stiff as Dianthy herself 'You're bound to keep Lucindy, an' of I choose to change places with Lucindy, it's nobody's business but my own. Ef you won't let her go, I'll stay here whether or no. Town meetin' ain't till spring, an' I've made up my mind. There ain't nothin' but death can change it.' Lucindy clim up to the seat before Hiram could interfere, an' I druv off, an' how they'll settle it I can't say, but there she is. The last words I heard her say was: 'Hiram, there's no peace for me anywheres but here, an' here I mean to stay."
"She's out o' her mind," said old

Hubbard, picking up the rake dropped "There'll have to in his first surprise. be a special meetin' called, an' I'll see about it this very day."

"Better let folks manage their own affairs," returned Lamson, gathering up the reins. "I don' know as I'd a druy her over if I'd understood exactly what she wanted; an' then agin I don' like to see how Dianthy would take it. It beats me. Chloe Templeton in the poorhouse, an' them Templetons 'ith money enough to buy you 'n' me out this

"Twouldn't take no great to do that," said old Hubbard, returning to his work, astonishment still predominating in his leathery face; and Lamson drove on, the tall figure of a woman appearing in the open doorway of a ouse above, as if she had been watching the interview, and were half disposed to speak. Hubbard made a step forward as if uncertain whether to speak door shut with a bang. "Templeton temper," he said, shaking his grizzled head; "but who'd 'a thought Chloe had any of it? I cal'late she got desprit, an' struck out for any kind o' a change, an' I don't wonder nuther;" and with another shake he settled to work, pausing at intervals to ejaculate, "Well, it

Half way up Breakneck, so towering and assertive a hill that anywhere but agony of tremulousness and apprehenin New Hampshire it must have been a mountain. Even now its claims to that title were not to be disregarded. Year after year the selectmen threatened to before? There's one for each, and a labor no longer on a road more and caddy spiece too - the little ones grandmore given over to gullies and sudden small land-sl' les and big stones, which, appearing n.jsteriously in the way, could never be accounted for save by the world! For pity's sake!"

the thin layer of soil barely hiding the granite below, gathered to work out the road tax, the patient oxen painfully marking out the deep furrow on either side, and pondering why human beings should make so much evidently useless

work both for men and oxen.

Why Isaiah Templeton had chosen Breakneck pastures, when river mead-ows fat with corn and wheat lay be-low, he never told, but the choice had been made. Half way up the hill. A turn in the road, and between two rocky pastures, where sweet-fern and brake disputed place with every root of grass, a strip of land, every stone long ago laboriously removed, and entering into the well-built wall on either hand. On the pasture side raspberry bushes and wild grapes and rambling vines in general had it all their own way, but Isaiah Templeton's life-long fight with weeds had not been unavailing, and Diantha, his oldest born, pursued them with an even greater vigor and determination, affirming that had every farmer done his duty half as well Canada thistles would have been confined to Canada, and daisies have become an extinct species.

Diantha, Althea and Chloe—strange

names for the three middle-aged women in the weather-stained house with sloping roof, where mosses grew in spite of Miss Diantha, and on whose sides a faint red still lingered, though sixty years had passed since it first showed bright against the dark wood the tendency to sentiment less sedulously hidden then than now.
Years had thinned Miss Chloe's hair,

the beginning, tipped it with a frosty red, and printed crow's-feet about the faded blue eyes, always a little per-plexed and troubled—always gentle and apologetic, and filling with tears as quickly as in her silent and sensitive girlhood. Life held small leisure. Books were a waste of precious time, and more and more butter and cheese the chief end of woman; and thus Miss Chloe's sentiment found no outlet save in the flower bed, which, in spite of in those upright quarters.

In the old hair trunk, well hidden between towels and pillowcases, lay Miss Cllle's chief treasure—a time-worn copy of Mrs. Hemans, bearing on the fly-leaf in cramped letters the inscripot over it yit."
"But, for the land sake, why didn't her well-wisher, Josiah Green."

Something more than a well-wisher Josiah would willingly have been, bu Miss Diantha had set her face against it, and Josiah, after a short period of dejection, married pretty Sophy Downer, and slept now with his fathers in the old graveyard. For years Miss Chloe kept the little book folded in tissue paper and laid away, but with the funeral took it out as if death gave a right, unclaimable before, and read and went over it at night, the only time when sharp cars and eyes and tongues gave her respite from continuous observation

For both Diantha and Althea quarreling was as their daily food. What one wanted the other did not, and all day long the hard voices sounded from kitchen or pantry, Chloe cringing as they rose and fell, but silent as years had taught her to be. Miss Althea preferred "salt risin's; Miss Diantha. 'hop 'east, strong o' the hops." Miss Althea demanded pumpkin pie without eggs; Miss Diantha pronounced them, in that condition, "not fit for pigs." Miss Althea demanded Orange Pekoe, steeped; Miss Diantha, Oolong, boiled Miss Chloe in her private mind clung to Young Hyson, but would have drunk gall and wormwood rather than make any difficulty-in fact, may be said to have done so in any case. Miss Diantha, as eldest, threw out the Orange Pekoe, riused the teapot viciously, with expressions of deep disgust at the fatal blindness of any creature who would drink such stuff; and stood guard over the stove until the tin teapot gave out the rank steam she loved to sniff.

With many desires for revolt, none had yet come; but one morning Miss Althea, having watched the operation up to boiling-point, both for herself and teapot, determined upon active measures, and suddenly seizing it ran across the road and threw it with all her force over the fence bordering the "gully wood road," where, bounding from stone to stone in the almost sheer descent, it may at last in the brook be-

Miss Diantha, for the moment speechless, poured out, as breath returned, a torrent of rage on the triumphant Miss Althea, who took down an earthen tea pot from the shelf and proceeded to scald it.

break it if you put it on the fire," said Miss Diantha, a new grimness in voice and eve.

"Try it," said Miss Althea, defiantly. or not, but retreated suddenly as the "I calculate you'll find more'n one kind o' tea kin be drunk in this house. I've stood you some years too much, an' as fast's you break, I'll buy. You hain't forgot the will, an' that all expenses has got to be equally shared by the three, or as many as lives. It'll be a feetle hard on Chloe, but then she's used to your imposin' on her, an' a grain more won't make much difference.

"Sisters," Miss Chloe began, in an "for mercy's sake! Oh, dear! how can you? Why don't we each have a teapot, an' why didn't I think of it

When you say you're sorry for this morning's work I'll say back, an' not before. The will's fixed so't we can't split nor divide, an' long as we live there's got to be three in the house. Without notice till one evening in early split nor divide, an' long as we live there's got to be three in the house.

Well, I wouldn't split if I could.
Folks 'll ask, an' you kin tell. I'm Breakneck and burst into the house

Done, truly. Eight years had passed, and not one word had Miss Diantha been heard to speak. If direction was needed she wrote on a slate and handed it to Miss Chloe, who acted as mediator there."

"She's dyin'," he said. "The doctors said she might live till you got there." and interpreter. Confident that a day would end it Miss Althea had gone her way, missing more than she would have told the war of words which, after all, told the war of words which, after all, had been only words—a family privilege never destroying a certain family feeling holding its place under all assaults. But as day after day went by without a sign she, too, grew more and more determined, and if an occasional opasm of desire for the old state operhaps a better state—of things visited her, she put it sternly away. Daily the her, she put it sternly away. Daily the two faces settled into harder and harder lines; daily Miss Chloe's eyes grew more apprehensive. The three caddies she had filled at

once, the time for some decisive action the last piece of a set long ago scattered or destroyed; one a tiny Wedgrefused to yield. The minister argued and pleaded, the deacons came singly and in a body, exhorting and threatenand the parish was in a ferment, till a new cause for discussion arose in another quarter, reverting to this,

however, with surprising constancy. By degrees Miss Althea had grown almost as silent as the elder sister, whose life seemed a black shadow, darkening even the sunshine of summer or the golden light of autumn on the hills.

Miss Chloe grew more haggard every day, and her forlorn blue eyes, redrimmed with much crying, brimmed Miss Dianthy's arguments, held its place under the south window, and in summer filled the little sitting-room with a perfume altogether out of place with a perfume altogether out of place and the two faces always with averted

> "Oh, why didn't I think of these three teapots before?" Chloe moaned to the old minister. "Such an easy way out of all the trouble; an' there I let it go on, an' now I shall always be responsible."

No argument availed against this conclusion, and no length of time proved sufficient to overthrow it. Months ran into years at last, but time seemed never to deaden the continuous self-reproach of this Templeton, who had absorbed the conscience of the whole generation, and who sought vainly to reconcile irreconcilable forces.

"When an irresistible wave encounters an immovable rock, what is the result?" had questioned Leander Lamson, home from Dartmouth, and overflowing with Sophomorie logie; and old Lamson, after a pause for reflection, answered; 'Tarnal smash for whatever comes be-

Miss Chloe had come between, and her looks indicated something equivaent to "tarnal smash

Lucinda Wetherbee, once the owner of a small but profitable farm, had 'signed" for her brother, a luckless scamp, who fled to the West when the final crash came, leaving Lucinda at sixty to face it as she might. The end was the town farm, where the poor creature went for life, too crushed by the sudden cessation of all the small activities that had made her world to think of other methods. Her mind failed partially, and she appeared periodically at houses she had been accustomed to visit, complaining that the society at the town farm was not what she had been accustomed to or expected, and that "she'd come to stay a spell an' git

the taste out of her mouth. When Miss Chloe had made the arrangement and agreement to exchange, she refused to tell, answering every inquiry in the same unvarying words:

We thought we'd each hev a change." orn to the place, and, to the astonishment of every one, Miss Diantha accepted the change with no break in the men appeared and appealed to her to end the scandal and go in person for the sister, who had banished herself in

table and left the room. "She's got a dumb devil," said Deacon Piper, as he read slowly:
"'Chloe has made her own bed, and

she can lie in it. She chose to go, and

she can stay. If you will not have her

any other way, I will pay her board." but once, a fury of anger possessing her as she crossed the wretched threshold, and venting itself in words that brought terror to every one within hearing distance. Underneath the storm hurt feeling and affection really lay, but Chloe had passed beyond any power of interpreting the perverse and tumul-tuous manifestation. She lay back in her chair with closed eyes, her patient

face a little more patient, and slow tears falling one by one. "When Diantha comes for me, I'll go back," was all she would say, and Miss Althea, worn out with her own

vehemence, went unwillingly away.

The winter went by, Miss Althea waiting upon Lucinda "by inches," as the neighbors said, as if in this way to atone for past lack toward Chloe. The small land-sl' les and big stones, which, appearing n.jsteriously in the way, could never be accounted for save by diabolic agency. Year after year the two or three farmers who tempted Providence by a permanent wrestle with small faint green showed here and the still!" said Miss Diantha, imperatively. "An' now, Althy Temple-ton, you hear my last word to you. In the took that way, Dianthy, an' Althy too! To reluctant New England spring came slowly on, and in the "Devil's Gully," by the mill, faint green showed here and there between the lingering drifts. The road to the town farm, seldom used, had been almost impassable, but Hiram

here the three sat by the dim lamp,

" Who?" Miss Althea had risen, and stood now, flerce and rigid, clutching the frightened boy as she spoke.

"Miss Templeton," he said, struggling away. "Hiram told me to get you a team."

"Run, then," Miss Althea screamed. "The fastest Viall's got. Tell him to

be quick."

Judinda burst into load crying.

"Be still, you fool!" rang out Miss
Diantha's voice, with its old sharp command. "I'm goin on the hoss," and snatching her hood she ran to the gate, climbed from the long-disused horse-block to the horse's back, and with dangling stirrups and flapping on her part seeming to have come at last beyond any question, and daily she took down the three teapots, hidden for years in the recesses of the upper shelf of the china closet—one old blue, the four miles between her and the the four miles between her and the chance of speech. Up hill and down, through thick wood and between low showed bright against the dark wood behind and above it. Whatever latent poetry in the rusty little farmer had prompted the names had died with him, Watts' hymns being the nearest approach to such frivolity tolerated by either Diantha or Althea, two grim and determined females, with faces as hard as the stones that made up most of their patrimony, and who, through Miss Chloe's girlbood, had carefully repressed the tendency to sentiment less seduattendant were motioned out by a hand so imperative that none could gainsay it, and Diantha, bolting the door, turned sharpened still more the nose sharp in ing suspension of church privileges, to the bed, and after one look at the motionless form upon it, fell on her knees and buried her face in the cover-

> "I thought you'd feel bad, Dianthy," Miss Chloe said, the words coming faintly, and as if from some remote distance. "I thought you'd come, an' I held out an' waited. There isn't any time now, but, Dianthy, you must promise me one thing. You must go home and let by gones be by gones. I want you to be good to Althea."

Miss Diantha raised her face, white and set, as if death had touched her, too. She lifted her hand as she knelt.
"Don't, Dianthy — don't!" Chlor

cried, trying to rise. "Before you that I've killed, I swear it," said Miss Diantha, solemnly. "I've held my tongue for spite, an' I'll hold it now for punishment. The last word I say to livin' soul I say to you now, Chloe Templeton."

"Oh, Dianthy, don't!" wailed Miss Chloe, falling back on her pillow, endtreaty of her life. When Miss Althea entered with the doctor, the elder sister sat motionless and silent by the bed. In silence she pointed to Miss Althea as the one to make arrangements, and waited till nothing further remained to be done. In silence she rode home, and shut herself into her own room, and there she remained till the hour for the funeral services, held in the old church on the common.

From every quarter the people flocked in. No such opportunity had come for years of seeing all the actors in this village tragedy, and Miss Diantha faced them all with a composure that made the more sensitive shiver, and moved many to fierce anger. The old minister broke down as he tried to tell the gentleness and patience of the soul that had passed beyond need of human words, and for an instant there was an ominous rustle, as if then and there adgment must be had on those who had lain on it a burden too heavy to be borne.

Miss Diantha stood by the grave until the last shovelful of earth had been lain on, then turned and walked home, stopping for a moment at the village store. When Miss Althea and Lucinda returned her door was shut. and no sound was heard from the room until next morning. But as they made preparations for tea Miss Althea saw that the three teapots and caddies had been removed, and that an earthen one and a tin caddy filled with Orange Pekoe stood on the lower shelf, and knew that She took up her life on the hill as if by this sign Miss Diantha had spoken,

and renounced her will once for for all. Years followed. Lucinda lingered, unchanged in look, and clinging more immovable silence. But when the select- and more to Miss Althea, who had aged suddenly when Chloe died, and who made continued efforts to break Miss Diantha's silence. But though a certhe hope of bringing about peace, she listened till even old Lamson had said show itself, she only, when appealed to, his last word, and then, having written for shook her head solemnly, and retreated a few moments, laid the slate on the to her room. What secrets the old walls knew, who can tell? What sorrow and late repentance! But none knew till a morning came when, alarmed by the long silence, Miss Althea went in to find her with wide-open eyes, but powerless to move from the floor where she had fallen. In the open Miss Althea went to the town farm drawer of the old bureau lay Miss Chloe's Bible, the worn volume of Mrs. Hemans, and near them the broken fragments of the three teapots, each in a folded napkin.

A week of quiet waiting, and then in the hours between night and morning Miss Diantha suddenly lifted her head. "I thought you'd come, Chloe," she said, and with the words was gone.

When her will was opened they found, first, a legacy of one thousand dollars "to Hiram Steele and wife for kindness to my sister Chloe," and then an order that on the plain tombstone erected for her should be simply the words: "Diantha Templeton, seventy-three. 'I was dumb. I opened not my mouth for shame."

And so at last people knew that the scorn and indignation, never quite lost even in the long years since Miss Chloe's death, had been accepted as just punishment, and that Miss Diantha had known sorrow, and left this last message of tacit confession and repent-

#### Many Uses for Apples.

However we may esteem other fruits the apple is the main reliance in late winter or early spring, as there is little else in the way of fresh fruits. For cooking no fruit is equal to the apple, which is susceptible of being served in great variety of acceptable forms, some of which are here suggested.

Apple sauce is the form in which the

fruit most frequently appears. To make the best requires the best apples. Select high flavored fruit, such as the Rhode Island Greening or Spitzenberg; pare and slice in thick slices, and put, with the needed quantity of sugar, in a dish with a tight-fitting cover. Some have a dish made for the purpose, but a tin pail with a good cover will answer. Set in a moderate oven and allow it to slowly until thoroughly done; good apples will need no water. Apple sauce so prepared is far superior to that made in the usual way. Next in popularity

to apple sauce is APPLE PIE.—Stewed apples half an inch thick, between two flabby crusts, is a caricature on apple pie. The apple pie is made with sliced raw apples, in a very deep plate, and as few plates are deep enough the sliced apple should heaped up in generous measure. It is a mistake to spoil good apples with much seasoning. Cloves and allspice overcome the natural flavor; a very little cinnamon, or minute bits of dried peel of a sweet orange develop it. In many families sauce and pie end the changes, while they are really but the beginning of the list.

BAKED APPLES, -Either sweet or sour. Many have a notion that sweet apples are the only kinds for baking. They are indeed excellent, when sour ones cannot be had. But for the perfection of baked apples, Rhode Island Greenngs are required. Remove the core, fill the cavity with sugar, set in a bak-ing dish with a little water, and bake rather briskly, and just before they are eaten pour over them a liberal supply of cream. Apples so treated are better than most of us deserve.

Apple Dumplings.—That person is

not to be envied, whose recellections of the dildhood does not include apple ume of reminiscences of her husband. dumplings-"such as mother used to make." That kind will never be found again, but a fair approach to it may be hoped for. Hers were both boiled and baked, and we never could tell which were best. Isn't the making of the crust for boiled dumplings a lost art? Well, we can manage baked ones, and there is less risk of failure, and consequent danger to the digestion.

Apple custard is not to be omitted. a custard made in the usual manner, and bake until the custard is done. Housekeepers find it difficult to select a pudding-dish large enough for this.

led with sugar and cinnamon, allowed dipped in a batter of flour and eggs and fried in abundance of very hot fat; for venient. They are drained for a few and his body interred with a feeling sert, they are dusted with powdered sugar when served, but if, as many pre- over his grave. fer them, to be eaten with meat, sugar is omitted.

Brown Berry .-- All the clean bits and ragments of bread are dried crisp in he stove oven with the door open, then rolled, and breadcrumbs are always at band. Sliced apples, breadcrumbs, sugar, cinnamon and a deep pudding A layer of apples, augar, spice, erumbs; apple, sugar, spice, crumbs and so on until the dish is full. Bake PAN-DOWDY OR APPLE SLUMP .- Since

wood fires and the oldbake-pan or skilet, with a cover to hold coals on the op, went out of fashion and use, an apple slump" has not been possible. An imitation is made in a deep pan, and baked in an oven, but it is only a baked apple pudding. Probably the real thing can still be found in the umber camps, and in the few other ocalities where wood is the fuel, and the open fireplace has not given way to the stove. The apples are quartered the bake-pan is lined at the sides with a crust; apples are put in, packed soldly, some spice is used, and sufficient molasses, or part sugar and part molasses, to sweeten; a top crust is put on, gashed to let the steam escape; the pan is set on the coals, and the coals put on the cover. Eaten hot with butter! Who can ever forget it! The side crust baked before the juice came from the apples; it then became partly penetrated with syrup; the apples were done to a rich crimson mass. Talk about apple meringues and such flummery-Here was richness !- American Agricul-

# The Five Tenors.

A story is told in most Parisian green rooms of "The Manager and the Five Tenors," The manager had engaged a French operetta troupe to perform in a city of South America. He was the most polite and generous of managers. He offered high terms, promised his proteges a benefit apiece, made the best arrangements for their comfort on the voyage out, and at last had the satisfaction of steaming off with them all. The day when they started was a fine one, and as soon as the shores of France had faded out of sight the company, to keep up their spirits, began to sing on deck. But very soon they stopped, and five gentlemen were seen to one another with consternation. They were all five tenors. "Why, how is too," chimed in another, and so said they all. The manager had slunk down into the cabin during this alterestion, but he was called up again, and was requested to furnish explanations. "Calm your minds," he said, in a cheerful tone; you are five tenors now, but I calculate that four of you will be carried off by the vomito negro as soon as we land, and I promise that the one who survives shall be my only tenor,"-London Daity

A man, being tormented with corns, kicked his foot through a window, and he pane was gone instantly.

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Cyrus W. Field proposes to erect a In arching woods of pine and oak, nemorial window at Williams college to Through which the cheerful sunlig the late President Garfield.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, now seventy-one years of age, is the senior member of the United States Senate. and the youngest is Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, now forty years of age.

Some one has taken the trouble collect statistics of the existing pawnbrokers in the United British Kingdom. Their total number is 4,372, and during a single year they take in, it is estimated, some 200,000,000 pledges. Rea dish made for the purpose, but a tin pail with a good cover will answer. Set in a moderate oven and allow it to stew

> In order to make marching easier for the German soldiers, their feet are wrapped in linen soaked with lard. But on the march, especially where the boots are too big, the sticky mud will pull the boots off. During a parade before the emperor, not long since, the boots came off by the hundreds, and a fatigue party had to be sent out to pick | The richest man may lose his gain,

A New York man has a bee farm on the top of his house, within a few rods of the postoffice. The bees have to fly to Central park to get at the blossoms to collect their honey. They come straight home to their hives, and know the spot where they are placed. It is said that the bees being so much above the streets are not disturbed by the noises of the city.

Mrs. Campbell, the wife of Alexander Campbell, founder of the Christian church, of which President Garfield was a member, is a striking-looking woman of eighty years. Her hair is as black, her eyes as bright as in her youth, and her mental activity is remarkable. She reads and writes often until past midnight, and is now engaged upon a vol-

Mr. Whittier's days at home in Ames bury, Mass., are devoted to his books, with the exception of one hour in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon. During these intervals he is always to be found at the postoffice or reading the end. Boston papers in a book store, the townspeople watching with real reverence the tall, slender, white-haired poet. He occupies two furpished rooms in a pleasant home on Friend street, Amesbury, and his life therein is that Pare and core the apples, stew in very little water until tender; pour over them of a student—simple and hardworking.

There recently died in Oregon a mule that has a history that would fill a smal book. He was forty-six years old, and Apple fritters are much liked by many. had been in the service of the govern-Rather large slices of apples are sprink-ment for the past thirty-six years. He was known all over the coast as "Old o lay for an hour or so; they are then | Tom." and has been at different times stationed at almost every garrison on the coast. His funeral was attended by these a wire frying basket is very con- the quartermaster's department in force, minutes, and served hot. If for des- profound sorrow at the loss of this oldtimer. A monument has been erected

The agricultural bureau estimates the wheat crop of the United States for the current year will be 381,479,200 bush-The yield of 1879 was 458,000,000 bushels; that of 1880 is now set at 498,-500,000 bushels. The decrease this ear from last is therefore 117,000,000 ushels. On an examination of the able by States it appears that there was a loss, as compared with 1879, in every Western State from Ohio to Colorado excepting Texas. Oregon and the Ter ritories alone show any considerable increase. Farmers will get more for their grain, but consumers will have to pay more for their flour.

It would astonish people in the counry to know to what an extent fortunecelling is carried on in New York city. A fortune-teller, calling herself Madam De London, was arrested a short time ago for swindling, for the business is contrary to a law which is seldom enforced. It is estimated that between fifty and a hundred of these adventuresses, for most of them are women. ge living by that business in New York. And most of the fools who allow these harpies to swindle them are women, says the Christian at Work, and many are women who dress well, too, and move in a pretty fair sort of social circle. They can hardly be set down as ignorant, for they keep up with the times, so far as reading goes at least. But they believe in fortune-telling just as firmly as the hopelessly ignorant, and are duped in exactly the same way. Aside from the objections to it as fraud and imposture, the whole business of fortune-telling is an agent of immorality that ought to be sternly suppressed.

# A Sea Serpent Story.

A good sea serpent story comes from Madras in the shape of reminiscences of Captain Taylor, when lying at anchor at Table bay some years ago. an "enormous monster," about 100 feet in length, was seen advancing with snake-like motion round Green point into the harbor. The head appeared to be crowned with long hair, and the keener-sighted among the observers could see the eyes and distinguish the features of the monster. The military were called out, and, after peppering the object at a distance of 500 yards this?" cried one. "I was engaged as the only tenor." "That is my case, observed to become quite still the observed to become quite still, the boats ventured off to complete the destruction. The "sea serpent" proved to be a mass of gigantic seaweed, which had been undulated by the ground it reached the still waters of the bay Probably if mariners would attack the "monster" in the same manner, whenever it is seen, we should hear little more of the sea serpent.

> The annual mail of the world contains 2,300,000,000 letters, and its telegraphic dispatches aggregate 111,000,000 in a

## The Frog and the Lily,

Through which the cheerful sunlight broke, A pond long lay, by soft winds swept, And on its bosom lilies slept,

A story of this pond I'll tell, Of homely frog and lily-bell.

11. Twas in the summer month of June, When robin chirped his merry tune.

That lily spoke to frog so free: "Oh, could I only leap like thee But here I am so still and lone, And dull as any old white stone.

The frog then said to lily fair: 'Just see me jump so high in air:" But down he came into the flood,

And stopped not till be reached the mud. The day was fine, the sky serenc; A boat upon the lake was seen. A man caught froggy by the throat, And threw him in the fatal boat.

The lily plucked by maiden fair,

Was placed upon her golden hair.

The poorest one may rise to fame; Be not puffed up with self-deceit, The boaster always courts defeat; Nor proudly say what you can do,

But be modest, gentle, pure and true.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The saddle horse knows enough of arithmetic to carry one.

"I find that with light meals my health improves," said the Esquimau; and down went another candle. A little heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's

The Commercial Bulletin says the man who does not advertise has it done for him finally, under the head of "failures

Vassar college has one small girl who will in the hereafter be heard of in the woman's rights societies. scribed "straw" as being a hollow thing with a ten-cent man on one end of it and a twenty-cent drink on the other

"You can't add different things together," said a school-teacher. "if you add a sheep and a cow together, It does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of a milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

A young gentleman who is very particular about the getting up of his linen wrote a note to his laundress, and at the same time sent one to the object of his affections. Unfortunately, the wrong address on the envelopes and posted them. The woman was puz-zled, but not in the least offended; but when the young lady read, " If you rumple up my shirt-bosoms and drag the buttons off the collar any more, as you did last time, I shall have to go somewhere else," she cried all the even; ing and declared she would never speak to him again.

# A Colorado Sunset.

Standing upon the margin of a lovely ake in the bosom of the nestling mountains above the beautiful village of Georgetown, in Colorado, one can see a sunset more brilliant and beautiful than was ever looked upon in the East, and which is only equaled by the virgin reach of reddening light which mellows into twilight shadows on the plaius. I saw it on a summer evening when all nature was hushed in stillness. The fireflies shot through the growing dusk like sparkling louries in Egyptian Overhanging forest and swart and blackened crag were reflected in the green waters of the lake. The sun hovered, as in a fascinated spell, above the mountain tops, while rays of golden light, flushed with crimson peak and turret on nature's battlements. It seemed to glow and expand like an opening rose, until it became full-blown, and east its arrowy pencil-ings for miles across the sky like a mighty flame. Then, as if ashamed of its boldness, it drew a veil of grayish mist about its face and blushed beneath it. The mist changed into a cloud shaped like a crescent, with ragged fringes flecked with gold, and in its wonderful aspect recalled the legends of Mohammed's banner, red and furid beneath Asian skies. Even as I looked it changed. The darkening scarlet was transformed to ruby brilliancy. Long lines of pallor whitened on the particolored surface, side by side with golden lances, which seemed to flash from the glowing orb like dissolving rays. The enamored sky for one feverish instant caught and mirrored all the colors of the rainbow. Then again it darkenedflushed and paled-and drawing the hovering draperies of the night about it, sank out of sight. The stars came out. The night-hawk poised on swooping pinion, shrieked above the forest solitude. The leafy murmur of the moaning pines took up the refrain and awoke the spellbound senses into life and action. The charm was gone, but the beauty lingered on the fancy like a

beautiful memory .- Omaha Herald

Last year the capital stock invested in the slate trade in the United States was nearly \$10,000,000, and the produce was 600,000 squares, Pennsylvania alone producing 320,000. The largest quarry contains sixty acres and employs 200 men. It was opened in 1855 and swell, and had become quiescent when in 1880 turned out 40,000 squares. The most durable slates are from Pennsylvania and Maine, and are dark blue and blue black. Green, red, purple and variegated do not keep color well, and the red kinds are the most expensive.

> The London Economist estimates the importation of food into Great Britain at present as forty per cent. of the to-tal imports of the country.