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## Man's Mortality.

Like a daisy rose you see,  
Or like a blossom on a tree,  
Or like the daisy flower in May,  
Or like the morning in the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade;  
Or like the pond, which Jonah made;  
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blancheth,  
The daisy fades, the morning hatcheth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The pond consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like the tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the peacock in the May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of the swan;  
Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the swan is scented,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,  
Or in a glass much like a look,  
Or like the shuttle's weaving hand,  
Or like the writing on the sand,  
Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gliding of the stream;

Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble's out, the look forgoeth,  
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,  
The thought is past, the dream is done,  
The waters glide, man's life is gone.

Like an arrow from a bow,  
Or like a swift course of water flow,  
Or like the time 'twixt food and ebb,  
Or like the spider's tender web,  
Or like a race, or like a goal,  
Or like the dealing of a deal;

Even such is man, whose brittle state  
Is always subject unto fate.

The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,  
The time no time, the web soon rent,  
The race soon run, the goal soon won,  
The deal soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,  
Or like a spot that quick doth die,  
Or like a quaver in a song,  
Or like a journey through long day,  
Or like a journey through summer's come,  
Or like a pear, or like a plum;

Even such is man, who hopes up sorrow,  
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.

The lightning's past, the post must go,  
The spot is short, the journey so,  
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,  
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

—*Dr. Dunoon, from an old Irish Manuscript.*

Mr. Grashaw was a tolerably well-to-do merchant, who would have had a safer balance in his banker's hand than his inclinations in regard to appearances tended in the same direction as his wife's. Horace had to make a position in the world and Nell to be settled.

The two other members of the family were Kate and her brother Jack (employed in a bank). When they had been left orphans Mrs. Grashaw had consented to receive them into the family, as their keep would be a mere nothing, considering one must have good dinners because of the servants' tailing; while what Kate could pay out of her small income of sixty pounds a year (besides making herself useful) and Jack out of his salary would go into their own private purse and afford many toilet luxuries. Besides she knew, as Nell did too, that society, who was ignorant of any payment being made, spoke highly of their kindness to their poor relations.

Their sole other relation was Uncle Jeff—a restless, sanguine spirit, who had been always going to make a fortune, and who had at last in Australia done so. He had gone there when Nell and Kate were children, so all they knew of him was that he was very kind and was ever sending pleasant letters and handsome presents to his little nieces and nephews. When Nell could no longer bear the want of Kate, who worked at her aunt's dress, thought of these presents, and it is to be feared mentally commented on Uncle Jeff's coming home in a very mercenary fashion.

"Supposing, as Jack and I are orphans, he would be adopt us?" she pondered. "At any rate, if he be so rich he would hardly let his sister's children remain so poor. If he should not do something for Jack, I—I do not hate him!"

Uncle Jeff! Before two days were over everybody in Monkbourne knew about him, of his immense wealth, and how he was to live with the Grashaws, who were his only relations. Mr. Grashaw dropped into the estate agent's to inquire casually what mansions or small estates were to let in the neighborhood. Horace talked of Uncle Jeff at his club until the members were sick of Uncle Jeff. Mrs. Grashaw and the girls made visits and received them on purpose to let Monkbourne society know all about him.

"The train will be the 1:30, no doubt that he'll arrive by," remarked Mr. Grashaw on the day of Uncle Jeff's coming, as he contemplated the recherché luncheon prepared. "I hope, my love, there is nothing to make a hitch in his welcome?"

"It was a moment of great excitement. Nellie fitted everywhere; Horace jumped about, assuming indifference; Kate sat at the drawing room window, regretting her bright, bonnie Jack, who was so worked he could not get a holiday. Suddenly, as a cab stopped at the door, she sprang up and ran with the door."

"He has come! Uncle Jeff has come!" she exclaimed.

"Gracious! Why, he must have got up at dawn!" ejaculated Mrs. Grashaw. "Where are Nell and Horace?"

A fluttering busy they proceeded into the hall to meet the black spectator. Their rage had already thrown aside the door, and coming up the step they saw a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with stopped shoulders and a sad, careworn visage.

"Welcome to England! Welcome home, Jeff!" cried the merchant, wringing his hand. "Dear me, how delighted I am! I congratulate you, brother!"

"The welcomes and congratulations were echoed all around. They clustered about him like bees round honey. Horace took his hat, Kate his walking-stick.

"Ah, George!" exclaimed Uncle Jeff, in a feeble voice, as he slightly waved his hand, "let me sit down somewhere, please. I have much to tell you!"

"They had all got into the dining-room now. The softest chair was pushed forward by Horace; Kate gave a shake to the cushions; Ellen brought a foot stool. Uncle Jeff dropped down wearily.

"George!" he exclaimed, almost piteously, "how can I ever tell you—how a hundred times I have wished that I had never written you that letter—much has happened since. I am"—the gray head dropped on the withered hands—"ruined!"

Had the listeners suddenly been confronted by the face of Medusa they could not have been more shocked. The first thought of Mr. Grashaw, indeed of all, was that they had been grossly taken in.

"What do you mean, Jeff?" demanded the merchant.

"That the speculation in which I foolishly invested my all, George, was but a bubble. It burst a week before I started for home. It has ruined hundreds."

"Home! I wonder if he thinks this is his home?" reflected the merchant. "Circumstances alter cases."

"Whatever will Monkbourne say?" thought the wife. "We shall be a perfect laughing stock. To have a pauper instead of a millionaire on our hands!" Horace and Nell looked at each other helplessly.

Kate felt inclined to cry. Then she filled a glass with water and handed it to Uncle Jeff.

"How very officious that girl is!" thought her aunt.

"I always said you were the idiot of the family, Jeff," remarked the merchant helplessly. "There, we may, I suppose, have luncheon; then you can tell us about it."

"Well!" inquired Jack Wakefield, eagerly, on Kate wraying him as he was creeping upstairs to change his coat after returning from the office, "has he come?"

"Yes, Jack, and, oh! it's so terrible! He isn't rich at all—he is a beggar. The speculation was—a bubble, he says, and he has been ruined."

"Poor old Uncle Jeff!" exclaimed Jack, sympathetically.

"You dear—dear, darling boy!" cried Kate, throwing her arms about

his neck; "that's the first kind word any one has said for him here. Oh, Jack—Jack, I fear that Uncle Grashaw will make a great difference to him."

"Why, he wouldn't have lost his money if he could have helped it. Where is he?"

And Jack, no longer thinking of his office coat, walked into the dining-room and warmly greeting the old man, remarked, heartily:

"Welcome home, Uncle Jeff! Kate has told me all. I'm so sorry, 'pon my word I am; but never mind; better luck next time."

"Heaven bless you, my dear boy—thank you," rejoined Uncle Jeff, gratefully, for already he was speaking in his position. And such a pleased, radiant expression came over his features, that, like a flash, an idea sprang up in Mrs. Grashaw's head that Uncle Jeff was pretending poverty to test their affections.

But her husband soon negated that. There was no pretense; but hard, bona fide, implacable ruin.

Monkbourne did laugh and sneer. That might have been some excuse for the Grashaws; but before a fortnight was over Uncle Jeff found himself so much in the way that, hurt, pained, he announced his intention of leaving, and no one asked him to remain.

"The evening, however, Jack came into his room on the third floor with Kate, and the two made a proposition. To let Uncle Jeff in his great trouble go and live alone was more than terrible to these silly young people; it was impossible. Would Uncle Jeff like them to put all their tiny incomes together and take a little cottage just outside the town and live in it? Kate would do the most economical of housekeepers.

Uncle Jeff sat aghast.

"And you would do this for me, my children?" he exclaimed. "You would give up your fine life and the fine guests here at George's to—"

"Be quite as happy elsewhere," said Kate, kissing him. "You must refuse, uncle; I will not hear of it! You can't tell how merry we three people will be together!"

"I don't doubt that in my case, my love," answered Uncle Jeff, looking into her bright face and grasping Jack's hand.

"Then it's agreed, uncle!" remarked Jack.

"Heaven bless you, children, how can I say no?"

So it was settled. The Grashaws were at first indignant, but later rejoiced in the ground it gave them to break with their poor relations, especially with the ungrateful Wakefields.

But there they were wrong. Gratitude had been the cause. All the real gifts and benefits Jack and Kate had received from any one had been from Uncle Jeff, who had never asked or wanted a return.

In a fortnight the cottage Jack had had his eye on received its tenants. It was very small, but very pretty. From morning to night Kate fitted about it, seeing to this, then that, inventing nice little surprises—into which Uncle Jeff heartily entered—for "dear old Jack's dinner-tea" or "high tea," as she laughingly termed it. She no longer thought of turning her dresses so often nor "sticking a new bow here and a new bow there," but in her dark stuff dresses she looked happier, handsomer, than she ever had at the Grashaws.

"It's quite like setting up house-keeping for one's self!" she laughed merrily.

The cottage was situated at the other side of the town to that where was the Grashaws' house, so Kate rarely met them; but she heard of them and their doings from one or two of those mutual friends who, admiring the part the brother and sister had played, kept up their acquaintance. From one of these she learned how Sir Hugh Stafford had arrived at Beechholm from his world-wide travels, and had been fettered accordingly by all the elite of Monkbourne, the Grashaws among the number.

"There will be rare pulling caps for the baronet among the mothers with marriageable daughters!" laughed the old lady, Kate's informant; "and entrance, my dear, your aunt, Mrs. Grashaw, will not be beholding."

Kate, seated in the little parlour at work, found subjects for long trances of thought out of this. She wondered if Nellie would win the baronet? She was pretty enough. There would not aunt hold her head high!

Her cogitations were arrested by the sound of voices coming from the window she saw that Uncle Jeff had halted at the gate, apparently to take leave of a friend—a gentleman of about thirty, with a pleasant, intelligent face, but—such was Kate's mental remark—more than handsome.

"Uncle back and no tea!" she exclaimed, springing up. "Time flies when one is thinking! Why, uncle is bringing his friend in! If it's to tea, he must take what I have got!"

Then the door opened, and Uncle Jeff entered with the stranger, who Kate saw had exceedingly fine brown eyes.

"My darling," said Uncle Jeff, "I have met an old friend. Pardon me if I put you out at all, but could not refrain from bringing him home to introduce him to my young benefactors."

"Benefactors, Uncle Jeff! Oh, pray, sir, do not believe that," smiled Kate, blushing. "Ours is rather a mutual aid society."

"I think I should like to join it," smiled the stranger, and those brown eyes dwelt very admiringly on the young girl's face. "May I?"

"I fear it is impossible," she rejoined. "It's limited in number as in capital." Then she looked at Uncle Jeff.

"I beg your pardon, Kate, but I forgot the introduction. My dear, this is Sir Hugh Stafford."

"Whose place would now long have been filled by another," said the baronet, bowing, "but for your uncle, Miss Wakefield, who, while I was in Australia years ago, saved my life, at the risk of his own, from a rascally bushranger."

"I never knew then," laughed Uncle Jeff, "that the young red garibaldi-

## FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

**Training a Heifer.**  
A heifer who is to be trained as soon as it is weaned. She should then be haltered and made used to be led up and handled and led by the halter. She should be carded and brushed, and her udder and teats handled frequently until she becomes used to it. A month or two before she calves she should be tied up and brushed, and the udder rubbed and the teats pulled; taught to lift the leg and keep it out of the milk pail, and generally disciplined. All this should be done gradually and gently, and the young animal made to understand that there is nothing to fear by always exercising kindness to her. When she drops her calf no stranger should attend her, but she should know well, and she will come to her duties as easily as an old cow. A newly-calved heifer should always be tied when she is milked, as she may be very nervous and not to be depended upon until her disposition is shown.—*Farm Journal.*

**Value of Manure.**  
Dr. Lawes, of Rothamstead, England, found in his experiments that the manure of wheat growing that a certain field would produce fifteen bushels of wheat annually per acre without the application of any manure whatever. The application of a small amount of nitrogen enabled him to double the crop, showing that for the time being, manure was in less supply than the other required elements. But he also found, that if he added the nitrogen in the form of stable manure, he was applying it at an expense of four or five times as great as if he applied it in the form of sulphate of ammonia. The lesson to be learned by such experiments is that there is no best manure or fertilizer for all soils, nor is the same manure certain to be the best for a given soil in all years. The soil is constantly changing under cultivation and cropping and the most intelligent system of manuring is the one which supplies just what the present crop requires in order to reach a maximum growth. Selling horse and manure, and therefore potash must be applied freely or some other crop grown that will require less.

**Preparing Cakes for Fowls.**  
A correspondent of the *Poultry Bulletin and Record* gives the following mode of saving and preparing green food, especially cabbage leaves, for fowls in winter. It seems necessary for and beneficial to chickens to feed at all times on some green food. During winter it is quite easy to supply their wants, and our pets can get all they require if they are allowed free range, but it is necessary for us to provide for the hard winter months. A cheap and practical way to obtain green food during winter is the following method: Take all the outside leaves of cabbage, which are generally thrown away as useless, and put them in layers with common common rock salt, in either, for that purpose, earthen pits or clean barrels; stamp as solid as possible, cover it up well and let it ferment. In a very short time a veritable sour cabbage is obtained which will keep through winter and will prove, very valuable to our pets. The cabbage can be given raw, but it is preferable to feed it cooked, in a lukewarm condition. The chickens eat it with great relish and thrive wonderfully, as it does not only add to their good condition during the hard and cold winter months, but induces them to commence laying early and continue diligently. Experience has shown in Germany the merits of feeding sour cabbage, and I can only advise the readers of your valuable journal to give it a fair trial, as it is not connected with any great outlay of either labor or expense, and I am certain that it will give satisfaction to all.

**Tomato Culture.**  
The chief requisites, says Joseph Harris, in growing good tomatoes are: First, good seed of a good variety; second, good stocky plants, and third, good warm, dry soil and good cultivation. The best crop of tomatoes I ever raised was treated in the following manner: Seed sown in a hotbed in March, in rows three inches apart and four or five seeds to the inch. When two inches high the plants were removed to another hotbed and set out in rows five inches apart and the plants three inches apart in the rows. As soon as the plants began to crowd each other they were transplanted to pots and placed in the hotbed, the pots being plunged into the soil level with the surface. This last point should not be overlooked. It gives the roots of the plants the needed "bottom heat," and the heat is much more uniform than if the pots are simply placed on the top of the soil in the hotbed. The plants were allowed plenty of air and soon were hardened off. The last week in May the plants were set out in the open ground, in rows three and a half feet apart each way. The land was mellowed and moderately rich. We made good-sized holes with a spade where the plants were to be set out, and then with a rake or hoe filled these holes with fine warm horse soil and put a tablespoonful of manure in each hole, and worked it thoroughly into the soil with a hoe. Give the plants a thorough watering before removing them from the pots. Set the plants deep, or say till the first leaves are on a level with the surface. Press the loose mellow soil firmly around the ball of earth and roots. Keep the ground very moist and mellow on the surface by the constant use of the cultivator and hoe. If you have no hotbed start the plants in a box of light soil in the kitchen window. When the plants begin to crowd each other in the box transplant into other boxes, and when they are well grown harden them off by leaving the boxes out of doors during the day in fine weather. Good plants may be raised by sowing the seed out of doors early in the spring. Select a sheltered spot with a southern exposure; work into the soil some dry, sited coal ashes. Sow the seed in drills, five inches apart. For raising young

tomato plants in this way the soil cannot be too rich. But the land where the crop is to be grown need only be in good average condition, except that it should be made very fine and mellow.

**Farm and Garden Notes.**  
Rubbing wet horses and other animals dry is very useful not only to save heat, but also to save cold taking.

Fat hens rarely lay. If hens are fed so much or so often that they begin to fatten rapidly, they will soon stop laying.

Parasites and salsify are not injured by freezing, and may remain in the ground and be dug as wanted, or during a midwinter thaw.

English feeders often add ten pounds of linseed oil cake per day to the usual rations of meal, roots and hay, in finishing off well-grown bullocks.

It is said that an acre of grass will make 200 pounds of beef; while an acre of corn that requires continuous labor, to double the cost, will do but little more.

Sheltering all animals from cold weather, from chilling winds which by their rapid motion carry off heat more rapidly, is the way to save food and to save waste of flesh.

**The Cultivator and Country Gentleman says:** It is important to sow barley as early in the spring as the ground can be reduced to good mellow condition. On such soils as will admit fall plowing without their becoming compacted again by the agency of rains and melting snows some advantage is derived from the operation, but it will be found best more commonly to depend on thorough underdraining on soils that have not natural drainage, and early spring plowing. The time at which the seed may be sown will of course vary with soil and latitude.

**POTATOES WITH WHITE SAUCE.**—Slice some cold boiled potatoes, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, add a little hot water, pepper and salt and minced parsley. As soon as they are quite hot stir in, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of a lemon and strained.

**TOMATO CABBAGE.**—One bushel of good, ripe tomatoes, one-half gallon of good vinegar; also fresh ground spices, quarter pound of allspice, two ounces of cloves, three table-spoonfuls of black pepper, six large onions or two heads of cabbage, one pint and a half of salt; four large red peppers; boil for a length of time and strain through a sieve and add the vinegar last; boil until it is thick enough.

**INDIAN CORN PUDDING.**—Pour a quart of boiling milk in half a pint of Indian meal, stirring it all the time. To this add a teaspoonful of salt. Beat up three or four eggs, and when the batter is nearly cold stir them into it. Put the pudding into a cloth or tin mold, and boil for two hours. Serve with cream, butter, syrup or any other sauce you please. Maple syrup or golden syrup is very nice.

**POTATO SALAD.**—Boil six medium-sized potatoes; peel and cut in thin slices; pour over them whilst hot half a cup of boiling stock, and cover with a plate. When cool add a dressing of four table-spoonfuls of oil, two of vinegar, one table-spoonful of minced onions, one of salt and half a one of pepper. Mix thoroughly, and serve either plain as it is or trim around the edge with field-salad or watercress which has been dressed with oil, vinegar and salt.

**CUP CAKES.**—Cup cakes baked in gem pans look nice in the basket, and if made from the following recipes are not too rich for the children to eat; two eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, about two cups of flour, a teaspoonful of lemon; grease the tins with butter, then put in a half a table-spoonful of the dough in each tin; on the top put a very thin slice of citron, and one large raisin; cover this with another half table-spoonful of dough; possibly a trifle more may be needed to leave the fruit exactly in the middle of the cake.

**Source of the Mississippi.**  
The new-found source of the Mississippi is a sparkling little gem of a lake, situated above and beyond Lake Alaska. It nestles among the pines of an unfringed and wild region of Minnesota, many miles from the nearest white settlement, and just on the dividing ridge which forms the great watershed of North America. Within a few miles of it can be found lakes and streams whose waters are tributary to the Red river of the North and the Yellowstone, thus reaching the sea thousands of miles from the mouth of the mighty Mississippi, which flows in a trickling brook from Lake Glazier. This lake, discovered to be the source of the greatest river in the world by Captain Willard Glazier on the 22d of July, 1881, is about a mile and a half in greatest diameter, and would be nearly round in shape but for a single promontory, whose rocky shores give it in outline the shape of a heart. The waters of the lake are exceedingly clear and pure, coming from springs, some being at the bottom, but the three most prominent rise a few miles back in low, wet land, and flow into the lake in little rills. On the very point of the promontory is a spring whose waters are as cold as ice, and at which Captain Glazier's swarty party slaked their thirst while exploring the shores of the new lake. So lonely is the region around the lake that for fourteen days not even a red-skin was seen, and weary by the hardships of this rough country, yet with a feeling of having added something to geographical knowledge, Captain Glazier and his party were glad indeed to come into contact again with their fellow-creatures.—*Dubuque (Ia.) Herald.*

The Michigan forest fires last year destroyed property to the amount of \$2,346,000, including eight churches, twenty-eight school-houses, 130 stores, and 1,147 dwelling-houses.

## SUNDAY READING.

It is very remarkable that God who giveth plentifully to all creatures—He hath scattered the firmament with stars, as a man sows corn in his field, in a most orderly manner; he hath made so much variety of creatures, and gives us meat and drinks, although any one of both kinds would have served our needs; and so in all instances of nature—yet in the distribution of our time, God seems to be straight-handed, and gives it to us, not as nature gives us rivers, enough to drown us, but drop by drop, minute after minute, so that we never can have two minutes together, but he takes one away when he gives us another. This should teach us to value our time since God so values it, and by his so small distribution of it, tells us it is the most precious thing we have.—*Jerem Taylor.*

**Religious News and Notes.**  
Camp-meetings are only just being introduced among the Methodists of Australia.

Messrs. Whittle and McGranahan are still engaged in revival work in San Francisco, and are meeting with signal success.

The Southern Methodist church has 885 licensed preachers, 608 churches, and 82,170 communicants in Texas. The additions the past year were 13,269 and the losses 5,649, leaving a net gain of 7,620.

Dr. Charles S. Robinson has received into the Memorial Presbyterian church, of New York, during his eleven years' pastorate, 666 members, and nearly \$500,000 has been raised for various purposes.

The First Baptist church, of Minneapolis, Minn., was organized March 5, 1853, in a cabin on the open prairie, with ten members. Since then six more Baptist churches have been formed by offshoots from it, and it now conducts two large missions, which are almost ready to become independent societies.

## A Terrible Mistake.

The condensed milk upon which Mrs. Murphy fed her baby was kept at night upon the window-sill in the nursery, where the cool air, drawing in under the opened sash, would envelop the can. One night when the baby was unusually restless, Mr. Murphy, faithful and self-sacrificing father and husband said that he would go to the nursery and mix the milk for the hungry little sufferer. The nursery was quite dark, but Mr. Murphy had often performed the service before, and he knew just where to put his hand on the bottle and spoon and the other things. It happened, however, that an open can of baking powder stood upon the window sill, next to the can of condensed milk, and Mr. Murphy, getting hold of it, put two spoonfuls of the powder into the bottle, filled the bottle with hot water, put on the rubber top and went back to the bedroom.

When the baby had taken three or four swallows of the mixture it pushed the bottle away and began to behave in a most extraordinary manner. After yelling with that vehemence that is always astonishing when the size of a baby is considered, it turned a couple of somersaults, rolled over and over, clutched the sides of the crib and conducted itself generally in such a fashion as to fill Mr. and Mrs. Murphy with intense alarm.

"What on earth can be the matter with Alexander?" asked Mr. Murphy, taking the bottle from his wife, as she turned her attention wholly to the child.

"He acts as if he had convulsions," said Mrs. Murphy.

Mr. Murphy suggested a spice plaster as a possible alleviation of the child's pain; and Mrs. Murphy was just remarking that a spice plaster was far too trivial a remedy for such spasms, when Mr. Murphy observed the color of the mixture in the bottle. He removed the top, and standing behind Mrs. Murphy applied the bottle to his nose.

At once he proceeded to the nursery and striking a light discovered the nature of the mistake. He had made. Quickly he threw the can of baking powder out of the window, emptied and washed the bottle, filled it with milk and returned to the bedroom with the evidences of his crime, as he imagined, all removed.

In an hour or two the baby grew quieter, and Mr. Murphy went to bed, remorseful, but glad that he had had so much presence of mind. Mrs. Murphy sat up all night with the injured Alexander in her arms. Mr. Murphy came down to breakfast, feeling upon the whole, rather easy in his mind. Mrs. Murphy greeted him with a fierce look in her eyes.

"You wanted to murder your child, did you?" she asked, with intense feeling.

"Murder my child, darling?" asked Mr. Murphy, with an affectionate air of surprise, while his head began beating furiously. "Why, what do you mean?"

"You threw away the baking powder and cleaned the bottle," said Mrs. Murphy, with a bitter sneer, "but you forgot the spoon! I found some baking powder in the spoon! Ha! ha! Be sure your sin will find you out! If Alexander had died you would have been a murderer! A red-headed murderer!"

And then Mrs. Murphy burst into tears and flew upstairs. Mr. Murphy went down town without his breakfast and with a strong determination to refrain hereafter from providing nocturnal nutriment for Alexander.—*Our Continent.*

The custom of employing artists to paint the outside of houses with artists' designs, which formerly prevailed not only in the south of Europe, but also largely in Germany, has lately been revived in Munich. Two houses recently treated in this manner are exciting much admiration from the beauty of their decoration.

Members of Congress receive an allowance of \$150 for stationery.