VOL. XII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1882

NO. 7.

Twilight.

I've been roaming In the gloaming Of a mellow autumn eve; Twilight lingers, While its flogers, Countless, boundless beauties weave,

II. Day is dying, Beautifying In his douth the land and lea; Clouds in splendor Shed their tender Soul-subduing light on me.

Night's descending, Softly blending Twilight glories with its own: Till the shadows In the meadows To their fullest length have grown.

And this token, Tho' unspoken, Tolls us that the day is dead; Stars are peeping, As if keeping Silent watches round its bed.

Thus the glimmer, Dim and dimmer. From our lives must pass away: Till the morning. In its dawning,

Ushers in another day, May that morning, When its dawning Beams at last upon our eyes, Be the waking. Be the breaking

Of a day that never dies. -E. D. Snow.

BEHIND MINERVA'S SHIELD.

Homer Ashton one autumn evening listened to stories of witches and ghosts told around him, and joined in them, until he felt an occasional shiver creeping down his back. Not that he be lieved in the supernatural, but the fire light into which he sat looking grew pleasan'erto him than the corners of the great room, for lamps had been banished to accord with the subject under dis-cussion, and it seemed that the shadows flickering behind the young people grouped about the grate of blazing coal were massive and weird, and that when one glanced at them sideways suddenly, there was something about them like ghostly visitors. When he faced them, to be sure, they were only ordinary shadows. Homer was ashamed of him-self, he was afraid his nerves were unsteady, and resolved to test them. He knew a way to do it.

Near the place at which he was staying, an English country house, were the rains of the older part of a castle said to have been built the Crusades. The whole castle was a present uninhabited, but the part which had been allowed to fall into hopeless decay was the width of the courtyard away from the rest of the house. Probably it had once been connected with it by buildings which had formed three sides of a hollow square, but if so it had been left out in the changes made at different times, and it was roofless, the walls were crumbled, and the underground portion was all that made any pretense to a habitation, and offered a suitable home to the unearthly beings who were said to ream in it, for a dampness covered all the stones and the air had a deadly chill. But these facts seemed conclusions from the nature of things rather than the results of observation, for Homer could not find anybody who had explored it.

Ghosts ought really to be forgiven a good many faults, because they are in general so unselfish about selecting nomes nobody else wants.

That evening, as Ashton connected the reports of the place itself with stories of sights and sounds around it, he found himself yielding so much to the influence of gossip that he determined to shake off the weakness and to try what stuff he was made of. He would stand in those haunted halls and summon the ghosts and see what would happen. He knew well enough that it would be nothing.

But he did not tell his plan to the others; he said merely that he was going for a walk to blow away this ghostly atmosphere by a little fresh air. No body volunteered to accompany bim. night had never seemed more distasteful to them all. They only looked at each other significantly as he left them, and said:

"Another Americanism." There is an unreasoning element in human nature which assumes every individuality of a foreigner to be a national characteristic. Dr. Ashton, whom the son of the house had become acquainted with in London and brought home with him for a visit, was to his entertainers an epitome of America, and it must be confessed that at the end of a week they had come to have a

good opinion of that country. As Homer walked on rapidly he saw an occasional star in the sky, but it seemed as if he never could get out of the shadow of the trees, there were so

many of them. He soon came to the ruin, a mile away, opened the heavy gate and began to descend the long flight of steps lead ing into the corridors and rooms under-ground. What could the old place have been used for? Did monks come here for prayers and penances, or were these dungeons where captives taken in the petty warfare of those times felt the personal vengeance of their captors? He thought of the one described in "Ivanhoe," into which Isaac the Jew was thrown, damp, dark, hung with chains and shackles, and where in the ring of one set of fetters were two moldering human bones. It was no wonder ghosts were said to haunt a place like

In the midst of these thoughts the hind him. Step by step he went down the stone stairs into blackness to which

the night outside was twilight. Some times he seemed to hear a sound, but when he stopped to listen it was the beating of his heart. When he reached the foot of the stairs he still went on; every now and then his outstretched hands struck against a wall or pillar, for he was passing through an arched hall that ended in a narrow passage. He next entered what he thought must be a large room, for the air had an indefinable difference and the blackness seemed that of space instead of substance. As he stood there uncertain which way to move and the very echo of his footsteps ceased, the horror of darkness and silence which had been growing upon him reached its height. He tried to utter his challenge, but his

dry lips would give forth no sound, an abyss of night seemed to swallow him

Suddenly he fancied he heard a movement, he thought that something like palpable blackness flitted about him. He turned to fly and took a few hurried steps in the direction of the entrance. Then he stopped. It was no ghostly presence that arrested him, but the iron hand of his resolution; he had come here to do a certain thing and was not to be cowed by a feeling which he would be ashamed to own to himseli in the daylight. He faced about and went forward quickly a few steps. "If there is any ghost let him now appear," he called loudly.

The dreary walls answered his cry

with a dull reverberation.

With arms folded he stood a moment -the hardest thing of all to do-awaiting results. If there had not been a roar in his ears, if the beating of his heart had not made even his vision unsteady, he would have said that he heard subdued laughter, or moaning, it was impossible to tell which as the sound rolled toward him from the holow sides, and that he saw something like a whiteness in the distance, while a sense of presence made him cold with

He had done all he had resolved to do and was free now to get out of this dreadful place. He hurried toward the entrance, urged on by the unreasoning sense of pursuit that comes over one when he turns his back upon dauger. All at once he lost his footing and may at full length on the slippery floor; the sbock, however, only jarred and be-wildered him. As he put out his hands to rise he touched something from which he drew back instantly with a stifled exclamation; he thought it must be one of the reptiles likely to be crawling in this den. But he recolceted that it was small and hard, perhaps it was a curious stone which would prove his night's excursion if the trangers be was with should be temptd to doubt it. After a little groping ae found it again; it felt like a stone overed with slimy moisture, and put-ing it into his pocket he made his way ut of the rains as best he cou'd.

When he returned to the house his deepy, as Homer could see, consequently a trifle annoyed at being kept ip so late. The guest said nothing hat night of where he had been.

In his room he took out the stone t was not a pebble or a piece of the avement, as he had supposed, but an val of grayish lava that had once been brooch or part of a bracelet. As he leaned it with his penknife and pocket andkerchief he saw that the work upon was beautiful; it was a figure of Minerva, the very folds in her tunis carefully cut, and, as he saw by himagnifying-glass, with a light tracery of carving on her hemlet and shield On the opposite side, just under the shield, was the word "Violet."

It was evidently the owner's name, but who was she? Where did she live, and when? The pin, if it were a pin, had not lain in its last hiding-place long, he thought, it was not enough stained by the dampness, yet he was not sure about that. "Violet" might belong to a former generation or might have been sleeping the sleep of the just for a century. But suppose not, suppose she were a young lady beautiful as her name, wealthy and high born? Well, what then?

Homer put out his light and went to bed, but not immediately to sleep. The affair seemed to promise an adventure : as such it would have been interesting to any young person. But Ashton, in addition to being barely twenty five had been obliged to make his way for the last ten years : for though he was of good family, Dame Fortune had started him in life with no more than one of her pennies, which, however, every time a man turns it, as in the legend, leaves a gold-piece in his hand.

The next morning but one a tall young man with dark hair and eyes and an expression amused, yet resolute, handed in his card at Grantham hall and asked to see its owner, Sir Gresham Laud.

"Dr. Homer Ashton," cried Sir Gresham, looking up from his letters displeased at the interruption. "Who's he? I don't know any such person. Beryl," to the servant, "what does he look like?"

"As well, Sir Gresham, only spryer. his heels, I wonder? Well, I suppose I must see what the fellow wants; one of those genteel sponges come to suck up as many pounds as I'll give to their euced charities," he muttered. which speech it is fair to conclude that Sir Gresham had been sponged in this way more than once.

But when Homer, who was admiring the view from the drawing-room window, turned and bowed as the barenet approached, Sir Gresham perceived living in a large American city. nothing of the suppliant about him and schoolmate whom he had not met for began to doubt whether this elegant stranger did mean to make him a few pounds the poorer by his visit. He deaths among their comrades: came forward and requested his visitor to be seated. Ashton spoke of the beauty of the country and Sir Gresham only know that it was in England." answered him, but at the moment curi-

osity was evidently his ruling passion, You are wondering why I came, aid Homer. "Certainly it was not to In the midst of these thoughts the gate he had left open swung to with a clang, shutting out cartlly things behind him. Step by step he went down the store stairs into bleckness to which.

"You! What is it?"

Ashton bowed and smiled also, as handed the other his discovery of the night but one before. "Does it belong to your daughter?" he said. But Sir Gresham was too bewildered

to answer him.
"That?" he cried. "Good heavens!
that? Where did you find it? It's a clew.'

"A clew to what?" cried Homer, eagerly. He felt on the brink of dis-covering how a lady's ornament could

come in so strange a place. But Sir Gresham was too excited by me suggestion awakened by the sight of the stone to have an idea of trying to satisfy any curiosity but his own. "Where did you find it?" he re-

peated. "Is it four daughter's?" returned

Homer.
"Yes, it must be hers," and rememfor returning it, he stood with the stone in his hand waiting impatiently for a full account of its recovery.
"Does Sir Gresham Laud suppose

that I came here for the purpose of telling a midnight adventure to him?" thought Homer, as a look of amusement flitted across his face. "If you will be so kind," he answered, suavely. "as to ask Miss Laud if she will do me the favor to identify her ornament, I shall be most happy to tell you, and her if she cares to know, how I came by it."

Sir Gresham hesitated only an instant. "Assuredly," he said, and sent

for his daughter.

The young man's heart beat faster at the sound of light steps behind him. Suppose Violet were plain and heavylooking, yet suppose-he turned hastily, but not too soon for the beautiful face that was coming toward him.
"She was named for her eyes," thought
Homer; and there was something else
he thought, too, that could no more than this be spoken at the moment. She greeted him with a simplicity that charmed him; but when she saw the medallion in her father's hand she cried: "Oh, papa, my bracelet-clasp; where did you get it? Have they found out

the robbers ?" Homer's eyes opened wide at her

words. "Robbers?" he repeated. "That's it, then? Perhaps I really did hear and see something after all." And after a moment in which three people stood facing each other with looks of inquiry he began an account of his expedition to the rain. He was truthful in every detail, yet the story sounded remarkably well as he told it, watching Violet's face and seeing a liver and grow pale in imagining the blackness of the old cellars. If she would but "love him for the dangers he had passed;" he knew nothing of wars to be sure, except of personal struggles with misfortune, out of place to be told here, yet having left their mark upon him in a consciousness of power to dare and conquer adverse circumstances.

booty there," exclaimed Sir Gresham his thoughts still in the ruins an infinite distance behind the young man's winged fancy and supplementing the narrative which Ashton had just finished. While Violet was listening to her father's ac-count of a daring burglary committed the winter before while the family were in the house, Ashton had an opportunity to study her face more critically, or, rather, more admiringly. It was possi-ble he did not drop all the admiration out of his expression as from time to time she turned to him to explain more ully something that her father was

saving. "I've no doubt the villains bring their booty miles to hide it in the ruin. said Sir Gresham. "This medallier was the clasp of a heavy gold bracelet It was given to my daughter by a friend and she is much obliged to you, I am

sure, for finding it." " Indeed I am," said Violet, coloring

a little as she spoke " It is I who am under obligation to fate," answered Homer; "I have found something that Miss Laud values."

"The rest of the bracelet has been melted down long ago," pursued Sir Gresham. "That place ought to be searched."

"Yes," said Homer; "when will you do iti" The baronet looked somewhat taken

aback at this energetic suggestion. "No doubt," he answered, "and perhaps, Dr. Ashton, you would like to be one of the party if I go with some of my neighbors? I suppose it ought to be done as soon as possible—within a day or two," he went on, as the other assented, " lest they should take alarm at your intrusion upon them. When

should you advise going?" "This moment," cried Homer. "It's wonder that we Americans have any grass in our country," he added, smiling, "we are so averse to letting it grow

under our feet." He met Violet's eyes as he finished. and read in them an admiration and interest. In another moment she had turned away on some trifling pretext, but, undoubtedly, she was blushing. How was Homer to know that she had once declared she would marry the man who "Oh, 'spryer,' is he? In his head or brought her back her bracelet clasp? That, however, was when she was quite sure it would never be found.

> "Not until after luncheon, papa, will you?" she said. "You'd better not By take Dr. Ashton until after that." Several years later, when the medallion had led to more than the finding of stores of plunder in the old ruins which a gang of thieves had taken care

to make appear haunted, Homer Ashton, a physician of high standing, was years said to him one day at dinner as they were talking of marriages and "By the way, Ashton, you never told

Homer laughed. "I first met her." he said, "behind

Minerva's shield. Did I not, Violet? Our Continent.

Mousquetaire gloves remain popular, but buttoned or laced gloves are more becoming to both hands and arms and are now preferred by ladies of taste.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Farmer. Let the wealthy and great Roll in splendor and state, I envy them not, I declare it

I eat my own lamb, My chickens and ham, I shear my own fisece, and I wear it; I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fruits, I have flowers, The lark is my morning alarmer:

So, folly boys, now Here's God speed the plow. Long life and success to the farmer!

Location of a Poultry Farm. Poultry breeding has advanced so rapidly from the condition of an ex-periment, carried on in places few and far between and in the quietest manner, to a business known the length and breadth of the country, and affording employment as well as pleasure to thousands of people, that the question of how it is to be systematized is one of

the greatest importance.

The foremost consideration is naturally the location of the farm. It is an impression as widely spread as it is groundless that the best place for operations of this nature is some barren spot too poor to be used for any other purposes. This is a mistake of the very worst kind, and of itself is cause enough for the failure of the whole un-

dertaking.

The soil of the poultry farm is one of the most important subjects, and should be the first considered. It is not enough that the land should be well drained and have a suitable exposure to the sun. while it is sheltered from the attacks of

chilly storms-it must also be arable. To utilize the manure from the large number of hens which will naturally be kept on such a place, it must have a certain amount of cultivation. Were it possible to dispose of this fertilizing material at its value without conveying it a distance to a market at considerable expense, it would be by far the best plan to not attempt to mix the labors of a farmer with those of a poultryman. But it is rarely the case that railroad or other facilities for selling are to be found conveniently near a fairly low-

farm itself, in a way to supply the wants of our stock as nearly as wants of our stock as hearly as ble. Naturally we shall seek for those grains and vegetables which are at once grains and vegetables which are at once two girls were playing with their dolls. Suddenly one of the little ones said: our wants. Corn, which plays such an important part in the list of provisions, will occupy a leading place, and all the roots which go to make up the green food so necessary to every fleck must be

ncorrigible sand or poverty-stricken gravel can never be the best field for oultry farming, because the manure of the poultry cannot be economically applied to such a soil .- World.

Farm and Garden Notes. Ordinary stable manure contains up ward of seventy per cent. of water. Blood and refuse meat rubbed upon

the trunks of trees will keep away mice and rabbits. Hoof and horn shavings contain more

han twenty-five times as much nitrogen as is contained in average stable manure. The milking qualities of swine are as transmissible by careful breeding as

in the case of cows, and probably will receive more attention hereafter. Anybody can have grapevines by cutting them properly. Trim off a portion of the old vine and leave a bud t each end. Stick one end in the ground

and it will take root. Blue grass is somewhat delicate when very young, but after it gets a good old it usurps the soil, cleaning out all other grasses. It should not be pas-

tured the first season. Professor Riley thinks that immunity from the ravages of the Hessian fly may be expected for several years, as the heat and drought of last summer killed

large numbers of them. The dead bark from the tranks and arger limbs of trees is best removed during a thaw. A wash of whale oil or

soft soap applied with a brush gives a smooth, healthy appearance. One cow well fed and comfortably cared for will produce quite as much milk and butter as two that are allowed to run at large, lie on the wet ground

and be subject to the exposure of the weather. An application of 100 pounds of nitrate of soda to an acre of wheat, where the crop looks weak, will show its benefit in a few days, not only improving it in growth but largely increas-

ing the yield. It is commonly stated that superphosphates, potash salts and other similar materials are more effective when used together than when applied separately. Certainly complete fertilizers are more efficient than partial fertilizera.

The sow should be fed but little corn during the last two months of her pregnancy. Her diet should avoid that which is so heating and fattening. Oats, bran, middlings and beets are a great deal better than the everlasting corn diet of the West.

If you begin pruning fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery while young, and follow it up each year, you can form just such a top as you want. If your tree needs spreading out, cut the young shoots off just above a bud on the outside of a shoot; and if you want to train upward, leave a bud on the upper side of the limb where you out it off.

Recipes.

beaten, and then beat the whole together until stiff. Grate nutmeg over

it. To be eaten with cream. Cocking Turnips.-A lady writes My favorite method of cooking rutabsgas is to boil them, previously aliced quite thin, and when done drain off the water and chop fine with a knife, seasoning with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar. A friend chops hers before boiling, but I prefer my own method, it being so much more quickly done.

LEMCN CHEESE CARES.-Take two ounces of butter, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, the grated rinds and juice of two lemons, and two stale Savoy biscuits (or hard crackers of any kind), also finely grated. Mix all together and then simmer over the fire for a few minutes in a saucepan. Have ready some patty pans, fined with puff paste. Put a very small quan-tity of the mixture into each, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in rather a quick oven. This quantity will make about one dozen and a half cheese cakes.

Household Hints. Hot irons should never be used for

embroidery. In beating butter always take the back of your spoon.

A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting will make it much more durable and keep the matting fresh and

Filling a lamp when it is lighted is something that ought never to be done. It can be avoided by filling it in the morning.

After Four Years. The Philadelphia Press tells of the affecting way in which Mrs. Melville, wife of Engineer Melville, of the lost Jeannette, received the first letter from her husband after a silence of four years. Says the *Press*: Mrs. Melville, the wife of Lieutenant G. W. Melville, who went out as chief engineer of the Jeannette exploring party, yesterday at her home at Sharon Hill, near Philadelphia, re-ceived a letter from her husband. For four years the anxious mother and three little girls have been awaiting a letter priced piece of arable land.

We must, then, make arrangements for utilizing this product upon the as she has thousands of times in over three years, to the postoffice to see if there was a letter. Mrs. Melville was seated at home sewing, and the other "Why, mamma, something's the matter with Maud. I actually believe there's a letter from papa." Maud's feet did not appear to touch the ground. She food so necessary to every flock must be cultivated liberally.

Soil which must be made to turn out the crops we have mentioned cannot be and choking with sobs she threw herof the wretched character generally self at her mother's feet, dropping thought good enough for the purpose.
Land may be waste in the sense that it is mamma, at last! at last! it is from papa! "The pasturage, and yet be suitable, but an mother tore it open and read it at a glance, and then reread it several times over. All the afternoon and up to going to bed last night the children were doing nothing else but reading over papa's letter. With the intelligence that it contained of the fate of others and the knowledge that just now he himself with the search party is facing similar dangers, there was nothing in the letter to give hope of the return of the husband and father. Written on a single sheet of tough, heavy note paper the letter read as follows:

IRKOUTSK, Russian Siberia, January 1, 1882 -Dean Herrie-After many trials and many ribulations I arrived here yesterday. We can muster but thirteen people, all told, out of our original thirty-three persons. I am pretty well and will be at home this summer or next winter, according as I may be instructed by the navy department. I have telegraphed asking to remain and search for De Long and others who perished at the mouth of the Lena river. Low to children. Yours faithfully

Love to children. Yours faithfully, George W. Melvil Le.

WISE WORDS.

The height of meanness is to exult in its success. One vice worn out makes us wise: than fifty tutors.

Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort. Grief has been compared to a hydra;

for every one that dies two are born. The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is pleasure in contemplating good; but the greatest pleasure of all

is doing good, which comprehends the

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier in proportion to the number of dear ones who have to help to Sanctified thoughts, made conscious

of, and called in, and kept in awe, and given fuel that burns not, are a water for Satan's coal. Duty is the voice of God, and a man

is neither worthy of a good home here or in heaven that is not willing to be in peril for a good cause. Work is a necessity in one way or another to all of us. Overwork is of our own making, and, like all self-imposed

Origin of "Excelsior." One of the best known of all of Long-

burdens, is beyond our strongth.

fellow's shorter poems is "Excelsior." That one word happened to catch his eye one autumn eve in 1841 on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper, which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first written down, Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. The story of "Evangeline" was first uggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on APPLE FLOAT.—Pare and core twelve large green apples, boil or bake in as little water as possible and press through a fine hair sieve when cold; sweeten to taste, add the whites of two eggs well.

APPLE FLOAT.—Pare and core twelve it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl.—

James T. Fields.

AN OLD MAN'S SILVER.

e Recovers It From the United States Treasury Vaults--The Picture of His Father---Other Family Relies. When General Sherman and his men were marching through South Carolina, the people in his path, snatching up what valuables they could find in their haste, fled in every direction. When-ever a body of soldiers are raiding a country more or less pillaging and plundering take place, no matter how strict the orders or how well disciplined the troops. In such circumstances : soldier seems to think he has a right to what he can get—and keep. General Sherman's boys proved no exception to this rule. While on the watch one day the attention of an officer was attracted by a group of soldiers disputing. Stopping to listen a moment, he discovered that they were quarreling over the division of a large box of captured property. A glance told him that the contents were valuable and ought at once to be placed in the care of the government. "Here, men, this won't do! This box must be sent to Washington at once." Orders were given to that effect, and it was sent to Washington and stored away in the division of captured and abandoned property in the war department. It remained there until 1868, when, with other valuables, it was placed as a special deposit in the vaults of the treasury department. Some of the things deposited there had no mark about them by which they could be identified, while others were plainly marked. Congress authorized that the former be sold, but those that might by any possibility be claimed by the owners were carefully preserved. It is a long time since that box of household valuables was ruthlessly snatched by rough soldiers from the fleeing South Carolinian, and he is now an old man. He had forgotten all that the box contained, but remembered that his family plate was there, and that it was all marked, and that it must have been placed in the government's care. If he could only get the necessary authority to have his goods returned to him, he knew he could identify them. After a good deal of hard work and worry on his part, a private bill authorizing the return of such pieces of silver as could be clearly identified as his proporty should be returned to him, was at last passed by Congress. It was a happy morning for him, only a few days ago, when he made his way to the treasury department armed with the necessary authority, and carrying a large, old-fashioned carpet-bag in which he in-tended to bring away the long-lost fam-

ily relies. He was escorted to the vaults by the officers of the department, and the articles placed before him for identification. Yes! there they were, all plainly marked with the family name, large oldfashioned silver goblets, heavy ladles, spoons, forks and various other articles silver. His eye brightened and his and carefully examined them. Turning to those who s ood near: "Ah! I tell you, these were bought when money was more plentiful than it is he said. One by one he dropped them into the old bag of goodly proportions; but large as it was the soon began to bulge. Several hun-dred dollars' worth by weight was clearly identified as his property. what is this? It bears the same family mark, but had been entirely forgotten. He touched the spring and opened the case, "Why, that is the pertrait of my father, dressed in the uniform of a major in the British army how many years since I looked upon his face!" "Stop, old man, that must not go with the rest; it bears your name, I know, but Congress authorized the return of articles of silver only." His eyes filled with tears as he reluctantly laid the portrait down. A further search brought to light numerous pieces of family jewelry, some very handsome, and all bearing the same mark, but they had to be laid aside as they did not come within the provisions of the act The vaults were again locked, and the old carpet-bag closed. "I wouldn't mind the jewelry so much if I could only take away that portrait," were the last words of the old man as he took his departure. - Washington Star.

A Remarkable Surgical Operation.

The success of a surgical operation performed some time ago by Dr. William i. Forbes, professor of anatomy at the a way in which musicians may overcome the necessity of years of constant prac- in front of the bear's cage. To obtain a thorough knowledge of the if a subject were procured he would lemonstrate that, with a not very painful surgical operation, the finger could the upper or extensor finger is joined with the tendons of the flagers on each side of it by two smaller or accessory endons. This acts like a martingale, one holds the fingers down so completely that nothing but constant strain will loosen the pressure. Dr. Forbes, when the subject was brought to him, simply made two small openings in the back of the left hand on each side of the extensor tendon, and divided the troublesome accessories. The finger was at once released, and, immediately after the operation, the young man was able to raise the finger and describe an arc of a circle an inch and a half greater than he could before. Since the operation the finger ha: been rapidly gaining strength, and now, at exercise, it does yeoman service as compared with its twin of the other

'I Have Sinned and I Have Suffered." The first line in the following is the refrain of an unwritten poem recited to a friend by John Howard Payne author of "Home, Sweet Home," just before his death in Algiers:

I have singed and I have suffered, Yet the world will never know How I tried to do my duty

In the long, the long ag I have sinned and I have suffered-

Human nature is so weak-Yet my tongue cannot be tempted To disclose, betray or speak.

I have si ed and I have suffered, Who has not, through blood and bone? If there be a mortal living Let him bravely cast the stone

I have sinned and I have, suffered Just the same as other men. But my heart cannot be conquered,

Nor the soul that burns within. I have sinned and I have suffered,

Mournful memories come to me, Yet beyond the clouds of sorrow Rifts of sunshine I can see.

I have sinned and I have suffered, He can sink and he can save All the human hearts that wander To the cold and silent grave. -Waskington Republican.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I cannot account for it!" exclaimed the defaulting bank cashier.

Wooden shoes, especially those made of oak, are said to produce acorn. Bimmelbammelbummel is one of the convenient words sometimes worked

into verse by Gorman rhymers. Inquirer: "What is the most scarce American coin?" Don't know, sir, dollars are quite scarce enough,-Bos-

ton Post. "Why does a donkey cat thistles?" asked a teacher of one of the largest boys in the class. "Because he is a donkey, I reckon," was the prompt re-

Oscar Wilde does not admire the American onion. It so closely re-sembles a bulb of his dear lily that it brings tears to his eyes .- New Haven

Register. In youth my ma'den aim
Was to change my ma'der nan. 6
And so I made an aim
At him, and wen my game,
And changed and made a name.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a outh for the exercise of his fists, said : We fight with our heads at this college." The youth reflected a moment and then replied: "Ab, I see, and you have butted all your hair off."

Glass balls and clay counterfeits have een successfully substituted for live pigeons at shooting matches, Now why cannot somebody bring forward equally merciful and efficacious proxies for the pugilists and baseball players? e congratuiate the pigeons, but w hand trembled as he picked them up should not this immunity be extended

also to men?-Boston Transcriet. J. L. P .- "Would you like to publish in Siftings, a composition written by a boy on a mule?" We do not wish to encourage boys to write on mules, and therefore cannot use the manuscript. Boys should write at home on a slate, and when on a mule should give all their attention to steering the quadruped. Now, if you have anything written by a mule on a boy there would doubtless be something original in that,

Siftings. A Bear Festival.

and we would gladly publish it.—Tevas

On arriving at the scene of the cere-

nony the visitor found about thirty persons, chiefly residents of the place assembled and dressed in their gala costumes, which consisted chiefly of id Japanese brocaded garments. From he commencement to the end sake layed almost as prominent a part as the pear himself. The guesta sat around the fireplace in the center of the host's but, and an offering was first made to the god of fire. This was done in this wise: The Aines, who were all seated, raised their left hands, holding a drinking vessel to their foreheads, while the palm of the right was also elevated slightly. A small stick lying across the cup was then dipped in the sake and the contents sprinkled on the floor to the tire god, the stick being then waved three or four times over the cup. A formula was uttered by each person present and the sake drank in long draughts, the stick being meanwhile Jefferson Medical college, dexonstrates employed in holding up the mustache. A similar ceremony then took place tice to destroy the rigidity which was followed by a dance around naturally exists in the third or ring the cage by the women and finger. This normal infirmity has always girls. Offerings of drink were then been the great drawback to students. made as before to other gods, and finally the bear was taken out of his cage theory of music, flexibility and ease in | by three young men specially selected he movement of the third finger is for the purpose. The animal was killed absolutely required. The subject was by pressing the throat firmly against a brought to the attention of Dr. Forbes large block of wood. The body was by Professor Zeckwer, a music teacher. then cleaned and placed neatly on a The physician gave the assurance that mat, food and drink being laid before it, and ornaments of various kinds being placed on its ears, mouth, etc. Mats were spread around the bears, be brought under control. A young the guests took their seats on them, colored man in the employ of Profes- and the drinking commenced. This sor Zeckwer, who had some musical continued for some time, until the ability, consented to subject himself to | Ainos sank in a state of helpless intoxithe surgeon's scalpel. In the case of cation on their mats. The women in the third finger, unlike its neighbors, another part of the village mean time amused themselves with various dances, which Dr. Scheube describes at length. The following day, as a rule, the de-bauch is continued. The body of the bear is then out up in such a manner that the hide remains attached to the head. The blood was collected in vessels and drank by the men. The liver was cut out and eaten raw. The rest of the flesh was distributed among the partakers of the feast. The writer states that, although hardened in a certain sense to the sight of blood, he could not look without horror on the sight of the drunken crowd, with their faces and bodies smeared with blood. The skulf of the bear, stuffed with charms, 14 placed in a sacred place on the east side of the house, and the mouth is filled with bamboo leaves. It is then always preserved and venerated as a sacred ob-