### VOL. XII.

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NO. 18.

The Dead Stowaway. "Washed up on the beach by the waves lay the body of a stowaway, looking horribly brutal in its rage, and sought and cared for by no one."—Report of a Steamship Wreck.

He lay on the beach, just out of the reach Of waves that had east him by; With fingers grim they reached for him As often as they came nigh. The shore-face brown had a surly frown, And glanced at the dancing sea, As if to say, "Take back the clay You tossed this morning at me." Great fragments rude, by the

strewed, Had found by this wreck a place; He had grasped them tight, and hope-strewn fright

Sat still on the bloated face, Battered and bruised, forever abused, He lay by the heartless sea, As if Heaven's aid had never been made For a villain such as he.

The fetter's mark lay heavy and dark Around the pulseless wrists: The hardened scar of many a war Clung yet to the drooping fists. The soul's disgrace across that face Had built an iron track; The half-healed gash of the jailman's lash Helped cover the brawny back. The blood that flowed in a crimson road From a deep wound in his head Had felt fierce-pangs from the poison-fange

Of those who his young life fed: Carsed from the very beginning With deeds that others had done, "More sinned against than sinning"-And so is many a one!

He had never learned save what had turned The steps of his life amise; He never knew a hand-grasp true,

Or the thrill of a virtuous kiss.
'Twas poured like a flood u rough his young blood, And poisoned every vein,

That wrong is right, that law is spite, And theft but honest gain. The seeds were grown that had long been sown By the heart of a murderous sire; Disease and shame, and blood aflame With thirst for the fountains of fire.

Battered and bruised, forever abused, He lay by the mouning sea, As if Heaven's aid were even afraid Of a viliain such as he.

As he lay alone, like a sparrow prone, An angel wandered nigh: A look she cast over that dark past, And tears came to her eye. She bent by the dead, and tenderly said: "Poor child, you went astray; Your heart and mind were both born blind— No wonder they lost their way ! Angels, I know, had fallen as low With such a dismal chance. Your heart was ironed, your soul environed,

You were barred of all advance ! Cursed from the very beginning With deeds that others have done. More sinned against than sinning And so is many a one!'

-Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.

# AN OLD MAID'S LOVE.

I had fallen into a doze as the stagecoach slowly progressed along a smooth and sandy country road. Being the only passenger so far, I had rejoiced in the luxury of undisputed possession, and was not overpleased when being aroused by the stopping of the vehicle, I ascertained that we were to take in two other passengers.

One of these was a burly, florid, good-humored-looking man, and, as I soon learned from himself, was a well-other was of my own sex-a little, middle-aged lady, brisk and bright, who appeared accompanied by a silky poodle and a mocking-bird in a cage besides the usual basket, umbrella and parcels. She entered the coach smilingly, apologizing for disturbing me, as I removed my own parcels from the opposite seat, then proceeded to arrange effects with the air of one who had just taken possession of lodgings and ws putting them in order. The grazier, though evidently as much a stranger to her as to me, kindly assisted by pointing out how the umbrella and parcels might be more conveniently disposed of, while I won her heart by noticing the little dog and suggesting that the bird-cage might be suspended from the ceiling of the coach.

When these arrangements were effected the little lady settled herself in a corner, looked smilingly about her, and seemed inclined to be sociable. Thus falling in with the grazier's humor the two speedily became chatty and communicative, and it was not very long before I had learned the whole of Miss Allison's history. Indeed it did not take many moments to relate, being a remarkably ordinary and uneventful one. She had been born and always lived on the "little farm" which was now her own, having been left to her by her parents. She was not rich, she said, modestly, but had more than was sufficient for her own wants, and she meant to leave it all to her niece Alethia, who was considered the prettiest girl in the county of Gates, and had taken the highest prizes for drawing and French at the Mount Prospect academy. She was a farmer's daughter, it was true, but she had very dainty and delicate ways, and had never been forced to do coarse work. Like herself Alethia was an only child, and her father, Miss Allison's brother, was "very well off," and with what she would get from him and from berself Alethia would be rich, and a match for any young man in the county. And Miss Allison tossed her head and looked

of her nicce, Alethi "The young lady's got a fine name in addition to her other attractions,' remarked the grazier, good-humoredly. "You think so?" replied she, looking pleased. "They wanted to call her after me; and I should have liked it if I had had a pretty name. But Priscilla isn't a pretty name," she added, with a light laugh; "and, to make it

brightly around, apparently very proud

things, so I resolved that my niece should be more fortunate than myself in that respect. Well, when she was a week old, I looked over all the books I could find about the house, and at last came across Alethia, which seemed just the right thing. And I think it suits her, only she prefers to have it Alethe. That's French, you know."

"I take it, you know French, ma'am?" suggested Mr. Catlin, in a complimentary manner.

"Oh, no; I had no advantages of edneation, which I've often lamented over, and that was why I insisted upon Alethia being sent to Mount Prospect academy, and offered to pay for it myself it her father wouldn't. I think I should have made a good scholar," she added, with a half-sigh, "for I had a natural liking for books and pictures. I used to write poetry, too, when I was

"Shouldn't wonder, ma'am. And bein' so smart, yea nat'rally looked down upon the men, and wouldn't bemean yourself to have one of 'em for a lord and master," said the grazier, with a good-natured chuckle.

The little old maid laughed, too.
"It wasn't because I had an over opinion of wasn't had a superbox.

ion of myself, but, somehow, the men I knew never suited me." "Mebbe the right one hasn't come yet," he suggested, in a consolatory

manner. "No, nor I don't expect him to come at this time of day. He's staid away too long if he meant to come at all. After thirty-five a woman's got no busi-

ness to be thinking of getting married—and I'm past thirty five." she added, with a little defant "don't care" air. "Possible? Well, now I shouldn't take you for nigh that; and I've always maintained that no woman can live to thirty without some time bein' in love. don't meet the right one, why, she'll fall in love with the wrong one, and that's the way unfort'nate matches

come about." "Well, sir, I'm past thirty-five, as I've said, and very certain am I that I've never been in love, and never shall

She said this very positively, while smiling and blushing a little. But at that moment a sharp exclamation from the driver, and a sudden stop of the stage coach, caused us to look from the

"What is the matter ?" We had no need to ask, for there we had no need to ask, for there right before our eyes, in the hot and dusty road, lay the figure of a man, apparently dead, with a small bundle and stick beside him.

We were all out in a moment, and the driver, assisted by Mr. Catlin, lifted the inanimate form and bore it to the shade of the right trees by the regdide.

shade of the pine trees by the roadside. He was quite unconscious, though not dead, as we had at first thought; and while I ran for water from a neighbor-ing brock, Miss Allison produced a bot-tle of smelling-salts and the driver a flask of spirits, Mr. Catlin, meanwhile, stooped down and carefully examined

"He's not hurt anywhere," he said, gravely, "but he's ill, very ill, poor fellow!" "What ails him ?" we inquired, anx-

iously. The grazier looked up and solemnly uttered one word: "Starvation !"

An exclamation of horror and compassion broke from Miss Allison. hurried to the coach and returned with a little basket of luncheon. Her hands trembled and her eyes were blinded with tears as she stooped down and placed a few crumbs of bread moistened with current wine between the white

The sight was enough to draw tears from any one, let alone the warm-hearted little old maid. There he lay, a young man of not more than three or four-and-twenty, with regular, clear-cut features, clustering brown hair thrown back in a damp and tangled mass from his white forehead, and clothes which, though shabby, worn and travel-soiled, bespoke him not of the common or laboring class. And he was starvedworn out and nearly dying for want of food and from the heat and fatigue of traveling on foot through the burning summer noontide.

As we gazed his eyes slowly opened -beautiful eyes they were-large and dark and pathetic in their wistful half consciousness. The sight drew a fresh burst of tears from Miss Priscilla's eyes, which were assuming an unbecoming redness.

"What are we to do with him ?" I inquired, anxiously.

"I'll carry him on to Atlees," re-plied the driver. "We can't leave him alone on the road to die. But I don't know as anybody there'll take him in. He's only a tramp, though a genteellookin' one.

"I will take him in," spoke up Miss Priscilla, promptly. "We're only six miles from my house, and there he shall stay until he's able to take care of himself. If his mother could see him now !" she added, in a faltering aside to me: "and if she's dead, I'll take her place and be a mother to him as well as

I can, poor young man!" In the coach she continued to tend him most carefully, every now and then insisting upon him taking a few crumbs of roll and a sip of her current wine. He was conscious now, but too weak even to speak, and we all forbore to force him to that exertion.

In little over half an hour we stopped at a white gate opening on the road, and leading by a short carriage-way to a pleasant, comfortable looking farmhouse, with a broad piazza in front covered with vines. Here we all alighted, and while Miss Allison hastened forward to prepare things the men assisted our invalid to the house, I taking charge of the old maid's umbrella which in her haste she had overlooked

and left in the coach. They laid the new guest on a snowwhite bed in the coolest and neatest of chambers, and a motherly old colored woman went to prepare chicken-broth. I observed Mr. Catlin speak to Miss Allison aside, and saw him take out a plethoric pocketbook, but she perwith a light laugh; "and, to make it emptorily put it away. Then he careworse, they call me Prissy. It used to fully pinned a bill in the young man's worry me when I was young, for I liked breast-pocket, and he and the driver

pretty names as well as other pretty departed, promising to send the doctor from Altees.

I remained at the urgent request of Mits Allison. She had learned that I was going to a quiet little farmhouse only a few miles distant, where I proposed to spend the hot summer months, posed to spend the hot summer months, and she would not let me continue my journey through the blazing noontide sun. In the evening, when it became cool, she drove me over in her old-fashioned gig, by a shaded woodland road leading directly from her house to the farm, and she expressed the hope that I would come often to see her that I would come often to see her

while I remained in the neighborhood. I was glad to avail myself of this invitation. I had from the first liked the bright, lively, kind hearted little lady, and I liked her the better the more I knew of her. My first visit to her was made osten-

sibly to inquire after her patient. He had been very ill, she told me, with a touch of brain fever, and she was still anxious about him. Her whole heart seemed stirred with compassionate tenderness as she related to me what she had gathered concerning him. He was a poor artist who had failed in his business, and, without home, friends or ness, and, without home, friends or means, was making his way on foot to the north, in the hope of finding some kind of an opening there. What little money he had possessed was exhausted, and, having been refused food or a night's lodging by one and another on the way who never took in "tramps," he finally succumbed to hunger and fatigue, and would probably have died, Miss Priscilla said, with a choking sob, if we had not fortunately found him in time.

When I again called I found Mr. Ar-

thur Field so far improved as to be sitting up, and even moving about his room a little. Miss Allison took me in to see him, charging me not to talk too much. And how assiduous she was in her attentions-how closely she watched even his looks and words in her anxiety to do all that could be done for him. And how quietly, intensely grateful he

"She is an angel!" he said to me in a low voice, in reply to some remark of mine on her goodness of heart. "I had no idea that such were to be found on

Miss Priscilla blushed a little when I

told her of this.
"He's a little weak-minded still, poor fellow," she said, lightly touching her forehead with her knitting-needle (she was knitting him a pair of socks, having already furnished the rest of his ward-robe). "By-and-bye he will find out that angels don't go about in calico dresses and muslin aprons."

She was afraid that he felt it a little She was arraid that he left it a little lonesome, she said, as he grew well. She had written to Alethia to pay her a visit. They both drew, and they both liked the same books, she had discovered. Alethia would make it pleasant-

After a while I noticed that she left off calling herself his mother; and that she took pains with her dress, and arranged her hair in a her a much more youthful appearance. I even discovered the disappearance from her temples of a few gray hairs which I had before observed there. As for Mr. Field, he was all tender and respectful devotion, and evidently did really consider her as in goodness at

least something very near an angel.
"Priscilla," I said one day (I was somewhat older than she, and we had become friendly and intimate), "do you know that I think Arthur Field more than half in love with you?"

"Nonsense!" she answered. But she blushed painfully notwithstanding.
"Hasn't he told you so?" I ventured. On this she burst into tears, And then, in ' c usual frank and impulsive

way, it all came out. "I know it is perfectly ridiculous," she said; "an old woman like me, nearly forty years old, and a boy such as he, not yet five and twenty. But he insists that years make little difference where-where true esteem and-attachment exists."

A sudden thought flashed upon me. and I spoke it out at once in my fear for her.

"He is poor, and you have money enough. Perhaps he is influenced by that consideration."

"No," she answered, quite calmly.
"I told him some days since, when he was talking about leaving and looking for work, that he must stay here and take care of my little place. (It needs looking after, you know, and he'll soon learn), and I promised to provide for him. Alethia will have enough of her own, even if she don't marry. In fact, I told him that I would look upon him as an adopted son and make him my heir, and so he need not feel anxious about the future. And then he-well" blushing a good deal and her hands trembling a little—"he proposed that I should take him as a husband instead of a son. And he said I was still young, that people didn't grow old at five-andthirty, and that for himself, after all the terrible trials he had gone through, and all my goodness to him, he should never love any woman as—well as he does me.

It's boyish talk, you see."

Despite her attempt to speak lightly there was a light in the old maid's eyes, a softness and tenderness in her voice, which betrayed that to her this offer of vouthful love-the first ever laid at her feet, probably—was the dearest to her heart of anything on earth.

"If I were young," she continuedand there was a positive sharp pain in her voice and expression-"if I were young and pretty as I once was, I might think of it. And if I had met him then, so exactly like what I used to think as the sort of man I could love, so refined and noble and handsome, so different from the coarse men I was acgether. But an old maid like me-why, it's ridiculous, isn't it? People would make no end of fun over it.

Notwithstanding all this things be-gan to assume a definite shape, such as it was impossible to mistake, and I was not at all surprised when Miss Priscilla admitted to me in confidence that she and Arthur Field were to be quietly married in October. And, meantime, she added, Alethia was coming to stay with her until the marriage should take

Owing to circumstances it was two weeks before I again saw my friend Miss Allison. Then riding out to spend an afternoon and take tea with her, I came suddenly upon her in the fields, walking very fast and nervously, and as if with no special aim. She warmly welcomed me, but not in her old bright happy way, and I noticed that she was looking badly.

"Where is Mr. Field?" I inquired.

"In the house."

"In the house."
"What, by himself?" "Oh, no; Alethia is with him. Did you not know that she had come? Been

here nearly two weeks."

I had, in fact, forgotten Alethia's expected visit, but presently approaching the house, saw Mr. Field bending over the shoulder of an extremely pretty and delicate-looking girl, apparently directing her in a sketch she was making. Glancing from them to Priscilla I saw her lips unconsciously contract into ac

Harding from them to Priscilla I saw her lips unconsciously contract into an expression of repressed pain which at once revealed the whole story.

It was wonderful what self-command she exercised during the evening. I am quite sure that neither Arthur Field or Alethia suspected that she was suffering. But, indeed, they appeared too much absorbed in themselves and each other to bestow much notice on other people.

I repeated my visit on the following

week. It was now the young people who were looking miserable. Arthur was seated beside Miss Priscilla, dutifully reading to her from a newspaper, scarcely glancing at the young girl who stood with her back to him, looking from the window. By and bye she went

"Take this shawl to her, Arthur," said Miss Allison; "she has gone to walk in the garden, and I fear it is

"I don't think it is cool," he answered, dully, "and I would prefer staying here, if I am not in your way."
But I saw, and so did Priscilla, that his glances involuntarily wandered from the window toward the slender figure loitering amid the rose bushes in the garden. Perhaps she expected him to follow, but he conscientiously resisted the temptation.

On the Sunday following I met all three at the country church. Miss Allison was looking very badly, pale, nervous and hollow-eyed; but both the young people were radiant. They were a remarkably handsome couple as they sat one on each side of their older com-panion, who looked older than ever from the contrast. Yet both were most tenderly solicitous for her comfort, and Arthur conducted her on his arm to her old-fashioned carriage with an almost chivalric devotion. I rode home with them at her earnest request, and after our early tea we walked in the rose-garden together, leaving the young couple to themselves.

"What day have you fixed upon for your marriage?" I inquired.

She drew a quick, sharp breath, but answered calmly:

"That is broken off. I shall never marry." "It was an absurd notion from the she continued, "and I am

ashamed of myself for having dreamed of it." "Has he said anything-?"

She interrupted me quickly.
"No, no; not a word. On the contrary, he insisted upon it until-until I succeeded in making him believe that I had never really cared about it. You see, he held himself bound in honor. But they were so unhappy, he and Alethia-poor child; and how could I be so hard-hearted as to separate them? So I talked to them both, and-" here she broke down into a little gasping sob-"they are to be married at Christ-

mas." "Does Alethia's father consent?" " He did not at first. He came down for a day or two, and I had to talk him over to it. I mean to leave everything of mine to Arthur; and shall meantime make over to him sufficient to prevent its being said that Alethia married a beggar. And in every other respect

he is her equal, if not her superior.' The generous, unselfish little old maid! I could have kissed her in my admiration and sympathy, and I quite agreed with Arthur Field when he said to me again, with great fervor and a certain moisture in his fine eyes:

"She is an angel!" I was not at the wedding, but Priscilla herself sent me a piece of the wedding cake. She wrote a few lines cheerfully, telling of their plans, and of how she had purchased a few acres more of land to make the farm larger for Arthur. But I do not believe that the little old maid, though she makes a first-rate aunt, ever got entirely over the first love that had come to her-too late, alas, to be to her a joy and a blessing. Oh, youth, youth, what an inestimable treasure thou art; so often lightly dis regarded to be afterward lamented in vain regret and yearning. - Susan Archer

A Man Who Has Walked 175,200 Miles. George Fawcett completed in April last his forty-seventh year of service in the English postoffice as a rural messenger. From 1835 to 1842 he rode between Sedbergh and adjacent stations, carrying mails in this way a total distance of 67,160 miles. From 1842 to 1882 he has walked daily between Sedbergh and Dent, thus traversing 175,-200 miles. His entire travel as postman foots up 242,360 miles, nearly ten times the distance round the earth, and 2,360 miles further than from the earth

to the moon. A young woman at a pienic near Madison, Indiana, was warned by the young man with whom she was walking against tumbling down the cliffs near them. customed to - why, we might have But she thoughtlessly went ahead and suited each other and been happy to- plunged over a precipice of rugged plunged over a precipice of rugged rocks seventy feet high. She was so lucky as to miss them all, landing in the mud face foremost, whence she was pulled out with no broken bones and only a slight bruise. She will learn to listen more attentively to what young men say to her.

It is said that the Australian colonies are the richest, per capita, in the world. Among their possessions are 80,000,000 sheep to a population of only 3,000,000

#### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

An ingenious swindle has lately bee exposed in London. It consists in ar tistically coloring fish, mest and game so that they appear to be of the finest quality, and hawking them about the streets at tempting prices. A fish thus prepared, which had passed the inspection of a wary housekeeper and an expert cook, was dropped into the pot as a salmon of particularly aristocratic hue and came out a codfish of the most plebeian type.

The laboring classes in Spain have been for some time past suffering greatly because of the long continued drought. Such extremities have been reached that the government was forced to furnish large amounts of money to the authorities of Andalusia to be expended in giving employment to the people. The wisdom of this plan in aiding those actually in want can read-ily be seen. The government does not propose to aid its citizens as to encourage laziness, but only will assist those who are desirous of employment and cannot on account of the drought pro-cure it. This is an example of public sid such as can be followed by all nations without danger.

Immured within the triple walls of Gatschina, and guarded by a host of sentries, the Czar Alexander III. still suffers constantly a nervous terror that threatens to dethrone his reason. Having overcome his fears sufficiently to visit his father's grave on the anniversary of his death, he resolved on re-turning to test the efficiency of his guards. To his unspeakable horror he was successful in eluding their vigilance, and regained his apartments unseen. It is generally believed in St. Petersburg that he never will summon up courage enough to endure the ordeal of a public coronation, although some of the ambassadors have rented palaces in Moscow for the event.

A writer in the Cornhill justly gives the palm of cheap places to live in to Belgium and Italy. At Ypres or Ma-lines an ordinary ten-room house may be had for \$100 a year, a good Flemish cock for \$4 a month, and a housemaid for \$3. Milk, eggs, poultry, fruit and vegetables are about forty per cent. cheaper than in American cities. Schools are cheap and good. Italy is still cheaper than Belgium to those who know Italian, but Americans and English must take very good care to ascer tain what prices really are or they will be charged tenfold. Bargaining is absolutely necessary, and, as a rule, it is best to offer at first one-third of the price demanded. Rome, Naples, Turin and Florence should be avoided by those bent on frugal living.

Our Canadian neighbors are entitled to tally one on the score of making noise in the world, a New York firm having abetted, by furnishing to an en-terprising lumber concern of that secion what is, so far as we are aware, the largest steam whistle on any industrial establishment in the world. This whistle, which stands four feet nine inches high, has a bell twenty inches in diameter, and is attached to the boiler by a four-inch connection. It is made entirely of composition (bronze), and is highly finished all over. It will require a liberal battery of boilers to supply the steam for an extended 'toot," and the music will undoubtedly sound charming—from a distance. We heartily sympathize with the hapless people who live in the particular section in which this whistle is to be located.

The criminal news of a single week from all parts of the United States makes a sad showing of boyish depravity. A boy of Belleville, Ill., killed the girl who rejected his addresses on account of his dissipation. Two Arkansas boys quarreled over a rabbit bunt. and one slew the other with an ax. A St. Louis boy stabbed the playmate who teased him for his ignor, nce of English. A West Virginia boy shot his rival in his girl's affections. A Virginia boy confesses the poisoning of two persons. A Texas boy shot a little girl because she refused to put down a pail when he ordered her to. A Kansas boy is on trial for intentionally drowning a playfellow. Two Wisconsin boys maltreated a child nearly to death. Three boys pleaded guilty to highway robbery in Chicago. An Iowa boy is a forger. A Missouri boy set fire to a house. A New Mexico boy shot a baby. A Colorado horse thief is aged eight years, and none of the other criminals mentioned was over sixteen.

A New York doctor who had a patient who was afflicted with nervous prostration, catarrh and indigestion, and at last had become a confirmed invalid and had kept his bed a larger part of the time, discovered that the trouble was caused by a defective construction of the eyes. After medical treatment and the use of proper glasses he recovered. Other cases of nervous trouble, irrita-bility and lack of nutrition were cured by the use of glasses. Of 150 cases of neuralgia, epilepsy, hysteria, stomach, kidney and spinal troubles the

ance was traced to disturbances in the eyes. He has taken observations for many years before announcing his discovery. These diseases arise from lack of consideration in the vision; that is to say, both of the eyes do not see the object looked at from exactly the same angle, producing irritation of the organs. This is remedied either by glasses or by straining the necessary muscles of the eye. One case of epilepsy and sleeplessness was cured by severing the muscle. Prominent physicians of New York, although believing that he carries his theory too far, are inclined to admit that he has discovered a new and important fact in physiology.

M. Verestchagine, the painter of battle pictures, has recently had two singular compliments paid him by Continental Governments. So vividly has he depicted the horrors of the battle-field that in Russia the public exhibition of his paintings was altogether interdicted, while at Berlin the military authorities forbade soldiers to pay them a visit.

## Esquimaux Weapons.

If you were to examine the queer weapons by which the Esquimaux manage to capture their seals—specimens of them are in the national museum at Washington-you would be astonished at their roughness. It is very difficult, especially for the northern bands, to especially for the northern bands, to get any wood, excepting sticks that are washed sshore, and a piece long enough to make a good spear handle is extremely rare. In most cases, therefore, they are obliged to splice two or three short pieces together, and this they can only do by slanting both ends, and binding the pieces at their juncture with strings of rawhide or strips of intestine. The striking end of the spear usually consists of a long and spear usually consists of a long and pretty straight piece of bone, such as can be got from a whale's or walrus' skeleton, and this is tipped with a sharp point of bone, or flint, or (nowa-days generally) of iron. Sometimes this tip is movable, so that when it penetrates the prey it will come off and only be held by the line, while the handle floats, secured by a loop. Other spears have each a skin buoy attached, this making it more difficult for the poor animal to swim away, and also helping to float the weapon if the hunter misses his aim. The stout lines are made of seal hide, or sometimes of heridal areas and the stout lines are braided spruce roots. The "hooks" mentioned above have wooden or bone shafts, to the end of which a curved and sharpened book of bone is firmly bound. Besides, there are other rough weapons and a kind of net, in all of which the seal's hide and bones contrib-ute to his tribe's destruction, and which

are marvels of savage ingenuity. Many of them are used later when the ice breaks up and the Esquimaux can go out in their kayaks. The kayak is about twenty feet long, but can be carried by the one man who forms the crow. It is all decked over, excepting a little round hole through which the young Esquimau squeezes his legs and sits down. Then he puts on a tight cilskin coat over his garments, and ties it down to the deck all around him, so that no water can pour in "'tween decks." But on the other hand, he must untie the knots before he can get out; so if by chance he capsizes, he must either be content to navigate head down and keel up, or else must right himself by a sort of somersault, which shall bring him up on the opposite side -and this he often actually does .- St. Nicholas.

### HEALTH HINTS.

Do not force children to eat at this ime, and do not allow them, unless in the most sparing measure, pastry or sweetmeats to tempt their appetite or for any other reason when they seem unwilling to eat. Plain bread and butter, with plenty of catmeal or cracked wheat mush, well-cooked vegetables and lean meat, and plenty of fresh fruit if accessible, particularly oranges, form a suitable diet for young or old.

There is no danger that children can lesp too much. The old proverb, "Who leeps eats," is illustrated in those ittle ones who sleep most. Wakeful hildren are usually peevish, irr'table nd lean. If they can be induced to leep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during he hours of darkness as possible, and herefore it is better that they should to bed early to have their sleep out han to sleep long after sunrise in morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person to deep until he wakes himself, and then give him such a variety and amount of utdoor exercise as shall make him glad when bedtime returns.

Fires .- If the clothing of a person akes fire, wrap them about at once and completely with blankets to extinguish he flames. If caught in a burning ouse remember the best air to breath s near the floor, and that a wet handkerchief placed over the routh permits breathing and excludes smoke, thus woiding suffocation .- Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

# WISE WORDS.

The stoutest heart loses hope under epeated defeat.

Better bend the neck promptly than o bruise the forehead.

Wit is a merchandise that is sold but can never be bought. He who proposes to be an author

should first be a student. If the power to do hard work is not alent, it is the best possible substitute

As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches. There is no strength in exaggeration,

even the truth is weakened by being ex-

ressed too strongly. Excess generally causes reaction, and prudence a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the reasons, or in individuals, or in governments.

Men in responsible situations cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations, or by such motives as can only affect themselves. No man can go into bad company

without suffering for it. The homely

old proverb has it very tersely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a fryingpan without smutting his nose." Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do

very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value. If honest fame awaits the truly good; if setting aside the ultimate success excellence alone is to be considered, then was his fortune as proud as any to be found in the records of our an-

slany who seem to be struggling with adversity are happy; while some in the midst of riches are miserable. This is the case when the former bear the pressure with constancy, and the latter employ their wealth thoughtlessly.

On starch, grape sugar and cane sugar gastric juice has no perceptible

Discontent.

In the pleasant antumn weather, When the golden fruit we gather,

Oft I think that I would rather See the winter come, Hear the piercing north wind roaring

Through the tree-tops bare and brown, Than this coaseless rustle, rustle

Of the sere leaves falling round. But when comes the winter dreary; Though the hearth fire blazes cheery, And the evening guests are merry

As in years gone by, Fain I'd see the spring buds bursting On the tree-tops bare and brown, Aught but this continuous sifting Of the white flake falling down.

When with icy fetters broken, Though by human words unspoken

Spring comes, fitting sign and token Of the resurrection morn; Then I saw thee summer hasten With thy gorgeous sunset hues And thy genial warmth and sunshine,

And thy gently falling dews. But when summer's thunder crashes, And the fiery lightning flashes, And the wild wave fiercely dashes

On the rock-bound coast, Then I long sesin for sutumn Autumn with its burdened sheaves, Autumn with its golden foliage, And the falling of the leaves.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A writ of attachment-A love letter. Women's temper and the stock mar-

tet are very uncertain. All Indian remedies for bringing out new hair will be regarded with distrust by a man who has been scalped.

"Are you lost, my little fel-low?" asked a young gentleman of a four-year-old. "No," he sobbed, in reply, "b-but m-my mother is." "Violet, dearest, do you play that tune often?" asked Hugh Montressor

of his affianced. "Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.

Miss Brown, who is no longer young,
was chiding Miss Moire for her foolishness in carrying a parasol, which Miss

Brown said was useless and a piece of affectation. "I never carry a parasol," she said. "No," replied Miss Moire; "people on the shady side of life have no use for them." "Tell your mother I'm coming to see her," said a lady to another lady's litthe boy, who replied: "I'm glad you are coming. Mamma will be glad, too." "How do you know your mother will be glad to see me?" "Because I heard her tell papa yesterday that no-body ever came to the house except

men with bills to collect." "No man shall ever hiss me except my future husband," she said, as he was about leaving the gate. "Suppose agree to be your future 'Why, then I'll kiss you," she replied, eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called around next day to settle matters, and before he knew it ha was eternally hooked. It was a mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is

worth two on the front gate. A farmer who had some cider to sell was pricing teas, and found that they ad risen several cents a pound. 'What's made tea riz?' said he. Scarcity of tea chests," said the merchant. However, he agreed to take some to be paid for in eider. "How much's your chie?" asked the mer-chant. "I'wenty cents." "Twenty cents I" cried the merchant. "What are you usking such a price as that for ?" 'Cause bung-holes is scarce," said the

Lydia Adams, who died in Missouri a ew days ago, sold peanuts to Warhington's soldiers. This is a most inportant fact brought to light. We had heard of the torn clothing of the Continentals, of their long weary marches and their bloody footprints in the ice and snow over which they traveled; but never were we aware that they were regularly regaled on the seductive pernut. We are glad to know that amid all their hardships and sufferings that peanut was an ever-present ark of refuge and puissant tranquillizer in their day of trial.

A gentleman of Columbus, Ohio, cf rather an eccentric turn, visited New York and wandered one Sabbath into a fashionable church and complacently seated himself in a vacant pew. Soon after a gentleman and his wife came in and sat down in the same pew. The gentleman eyed the stranger critically for a minute and then wrote on the fiv leaf of his prayer book, "My pew," au passed it over to the intruder. The Ohio man read it, smiled sweetly, and wrote under it, "Real nice pew. What did you pay for it?" The New Yorker learned that he was an Ohio man and invited him to dinner.

A Touching Incident. A child's soul in the act of grand endurance passing out at the pressure of his mother's kiss is a noble subject

Says a Western exchange : A ten-year old boy, whose legs wer recently cut off by a train of cars a Dubuque, Iowa, was too plucky to mak any fuss over the incident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the dooter had dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all, and left .. tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, place i

his arms about her neck, and said : "Mother, I am going to die in a fer? minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the little fellow fell back,

and as the mother said, "Yes, ny darling," and took another look at his face, she found him beyond all pain. The output of coal from the mines of

Alabama has increased from 10,000 tons in 1872 to 400,000 tons in 1881.