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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16, 1889.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Pleuro-pneumonia is said to have been effectually stamped out of New Jersey.

The Southern papers claim that execu tive delay caused the yellow fever epi-

A revival of the spelling match mania, which raged in 1874-75, threatens the

*Canada cackles over the fact that she faid down 11,000,000 eggs in the United States last year,

Again has an outery for Queen Victoria adjection in layor of the Prince of Wales arisen in England.

Senator Ingalis, of Kansas, prophesisca the peaceful acquisulon of Canada and Mexico by the United States.

Professor Henry estimates that the loss from smutty corn averages, in an ordinary year, half a bushal per acre.

It is believed, from present indications, that there will be a fire display of the industries of this country at the coming World's Fair in Paris.

European sonps suffer considerably from cheap Japanese competition, and it is stated that the Japanese have commenced to make cheap imitations of German toilet soaps.

The postal authorities say that the amount of postal matter received under the frank of Congressmen is so small as to be of no importance in connection with the work of the office.

The canal four miles long through the Isthmus of Corloth, Greece, is just approaching completion. History tells us that the work was begun under Emperor Nero over 1700 years ago.

The Pennsylvania Central Railroad trains kill 100 Jersey City (N. J.) people a year, and don't work very hard at that, The average settlement is \$2000 each, which is called a very liberal figure.

General James Craig, who died recently at St. Joseph, Mo., was one of the few men whom history records as laving been defeated by a single vote: This happened when he ran for Congress

The Black Hill country is making a name for itself as a horse-growing region, and it is predicted that within ten rears it will be as famous for its horses the Blue Grass district. It already boasts many fine horses of the best reeds known in the world.

It has hitherto been thought that ing of Napoleon crossing the Alps. On downer occasion he purchased a gray overcoat, and hiring an artist went to a neighboring hall, where he stood with iouse renting there for \$1500 a year. If s learned, though, that an eight-room use on the outskirts of Sydney, New Bouth Wates, brings \$1750 a year.

The pupils in the city schools of Des Moines, lowa, express their affection for their teachers by bringing them presents of fruit. As the amount of fruit brought indicates the intensity of the affection, some of the teachers are talking of quitting their present occupation and of Jing into the wholesale fruit business, Several of the scholars, to show their originality, contribute pumpkins, red peppers and potatoes,

Little Dave Keller, aged seven, of Marshall, Ill., has been sent to the insane asylum. Dave was a very bright boy. and made such wonderful progress in his studies that his parents and teachers decided to push him forward. He was allowed no time for play or exercise, but was kept at his books. At last his eyes glared with a meaningless stare, his tongue babbled idiotic nonsense, and his overtasked brain was wrecked.

One may get an idea of the careless. ness prevailing among people by considering the figures of the Dead Letter Office in Washington, During the past year nearly six million and a quarter letters and packages were received there, either wrongly addressed or unclaimed. This is at the rate of over seventeen thousand for every day in the year. The amount of money contained in them was everybody said would come to over \$10,000, and the checks and drafts footed up \$1,333,000.

A great many queer things are found in New York, but one of the queerest is the following funeral advertisement, which we copy from a recent issue of the

MANJIONE -EVELINA, infant daughter of Prof. and Eien Mantione, age 1.9 months. Croaby st., yesterday at 3 P. M. It was accompanied to the ferry by 23 pieces of music and 22 carriages. Interment in

.The gossips say that Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland will come to New York to had furnished her quota of men for the diverger next Murch. Mr. Cleveland is army. They were ordered to the front. dive after next Murch. Mr. Cleveland is estimated to be worth a quarter of a nillion, having invested his savings ad-One who professes to be a law tiem in New all hers who know the

we nursuit.

THE OLD BOCKING CHAIR

My grandmother sat in the old rocking chair (But she was not my grandmother then), And her pert little face was bewitchingly

As she laughed a defiance to men! Her sunbonnet flutter'd like bird on string, Her hair wandered free on the breeze;

And gayly I ween did my grandmother sing Underneath those old gnarf'd apple trees,

My grandfather rode through the white orchard gate,

And tethered his roan to a tree; He'd a well powder'd wig on his silly young

And high-tassel'd boots to his knee! From the pink apple blowoms that over him

He brush'd off the dew with his hat; Till he came to the place where the rocking chair swung.

And my merry young grandmother sat. The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in And bees of their sweetness did sip;

But my grandfather blush'd and my grand-As he flick'd off their heads with his whip; My granny she hummed her a cunning old

"Faint heart never won ladye fair!" So he wooed and he prayed, and before very

There sat two in that old rocking chair! -John Gerald Brenan.

A SOLDIER'S VALOR.

BY HANSON CRISWELL, JR.
In a little town in Practice, will call
it Morges, although that was not its me, lived a little fat round faced fellow; a man of comfortable circumstances and who followed law as an occupation, though he rarely had a case, and rarely

He was neat in his attire to an exact-

ness that approached foppery.

He had one ruling passion.

He imagined he resembled the great
Napoleon. To make the remark in his
presence that you noticed in his features. a resemblance to that of this wonderful of destiny would entitle you to a good dinner, a good cigar, champagne and a myriad of dry uninteresting stories with neither point nor merit. So great had this idea of Napoleonicre

semblance grown in his mind that he even had pictures of all kinds of that great warrior placed around his room. Above the bed, the fire places and in every available place was the immovable, quiet and thoughtful face of France's greatest ruler; and besides each face was that of our friend and here, Bondomine, (who, by the way, we forgot to intro-duce.) He even bought uniforms sim-ilar to the ones in the pictures of Bona-parte, and inclined his head in the same manner to make the resemblance more complete. He even at one time borrowed a white horse from his friend Lefrere, the livery man, which he mounted and with drawn sword pointed toward the heavens, stood for three mortal hours in order to allow the village sign painter to make a p.cture, "which for all the world" looked like David's great paint-

him, representing Napoleon at Wagram.
All the pictures were framed and dis-

played to his visitors. And his conversation! When not telling a pointless story or a tale of warfare,

went something like this: "I take pride in my resemblance, for you know that the most learned physio-logists and physiogemists say that a man who resembles a great man in person to an extreme, partakes of his qualities. very warlike in my nature, just like Napoleon" (And by the way, though called colonel, he had never witnessed the shedding of blood-he had never seen a sheep slaughtered, much less the destruction of a human being on a battle field.) "I feel that, n, I could conquer nations with

a handful of men." He would become excited, his veins swell and he would grasp from a musty case in the wall, an ancient sword and slash around with such fury and vehemence that his visitor would form the opinion that no man on earth equaled in ourage the bravery of our hero Bou-

Now we must tell you that our Napeleonic hero loved a village lass; one with eautiful hair and rapturous eyes that the whole village loved, of course, named Marie Clarin. He told her, as he did his intimate friends, that he thirsted for war-for glory-for fame-that he might place her along with himself on the throne with the tri-color and feur-de-lis triumphantly above them. Let me tell you again, that this same rapturous eyed maiden was not impressed with the merous charms of our hero, and although advised by her father, a scarred veteran of olden wars, to marry Honhomme, she persistently refused. oved a curly headed, mischievious fellow, named Maurice Rockfort, whom Maurice was no hero, but he loved

"What! War! War, did you say?" was echood through the little town of Morges by hurrying and excited people.

The guns of Germany were leveled at France, and in return the war drums throbbed and vibrated, battle flags were unfurled and the nation caught its breath as it gazed at the overhanging

In Morges the lame town crier with a drum, a stalwart youth with fife, an old veteran with a tattered flag of Napoleon's days and a horde of youngsters trooping in the dust, called the people of Morges

But two days past, and the little town Do you know the excitement war causes you have seen the fulling tears and know the beartaches, and have witnessed the partings, and felt the deep grief of tiots that Mr. Cleveland those that kissed and even felt, warmth died on their line that it might indeed believe that life behind, the fields untilled and haras the practice of law, rests ungaracted and women made men by your absence.

the long troop filed along.

aged men and brave women shed tears as they watched the long column, composed of sons and husbands and brothers march

toward the field of battle.

There was one girl—Marie Clarin—
who stood on a little porch which was clothed in roses, her eyes made brighter by the wet of tears and watched for e one who marched with the dusty soldiery down the street.

Who was it, you say? Bonhomme is our hero in this tale of truth—but her damp eyes watched for that rascal, Maurice Rockfort. Of course Bonhomme was there. He

was a Colonel. He resembled Napole n, and should have been a Marshal, but with my friend, he would have preferred to have been a sutler, as we term it. He would rather serve valorously in cutting salt pork and weighing beans. But his war-like remarks, his frenzy for blood, uttered on innumerable occasions

war—caused him, above all others, to be made Colonel of the regiment. Maurice Rockfort was a private under They marched from town, our valiant

in truth, before every jury he ever talked

to-for he always tasked of his talent for

Bonhomme in gilt and lace and Maurice in heavy shoes and plain uniform. The rattle of drums, the shrill life, the cheers and noise brought all the people of Morges to the streets. Every house was tenantiess. The flag of France floated high in the wind. Tears, smiles and

cheers greeted it. Onward they went—out of town, The brown curls of dust swept over and around them. The flag could scarcely be discerned.

The people cheered, and with each cheer their hearts wept. Their sons and husbands went forth—when would they return!

Here is our hero. He watches the vine-clad porch. Marie is there.
"I will make her the Queen of France," he says audibly. She waves her hand. But she still watches. The

regiment is almost past. A figure—Maurice—a kiss from her finger tips—a dozen. He rushes from the trampling ranks a kiss, a rose pinned on his soldier coat damp eyes then back again to his ranks.

She watches. The dust and distance cover them The music grows faint—

War, war has commenced.

Morges is now surrounded by the troops of the enemy. But a gallant division, that of our hero Bonhomme, has been hastily sent to check the foe. Eyes brighten and the hearts of Morges beat strong and bold, even if the enemy are at the door.

Can they hold the Germans for two days, whose progress now points to

Bonhomme the valorous! Bonhomme the brave! Bonhomme was there in lace and gaudy epaulets of war. The village knew that he was a hero, for he had told them so a hundred times. Let a million Germans besiege the town, what cared they. Bonhomme was with

In truth Bonhomme since his entering service had spent his time in port and garrison duty, and as yet his nostrals were unused to cannon's smoke and his cars to the rattle of musketry.

his legs spraddled out and hands behind that, "he who lives and runs away, may live to fight another day."

He was waiting for some great battle, with one fell sweep, shatter regiment, cavairy and cannon at a blow. the sort of a battle gallant Bonhomne wanted. He did not wish to expose his so laden with destiny for good of France, to the cruel fire of little insignificant battles.

But Morges was surrounded. Boohomme, even with orders to push the then weak lines of the enemy, hesi-

inted. What was Morges-a village, had it been Paris, then our heroic, gilt-laced hero would have made a sortie that would cause the world to pause in amazement.

The environment grew stronger, and at night time the winds wafted the strains of the "Watch on the Ithine" to the excited and patriotic people of

At last the day came. Would Morges surrender in two hours: If not, an assault would be

The feeble town was indignant. Surrender, never! Let them make a charge. Bonhomme was with them.

Again came the order to Bonhomme "Out through the surrounding enemy and by rapid marches join McMahon!" But an hour now remained. No answer came from gallant Bonhomme, who was closeted with himself and a number pottles of wine devising plans for future

The hour clapsed. On came the Ger-Bouhomme suddenly became ill and turned the command to the next offi-

The Germans moved toward the city, but were met with a brave and deter-mined resistance. Have you ever witnessed a battle where men with glaring eyes and set mouths, and dust begrimed faces were struggling in a whirl of smoke, intent upon the shedding of hu-

The passions of the people were aroused. They resisted the Germans with a wild and daring impetuosity that made them blind to everything-resist-ance, death to the Germans, and defense of Morges was the only thought,

Clouds of smoke, rattle of musketry, groans of the dying, filled the air; wo-men with babes in their arms hurried excitedly back and forth. People were quiet a week before were transformed to tigers. Even the women poured to the front. The German column swayed back and forth under the repeated furious charges of the French. But the ill star of misfortune shone

succeeded our hero, Bonhomme, was machines and six steam threshers, killed! The soldiers driven even into threshers, which are very large the town! Wamen even cursed and wept, as they urged the soldiers for-

gives way!" the people shricked as they saw the German troops force through the center. What to do! Blanched faces looked with horror at regions grow older in settlement this the inevitable entry of the enemy. Un-

The streets were dusty in Morges as armed, a figure dashed from the ranks, | WOMEN WITH MUSTACHES. The streets were dusty in alorges as he long troop filed along.

Cheer upon cheer rent the air, and On, on he went, even to the bayonet ged men and brave women shed tears as point, and with one terrific thrust stuck

the staff in the ground.
"Will you desert it?" he shricked, and pointed his powder-blackened fingers at the flag. He remembered the story of Napoleon at Lodi. The words scarcely died on his lips, when he fell, torn to pieces by a hundred bullets. This was Maurice Rockfort. The soldiers caught the inspiration. Like a swift moving avalanche they hurled themselves against the sturdy Germans. They drove them back, ba back, far to the outskirts. The German rallied, and onward back, ba

they cam furious impetuosity.
Onward ey were with n a hundred yards of the entering street. No man dared lead another charge. A figure in white rushed like a phantom from between the French ranks. With hair disheveled and wild eyes she seemed swelled into an awful majesty-a god-dess of war. Midway between the hissing bullets she stopped. She raised her hand, then turned to the defenders of Morges and above the din and confusion she sang the first strains of the Marseilla'se, her voice clear and distinct

"Nous enfant de la patrie-"

The soldiers heard each word; the Germans paused, awed by such strange spectacle. Again the fire, and her bleeding corpse fell, her red blood dampening the soil. Energy, hope and heroic courage was instilled with electric quickness in the blood of the

They fought with a desperation that knew no fear and cared for no result, They won

Succor from Marshal McMahon-a detached regiment arrived. Morges was

Before the detachment arrived our hero Bonhomme mounted the same white horse he had hired a year before as an accessory in his portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps and had left town,
In removing the dead it was found that Marie had stopped by the corpse of Maurice and her dead body lay by his.

The good people place immortelles upon their graves and their memory is cherished and loved. Our hero Bonhomme left Morges, and went to a village miles and miles away. He still, however, cherishes his resemblance to Napoleon and tells of his feats of arms in war-how, if he had been Bazaine, he would never have surrendered Metz, and how, if he were at Sedan, he would have soundly thrashed the Cermans.

So much for Bonhomme So much for the love of Marie Clarin. God never created a nobler thing than a woman's love, -Allanta Constitution.

WISE WORDS.

Humility is a noble trait. The blind cannot lead the blind.

He that is down need fear no fall. Woman is a flower that exhales her perfume only in the shade. Harmony of life is of far more importance than harmony of speech.

Women are too imaginative and too sensitive to have much logic. Politics is a game of brag; statesman-

ship a conscientious performing. The great difference in labor is, not in Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second.

You can force facts into another's brain, but he must use them himself. A nice speech from a perfect fool may happen, but it is no indication of worth. The man who feels superior to others. feels pity for those who disagree with

The laws of nature act alike upon all men impartially, but men fail to act impartially on this fact. People who live only to fulfil the de-

been born butterflies or peacocks. Some people are so surprised after they

get a new idea into their head that they wonder everybody did not know it. Seeking popularity is like a mule drawing a load anxiously trying to reach a corn cobb extended by a stick just bewond the reach of his nose

Many men who profess to pass their lives in pursuit of virtue are apt to take care to keep so far behind that there is no danger whatever of their overtaking

The boy who said he could sneeze just when he had a mind to, was told to verify his statement, but instead of sneezing replied that he hadn't got a mind too

Criminals Have Brains Like Animals, It is interesting to know that at the gresent time Professor Benediki, of ienna, is weighing measuring and reccording the appearances of the brains of criminals. In the Medical Congress held a London in 1880 he exhibited the brains of forty criminals, murderers and himself that the brain of a murderer may resemble that of a lower animal in cer-

tain definite ways.

There seemed to him to be a strong resemblance between the arrangement of the convolutions in the brains of some monkeys and that in the brains of some eriminals. He went even farther and said that murderers' brains had a special likeness to those of bears. At the dising was that these beings certainly had rather poor brains, brains with large and less developed convolutions, there was no distinct relationship to monstrated between them and the lower

A 40,000 Acre Farm,

The Grandin wheat farm of Dakota can cultivate cleverly and feel at home It comprises 40,000 acres, of which five double gang plows and harrows are used, sixty-five self binding harvesting threshers, which are very large ones, will each kneck out 2000 bushels of wheat a day. In the use of mule and steam power muchinery every effort is "The middle gives way! the middle made to economize as much as ressible was way!" the people shricked as they in the employment of men. There is no poetry or domestic bliss in such farming. It is some satisfaction to know that as

BEAUTY THAT IS MARRED BY HIRSUTE BLEMISHES.

Removing the Superfluous Hairs with an Electric Battery-In an Operating Chair.

As a Chicago Herald reporter sat in a cable car the other day he noticed a pretty woman enter. Pretty, stylish and trim from head to foot-only one blem-ish, and that a decided, an humiliating one. She had a pronounced mustache that a youth of twenty would have enyied her. Everywhere that one goes, in shops, churches, theatres, this disfigure-ment is noticed. Is there no remedy? Sensitive women will resort to any and every method to rid the mselves of superfluous hair. Seis ors, tweezers, yes, even razors are used, only to find that the blemish will return as fast as it is removed, and with additional strength. There are many fortunate cases. roung woman had a few straugling hairs on her face. She noticed them much more than any one else, and grew actually morbid on the subject. One day while having her hair shampooed her hair dresser noticed them and to'd her he could remove them. He produced a small stone and by her permission pro-ceeded to rub them off, leaving her face smooth and blushing from the friction. He assured her that if they returned they would be much finer, scarcely to be observed. Instead, in a few days they appeared, and to her horror she found hey were very much worse than before. In her despair she again used the stone which her hairdresser had persuaded her to buy. This practice she kept up daily, until her face was in a frightful condition. However, at last she found a remedy at the hands of a certain well-known lady physician, who guarantees to permanentl, remove this blemish by

"It is the only way on earth to effectually kill this parasite," said the latter to the Herald reporter. "Any physician of repute will assure you of that fact. Singeing, cutting, pulling out by tweezers or deplintories only make them coarser, rougher and more bristling. The follicle must be killed, then the hair falls

"Do you have many patients?" "You would be surprised to see how common an application it is. The reason, too, is unknown. It seems to be a modern disease. Physicians cannot quite understand it. I have actresses, society ladies and women of humble walks of life come to me. They are willing to pay almost anything to be rid of this constant mortification. The husbands, too, are quite as anxious. tell their wives to get it done no matt : what it costs. I have just finished a very delicate piece of work on the arms and hands of a well-known society lady. She had hairs down even on her fingers

and now they are as smooth as velvet." "Does it ever return! "Sometimes a few of the hairs come back, but they are always black and ex-tremely easy to kill a second time, and I always remove them free of charge when they return."

"Is it a painful operation?" "Well, sometimes. That depends a good deal upon the sensitivenes; of the skin, and the nerves of the patient. I find, though," she added, laugh ngly, "that even when it hurts pretty bad, the ladies will endure it bravely-in thereby she is to be made better look-

'You'd be surprised, too," she conwoman will go for this work. I have a young lady from Utah, another patient from Kausas who is c ming specially for this purpose. Yes, I have had a young lady from Buffalo who was going to b married and came all that distance to be beautified. A queer thing hap-pened when I first started in lusiness three years ago, I had a patient from Milwaukee. Poorlady: he ad shaved twice a day for three Well, it was a tedious task. Her beard was just like a man's. You can fancy the enormous amount of labor it was to too, her skin had become so tender that t was almost impossible to work upon However, we persevered, and she now entirely free from the blemish, and very happy over it, too. Moles too many wish them taken out. Then, too you perhaps will be surprised to know have some gentlemen. I ast week I had one whose evebrows met, and I cleared that hairy bridge away for him. But, of Course, most of my patients are ladies."
The Herold reporter then asked permission to be allowed to watch an opera

tion, which was granted. The patient sits in a reclining chair and holds a bowl of water on her lap, in which is im-mersed one of the cords from the but-To the other is attached the finest possible needle. The operator gathers p the flesh about the obnoxious har, lunges the needle in deep, the patient ips two or three fingers in the water, envs "Oh!" and waits. After a few econds the needle is removed and the hair is defuly picked out by the tweezers. The face is left a little sore from the operation, but campbor freely applied will heal it.

Ancient Grange Trees,

In an article on the age of the crange tree the Rural Californian has the follow-

There is still flourishing in the porch

of the convent of Santa Sabina, in Lome, in orange tree that is said to have been planted A. D. 1700. Another, in the enastery of Tondi, is supposed to have been planted by St. Thomas Aquinas in In the Moorish Aleazar of Seville, Spain, exists one that was planted dur-ing the reign of Pedro L, between 1150 and 1260. Others known to be 340 years old have a height of fifty feet, with s not, however, indicated by size, as Andalusia there are many younger that ire considerably larger than the Alcala de Guardaira are two, the trunks are respectfully seven and eight feet in circumference. The yield of some orange rees in Malta and Naples is simply tounding, reaching as high as 10,000 oranges to a tree, and on the estate nown as the Huerta Grande, in Mairena del Alcor, there are two that are said to spending size and shape.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How Geese Are Easily Picked. To pick dead geese: After killing the goose immerse it in scalding water and then wrap it in a thick cloth for live minutes. All the pin-feathers and down will then come off easily. In marketing the geese, they may be scalded after all the dry, clean feathers have been re-moved, but care must be taken not to break the skin. After removing the feathers immerse the carcass in cold water

Borax as a Clothes Whitener. The uses of borax in cleaning not only clothing, but tin-ware, crockery, and especially the scalp and the body gener ally, are so general, and the article is comparatively so cheap, that no family can really afford to be without it. A single teaspoonful of pulverized boray in the last rinsing-water of a tub of washed white clothes will greatly conduce to their whiteness, and even in buy ing five cents' worth of it, pulverized, of the druggist, it costs less than one cent per teaspoonful. Buy it in the lump by the pound, and pulverize it as wanted, and its use is very inexpensive.

Pickled Beef. The following we know to be good Cut the beef in convenient pieces and salt down as usual, adding a "pinch" of saltpetre to each piece. Let it remain in salt three days; then drain off the bloody brine formed by the salt, wipe each piece with a clean cloth and repack in the tub or other vessel used; a syrup or molasses cask will answer, but whisky barrel. For the brine, take as much water as will cover the beef; add salt until no more will dissolve; a tea-cup of ground saltpetre and a quart of mo-dasses, or its equivalent of brown sugar. Boil and skim well. When the true thus prepared is entirely cold pour if over the beef and keep the latter well pressed under the brine. These pro, or ions are for 200 pounds of beef. brine should mould in warm weather reboil and skim it, adding half pound of cooking soda, and when cold return to the beef .- Southern Culticator.

Savory Breakfast Cakes.

Tomato Pancakes: Make a batter same as directed above and stir into it, instead of the onion, etc., four ripe tomatoes skinned and beaten to a pulp. Fry and serve in the usual manner; or, if preferred, the pancakes may be fried as in the first recipe, with the onion and the herbs, then when nicely set and turned, a spoonful or two of hot stewed tomatoes may be laid lightly in the center of each pancake, the edges must then be turned over and the whole nicely browned.

Plain Savory Pancakes: Put s'x tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin with teaspoonful of salt; form this into batter of a proper coas stency-a little thicker than really good cream-with three large fresh eggs, well beaten, and a little milk. Beat the mixture briskly ith a wooden spoon until every tiny knot is bruised out: then stir in a table spoonful of herb powder and a good dust pepper. Let the batter stand a few hours - over night, weather permittingthen fry a small teacupful at a time, in boiling lard. As the pancakes are fin-ished, roll them up bolster fashion, sprinkle pepper and salt over, and serve as quickly after being cooked as possi-

Fried Bread Cakes: These are extremely simple, yet those who have never tried them have no idea how exceedingly nice they are, and tainly they form a dainty within the reach of most of u. tut slices of bread half an inch thick, from a state loaf; sonk these for half an hour in milk, then sprinkle them thickly with a miture of minerd on on, herb powder, pepper, salt and chopped parsley. this firmly into the cakes, on both sides, and fry them in boiling fat. them as hot as possible, on a hot dish covered with a napkie, and garaished with parsley. If the bread can conveniently be soaked in good white sou; stock, it renders the cakes still more

Potato Cakes: Put two pounds of boiled potatoes into a basin-any re-maining from the previous day wil answer the purpose quite as well as fresh cooked ones—and beat them to a perfeetly smooth mass; add two ounces of warmed butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a good sensoning of pepper, two table spoonfuls of finely-chopped onlon, one of minced parsley and two well beaten eggs. Mix the ingredients thoroughly and form the preparation into small round cakes, about three-quarters of an inch thick. Brush these lightly over with beaten egg, sprinkle them with finely grated cheese and fry in plenty of boiling fat until sufficiently rowned. I rain carefully from the fat and serve crisp and dry, tastefully ar ranged on a napkin.

Savory Rice Cake Bill a break fast cupful of the finest rice in plenty of milk or white stock. When the liquid is absorbed, and the rice swollen out t the full, turn it out into a basin and add to it an ounce of butter, two well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of finely minced boiled onion, and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese—a piece which has be-come too hard and dry for serving plain will do very ni ely for this purpose these well, and season rather highly with salt and pepper, then allow the mixture to get quite cold. Thus far the dish can be prepared the provious night. Cut the rice next morning into small square cakes about three inches each way, and threequarters of an inch in thickness. nd bread crumb them in the usual man ner, fry them in boiling fat, drain carefully and serve very hot.

German Meat Cakes; Mix togethe six ounces of lean, finely chapped beef or mutton, four ounces of bacon, either of bread crumbs scaked in milk or stock and aqueezed dry, a tablespoonful of finely-mineed celery, the same of chapped onion, and salt and pepper to taste incorporated, form the mixture into paste with two well-beaten eggs; divide this into small portious, make up into cakes, and fry in the usual manner liked, a small proportion of well-boiled finely-chopped cabbage, may be added to the above ingredients. When done enough, drain well, and serve each cake upon a piece of hot fried bread of correa very procty dish, with sprigs of pursely inserted here and there.

Job work-cash on delivery. CNLY A WOMAN.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collect rly. Temporary advertisements must be

Only a woman, shriveled and old! The prey of the winds and prey of the cold! Cheeks that are shrunken, Eyes that are sunken, Lips that were never o'er bold.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one losb, one year,...... 10 00

Two Squares, one year..... 18 00

Half Column, one year 80 00

One Square, one inch, one insertion.

Only a women, forsaken and poor, Asking for alms at the bronze church door. Hark to the organ'sroll upon roll

The waves of its music go over her soul! Silks rustle past her Faster and faster-The great bell ceases its toll.

Fain would she enter, but not for the poor, Swingeth wide open the bronze church door. Only a woman, wailing alone, Icy cold on an ice cold stone, What do they care for her! Mumbling a prayer for her-

Giving not bread but a stone. Inder rich laces their haughty hearts beat, Mocking the woes of their kin in the street. Only a woman. In the old days Hope caroled to her the happiest lays; Somebody missed her: Somebody kissed her: Somebody crowned her with praise:

Somebody faced out the batttle of life Strong for her sake who was mother or wife. Somebody lies with a tress of her hair Light on his heart, where the death-shadows

Somebody waits for her Opening the gate for her, Giving delight for despair:

Only a woman-nevermore! She is dead in snow at the bronze church

-Christian Intelligencer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A private affair-A musket The King of Greace-Pete Roleum. A brassworker-An insurance agent. "A writing pen"-An editorial sang-

A mail-bag-The capture of a hus

A high-handed proceeding-Setting a It doesn't hurt a missionary to be shot in his tracts.

Real estate transfers-Boys throwing mud at each other. The ups and downs of life are better than being down all the time.

Raining cats and dogs is surely no worse than hailing strangers .- Life. What's the matter with a howling mob? It's all riot .- Washington Critic. Face powder does not always help a

young woman to go off quickly in the matrimonial market. "Your laundress appears to be very d." "Yes; she belongs to the iron

age."-Beston Gazette. A pretty girl don't object to reflections on herself when they come from a look-

ing glass. - Dansville Bree.e. Dogs are said to speak with their tails. Would it be proper, therefore, to call a short-tailed dog a stump orator?

Adam had one thing in his favor. Eve couldn't ask him whether he had loved any other woman before he met her. Whene'er mine infant hit; his voice in accents far from mellow, His face and lungs suggest a sym-libouy in red and yell-oh!

-Boston Courier A lot of little bootblacks perched on curbstone may not be India rubber boys, yet they are gutter perchers.-

When your last month's bill at your butcher's is still unpaid it won't do order a roast; it's more diplomatic to ask for one. "And do you say I am not a good

watchmaker? No one ever left his watch here to be repaired that he didn't come a second time. Little Girl - "Inst Cwistmas I hung up my stockings. What did you hang

Absent-minded Visitor-"My watch,"-Siftings. Georgie (taking in the dime museum -"What's that, pop?" Pop-"That's a mumny." Georgie-"Too stiff to speak to anybody, ala't he?"

most?' inquired one of the school trus-tees. "Hookey?" cried the boys in unison.— Harper's Euzur, A Berlin scientist asserts that salt is conducive to longevity, but he seems to

"What game do you scholars play the

lose sight of the fact that it destroys freshness .- New York Sun. Magistrate (to Chinaman) ... (What is our complaint against this young man?

Chinaman (unable to colle t a lau bill) - "He too muchee by and by." Whene'er I hear the banjo's wild Luguerious ting a-lingy I think 'tis like spring chick: most tough,

And very, very stringy.

— Boston Courier. Untipped Walter (meaningly .-'Haven't you forgotten something, sir?' Guest (meditatively)-"Um-er-let me see. O, yes! I forgot the toothpicks. Thank you."—Pailedelphia Recert.

norning after the election, "the jig's ip " "Yes," replied the High School irl, "that variety of dance is altitudinously elevated."- Enrlington Free Press. AFTER AN INTERNIES WITH A BOOK AGENT.

"Well, Mildred," remarked Amy the

"Ithin," asserted the Boston maid,
"For him the proper term is
"A horrid skin," but I prefer
To dub him an epidermis."

—New York Sun. An American, who has just returned from Spain, says that the infant hing of that country has a passion for bologna sausage. It is not often that a love for the mysterious is developed in a child of such tender years, - Norvi town Hera'd.

"No, young man," said the jeweler, "I'm sorry, but I can't give you as advertisement. You see, I'm troubled with heart disease, and my physician has or-dered me to stop advertising, so that I may enjoy absolute rest and quiet."—

Ah! who has seen the mailed lob ter rise, Clap her broad wings, and, soaring, cla-When did the owl, descending from her

SPECIMEN OF A NONSENSE VERSE.

op 'mil the fleecy flocks, the tender flower! the young helfer plungs, with plant limb the salt wave and, fish like, strive in -The Provess of Men.

It is estimated that one half the drugs imported into the United States are consumed in the manufacture of patent