

Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

F. SCHWEIER, Editor and Proprietor.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1879. NO. 40.

HELMHOLD'S COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LADDER & KIDNEYS.

Does in every case.

HELMHOLD'S BUCHU IS UNEQUALED

Invigorates the Stomach.

Or Six Bottles for \$5.

Helmhold's Buchu

Lines written by E.

There is no shadow, without a light;
There is no day, but brings a night;
There is no joy, unmixed with pain;
There is no evil, but after rain;
There is no good, without some good;
No beauty, that is understood;
The bravest cross, to our sight,
Are but given, to lead us to the light;
The darkest clouds, have a golden edge,
And the fairest garden, a thorny hedge;
Some fairest flowers, a thorny hedge;
And some deadly poisons, a thorny hedge;
Each soul, may reach the lowest deep,
And each soul, may climb the highest steep;
Each heart, may know joy's brightest glow,
And none so false, but some good will do;
There is no more so strong, than the candid fall,
And none so evil, but may rise from it all,
No soul is dropped in the depths of woe,
But might have climbed to the heights of joy;
The best of gold is mixed with alloy,
And the coarsest metals have some ore;
All things are made for a good use;
And nothing so good, but may have abuse—
God gives us nothing, but will do us good,
And our curses seem kindness when understood.

A Shower of Rain.

Down came the rain in a pelting merciful shower.

At one crossing a miniature lake had formed several feet in length and breadth and three or four inches deep; its shores on every side were mud—black, slippery mud. It was amusing to see the hurrying people drenched, chilled, uncomfortable, impatient to be home come to a dead stop at this one crossing and hesitate, with faces expressive of disgust and dismay.

What chance had Ethel Thornton's poor little weary feet, so small, so miserably clad, in such a slough as this?

She glanced around despairingly.

And the next moment she carried herself lifted in a pair of strong arms, carried high and dry over the mud and mire, and set down on the other side, while the rescuer, raising his dripping hat, with a pleasant bow and smile, passed quickly on his way.

She stood where he had placed her as if turned to stone, following his first disappearing figure with her dark eyes; her hands were clasped convulsively, the color was flaming in her cheeks under her wet black veil.

"It was Frank!" she gasped. "It was Frank himself, and he held me in his arms and never knew me."

A quick sob burst from her lips. O hard fate! to meet—thus—so close—and part without a word!

Her lover—her promised husband of one year ago.

Just then her foot struck against something hard.

She stooped and picked it up—a large pocket-book.

"Frank's!" she said, quietly and hopefully. "I don't know it tenderly with her handkerchiefs, pressed it to her lips, and slipped it into her bosom."

As she did this, she threw her veil aside for the tears and rain together nearly blinded her.

"I doubt if Frank would have recognized her, even if he had seen her face—it was so worn and weary looking, and stained by the wet black veil."

Not much resemblance there to the pretty, plump, blooming girl whose love he had sought so eagerly a year ago; not much in her appearance just now to tempt any man to woo her.

So thought Mrs. Benton, the landlady, as she let her in, and stared agape at her utterly drenched condition.

Glad indeed was Ethel to reach the quiet of her own room—glad of the cup of tea her mother gave her—glad to lie down and rest.

She gazed blindly to her little desk and put the pocket-book away.

"To-morrow," she whispered to herself—"this address will be inside—I'll send it back to-morrow."

Then sinking wearily on the bed, she murmured:

"Mother, I feel so strangely. I wish now—that I had taken—your advice, and stayed home, to-day—"

The words came faintly, in low, broken gasps, from her parched lips.

She lay there without speaking for some time, and then articulated:

"I failed again—no work—no hope—no rest—"

Her eyes closed, her voice ceased, she fell back, burning and shivering. The poor child had contracted a serious illness in that merciless shower of rain.

Meantime Frank Merrill was anxiously making his bill, receipts, money—all sorts of important matters in it.

"It must have been when I carried that girl over the muddy crossing. I had it the minute before, and I missed it shortly afterwards. Confound my quixotic folly! Why couldn't I mind my own business and let her alone? Poor little thing, she looked wet and miserable, and something about her somehow reminds me of—"

His hand brushed and heaved his head upon his hands in painful thought.

"Why can't I ever forget her? Poor little thing, why can't I ever forget her? Why does her sweet face haunt me everywhere—not bright and sparkling as used to be, but pale and reproachful looking? Repeating me! Ah, Ethel, how much I loved you! How happy we might have been to-day, had you only been true!"

girl's wasted face—almost as white as the pillow on which it lay.

"You got badly drenched and chilled, my love, in a shower of rain—"

"A shower of rain?"

The weak voice rang out clear and strong—the dark eyes flashed excitedly; she clasped her hands, while a vivid crimson suddenly died her cheeks.

"O I remember it all now. Please reach me the desk!"

Then she told her mother her adventure in the rain, and drew out of the desk Frank's pocket-book.

"Three weeks ago. In all probability he has needed it. We must open it, mamma, to find his address and send it back to him at once."

Mrs. Thornton looked pityingly at the flushed, eager face and trembling hands. She shook her head doubtfully and sadly, and said:

"You love Frank still, Ethel—now don't you?"

"No reply in words, but the poor pale face was hidden upon the pillow with a great sob, and a little thin hand stole into the mother's pleadingly."

Mrs. Thornton crossed the hand and put it to her lips.

"If he were worthy, dear, I should say nothing, but he abandoned you, Ethel. O child, where is your pride? You are hoping against hope, my daughter. It would be cruel in me to encourage you! Mr. Merrill could have found you had he wished; our address was left for all who might inquire for it. He has not even written to you since your fortune was lost. I remember well that his last letter arrived just as we were going to your cousin Ethel's wedding—that was just a week before our trouble came."

Ethel made no reply.

Her face was hidden again, and she sobbed her slender form. Mrs. Thornton continued:

"Would that you had never seen Frank Merrill! He forsok you in poverty, and even when the far greater sorrow of your poor father's death came upon you, he gave you not one sympathizing word! O Ethel, think no more of him, but rather try to reward the true and devoted love that has proved so true a friend to you. Dr. Jones has been like a son to me through all your sickness. Surely in time to come you will get over this infatuation for one so unworthy, and reward a devoted love as it deserves."

Ethel looked up wearily,

"I don't love Dr. Jones, mamma, though I esteem him, and I am grateful; oh! very grateful for all his goodness to us both. But I shall never love any man but Frank! Some day I will tell the doctor so, and then—I'll choose to accept esteem and gratitude—I will for your sake, mamma."

She stooped, and quite broke down in a storm of sobs and tears.

Her mother soothed her, and presently she became calmer.

"Don't let us talk of it anymore," said she sighing. "Let us find his address and send him his pocket-book."

So they opened it and examined its contents.

Notes, bills, memoranda, receipts, a considerable amount of money, but no address. At last in an inner pocket they found a letter, and in it a photograph. Ethel took it out; it was her own picture.

"Mamma, mamma, look here," and the poor girl's trembling fingers clutched at a scrap of newspaper that was fluttering to the ground.

"O, what is this?"

Bending their heads together they read the following notice:

"Married.—On June 4th, at Grace Church, Henry Rollins, Esq., to Miss Ethel Thornton. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple started on a bridal tour."

Mrs. Thornton looked up in bewilderment.

"Why, what is that doing here?" said she. "It's the announcement of your cousin Ethel's marriage."

"Yes, yes! I see it all now—he has believed me false to him! Oh, my poor Frank! he has been suffering, too! The photograph see, what is that written underneath it in his own handwriting. Oh, look!"

Again they read together.

This time Shakespeare's lines—though slightly altered:

"Woe that bestows the crown is best—where thou art once crowned with pain."

"Oh, my poor Frank!" cried the happy, weeping girl. "Oh! why were cousin Ethel and I named the same? And Frank never met her. Don't you see, mamma, how the mistake has occurred? And it might have remained unexplained forever but for that shower of rain! Look at the letter, mamma. I must find his address now."

The letter was examined, and, happily for all, supplied it.

Next morning a little note came by mail to Frank:

"Sit—My daughter, whom you kindly assisted during a shower of rain, three weeks ago—desires to restore your pocket-book, which she found. She has been prevented from attending to this earlier. Please call at your earliest convenience, and inquire for Mrs. Thornton."

An address was given.

Mr. Merrill stared at the name.

"An odd coincidence," thought he. "There are plenty of Thorntons in the world, of course," and he set off to reclaim his property.

A lady in deep mourning received him; he stared violently.

"Mrs. Thornton!" he cried, "can it be really you?" and stopped, confused and angry.

She was perfectly self-possessed.

"I thought you would have recognized the name," she said, quietly, "though our circumstances have made a change of residence necessary. It was Ethel whom you carried across the street; she has been ill since then, or—"

He interrupted her in surprise:

"Ethel! Ethel whom I carried? Then getting more and more bewildered: 'O thought that Mrs. Rollins was abroad! Mrs. Rollins! Oh, certainly! Mrs. Rollins is my niece. I was not aware you

Dear Hunting in the Adirondacks.

At seven the hunters are off. Three or four dogs are started on as many trails by the hunters, who often take long tramps through the thick woods for that purpose. Generally, however it takes only a few minutes to find a track, and the dog starts, byline as he tracks at irregular intervals on the trail made, perhaps, the night before. He wanders about uncertainly for a time, as the deer has fed, and then goes off straight and quickly out of hearing behind some wooded hill. The hunter knows then that the deer has left off feeding; that the dog has not roused him as yet, but that he is probably lying at rest after his night's travel. So the hunter uses his ears instead of his eyes; he listens for the lost sounds.

Echo makes a plaything of the sound, throwing it from hill to hill, giving it to you first at one point, then from another, cheating you all the time. You spend two whole hours in listening to that sound, and then it is down again, and your guide concludes the deer has gone to water in some distant lake. And then you push off your boat for a start onward, when all at once on the hill-side, close to the place where the dog first took the trail he breaks out again, low and urgent, barking, yelping, howling in one loud continuous stream of noise. He has detected ahead of him at this time some game, and everything is excitingly stirring as he follows the trail they dog and dog, up the lake shore toward the head. "Will he be in there," we ask.

"No," replied the guide, "we never watch that place." Back they come, right toward our waiting place. "Will he come in?" we ask. "Not yet," is the reply. The chase turns and goes rapidly up a brook bed toward High Pond; another turn and back they come, this time through a swamp. We can feel the perplexity of the dog as the marshy soil defeats his scent, and breaks his way into infrequent and impatient howls. The swamp is straight and as the chase leads off in a parallel line parallel with the shore, our guide fairly shouts, "That deer is ours; there he goes straight for Great Forked and right into B's hands." We wait minutes that seem hours. "Why doesn't he shoot?" he cries in the long before this," and B's rifle cracks two miles away, and the hunt is up. Five hours of steady watching gives us a deer. It is the story of a representative hunt which might have been varied in a score of ways and ended in defeat at last.

Mustard and Coffee.

It is related that General Scott's famous letter to Zachary Taylor announcing the withdrawal of most of the regular troops from Taylor's command to be placed under his own in a projecting movement from Vera Cruz, towards the capital of Mexico was composed while General Taylor was at supper with his staff near Monterey. The General asked Colonel Bliss to read it to him. He had just replenished his coffee cup, and was engaged in listening to that sound, and then it is down again, and your guide concludes the deer has gone to water in some distant lake. And then you push off your boat for a start onward, when all at once on the hill-side, close to the place where the dog first took the trail he breaks out again, low and urgent, barking, yelping, howling in one loud continuous stream of noise. He has detected ahead of him at this time some game, and everything is excitingly stirring as he follows the trail they dog and dog, up the lake shore toward the head. "Will he be in there," we ask.

"No," replied the guide, "we never watch that place." Back they come, right toward our waiting place. "Will he come in?" we ask. "Not yet," is the reply. The chase turns and goes rapidly up a brook bed toward High Pond; another turn and back they come, this time through a swamp. We can feel the perplexity of the dog as the marshy soil defeats his scent, and breaks his way into infrequent and impatient howls. The swamp is straight and as the chase leads off in a parallel line parallel with the shore, our guide fairly shouts, "That deer is ours; there he goes straight for Great Forked and right into B's hands." We wait minutes that seem hours. "Why doesn't he shoot?" he cries in the long before this," and B's rifle cracks two miles away, and the hunt is up. Five hours of steady watching gives us a deer. It is the story of a representative hunt which might have been varied in a score of ways and ended in defeat at last.

What Shall Be Done with Daughters?

Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them to make shirts.
Teach them not to wear false hair.
Teach them not to powder and paint.
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
Teach them how to make their own clothes.
Teach them how to do marketing for the family.
Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
Teach them to say no and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of a beau.
Give them a good substantial common school education.
Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical common sense.
Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.
Teach them to have nothing to do with dissolute and intemperate young men.
Teach them that a good, round, rosy rump, is worthy fifty delicate consumptives.

A Smart Wife.

The other morning a citizen called at a hardware store on Woodward avenue and he wanted a key to a certain door in his house, and he took up and carried away almost the first key handed out to him. On his way down town after dinner he stopped and exchanged the key for another, explaining that the first wouldn't fit. These exchanges took place twice a day for the next four days, the citizen being unable to get hold of a key to fit. On the sixth day he drove up to the store with a door on a dry, and calling to the proprietor he said:

"Bring your box of keys out here and we'll get a fit to that lock. Here I have been running back and forth for about a week, and I might not have got a fit for a whole month if my wife had not suggested that I bring the door down here. Some of these women are mighty smart."

"But why didn't you take the lock off the door and bring it down in your pocket?" asked the dealer.

The buyer looked at him in a vacant way, stared hard at the door, and sat down on the curbstone with the remark:

"It's a wonder that the whole family wasn't sent to the fool-house ten years ago."

Paper Making.

At the present time the United States is making more than one third of all the paper made in the world. The product is about 1,830 tons daily, amounting to about 649,500 tons yearly. There are now 827 mills, representing a capital of at least \$100,000,000. These mills employ 22,000 persons, who draw about \$9,500,000 in salaries per year. It is estimated that the entire paper industry, including manufacturing, printing and publishing, furnishes employment to 75,000 persons. New York makes the most paper. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio rank next in order named. The growth of this industry has been very rapid of late years in the Western States. The introduction of the new Ballock presses of extra width into the press room of the Sax and other large mills has opened a new field of usefulness for the newspaper interest, and many paper makers are hastening to increase and enlarge their machinery in order to compete for order. In 1856 the consumption of paper in the United States was equal to that of England and France together. The highest price ever paid was in 1864, when newspaper stock was sold at 28 cents and book at 45 cents per pound. This, however was of short duration. These facts go to illustrate the great advance of the paper trade during those years, and since that time the growth has been so rapid and has assumed such enormous proportions that it now ranks among the greatest industries of the age. The use of straw and wood as ingredients has been largely instrumental in its growth and advance. Improvements in paper making machinery are constantly being made, which lessen the labor and tend to cheapen and perfect the manufacture of paper. Paper now enters very largely into the manufacture of many of the most useful and necessary articles, and being made. The different grades and qualities of paper number at least twenty-five, and vary from the finest writing, to the coarsest roofing and sheathing paper. Of these numerous grades newspaper stock is most largely made, but writing and book papers represent the largest capital, and are

the most important branches of the trade. Our fine papers now equal, if they do not excel, the finest grades of paper produced in Europe, and they are being daily improved upon. Of wood pulp paper also it is estimated that about 32,000 tons per year are made. Within the past five years the paper trade has suffered in the general depression of business. The prices have been very low, and the demand small compared with former years; but within the past year the trade has revived considerably, and though the prices still rule low, the demand has increased, and more hopeful feelings exist in the market. It is not probable that there will be more than a slight advance, if any in prices, for at least a few years to come; but as the consumers are enlarging their orders, mills which have been standing idle have begun running again, and a general revival of the trade is predicted.

At the present prices there is a fair profit to the manufacturers, and with larger orders they can easily gain a revised considerably, and though the prices still rule low, the demand has increased, and more hopeful feelings exist in the market. It is not probable that there will be more than a slight advance, if any in prices, for at least a few years to come; but as the consumers are enlarging their orders, mills which have been standing idle have begun running again, and a general revival of the trade is predicted.

The United States is far more fortunate than any of the European countries in this respect. There is a very marked depression abroad, especially in England, where the paper trade is at a very low ebb, paper being almost given away, while the demand is comparatively small, with no prospect of any increase. The United States is importing less paper every year while the exports, now amounting to about \$1,000,000 per annum, are steadily increasing.

Discovery of Silk and Satin.

The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the Emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has always been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese Royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree, called in Chinese the "golden tree," and the keeping of silk worms. The first silk dress mentioned in the history was made, not for a sovereign nor for a pretty woman, but for the monster, a man in human shape Heliogabalus, Persian monk who came to Constantinople, revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk, and gave him some silk worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the Pope left Rome to settle at Avignon, in France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians, and Louis XI. established at Tours, a manufacture of silk fabrics. Francis I. founded the Lyons silks, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II., of France, wore the first pair of silk hose ever made, at the wedding of his sister. The word "satin," which in the origin was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has, since the last century, been used to designate only tissues which present a lustrous surface. This discovery of this particularly brilliant silk was accidental. Octavio Mia, a silk weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them in his mouth, which soon after he spat out. He found the little ball of silk later on the floor of his workshop and was attracted by the brilliant quality of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and by using heat and certain incalculable preparations, succeeded in giving a new lustre to his tissues.

Fruit for Food.

Henry Ward Beecher says there is no sense in the old familiar motto, "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night." His reasons for this opinion he thus states:

"Because, with a limited experience, people perceive that some folks can eat fruit at one time and not at another, they lay down this rule for all. The cases where fruit is unhealthy at night are the exception.

It is true that in tropical climates, heavy fruits, difficult to digest, ought not to be taken at night.

But the fruits that are our Northern farm are all healthy, as a rule. Among the excellent small fruit are currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, grapes, mulberries—these last are a very much neglected fruit; there is no better fruit tree for children than the Downing's ever-bearing mulberry.

One of them will bear fruit for eight or ten weeks steadily, constantly ripening, and pleasing all the fowls and turkeys, children and old folks. I would rather have this mulberry to day than a strawberry.

The common mulberry is flat and sweet; but this has a fine sprightly acid taste, as finely combined as lemonade.

As you go up, you have the apple, which is the patriarch of the Abraham of all fruits. If I had to choose but one fruit out of all in the world, I should decide for the apple.

For uses of every kind, early and late, winter or summer, cooked or raw apple is king. Then comes the cherry, then the pear, then the plum and the peach.

I have not mentioned oranges, because they are not raisable in the North; but they ought to be eaten at the right time, which is all the time from getting up in the morning till you go to bed at night.

The man with whom they disagree is the exception.

A Rare Old Relic.

In the year 1165 the monastery of Stavronikes, which still nestles in the rocky recess of Mount Athos, purchased from some young Russian pilgrims, on their way to the Holy Land, the right leg bone of St. Andrew, who suffered martyrdom in southern Russia. The monks paid more than its weight in gold for the relic, but their investment turned out highly profitable to themselves and their successors; for the fame of the relic spread far and wide, and brought countless votaries to the shrine, each of whom paid a fee proportionate to his position and means for the privilege of kissing the sacred bone.

Elephants and Monkeys.

Max Adler reports the following, only too brief remarks a menagerie manager made while he was Max's seat-mate on the train: "I've got the finest elephant out of Asia! Perfectly amiable and good-humored. He killed his keeper two years ago, but that was the man's own fault. The keeper was green and not perfectly familiar with elephants, and appeared to have an idea that both ends of the animal were exactly alike; so he would persist in leading the elephant round by the tail. So one day when the man was trying to persuade the elephant to drink by holding his tail in a bucket of water, the elephant put out his hind leg, and kicked him into immortal chaos! Some people, you know, never do get sense. There's no money in the business any more, though. The losses are too heavy. I had a bear constipated that stood me \$100, and he did well enough for awhile. But one day he got loose, and when we found him he was standing on his head out by the railroad, with his tail in the air. I tried to coax him to come down, but he remained perfectly quiet, and when I came to examine him I found that he had swallowed the top of a telegraph pole, and he had eaten his way down until his nose touched the ground. He was dead. What killed him I don't know. It may have been electric shocks, or it may have been dyspepsia. Howsom-ever, he was a corpse, and there was \$400 gone. The monkeys seem to amuse the people most. I like a monkey myself. Do you know I believe it is a positive loss to human beings that they haven't got tails like monkeys. Why a monkey can take hold of anything with his tail, just like you can with your hand. It's really a third hand. Now, suppose you had such a tail? If you were walking up and down the room at night with the baby you could carry him in your arms and give him a spoonful of paregoric with your tail. If you wanted to take your family out for an airing you could grab a child with each hand and pull the baby-coach with your tail. I tell you, sir, it's a loss to you that you are not built like a monkey. Freeland, is it? Ah! I must get out here. Come ground and see my shoe; won't you? Good morning!" And Mr. Pottle disappeared through the doorway of the car.

Hindoo Women.

The Hindoo women when young are delicate and beautiful, so far as we can reconcile beauty with the olive complexion. They are finely proportioned; their limbs small, their features soft and regular, and their eyes bright and languishing, but the bloom of beauty soon decays, and age makes rapid progress before they have seen thirty years. This may be accounted for from the heat of the climate and the customs of the country, as they are often mothers at twelve years of age. No women can be more attentive to cleanliness than the Hindoos; they take every method to render their persons delicate, soft and attractive; their dress is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a long piece of silk, or cotton, tied round the waist, or hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterward brought over the head in negligence folds, under this they cover the bosom with a short waistcoat of satin, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers, their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls, a variety of gold chains, strings of pearls and precious stones, fall from the neck over the bosom and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They have also gold and silver chains round the ankles, and an abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among those on the fingers is frequently a small mirror. The richer the dress the less becoming it appears, and a Hindoo woman of distinction always seems to be overloaded with finery, while the village nymphs, with fewer ornaments, but in the same elegant drapery, are more captivating—although there are very few women even of the lowest families, who have not some jewels at their marriage. In these external decorations consist the pride and pleasure of these uneducated females; for very few, even in the best families, know how to read or write, or are capable of intellectual enjoyment. We learn from Homer that the women in ancient Greece always kept in a retired part of the house, employed in embroidery or other feminine occupations; and at this day the Indian females are never seen by those who visit the master of the family. They know but little of the world, and are not permitted to eat with their husband or brother, nor to associate with other men.

Mustard and Coffee.

It is related that General Scott's famous letter to Zachary Taylor announcing the withdrawal of most of the regular troops from Taylor's command to be placed under his own in a projecting movement from Vera Cruz, towards the capital of Mexico was composed while General Taylor was at supper with his staff near Monterey. The General asked Colonel Bliss to read it to him. He had just replenished his coffee cup, and was engaged in listening to that sound, and then it is down again, and your guide concludes the deer has gone to water in some distant lake. And then you push off your boat for a start onward, when all at once on the hill-side, close to the place where the dog first took the trail he breaks out again, low and urgent, barking, yelping, howling in one loud continuous stream of noise. He has detected ahead of him at this time some game, and everything is excitingly stirring as he follows the trail they dog and dog, up the lake shore toward the head. "Will he be in there," we ask.

"No," replied the guide, "we never watch that place." Back they come, right toward our waiting place. "Will he come in?" we ask. "Not yet," is the reply. The chase turns and goes rapidly up a brook bed toward High Pond; another turn and back they come, this time through a swamp. We can feel the perplexity of the dog as the marshy soil defeats his scent, and breaks his way into infrequent and impatient howls. The swamp is straight and as the chase leads off in a parallel line parallel with the shore, our guide fairly shouts, "That deer is ours; there he goes straight for Great Forked and right into B's hands." We wait minutes that seem hours. "Why doesn't he shoot?" he cries in the long before this," and B's rifle cracks two miles away, and the hunt is up. Five hours of steady watching gives us a deer. It is the story of a representative hunt which might have been varied in a score of ways and ended in defeat at last.

What Shall Be Done with Daughters?

Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them to make shirts.
Teach them not to wear false hair.
Teach them not to powder and paint.
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
Teach them how to make their own clothes.
Teach them how to do marketing for the family.
Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
Teach them to say no and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of a beau.
Give them a good substantial common school education.
Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical common sense.
Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.
Teach them to have nothing to do with dissolute and intemperate young men.
Teach them that a good, round, rosy rump, is worthy fifty delicate consumptives.

A Smart Wife.

The other morning a citizen called at a hardware store on Woodward avenue and he wanted a key to a certain door in his house, and he took up and carried away almost the first key handed out to him. On his way down town after dinner he stopped and exchanged the key for another, explaining that the first wouldn't fit. These exchanges took place twice a day for the next four days, the citizen being unable to get hold of a key to fit. On the sixth day he drove up to the store with a door on a dry, and calling to the proprietor he said:

"Bring your box of keys out here and we'll get a fit to that lock. Here I have been running back and forth for about a week, and I might not have got a fit for a whole month if my wife had not suggested that I bring the door down here. Some of these women are mighty smart."

"But why didn't you take the lock off the door and bring it down in your pocket?" asked the dealer.

The buyer looked at him in a vacant way, stared hard at the door, and sat down on the curbstone with the remark:

"It's a wonder that the whole family wasn't sent to the fool-house ten years ago."