

#### B. F. SOHWEIER,

### THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

#### Editor and Proprietor.

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#### WANTED --- A LITTLE GIRL.

# MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1891.

Where are they gone to, the little girls, with natural manaers and natural curisf Who love their dolls and like their toys, And talk of something beside the boys.

Little old women in plenty 1 find. Mature in manners and old of mind ; Little old firts who talk of their "beaus and vie with each other in stylish cloth

Little old belies, who at nine and ten, Are sick of pleasure and tired of men. Weary of travel, of balls, of fun-And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago, Some dear little children I used to know-Gris who were merry lambs at play And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their

They never imagined the boys were "Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were

Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see One of them anywhere send her to me. I would give a medal of purest gold To one of these dear little guis of old. With an innocent heart and an open smile, who knows not the meaning of "firt" of -Ella Wheeler Wilcoz.

## MY FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

BY HORACE WALKER.

"Are you out of work, young man?" The question had come very suddenlooking, but kindly withal. However this may be I felt a little discomfited. and if I had consulted my natural trepidation, and my aversion to utter strangers, the presumption is that I should have turned on my heel, and disappeared. But something in his veterinary doctor I should have venreplied:

'Yes, sir, I am unfortunately out of He was rather of a stumpy build, a stout | came to life. old Cornish farmer, one might venture, full bearded and bowlegged. On his shaggy head he wore a slouch hat. faded by many hot suns, and all sorts Overalls concealed almost of weather. completely his dress. They were of bluejeans bleached almost white in some places, and yet 1 will be fair, there was just one redeeming quality about the old gentleman's makeup, he had the kindliest, most humane expres-sion on the exposed part of his face that I remember to have seen since a mere lad. This alone could have led me into trouble had he been disposed, "Know how to work?"

This was rather abrupt, and inclined to be a triffe saucy. But the persistent kindly expression dispelled this intention, and I replied: Yes, sir.

"What kin yer do? saw? split? pile? burn?" That is very menial labor."

Mind, don't let the old nag run away with you. She is fearfully afraid of the cars. So I will do the chores." cognizant of my proceedings I was say-ing: "Good morning, Helsie." "Good evening, Helsie." "My milk pail is the PIRE STATE. Ish background of hill, Adirondsck spurs, extending East and West, whose follows in the source of the evening, Helsie." "My milk pail is the fullest!" "What will your father say when he hears you have fallen in love It was only that day on which I met the farmer that I had seen the village of L-, and, so, as I drove quietly along the three-mile road, I said to mywith Barney Wharton?" At this latter her eyes would send out little laughters, and she would re-

self: "Well, Barney Wharton, do coming events cast their shadows before? May-be. Strange fellow. Wonder that he trusts me with this valuable team. Imagine he has taken a fancy to me. If so, lucky! Why? Ah! he has no he now?' matriageable daughter! I'm in the king's row on this. Happy again! He probably has no near kin, no kith and heir to inherit all his worldly posses-

sions. In fine, he's the summ num of my life. I am not old. My moustache has received a comfortable start, and a warm Spring will not restart, and a warm opring will not re-tard its growth. To make it plain, I am just in my majority. My own man. I am not passing rich with forty pounds a year, but I have a good job, and five hundred clean honestly earned

face became very much heated. "I know it Barney," she rejoined blushing; "but tell it over again," and dollars in the bank. Not so bad as it might be. And yet it might be better. And for the matter of that it might be as she nestled her head on my willing shoulder I continued:

"Once upon a time a Mr. Moses Dearborn engaged one Barney Whar-ton to do manual labors on his great I had been driving leisurely, but we had already passed the last turnpike bend which lead to the town. I could not he'p picturing my probable future. In the midst of my cogitations the farm. This was Barney's first engage She laughed, and I continued:

In the midst of my cogitations the cars whistled in; and if 1 had not kept a cantionary hold on the lines, old Bess and 1 would have taken a sumrevelation; and it was not many moons mer-sault. As it was I rode on the

'Helsie, will you marry me?" "What did she say?" two off wheels about three rods, and fetched up against a wood pile skirting "Yes!" the road, an uncomfortable character-"And this was your second engage istic in many rurel districts. nent?" harm was done, and I was only too "Yes, Helsie." glad to see the great iron horse steam

manner arrested my attention, and 1 tured that Beas was equally pleased. Hitching her to a ring in the depot platform I hurried into the ladies' employment for the time being," at waiting room and peered expectantly the same moment wondering where his shout. Two women were present. about. Two women were present. One was quite elderly, the other young funds could possibly come from to meet financial obligations; for, assured-ly, he was most unprepossing, and hardly an element about him tended to diminish this first inference of mine. wise I was totally dead. Of course I

> "Madam-your name "Is Hannah DeVoid."

born's.

"And you are engaged to perform housework services at Mr. Moses Dear-"It is all right, sir-"

"It is all right, sir— "Wharton, Barny Wharton." "It is all right, Mr. Wharton," said the handsome young lady, coming for-ward, and half unconsciously fasten-ing her eyes on mine. "I suppose you are to transport us to the farm?" "Yas medam Bight round this "Yes, madam. Right round this way. Here we are," and I had the divine privilege of assisting this young lady into the vehicle; I also helped her elderly companion to a seat, but I was

the more surprised to hear her say: "Hullo, Bess! Dear old Bessie! "Is it far?" queried the older wo

"Three miles," replied the younger woman. Again I was surprised. Who ho called on him was expected to the young miss? and how did she know how far it was to Hartley Four Corners? Why shouldn't the elderly

BT JEANNETTE N. PHILLIPS

We tarried in New York until Saraoga was chilly and Long Branch was

ply: "Say, what can be say? He likes erted, and the season for coaching had come. Foregoing a fashionable outfit we determined upon a tour of you, and why shouldn't 1? He never contradicted me yet, and why should our own. Prince and our park wagon having gone before, we at last took a train for Chenango county, our start-And so it ran on. The snows melted and ran in httle rivnlets to the brooks. Spring was here! That we had proved

and the morning in late 'September found us "booted" and packed "and ready to ride." Away we go across the Unadulla around an "eternal hill" into a happy combination, the four of us, no one could gainsay. Moses and Han-nah were progressing finely. Helsie and Barney were cheek by jowl. And if it might be intimated it really did the valley of a tributary creek. We are now in Otsego county, and for three hours we follow the creek and seem as if there would soon be a double wedding at Hartley Four Corners. One day I said: "enthuse" over the scenery. The farms of this county lie spread out as if for exhibition. There is just enough "Helsie, it's an old story," and my hill on this side, and just enough slope on that to give full view of many a full arm plan. Fences are laid by some

plan strongly suggestive of a "crazy quilt." Has the craze spread from patch work to fence building, or vice versaf The fields are still velvety, enderly green. Their surfaces might empt the very gods and titans to dance and gambol. The undulations of the inface ranging from tiny hillocks to Jatskill Heights, turned and sloped his way and that, are nearly all moothed over and rounded off. A "By and by a pretty girlcame in the picture. Barney grew to love this new before he trumped up courage to say lairy feeding on a hilly pasture calls to nind, "Cattle on a thousand hills."

After dinner and rest we. cross our creek and begin a climb, gra lually, but surely, up, up for three miles. We twist our necks and look back down he valley we have just threaded, and stretch them to look over the steep hill at our left. Now we are speeding along a level stretch apparently at the top, but no, another and another climb

be spliced, and if you're wise, young man, you'll take my daughter Helsie and come along for the same purpose. You've been sparkin' long enough, must be made before we see the blue tine beyond that tells of another range. There before us lies a valley with its silent village. The top of our ridge is lonely and suggestive of bleakness even And come we did. I hitched Bes into the two-seated wagon, and with Helsie and myself on the front seat, Field and house and cattle near OW. a pinched wind-swept village are not and Moses and Hannah on the back

leasant to see. Down through the one, we drove down to the parson's. And that divine averred that he had illage, across the stream and up and never seen a happier set of brides and bridegrooms in his ministerial career, down twice more we go before we reach our destination where we find hospitality for a few days. While here lated, curions shaped mounds all cross we make excursions up and down the one's fill of vision followed by an valley, for in Central New York all imaginary interrogation point. and no one contradicted him. My second engagement proved even more felicitous than the first, roads are limited to valley or hill va-

garies. Delightful landscapes are al-A Clever Little Boy.

It is hardly decided whether Whittie, when he becomes a man, will be a minwhen he becomes a man, will be a min-ister or a horse jockey, for he plays preacher sometimes all day, then, per-haps for a week, plays nothing but jockey. People say he might be both, but mamma thinks the jockey is going to win. He is called Whittie because his name is Whitney, and one gete dreadfully tired pronouncing the "n" when he is called so many times a day. Catville. In some cases cotton and puffe of steam by day add to the charmwhen he is called so many times a day.

When he was sick with the grip he drew horses as long as his little fingers could hold the pencil, and every one his or her skill at sketching also. Whittie has a consin Willie, and they study one hour every day. If mamme spells they can write; letters. & Whittie writes: "Please make me a horse" every one he knows, and if he does not get an immediate reply he follows up the letter with this one: "What keeps you so long with that horse?" Mamma spends all her pin money buying stamps for Whittie's correspondence. cieties are known as "The Fennimore" He has gone to the country now for the summer, where he rides a real live pony and has two white rabbits with of the village on a wooded hillside facpink eyes, and two black and white kittens that haven't their eyes open. Tommy says Whittie talks slang. Whittie's speech is funny, for he has not yet learned to give the long isound hill half a mile further on is Leather. stocking's Cave. "Natly Bumppo" navigates the lake in the form of a mail ercursion steamer. Another excursion is all around Otthe West. The first half of our drive is along a road laid in the forest primeval, a high steep hill on our right and much of the way, an abrupt precipice on our left through whose trees we see the glint and glimmer of the TESTED BECIPES. hind, and lake in front, and on either MAYONNAISE OF CELERY. Celery is said to be an excellent nervine, and is also good for rheumatism. It is excellent cooked and the Only the white crisp stalks should be kept in ice water until ready on we see the lodge gates and just then there flashes past us an English turnout that curves through the gates and like MAYONNAISS. Mix, in a soup plate which is as cold as possible, half a teaspoonful of mus-tard, half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. over the celery until the very last min- thousand of acres reaching even to The foud tongued crow rev. tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs, one gill of milk, a little grated nut-meg, one tablespoonful of sugar. driving snow in winter have full play. meg, one tablespoonful of sugar. Why are houses chosen in such un-Chop the figs and suct very fine and lovely spots? At the foot of this long hill we find a large stock farm mix them with the crumbs, flour, nutstony with a tight-fitting cover, put in the mixture and boil steadily from three to once a convict still lives sans "every-MONTE CABLO, the most notorious gambling resort in Europe, where thousands of men and women have been ruined and many have ended the lake and take in its beauties through rain and wind. On October first, hot and bright, we their lives by suicide: where princes and plebeians, ladies of the highest ourney Northward toward Richfield prings. hores of Schuyler's Lake whose chief died some years since. Our old house-died some years since. Our old house-keeper having gone we must needs have another. Hence, my daughter was dispatched. You'll like them blue and white below. All around the Carlo is, strange to say, supported by several men who have been prominent to make the best of the situation, and content myself with confining myself content myself with confining myself to my outdoor duties, occupying the house only at meals, or for the pur-pose of sleep. But Helsie was too im-petuons to be so eas 'ly set aside, for uarely the second day she said: "Let me carry the milkpail, Barney. You'll excuse me for my familiarity, but I do so like to be agreeable and not but I do so like to be agreeable and not but I do so like to be agreeable and not but I do so like to be agreeable and not but I do so like to be agreeable and not in public affairs both here and in

strel companies just now was evolved interestingly. The story is told by the echo as it were of the glory around us, the color nearer at hand. Below are the "Utica Observer." At an annual dinner in memory of Gen. Grant the comfaint silvery Mohawk, the picturesque ner in memory of Gen. Grant the com-Erie Canal, and the N. Y. Central and pany included Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, and Carr. Anecdotes of curious-West Shore Railroads up and down ly wounded men were given, and one whose parallel tracks are uncounted. ceaseless, restless trains. Frankfort, of the narratives was by Gen. Carr. Thin, Mohawk and Herkimer are four It related to a soldier in the Second dots along the valley. If one could gain a glimpse around that curve to the right he would see Little Falls a piece of an exploded shell struck the bis pipe deep in the tub, intending to

would ordinarily have proved a fatal wound. He lay insensible among the dead for hours, nobody supposing that he was alive. Those who went to him found in

The Story of a Song.

One of the songs used by the min-

one hand a small portion of a letter from his wife. In this she spoke of a head ong, with a splash, into the soapy furlough which had been granted to He did not shout and cry,-he was

quiet and thought over the best means ing poor. She wrote affectionately of their wedlock, reminded him of a wilof getting out of the scrape. He consluded that he would blow a monster low tree under which they had done bubble, and see if it would not lift him some of their courtship, and told him rom his warm bath.

Pretty soon there arose on the sur-face of the water a handsome bubble neet him there. In the burry and confusion he was left lying with this and in two minutes the sides touched paper still in his grasp. Night fell upon the battle field with the rim of the tub. Tom was now in great glee, and he

the bodies of the slain were hastily shape of a big balloon, and he felt himburied in a trench. It was supposed self rising from the water. Placing his that our soldier was among them. But tongue at the end of the stem, so that the he was not. During the night he had air should not escape, Tom took several

long breaths preparatory to a final blow. At last he began to puff away revived and wandered away. Word was sent to his home that he was dead, again, and in a moment he was holding but as a matter of fact he wandered off to a distant hospital, remained there hand, while with the other he guided unidentified until his wounds healed. himself out of the window. and was discharged utterly without

He saw his mother look up at him as memory of the past. It happened that he sailed into space, and for a moment his heart sickenel, and he was filled he retained the merest scrap of his wife's letter, but without name or with regret; but as he saw rivers, place left on it. housetops, trees, the butcher and chil-dren, all fading and melting into one

This he retained, and with a vagu knowledge that it was from his wife. who was waiting for him somewhere, he tramped here and there over the

Away, upward and onward, went the pretty bubble and the silly child; nor country for four years. Then mere ch nee or a shadowy recollection of his home led him to the very spot been going on to this day, but from the where his wife had promised to meet fact that he struck a cloud with such him. It was the willow tree close to force that the bubble bounded about his old home, and there he actually like a rubber ball. It jarred him so much that he wished

found her. The shock of joy and rec himself in the back-yard of his house ognition nearly if not quite cured him playing with his cat "Pepper;" of his malady. Gen. Carr told the story after a while, he came to the edge of the cloud, and then up he shot like a very touchingly, and it made a pathetic impression upon his hearers. One rocket. of them was a rhymster, and turning Just as he was beginning to feel hap-

make verses out of that." "It should have music, too," Sherman suggested. "It would make a splendid song."

sorry feeling that he had not minded The rhymster promised to undertak his poor mamma, and he began to cry; the job, and to get a friend to compose an air, with the proviso that the three

Where the willow es a shade. that being suggested by the willow tree tryst of the anecdote. The music was composed by Ellis Brooks. Gen. Sheridan died before the verses were musically arranged. Gen. Carr underwent a severe surgical operation for his apartment, while he was recovering, that a half dozen friends, including Gen. Sherman, assembled to hear the song. The singer gave effective expression to the story of the trampveteran, and the "Observer's" account says it was a sight to see the two Genstrains of the war story which one of

in trying to wipe his eyes, he struck the bubble, which burst with a terri-

awaiting the advent of a McKinley bill. Not a few have recently announced a speedy reopening. One excursion takes us "over the bills to" Coccerstown, situated at the L region are the work of the work of the song with the title and hear it sung. The result was useless: she was miles the song with the title and hear it sung. The result was useless: she was miles the structures in Japan. below, and could not hear or even se -A traveler said recently that her flighty child. Of a sudden he won-Philadelphia has more people with dark dered why he was not falling to the hair and blue and gray eyes than any ground-his eyes now began to dry-so he looked below him, and to his deplace he ever visited. light discovered that his tears had been turned to bubbles, and that he was the removal of a cancer, and it was in his apartment, while he was recover. Tom had aged considerably within dian Rocky Mountain. an hour, and was now on the alert for anything new that might happen, so he began to study out the means of escape from his terrible condition. "Bubbles brought me up," said Tom. he never utters a whimper. sloud; "if there were no bubbles, says it was a sight to see the two Gen-would go down," so he commenced to erals listening raptly to the melodious burst the bubbles about him, one by one, and gradually began to descend to them had told. The minstrel vocalists the earth, and when he pricked the of the Haverly-Cleveland and other last bubble he should with all his

mother.

'Tom bounded hastily toward the

SERVANT.

by no means an uncommon one to those

familiar with life at mining camps in

THE best of all is, God is with us.

opinions of us, form our true honor.

OUR own neart, and not other men's

THE manufacture of the httle Swed-

ish matches which are sold everywhere

Scientific American, '

the second s

NO. 44.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Gen. Miles, the Indian fighter and pacificator, is an expert rider of the bloycle. Tom was usually a good boy; but

one Monday when his mother was -Don't carry our umbrella with utwashing, ie b thered her very much. ter di regard of the people behind you and was scouled several times for playor on either side. ing near the great suds tub and getting

> -To be well shod and better gloved are peculiarities of the French and American women.

-A plano should never be allowed to remain unopened for a period of several months or longer.

-A huge potato, weighing twenty-seven pounds, has been raised by a farmer at Bayou Sara, La.

-A mountain of coal in Wild Horse Valley, Wyoming, has been burning for more than thirty years.

-The man who makes loud claims good character ought to be careful and have it always with him.

- Don't fret. Fretting and fault-finding make more women thin and wrinkled than anything else in the world.

-When merely cating an ice or other slight refreshment between dances it is not necessary to take off your gloves.

-The first London directory was printed in 1667, and contained but 64 pages, with names of 1,790 persons and firms.

-The Arabian year is a lunar one, and in the course of thirty-two years each month runs through all of the Seasons.

-There are plenty of good fish always in the sea, but thousands of worthy inland people can never get to the seashore.

-The emperor of Germany, while entertaining much more freely than his grandfather did, has a keen eye to economy.

lakes,

but.

mass, he felt proud of himself and for-

got everything else.

-Cowper was over fifty when he published "John Gilpin" and "The Task," and Defoe 58 when he published "Robinson Crusoe,"

-Bills are now posted in Paris by did he care which way or how high he machinery, which is said to be an imsystem.

> -Lady Randolph Churchill is the only American woman who has been honored by the queen with the Order of the Crown of India.

-Maxims which seem truisms in their application to the conduct of others are apt to escape us altogether in their bearing on our own.

-'The Empress of Austria is as busy as py, a new trouble appeared, the sun was setting, and its golden rays re-flected so strongly on the bubble that it blinded him; added to this, came a

-Henry Cook, a Norwich (Conn.) tailor, has a beard seven feet two inches long though he is only five feet alx inches tall.

his jacket wet while making great moun tains of pretty water bubbles. a piece of an exploded shell struck the man on the head and gave to him what would ordinarily have proved a fatal would ordinarily have proved a fatal

A BUBBLE STORY.

BY FRANK T. ROBINSON.

adge of the tub to reach forward, but when he tried to raise the pipe and from his feet to the floor he "lost his frop his feet to the floor he "lost his head," as they say, through fear of a numble and the possibility of being dis-covered by his mother, and so he fell

ly door, and are dwellers in the valley for a time. The journey from south to north must all be retraversed. Hill him and which he was going to use and dale and field are still in resplend- for a visit to his home, his health be-

ent glory, every bush and briar and treelet doing its diminutive best to add to the enertainment of the season. Botanist, historian, geologist, agri culturist or romancer may find his eyes and ears and mind well occupied. The famous elms of Herkimer county on the day for his arrival she would

are a joy even to those accustomed to their presence. Belated daisies dot the wayside, or cherry buttercups smile as in spring and not infrequent-ly a modest dandelion sparkles in its grassy setting. Mr. Go'den Rod, and Miss Purple Astor take no pains to conceal their mutual admiration. he dead unburied. In the morning blew so hard that the bubble took the

When at Cooperstown, one may g to the eastern hill and follow the roa to Cherry Velley, the scene of that dark tragedy in Revolutionary days. In Southern Otsego County is a spot

memorable for the abduction of three brothers in 1773. Near Herkimer is the site of an old

fort, near which stand a colonial church and burying ground. Beyond Little Falls is the General Herkimer residence still intact, and more than one of the old time "manor" or "palatunate" domains once flourished in the

region of our tour. Hills sloping this way, hillocks rolling that way, a broken stony cliff here, a trickling spring there, little crater like grass completed hollows, and 1so

If all the stones in New York were picked up and carried off, if all the rock ways before us-hill, and field, and surface visible in field and highway stream with farm groups, as far as the were blasted out, the Empire State eye can reach. Cotton or woolen, or would suffer a nightly shrinkage in ur. or lumber mills now and then real estate. Go where one will, stones form the nucleus of a Hobletown or from tiniest pebbles to highest boulders to Gen. Sheridan said: "You ought to contest the soil with all crops and render woolen mills are in operation and their callous the noses of cattle and sheep Heaps in the field, stone houses an ing views, or the glitter of their lights stones walls seem to have taken none after dark, seen from a neighboring from the ground. Thousands of miles of hill, tell us we are "almost there." stope walls in Herkimer and Otsego Many of these mills have long lain idle counties add to the picturesque while awaiting the advent of a McKinley bill, serving the utilitarian. Some are

toot of Ostego Lake whence flows the turned his back on Liberian honor lordly Susquehanns, just here but a and returned to the haunts of his youth willow-arched brook. This village, where it was for years his pride to like many others in this vicinity is a build the straightest and m st solid summer resort. Hence it is always walls, and always to lay, without second eady for company, and an attractive trial, the right stone in the right place place. In a grove near the lake are the ruins of J. Fennimere Cooper's residence now little more than hollows in the ground. Hotels, clubs, and so- befall the industries of these counties, for under existing evils hops are or "The Cooper." Cooper's monu-ment stands to view not far from his or one can ride are patches of withered grave in the cemetery on the outskirts vines and stacks of poles that tell of crops well gathered. Hop kilns rear ing the lake. At the top of the same their ungainly flues under many a hil or around many a curve. Creaking toads piled up high with new made bales en route for shipping station are passed on every road. This has been a fat year for hop growers, one "yard" sego Lake, up the East side and d wn in Otsego County yielding a crop worth \$65,000. A new interest is added to Cooper' ovels by a tour through this region Its rolling hills, its far reaching valleys sparking lakes, with now and then shallow cave or lonely dell are th lake. One solitary farm house cheers same that he knew and loved and de the way for eight miles with forest be- scribed. "The Pioneers" and "Wyan dotte," though dated so early in the side forest. After crossing an old time history of our nation, are located here Indian trail, near the head of the lake abouts and furnish many proofs of thi we spy at a mile's distance a white loyalty to the real. Soothed by the clitter clutter, clitter mansion, imposing and spacions. It is Hyde Hall portrayed in an illustrated clatter of Prince's feet, and by the article on country homes in a recent chatty confidential creak cre-uk of the magazine, and recognized by us whiftletree one falls to musing on through the article. A little further the sights before him. Farm bouses come to take on a facial expression and wear a personality to the wayfarer like those of their indwellers. disappears down the private road lead-ing to the Hall, a very English idea, ments firm and tightly closed and we pass with a sigh for the darkened, stiffened soul within. Another is ragged and down at the heel as it were one shake of cayenne pepper and the stone hennery, stone swine house, and that one is hurried and worried and yolk of a raw egg. Stir well with a sil-ver fork and add four tablespoonfuls of counted wooden barns and shels, the neat and with its roomy, tidy barns the best clive oil, a drop a ta time until the egg thickens so that it can be taken up in a ball on the end of the fork, then thin it with a little lemon juice and add oil and lemon alternately until all the eigender of a helf a lemon add oil and lemon alternately until all make inquiry we learn that this place as to what has been the comedy the oil and the juice of a half a lemon and yonder Hall are part of the Geo. humdrum, the tragedy or romance The loud tongued crow reviews the Cooperstown, and embracing equal ter-ritory in neighboring counties. At spoils the finest field, the dainty squirre the top of the hill at the Northern end trips along the wall and we note it all suet, one cup of bread crumbs, two of the lake we pass another inhabited with eager eve and rested nerve. We tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs, one house perched where bitter winds and pass, on the outskirts of a village, is county fair in full force and take peep at the flying races. We cross railroad track heeding the warning "Look out for the cars." We notice meg and sugar. Beat the eggs very light and add the milk, pour over the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Butter a pudding-pan or a small kettle the the sector of the clarke estate. A little further on we pass a lonely road lead ing to the ancient haunts of a gang of though fashioned of solid stone in whose dripping face we read in carving to an inglorious end, and whose chief plain, "Property of Henry Bergh," or "A merciful man is merciful to his thing" his mind "mere oblivion." At-ter dinner we are on the West side of yon straggling fence" we pass a "temple of learning" for the rustic youth. stop at a wayside inn and our dinner is sauced with keenest hunger. The menu served by mine hostess herself is fish, fresh from the blue lake across the way; chicken, whose last crow Our road lies along the duty on this rare day is to se ct . 1 ar- greeted this morning's sun; milk, from ast blue of sky and brightest white of the meek-eyed Jersey cow browsing clouds above in shimmering, starkling in yonder field; pickles and sauces made from the products of the garden lake is a broad phylactory of rarest now withering under the window; dyes and dainciest weaving. Green and parest waffles drowned in pure clover crimson and scarlet and yellow and honey or apple pie whose interior but lately left-the parent stew.

the right he would see Little Falls sprinkled over the rockiest, narrowest part of the whole valley, and claiming first rank in the United States as a cheese market. A peep over the hill in the distant left won'd reveal "pent up Utica," pent only by her everlasting, encircling hills. When the down grade

is all made we seek shelter at a friend-

too much scared for that,-but kept

"Guess so. Afraid?" Git in my wagon.

"I live three miles out."

Almost before I knew it I found myself comfortably ensconced in his old farmer wagon, and on my way to Hartley Four Corners.

'For there is where I live. My father lived there before me. I myself born's." have been there some thirty odd years. "I ha Quite a while, I allow, but average-to -do farmers usually take root, so to my, I guess may be I have. Love the

sountry, young man?" Up to this moment he seemed mainly

to be addressing himself, and thus left alone, I had failen into a partial fit of abstraction. It was a matter of small concern to myself what my probable fu ture would be. My parents were dead. It may have been said, and not unfairly, that I was friendless and along in the world. What if happy chance should so decree it that this rough iamond should prove my good Samari tan?

"Do you love the country?" posite. However, we were rapidly nearing the Corners. But I was des-"Your pardon. 1 had in my review forgotten your question. Yes, I am a great lover of all agricultural pursuits. The rural districts are my decided preference."

"Know anything about farming and he cast a queer glance upon me, one that seemed inquisitive, and one the train steamed in." that partook of what I might possibly

"Something of farming, yes." - "Can you prepare the ground for seed?" and he seemed to be talking to the horse as much as to me, but as that animal made no reply, I said: "Yes, Mr. Dearborn.

"Plant potatoes?" Dig potatoes! Eat potatoes?"

I made an affirmative reply.

"Know horses? Understand cattle Can milk? Do chores? Break colts?' and his singular interrogations were frequently interspersed by loud "hud ups," the old mare never varying from her dogtrot gait, and paying little heed to the mouth emphasis and the unintermittent admonitions of the stub whip

"Sir, or rather, Mr. Dearborn, protest. You require me to know the entire paraphernaiis of farming. Your experience alone would suffice for such questions."

"However, 1'll try you, If you don't do I can turn you off. How'll that suit?"

He was certainly very abrupt, but ] replied that it was immaterial to me if id not give satisfaction. Yes I told him I should certainly try. And try I did. I found the old fellow in possesskill. sion of quite a large farm, many and many a good broad acre, many and many a trovelad hill, a mountain away to the north, one very large brook which came toaring down through the bobbing ferns, swaying watercresses, and eventually losing itself across an other man's meadow. At a glance could see that if the old fellow owned these broadfields he was really at no great disparity with the world, in fact hed got quite beyond the rains and storms of life in a commercial sense, and it might not be a bad policy to ingratiate myself into his particular

"How d' lite?" he inquired, after had passed a few days in his employ, as we sat about the kitchen stove, for the shows were still in the lap of spring, and a young mapling fire was not an encomfortable acquisition to the LOUBS.

"Well indent "

We had been keeping bachelor's hall for the few duys since my arrival, as the expected housekeeper had not as yet strived. Finally, one morning, quite early, he said:

"You are a rool horseman. Take the old mare. Drive her down to the town. Fetch home the lady and the daughter who will arrive on the train

woman know as much? But I kept my peace, till finally my young lady friend said: "Are you the hired man, Mr. Whar-

ton?" "Yes, if you please, at Mr. Dear

"I hadn't heard. You must have engaged yourself to him lately, without being too inquisitive." "Fewer than ten days."

"Like?" "Very much." "I'm glad. The other fellow proved

a scamp, if I may be so bold or coarse, and-well, he was discharged.

Again I was surprised. The elderly woman sat in almost stolid calm, her of a or o, and instead of saying "I fell into a hole," or "What do you say," he eyes flying to every object as she were in pastures new; while the young miss scarcely noticed anything along the says 'I fell in a howl" and "What d' VOU SI?" Whittie's full name is Whitney Beat

beautiful turnpike, as if she were a tie, and he is the little son of the Comthousand times familiar with the place. missioner of Street Cleaning.

Women always puzzle me, but here was a leader. Both were directly op-

tined to a still further surprise. "Mr. Wharton, let me drive," said the little minx at my side. "Dangerous, madam. She came

near sitting on the dashboard when green parts are a desirable addition to soup. should be used for a salad, and it "Phew! But she was was from

colt up frightened at the cars. And to serve. Cut the stalks in small who could wonder, since they are enough to give one the shivers when pieces, pour the mayonnaise over them and garnish with the white leaves. they storm into a depot." "From a colt up?" I echoed to my

self. "Yum, yum! What could she possibly know about the training career of old Mr. Dearborn's mare Bess The ideal The eighteen-year-old daughter of a village washerwoman going inter or a village washerwoman going in-to the biography of a strange horse! Probably a headstrong gi. At any rate my heart was wax in her hands. Quite a beginning! Secured a good position as chief servant of the great Dearborn farm, and now, right in the midst of it, I had tumbled heels over head in love with a village washerwoman's daughter, headstrong daughter! It was something I could not fathom. ute or it will get too thin.

"You may have the lines, madam. FIG PUDDING. But, believe me she is a mettlesome Half a pound of figs, half a cup of

steed. You may endanger our necks." "Guess not. I helped to break her when she was a colt." "What beantiful scenery!" remarked

the housekeeper, Mrs. DeVoid, "But-" I started. "Stale, stale," interjected the horse

woman, reining the steed with marked Well, we arrived home at last, or

rather at the farm. Mr. Dearborn welcomed the madam, the "new help," and turning to me he said: four hours.

"My daughter, Mr. Wharton," referring to the young miss who had driven the horse." I echoed, recognizing Miss Dearborn with a confused

"Yes. Sent her after a helpmate. Smart young miss. She'll give you rank and adventuresses, meet side by orders about the house. Her mother side at the gambling tables; the sad-

both. This seemed a little old to me. I put on a brave face, however, resolved in public affairs both here and in to make the best of the situation, and Mexico, including, it is said, President

but I do so like to be agreeable and not inthe source, out are said to be ready to put into the scheme and all the necessary grants of land, etc., have been already arranged with Mexico.

Richfield we go "and rattle our bones over the stones," into the Mohawk Valley which gradually comes to view like a mammoth picture, at first a blu-

troups are appealing to audiences, especially to war veterans, with the song thus singularly provided.

Things A Boy Should Learn.

pounding it with all his might and To close the door quietly, especially when there is a sick person or people screaming, "Mother, mother, I've come home. whose nerves are sensitive in the house "Yes, yes, my dear boy," said his other. "You have been dreaming, To treat the girls so well that they mother. vish he was their brother. Tommy; turn over on your side; there's To lift the baby out of the cradle kiss for you." and hold it for half an hour. Tom gave a sigh, murmured some-

To keeps his finger nails from wear thing about "mince pie," and "glad it sin't true," then went to sleep again. ing mourning. To put every garment in its prope

place. To remove his hat upon entering the

house. To speak pleasantly to an old

To help the boy smaller than him

self. To read aloud when requested To wipe his boots on the mat. To button his mother's boots. To help his mother or sister. To respect his teacher. To hold his head erect. To hang up his hat. To sew on a button. To sing if he can. To cut kindlings. To do an errand. To be puctual. To make a fire. To be honest. To be neat To carve. To swim. To run.

#### Golden Rules.

The ophthalmic surgeon of an Engdiminutive equines, which would generally be classed as donkeys at the lish hospital has prepared for the local school board a series of golden predian ponies at the West, have borne cepts on this important subject which, legibly printed on a mounted scroll, are to be hung up in all the board plains. school-rooms. Seven cardinal maxims

are; "sit upright: sit square; keep your eyes at least twelve inches from your work; write on a slope and not on a flat table; read with your book well up; do not read very small print; do not work in a bad light; and if you cannot see your work properly tell your teacher." As there is nothing like pictorial example, this is illusso cheaply forms one of the great in-

JAPANESE women are said to be the sion may achieve quite a reputation, but a minister who is buffoon loses the not care a mite about woman's rights; they don't long to be men, and they don't go in for "higher education." high honor of the sanctuary and fails to gain even the poor applause of a But, poor things! they are no more than the goods and chattels of the household to their husbands, who may circus,

Let everyone be himself-but his best livorce them on the smallest pretext self, not his worst self. There are two A Japanese woman must be submissive selves in every self. Bring out in'o dominance the angel and subordinate first to the father, then to her husband, and when a widow, to her eldest son. Her lot is not a happy one,

-Petroleum, which actually flows unaided through the rocks, has been discovered at Crow's Nest in the Cana

-The way to tell a well-bred dog aocording to a canine fancier, is to grasp him by the back of the neck and hold him up. If a cur, he yelps; if well-bred,

-The actual expenditure of the British government in 1889 was £88 -683,830, or, if we consider \$5 to be equivalent to £1, \$443,419,150.

-To take rust out of steel rub it might for joy, and cried lustily for his over with salad oil and in forty-eight hours rub with unslaked lime, finely powdered, until the rust disappears.

back-door of his house; but finding it locked' commenced knocking and -If paint has been scattered on window panes wet the spots with water and rub thoroughly with a new silver dollar, or they may be washed with sharp vinegar.

> -Carrier pigeons are being trained at Portsmouth, England, for carrying messages from ships at sea to the shore. During some trials they successfully crossed the channel during a fog.

-The artificial incubation of eggs originated in Egypt, where it is still carried on. According to a consular report no fewer than 75,000,000 eggs A FAITHFUL AND TIRELESS are hatched in this way every year the banks of the Nile. The patient, tireless, hardy beast of

-Robert T. Barker, of New Bedford burden forming the subject of our illustration has borne an extremely im-Mass., read the Bible through for the first time in 1808. Since that date he portant if not always duly credited has read it ninety-nine times. It usually portion of the labor of opening up our new western country, both on the takes him two months to read it from great plains and in the mountain beginning to end.

regions. In the illustrated description of the building of the Pike's Peak rail--A man fishing at Jersey, England, was caught by the rising tide, and a boat had to be put out to rescue him. oad, in the our issue of Jan-uary 24, it was stated that "provisthe next day the magistrate sentenced ions, tools, and camping outfits were transported by trail to various camps trouble he had caused." him to eight days' hard labor "for the

along the line on the backs of mules and burros," but, in addition to this general credit, we now present a view, from a photograph, of one of the animals so employed. Odd as the view must seem to most of our readers, it is -The census reports show an average value of cows in the United States of \$21 62, or lifty-two cents each less than ten years ago. There must be some some cheap cows somewhere. Horses average \$1.84 less in value than in 1880.

the monfitains and in many other -Nine hundred tons of green peas places distant from the railroad lines. And, with variations in the character were delivered in London by the Great Eastern Railway Company on a recent Saturday. This large quan-tity so depressed the prices in the of the burdens, these same sturdy, market that most of them are said to East, or as bronchos, burros, or Inhave been sold at a loss.

-A curious fact in the early history of a large part of the labor attendant pins is that when they were first sold in upon the advancing settlement of the 'open shop" there was such gaeat a demand for them that a code was passed Our engraving was made from permitting their sale only on two days photograph sent to us by Mr. John Potter, of Colorado Spring, Col.in the year-the 1st and 2d of Januагу.

> -An army of locusts ten miles wide recently swept over the Punjab In India. It occupied five days in passing. Not much harm was done to crops, however, since they were so far advanced that they could be harvested before the locusts reached them.

dustries of Sweden. Some idea of the -The lion is eaten by some African extent to which these matches are sent races and the hippopotamus by others, abroad may be inferred from the fact The Zulus find carrien so much to their races and the hippopotamus by others. that 6,404 tons were exported during liking that they apply to it the word the first six months of this year. "uborni," signifying great happiness. "uborni," signifying great happiness. The aboriginal Australians and Hottenmost feminine of all women. They do | ots prefer the intestines of animals.

-Probably the finest and costlicat college 1 brary building will be the one which has been built for the University of Leipsic. Nearly \$1,000,000 were expended on it. The library of the University consists of 540,000 volumes. A NEW car of the Michigan Central Railroad does the work of 300 men m scraping the dirt dumped on the sides of the track to the edge of the fill,

are all that are considered needful for the scholars to bear in mind. These trated by four drawings exhibiting good and bad positions.

A clown who is smart in his profe-

Imitation are always adulterations.