

## Unhappiness.

Two little brown birds perched in a tree,  
And one was blithe as a bird could be;  
He crooned and fluttered with sheer delight,  
Planning himself in the sunshine bright.  
"Oh, sweetheart mine," he chirped at last,  
"What a beautiful day!" "It's not yet passed,"  
Said the other bird, with a hunch, "Oh, no!  
There's a cloud out there; 'twill rain or blow.  
Dear me what a world of misery!"  
Grumbled one brown bird in the tree.

"But rain doesn't last forever; this tree  
Is thick with leaves as the tree can be,  
So if it should storm, we're safe," "Suppose  
The tree blows down with us in't, who  
knows?"

"Come, cheer up, dearest, the summer's here,  
We shall be cared for, never fear."  
"But winter will come, and may be well  
frozen."

Ere we get away, say what you please  
Dear me, 't is a world of misery!"  
Fretted one brown bird in the tree.

"Each day brings one enough of care;  
Pray, why try to-morrow's to be?"  
Let's drink to the meadows and feast at will;  
We can drink at yonder crystal rill  
That gleams like silver." "I've often heard  
That water as bright drowned many a bird,  
What a world this is of misery!"  
Grumbled one brown bird in the tree.

—Boston Transcript.

## AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

"I once passed a half-hour in Jesse James' company," said a St. Louisan to a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, "when I could have killed him as easily as drawing a breath, but somehow I was not looking for such fame as would have accrued from the deed."

"It was in Missouri about three years before the noted desperado met his death at Bob Ford's hands, and I was visiting a relative who had a farm in the southern part of the State. We had had dinner, and were seated around the fire, the men smoking and my cousin and her daughters sewing or reading, when there rode up to the gate a large, well-built man of a grim, determined sort of appearance, with a low, black felt hat drawn rather down on his brow. His eyes were as keen and as quick as an animal's, seeming to take in the smallest item about the house and its occupants. He walked up on the porch, and, without stopping to knock or to indulge in any ceremony whatever, came directly into the room. We rose at once and my cousin's husband looked in surprise at the intruder.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" he asked, preparing to resent the action.

"I want some dinner," replied the man.

"But we have had dinner," struck in the ladies.

"I cannot help that, I must have some," returned the stranger, and we noticed that he wore a leathern belt that held half a dozen pistols. Again my cousin said that we had finished the meal, and that she had nothing to give the visitor.

"But, madam, I must have some, I tell you. It is a matter of necessity with me."

"Who are you?" asked the owner of the place. The man turned and faced us very deliberately.

"Sir, I am Jesse James. And I tell you that I have had nothing to eat for 24 hours. Please get me something at once."

"The women rose promptly—very—and repaired to the kitchen while we sat struck as dumb as if we had been informed that his Satanic Majesty had honored us with a call. James then calmly walked across the room and, taking a chair, turned it down before the fire after the manner of one making a rough-and-ready pillow, then addressing us he said quietly:

"I am very much fatigued, having ridden 50 miles since dawn, and I must have some sleep before dinner is ready. Now, you two men sit there until I get up again. Don't move if you value your lives. I should very much hate to make a disturbance here, but I must be certain that you keep your seats till I give you leave to rise."

"He then removed his revolver, from his belt, and putting them down beside him lay down with the inverted chair under his head, and seemed to or did compose himself to sleep as quietly as if he were a tired infant. But we had no temptation to get up, for who could say but that as we made the move those black eyes would fly open and those sinewy hands clutch those formidable pistols, the muzzle of each of which seemed an attentive eye fixed upon us, when my cousin's nicely carpeted floor would have that upon it she had hardly cared to see. No, we sat there as still as statues, watching the outlaw sleep.

"He actually seemed to snore, but we were not to be taken in that way. A fly settled on M's nose, but he let it roost. He was not even raising a hand to induce it to extend its travels. I wanted to sneeze but I choked and gagged it down and didn't, though I nearly swallowed my own throat. At last, after we had begun

to feel that we had never in all our lives done anything but sit there watching Jesse James alumber the door opened and my cousin came in to announce that the bandit's dinner was ready, and as her hand touched the door-knob James was on his feet, his quick eyes as wide-awake as if sleep was a stranger to them.

"He walked out, at the meal with those same pistols lying beside his plate, then, rising, handed my cousin \$5. She shook her head and said that, as the house was not a hostelry, she could not accept money for a meal.

"Nor, madam, can I accept the meal nor your service without paying for it."

"And with the air of a prince the robber laid the bill on the table, and bowing to us all left the room and house. He was joined at the gate by two men dressed in his style and whom we rightly concluded were of his band. They rode off, the two men in front of Jesse, obeying his invariable rule to allow no man, not even his most trusted, to ride behind him or at his side. He had been gone for something over an hour when the sheriff and a posse of 50 men rode up to the house and inquired if we had seen a man answering the description of James, though no names were mentioned.

"Oh, you mean Jesse James," said my cousin. "He ate dinner here and took a nap."

"The officer looked incredulous and said: 'I think you must mistake, Mrs. M.' James would not for his life have slept off guard like this."

"But he told me his name was James," persisted the lady, "and he most certainly slept here for three-quarters of an hour right in the presence of the gentlemen."

"The officer and his men gazed at us for a few moments and then, taking in the fact that we had spoken only the truth, the former said:

"Good gracious gentlemen, how could you have missed such a chance? Had either of you killed him as he slept a reward of \$20,000 would have been yours."

"I looked at M—and he looked back at me, and each read in letters a foot high on the other's countenance: 'I wouldn't have made a move toward Jesse James, even asleep, for 10,000 times \$20,000. No, street Bob!'"

### An Indian's Early Hardships.

One of the earliest recollections of my adventurous childhood, says Dr. Eastman, the educated Sioux Indian, in St. Nicholas, is the ride I had on a pony's side. It seems strange to think of riding in this manner; nevertheless, the Indian mode of life made it possible. I was passive in the whole matter. A little girl cousin of mine was put in a bag and suspended from the horn of an Indian saddle; but her weight must be balanced, and the saddle would not remain on the animal's back. Therefore, I also was put into a sack, and made to keep both the saddle and the girl in their proper position! I scarcely objected to the manner of the ride, for I had a very pleasant game of peek-a-boo with the little girl, until we came to a big snow drift, where the poor beast was stuck fast and began to lie down. Then it was not so nice!

This was the convenient and primitive way in which some mothers packed their children for winter journeys. However cold the weather might be, the inmate of the fur-lined sack was usually very comfortable—at least I used to think so. I believe I was treated to all the precarious Indian conveyances, and, as a boy, I enjoyed the dog-travols as much as any. These travols consisted of a set of rawhide strips securely lashed to the tent-poles, which were harnessed to the sides of the animal as if he stood between shafts, while the free ends were allowed to drag on the ground. Both ponies and a large kind of dogs were used as beasts of burden, and they carried in this way the smaller children as well as the baggage.

This mode of traveling for children was possible only during the summer; and as the dogs were sometimes unreliable, the little ones were exposed to a certain amount of danger. For instance, whenever a train of dogs had been traveling for a long time, almost perishing with the heat and their heavy loads, a glimpse of water would cause them to forget everything else for it. Some of them, in spite of the screams of the women, would swim with their burdens into the cooling stream, and I was thus not infrequently compelled to partake of an unwilling bath.

### No Deception.

She: You told me at the seaside that you were in business for yourself, and I find you a clerk in a store.

He: I was in business for myself last summer. I peddled suspenders.

## Saved From a Saw-Fish.

"Did you ever notice the peculiarity of a saw-fish's weapons," asked Naturalist Woodman, "or see him strike his prey? No? Well, it is very interesting."

"It came my way once to save a lad's life from a sawfish, and in doing that I got an insight into the latter's modus operandi which was very valuable to me."

"It was down in Texas, on the Gulf, where, you probably know, the sawfish is plentiful. You observed, did you not, that the teeth of the saw rake backward, and the point of it is very dull, so dull, indeed, that if the fish ran at his prey, so to speak, like his cousin, the swordfish, he would do him little or no harm."

"Well, the tide was out, it has a rise and fall of not more than two feet there, and it left a number of shallow pools about four or five feet deep."

"Into one of these pools jumped the youngster in Nature's bathing suit, while I wandered along the margin of the pool, stick in hand. I use the word stick advisedly, for it was a young tree of a variety rather rare, which I had dug up, in order to make a cane of it. The wood has a high value for this purpose, owing to its hardness."

"Suddenly I perceived a saw-fish lying by the edge of the pool, and evidently in a state of excitement."

Was he meditating an attack on the lad, I wondered, and if so, could I head him off? He was, indeed, and before I could make the little chap understand his danger, the rascal was after him. My only chance was to intercept him, which I tried to do by plunging the heavy sapling down ahead of him.

"Whether he regarded it as his legitimate prey, a morsel more delectable than boy, or whether he took it for an enemy, I don't know. But he made directly for it and past it, the teeth of his saw rattling against the wood till it was nearly torn from my hand."

"When I looked at it I found that it had been sawn half through at least. I have it yet, as well as the nice testimonial I received from the boy's father. Small chance would the little chap's legs or arms have had in an encounter with that sort of weapon."—New York News.

### Bank of France Notes.

The life of a Bank of France note is about two years, it being issued so long as it is usable. In the matter of destroying their notes set apart for cancellation a new departure has been made by the Bank of France. The practice is to have twenty cancellations of notes each year at uncertain times and as the needs of the service determine.

A hole is punched in each of the notes, which are also stamped as follows: "Canceled"—by the branch at—or the head office of the Bank of France." The notes are then marked off in the registers of banknotes issued according to their number, and descriptions. A committee of the bank directors are present at their destruction. The canceled notes are no longer burned, but are now reduced into pulp by means of chemical agents.

Each destruction of notes average about 600,000 of all kinds, and about 12,000,000 notes are annually destroyed. The Bank of France has little trouble of late with forgeries. The greatest forger it ever had was reported to Cayenne, and in attempting to escape got stuck in a swamp and was eaten to death by crabs.—[Chambers' Journal.]

### An Accumulated Dividend.

The late lamented Samuel W. Van Culin of Philadelphia was fond of relating the following incident of his boyhood experience:

His mother placed him with a family of friends on a farm in Delaware. At dinner, the day after his arrival, he declined turnips, whereupon the good lady of the household, thinking that he was anticipating the dessert, said, with a nod towards the centre of the table:

"If thee doesn't eat turnips thee can't have pie."

But Samuel's aversion was genuine, and he held out from day to day till, on the seventh day, the just woman said, "Samuel, I see thee can't eat turnips; here is thy pie," as she took from the cupboard the seven pieces of pie he had forfeited during the week.—[Harper's Bazar.]

### He Heard Pa Tell Ma.

"Your hair isn't wet," said little Tommy to Mr. Flyer, who was calling.

"No, of course not. What made you think my hair was wet?" he asked, very much surprised.

"I heard pa tell ma that you couldn't keep your head above water."—London Tid-Bits.

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

### SHYING AT PAPER.

The habit of shying at a bit of paper blowing about, or at hearing it rustle, is almost one of the worst that a horse can have, as such scattered paper is to be found on city streets and country lanes alike, and few places are exempt from them.

Bicycles and electric cars are so common now that no horse shies from them, but the little piece of paper blown out of the edgerow, and seen by the horse before it is seen by the driver, is responsible for many an upset or runaway. Every one who is training a colt should train him to know that blowing paper is harmless. It is not a difficult matter to train a colt to become used to the sight and sound of paper. Like every other kind of training it requires gentleness and firmness combined.—[New York World.]

### WOOD ASHES VERSUS BARNYARD MANURE.

"That wood ashes are of much value to the grower of plants and trees has long been known, and only that it has been difficult to get large supplies at reasonable rates, it would have been much more used than it has been," writes an experienced gardener to the Southern Agriculturist.

"At the present time there is more call for it than usual, owing to its being used to a large extent by florists. For fruit it is as good a thing as can be applied. Its application to the fruit trees tends to establish healthy foliage to a remarkable degree."

"There is not a rank growth resulting, such as barnyard manure creates, but a sturdy one, with plenty of healthy foliage. In green houses the same effects are observed. The plants treated do not run to weed to the disadvantage of flowers, but make a growth whose appearances of leaf and stem indicate the highest type of healthy vigor."

"The youngest boy on a farm knows that the biggest of the big plants is sure to grow where last year's bonfire was made. The application of wood ashes to grass on lawns is shown to have done good. The vivid green of the herbage and strong growth tell the story of its value."

### WINTER CUTTINGS.

In the winter time cuttings from shrubs and small fruits should be made for early spring planting. In this way trees and shrubs can be greatly increased in numbers, and new, large orchards can be given an early start without any expense other than the labor required to make the cuttings and plant them.

The various methods adopted by florists to increase the number of their shrubs and trees are all simple, such as the soft-wood cuttings in the greenhouse in the winter and layering in the summer. But the hardwood propagation in fall or spring is the method that should be considered at this time of the year. If the cuttings are to be planted out in the spring they may be made any time this winter. Where winters are severe the planting should never take place until spring, but where the weather is not very cold it does not matter much whether the plantings are made in the fall, winter or spring. The cuttings that are gathered in the winter should be tied in loose bundles, and be set in damp sand in a frost-proof cellar where they will keep until needed in the spring. As soon as the soil dries out in the spring they should be planted.

The young shoots of last season should be selected for these cuttings, and they should be cloth from the main bushes so that they will be about one foot long. These are nearly all buried in the spring in deep, rich soil, leaving only four inches of the tips above the ground. The soil must be trampled down firmly around them. They will begin to start almost immediately, and a young orchard of trees or shrubs will soon prove a great blessing. Not only fruit-bearing trees will succeed in this way, but nearly all shade trees. It is probably the easiest way of starting young trees that can be devised.

Quince orchards should be started every few years if a good crop is expected annually, and there is no easier, quicker and surer way than selecting the cuttings in the winter months, when there is plenty of time, and then starting out early in the spring. Meanwhile, the land on which they have been started can be planted the same as usual for a season or two afterward.—[American Cultivator.]

### THE PURITY OF SEEDS.

The purity of seeds, especially of the very small grass seeds, is a matter of great importance to farmers. And as the time is near at hand for purchas-

ing the supply for spring use, some thought should be given to this subject. A good deal of study has been given to the examination of seeds by the German experiment stations, the result of which has been published in the reports. The amount of impurity discovered is amazing. Professor F. Nobbe of the Saxony station reports that of grass seeds, the botanical examination showed that only thirty per cent. of the samples corresponded with what the labels on the packages called for.

It is a common experience among farmers that the results of the grass seedings do not come nearly up to expectations, and the disappointments are such as to lead farmers directly away from their actual causes. The want of fertility of the soil is generally supposed to account sufficiently for the failures, but in so many cases there are failures under the very best management that something else seems to be responsible for the defects in the growth of the grass, clover included, but not to the same extent. Not one farmer in ten thousand makes any effective examination of the seeds he purchases, but sows them without question or suspicion. The bare patches and the frequent weeds in time tell the story, but it is told to unappreciative ears or eyes. Some other cause is accepted without any inquiry, and so the thing continues year after year.

A very simple method of examination is described in the report referred to. It consists of a double tube of tin, one sliding within the other, each having openings corresponding with each other in the two tubes. The inner tube turns by a handle, and as the tube is pushed to the bottom of a bag of seed, the inner one is turned until the holes in it correspond with those in the outer. Then the different divisions in the inner tube are filled with seed from the different parts of the bag, and by turning the handle the openings are closed and the samples are drawn out. By laying the tube on a table and opening the holes the seeds are turned out in separate heaps, ready for examination by the magnifying glass. If it is not desired to get separate samples, the tube may be open through its whole length. For grains, the tube is provided with larger holes, and should be an inch in diameter or more.—[New York Times.]

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Roots are a cheap winter feed for swine.

Middlings is one of the best single foods for hogs.

If you wish to succeed as a breeder never sell your best fillies. Keep them for brood mares.

There is money in fruit if the grower will bend his energies to produce a first class quality.

An excellent way to make a more valuable farm is the establishment of a good and thrifty orchard.

For butter breed a cow from stock noted for butter production. For milk breed from a stock noted for much milk giving.

Don't allow the strong, robust weanings to rob the weaker ones. They are pretty sure to do so when allowed to run together.

In his experiments Sir J. B. Lawes found that the pig utilized a far greater per cent. of its food than either the ox or the sheep.

Always let your horse face the object of his fear; and, when frightened, remember, the more slowly you move him the more control you have over him.

Trees may now be transplanted until the buds have swollen and started to grow in the spring. So long as the life of the tree is dormant, transplanting can be done with impunity.

In pruning, all saw cuts should be made just so close to the trunk or to a side branch as to leave no dead projection, but not so close as to cause a stoppage of the ascending sap through drying of the wood laid bare by the cut.

By a thorough system the profit from an orchard can be doubled. Of course, this means a good deal of additional care and attention, and the only question to be considered is whether or not the increased revenue will pay for the extra trouble. In most cases it generally does. Why should it not in yours?

In order to be wholly successful a farmer should make his plans a long time in advance of the day when they must be put into operation. The best way is to mature a plan of operations that will require some years for fully carrying out. This brings better results than the changeable way that some have of trying one way this year and another the next.

## KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

### LOST SPEECH RESTORED.

A WOMAN WHO HAD NOT SPOKE FOR YEARS REGAINS HER VOICE WHILE PRAYING.  
WILLIAMSPORT.—A remarkable recovery of the speech occurred here last Saturday night. Mrs. J. D. Pysar, as a result of grip lost her voice completely three years ago last September, and she was unable to speak above a whisper. A revival has been in progress in the Methodist church near Mrs. Pysar's home and she has been a constant attendant. Friday night she joined the penitents and while at the penitents' seat Saturday night suddenly regained her voice and was upon her feet singing a moment later. She has been congratulated by scores of her friends.

### BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The state board of agriculture and farmers' institute convened at Harrisburg, Gov. Pattison presiding. The morning session was devoted to routine business and the reading of reports of officers. Secretary Edge's report showed the expenditures for the past year were \$10,992.77, leaving a balance of \$3,407.23 of the annual appropriation. Officers were elected as follows: Vice Presidents, N. B. Critchfield, Dr. J. P. Edge, James McCracken; executive committee, Gov. Pattison, ex-officio, Thomas J. Edge, secretary, ex-officio, Calvin Cooper, G. Heister B. B. McClure, W. C. Sloan, George Hopwood, John McDowell, Joel A. Herr. In the evening the members of the board were tendered a reception at the executive mansion by Gov. and Mrs. Pattison.

### A COUNTY SHORTAGE.

ALTOONA.—The treasury of Blair county is on the verge of bankruptcy. Through an issue of bonds \$5,000 has been borrowed to meet immediate current expenses. There are unpaid accounts for taxes aggregating more than \$100,000 and collectors claim it is impossible to make collections. It is believed the county will be compelled to issue more bonds to meet pressing liabilities.

### FOR DAIRY INSPECTION.

HARRISBURG.—The state board of health has issued a pamphlet on the subject of dairy hygiene for general distribution. It recommends that herds be inspected by competent veterinarians at intervals of two or three months in order that dairy products may be of the highest excellence and that all premises, utensils and methods should be regularly inspected.

### CLARION COUNTY IS WET.

CLARION.—The Judge has handed down decisions in the license court and every license asked for is granted. The only contest was made by the borough of Rimersburg, but the "wets" won.

A DEED of assignment of George H. Ruth & Co., china dealers, to Sydney Kenney was filed at Philadelphia. The firm consisted of George H. Ruth and Edward P. Albrecht. It did a large business, but the general depression forced an assignment. The liabilities are estimated at \$30,000.

CONSOLIDATION of the Boroughs of Mansfield and Chartiers, to make a city of from 10,000 to 12,000 will on February 20 be submitted to a vote of the people. There is very little opposition to the movement and doubtless it will carry. The consolidated town will be christened "Carnegie."

ADJUTANT GENERAL GREENLAND has issued a general order to the National Guard of Pennsylvania fixing February, March and April for the usual spring inspections, with special reference to the armories and State properties by the brigade inspectors.

An interesting public road reform convention was held at Uniontown Saturday and an organization formed to push legislation in the direction of better roads. The sentiment of the convention favored permanent road building and State aid.

At Shamokin Miss Mary Purcell swallowed a needle. She had put it in her mouth while sewing. Her recovery is doubtful, the needle having caused severe hemorrhages, which the doctors have been unable to stop.

At New Castle, while digging parsnips in his garden James Walters came across one of startling dimensions. It was with difficulty removed and measured 10 inches in diameter at the top and two feet two inches in length.

In a riot of Hungarians near Brownsville, Monday night several of the participants were injured and an unknown man stabbed in the back.

The medal at the Carlisle Indian school oratorical contest was awarded to Edward Schanadore, an Oneida.

FRANK BARRACK a well known contractor, was found dead in bed at Huntingdon. He died of apoplexy.

WILLIAM KLINE of near Lisbon was killed by being caught by the fall of a tree he was cutting down.

PETER PALENA, a miner, was killed on the Panhandle Railroad near McDonald.

IRWIN LEISER, aged 14 years, of Allentown accidentally shot himself fatally.

THE CROW as a Scavenger a Fraud.

A curious result of the religious riots in Bombay has been the exposure of the hollowness of the plea that has been put forth for the crow as a scavenger. Lazy governments in the East have been wont to excuse their sanitary shortcomings on the ground that "the crow, the pariah dog, and the kite" may be relied upon to clear away the offal in the streets, but the smells of Constantinople and Smyrna have not been observed to be much the less because the dogs eat of the offal thrown from the houses, nor has Jerusalem or Cairo been found to be any sweeter from the presence of the mongrels who destroy the repose of visitors.

In like manner the Bombay crow has failed to justify his ancient reputation. During the Bombay riots, when the operations of the city scavengers were brought to a standstill, dead varmin and offal accumulated in extraordinary quantities in the bazaars and slums of the native quarters, till the city became a "paradise for the crows;" but the Bombay crows entirely neglected this opportunity, and thus have come to be denounced as "sham sanitarians."—London Daily Telegraph.

JUDGE.—"You are clearly guilty, prisoner. Ten dollars or ten days." PRISONER.—"I'll take the ten days. It's the softest snap I've had yet. A dollar a day is big awin' for me."