

A Heart's Song.
A raindrop fell from the leaden sky
And a gray bird sang when the day was night.
The crystal drop was lost in the rain—
By an arrow's thrust the bird was slain.

A tear fell from a heart's overflow,
And a maiden's song was sad and low;
For the one she deemed so true and strong
Proved false to singer, and to song.

—[ALBERT HARDY IN GOSLEY'S.]

WAS IT A RUSE?

BY S. A. WEISS.

Alice Wren was a very pretty little woman—a widow of thirty or thereabouts—with soft, appealing brown eyes and a dimple in each cheek, and the more Mr. Bowers looked at her across the boarding-house table the better he liked her.

He was himself a widower of forty, and had been paying some attention to a maiden lady with auburn hair and sharp black eyes, who, he considered, would be a good manager for his household; but from the moment when pretty Mrs. Wren seated herself opposite him at Mrs. Brook's table, and said, in her sweet, low voice, "Tea, if you please, with sugar and cream," he felt an intuitive conviction that this was the woman whom a kind fate had especially designed for him.

From his landlady he gained some information concerning her; that she had been recommended to the summer boarding-house by Mrs. Brook's own pastor, whose relative she was; that she had lost her husband nearly two years since, and was very well off as regarded money; and finally that she resided with a sister in Mr. Bowers' own city—all of which was very satisfactory to Mr. Bowers.

So, forthwith, he commenced an assiduous courtship of the widow, and so favorably were her attentions received that one old bachelor—Mr. Boggs—wagered a silver dollar with another old gentleman—Mr. Wingo—that the couple would be engaged before the end of the second week.

As it happened, it was on the very evening of this wager that Mr. Bowers and the fair widow were seated in a little rustic summer-house on the lawn as the sun set slowly beneath the distant mountain tops. She was looking at the evening star and he at her.

"I think," she said, pensively, "that that must be the star of my destiny, else I would not love it so."

"And I believe you are mine," he answered, tenderly, "else—may I say it, Alice?"

"Say what?" she answered, innocently.

"You know—that I love you so!" Her long lashes drooped.

"We have known each other for so short a time," she murmured.

"For a whole week, dearest, and in that time have become better acquainted with each other than would have been possible in months of ordinary intercourse. Oh, Alice, say that you will be mine!"

And when, an hour thereafter, the couple returned to the house, and entered the supper-room in the full glare of the gaslight, Mr. Wingo quietly slipped a silver dollar from his pocket, and with a sigh, laid it upon Mr. Boggs' knee, under cover of the table-cloth.

Of course Mr. Bowers called upon his betrothed as soon as she returned to the city, and between them arrangements were made for a speedy marriage.

But in all this time he was purposely nursing in his breast a guilty secret which the widow little suspected. For not once had he hinted to her that in the home to which he proposed to take her he had three rough and unruly boys to whom she was expected to be a tender mother.

"It will never do to let her know it before we are engaged," Mr. Bowers had at first said to himself.

And when he found himself engaged, he was still haunted by the doubt whether she might not, forgetful of her plighted word, be tempted to "throw him over" when she found out about those terrible children.

But at last matters had progressed so far—all but the date of the marriage being fixed—that he felt that he could not longer, with propriety, withhold from her a matter which so nearly concerned her.

"Alice, darling," he said, one evening, with a sickly smile, "I have a little surprise for you. I have been so absorbed in you that I forgot to tell you about my—my three little boys at home."

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"Because—ahem!—as I said, I was thinking of you only. But surely, darling, you will not object to being a mother to my poor motherless little ones? You cannot care so little for me, Alice, as to make this a ground or refusing to become my wife? No,

no! yours is too noble a nature for that!"

"Dear little things!" she said softly. "Of course you will bring them to see me."

Accordingly, when she next entered the parlor to receive him, she beheld, seated in a row on a divan, three well-grown boys, all of whom regarded her with looks of undisguised hostility.

"Alice, my dear," said Mr. Bowers, advancing to meet her, "these are my motherless little ones who will, I trust, be a help and comfort to you. This is George, the eldest, twelve years old. Come here, George, and shake hands with this lady. She is to be your mother."

George favored his future stepmother with a fiendish leer, which caused her blood to run cold at the thought of all that it might portend.

The second boy refused to shake hands, and the youngest, aged eight, muttered sullenly:

"I ain't agoin' to call her mother."

Mr. Bowers sought to excuse his offspring, but the look which he privately cast upon them was indicative of future vengeance. An I when George knocked a vase off a table, and Reggie shrieked that Arthur was sticking pins in his back, Mr. Bowers thought it time to go.

"Please wait awhile," the widow Wren gently said; adding with an arch smile: "As you gave me a little surprise yesterday, I have one for you to-day."

She left the room; and presently there was a sound in the hall of light footsteps and a suppressed giggling and whispering. Then Mrs. Wren reappeared, closely followed by five little girls, the youngest of whom she led by the hand.

"You have brought your boys to see me," she said smiling; "and now, pray allow me to introduce my own darlings—Helen, Rosa, Agnes, Lily and Marie. Helen is the eldest, ten years old, and darling little Marie not quite three. Rosa is like her father," here the widow looked pensively at the little one and sighed—"and Agnes and Marie are thought to resemble me. Do you think so?" she added sweetly.

To depict in words the expression of blank surprise and dismay upon the face of Mr. Bowers would be impossible. He could only stare and mechanically shake the hand of each little girl as she was presented to him.

Then the widow led them to the corner where the three boys sat; and five minutes thereafter the two youngest girls were crying, the next two in a high state of indignation, and the eldest engaged in a struggle with Master George, who was trying to cut off her ringlets with his pocket-knife.

"Oh," said the widow, anxiously, "I am afraid—I hope—do you think," turning appealingly to Mr. Bowers, "that they could ever get on together? My little pets are very good and amiable; but, you see, they are not accustomed to boys."

Mr. Bowers answered vaguely, that "he hoped so."

But all the way home his mind was in a dazed and agitated state, as it dwelt upon that group of eight children in the widow Wren's parlor. Eight children—boys and girls—and none of them above twelve years of age!

He thought of the family board, with four seats on each side, and the constant squabbling of which it was to be the scene; of the family pew, and of how people would smile at the infantile procession filed into it.

Good heavens! it would never, never do! He hated to give up the widow and her fortune, but the sacrifice must be made.

And so, before a week had passed, he had written to Mrs. Wren, expressing his fear that, under the unforeseen state of things, their marriage would not be as happy or as advisable as he had at first anticipated.

And Mrs. Wren returned a cheerful reply, agreeing with his views, and releasing him from his engagement.

And thenceforth, for six months, they saw and heard no more of each other, though Mr. Bowers often thought of the pretty and amiable widow and her comfortable fortune, and wished that those five children had never stood in his way.

It was on a pleasant day of the following spring that Mr. Bowers, with his three boys, stood in the waiting-room of a railroad depot, awaiting the arrival of an up train.

He was sending off the two eldest to a boarding-school.

Suddenly he heard a voice which sent a thrill through him, and turning, met the smiling eyes of the widow Wren, looking prettier than ever, as she frankly held out her hand.

"Quite a time since we last met!" she said, cheerfully.

"Quite! and I need not ask how you have been. You look as blooming as your own roses!" he said gallantly, glancing at the bouquet which she carried.

"You have your boys with you, I see. How they have grown!"

"And your little pets—how are they?"

"Oh, blooming as lilies? There are two of them, Helen and Marie, with their mother."

"Their mother!" echoed Mr. Bowers, following the direction of her glance to where a lady, with two children stood talking with a nice-looking gentleman.

"Yes—my sister. You knew they were her children?"

"Really, I—you never told me so," he stammered.

"Didn't I? But of course you guessed it, as I was living with her."

And she looked admiringly at her bouquet.

Mr. Bowers felt half stunned.

What a dreadful mistake this had been! What a dreadful blunder he had committed! But was it too late to undo it? Might it not be possible—

And just here he caught the shriek of the approaching train.

"Do you still reside with your sister?" he asked, hurriedly, but with an earnestness which spoke in his eyes as well as his words.

"Oh, dear, no—at least I shall not in the future." She turned to the nice-looking gentleman, who had approached. "Let me introduce you to my husband, Mr. —"

Mr. Bowers did not catch the name, and, in fact, hardly knew what he himself said or did, so dazed and bewildered was he.

He hears some one say, "There is Mrs. Wren, who was married last night." And as he stood looking after the receding train, it was with a feeling as though he had been robbed, cheated, over-reached in some venture in which he had expected to draw a prize.

"She certainly only called them her pets, her darlings," he reflected, as he slowly wended his way homeward "What an idiot I was! But I wonder whether it was innocently done on her part, or a trick, a ruse, to get rid of me and the boys?"

And to this day Mr. Bowers has not been able to satisfy himself on that point.—[Saturday Night.]

Corn and the Cliff Dwellers.

In the houses of the ancient cliff-dwellers, in southwest Colorado and northern New Mexico, stalks, husks, tassels, cobs and kernels are found. That some of this material is as old as the buildings is proved by the fact that the stalks were used in the construction of the floors, being imbedded in the adobe. The cobs were also utilized to fill up chinks in the walls. They were about three feet long. These habitations have been deserted for at least 500 years. Further south is the land of the living cliff-dwellers, in the Sierra Madre, between the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora. There reside on cliffs on in caves, savages who worship the sun and plant a little maize on the steep hill sides without cultivation, though otherwise they do not till the soil at all.

During the long winter that followed the landing of the Puritans, in 1620, they subsisted in large measure on corn purchased from the aborigines. In the next year an Indian, named Squanto, taught them how to plant it and to fertilize the soil with fish. Thus they were enabled to grow about twenty acres of it. The Indians had many ways of preparing maize, mixing with it beans, chestnuts and wortleberries. They made a pottage of it by boiling it with fresh or dried meat and dried pumpkins, sometimes sweetening it with maple sugar. They also boiled pounded hickory nut kernels with the meal, and sometimes they made a bread composed of corn meal mixed with smoked eels and oysters or clams.—[Washington Star.]

Club of Wearers of Weeds.

A Widowers' Association has been formed at Dresden. No man can join unless his wife is dead, and should he marry again he becomes merely an honorary member. One of the principal objects of the association is to help new members—that is to say, newly-made widowers—by looking after their wives' funerals and putting out his children, if he has any, to nurse. Servants and governesses are, moreover, engaged through this novel agency. There is also a convivial object in view, and the widowers meet together for mutual sympathy and entertainment. Up to the present time there are forty members.

The most extensive history is that of Gibbon. It covers the events of the world for 1,200 years.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EXTRACTING HONEY.

When the plan of extracting the honey from the combs is followed, always allow the cells of the comb to be filled, but do not allow them to be sealed over. Take out the frames, put them into an extractor, turn the reel and the liquid honey is thrown out by centrifugal force. If care is taken in handling not to injure the frames, they can be put back into the hives to be again filled with honey.—[American Farmer.]

HOW LONG TO MILK COWS.

Ten months is not too long to keep cows in the dairy, and in certain cases even longer. The cow that gives milk five or six months in the year, and then goes dry until her next calving, is an unprofitable animal, and the sooner she is disposed of the better. In training young heifers with first calves, it would be well to milk them the first year nine months steadily; milk them if they only give one pint of milk at a time during the latter end of this period. The next year it will be found an easy matter to keep up a far better yield of milk to the end of the nine months. The third year the habit is thoroughly fixed, and you have a persistent milker. The cow is largely a creature of habit, and her usefulness and profitableness in the dairy depends largely upon her careful training from her entrance into milk giving.—[American Agriculturist.]

LIGHT STABLES.

The importance of having stables ventilated in accordance with correct principles of hygiene is generally admitted. That the supply of fresh air should be ample is frequently insisted upon, but that the light should also be abundant is not so commonly recognized.

Some stables are at mid-day in a state of semi-darkness—a condition, to say the least, anything but conducive to the well-being of the horse. No animal enjoys the light of day more than he. In his wild state he frequents the open plain or mountain side in the full light of day. Wild horses are never found to inhabit gloomy forests or dark ravines.

The horse is a child of light, and he should be treated accordingly in domestication, if he is to be kept in perfect health and spirits, with his eyesight unimpaired. The frequent transition from a dark stable into the full glare of day cannot fail to act prejudicially on his visual organs, and so must almost permanent gloom and darkness. If we studied only his comfort, we would give him at all times a stable full of cheerful light as well as refreshing air.—[New York World.]

KEEPING EGGS.

All sorts of experiments have been made for keeping eggs fresh during the long season when the hens are on the retired list and eggs are scarce and high, says the Western Rural. They have been stood up, the small end down; they have been packed in salt, bran, and other materials; they have been dipped in fluids of various sorts to fill the pore of the shells to exclude the air, and they have been subjected to cold storage. It is strange to say that none of the methods have been quite successful. It is quite probable, however, that a combination of these agencies in the right proportion would do the work. Other methods have been tried than those named above, as is stated by an English writer, who says: "To keep eggs fresh is a question that should be prominent in the minds of poultry keepers. It may perhaps be objected that an egg cannot be preserved so as to retain the natural delicacy of flavor of a really fresh egg, which soon passes away. Still eggs can be preserved in a manner to leave them excellent eating, and hardly distinguishable from fresh ones except perhaps by experts. If eggs are to be kept for a few weeks only, the matter is very easily arranged—a good place being all that is necessary, together with a board pierced with holes, just large enough to let the eggs stand upright without passing through. Upon this board the eggs should be placed, broad end downward, so that the air space may not enlarge to the same extent as when the reverse way, as there would not be the same evaporation of moisture from the egg. Wire latching, if well galvanized, can be substituted with advantage for this board or shelf. In Germany eggs are kept sweet for considerable periods by being buried in fresh bran, or a preparation of lime and water is made by adding 20 gallons of water to four gallons of fine slaked lime, to which about a gallon of salt is added. When the water has taken up as much of the

lime as it can possibly dissolve, immerse the eggs in the liquid so that they are quite covered, about two or three inches of water intervening between the outer air and the topmost egg layer. A little lime must be added now and again, as the old lost loses its strength or gets absorbed. Too much, however, should not be added, else the whole may be turned into a solid mass. Water should also be poured in occasionally, as the quantity becomes reduced by the steady absorption.

KEEPING DRIED FRUITS.

Many kinds of dried fruits are quite difficult to keep through the year, and the careful housewife usually heats them once or twice each year to kill the worms and insects that often destroy the fruit unless this precaution is properly exercised. The first requisite for preserving fruit is thorough evaporation of moisture, which does not mean making them as dry as dust, but dry enough that when hard pressed with the hand they will not cling together in the form of a ball, or will not stick together, says the American Agriculturist.

For small quantities a tough paper sack will answer. Either seal the top or tie firmly with a string, leaving about one-third of the space unoccupied so that the fruit may be shaken about in the bag several times in the year. When thus protected, place in a chest or closely covered box in a cool, dry and dark room. Often during seasons of abundance, a large quantity of fruit is evaporated, but at selling time the prices are not satisfactory and it is desired to keep it until the following season.

To keep dried fruit cheaply, fill a sugar barrel about three-quarters full, head up tightly as possible, keeping in a dark, cool room, and, once a month during hot weather, lay the barrel on its side and roll it over several times, standing it on the bottom and head alternately. This will keep the contents in good condition and save many hours of hard disagreeable labor in heating over to dispel moisture and destroy insects. The color and flavor are maintained far better than by throwing in loose piles or placing in common grain bags, as usually practiced. Do not use salt barrels as they impart a saltish flavor, and are usually too poorly made to prove efficacious. Thoroughly cleaned flour barrels are far preferable, or new apple barrels may be used by pasting plain white paper upon the inside of the staves.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Don't let the late pigs stop growing. Give them plenty of slops.

The scrub cow is an expensive luxury. Throw her overboard.

Cold storage butter keeps best at a temperature of about twenty degrees.

If a part of the feed is stored up outside feed it first. It will lessen the waste.

A flock of hens is said to resemble fruit cake in that it consists of many layers.

Build your hog houses on relatively high ground. It saves much trouble and money.

One pound of cut meat and bone is considered the proper daily allowance for sixteen hens.

Never accuse the hens of shortcomings until you have examined the mote in your own eye.

Much fruit that when well grown is pretty good when poorly grown is good for nothing.

It is always a loss to put a heavy team on the road unless there is a heavy load behind it.

Bees will destroy an old worn-out queen, but only when the conditions are favorable for raising a new one.

If your wife has the right kind of a husband he will see that she has plenty of dry kindling wood constantly on hand.

Bale your hay so that the shipper can send it to any market and have it sell, grade considered, as high as any hay in the United States.

The old saying that "Every rose has its thorn," is exemplified in the blackberry, as some of our choicest varieties seem to have the most thorns.

It is estimated that under the most unfavorable circumstances an acre of properly cultivated willows during the first three years will produce from 3,000 to 5,000 peeled willows, ready for market.

Personal supervision is one of the conditions of success. Details which may seem unimportant to the employee must receive attention or a loss occurs.

When baling hay don't employ a man with a poor old press; get a good machine. It doesn't cost any more to send your hay to market in an attractive manner.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NEW OFFICERS.
At the state convention of public school superintendents, held at Altoona, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, B. F. Potter; Vice President, H. V. Hotchkiss; Secretary, J. M. Reed; Treasurer, R. Trauser; Executive Committee, Superintendents McGinnis, Wanner and Rupert. The next convention will be held next January in Harrisburg.

NEW CASTLE INDUSTRIES RESUMING.
NEW CASTLE.—The industrial outlook is much brighter here now than at the opening of the year. The Enns or Atlantic mill, which was idle in all its departments started up and there are enough orders on hand to keep running for some time. Other mills and factories that have been shut down for repairs and other causes will resume during this week.

WOMEN FOR SCHOOL DIRECTORS.
HOLLIDAYSBURG.—The Hollidaysburg Democratic convention held here deviated from the established custom by nominating Mrs. John H. Law, the head of the organized charity society and Miss Annie M. Irvine of the Needlewoman's Guild for the office of school directors. Both are freeholders and are associated with many philanthropic and educational enterprises.

LAST OF THE STAGE DRIVERS DEAD.
William Noble, one of the last of the stage drivers of the National pike when that thoroughfare was famous, died at Washington, aged 73 years. For years he drove stages between here and Pittsburg. The building of the Chartiers road crowded him out.

SILVER ORE FOUND NEAR NORRISTOWN.
NORRISTOWN.—A fine vein of silver ore has been discovered on the farm of Charles Walker, in Lower Providence township. This farm adjoins the one on which coal was recently discovered. Experts pronounce the ore of a superior quality.

AMONG THE FOURTH CLASS POSTMASTERS RECENTLY APPOINTED IN PENNSYLVANIA ARE THE FOLLOWING: Allegheny county—A. J. Norris, at Calmerville; Westmoreland county—Mrs. H. Webster at Lockport station and Nicholas Rommel at Robbins station; Mifflin county—F. B. McClellan at Millroy and Charles Clemen at Ridesville.

JEREMIAH FLEMING, aged 31, was found frozen to death along the roadside near his home in the Fleming settlement, Butler county Friday morning. He was on his way home on foot from Saroburg, and probably sat down to rest and fell asleep.

The Washington county commissioners have placed on sale Washington county bonds amounting to \$50,000, bearing 6 per cent interest, payable August 1, 1894. The county is embarrassed for cash on account of liberal expenditures.

ABRAHAM BATTIN and Mary Whittia were married at Norristown, Wednesday. The groom has almost reached his 50th year and has a family of 12 children, all of whom are married. The bride is about 40.

A contractor named McDade, was way-laid near Chambers station Westmoreland county, by five men, who stabbed and beat him terribly and robbed him of a gold watch and \$325.

All the rolling mills of the Pennsylvania Bolt and Nut Works, at Lebanon, have commenced on double turn. This will give employment to several hundred men on change turns.

New Pennsylvania postmasters: C. H. Orwig, of Millmont, Union county; Andrew Epple, of Redington, Northampton county; Thomas Connell of Rogerstown, Fayette county.

The Pennsylvania state college has issued the first of a series of bi-monthly publications known as the "Mining Bulletin," to be devoted to matters pertaining to mining.

Gov. Pattison has received from Congressman Sibley a formal letter withdrawing his resignation. The governor returned the resignation to Mr. Sibley.

MASKED MEN on Wednesday night entered John McGovern's house at Leisenring Fayette county, beat McGovern senseless and robbed the house.

An explosion of natural gas at Samuel Hudson's house in Washington, set fire to the house and seriously burned Hudson's grandson.

The Speer White Sand Company of Huntington, which assigned last July has been restored to its property by the court.

JUDGE BELL of the Blair county court, Tuesday sentenced 33 criminals. Four were for terms in the western penitentiary.

THREE dwelling houses belonging to Dr. S. L. McCarthy, in Altoona, burned down. Loss \$10,000; partially insured.

SAMUEL S. BLAIR, a well-known coal operator of Tyrone, has assigned, with liabilities aggregating \$50,000.

NICHOLAS DOWN'S 7 year old daughter was fatally burned at Danbar by her dress catching fire from a stove.

MARY STEWART, a domestic, was fatally burned at Greensburg by her clothing taking fire from a stove.

The Latrobe steel company has reduced its employees' wages 25 per cent.

Side by Side.

Tangier, a much-visited town in Morocco, opposite Gibraltar, contains two prisons. They stand side by side, but one is for the use of town criminals, the other being reserved for the rogues of the country. It is very odd that the latter has three times as many inmates as the former, in spite of the fact that brigands of the hills take the place of the thieves of the town. In England there is far more crime in towns than in the country, and this only shows that though it is so near to Europe, Morocco as a whole is not very civilized. When prisoners are unruly in Tangiers they are always reduced to order and obedience by starvation. No food whatever is allowed them. Some men in their stubbornness will hold out for days, and a few have even starved to death. Such a plan for treating obstinate prisoners would not be permitted in more enlightened countries.

Terrible Suffering.

It does not take a very large coil to burn a hole in a small boy's pocket. "Did you have a good time in the country, Billy?" "No, 'mos' died. We boarded at a farm-house." "Wasn't it nice?" "Yes, nice 'nough; but on the train an old woman gave me a cent, an' when we got to the farm I found out there wasn't a store within ten miles." —Good News.