

The Flight of the Heart.

The heart soars up like a bird
From a nest of care!
Up, up, to a larger sky,
To a softer air!
No eye can measure its flight,
And no hand can tame,
It mounts in beauty and light,
In music and flame.
Of all the changes of Time
There is none like this;
The heart soars up like a bird
At the stroke of bliss.
The heart soars up like a bird,
But its wings soon tire;
Enough of rapture and song,
The cloud and the fire;
Its look, the look of a king—
Of a slave, its birth,
The poor, tired, impotent thing,
Sinks back to the earth,
And the mother spreads her lap,
And she lulls its pain;
"Oh, thou who sighed for the sun,
Art thou mine again?"
—[Dora Reade Goodale.]

A Transformed Portrait.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

A quaint old house was that in Louisiana where I had planned to spend the winter of my content—the water following my engagement to Louise Ericsson. It was large, stately, and aristocratic, but so old, so antiquated in all its appointments, with such faded, dingy carpets and furniture, such worm-eaten and chipped door-frames and wainscoting, that I hardly knew whether to be proud or ashamed of my lodgings. But of one thing I was convinced—the old house afforded just the environment for a man who was writing a creole story. That was what brought me to Louisiana, and was also the reason of my going to lodge with Madame Deslanier, in the old Deslanier mansion, four miles from the town of Winnfield.

The house had but two stories, and the room assigned me on the second floor was almost oppressively large and high—for there is a certain oppressiveness about lack of space. As I sat in my easy-chair, that first evening, with three candles burning at my elbow in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, and looked up at the dim, faded frescoes, and around me at the shadowy, tapestried walls, I felt with melancholy distinctness my own insignificance and loneliness. The candles—which were all Madame Deslanier had in the way of illuminators—diffused a mere halo of light around my chair, while outside and above that dim circle swam and whirled the mysterious twilight. It seemed to me to flow in currents round and round the room—silent, slow, unceasing.

"Shall I ever overcome this uneasy feeling?" I thought. "Shall I ever be able to write, or even to sleep, in this ghostly old place?" I lit a cigar and settled back, determined to throw off the depressed and fearsome sensations which possessed me. As my eyes gradually became more accustomed to the outer circle of twilight, I began to note my surroundings more in detail, especially the three or four old paintings that hung around the walls. One of these in particular attracted my attention. It was the life-size portrait of a girl's face—a dark Spanish type of beauty, with lustrous eyes and hair, full crimson lips, and cheeks of olive and pomegranate, that seemed to fairly glow with actual life.

This portrait hung directly in front of me as I sat, but higher than the rest; and, in the dusk just below the lofty ceiling, what wonder I imagined, now and then, that the beautiful thing had life—imagined I saw the eyelids open and close, the eyes beam with changeable meanings, and evanescent shadows of smiles flit across the beautiful lips.

I lay back in my easy-chair for a long time, looking straight up into the lustrous eyes, which looked straight down into mine. The face was company to me in my loneliness; and it was such a strangely delightful sensation, that of looking silently and at one's leisure into real eyes, burning with real emotions and scintillating with real feeling. But—

I hung the stub of my cigar into the smouldering grate and rose hastily. What would Louise think if she could see me gazing in that way even into painted eyes. It was wrong. How would I be able to assure her—or myself—that it meant nothing whatever; that there was not the slightest danger of my ever becoming enamored of the creole beauty whose portrait hung before me, and then in mad desire of my ideal, setting forth to seek the face which had driven my sweetheart from my memory.

I gazed no more at the portrait that night, and by morning the thought of it had vanished from my mind. I was little in my room that day, but when

evening came, and I settled down to my customary cigar, it was impossible to prevent my eyes wandering to the face which had so enchanted them the previous evening. There it hung, more beautiful than ever, with a smile, I fancied, half of triumph, half of winsome reproach, in the lustrous eyes.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed. "The thing must be alive!" Then the absurdity of the supposition struck me with such force that I laughed aloud. The next morning I had not so easily forgotten the lovely portrait, and glancing up, saw it for the first time by daylight—a faded canvas enough, in a tarnished frame; beautiful as the suggestion of beauty, but how unlike the living, beaming face of my evening reverie! "I will watch the transformation of the portrait tonight," I thought. "I will see how and when the wizard twilight changes that faded mass of color to vivid, beautiful flesh and blood."

The sun had just dipped below the hills when I lit my cigar that afternoon, and leaped back in my easy-chair to watch the transformation of the portrait. Slowly the daylight died from the room. Madame Deslanier entered and placed candles on my tables. I returned her greeting without taking my eyes from the portrait. With the coming of the candles I fully expected the transformation to take place, but strangely enough, it did not. Although the conditions seemed now precisely the same as on the previous evening, when the portrait surely lived, and spoke to me with its eyes, I could see nothing more than dull canvas and painted features.

As Madame Deslanier was passing out of the room I turned my head for a moment to ask if my rice and milk might be served that evening in my room. The good lady consented and closed the door, and I raised my eyes immediately to the picture again. But, presto! In that moment of averted attention it had changed from canvas and paint to flesh and blood, from death to life, from unresponsiveness to silent eloquence. The eyes that looked down into mine glowed with passion and tenderness, the lips smiled wistfully, the cheeks burned with faint and exquisite blushes.

"My God!" I exclaimed, starting up and involuntarily lifting my hands to the beautiful vision. For an instant the eyes of the woman and the eyes of the man clove together in the burning bondage of unutterable passion. Then there came a light rap at the door, the knob rattled slightly, and I sank back in my chair just as Madame Deslanier entered.

"A letter for monsieur," she said, laying it on the table and retiring. I snatched the missive and tore it open. It was from Louise. A small photograph fell out—a mere card miniature—but oh! so dainty, so sweet, so speakingly like my darling! Remorse and love swept stormfully through me. I caught the little photograph to my lips and rained kisses upon it. As I did so, something came crashing down at my feet. I started back. It was the frame of the painting above me. The portrait itself had slid back, panelwise, leaving a gap of staring darkness in the dim old wall.—[Frank Leslie's Weekly.]

The Dead Letter Office.

The infinite pains taken by this great government of ours with even the most trifling interests of sixty millions of people is most forcibly illustrated in the workings of the Dead-letter office. The scrawl of the illiterate receives as close attention as the polished chirography of the university graduate, a modest penny as much care in handling as a pretentious one-hundred-dollar bill. Six million pieces of undelivered mail matter are annually received at the Dead-letter office, and not one, however insignificant, is overlooked or slighted.

An amusing incident occurs to me just here. A postmaster in the far west sent an official communication to the office stating that he had found loose in the mail a small bag valued at \$20, which valuation was stamped on the bag when found. He had not ventured to open it, but was carefully detaining it until instructed by the Post-office department how to dispose of it. Forthwith he was instructed to forward said bag to the Dead-letter office without delay.

In the course of another week the precious bag arrived. A record was made of its receipt, and it was given to a special clerk to be duly examined and properly treated. Before this had been done, a party of distinguished visitors were being shown through the office by the chief clerk. While they were expressing wonder at what they saw, the offices remarked, "Wait a moment and I'll show you something curious that has just arrived," and hurried away. Returning in a mom-

ent, he held in his hand the mysterious bag. It was a tiny affair of chamois skin tied with a narrow dark blue ribbon, and marked plainly in red figures, \$20. "It has not been untied yet, but we think it probably contains gold dust," and he proceeded to give its history in detail. A lady clerk sitting near, and almost choking with laughter, said, as plainly as she could under the circumstances, "Why, Mr. P—, that is an emery bag." A general laugh followed, and the chief clerk hastened to divert the attention of the party to a new subject. Nevertheless the emery-bag was as carefully preserved and treated as though it had contained gold-dust in very truth. But it had lost its value as a show-piece.—[Harper's Young People.]

It Was His Nature To.

A savage-looking bulldog, which belonged to a schooner lying at a wharf in San Francisco, fell into the bay the other day unnoticed by anyone on board. After vainly trying to scramble up the vessel's side, says the Call, he caught hold with his teeth on a rope attached to a small boat lying alongside. Then he attempted to place his fore feet on the line to use it as a rest, but in this he was again unsuccessful, for every time he made the attempt the small boat would back, the rope would sag, and the brute would duck beneath the surface. Every time he came up again he was hanging by his teeth with a sort of deathlike grip to the line. This exercise, without beneficial results, seemed to exhaust him even more than his attempts to reach the deck of the vessel. For a few moments he rested, then turning his ugly face and his wicked eyes toward those on the wharf he set up a howl. A Newfoundland leaped into the water, true to his instinct, and swam toward the struggling bulldog. The latter, also showing his nature, regarded the rescuer's approach as a challenge to fight. Releasing his hold on the painter, he turned and not only put himself on the defensive but growled and snarled, and finally made an attempt to bite the one that would have helped him to a place of safety. The Newfoundland, not a coward by nature, but not a fighter, realized that his good intention was not appreciated or understood by the brute that had given such howls of distress, turned and swam to the boat steps, from which he made his way to the wharf, shook himself, and trotted away. In the meantime the unappreciative terrier swam back to the painter, got another grip with his teeth on it and howled anew. About this time some one belonging to the schooner seized the rope, hauled the shivering brute alongside, and seizing him by the skin of the neck, hauled him on board.

A Fortune From Tarpaulins.

Samuel E. Brook, better known as "Sam Brook, the Tarpaulin Man," who died recently in New Orleans, proved the value of the faculty of "keeping one's eyes open." "Sam" landed at New Orleans about forty years ago, a young sailor "before the mast." The ship he was on discharged a portion of her cargo on the pier, and before the uncovered goods could be removed, a shower seriously damaged them. "Sam" saw his opportunity, and grasped it. He obtained his discharge from the ship, and with his wages bought a lot of second-hand canvas and oil. Then he set to work, and in short time had a stock of "tarpaulins" on hand, which he rented to shipmasters, who used them to cover their inward or outward cargoes while on the wharves.

Business was good, and "Sam" stuck to it for forty years, accumulating the snug fortune of \$400,000. This property will go to his relatives in England, of which country he was a native. No mention of charitable institutions or bequests of a public nature were found in his will. There is hardly a shipmaster who has visited New Orleans within the last forty years who has not had dealings with "Sam Brook," and approved his bills for the use of his sheltering tarpaulins. [New York Tribune.]

Banquet of Paris Undertakers.

The traditional annual banquet of the "sour herring," so called, came off on Wednesday—All Saints' day. It was numerously attended by the fraternity of the undertaker assistants, and derives its name from the fact that when the custom was first established, and these assistants were only called "porters" they assembled once a year for a social entertainment, the time coinciding with the arrival of the sour herrings in the Paris markets. Wednesday's festival was succeeded by a ball, at which, as a matter of course, the fair partners were treated to "bier" and offered floral tributes in the shape of bouquets and wreaths.—[American Register.]

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

NO DAIRY BELT.

There is no "dairy belt" in this country. Just as good butter and cheese can be made in one state as another. Some of the finest dairies in the country are to be found in Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas, while the West is famous for taking first prizes at interstate fairs. What is needed is plenty of good water for cows and washing dairy utensils. It is a real calamity to run short of water in the dairy, and no one should start without a never failing supply. Then again it must be conveniently located. Waste no time of man or beast in going after water, make the water come to you. Lead it through pipes in barn and dairy house. Do as little pumping as possible either by hand or power. It is a back-breaking and weary business, and in hot days in summer, cows drink a fearful amount of water. Lead the water from a point on the farm high enough to deliver it up to the knees of the cows as they stand in the stable.—[Home and Farm.]

THE BITE OF A HOG.

It is a serious thing to be bitten by any domestic animal, and the danger is probably greater when bitten by a hog than by any other. This is not because there is an active poisonous gland with hollow tooth through which the poison is pressed. That is the way a rattlesnake bites or rather stings. The danger from the bite of a hog may be as great as from a rattlesnake, but there is danger from blood poisoning caused by carrying on the tusks of the hog some poisonous saliva with which its mouth is filled. We call this saliva poisonous because the hog is an indiscriminate feeder, and not careful about getting particles of dirt or even of excrement of other animals with its food. It is poisonous just as are the scratches from finger nails, which always leave an inflamed sore, hard to be healed in proportion to the abrasion of the skin. This is because with each scratch of the nail, some of the dirt that always gathers under it is brought into contact with the blood. A cut with a clean knife heals more quickly, especially if treated at once with some antiseptic and the air carefully excluded.—[Chicago Times.]

FATTENING THE CHICKENS.

The old hens, if they have been well cared for, need no special preparation for killing; but the chickens, and especially the cockerels, may need a little extra feeding. The following plan we have seen followed with excellent results: A lady whom we know, and whose chickens had a reputation for being fat, used to shut fifteen or twenty cockerels in a house made with a tight roof and tight back, the ends and sides being upright laths, nailed to a simple frame and placed about two inches apart. The house might be eight by ten feet on the ground. It was moderately dark, and yet not very dark, as the light came in from numerous slits between the laths on three sides. The furniture of this house consisted of a roost, a feeding trough and a drinking vessel. The cockerels had all the water they wished to drink and all the sound yellow flint corn they cared to eat. Corn and water for breakfast, water and corn for dinner and corn and water for supper made their rations. And yet cockerels, lean when they went into the house, were fat when they came out at the end of two or three weeks. A still better method of feeding is to give the chickens a warm diet of corn meal mixed with scalding water and allowed to cook through.—[American Agriculturist.]

WEEDS.

It is a common remark of tourists from England and Europe when traveling through our farming country, that we raise too many weeds. This reproach is doubtless true, and is due partly to the high price of labor in this country, which makes it impossible to profitably adopt hand methods of killing weeds which are used abroad; but we must admit that it is partly due also to a careless neglect of means that are within our reach, and which should not be neglected. Chief among these means is the carelessness of most farmers about the seeds of weeds. It is customary to plough under any weeds that remain on the land after harvesting a crop, and this is the very best way to preserve and plant the seeds of many varieties of weeds.

On garden land, where we can afford to spend some time, the weeds should be cut up with a hoe and carted off and burned, or piled up for a two years' process of composting to destroy the seeds; some weeds can be

mowed and carted off so as to carry the seeds with them, but other varieties, especially purslane and chickweed, grow too near the ground to be cleaned up in this way; the hoe is the only tool that will do it.

On farm lands, where it will not pay to take so much pains, the best way to get rid of weeds before ploughing is to pasture the land with sheep, and then seed heavily with rye and clover, which will usually choke out the weeds pretty well.

To the rich man who farms for the fun of the thing, weeds are a reproach and a nuisance; to the poor man they are robbers which are yearly stealing the substance of his farm and robbing his family of their heritage. Both should use their best wits to be rid of them.—[Massachusetts Ploughman.]

BRUSH AND CURRY COMB.

The wear or waste which comes off the skin of a horse in the shape of small flakes and constitutes scurf must be removed with the curry comb and brush. Perspiration goes on incessantly, even when the horse is idle, but it does not show because it is evaporated as fast as it comes to the surface. When the horse is at work, especially if he is worked hard, even in winter the secretion of watery fluid is heavier than when idle, and comes to the surface in the form of sweat. If the sweat is allowed to dry on the skin, quantities of dust will accumulate and mix with it, filling up the pores and, in a measure, prevent the throwing off of waste matter.

The closing of the pores gives rise to many serious consequences. One of the objects, if not the chief object of grooming, is to keep these pores open and is fully as important to groom regularly in winter as in summer. A horse will keep in much better condition with less feed if well groomed.

When the teams are at work better results will be secured if the grooming is done at night after they are brought to the stable. The pores of the skin will be open at night, the animals will be much more comfortable and will derive more benefit from their night's rest.

Generally the brush should be used most. The currycomb in some cases has a tendency to irritate the skin, especially if the work be done carelessly. Of course, much depends upon the animal, as the skin of some horses is very tender, so that rubbing with a sharp-toothed currycomb is a positive torture.

With the conception of cleaning off mud or matter that has become attached to the hair a good brush is better than a curry-comb for keeping the skin clean and it can nearly always be used with less discomfort to the animals.

By keeping the skin clean and the pores open the hair will be soft and glossy and the health and appearance of the animal improved.

When not groomed the pores of the skin get closed up and the waste matter that would otherwise escape through these pores must accumulate in the system and give rise to blisters, boils and other disturbances. Not only the skin, but the whole system becomes diseased.—[St. Louis Republican.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Never neglect a small matter like salting the cows.

Live queen bees are shipped from this country to Japan.

A dirt floor is best for young pigs. There is less cause for dampness.

It is nonsense to talk of profitably dairying with a poor class of cows.

For health of poultry feed plenty of oats, for fat feed plenty of corn.

Fowls like mustard seed occasionally; cook chopped onions in winter.

The full-grown goose should average a pound of feathers during the season.

Oyster shells, being rich in lime, may profitably be crushed and fed to laying hens.

Don't keep a colt tied up in a stall without suitable exercise. It is likely to spoil it.

It is said that one bushel of wheat will do as much for the poultry as a bushel and a quarter of corn.

If you must winter oxen with nothing to do, be getting them in shape for beef after spring work is done.

Anything like roots, cabbage, peas, sweet corn, and bran is suitable for feeding the cows when the pasture is short.

The bull should be made to do much more toward earning his living than he does. How? is the problem. He is not always governable in a team. Making him work a tread mill to saw wood, churn milk, etc., has been suggested.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

GAS COMPANY VICTORIOUS.

UNIONTOWN.—The case of James Hamilton versus the Fayette City Natural Gas Company was up for trial here before Judge Single. The plaintiff claimed \$20,000 damages from the company for causing the death of his wife. He alleges that in 1892 he was living in Fayette City, using gas fuel which he got from the defendant company and that from January 12 to 15 of that year his wife was ill and the gas company cut the gas off from all domestic consumers to supply a full flow to the glass works. The day before the gas was turned off he notified the company of his wife's condition and asked them not to turn the gas off again without notifying him so that he could have time to provide other fuel. But he claimed that the gas was turned off without any notice to him and that as a consequence the house got cold and that his wife took a chill and eventually grew worse until about ten days afterward when she died. They were many doctors to testify and a heavy array of counsel, but the defense moved for a non suit and got it.

MANY FAVOR GETTYSBURG.

HARRISBURG—Adj. Gen. Greenland said he was still considering the offers he had received from Mt. Gettysburg, Gettysburg, Lewistown, Huntingdon and Altoona for the location of the division campment of the national guard for next summer. Many of the officers of the guard have expressed a decided preference for the Gettysburg battlefield, and if the objections to it are overcome it is likely that the adjutant general will accept the offer made by the parties interested in this site.

FLAMES SWEEP HANOVER CITY.

HANOVER CITY.—Fire destroyed the Merchants hotel, Harry Stern's meat market, Michael Cully's saloon, Harry Heiser's clothing establishment, John Adams' grocery and John Drumm's barber shop, entailing an aggregate loss of \$40,000, partially insured. The origin of the fire is unknown.

ONLY FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL USE.

HARRISBURG—The mail of the department of public instruction is burdened every day with inquiries regarding the use of free text books under the act of May 13, 1893. Superintendent Schaeffer says the books cannot be used in any but public schools.

ANOTHER ALTOONA MILL STARTS.

ALTOONA.—There was another big break in the industrial depression here when the Altoona rolling mill, employing 300 men, started up in full.

At Lancaster, Col., S. C. Slaymaker was stricken with apoplexy on the street and died. He was one of the best known civil engineers in the state and was engaged on the surveys of a number of important railroads. He was on the staff of Gov. Pollock.

The Lebanon Manufacturing Company has closed a contract for several hundred cars for the Delaware, Susquehanna and Schuylkill railroad and the car shops, which have been idle, will start next week with employment for 200 men until spring.

JUDGE WEAND, of Norristown, handed down a decision that women are eligible to admission in the Montgomery county bar. The case decided was that of Miss Margaret Richardson, whose right to practice was contested.

Miss Lizzie Finney, of Elizabeth, while out coasting last Friday night, held her escort's overcoat while he rode down hill. A revolver in the coat pocket was accidentally discharged and Miss Finney was seriously wounded.

JUDGE GUNSHAW at Erie refused to grant Michael Lenare naturalization papers because of illiteracy. He did not know the name of the president of the United States or that of the governor of Pennsylvania.

The Calumet Coal and Coke Company, near Greensburg, have started up the works after an idleness of several months. There are 225 ovens in the plant and 300 men are employed.

The Enterprise Pottery Company, of New Brighton, will be sold by the sheriff, on an execution for \$8,838.99 in favor of the First National Bank of New Castle.

The Ellwood steel and sheet mill has been sold at sheriff's sale to J. J. Brown, of Cambridge, O. The works will be remodeled and may start up in March.

Mrs. JONATHAN BARNET, of near Waynesburg, was found dead in the road not far from home. She had ended her life by swallowing carbolic acid.

The Saxman Coal Company, at Latrobe, have notified the men of a reduction of 8 cents per ton for digging and other proportionate reductions.

E. J. MILBREN, a brick manufacturer of Black Lick, Indiana county, has made an assignment. His assets are \$60,000 and liabilities \$30,000.

BURGOLARS after robbing Pool & Son's clothing store at Lonsdale, near Norristown set fire to the building. The damage was slight.

JUDGE EWING, of the Fayette county court, has put precedent aside by appointing a woman tipstaff, Mrs. Sarah Elkins.

An opera company, taxed at Uniontown the \$50 license fee for performing will contest the officials' right to impose the fee.

Society women of Altoona are planning a kermess. Altoona preachers are strongly opposing the entertainment.

FIRE at Kittanning, destroyed Buyer Bros.' dry goods store and E. S. Hutchinson's jewelry store. Loss \$3,000.

LETT COOLEY, father of the notorious Fayette county outlaw, Frank and Jack Cooley, died at Uniontown.

The Rolling Run coal and coke company of Westmoreland county was chartered at Harrisburg, capital \$10,000.

ISAAC YARREL, a farmer, was struck by a train near Hecla, Center county, and died from his injuries.

The old Mansion house, a landmark near Washington was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$2,000.

The Eclipse Bicycle Company at Beaver Falls has gone on double turn.

Girls, What Do You Think of It?

A London paper, moved by the painful spectacle of the modern breach-of-promise case, proposes a novel expedient in order to overcome the difficulties which such suits present. It says: There would be one very simple method of lightening the task of the jury, which would also afford to young women and their guardians a means of ascertaining whether the lover had any serious intention of developing into a husband or not. Let no promise of marriage be held valid unless it is made in writing upon properly stamped paper. If the plaintiff could produce a formal promise of that kind, there would be no need to go into all the history of a doubtful courtship, or to consider any other factor in the assessment of damages than the respective incomes of the contracting parties.