REVISITED.

In the silent hour of the midnight
When the drowsy world was still;
While the golden beams of the starlight
Rest upon the hill;
I stood where the moonlit quiver,
As the musical waters flow,
On the banks of that sounding river
Where we played years ago.

I remember the tall tree's shadows
Made darker the river's stole,
As it wound through the broad meadows
Like a silver ribbon roll;
And I thought of those days of gladness
When we were—ever long ago,
With never a thought of sadness,
Where the musical waters flow.

Days that were free from trouble
And where as a bright dream seem;
Yet transient as any bubble
That blows the storm to die.
Thus love with the years forever
Far out of our lives will flee,
While the waves of time sweep on
Old river,
Drift on and out to the sea.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

LILY'S CHOICE.

A solitary figure, with few lines of comeliness or grace, John Holloway sat upon the meadow gate, looking off into the distance. He was whistling softly, and yet he seemed to be in a deep reverie, for his great, tender eyes had a far-away expression in their brown depths as he gazed out over the sunlit meadows where the blood red clover and the gold-n buttercups swayed under the soft, caressing breeze. Suddenly an imperious voice broke the silence.

"Mr. Holloway, please let me take down the bars. I'm in a hurry and came the shortest way.'

The young man started; he had not heard her approach, and there beside him stood the very object of his thoughts.

Ah, clover blooms and buttercups, paled were your charms now! A little, graceful figure in the dainty of fabric dresses, and underneath the wide hat a sweet, girlish face, with velvety, peach tinted cheeks and eyes as blue as freshly gathered violets. Such was Lily Lawrence, the prettiest girl so the popular verdict ran—in all the country round. A flush rose to John's sun-browned face as he quickly rose and began to take down the bars.

'Out for a walk, Miss Lily?'

'Yes,' very briefly.

'So you are fond of quiet strolls? I am, too.'

Lily drew herself up and looked at the presumptuous speaker.

'Really, Mr. Holloway, I don't see what it is to you.'

Then she stopped. She did not mean to be rude, but truly she thought to herself, it was high time she should show this young man that his opinion expressed admiration was exceedingly distasteful to her. It had been going on for some time, and everyone, even Lily herself, had come to feel that the sun rose and set for John Holloway where she was.

'He must be intensely stupid not to know how utterly indifferent I am to him,' she thought.

But John was not stupid. He understood the unfinished sentence, and as he drew back without another word to let her pass Lily saw that he did and the shame faced, compunctious look stole into her eyes. For, from the richest to the poorest, everyone acknowledged John Holloway's noble sterling character.

Lily walked slowly along the road, half determined to turn back and apologize for her rudeness, but, until it brought her face to face with some one whose handsome eyes met her own with such a glad welcome that all other thoughts were for the time driven completely away.

It was Richard Blake, the most admired and courted young man in the village.

'Ah, good afternoon, Miss Lawrence! I was hoping I would meet you.'

And the wavy black locks were bared to the breeze as Richard courteously lifted his hat and walked on beside her.

What a contrast to John Holloway. And the contrast was great in many other ways than Lily thought. Not that the girl was but young to read character and that Richard Blake was very handsome and elegant none could deny—a lover of whom anyone might be justly proud.

When Lily's home was reached, and with another graceful bow Richard had left her, she did not go directly into the house, but lingered where she had left the flowers that filled their little garden. Her thoughts were very busy. She knew that she had behaved very unkindly to her old friend, and her memory went back to the first time she had met him. It was at a picnic, and she had fallen and sprained her ankle. She remembered how the young fellow, so much stronger than his mates, had persisted in carrying her all the long distance back to her home. Since that he had seen her in more than a hundred ways what she was to him, and knowing his noble nature perhaps her heart would have gone out to him before this if Richard Blake had not come back from college.

But he had, and Lily fancied his gay, debonair manners, and his entertaining conversation, and like many another young girl had begun to take for true, heart-deep love that liking which we all have for things pleasant to the sight.

And so she shook off her reproachful feelings and went into the house.

'Why, mother dear, 'what is the matter? Crying, and I out enjoying myself! Tell me what it is, dear. Let me share your trouble.'

Mrs. Lawrence lifted a face smiling through her tears.

'Yes, crying. Lily darling, but not from grief. Sit down here beside me, and let me show you what my tears has been lifted from my mind this morning. Lily, I did not tell you, but some time ago Mr. Burton, the lawyer, came to me and informed me that the holder of the mortgage was in need of money, and intended to foreclose, unless the mortgage was paid in full when he should demand it. Now, child, you know the trouble that has been hanging upon me, for I knew that it would be almost impossible for me to raise the sum necessary, and that we must leave the dear old home that we had lived so well. And now this very morning, Mr. Burton came and told me that a kind friend hearing of the intended foreclosure, has paid the amount in full.'

'Who is it that helped you mother?'

'That is the strangest part of it, Lily. Mr. Burton said he had strictly promised not to tell the name of my benefactor. As to who it can be, I have no idea.

But though she did not say so, Lily had; and when later, in her usual impulsive way she told her mother how sorry she was that she had been so rude to him, and then asked him frankly whether he was not the kind friend who had come so opportunely to her mother's relief, his manner confirmed her suspicions.

It is said that 'gratitude is neighbor to love,' and whether that be true or not, it is certain that from that time the manly young farmer was often in Lily's thoughts, while Richard Blake was just as steadily losing ground. John of course did not know it. He was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and at length, after a hard struggle, had decided to abandon his hopeless suit and leave the field to that rival, who evidently was the favored one. Lily noticed the difference, but womanlike she did not appear to care, and so the months went by much the same, until at length the crisis came.

The village in which our heroine lived was just on the shores of a little bay, and many were the pleasure parties that enjoyed a trip over its limpid waters.

One afternoon Richard Blake obtaining Mrs. Lawrence's consent, invited Lily to take a sail.

When they reached the beach who should be waiting in readiness to manage the sail boat but John Holloway.

'Hello, Holloway, are you turning into boatman?' exclaimed Blake in astonishment.

Lifting his cap to Lily, John answered:

'Not exactly; but Joe came to me in great distress; he did not feel well enough to go out, but had promised not to disappoint you, and knowing I could manage a boat he asked me to take his place. Joe has done me many a good turn and so I could not refuse him,' he added, wrongfully interpreting the little flush that Lily's cheek had risen to. She listened; 'and he said, too, that it was your sister who was to be your companion. Else I should not have come; I would not for the world be a mar sport.'

The bitterness in his tone touched a like chord in Lily's heart. For some time she had been learning, slowly but surely learning a lesson—the difference between real worth and mere glitters; and now her heart sank, as she saw, or thought she saw, how completely her conduct had alienated all affection towards her from John's mind, and that she had thrown away her best happiness.

'Well, Holloway, I'm sure I'm much obliged. It's very kind of you,' was Blake's reply.

And the two young men soon had the little craft in readiness for its fair freight.

Blake had seen John's liking for Lily, but his vanity had not been alarmed; he knew by experience the power of his dark eyes, and Lily Lawrence was like any other young lady, if she were ten times prettier. So he reasoned.

They floated lightly over the blue water, anchoring after awhile under a bluff, and dropping their lines to fish. Lily chatted gaily in her own fascinating way, and never had she seemed more lovely to Richard Blake's eyes, while poor John who had thought of late that he had driven her image from his mind, felt the oft charm creeping over him again whenever he drew before; but he hid his pain manfully, and kept his part in the lively conversation.

Time crept on, and just as they decided on returning, to their dismay the heavens suddenly clouded over, and a peal of thunder brought them to their senses. A storm was not an uncommon upon the bay, but one was evidently upon them, and John saw the great danger. A moment and they were dashing at a mad rate over the waves, while overhead the awful darkness gathered more ominously all the while, and every now and then vivid flashes of flame seemed to envelop them on all sides.

Suddenly there was a blinding glare, then a terrific flash, and half the mast dropped into the seething water. For an instant John was stunned, and when his first thought was Lily. Where was she? A second more and he caught the gleam of yellow curls in the fried water ahead. Quick as thought he cut the ropes had twisted about her light figure and dragged her over the bow.

'Hold on!' he shouted.

'Hold on to what? Don't tell me you ought to save her! Quick, or it will be too late! Your chance will be gone!'

But Blake still covered trembingly where he was, unheeding the peril of the one he professed to love.

Another instant John was struggling among the sails; a few seconds of awful suspense while the waves were tugging wildly at their prey, and Lily almost fainting, he crept back into the boat with Lily's insensible form clasped close to his brave heart. He had saved her!

Then, still in imminent danger, they remained clinging to the dismantled boat, until, as suddenly as it had fallen, the storm fled, and a passing sail hailed from the shore proclaimed that help was near at hand.

Lily came to herself at last, to find that John still held her fast, with her face close to his own.

In an instant the memory of what had passed came back to her. She did not drop away, but raised her lustrous eyes to his as if there were no words, no thoughts; then the cold cheek pressed itself closer against his own, while her arms wound themselves softly around his neck.

'John—dear John!' was all she said.

And John knew that with the greatest peril the great blessing of his life had come to him; while Richard Blake, looking on with pale, scowling face comprehended clearly that John's words had been prophetic when he had said, 'Your chance will be gone.'

Interesting Census Figures.

The census bulletin 1890 shows the total population of the United States at 50,152,866, of which 43,404,765 are white, and 6,577,151 colored. The number of colored persons to each 100,000 whites is 15,153, against 14,528 in 1870. The greatest proportion of colored to white is in South Carolina, where three-fifths of the whole population is colored, and more than one-half to three-fifths are colored; in Alabama, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, and Texas, the colored form one-third to half the total; in Arkansas and Tennessee, a fourth to a third. The United States contains 90 per cent of the former slave states to West Virginia, where there are but 4,355 to 100,000 whites, and in Missouri, where there are but 2,154. The decade of the former slave states the proportion of negroes is very small. Between 1870 and 1880, in the United States as a whole, there has been a gain of 625 colored on an assumed basis of 100,000 whites. Great relative gains in population have been apparently been made in the Southern or former slave-holding states. Of nine of the states which gained, eight stand at the head of the list, having made relative gains of 944 to nearly 11,000. It is believed by the census officers, however, that these apparent gains are due in a great sea-are, to the imperfections of the census of 1870. Of the former slave-states which have lost, Texas and Florida, had, in both of these states received heavy white immigration, which more than overbalanced whatever gain in the colored population may have been made. The movement of blacks in the Northern and Western states has apparently been of little consequence, and the question of migrating how sorry she was that she had been so rude to him, and then asked him frankly whether he was not the kind friend who had come so opportunely to her mother's relief, his manner confirmed her suspicions.

It is said that 'gratitude is neighbor to love,' and whether that be true or not, it is certain that from that time the manly young farmer was often in Lily's thoughts, while Richard Blake

THE HAY-FIELD.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

In any season so blithe and merry,
So gay with flowers, or so sweet with song,
As that of the rose and the ripened cherry,
When nights are tranquill and days are long?
The earth has forgotten her times of sadness,
The clouds and shadows have passed away;
There is nothing but universal gladness
Among the hay.

This is the season when lads and lasses
Are up betimes in the sunny field;
When the sheen of the scythe lays low the grasses,
And the passing hours new pleasures yield.
The time of the festive sweet hay making,
When the sporting laugh and the joyous word
And the song of grateful love partaking
Are heard.

Why should we squander the hours in sighing
That things which are lovely do not stay?
Why should we mourn that soon we are dying?
Let us be merry amid the way.
There is time enough for the coming sorrow,
Of all earthly things the most dreary and pale;
Let us rise to day and leave to-morrow,
For God to-day.

Blue and bright is the sky above us,
Sweet with it and cool the scented air,
All things whisper that God doth love us,
Bright with it the earth is and fair.
The forest glades are with lyl songs ringing,
There is music to night of the happy day,
Let human voices to-day be ringing,
From fields of hay.

Though far away are the days of childhood,
Of all earthly things the most dreary and pale;
There is pleasure still in the field and wood,
And joy for all dwellers in God's fair earth.
What does it matter that we grow older?
The best shall come when we have passed away,
And we learn a lesson that makes faith bolder,
Of the hay.

Nothing is coming that God oppres us,
Let us raise to triumph a fearless song;
Our Father's care is over us and around us
Ever the same.
Though skies should darken, and flowers be fading,
Though life be stormy and days grow dim,
God's power and mercy are ever providing;
We trust in him.

—*Christian Worlds.*

WHAT TO DO WITH SURPLUS APPLES.

By Jonathan Talcott.

The prospect of a large crop of apples this year in many sections of the country should induce all producers of the crop to make preparations in season to dispose of whatever surplus may be had for coming fall to the best advantage. There are various ways of disposing of apples, some of which may the best for some localities, others for other localities. Every grower must decide for himself what is the best plan to do, in the circumstances in which he is placed.

There can hardly be a better way, under favorable circumstances, than the practice of packing all the choicest fruit in barrels and selling it to dealers in the immediate locality where such surplus is grown. Still, in the more favorable seasons, there will be a great many that are not fit for marketing in this way, and the question arises, what is the best disposition to be made of such inferior fruit? These inferior specimens cannot be used for evaporating, if a first-class quality of goods is desired for the market. Inferior apples cannot make as good a quality of evaporated fruit as the best selected fruit would do; hence, if so used, an inferior grade must be expected that will disappoint purchasers, who put up them for family use. Where there are conveniences at hand, this second quality of apples can be made into cider, and then manufactured into vinegar, that, if not the best, is certainly equal to the best vinegar made for family use, globally there is no way in which more profit can be realized than in cider and vinegar. It has proved not only a sure cure for this nuisance, but a special fertilizer in stimulating an increased growth of plant. Salt (tuffey) if purchased by the quantity can be secured at low rates. It is now quoted 1½c lbs per pound.

A proverbial Law says that 'the great majority of ringlooms in young horses came from the failure to shorten the toes.' To this may be added that ringbone is apt to be formed if colts are allowed to stand on a plank floor, or anywhere else where the footing is hard, during the first eighteen months of their age. Whether in stable or yard during this period, let them have earth for standing or walking free from stone or gravel.

Crying Over Spilt Milk.

There are some people so unfortunately constituted that they cannot, as easily appreciate the blessings they have left, as those which they have missed; who are perpetually groaning over something lost, and crying aloud for the departed glories of the goods the gods have provided. If a dish is broken or a garment rent, instead of quietly making the best of it, and the amount of chafing or crying will restore any injured article to its pristine glory, they trip around again for the same thing till one might suppose nothing less than a convulsion of nature would demand such a fuss and ado. A shoe pinch or a fall secured by making yourselves and everybody about us miserable on account of our balance sheet, great or small, are beyond her control, wins whatever advantage there is to be derived from them, and makes advertisers, no less than preachers, minister to her development. It our friends disappoint us, bemoaning will not recommend us to them. Crying over spilt milk, deploring it will only hasten the ravages of time; if moths corrupt our furs, fretting will not prevent the moths from eating the early frost kills our favorite roots, 'for violets dead, the sweetest showers can never make grow again.'

Although we are well aware that crying over spilt milk is but so much wasted time and energy, we cannot help meeting it with a total disregard of consequences, which would be heavy if used in a more laudable cause. The mean whole thing is a sort of hopeless pleasure in sorrowing over the spilt milk, which however blue or sad it may have caused a feeling, it comes all that milk should be the instant it leaves our grasp. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and sometimes it is only when we have lost a thing that we grow capable of estimating its value and discover how necessary it was to our well-being. It is cold comfort, perhaps, but one which we are apt to hug, to reflect with bitterness upon what a different aspect the world would wear for us if certain pails of milk we wot of had not miscarried; if Angelina had married Gollop, instead of a coming prince; if Aunt Goodenough had remembered us in her will, instead of the Fejee Islanders; if the fortune of our youth had proved in person, instead of rusting tender rovnals to the mercies of the postman.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Haytian Princess Soulouque, who is traveling in this country under her late husband's name, Lubin, will go from New York in a day or two to Philadelphia, thence to Washington and Chicago, and back to Hayti again early next month.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. FRITZ'S FLOWERS.

Vick's Magazine.

On a certain morning, outside of Mrs. Fritz's gate stood two bright-looking girls whose steps had been arrested at sight of a canary-bird merrily singing inside of an old, rusty, wire-trap. The cage, unused, was hanging among clambering vines whose trailing ends sheltered his prison. The girls were cousins—Clara and Amy Strong. "Poor little fellow!" said Amy, "if he could know how his home disgraces him he would never sing another note."

"Is it not strange," said Clara, "that Mrs. Fritz has such a taste for birds and flowers and yet all the ugliest surroundings? What do you suppose is underneath those plants banked up against her house on each side of that ugly, dark doorway?"

"Earth, of course."

"Not so much as you might suppose. I passed here, to and from my recitals, for years, and saw the building of those banks, and got an insight into the process. Next the steps you notice Madeira Vines that climb over the door; well, last year they sent up like in old mail legs, and had grown a foot when she placed them there. Each way from those vines, and next to the house, you see Ivy-leaved Verbenas, Flowering Begonias, Glaucium, Cape Jasmine, Geraniums, Ivy-leaved Geraniums, and Wax Plants; the last two, as you see, supported by pieces of rough lath and tied with white cotton twine. Then, in contacle in which the roots of those plants repose form a medley that is rarely seen outside of a scavenger wagon. Among them I recognized a piece of a stove-pipe with a tin lid crowded in from the top per end to form a bottom, and a mouth-boot with the foot partly chopped off. See exactly what it is made of? Leaders dot tribms she should blunt that post ren von leetle parrel,' meaning a keg of earth, I suppose, for she went on to explain to me when the banks decayed yet ish more peter ash anyding for dot roots.' There was also the upper half of an old churn, with the lid fastened down to form a bottom. The dasher is utilized yonder where you see the Pilogyne blowing about. The strings, you'll notice, are tied through the holes where cream is supposed to have once gushed through, but are now stuffed with small brush, which is nearly hidden by the vine.

"A tier lower down the banks you see Balsams, Begonieties, Salvias, Petunias, Jerusalem Cherry, Phlox Verbenas, Pinks, Zinnias, and various Geraniums, all mixed up together. Lower still, Fuchsias form the base, with Coleus Farfugium, Peristrophe, Begonia Rex, Sensitive Plant, Coleus, Ice Plants, Portulaca, Pansies, Sweet Elyssum, Lobelias. After the banks were thus arranged, she really did try to give them the first unsightliness of her trumpery by inserting here and there, long-rooted stems of the Water Ivy and Wandering Jew, and she had numerous other pots of pots of Seatum and Rock Moss, which she stuck into spaces all about, until finally the banks grew to be what you detest. Well, I suppose I should have time to time to Professor Banning, to whom I recite, just to see him cough and spit in disgust, cross and uncross his legs, jump up and hunt for something he did not want, and then sit down again and call her an old hag; or sometimes, when I've taken some of her great luscious flowers to analyze for him, he'll sniff and say, 'Where do you get those?' and then say, 'O, she's half witch!' You see, the Professor makes a specialty of plant culture himself and knows the delicate and noble fruit deserve no less ignominy than to be ranked with the inferior and despicable class of beings who go about seeking to perpetuate all whom they meet, that the watermelon is full of colic, the least of fatulency, the tomato of cancer, the cabbage of dyspepsia and the turnip of fevers.

A R. H. Ward of Massachusetts, says: "A friend asks me how to grow cabbages extensively for market. He proposes to sulpetre dissolved at the rate of one and a half to two ounces to a gallon of water and applied with a sprinkler will completely banish the cabbage worm in sage worm. It has proved not only a sure cure for this nuisance, but a special fertilizer in stimulating an increased growth of plant. Saltpetre (tuffey) if purchased by the quantity can be secured at low rates. It is now quoted 1½c lbs per pound.

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SHEEP AND DOGS.

Exchange.

For a number of years past protecting sheep from dogs by the use of bells has been recommended at different times. Some have denied that bells ever did any good, and have taken the stance favoring their use. A Southern farmer writes: After much experimenting the following has proven the most beneficial in protecting sheep from dogs: For a flock of from 20 to 100 and 150 head, put on from 14 to 16 bells of various sizes, and from 2 to 4 of the common little sheep-bell up to a large cow-bell. It is the variety of the sound that most terrifies the sheep-killing dog. Again: The flock should always be so situated that they can approach the house of the landlord, through a lane or gap in the fence, and if occasionally salted near the house will invariably approach it at night to sleep, particularly if disturbed by dog or person.

No dog, I care not how much practice he may have in killing sheep, can be induced even under the most trying condition to attack a flock having from 14 to 16 bells of different sizes and tones. A dog severely pressed for hunger may be influenced to attack a flock while down at rest, or silently grazing; but the moment the flock hears from 14 to 16 bells of different sizes and tones reaches his ear, his tail will be seen to tuck between his legs and he is off for other quarters. Some years ago, I lost one dog in a hundred can catch and hold a strong sheep in a run of 400 to 600 yards; hence the advantage of having a flock so situated that the sheep can at all times approach the house. For over 20 years I have kept a flock of from 100 to 200 head, and although there are many worthless sheep-killing dogs around me in the neighborhood, I have not had one killed by dogs.

—Canada Tribune.

I see that a correspondent asks how to keep off Canada thistles, and he is advised to "plow them under." I don't, for I think he can kill them out easier, as follows: Take your kerosene oil can and a quantity of salt; cut off the tops of stalks, and Amoria, if it likely to scatter seed; then pour some of the oil in the crown or hollow of each root, then cover it with a good handful of salt, and you need not fear any more trouble from all roots treated in that way. Look over your patch at several different times, so as to be sure that none escape your notice, and you will find it much easier and more effective than the plowing and cultivating, as that will scatter the roots and make the patch a thousand times worse. The oil and salt I know is sure to kill thistles, from the experience of myself and some of my neighbors.—*Ohio Farmer.*

The "Dangerous" Strawberry.

A short time ago the strawberry eating portion of this section of the country, i. e., the entire community, was momentarily shown into a state of mental indigestion by the startling announcement, promulgated, we believe, by an "illo," Mr. Fuller, of Pennsylvania, and subsequently reiterated at one or two "scientific" gatherings in New Jersey, that the strawberry, the time-honored and innocent strawberry, was known to contain certain germs of disease and possibly of death. In the words of these iconoclasts:

"The sharp, insinuating, burrowing seeds of the strawberry induce many serious injuries to the lungs and membranes lining the terminal section of the alimentary canal together with cutaneous cavities progressing necessarily and invariably to intestinal openings."

Those who boasted that they have eaten strawberries all their lives, in every possible variety, from the luscious wild strawberry to the aristocratic and artificial strawberry, shuddered without experiencing any other feeling than that of great satisfaction with themselves and the knowledge of having enriched churches and funeral funds were told to "wait long enough and your time will come." Doubtless this prophic utterance is very true, if (the "if" in this case is remarkably appropriate) the conditions could only be fulfilled. It is the kind of argument which the wicked photographer uses with the small boy who tells him that he can see the weasel run out of the instrument, if he will only wait long enough. At least this is the light in which the majority of our friends appear to have regarded the attack on the strawberry; for critical observation and statistics indicate no apparent diminution in consumption of the berry itself, and the strawberry market was firm to the close.

All mankind, except the pessimists, therefore, agree with the Chicago editor, that these liberties of the noble fruit deserve no less ignominy than to be ranked with the inferior and despicable class of beings who go about seeking to perpetuate all whom they meet, that the watermelon is full of colic, the least of fatulency, the tomato of cancer, the cabbage of dyspepsia and the turnip of fevers.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

Rocks.

BY MRS. ELLA MAY.

A LECTURE BEFORE THE CROCODILE CLUB.

When Wesley Barnes said he was going to deliver a lecture on rocks we didn't suppose it would be very interesting, but we all went, because this club is to improve your mind; besides having to pay a forfeit if you stay away.

The fine is five cents a time, and the rule is to buy books with it, but we only got two books in all winter, and one of them was Chris Frazer and Dolly had the measles. They wrote a story and sent it to the club, and a story. They made it up, and G. F. wrote it out, because Chris and Dolly had to have a kind of a roof over their eyes, and couldn't see much. G. F. came to West Rock and stayed two weeks. That was the time he wrote it out, and we are going to print it in, but not now.

Susan said they ought to be excused on account of the measles and the poetry, but the president said the fine was only just real plump ones, in a tin pail on the table, and if you wished you are in a room with a fireplace, and lots of coals, it's more than anybody can stand to give much attention to lit'ery matters with a pail of chestnuts on the table.

Even the president kept looking that way a good deal, and Jerry Frazer said, "Sit down, Susan, I'll handle them very carefully, and give them back." He brought in a big paper, kind of knobby on the outside, and inside was—rock candy!

We gave the bag back to G. F., but the specimens were just as he said, they disappeared.

Very Strange—A Father Meets His 50-Year-Old Child for the First Time at a Funeral.

A strange thing happened at Frederick Station, in Montgomery Co., Pa., a few days ago. Aaron Bout, a well-to-do trucker of the neighborhood, a man of some 50 years, was introduced to his father, Aaron Bout, a rich old merchant of 70, who lives on Hess st., this city. Neither knew that the other was alive. Although they have been residing within two hours' ride of each other for a quarter of a century, they never met until the time they had their mutual introduction in a tale. Fifty years ago the father was a well-known horse jockey in Montgomery county, and lived near Frederick. He was a crack rider across country and the most popular horseman to be found within a radius of fifty miles. At all the country fairs young Bout was authority on all matters pertaining to horseflesh, and none dared dispute his word. He was a fearless dare-devil in the saddle, and no one could manage the ribbons of a four-in-hand as gracefully as he. At 20 he went off to Philadelphia and in a few months his first son was born. He did not return to Frederick until the day, fifty years after, when he came back near Frederick. He was a crack rider across country and the most popular horseman to be found within a radius of fifty miles. At all the country fairs young Bout was authority on all matters pertaining to horseflesh, and none dared dispute his word. He was a fearless dare-devil in the saddle, and no one could manage the ribbons of a four-in-hand as gracefully as he. At 20 he went off to Philadelphia and in a few months his first son was born. He did not return to Frederick until the day, fifty years after, when he came back near Frederick face to face. The father and son first met in Philadelphia and became a domestic union of two, accumulated property and became the head of a numerous family. His last child is now but two years old, and was born when the father was a venerable gray old age of 68. There are twenty-four other children, not including the supposed to be dead first born, all of them alive. In the meantime the son, who, if he had lived an uneventful life, had married, bought a little farm and also reared a family of children. One of them, Geo. Bilger, who was a relative of Mr. Bout, died and was taken to Frederick to be buried. Among the mourners was the father, who had not been in the church was the son. Neither was aware of the other's name or identity. An old patriarch of the neighborhood died at Hess st. He had known him when both were boys, and was amazed to find him alive. Falling back in the funeral procession he took the son aside.

"Come," said he, "I will introduce you to your father."

"Father?" cried out the astonished man. "Impossible! I have no father. He is dead."

"No, no," replied his friend, "he is here. Come with me."

In a few moments the father of 70 and the son of 50 years, each somewhat shaken by the news, had kissed and wept in each other's arms. For hours the two sat close together under the friendly shade of a neighbor's vine-clad porch, all unconscious of the curious gaze of the country folks who had attended the funeral.

The son, who has been in Philadelphia but once in his life was passed to pay a visit to his father's house on Hess street, above Twelfth, and when the crops have been harvested on the Frederick farm the father will be another meeting.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Of What Cigarettes are Made.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times reports of a number of old cigar stumps which he saw drying in the sun in the rear of 816 Carpenter street. In that great pile of nicotine-soaked remnants were thousands of choice brands reduced to a common level with the vilest kinds, for the collectors receive no more for a bushel gathered from the sweepings of a fashionable hotel than for the same quantity lifted from gutter-ooze of the slums. Aside from the ten bushels seen drying at this place, twice that quantity of cured butts were stored in the building. The proprietor of this establishment was found to be one of half-a-dozen Italians on that and a neighboring street, who collect the butts from the gutters and from the horde of youthful scavengers who live in the Italian quarter of that city. An active boy or girl will collect half a bushel of stumps in an hour or so, the work being done between daylight and eight o'clock, and between those hours all the principal streets in the heart of the city are gleaned. The children receive no less than five for the stumps, but ten or fifteen cents a pailful is usually paid. The buyers wash the filthiest of the disgusting things, and spread them out to dry. A day or so later, they are crushed into shreds, and allowed to dry twenty-four hours longer being packed in four barrels shipped to New York. The best kind of this stump tobacco is worth $2 50. It is bought by manufacturers of cigarettes and fine-cut chewing tobacco. A wholesale tobacconist of many years' experience declares that, when the stump tobacco is ground, bleached, flavored, and made up in cigarette papers, no one but an expert can detect the difference between it and new leaf.

specimen is a *ne plus ultra*, from the underpinning of Captain Jerry Black's barn. This last specimen is *sine qua non*; they use it for gravestones and images of things. Sometimes it is called marble, because they used to make marbles out of the little pieces they had left from scolloping out imitation stones. Then the little bits in boxes with holes in both sides and corners on, and set the boxes in a stream of water that ran very swift down hill. The water came at the holes on one side and ran out at the other, and the marbles kept wobbling about till they got as round as anything. I don't know how long ago hundred years it took.

That was all of the lecture. He had written out on paper. Dolly Frazer was the critic, but just as she was going to tell what was the matter with it, her father came for her to go home. G. F. was with him. They'd been down to Waterbury to hear a man preach to a distracted meeting. G. F. said he would give a little more to home, and he would stay and be the critic. He read the lecture while he was warming his hands, but Susan thinks he knew it before. He said the lecture was a good one so far as it went, but it had entirely omitted the most important variety of rocks, the *mullum in parvo*. He thought the lecturer might be mistaken about stones growing in winter, but he was inclined to guess that the frost pushed larger stones up and crowded them further out of the ground, and that the same way small stones might be thrown out upon the surface. But this kind that they were speaking of certainly did grow. He had seen them grow larger himself, and he had seen them grow smaller until they entirely disappeared. He said he had some specimens with him, and he would distribute them for the club to examine, and he would be obliged if they handle them very carefully, and give them back. He brought in a big paper, kind of knobby on the outside, and inside was—rock candy!

We gave the bag back to G. F., but the specimens were just as he said, they disappeared.

Why Egyptians Lack Patriotism.

During my visit to Egypt—some seven or eight years ago—there was certainly no national feeling among the Egyptians. Neither they nor their ancestors, for nearly two thousand years, had known native rulers. During all these long centuries they had been the prey of Roman, Greek, Turk, and Mameluke in turn; from none, since the Roman time, had they received protection of life and property, or any national benefit whatever. In such circumstances patriotism should exist among them, for there is no patriotism save in a country worth loving. The conduct of the Egyptian troops in the late Russian war is a proof of this. The few times I saw in Egypt were fine-looking troops—well armed, instructed, and equipped, with intelligent faces and extremely soldierly bearing, and yet utterly worthless, as it seems to me, because they were destitute of that pride which is inspired by patriotism; for patriotism is the only foundation of honor was no concern of theirs. Their conduct in Abyssinia and the Soudan were similar, and no doubt for the same cause. Valor and honor and patriotism be expected from men without any knowledge of their government is that derived from the tax-gatherer, the bastinado, and forced labor? The Egyptian troops in the late Russian war is a proof of this. The few times I saw in Egypt were fine-looking troops—well armed, instructed, and equipped, with intelligent faces and extremely soldierly bearing, and yet utterly worthless, as it seems to me, because they were destitute of that pride which is inspired by patriotism; for patriotism is the only foundation of honor was no concern of theirs. Their conduct in Abyssinia and the Soudan were similar, and no doubt for the same cause. Valor and honor and patriotism be expected from men without any knowledge of their government is that derived from the tax-gatherer, the bastinado, and forced labor? The Egyptian troops in the late Russian war is a proof of this. The Pashas of Ibrahim Pacha are no in contradiction with this conclusion, because few of his troops were Fellaheen. His conquering armies were mainly composed of Arabs, Syrians, Nubians, Arnauts—in fact, of fighting men from all the neighboring parts of the East, who were used to discipline by his iron will, and guided to victory by his great military genius.

Too Cute.

"Who paid ther fare in cents an'only put four on 'em inter the box?" called out a few passengers in the car as he pitched his sharp face through the open car door.

Three men and five women sat as motionless as if made of pasteboard.

"Was it you?" said he, pointing his finger, that stuck out through a hole in his glove, at a middle-aged lady.

"No, sir, 'twant no sech thing."

"Was it you?" and he pointed at Dan Peat.

"Nary. I'm a virtuous member of sicty," answered Dan.

"So they all denied it, and the driver growled out in disgust:

"Well, I'm glad 'twant none of ye, for one of them cents is er two-dollar an'-half gold-piece, an' the company is gabed it ever since, and forty-nine cents by that speciation."

"My stars an' garter!" exclaimed Dan, "that's just the all financial statements. I was a-trym' ter beat the company out of er cent. Gin it back ter me. Here's your cent," and Dan dropped the money into the box. Other voices, while an aghast look spread all over his broad expanse of freckled face.

"Yer tu cute, mister feller. Git up, ole Jack," and he drove on.

Despised Woods.

For a county of which it was said years ago that the principal cigar stump was cut, (that is, oak and heavy sticks). Essex is shipping a remarkable quantity of valuable woods. Mr. T. A. Fullerton has shipped to Boston, ash, tonwood, basswood and elm, to fill various contracts from Buffalo to Virginia. Railway ties are being shipped from Kingsville to Buffalo; lumber from Farrington to Detroit. The fact is, we are only beginning to learn the uses to which the despised firewoods of twenty years ago may be put; and to realize that a cord of hardwood, at $3 per cord, or ash at $1 per cord now-a-days, as was done in 1850 to 1860, a man would be considered as "green" at the business. The last issue of the Ambersburg *Echo* that 25 tons of "bent stuff," made by Heard & Co., t. e., shafts, felloes and other wooden parts of vehicles, were last week shipped by propeller eastward, destined for Montreal, Quebec and Halifax; while buggy spokes are going by the carload to Sandusky, from Higgins Bros., of McGregor in the same county.—*Can. Lumberman.*