

News of the Week

And Strait of Canso Shipping Gazette.

Printed and Published by LEON & GRANT,
Established 1853, VOLUME 11, NUMBER 32

PORT HAWKESBURY, N. S., TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1875.

PRICE: (FIVE PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE)
(SINGLE COPIES 3 CENTS.)

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?
Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail;
The plot that worked
A brother's hurt;
Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

THE BEACON LIGHT.

Yes, I was to be married the coming fall to Rollin Weatherbee, heir of the Weatherbee estate. How matters had progressed so far and I had been engaged to Rollin I scarcely knew. Did I love him I asked myself many times, without being able to answer the query. My mother had very quietly and in her determined way settled the whole affair, and I supposed I had nothing to do but quietly submit to the decree. I did not dislike Rollin, and indeed there was little about him to make one do anything but like him. I knew my young female friends envied me.

I was paying my last maiden visit with my mother, and the wedding day was drawing near. At the seaside where we were I met Brecece Rogers, and our acquaintance at once ripened into friendship. I had scarcely noted the growth of this intimacy until one evening Brecece and I were talking our accustomed walk, when he suddenly turned to me and said:

"Is this thing true your mother tells me?"
"What thing?" I almost whispered.
"You know?" he answered fiercely.
"Is it true that you are to be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next October?" That you are here to make your preparations?"
"Yes," the word came almost with a gasp. He took my hands in his and looked down upon me.

"You shall not—you shall not! I love you, you are mine, now and forever!"
Before I could speak or cry out he had taken me in his arms, and was raining kisses upon my lips. This man had aroused a strange feeling in my breast, that now, as I lay in his arms, I believed must be love. I could see the reckless beauty of his face as it bent above me, and almost unconsciously I clasped my arms about his neck, sobbing wildly, and whispering: "Oh, if I had known you sooner—if it were not too late."

"It is not too late," he cried, passionately, straining me to his heart. "You are mine now and for all time. You must be my wife!"
"But I cannot," I sobbed. "I am bound to another—the wedding day draws near."

"I care nothing for that. You must wed me, and no other. I cannot give you up."
His imperious manner, his impassioned earnestness, aroused in my girlish admiration. He seemed like some knight of olden romance to me, besides whom Rollin Weatherbee, with his patrician beauty, was completely overshadowed. For three weeks I met Rogers each day, and listened to his words of passionate devotion. At last came an afternoon late in September. I was to meet Brecece that evening, and stood looking out at the gorgeous sunset, with a heart full of contending emotions, when mamma came into the room. "Rose," she said, "you remember Brecece Rogers who came here so often some time ago?"

"Remember him! but I only said: 'Yes, mother,' in a very low voice."
"Well, Harwood tells me a painful thing in connection with him. She says her husband tells her it is the neighbor-hood talk now. It seems there is a very lovely young girl, a gardener's daughter, Cora Smith by name, whom Brecece has been very attentive to for some months. The girl's father says he is betrothed to him. At all events, he has been a most ardent lover, for a year or more, and now, without a word, or any apparent cause, he has deserted her. Has not been near her for two months, and the girl is very ill—calling for him constantly, but he does not go near her. It is thought she will die. She is a poor, frail, childish thing, and never knew what it was to suffer before. It is very sad. What a heartless villain he must be."

My heart seemed to die within me. A rush of emotion, shame, anger, grief, misplaced love and wounded pride fought together in my breast. Oh! how near the man was whom I had placed above Rollin Weatherbee in my heart's affection. How I despised him, for that moment. Then I began to think it might not be so—there might be some mistake. "I will go to him to-night," I thought, "and I shall know."
I did go, when the shadows of the gloaming settled down over the earth. I found him waiting for me. He held out his arms, but I stood aloof.

"Go to Cora Smith," I said. "She is entitled to your caresses—she wants them—I do not."
I needed no further proof of his guilt. His face turned crimson from brow to chin, and then pale as death.

"What do you know of her?" he cried, hoarsely.
"Who has been telling you lies!"

"No one," I answered. "Your face is a proof of the truth of all I have heard. I will make this our last meeting. My eyes are opened in time, thank God. I do not want to set them upon you again. Do not try to see me, for it will be useless. I utterly despise you. Go back to the only person who believes you worthy of love—who is dying for you."

I turned and sped back to the house, and for two weeks scarcely stepped outside its walls. I was ill in mind and body. My unreasoning romantic folly, that I had called love, died suddenly at one blow, and I knew there was only one man in the world that I loved, or ever had loved, and that one man was Rollin Weatherbee. But my heart was filled with regrets for my past folly, and fears for what might follow. But two weeks passed by and I heard no word and saw nothing of Brecece Rogers until that chill October night, when my story opens.

I turned my face away, lest the light of those dark eyes should bring back the old delirium. For at that one glance I felt the blood leap through my veins, and a strange glow shoot through my heart. I thoroughly despised this man, yet he had a power over me still. A woman who has ever been held in a man's arms, and felt his kisses upon her lips, can never so learn to despise or forget him that the sight of his face will not sometimes move her. At length I arose and moved away from the window. A second later something struck the glass with a sharp click.

"What was that?" asked mamma.
"The wind hurled something against the window pane," I answered. A moment later and it was repeated. "Why, it sounds like something thrown against the glass," mamma said. "Tell Harwood to see what it is, Rose."
I got up and went out of the room. I knew it was useless to resist Brecece Rogers' summons longer. I must go to see what he wanted. I threw a dark cloak over my shoulders and went out. He heard the door open, and glided into the shadows again.

"What do you want?" I asked, icily.
"Why are you here? I told you never to approach me again."
"Yes, but you were angry then. You have had time to think more kindly of me since, and I came to tell you that Cora is dead. She died last night, and with her dying lips she forgave me whatever wrong I have done her. I was with her and caught her last breath. If she could forgive me, surely you ought. I know I did her wrong, but she has forgiven me; will not you do the same and come to me?" He took a step toward me, but I retreated. "I have nothing to forgive," I answered coldly. "If she whom you so wronged has forgiven you, well and good. I owe you no ill-will, but I do not love or respect you now, and never can."

"Rose!" he cried, "you are cruel! Oh, come to me, and fly before it is too late!"
"Hush!" I said sternly. "All that wild folly is past, and forever. I shall be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next week at this time, and far from here. The wife of the only man I ever loved. That mad fancy I conceived for you died as suddenly as it sprang to life, and can never live again. Go away now and leave me. Good-night and good-bye."

I sped back into the house, and locked the door behind me, leaving him alone in the darkness. I found mamma had fallen to sleep in her chair by the stove, and was relieved that I would thus be spared answering any questions. The wind blew colder and harsher across the moorlands. A dreary rain began to fall, and the night settled down, desolate and lonely. Merideth House was oppressive, quiet, and my heart was full of sad thoughts. What if the dreadful autumnal storms should come in just after Rollin embarked for Avondale! What if his ship went down in the waters of the lake, and he never came to me? Would it not be a just punishment for my wild folly? Had I not been untrue to him in thought, and almost broken my vows, and fled with another, and that other a basehearted, unprincipled villain? Oh! I was ashamed—ashamed; and I hid my face in my hands, praying to God to forgive me, and send Rollin to me in safety.

The days that followed were damp and chill, with mist and wet east winds. But the dreaded storm did not come on. Each night I went to rest with a heart full of anxious fear; each morning I arose, thankful to find only wet winds and somber skies. Thursday morning came gray, cold, chilly, like the ones that preceded it. Thursday night the ship Cora Bell was expected, and by that ship Rollin Weatherbee would come to me.

I was restless and uneasy all the long day. No glimmer of sunshine lighted the dull, gray skies. A daisy mist fell, and the cold east wind blew over the moor. By night I was almost hysterical, and my heart was like lead in my breast. "A wan-faced bride ye'll be, if ye donna brighten up a bit," Harwood said to me, and I did not wonder as I caught sight of my dead white face in the mirror.

The evening came on dark and desolate. No moon, no stars, only a gray, varied here and there with dense black clouds. I could not stay in the house. It seemed like a prison to me, and seizing a cloak I threw the hood over my head, the cape over my shoulders, and walked down the avenue, and leaning on the stone pillars of the gate, looked out towards the lake. Suddenly something caught my eye; it was a bright light high up in the air.

"A lighthouse, of course," I said, mentally, "but why have I never seen it before? That is not the lighthouse that directs ships to Avondale landing, for the landing is exactly opposite Merideth House. I have seen the light night after night from my chamber window." I turned my eyes in the direction of the landing. It was dark as pitch. But to the left, full half a mile, shone that brilliant light. Suddenly a thought struck me. "My God, it is the lighthouse on the rocks!" I cried, and my heart seemed to stand still. I remembered that I had been out there once, in my boat. An old fisherman, sitting on the rocks, and dropping his line in the water, had answered my queries concerning the lighthouse. "It is where the red light is hoisted of a very stormy night," he said. "Not often used, miss, for the beacon at Avondale guides the ships safe to the landing. But this is lighted sometimes to show where the danger lies, if the night is over dangerous."

His words all came back to me now, with dreadful distinctness. The light seemed to burn into my very eyeballs—the light that shone clear and white—not the red signal of danger—high up on the cruel rocks. Quick as lightning it all flashed through my mind. Some one had lighted the lamp to wreck the Cora Bell upon the rocks. Who could that some one be but Brecece Rogers? He knew Rollin Weatherbee was coming to me on that ship, and he was bold enough to back hundred lives for the sake of killing one man. What could be done—how could the danger be averted? Without even a glance back to the house, I opened the gate and sped toward the lake. I knew every inch of the ground.

On I went till I reached the hut of a fisherman. I gave a loud knock at the door, then sat up without waiting to be bidden. A stalwart man and his burly son sat over the grate. Both started to their feet at the sight of my deadly face and staring eyes. "Why, Miss Rose—!" I stopped them.
"For God's sake," I cried, "come with me! The beacon at Avondale landing has not been lighted, and the house on the rocks is burning a white light, and the Cora Bell will be wrecked unless something is done. One of you go to Avondale and see why the keeper has neglected his duty, and one of you come with me to the lighthouse on the rocks."

"With you, Miss Rose, why?"
"Yes, with me! I can't stay here, I must go with you in the boat and see that the light is put out. I am not afraid. The night is dark, but the lake is not rough. The danger is threatening the Cora Bell. We must be quick."

"The boat is in the landing place," said the fisherman, and the young man hastened, and up into the lighthouse, while I sprang into the boat which the old man unlocked, and scarcely waiting for him to seat himself, seized an oar and rowed with all my might. How slowly we went—how slowly! Would we never reach the rocks? And all the time that wicked, hateful light burning into my very eyeballs. There at last! The light made the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the boat, and I clambered up the rocks.

"Careful, miss," he continued, "these rocks are wet and slippery;" but I reached the lighthouse, and entered with a heart so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for myself. I ran like a mad up the stairs, up the ladder—up—up—till I reached the tower. I opened the door, I leaped into the loft, where the lamp gleamed and flashed its white light into my very eyes. A man, with a devil face, turned at the noise. He had been so intently gazing through a glass out upon the waters that he had not heard my approach. "Fiend!" I cried, "what would you do with me? One bound I dashed my whole force against the lamp, shattering it in pieces, and extinguished the hateful light. For one moment we were left in utter darkness and a man's voice hissed: "Girl, you shall rue this. I have you in my power now." I felt his iron grip upon my wrist and screamed outright. Then the door burst open, the light of a lantern flashed into the tower, and the burly form of the fisherman entered and stood beside us. "Seize him—bind him!" I cried. "He will kill me!"
The burly fisherman set down his lamp and caught the arms of Brecece Rogers, and quick as thought pinioned them at his back. I tore up the skirt of my dress and twisted it in a stout cord that securely fastened the villain's limbs. He scarcely moved so sudden had been the fisherman's attack, so iron-like his hold. "Now bring him down," I said, "I will lead the way with the lantern." He took Brecece Rogers' lithe, slender figure in his arms as if it had been a child's, and followed me down the ladder. It was a treacherous descent, but we landed safely upon the rocks and took our seats in the boat. Brecece was not gagged, but he said no word, and not a note of one cent came from other places and it will not do to omit frequent examination. Those fish have been so unfortunate as to allow insects to get the mastery must resort at once to parigreen. Every day of delay makes the matter worse. If the bugs are few, pick by hand, and destroy the eggs, which will be found in little orange-colored clusters on the leaves. If too many to pick, then use parigreen, observing all the precautions given relative to its use. Keep up the watch; if no bugs are found now, they are liable to come at any time during the summer, and success depends greatly on beginning in time.

to him a full half hour to right them and make them burn. How they did burn at last, in time to guide the Cora Bell safely to shore, and bring Rollin and the wedding guests in season for the morrow's bridal.

"Was a pale bride and had to be supported by my husband's arm, but it was a glad bridal for all that. We left Avondale, mamma, Rollin, and some few of the wedding company, that very day, and I have never set foot there since. Brecece Rogers was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison, where he died two years later. Rollin knew the whole story of my folly before I became his wife. He did not censure me—since I had risked my life to save his, and to atone for my error."

Superstition in Kentucky.

The following story seems incredible, but it is told, apparently in entire seriousness, by the Columbus (Ky.) Messenger. There lives within a few miles of Clinton, in this county, a well-known and respected family by the name of Berry, the oldest daughter of which has been married, and lives in the edge of Ballard county. This daughter is poor health, and it seems to be at least partially deranged. This daughter told the family that a man by the name of McDonald had died near Charleston, Mo., and that he had since appeared to her in the form of an angel and made various revelations to her; that he had told her the nature of her disease, and what to do to effect a cure; and that she had followed the directions given and been relieved, thus proving the reliability of the spiritual communication. She also told them that on another occasion this spirit had informed her that certain neighboring ladies were witches, and that they would come to the house in the form of cats and do them some great injury. The family were firm believers in the power of spiritual to communicate with physical beings, and their minds were so wrought upon that they fully believed the insane story of their daughter. The Holy Scriptures were searched for confirmatory proofs to prophecies and in parallel cases of history, as well as for authority as to what should be done with the witches. Here they convinced themselves that the "witches" should be put to death. In the meantime the ladies who had been accused of witchcraft were apprised of the state of mind existing in the Berry family, and became alarmed and terror-stricken.

They while the two boys in the family were out getting wood a couple of cats came running and cowering near by. The boys, to use their own words, "thought the witches had them," and scampered into the house; the elder boy, aged probably fifteen or sixteen years, took a gun and went out to shoot the cats, or witches, or whatever they might be, but failing to find them, he began making threats against the ladies whom he supposed to be identical with the cats, for he firmly believed that these ladies could transform themselves into cats and again resume their human forms at will. Some reports say that he actually went to their houses in search of them, making threats by the way. Having gone thus far, other neighbors interfered and caused the arrest of the family, consisting of Mr. John Berry, his wife and two sons. Being themselves put upon oath they testified that they solemnly believed these stories of witchcraft, and that in justice and obedience to the Scriptures the witches should be killed. One or two attorneys and some other citizens told them that such belief was insanity, and that if they persisted in it they would have to be sent to the insane asylum. After considerable reasoning they admitted that they might be mistaken, and they were released on giving bond in the sum of \$500 for good behavior.

The Colorado potato beetle has put in its appearance, and has now reached all parts. Some of the potato growing counties of New Jersey are badly infested with it, and it is spreading rapidly into Pennsylvania, and southward. Last fall, says the *Agriculturist*, we gave warning that they were near the coast, and have this year given timely notice. Knowing that they were to be expected, the writer began to examine his potatoes as soon as they were fairly up, and in the last week of May a few bugs were found. Examination was daily made of the vines, and a few hundred in all collected, and what few eggs were found destroyed. If the first ones which come from their winter quarters in the ground are allowed to breed, then the case becomes serious, but having, while the plants were small, and the beetles easily seen, disposed of the first brood, we hope to keep them in check, though no doubt some will come in from other places and it will not do to omit frequent examination. Those potatoes have been so unfortunate as to allow insects to get the mastery must resort at once to parigreen. Every day of delay makes the matter worse. If the bugs are few, pick by hand, and destroy the eggs, which will be found in little orange-colored clusters on the leaves. If too many to pick, then use parigreen, observing all the precautions given relative to its use. Keep up the watch; if no bugs are found now, they are liable to come at any time during the summer, and success depends greatly on beginning in time.

If a man has got something to say, it is proper to let him say it. If he is a reasonable man he will be satisfied with the permission to speak, and not expect you to quit work and listen to him.

The Potato Bug.

The Colorado potato beetle has put in its appearance, and has now reached all parts. Some of the potato growing counties of New Jersey are badly infested with it, and it is spreading rapidly into Pennsylvania, and southward. Last fall, says the *Agriculturist*, we gave warning that they were near the coast, and have this year given timely notice. Knowing that they were to be expected, the writer began to examine his potatoes as soon as they were fairly up, and in the last week of May a few bugs were found. Examination was daily made of the vines, and a few hundred in all collected, and what few eggs were found destroyed. If the first ones which come from their winter quarters in the ground are allowed to breed, then the case becomes serious, but having, while the plants were small, and the beetles easily seen, disposed of the first brood, we hope to keep them in check, though no doubt some will come in from other places and it will not do to omit frequent examination. Those potatoes have been so unfortunate as to allow insects to get the mastery must resort at once to parigreen. Every day of delay makes the matter worse. If the bugs are few, pick by hand, and destroy the eggs, which will be found in little orange-colored clusters on the leaves. If too many to pick, then use parigreen, observing all the precautions given relative to its use. Keep up the watch; if no bugs are found now, they are liable to come at any time during the summer, and success depends greatly on beginning in time.

The Cheese Industry.

According to the *American Grocer*, the cheese industry is in danger of ruin, and the only salvation, it is said, is to abandon the manufacture of every quality except full cream cheese, which is the only kind entitled to the designation of cheese. So-called cheese is made of every gradation of quality, from the poorest skimmed to the richest full cream cheese, and sells in the market from two cents to thirteen and a half cents a pound. If the milk is all skimmed, the poorest product is the result, and this quality proves an exceedingly unprofitable manufacture, as it costs to make and sell at least three cents a pound, and nets a loss of one cent a pound. The next quality above, with five per cent. of cream, and made of good texture and properly colored, brings a relatively higher price; and so on for all gradations of quality until when the cheese is made with a mixture of morning milk skimmed and evening milk unskimmed, in equal quantities, an article may be produced by proper care that will pass very well with those who are not experts for a full cream cheese. Then comes in the oleomargarine cheese, the cream all taken off and the oil called oleomargarine, from the fresh fat of the calf of an ox, substituted in equal weight for the cream. This produces an article which in many respects so closely resembles the full cream cheese as to be readily sold for it.

Last year skimmed milk cheese sold very well up to the best grades. This year they can hardly be sold at all, from which it appears that, after all, cheating does not pay. All who are interested in the export trade, and nearly every receiver is, tells us that the presence of adulterated cheese in the English market is being felt here, and that it is absolutely certain, if their manufacture and shipment is persisted in, will react disastrously upon our cheese trade, and ultimately drive us out of a market that has cost us so many years and so much labor to establish. Of the 1,905,978 cheese received here during the year ending May 31 last, 1,701,328 were exported, leaving 204,650 for home consumption, about nine per cent. of the total receipts. Figures like these show the importance of sending good cheese abroad.

The misery felt by the child who couldn't go to the picnic is nothing to that of the one who has been to it.

How He Won Her.

The reader must imagine that the following takes place in a snug little parlor before a bright fire. The speaker is a short, dark-complexioned man, who seems to enjoy life thoroughly. His companion is a younger man than himself and a bachelor.

"How did I come to get the prize? Well, now, that is a question. If you have patience enough to listen I'll tell you. As you know, I was what my family called a queer boy. I didn't drink and keep late hours, but much to the pity and possibly annoyance of my relatives who were strict Methodists, wandered in the neighborhood of W— church.

"Rather timidly I sat down in a pew on the right hand side of the church, and fixed myself so that I could have a view of every person coming in, and at the same time see the preacher. While glancing around my eye fell on what you have called my 'prize.'
"She was dressed in deep mourning, as I subsequently found out, for a near relative. This only added to her charms. Her face was a beautiful clear pale. Her eyes were blue, and of that large and loving kind which a fellow cannot help admiring. When she laughed two rows of pearly-white teeth were displayed. Her whole manner was that of a lady combined with the beautiful simplicity of a child.
"Under the left lappet of my vest all at once something began to jump. I guess it was my heart. For the life of me, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Now and then I was rewarded with a smile and a glance. For some time this was our only acquaintance. I attended that church Sunday after Sunday. At last I was introduced to her. This was what I had been looking for, and now that I had it I seemed to be in the third heaven. I was timid at first, but one evening after church I heard her say: "Oh, dear, I've no one to leave me home, my folks are all gone."
"I at once volunteered to be her escort; my offer was accepted, and from that day onward I grew into her confidence. I gave her my whole heart. I couldn't help it, she was so good and so beautiful. Four years ran on, and I was content to pop the question, although it had been mutually popped a long time before. We were sitting alone one evening in the cozy little parlor of her house. Her hand was in mine. I nervously said: "Katie, do you remember that little two story house I said I'd like to live in?"
"Yes, what of it?" she said, her large blue eyes looking into mine.
"Well, I have one of them now, and it is a very lonely place. I want some person to take care of it for me. Can you recommend any person?"
"I really don't know a single person I could trust," she replied.
"I do," said I, "and that one is yourself, Katie. Will you come and take care of it—take complete possession?"
"A gentle pressure on my hand was the answer. That evening we asked 'Pa' and 'Ma,' who both said 'yes.'
"There is the whole story. You know the rest. How happy we have lived. Not a single quarrel—here she comes herself, the best little wife any man could wish for."

A singular case has been heard before the English courts. A laboring man was tried for the manslaughter of his son, a child two years of age, under circumstances of the most extraordinary character. This prisoner was a member of a sect called the "Peculiar People." One of the rules of this denomination is that in all cases of illness it is against the law of God, as written in the Holy Scriptures, to call upon medical men for assistance. The church provided that in all cases they should rely entirely upon "prayer and anointing the body with oil." The infant son of this laborer was attacked with pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. No doctor was summoned. The elders of the church visited the child, prayed over it, laid their hands upon it and anointed it with oil. In time it died, and the father was arrested on the charge of manslaughter, in virtually contributing to the death of his son.

On the trial one of the elders of the "Peculiar People" testified to the anointing, and quoted Scripture to prove that his action was according to the law of God. He furthermore informed the court that the father had given the child "port wine, arrow root, new milk and other nourishing things," and he gave the still further information that the sect had resolved, in the event of contagious disease breaking out among their number, to call in medical advice "for the sake of their neighbors." In response to a question of the judge this elder said that they used the same remedies for helpless infants unable to protect themselves that were employed for grown up persons, and declined to pledge himself, in response to further inquiry, or to pledge any of his people to make any alteration in the treatment of their children in cases of sickness. They would still depend upon prayer. A physician testified that the child died of pleurisy, and that it might, if properly treated, have lived. The jury found the prisoner guilty, but added that they believed he was acting for the best "according to his religious notions, and that what he did was intended for the benefit of the child." There is a further suggestion that the law should compel people to obtain medical assistance for children when they are ill. The judge postponed judgment, allowed the prisoner to go at large upon bail and submitted the case to the court of criminal appeal, saying that if his view of the law were correct it would have the effect of compelling people, whether "peculiar" or not, to procure medical treatment for their children.

The Olden Time.

Hon. Allen W. Dodge gives the following account of his first examination when making application for the position of school-teacher:

I was reading an account of Concord when I was a young man in college, over fifty years ago, I taught school there two winters—and all of a sudden I came to the picture of old Ezra Ripley, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was the very man who examined me and gave me a certificate—I have it at home—certifying that I was "a good moral character," "a worthy, trying, too, that I was qualified to teach school in the town of Concord," and he signed it in a sort of John Hancock style, "Ezra Ripley, minister," and the minister par excellence in the town of Concord. If you will pardon me, I will tell you how he examined me. I went there in the evening with fear and trembling, and sat down and told him that I was the man he was looking for. He looked at me, and I trembled from head to foot, and he spelled me—"spelling matches" of that kind were rare—he even made me read, and examined my writing, and then put me through a course of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, vulgar fractions, and that sort of thing; and said he: "I am satisfied with your attainments, but there is one thing before I give you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." I said: "What is that, sir?" "You must open and close your school every day with prayer!" I said: "I am not a professor of religion; I never prayed out loud in my life, and I think it is unfair for you to require it of me." He said: "Young man, I want no arguing." I said: "What do you want, Dr. Ripley?" He said: "I want you to pray;" and I said again that I could not do it, and he said: "You cannot keep this school." Well, now, I wanted to keep the school badly; it was my first attempt, and I thought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I thought it over; I thought very quick, and I said: "Will you allow me, Dr. Ripley, to write out the form of prayer on a piece of paper or a slate, and pray with one eye closed, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." He said: "What is that, sir?" "Any way you can fix it, young man; I am satisfied if you are." And I said: "I will keep the school." And—well, what do you think? He had to call his daughter Hannah—Hannah was there in a moment—he said: "Hannah, draw a mug of cider." Well, we passed a very pleasant evening, the cider was very nice, and we parted good friends; and I didn't think he was so stern a man when I left, as when I came. Well, that illustrates, to a certain extent, the character of the clergy of that day—they were the "masters of the situation;" their word was law.

The reports from the various departments in the South concerning the cotton crop are highly satisfactory.

How He Won Her.

The reader must imagine that the following takes place in a snug little parlor before a bright fire. The speaker is a short, dark-complexioned man, who seems to enjoy life thoroughly. His companion is a younger man than himself and a bachelor.

"How did I come to get the prize? Well, now, that is a question. If you have patience enough to listen I'll tell you. As you know, I was what my family called a queer boy. I didn't drink and keep late hours, but much to the pity and possibly annoyance of my relatives who were strict Methodists, wandered in the neighborhood of W— church.

"Rather timidly I sat down in a pew on the right hand side of the church, and fixed myself so that I could have a view of every person coming in, and at the same time see the preacher. While glancing around my eye fell on what you have called my 'prize.'
"She was dressed in deep mourning, as I subsequently found out, for a near relative. This only added to her charms. Her face was a beautiful clear pale. Her eyes were blue, and of that large and loving kind which a fellow cannot help admiring. When she laughed two rows of pearly-white teeth were displayed. Her whole manner was that of a lady combined with the beautiful simplicity of a child.
"Under the left lappet of my vest all at once something began to jump. I guess it was my heart. For the life of me, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Now and then I was rewarded with a smile and a glance. For some time this was our only acquaintance. I attended that church Sunday after Sunday. At last I was introduced to her. This was what I had been looking for, and now that I had it I seemed to be in the third heaven. I was timid at first, but one evening after church I heard her say: "Oh, dear, I've no one to leave me home, my folks are all gone."
"I at once volunteered to be her escort; my offer was accepted, and from that day onward I grew into her confidence. I gave her my whole heart. I couldn't help it, she was so good and so beautiful. Four years ran on, and I was content to pop the question, although it had been mutually popped a long time before. We were sitting alone one evening in the cozy little parlor of her house. Her hand was in mine. I nervously said: "Katie, do you remember that little two story house I said I'd like to live in?"
"Yes, what of it?" she said, her large blue eyes looking into mine.
"Well, I have one of them now, and it is a very lonely place. I want some person to take care of it for me. Can you recommend any person?"
"I really don't know a single person I could trust," she replied.
"I do," said I, "and that one is yourself, Katie. Will you come and take care of it—take complete possession?"
"A gentle pressure on my hand was the answer. That evening we asked 'Pa' and 'Ma,' who both said 'yes.'
"There is the whole story. You know the rest. How happy we have lived. Not a single quarrel—here she comes herself, the best little wife any man could wish for."

The Cheese Industry.

According to the *American Grocer*, the cheese industry is in danger of ruin, and the only salvation, it is said, is to abandon the manufacture of every quality except full cream cheese, which is the only kind entitled to the designation of cheese. So-called cheese is made of every gradation of quality, from the poorest skimmed to the richest full cream cheese, and sells in the market from two cents to thirteen and a half cents a pound. If the milk is all skimmed, the poorest product is the result, and this quality proves an exceedingly unprofitable manufacture, as it costs to make and sell at least three cents a pound, and nets a loss of one cent a pound. The next quality above, with five per cent. of cream, and made of good texture and properly colored, brings a relatively higher price; and so on for all gradations of quality until when the cheese is made with a mixture of morning milk skimmed and evening milk unskimmed, in equal quantities, an article may be produced by proper care that will pass very well with those who are not experts for a full cream cheese. Then comes in the oleomargarine cheese, the cream all taken off and the oil called oleomargarine, from the fresh fat of the calf of an ox, substituted in equal weight for the cream. This produces an article which in many respects so closely resembles the full cream cheese as to be readily sold for it.

Last year skimmed milk cheese sold very well up to the best grades. This year they can hardly be sold at all, from which it appears that, after all, cheating does not pay. All who are interested in the export trade, and nearly every receiver is, tells us that the presence of adulterated cheese in the English market is being felt here, and that it is absolutely certain, if their manufacture and shipment is persisted in, will react disastrously upon our cheese trade, and ultimately drive us out of a market that has cost us so many years and so much labor to establish. Of the 1,905,978 cheese received here during the year ending May 31 last, 1,701,328 were exported, leaving 204,650 for home consumption, about nine per cent. of the total receipts. Figures like these show the importance of sending good cheese abroad.

The misery felt by the child who couldn't go to the picnic is nothing to that of the one who has been to it.

How He Won Her.

The reader must imagine that the following takes place in a snug little parlor before a bright fire. The speaker is a short, dark-complexioned man, who seems to enjoy life thoroughly. His companion is a younger man than himself and a bachelor.

"How did I come to get the prize? Well, now, that is a question. If you have patience enough to listen I'll tell you. As you know, I was what my family called a queer boy. I didn't drink and keep late hours, but much to the pity and possibly annoyance of my relatives who were strict Methodists, wandered in the neighborhood of W— church.