THE COUNTY PAPER

By DAVENPORT & DOBYNS.

OREGON, : : : MO

ASLEEP.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

In summer-time how fair it showed!—
My garden by the village road,
Where fiery stalks of blossom glowed,
And roses softly blushed;
With azure spires, and garlands white,
Pale heliotrope, the sun's delight,
And odors that perfumed the night
Where'er the south wind rushed.

There solemn purple pansies stood,
Gay tulips red with floral blood,
And wild things fresh from field and wood,
Alive with dainty grace.
Deep heaven-blue bells of columbine,
The darkly mystic passion-vine,
And clematis that loves to twine,
Bedecked that happy place.

Beneath the strong unclouded blaze
Of long and fervent summer days
The colors smote the passing gaze,
And dazzled every eye.
Their cups of scented honey-dew
Charmed all the bees that o'er them flew,
And butterflies of radiant hue
Paused as they floated by.

Now falls a cloud of sailing snow,
The bitter winds of winter blow,
No blossom dares its cup to show—
Earth folds them in her breast;
A shroud of white, a virgin pall,
Is slowly, softly, hiding all;
In vain shall any sweet wind call
To break their silent rest.

My garden is a vanished dream,
Dead in the waning moon's cold beam,
Clear icicles above it gleam;
And yet—I know not how—
My flowers will hear the dropping rain
When spring reneweth hill and plain,
And then it shall be mine again:
It is God's garden now.

THE SNOW MAIDEN.

A Russian Story.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

N. Y. Ledger.

Once upon a time two people who had been married a great many years were sitting beside their stove in their comfortable little house talking to each other.

"Why did the Good God never give us any children?" asked the old man of the old woman. "Its seem strange that tipsy Peter Petervitch should have four great sons and I none, and that women who knows nothing of the care of a household should have many daughters, while you have not even one, Veda Nekrasof."

"It is the will of God, Vanza Nekrasof," replied the wife; "but I would be very glad to have a daughter. She would be such a pleasure to us. Fancy her, with her flaxen hair—just like mine was when I was a girl—her round, blue eyes, and her plump, white arms, pouring hot tea for us on a winter night, sitting here and singing to us. We should dress her like a little queen, for you have plenty of money, Vanza; and if she married she should have such a necklace of gold coin as no girl in the country has ever had."

"Bah, and why should she marry? You women always think of that," said the husband.

"Well she should not marry, she would love us too well; but she would be sought in marriage," said the old wife. "We both come of handsome families. My little Ivanyetta would be a beauty and *so* good."

"Yes. Ivanyette would be her name," said Vanza. "I like it. Hark, what is that?"

"The beating of the snow drift on the door," said Veda.

"No, a knock," said Vanza.

He arose and went to open it. A white figure stood without in the snow, tall, slender, and seemingly wrapped in white furs.

It seemed to Vanza to be no morta woman, yet he fell that it was no evil thing.

"The Christmas days are coming," said the figure. "I bring you a present. Take care of it. Give it to no other. Swear!"

"I swear," said Vanza.

He held out his arms. The white figure laid something in them. A great dritt of snow rushed in between them as she did so, and seemed to sweep her away.

The next minute he stood within his room, holding in his arms the most beautiful child his eyes had ever rested on.

"God has heard us, Veda," he said. "This is nothing evil; and, remember, I promised never to give it to any one else."

Veda crossed and took the babe in her arms. A great mother-love welled up in her heart for it; a great joy, impossible to express. On the next day they had the child baptized, and now they were happy, for no parents had a sweeter, lovelier child.

"The angels brought it from heaven," said the neighbors.

This little Ivanyetta grew apace. She never disobeyed her parents. She was devout and neat as well as beautiful. When she was a tall young maiden, with long, golden braids down her back, she allowed old Veda Nekrasof to do none of the household work. Often the old people sat beside the stove while she sang to them and brought them hot tea, and remembered the day when they wished for a daughter. They were very happy, but happiness cannot keep age away. They grew old in twenty years, for they were already long past middle age when the child came to them. And now the young men of the neighborhood began to sue for the hand of Ivanyetta Nekrasof—the tall young son of the doctor, the school-master,s nephew, the young tea merchant, who was believed to be so rich—but to each and all the old people said:

"We cannot give our child away, We ave made a vow before God."

For a long while Ivanyetta was glad to hear them say so, but one day a stranger came—a youth from Denmark—who sang divinely, who said things to her that no one had ever said before. She lost her heart to him, and now it seemed cruel to her that her fate should be like that of no other maiden upon earth. She wept in secret, but she was too good to disobey those whom she knew as mother and father; and so they loved each other—the young Dane and herself—and waited.

"We are growing very old," said Vanza Nekrasof; "in due time, God will take us away from earth. Then Ivanyetta will be alone. We cannot give her away, but after us it will be as God wills."

"May you live long, my good father," said Edwin the Dane. "Meanwhile, I will be a brother to Ivanyetta." And so the years passed on, bringing no change to the girl's beauty. She was fair and young, and delicate as ever, while Edwin's soft moustache changed to a long beard, and his shoulders broadened and his frame grew taller.

She was thirty when Vanza Nekrasof and his wife one day fell ill of a fever that swept through the village. It was a pestilence which spared none that it touched; but Ivanyetta kept her place beside their bed and held their hands to the last.

When they died she wept bitterly, but the fever did not touch her. The old people lay at rest at last. Their forms were placed upon a bier in the aisle of the old church. The neighbors knelt, many of them weeping. Close beside the bier knelt Ivanyetta, her head bowed upon her hands. Edwin—her lover—watched her from afar. She had forbidden him to approach her.

The solemn services began. The more reverent vailed their eyes, but the young people who looked saw a strange sight. The snow was drifting through a window in the roof and falling upon the head and shoulders of Ivanyetta. She did not stir. The prayer went on, the music wailed over the dead. The friends arose; all was ready for the burial. But behold! at the foot of the altar the pile of drifting snow, that half covered the form of the kneeling girl, arose towards the motionless bodies of her adopted parents.

"Look, Edwin, look!" whispered a friend. "Look!"

The lover uncovered his eyes. He had been praying and weeping; he could hardly see.

"What is it?" he cried. "Is it a mantle of white fur that has fallen on Ivanyetta's shoulders?"

"It is snow, from the window above," cried his friend.

Edwin rushed forward. But at that instant the doors were opened for the bearers, who had lifted the bier to their shoulders. A great drift of powdery snow swept in. Some people afterward said that they saw a woman in white fur, with a child in her arms, following in the funeral train; but from that moment human eyes never again saw the beautiful form of Ivanyette Nekrasof.

Rations for Lumbermen and Soldiers.

A correspondent signing himself "Backwoods," contributes to the Northwestern Lumberman, the follwing showing the comparative rations of lumbermen and soldiers. A river driver's provisions for ten days are: flour, 15 lbs.; pork, 3 lbs. 7 oz.; beef, 6 lbs. 9 oz.; sugar, 3 lbs. 9 oz.; beans, 2 lbs.; lard, 2 lbs.; dried apples, 1 lb. 9 oz.; butter, 1 lb. 1 oz.; codfish, 2 lbs. 3 oz.; tea, 9 oz.; syrup, 5 gills.

And here is an estimate of a soldier's rations for ten days: pork, 7 lbs. 8 oz., or 12 lbs. 8 oz. fresh beef; flour 12 lbs. 4 oz., or 10 lbs. hard bread; beans or peas, 1 lb. 7 oz.; green coffee, 1 lb., or 2 oz. black tea; brown sugar, 1 lb. 7 oz.; vinegar, 3 gills; candles, 1 oz.; soap, 6 oz.; salt, 6 oz.; pepper, ½ oz.

It is a well-known fact that the hardiest soldiers in the recent war were recruited from the lumbering districts, and an explanation of their ability to stand the grief of the campaign is readily found in the development of muscle, incident to the hard work and exposure of a lumber camp. Of one thing you can rest assured, that, as your figures show to be the case, the amount of provisions which a hardy set of lumbermen can stow away during a winter's campaign in the pine woods and upon the drive, is simply enormous, and if eating matches ever become as popular as walking matches, you need have no fear in advocating the claims of the shanty men as the champions of the world—hold! I exclude Indians from the contest. If a match is ever made up, bet your bottom dollar on the average capacity of the stomachs of the aborigines. They will eat a shantyman blind—and call for more. Did you ever see an Indian with a *full* stomach? If you ever come across one, just telegraph me, and I will go a long distance to see the sight. I have seen an elephant take down his rations and trumpet his satisfaction as he turned away from the least, but an Indian, never. He can eat enough to feel complacent; but full?—it is impossible, there is no limit to his capacity any more than there is to that of a professional beer drinker. I wish I could give you a table of rations for an Indian. If I ever ascertain the figures I will promptly forward them; but do not look for them immediately, I do not expect to find them until Vesuvius is fathomed, or the surroundings about the north pole are mapped upon the chart of a torrid Greenlander.

"The liberty of the press must be preserved," said the small boy as he stole up to the cider mill armed with a bundle of straws.

COMPLETENESS.

Scribner's for February.

Because it is fair, shall the rose bud keep
Its possible loveliness folded up?
Would you have the pride of the forest sleep
For fear of spoiling the acorn cup?

Nay. The bud hath dreams of the perfect flower;
The acorn thrills with divine unrest;
The bud must blossom when comes its hour,—
The acorn fellows its high behest.

True, they do perish. 'Tis ever so.
This law unerring all nature knows.
The bud and the acorn are slain; but lo!
The pride of the forest, and lo! the rose.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Trees in Cities.

Germantown Telegraph.

An interesting paper has been recently read by Dr. Phene at Edinburg on the benefits to be derived from planting trees in cities. Among the beneficial results to be attained are, he stated, the relief to the optic nerve through the eye resting on objects of a green color. Just that which is effected by the use of green or blue glasses in strengthening and sustaining the power of sight, is attained, or at anyrate much aided, by the presence of green in nature; and in streets the only method to procure this result is by planting trees. It was pointed out by the author that wherever opportunity exists Nature provides green and blue (the latter being the same color minus the presence of yellow), and that as the absence of color produces snow blindness, and in tropical calms, where the ocean presents only a white reflected light from a uniform glassy surface, reduced optical power soon follows a long continuance of the absence of blue color, which becomes immediately apparent on motion of the waves.

Soda for Burns.

Scientific American.

All kinds of burns, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles on the bottom. This is what is called a saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and covered with a moistened cloth. It is thought by some that the pain of a burn is caused by the hardening of the albumen of the flesh which presses on the nerves, and that the soda dissolves the albumen and relieves the pressure. Others think that the burn generates an acric acid, which the soda neutralizes.

Keep Your Best Breeders.

On no consideration should the fancier dispose of his best breeding stock, unless he desires fresh blood to keep up the stamina and constitutional vigor of his fowls by procuring the same kind of first class stock, but not related, to take the place of those he has been breeding from. At this season and in Springtime there is a brisk demand for good beeeding stock, and those who need such and know their real value are willing to pay a good price for them. Breeders who are fortunate to have raised a goodly share of early hatched birds can now supply their customers with prime young stock without lessening their breeding pens. But sometimes there is a big price offered for some of those retained as breeders that looks so tempting that the owner parts with them, thinking that some of the young stock would in no way be inferior as stock getters. The possession of the best possible breeding stock is a matter of consideration and of paramount importance to every breeder of thoroughbred poultry. The best is not too good; but when one becomes the possessor of extra stock getters, reliable in the uniform products that come from them, it would be poor policy to sell them although offered a big price. If the would-be purchaser considers such fowls equivalent in value to what he offers in cash for his special use as breeders, why would not the same fowls in the hands of their owners be as valuable for the same purpose?

Horticultural Hints.

Gardener's Monthly.

The rule in pruning grape-vines is to shorten the shoots in proportion to their strength; but if the advice we have given in former summer hints has been attended to, there will be little disproportion in this matter, as Summer pinching of the strong shoots has equalized the strength of the vine. Those who are following any particular system, will, of course, prune according to the rules comprising such system. As a general rule, we can only say, excellent grapes can be had by any system of pruning; for the only object of pruning in any case is to get strong shoots to push where they may be desired, or to add to the increased vigor of the shoot, which pruning supposes will follow the act, increased size in the fruit it bears.

Manuring of grapes should be regulated by the nature of the soil. If it be damp—in most cases a bad condition for grape-growing—stable manure in great quantities means diseased vines. In dry ground, it has a beneficial effect. Many persons of small places have grapes in damp ground, or can have none. They must take care to keep the roots near the surface; never crop the ground about them to destroy the small fibers, if it can be avoided; and even good may often follow, when the vines seem failing, to carefully follow up the roots, lift near the surface, and encourage, as much as possible, those remaining there. Wood-ashes, bone-dust, and such like fertilizers are best for grape vines in low ground.

Do not plant any tree deep—cut off tap roots and do all you can to encourage surface fibers. Surface manuring is the best way of doing this after the tree is planted. Do not allow anything to grow vigorously around your trees the first year of planting, nor allow the soil to become hard or dry. Let trees branch low, and prune a little at transplanting.

Best Potato.

Western Rural.

A Marcus, Ia., correspondent inquires if there "are any new varieties of potatoes superior as table potatoes, to the old and common Early Rose and Peachblow varieties, and that will be likely to take their places in the market, or that will be considered their equals? He says that in the West it seems to be difficult to make a success of the Peachblow. Owing to the long season required to mature it, and the frequency of dry seasons, and other causes, it often fails entirely, leaving us but the one kind, the Early Rose. Now of the many new kinds that are offered, if there is one of each early and late that is superior to all others, you will oblige at least one subscriber to your valuable paper, by telling which ones they are; or if there is no one superior to all others, name the best considering good yielding, with the other good qualities."

Of course we all know just what the Early Rose and the Peachblows are. They are established varieties, and when we plant them we know what we are going to get, if we get anything. Of some of the new varieties we think we know, but may be mistaken after they have been tried, as long as the Early Rose and the Peachblow have. The Mammoth Pearl has so far met the most sanguine expectations in every respect. It is neither early or late, but is between the two, and in that regard is worthy of attention in those sections where late varieties cannot be grown. In quality it is one of the best potatoes we ever tasted, and we should prefer it in fact, to any variety we know for table use. It is also an abundant producer, yielding four and five 100 bushels to the acre. To say the least it is fully equal to the Early Rose. The Early Rose and Peachblow are the standard market varieties, but if the Mammoth Pearl continues to give the satisfaction which it has given for the last year or two, its cultivation will become very general, and it will be as standard in the market as either of the old varieties, if it does not supplan them.

Jordan's Prolific is also a new variety, which is very like the Mammoth Pearl in measure of merit, and appears to give satisfaction whenever tried. We should plant either of these varieties.

Milk Room.

Western Rural.

In answer to a correspondent who inquires concerning the details of erecting a milk room which he proposes to construct on the north side of his house, under some trees, we reply that there are various ways of building a milk room, and several that have decided merit. We do not understand that our correspondent means to have a supply of ice, but infer that he does not; and right here we embrace the occasion to urge not only him, but every man owning a farm dairy to provide a supply of ice. In a winter like this, no one should neglect to cut and save enough ice for use on the farm during the summer, and unless it is provided, perfect success in the dairy, however the room may be constructed, cannot be hoped for, unless, of course, it is so constructed that it can have the benefit of running water, from a source that will keep it sufficiently cool. Many of us, no doubt, have seen the "spring house" away off somewhere from the house, in which milk and butter could be managed very well, but even under the most favorable circumstances, it is difficult to keep the temperature even in any kind of a room unless it be provided with ice.

The walls of a milk room should be of sufficient thickness to keep out the greater part of the heat in Summer, and if they are constructed of boards, we should build a double wall, say six inches apart, and fill in between with sawdust. On one side we would construct the ice house, running to the top of the room. Upon the inner side of the ice room we would bore quite a number of holes, an inch in diameter, one below the other, from the top of the ice room to within six inches of the bottom, and would then enclose these with a spout made of boards, reaching from the top to an inch below the bottom hole. It would be advisable to have two or three of these spouts, with an arrangement to close them when desirable. The cold air from the ice room enters the spouts through the holes, and descends to the floor of the room, and this flood of air will lower temperature to the proper degree. Windows should be placed high up in the room and by means of them and the current made by the descending cold air, ventilation will be secured.

Buffalo Extermination.

Let me say a few words on a subject to which attention has been called several times in your paper, namely, the wanton destruction of buffalo. That they are rapidly approaching extermination is abundantly evident. The action of the Game Protective Association of Wyoming testifies to that fact. The letter of W. A. Allen, of Montana, in your issue of December 23, says: "We found parties killing them for the tongues alone, not even taking the hides."

Let me give the results of my own observation. In the spring of 1876 I went from Dodge City, Kansas, across Indian Territory and into the staked plains of Texas. The herds which we saw were very small, none numbering more than four hundred; few were nearly so large. An officer of the expedition, who had passed through the same country a little more than two years before in pursuit of some Indians, told me that so large were the herds there that it was necessary to halt the cavalry and fire into the herds, in order to break them up and scatter them, so that the column of cavalry might pass through. In 1876 the few remaining ones were so wild that they fled precipitately before us, and when it was necessary to kill them for the meat we were compelled either to use the utmost caution in approaching them, or else ride them down and fire upon them from horseback. The same officer told me he thought that in his first expedition there were ten where one was found in the second.

Upon all sides we found hundreds of carcasses bleaching in the sun. In one locality, where they were most abundant, the crack of the rifle was heard everywhere. Our nostrils were constantly offended by the stench of decaying bodies that almost literaly covered the plains. Of course these were killed for their hides, but the inevitable result, extermination, will surely follow unless some limit is put to the numbers killed. To give some just idea of the enormous numbers killed, it is only necessary to say that in one year three hundred thousand hides were shipped from Dodge-City, Kansas.

When the two railroads that cross Kansas were opened it was not unusual to have to stop the trains till the buffaloes had crossed the track. Now a buffalo is never seen on either one of them. And this is not simply the result of advancing civilization; it is the direct consequence of the mereiless war which has been waged against them, and unless something is done to prevent it, the day will soon come when this characteristic American animal will be one of the things of the past. Cannot something be done to put a stop to this wanton destruction? Is there not some action which could be taken on the part of the General Government that would do something toward the preservation of the bison? It will not do to plead that hunters make a living by their hunting. The same amount of time, labor and energy (and a much less amount of exposure and hardships), expended in nearly any other direction could hardly fail to be as fully remunerative, if not more so, for the hides delivered at the railway station bring but little more than one dollar each.

Even if legislation should compel some men to seek another mode of making a living, it would be better than to exterminate the buffalo. But I do not propose to discuss the matter; I want to lay the facts before your readers, and let all draw their own conclusions. It seems to me that it is desirable to place limits to the slaughter of this animal, and to do something toward its preservation. C. B.

Contagion.

Contagion consists physically of minute solid particles. The process of contagion consists in the passage of these from the bodies of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, and in the inhalation of one or more of them by those in the immediate neighborhood. If contagion were a gaseous or vapory emination, it would be equally diffused through the sick room, and all who entered it would, if susceptible, suffer alike and inevitably. But such is not the case; for many people are exposed for weeks and months without suffering. Of two persons situated in exactly the same circumstances, and exposed in exactly the same degree to a given contagion, one may suffer and the other escape. The explanation of this is that the little particles of contagion are irregularly scattered about in the atmosphere so that the inhalation of one or more of them is purely a matter of chance, such chance bearing a direct relation to the number of particles which exist in a given cubic space. Suppose that a hundred germs were floating about in a room containing two thousand cubic feet of air. There is one germ for every twenty cubic feet. Naturally the germs will be most numerous in the immediate neighborhood of their source, the person of the sufferer; but, excepting this one place, they may be pretty equally distributed through the room; or they may be very unequally distributed. A draught across the bed may carry them now to one side, now to the other. The mass of them may be near the ceiling, or near the floor. In a given twenty cubic feet there may be a dozen germs, or there may be none at all. One who enters the room may inhale a germ before he has been in it ten minutes, or he may remain in there for an hour without doing so. Double the number of germs and you double the danger. Diminish the size by one half, and you do the same. Keep the windows shut, and you keep the germs in; open them, and they pass out with the changing air. Hence the importance of free ventilation; and hence one reason why fever should be treated, if possible, in large, airy rooms. Not only is free ventilation good for the sufferer, but it diminishes the risk to the attendants.

Two ladies went to see Clara Morris. In one of the most affecting passages of the play, when the whole house was hushed in stillness, one lady who had been using her opera glass attentively remarked to the other: "Pooh! The trimming on her dress is nothing but Hamburg edging."

LITTLE FOLKS.

"Pears to me your mill goes awful slow," said an impatient farmer boy to a miller; "I could eat the meal faster'n you grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" quoth the miller. "Till I starved to death answered the boy.

Little Charley had his hair "bobbed" the other day but did not like the operation of brushing. "Ma, that barber's brush made me squawk." Mother—"I did not hear any noise." Charley—"But I squawked in my thinks."

"You're sister 'Melia's feller, aint't you?" asked the little trotter, not yet out of dresses. "Well, what do you think about it?" was the replying question, with a redness of the face that nearly matched his hair. "I fink," said the little one, "that mamma talks awfully 'bout the 'margerine on your hair gettin' the new wall paper dirty." There's where the child made a mistake. He drew no candy that trip.

A young man recently called at a little domicile in Vicksburg. A small boy and a big yellow dog were snugged on the door step, and the young man asked: "Will that dog bite?" "Well," said the boy, "It's owin' to certain things of he do or do not. Ef yer want to collect sewing machine money he's fierce as a tiger, but ef yer got anything to give us he's harmless as a kitten—ain't yer, towser?"

A parochial teacher, who delights in calling forth the thinking powers of his pupils, lately asked a member of one of his youngest classes to give him an example of a verb. "Man," replied the boy quite readily. "How so, my child?" enquired his master. "Because," added the little philosopher, "a verb expresses being, doing or suffering, and if that be true, man is the greatest verb I know, for he unites the whole three."

He had been sitting still so long that the mother expected to find him asleep when she looked around and asked, "Well, Harry, what are you thinking of?" "Ma, are we very rich?" he solemnly inqsired, by way of reply. "In one way we are," she said; "your father says he values me at three million dollars, you at two million dollars and the baby at one." That closed the conversation on that subject, but next morning, as Harry was getting on his overcoat he examined the new patch which had been added, and coolly observed: "Well, I think father had better sell off about half of you or the whole of the baby, and get the rest of us some decent duds to put on."

One down town preacher is blessed with two sons and bright little fellows they are, too. Now, it is the custom in that preacher's family for these two lads to recite every morning a verse of Scripture. Recently, however, the boys have developed a decided love for coasting and they were in great haste to get out on the hill a couple of mornings ago, when the father said: "Now, boys, recite your verses; then you can coast." "I'd rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord," repeated the older lad, "than dwell in the tents of the wicked." "So'd I," ejaculated the junior youth, and away he flew after his sled and the father did not remonstrate.

The "Star of Bethlehem."

Washington Republican.

Professor C. A. Grimmer, of Kingston, Jamaica, who is a scientist of fame, recently made some wonderful prophecies in connection with the action of the planets and other heavenly bodies. He says of the "Star of Bethlehem": "In 1887 the 'Star of Bethlehem' will be once more seen in 'Casseopia's chair,' and will be accompained by a total eclipse of the sun and moon. The star only makes its appearance every three hundred and fifteen years. It will appear and illuminate the heavens, and exceed in brilliancy even Jupiter when in opposition to the sun, and therefore nearer to the sun and brightest. The marvellous brilliancy of the 'Star of Bethlehem' in 1887 will surpass any of the previous visitations. It will be seen even by noonday, shining with a quick, flashing light the entire year, after which it will gradually decrease in brightness and finally disappear, not to return to our heavens until 2202, or 315 years after 1887. This star first attracted the attention of modern astronomers in the year 1575. It was then called a new star. It was no new star, however, for this was the star which shone so brightly 4B. C., and the star that illumnated the heavens at the nativity of Christ.

Coffee Houses.

Tribune.

So great has been the success from a business as well as a moral point of view of the coffee-houses established in the chief English cities as a means of keeping men away from the taverns, that the way would seem to be plainly open for similiar enterprises in this country. Most of the English companies pay an annual dividend of 10 per cent on their capital. The coffee-houses supply coffee, tea and cocoa, soups, cold meats and bread and butter—all the articles being of good quality and the prices low. Newspapers are kept in abundance, and the customers are free to remain and read as long as they please. We have plenty of places in this city where so-called coffee can be had at cheap rates, but it is a beverage which neither cheers the brain nor warms the stomach; besides, the workingman who swallows a cup of it feels that he is expected to pay and vacate the premises as soon as possible. Only in the saloons is he welcome to sit and rest and chat with his friends. The coffee-house which serves as an agency of temperance must be a sort of club-house, to which poor people can resort and find wholesome cheap beverages that will not make them drunk.

Grecian Ambition.

Germantown Telegraph.

Notwithstanding the violent demonstrations of a warlike kind by the government of the little kingdom of Greece, there appears to be an increasing prospect of the favorable adjustment of the prolonged dispute with the Sultan of Turkey about the boundary line between the two countries. The Sultan's ministers have submitted to the allied powers fresh propositions, laying down a new boundary line, which concedes to Greece a portion of the disputed territory, but leaves to Turkey an important strategical frontier. In the meantime the Albanian chiefs have been making demonstrations in favor of a scheme for the organization of Albania as an autonomous State, tributary of course to the Sultan as part of the Ottoman empire. If the ultimate ambition of the Greeks could be gratified, the present little kingdom would dwindle into a mere province of a great empire, with its capital at Constantinople. Hence the territory in dispute is only a small part of what the Greeks really want and expect gradually to obtain by the aid of the European great powers and by constantly stimulating civil war in the adjoining provinces of the Turkish empire. The territory in dispute is mostly inhabited by people of the Greek race; but the Greeks of the Turkish empire are really not desirous of becoming mere dependants upon Greece as they prefer the chances of becoming ultimately the rulers of a far greater estate. Undoubtedly this trouble would have been settled long ago but for the distraction caused by the desire of Austria to annex to her own empire all the western provinces of the Balkan peninsula, as she has already done with Bosnia, Herzegovina and parts of Albania. The Greeks hope to imitate ultimately the successful example set them by the unification of Italy.

A Family Affair.

The Kaffirs hold the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and pay the spirit of their relatives the doubtful compliment of believing that they have a special affinity for snakes and serpents. So, when some venomous reptile takes up its quarters with a family, in place of killing it they abandon the hut to its use. Dr. Norburry tells a story of a missionary who came near to paying with his life for the delicate consideration of his flock. While officiating at the communion table he fancied he heard a hissing sound. Bringing the service prematurely to a close, he peeped below the cloth and saw one of the most poisonous snakes in South Africa. His parishioners had had their eyes upon it all the time, but had declined to say anything, from motives of delicacy. They thought the snake must be a relative of the clergyman, and would not interfere in a family affair.

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