THE ADVERTISER.

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THE ALPINE HORN.

In Switzerland the Alpine horn
  Sounds oft the far-famed *Ranz de baches*,
As sweet to every native ear
  As the bright fountain's silvery splash.

But it has other uses here.
  When on the mountain's snowy height
(While in the vale the sun is set)
  There only gleams a softened light;

The herdsmen, then, who dwell so high
  Toward the breaking of the morn,
Within his chalet turns his steps
  And from its walls takes down his horn;

And from its truncate length resounds,
  O'er many a height by man scarce trod,
From cot to cot in clearest notes,
  The eve's salute: "Praise the Lord God."

The huntsmen, from the peaks around,
  Catch up the strain and sing it back;
Its peaceful notes like healing fall
  On many a lonely Alpine track.

Then silence reigning in their homes,
  The herdsmen all kneel down to pray
For common weal; for this they ask
  In their own simple, reverent way.

Now from the horn they call again,
  And echoes far from height to height,
Upon the air in cadence sweet,
  The dear home phrase: "Good-night, good-night."

Then to their rest they calmly go—
  That God will hold them in His hand,
In faith they sleep; and may He keep
  These mountaineers of Switzerland.

—*Marie S. Ladd, in Golden Rule.*

CLYTIE.

The little mining-camp of "Rocky Cliff" had been well-named. It was sheltered by huge rocks and bowlders in a land that knew nothing of the beauty of flowers and green fields, while towering mountains, magnificent in their dreary grandeur, threw great shadows over the rock-sheltered hamlet, keeping it in perpetual gloom.

The snow never disappeared from the uplifted mountain-tops. The stunted pines, that hungered and struggled for life in the barren soil, were all there was of nature's living green to relieve the dreariness of the cold gray mountain sides.

Here, lonely and imprisoned, the little hamlet of a dozen or more houses seemed guarded and kept from the rest of the world. In its early days, when gold could be washed from the narrow gulches near by and silver ore was found hidden in the forbidding mountain sides, quite a city nestled in the grand old canon. But the mineral beds were soon exhausted and nine-tenths of the population sought new fields of labor. Now a few rambling cabins were all that was left of the once lively camp.

But intercourse with the great outside world was still maintained. Every Saturday evening the stage-coach came rattling down the mountain side into Rocky Cliff. Its arrival with the mail and an occasional passenger was the one great event of the week. The boys of the hamlet would climb a mile up the mountain side to meet it, so as to get a ride on the boot. The drivers—who were usually rough, jolly fellows—would sometimes, when there were but few passengers, give the eager lads a ride, telling them to "pile in;" a request that was literally obeyed with shouts that made the canon ring and put new life into the tired horses.

One January night, when the air was cold and the winds were wailing mournfully as they passed in bitter gusts through the gloomy canon, the driver failed to meet the lads at their accustomed resting-place.

"It's too cold for the youngsters to-night, I reckon," he mumbled behind his great muffler. "Don't blame 'em for huggin' the fire. It's cold 'nuff to freeze a brazen immidge and—hello, you little rats! There you are, eh, in spite of this here blizzard?"

A trio of boys stood in the road, with blue noses and chattering teeth. They had sprung from behind a huge bowlder, where they had found shelter from the wind.

"Pile in! pile in! few passengers to-night, and you've airned yer ride, comin' out in this cold."

The boys glanced into the coach. Not seeing any passengers there, they concluded it was empty, and Sammy Hooper exclaimed—

"There ain't nobody in; that's fun; we kin have a seat apiece! I'm goin' to jump inter this here pile of buff'ler robes on the back seat."

Clambering over the middle seat Sammy landed on the blankets and robes that were piled up in a corner; when from them came a sharp, shrill voice in angry remonstrance:

"Git off'n me! Git off I say! Don't mash me alive!"

The astonished Samuel sprang back to the middle seat, tumbling over the other boys. There was silence for a few moments. In their surprise the lads had lost speech, and awaited further developments.

These were made slowly: but at length, from under many coverings, appeared the curly head of a girl of about ten years of age. Her face could dimly be seen, and from it a pair of the blackest eyes glared at the three boys, half in wonder, half in fun. The little scarlet hood she wore had been pushed back by the robes, revealing a broad, white brow, over which hung a tangled mass of black, curly hair.

The astonished boys looked with wide-open eyes and mouth at the stranger. Their wonder could not have been greater if a "grizzly" or some other unexpected monster had made its appearance on the back seat of the coach. Sammy was the first to speak.

"I didn't know you was there, else I wouldn't a rolled onter yer. I didn't go to, and"——

"You just nearly killed me, but I don't mind it now. Ain't we most there? I'm most froze. It's a mercy if none of my legs and arms ain't broke, a-bangin' around in this old thing all day."

In spite of the cold, there was the usual number of men and boys assembled on the platform in front of the board shanty that was called the hotel, to witness the arrival of the coach.

Peter Jennings, the bustling keeper of the house, hastened to the coach-door, threw it open, crying out pompously, "Come right in to the fire, gentlemen, and take off your wraps, while good Mistress Jennings takes up a hot supper."

In response to this invitation, out jumped the three giggling boys. Peter turned away with disgust.

"Hold on, there!" cried Sandy, the driver, as Peter was about to enter the house, from the open door of which came, in glowing flashes, the light of the great fire of pine-knots in the open fire-place. "Here's a passenger that'll be glad enough of your hot supper and good fire."

"Ah, indeed! beg pardon; beg pardon, sir—or *madam!*"

The last part of the sentence was fairly bawled out, as a feminine head appeared at the coach-door. The sight caused a general commotion among the the spectators, which brought good Mrs. Jennings to the stage, bustling with curiosity and kind intentions.

The arrival of a female was an event, to be sure. In the short summer months, ladies sometimes visited Rocky Cliff, with the parties of tourists who came to the mines to "rough it" for a week or two. But who had ever known a woman to visit the place alone in winter, when even strong men did not like to cross the range?

"Allow me, madam," politely said Peter, extending one hand.

A little hand encased in a soft blue mitten was laid in Peter's buckskin glove, a little foot was placed on the step of the coach, and with a bound the child stood fully revealed, creating almost as much interest and curiosity as if she came bounding down from the moon.

Peter was again chagrined, but he forgot it in his unbounded wonder. Good Mrs. Jennings, remembering her little Mary who was lying in the desolate graveyard on the mountain-side, with true motherly instinct was drawn at once to the lonely child.

"Come, dearie, with me," she said.

But the girl drew back, and did not touch the proffered hand.

"My papa," she said, "where is he? Granny said he'd be here. She wrote and told him I was coming. Where is my papa?"

The bright face began to wear a troubled look, and the lips began to quiver.

"Who is your papa, dearie?" interposed Mrs. Jennings, going down on her knees before the little waif.

"I am Clytie Havens, and my papa——"

No need to tell more. Without another word Mrs. Jennings took the child in her arms and carried her into the house, while the little group of men soon dispersed, no one repeating the name the child had spoken.

It was only the day before that Clytie's father had been laid in the graveyard on the hillside. The men could see from where they stood the bright new pine board that marked his grave, on which the snow was then slowly falling.

They knew, now, what it was poor John Havens tried so hard to tell them, when they found him near his cabin, breathing his last under a huge pine that had fallen on him.

Clytie was cared for by Mrs. Jennings, and was soon old, as only a childless mother could tell, why her father had not come for her. The tears of the poor orphan did not fall faster than those of the kindly woman who told her of her loss.

It was a singular fact, but at this time there was not another girl but Clytie in Rocky Cliff. The juvenile population consisted of boys only. The advent of Clytie Havens "filled a want long felt." At least Mrs. Jennings said so. The boys were such "young Injuns" that a girl among them, it seemed to her, might "tame em' down."

Whether it was for the benefit of the boys, or because it was felt that Clytie would take the place of their lost Mary, the reader must judge; but Mr. and Mrs. Jennings concluded to adopt her. The child had no relatives in the world. The grandmother of whom she had spoken and with whom she had always lived, had died just before Clytie was sent by friendly strangers to Rocky Cliff.

But alas for good Mistress Jennings' hope that Miss Clytie would exercise a gentle and refining influence over the young "Injuns" of the settlement! No sooner had the child's grief worn off than she began to manifest propensities not unbecoming a young "Kickapoo" or "Ute." She made no attempt to scalp any one; but, as the mountaineers said:

"Of all the rompin', high-flyin,' screechin', dancin' gals, she was the wust. She's inter everythin'; as harum-scarum a tom-boy as you ever see."

And yet, everybody "thought a heap of her." Disappointed as Mrs. Jennings was, she saw in "her Clytie" many good and lovable traits. She was shocked to see the young girl vying with the boys in their mad races after the stage-coach, her nimble feet carrying her far ahead of them all.

The boys all liked her. Dirty hands and faces were not an abomination in her sight. While she joined in their sports, and climbed with them perilous heights, yet in all her conduct she was modest, and commanded their full respect.

Her surroundings did not cultivate in her feminine charms and graces. Elegant manners were unknown to her. But the girl grew into a strong young womanhood, with many generous, noble qualities. Her adopted parents loved her almost as though she were their own child, and through their kindness she led a happy, careless life.

The winter that Clytie was sixteen was an unusually severe one. The snow and cold winds came earlier than usual. For days there was no sunshine, and the mountain passes were blocked by snow. The stage-coach failed to make its appearance on Saturday night, and for two weeks the mail had not been received.

The snow was deep. Paths had to be shoveled through the drifts from house to house, and these drifts often reached almost to the eaves of the low cabins.

Christmas eve came. The short winter day had departed in glory, for the sun went down beind the mountain-tops, a great fiery ball that threw a warm, rosy light over all the dreary landscape.

"The sun sets so clear ter-night, guess it's goin' to clear up," said the hopeful mountaineers, who had been so long deprived of its cheerful rays.

Morning came, not clear and bright, as had been hoped. The mountain summits were lost in heavy gray clouds. A fierce, scornful wind wailed drearily in all the gulches, and went moaning down the desolate canon.

The snow fell thick and fast. The winds caught it up and sent it in great masses against the closed windows and doors. It was no time for merry-making; no time for the smiles and rejoicings that befit the Christmas time.

It was late in the day when a miner, sitting with his family around the stove in their little kitchen, heard, above the roar of the storm, the rush of the avalanche, and then a voice crying for help.

"It's a girl's cry," said Sandy Wood, as he ran out into the snow and tumbled against one of his neighbors in a snow-path.

"Must be Clytie Havens," was the reply. "There's trouble o' some kind at Jennings'."

There was trouble at the Jennings'; a great trouble. The building, never a substantial one and now weakened with age, stood at the base of a high cliff with great rocks jutting out from its summit. One of the huge bowlders had become loosened, and had fallen down the cliff's side, bringing with it an avalanche of smaller rocks and great banks of snow.

That part of the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Jennings slept came in the way of the avalanche. Clytie, who was at that moment in her own room, heard the roar, the crash of breaking timbers; then in an instant a part of her own room was torn away, and she was thrown against her bed by the fierce wind and falling snow.

The next moment she sprang to her feet. Frightened, and yet with great presence of mind, she remembered what she had heard of snow-slides, and knew the cause of the disaster. Calling loudly for aid she began, in a frenzy of apprehension, to pull away the broken boards and timbers that had fallen over the spot, where she knew her adopted parents had been buried by the avalanche.

Her neighbors had heard her cry and the crash of the falling rocks, and had come to her help. The great bowlder had struck the end of the house, and rolled on a few feet to the level ground, leaving shattered boards and timbers in the place of the little room where the landlord and his wife were sitting.

These were removed. Peter Jennings was found in an insensible condition, both arms broken. His wife lay under a great rock that had fallen on her chest. Her moans were pitiful to hear, and it was evident that her injuries were severe. "A doctor, a doctor," she moaned.

The sympathizing group of men looked at each other in dismay. There was no doctor nearer than Elwood's Gulch, and that was two miles away, over roads that were full of dangers. It would certainly be at the risk of life to try to reach "Doc" Helmer's cabin on such a night.

The suffering old people were carried to Sandy Wood's cabin, where kindly hands did all that could be done to relieve their suffering. The hands, though kind and willing, were inexperienced, and could do but little.

"A doctor! will no one go for Dr. Helmer?" moaned Mrs. Jennings.

"I'll try to go for him," said Sandy, and he disappeared. He was gone a few moments, but soon returned saying: "It's no use; no human mortal can find the gulch trail. It's three feet under the snow, an' a blacker night never was."

The moans of the poor sufferer filled the room. It was more than Clytie could endure. She stepped to the cabin door and looked out. It was, indeed, a black night. The girl's cheeks paled, her lips quivered; then, with a determined look, she quietly and unobserved left the house.

She went back to her own room, or what was left of it. It was half full of snow, but she found her cloak, hood, mittens and shawl. She wrapped herself as best she could, and, kneeling in the snow, prayed that strength and courage to reach the doctor's house might be given her

Then she searched for her little lantern, one that had been on a shelf near by. This she found, and with matches she lighted it. Then she set forth with a strength born of sympathy for suffering, and love for the dear ones who had done so much for her. They had been good and kind to her always, and she was ready to give her life for them.

She knew of a "trail" close to the mountain-side that was sheltered by hanging rocks and great trees, and the snow could not, she reasoned, be so very deep there. To go this way made the distance to Dr. Helmer's four miles.

Clytie fought her way up the mountain side to this trail. The strong, fierce wind blew her back; she stumbled and fell many times, but she at last reached the trail with bruised hands and weakened limbs.

It was comparatively free from drifts, although in some places the snow was quite deep. But soon Clytie came to a point where the narrow path was less sheltered. Her heart sank as she saw a great drift rising before her; but she pushed on. Then in a moment she felt herself falling, falling, and as suddenly she stopped.

Her mission must fail in spite of all her efforts. Her heart was breaking with sorrow for the suffering ones at home, whom she feared she would never see again. She was afraid to move lest she should plunge down some rocky cliff. A drowsiness that she could not overcome before long came upon her, and then she went to sleep.

The morning sun rose clear and red. At its earliest light every man in Rocky Cliff could have been seen plodding wearily through the great drifts in search of Clytie. There was no need of a doctor now for the injured ones. The Great Physician had taken them to Himself.

And human hands could give no aid to Clytie. Days passed. At length they found her half buried in the snow, with the tears frozen on her ashen cheeks, her hands clasped and lifted upward, and her pale lips half apart.

The little group of rough miners stood with uncovered heads around the still, cold form. Tears filled their eyes, and with trembling hands and aching hearts they bore her down the mountain-side to her burial. She had paid with her life the debt of love she owed to the dear ones who had "passed on" before her.—*Youth's Companion.*

Stock and the Soil.

In some of the older portions of the country there is a strange belief that live stock exhaust the soil, and the result is that few cattle or any other kind of stock is kept. We can now think of good sized farms in the States of New York and Pennsylvania on which are kept three or four cows, a single pair of horses, and no other live stock whatever. As a usual thing the farms are constantly running down, or if any are kept up it is done by an unprofitable outlay for artificial fertilizers, the place of which would be more than filled by the stable and barnyard, if a proper system of keeping stock on the farm was adopted. At this late day when the reverse of the doctrine that stock will impoverish land has been so often and so widely demonstrated, the advocacy of it shows a lamentable falling behind in the rapid march of intelligent agriculture. We are not even placed under the necessity of going out of our own county or State to learn the falsity of such a position. Some of the most exhausted farms in this country have gradually improved under stock grazing until there are no better acres in all our rich territory. Sometimes, however, men refuse to see any merit in anything at home, looking always away from home, and learning what they do learn from the successes of those in other lands. Some people seem to think that anything that bears the name of European success is better and more reliable than anything of home triumph can possibly be. Such people can happily be provided with brilliant illustrations of our position in this matter in the success of agriculture and keeping stock combined in England and Germany. In England the live stock interest has vastly increased during the last half century, and her yield of wheat has nearly doubled—that is, doubled per acre. If we were to accept the position of those who allege that stock is a detriment to the soil, there has not been a day for indeed the last hundred years that the ruin of English soil by this time would not have been predicted. But, although devoting her attention to the breeding and feeding of stock to a degree and with a success that has given an impetus to the business wherever stock can be profitably raised, her land has gradually improved, until her acres bloom with a fertility never before known. A similar result is found in Germany. While the German farmers have been constantly increasing their meat production, the soil has been continually yielding larger of the sugar beet, which is grown to such a large extent in that country. And this result will follow the keeping of stock upon any land. If the tillers of the poor land in America would increase their herds and flocks double or three-fold, they would double the yield of their land.

While it is not probable that this false idea prevails to any great extent in our Western country, it is a fact that many of our farmers keep too little stock, and are thus standing in their own light with a full knowledge that they are doing so. The natural richness of our soil has, of course, much to do with this, and while we continue our present largely prevailing policy of farming the land to death, the utility of stock as a means of fertilizing will not be appreciated to the extent that it deserves. When our soil becomes exhausted there can be no doubt that the intelligence of the Western farmer will readily lead him to recognize the worth of stock in this repect. But is it not an inexcusably blind policy to throw away all the profit which comes of stock raising, and to injure the land besides, just because the soil will now produce a handsome crop? Is it not the policy that kills the goose that lays the golden egg.—*Western Rural.*

—A school mistress should be up to urchin in knowledge.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The report of the Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church shows that the receipts of the past year from all sources were $66,467.97; the expenditures for the same period were $65,395.64.

—One letter out of every 300 sent is unclaimed in the office to which it goes. One letter in 283 sent turns up at the Dead Letter Office. One letter out of every 3,100 sent is held for postage at the office of mailing—and this amounts to 300,000 in a year. More than 200,000 letters every year are insufficiently addressed. Ten thousand letters this year bear no superscription whatever, and these letters often contain remittances of great value. More than 200,000 foreign letters fail to reach the persons to whom they are addressed.

—A Roumanian engineer, Trajan Theodoresco by name, has invented a new description of torpedo or submarine boat, whose peculiarity is that it is capable of maneuvering under water at twelve hours on a stretch. It is able to act at the depths of from 100 feet in rivers, and to 700 or 800 feet in the sea. It is able, through the agency of screws, to rise or sink noiselessly, and either suddenly or gradually by successive stages, can move or maneuver in any direction. The illumination of the vessel is internal, and enables the officers upon her to see for a distance of 130 feet under water.

—Another new application of electricity as a motor has been experimented on during the last few days in Paris. M. G. Trouve, a well-known electrician, has devised a method of applying the electrical current to the propulsion of a boat, and so far the results have been eminently satisfactory. The experiments have been made on the Seine on several occasions with a small boat containing from two to six persons. M. Trouve's electric motor consisted of a Siemens coil, which, by a simple but ingenious arrangement, is made to transmit its power to a three-bladed screw at the stern of the boat. The motor itself is fixed on the upper part of the rudder, which it follows in its movements, as does also the screw. The motor, with its accessories, does not weigh more than five kilogrammes. M. Trouve's apparatus may be adapted to any boat, and there seems no reason whatever why it might not be so modified as to be applicable to vessels of much larger dimensions than that experimented on. Experiments in navigation by electricity were made on the Neva in 1839 by Jacobi, but the method adopted had so many drawbacks as to be practically useless.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Some one says the new color, "Maiden's Cheek," will not wash.

—We learn from an astronomical authority that the planet Herschel "bears the name" of the discoverer. It would take a strong telescope to see that name on the planet.—*New Haven Register.*

—"Sarah is not very saving; she allows too much to go to waist," remarked the fond Boston parent when he came into the room and saw his prospective son-in-law with his arms encircling his daughter.—*Boston Globe.*

—They were discussing the question whether one should say "I shall," or "I may." Said Mrs. Fogg, finally, "Sometimes one form is correct and sometimes the other. For example, I say, 'I *shall* go to the city to-morrow and I *shall* buy a new dress pattern,' and you say, 'Yes, dear, you *may*.'" Fogg had to admit that she was quite correct.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Speaking of pictures, did you ever look at a lot of cattle portraits in an agricultural magazine? And were you ever able to distinguish a grain of difference in—well say from 20 to 3,600 portraits of famous cows? Can any one make you believe that they are not all printed from the same cut? And the lithograph prints of famous trotting horses, do you not suppose that one horse stood for all the portraits? Now we don't say that all cattle look alike, nor all trotting horses, but we do say that nearly all portraits of quadrilateral cows and anatomical horses are just as nearly alike as human art can make them.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Losers of Money.

"Pardon me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a twenty-dollar gold piece?" asked a man with an earnest look on his face and a memorandum book in his hand of a well-dressed individual on the corner of Jefferson and Woodward avenues, Detroit.

The man addressed ran his hand nervously into various pockets and replied:

"Well, now, I declare! Can it be dossible that I was so careless as to drop that coin? Yes, it's gone. I must have lost it right here, near where we stand."

The man opened his memorandum-book, took from his vest pocket the stub of a lead pencil and said:

"Will you favor me with your name and address?"

They were given, and the questioner started on, when the well dressed man cried:

"Hi, there! Where's the money. Give me my gold piece"

"Oh, I didn't find any money. I took a notion this morning that in a city like this, where thousands and thousands of dollars are handled every hour, there must be great losses, and started out to investigate the matter. Between here and the river I found seven men that lost twenty-dollar gold pieces, and I expect to run the list up to 200 before I reach the City-hall. Good day, sir.