

The Beaver County Argus.

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Letters and communications, by mail, should have prompt attention.

Books of Account.

No thrifty business man neglects to keep an account of his expenditures, and if he finds the figures conflicting from year to year, the fact makes an impression upon his mind, if not a change in his habits. The same should be pursued by a nation. Comparisons may be drawn, but they are often faulty. For example it is not pleasant, though it should be profitable, for us to know that the General Government has spent more than twice as much money last year as the following year ago.

The following table exhibits the annual expenditures during the past ten years, including the Administrations of Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan:

1849—Taylor,	\$16,789,667 82
1850—Fillmore,	42,506,892 11
1851—Fillmore,	40,504,423 12
1852—Fillmore,	36,852,080 87
1853—Pierce,	49,544,202 82
1854—Pierce,	51,018,240 60
1855—Pierce,	56,365,393 00
1856—Pierce,	60,172,401 64
1857—Buchanan,	64,878,828 85
1858—Buchanan,	80,000,000 00

There is every prospect that the present Administration will, upon its retirement, leave a legacy of one hundred millions of national debt. So much for the load professions of economy which characterized Mr. Buchanan's inaugural address.

Fatal Pestilence.

We have received a hasty message from York, Pa., conveying the sad and alarming intelligence that the most frightful contagion, cholera, is raging in that borough, defying the skill of the most experienced physicians, and carrying off, in a very short time, all whom it attacks. The usual cholera, sulphur, has proved in the present instance, entirely inefficient. The utmost exhaustion reigns in the town, and the inhabitants are leaving in crowds by every available conveyance. Some of the most spirited and devoted citizens, however, remain, and are unremitting in their attention to all who need assistance.

If the present panic continues, in a few days there will not be left in the town a single human being to bury the dead. The sudden rupture of pestilence is unaccountable; no cases of the disease were known until Thursday evening, when a number of persons, a moment before in perfect health, were noticed to labor under the usual terrible symptoms, and in spite of every care and the use of every conceivable remedy, fell victims to the awful scourge.

There are many theories attempting to account for the sudden appearance of the disease in this hitherto healthy neighborhood, the most plausible of which is, that it was introduced by a stranger, who appeared in the streets on Thursday afternoon, and represented himself as from the Eastern shore of Maryland.—[Columbia Spy.]

A YEAR OF ABUNDANCE.—There is high promise of a year of abundance food. In the regions to which the civilized world mainly look for the supply of food, the prospects are of large returns to the laborer and agriculturist. In England, where the supply of food is so important, that the effects of abundance or scarcity extend to all the commercial countries, the harvest began earlier than usual, and with favorable weather. In France, where the peace of Europe depends largely upon a good crop, the appearance is auspicious. In this country the yield will be enormous. The crops are now flourishing to a degree that promises to take the vintage of the past years of quantity and quality. The wheat, so long afflicted, it has been ascertained, mainly by blight, by the application of sulphur.—[Providence Journal.]

THE AGAMEMNON AND NIAGARA.—There seems to be not a little ill feeling between the officers of these two vessels, in the very unbecoming, seeing the mission they are on is one of "peace on earth and good will to men." The correspondent of the London Times, who was on board during the storm in which she nearly foundered, charges all sorts of unfairness and unbecoming against the officers of the American frigate, in circulating untrue reports as to the bad behavior of the British vessel; he all hands on board were rescued by it, and how one of the Jack went crazy in consequence. The Times does not write in the best of humor; on the whole, we can not help thinking there is at great pains, to magnify a very diminutive mole-hill into an exceedingly high mountain.

Post of a Message to London.

Two business messages from N. York merchants to their correspondents in London, passed through the American Telegraph office, Traveler Buildings, from New York en route for London, yesterday, at 5 P. M. One of them containing fifty-seven words, paid through, fifty-seven dollars, and the other, twenty-seven words, for which twenty-seven dollars were paid.

One of the most amusing applications of a provincialism we have heard of is that of a youthful southerner, who explained his own idiom as follows: "Add up the fast colium; set down the units, and the tens to the next colium."

The Days of Steamboats on the Upper Lakes.

From the Detroit Free Press.
Just forty years ago the first steamboat that ever ploughed Lake Erie was built. With the aid of spasmodic revolutions of her wheels and energetic tugs at long tow-ropes, the unwieldy hulk was got under way and disappeared in the haze of Lake Erie, a successful experiment; an annihilator of four miles an hour, and the special wonderment of the Red Men, who stood on the banks and cried, "Talyoh nichie." They looked and believed that it was not the spirit of fire and water—but a big canoe drawn by sturgeons.

From so small a beginning, the unfeeling conception grew in time to become the great feature of the West. But a short cycle of years sufficed to place these breathless motors in the foremost rank as necessary institutions of the country. The lakes, from Chicago to Oswego, were covered with them, and no hour in the day or night passed that the broad strait in front of our city did not bear upon its bosom one of these new found self-propelling levitators of the deep.

Those were the palmy days of steamboating. When there was no canal; when there was no railroad; when Capt. Sam Ward was in his prime, Oliver Newbury was young, and when bluff Commodore Blake cracked rough jokes that made the ladies blush in the cabin and laugh in their staterooms. When the old Buffalo and Great Western made their slow, never failing trips from Buffalo to Chicago and back, rounding to at Detroit to discharge and take on great piles of freight, and give the weary passengers a chance to stretch their limbs. When the Nile stood on the stocks where now stand great warehouses, and was the wonder of all, for her tremendous size and exquisite symmetry, (a Riviere Rouge sand boat now outvies her model and length), and the little Red Jacket spluttered and splashed about the river, and made great pretensions over running between this and St. Clair. Those were the palmy days of steamboating—when a steamer was something to look at, and a steamboat captain was a very king, (now they are nothing but princes of good fellows), walked his deck with the consequence of one who carried weighty responsibilities and heavy honors upon his shoulders—when they roughed it out on deck day and night, uncertain in a gale whether their boat went backward or forward, and when they climbed up on the top of the boilers; and sat down on the safety-valve to keep within the fierce, terrific power which must impel her off a lee shore, or read the iron and tear in a thousand pieces the body of the courageous man who controlled it.

The Constitution was saved to die of old age. The Great Western allowed her fires to go beyond compass and was burned at her docks, and the Nile succumbed to the stormy spirit of Lake Michigan. Commodore Blake spore by the Continental Congress that the dread cholera should not conquer him, and then died in its grasp where his beloved Nile was wrecked. Capt. Sam Ward followed him, and the rest of the race of bold sea-faring men who then traversed the lakes have passed away. Steamboats grew in size, speed and magnificence, and were numbered by hundreds. Then came a change, the results of which are shown in the forms of those floating palaces now lying at our docks, motionless and deserted. Their well-fought battle ground, on which they have faced a thousand storms unscathed, is encircled by a band of iron along which shoots the impelling wheel, rejected in the firm foothold which the yielding waters denied it.

As the red man stood upon the heights and looked down upon the encroachments of his pale-faced enemy, so we can imagine the old Commodore standing upon his pilot house and looking down with an evil eye upon the locomotive train as it glides past with a flash and whistling scream.

A crowd of human faces look forth and peer for an instant at his old boat and then laugh derisively. Let them laugh—the rotten plank in her old white-oak heart is dearer to him than the gew-gaws and gleaming brass with which their swift rolling galleons are decked. Half in anger and half in scorn he grasps the wheel and looks out upon the blue water. Anon the gale brings to him another roar, and another train heaves in sight, bearing away from him his legitimate burden, the products of the land, and the imports of civilization. One after another they follow, till the eyes of the bluff old sailor are dimmed, and he sighs for the time when Railroads were not. The days of steamboats are past, and in a few years there will none be left to tell of what they once were upon our broad lakes. They have yielded the palm to the Railroad, canal and propeller, and henceforward will live only in the memory of those inhabiting the shores of our great inland lakes.

THE HOG CHOLERA.—The Princeton Clarion continues to describe the ravages of the hog cholera in Gibson, Indiana, as unabated in that section of country, cutting down big and little, fat and lean, with but few premonitory symptoms. It says: "The heaviest hog-raisers have lost from three-fourths to four-fifths of their stock. We hear of a few cases where recovery is expected of the remnant of a drove infected, but left in a condition not very flattering for the making of pork this season. Every public road seems to be strewn with the carcasses from the rotten carcasses left to moulder and decay near them; and some of the branches are running with greasy water, where the carcasses have been thrown in as a convenient place to get rid of them."

Mr. Kavanagh, who took the letter from Lucknow, during the siege, to Sir Colin Campbell, has been rewarded with the sum of £2,000, and an appointment in Oude worth £700 a year.

A Double Divorce.

The Bucyrus Journal is responsible for the following: That paper is remarkably rich in romances of this character. Probably it has some one to get them up to order. But then it might have happened, which is the most important consideration in the premises: "In one of the townships of this county, a little north of Bucyrus, dwelt a well-to-do man, a widower of about fifty, with an only son of twenty-two or three. Mr. (we withhold the name for obvious reasons) had been a widower for many years, and accordingly determined to marry again. The determination once formed, the next thing was to find the woman necessary, which in this country is not at all difficult. Fortunately for him, a widow lady resided near him, who had a daughter possessing all the requirements. She was a beautiful girl of twenty years, accomplished and sprightly—just the one wanted. To be sure she was rather young, but Mr. (we withhold the name) was young looking also. Sometimes his mind wandered to the mother, who was quite as handsome as the daughter, and almost as young in appearance, but he had made up his mind to marry the daughter, and he set about it with a good will. He did not mention his determination to his son, feeling that the idea of marrying one so much younger than himself might expose him to his ridicule.

In the meantime, his son had become desperately enamored of the widow, and had likewise determined upon marrying her. He did not communicate the fact to his father for the same reason that actuated the old gentleman—fear of exciting ridicule by marrying a woman so much older than himself.

They both commenced calling at the house of the widow, and very frequently met each other there. This circumstance annoyed them both immensely. The old gentleman thought, very naturally, that the young man was there for the young lady, and the young gentleman, quite as naturally supposed that the old one was there for the widow. As the matter progressed, the meeting of the father and son at that place became frequent, and the more often it occurred, the more intolerable it became. Finally, Mr. (we withhold the name) determined to speak to his son on the subject.

"Charles," said he, "I have determined after much consideration, to marry again. I do not propose to marry you, but I have concluded to marry myself."

"I approve of the idea," returned the old gentleman; "you are of suitable age to settle down. May I ask the name of your intended?"

"Mrs. (we withhold the name)," replied Charles, bracing up and assuming a defiant look.

"Oh, how," exclaimed the old gentleman, "so far advanced in years?"

"I think not," said Charles, "but who have you decided upon?"

"Why, Charles, it is a very curious circumstance, but I had determined to marry her daughter."

"Daughter," exclaimed Charles, "why you are at least twice as old as she is, but I don't object."

The matter was thus happily settled, and in the course of a few weeks it was satisfactorily arranged with the widow and daughter, and the parties were married.

Very soon after the marriage was consummated, they all discovered that they had made a grand mistake. The son found that the widow was altogether too motherly for the wife of a young man of twenty-three years, and the old gentleman found that a younger lady of twenty was too volatile for a son-in-law of fifty. Disagreements followed, then neglect, and finally the thousand little quarrels and snubbings, and bickerings, simmered down into a grand fight, which was kept up with slight variations for three months. Finally they agreed permanently to disagree, and availing themselves of the ease with which divorces are obtained in Indiana, the whole four removed to Indianapolis, where, in due time, the divorces were obtained.

The four came home as they went together, the son taking the daughter under his especial charge, and the father doing the agreeable to the widow. Long before they arrived at Bucyrus, they had arranged matrimonial matters on an entirely different basis—just it should have been done to begin with, to wit: the father and the widow made up a match, and the son and daughter ditto. The re-marrying was performed immediately upon their arrival at Bucyrus. Up to date they all appear well satisfied with each other, and it is to be hoped they will continue so.

EMIGRATION SCHEMES.—Within a few months past several schemes to establish colonies at points outside this country have come to light. First, a plan is in progress for the establishment of a settlement of colored people in Haiti. Another scheme has been broached to establish a settlement somewhere in Central America. There is also an "Equitable Emigration Association" in existence, which is said to contemplate the occupation of some island in the Pacific Ocean, "there to commence anew the experiment of social democracy, and to establish new institutions more adapted to the necessities of human nature, and the rights of the individual."

An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as possible. "Ah," replied the lawyer, "that's what you say to your farman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

The Millennium at Hand.

The sermon by Rev. Dr. Tyng, at Williams College, was even more remarkable than was represented by the first accounts. A correspondent of the Springfield Republican gives the following version of it: "I hardly know how to characterize, describe or report the discourse of Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, in the evening. His fame as an extemporaneous preacher, whetted by the taste of his quality in a speech at the missionary jubilee two years ago, had quite raised public expectation, and something in that line was anticipated. Instead of this, however, he had a long, learned and labored discourse of the prophecies of the Bible as to the inauguration of the Kingdom of Christ upon the earth, altogether novel in its character, and what remarkable in its details. He treated, ancient, modern and intermediate, was but the organization of man's apostasy from God, whose will has never been adopted as the rule of any human government. Britain and America, he more adopt the divine authority than did Babylon or Persia. They tolerate and respect the religion of Jesus, but not out of regard to God, but from respect to the rights of man. The Mormon, the Musselman, the idolator and the Christian are all alike and equal in the eye of the modern, and much wanted 'Christian kingdoms.' They profess no religion, and their people may worship one or one hundred Gods, if they so please. Thus God, in his authority, is banished from the earth. England bows to the coarse superstitions in India, and fosters idols among its subjects; while America is preparing to sustain the African slave trade, and both houses and legalize drunkennes."

Dr. Tyng turned to the prophecies for his hope and confidence. Here he found that four successive universal monarchies were to rule the world—men in common kingdoms, all rejecting God—kingdoms of gold, silver, brass and iron—but, finally, and as the fifth universal kingdom, when the reign shall be as iron, we are to have the real reign of God upon the earth. This is not he said, to come through the slow amelioration and uplifting of people and governments—but rejected the ordinary ideas of progress to a millennium—but by a mighty and sudden revolution. The four successive universal monarchies of the prophecies were the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian and Roman—all had past, and we were now going through the chaotic stage, of the world divided among rulers and into kingdoms; all of iron, and illustrating his apostasy, and non of God.

The accession of the universal reign of God he held from prophecy to be near at hand—the lines of prophecy mostly run out; and he exhorted the young men whom he especially addressed, to go forth to their Christian life, prepared and expecting to be made the instruments of the new revolution and the great revolution."

Highly Important.

To the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser:—Permit me to suggest, through the medium of your journal, that on the receipt of the first message from her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to the President of the United States by the ocean telegraph, the gentlemen of our whole continent, within the reach of a telegraphic despatch, shall raise their hats. Yours, respectfully,
GUYLICK.

The Original Morgan Horse.

Massachusetts has done many good things among which is giving to Vermont the credit, and the world the benefit, of the Morgan horse. Near the close of the last century, a stinging master by the name of Justin Sprague, lived in Chippewa street, West Springfield. The place where this man lived has been pointed out to the writer by one who knew him, and remembers his celebrated horse. Mr. Morgan had a few acres of land, and usually kept one or two horses. He cultivated his farm summers and taught music in his own and the neighboring towns winters. In the spring of 1793 he raised the colt that has given celebrity to his name. Mr. Morgan had a passion for good horses, and this colt, while he remained in West Springfield, was more fully appreciated by his owner than by his fellow townsmen. In those days \$50 was considered a great price for a horse and it is believed that this horse could have been bought for about that sum.

Fortune frowned upon Mr. Morgan, and seized with a spirit of adventure, about the year 1798, he migrated with his family and horse to the wilds of Randolph, Vermont, where he lived a few years and died poor. Neither he nor his family realized profit from the horse. Such was the foundation of a breed which has given both wealth and character to New England. As a farm and family horse, the "Morgan" is unequalled. Docility, hardiness, endurance, compactness and surftoodness are his invariably properties. So says an Albany paper.

TOM THUMB.—Galliani, noticing the fact that Mr. Barnum had passed through Paris on his road to Baden, where he proposed to exhibit Gen. Tom Thumb, tells this story of the little "General." The General has now attained his 21st year, and though "in mind a man" is "in bulk less than a baby still." It is told of him that in a recent angry discussion with his mother, in whose favor he had previously made his will, the dame menaced his little person with a flogging unless he complied with her wishes. But Tom, notwithstanding, continued to hold out, until finding himself suspended in mid air in one hand, and the crowd out at the top of his infantine voice, "Mind what you are about, mother; if you hit me I'll manage my will, you may depend on it; and the birds, as it is by enchantment, fell harmless from the uplifted hand."

A Kentucky Egg-eater.

Among the prisoners, ushered before Judge Pruden this morning was a tall, robust big-boned Kentuckian, from the vicinity of Caseyville. He is evidently a descendant of the pure old Kentucky stock—stout as a lion, fearless as a knight, and as independent as a free-man dare be. He was charged with disorderly conduct. The arresting officer stated that he found him "flashing around" in an eating and drinking house, and arrested him to preserve the peace.

"What have you to say to this charge?" asked the Court.

"A mighty, that's sartin," replied the prisoner. "You see, Squire, I'm a stranger here, from away down in old Kentucky, and I haint larned yet ways. Shall I tell you how I was cotched?"

"We will listen to you," remarked the Judge, who saw he had a "customer" before him, and disposed to let him have his vent.

"If you give that you're a trump," replied Kentucky. "But that's neither here nor there. I'm to tell you how I was cotched."

"That's it," "Wall, Squire, I cum to town yesterday. I 'spotted not to stop long, so I did not go to nary a tavern. I got kind a hungry though, so I made a lunge for a eatin' house I set to the table, an' I axed for a dozen an' a half of eggs, an' the critter who waited on the customers opened his eyes, grinned, an' then fctched 'em to me. They was good, but I wanted a little mixture. I called for a cold beefsteak—cold, 'Squire, kase it's agin my constitution—al principles to eat meat hot."

The fellow grinned and said they hadn't got none. That kind a riled me, but I kept my temper, and ordered another dozen and a half of eggs. The chap snickered and said, "We aint got no more eggs, old Kentucky—you've eat 'em all up." That set me to bilin', and I just squashed things for a while. That's the hull on it, 'Squire, sure as I'm from old Kentucky."

"Then you consider yourself aggrieved by the last remark of the waiter?"

"Just so."

"How do you take your eggs—boiled or fried?"

"Fried, 'Squire, all the time fried. Biled eggs, specially when they're hard, don't set well on a feller's stomach."

"Can you eat three dozen of eggs at one meal?"

"Just like a knife, an' throw the shells in. All I ax is to have 'em fried."

"You must be fond of eggs?"

"Now hush, 'Squire, you're techin' me on a tender pint."

"Is it your practice to 'squash' things when you get riled?"

"Not commonly, I'll tell you what it are, 'Squire, this is the first time in my mortal days that I was ever locked in. Let me off, an' I'm off for old Kentucky like a streak."

"You are, eh?"

"Sartin, as I'm from old Kentucky."

"And you will eat no more of our eggs?"

"Nary one, 'Squire."

"Then take your hat and leave."

"You're a boss—old Kentucky forever!" yelled the Kentucky egg-eater, as he strutted out of the court-room with the air of a prince, and amidst the hearty laughter of all who had witnessed his trial.—[Cincinnati Times.]

A Western City.

I resolved to visit Paradise City and view my property. I engaged a team and had a guide at five dollars per diem and started bright and early the next morning. The sleighing was excellent. The wind blew rather more than was necessary for comfort, but the guide assured me that it was an unusually mild breeze.

We drove forty miles, and put up at a wretched hotel (the third one met within our day's journey.) While we were eating our supper of fried pork and molasses (no bread) a little girl came up to me and said, "Ain't that nice pork? Pap found a dead hog out in the prairie to-day and mammy keeps it up stairs for travelers!"

I rushed out of doors and leaved against the corner of the shanty, and resolved never to touch, taste or handle pork.

About noon of the third day the guide suddenly checked the horses, and turning to me enquired, "What township and section is your eighty in?"

"I gave him the numbers."

"This is it. We're on it now."

For miles the prairie swept away to the horizon. Nothing to break the monotony of the dreary waste but two trees and a log hut.

"Nonsense! You are humbugging me!" "Not a bit of it sir. That is Paradise City over there."

"Where?"

"That log hut! To be sure it looks a little different on the map; but then you must have heard of paper cities!"

"And this is the land well watered and timbered, and worth at least ten dollars per acre, which that infernal scoundrel assured me he had selected from personal inspection."

It is well timbered for this country. Those two scrub oaks are the only trees within twenty miles of here. As to the water, it is covered with that at least six months in the year. As to ten dollars per acre, you will be lucky—unless you find some green horn—to get that amount for the whole eighty."

"Turn the horses around, driver?"

"Now my friend," continued the guide, "don't think this western country agrees with you. This land speculation is a cut-throat game; but few win, and they get their fingers burned before they are through with it, I reckon. If you have money my advice is keep it. And mark this—never buy an inch of western land nor invest in town lots in western cities until you have actually seen the property. No matter how respectable or how honorable the proposed vendor may be, do not take his word; for I tell you that West there is no honor among thieves." And, again, whenever a Western green horn visits New York, he is sure to be fished by your sharpers. Consequently, Eastern green horns should not complain if we return the compliment."

I looked the guide full in the eyes, and am confident the villain was chuckling at my discomfiture.

I arrived at New-York with two dollars in my pocket; am once more toiling at the desk, happy and contented, at peace with the whole world—always excepting my fried the banker.

By the way, I have a choice eight for sale—well watered and timbered—situated within two miles of Paradise City, Iowa. Price, one thousand dollars; terms, cash.

A Rich California Woman.

Mrs. Eliza Todd, who owns a ranch a mile below Weaverville, is a remarkable woman. In 1852 she walked from Shasta to Weaverville, and, without money, began the business of washing for six dollars a dozen. An acquaintance who lived near her domestic, says that after a long time she was bending over the wash-tub at day-light in the morning, at noon, and at ten o'clock at night. Business prospered, and after a while she bought two claims which turned out well. She bought chickens which laid eggs, and which she sold at half-dollar a piece; then she bought a pig for \$125, and its progeny for an ounce, or 25¢; then she bought cows and sold milk. Business still increased, and she began buying real estate, lending money at ten per centum a month, and speculating in claims; always was fortunate; every touch turned something into gold. Now she is one of the largest property holders in the north.

TROPICAL FRUIT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The cultivation of figs has interested a good many citizens of York county. Mr. Henry Lehman has a tree on which the finest crop of this season has ripened, and the tree is now loaded with a pretty full second crop. Mr. Samuel Maxwell, in Lancaster county, has been trying other experiments. He has a fine growing almond tree, which, last season, produced a very fair crop of nuts, but this season has, like the peach tree, which it resembles both in appearance and leaf, entirely failed to bring forth any fruit.

LEADERS IN NEW ORLEANS.

News papers speak very encouragingly of the improved condition of the city government. The Picayune of the 22d inst., says: "Eighteen days have elapsed since the new police force, as organized under the present Chief, has been in charge of the peace and order of the city. The result is encouraging to the public. Of late, no outrage has been committed without the arrest of the perpetrators, and petty offenders have rarely escaped."

In those quarters of the city where the turbulent, in former times, congregated at night, comparative order and quiet prevail.

The Atlantic Telegraph, after it reaches Trinity Bay, is connected with land and submarine telegraph for over a thousand miles before it reaches the United States. At one place it runs for four hundred miles through a wilderness difficult to reach, and where it is exposed to continued accidents and interruptions.

The Hair of the Presidents.

In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the Government, and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity, when in Washington in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of the different Chief Magistrates, from President Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame, covered with glass. Herein is fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse.

In his youth, Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed color and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is peculiar, being coarse, and yellowish grey in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is a fine white with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore, is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Pierce is a dark brown of which he has a plentiful crop.

Another Cure for Consumption.

The French Physicians are at present much interested in a new treatment for Consumption, introduced by Dr. J. F. Churchill, an American Physician now in Paris.

Dr. Churchill's theory of consumption is that it is owing to an undue waste or an insufficient supply of phosphorus in the system. To supply this want he administers the hypophosphates of lime and soda, in doses of from five to twenty grains daily, in a small quantity of sweetened water. In a paper read before the Academy of Medicine at Paris, he gave an account of forty one cases treated in this way with success. He insists that the cure of consumption is in fact a question of supply of phosphorus in the system. To supply this want he administers the hypophosphates of lime and soda, in doses of from five to twenty grains daily, in a small quantity of sweetened water. In a paper read before the Academy of Medicine at Paris, he gave an account of forty one cases treated in this way with success. He insists that the cure of consumption is in fact a question of supply of phosphorus in the system.

He also says that these substances have not only a curative effect, but will if used wherever there exists a suspicion of the disease, prevent its development, and thus act as a preservative with regard to Consumption, just as vaccination does in regard to small-pox. It is already extensively used throughout the whole of the Continent, and favorable results have already been obtained in France, Germany, Italy and Spain, as well as at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. In consequence of Dr. Churchill's discovery, the manufacture of hypophosphates in Paris has already attained a considerable importance.

The Philadelphia News says: Pennsylvania is one of the most productive portions of the earth, yet here in this city, within the past year, poor women have starved for want of bread, and many thousands of useful and worthy persons have suffered from want and destitution. It is probable that during the last winter a hundred thousand men and women in this city, many of them having families, were wholly or partially without subsistence; and because a few thousand dollars were given in charity to prevent starvation, a great parade was made of our generosity.

Mr. Raley, the horse tamer, says that blinders should not be used on horses. They can be broken in less time without them. Horses are only fearful of objects which they do not understand, or are not familiar with, and the eye is one of the principal mediums by which this understanding and this familiarity are brought about. This seems consistent with reason and is no doubt the fact. He says further that a horse broken without blinkers can be driven past any omnibus, cab or carriage, on a parallel line as close as it is possible for him to go, without ever wincing or showing any disposition to dodge.

FRANCE WARFARE.—The war between Senator Douglas and the Administration is growing fiercer. The article in the "Union" reading Douglas out of the Democratic party, has provoked a bitter speech from the Senator in reply. In a canvassing address at Paris, Illinois, he treated particularly of this attack upon him, defied the power of the Administration, and denounced its iniquities. The Union of Saturday returns to the fight, and berates the "Little Giant," with a liberal supply of epithets.

WEALTH OF ACTORS.—Forrest and Burton are the richest, both being set down at \$300,000 each; Mrs. Charlotte Cushman \$100,000; Barney Williams, \$70,000; Collier, the Irish actor, Miss Davenport, and Chanfrau, \$30,000 each; Neaffie and Eliza \$20,000 each; Edwy, Beaumont, Eliza Logan and Matilda Hagan, about \$10,000 each; Maggie Mitchell, \$7,000.