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VOL. I.

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MY OLD COAT.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

This old velvet coat has grown queer, I admit,
And changed is the color, and loose is the sit; Though to beauty it certainly can not aspire, 'Tis a cozy old coat for a seat by the fire.

When I first put it on it was awfully swell: I went to a picuic, met Lucy Lepel, Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,
And disjointed the nose of her lover, the

We rambled away o'er the moorland together: My coat was bright purple, and so was the heather; And so was the sunset that blazed in the west, As Lucy's fair tresses were laid on my breast.

We plighted our troth 'neath that sunset But Lucy returned to her Earl all the same; She's a grandmamma now, and is going down But my old velvet coat is a friend to me still.

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown, Whose art is no longer the talk of the town; A magical picture my memory weaves When I thrust my tired arms through its easy

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe, Sweet maidens of old that are long overripe, And a troop of old cronies, right gay cava-

never missed; Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high—
We remember them well, Sir, my old coat and I.

Ah, gone is the age of wild doings at court,
Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers,
and port;
Still Pve got a magnum to moisten my throat,
And I'll drink to the Past in my tattered old

"ME AND MY PAL."

A Tale of the Cuban Rebellion.

My associates through life have been many and various. I have hobnobbed with "noblemen, gentlemen of property, heirs to entailed estates, officers on full pap, and other responsible parties:" and I have fraternized with grooms, gamekeepers, jockeys, trainers, and touts. Nay, on one occasion, being belated in a heavy snow-storm at the Bald-faced Stag at Finchley, I so won the heart of an inebriated hearse-driver returning from Finchley Cemetery, that with a blind confidence, born of our host's good rum, he thrust whip and reins into my astonished hands, and climbing into the "fare," prayed me to pilot his sombre chariot home. Which, first stipulating for a temporary exchange of hats and cloaks, I did, to the admiration of all Camden Town—the mutes attendant on the sad cortege following, appropriately speechlessly drunk, in a four-wheeler. But of all the strange companions into whose society I have ever been thrown by a perverse fate, or whose companionship I have sought from what my friends are pleased to denominate "a taste for low life" (no idea could be more erroneous; I only thirst for knowledge), the person whom I am going to tell you about was, par excellence, the strangest and the most inscrutable. I am going to tell you a tale without a hero. Its "leading gentleman" (if such a term be applicable) is alluded to in my title un-"the first person singular, nominative case-me" (Mr. Squeers is my authority for this grammar); and the identity of myself-moi qui vous parle-is merged in the endearing epithet of "my This is rather perplexing; but as the whole title forms an expression which constantly fell from the revered lips of "me" when, in the intervals of professional discipline, he had occasion to allude to the unworthy narrator, I have chosen to preserve it in its entirety, in memory of the most extraordinary man I ever met.

His name was Jonas Baxter, and he was the most intrepid, desperate, and skillful burglar that ever laughed at Scotland Yard, or goaded the New York police to anger by his sublime indifference to the terrors of the Tombs.

At the time of which I write (very recently), he had long been an absentee from England, having "quitted his country for his country's good," and arrived in New York via Australia, after holding a temporary position under Her Majesty's government in that colony. When my story opens, Mr. Baxter appears before the public as a fillibuster, having (with a view to insular depredations) volunteered to aid the oppressed in redeeming the "ever-faithful isle" from the stigma of slavery; and the writer, tired of doing nothing, had also taken service under the "Lone Star" flag, and was appointed second in command of the expedition which had the honor of numbering that true patriot,

Mr. Baxter, in its ranks: I was ignorant, however, of the greatness thrust upon me by his enrollment in my command until the day after we had left New York, when I had reason very heartily to be thankful for his enlistment.

The rank and file of the expedition were, as may be supposed, a "highly mixed-up" lot—Cubans, Swedes, Germans, Irish, Danes, Irish-Americans, Yankees, a very few English, and no

Of these the most unruly and thoroughly brutal were the Irish-Americans, the sweepings of New York, the very scum of the Bowery. One of these fellows was standing, half-drunk, under the break of the poop, indulging in a string of such meaningless and awfully blasphemous oaths as can only be heard in the "down-town" spirit stores of New
York or Chicago. I could notice the
intense annoyance, almost terror, of the

the ruffian to go forward. Excited by whiskey, he turned on me, and strewed such flowers of speech, in Bowery argot, on my head, that, lax as our discipline with the men was, I was bound to pun-ish bim, and I accordingly ordered him to be confined. Immediately drawing his formidable knife, the rascal (as the Yankees say) "went for me." I was standing on the after-hatch quite unarmed, having left my sword and pistols in the standard of the same of the in the cuddy; and, providentially, as he hurled himself on to me, his foot tripped on the combings of the hatchway, and he fell almost at my feet, the murderous weapon aimed at my breast just grazing my thigh. He was up again in an in-stant, with arm uplifted for a second and more fatal stab, when a crack like the smash of a carriage panel was heard, and Private Felix O'Gorman dropped with a fractured skull on the deck before a blow from a handspike, wielded by ments. Mr. Jonas Baxter, burglar and Cuban "Do patriot. There was no mistaking the man's nationality for a moment, even before he spoke. Such corduroys (may I adopt the vernacular, and say "kicksees:") were never made out of Whitechapel; and when he said, in a drawling, quiet tone so common to his kind, that he'd be blessed if he'd see the captain bested by a — Fenian, my memory flew back over the Atlantic; I was again in Recent street at 4.7 N Sweet maidens of old that are long overripe,
And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavallers,
Whose guineas paid well for Champagne at
Watter's.

Watter's. the man might be, he was an English-A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
Whose hands never trembled, whose shots heart positively warmed to him as I gave his hand a grip that made the big knuckles crack, and swore that I'd stand by him to the end of the war. At my request, Colonel D'Olivarez

made the expatriated "cracksman" a sergeant—an accession of rank with which he was hugely pleased, entering on the duties with all the glee of a child who acquires a toy drum, and rendering mine much less irksome by the whole some awe he inspired among his luckless subordinates, who feared as much as they hated him. Do not think, however, that Mr. Baxter had any intention of following soldiering as a profession. He held the calling of arms in the most unqualified contempt, and did not scruple to entighten me as to his real intentions. (In explanation of the apparently undue familiarity with which my "dash-ing white sergeant" treated me, I should here mention that we had been advised to use no more authority than was neces sary for the suppression of mutiny while on board ship over men who were used to no sort of control, and who valued human life at its lowest possible cost.
There they were, probably food for Yellow Jack or Spanish bullets, and they knew it; and while prepared, ruffians as some of them were, to fulfill their part of the contract, and " fight till hell froze, receptacle but recently vacated by his and then fight on the ice," would have mutinied to a man had we worried them too much on the voyage.)
Mr. Jonas Baxter, therefore, was good

enough to express his approval of my being an Englishman, and to favor me with several episodes of his extremely checkered career, some of which may possibly prove amusing to my readers. In justice to this child of fortune, or ill fortune, I should, however, mention that with his garb and cockney accent his likeness to the stereotyped burglar ceased. His face was not that which has been rendered familiar to us in the pages of Punch as that of the gentleman who performs the office of "the nasty man in garroting circles. On the contrary, had Mr. Baxter been introduced into society clad in garments built in Savile Row, and been bidden to hold his tongue, no superficial observer could have distinguished him from the most blase frequenter of the Burlington Arcade save y the massive squareness of his lower iaw, and the coarseness of his firm. inewy hands.

But let him speak for himself. "I saved your life, cap," quoth he; and glad I am to have done it. I only wish I had had a pal like you in my

business." Feeling that a compliment was implied, but being uncertain as to the branch of commerce hitherto pursued by my preserver, I made bold to ask him to what he had hitherto devoted his apparently indomitable energies.

"Well," he replied, with a reluctance for which I could not at once account, "I open safes and-and houses. Come with me," he added, with real zeal, " and I'll show you as I'm no duffer." So saying, he dived 'tween-decks, myself following, where he opened a small brassbound box, and disclosed to my astonished gaze a "jimmy," a small saw of exquisite workmanship, a centre bit, and a quantity of other tools, the names of which it would puzzle me to recollect. " These," he said, "were the traps of poor Jim D-, who was hanged eighteen year ago at the Old Bailey. His widow, she were in Short Gardens, and I gave her £200 for the lot. D— the Cubans!" he added. "In the bank at P— are 6,000,000 dollars in gold. Let's fight till we get there, and then let's turn up patriotism, and go straight for the bank."
"But," I said, "the cause—sacred

cause of Cubs, Sergeant Baxter.' "Oh," said he, "that's all played out."

No assurance on my part that my feelings were opposed to the unlawful annexation of the Spaniards' gold could persuade Mr. Baxter to forego the pleasure of mapping out a programme for our mutual aggrandizement. To my surprise I found that he was much better posted in the geography of the island than myself; and he was also informed -whether accurately or not I never had the opportunity of determining-as to the strength of the garrison at Pand the exact number of sentries who guarded his El Dorado, the bank; so that I found myself, under protest, pledged to join in one of the most gigantic gold robberies ever contemplated out of Wall street.

commandant's wife (a Cuban lady), who in his own brain, but had been conceived was on the poop, unable to escape be- by one of the largest speculators in New

yond ear-shot, and I accordingly ordered | York, and confided to the joint execution of some four or five gentlemen of burg-larious habits—among them my model sergeant—but he, with true nobility of soul, had resolved to prevent the dissen-sions that would probably arise from the division of the spoil by anticipating their arrival in the land of promise, and, as he expressed it, "taking the whole pile."
"And that," said he glancing with

disgust at the tunic he was altering to fit his burly figure, " is the reason you see me faked out in these here togs.

On the same principle, I suppose, that the old Indian braves used to stimulate their children to future deeds of beroism and "hair-raising" by narrating to them the exploits of the former warriors of their tribe, Mr. Baxter sought to increase the ardor for house-breaking with which it had pleased his fancy to invest me by telling me of his past achieve-

"Do you remember," said he, "when the D—mail was robbed of £60,000 in specie?" 'Twas I that did it. Seventy-four times did I travel down firstclass by that very train from Victoria Station before I got the chance I wanted. There were four of us in it; and a very few more journeys would have broke us; or what with railway fares, cigars from Pontet's, and brandy, such as Baron Rothschild drinks, at seven-and-twenty shillings a bottle, for the guard, it cost us a tidy lot before we landed. My pal shillings a bottle, for the guard, it cost us a tidy lot before we landed. My pal he got seven years, he did," he added, reflectively; but suddenly remembering that the sinister fate of his former as-sociate might have a depressing influence on my budding enthusiasm, he hastily added, "But he was a fool—he was."

With Machiavelian subtlety the worthy non-commissioned officer allowed me no time to reflect whether the folly of the gentleman on whom misfortune had fallen did not primarily consist in becoming the comrade of so desperate and skillful a villain as himself, but plunged

anew into anecdote. "'Twas I," he said proudly, who discovered how to split the Bank of Eng-land notes by placing them between steel plates covered with a strong cement, to which each surface of the note adhered; so that each half formed a perfect note, almost imperceptibly thinner than the entire one. I should have made a fortune then," he sighed, "only, while was passing the notes at the rate of £100 a day, and often more, at Tattersall's, my partner he went and rounded on me, he did."

Did you ever commit mur- That is, did you ever take human life !" I

asked him one day.
"Never but once," said he; "and that
was in self-defense. I had cracked a crib, alone, up on Sixth Avenue, near the Central Park, and I was making my way down toward the river, with a basket with the swag in it on my arm, went right through his brain. I heard afterward that he was the best shot in the torce; but on that night, his own revolver being out of order, he had borrowed that of a brother officer, which he threw a little high, and he was not aware of it, or I shouldn't be here now telling you my adventures."

III. Thus the voyage passed away, each day leaving me more astonished at the extraordinary mixture of good and evil in this man's character. But for the sacra fames I really think he might have been a respectable member of society. He never gambled, or quarreled, or drank, and seldom ever swore; but for gold he hungered and thirsted. He used to dream of it all night, he told me, and by day certainly his only theme was gold and its acquisition. On this point I am sure he was a monomaniac. For the paper currency of the United States, he had the greatest contempt. The yellow metal itself was his darling; and even while conversing he would keep nervously twisting in his strong, sinewy fingers great twenty-dollar gold piece, which I am sure no privations would have induced him to change. But to the very last moment of his life-for I regret to say that poor Mr. Baxter, as you will hear, "died in shoes"—my property was sacred in his eyes. When my watch was appropriated by one of the enlightenpatriots under my command, they had a very rough time of it between-deck until my indignant sergeant recovered the missing property, but gave the unlucky thief such a practical hemily on the tenth commandment as I am sure he never forgot; and when subsequently our privations rendered the men so des perate that they stole and fought for each other's food, my ration always remained intact in the watchful care of

poor Jonas Baxter. I am not writing a history of the Revoution, so I will pass over all the details of my campaigning in the island, merely remarking that the men proved amenable to no discipline, and that they fought independently, as only reckless, desperate men, inured to bloodshed and the sight of death in every form, could fight. As for Jonas Baxter, he was a host in himself. Every day's march brought him near the goa for which he panted. His precions tools. was well aware, were concealed in his mapsack; and when he pillowed his head upon it at night, woe betide the man who should attempt to deprive him of one of those aids to boundless wealth. But, alas,

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men Gang aft aglee.

Mr. Baxter did reach P-, and so did I; but it was as prisoners of war, taken in arms against the Spanish government, scant courtesy from our captors would

be afforded us. We were lodged with other prisoners in a large cell in the town jail, which occupied one side of the principal place, the aid of a glass of rum, at the same and from the closely barred window we lured my poor, covetous comrade to his doom. He was almost grand in the sublimity of his despair. "Six million dollars in gold !" he would repeat gaz- the public ear?

ing fixedly at the fatal building-" Six million dollars in gold!" I thought of Napoleon at St. Helena. But though his dearest hopes were frustrated, and all chance of escape was denied him, he behaved with a gameness and pluck I rarely saw equaled, never surpassed. I had been wounded, and was in a very languid state-not improved by the thought that I had been rather a fool to get into such a mess for no reason at all—and to procure me some little comforts (of which procure mesome little comforts (of which he persistently refused to partake) this hardened thief parted with his beloved twenty-dollar piece Neither of us sup-posed for a moment that our lives would be spared, and though I escaped (how and why need not be detailed here), not many days had elapsed after our arrival in P— when they took poor Jonas Baxter out to be hanged. The gallews was erected in the large place on which

our window looked, and, led by a horrible fascination, I drew near to it, and water it he awful proceedings. Good-by, captain," said he, as they led him out; "though I'm to swing, I'm right glad to think that you'll swing clear. I played for a big stake, and I've lost; but if I could, I'd do it again. Just think, six million dollars in gold !" And away he went, his irons clanking heavily, but his demeanor as unconcern-

last breath was used to chaff his execu-tioners and beg them to make haste, as he "had an appointment, for which he did not wish to be late;" and as the drop fell, and his body swung slowly round, now facing his beloved bank, and now turning the swollen, blackened face toward the jail, I am not ashamed to confess that bitter tears rolled down my cheeks for the sad fate of the poor reprobate who was what crime and crimnal laws had made him, but who, under different circumstances, might have been worthy of a better end.

An American Arcadia.

In the Lake of Peten is an island on which stands the little isolated town of Flores. Of its inhabitants M. Morelet, in his "Travels in Central America," translated by Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Squier, draws an engaging picture:

"In the streets of Flores there are

neither shops nor artisans; there is no

market even; every one depends on his

own production, or on such exchanges as he may be able to make with his neighbors, for his food. If any one has need of money, he prepares some article of domestic consumption such as chocolate, bread, or candles, and sends his children about with them, from hut to hut, in search of a purchaser. At long inter-vals some enterprising man among them akes a cow or horse to Belize, and exwhen I came full-butt on to a policemen.

His revolver was out in a moment, but I was as quick as himself; and as his bullet whistled through my hat, mine went right through his brain. I heard wealth, could not be comprehended by the inhabitants of landed on a stand, being covered with ignorant of the infinite annoyances which follow on the laborious fermentation of the Old World. No one here ever thinks of speculation as a means of fully, and must not be disturbed. You acquiring wealth. Destitute of ambi- see them clap a hand over the mouth of tion, and without strong passion of any kind, the certainty of a sufficiency for bare existence is all they require to make them happy; and this certainly is assured to them by the extent and the fertility of the lands by which they are surrounded. Possession is the only title to the soil which they recognize. Any one who clears a piece of ground, makes use of it as he pleases, and if any dispute arises as to its ownership, it is soon settled by the paternal authority of the corregidor. However, there is this advantage in Flores, that instead of one's ear's being deafened by the discordant sounds of the hammer and the sugarmill, they are filled constantly with the harmony of musical instruments. As soon as the sun goes down and the evening breeze sets in, the town is full of sounds of mirth and hilarity, which continue until the night is far advanced. And thus life ebbs away in the midst of perfect quiet, and in utter indifference as to what the future may bring forth. The desire for novelty, improvement or change never enters into the thoughts of the inhabitants. Every one having received the same amount of education, and enjoying in an equal degree the privilege of doing nothing, the most perfect equality exists in society, which is not troubled by the pretensions of its "Few days pass consecutively

members on the score of birth, learning or fortune. Flores without the sound of the marimba inviting its inhabitants to some new festivity. No other form of invitation is extended. The door is open for all. The No other form of invitation is spectators assemble in groups around the entrance, looking on with democratic freedom, and making their comments aloud. There you see the alcalde or the corregidor alternating in the same fandango with the meanest citizen. The mother succeeds the daughter, the negress the white woman; rank, age, caste-all the conditions which else where separate society—seem to be confounded here. Persons giving parties do the honors of the house in the most unpretentious manner possible; a dozen candles, a supply of chairs collected from a dozen neighboring houses, a few homely refreshments, and the engagement of ne or two performers on the marinba, constitute the entire preparations. Our notions of delicacy occasionally receive something of a shock from certain customs here, which, to say the least, are of an extremely primitive character. The same glass, for instance, circulates among and with a pretty acute perception that the guests until drained, while a spoon alternates from hand to hand, with the same jar of sweetmeats. Nor do the ladies, after the fatigues of dancing, hesitate to recuperate their energies through time lighting a cigar of size and strength could see the very bank that had sufficient to turn the stomach of our hardest smokers."

Was it at a raffle that the man won

SKETCHES BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," Washington market dealers are rather "peculiar." It may in-terest farmers and fruit growers to know how their produce is manipulated by these clever operators, more especially at this time, when the railroad enterprise promises to facilitate matters, so that at no distant day we may be engaged in raising produce, fruits, etc., for the insatiate man of Gotham.

And first as to the enerry buyers, who seem to be a class by themselves. They make their appearance during June and July, furnished with spring balance scales, lanterns, attendants, etc., and establish themselves at various points in the market, and throughout the entire night they lay in wait for game. Their men are sent out in the streets to intercept the countrymen as they cross the different ferries, or drive down from Westchester county. Soon they begin to arrive, and then all is bustle, confusion and rascality.

The modus operandi is as follows: Af-

ter making the price as low as possible (and being all combined, and having a perfect understanding, the price is about what they please), they then begin to weigh. The principal takes his place at the desk to enter the weights, a good operator engaged from year to year, and who is very skillful in this peculiar line, commences to weigh the baskets of luscious fruit. The countryman, intending to be very watchful, keeps his eye on the scales, but, bless your heart, he might just as well look at the back as the face, for, in the first place, the scales are "fixed" for the purpose; and besides that, they are carefully hung just the proper height that the operator, by clapping his foot under the baskets, his heel resting on the floor, and the basket resting down on his toe, so that it is made to weigh just what they please; and by this means, together with some wild figuring when the account is made up, why, the cherry trade is well worth looking after; more especially as they frequently buy up several tons in one night during the height of the season.

"Tubbing up" is a very interesting process that may be witnessed any morning before trade is commenced; it consists in emptying the greater part of a barrel of potatoes, apples, onions, etc., in a large tub, taking out the largest as they run out; then empty the tub carefully back into the barrel, and place the large ones on the top; by this means a barrel not nearly full will be rounded up nicely, and look quite as good as it When potatoes are carried to the stands from the boats or cars, where they are in bulk, the dealers send good large barrels, and they feel aggrieved if by using small barrels they cannot make an extra barrel on every ten when they Hunt, had left her bed and board, and large barrels, and they feel aggrieved if are sold out again.

the most part in a manner peculiar to Peten; but, on the other hand, they are muslin covers, they are immediately turned upside down, and then the fruit is allowed to settle back again very carefully, and they are set down very carea strawberry basket (holding about a five."-Western Methodist. " And we six." handful), turn it over, and jar it slightly, and set it carefully down, and thus everything is topped off, loosened up, and made the most of. One good church man was asked on one occasion, "How can you reconcile your plan of doing business with your profession of relig-ion—this putting the finest fruit on the top, and shaking them up so that the baskets and barrels may appear fuller than they really are? is it not a decep-tion?" "Why, bless your simple heart, no," said he: "our customers know just how the matter is, and would be greatly deceived and disappointed if they did not find them topped off." And when the women who sold apples and other fruit on the sidewalk by the post office and elsewhere would come flocking around the old "deacon" to replenish their stock. I have overheard them ask, Arrah, thin, honey, tell us the thruth, for a decent ould man that ye are.' Well, Mary (all apple women are Marys), they're no larger or better in the bottom than you see them on top." And that was a safe assertion for the "dea-

> One word as to the commission dealers. Some of them are honest and upright in their transactions, but a great many are quite the reverse, being as ar-'rant a set of knaves as can be found in any line of trade; and, it one is disposed to be dishonest, opportunity is not wanting. The usual commissions allowed were five per cent for selling beef and hogs, one shilling each for sheep, one shilling per basket for peaches, and for poultry, eggs, butter, cheese, and general produce and fruit, the rate was ten per cent., the consignee paying freight and cartage. However, the producer was often at some remote place; perhaps in the far West, or South; and the dealers were, many of them at least, au fait in making out bills, so that their ten per cent, would be doubled, and in cases trebled. When there is a glut of perishable fruit in the market (which is eften the case with peaches), hen a wide margin is offered, that dis honest commission dealers are not slow to take advantage of. Peaches may be worth one dollar a basket in the morning, balf a dollar at noon, and before night a drug at twenty-five cents, and end up by dumping the balance off the dock by cart loads, to get the empty baskets and make room for fresh arrivals. This I have seen done repeatedly during the height of the season; not by any means worthless fruit, either, but just such as would bring a dollar more per basket under other circumstances. One night in particular, I remember that the denizens of Washington street and vicinity got wind of the dumping process, and literally swarmed the place get their supply; men, women and children, with baskets, pails, bags, and children, with baskets, pails, bags, and lage of North Adams, two and a half aprons; and the good natured boys that miles distant, was shaken as if by an

their heads, pelted them from every point, and the rabble finally returned it, with interest, until it became a scene of wild disorder, that would tax the pencil of Hogarth to depict or the pen of Dick-ens to describe. The finale was that we were obliged to clear the docks to save

further depredations, and that was no easy matter by any means. It was during such a season of plenty, when the market was overstocked every day, that one of the commission dealers showed me the following bill rendered to a fruit

grower:

NEW YORK, Oct., 1880.

Sold for Mr. 150 Baskets Peaches @ 15c., 4 Barrels Marion Squashes 2 S1.

CHARGES.

Commission on 150 baskets Peaches.

" 4 barrels

Freight and Cartage, Balance due, \$1.59. Please remit.

It is but justice to the dealer to say, however, that the shipper was but a transient customer, who would not have sent to him under other circumstances; but he confessed to having sold some of the fruit as high as fifty cents per bask-et, and from that to the price rendered in the bill. The request for a remittance was a bit of humor that pleased him im-

mensely. A few scenes more embodied in perhaps one "sketch," and ere we become tiresome, we will bid adieu to the classic locality known as the Washington Market Docks, with its rude sheds, among which we have wandered, and over which we have watched so many dreary nights; and then, reader, with your kind permission, we may betake ourselves to "other fields and pastures new." We may not even confine ourselves to the may not even confine ourselves to the city of New York, but, by virtue of a in Latin. The fellow, shaking his bead, "roving commission" issued by our ansaid he did not understand him. "Why," "roving commission" issued by our au-cestors, may journey to other cities, to the country, perhaps to the prairies of the gentleman, "did you not say the far West, and compel them to furnish material for these "the state of the country" "Yes," renish material for these "sketches" by a citizen of the world, for

" No pent-up Utica contracts our powers, The whole, the boundless continent, is ours." L. R. T.

Going the Lounds.

Once in a while a paragraph or an advertisement appears in some out-of-theway newspaper that somehow or other seems to tickle the American journalist, who sets it a-going in such a way that it speedily travels all over the country. For example: Some little time since a "broken-hearted woman," as she calls herself, Mrs. Laura Hunt, of Broadalbin, Fulton county, New York, notified the strayed to parts unknown; and she for-Indeed, the business is transacted for bid all girls, old maids, and widows to marry him under penalty the place. When a lot of peaches are of the law. She earnestly entreated all editors "throughout the world" to lay

this information before their readers. " Mrs. Hunt will please perceive that we have complied with her request."-Courier, "And we (two) too."--Transcript. 'And we three."-Cincinnati Mirror. 'And we four."-Standard. "And we -Zion's Herald. "And we seven." Maine Free Press, "And we eight."-Mobile Free Press. "And we nine."board, the villian! And we ten."-National Eagle. " And strayed to parts unknown, the vagabond! And we eleven." -Daily Advertiser. "He left her bed and board, the vagrum !"-Statesman. "And we start him again."—Miner's Journal. "Break a woman's heart, the fiend! Take that!"—Telegraph. "Go abead, and hunt him, Laura."—Sentine!. Pass him around, and start him again." -Ever - so - many "ibids." - Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for April.

Critical Periods of Human Life.

From the age of forty to that of sixty a man who properly regulates himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and all his functions are in the highest order. Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at a critical period of existence; the river of Death flows before him, and he remains at a standstill. But athwart this river is a viaduct, called " The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a boat or causeway to affect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upron how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor, the "Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power, having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in rigor until night has nearly set in.

NITRO GLYCERINE AGAIN .- On Sunday morning, March 12th, seven hundred pounds of nitro glycerine exploded in a small wooden building on the west side of the Hoosac tunnel. The building was of course blown to splinters. The cans, in which the glycerine was kept, were spread out in ragged shapes. young growth of birch and maple was cut through for a distance of twenty rods, the path being six rods wide. The trees, three inches in diameter, were torn and twisted into withes. The vilwere busy clearing out not only filled earthquake. No lives were lost, but the their vessels, but dumped them over explosion was terrific.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A writer in the Golden Age says that Miss Kellogg sings "Sweet Home" as if she lived in a hotel.

A clergyman in the West seeks dama-ges of a journal which published a re-port of his lecture, "Mind and Matter," under the head of "Wind and Water."

"Pupmatic" is suggested as a new word admirably adapted to describe those individuals to whom the application of "dogmatic" would be too digni-

A man from the country visited all the stores in Jasper, Ind., recently, to buy a divorce. He was told they were just out of divorces, but would have a full supply in a few days.

Richter says: "A man takes contra-diction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, though it will be well founded. Hearts are flowers; they remain open to the softly-falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour of rain."

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the ould pair you've got on."

A minister once gave a commentary to an old Scotch lady who was well versed in the Scripture. He thought she would enjoy the explanations of her fa-vorite passages. Calling on her a few days afterward, he said: "Did you like the book I gave you?" "Ay, mon, it's a gude book, and the Bible explains it

mazingly." A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom plied the other, "a poor one indeed, sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin."

In one of the pleasant villages in Western New York, the other day, a certain worthy housekeeper thought she would call on her nearest neighbor. She was about entering the door, but hesi-tated, thinking that the family might be taking their supper. "Come in" said the hostess, "we are having tab-leaux." "Yes," replied the visitor, "I thought I smelt 'em."

A resident of Taunton, Massachusetts, as obtained his ice for summer use, for several winters past, in the following manner: Procuring about fifty empty flour-barrels, at a cost of twenty cents each, he gradually pours in water until each contains a solid mass of ice. The barrels are then put away in his cellar and entirely covered with sawdust. As ice is required, a barrel is tapped.

cautioned to remember the text, which was: "Why stand ye here idle? Go into my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Tommy came home, and was asked to repeat the text. He thought it over a while, and cried out: "What d'ye stand round here doing nuffin for? Go into my barnyard and work. I'll make it all right with you,'

The following recipe for the cure of inflamed eyes is given : "Take a potato. and after quartering it, grate the heart Woodstock Whig. "Leave her bed and as fine as possible, and place the gratings between a piece of cambric muslin Place the poultice over the eyes in-flamed, and keep it there fifteen minutes. Continue the operation three successive nights, and a perfect cure ensues." It is worth trying by those afflicted with sore eyes.

It has been found by experiment that animals die in a few weeks when fed upon fine flour alone, but would live ong when fed upon the whole flour. There is wisdom in the old-time practice of restricting prisoners to coarse bread, as when denied all other food, life could not otherwise be sustained for any great length of time. Coarse bread is also necessary for the proper growth and perfection of the teeth.

In the Arctic regions, the Esquimaux and Greenlander live principally on the fat of seals, boars, and whales; by such food only are they enabled to endure the extreme cold without seeming to suffer more than we do in our severe winters-the resident of the tropics lives chiefly on watery fruits and vegetables, with very little oily food. From this we may learn to eat more of the oleaginous elements in winter than in summer, in order to keep up our animal heat.

A prize of ten dollars was recently offerred to any member of the Georgia Teachers' Institute who would write and spell correctly the words in the folowing sentence: "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harnessed pedlar attempting to gauge the symmetry of a peeled onion, which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of the cornelian hue." Thirty-eight teachers competed for the prize, but not one was success-

A pretty good story is told of an Irishman named Billy, who had long been employed as a teamster by the occupant of a coal wharf in Philadelphia. was a fixture, and the owner thought he could not get along without Billy. But as both employer and man were the posessors of more or less irascibility, frequent were their explosions, and Billy was discharged at least once a day; but though frequently discharged, he never went off. One day the employer, during

one of these passages, burst out:
"It's no sort of use, Billy; I can't learn you anything at all, and have been trying for years."

"Shure and yez have, then, lairnt me wan thing," said Billy.
"What is that?" was asked; "I shall

be glad to hear of anything you have

"Shure, sir, yez have lairnt me that fifteen hundred makes a ton!" Billy knew too much to be spared