

The Erie County Advocate

HENRY A. PARSONS, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1871.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. I.

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NO. 24.

DAWN AND SUNDOWN.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

The rain is drifting down again:
It keeps across the rose pink lawn,
It trembles on the window pane,
And round the hills its veil is drawn.
Oh, cold and long the day will be;
No light, no warmth, it brings to me;
For you, my love, my love, to-day
Walk in the sweet South grassy place.

How wait you? In some grassy place,
Beneath an arch of bowery trees,
A smile upon your upturned face,
Your hands clasped idly on your knees?
My love! my love! the day is dark:
The rain is dull and cold; and, hark!
The wind is wailing, it is wailing,
That separates you, dear, from me.

What happy sun shines in your eyes?
What flowers of France about you bloom?
What rare, sequoia-seeded beauty lies
Far in the low hills' purple gloom?
The garden leaves about me fall,
The vines hang loosely on the wall;
And, hush! across the storm comes, faint,
The ring-dove's murmuring, low complaint.

Dear love! when in some still noontide
Your rap, high glance you northward turn,
I catch its light here, far away,
Fanned with the airs of sweet Avernus:
Your face comes in my dreams afar:
I feel a kiss on cheek and hair,
And then, oh, then, the day draws far.

Through summer hours our love was born;
The water shone about our feet,
The fields were green with growing corn,
And time laughed low in lane and street.
Oh, love! my love! in days like these,
When we two watched the birds and bees
Flash through the flowers about our door,
We asked the world for nothing more.

What if the ship which bears you home
Goes sailing by the silent strand,
While, weeping, here I watch and roam
In memory's tender, twilight land?
Oh, love! my love! I watch and wait:
The land with rain is desolate,
And all the blue becomes a sea,
Lies now betwixt the light and me.

So, on and on my thoughts are led:
I hide my tears against the wall,
And, dreaming thus, the wind of
Of unknown fear along the hall.
I dare not look! Ah, heaven! if I
Should come this rainy day to me,
Then all these rain-drops, shining gold,
Would turn to bits of burning gold!

—Lippincott's Magazine.

CAMILLA.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

Paul Stiver was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging-house, where he slept at night, and munched his meals of bread and cheese, or Bologna sausage when he could afford it, and from whence he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down to the corner of the dingy street, to the music shop of Carl Bertmann, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment save on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman, to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays, he curled himself up in his den, and amused himself, nobody knew how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties; he never went to church, but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half-pennies when he had any; shared his dinner often with a many dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill-temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Paul Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter, one cold night, and literally carried him home to Nora and the children.

As for his honesty, as a neighbor remarked, "If he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings worth of strength and shoe-leather to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm, and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled, and nearly fell over a small object crouched on the step.

"Bless us! What's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium.
"Only me, sir," and the small object stooped, and became a very pale, thin, and ragged child.
"Are you hurt, little girl?"
"No, sir."
"What are you doing out here in the cold?"
"Nothing."
"Why don't you go home?"
"Dear me! where's your mother?"
"In heaven!"

At this Paul was dumfounded, and seeing that great tears were stealing down the child's wan face, he thrust the violin under the arm which had held the bread, and putting the other round the tiny figure, he said:
"Oh, I've got a home—a real jolly place. Come up and see."
And this was the way old Paul came to have a neat little housekeeper, and to be buying calico gowns and shoes out of his poor salary.

People wondered at the sight of this bent old man, hitherto alone and uncared for, now walking daily to his work with his hand upon the shoulder of the old, yet pretty-faced girl, looking at her with honest pride brightening his eyes, and laughing as loud as she wherever the joke came in. But old Paul looked unconcerned, and learned to love nothing better in the world than the little wail, Camilla.

There were many, many days, when Bertmann drew Paul up by the fire in the old back attic, and drew the very last penny out of the dilapidated old purse; but brave little Camilla, never forgetting how near death she had been on that bitter night of their meeting, always found a word to ward off hunger, and courage to keep them both bright until help came.

The winter of 1866 came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night, a sad face

from his warm corner in Bertmann's shop, among the violins, and hobbled up the cold street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest, and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stanza she took breath, and another voice said:

"Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music, or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring its cultivation to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame, and quickened his blood to a rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsetto voice piped: "Camilla, how dare you invite any one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! this is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose name—"
"Whose name he saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive, and bidding the driver attend to them, she began to descend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprang forward, and flung her violently from her foothold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and keeping your niece near her, sought for my father to-day, at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude, and to offer—"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny, sir. She'll never suffer while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to insult you, but would raise this child from her poverty and educate her, that she might be of use to you and to herself, and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in her light, and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

The great lustrous eyes of the child turned imploringly to her strange guardian.

"Lord, Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you're every bit a borne lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hotel among wretches who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath had left the body; but deary me, I can't part with you."

And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she'll leave you, but shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

From the gloomy lodging-house to a snug set of chambers a few streets off, went Paul and Camilla, and the poor fellow began to look like another being, in his cleaner work-clothes, and Sunday suit, earned from the increased number of pupils, provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropic friend, Clavering.

One day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and after a little time there came days when passers-by paused to listen to the warbling of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music-master's room.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment, and awe. A new songstress had been criticized, picked over piecemeal, ground down to the finest point, dissected, examined through the most perfect musical microscope, and pronounced perfect!

And now the manager of a first-class fashion-patronized theatre had engaged her for a single night at an almost fabulous sum, and the world was to hear her voice.

The night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra pealed forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with voices, and soft murmurs of whispering perfumes and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound; and then the broad curtain rolled up and disclosed the elegantly furnished stage.

Suddenly there was a lush in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipation, as from the wing came the debutante.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly-shaped arms; with a crown of purple-black hair upon the regal head; with great dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then the almost childish shyness veiling themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful, and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of her sweeping robe; and they had seen all the long talked-of and highly-praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the splendor of her footlights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume, Camilla, the poor little wail, the child of poor old Paul Smith, the protégé of proud Richard Clavering, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamations had ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony; and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away, a dreamy mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain. Richard, still nearer it sounded, and hope half drowned the doubts, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the sorrow was a half-expected, trembling glimpse of something better; and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphant strain, and listeners held their breath as the wondrous notes rang out upon the air, and then died away.

For a moment a deathly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only, and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men rose in their seats, and hundreds flung their floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the music-master and manager sat, an old, odd-looking man waved his handkerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks; and Camilla looked up to that one box, and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

But at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went on to the dressing-room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side-scene, and when she asked permission to pass, caught her by the hands and drew her out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?"
She put her hand over her eyes, murmuring: "You do not mean your words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"
"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and to be my wife."
She drew him away for a brief moment, and laid her weary head within his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing-room, and when she returned she put out her hand, saying: "Oh, Richard, take me away! I'm soul-sick of all this."

"And you will only sing—"
"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."
The box was near at hand, and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the old man sitting in one of the luxurious chairs, his head lying back upon the soft cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla. "Why, you naughty boy, you are fast asleep! Come, it is time to go home. Ah!"
She started back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold, and fell back, stiff and helpless.

Remarkable Phenomenon—Physicians Nontpissed.

The Troy Whig tells the following strange story:

In the northern suburbs of this city, a little below the Bull's Head Hotel, on the banks of the Hudson, stands a beautiful little white cottage owned and occupied by a man named Pierre, by trade a machinist. His wife, who from birth has been of an extremely nervous organization, has lately fallen sick, the result, it is supposed, of over-exertion and excitement. She complains of pains in the region of the stomach, but her attending physician can discover no infirmity, except or other marked symptoms of any special disease. She is, as far as can be ascertained by diagnosis, in good health, yet she lies helpless upon a bed, and is hardly able to lift her hand.

Most of the time she lies in a sort of trance, and seems to be unconscious. Some days ago, as she continued to grow weaker, while she was in her trance state, a remarkable series of sharp sounds, as of raps, were heard in the room. These were repeated, much to the consternation of her attendants, who did not know what to do.

These circumstances were narrated to her husband, who immediately connected them with spiritual manifestations, of which he is a very decided believer. In no very amiable mood he entered the room, after hearing the report, and, seating himself in a chair, called on the spirits in the most emphatic language to proceed with their humbug. The raps, nothing loath, accepted the challenge, and gave a series of persuasive manifestations that had the effect to silence his imperious demands, and convince him that "something was to pay."

In order to test the case, and as the invalid appeared to be in no immediate danger, the attending physician consented that a spiritualist medium should be called upon. A medium of this city was accordingly introduced into the room of the invalid, but, although the raps were repeated, no result could be arrived at except the medium was of the opinion, from the raps given in response to questions, that the spirits, if these were anything but impostors, were beings were the cause of the disturbances, were anxious to communicate with the husband. Mr. Pierre, however, has been unable to receive any intelligible information from the raps. Meantime the disturbing noises have continued, and the neighborhood is very much excited at the strange proceedings.

Mrs. Pierre at this writing, improving in health, at least she appears to rest more and remain conscious for longer periods, but the exciting phenomena continue. The "raps" are loud and sharp, and can be heard at the distance of half a block. They are not heard when strangers are in the room, but when persons are in position where they can see into the room and are not observed, although none but the sick woman is in the room, the raps sometimes occur, and at such times no movement of the patient can be observed. The case is very remarkable, and when taken in connection with the fact of the strangeness of the woman's condition, and the entire absence of any distinct symptom of disease, it affords food for the most entertaining speculation.

An Ohio Ghost Story.

The little village of Germantown, Montgomery county, Ohio, twelve miles southeast of Dayton, on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, has recently been much excited over some phenomena occurring in its neighborhood, which by the raps are attributed to ghostly agencies. The details of the matter are certainly very remarkable. The report of them has spread far and wide, and at least five hundred persons have visited the scene of action.

About a mile and a quarter north of Germantown stands a plain farm house, occupied by a family named Stiver. The house is built of stone and is two stories high, with a cellar divided into basement on the east side, and a cellar and a spring house behind the basement on the west. The family consists of the father, Samuel Stiver, and his wife Catherine, their children, Benjamin Stiver, Samuel Stiver, Jr., William Stiver, John Stiver, and Mary Stiver, with Christine, the wife of Benjamin Stiver, and Charles Pontius, a boy nine years old. Benjamin Stiver, the eldest of the sons, a young man of twenty-nine, recites the occurrences substantially as follows:

On Friday, the 21st of July, my wife and her sister, on going down cellar, observed a sack of corn in a place where no corn was stored. They were not disturbed otherwise. The pies then looked fresh; the crust or skin was missing and could not be found. There were also four apple pies on the same board with the custard, and each contained marks which appeared to have been made by thrusting the thumb and fingers through the centre. Ten or fifteen minutes afterward a tubful of potatoes were found scattered all over the cellar, appearing as though pitched about by some one, and the tub was tipped over. They found also a dish-rag and an old pot under a bench in the cellar, removed from their usual place of keeping. A

board of bread placed on the same board with the pies appeared to have a piece bitten off. The pies and bread were all sound when placed there. The dish-rag, which was kept on the top of a hog-head, was found missing four different times in succession. The potatoes were picked up at least six times and put back into the tub. There was no one in the cellar at the time who could have thrown them about. The persons in the house then were Benjamin, his wife, her sister, and the little boy Pontius. A few minutes after supper, eleven crocks of milk were found upset, and the contents spilled out. A large crock and a small tub of milk were also spilled.

On the following Saturday morning more milk crocks were upset in the spring house, as was also a six-gallon stone jar full of water, in which a crock of yeast had been placed to cool. A fruit jar was thrown from the mantelpiece in the basement. Two stones, one

weighing twelve and the other six pounds, were thrown off the bread box in the same room. During the evening, for a space of about fifteen minutes, noises were heard in the basement like the throwing about of brickbats and rubbish, and on going in all sorts of things were found scattered in confusion on the floor. In the milk house there were found various articles piled up in the milk troughs, three feet high—such as crock lids, boxes, kegs, brickbats, broken crocks, boards, an old hat, and a number of boxes of lime which had been for months in the basement part of the cellar on a bench. The latter was found in the milk trough in the spring house, lime and all. A box of plasterer's hair, which was kept in the cellar proper, was also in the house. A crock of pickles, which had been standing by the milk trough, was found in the trough. Mr. Stiver carried the rubbish from the basement, and found one of his vinegar barrels leaking. He had five of them in the basement. He took enough vinegar out to fill up one of the other barrels, and bunged the leaking one up tight as he could, and set it up on end to prevent further leakage. This ended Saturday.

On Sunday there was more upsetting of milk, breaking of crocks, and overturning of barrels and boxes. The vinegar barrel which had been bunged up the previous evening was thrown over the fence, and a candle, with a candle and an egg were thrown off the sink in the kitchen. A keg of pickles was turned upside down, and the pickles scattered over the floor. Crocks of molasses and of preserves were overturned, brooms thrown down, chairs and benches moved about, the family Bible thrown from the bureau to the floor, the mantelpiece swept of ornaments and toys, a feather bed shifted out of its place on the bed, and the dining-room table turned quickly and completely over in its tracks, while the father and mother were looking on.

On Monday a bucket of water standing on a bench two feet high, in the kitchen, was upset. The feather bed, pillows, and bolsters of a bed were scattered about the floor, and other repetitions performed of the previous day's experiences.

This is all Benjamin Stiver personally witnessed; but in addition, he says that Leaslie Case, a farm hand employed by Samuel Stiver, saw a crock fly from the window into the basement about three feet. In company with Mary Stiver and the boy Pontius, Case also saw an empty gallon-and-a-half crock rise straight up about a foot, and then fly a distance of four feet and break in pieces. Mr. Stiver and the boy saw axes tied up thrown off a box, and come rattling so as to let the corn run out, besides many other things of a similar kind. These accounts are attested by Case, Mary Stiver, and the rest of the family as correct. Nothing remarkable seems to have occurred after Monday.

It would naturally be inferred that there was some connection between the little boy Pontius and the phenomena, as in nearly every instance they were only observed when he was in or near the house; but Benjamin Stiver is convinced that he has had no active agency in producing them. At this distance, and with the imperfect information we have of them, we can only regard them as among the curious events of the day, without attempting to theorize concerning their origin.

A Beautiful Demon.

In going through the parish prison a few days since, the attention of the reporter was attracted to a young girl, apparently not more than 15 years of age. She had fair nut-brown hair, and a complexion fresh and white as milk. The mild blue eyes were singularly soft and intelligent, and her whole appearance indicated the free, joyous characteristics of youth and happiness. Yet this amiable-looking creature, this fair, delicate Minerva, of slender form and ingenuous face, is said to be a devil incarnate. She was not a prisoner, only a visitor to the institution, and when the reporter saw her she was conversing with a noted burglar; indeed, she says she is a cousin of Pete Munday's, and goes under the sobriquet of Lily. She is almost as fair and delicate as a child. Her career is a remarkable series of adventures and hairbreadth escapes. About a year ago, she lived in San Antonio, Texas, and for some real or fancied misconduct received a severe castigation at the hands of the man with whom she was living. Burning with resentment and conscious of inability to cope with him in physical strength, she waited until the next night when he was asleep, and then locking the doors of the room, and closing every avenue of escape, she prepared for a work of horror almost impossible to conceive. On one pretext or another she sent the inmates of the house away, and procuring paper and other inflammable material, built a funeral pyre round the bed of her sleeping man. The domestic fire took, and locking the door behind her, fled the house. The man woke up when the house was full of flames, and in escaping from the room was literally roasted. One side of his body was burned almost to a cinder. He has never recovered from his injuries, and is to-day a helpless invalid, suffering excruciating torture and continuing anguish. His generosity—perhaps his sense of atonement—prevented his prosecuting the girl, and she made her escape to New Orleans. Arriving there, she took rooms on Toulouse street, between Rampart and Burgundy, where she now resides. She is very young, certainly not more than 17 at farthest. Her vindictive and savage fury when excited, is a terror to all her acquaintances. It is strange that beneath an exterior so fair and beautiful should be concealed the elements of such lawless violence.—New Orleans Picayune, July 29.

THE WONDERFUL WEST.

Its Extraordinary Mineral Resources—Almost Fabulous Wealth at Our Doors—Monstrous Quantities of Minerals—A Wonderful Discovery.

Occasionally there are to be found in Western papers stories of the fabulous mineral wealth of the West, which are too often received with that incredulity which is bestowed on any stories that smack of the great West. But a New York gentleman, Mr. D. P. Webster, of the great smelting works well known for his connection with mining works, has recently visited Utah Territory, and of some portions of that region he sends an account which seems to justify much of what in previous reports has appeared extravagant. Writing from Salt Lake City he says:

Thinking it might be interesting to you to hear something from this new Eldorado I will try and give you an account of what I have seen and know, and what I have heard and believe. I arrived here on July 13 for the purpose of purchasing silver, lead, and silver lead ores for our smelting works. I found plenty of bullion and ores for sale. There are mines here of every description. There are within a radius of 100 miles more than one hundred silver, silver lead, and copper mines, two or three antimony mines, and one bismuth mine, where the ore crops out on the surface for more than 1,000 feet. Metallic bismuth is worth in the New York market \$3.50 per pound. An English company has bought one-half interest in the Botsford mines in Bingham Canyon, for \$200,000 in gold. I visited the Emma mine with a party of scientific gentlemen. We spent two days there and examined every part of it. It is a wonder of the world, a perfect Monte Cristo cave. After passing through a tunnel 375 feet in length we came into a vast chamber about 80 feet high, 70 feet long, and 40 wide, from which there has been taken within a year 12,000 tons of first-class ore. From the 13th of June to the 13th of July there were 3,300 tons taken out, of which 3,000 tons were sent to England, and 300 sold to smelters here. That ore brought them a net profit of \$178 per ton. About fifty miners are at work breaking down ore on the solid banks of ore on every side, and one man with a pick can break down a ton in half an hour. It is as soft as an ordinary earth bank, requiring nothing but a pick and shovel to mine it. We went down a shaft about 60 feet through the solid mass of first-class ore, and there were no signs of reaching the bottom. Underlying the whole area of the chamber, and as they go down, the ore becomes richer in silver. From the developments already made, it is believed that there are millions of tons of ore in the mine. The mine declared a dividend last month of 5 per cent on its capital of \$5,000,000, and it will declare another this month. They are now taking out from 80 to 100 tons of first-class ore per day. Besides the Emma mine there are eight or ten other mines within a few hundred yards taking out from five to twenty tons of good ore per day, among which are the Flagstaff, Monterama, Bruner, and Davenport. These are all in Little Cottonwood. In Big Cottonwood there are as many more getting out good ore. In the American Fork there are about the same number, among which are Miller mine, almost equal to the famous Emma. Bingham Canyon has about twenty mines taking out good ore. The New English Smelting Company has five or six of the best, and it is getting ready to put up eight smelting furnaces, which will be completed in about ninety days. Stockton, Tintle, Ophir, and other mining districts have not visited, but a point opposite to them in the shape of bullion from each of those places. But the precious metals are not the only resources of this country. Yesterday a gentleman showed me a piece of pure muriate of ammonia, chemically pure, which was taken from a mountain of the same material. In other words, for certain dollars duly paid by the physician, she agreed to give up her body at death to his dissecting knife. The doctor expected to foreclose early, but after the transaction the woman began to recover, and the doctor refused a second advance demanded by the husband of the feeble fair, which, we are told, he called for from the house to her temper, and she opened her mouth for an angry reply, but a spasm contracted her cheek, her lower jaw fell, and she could neither speak nor shut her mouth, but remained in that condition, her tongue hung out, and her eyes nearly started out of their sockets. On examination being made, it was found that she had dislocated her jawbone in her violent effort to make a stinging reply to her husband. A surgeon was called, who reduced the dislocation, bound up her head, and prescribed a gruel diet.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A colt in Cambridge, Mass., about a week old, is only twenty-seven inches in height and weighs twenty-seven pounds.

Tobacco juice being found to extirpate potato bugs, Illinois farmers invite their neighbors to cheating picnics on their fields.

An Iowa boy has made a sewing machine with a jack-knife from boards and some wires that make perfect stitches.

A young lady is at work in the mills at Lowell who spends her evenings in the study of phonography, rhetoric, and French, with the view of becoming a reporter, and eventually an editor.

The Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in St. Paul, Minn., in a letter to the Boston Watchman, makes the following statement: Our Association has spent hundreds of dollars the past year, without counting the days and nights of working, providing homes, comforts and coffins for Christian young men who have come here from Boston in search of health, but in reality only to find a grave in the beautiful lot of the Young Men's Christian Association in Oakland Cemetery."

It was found during the trials of life-preservers (so-called) by the Superintendent Inspectors at Washington, that they would not sustain a man of one hundred and thirty pounds weight, and they decided that hereafter all life-preservers should contain at least six pounds of cork. Thus it appears that for years past steamboat travellers have been trusting to what are mere shows in the way of life-saving apparatus, and that so far from aiding a person in the water to sustain himself, they would be far more likely to drag him to the bottom.

The intellectual and genial citizens of Marshall county, Ill., are temporarily downcast. The other day, in that county, "Mr. John Scully had a difficulty with a hired man, who disappeared. Suspicion of murder was aroused, and a meeting of over eighty people was held to determine whether they would hang Scully, or wait till they knew whether he deserved hanging. They finally decided on the latter course, and Scully betwixt himself to find the missing man to save his own neck. He was successful, the man being found at work in Bureau county, and produced alive and unharmed."

A fair story is told of a recent Iowa hail storm, which they say was as bad as a shower of pitchforks, some of the stones being large enough to be called boulders. The tin roofs, where it occurred, were struck through, and all the glass which happened to be in its way, some eight thousand lights, was broken, and innumerable pigs and chickens were killed. As to the crops, there was nothing left of them. The standing corn was chopped up fine enough to be fed to the stock without the necessity of passing it through a cutter, and the ground has been all plowed up for buckwheat and turnips.

There is a boy in Florida, fourteen years old, named Judson Blount, who saved many lives the other day. He discovered a place on the railroad where the rains had undermined the roadbed, and ran a mile and a half up the road to warn a passenger train. As with its precious freight it came thundering down the grade the boy waved his hat. The engineer on looking wonderingly at him, had he then took off his coat and waved that. Of course it was all done in a moment; but the engineer realized that something was wrong, and stopped his train in season to escape a fatal catastrophe.

A New Haven paper tells a story of a young woman in Wallingford, in feeble health, who lately gave a mortgage on death to a young doctor of the Elm city, her husband endorsing the note—or, in other words, for certain dollars duly paid by the physician, she agreed to give up her body at death to his dissecting knife. The doctor expected to foreclose early, but after the transaction the woman began to recover, and the doctor refused a second advance demanded by the husband of the feeble fair, which, we are told, he called for from the house to her temper, and she opened her mouth for an angry reply, but a spasm contracted her cheek, her lower jaw fell, and she could neither speak nor shut her mouth, but remained in that condition, her tongue hung out, and her eyes nearly started out of their sockets. On examination being made, it was found that she had dislocated her jawbone in her violent effort to make a stinging reply to her husband. A surgeon was called, who reduced the dislocation, bound up her head, and prescribed a gruel diet.

A new disease causing blindness has appeared among the cows in a certain part of Missouri, and in Kansas City and vicinity alone over two hundred have been afflicted. The eyes begin to swell a little, lasting generally from one day to two weeks, after which the swelling commences the eyes also begin to run clear water, just as though some hard substance was beneath the lids. After the running ceases, a hard, white film covers the eye-balls, completely destroying the sight. This disease does not seem to affect the general health of the cow. There appears to be no change in the quantity and quality of the milk, no pain, no uneasiness of any kind, no peculiar thirst, indicating fever, and, indeed, no symptom that would indicate disease. The eyes alone suffer and are destroyed.

The Milwaukee News tells of a woman in that city whose temper was considerably excited the other day. She had been "jawing" her children, the neighbors, a hired girl, and everything in general, when her husband entered and interposed a mild word. This added fuel to her temper, and she opened her mouth for an angry reply, but a spasm contracted her cheek, her lower jaw fell, and she could neither speak nor shut her mouth, but remained in that condition, her tongue hung out, and her eyes nearly started out of their sockets. On examination being made, it was found that she had dislocated her jawbone in her violent effort to make a stinging reply to her husband. A surgeon was called, who reduced the dislocation, bound up her head, and prescribed a gruel diet.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveler records the following: A bright little boy about four years of age, son of a clergyman, was at your correspondent's house one evening with his parents, and I gave him a couple of five cent pieces. He laid them on the table, and putting his finger on one said: "This one I am going to give to the heathen, and the other one I am going to keep myself." He played with them a while, till one of them rolled away and he could not find it. "Well, said I, my lad, which one have you lost?" "Oh, said he, 'I have lost the one I was going to give to the heathen.'"