VOL. I.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1871.

NO. 28.

SUMMER LEAVES.

Upon her pretty head the light streams down, Through beech-boughs covered with a foliage brown, Mellowed by August—and a pattern weaves
As fanciful and whimsical and fair,

As if some poet-faculty there were In Summer leaves.

Changeful those shadows as the changeful

Of light caprices in her way and brain
Which the delicious dream of youth deceives; For youth is overflushed with fever of life, And there is perilous fascination rife 'Neath Summer leaves

And while the arrow-weed in the current And white the drags, and the crowded flags, The moorhen fishes and the crowded flags, The great water-lily dips and heaves As the slow swans pass indolently by—This studious malden does not lift her eye

Is she where Arden's forest-valleys wind, Where page-accoutred, witty Rosalind Through endiess generations laughs and grieves?

It is our master, Shakespeare, who doth shower Upon her thoughtful head this happy hour,
His Summer leaves.

Is it some troubadour of modern time
Who loves beneath estival trees to rhyme,
And with gay song his lack of frame re
trieves?

Fain would I fancy that the maiden sweet
Turn page by page, in her serene retreat,
My Summer leaves.
—London Society

A YACHTMAN'S ROMANCE.

The London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots closely contiguous to the waters of the Solent. Blighted beings had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in proper parlance, about "done up," were enjoying them-selves with an hilarity that might have to the affair. betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with rested his eldest daughter, on that of the which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than that thus stated by a dis-tinguished novelist: "How is it that men who in their palmy days I have seen haggard, careworn and dejected by the simple fact that they are utterly and irretrievably ruined, suddenly be-come the most light-hearted and jolliest of mankind?" The explanation probably is reaction-reaction from the suspense of anxiety to the certainty of despair. ground, and usually have a reversionary

interest more or less available.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the hour about 7½ P. M. A pretty spot, and by no means an unfavorable hour for visiperpetual accompaniment of brilliant music and interminable scandal, the by her younger and half-sister. -these things are pleasant enough per se, but they have, no doubt, a tendency to become monotonous. It is a very different thing Ryde Pier atter dinner. You can secure society without crowd and company without effect. You may meditate solus, or solus cum sola, you may flirt. And the prospect is not without its charm. There in the Solent is the squadron of dainty craft, their sails furled, still and motionless at anchor, in the tide below; and the whole effect event should prove that the calculations being that of a marine i'lumination. A little further on, and you see the line of light on the mainland, and distinctly trace the terraces of Southsea and Portsmouth. If you turn round you will see full in your face the little town of Ryde, alive with gas and the windows of the Victoria Yacht Club all aglow. Then, probably, to enhance the sentiment of the moment, the strains of music steal upon you; and were it not that you are seasonably reminded of contingent rheumatic pains, you might be tempted to lapse into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawlesse, to address him at gentleman of a poetic temperament, yet from the prolonged intentness of his gaze upon the waters as he lounged across the railing of the pier, and the fact that he had suffered his cigar to become extinguished in his hand, he might for all one could have told to the contrary, been meditating a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or be speculating deeply on the philosophy of the unconditioned. Of that little yacht yonderthe one nearest the shore, with its tiny light twinkling from amid its rigging— the Sea Fan was her name—Mr. Jim Lawlesse was temporary proprietor. Jim's friends were in the habit of saying that, having made the land too hot for him, he had taken to the waters; and there may have been reasons which rendered St. James street a slightly too public place for our hero. So Mr. Lawlesse had accepted an invitation from an old college friend to go on a yachting trip in the Sea Fan. But the Sea Fan's owner had been called away, and Mr. Lawlesse was the man in possession pro-tem. A boat containing a gentleman and two ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr. Lawlesse's attention was aroused The party had come from the Petrel, about a mile out, and consisted of the proprietor of the Petrel, Sir Hedworth Dare, and his two daughters, who stood to each other in the relation of step-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice, Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawlesse went up to the two as they landed it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself; for the Baronet re-

and had a wholesome and parental hor-

ror of the class. "Ah! Lawlesse; thought it was Moonsaid Sir Hedworth; "said he ington."

would be here to meet us."

The Hon. Sam Moonington was elaest son of the heir of Moonshine, and desperately smitten with Miss Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth-so said Ryde society-was bent upon the match. The Hon. Sam was certainly a catch: so said the ladies; Moonington was an ass: so (somewhat abruptly) said the gentlemen in general, and Mr. Lawlesse in particular. Jim, however, was not to be taken

aback by this very tepid welcome, and walked down the pier with Sir Hedworth and his two daughters.

"Are you going to the ball to-night, Mr. Lawlesse?" asked Kate Dare. It happened to be within a few hours of

the commencement of the Yacht Club

Of course Mr. Lawlesse was going and so was Mr. Moonington. That gentleman had just joined them; and so they all were. "And we shall meet again presently." And Jim Lawlesse sauntered off, after having bade the ladies an au revoir-in decidedly better spirits than when he had first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses Dare, too.
"I don't think I should mind backing

my luck against that of the honorable Sam's," said Jim Lawlesse as he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate Dare had promised Mr. Lawlesse the first waltz.

The dance given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was unusually and brilliantly successful that year; so said everybody; and the ball is certainly one which, if for no other reasons than those of a spectacular nature, is well worth seeing. The elegant devices which conseeing. vert a balcony into a corridor, the pro-fusion of banners, the trophics of yachtsmen, the decidedly nautical features in the dresses of the ladies—all these add to slip her moorings.

a charm which is exclusively their own "Where's Kate, Edith?" inquired the

Mr. James Lawlesse entered the room | ter on deck. Hon. Sam, Miss Kate Dare. The Baronet's tone was more chilled than ever when he caught sight of our hero apdown, however, presently, next to Mr.

proaching in the distance.

Amid an indescribable chatter, strongly flavored with marine jargon, the first quadrille was danced. Mr. Moonington's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his worth, after he had leisure to think of vis-a-vis the gentleman whom we have other things than certain matters of for form's sake christened the hero of this slight narrative. But the first quadrille, as even first quadrilles are sometime or other, was over at last, and she descended into the cabin. Or possibly the philanthropists who propose to themselves the extinction of nation Mr. Lawlesse claimed the youngimpecuniosity at a modest profit of er of Sir Hedworth's two daughters as last minute she made up her mind not eighty per cent. might consider that the his partner in the first waltz; and Mr. to come." true raison detre was to be found in the Moonington surrendered the lady who fact that these volatile human wrecks without doubt was the object of his af- Dare had determined from the first that are blest with expectations in the back-ground, and usually have a reversionary with the best grace in the world. Miss and to this end she had managed to diwith the best grace in the world. Dare, however, was close by, and disen-gaged. Would Miss Dare give him, the the moment they were leaving the house. Honorable Sam, the pleasure of that Sir Hedworth was not satisfied with the about 7½ P. M. A pretty spot, and by no means an unfavorable hour for visiting it. Like Melrose, Ryde Pier and the view which it presents may be visited with signal propriety by the pale moonlight or in the pale twilight. The eternal promenade on the pier-head, the the heir to the Moonshine peerage ecuted; but he said nothing, and the perpetual accompaniment of brilliant should be calmly appropriated for and Petrel went on.

ceaseless tide of demonstrative flirtation her part, she could never quite under-ent morning as a favorable one for a sail, stand what there particularly was to and that was Jim Lawlesse. He had charm people in Kate. Besides, Kate taken no companion, and was talking had her time before her; she had only finished ner first season, and Edith Fan. The regulation telescope was sus-Dare's first season was an affair of the pended from his neck, and something more or less long past. If Kate did not impelled him to look through it in the choose to know her opportunity, such a direction of what seemed a black speck. charge of ignorance should not be He examined it again. brought against Miss Dare. In plain truth this young lady was as little so far as I can make out, whoever is inpleased with her father as with her sis- side her is in distress, for it appears to the lamp fixed to their mastheads re-flecting itself with a quivering motion no such bad thing, she thought, if the signs."

> late at all. The fair partner of Mr. Moonington put forth all her pleasures-and they were not inconsiderable-to captivate and please. She suggested a walk in the corridor-it was so hot in the ballroom. Curiously enough, Kate and Mr. Lawlesse had proceeded in the same direction only a few minutes previously.

"I think," said that young lady, in low tone, "we will sit here, just behind once by his familiar title, was scarcely a that pillar. The air blows in so cool, and we have such a pretty view of the

Almost immediately on the other side of the pillar were Miss Kate Dare and

"Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I de-clare, are my sister and Mr. Lawlesse. How very sentimental!" And Edith looked up into the face of the Honorable Sam, who, judging from his expression, was not particularly pleased. He looked in the direction indicated, and then turned again to his partner.

Under the shadow of the pillar Edith advanced with her cavalier a little nearer

"Romance, did you say, Mr. Law-lesse? I don't think there's much romance in the present century, least of all at Ryde. If you want romance 1 think it would be necessary to search for it on far wilder waters than those of the Solent."

"I suppose," returned Mr. Lawlesse. who had evidently been reading Izion in Heaven, that romance is to the romantic." " And who is romantic now-a-days?" The pair were standing close together.

and Mr. Moonington and his partner could distinctly see Mr. Lawlesse's hand laid upon Kate Dare's. "I think, Mr. Moonington, we will go inside. It is getting rather chilly rheumatic, here—romantic, perhaps; rheumatic, certainly," said Miss Dare, in accents sufficiently audible to arouse the atten-

tion of her sister and Mr. Lawlesse. "Hadn't a notion," remarked Jim, turning round with something of confusion, "that anybody was so near."
The Hon. Samuel Moonington did not

garded Mr. Lawlesse as a detrimental, ask Miss Kate Dare to dance again that so far behind, and I didn't know what to

evening.
In her dreams that night, when the ball was over and the dancers dispersed, Miss Dare saw herself the Countess of Moonington; and if any thoughts vis-ited her sister's slumber, I am disposed to fancy that they were principally relative to Jim Lawlesse.

III. A beautiful morning, two or three days after the club ball; Ryde was thinning gradually; but among the visitors who remained were Sir Hedworth Dare, his two daughters, Hon. Sam. Mooning-ton, and Jim Lawlesse, the latter of whom still waited the return of his

friend, the proprietor of the Sea Fan.
Sir Hedworth Dare was going to take
a morning's sail in his yacht, the Petrel. His two daughters were coming, and they were to be accompanied by Mr. Moonington. The Baronet had noticed something of the events of the ball-night, and Mr. James Lawlesse was dis-

creetly omitted from the party.

Kate Dare was passionately fond of the sea, and was herself an excellent She had told Jim as much the other night. She could not imagine, she said, any life more perfect than the yachtman's; and it must be allowed that the existence is not without its attractions. If you study independence, you realize it in a degree possible under no other circumstances. You go from place to place according to your own sweet will. The instant that a sentiment of boredom commences to creep over you your anchor is weighed and the scene is changed. Hotels may charge prohibitory prices, lodging-house-keepers may drive their inmates to distraction; what care you? All that hotels and all that lodgings could supply you have close at hand ready to your beck and call.

Sir Hedworth's party were on board the Petrel, and the yacht was just about Baronet, not seeing his youngest daugh-

"Oh, down in the cabin, papa-1 sup-

These last two words were added in Moonington, and was soon making the running at a speed not less than that of

purely nautical importance; and Edith

"Papa," she said, on returning, "I don't see Kate at all. I suppose at the

This was not exactly the truth.

Some person else had selected the pres abstractedly to the master of the Sea

"Looks uncommonly like a boat, and

The master of the Sea Fan was of th of the former were at fault; as for Kate, the child was far too ignorant to calcu-they would "stand about" and try and get at the object.

By Jove!" cried Jim, as they drew little nearer, "it's a woman, I declare And a woman it certainly was-evidently exhausted with the severity of her efforts to make headway against the waves. They were now within two or three hundred yards of the boat; and Jim ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let down, and said he would himself run Curiously enough, also, the keen eyes of let down, and said he would Edith Dare had noticed the movement. up to this female Columbus.

"Miss Dare," cried Jim, as the pin nace touched the boat, "is that you? What on earth brought you here-three miles from the shore?' Oh! Mr. Lawlesse, 1 am so glad to

ee you, or some one. I was about geting exhausted, and thought-" But Kate Dare was unable to sa nore, for she fell back in a dead faint. Jim Lawlesse transferred himself into her bost, and rowed to the yacht; and when Kate Dare next became sensible she tound herself lying in the ladies' cabin of the Sea Fan; with Mr. James

Lawlesse at her side. "How very kind!" were her first words; and, "How very fortunate." "It was certainly fortunate that I should have seen you; but there is no kindness," said Jim. "Don't speak till you have quite recovered."

The recovery was not long delayed and Kate Dare commenced to tell Jim Lawlesse exactly what had occurred. "You know," she said, "that we-that is, paps, and Edith, and Mr. Moonington-were to have gone out for sail in the Petrel this morning. Well, I was dressing, and thought I had plenty of time, when, on looking out of the window, I saw the yacht starting. I was determined not to be robbed of my cruise, so I hurried and went down to the water, and got into the little boat. You see, they were close to me. The Petrel didn't seem to be more than a hundred yards shead, and I thought that I could easily attract their notice. Besides, I had imagined, naturally, that they would discover I was left behind; and I thought most likely they would put back for me. However, I couldn't

manage it; and I rowed on and on; and

do; and I only hoped some person would pick me up—and at last you did; and I am really more obliged than I can say." Jim blurted out some disclaimer, in reply, which does not materially affect

the course of this narrative.

It was decided that the best plan would be to steer for home immediately, and to land as near Sea View as possi ble-where Sir Hedworth Dare's house

was situated.
"People talk so absurdly in Ryde," added Miss Kate Dare, as an argument

to clench the plan.

When the shore was reached, there was carcely a person visible; two persons, nowever, had noticed the disembarkation from the Sea Fan-one was Edith Dare

and another Mr. Moonington.
"If that does not convince him nothing else will," thought Miss Dare. Miss Dare's wish was accomplished and before the house was reached the heir of the earldom of Moonington had

declared himself. "Where on earth is Kate?" said Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moonington

and his newly-gained fiancee. "We have just seen her, papa, landing from Mr. Lawlesse's yacht," was the sisterly reply.
"The devil you have!" replied the

Baronet, sotto voce.

"Ah! here they come, I declare," added Miss Dare. "Hope you've had a

pleasant sail, Kate?" "Kate," said Sir Hedworth, as that young lady was bursting out into all manner of ejaculatory explanations, "I want to speak to you at once. I am surprised," continued the Baronet when the library was reached, "that you should have given me the slip in the dishonest manner you did, simply to do a most improper thing-go out in the yacht of a young man to whom you know I exceedingly object. As for his conduct, it is simply disgraceful. I don't understand it, upon my soul I—"

"Oh, papa! what do you mean?" burst in Kate. "Mr. Lawlesse has saved my life." And Kate narrated to her father all that had occurred. The Baronet's face changed more than once in the course of his daughter's story.

"Go up and dress for dinner, Kate, I will go and thank Mr. Lawlesse." Sir Hedworth met that gentleman standing on the steps of the porch.

"No thanks whatever are due, Sir Hedworth," replied Jim. "I am only sincerely grateful that I saw your daughter when I did."

"Don't go, Lawlesse," continued the owner of the Petrel. "Come and stay to dinner." And so saying, Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak to his elder daugh-

er, whom he saw coming..
"Edith," he said, "I should like to know what you meant by telling me that Kate was in the cabin this morn-

ing?"
"Really, paps, I knew nothing to the contrary. I'm glad she was in more agreeable society. But Mr. Moonington is in the library, and I know is anxious o see you. He is calling you-pray go Later on that evening there

another interview-this time between Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawlesse. It was entirely satisfactory. Kate had spoken to her father in the interval on the subject of her lover. Jim had made, and would make, no declaration without Sir Hedworth's consent. That consent

"Lawlesse, you have not only saved my daughter's life, you have acted, as I have heard from her, in a manner infinitely creditable to yourself."

"Kate," said Jim to his affianced bride, before they parted that night, "don't you think I was right, and that there may be romance even close to Ryde, and on the waters of the Solent, fter all ?"-London Society.

A Wonderful Dog.

The Marshfield (Mo.) Citizen gives an instance of a remarkable exhibition of intelligence by a member of the canine population of that town. The dog had been decoyed to Springfield by some eamsters, and was then taken to Mrs. Walton's boarding-house and chained

We will let the Citizen tell the rest: Mr. Abbott, hearing of the where abouts of the missing dog, sent word im-mediately to Springfield to release him. which was accordingly done. Frank at once made straight for the depot, and patiently remained there until train This fact was particularly noiced by the railroad employees of that

" After waiting there for several hours two trains came thundering along, one bound east, the other west. Frank's tail gave evidence of unbounded joy, and without going through with the usual ceremony at the ticket office, jumped aboard of the eastern bound rain, determined to 'dead head' it if possible. Upon arrival at Marshfield without making any inquiries as to what place it was, he bounded off the train and made his way home, seemingly the happiest dog alive. What makes it remarkable is the fact that he came alone, and was the only passenger that got off the train at this point, and that he should get on the right train at Springfield, even when the western bound train started a few minutes before the eastern. We hear his master intends to appoint him as travelling agent. He is now ing trained for that purpose."

A good story is told of a patriotic do-minic up in Berkshire, who, in the war times of 1812, was prone to thank the Lord very specially, as well as very fervidly, for any favor shown to our arms. On Saturday night a neighbor received a packet of newspapers relating to one of our famous naval victories, and being familiar with the parson's peculiarity, despatched them to him. It was a great victory, and the good man rose to his prayer, trembling with excitement—all the more that the subject matter would be news to most of his hearers. "We desire to thank thee," he began, "for the great victory that our frigate, the-the -I've forgotten the name, but no mat-ter-our frigate has gained over the enemy's ship-of-war, the-the-I've forgotten that name, too, but thou knowest, for it is in all the papers." when I looked back, the shore was ever

A Bear Fight in Arizona.

On the 19th of June last, Capt. James C. Hunt, First Cavalry, and Capt. W. S. Fuller, Twenty-first infantry, with five mounted men, left Camp Apache, Arizona, for a short visit to the Zuni villages, or Pueblo Indians. On reaching the top of one of the swells an immense bear was discovered about a mile ahead, evidently coming down the trail to the river for water. The bear at the same moment catching sight of the party, turned off to his right, and was heading for the foot hills some eight or nine miles distant, as if desirous of gaining the timber. He struck a gait apparently of the clumsiest kind imaginable, but which, when tested by the speed of the horses, proved that at least for some distance a horse a' full speed can hardly keep up with a bear—such as we find in the chain of the rocky mountains or the continuation of that range.

By permission of Captain Hunt, Cap-tain Fuller, with Corporal Hyde and Privates Armstrong and Haley, started out their horses to overtake the bear before he could reach the mountains or the rocks and timbers of the foot hills. With horses in good condition, and a free use of spurs, after a chase of four or five miles. they succeeded in closing to a few rods

distance, or about thirty yards.

Captain Fuller by good luck first succeeded in sending a ball through Bruin's hind leg. The effect was to cause the brute to run on three legs, with his right hind leg held off the ground, crimsoned with a free flow of blood. The bear at first rather increased his speed, but the wound soon began to tell on him, as he attempted, after gaining a little distance to turn and bite at the wounded foot. A shot from Corporal Hyde's carbine again cut him across the ham. The whole par-ty, keeping up their fire, had drawn up to within some twenty yards of him, when he whirled short around to the left and bounded toward the horse of Corporal Hyde. The corporal turned his horse and gave him the spur, but in a wonderfully short time, considering his clumsy movements, he overtook the horse and caught him by the flanks. The poor horse gave one desperate kick, for an instant throwing off the bear, but in a second more the horse was pulled down on his haunches, and with one motion of his paw the bear knocked Hyde out of the saddle. The borse galloped off wildly, while the corporal, without any weapons, was rolling on the ground struggling for his life in an actual and literal wrestle with a wounded

It was a desperate position and un-equal contest on the ground. Captain Fuller and Armstrong reined in their horses, while within three yards of their horses' feet was this enormous bear ferociously biting and tearing the limbs of the unlucky corporal. The weapons of the party had been discharged and were empty; and with the coolest of men it requires some little time to load a Spencer carbine or revolver while in the saddle. Corporal Hyde struggled manfully, striking with his fists and arm down the mouth and throat of the bear, while his own blood ran in streams from his wounds.

The bear rose twice on his hind legs, standing much above the corporal's head, and the two literally wrestled as two men would in a prize fight. wounded leg of the bear was Hyde's salvation, or the claws in the brute's hind feet would soon have torn out his entrails. In ferocity and wildness nothing could surpass the horrid appearance of the brute, with bloody foam dripping from his jaws, while the poor man called to the party to help him for God's sake, or he would die. No one had a load to fire. Armstrong, believing that there

was a load in his carbine, jumped off his horse, and placing the muzzle of his piece against the side of the bear, pulled the trigger, and it only snapped. The next instant the bear left Hyde, and was tumbling Armstrong, biting and tearing him as he had done with Hyde who was lying covered with blood a few feet distant. It looked in this position of affairs as if two of the party would receive mortal wounds before the others could assist them. But here Haley got one load in his pistol and fired it at the bear. The ball must have cut him, for he bounded away from Armstrong, and with his leg held up, again ran for the mountains. The two men presented dreadful sight, with pale faces, streams of blood running down them, and their clothing torn in shreds. After a few more shots, and several attempts of the brute to get at the horses, he turned at bay under a scrub oak, evidently unable to go further, and ready to fight. Still the bear's vitality was so great that a dozen more deliberate shots were required, each passing through some par of his body, before his head dropped and he expired .- Army and Navy Journal.

A Horse Story. A Minnesots paper, the Blue Earth City Post, has the following: A good story is told of one of our attorneys. He is something of a horse fancier, and in addition to his team has sundry colts running loose. A short time since some colts broke into a field near the village and damaged the crops. The colts were taken up by the owner of the crops, and advertised to be sold to pay the damage pursuant to law. The owners of all the colts but one applied to the aforesaid attorney for counsel, and under his advice the colts were replevined, save one which was duly sold. The sheriff's return of the sale came under the attorney's notice, and he was at once struck with the description of the animal sold. He struck a bee line for that colt, only to find that it was his own, and had been sold to pay the dam-ages inflicted not only by it, but by all the colts and other animals that had been in that lot since spring! The matter was compromised, and our legal friend returned with his colt.

The fall and winter crop of female lecturers bids fair to be very heavy. All sorts of subjects will be introduced. "How to Keep Down the Family" is announced by a "beautiful Indiana lady of twenty-five."

A New Volcano.

Under this heading the Hallische Zeiung publishes a letter under date of Manills, the 24th of May, from which the following is an extract:

"What has been looked forward to for long time with anxious forebodings, the outburst of a volcano, has at last occurred in a sad and unexpected manner. The island of Camiguin was the scene of this frightful event. For some months back the inhabitants of this island, as well as those of Bojot and Cebri, had been alarmed by repeated shocks of earthquake, and with an increasing anxiety they awaited a catastrophe which would put an end to the general alarm. Camiguin had been gradually deserted by most of its inhabitants, although the fugitives found their position in the neighboring islands little less perilous, every district having been more or less affected by the heaving of the ground. At last, on the 1st of May, about five o'clock in the evening, a rumbling like thunder was heard from a mountain near the village of Catarmin, interrupted by a few violent shocks which rent the air with reverberations, and which steadily increased until at last the ground burst asunder and an opening was left fifteen hundred feet long. Smoke and ashes, earth and stones were thrown up, and covered the surface of the ground far and near. Then succeeded a long pause, but only to be fol-lowed by a still greater throe of nature. About seven o'clock, as darkness was approaching, the explosion came, followed by a shower of fire. Sad to say, about two hundred persons who, tempted by curiosity, had thoughtlessly collected around the crater, were buried under the matter which fell. At the time of sending off this letter fifty dead bodies had been extricated. The woods over a large area caught fire, and the flames, spreading rapidly and with much smoke, drove men and cattle before them. The spec-tacle is said to have been frightful, and the event is without precedence in the by no means scanty volcanic annals of this archipelago. It is remarkable that the event was not preceded by any meteorological phenomena which might have warned the inhabitants of the ap-

proach of danger." The Human Ear.

It would appear that all our hearing done in a very literal sense under water, as shown by the following extract

tympanic membrane, behind which is a cavity known as the drum; the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices are closed by fine membranes. he drum stretches a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already nentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water this organ is between the partition and the brain and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. There is an apparatus inside the labyrinth admirably adapted to respond to these vibrations of the water, which correspond to the rates of vibration of certain bristles, of which the said apparatus consists. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marchese Corti, which is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of three thousand strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls apon this organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisoant vibration. And thus, no matter now complicated the motion of the external air may be, these microscopic strings can analyze it and reveal the con-stituents of which it is composed; at east such are the present views of those authorities who best understand the apparatus which transmits sonorous vibraions to the auditory nerve."

Mistakes in Medicine. The history of medicine for the last fifty years tells a tale either of great er-

rors in the early practice of the period or

of just as great in the present, or it shows that methods of practice professedly at variance can be alike successful Not many years ago calomel was considered the indispensable drug in practice. The physician without calomel was the artilleryman without his ammunition, Samson shorn of his locks. The tongues that were swollen, the teeth that were loosened, the gums that were made tender, modern physicians say, will present a horrible array of testimony when doctors get their deserts for malpractice. But the men who believed the patient was nothing unless he was bilious-who believed that there was but one organ in the body, and that the liver, and that this was to be unlocked at stated intervals, and entered and swept and garnished with mercurywho believed that in at least half of the known diseases salivation and salvation were synonymous terms—these men were Jenner and his contemporariesmen undoubtedly of careful observation, sound judgment and great skill. For aught that we know, they were just as much respected by their patients, just as successful as the modern Asculapius who says that they were unmistakably and seriously in error. Patients recovered under their treatment, as patients recover under that of later physicians, who assume to possess the true Koran and be its only interpreters. Thirty years ago a patient would be bled in disease where now it would be considered egregious malpractice, but the patient bled and the patient unbled alike recover or alike die.—Lippincott's Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

Miss Spaulding, M. D., of Sandusky, imputated a man's leg a few days ago. The Empress Eugenie, it is reported, is in treaty for the sale of her dia-

monds, valued at \$1,600,000. Women are rapidly working their way into the printing business. There is hardly a large printing concern in the

country where they may not be found. A high caste Hindoo lady of Madras has delivered a lecture in Telugu on "Human Being," her object in coming forward being the advancement of the

education of women. There is one county in Iowa that for two years has had a woman to superin-tend their schools. Now two other counties have followed this example, and

nominated women for this office. A far Western lady, who was not posted in history, and who had forgotten her geography, asked a friend who was go-ing to Utah to bring her a couple of

Mormons for her aquarium.

In addition to the report that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise are to visit Canada next fall, it

is now stated that they will make their way to Washington. A correspondent of the Hartford Courant who has been sailing along the Massachusetts coast, wonders why Gloucester is spelled the way it is, and if that is right, why shouldn't lobster be spelled

· lobcester ? Mr. Wm. N. Manning, jeweller, of Gloucester, Mass., cut his name upon an old-fashioned copper cent twenty-one years ago, and it returned back to him a few days since. What a pity he couldn't

collect the interest on it. The Welsh colony in Patagonia is the modern Utopia. They have no lunatics, blind, deaf, or dumb, and no paupers or poor law. There is no taxation, and the currency consists of rich feath-

ers. A letter from a fashionable summer resort says a young man is scarcely considered eligible unless he has lost his hair—this being received as almost indisputable evidence that he always moved in the best society.

Dr. Hunter, of Cleveland, has determined to secure the \$100,000 offered to the inventor of a canal boat which shall do away with the necessity of using horses on canals. He has made a boat from a London paper:

"Professor Tyndall concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the exterior orifice of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular

The jail at Amboy, Ill., recently took

The jail at Amboy, Ill., recently took fire, and a farmer named Shannon was burned to death in his cell. He had been committed for contempt of court. As the fire approached him his cries were heard by bystanders, who insisted that the jailer should release him, but that functionary utterly refused to do so, and after the poor man had died mounted his horse and rode away, nor has he vet been heard from.

The champion bigamist outside of the precincts of Mormondom seems to be one Leare Harvey, who has been arrested at Weyanwega, Wis. Leare, though only twenty years of age, has already achieved the distinction of marrying four wives, all living. The last one, it is said still client to him and is work. is said, still clings to him, and is working hard to obtain his release, so that, at all events, he cannot be called Leare the forsaken.

The Davenport (Is.) printers seized a circus and menagerie the other day, for not paying its bills, and now each edi-tor is the happy owner of a swineophalus, or giasticutus, or a hippopotaiemise, or an Alaskan sea lion. When subscribers rage, and a man comes in and wants to know "who wrote that article," the editor unchains his menagerie, and the insulted fellow has a sudden call to "see a man " elsewhere.

The Post Office Department has just made a decision in reference to the titles that may be placed on the new stamped envelopes, which are furnished with printed addresses. It is held that honorary prefixes, such as Judge, Colonel Professor, Reverend, Doctor, &c., by which an individual is generally known and styled in his community, may be printed on the envelopes, but that no suffixes, such as A. B., A. M., M. D., &c. can be allowed.

A writer in the Boston Transcript tells how one morning she remonstrated with her colored servant for abusing his wife, upbraiding him after this manner: "Jack, what a pretty, little smart wife you have. If I were you, I would try to make myself more agreeable to her. I would fill the coal scuttle, feed the pig. gather the vegetables for her, and-and -I wouldn't strike her." The only answer from Jack was: "Why! I'se done married Lou; I isn't courting her !"

The Albany Times has found an Albanian of enlarged and liberal views who, it says, has informed the post-office officials that at his own private expense he will hereafter put the required stamp on all letters which shall be dropped at the office without stamps or without sufficient stamps to defray their postage This is a curious way in which to spend a fortune, as the gentleman of enlarged views will have to spend one if his mode of active benevolence becomes widely known among the thrifty inhabitants of the capital.

An Eastern man, who has been travel An Eastern man, who has been travel-ling in Oregon, complains that he found the people prospering, in a certain way, but careless, and living in a thriftless, easy-going, slipshod style, much as in the days when everybody had gold dust and cattle upon a thousand hills. And he illustrates their thriftlessness by a he illustrates their thriftlessness by a little story, saying that at one time, thinking he should relish some milk, he called at several farmhouses in vain for it, the invariable answer being : " Well you see, in the summer time the cows get down in the bottom lands, and they don't come up." When he ventured to suggest that an enterprising population would go down after the cows and drive them up, he only elicited a smile or s