VOL. I.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1871.

MY FAMILIARS.

There's a little blue-eyed fairy, Who flits about the house, Sometimes busy as a bee, Tuen as quiet as a mouse

Over house and yard and garden, Not two minutes quite the same, Loving frolic-full of mischlef— Little Cally is ber name. When I sit down to my sewing,

Making sacks and dresses fine,
Dick comes stealing pins and cotton
To make fishing-hooks and line.
Then with whip and boots and hat on, Spurs his stick across the floor, Saying, "Good-bye, now—i-m going!" Peeping backward through the door.

As I told him in the evening Of the Saviour in the sky, And the shining, glorious and Who can never, never die, With his little chubby finger, He pointed to a star,
"Yes," he said, "I see the glory
Through the little holes, mamma."

This little tricksy Dick, If eating "milk and honey"
Did not make the angels sick!
And when the good Lord sent for him, He would "carry in his pocket And give them both to God."

GETTING OLD TORETHER.

A FRENCH LOVE STORY.

Some years ago a young man of the name of Charles Letenier fell in love with the daughter of the physician with whom he was studying. The physician was not rich, and Charles had nothing. so that, after all, he was a very bac match for Elise D smond, particularly as there was a very rich banker who had asked for the hand of Mile. Elise, thinking, as a matter of course, that her

heart would accompany it.

Monsieur D smoud accepted the banker's settlement with great delight, and Mme. Desmoud assured her daughter that from her own experience it was not at all necessary to love her husband.

Elise cried a good deal, and Charles swore he never would leve any one else; y t in spite of both these facts, Elise was duly married to the banker, and Charles immediately sailed from Havre

on the first ship to New Orleans. Elise and Charles had had a last interview, in which they had vowed all sorts of loving and remantic nonsense and among other things that, should E use ever be free, she would fly to the other end of the world to unite herself

to her faithful Charles.
But the banker, though some years older than his wife, possessed a good di-gestion and a hard heart, and consequently was not likely to die, and so he fived for almost twenty-five years, when at length he gave up life and his for-Elise a widow, and if no an inconsolable one, at least a very rich one. E ise had rarely heard from Charles. but in order that there might be some link between them, she had constituted herself guardian to a nephew of his, an crphan.

Elise had no children of her own, and she loved this boy for his own sake, for he was worthy of love, and also because he reminded her forcibly of the lover of her youth. Her husband had, on his part, also adopted, not a nephew, but a niece, Melanie Serve, who lived with them, and had for Elise the care and affection of a daughter.

Now it so happened that Charles's nephew had a regular correspondence with his uncle, from whom he disguised nothing, owning even the love he felt for Melanie. He gave a glowing description of her beauty, only forgetting to mention her name. Charles, who had still preserved in his heart the image of Elise as she was on her wedding-day, concluded that his nephew was in love with er, and he became angry and alarmed. He was now rich, and began to feel a longing desire to visit his native country; for this purpose he began to settle up his affsirs, in the midst of which came the announcement for which he had waited twenty five years—that Elise was a widow. He wrote by the next ship an ardent letter to his beautiful E ise, and by the following sailed for Europe. He announced his arrival at Havre,

stating that on such a day he would be at the feet of Elise. On the receipt of this letter Elise began to prepare for his arrival, choosing the style of dress and colors which Charles used to say became her most, and awaited his coming, killing the time by giving Melanie a description of her handsome Charles.

At last the bell rang, Elise, unable to endure her emotion, sank into a chair while Charles rushed into the room, and without even casting a look at the mid die-aged lady, dressed like a caricature, clasped Melanie in his arms, exclaiming

Elise! dear Elise! At this Elise opened her eyes. Where was Charles? Not the bald-headed, sedate-looking gentleman before her.

"Charles Letenier! Can it be?"
"E ise!" responded Charles, "can it The fact was that both had forgotten to make the addition of how much twenty-five and twenty-five would come to, and twenty and twenty-five; but now it all came with a rush, and Charles

remembered that Elise was forty-five. and Elise discovered that Charles was fifty, and that he looked it to a minute Charles was not at all aware that be looked his age, but he thought that Blise looked fully hers.

In this condition of things the conversation dragged considerably. Each had prepared love speeches to say to one another, but now they would sound ridiculous. Elise, in order to break an awkward silence, drew a pretty gold box from her pocket, and asked Charles if he

would take a pinch of snuff. "My Elise taking snuff!" almost shricked the astonished Charles.

"For a cold, simply." Charles, nothing daunted, drew forth a pipe, and lighting it said:
"The ladies in New Orleans always

"My Charles with a pipe!" exclaimed

"Simply for amusement."

Melanie, feeling very much inclined to laugh, called the attention of Charles to a picture she had just finished. Charles advanced with Elise to the table and examined the drawing, when, on looking no suddenly, the youthful lovers of former years discovered on each of their respective noses gold-bowed

Fearing to make any new discoveries, Charles took his leave, but was not long in coming to his senses, and on his return to Elise no longer expected to find a young girl, but was obliged to acknowldge that E ise was quite a fine woman Elise had also discovered that at fifty s man was in the prime of life. Their meeting was therefore agreeable and pleasant, until Charles took up the paper and commenced to read.

" Elise," he said, all at once, rise in cotton. "Cotton," thought Elise, and Charlie's

eyes sparkled just as they used to when ne s sid " Elise." E ise entertained Charles with a some what tiresome account of a law-suit, and

insisted that Charles should read all the papers, till, tired and weary, Charles ex-"I'm deuced hungry, Elise; do let us have dinner." Elise ordered it at once.

"There was a time," said she, "when men thought more of their hearts than their stomachs."

"There was a time when women thought more of love than of law," promptly replied Charles. A tew days after this Elise was obliged to visit her country residence, and asked Mourice to go with her. "He is like

what Charles used to be, and what I thought he would still be."

Maurice was full of life and spirits, which caused Elise to sigh for the Charles

of her dreams. Maurice accompani-d her to the garden, and, while she was busily engaged in talking to the garlener, he hurried her away to see the effect of the sun on the lake; then he began to recite poe-

try. "Beautiful, Maurice; but I must go to the bricklayers." Bricklayers! no, never! You must

go with me into the woods"
"I shall get my feet wet."
"Never mind," said Meurice; "let as forget all here in this beautiful conn-

But I am really hungry, Maurice." "Hungry, aunt? Then let us go to some out-of-the-way farm house, get some bread and milk, and sit on the grass and eat it.'

"I prefer wine, and I am afraid of the chenmatism."
The day passed, and Elise had accomplished nothing. Maurice was so impulsive there was no resisting his will, and when, after a series of follies, cold to drive home, her first thought was,

wish I had brought Charles. Meanwhile Charles had got into the asbit of going every day to the house of Elise. She had gone away, but Melanihid her best to entertain him. hattered, she laughed, she danced about

"How like what Elise was; how time hanges women, to be sure.' Melanie sat down to the piano

" Isn't that very noisy ?" said Charles, I don't hear any tune in it." "Why, it is beautiful." "Is it? Well, can't you play some nice

"I don't play old fogy music." "It's much better than all that banging; Elise used to play what you call old fogy music.'

"So she does now." "She used to love operas and plays "Yes; but operas and plays are now

so beautiful and touching, and yet she

never cares to go." "They are all nonsense-I mean the old operas. "I never go to hear them." Finding nothing to talk about in loors, they went into the garden.
"O!" suddenly exclaimed Melanie

just look at that beautiful flower!" Where "Just on the top of the wall. Do get "Get it! why, that wall is fifteen feet

Is it? Maurice can climb it." "Well, he is a fool for his pains. ladder and a servant can get it if you

want it.' "Thank you. I will wait for Mau-

"What time did you order dinner?"
"O. I forgot it. I didn't care to eat"
Charles, who did care for his dinner, soon left in search of it. When he returned Etise was still absent.

· C ·me, Melanie, let us have a "I never play chess."

So Charles was obliged to read for his amusement. When the carriage stopped at the do Charles rushed to meet Elise. They had n ver, even in their younger days, been ore glad to see each other.

Elise ordered supper, and Charles made her a champagne punch. After supper, Elise, seated by the fire in a comfortable wrapper, played chess with Charles, whilst Melanie and Maurice sat in a corner looking at the moon streaming down on them.

Pray, light your pipe; I know you are longing for it," suggested Elise.
"Give me a pinch of snuff, Elise?"

And as Elise handed it to him he detained her hand. "Your hand is as pretty as ever, Elise will you give it to me?"

Elise smiled, placed her hand in that of Charles, and said: How lucky it is we both got old together! And so invitations were sent for the

marriage of Elise and Charles, which took place at the same time as that of Melanie and Maurice.

A girl in Wisconsin swallowed forty percussion caps. Her mother refrained from punishing her, or even talking snappishly to her.

Barbarlties of the Slave Trade.

The horrors of the African slave trade till exist-as the following narrative proves. It is taken from the evidence given by the Rev. Horace Waller, printed in the recent Parliamentary Report on the Slave Trade, issued in London: Kidnspping is prevalent all over Africa, leading to all sorts of petty dis-putes and retaliation, and the more dis-

turbed the country is the cheaper slaves become. So cheap do they at last be-come that Mr. Waller has known children of the age of from eight to ten years bought for less corn than would go into a hat; and it may be easily imagined that when they are bought so chesply and when they fetch so large a price on the coast, it pays the slave-dealer well to collect as many slaves as he can, knowing that he must lose a certain proportion on the way, but also knowing that the remainder will pay him a large profit. It is (remarks Mr. Waller) like sending up for a large block of ice to London in hot weather; you know that a certain amount will melt away before it reaches you in the country, but that which remains will be sufficient for your wants. Mr. Waller further explain-ed how this "block of ice" melts in

"Sickness may break out; they may cross a part of the country where there is very little food, and then many die of famine. Then, again, if there is anything like insubordination in the slave gang, the axe and knife are used freely indeed, and an indiscriminate slaughter takes place among all those who are inclined to be obstreperous. We liberated agang of eighty-four slaves one morning, and within a few miles of the place where we liberated them we were shown places in the bush where slaves had been killed only that morning. One poor woman had a child on her back which she had recently given birth to, and which she was too weak to carry further, and the slave-dealer took it by the heels and dashed its brains out against a tree. Another woman was ill herself and could not keep in line, and the slave-dealer dashed her brains out with an axe, and she was cut out of the slave throng. They are all united in a long string, the men being yoked in heavy forked sticks, which are kept on their necks from the time they are captured till the time they are delivered to the slave-shipper, sometimes for six weeks, and sometimes even bree months at a time."

Crapberries in Northern Wisconsin.

The Fond du Lac Commonwealth has an interesting article on the cranberries near Berlin, Wis. The extent of this interest developed within two or three years is surprising. Marsh lands, which a few years ago sold at \$1 00 or less an acre, are now worth hundreds of dollars an acre. Some forties are held \$25 000. The Messrs, Carey and Mr. Sacket, are the largest growers. Last year the products of Mr. Sacket's marsh sold for \$36 000. This year his sales are expected to reach \$70,000 and those of Messrs. Carey as much.

The Commonwealth gives this description of picking cranberries on Mr. Sack-

He has about 600 acres. On Wednes. day last he had 1,000 pickers, (men, women and children, of all sizes and ages) kneeling in a single line, as close together as a file of soldiers, all busily picking the rich, red berry from the tangled vines before them. Slowly, very slowly, the long line advances on their knees, each picker pushing his pan or basket forward, pulling his partly filled sack or bag behind him. An overseer to each one hundred hands, watches that the ground is thoroughly cleaned of berries, not unfrequently calling some care-less picker from the line to pick over his

neelected vines. A portable wooden railroad track is run from the warehouse to any part of the marsh, and a bin-shaped car, propelled by two men, is k-pt near the line of pickers, to which each person carries his or her berries, where they are measured and emptied into the car. The picker receives a ticket on which is marked the amount his berries measured, and each Saturday exchanges his tick-t for currency at the rate of 75 cents for each bushel of berries gathered. Girls, ranging from 13 to 20 years of age pick the most, and average about one and a half bushels per day. It is said some will grther four bushels, but very many falt below one.

Worth of Four Pins.

There is, or was, a Polish lady, the Countess of K, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch or breast-pin. Encircled by twenty precious stones, on the ground of a dark blue stone, and covered by a glass in front, is, what do you suppose? A portrait? No. A lock of hair? No. What then? Just four common pins, bent together in the form of a star! Way does she wear such a singular thing as this? Her husband, a Polish nobleman, was put in prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy of the Government. He was put into a dark, deep dungeon, far down un-der the ground. He had no light. He could not tell when it was day, or when it was night. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to go near him but the keeper of the prison, and he was not allowed to speak to him. He had nothing to do; days, weeks, and months passed, and he was still in his dungeon; he was not brought to trial. Poor man! how miserable he was! He thought he would lose his mind; he felt his reason beginning to give way. Ou, if he only had something to do! Feeling over his coat, one day, he found tour pins, and he wept for joy. But you say: "Four pins! And what use were they to him?" Why, he just took them from his cost and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down his hands and knees, and felt all over till he found them. When he over till he found them. When he found them, he scattered them on the floor again, and, could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him on his hands and knees groping for his four pins! It was all his work. him on his hands and knees groping for his four pins! It was all his work.

And when, after six years' imprison-turpentine, at \$1 per pound, \$104; one dozen cashis four pins! It was all his work.

And when, after six years' imprison-turpentine, at \$100—can 20—\$120.

ment, his cell was opened to set him at liberty, they found him groping in the dark for his pins. And he would not leave his prison without taking his four pins with him. They were his best triends, because they had given him something to do; and his countess had them made up into a breastpin, which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

A Stampede of Horses. On this side the Atlantic, and especially in the far West, we have become acquainted with that kind of panic which sometimes affect men as as animals (Bull Run, for example), and is called "stampeding." The horses of the Life Guards of London took to "stampeding" one night during the late sham campaign at Aldershot, with some fatal and many ludicrous results, and now we hear that during the recent sham campaign near St. Petersburgh the Empress's Curiassers, 900 strong, reached their halting place; the horses were unsaddled and held by the head, or eft alone-so great was the faith in their docility—pending the arrival of the picket-ropes. Suddenly one squadron, frightened by a row in an adjacent camp, broke toose, and in a twinkling the whole 900 followed. They selected one large, powerful horse as their leader, and with one look and a snort at him which they meant and he understood as apres tous," dashed off in a solid column. Coming on a river, crossed by a bridge held by a cavalry picket, the leader turned aside, and the whole 900 swam the stream. And here a pretty incident occurred, illustrative of discipline and the use of quickness of mind in war The officer commanding the picket ord-ered the bugler to sound the appel, a call used when the horses are fed. Instantly tne old horses listened, turned, and trotted up in obedience to the call. The young ones were not stopped until they were blown with what, it is asserted, was a run of 100 (!) miles-at the end of which, however, they would all have been dead. The lesson is that horses fresh from the stables and not broken in to hard work need more watchful care at starting on a campaign; while the use that may be made of the bugle-call is as obvious as it is pleasing.

Growth of the Petroleum Trade.

According to the annual report of the New York Chamber of Commerce, just issued, the exports of petroleum in 1870 were 37 per cent. greater than those of the previous year, and nearly all this increase, or 33 per cent, is accounted for by the shipment from the port of New York. The total export from the United States in 1870 was 141,-208.155 gallons, against 1,500.000 in 1860, aud 99,281 000 gallons in 1868, showing an increase of nearly 42,000,000 gallons in two years The first sale noticed for export was in May, 1861, when 100,000 gallons were sent to foreign markets. Antwerp, which has since led all other ports in the importation of petroeum, took in that year 5 671 gallons, increasing the amount in the following year more than 800,000 gallons. Great Britain took 579,000 in 1861-and in 1862 increased her importation to 3,238,-

000 gallons. The continued growth of this trade for ten years—from 1.500,000 gallons in 1860 to 141,000,000 in 1870-is a wonderful exhibit not only on account of the rapid development of the oil interest, out also because the yearly increase has been steady. The daily average product of the Pennsylvania oil district in December, 1867, was 10,400 gallons; in the same month of 1870, it was 15,214 gallons-a fact which shows the inexhaustibility of the wells in that region. In regard to the home consumption, it is estimated that it is equal to one half the quantity exported-making in round numbers an aggregate consumption of 11,000,000 galions annually. This enormous amount, reckoning the price at an sverage of twenty cents per gallon, represents a value of more than \$42,000,000 for a single year-certainly a remarkable return for a product unknown to commerce ten years ago.

Dealing Tenderly.

The great professors who can face the oattery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum, are frequently the most diffident men when taken away from their regular sphere of labor. There was Professor Aytoun, who was too tim-id to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that be-fore she could give her absolute consent would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval, "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for 1 could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." " Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Toen you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I will wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her hand in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on my back," said the young lady, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read, "With the author's compliments."

A War Document. In an article on "Confederate Prices, he Brandon (Miss.) Republican says · For the benefit of future generations, we publish the following specimen of prices paid during the late war. It is a little bill of articles purchased by a mer-chant of Brandon from a wholesale house in New Orleans, on the 27th of September, 1864: Four pounds of indigo, at \$60 per pound, \$240; twenty pounds toilet soap, at \$20 per pound, \$490; ten pounds camphor, at \$20 per pound, \$200; twenty-six pounds sods,

A Narrow Escape.

MOTHER AND HER FIVE CHILD-REN FLED FROM FIRE.

A correspondent writes from Michi-A thrilling incident and miraculous escape from death was in the case of the family of five children of Mr. William Mann of Rock Creek. When the mother saw that they must leave their home, after fighting the fire all day, she told the children (five in number.) to go to the lake and she would follow as soon as she had gathered up a few articles to take with her. They reached the lake just in time to be taken into a fishing boat, which three neighbors were about to shove off in. The mother in the mean time had gathered up what she could carry, and started for the lake, but found the road which her children had taken so full of smoke and fire, and falling trees, that she took another course through the woods, coming out some distance above where the children had. She knew not whether her pets had passed through the fiery ordeal safely or not. She naturally feared the worst, but finally heard they had been taken

off by the boat. Here commences the romantic and thrilling part of the story. There was not an oar or sweep on board; a piece of board was all they had to control the boat with. For some time the boat rode gently upon the water, all the time working a little out from shore, although they did not realize, on account of the density of the smoke, how far they were getting from shore. They presumed they could easily return at their pleasure. It soon became apparent, on account of the roughness of the lake, that they were rapidly drifting into the lake, and they made all the efforts they possibly could to guide their unwieldy craft hack toward the shore. However they have back toward the shore. Hour after hour they labored, but all was in vain. They knew that if they continued to drift death was almost sure. All were in the greatest despair.

The oldest of the children, a girl of eleven summers, was the bravest of the She held the baby almost constantly during that terrible trip. On they went, the waves frequently breaking over them—of course all were wet and cold. Night came on with Egyptian darkness. After weary and long, long hours of suffering, daybreak was joyously hailed. They were now beyond the smoke of the burning forests. They were sure they would soon hail some vessel. All day long they looked until darkness again set in without seeing a sail. At about two o'clock in the morning of the third day out, one of Mrs. Mann's children, a boy of three summers, died from hunger and exposure; when it died it was lying in the bottom of the boat with water half over its little body. The little eleven years old girl said she wanted the men in the boat to put it on the bedding, but they would not, and she was too weak and was holding the baby, and could not do it. The children did not ery much on the last day, as all were nearly exhausted. Finally, after three days and nights, they were drifted on shore at Kincardine, Ont., where their wants were speedily attended to, and

from there sent to Port Huron. During these three days, the reader can imagine the mother's feelings. Everybody that knew of the circumstances supposed of course they had gone to the bottom of the lake. The mothe came into Port Huron, and at once went to the relief rooms. After making herself known, and bewailing the fate of her hildren in piteous sobs and moans (she had supposed them all dead till this moment,) Mrs. Fred. Wells, the Secretary of the Relief Association, told her her children were here, well and apparently happy. I cannot picture the scene. "On! is it so? is it so?" "God bless their little hearts!" "Where are they?" "Take me to them at once!" Mrs. Wells informed her they were near oy, and she would take her there at once. Another and more painful part of the story was yet to be told to Mrs. Mann. How to do this was a query, all the la-dies in the room dreading to break the dreadful tidings to her. At last Mrs. Mann began to ask her how Emms was, and then the next one. Finally she asked how little Charley was? No one answered for a moment. She looked up and saw at once all was not right. "Is he dead? is he dead?" and commenced weeping as only a fond and lov-ing mother can, for the loss of her boy.

What Ailed Deacon Waterman. It is not for us to meddle with the local polities of Rhode Island whilst that Commonwealth has so many able citizens to look after its welfare. But the Providence Journal introduces some counsel to discontented experimentalists. with the following tale, which of itself and without reference to the local appli cation of its moral must be copied as de serving a place in the current literature of the day; especially for the f-heity of its luscious description of a repast such as is not to be had even at first-class hotels:

Jedediah Waterman was a substantial farmer in Johnston. He was a descon in the church, voted the Whig ticket, subscribed to the Journal, and was, in all respects, a worthy and substantial citizen, a Rhode Islander of the old school. He was nigh upon sixty when he used to say that he never had a pain or an ache in his life, and had never passed an hour in bed except for his natural sleep, never on account of sickness or bodily weakness. But it came to pass that the good deacon felt the need of medical advice, and he sent for the octor. Dr. Fiske drove up in that oldfashioned culky, old-fashioned even in that day, and his old bay horse—nobody recollects them but we—and arrived at the deacon's house at high noon, and just as one of the deacon's hired men was blowing the horn for dinner. This may not have been altogether accidental, for the deacon was famous for his good cheer, and the doctor, like all other doc

suggested that it would not be

let the dinner cool while the consultation went on, which might as well be deferred a little while; and the case be-

ing evidently not a dangerous one, the doctor did not press the professional matter, and, not to waste the time, took a seat at the well-spread table, whose a seat at the well-spread table, whose grateful steam rose up in the most provocative flavor. The descon reverently asked a blessing, and then, having served his distinguished guest, betook him to the work before him. It was what he called "a biled dinner," and his wife made some needless apologies, declaring that if she knew the doctor was coming she would have had a better one. And the deacon said, "Nonsense, ma; the doctor knows that we are plain folks, and as he is on professional business,"
here the deacon looked gravely conscious,
"he will be content to take us as he
finds us." But the doctor said that the dinner was capital; and the doctor was

right, as he generally was. So the deacon cut a slice of beef and a slice of pork and passed the plate over to his wife, who put upon it two pota-toes, with a due quantity of turnip, squash, beet, cabbage and apple sauce, and passed the smoking pyramid in safe-ty over to the doctor. Every thing was of the deacon's own raising, and of his wife's own cooking. A large pitcher of cider,—we can't help it, Mr. Conant, we are telling this story just as it took place—which Hezekiah, the deacon's youngest son, named after his uncle, a namous revival preacher, went down cellar twice to fill, adorned the pleuteous board. After all this came some apple

dumplings, and then Mrs. Waterman brought on her chef d'auvre (she didn't call it by any such outlandish name) her pies—she was famous for her pies— mince, apple and pumpkin, one piece of each, a sixth of a pie, conscientiously divided, was put on each plate, and two kinds of cheese-plain and sage. Such was the dinner to which the in-

valid invited his physician, and to which both did ample justice. When it was finished, and the descon took a final pull at the cider, he wiped his mouth, and, with a melancholy air, approached the subject of his malady, which the doctor might have been excused for quite for-getting. The doctor inquired about his digestion, his sleep, his lungs and his liver. He looked at his tongue; he felt his pulse, a little quickened by the mid-day exercise that he had gone through, but regular, firm, and apparently health-ful. Quite baffled in his search for the hidden disorder, the doctor shook his head gravely, as doctors are bound to do, and said, "Well, what do you think cane. is the matter with you. deacon?"
"Wall," said the deacon, "I can't tell seems as if as though I set down here, as I did just now, and eat half an hour or so, and my appetite is all gone."

Things Mixed.

Some years ago, when the writer was reporter upon an Eastern paper, it devolved upon him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a patent hog-killing and a sausage machine, which had been put in operation at the factory. Now what made Rev. Dr. Mudge mad was Now this: The inconsiderate buccaneer who made up the forms of the paper, got the two locals mixed up in a frightful manner, and when we went to press some-thing like this was the appalling result:

"Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation, the unsuspicious hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome goldheaded butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him around, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him, for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it, the hog was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best piece can be procured for fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely .- Brooklyn Times.

Dangers of Limburger Cheese. Three children in St. Louis having

displayed symptoms of poison, soon af-ter esting Limburger cheese, led to an examination. It was discovered that the cheese did contain poison, but imparted by the wrapper in which it is always prepared for market. The cheese in itself is innoxious, but it is enveloped in lead-foil wrappers, which are harmless until they come in contact with a liquid which will act upon them as a hissolvent, in which case the liquid be comes poisonous by taking up the lead. The decomposition of this cheese had produced a very strong scid, which came in contact with the poisonous wrapper and then spread throughout the che thus poisoning the whole cake. The discovery of this fact ought to produce a change in the method of preparing the cheese for market.

The loss of life in Persia from cholera pestilence and famine has been frightful. Of the 129,000 inhabitants of Meschad, the capital of Khorasan, two-thirds perished from hunger and disease in the course of July last, while the remaining third fled, and were mostly captured by roving troops of Turkomans and Afgans, and led into tors that we ever heard of, was not al-together indifferent to the rational plesures of the table.

Arrived just at that hour, the deacon rully indifferent to the sufferings of the

MISCELLAENOUS . ITEMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

An old lady in Wisconsin has missed only two meals in seventy years. Why does B precede C in the alphabet? Because you must be before you can see. Do you observe?

A music dealer in a Western town announces in his window a sentimental song, "Toon Hast Loved Me and Left Me for Twenty-five Cents."

Caseyville, near Salt Lake, contains seventy-three husbands, who have, in the aggregate 347 wives and 522 chil-

It has been estimated by Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, that the number of lives lost in his State during the late conflagration was from twelve to eighteen hundred.

The Treasury Department has received a deposit of \$67.86 on account of the post-office at Sitka, Alaska, being the first deposit on the postal account received from that station.

Cotton prizes to the amount of \$1,000, open to the world-\$500 to the first, \$300 to the second, and \$200 to the third best bale—are offered by the Ala-bama State Fair Association. This is liberal, and should attract competition from all over the cotton States.

The latest thing in funerals is related of Birmingham, Va., where a gentleman who was being carried to the cemetery by his relatives, kicked at his coffin-lid and demanded to be let out. If this thing should become epidemic, it will be very awkward.

Prominent English capitalists are about to attempt the development of the Canadian oil-fields, and will take steps to introduce the products of their enterprise into European markets. That there are large quantities of petroleum in that section, there is no doubt.

Lillie Peckham, the young advocate f woman suffrage out West, recently died in Milwaukee from the effects of a Russian bath. She was formerly connected editorially with the Toledo (Ohio) Index, and had lately been called to the pastorate of a Unitarian church in lowa.

Remember that now is the time to set out hyacinth bulbs if you desire spring flowers. And remember also that the time has passed for setting out on stoops. Don't do it, or you'll raise shakes. Boys may be reminded that it is not season-able for setting out elsewhere at school

A deformed chicken of common breed the deformity resulting from a broken what it is; but somehow or other, it back, was entered at the Muskingum County (Ohio) Fair as a Hungarian cock of the "Sciavi Magyar breed," just imported, and the sapient judges, after gravely inspecting it, awarded it the first premium over one of the finest poultry shows ever seen in the county.

Apropos of the great fires raging in the North-west the Chicago Post appeals to the people or the government to take some action toward preventing the reckless and improvident waste of our great national timber resources. In less than half a century, it says, if we continue in our present course, wood for fuel or for building purposes will be scarcer here than it is in England. What is needed is a law prohibiting the cutting of trees of less than a certain girth, providing severe penalties for careless or wanton oush-firng, and compelling the annual planting of trees in the country, even as the statutes provide for the maintenance of roads and construction of bridges.

The Kennebec Journal contains the ollowing incident: An old farmer in the vicinity of Augusta, about twenty years ago, after concluding a "a trade for a large bale of goods with an Augusta dealer in furniture, as he was bout to drive off, hailed the furniture dealer with, "If you will throw in a looking-glass, I will bring yer down a barrel of nice apples." The mirror was "thrown in," and this was the last seen of the farm-runtil a few days since, when an aged farmer backed his "apple cart" up to the sidewalk opposite the furniture store, now occupied by sons of the former owner, opened the door, and shouted, "Here's yer apples." The surprise of the sons was great; but the father, who was present, remembered the circumstances of the trade, and heartily greeted his old acquaintance, who, after a lapse of twenty years, had not forgotten his promise.

The romance of Enoch Arden finds an unromantic illustration in Virginia. One John Wiley, a private in a Virginia regiment, was wounded during the early part of the war, was for a long time con-ined in the hospital, and then took the oath of allegiance and went west. Mrs. Wiley mourned him as dead for four years and then became Mrs. William Smith. A few days ago, as she sat on tne porch of her home, a bronzed traveller approached and embraced her most enthusiastically. Smith first knocked the man down and then asked him who he was! It was John Wiley, husband No. 1, his feelings greatly wounded at his reception. Explanations and apologies followed. A compromise was efected, and for \$200 Mr. Wiley agreed to start at once for Colorado, to no more.

In collecting clothing for the Chicago sufferers in Pawtucket, a few days since, the children in one of the infant schools were given a recess to go home and bring whatever wearing apparel they had to spare. One of the little girls went home for her share, and as her mother had stepped out, concluded to help herself, and accordingly packed up all the dresses, etc., of which she was all the dresses, etc., of which she was possessed, save what she had on, and with all the gravity possible presented them to the committee, who, of course, packed them with the rest and sent them away. When the little girl's mother came to look for a change of clothes for the child after school, the discovery of what had been done took place, and the consternation in that family can be better imagined than described. The little miss said she had been sent home to get her clothes, which she had obeyed to the