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SOUL FOR SOUL. BY PLORENCE MARRYAT.

O eyes, that pierce me through and through, And draw my very soul away, Your sunshine may not fid my life, Nor turn my darkness into day. Dear eyes, you are not made for me— Must I from your enchantments flee?

O voice, whose cadence, rich and low, Stirs my frail being to its core; Whose accents thrill my soul with hope, Which reason quenches evermore. Dear voice, I fare not love thy tone— Thou never canst be mine alone.

O hand, that lies so warm in mine, I shrink from thise so warm in mine,
Whose bold is firm as hold of death,
I shrink from thise assuring clasp,
Although it sreaks of love and faith.
Dear hand, that touch is not for me;
Unloose thine hold—let me go free.

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
And seal them with a promise true,
Can piedge so sacred have been sin?
Must I too bid farewell to you?
Dear lips, for this world 'twere too sweet
That you and I should often meet.

All that my heart longs to disclose, Upon that faithful resting-place This wearied head will ne'er repose. Dear heart, bow gladly would I bear One-half the griefs that rankle there!

O heart, that understands so well

O soul, that sprung to meet my own
As though it recognized its lot,
Must my soul's portais close on thee?
Could it exist where thou wert not?
Ah, no! Fate here forbids control;
Take all, but leave me soul for soul!

JOSEPH GOLDING'S LAST CHRIST-

It was very strange, thought old Jo-seph Golding, that he couldn't be mas-ter of his own mind. He had lived a great many years, and neither remorse nor money had ever been in the habit of disturbing him; but now it seemed to him as if the very foundations of his life were breaking up. He was well through with his day's work—he had dined comfortably—he sat in an easychair in a luxurious drawing-room, whose crimson hangings shut out the still cold of the December afternoonhe had nothing to do but enjoy himself. Mr. Golding liked to enjoy himself at this season as much as others did, for it was Christmas Eve. What though he was in the habit of spending it solitarily?—he liked solitude. Perhaps because nothing more lively came in his way, and he was too shy to look out for

For many a year on Christmas Eve he had sat balancing in his mind the great accounts presented in his ledgers, the ac-cumulating coffers at his banker's, the strokes of business he would make in future. Not so now. The year was drawing to a close; some intruding voice kept whispering that in like manner so was his career. He could not put it from him, try as he would. The voice reminded him of a coming time when his life's work would be all done -even as his day's work was all done down in the evening and look over the balance-sheet of his deeds, good and evil. Curiously the old days came trooping in slow procession before him. And he had been able to forget them for

so very long!
His dead wife! He had not loved her much when she was with him, but how vivid was his memory for her now! He could see her moving round the house, noiseless as a shadow, never intruding on nim after he had once or twice repulsed her gruffly, but going on her own meek ways, with her face growing whiter every day. He began to understand, as he looked back, why her strength had failed; and she had been ready, when her baby came, to float out on the tide and let it drift her into God's haven. She had had enough to eat and to drink, but he saw now, that he had left her heart to starve. Heaven! what a hard man he had been! He seemed to see her white, still face, as he looked at it the last time before they screwed down the coffin-lid, with the dumb reproach frozen on it; the eyes that would never plead vainly any more, closed for

He recalled passionately the three-days old baby that had cried in another room just at that moment, moving all the people gathered together for the funeral with a thrill of pity for the poor little motherless morsel. She was a passionate, willful baby, all through her babyhood; he remembered that. She wanted-missed knowing what the lack was-the love and sustenance which her mother would have given her, and protested against fate with all the might of her infant lungs. But, as soon as she grew old enough to understand how use-less it was, she had grown quiet, too; just like her mother. He r called her, ill through her girlhood, a shy, still girl, always obedient and submissive, but never drawing very near him. Why? Because he would have repulsed her as he repulsed her mother. He could see it It was very strange these facts should come back to him to-day, and their naked truth with them. He had been a cold, hard, ungenial man, without sympathy for any one human being; absorbed utterly in the pursuit of money-making. And so the child, Amy, had grown up in shadow without

But suddenly, when she was eighteen, the old passionate spirit that had made her cry so when a baby must have awakened again, he thought; for she fell in love then, and wished to marry. To marry in defiance of his wishes. He remembered her standing proudly before him after one of their quarrels, where he had been harsh and bitter, and abusive of the man she wanted to call husband. She had borne in silence reproach of herself; but not of him who had become to her as her best existence. Her words came back to the old man now :

"Father, do you know anything against Harry Church?" Yes." he had answered, wrathfully "I know that he is as poor as Job was when he sat among the ashes. He cannot keep a wife as a daughter of mine

"Anything else, father?" she asked

looking him steadily in the eye.

" No, that's enough," he had thundered. "I'll tell you, besides, that if you marry him you must lie in the bed you will make. My doors will never open

to you again, never."

He met with a will as strong as his own, that time. She did marry him, and went away with him from her father's house. Mr. Golding had known the day the wedding was going to take place, and disdained to stop it. He washed his hands of Harry Church, and of Amy, his wife. She wrote home at-terward over and over again, but Mr. Golding sent all the letters back nnopened. Subsequent to that, they disappeared from the town; and he had never heard what became of them. It was at least ten years ago now.

It seemed very strange to him that these things should have come back to night to haunt him—and with a wild remorse, a pitying regret. He had done notking to recall them. Could it be his sense of failing health that brought them?—if so, what sort of anguish might he not look for, as he drew nearer and nearer to the ending? He began to wish that he knew what had been in those rejected letters—whether Amy had been suffering for anything that money could supply. The next thought that struck him was, why he had opposed the marriage so virulently. It is true Harry Church had been but a clerk in his own employ; but he was a well-educated gentleman, and would rise with time. Faithful, intelligent, persericher now; but he could not help ask-ing it, what special good was his riches bringing him? He was an old man, the span of life running quickly on, and he was all alone. Who would take his gold then? He could not carry it along with him. All in a moment-he saw it and bare; his life and its objects had

been mistaken.
"All alone! all alone!" he kept say-

but preparing his beart to receive it! and of vistors he expected none. Down went his head lower and lower with its weight of thought.

Meanwhile two people were admitted into the hall below; a man and a little girl. The man had the ppearance of a staid, respectable servant. He took off ing to speak to you," she said, in a less the child's warm cloak and hood, and assured tone. she stood revealed; a dainty, delicate oreature of some eight years old; her gold-n curls dropping softly around her face, with its large blue eyes and its cherry lips. The admitting maid, not knowing what to make of this, called looked at the two boys, brave, merry act contrary to law, and contained "re-Mr. Golding's housekeeper, old Mrs. Oa. good. The latter went into a tremor as proud. she came forward and looked at the

face. "It's Miss Amy's child !" she exclaimed to the man, nervously. "I couldn't mistake the likeness."

"Miss Amy's that was," he answered. Mrs. Harry Church she has been this many a year.

"I know. It is as much as my place is worth to admit any child of hers here.' "You are Mrs. Osgood," exclaimed the little girl. "Mamma said I should be sure to see you.'

Hear the blessed lamb! And so she emembers me." "She talks of you often; she says yo

were always, kind to her; nobody but von loved her." "Well, I did love. The old house has never been the same since she went out

of it. What's your name, my pretty one? "Amy."
"Amy!" repeated the housekeeper, lifting her hands, as if there was some

wonder in it. "And mamma said you would let me

go up alone to grandpa."

"And so you shall," decided Mrs. Osgood, after a minute's hesitation. "I said, with a touch of the former gruffwon't stand in the way of it, let master e as angry with me as be will.

up in the drawing-room, all by himself." The man sat down to wait. And the child went up alone. Opening the door, she went softly in, not speaking; perhaps the stern-looking old man, sitting there with bent head, awed her to silence. Joseph Golding, waking up from his reverie, saw a letter held out to him. He took it mechanically, supposing its messenger, hidden behind his large chair, was one of his waiting-

With a singular quickening of

maids.

pulse, he recognized his daughter's writ-She had waited all these silent years she told him, because she was determined never to write to him again until they were rich enough for him to know that she did not write from any need of his help. They had passed these ten years in the West, and Heaven had pros-pered them. Her, husband was a rich man now, and she wanted from her father only his love-wanted only that death should not come between them, and either of them go to her mother's side without having been reconciled to

the other. "How did this come here?brought it?" demanded Mr. Golding,

in his usual imperious manner. " I did, grandpapa." He sprang up at the soft, timid voice, as if some fright took him, and stared at the levely vision, standing there like a spirit on his hearth-stone, with her white face and her gleaming golden hair. Was it real? Where was he? Who could this child be? But, as he looked, the likeness flashed upon himand he grew hungry to clasp her to him. It was the little Amy of the old days grown into beauty—for Amy had never been so wondrously fair as this.

"Come here, my child; don't be afraid

great flood of emotion; but he choked

them back.

"What have they told you about me?" he rejoined, after a long pause. "Have they bid you hate me?"

"They always told me you were far away toward where the sur rose; and it I were good they would bring me to seyou some day. Every night I say in my prayers, 'God bless papa and mamma, and God bless grandpapa.'"

"Wuy didn't they bring you? What made them let you come alone?"

"Mamma sent me with John to give

"Mamma sent me with John to give you the letter," was the simple answer. "The carriage is at the gate, waiting

"Who is John ?" " Papa's servant."

"And—where are they staying?"
"At the hotel. We only arrived here

this morning"
Mrs. Osgood, hovering in the hall, looked on in wonder. Her master was coming down stairs, calling for his hat and coat, and leading the child. He got into the carriage with her and it drove away. Mr. Golding was wonder-ng vaguely whether it was real. They arrived at last, and the child led

him in, opening a door at the end of a long corridor. She spoke cheeringly. "Mamma, here's grandpapa. He

"Mamma, here's grandpapa. He said he would come back with me." Mr. Golding's head went off in a swim. Advancing weakness tells upon people in such moments as these. He sat down; with time. Faithful, intelligent, persevering, respected—but poor. In that last ward lay the head and front of two sobbed the most, could not be told. Harry Church's offending. He, Joseph Why had he never known what he lost Golding, was rich then; he was far through all those vanished years? through all those vanished years?
"Father, are we reconciled at last?"

"I don't know, my daughter; until you tell me whether you forgive me." "There should be no talk about for-giveness," she said. "You went according to your own opinion of what was right. And perhaps I was to blame, too. clearly—the dreadful truth stood naked Father, it is enough that God has brought us together again in peace. I thought that no one could resist my little Amy, least of all, her grandpapa."

"All alone! all alone!" he kept saying to himself, in a sort of vague selfpity. "I've toiled and worked for
naught!"

But during this time, even now, as he
sat there, a messenger of love was on its
way to him. Perhaps Heaven had been

little Amy, least of all, her grandpapa."

He looked up. The child stood by,
silently; the firelight glittering on her
golden hair, her face shining strangely
sweet. He put out his arms and drew
her into them, close—where no child,
not even his own, had ever nestled before. Oh! how much he had missed in life!—he knew it now. He felt her He heard a ring at the door bell. Heard it without paying attention to it. Rings were nothing to him; people did not come on business to his residence, self, or another soul in his place?

" Father, see. Amy's voice had a full cheerful ring in it. Her married life had been happy

He shook his son-in-law's hand heart-

when he would be ready to sit Mr. Golding's housekeeper, old Mrs. Os- little fellows, of whom he might be

back for good, and were already looking for a house. "No house but mine," interrupted Joseph Golding. "It will want a tenant person who carried on the printing basi-when I am gone. You must come home ness in Buston.

to-morrow. "To-morrow will be Christmas Day," said his daughter, half-doubtingly. "All the better. If Christmas

ever kept in my house, it shall be now.

shall not live to see another, Amy. She looked up at the changed, thin to print face, and could not contraduct him. words: Some one, going out to the West Indies. had told them how Joseph Golding was breaking: the news had caused them to hurry home prematurely. Amy said to her husband that if her father died, unreconciled to her, she should be full of

emorse forever. "You will come home to-morrow, al of you," repeated Mr. Golding. "And mind, Amy, you do not go away again." "But-if the children should be too

ness. "The old house is large enough." He went out; and found his way to the shops-open to the last on Christmas Eve in the old town-looking for Christmas gifts. New work for him !- but he entered into it earnestly. Perambulating the streets like a bewildered Santa Claus, he went home laden with books, and toys, and jewels, and bon-bons. Mrs. Osgood lifted her hands, and

thought the end of the world must be coming. "Help me to put these things away, Osgood. Don't. Don't stare as if you were moonstruck. And, look herethere'll be company to dinner to-morrow.

Mind you send in a good one." "The best that ever was seen on able, master-if it's for them I think it may be for."
"Well, it is. Miss Amy's coming

ome again." "Heaven be praised, sir! The house as been but a dull one since she left it." "They are all coming. And they will ot go away again, Osgood. If you want more servants you can get them.
"It's the best Christmas-box you

could have given me, master." And they came. Amy and Amy's husband and the pretty boys were there; and, best of all, the sweet little girl with the golden hair, sitting next to grandpa. It was too happy a party for loud mirth. And among them Joseph Golding saw, or fancied he saw, another face, over which, almost thirty years ago, he had watched the grave-sod piled—a face sad and wistful no longer, but bright with a strange glory. Close over beyond him she seemed to stand; and he heard, or fancied he heard, a whisper from her parted lips, though it might have come

only from his own heart, Peace on earth and good-will toward men.'

An actress in New York was recently Tell me what your name is?"

"Amy, grandpapa."

Another Amy! Grandpapa! He felt the sobs rising up in his heart with a dollars.

The Sen-Serpent.

A startling circumstance has, according to the Limerick Chronicle, occurred at Kilkie, Ireland. The sea-serpent has actually appeared at that watering-place. to the dismay of the visitors, who had not reckoned on this pleasing addition to their little society. A short time ince a party of several ladies and gentlemen, one of whom-fortunately for the serpent-is a "well-known clergy-man in the north of Ireland," observed an enormous head, shaped somewhat an enormous head, shaped somewhat like that of a horse, emerge from the water. Behind the head and on the neck was a kind of chignon, or, as the Chronicle describes it, "a huge mane of sea-weed-looking hair, which rose and fell with the motion of the water." It may well be imagined that when the head fixed its glassy eyes on the group it excited for the moment feelings the reverse of comfortable. "One lady nearly fainted at the sight, and all bad their nerves considerably upset by the dreadnerves considerably upset by the dread-ful appearance of this extraordinary The well-known clergyman creature." in the north of Ireland, however, preserved his presence of mind and was equal to the occasion, for he minutely in-spected the interesting stranger, steadfastly returning its gaze, until, to the relief of all present, in a few minutes the gigantic head ducked and disappeared beneath the surface of the water. There can be little doubt that the seaserpent, who has hitherto been too modest to disclose himself except to mariners on the lonely sea, has turned over a new leaf, and will in future make himself at home at various sea-side places; nor can any thing be more injudicious than to turn a cold shoulder upon him, or annoy him, on the other hand, by vulgar curiosity. He is evidently a most determined beast, of gigantic strength and stature, and it would be well, now that he shows a social tendency, to meet him respectfully, but with self-possession. His appearance, it is true, is against him, but, for aught we know, his disposition may be good; and, so far from there being any reason for ladies to faint away when he puts his head out of the water, there is, it is to be feared, far more reason to expect that the serpent lish and Irish coasts.

The First Newspaper in America.

In Buckingham's "Newspaper Specimens' we find that the first attempt to set up a newspaper in North America, so far as can be ascertained from exist ing records or from tradition, was made in Boston in the year 1690. Only one copy is known to be in existence, and this is deposited in the State Paper Office

in London. Number one of this paper, and probaflection of a very high nature." They courting a dangerous contagion, came strictly forbade "any thing in print to our notice this morning, in the death Explanations ensued. Fortune had without license first obtained from those of a young man from smallpox. The favored Mr. Church; they had come officers appointed by the Government to deceased went from this city to Fitsgrant the same." The paper was printed by Richard Pierce for Benjamin Harris.

Mr. Pierce is said to have been the fifth pital where several violent cases of

Benjamin Harris, who was the pro-prietor of this, had a printing house in the handling of smallpox patients and Boston in 1692, and in 1694 printed the corpses for several weeks, and returned acts and laws of Massachusetts, and was here some ten days since, and told his printer to his Excellency the Governor exploits among the "stiffs" of the dreadto print the laws was in the following

"By his excellency-I order Benjamin Harris to print the acts and laws made by the great and general court or assembly by their M jesand general court or assembly by their M des-ty's province of Massachusetts Bay of New Eagland, that we the people may be informed thereof. "WM. PRIPPS. "Boston, Dec. 16, 1692.".

This is curious, interesting and in portant history, showing that the advent of the newspaper to this country took place a hundred and eighty years ago.

Opium Eating.

The most painful consequence of the pium habit is that it so soon establishes its iron rule over the system, that he died. very early any deprivation of the wonted supply may induce indescribable suffering, if it does not really jeopardize life itself. The opium eater finds that he has entered the slavery of a master whose grip is anguish, and to escape from whom is to be griped more tightly than ever. Refreshing sleep becomes thing of the past. Further on in his downward career, the victim loses all relish for soci-l enjoyment. His moral sense becomes deranged and diseased. Conscience ceases to control. Insanity at last becomes the condition of the mind, and morally and physically the man is a wreck and a ruin. Worse than this, the deleterious effects of the habit extend to posterity, and the sins of the father or mother are visited upon the

generation. ROUGH ON MRS. JINKS .- Henry Jinks advertises, in a country paper, for some one to elope with his wife. He says the person who applies "must be one with a healthy constitution, and able to do with but little sleep. A sailor would suit best—one that's been accustomed to big blows. My wife," he says further, "has many good points for a man who could appreciate them. I cannot. She can alk faster than lightning can travel, and louder than a railroad whistle scream. She doesn't care much for the amenities, but is very powerful on the acerbities of life. She would be a good assistant in a vinegar factory, she's so sour, and would be a noble companion for a man living in a country where there are plenty of bears, she's so powerful in hugging. To any man who feels like enticing my wife to elope with him, I will pay \$50 and the expense ef elopement. Should my blessing be considered of any importance, I'll throw it in." We should like to hear Mrs. Jinks' side of the story; that is, at a convenient

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy dis-played in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business, and add the appointed time. If you go out on business, att nd promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your business. Do not stop to tell sto-

ries in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and salcons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct with regularity, promptness and liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy a thing simply because the man that sells it will take it out in trade.

Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is

always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on your customers. Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ, for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over the interest confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibili-ties will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and made a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal it than to steal

money.

Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can more reason to expect that the state by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. ... by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. ... by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. ... man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help be made a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A others, when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply be-cause it is fashionable. L-arn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dogfashion, but say it firmly and respect-fully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep shead, rather than behind the time. Young man, cut this out; and if there is a folly in the argument, let us know.

A Novel Way to Sanfile off the Mortal

says the Steubenville (Ohio) Herald, by smallpox were, for the purpose, he claimed afterwards, of contracting the disease and Council." Harris's commission to ed contagion, saying he wished he to print the laws was in the following would take the smallpox, that he was tired of life, and " wanted God Almighty to take it." He had his wish. In a few days after making the reckless remarks, he was stricken with the disease in the most violent form, his physician pronouncing his case almost hopeless from the first. This morning he died, and was conveyed to the last earthly tenement, where the troubles of life cease In this death the circumstances are pe-culiar; the wish expressed, and the means taken to contract the disease as stated, was a new method of getting rid of life. Another singular circumstance was the publication of his death, and the digging of his grave, the day before

Gossin.

So many people have so little to do that they find plenty of time to attend to other people's business in addition to their own.

We once knew a man that was bankrupted on account of the kindness of a friend that was too free in attending to his business. He really meant no harm, but, on account of his officiousness, and not knowing the true state of his friend's business, he was the cause of his ruin. It is customary to attribute this weak-

ness to brainlessness, and, in contempt, to say old woman; but allow me to say that, if you find a decrepid old bachelor, or a brainless fool of either sex, he is the best children even unto the third and fourth generation.

type of a gossip in the world. He can wag his head so significantly. He can say so much in such few words, that to speak of woman as representative is a burlesque upon his skill. May I speak plainly, to show contempt for the villan-ous murderer of reputation, when I say that no fitting place can be assigned to the destroyer of more happy homes, the desolater of more hearts, and the impersonation of more hell than can be concentrated in any other victim the devil can ensuare. Pardon me, reader, but the dealer in other men's reputations should not be confined with the thief lest the thief suffer by the association; nor the ordinary murderer, since his calling is to kill the body, while this incarnate devil attempts to destroy the soul.

The cultivation of beef-root sugar France has now risen to an industry of the first importance. It employs more than four hundred manufactories, and the process of manufacture is each year brought to a higher state of perfection There are in France three or four journals specially devoted to subjects con-nected with the manufacture, its cultidistance, or with a moderate allowance vation, its sale, the machinery required, the chemistry of the process, etc.

Reticent People.

An exchange referring to this seldom

understood class of people, says, "Valua-ble in society, at home the reticent are so many forms of living death. Eyes have they, and see not; ears, and hear to the profit and reputation of your not; and the faculty of speech seems to work. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or a certain thing, at a certain moment, be ready at tell you nothing of all they have seen. They have heard all sorts of news, and seen no end of pleasant things; but they come down to breakfast next morning as mute as fishes, and if you want it, you must dig out your own incormation bit by bit, by sequential, categorical questioning. Not that they are surly or ill-natured; they are only reticent. They are disastrous enough to those who are associated with them, and make the worst partners in the world in business or marriage; for you never know what is going on, or where you are, and you must be content to walk blindfolded if you walk with them." But what shall be done with such people? In an ignorant, doubting, suspicious age, of course they will be snarled at and denounced and thought guilty of all manner of sins of which no one in the world is generally more innocent. They are generally the victims of all manner of lectures, and are generally familiar with both smiles and tears. Either or both may move them, but not to commotion or storms or anger, even in self-defense. And even that silence is misconstrued. They are too proud and too sensitive to enter upon a defense of what to themselves is clear as the noonday sun; but the garrulous denouncer of their peculiarities and imagined sins takes it for an acknowledgment of guilt, and that, as they can say nothing in their own de-fence, they keep silence. The lot of the reticent is indeed bad when it falls in such unpleasant places, and only they themselves can know the delight of be ing entirely alone, and communing with their own thoughts and aspirations, if they can find no one who can stand on their own heights, and understand them in their abstracted musings. Language is often good, but terrible when drifting about without a rudder.

How a Publisher was Not Taken In.

Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, has a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature is so available that when a friend wishes to know where any particular passage may be found, he steers at once for the corner and con-suits the man who is likely to give the desired information. A pompous, would-be wit, not long ago, thinking to puzzle him, and make sport for a company at dinner, informed them, prior to Mr. Fields' srrival, that he had himself that morning written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's, and inquire in which of his poems the lines occurred. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were A singular case of disregard for life, aye the Steubenville (Ohio) Herald, by trying to find in Southey's p ems his well-known lines running thus : --can you tell us about what time he wrote them?

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Fields, " and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have

been written by him." "When were those?" gracefully asked

the witty questioner. "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; er, near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic

The funny questioner smiled faintly, out the company roared.

A Weapon of Death.

The to-pedoes which have recently een devised for use in the Bosphorus ossess some new and peculiar features. They are of two kinds-offensive and defensive. The latter consists of a strong, wrought-iron tank capable of containing about four hundred pounds of powder, and lying at the bottom of the water; from a fuse in the interior proceeds an electric cable containing a voltaic battery on shore. The tank is also provided with an index which floats within five or six feet of the surface of the water, and which, on being touched by the bottom of a ship, immediately conveys a signal to the shore, whence an electric spark would be sent through the powder in the tank, the explosion either sinking or disabling the ship

above it. The offensive torpedo, for attacking under cover of a dark night enemie ships lying at anchor, consists of a hollow iron pear-shaped vessel containing a heavy charge of powder and provided with several percussion fuses. This kind of torpedo is fixed to the end of a boom some thirty feet long, which is attached to the head of a small steam launch. To the boom, which hinges on the head of the vessel, is attached a chain which runs on board over a pulley, and which can be shortened or lengthened at pleasure, raising or lowering the torpedo in the water. The upper portion of the torpedo-case is provided with five percussion fuses, one of which is certain to strike a ship's bottom when propelled against it.

A NEW ALLOY .- A new alloy, composed of copper and iron, has been discovered which is regarded as a discovery of much practical importance. The blending of the two metals produces a substance of great strength, which, it is said, can be tempered to greater hardness than steel, and when soft is easily worked. The principal object of the invention is to make a perfectly malleable metal which can be tempered to the utmost hardness, and which, being cheaper than fine steel, can be substituted for it in many important applications for which the latter is now rarely employed. The tests to which the new alloy been submitted show its peculiar adaption for the purpose in question.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

There are said to be thirty post-mis-

resses in Texas.

Seven thousand women belong to the Belgian International. The Iowa press generally favor abol-

ishing the grand jury system. Bricklayers in Chicago are demanding \$6 per day, or they quit work. Some of the most trusted lighthouse-

Arkansas is to have an Industrial University at Fayetteville-\$120,000

seepers on the Atlantic coast are wo-

Why is a baby cutting its first "incisors" like a teapot? Because it's a

tea-thing. A Chicago lady found her diamond

ring in the ruins of her house some days after the fire. In Colorado a bald person finds him-

self alluded to as "a man with his head above timber-line." The editor of the Claremont, N. H.,

Eagle has been presented with a parsnip five feet nine inches long. Sliding down hill on a codfish is the winter amusement of the New Bedford

belles. The codfish enjoy it. The United States expended four mil-

lion dollars last year on three kinds of dye-madder, indigo and cochineal. A Methodist congregation of eleven Mexicans has been organized near La Junta, the first of the kind in Mexico.

The late snow slides in the canons in Utah were more serious than reported. Quite a number of people are missing. The workmen of Great Britain have organized a committee for promoting

he separation of Church and State. The English people desire a silver cur-rency which can be reckoned with equal facility in shillings, dollars and france. Cincinnati drinks beer at a cost of six and a half million dollars per annum, and only pays grave-diggers \$2.50 per

Large gold daggers, with hilt studded with diamonds and other precious stones, have come into fashion again for the

A bill in the Illinois Legislature pro-poses that women shall not be debarred from any occupation except the military.

Most all of the saloon-keepers in Chicago are selling horns from the cow that kicked over the kerosene lamp that set fire to the city. H G. says that the ladies now wear

so much false hair he can't tell which is switch. What does he know about hair? He hasn't had any in forty years. A Fifth Avenue young lady who went

to Europe last summer, taking with her only a small carpet-bag, has returned with sixteen well-filled trunks. The United States Treasurer has just received a contribution to the conscience

fund, from the city of New York customs duty on wearing apparel. It is announced from Japan that sbout five hundred of the more advanced and promising pupils at tee Yeddo Government School have been sent to

Continental journals state that the betrothal of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, and the Princess Mary Elizabeth, of Prussia, is seen to be officially announced. The Grand Dake is twentytwo; the Princess-eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles and the Prin-

cess Mary of Ankalt-sixteen. The bed and mattress on which President Lincoln died was sold at public auction, in Washington, recently, and brought eighty dollars. A restaurantkeeper was the purchaser, and intends to keep it as a relic of the great tragedy at Ford's Theatre.

The New York Times states that s solid section cut from one of the original big tree" of California is in this city on its way to a European museum. Five men were employed twenty-five days in felling this huge tree; its height is 302 feet, and its largest diameter 32 feet. The specimen was cut at a distance of 20 feet from the base. The stump is covered in, and is now used as a ball-room! It has been ascertained from counting the double wire and communication with a annular rings that the tree is more than 2,500 years old.

> This is what they call a "joke" in New Orleans: A country-looking chap gets off a train. A stranger steps up to him and says: "Ah! five feet nine high, two feet eleven across the breast, eighteen inches through." "What do you mean sir?" eagerly asks the countryman. "It's all right," says the other. "You measure five feet eleven by eighteen. I'll be ready for you by nine o'clock to-morrow morning," and he puts up the tape line with which he has been making the measurements. "What are you driving at, sir ?" asks the countryman, angrily. "Why you see," says the other, "the yellow fever is killing off strangers so fast that I have to take their measurement as they come in, or else the dead bodies accumulate on my hands." A pallor comes over the countryman's face, frantic call is made to the baggagemaster to recheck his trunk, and

A singular incident occurred at Lewiston, Maine, last week, which may perhaps afford physicians a hint respecting the treatment of that hitherto unmanageble disease, diphtheria. A factory girl of that city, while suffering from this complaint, was attacked with a severe coughing, when the nurse, discovering what seemed to be a foreign substance in the patient's throat, seized the end of it, and to her surprise and alarm pulled out the false membrane. This act saved the sufferer. A physician sage from which it was withdrawn. It has before been suggested that diphtheria and similar diseases might be treated mechanically, and croup has sometimes yielded to the surgeon.