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THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
In our great eagerness to reach and grasp
The promised treasure of the coming years;
Or else we mourn some great good passed
away,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there
was,
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died
away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "For evermore."

BEGINNING IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. F. W. GILLETTE.

Early one soft, mellow twilight in the May of 1823, a small birch canoe floated noiselessly into a little curve of the Clinton River. It was not the Clinton then, for that was the Anglo-Saxon christening; but I have not been able yet to find for it an Indian name, and anchored in that forest valley, at the base of a heavily-wooded hill. One of its occupants—a man of something more than thirty years, with a face bronzed by exposure to the wind and sun, gleaming all over with the sunshine of a hearty, heroic soul—sprang quickly to the shore, and lifting out a beautiful young girl, seated her upon the bank, and proceeded to fasten the chain that held the canoe to the body of a large tree close to the water's edge. Then he led the little woman carefully up the hillside. As they reached the top, they found a large, broad flat of heavy oaks, and saw that they could stand upon the verge of the hill and look through the openings in the wood, far over the broad, deep, blue stream, that wound, unobstructed by mill-dam or race-course, along its forest-shaded and hill-guarded valley bed. Standing there, this sturdy Englishman exclaimed, "Linda, this is the spot! This is our home! How beautiful will we make it! How like my blessed boyhood's home in Old England!" and suddenly the sweet homeliness of the hillside, and the gleam of heart, that the tears brimmed his eyes as if it had been indeed a child; but soon he found her a pleasant, mossy seat, and saying cheerfully, "Now rest, while I run down and get our traps," he hurried away, returning in a moment with a small basket of cooking utensils, and a not very large bundle of goods, and a couple of Indian blankets. It required only a short time to kindle a fire and prepare the supper, and by the time they had eaten, the moonbeams looked in upon them, golden and silent, and the whippoorwill sang all through the long, deep, woodland.

These two—this brave Englishman and his little French wife, scarcely more than a child—had floated all the way from the Huron waters, with never the sight of a white man's face, past the Indian villages on the banks, stopping at mid-day in a little bend of the stream, and eating their meal of cold fish and hard bread; camping at twilight by the river side. The large, white fish that Fred caught in the river was cooked over the fire, made by a fallen log; their lodge was entered through avenues of grand old trees, and roofed with the clouds and the stars. And now, after this long, wearisome yet pleasant wandering, Fred Dabeyll found the spot his heart yearned for—the spot that could be wrought into the broad fields and the wooded parks that make the beautiful English homesteads—for Fred Dabeyll, in his thought of home, was English to the heart's core.

Fred Dabeyll was the brother of the heroic Capt. Dabeyll, who was killed in the Pontiac conspiracy. He had been sent to Detroit on official business before the war of 1812, and after the ratification of peace in 1815, he concluded to remain and try his fortune in the Western World. De La Motte was one of the few white men who, with the friendly Indians, established the French settlement of Detroit under the direction of Louis Frontenac, then Governor of all New France; and here, just eighteen years before our story opens, was Linda De La Motte born. She had been reared in a world of danger, but in a home of love, and believing thoroughly in Fred Dabeyll's professions of tenderness, and his promise of fidelity and protection, she had put her hand in his, and come away from everything of civilized life to found a home in the wilderness.

All night Fred talked in his sleep about English hedges and English homes to the Indians and the new country. All night Linda fancied she heard the light tread of dark feet as they passed over the fallen leaves, and saw great, wild eyes looking down upon her. Toward morning, Fred was awakened by the barking of a dog. Springing up, he cried, "Linda, that's a white man's dog! God has led us to a friend!" and he dashed down the hill toward the well-known sound. But Linda called, "O, Fred! take me." Then he turned, ran back and said, with a sort of petting accent, natural to his voice, "Getting a onward, is she? Well, we will go down to get her."

Going down the hill on the further and southern side from the river over a narrow, level space, and climbing to the top of another and higher hill, they saw, at a little distance, a large St. Bernard dog watching by a rude log chapel. The chapel was surmounted with a cross, while over it floated the *Pleur de Lis* of France, and the stars and stripes of the new colonies. In the doorway, just under the cross, stood an aged Jesuit priest; his hair, parted in the middle of the broad, deep forehead, fell away in ripples of snow far down his shoulders; his face was fair and childishly innocent, and with the glory of the breaking dawn upon it, it looked almost divine.

To the little French wife, this chapel in the wilderness—the Jesuit priest under the cross—was home, was rest. With a glad cry she ran forward, and kneeling at his feet, reached up her clasped hands for his benediction. Surprised, as though some sweet, fair face

was the voice of the missionary as before the cross he offered up his gratitude for his little wife's safety, nor how the dark face of the young chief brightened at the sight of so much joy.

This was Fred and Linda Dabeyll's beginning in the great Western wilderness. Would you know its close? Not many years ago, Fred, somewhat bent and feeble with his journey of eighty winters, but young yet with that warm, fresh stout-heartedness that blessed his early life, and Linda, many years younger, but with her hair all silver, and cheeks where life's red rose had faded to the white—these two together, as in that early time, stood upon the broad veranda that enclosed the large, stone mansion—built upon the spot where the first cabin stood—and looked across to the top of the other hill where the chapel once was, but where now was a sunken grave with a white cross at its head, and down the hillside, over the river, and across the large, stone, flourishing city, founded upon the land that he, Fred Dabeyll, bought of the Indians on that long ago May morning. In that city lived their oldest son—a thriving lawyer, a man honored and beloved; they spoke of him as they stood there, and the daughter who, with her husband and child, lived in her, took the care in their own beautiful home—a home that answered to their early hopes. They talked about their youngest and their idol—their brave Mesnard—who, like the father they both loved, had built him a rude chapel on the Rocky Mountain summit, and lying above it the flag of his country and the cross of his Master. And they remembered, also, that mellow twilight, when they floated in that little birch canoe into the river bend below them. As they stood there, the calm, peaceful joy of the present, the past lying out so brown and golden to their vision, dear good grandpa Dabeyll—as we all call him—reached his feeble hand to his old wife, and drawing her close to him, said, "We were climbing the hill then, Linda, love." And "Linda, love," leaned her pale face, still beautiful with its sweet tenderness, against his shoulder, and repeated, in her low, broken voice, "And now that we have wandered down, we'll sleep together at the foot,"

John Anderson, my Joe."
—Ladies' Repository.

Strange Delusion.

The Woodford (Ky.) Weekly has the following singular story:

A young lady named Miss Nellie Stay was tried before Judge George on the 27th inst. for larceny. The charge was showing her to be a lunatic, but her own statements clearly showed her to be a monomaniac. She seemed to be firmly under the impression that she was married to Mr. Alexander of Woodburn Farm, in March last, in Lexington; and again she would insist that she was the child of Mr. Alexander, and that her true name was Nellie Alexander. We did not learn which of the Alexanders she claimed to be descended from, but she seems to think that the late R. A. Alexander had left her a fortune, and asked to see his will. Upon these subjects she was very intelligent, and gave a very connected account of her life. She was partly raised and educated at the Orphan School at Midway, and taught school recently in the neighborhood of Spring Station. The only relative she has that is known is a half brother in Louisville. She seemed to be very well educated, and accustomed to refined society; appears to be delicate, of nervous temperament, and is prepossessing in appearance. The jury in the case found her a lunatic, and that she had become a lunatic within the last year; and was about twenty-three years of age, and had no estate.

How it Feels to be Poisoned With Strychnine.

A man in Harrisburg recently attempted to commit suicide by taking a grain of strychnine. The skill of his physician having saved his life he narrates his experience for the benefit of society. He says:

In course of five minutes I began to feel slight cramps in the calves of my legs. The cramps increased in intensity and extended to the feet and thighs, causing the most intense pain. I attempted to rise from the chair, but fell to the floor with convulsions in the lower extremities. Unsuccessful attempts were made to bathe my feet in hot water, each effort to raise me bringing on a violent paroxysm, in the last one of which I thought my jaws had become unhinged. I was now perfectly paralyzed from the hips down, and suffering the most excruciating pains, which began to extend upward; the muscles of the shoulders and neck, and being considerably convulsed, the forearms still being free from pain.

"I now prepared for the final struggle, which I knew must be near at hand, as I had become rigid from the neck down, and the torture awful to endure. My hands were drawn in to my sides, with the fingers drawn apart, and slightly bowed, and the jaws became rigid. I felt myself raised as if by some mighty power, and fixed immovably, with only my feet and head touching anything. I became unconscious of everything except my own agony, which was now beyond all description. I could feel my heart fluttering, and my brain beating and throbbing with an irregular motion, as though at every beat it would burst from its confinement. Every joint was locked, and every drop of blood seemed stagnated. I remember thinking it could not be long thus, when I must have lost consciousness.

"I remember nothing more until I felt a sensation of relief, as though the garments of death, which had been drawn over me, were now being drawn back. Those terrible cramps seemed to be descending to my lower limbs. A feeling of relief stole over me, and I began to be again conscious.

"From that time I resumed consciousness, when I was entirely free from cramp, with the exception of a little in the feet. I had but one attack of cramps

Homely Girls.

How did that homely woman contrive to get married? It is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eyes, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind; and conscious of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homely beauty, if they are not in many cases the bottom of the sneering question. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to overvalue themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid occasionally perish in the market. Their plain sisters on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances, succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable.

A "Horsy" Advertisement.

The following advertisement of a "horse restaurant" keeper is published in a Nevada paper:

Live stock faster than anybody's, and all trained to respect woman's rights—also children's—yet warranted to get away from anything else on the road. Buggies, roughs, barouches, hacks, sulkeys, road wagons, hearse, and every kind of vehicle for slow or fast travel, with horses to match. Funeral turnouts cheerfully furnished, and guaranteed to make the proper impression. Bloated aristocrats from abroad taken on to any road, and warranted ahead of any stage or any other conveyance for money. No complaint is ever heard from stock fed in this stable. More hilarity than was ever known in any other collection of dumb animals since the procession from Noah's landing. No hay ropes about this establishment—everything is turned loose; the key to the barley sacks hangs dangling within the reach of the humblest horse in the stable, and no pains are spared to make the guests of the establishment distinguish the difference between this and the desert waste.

De Soto's Treasures—Perhaps.

Here is a tough but readable story from the Memphis *Advertiser* of Nov. 23: A descendant of one of De Soto's followers, Senor Jose Manos, by the merest accident, found in a blind closet, the existence of which was only brought to light by the tearing down of a part of an old mansion on a bluff near Memphis, with the view of rebuilding it in a more modern form, a parchment which set forth in substance that, at a point near that city, was deposited in the earth a helmet containing a diamond, a sapphire, and a ruby of immense value, together with an order of knighthood and a sum of money; that this treasure was the property of one Jesus Munoz, who had been the scientific adviser of De Soto, but having fallen under suspicion of practicing witchcraft, had anticipated his doom by suicide, first confiding to mother earth, with certain incantations, the wealth that would suffice to ransom a prince, when princes were worth ransoming.

The strength of this information a party of leading citizens was at once organized to investigate the matter. It was about ten o'clock when the adventurers landed from their skiffs on President's Island. Placing his theodolite exactly in front of the venerable tree, Captain E. proceeded to lay out his first angle in the city. From the scroll. To the surprise of every one, the "distance" brought the party to a lonely spot on the shore of the river, where, in a gulch, worn by the mad freaks of the storm in times gone by, were the remains of a boat of a fashion that the American Continent for more than two hundred years, although the same description of vessels still navigate the coasts of South America, and are still built by the descendants of the same Spanish people who first brought to the knowledge of the world our Mississippi. From the boat, which was composed of a single log, and was about forty-six feet in length of keel. The wood had almost been transformed into coal by some strange atmospheric cause, and the truth of what we say can be verified by a piece of this antique bark, which was brought from the spot by our reporter, and is now in the hands of the city.

From the ruined stern protruded an iron which had once secured the rudder upon which was still visible the initials "F. & L." Whether or not this is the remains of one of De Soto's boats it is impossible to determine with certainty, but Professor Dillington was decidedly of the opinion that the wood of which it was composed had been exposed to the action of the elements for more than two centuries.

The inference was irresistible. In the course of ten minutes the workmen had excavated a pit about three feet in diameter and two in depth. Just at midday, the sun being at its zenith, the metal space of McGowan struck some metallic substance—it proved to be ancient helix, the upper part of which was corroded, and eaten away by the rust of years. Fashioned as it had been to resist the stroke of lance, sword, and battle ax, it yielded to the first blow of the pickaxe, and the light from the lamp flashed down upon its oxidized surface, from the interior was flashed back three wondrous rays of radiance, diamond pure, sapphire blue, and ruby red, all beautiful and dazzling, while gazing downwards the awestricken tamperers with the earth, and the more *cultivated* brain you bring to your assistance in farming the better will be your chance of success.

In no employment is there more knowledge required. In other lines men may often confine their scope of knowledge—the manufacturer, for instance, of seats of chairs, of cutlery, of machinery, &c., may require to know only what appertains to his particular production; but the farmer produces grain and hay, butter and beef, pork and cheese, wool and cotton, &c., &c. He should know how much of each to provide for, and how best to dispose of them afterwards; he should know how to feed his stock to the best advantage, and what breeds of stock suit his purposes best. Perhaps he needs to know something of timber, of building and repairing, to say nothing of his medical necessities; construction of drains, qualities of soil, properties of fertilizers, &c. In short, the farmer might well be a merchant, manufacturer, physician and chemist. Then do not say a farmer need not be educated fully as well as for any other business of life, for by neglecting his education you simply curtail his advantages and lessen his chances for superiority and success. He needs to be something more than "a heron of wood and drawer of water."
—Georgia Home Gazette.

Fireproof Materials.

Mr. H. J. Ramsdell, in a Washington letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial*, giving an account of an interview with Mr. Mullett, the supervising architect of the Treasury Department, elicits some interesting opinions as to the lessons from Chicago, especially the following, relating to fire-proof materials:

"Iron," said Mr. Mullett, "I mean cast iron, absurd as the statement may appear, will not resist as much heat as good sound oak timber of the same dimensions. Fire expands the iron and warps it, and it breaks very easily. Indeed, if oak timber should be treated by any of the processes of liquid silicate, it may be considered almost a fire-proof material compared with cast iron. As for stoves suitable for building purposes, as I told you before, there are few that are fire-proof, though some approximate the necessary conditions, and, except in severe conflagrations, may be generally depended upon. Granite, marble, and sandstone are not to be trusted, as they soon perish by exposure to the heat, as has been shown a thousand times. But I am strongly in favor of liquid silicate as a preparation for wood to be used for building purposes. My attention was directed to this material some years since, but I have not had opportunity to investigate the subject fully. I believe, however, that it merits more attention than any other suggestion that has been made public, and may yet prove one of the most practical solutions of the question of non-combustible construction that has yet been offered. Whether this or some other process for making wood non-combustible is the more desirable, I am not prepared to say. I am, however, decidedly of the opinion that any process by which wood can be rendered non-inflammable at a reasonable cost would not only be an inestimable blessing to the public, but its use should be rendered imperative by law."

"Well, Mr. Mullett, do you still think that brick is the only fireproof material?"

"I looked into that subject at Chicago with much interest. Now, it is very hard to make an absolutely fireproof building; but I believe that a building, properly constructed of bricks that are well made, and of iron or non-combustible timber, protected by fireproof shutters and doors, will resist the fiercest conflagration. Remember, I say fireproof doors and shutters, not iron. To make an absolutely fireproof structure, however, well burned and homogeneous brick must be used. The walls should be of sufficient thickness, and should be built with an air space to prevent the transmission of heat. The joists should in no case be carried into the walls, but should be supported on corbel courses of brick, and connected with the walls only by wrought iron anchors. The windows and doors to be protected, as I have said, with fireproof shutters, and the roof to be of slate or metal. The use of roofs composed of coal tar, or other similar substances, should be prohibited by law in cities. Ordinary iron shutters are scarcely more fireproof than those of wood. They heat rapidly, warp from their fastenings, and admit the fire to the interior, and are in fact a means of facilitating the conflagration by obstructing the efforts of the fire department. I see no reason, however, why fireproof shutters should not be produced at a price that would place them within the reach of all."

"What do you think of dry pressed bricks?"

"I never had much experience with them, and I don't believe in them. They are certainly not so good as the ordinary kind. A very little experience with brick will show that the more thoroughly the clay is tempered the better the bricks are. One great trouble in obtaining good brick is in the disposition of brick makers to temper their clay enough."

"What do you think of terra cotta?"

"Terra cotta is a material to which I do not think sufficient attention has been given in this country, though in Europe many beautiful and durable specimens have been produced. I feel confident that it will be found, if properly made, one of the most desirable articles for the use of an architect in the erection of fireproof buildings. It should be used in a legitimate manner, and not as an imitation of cut stone."

A Negro Bank on the White Folks' Plan.

Sam Johnson, of New Orleans, was a great authority on the levees, and one day he called his satellites together and addressed them on the importance of adopting a fiscal policy more nearly resembling that which had raised to opulence their Caucasian neighbors. "Niggers," said he, "if you want to get rich you must save your money. You must have a bank. Dat's de way de white folks does." These words fell on a propitious soil. The project went into swift execution, and the earnings of the week were promptly forthcoming. "Niggers," says Sam, "I'll be de cashier; you must 'post de money wid me, and when you want any money draw out it. Dat's de way de white folks does." All went merrily for a while, and the depositors were highly elated about "de banks."

But by and by there began to be trouble with de deposits but with the drafts. It was found easier to get funds into this model institution than to get them out again, and Sam was compelled to face the angry customers and explain. "It's all right," says he; "de bank's only suspended, and in a few days she will 'again resume; dat's de way de white folks does." This expedient lasted but a little while, however; suspicions of fraud play day by day increased, and the storm was about to burst on the head of the great operator, when he found it expedient to gather once more his infuriated depositors, and "face de music" frankly. "Niggers," said he, "dar ain't no use a moufin about it. De money's spent, and de bank's broke, and dat's de way de white folks does!"

Parton is ungracious enough to remark that many American ladies, were they sentenced to be hanged to-morrow, would ask as their first question, "Have I a hanging dress?"

Miscellaneous Items.

Clara Louisa Kellogg is said to have closed a contract for fifty twenty nights in San Francisco for \$10,000 in gold.

The Burman Ambassador will have a pleasant reception at Buckingham Palace. He is the bearer of a gold necklace weighing ten pounds, as a present for Queen Victoria.

The tedious routine of flirtation, introduction, courtship, engagement and marriage was successfully gone through with by an Arkansas couple in thirty-six minutes.

"Indian Joe," a Piute medicine man, well known among the whites, was stricken to death by his tribe, having failed to restore to health two sick Indians. The practice of medicine among Indians evidently has its unpleasant features.

During a fire at Portsmouth, recently, a person whose residence was burned was awakened by a parrot calling the servant's name and screaming "fire." They barely had time to save their clothes and a portion of their furniture, and but for Polly might have been burned to death.

It was so cold in Chicago last week that the papers state everything froze up except the coal-bin. The editor of the *Post* says, "Our stove froze up so that we had to soak its feet in hot water this morning before we could get it to draw." A Yankee would ask where the hot water came from?

The *Helena Daily Montana Herald*, in view of the approaching leap year, publishes a list of eligible old bachelors in Helena, and follows with thirty or forty genuine names of citizens who are in the main, it says, "in a good state of preservation." The daring editor proposes to supplement the list with another of "all the old maids and marriageable young ladies in Helena."

Here is a mother-in-law of at least two-hundred power: A man whose home is in Wisconsin has been working at Negaunee, Mich., for some months. A week or so since he was taken dangerously sick. He sent for his wife to come and care for him. Now, the wife's mother is a Jew, and she sent her daughter to her languishing husband: "Dar Tim, mother is sick; I can't leave her. Do the best you can. If you die, send your body home."

Doctor O'Leary says that a girl can die of too much love as well as from too little. "If you ever see one of those dove pairs who are always 'my loving,' and 'my darling,' 'my duck,' 'my other,' says the doctor, 'you may rest it down that one or the other will die of heart disease or consumption within three months, and it is almost invariably the woman who dies. Those women,' he adds, 'who always scold and speak cross to their better halves—they never have the consumption or die of heart disease.'

This is the official report of a California vigilance committee: "We, the five hundred emigrants, quietly marched to the Justice's Court and demanded the prisoner. They refused to give him up. We, the five hundred emigrants, took him, tried him, condemned him, and hung him on the same tree he had murdered his victim under. Farewell, vain world," were his last words, as the male walked away and left him there. We, the five hundred emigrants, followed the male."

This is the way a Western editor welcomes a new-born contemporary: "We are sorry to receive No. 1 of the *Comanche County World*. The *World* is badly printed, and has a sickly, penny-dreadful appearance. Mr. John Smith, its publisher, is an idiot. If the 'leading men' of Comanche County are responsible for the foundation of this paper, they ought to be sent to the Penitentiary. We trust that this paper and save his money."

There are large numbers of very old and poor persons along the coast in the New England States. Many of the men followed the sea in their early manhood, and a large number of the women are widows of sailors and fishermen who barely got a living in their best days. Nantucket furnishes a noteworthy example of these classes. In the poorhouses of that town there are four hundred persons ranging from seventy-one to eighty-nine years old, whose aggregate ages amount to 1,139 years.

A lady in a town not a thousand miles away was considerably annoyed by hens who pecked the loose plastering from the wall. So one morning, while washing dishes, she thought she heard a hen pecking at the wall. She took a cloth in hand, she hastened to open the door, and giving her rag a warlike flourish, she uttered a tremendous "shoo-o-o!" Imagine her dismay at beholding, not the hens but a stranger, who, after wiping from his face the drops of dishwater with which he had been sprinkled, said in a perfectly frank voice, "Well, mame, if you've got any more spare rags, I should like to sell you some tinware for 'em."

A correspondent who has seen Miss Nilsson in New York, speaks of the gaunt, straight figure; the strong, pale face, with the hollow cheeks and the beautiful smile blooming on her lips like the kindly gray eyes; the majestic tones of the head, and the gait as firm and bold as a man's; but says that personally she is a very charming woman. Her manners are demurely French; she is a thorough-bred Parisian. She is perfectly easy, natural, and very graceful. When a gentleman is presented to her, she don't nod her head, as an American lady would, but gives her hand with a frank, pleasant smile, as if she had known him ever, ever so long. You are immediately at your ease. You will be prompted to say whatever comes uppermost in your mind, and she will look at you astonished with her fine, gray eyes, as if to say: "You dazzle me with your brilliant intellect." She is full of these artifices, which makes you think her, after having been in her company half an hour, the simplest, the frankest, the most charming woman in Christendom.

Farmers—What Should They Know?

Whether it is that as a class farmers have not kept up with the rest of mankind in what might be termed book-learning, or that they have been slower to grasp the ideas and adopt the fast ways of the world, and thus the mind associates the business of farming with the collection of years ago, it remains the same indisputable fact that farming is thought to require a smaller amount of knowledge than any other pursuit in life—indeed, we are not sure but this opinion prevails largely among farmers themselves. How few there are among them who will admit that an education will assist them in their business, and are they not more likely to sneer at any information derived from books, and to argue with the old man who couldn't see that his young neighbor (who had a year or two before moved into the country and commenced farming) with all his books and papers, did any better than himself, with simply his experience and practical knowledge to guide him?—overlooking the fact that the young beginner's books had actually brought him in a short time to equal the farmer in success, and that if he, the farmer, had but added the experience of others (which he could have had by reading) to his own, his store of knowledge and qualifications for success would have been largely increased, and perhaps rendered unapproachable to his amateur neighbor.

One reason for the growth of this feeling against reading, especially at the South, is found in the apparent unprofitableness of farming. We say apparent, for you will see it is not real when you consider how little actual capital—how little actual brain is usually required to support in moderate comfort ottomans a very large family.

This apparent unprofitableness has also to be factored in the contentment of the minds of the country into the cities, the allotments of wealth and apparent ease of life therein persuading young men that in the city they will surely find a more profitable sphere of action.

Alas! Alas! They do not see that the effort is taken for the country—that if the same amount of energy and brains that is required in the city were applied to farming, success would not be wanting—and that this rush for the city, this drain upon the country, naturally robs it of an essential element of success; that it is not the superior and better informed mind, so to speak, of the city which makes this apparent difference in success.

If, indeed, the young man cannot be educated at home, then by all means let him come to the city, if only long enough to get a good practical business education. For the much he will certainly need in farming, he will get it as he should, that is with a view to success.

Do not suppose for a moment that a little common sense with a sturdy frame added to his worldly possessions, are all that a farmer has need of—as in every other occupation, the more *cultivated* brain you bring to your assistance in farming the better will be your chance of success.

In no employment is there more knowledge required. In other lines men may often confine their scope of knowledge—the manufacturer, for instance, of seats of chairs, of cutlery, of machinery, &c., may require to know only what appertains to his particular production; but the farmer produces grain and hay, butter and beef, pork and cheese, wool and cotton, &c., &c. He should know how much of each to provide for, and how best to dispose of them afterwards; he should know how to feed his stock to the best advantage, and what breeds of stock suit his purposes best. Perhaps he needs to know something of timber, of building and repairing, to say nothing of his medical necessities; construction of drains, qualities of soil, properties of fertilizers, &c. In short, the farmer might well be a merchant, manufacturer, physician and chemist. Then do not say a farmer need not be educated fully as well as for any other business of life, for by neglecting his education you simply curtail his advantages and lessen his chances for superiority and success. He needs to be something more than "a heron of wood and drawer of water."
—Georgia Home Gazette.

Turtles in Brazil.

The immense size of Brazilian turtles may be imagined when the statement is made that the flippers and feet of one in crawling over the sand leave a track of two irregular grooves, three or four feet apart, as though a great wagon with immense cog wheels had been driven over the ground. It is an easy matter to find a turtle's nest by this track. She comes out of the sea and travels far up on the beach to lay her eggs in the sand, digging a hole a foot and a half or two feet deep for the nest. Professor Hartt, who was in Brazil with Professor Agassiz, says he once saw a turtle deposit one hundred and forty-three eggs in one of these nests. The eggs are all laid at one sitting, then covered up closely with the sand and left to hatch. The eggs are rather larger than hen's eggs, round, and covered with a tough white skin. The Brazilians eat the eggs and also the flesh of the turtles. The creature is captured in a curious way. Two persons go behind it and taking hold of the shell, turn the animal on its back, in which position it is at the mercy of its captors for it is impossible for it to turn over on its feet again. The hunters are obliged to creep up behind it cautiously, for as soon as it is alarmed it thrusts its fore paddles into the sand and throws it behind, so that if the pursuers do not quickly close their eyes they are likely to be blinded.

Fireproof Materials.

Mr. H. J. Ramsdell, in a Washington letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial*, giving an account of an interview with Mr. Mullett, the supervising architect of the Treasury Department, elicits some interesting opinions as to the lessons from Chicago, especially the following, relating to fire-proof materials:

"Iron," said Mr. Mullett, "I mean cast iron, absurd as the statement may appear, will not resist as much heat as good sound oak timber of the same dimensions. Fire expands the iron and warps it, and it breaks very easily. Indeed, if oak timber should be treated by any of the processes of liquid silicate, it may be considered almost a fire-proof material compared with cast iron. As for stoves suitable for building purposes, as I told you before, there are few that are fire-proof, though some approximate the necessary conditions, and, except in severe conflagrations, may be generally depended upon. Granite, marble, and sandstone are not to be trusted, as they soon perish by exposure to the heat, as has been shown a thousand times. But I am strongly in favor of liquid silicate as a preparation for wood to be used for building purposes. My attention was directed to this material some years since, but I have not had opportunity to investigate the subject fully. I believe, however, that it merits more attention than any other suggestion that has been made public, and may yet prove one of the most practical solutions of the question of non-combustible construction that has yet been offered. Whether this or some other process for making wood non-combustible is the more desirable, I am not prepared to say. I am, however, decidedly of the opinion that any process by which wood can be rendered non-inflammable at a reasonable cost would not only be an inestimable blessing to the public, but its use should be rendered imperative by law."

"Well, Mr. Mullett, do you still think that brick is the only fireproof material?"

"I looked into that subject at Chicago with much interest. Now, it is very hard to make an absolutely fireproof building; but I believe that a building, properly constructed of bricks that are well made, and of iron or non-combustible timber, protected by fireproof shutters and doors, will resist the fiercest conflagration. Remember, I say fireproof doors and shutters, not iron. To make an absolutely fireproof structure, however, well burned and homogeneous brick must be used. The walls should be of sufficient thickness, and should be built with an air space to prevent the transmission of heat. The joists should in no case be carried into the walls, but should be supported on corbel courses of brick, and connected with the walls only by wrought iron anchors. The windows and doors to be protected, as I have said, with fireproof shutters, and the roof to be of slate or metal. The use of roofs composed of coal tar, or other similar substances, should be prohibited by law in cities. Ordinary iron shutters are scarcely more fireproof than those of wood. They heat rapidly, warp from their fastenings, and admit the fire to the interior, and are in fact a means of facilitating the conflagration by obstructing the efforts of the fire department. I see no reason, however, why fireproof shutters should not be produced at a price that would place them within the reach of all."

"What do you think of dry pressed bricks?"

"I never had much experience with them, and I don't believe in them. They are certainly not so good as the ordinary kind. A very little experience with brick will show that the more thoroughly the clay is tempered the better the bricks are. One great trouble in obtaining good brick is in the disposition of brick makers to temper their clay enough."

"What do you think of terra cotta?"

"Terra cotta is a material to which I do not think sufficient attention has been given in this country, though in Europe many beautiful and durable specimens have been produced. I feel confident that it will be found, if properly made, one of the most desirable articles for the use of an architect in the erection of fireproof buildings. It should be used in a legitimate manner, and not as an imitation of cut stone."

A Negro Bank on the White Folks' Plan.

Sam Johnson, of New Orleans, was a great authority on the levees, and one day he called his satellites together and addressed them on the importance of adopting a fiscal policy more nearly resembling that which had raised to opulence their Caucasian neighbors. "Niggers," said he, "if you want to get rich you must save your money. You must have a bank. Dat's de way de white folks does." These words fell on a propitious soil. The project went into swift execution, and the earnings of the week were promptly forthcoming. "Niggers," says Sam, "I'll be de cashier; you must 'post de money wid me, and when you want any money draw out it. Dat's de way de white folks does." All went merrily for a while, and the depositors were highly elated about "de banks."

But by and by there began to be trouble with de deposits but with the drafts. It was found easier to get funds into this model institution than to get them out again, and Sam was compelled to face the angry customers and explain. "It's all right," says he; "de bank's only suspended, and in a few days she will 'again resume; dat's de way de white folks does." This expedient lasted but a little while, however; suspicions of fraud play day by day increased, and the storm was about to burst on the head of the great operator, when he found it expedient to gather once more his infuriated depositors, and "face de music" frankly. "Niggers," said he, "dar ain't no use a moufin about it. De money's spent, and de bank's broke, and dat's de way de white folks does!"

Parton is ungracious enough to remark that many American ladies, were they sentenced to be hanged to-morrow, would ask as their first question, "Have I a hanging dress?"

Miscellaneous Items.

Clara Louisa Kellogg is said to have closed a contract for fifty twenty nights in San Francisco for \$10,000 in gold.

The Burman Ambassador will have a pleasant reception at Buckingham Palace. He is the bearer of a gold necklace weighing ten pounds, as a present for Queen Victoria.

The tedious routine of flirtation, introduction, courtship, engagement and marriage was successfully gone through with by an Arkansas couple in thirty-six minutes.

"Indian Joe," a Piute medicine man, well known among the whites, was stricken to death by his tribe, having failed to restore to health two sick Indians. The practice of medicine among Indians evidently has its unpleasant features.

During a fire at Portsmouth, recently, a person whose residence was burned was awakened by a parrot calling the servant's name and screaming "fire." They barely had time to save their clothes and a portion of their furniture, and but for Polly might have been burned to death.

It was so cold in Chicago last week that the papers state everything froze up except the coal-bin. The editor of the *Post* says, "Our stove froze up so that we had to soak its feet in hot water this morning before we could get it to draw." A Yankee would ask where the hot water came from?

The *Helena Daily Montana Herald*, in view of the approaching leap year, publishes a list of eligible old bachelors in Helena, and follows with thirty or forty genuine names of citizens who are in the main, it says, "in a good state of preservation." The daring editor proposes to supplement the list with another of "all the old maids and marriageable young ladies in Helena."

Here is a mother-in-law of at least two-hundred power: A man whose home is in Wisconsin has been working at Negaunee, Mich., for some months. A week or so since he was taken dangerously sick. He sent for his wife to come and care for him. Now, the wife's mother is a Jew, and she sent her daughter to her languishing husband: "Dar Tim, mother is sick; I can't leave her. Do the best you can. If you die, send your body home."

Doctor O'Leary says that a girl can die of too much love as well as from too little. "If you ever see one of those dove pairs who are always 'my loving,' and 'my darling,' 'my duck,' 'my other,' says the doctor, 'you may rest it down that one or the other will die of heart disease or consumption within three months, and it is almost invariably the woman who dies. Those women,' he adds, 'who always scold and speak cross to their better halves—they never have the consumption or die of heart disease.'

This is the official report of a California vigilance committee: "We, the five hundred emigrants, quietly marched to the Justice's Court and demanded the prisoner. They refused to give him up. We, the five hundred emigrants, took him, tried him, condemned him, and hung him on the same tree he had murdered his victim under. Farewell, vain world," were his last words, as the male walked away and left him there. We, the five hundred emigrants, followed the male."

This is the way a Western editor welcomes a new-born contemporary: "We are sorry to receive No. 1 of the *Comanche County World*. The *World* is badly printed, and has a sickly, penny-dreadful appearance. Mr. John Smith, its publisher, is an idiot. If the 'leading men' of Comanche County are responsible for the foundation of this paper, they ought to be sent to the Penitentiary. We trust that this paper and save his money."

There are large numbers of very old and poor persons along the coast in the New England States. Many of the men followed the sea in their early manhood, and a large number of the women are widows of sailors and fishermen who barely got a living in their best days. Nantucket furnishes a noteworthy example of these classes. In the poorhouses of that town there are four hundred persons ranging from seventy-one to eighty-nine years old, whose aggregate ages amount to 1,139 years.

A lady in a town not a thousand miles away was considerably annoyed by hens who pecked the loose plastering from the wall. So one morning, while washing dishes, she thought she heard a hen pecking at the wall. She took a cloth in hand, she hastened to open the door, and giving her rag a warlike flourish, she uttered a tremendous "shoo-o-o!" Imagine her dismay at beholding, not the hens but a stranger, who, after wiping from his face the drops of dishwater with which he had been sprinkled, said in a perfectly frank voice, "Well, mame, if you've got any more spare rags, I should like to sell you some tinware for 'em."

A correspondent who has seen Miss Nilsson in New York, speaks of the gaunt, straight figure; the strong, pale face, with the hollow cheeks and the beautiful smile blooming on her lips like the kindly gray eyes; the majestic tones of the head, and the gait as firm and bold as a man's; but says that personally she is a very charming woman. Her manners are demurely French; she is a thorough-bred Parisian. She is perfectly easy, natural, and very graceful. When a gentleman is presented to her, she don't nod her head, as an American lady would, but gives her hand with a frank, pleasant smile, as if she had known him ever, ever so long. You are immediately at your ease. You will be prompted to say whatever comes uppermost in your mind, and she will look at you astonished with her fine, gray eyes, as if to say: "You dazzle me with your brilliant intellect." She is full of these artifices, which makes you think her, after having been in her company half an hour, the simplest, the frankest, the most charming woman in Christendom.

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