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VOL. II.

POETRY.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL BOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say. Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way When she was a girl (forty summers ago) Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt ! If I only would take her advice ! But I like my own way, and I find it so nice ! And besides I forget half the things I am told ; But they all will come back to me-when I am old

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt, He may chance to look in as I chance to look out : She would never endure an impertinent stare-It is horrid, she says, and I mnstn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I own, it it isn't quite safe to be walking alone ; So I take a lad's arm-just for safety, you know-But Aunt Tabitha tells my they didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then ! They kept at arm's length those detestable men ; What an ora of virtue she lived in !-But stay-Were the mon all such rornes in Aunt Tabitha's day

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa How he dared to propose to my darling mamma: Was he like the rest of them? Goodness ! Who knows And what shall I say, if a wrotch should propose ?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin. What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been And her grand-annt-it scares me-how shockingly

That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ; Let me perish--to rescue some wretched young Though when to the altar a victim I go. Aunt Tabitha'll tell me she nover did so !

Atlantic Monthly.

THE STORY-TELLER.

MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

They were a grave-looking group that were gathered in Dean Lindsay's best room that lovely June morning. First there was Dean Lindsay himself, always a prominent figure anywhere, from his tall, muscular form, and bold, resolute face. At his right, their elbows leaning on the table, whereon lay writ-ing materials, with sundry folded and creased papers, sat two men, one of them He had seemed so anxious for employ idly toying with a pen which he held in his hand. He was a slight, dark-skinned man, with short, bushy hair and whiskers-the latter of the mutton-chop whisters—the latter of the muton-thop style—and both of the color denomina-ted "pepper and salt," He had a bright, alert face, and clear, bluish-gray eyes, and his name was Mark Seldon, and his recover himself. calling attorney at law. The man at his side afforded the

strongest possible contrast. He was tall and loosely built, with a slight stoop in the heavy shoulders. He had a florid complexion, with small, sleepy-looking, pale-blue eyes, a beardless face, and long, lank, sandy hair, pushed behind his ears, said cars being modeled on a generous plan, as regarded size, and, if I genial flow of wit and spirits that Mr.

golden light; while away to the right a calm, "Mr. Wilson has done me the blue, sparkling river, sentineled with cottonwoods and sycamores, and over-hung with pale, translucent mists, that my girl is free to answer for herhung with pale, translucent mists, flashed and rippled between its velvety self-what shall it be, Della ?"

hashed and rippled between its velvety banks. No wonder Dean Lindsay shrank from the thought of this fair heritage being compromised; but there was no help for it, and he had got to make up bis mind to thish of it and unaverse will. his mind to think of it as no longer really his, but subject to Amos Wilson's authorder his low brows, his pale eyes burning with faint opaline tints. Involuntarily she shuddered and drew back. ity. He could hardly keep from groan-ing aloud as he ran over in his mind the "I do not love Mr. Wilson, father." half score or more of fine farms which belonged to Wilson, all of which had she said, faintly. "But you can learn to love him, Della?" he asked quickly, his lips first been mortgaged to him, as his was being now, to raise the necessary money twitching nervously. "No, father, I cannot," she answered, to keep them from being given up alto gether. And then, one after another, they had been given up, and Amos Wil-son was the possessor. Would *his* go in the same way? Would there be a few years of struggle with ill-luck—blight, and drouth, and mildew—and then his this time firmly. " I thank Mr. Wilson for the honor he has done me, but I do not love him, and you do not ask me to

marry a man I do not love, father ?" "No, my child, I do not ask that," he said, gently, but with a chord of sadness and disappointment in his voice. Poor Della! how suddenly the cloud wife and children be homeless? He started with a nervous shudder and glanced up. Amos Wilson was leaning had descended and enveloped her. With a little forward, looking steadily at Della, with a strange fire lighting his left the two men together. She knew

sheepy eyes. "The deed is ready for your signature what her refusal had meant to her father. She knew the load which chafed Mr. Lindsay," Seldon said, briskly, "yours and Mrs. Lindsay's." and fretted him so, might have been lifted with a simple movement of her His voice broke the weird spell which lips, and yet she had not -she could not had seemed to hold them, and Paul Lei -give it ! Dropping her blossoms as cester got up from his seat by the kitch-en door, and came and stood by the tashe went, she hurried out to a little arbor of wild vines in the garden, and there, alone with the pitying twilight and the stars, she sobbed out the first ble while the deed was signed, and the

noncy-seven hundred and fifty dollars -counted out and given to Mr. Lind-say, who, in turn, handed over the mort-gage of the homestead to Mr. Wilson. Then he turned abruptly and went out. Mr. Selden looked after him with his unick bright near hur no one doe on bitterness of her regret and pain. She heard Mr. Wilson come out and go away, and then, a little after, heard a step in the garden—a step that sent the blood in a fierce, sudden torrent to her

quick, bright eyes, but no one else apheart, and then to her cheeks. "You are not repenting so soon, Del-la?" and Paul Leicester came and took peared to notice it as being anything unusual that a hired man should intrude his presence upon such an occathe wet flushed face between his cool

palms, tenderly. "O, I couldn't marry that man !- why And now that business is over, I will should he ever think of such a thing? Della asked, pitifully. "And fathertake the opportunity of saying a word about this same Mr. Paul Leicester. She stopped abruptly, but he felt how First, he was a stranger in Dalton; e., he had been there but little over hot her cheeks grew against his hand, two months, having come early in April. and knew what she would have said. "He is rich, little Della."

"I know it," with a little choking ment, and offered to work so cheaply withal, and upon such easy terms-not asking for payment until Christmas-that Mr. Lindsay had thought it best to "And I am only your father's laborer : and yet I have dared love the same lady. What do you suppose she will say to my take him. He could not work the large

farm alone, and he was specially anxious presumption, if she refuses this rich man to do a good deal this season, to try to so cavalierly : "You ? O--O, Mr. Leicester! don't Mr. Leicester was not very much used mock me," and she broke down in anothto farm work, it was quite evident, but he was so ready to learn, and so quiet and persistent about everything he uner flood of tears, and Mr. Leicester comforted her with a great many fond words, which wouldn't look half as delightful and charming in print as they really were, from the fact that certain things he was so ready and persistent about everything he un-undertook, that Mr. Lindsay was de-lighted with his bargain. He was ex-tremely retieent at first, but by degrees he had grown more free, and once or twice had surprised them with such a contail flow of wit and spirits that Mr.

"You are not he-you are not Julian Richardson!" he gasped. "I am very much atraid I am that

'eccentric personage,'" he replied, laugh-ing. "I believe I was christened Julian Paul Richardson. When I received your letter I conceived the idea of visiting you, incog. Your second letter determined me, and, I must confess, I am thoroughly delighted at the success of my experiment," he added, with a bright smile upon Della, who clung to his arm, pale with wonder and excitement. writer,

"You see, Dean, I desired to know it you were worth helping-it's a foolish panied it. hobby of mine, always—and there was no other practicable way. I think we'll not have to trouble Mr. Wil on again, my good cousin! For, as I told you once before, I think we can manage to live some way-Della and I-can we not, my darling ?"

And for answer Della hid her face on his shoulder and cried, woman fashion.

Just a Question or Two.

An exchange thus descants upon printng office bores, hitting the mark so fairy on the head, we cannot fail to appreciate, endorse and copy. Here are a few of the innumerable questions which

printers are called upon to answer ; Do you print both sides of the paper at once How long does it take to make a news-

paper? you write everything you Suppose

print, don't you ? Why are those boxes of different sizes, and how do you know where to find a

certain letter ? Can't you print a picture of anything you want to? I should think you could. Why can't you?

(After printing some horse bills for a nan not long ago, he found fault with them because the 'cut' was not like his horse. On another occasion, a gentle-man came to us with the information that he had left his horse in front of the office, and he wanted a picture of it taken and some bills printed). If you print one hundred bills for \$3, I suppose you will let me have four for twelve cents?

noint the body, or the result of a cause unknown, the fact that a cure is alleged I should think it would be fun to be an editor-you don't do anything but sit down and read newspapers and stoshould stimulate investigation into the ries all day ? real cause. It is, we believe, very rare

that an unfavorable prognosis, Do you throw away your type after you have printed upon it once? You don't care if I take a handful of

this type, do you? It can't be very hard to set type all day-is it, now?

Can't I help you print something ? I wish you would print my name for me; it wouldn't be much trouble to print off just one name. What is this for? what do you days recovered without the formation of a single pustule.

There is, of course, the possibility that there was a mistake in diagnosis, and with that? what makes that look so funny? what are you going to do now ? what for ? why? what makes you keep that the disease was not really small so still? You don't care if a fellow just pox, yet this seems rather improbable.

Sulphite of Soda as a Remedy for Small varioloid. I administered to my patient 15 grains of the soda sulphice, dissolved (From the Scientific American.)

in milk well sweetened, every three hours. I also had her entire body oiled We publish below a very interesting effectually with crude petroleum applied with the bare hand. letter upon this subject, the writer of which desires his name to be suppressed, as he does not wish to detract from the

Advocate.

The next morning the eruption was absolutely killed and dry ; and the disforce of his statements by creating an ease broken up, to the wonder and, I need scarcely add, the great relief of all impression that he is puffing a nostrum from personal motives. Though perinterested. As no pustules had had time sonally unknown to us, we have formed to form, not the least trace of the erupa high opinion of the candor of this tion remained ; and in a few days my child was as well as ever. both from the communication itself and the private letter that accom-

When the "seventeen year locust" abounded in this region, it was found The statements made are in the highthat the sting of the male locust was so est degree remarkable. Small pox has poisonous as to produce serious' and, in some cases noted, even fatal effects. A so long been considered an income hu-disease, not to be arrested by any huservant girl in a my family trod upon a man means when once its virus has en-tered the circulation of those unprotectlocust, and the sting had to be withdrawn with tweezers. The girl scream-ed with agony, and said it was "worse than forty bee stings." I gave her about 15 grains of the soda sulphice, and kept the wound wet with a cloth dipped freed by vaccination or previous attacks of the same complaint, that the announcement of even a single successful cure will arrest public attention at

quently in a mixture of equal parts of spirits ammonia, alcohol, and strong water solution of the solar sulphice. Al-The remedy named, sulphite of soda, has been growing in favor for some time as an antidote for blood poisons, hough her foot had swollen amazingly which act seemingly like ferments; and before I had time to prepare my remewe have ourselves witnessed apparently happy effects produced by its use in dies, yet it stopped swelling at once af-ter the first dose and application. A sharp pain-went through the foot occacomplaints supposed to arise from such poisons. Its value in this class of dissionally, but in a few hours the swelling cases has been so far demonstrated that and pain were entirely gone. it has been made an officinal remedy.

When my interest was first excited by If we are to credit the statements of the article referred to, concerning the our correspondent, a most astonishing effect upon the small pox poison was produced by something, which, if it was not the *sodo sulphis*, ought to be most soda sulphice, I urged a prominent druggist to send for it. He consented, stating, as far as I remember, that I should have to wait some time for it, as he earnestly sought. We are not aware should have to order it through a Lonthat any spontaneous resolution of this don house. I received it in due time, terrible disease ever has taken place, of a labelled as above. character that could be mistaken for the

I have, since that first supply was excure ascribed to the action of the drug under consideration. The drug produces in proper doses no effects to be feared, prefer the foreign (French) article, as and therefore can be made the subject of the American contains a larger percentexperiment without danger to patients. age of sulphuric acid, and is, in fact, a Its merits, therefore, as a small pox remposulphate. However, this now offiedy ought to be at once thoroughly tested, and if it should be found that the nal preparation is equally efficacious. I used the soda sulphics with perfect success, in cases of ulceration and as a cure alluded to was probably an effect of the crude petroleum employed to anwash for scrofulous discharges of the eyes and glands, at the same time administering it internally, in doses varying from 10 to 30 grains, three times a

based upon the acuteness of pain in the head and back in attacks of small pox, fails I would strongly urge the use of the crude potroleum in connection with the sodat sulphis, for variola and all its modi-fied forms ; and in the treatment of to be verified. In the particular case described, these bad symptoms were strongly marked, yet the patient, the next day after the character of the com-plaint was deemed established by the ease, whatever its nature may be. The beneficial effect of oiling the skin is well eruption, was convalascent, and in a few known.

The "crude oil" I use is that sold here in Pittsburgh under the name of "Kiers grew firmly to the stumps, leaving only Petroleum." Several varieties of crude petroleum can be got, on inquiry, that ornamental as ever. are so clear and pure as to be available for many purposes without refining. Of

Facts and Figures.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NO. 2.

They tell us of a railway in Kentucky whereon the locomotives are assisted up steep grades by a yoke of oxen.

A blushing bride at North Platte handed her marriage certificate to the conductor, instead of her ticket, and was horrified to hear the announcement that it wasn't good.

Cleveland oil refineries in the winter run their refuse oil under the ice in the harbor. The Plaindealer placidly re-marks " that is why the lake water tastes so badly now."

A firm of button makers in Birmingham, England, surprised their workmen New Year's Day by dividing among them a proportion of the profits of their business. The amounts ranged from £1 to £4 per head.

A little four-year-old of Bristol went to Providence the other day, and in the depot was accosted by a Quaker lady, who asked, "How old art thou, little girl?" She looked up in the face of the Quakeress and replied: "I'm not art thou—I'm little Jennie."

By the death of a rich uncle in New Orleans, Miss Nellie Mellon, lately employed in a millinery shop in East Saginaw, Mich., has fallen heiress to a for-tune of \$200,000. Miss Mellon for sev-eral years has supported her widowed mother by her own exertions.

A Sheboygan (Wisconsin) woman en-tered a saloon the other evening where her husband was carousing, and after expostulating with a broomstick to the barkeeper and two or three other men in the place, soundly whaled her hus-band, and then led him home by the collar.

The Chicago Times says of the stringent hausted, made use of the American pre-paration, the sulphite of soda; but I of Illinois: "It's a nice law, this new temperance statute. You can get drunk, larrup your wife and knock smithereens out of the furniture, and then make the man who sold you the virus pay all the damage.

A firm in Sheffield, England, has just succeeded in rolling the largest armor plates ever made. The plates are intended to protect the turrets of the great war ship Devastation, which is being built at Portsmouth. Each plate weighs twenty-four tons and measures twenty feet in length, nine feet in breadth, and eight inches in thickness.

The most remarkable achievement in surgery which we have seen recorded of measles, scarlatina, or any cruptive dis- late was that of the Delaware wood chopper, who cut off two of his toes and carried them several miles in his pocket. and then had them tied on again. If the story be true the severed members a slight scar, and are now as useful and

> There is a French astronomer, Plantamour by name, who has conjured up a terrible comet that is to strike this earth

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1872.

Pox.

may use the expression, placed in the most favorable possible light to show advantageously. And, as he carried his head a little down, they gave him the see what sent him there-a man of his abilities.

appearance of listening covertly, with-out seeming interested. This man's name was Wilson-Amos Wilson, and, though you might not think it from his dress or general appearance, a rich man. I mean, of course, rich for his locality. He might not have been rich for New York, but for Dalton, a small, western of food, to make no mention of garments, township, he was a perfect Crossus. that will wax old. Added to this was a

Besides those, there was a small collong and severe illness, lasting all winony of young Landsays, in assorted ter, and running him behind to such an sizes, the largest of which, pretty Della Lindsay, stood behind her mother's extent that he saw no other way to go on with his work than to hire money. chair, her arm thrown over her shoulder This it was next to impossible to do, and in a pretty, protecting way. Mrs. Lindafter some pretty severe struggles with say had been an invalid since Harry's birth, four years, and Della was practi-cally at the head of the household. It his pride, he so far overcame it as to write to Julian Richardson, a second cousin, living in New Orleans, and rewas, moreover, no light thing to be at puted very wealthy. He had never seen him, but had heard that he was unthe head of this household. There were, besides herself, seven children, which with her father and mother and Paul so in this strait he ventured to appeal to Leicester, who had been with her father him. He wrote the first letter in Febfor the summer, just eleven in the famiruary, but it was unanswered. After ly. Added to this was the care of a waiting in a state of nervous anxiety dairy of a dozen cows, and added to this, and suspense two or three weeks, he wrote again. This time his letter was the fact that the state of their finances would not admit of their keeping a serreturned, after being opened, but withvant. And this question of finances brings me to the real subject of my out a line or word in answer. He struggled along a month or two more, and then he went to see Amos Wilson, with

story. "You'll excuse me, Wilson, for being a "You'll excuse me, Wilson, for being," little down-hearted about this thing," Mr. Lindsay said, with a faint, deprecating smile. "It seems like signing away my heart's blood to give a stranger a claim on the old homestead

A slow red burned itself through Amos Wilson's cheek. "I wish you wouldn't speak of me as a stranger, instily, with an involuntary he said. glance at Della, which no one but Paul Leicester saw. beautiful dream.

"I meant any one not a relative. Mr. replied Lindsay, soberly. Wilson." You know I had hope of help from my cousin in New Orleans. I mentioned it to you."

Mr. Wilson listened, and nodded thoughtfully.

"Well, the fact that I have applied to you shows that that hope has failed me, and so we'll say nothing more about it. Perhaps you had better write the deed, now, Mr. Seldon."

Mr. Seldon bowed pleasantly, dipped his pen in the ink, and for a while the brown eyes and wild-rose cheeks were lifted to his face. "Della, my dear, I want you a mo-ment," her father said, coming out into faint scratch of the pen on the paper, and the loud ticking of the kitchen clock, were the only sounds in the the entry. house.

Without a word she followed him in Mr. Lindsay leaned his face on his hand and looked steadily on the floor, the slight twitching of the muscles about the blossoms still in her hands, and some of them dropping to the floor as she walked.

the mouth being the only sign of emo-tion one could discover, Mrs. Lindsay, "Come in this way, my child," Mr Lindsay said, passing before her and opening the door into the parlor, where, white and still as a statue, her face a little drooping, sat a few feet at the left of her husband, while Della retained sharply outlined against the sunset sky, stood Amos Wilson, his back to the winher old position by her mother's chair, a troubled shadow in the soft, brown eyes, ing in bold relief against the light. Somehow the feeling of depression and over the sweet young face. Harry, awed and perplexed, hid his face in the which had so weighed her down on the day when the homestead was mortgaged, folds of her dress, while in a little group at the open window were gathered the rest of the children. come upon her again, and she felt the color leaving her face, and felt her lips

How unnaturally still it was! How growing white and rigid. Mr. Lindsay closed the door care in contrast to the freshness and brightfully and came forward to his daughter's ness of the sky and air ! Looking from the open windows one saw long reaches of softly-undulating prairie, bathed in side "Della," he said, struggling to appear

By and by it grew chilly, and the damp mists came up from the river, and And now a word in regard to Mr. Mr. Leicester said, Della must go in, Lindsay's embarrassments. For three though she, foolish child, would have tarried there, gladly, nor thought of damp or chill, if it had been January consecutive seasons the harvests had been extremely light in his section, scarcely paying for the outlay of money instead of August, if he was only there. and labor, to say nothing of profit. Ther "I want to see your father, too, Delthe expense of living was considerable, for ten persons require no small amount

the final result I have heretofore de-

scribed.

la," he said, and so they went in. Mr. Lindsay sat by the kitchen table, his arms crossed and leaning on it, and before him, scattered about, sundry bills, papers, etc. He looked up, then made a motion to gather them up. Mr. Leicester drew Della's arm through his, and came quickly forward. "Mr. Lindsay, I love your daughter and she loves me," he said, in a steady,

assured voice. "I know Mr. Wilson would be more acceptable to you, but I think you are too much of a gentleman to object to me on property grounds. seen him, but had heard that he was un-married, and somewhat eccentric. And and I-somehow. What do you say to 118 2

Mr. Lindsay glanced from the radiant, blushing face of his daughter, to the strong, quiet one beside her, and, though it cost him a little effort, he said, cheerfully "I will add my blessing, if that is

what you ask. God knows that my child's happiness is more to me than money-a thousand times!" Paul Leicester's face softened into a

rare smile. "You are a brave man, The days slipped away like golden Dean Lindsay," he said warmly, his eyes sands, and the summer grew in beauty and brightness to Della Lindsay. The kindling, " and you shall never be sorry for having trusted me."

Mr. Leicester begged for an early sunshine fell into her heart as soft ly as it lapped the green, blossomy hills. wedding-day, and soon won Della to The daily drudgery of toil became sudhis side by his eloquence and persistence. "It was as well, perhaps, now as any time," Mr. Lindsay thought, and also yielded. And Mrs. Lindsay had too denly lightened and illumined by this same golden glow, and the world grew dear, and life looked only a sweet and long leaned upon and deferred to Della Into this supreme atmosphere one day to think of objecting to anything she

sudden cloud broke. If it had been asked, and so it was arranged for the last week in September. Two weeks before the time Mr. Leicester said it no larger than a man's hand, for weeks, she had not discovered it, and was, therefore, totally unprepared for the great would be necessary for him to be away darkness that came upon her. She had a week, and, without mentioning his returned from a long ramble over the destination, he took his departure. week passed, then ten days, and he neither came nor wrote to them. And prairie, her hands loaded with blossoms, and stood by the door, describing their then it lacked but one of the day fixed names and habits to Paul Leicester, whose grave face was softened into a for the wedding, and Della grew nerrare, tender smile, whenever the pretty vous, and Mr. Lindsay angry. But the afternoon brought the truant, who, with a bright smile, said he was delayed by

business. "By the way," he added, taking a folded paper from his pocket, and tossing it to Mr. Lindsay, "I saw Mr. Wilson as I came along."

"The mortgage deed." exclaimed Lindsay, looking perplexed. "Yes. It's no more than fair I should

The

make you some present when you have so generously given me this dear girl," putting his arm about Della. "But I don't understand. I-I-

"Thought I was a poor fellow," finished Leicester, smiling. I know you did, and I will add that I have been to considerable trouble to give you that impression-learning farming for instance! Do you remember that, Dean ?" he asked, abrupily, tossing a letter upon the table. It was the first letter he had written' to his cousin in New

Orleans Mr. Lindsay rose to his feet, white and trembling.

talks, do you ?

By the time a man goes through with this list of questions, his company becomes so monotonous that he cannot fail to perceive its effects upon the listeners, and he walks off with the impression that we have treated him unkindly and impolitely.

All the above is to the point, and when the questioner takes the hint and leaves of his own accord, we feel serene.

But then, when, as occurred with us the other day, a man comes in with a 32-page pamphlet, with the backs torn off, and insists on us printing him a copy of that same, backs and title-page in cluded, for ten cents, because that is all the original copy cost him, we feel disposed to explain to him the quickest method of getting down stairs, free of charge

Necessity of Sleep.

There are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. Sleeplessness becomes a disease, and is result. the precursor of insanity. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and our waking hours as the image of life. Sleep is not like death ; for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Sleep repairs the waste which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair-shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues and substances are replenished. Waking consumes and exhausts; sleep replaces and repairs. A man who would be a good worker must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he had provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality

of sleep. Men need, on an average eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine ; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause is regularly diminishing his sleep, is de-stroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and

he will die. There is a great deal of intemperance besides that of tobacco opium or brandy. Men are dissipated who overtax their system all day, and undersleep every night. A man who dies of delirium tremens is no more a drunkard and a suicide than the minister, the lawyer, the merchant, the editor, or the printer, that works excessively all

A witness in court who had been cauioned to give a precise answer to every

terrogated as follows: "You drive a satory," 1871, thirteenth editorial article wagon ?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, -"Sodae sulphis." "Now, sir, I put it to you on your eath: "Now, sir, I put it to you on your eath: Do you drive a wagen?" "No, sir." "What is your occupation, then?" "I

drive a horse.'

The hope that a cure, for such a scourge as small pox, may be discovered prompts us to call particular attention to the city.

As the latest edition of the "United States Dispensatory" may not be within letter of our correspondent; and we most sincerely wish that the reach of all interested, I subjoin, from supposed efficacy of this simple remedy may be my copy (1871) a portion of what is said demonstrated to be a verity. of the remedy-soila sulphice-under the

tion.

such cases.

with the highest in efficiency.

description of the article, pp. 826, 827. A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX, BY ONE WHO "Sulphite of soda, (sodar sulphis). This HAS TRIED IT.

The following was written several months ago, but was not forwarded, as Pharmacopœia.' the press has been teeming with small pox "cures" which are generally so evidently worthless that I hesitated putting my little communication among the prescriptions; feeling almost sure it would meet with no more attention than is accorded to the many, placed daily before the prudently incredulous reader.

But I find it impossible to resist the conviction on my part that to withhold any longer from the public my knowledge of a remedy-or mode of treatment-for variola and its modifications, would be criminal, as well as weak, in view of my confidence as to a successful

Some years ago I had a case of varioloid, in my family, contracted from ac-tual contagion, but not from strictly immediate contact with variola. Th patient, my daughter, a child nine years old, carried a muff to church, the day after her mother had loaned it for a short time to a young lady friend in the cars. This lady had just recovered, apparently entirely, from small pox contracted from her brother, who had returned home from the army convalescent, but during the period of active desquamation, after a recent and almost fatal

attack of small pox. Precisely ten days after my daughter carried the muff, on the eve of the tenth day, she was quite ill from a complication of symptoms. The next morning I noticed a number of spots on her skin, alarmingly suggestive of variola. Not having had any experience of such a case I consulted a friend, a physician, who at once pronounced her disorder varioloid. He thought, too, that it would prove a severe case, as the symp-toms, namely, fever, back ache, headache, nausea, and the general appearance of the eruption, warranted such diagnosis.

I took the case pretty much into my own hands, as I had at once resolved to

French College of Surgeons, and were with a man, or hate him, it is not hard question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was into go to him and stab him with words but so to love a man that you can not bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words-that is friendship.

few have such friends. Our enemie usually teach us what we are at the point of the sword. "Faithful are the as occasion gave opportunity and always "I with satisfactory results. To resume the subject of my case of enemy are deceitful." wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an

this article there is, fortunately,

on the 12th of August next, and knock it utterly out of time. We are truly sorry for this, for we had some cherished plans that we cannot possibly carry out before that time. However, it occurs to us that we have heard of this direful chimera before, and that it has failed to keep one or more appointments for ex-tinguishing this globe. We shall cher ish the hope that it will prove intracta salt was first adopted as officinal in the present edition of the 'United States ble this time, and that Plantamour can "Medicinal uses. Sulphite of soda

not induce it to work out his malignant has been used in cases of yeasty vomitpurpose. ing with remarkable success. The mat-

The Chicago Post's Plains corresponter vomited in these cases has a yeasty dent writes: "I never saw so many Indians in my life. I should think there appearance on the surface, and is gener ally found to contain-when examined were a million at least. I won't take the microscope-two microscopic off an Indian ; though several of them fungi called sarcina ventriculi and toruli will get taken off before spring if cerevisia. The diseases, in which these medicines (the sulphites) have been re-General Palmer moves westward. are dressed mostly in blankets and bear's commended, are purulent infection, of grease. They are a confiding people. Yesterday a squad of thirteen came into our tent, and the oldest availed himself whatever origin ; malignant pustules ; hospital gangrene ; crysipelas and other exanthematous fevers; malarial and miasmatic fevers; and in fine, all disof the right of seniority by sitting down on our hot box-stove, which he mistook eases which may be supposed to depend for a valise. He was very much surprison absorbed poisons not acting on the ed, and the quartermaster has been istissues, but by a species of fermentasuing laudanum poultices ever since.

In Texas a lively competition seems to be going on in the production of weighty infants. Waco County first put cers, and all suppurative affections of the mucous membranes, as of the throat ; in a claim for the championship because the bronchial tubes, through inhalation it could show a baby eight months old that weighed thirty pounds, whereupon by the atomizer ; the urinary passages and the alimentary canal ; and in any Montgomery County came forward with case where there is reason to think that the local affection is sustained by zymota promising fellow only six months ic influence or invisible organisms, (parold who weighed thirty-five pounds. asitic, vegetable or animal); and in any disease in which purulent infection of the blood may be produced by the same asitic, vegetable or animal) ; and in any cause. They almost act as specifies in weighs thirty-nine pounds at six months old. The other counties have not been "At vertain stages of cancer they heard from, but we presume the finest operate in the same way, by obviating specimens of elephantine babyhood stillthe effects of putrid fermentations." blush unseen.'

Dr. Farnsworth says, in an article or The Pure Milk Movement is still kept the influence of drugs upon larra and up in Boston. Before a private meeting insect life in standing water : "A soof ladies and gentlemen recently held to lution of soda sulphite destroyed the inconsider the subject, the Rev. E. E. Hale habitants of the water in one glass, in stated (and he is perfectly responsible for his statements) that the middlemen or contractors do what they please with two hours," etc. By comparing the effects of the different drugs, the Dr. shows that the soda sulphite takes rank the milk before it reaches the consumer; that they do please, in the first place, to Thus we have evidence that the soda take off all the cream; that they add sulphite is an agent (just beginning to water and a mixture of burnt sugar to give color, and then of salt and plain be appreciated) that can be relied on in exterminating noxious parasitic life ; also animalcules, that produce or follow sugar to rectify the flavor ; that the popular taste has become so perverted that upon various diseases ; as a remedy for ulcers and sores, for nausea, and vomitthis vile mess is preferred to the genuine fluid ; that this spurious milk causes a ing ; for eruptive diseases ; for poisonfearful mortality among children. Mrs. Caroline H. Dall submitted a report ous stings and bites ; and at the same time possessing no injurious properties from a sub-committee, setting forth an whatever, when made use of, internally alarming mortality among the young from the use of impure milk, and stating or externally, in reasonable proportion that the profit of the contractors . was nearly 100 per cent. Dr. Jarvis corrobo-TRUE FRIENDSHIP.-It is one of the rated former statements regarding the severest tests of friendship to tell your infant mortality. The Rev. Mr. Angier cited the example of two families in New York, both known to him, one of which was fed upon pure and the other upon adulterated milk. The members of the first "were manly, healthy, robust, happy," and these of the other "thin, dyspeptic, cadaverous." The plan adopt-ed by the meeting is to buy milk direct-ly of the producers, to be supplied regularly on city routes by an Association, thus taking the business as much as pos-sible out of the hands of the middlemen,

pursue a line of treatment entirely different from that usually employed in such cases. Some time in the year 1861, I read in a number of the Scientific American (of that year), that a new remedy, discovered by a French chemist, namely, sodar sulphice, was attracting great attention in certain quarters from its success in the treatment of ulcera-

or the printer, that works excessively all day and sleeps but little all night.—II. W. Beecher. Iton, etc., and more particular well-at-having cured entirely several well-at-tested cases of hydrophobia. Its many

and quantity. valuable properties were fully discussed friend of his faults. If you are angry verified, and freely endorsed by the