VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1872.

## POETRY.

NEXT YEAR.

BY LOUISE CHANDLES MOULTON.

- Tue back is singing gayly in the mendow The sun is rising o'er the distant hills, But she is gone, the music of whose talking
- Was sweeter than the tones of summer rills.

  Sometimes I see the blue-beils blooming in the forest
  And think of her blue eyes:
- Tis but the wind's low sighs.
- I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard.

  And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair; And, sometimes, round the sinless lips of childho Breaks forth a smile such as sho used to wear.
- But never any pleasant thing around, above us, Seems to me like her love— More lofty than the skies that bend and brighter
- More constant that, the dove. She walks no more beside me in the morning, She meets me not on any summer eve : But ones, at night, I heard a low voice calling
- Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the meadow
- I shall not hear their tone. But she, in the dim, far-off country of the stranger. Will walk no more alone

# THE STORY-TELLER.

THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fair-weather, "she has had much to harden to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know how she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

That must have been very improv ing to her disposition," replied Mrs. Pairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you should remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood her-Flowers grow where there is sun-

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," replied Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue called her the neigh-

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fair weather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in front. The very first day she took possession of her new hab-itation she called on the neighbor-inlaw. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own coal and wood arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street. I don't like to have my

house slopped all over."
"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "It is extremely pleasant to have neat weighbors. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came merely to say good morning, and to ask you if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while am getting my farniture in order.

will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty began to purse up he mouth for a refusal; but the promise of stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, good or evil. and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty "and see that you keep at work the whole time; if I hear one word of com-plaint you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she

answered, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "Mind how you do that; if you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice, handy little girl you

Under these enlivening influence Peggy worked like a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the By and by you shall hear my

This opened wide the windows of the little shut up heart, so that the sunshine | plague your neighbors."

could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carroling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of thing a music box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to She kept to work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resem-bled a box.

At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat tesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewed about. "Is that a little bird," she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he: Is he in this The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music box; and after a while she opened it and explain-ed what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called

The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children."

Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt temper does not prove too much even for your good nature it will surprise all Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus who know her. We lived there a assured, she gave herself up to the full year, and that is as long as anybody ever enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relaher. Her mother died too early for her tive. When the labors of the day were oncluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had, borrowed the savings of her years had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence.

"It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty. "If I had heard any complaint I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed

without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was "If you call it feeding and clothing," whether the new neighbor should want replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened that it should be so soon became obvious all the time as if she were chased by the cast wind. I used to tell Miss Turn-jealousy and dislike of a person who so all the time as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives ther a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

It to Aunt Hetty, and excited undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging what were her motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and the time as if the wind would not blow it about, and the time as if the wind would not blow it about, and the time as if the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives he ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty, and excited undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging what were her motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and the court of the she received a box on the ear for her impertinence.

It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then, step-ping into the court after arranging di-vers little matters, she called aloud to leave that pile of dirt here ? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up; I thing nice about the premises. She is particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors."

The girl who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with orush and dustpan, and swept quietly way the pile, that was intended as a

declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance pre sented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that look-ed as if she were often kicked and seldom fed ; Mrs. Fairweather also had a fat frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to povertystricken Tab the first time he saw her and no coaxing could induce him to al-ter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of beha vior in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of the door without being saluted with a growl, and a sharp bark that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run in the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to dose a little on her own doorstep, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and on he would run.

Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a neighbors' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink steadily resolved that he would be scalded first; that he would. could not have been more firm in his opposition if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in christianity. While his mistress was petting Tab on the head and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration but the moment he was left to his own free will he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occa-sions she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip and the forefinger of the other making very

wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer,' said she; "I'll poison that dog, you'll see if I don't, and I shan't wait long either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to

"What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat ?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I said poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor Pink because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarreling with some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little cour- I will send him out into the country to the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peg-gy, whom she praised as a remarkable capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," said Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her if I did not keep the switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung before the donkey's nose, and he set off on a brisk trot in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that

have plenty of turnips to spare."
"For the matter of that," answered
Mrs. Cairweather, whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is very easy to decide which is the most economical. neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mold before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you are a neighber. I thank you a thousand times."
When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, see-

foolish little beast," said she, "what is the use of plaguing poor Tab ?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smilquite unintentionally, heard the words ing, " you are a master woman for stop-

ping a quarrel." "I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning I was looking out her domestic, Sally, "How came you to of the window into my father's barnyard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings when a wouldn't have her see it on any account. slight thing irritates both man and I told her I would try to keep every- beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek till one of the cows attempted to turn around. In making the attempt, she happened to hit the next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with all fury. mother laughed and said, "See what comes of kicking when you're hit." Just se I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterward if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit and you will save

yourself and others a deal of trouble.' That same afternoon the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Har-lem on business," said she. "I feel rather lonely without company and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus.

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their educa-"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books.

The fresh air will make Peggy grow

stout and active. I prophesy she will do

great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remem brance of the sugared pie touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that the new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she had read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed only as a child can enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and nature folds the young heart lovingly to her bosom. A flock of real pirds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstacy. She pointed to the field covered with dandeions, and said, "See how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stinted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human

and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant time; and when winter came she tried to persuade her that singing

soul has the germ of some flowers within,

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab." would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into the consumption.

the consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she, and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's

voices. The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased invitation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like the dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only processor to say "When you have only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done," bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point, but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose bush, Neighno room to plant this rose bush, Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room and will need no care." At another time she would say, "Well really, my ground is too full. Here is a root of lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good natured little thing. Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded with flowers; and she even declared of her own accord that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon

Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed grown yard bright and blooming. Tab. quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw upon Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work as blithe as a bird. "How cheerful you look here," said

Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray how do you manage to get on with the neighbor-in-law ?

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Well that is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Het-

ty's heart." That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy and there will not

be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wiekednesss there is." From this gospel of joy preached and practiced, nobody derived se much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of onstraint and fear, straightened up, oudded and blossomed in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness. Her

affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness heart made her almost handsome The young music teacher thought her more than almost handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others and love make

all things beautiful. When the orphan moved to her leasant little cottage on her wedding lay, she threw her arms round the bles missionary of sunshine, and said-Ah, thou dear, good aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather.— Mrs. L. M. Child.

### Force of Imagination.

An esteemed friend of ours heard nuch of the medical properties of the waters of a certain spring some distance from where she resided. She had read pamphlet that enumerated many seases, from which she recognized at least half a dozen with which afflicted. To her great joy she was told that her son had to call at the very town where the spring was located, and five-gallon keg and a strict injunction were laid upon him to bring back some

of the water. The keg was put in the wagon, and dipping under the seat was quite overooked. The business was urgent, and took some time to perform it, water was quite forgotten. He had got near home in the evening, when feeling down under the seat for something, his hand struck the keg. To go back was not to be thought of, and to stupidity was impossible. He therefore drew up his horse by the side of a wall, near which was the old sweep well from which the family had drank for a century, and filling the keg went home. The first question was:

"Did you get that water?"
"Yes," said he; "but darned if I any difference in it from any other water." And he brought in the keg. A cup was handed the invalid, drank with infinite relish, and said she was surprised at her son's not seeing a difference. There was undoubtedly a medical taste about it, and it dried up as other water did, which she had always heard of mineral water. Her son hoped it would do her good, and by the time the keg was exhausted she was ready to give a certificate of the value of the water, it having relieved her of all her ails.

The Japanese Ambassadors exhibited a specimen of heathen charity by giving \$5,000 while in Chicago for the benefit of sufferers from the fire. This kind of charity appears to be substantially the same as the Christian article.

#### In a Deserted Mine.

The Nevada Enterprise relates the thrilling experience of a man who went alone to explore an old and abandoned The following is a graphic pasmine.

"A ghastly place he found the level. The timbers were hung with great festoons of a peculiar fungus, resembling the moss of the live oak, but white as snow. Upon those festoons rested glo-blues of moisture which were trans-parent as distilled water, and which sparkled like myriads of diamonds. All form ong that twisted about like rams' horns, and wore crowns of the size of a broad hat rim. They mingled with the mossy formation, grew pendant from the roof of the drifts, hung out from the 'lagging' and sprouted up from the base of the side supports—in short, in places so filled the old drifts that it was necessary

It begets a those who is connected to the drifts, hung out from the base of the side supports—in short, in places so filled the old drifts that it was necessary to crush through them. For an hour the mazes of the level, more intricate than the labyrinths of Crete, or at least compunction. He builds again that than that of Woodstock, in which, as which his sons shall raze or sell, regardthat that of woodstock, in which, as the story goes, fair Rosamond was imprisoned, but no store of precious ore could he find. At length, in crowding his way through some fallen timbers in ever. Almost all our building is for the a tumble-down chamber, the whole came down behind him, followed by a tremen-dous cave of earth, which blew out his candle and blocked the way behind him, completely cutting off his retreat

the incline, and was congratulating himself that he had recovered from his former childish fears of goblins, when upon elevating his candle above his ed by still more despairing shricks from every cavern in the mine—he dropped his candle. Standing squarely before him in the middle of the passage, he had seen a tall man of most venerable appearance. His hair and beard were of snowy whiteness, and the latter reached far below his waist; his flowing robe was also white, but his face was black as ink. In the involuntary act of covering his eyes to shut from his sight the fearful thing, his candle was drop-ped, and it was some moments before he could gain courage to remove his hands and again look before him. When he did so he was more frightened than be-fore at what he beheld. The apparition was still there, but ten times more terrible than before. It appeared a living, glowing flame, except the face, which was, if possible, blacker than before. More dead than alive, he stopped and groped about till he found his candle; then with trembling hands he lighted he felt to be little short of impudent, he boldly faced about and held up his from above, and which was completely clothed in the white fungus he had seen He examined it minutely and was astonished that it should have given him a few years at furthest, cease to occupy. so much of in other parts of the mine. and in a place where he did not look for timber in any garb. By shading his

# owing to a pho-phorescent light given out by the reeking fungus."

candle he soon discovered that the fierce appearance it had worn in the dark was

Things to be Remembered. Edward Everett became overheated in testifying in a court room, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draught of air until his turn came to speak. "But my hands and feet were ce, my lungs on fire. In this condition I had to spend three hours in the court room." He died in less than a week from thus checking the perspiration. It

was enough to kill any man. Professor Mitchell, while in a state of perspiration in yellow fever, the certain sign of recovery, left his bed, went into another room, became chilled in a mo-

ment, and died the same night. If, while perspiring or warmer than usual from exercise, or in a heated room, there is a sudden exposure to chill air or raw, damp atmosphere, or a draught, whether at window or door, or street corner, the inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the pores of the skin, by which the waste and impure matter, which was making its way out of the system, is compelled to seek an exit through some weaker part. To illustrate: A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware but wishing first to get her an orange, she ran to the bank of the river, and on return to the boat found herself much for it was summer; but there was a little wind on the water and her clothes soon felt cold, which produced a cold which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consump-

A Boston ship owner, while on the deck of one of his vessels, thought he would lend a hand in some emergency, and pulled off his coat, worked with a will until he perspired freely, when he sat down to rest a while, enjoying delicious breeze from the sea. On at-tempting to rise he found himself unable, and was so stiff in his joints that he had to be carried home and put to bed, which he did not leave until the end of two months, when he was barely able to hobble down to the wharf on crutches.

Mulititudes of wemen lose health every year, in one or more ways by busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa without covering, and perhaps changing the dress for a common one, as soon as they enter the house after shopping. The rule should be invariably to go at once into a warm room, and keep on all the clothing for at least ten minntes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weather, if you have to walk or ride on an occasion. the riding first .- Dr. Hall.

#### American Homesteads.

There is a peculiar charm about old houses, which is seldom felt in America. In Europe, one finds everywhere quaint old buildings, in which generation after generation have been born and reared, and have married and died. Every nook and corner of the building is clustered over with memories and associations. The change of such a mansion from the possession of one family into that of another is regarded as a humiliation, and mourned as a disaster. This feeling is not without a salutary moral effect. It culthese growths, however, were not of the form described. Some resembled exaggerated mushrooms; had stems a yard from father to son, is sought to be maintained through successive generations. It begets a sentiment of unity, among those who bear the same name and are connected by ties of blood, which strengthens these ties, and tends more or less to make each regardful of the inter-

But here in America there are, as to crush through them. For an hour ormore our adventurer wandered through what the father built, or passes it into other hands with little or no regret or present. We erect with a view to tearand temporary expediency, which of-fends cultivated taste, and goes far to He now started to find the mouth of justify the assertion that American architecture as an art is scarcely to be met with in our homes.

It is true there are some fine and costly residences scattered about through narrow passage in advance, there suddenly rose before him a most frightful frame buildings, with scarcely an appearance of design, offend the eye by unparance of design. glaring white or dingy mud colored exteriors. Though we do not dwell in tents, like some of the Tartar tribes, we are essentially nomadic in our habits and tastes. Boys escape as soon as possible from unattractive homes, to chance their luck in cities, or hew out fortunes on frontiers. Young men clear off farms in the far West, sell them at the first apparently good offer, and try it over again. Land, with us, is not a thing to be kept if possible, but to be speculated in. Cultivation of soil is too often only the temporary improvement preparatory

to sale. Thus increases and flourishes that restless wandering spirit which charac-terizes the true Yankee born American. Considerations of love for the spot on which one has been born and bred are feeble when placed against hopes of profit. All this may, perhaps, find some compensation in the enterprising spirit it engenders; but it does not make our it, never once looking toward the awful rural homes picturesque piles half hidobject till his light was fairly burning, den by honeysuckle, ivy, and woodbine, when, with a forced resolution which like the garden embowered farm houses man in St. Louis, who claims \$25,000 for and cottages of England.

Much has been written with a view gress rapidly in this respect. The greater portion of our land is too cheap. So we go on the cheap principle building, and content ourselves with mere bodily comfort, sacrificing æsthetic considerations to utility. It is vain, therefore, to expect any great general improvement in architecture until we shall have advanced beyond adolescence as a nation. When the great West shall have absorbed all it will hold of the world's population, and people look to die where they are born, homesteads will be beautified, and a sense of what is meant by the word home will be so impressed upon the minds and hearts of youths, that to adorn the place of nativity will seem almost a duty.—Scientific Imerican.

#### Pacific Coast Pearl Fisheries. A writer in the Overland Monthly says

Pearl-fishing is still carried on in the Gulf of California, with varying success I-was informed by a German merchant of this place, who is engaged in purchas ing the pearls for the European market that the value of the yield for the year 1868 amounted to \$40,000. To procure the oyster, the primitive mode of diving by the native Mexican Indians is still used. Doubtless a greater success would attend the use of the diving or dredging apparatus, either of which might used in deeper water than could reached by the ordinary method of diving. The shell which produces the rich purple dye that was so much sought after by the ancient Mexicans for coloring their fabrics is found clinging to the rocks in many localities on this coast and I also found it in the island of Se corro, which is situated about 260 miles west of Cape Corrientes. I have seen the Indians collecting this dye in the Bay of Banderas, below San Blas, from the shells as they clung to the rocks. After the shell is detached from the rock, the substance is ejected by the animal and caught in small cups by the collector. This beautiful purple dye is held in high estimation by the Zapotaco Indians of Tehuantepec, for coloring cotton cloth of there own manufacture. Six yards of their cotton fabric-which is woven on a small native hand loom, and is just enough for a single skirt for a woman-sells, when tinted with this peculiar dye, for from ten to thirty dol-

A farmer who went to Texas to buy a farm was greatly prejudiced against the country he thought to settle in, from the fact that a doctor whom he called to attend him, when he was seized with a fever, began trying on his clothes immediately after writing a prescription. The fact that while the doctor was trying on his coat, the chambermaid was and stated under oath that one of the examining his handkerchiefs, and the porter was struggling with his boots, lent wings to his imagination, and doubtless had an influence in regard to York, the third by himself, and the other his speedy exit from the State.

### Facts and Figures.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

Japanese auctions are conducted on a novel plan, but one which gives rise to none of the noise and confusion which attend such sales in America. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box.
When the bidding is over the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest

A man in Arkansas who went to a horse race at which he caroused so much that in riding home he ran against a fence stake and was killed, is spoken of as "an exemplary young man." Stan-dards differ in different places. He may be looked up to as an exemplar by the youth of Arkansas, but we should hardly think they would yearn very much to meet with the same fate.

Another of those most stupid and awkward of homicides which are caused by apothecaries' clerks, who put poison into prescriptions instead of harmless drugs, has occurred in Philadelphia. A deputy druggist made the trifling mistake of attempting to take rhubarb from a jar of opium, and a poor woman died as the result. Something must be done to these careless fellows.

The latest Gospel dispensation in England is preached by a "seven deviled" woman in London. The lady is not possessed with so many evil spirits at present, but has been recently relieved of them, according to her own statement, and is now anxious to aid in helping others to get rid of whatever quota of similar monsters may have fallen to their lot. She belongs to the order of convulsionists, a very uncomfortable and

objectionable religious sect. Boston's farewell bouquet to Nilsson was a ship four feet long, resting on an ocean of red pinks with the word "Adieu" on one side and "Cuba" on the other in white pinks. It sailed down the middle aisle of the theatre in the middle of a fine passage in "Martha," and was launched upon the stage after considerable exertion, where it rested quietly until the curtain fell, and was then steered by the prima donna herself to some unknown haven behind the

A man in Brunswick County, N. C., emigrated to the West some years ago and left his wife blooming alone. Later he returned to find her blooming with another man, and rearing a tender blossom which he knew not of before his departure. He claimed her for his own, and as he had accumulated some \$60,000 during his long absence, his claim was speedily allowed, and the second hus-band was sent about his business. Here is the material for much romance and nonsense, but we think the whole thing a very stupid and prosy performance.

That is rather a novel suit against the St. Louis, Vandalia and Terre Haute Railroad, brought by one John L. Norinjuries received from handling timber for the company which had been satcandle. His ghost was gone, but in its place stood a timber which had pitched nation, but we are yet too young to prourated with arsenic and other posions claims to have been ruined for life and it is said that five men had died from have too much elbow room, and we are too fond of change. We do not wish to is of very little consequence to the railthe effects of the poison. Of course it road company how many workmen die provided their timber is preserved, but that \$25,000, if they have to pay it, will reach their sympathies.

One of the latest curiosities in natural history is a calf said to be owned in Oakland, Oregon, which sports a pair of wings just behind his shoulders. They are as yet rather ornamental than useful but what may become of them hereafter is matter for philosophic conjecture. If that calf wants to be an angel we would like to suggest to him that Prof. Hawkins says that it is useless for man to hope to navigate with wings, and we certainly ought to have the first chance. It is of no use for him to have such aspirations, and he might as well give up the idea now as to prepare for a great disappointment hereafter.

A charitable society in the West has novel and most agreeable method of raising money for various beneficent objects. Any man sufficiently blessed with courage and ready cash, takes his seat in the middle of the room and pays ten cents into the treasury for every lady that will come up and kiss him. Of course the devotion of the ladies to the good cause is measured by the number of smacks that the man gets, and the "cause" must take all the credit and all the blame for the kissing, a very nice arrangement for shifting the responsibility. A handsome and agreeable man now, we imagine, must needs be well furnished with dimes at these fairs.

Duluth, which loves to exalt itself under the name of the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," has no cemetery, and the Tribune thinks it is a "burning shame" that it should be so bereft. A metropolis without a graveyard is certainly a sad spectacle, but the misfor-tune of Duluth is that it is so young and situated so far from the outskirts of civilization and withal in a climate so healthy that death has not found it out, and it can have little occasion for a burial place so soon. If, however, it deems that its dignity would be increased by the possession of a cemetery it certainly ought to have one, and its authorities should take up the grave subject at once.

Experts in hand-writing, as well as experts in everything else, are far from infallible. A case was before a court in Taunton, Mass., lately, which shows the danger of trusting too implicitly in the testimony of such persons. Four envelopes were shown to a witness, an expert prisoner, who was accused of forgery. The counsel immediately took the stand envelopes was directed by the clerk of the Boston Water Power Company, an by the prisoner.