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## POETRY.

### NEXT YEAR.

BY LUCAS CRADLER MOYLES.

The lark is singing early in the meadow,  
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 hills.  
Sometimes I see the blue-bells blooming in the forest,  
And think of her blue eyes;  
Sometimes I seem to hear the rattle of her garments,  
The tint of her low hair,  
I see the snow-bent trail along the orchard,  
And fall, in thought, to tangle up her hair;  
And, sometimes, round the steeple of childhood,  
Breaks forth a smile such as she used to wear,  
But never any pleasant thing around, above us,  
Seems to be like her eyes,  
More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten  
O'er us,  
More constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning,  
She meets me not on any summer eve;  
But once, at night, I heard a voice calling,  
"Oh, faithful friend, hasten not long to grieve!"  
Next year, when larkens are singing early 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.

Who hears others in his daily doings,  
Will find the lesson that his spirit needs;  
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,  
Confers its fragrance on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with 'Lettie' Turpenney," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "If you will find nobody to envy you. If your temper does not prove too much even for your good nature it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Dear Hetty" replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features and sharp words, was certainly a kind hearted girl. 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."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane, "the very first day she laid out the money, she used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you should remember that she had just such a cheerful child herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"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 Turpenney 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 neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Miss Turpenney, but the buildings had one common yard in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation she called on the neighbor-in-law. 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 Turpenney," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "It is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. 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 I send from Peggy's parlor, in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty began to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a 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 impressive temperament, good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time; if I hear one word of complaint 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."

could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, cawing. The happy child tumbled up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though with too much haste 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 her. She kept to work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box.

At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird," she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music box; and after a while she opened it and explained 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 her.

The little girl stopped 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 in her lip, and answered in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turpenney won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full 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 relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence.

"It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she heard my 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 whether the new neighbor should want her services, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked 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 poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behavior 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 Aunt Hetty's 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 he would run.

Aunt Hetty vowed she would scold him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their 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 Tab steadily resolved that he would be scalded first; that he would. He 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 feet 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, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions 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 plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab! What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to find 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 Turpenney; 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 the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out into the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turpenney taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly, while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, 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 as 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. Fairweather, "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. But neighbor Turpenney, 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 neighbor. 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, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab indoors, and perhaps after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron. "We will try them a while longer, and if they persist in quarreling I will send the dog into the country. Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and yawned. "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what is the use of playing poor Tab?" "Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings when a slight thing irritates both man and 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. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you're hit.' Just then one cross word set a whole family by the ears, and the 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.'"

An esteemed friend of ours heard much of the medical properties of the waters of a certain spring some distance from where she resided. She had read a pamphlet that enumerated many diseases, from which she recognized at least half a dozen with which she was afflicted. To her great joy she was told that her son had been called at the very spot where the spring was located, and a 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 slipping under the seat was quite overlooked. The business was urgent, and took some time to perform it, and the 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 admit his 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 drunk for a century, and filling the keg went home.

"Did you get that water?" "Yes," said he; "but darned if I see any difference in it from any other water." And he brought in the keg.

A cup was handed the invalid, who drank with infinite relish, and said she was surprised at her son's not seeing a difference. There was undoubtedly a medicinal taste about it, and it dried up the water-drops, 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 ailments.

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.

Things to be Remembered. Edward Everett became overheard 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 were so wet, 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 the street, became chilled in a moment, 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 orange, she ran to the bank of the river, and on return to the boat found herself much heated, 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 consumption.

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 the delicious breeze from the sea. On attempting 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.

Multitudes of women 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 minutes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weather, if you have to walk or ride on an occasion, do the riding first.—Dr. Hall.

The Nevada Enterprise relates the thrilling experience of a man who went alone to explore an old and abandoned mine. The following is a graphic passage: "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 globules of moisture which were transparent as distilled water, and which sparkled like myriads of diamonds. All these growths, however, were not of the form described. Some resembled exaggerated mushrooms; had stems a yard long 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 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 or more our adventurer wandered through the mazes of the level, more intricate than the labyrinths of Crete, or at least than that of Woodstock, in which, as the story goes, fair Rosamond was imprisoned; but no store of precious ore could be found. At length, in crowding his way through some fallen timbers in a tumble-down chamber, the whole came down behind him, followed by a tremendous cave of earth, which blew out his candle and blocked the way behind him, completely cutting off his retreat."

He now started to find the mouth of the incline, and was congratulating himself that he had recovered from his former childish fears of goblins, when upon elevating his candle above his head to peer as far as possible into the narrow passage in advance, there suddenly rose before him a most frightful apparition. Uttering a helpless, smothered shriek, which seemed to be answered by still more despairing shrieks 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 down to his knees; 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 dropped, 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 so frightened that he never could get his feet under a wooden stool that he had brought with him. He 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 it, never once looking toward the awful object till his light was fairly burning, when, with a forced resolution which he felt to be little short of impudent, he boldly faced about and held up his candle. His ghost was gone, but in its place stood a timber which had pitched from above, and which was completely clothed in the white fungus he had seen so much of in other parts of the mine. He examined it minutely, and was astonished that it should have given him such a fright; but then it stood alone in a place where he did not look for a timber in any garb. By shading his candle he soon discovered that the fierce appearance it had worn in the dark was owing to a phosphorescent light given out by the rooking fungus."

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 sanitary moral effect. It cultivates a family pride, a feeling of honor in the family name, which, handed down 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 interests of all.

But here in America there are, as a rule, no old houses. The son tears down what the father built, or passes it into other hands with little or no regret or compunction. He builds again that which his sons shall raze or sell, regarding merely his own convenience, and careless of who shall dwell in the spot he inhabits after he has quitted it forever. Almost all our building is for the present. We erect with a view to tearing down, not for permanence, and hence it is that our architecture has an unsatisfactory air of instability, of cheapness, and temporary expediency, which offend our cultivated taste, and goes far to 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 the country and grouped in our large cities, but throughout the land, cheap frame buildings, with scarcely any appearance of design or taste, are everywhere to be seen. They are essentially nomadic in our habits and tastes. Once we escape as soon as possible from unattractive homes, to chance their luck in cities, or leave out fortune-hunters, we are essentially nomadic in our habits and tastes. Once we escape as soon as possible from unattractive homes, to chance their luck in cities, or leave out fortune-hunters, we are essentially nomadic in our habits and tastes. Once we escape as soon as possible from unattractive homes, to chance their luck in cities, or leave out fortune-hunters, we are essentially nomadic in our habits and tastes.

Thus increases and flourishes that restless wandering spirit which characterizes 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 country a more desirable place to live in. Cultivation of soil is too often only the temporary improvement preparatory to sale.

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## American Homesteads.

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## Facts and Figures.

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 bids 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 bidder.

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." Standards 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 mistake of 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 devilled" 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 farwelled 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 scenes.

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 raising a tender blossom which he claimed 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 husband 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.

This is rather a novel suit against the St. Louis, Tandalin and Terre Haute Railroad, brought by one John L. Norman in St. Louis, who claims \$25,000 for injuries received from handling timber for the company which had been saturated with arsenic and other poisons to preserve it from decay. The man claims to have been ruined for life and it is said that five men had died from the effects of the poison. Of course it is of very little consequence to the railroad 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 a novel and most agreeable method of raising money for various benevolent 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 misfortune of Duluth is that it is so young and situated so far from the outskirts of civilization and within 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 in hand-writing, and he testified very positively that the superscription of all of them was in the hand-writing of the prisoner, who was accused of forgery. The counsel immediately took the stand and stated under oath that one of the envelopes was directed by the clerk of the Boston Water Power Company, an other by a friend of his own in New York, the third by himself, and the other by the prisoner.