VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1872.

POETRY.

A SUMMER-DAY SONG.

BY GEORGS MAC DONALD.

The more awakes like brooding dove, With outspread wings of gray And roof a sober day.

No motion in the deeps of sir! No trembling in the leaves A still contenument everywhere That peither laughs nor grieves.

A film of sheeted i ver gray * buts in the ecosn's bue Behind in go geous blue.

Dream on, dream on, O dreamy day Thy very clouds are dreams You child is dreaming far away— He is not where he seems.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE BROTHER'S REVENGE,

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes the history of a tragedy on the Plains in the Far West: Riding out above Julesburg, a rock was pointed out to me, at the foot of which had been enacted a tragedy, the mere recital of which made my blood run cold. The place was in a deep canyon, surrounded by high bluffs, and there was a loneliness and silence in the frowning rocks that oppressed every visitor, and made them glad to hasten their departure from the gloomy dell. Many years ago two young men came from the East, and ascending the Missouri, en-gaged in the fur business. They were bosom friends, and prospered in all their undertakings; money flowed into their coffers and they became wealthy; still they stayed in the West that had been so generous to them, and finally determined to make it their permanent home. One of the young men had a sister, who lived at St. Louis, where the partners went annually to sell their furs and divide the profits of their business. The girl, infatuated by the tales of adventure told her by her brother, longed to visit the great West, and begged so hard that her brother finally consented For a whole year she lived at the hunter's ranche on the head waters of the

Missouri, and when the time came for the partners to go down the river and sell their furs, the brother was sick and could not go. The girl was loth to leave her brother, but he urged her to go home and see their mother, saying he would soon be well and follow after her, Intrusting his darling to his friend and partner, the two set out in a Mackinaw boat, well manned and provided with every comfort. The brother grew worse and the summer wore away before he was able to travel. In the meantime, the partner returned, bringing him news from home and a division of the annual profits, which were larger than ever before. The brother, pleased with the manner in which their business had been managed, readily yielded to the suggestion of his partner to delay his visit home, devote the winter to active operations, and go down in the spring with furs. All went well until midwinter, when the brother received a letter from his home that nearly crazed him. The letter was from his mother: and gave a long, circumstantial account of the ruin and seduction of his beloved Nina by his partner. The girl had confessed every thing, and told how he had seduced her while bringing her home down the Missouri, and then abandoned her. The poor girl, unable to bear her shame, had become a maniac, and soon would be a mother. The first impulse of the brother on reading this letter was to seek out at once and kill the villain who had ruined his family, but he thought the momentary suffering inflicted by a ball not enough punishment for such a scoundrel, and so devised a plan for revenge that no Indian could have outdone for cruelty. Keeping the receipt of his letter a profound secret, he went on with his business as usual, and every day met his partner on the same terms of friendly intimacy as formerly. When the skins were packed and all in readiness to go down the river the brother went to Fort Benton and there had executed a will, leaving the name of the person who made it blank, after which he returned to his

their boats at the mouth of the the Missouri. The inducehat if they found all as reey would establish a branch ness at Fort Laramie, and their profits. The partassented to proposals so or the advantage of both, ey set out, taking with them hule to carry the flour and used on the journey. They many days, and finally came , down which they erland trail to Bernard's Under some pretense or other er induced his partner to ac-him into the lonely pass, , disarming him, he securely tied hand and foot, and then bound him the rock. At first the partner thought the poor man knew but too well his time

camp on the Jefferson Fork. He then

represented that on the Platte great

rofits were to be made in the fur trade

l proposed to his partner that instead

ing down the Missouri they should

land to old Fort Kearney and

ed over his misery, often reading to him the letter from his mother.

The poor man promised to marry

girl and make all the reparation in his power to the family, but the brother was deaf to entreaties. At last the partner-dwindled to a skeleton-died and the brother, after burying his victim's emaciated corpse in the sand, resumed his journey to St. Louis. There he gave out that his partner had died while on his way through the Rocky Mountains, and in proof of his assertion delivered the letters. The will was also proved, and the girl became the dead man's heir. Two years afterwards the brother was shot by Indians, and before he died confessed what he had done. Some hunters Little Dorrit an incarnate Hook-nose and fessed what he had done. Some hunters visited the place and dug up the skèleton, around the neck of which still was ton, around the poor man when the hair by which the poor man when the invenile mind with solemn rock. The spot is still pointed out to travellers, and the tale told of how the brother, day after day, eat his meals in the presence of his wretched prisoner, but would not give him so much as a crumb or a cup of water to slake his thirst.

Always Begin Right.

We once knew an old Friend who had but one piece of advice to young beginners: it was, "If thee'll only begin right all will go well." We have often thought that there was more in the recommen-dation than even the good Quaker saw, for there is scarcely anything to be done in life to which the adage, "begin right" will not apply. Success is but a syno-

nym for beginning right.
Who, for example, is the healthiest,
the early-riser or the sluggard? It is the man who begins the day right, by leaving his bed with the sun, and inhaling the fresh air of morning, not the one who remains till eight or nine o'clock in a close chamber, sleeping a dull, stupe-fying sleep. Who gets through his day's work the earliest? The early riser. The man of business who is at his store soonest, is always best prepared for the customers of the day, and often, indeed, has sold many a bill before his laggard neighbors were about. Sir Walter Scott used to have half his day's writing finished before breakfast. A shrewd observer has said that a late-riser consumes the day in trying to recover the hours he lost in the morning. Mind and body are both freshest early in the day. The lawyer should think, the minister study, the author write, the valetudinarian walk or ride, and the mechanic or far-

mer be at work as early as possible. Nor is this all. The great bulk of enterprises that fail owe their ruin to not having been begun right. A business is undertaken without sufficient capital, connection, or knowledge. It ends unfavorably. Why? Because it was not begun right. A young professional man, and an impostor, and that there is nowhose probationary period of study has been spent in pleasure rather than in hard reading, complains that he cannot nothing to hinder our good Genie from not begun right either. A stock company blows up. Still why; Ten' to one, ny blows up. Still why? Ten' to one, the means employed are not adequate to the end, or else it was started with inefficient officers, and in either case it was not begun right. Two young housekeepers break up their gay establishment, the lady going home, perhaps, to her father's, taking her husband with Why: They did not begin right, for they commenced on too large a scale forgetting that the expenses of a family increase every year, and that, in no event s it safe for a man to live up to his inome. An inventor starts a manufactory, in which his improvements in machinery are brought into play; but after a while he finds himself insolvent; his factory is sold; another reaps where he has sown. Why? Alas! like too many others, he has undertaken more than he has means to carry through; he did not egin right, and his ruin was the conse-

But, above all things, life should be begun right. Young men rarely know how much their conduct, during their first few years, affects their success. It it not only that older persons in the same business form their opinions of them at this time, but that every beginner acquires, during these years, habits for good or ill which color his whole future career. We have seen some of the ablest young men, with every advantage of fortune and friends, sow the seeds of ruin and early death by indulging too freely in the first years of manhood. We hace seen others, with far less capacity and without any backing but industry and energy, rise gradually to fortune and influence. Franklin is a familiar illustration of what a man can do who begins right. If he had been too proud to eat rolls in the street when he was a poor boy, he would never have been Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France.

Always begin right! Survey the whole ground before you commence any undertaking, and you will then be prepared to go forward successfully. Neglect this, however, and you are almost sure to fail. In other words, begin right. A good commencement is half the bat-A false first step is almost certain defeat. Begin right!

Fire Without Flame. An experimenting Detroit chemist took a piece of threadbare cotton cloth, smeared it with boiled linseed oil, and placed it in the centre of a chest filled it was some cruel joke, but when the with paper and rags. Although the brother produced the letter and read it, room was not tight and the weather was cold, there was a smell of fire about the had come. He confessed all and asked room in eight days. Unpacking it the to be shot, but the brother had another experimenter found the rag half charrfate in store for his victim. Coolly en- ed. In April he made a similar expericamping by the rock, he sat down to see ment with a pair of painter's overalls, his partner starve to death. On the which he rolled up with pine shavings third day the ill-fated man signed the and crowded in next to the roof-boards deed bequeathing all his property to the of a loft. In a week the smell of smoke injured girl, and the brother attached a larmed a workman in the next room, fictitious name as witness to the instru- and the overalls were found to be, on ment, by the terms of which he was fire. And during the hottest weather made the executor of his partner's estate. He then wrote letters saying he had fallen very ill of fever on the plains, and hung up in a tin box in the sun to light if he did not recover these letters would matches which he had placed among be delivered by his beloved partner. All them. These facts show the necessity of this the infuriated brother compelled caution in putting away rags, especially the poor man to do, and then quietly those that may be saturated with oil, awaited the end. Day by day the part-ner grew weaker and the brother gloat-

Dickens's Humor. The humor of our good Genie seems, when we begin to manyze it, a very sima gesture, a look, the merest trait, is sufficient; nay, so all-sufficient does the trait become that it absorbs the entire individuality; so that Mr. Toots becomes a Chuckle, Mr. Turveydrop incarnate Deportment, Uriah Heep a Cringe; so that Newman Noggs cracks his finger-knuckles, and Carker shows his teeth, whenever they arread to the trait of the sincerity of your professions, and almost whenever they arread to the sincerity of your professions, and almost the sincerity of your professions. whenever they appear; so that Tradpress the juvenile mind with solemn feelings. It was a sort of march; but when the Doctor put out his right foot, he gravely turned upon his axis, with a semicircular sweep toward the left; and when he put out his left foot, he turned in the same manner toward the right. So that he seemed, at every have the goodness to indicate any subted ends of his white cravat actually dangled under one ear; his natural acerbity and energy always contending with a second nature of habitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look; and altogether he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about ever since, halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down." This first impression never fades or changes as long as we see the figure in

Akin to this perception of oddity, and allied with it, is the perception of the incongruous. Never did the brain of man creature see stranger resemblances, funnier coincidences, more sidesplitting discrepancies. This man was for all the world like (what should he say?) a pump, the more so as his feelings ran to water. That man was a a spider, such a comical spider—"horny-skinned, two-legged, money-getting, who spun webs to catch unwary flies, and retired into holes until they were entrapped." Yonder trips the immaculate Peck sniff, "caroling as he goes, so sweetly and with so much innocence, that he only wanted feathers and wings to be a

Here, as elsewhere, the whole power lies in the incongruity of the whole comparison, in the reader's perfect knowledge that Pecksniff is a humbug produced the Homunculus, Laughter. And just as the perception of oddity and incongruity varies in men, varies the enjoyment of Dickens. Quiddity for quiddity—the reader must give as well as receive; and if the faculty is not on him, he will turn away contemptuously. A weasel looking out of a hole is enough to convulse some people with laughter; they see a dozen odd resem-Other people, again, walk blances. through all this topsyturvy land with scarcely a smile. Life in all its phases, great and small, seems perfectly congruous and ship-shape; much too serious a matter for any levity .- St. Pauls Maga-

A Plea for Tolerance. A large and varied survey of the miseries of mankind has led me to conclude that every man is a being much to be pitied. One cannot be angry with men, or be otherwise than tolerant of all their errors and shortcomings when one thinks that most men have teeththat some men shave—that we have to get up and go to bed (both of them detestable operations) every day—that there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not any back there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not any back to black the property of the property mote, in which there is not more than one delivery of letters in the course of the twenty-four hours-that any human being, however foolish, can annoy any other human being, however sensible (though thousands of miles should separate them,) by informing him abruptly in a brutal telegram, of all the unpleasant things that can happen—that pleasures are taken in such large doses as to become rather like poisons, dinners lasting sometimes three hours—that we have to live with creatures, very like and yet very unlike ourselves, who are strangely attractive to us, and whom we fondly and vainly endeavor to manage (they every day in these times becoming more unmanageable)—that children will scream at the top of their voices and wear out shoes in the most reckless manner-that most of our abodes are but vertical continuations of sewers-that there is no good weather anywhere; it it always too hot, or too cold, or too rainy, or too shiny, or too misty, or too dazzling-that old ladies will have the windows up in a railway carriage when the wind is south, and young ladies the windows down when the wind is eastthat there is such a thing as public speaking, and that no one can say or write anything with reasonable brevity -I say again that a male human being is a creature whom one cannot regard but with the utmost pity; and even his slight aberrations from perfect virtue are results which may naturally be expected to follow from the adverse circumstances that surround him .- Macmillan's Ma-

INDIAN RECORD OF TIME.—There is no word in the Indian language' for the word "year." Indians reckon time by the return of snow, or the springing up of flowers, and the flight of the birds announces the progress of the seasons. The motion of the sun marks the hour of the day; and these distinctions of time are not noted in numbers, but in poetical character.

To Those About to Marry. My advice is to marry as quickly as possible, for none but those who are, unple matter—merely the knack, as we have before said, of seeing crooked—of posing every figure into oddity. A tone, a gesture, a look, the merest trait, is sufsincerity of your professions, and almost personally affronted at your delay. Then the difficulty of sustaining, with appropriate effect, the character of an en-

gaged man is something enormous.

I say nothing of the difficulty which a lady in that delicate position has to encounter, for we all keow that they experience but little difficulty in making themselves perpetually agreeable—at least before marriage; but with regard to a man, think of the amiable and excusable deceptions he is forced to be guilty of—the real distaste, but professed pleasure, with which he accompanies "the beloved object" to the festive board stride he took, to look about him as though he were saying, 'Can anybody for two mortal hours at least, he has to sit, the observed of all observers, next to ject, in any direction, on which I am uninformed?" Enter Mr. Flintwinch: ceasing devotion for the greater portion ceasing devotion for the greater portion His neck was so twisted that the knot-ted ends of his white cravat actually make himself agreeable—having exhausted every scrap of news, every con-ceivable subject of conversation! He is afraid to venture upon any tender aside, for fear he should be thought silly; or to keep much to generalities, for fear he should be considered slow.

I have, indeed, remarked engaged ouples who have been content to sit in blissful silence, wrapped in contempla-tion of their approaching happiness; but such a state of quiescence is rarely observable, and can scarcely be preserved

for an indefinite period. One of my earliest recollections of such a couple is when they were sitting in this state of tranquil calm, and forming a very limited hand-in-hand mutual assurance company of their own; but their example is scarcely to be quoted as the partnership was shortly afterward dissolved forever, and the lady and gentleman are at present thousands of miles apart, and each belonging to another

It is impossible for a man of business not to sympathize with an eminent phyician, who informed his future wife that he had no time for courtship; but that if she would marry him, and be ready on a certain day, he should be happy to meet her at the church and make her his oride.—Temple Bar.

Saturday Night.

What blessed things Saturday Nights are, writes some one in the Tribune, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; these little twilights in the broad and garish light of noon, when the pale yesterdays look beautiful through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the hush: when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated." Saturday Nights make people human;

et their hearts to beating softly as they used to, before the world turned them into war-drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him; the world is shut out. Shut out Shut in, the rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the

old family Bible-and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and Then, poor fellow, Saturday forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday Night's nothing to you, as you are noth and a little sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two, or the two and a half in it, of a Saturday Night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God. and take courage.

The dim and dusty shops are swep up; the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and labor hastens with a light step, homeward bound.

"Saturday Night!" feebly murmurs the languishing, as she turns wearily upon her couch, "and is there another to come? "Saturday Night, at last!" whispers

the weeper above the dying, "and it is Sunday to-morrow, and-to-morrow!"

Rewarding Honesty. The Detroit Free Press, of Wednesday gives this: Yesterday morning a lady rom the East, who crossed from the Great Western depot to the Detroit and Milwaukee road to go West, dropped her pocket-book in the depot at Windsor, and made outery enough to scare every one within a block. A ragged little boy, with his hair sticking up through an old hat, and his toes peeping out of his boots, came forward with the pocketbook, which he had found. It contained, as the lady informed the railroad officials, \$7,000 in bonds, \$7,000 in notes, and \$1,000 in greenbacks, making its cash value to her as good as \$15,000. She was, of course, well pleased with the boy's action, and asked his name, age, the circumstances of the family, and finally opened the pocketbook to reward him. She hunted all through it, found two ten cent shinplasters, and, handing them to the lad, told him to always remember that a good action was good ventilation is that men will eat sure to bring a good reward. jerked off his old hat, thanked her, and ran off to buy ten cords of wood and a barrel of flour and other stuff to last his widowed mother until spring. He's going to look for pocketbooks all the been introduced, as their former wages rest of the winter, and when he finds were insufficient to procure the increased language and illustrations of highly another, he's going to hand it right amount of food demanded by their imover-probably

Prof. Stowe's Mistake. Abort Gas Measurements.

and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe:

orse and phaeton?

revealed that he had by mistake taken

the establishment of a newly-married

call upon the doctor's host, and who was

astonished, an leaving, to find his beauti-

and chaise that had been brought there

A stern chase ensued, but the doctor

vas not captured until he had reached

his destination, as stated, whence, after

mutual explanations, he drove home in the old chaise. The comment of the

Episcopal clergyman on the case was

A Japanese Carousal.

A correspondent in Japan writes the following: "On the west coast, during

our homeward journey, the Governor,

who had accompanied us for two days,

managed to let us see an Aino dance.

We seated ourselves in our tea-houses

moved, and the Ainos, under a Japanese

officer, assembled in a little yard adja-

cent, and were directed to dance and

sing for our entertainment. The feast

prodigious quantities of this before manifesting any excitement, but when it be-

gan to work they cut some eccentric

capers in a wild style, singing songs that appeared to have been buried for a

long time low down in their stomachs.

Their dance consisted of hopping, bow-

ing, clapping their hands together, and

then striking their thighs and breasts,

One of their songs was translated to us,

when it appeared to be a song of thanks

to the Japanese, from whom they had

learned how to make saki, and were

influences. During the singular per

formance they imitated birds and beasts

quite well; in drinking they were pro-

vided with peculiar shaped sticks; these

they laid first across the bowl, then

felt conscience-stricken at having been

instrumental in inflicting upon these

poor wretches the duty of indulging in

such a drunken orgie as this proved to

be, and imagined from the amount of

liquor that they drank, that they would be "off duty" for a week; but early

next morning, when we rode out of town, we found them all apparently in

the best of spirits, waiting to see us pro-

A Curious Incident.

Mr. Flauddin, in his narrative of a

esidence in Persia, relates a curious in-

The Persian servant of a European

cident which occurred while he was at

had been stung by a scorpion, and his

master wished to apply ammonia, the

usual remedy in such cases, but the man refused, and ran off to the bazaar. When

he returned he said he was cured, and

appeared to be so. The European, rath-

er surprised at this almost instantaneous

cure, questioned him, and found that he had been to a dervish, who, he said, after

examining the wound and uttering a

few words, had several times touched it

with a little iron blade. Still more as

tonished at the remedy than the cure.

the European desired to see the instru-

ment by which the latter was said to

have been effected. At the cost of a

small pickech he was allowed to have it

for a few minutes in his possession. Af-

ter a careful examination, finding noth-

ing extraordinary in the instrument, he

made up his mind that the cure was a

mere trick; that the dervish was an im-

postor; that the scorpion sting had not penetrated, and that his servant had

been more frightened than hurt. He

threw the blade contemptuously upon

the table, when, to his great surprise, he

beheld it attach itself strongly to a knife.

The quack's instrument was simply a magnet. But what power had the load-

stone's attraction over venom? This dis-

covery was very odd. Incredulity was

at a nonplus, and yet the man stung by

cured him was in great renown at Ispa-

han for the treatment of that sort of

A remarkable fact in connection with

more when they have plenty of fresh air

than without. Dr. Reid mentions that

the scorpion was cured, and he who

wound.

proved appetites,

perly off on our journey."

Ispahan :

raised the whole to their foreheads.

wonderfully indebted for such civilizing

by the livery stable-keeper for Dr.

An exchange gives the following amus-ing anecdote of Rev. Prof. Stowe, hus-The following article from the Journal of Applied Chemistry (New York), will be interesting to those who live under the While visiting at a little town in gas light. The writer says:

Massachusetts, last summer, Prof. Stowe The custom of paying for gas by the desired a friend to secure a horse and cubic foot, without regard to its illuminvehicle to take himself and wife to a ating power, is like buying all cloth at town nine miles distant, where he desired to consult some genealogical requestions as to the fineness of the wool. No one, would like to pay as much for his best, but that there were no decent shoddy as for cassimere, and yet shoddy turnouts in the village. A little in adgas is the principal article now furnishvance of the hour appointed, Dr. Stowe ed to customers, while the price actually noticed a phaeton at the door of his host, paid calls for the best gas that can be and, hastily summoning his wife, entered tand started on his journey. To his surprise the horse was a very fleet one, and the phaeton exquisite, with its silk itself so many years in an enlightened community, and the cause must be confidence in easy springs. Bowling along on his journey, the doctor expressed his great delight, and announced his intention of securing the etablishment for the season. Arriving at his destination, he fastened few years. The people have preferred the horse and went to work upon the dusty records at the town hall. He had been thus engaged for nearly an hour, now that honest days begin to have when he was suddenly interrupted by dawned upon us, it seems to be a good a young lassie who exclaims, "I did it the abrupt entrance of his host at the opportunity to appeal for more light to town whence he started, who exclaimed: se who sell that commodity in the shape of gas. The city companies should be compelled to furnish gas of a prescrib-"Dr. Stowe, have you been stealing a To the astonished doctor it was then

ed density and fixed candle power. Some of the London companies pride themselves on keeping up the illuminat-Episcopal elergyman, who had come to ing powers of their gas to the maximum standard of fifteen candles, and in twenty-two English works the gas from the ful turnout—a wedding present—gene, and replaced by an old worn-out horse per hour. It is difficult to say what the average in New York may be, but from observation made by ourselves with Bonson's photometer we are dis-posed to put it, in cold weather, at be-low ten candles. Besides the loss to the consumer in the amount of light afforded by a poor gas, there is another differ-ence which tells in favor of the company. "This comes, Dr. Stowe, of not attend-ing the church where the command-ments are read every Sunday." the former will pass through the burner much faster than the rich, and increase the bills of the consumer from 30 to 50 per cent. without any corresponding in- would not permit the surgeon to set it. crease in the photometic power of the gas. There ought to be a fixed standard, say sixteen candles, prescribed by death. law, and an inspector appointed to see that the companies comply with it, and in case of any breach of contract a heavy penalty should be imposed. It is not darkness that we want, but light, and the sliding doors on one side were all re- for the sake of the thousands of poor sewing women and workingmen some thing should be done to save money and eyesight. Let quality, not quantity, govern in this matter. We have plenty commenced by a generous distribution of saki (rice whiskey) to them to warm them up to their work. They drank

The Late Eclipse.

A gentleman who writes from Bombay, the station at which Professor Lockyer, of the British Eclipse Expe dition, viewed the recent celipse, writes to Nature as follows: "It does not happen more than once in a lifetime to see such a glorious and magnificent sight as that from which I have just returnedthat is, the total eclipse of the sun. I have seen many eclipses before, but never anything to equal this. I was engaged to go with the Morgans to the top of the hill to see it. Got up at six, and found it a lovely morning; rode up to Morgan's, about half a mile, carrying with me glasses, smoked glass and sun hat. Got there before seven and found the eclipse already begun. Got out two mirrors and watched the hole in the sun grow bigger and bigger. It began from the top, and we all went off to the highest point on the hill, from whence around. When the eclipse got so far, the cold on the mountain grew much greater, the grass was so wet that no one's boots kept it out, the feet and and perhaps reach \$300,000,000. hands grew cold, and with your back to the sun the light over the country was Gradually the lower streak got thinner and thinner, until at last there shone a light like the famous lime-light, and in a moment or two that went out, and the sun was totally concealed; many stars were visible, the whole country looked dark—that is, half dark, like moonlight—the crows stop cawing, and for two minutes and a half the total eclipse lasted, a sight I shall never forget, and then the lime-light again ap-peared at the bottom rim of the sun, and gradually more and more of him appeared, the crows began at once, and e cocks began to crow, the shadow now was inverted, and by degrees got small, until at nine o'clock the eclipse was over. I cannot but suppose that the scientific men must have had grand opportunities of observation, and that today's pencil will carry home many a description. Anything more beautiful. more sublime, or perfect it would be impossible to conceive."

The Test for Burning Oils. Pour a small quantity of oil in a saucer, or other shallow dish, and pass a lighted match near the surface of the oil. If you detect any small bluish flashes, or puffs, or if the vapor takes fire, then in either case the oil is unfit for use. Be sure and have the dish and oil at as warm a temperature as they would be in the shade on a hot summer's day. Recently, in a single month, three women were burned to death in the City of Pittsburg by kerosene explosions. have before us a sample of the oil used in one of these cases, and any person familiar with kerosene can tell instantly that it has been adulterated by the addition of benzine. On the application of a match, as above described, it takes of a match, as above described, it takes it gives figures showing what students fire as instantaneously as gunpowder. at Yale have actually paid for their tui-The oil was purchased for a good article, The oil was purchased for a good article, tion and subsistence. In the class of but if this simple test had been applied 1871 there were those who lived on \$250 its true character would have been discovered, and the life of the wife and depends mainly on the students themmother would have been saved .- Ex- selves, of course. It is easy for young change.

The contested will case of the late G. Damm, Esq., of New Orleans, still pro-gresses, and causes some tall swearing seale of expenses of an ancient philosoamong the contestants.

NO. 4.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Facts and Figures. Hartford women propose to establish in insurance company.

of the King of Siam is lecturing in Boston.
The O'Brien Pioneer, Iowa, goes forth

A quondam governess to the children

to the world from a wooden printing

The best customer of the shaving cup of an Aberdeen, Scotland, barber is a

A resident of Indiana is reported to have had seven wives all named Mary.

Like Byron, he had "a fondness for the name of Mary." Kansas brags of a pumpkin vine with

106 branches, measuring in the aggre-gate, 1,368 feet, and bearing pumpkins five feet five by six feet six. An able-bodied North Carolina negro

the other day, swallowed two dozen raw eggs, shells and all, and washed them down with a pint of raw whiskey. Clarksville, Pike County, hath a

with my little pistol."- Kansas City Times. Michigan University female Sophoores haze good-looking Freshmen by

olindfolding and then kissing them We shouldn't think that was capital punishment. A microscopic examination of flest

from the body of a young lady who died at Urbana, Ill., from eating ham, revealed fifty thousand triching to the quare inch. A drover who sells his cattle by live

weight, always gives them as much water as they will drink before driving them on the scales. That is his way of watering stock. A woman in Iowa compelled to go to the Poor House who is 105 years of age,

Assuming the specific gravity of the poor has raised a large family, and is the gas to be 5, and that of a rich gas 750, mother of a wealthy citizen who refuses to support her. A Philadelphia woman who had broken her leg was so modest that she

and there being no female doctor bround mortification ensued which resulted in Swindlers tried to seduce a Westers nan on a railroad train into betting

that he could open a patent padlock which they carried about. He took the bet and opened the lock with a sledge hammer. The Supreme Court of the United States having decided that a husband

can recover damages for the loss of his wife proportioned to her usefulness and capacity to earn money, a Boston man whose spouse perished in a recent railway accident was allowed by the discriminating jury exactly six cents. Mrs. Mary Miller, who rode from Exe-

attend the funeral observances of George Washington in that borough on the 12th of January, 1800, is still living at Mount Airy, Berks County, aged ninety-two, but looks and acts and talks like a young thing of sixty or thereabouts.

They claim to have a clergyman in Lowell, Mass., so familiar with the hymn and tune book in use in his church that if any page of the book is mentioned he can tell what tune is thereon, and al the hymns set to it, and if the name of any tune is mentioned, he can tell what page it is on, and repeat the first lines f the corresponding hymns.

The Norwich Bulletin says, next to Massachusetts, Connecticut has the largest deposits in savings banks of any of the New England States. we could see all Ooly and the mountains amount on January 1, 1871, was \$55, 297,705, and now must exceed \$60,000. 000. In the six New England States these deposits now exceed \$275,000,000.

Prof. Silversmith, of Chicago, has in vented a machine for making copper type like the twilight or the earliest dawn. by cold pressure process. The value of copperisabout three times that of ordinary type metal, but the type made by this pro-cess, it is said, will last ten times as long as the old cast type. It is a curious fact that hardly any improvement has hitherto been made in the manufacture of type for the last three hundred years.

A handsome young gentleman walked into the Adams Express office the other day, and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who, in making out his account, desired to know what was the risk. The young gentleman hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, replied, "Well, I can't say exactly, but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

There is an obsolescent proverb to the effect that shoemakers' children always go barefoot. The significance of this is of course, that mechanics and professional men are slow to give themselves or their families the benefit of their special avocations. The proverb is strikingly corroborated by some vitality statistics that have recently been elaborated by a learned gentleman at Berlin. These show that of all classes of mankind the shortest lived are the doctors. There is another fact developed by these figures that conveys a grim sarcasm; among the classes whose average of longevity is the greatest are military men. The inevitable inference is that to destroy human life is healthy; to save it, fatal

To young men going to college or desiring to go there, the question of expense is sometimes an important one The last number of the College Courant has an article on this subject, in which a year, and others who spent \$2,500. It men to spend a large amount of money if they have it at command; and, on the other hand, an indigent and ampher to a surprising degree, if he tries