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## POETRY.

### THE WAYSIDE VISION.

On the sidewalk cool and shady  
Five paces in her rear I trail;  
She was a lithe and beautiful lady,  
A rapt in motion and in soul;  
And moved past all the rest and fever  
Of earthly toils so easily and free,  
Like one whose sunny heart had never  
Felt a breath of earthly pain.  
Around her form the shadow lingered,  
Like some faint wraith loth to go,  
And with her foot the grass was stirred,  
The softest of the earth below;  
And where the bodied shadow hovered,  
We saw from her neck and hair,  
And waved the brooked shawl that covered  
Her taper limbs rounded fair.  
On twisted the frail fingers that muffled  
The pearls splendor of her arm,  
And, dallying down her kirtle, ruffled  
In buoyant vision's elken charm,  
To whom they were so easily and free,  
Glimmered the vision of her feet,  
Like two quivering pigeons, cooling  
Within and out their looped retreat.  
She touched the earth with step as airy,  
With foot as soft as dew and dew,  
As if the carol of a fairy,  
Had timed her motions to its air,  
And, gliding on, she left me dreaming  
How far more perfect in her face  
The light of that young soul was beaming,  
Than lent her form such perfect grace.  
The laborer passed, the merchant laden,  
By noisy street, by trade-wagon start,  
As if her very presence carried  
A blessing to the faded heart,  
And, though untraced the foot enjoyment,  
Each heart turned cheerier to its care,  
For each had entertained one moment  
A wandering angel unaware.  
She turned and vanished, but in going  
Revealed a face whose glacial count  
Through artless innocence was glowing,  
And sweet roseate with angelic bloom;  
Not formed to dazzle by its splendor,  
But through its winning softness beamed  
A spirit content, frank and tender,  
That leaves no promise unfulfilled.  
She faded like a vision—  
A joy unfulfilled, and dark and dim,  
Faded, neglected, and dark and dim,  
Waylay the garnered hopes of years,  
Friendship and love and honor perish—  
The perch, leaving venomed stings,  
Also, late to wound the heart,  
The chance deludes the moment brings.  
—Thomas Durfee.

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Mrs. Eva Forrester was in a quandary. If she should go to Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard's fête her husband would be left to his own diversions during her absence. Jealousy was one of Mrs. Forrester's besetting failings; if she should stay at home and watch him, she would be giving up to him, for she had said that she would, and he had declared that he would not go.  
"Blanchard cheated me," her husband said angrily. "He owes me to-day two or three thousand dollars, which he says if he should stay at home and watch him, though the law does not compel him. But no; he has speculated, risen up again and has built a mansion; now he is going to have a house warming, and has the impudence to invite me. It is not proper for me to go when I want to go," protested his wife.  
"It isn't my fault if the laws do not protect you. I should think that you wonderful men who can rule the world in such a grand way, without the help of women, would make some kind of law about paying debts. Everybody is going to this fête, many to whom Blanchard owes money as well as he did you, and it is to be the most splendid affair of the season. There will be boats on the pond and tents on the lawn, with fruit untold, and a dinner, a dance and a supper. I must lose these because some ten years ago, he failed and in your debt! I shan't do it."  
"And I shan't go," retorted the husband. "If you go it must be alone."  
"Very well," said Mrs. Forrester, and tossing her head, went out of the breakfast room, where this dialogue had taken place, and began to turn over her wardrobe to make a selection for the fête.  
James would come round when he knew that she was really going.  
But James didn't come around, and here it was the day before, and she wouldn't go and she would. She concluded that she must, for, aside from showing him that she meant to have her way, it was impossible to think of not displaying that beautiful crimson silk dress on the very first chance.  
To be sure it was awful to go without her husband, still more to go with that odious Mrs. Clark, who would be her duenna; but so she would.  
Mr. Forrester said not another word. He was as pleasant as usual, and he had his own way.  
When at noon luncheon his wife appeared resplendent in a red silk dress, with low neck and jewels scarcely hidden by the little jacket she was to wear till evening, and with her hair superbly rolled and puffed, he only said:  
"My dear, you look remarkably well," and seemed to take for granted that the attire was assumed for his especial delectation.  
She pouted, returned no answer, and made a great show of being in a hurry and of listening to the sound of every carriage wheel that rolled along the street. But he would ask no questions. She would have given something if Mrs. Clark had driven up before James went out, but she did not; he went out without a word of good-bye, though she was to be gone all night—the cruel wretch.  
Mrs. Clark came the minute he was out of sight—some people never do come at the right moment—and Mrs. Forrester had hard work to smile.  
"Wasn't your husband sorry that you should go without him?" the horrid old woman asked.  
"Oh, very sorry," exclaimed Mrs. Forrester, "but he is so anxious that I should have all the pleasure that I can. He, poor dear, is completely immersed in business. He hasn't failed and said a shilling on the dollar—ha! ha!—so

he must work. However, we will let bygones be bygones; and, indeed, Mrs. Blanchard is very civil. When I told her that, as you intended to return home directly after dinner I should lose the dancing, she insisted on my staying all night.  
"Are you going to do so?" Mrs. Clark asked, with a faint air of disapproval.  
"I am, certainly," replied Mrs. Forrester, quite decidedly.  
She was not going to tell people that she and James had quarrelled, not she. If she thought that he was a wretch and told him so, she did not mean to enlighten others on the point.  
They reached Blanchard's place in due time. It was a fine estate, a mile or two from the town in which Mr. and Mrs. Forrester had taken up a temporary summer residence, and on this glorious September day was as beautiful as a picture.  
The turf was green velvet, but here and there a tree or vine was red, gold or purple with autumn, and lighted up the landscape like a torch. The pond was gay with boats, the lawn with gaily dressed people, and all went merry as a marriage bell.  
The Blanchards were very polite to Mrs. Forrester, and grieved that business had prevented her husband from accompanying her. They quite distinguished her, and complimented her as the handsomest dressed lady there. Perhaps they remembered the three thousand dollars; she certainly did not forget it.  
When Mrs. Anne Traak called her attention to the beauty of the conservatories, she sighed and said:  
"Ah, yes; and my dear, poor James' money built them. I really feel as if they were mine."  
When Mr. Clark, an old admirer of Mrs. Forrester's, on whose arm she took a long promenade that afternoon, gazed as he looked at the charming place, and said: "It is like a view of Paradise to Adam after he was turned out. We poor bachelors look at the wives and the houses of other men and sigh in vain."  
Mrs. Forrester laughed and said:  
"Why don't you fail? Then all your friends can contribute the house and land, and the wife will come of herself. Such a place as this would be an inducement to any woman."  
For a woman who was inclined to be jealous of her husband, Mrs. Forrester certainly carried on quite a game that afternoon with Mr. Charles Clark. He was very attentive and gallant, and she was very complacent and evinced no disposition to a little flirting. She enjoyed it immensely.  
Served James right for not coming. He could look at the other women and make them sweet speeches—she knew he did—and she would show him that two could play that game. The only thing wanting to a perfect enjoyment of the situation was that James could see her whole.  
It wouldn't do half as well if she told him, because he might think that she was doing it to make him jealous. She almost hoped that some one would notice and warn him and think that she was horrid.  
Charles Clark was going to remain all night too; he told Mrs. Forrester. He had been assisting the Blanchards in preparing this affair, and was going to stay. Should he have the pleasure of driving her over next morning?  
The real meaning of the request was that she wanted James to see her driving up to the door with Charles Clark in his carriage, and ask Charles to help her out in that graceful, devoted way of his. Wouldn't she smile on her escort and make believe she did not see who was looking out of the window. She would teach James Forrester to let her go off alone, and never care what became of her. He should know what jealousy was.  
"You really think that you will stay all night?" Mrs. Clark asked, putting her head into a charming *à-la-tête* between Mrs. Forrester and her old lover.  
"Oh, yes; it is quite decided," said Eva, angrily.  
"Flirting thing!" muttered Mrs. Clark, turning away. "I shouldn't wonder if she came on purpose to see Mr. Clark."  
Just as the dancing began, a boy inquired at the open window of the parlor for Mrs. Forrester.  
"She is dancing there with Mr. Clark," Mrs. Clark said.  
Mrs. Clark was just about going, and was annoyed that she must go alone. She wanted some one to abuse her host and hostess to all the way home, and she must bottle it all till the next day.  
"Here's a note for her," the boy said; and having given it the boy vanished.  
Mrs. Clark delighted in mystery and melodrama. This was so charming the mysterious message, the tragical looking note, the fact of any note at all having come. Then when she had breathlessly sought out Eva Forrester, and given her the note, hoping that it contained bad news, and had watched her tear it open, the expression of her face when she read it added so to the charm of the situation.  
"Is Mr. Forrester ill?" her comforter inquired.  
"Not very well, that is all," Eva replied, as calmly as she could. "He can't do without me, if he has a sore finger or a toothache."  
Charles Clark soothed. To be sure Eva's flirtation with him had consisted in the most outrageous praises of her husband and description of the happiness of their lives; but then he wanted to drive her to town, and make her husband a little jealous, if possible.  
He had to resign himself, however, and lead her to Mrs. Clark's carriage, and see her drive away in the starry night.  
The contents of the note were these lines:  
"If Mrs. Forrester knew with whom her husband spends his time while she is gone, she would not stay away long, certainly not over night."  
Of course there was no name signed. Of course that note would have taken

Eva Forrester home over red-hot ploughshares.  
Mrs. Clark found her a very dull companion, and could get no satisfaction concerning her husband's illness.  
"Leave me at the door," said Eva, when they drew near the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Forrester were staying.  
"Why, my dear, your rooms are on the other side," Mrs. Clark said.  
"But I will stop here," Eva replied, decidedly.  
If James was at home, he should not hear a carriage drive up, and look out and see that it was she.  
It was ten o'clock, for the drive had taken them some time. The young wife's heart burned with a fierce and deadly jealousy as she glided noiselessly through the long, lighted entries. She did not know who to be jealous of, for her husband had, after all, done nothing to point out any person. Her vexations had been vague and as nothing, but now a terrible reality stood before her. She had realized, thinking the matter over on her way home, that in truth she was the happiest of women till that night, and that, though she had pretended to be jealous, it was a pretence.  
Never till now had she known that agonized contraction of the heart which comes when proof of misery is at hand. Her head was in a whirl, though she was outwardly cool. She was fit for anything. What she would do to him she knew not, but as for the woman who had dared to lure her husband away from her—she should die.  
She passed swiftly through the hall, went into a side passage and down to the street at the back part of the hotel. An apothecary's shop was at the back of the hotel. She was known there, and had no difficulty in procuring what she wanted. After a minute, she went back to the hotel with a bottle in her hand.  
A light shone under the door of her room. He was at home. She stopped for a minute to take breath, then softly tried the lock. Of course it was fastened, she thought. But no, it yielded to her touch, and she entered without a sound. The entry and parlor lights were dim, but from the open door of the sleeping room came a flood of light. She crossed the room and stood on the threshold. Horror of horrors! a woman lay on her bed asleep, with her face turned away; a white hand dropped over the side of the bed, and a flood of hair streamed over the pillow. Eva Forrester's nerves seemed changed to wires of steel. She only glanced round to make sure that no one else was in the room; she softly approached the bed, the bottle clasped tightly in her hand.  
A table was drawn up to the bedside, and on it was placed a vase of flowers and a smelling bottle.  
With her hand resting on the table, Eva bent forward to see the face of her rival. It was a sweet and lovely face, scarcely the one that might be looked for in a woman who would be found in such a situation.  
"What!" she muttered, taking a step nearer, but at the same time she heard her husband coming.  
"Why, who is here?" exclaimed a lady's voice at the door.  
Another woman! In sheer surprise Mrs. Forrester turned her head and saw Mrs. Marvin, the lady who owned the suite of rooms next her own. The lady stood looking at her in astonishment. Their acquaintance was too slight to warrant such a visit on either side.  
"Why, how in the world happened you to come into my rooms?" cried Mrs. Marvin, too much surprised to be very polite.  
"Your rooms?"  
Eva looked about her. Sure enough, she was in the wrong room.  
After explanations and apologies, Mrs. Forrester gathered up her wraps, which had dropped off on the floor as she entered, and sought her own apartment. But not with a light heart. She might find something as bad there.  
Mrs. Marvin's sister had arrived only that night; but perhaps she was not the only new comer in the house.  
A light under the door here too. She made sure that she had the right door, and again the door yielded to her hand. Again the dim light in the parlor and the bright light beyond.  
This time Mrs. Forrester looked about the room. Yes, that was her furniture, and the canary gave a sleepy warble as she entered.  
She went to the bedroom door, and, with a thickly beating heart stood on the threshold. No flood of fair hair and no white hand were there to wring her heart; but a brown haired head on the pillow and a pair of brown eyes open and looking at her.  
"Won't you lock the parlor door, Eva?" her husband asked sleepily.  
She started and tried to recover herself.  
"Why didn't you lock it?" she asked.  
"I left it open for you," he replied.  
"But I said I should stay all night," she exclaimed.  
"I didn't think you would, dear, after you received that note," he remarked, coolly.  
"That note!" she cried.  
"Yes; didn't he bring it to you, though?"  
He couldn't help smiling.  
"James, what do you mean?" his wife asked, breathlessly, coming to the bedside, having hidden the fatal vial in her pocket.  
He stretched out his hand and drawing a little stand near, took from it the fac simile of the note Eva had received.  
"I couldn't bear to have you away from me so long," he said.  
Then, as she burst into tears, half of joy, half of terror for the awful crime she had just escaped, he put his arm around her.  
"Forgive me, dear," he said tenderly. "It was a cruel jest. I didn't think you would take it so hard."  
It was some time before she was quite calm, having told him all her story, not omitting the vial, frightening him nearly to death.  
He learned by that never to tease his wife with making her jealous again.

Jealousy, he saw, was no play, and no weapon for a man to use.  
They were quite reconciled at length, and happier than ever.  
"But I did flirt awfully with Charles Clark," she said, penitently.  
"So I saw," her husband said, dryly.  
"You saw then?" with a glad laugh.  
"Oh, sir, I have caught you. You didn't mean me to know, and you really cared enough for me to follow me, you darling James!"  
"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't been home ten minutes," he had to own.

### Colors for Evening Wear.

In choosing evening dresses, ladies should be careful to select those colors which incline most to the test of daylight. A color gains or loses in beauty by daylight according to the greater or lesser quantity of yellow it contains. Violet, which is the opposite of yellow, is that which changes most; it becomes a dull reddish-brown. Blue, if pure, becomes greenish at any time, is brighter than ever under gaslight; straw color becomes roser, sulphur-color does not change, and maize becomes exquisitely soft and clear. Pink changes to salmon-color. The yellow light of gas or candles, so hostile to all blue tints, enhances the splendor of red. Ruby becomes more brilliant, crimson assumes a richer tone, and orange gives with fire-color. Even black and white are subject to the alteration caused by artificial light; bluish blacks, by far the most handsome by day, lose all their beautiful blue shade, and become hard and dull. White, on the contrary, gains much by lamplight; if fast, it lights up again, and becomes often chosen a yellowish-white dresses, knowing they will look best on the stage. Perhaps the loveliest of all shades for the evening is silver gray, which acquires a somewhat rose tint; but grays which contain any amount of white, such as pearl gray, lose all their beauty and look dull as soon as lamps are lit.

### True and False Architecture.

Your first-class architect should be an artist of no mean order. He should possess dignity; he must not trifle and play tricks—must be in earnest; he must not be giddy, he must be serious; for only out of such a temper can come the stupendous conceptions of true architecture, which differs so essentially from the false. Study finishes an architect, but genius is the foundation. A man may be perfectly familiar with all the works of architecture, from Vitruvius to Callist, still, if all this knowledge is planted in a head sterile by nature, it will amount to nothing. He may learn to make ornaments, but he will not reach the sublime height of conceiving a grand design. The workers of false architecture require little more genius than is demanded by the art of making sweetmeats, which has for its object the pleasure of the palate, or that art which pleases another sense, and works at the composition of perfumes. In the same manner, superficially the true architect will produce nothing but great and magnificent designs; the false, a multitude of small and trifling ones. This shows the difference between the grasp of true genius in the sublime art, and the feeble elaborations of mere talent. Genius invents; it works in the materials already at hand. The one sears in magnificence and beauty; the other gropes and plods around in the region of mere ornaments. These false beauties in architecture are, however, apt to be popular with the crowd, who have not the taste and culture to see the absurdity. But the artistic eye requires something very different from mere gingerbread ornamentation, and rests delightfully upon the simple grandeur of true architecture, which bears the stamp of art on every portion of its graceful whole, combining majesty, simplicity, and more important still, perfect harmony.

### The Anaconda of Venezuela.

Of ophidians, the great anaconda serpent is unquestionably the most terrific in character of all the reptiles on the African continent.  
Under the name of *cañera de agua*, the anaconda of Venezuela (*serpens murinus*) not unfrequently attains the length of twenty thirty and even forty feet. It actually swallows animals larger than its own body. The throat may be put upon a stretch to admit a deer, or a cow, and the stomach is sufficiently elastic to receive the mass.  
In gorging a tall stag with antlers, they stick crosswise at the angles of the mouth until decomposition in one direction and prodigious muscular action in another, separate them from the skull, and then the remnants of an engulfed carcass slide down for digestion. They only feed occasionally. After successfully swallowing a crushed victim they can go seven months or more without further food. Their skin is used for straps when tanned, on account of its toughness and durability, in that country.  
Serpents inspire a feeling of horror, large or small. There is an instinctive dread of them in all human beings. And yet they fulfil an important mission in the economy of life, indispensable, viewed by the law of equilibrium—or checks and balances in the domain of nature.

Nilson receives a thousand dollars per night at the Drury-Lane Theatre, London.

### Accepting the Situation.

Every day, in this world of mutation, men and women are called upon to exchange broadcloth for homespun, silk for calico, the palace for the cottage. By fraud, by accident, by fame, by fluctuation in trade, the rich inheritance, the honestly-earned competence, is swept away, and the man who thought himself independent for life must begin again at the foot of the hill; the woman lapped in luxury must become her own maid, and the servant of her own family as well. So quietly do these suffering reverses slip away into the books of society, that little known of their daily lives, their struggles with adverse fortune, their efforts to retrieve loss and regain position. The contest may be long and fierce, and end in defeat, deeds of prowess may be done, and acts of valor performed, blows given and received that in the crowded amphitheatre would call forth tumultuous applause; but there is no concourse to cheer, there are no hands to clap, no voices to shout for the victor. Yet not unmoved do these noiseless heroes and heroines move along their quiet path. Many a heart is strengthened at sight of their patient toil, their cheerful submission, their acceptance of whatever fate may bring. For all of us bear burdens of one sort or another, all of us need the cheer and stimulus of such examples.  
Recently an instance illustrating what we have said fell under our observation. Years ago we knew a gentleman who by industry and business sagacity had become the possessor of a handsome competence. His family had grown to maturity enjoying all the advantages of metropolitan life for education and accomplishment. We supposed him still riding upon the full tide of prosperity. But a year or two since reverses overtook him which compelled the sacrifice of a beautiful residence on the Hudson, the sale of the carpets and costly pictures, the giving up of every luxury and the recourse to daily toil for bread. Living in modest retirement, surrounded by an intelligent and industrious family, sustained and cheered by a devoted wife, we found him a few weeks since steadily and patiently trying to lay the cornerstone of another competence. The seamstress was long ago dismissed, there was no housemaid, no laundress, no cook. The young ladies, accomplished musicians, thorough French scholars, well-read in literature and poetry, devoted themselves to the mastery of household accomplishments. The mother showed with equal pride a dress her daughter had ironed with nicety, and a drawing she had finished with skill and taste. In the evening we had music from Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and in the morning delicious butter-cakes from the same fair fingers. Every ray of sunshine in that family landscape was dwelt upon and enjoyed; we need no finger to point out shadows; instead of mourning over the loss of fortune, the whole family were resolved into a cheerful industry to improve their neighborhood in which they live, to diffuse intelligence, to inspire aspiration toward culture and refinement, and awaken the love for that which is imperishable. Sweet are the uses of adversity! Accepted, it is the "crowning grace" that sanctifies the whole of life. Honorable industry, when it sets upon the forehead and upon the breast, though to careless eyes they seem but wrinkles or marks of vulgar toil, Plunged in the flame, tempered in the ice-brook, polished by long attrition, must the blade be ere it may receive the tool of the graver, be set in the jeweled hilt, and flash in the air as the general waves it in front of his on-marching legions.  
"O well for him whose will is strong!  
He suffers, but he will not suffer long!  
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong!  
For him the world's the least and narrowest mock.  
Nor all calamity's hugest waves content,  
Who seems a promontory of rock,  
That compass round with turbulent sound,  
In middle ocean meets the surging flood,  
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-trembling."  
—N. Y. Tribune.

### How to Disinfect a House.

Mix common salt and black manganese about equal weights, and take about a pound of the mixed powder for each cubic yard in the house. Place it in a pan deep enough to hold three or four inches, in any room where you can arrange to upset a vessel of acid into it by pulling a string outside the house. This will be oil of vitriol, or boiled sulphuric acid (specific gravity 1.8), a weight double that of the manganese. Make all openings, except chimneys, air-tight, and leave no water or wet things within, or polished metals, unless you want them dimmed. Then pull the string that pours the acid on the powder. The object is to fill the house with chlorine gas, which, being heavier than while warm, will accumulate from the ground upward, expelling the air by the chimneys. However tight the lower openings, you will probably smell a little of it as a warm sea-breeze. By next morning the law of gaseous diffusion will, even through the chimneys only, have disposed of all its traces; and if meanwhile you have found every unclean atom, lark where it may, and killed every germ or spore, zymotic or animalcular, deadlier than any other killing known.

### ETERNAL LAMPS.

St. Augustine described a lamp, placed by the sea-shore, which neither wind nor rain extinguished. In the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, was found a lamp, supposed by Panciroli and others to have burned above 1300 years. Now, the flames in such cases are thought to have been caused by the inflammable airs so frequently generated in pits and caverns, which is confirmed by a discovery in 1753 on the opening of an ancient sepulchre at Naples.

### THE ACCEPTED LOVER.

Emerson preached a whole discourse in a few lines thus: "The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven while he pursued her as a star—she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he."

### The Grisly Bear.

The grisly bear is the largest and most formidable of the quadrupeds of California. He grows to be four feet high and seven feet long, with a weight, when very large and fat, of 2,000 pounds, being the largest of the carnivorous animals, and much heavier than the lion or tiger ever got to be. The grisly bear, however, as ordinarily seen, does not exceed 800 or 900 pounds in weight. In color, the body is a light, grayish brown about the ears, and along the ridge of the back, and nearly black on the legs. The hair is long, coarse and wiry, and stiff on the top of the neck and between the shoulders. The "grisly," as he is usually called, is more common in California than any other kind of bear, and was at one time exceedingly numerous for so large an animal; but he offered so much meat for the hunters, and did so much damage to the farmers, that he has been industriously hunted, and his numbers greatly reduced. He ranges throughout the State, but prefers to make his home in the chaparral, or bushes, whereas the black bear likes the heavier timber. The grisly is very tenacious of life, and he is seldom immediately killed by a single bullet. His thick, wiry hair, tough skin, heavy coats of fat, when in good condition, and large bones, go far to protect his vital organs; but he often seems to preserve all his strength and activity for an hour or more after having been shot through the lungs and liver with large rifle balls. He is one of the most dangerous animals to attack. There is much probability when shot he will not be killed outright. When merely wounded he is ferocious. His weight and strength are so great that he bears down all opposition before him, and he is very quick, his speed in running being nearly equal to that of the horse, attacking a man, he usually rises on his hind legs, strikes his enemy with one of his powerful fore-paws, and then commences to bite him. If the man lies still, with his face down, the bear will usually content himself with biting him for while about the arms and legs, and will then go off a few feet and watch him. If the man lies still, the bear will believe him dead, and will soon get tired and go away. But let the man move, and the bear is upon him again; let him fight, and he will be in imminent danger of being torn to pieces. About half a dozen men, in the mountains, are killed yearly in California by grisly bears, and as many more cruelly mutilated.

### Home Reading.

One of the most pleasant and noblest duties of the head of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. In times which are past it was considered enough to clothe and feed and shelter a family. This was the sum of parental duty. But lately it has been discovered that wives and children have minds, so that it becomes necessary to educate the children and furnish reading for the whole household. It has been found out that the mind wants food as well as the body, and that it wants to be sheltered from the pitiless storms of error and vice by the guarding and friendly roof of intelligence and virtue.  
An ignorant family in our day is an antiquated institution. It smells of the bygone past. It is a dark spot which the light of the modern sun of intelligence has not reached.  
Let good reading go into a home, and the very atmosphere of that home gradually but surely changes. The boys begin to grow ambitious, to talk about men, places, books, the past and the future. The girls begin to feel a new life opening before them in knowledge, duty and love. They see new fields of usefulness and pleasure. And so the family changes, and out from its number will grow intelligent men and women, will fill honorable places, and be useful members of society. Let the torch of intelligence be lit in every household. Let the old and young vie with each other in introducing new and useful topics of investigation, and in cherishing a love of reading, study and improvement.

### A Humbug of Neatness.

Charles D. Warner, in his new book, "Sanctaries," thus ventilates one of the stock "sights" of Holland:  
"We drove out five miles to Broek, the clean village; across the Y, up the canal, over flatness flattened. Broek is a humbug, as almost all show-places are. A wooden little village on a stagnant canal, into which carriages do not drive, and where the front doors of the houses are never open; a dead, uninteresting place, neat, but not especially pretty, where you are shown into one house got up for the purpose, which looks inside like a crockery shop, and has a still little garden with box-trained shapes of animals and furniture. A roomy-breathed young Dutchman, whose trousers went up to his neck, and his hat to a peak, walked before us in slow, cow-like fashion, and showed us the place, especially some horrid pleasure-grounds, with an image of an old man reading in a summer-house, and an old couple, in a cottage, who sat at a table and worked, or ate. I forget which, by clock-work, while a dog barked by the same man. In a pond was a wicker swan sitting on a stick, the water having receded, and left it high and dry. Yet the trip is worth while for the view of the country and the people on the way; men and women towing boats on the canals; the red-tiled houses painted green, and in the distance, the villages, with their spires and pleasing mixture of brown, green and red tints, are very picturesque. The best thing that I saw, however, was a traditional Dutchman, walking on the high bank of a canal, with soft hat, short pipe, and breeches that came to the armpits above, and a little below the knees, and were broad enough about the seat and thighs to carry his, no doubt, numerous family. He made a fine figure against the sky."

Silent contempt is the sharpest reproof.

### Facts and Figures.

At the celebration of the Pope's birthday in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a subscription was started to present to his Holiness a crown of thorns, to be made of massive gold.  
An Italian capitalist has established a penitentiary at Sullivan, Ind. The citizens will celebrate the event in grand mass meeting, on which occasion 14 bushels of peanuts will be barbecued.  
An Alabama paper was not issued at the regular time lately, one of the editors being on the jury and the other having been married. Both expressed their regrets in the next issue.  
A certain popular clergyman, young and unmarried, is said to have remarked that if he were a centipede he could not wear one-half the slippers fashioned for him by the fair hands of admiring parishioners.  
Bony Nash, the Cincinnati gambler, who died recently, was congratulated a short time before the event upon looking in better health than usual, when he replied: "I bet you \$20 I don't live a week." He won.  
A wealthy old lady in Detroit has taken a whim to peddle oranges and figs, and goes about the streets retailing her wares, dressed meantime in elegant clothes. She is partially demented, and if her friends do not allow her to follow her notions she becomes violent.  
There lives a man in the village of Rochester, N. H., who is out every morning, rain or shine, before other people are up, searching diligently on the sidewalks, in the gutter and through the streets for money and valuables that was dropped the previous evening. The result of his diligence is not reported.  
The servant girls of Pittsburgh have caught the striking fever, and demand that in the future their hours shall be from eight to twelve in the forenoon, and from two to six in the afternoon, Sundays free, free range of pantry and cellar, free admission of friends and cousins to the kitchen and washroom, hospital attendance at the expense of their employers in case of sickness, and increase of wages with the growth of the family. That's all.  
They have a new way of treating the broken legs of horses, which ought to be generally known. A valuable horse, in Hartford, Conn., had his leg broken a short time since. The leg was carefully set by an experienced surgeon, and was covered thickly with plaster. When the plaster "set" or hardened, it kept the limb as immovable as if it had been made of iron. Thus treated, a broken leg, it is asserted, will knit together in a brief time and become as good as ever.  
A little presence of mind and resolution sometimes does wonders. Detroit of late has been much afflicted with hydrophobia. Whether it appears in the first instance in the dogs or the people, it is hard to say, but when once it seizes dog or man he immediately becomes an ugly creature to deal with. A heroic Detroit woman saved herself and children from the bite of a rabid canine, the other day, by seizing and bridling the animal and holding him in such a position that he could not bite. She then dragged him to the gate, flung him out, and shut and bolted the gate, and he was soon slaughtered before any one was hurt.  
Elopements of the real old-fashioned kind are rare in these prosy days. There was one specimen, however, in Illinois, quite recently. A poor young man was in love with the daughter of a rich farmer, and the farmer objected to the youth because he was poor and forbade him the house. Yet did the amorous pair continue to meet and send sweet messages to and fro, and one night the youth planned a ladder at the maid's window. The maiden was waiting as she should be, and descended into the bosom of the night and of her adventurous cavalier. They fled into the darkness and the pastor's house, and while the farmer slept they were made one.

Of all the hotels in the world the very oddest is a lonely one in California, on the road between San Jose and Santa Cruz. Imagine ten immense trees standing a few feet apart and hollow inside; these are the hotel, most breezy, and so quaint. The largest tree is sixty-five feet around, and contains a sitting-room, and that bureau of Bacchus wherefrom is dispensed the thing that biteth and stingeth. All about this tree is a garden of flowers and evergreens. The drawing-room is a bower made of redwood, evergreens and these one species, moss, breezy, and so there are nine great hollow trees, white-washed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a learning stump, dubbed "the library." If it were not for that same haunt of Bacchus, it is certain that the guests of this forest establishment would feel like nothing so much as drays.  
"The Frankfort Yeoman tells this: "Once upon a time a young Kentucky physician, who had been regularly educated for his profession, was called to the bedside of a patient that he had been attending with his best care for some time, but who obstinately grew worse and worse, until now his end seemed very near. "Doctor, said the sick man, 'I am dying—I am certain I am dying, and believe you have killed me.' The doctor seemed to think very earnestly for a moment or two, and then quite gravely and seriously replied: 'Yes, I see that you are dying; and, on reflection, I believe that you are right—I believe that I have killed you; but I forgive me my oath that if God will I have for having unintentionally murdered you. I will never give another dose of physic professionally as long as I live.' And he kept his oath; he at once quit medicine entirely; turned his attention to the study of law; obtained a license in due course, and, after a few years' successful practice, became one of the most eminent circuit judges of that day in Kentucky—now, nearly forty years ago."