

# The Erie County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ERIE COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1872.

NO. 29.

## POETRY.

### THE HERMIT OF ALSTROVE.

BY CHARLES E. HILLIARD.

An aged man with bearded face,  
And hair of snowy white,  
Stood near the mountain hermitage,  
In morning's early light.  
Upon his shaven staff he leaned,  
And turned with sageful gaze,  
Where on the distant mountain gleamed,  
The sunlit golden rays.  
And as he thus in silence stood,  
The sunlight filled the air;  
And upward to the living God,  
His voice arose in prayer.  
And as he prayed, a gentle youth,  
With weary brow and hair,  
His cheek was pale, and on his brow  
A world of grief appeared.  
"What akest thou," the old man said,  
The Hermit of Alstrove?  
Thy days should be all happiness,  
Thine age a time of love."  
"Oh, father," whispered forth the youth,  
"All men reverse thy name;  
In far off lands have strangers heard  
Thy wisdom and thy fame."  
"Thy gentle heart, thy cheering words,  
My guide my steps should be;  
For from afar my weary feet  
Have sought you gaily here."  
"Up upon the morning sunlight bathes  
Thy eyes with golden beams;  
They tell me on the highest peak  
Thou blooms the wreath of fame."  
"Oh, father, I would grasp that wreath,  
As I did it on my brow;  
But all the world is steep and hard,  
And I am weary now."  
"Blest with thorns and dark reviews,  
My way has been as slow;  
Oh, tell me of some gentler path  
My weary feet may go."  
"Aye! my son, thy prayer is vain."  
The aged man replied;  
"Along mountain side, and deep,  
No path is there to bring  
But fit the burning gaze avert,  
Avoid the paths of sin;  
Be patient, tireless, and thou shalt  
At last thy treasure win."  
The faint of heart hath never won  
The greatest name in fame;  
For in the battle of life bring,  
No staggerer gains the day."

### THE STORY-TELLER.

#### "DOCTOR JOHN."

"A Doctor's life is a strange one!" muttered Dr. John Hessian, as he jumped into his carriage, taking the reins from the hands of the grinning rickshaw puller, who, for the last twenty minutes, had been exhibiting the fond delusion that he was to accompany his master on his round of professional inquiry.

"Not this time, Ebony," said the doctor, with a good natured shrug of his broad shoulders. "You can come to-morrow," noting the look of disappointment on the boy's face. Dr. John was more tender of his servants than some men are of their wives.

"Oh, never mind, Massa, never mind," replied Ebony, like the average human, quite forgetful of annoyance when the subject of consideration was distasteful. "I knows what 'tis. I just knows what 'tis," added Ebony, as he watched the carriage out of sight. "He's got one of his spells, and wants to talk to himself; I know him of old. If 'twas anybody but Dr. John, I should just say, 'Ebony, that man has got softening of the skull; but no such nonsense can be laid to him.'"

Dr. John did not want to be alone, or as much alone as a man could be in the streets of that city, so he did what he did to talk to himself. Most men who are in the habit of communing with their own souls, do it in audible language; so in this respect, whatever he might be in others, Dr. John did not differ from his brethren. A man's own opinion is not infrequently his best and safest companion. It will keep its owner's secrets and when the companionship is frequent, will fill in all cases properly guide and admonish. Self-communion in its highest form is the avenue which leads directly to the heart of God.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "yes, sir." (Sometimes Dr. John was very respectful to himself.) "A doctor's life is no joke. Easy, my beauty, easy! Now, John, look at that horse. You are only just a little more of an animal than he is. It's fun for him to travel when there's another horse close by that he can outrun. Exactly the case with you, John. If it hadn't been for another horse in the shape of a doctor you were determined to get a little the start of where you would have been to-day? That's the point. Why, ambition, eh? To pass a poor devil on the road of life! Upon my word, I believe I should be a better man if I had a wife. I rather like women; but it is a little hard to understand how a fellow manages with a woman tied to him morning noon and night. That's what takes me. Then, I am not sure that anybody's life is that was any way outside. Of course, should want intelligence, and intellectual ability, too; by George! and I never could endure a plain woman, or a woman with a loud voice, or—Yes, sir, that question is in order," continued the doctor, stroking his long, silky, black beard.

"That is what I call driving the nail in. What have you got, John Hessian, to give in exchange for these royal treasures of mind and body? A good name—yes; an exceptional position, unimpeachable integrity—yes, sir. These are something; and here our M. D., reined up before an elegant brown stone mansion, where one of his best (peculiarly speaking) and most fashionable patients resided. Here Dr. John was employed by the year; and although the position was no sinecure, on account of the amount of patients required to battle with the nervous fancies of the principal invalid of the establishment, still Dr. John, to use his own telling vernacular, considered it an "exceedingly soft thing"—and soft it was in more senses than one.

Dr. John walked right up into the invalid's chamber.

"Oh, good morning, doctor. A little late aren't you? Seems to me I have been

waiting an unusual length of time," drawled the lady from her luxurious couch.

"About the usual hour," replied Dr. John, with no special show of deference. "What seems to be the matter this morning?"

"Now, really, doctor, that is too cruel. Matter 'his mornin'! Do you remember what was the matter yesterday? Please don't be so blunt. You shock my nerves terribly."

"Let me see," said the doctor. "Yesterday, according to your own admission, you were fagged out with a fashionable party and a late supper. That of course, cannot be the case to-day."

"I know I should not have attempted it in my weak state, doctor. I know just what you will think of it," sighed the fashionable woman from her downy bed. "But then you men never will understand what society demands of us women. Dear Estelle, dear Estelle was the invalid's daughter! Had quite set her heart on going to Mrs. Donk's reception. Of course I could not allow the dear child to go unattended, and bless your heart, Dr. Hessian, the girl's father would not accompany her to a party if she fell dead in consequence. Oh, Lord, such a time as I did have about it, trying to induce Mr. Waters to escort her. I really believe that some had more to do with my suffering to-day than the party had. Dear me, such a set man as Mr. Waters is! I told him—says I, 'William, this may result in my death!' Says he—'When a woman gets to be forty years old, and don't know enough to take care of her own health and the health of her children, it is time she died'; and then, doctor, he lit his cigar and puffed out of the house. I tell you this because I want you to know what has so unnerved me, and that you may not lay it all to the party. Estelle is quite ill, too, doctor, and when you have written out my prescription, I wish you would walk into the next room and see her."

Dr. John knew that something must be administered or his profession would be irrevocably ruined, so with a quiet smile playing around his large mouth, and truth compels me to state that he had an under-jaw to match, though the rows of unexceptionably white and even teeth, and the silken chin-covering, glossy and soft as a woman's hair, entirely redeemed the lower part of his face from ugliness; the physician wrote the few necessary Latin words, among which aqua seemed really the most conspicuous, and then passed into the other room. The doctor knew what awaited him. This little game had been tried more than once before.

"Good morning, Miss Estelle," said Dr. John, approaching the sofa where the languid beauty reclined. "Your mother tells me you are ill."

Miss Estelle, with almost an impatient gesture, brushed back the floating hair from her temples—carelessly and really unintentionally, it would seem, baring by the motion one of the most beautiful arms that sculptor ever waved about—and replied:

"Your manner seems to say, Miss Estelle, you are always ill. Why don't you behave yourself?" "Oh, how happy I should be, Dr. John, if you would once in your life be kind to me. I do really think something is the matter with my heart. What if I should die?"

No picture of Watteau's could ever have been more wretched, more charmingly colored, than the little form before him. Every accessory of toilet had been brought to bear upon the titid of his beard—and to a handsome woman no dress is so becoming as the size of her hair, with its lace and fantastic embroidery, slipped feet and graceful posture. Then the vases filled with flowers, the mirrors, and jewels, and perfumes, and enticing lolling chairs. Heigho! many a strong man has bowed to such a shrine—made a fool of himself for life when in the glare and glitter of the drawing room no such nonsense would have been thought of.

Dr. John acknowledged the beauty of this picture. It was dainty, piquant, dangerous. It had been disabed up for him on several previous occasions, but never so much to his mind as now. The beauty's manner was earnest and almost supplicating. What man could fail to be appreciative under such circumstances? Remember, too, that Doctor John was longing to be loved—had that morning almost prayed that heaven would send him a little bundle of comfort in the shape of a good wife, and it will not be strange that, notwithstanding the efforts previously made to entrap him, he should think only of the present levelness.

"What are you reading, Miss Estelle?" asked Dr. John, after a moment of appreciative scrutiny. "Wilson's Essays, eh?" and the doctor's face showed all the surprise and pleasure felt by its owner. "And upon my word, if here isn't Emerson. That is healthy food, rather heavy, though, I should think, for a sick girl!"

Miss Estelle drew a long breath. For the first time in the twelve months of trial had she received one single word of compliment or commendation from the man whom her mother had determined should marry.

"And, as true as I live, another book under the pillow. Really, I have some curiosity to know the title of that volume also," continued the doctor almost carelessly.

"Oh! nothing," replied the would-be invalid, languidly, "but a stupid cookery book that I got from the library. Mother depends upon me, you see, for our desserts, and I can tell you that sometimes my ingenuity is sorely tested."

One little hand tucked the volume further under the pillow, while the other, unconscious of course, dropped upon the doctor's. With the white, jeweled fingers lying on his, the fair dusky face upturned, the words which would have doomed him to misery all the days of his life were almost spoken.

How wonderfully and providentially little things sometimes appear to save from desolation and death! The hand with which she had striven to hide the

partially concealed volume had strangely enough, lifted the fringe of the pillow and disclosed both title and author—one of the most mischievous and recklessly written books ever translated into the English language.

For a moment the doctor sat silent with horror and astonishment. Not so much that the woman before him had developed a taste for such literature, but that she could so unblushingly lie to him.

"I do not think," said he, at last, "that you need any medicine. So you have my permission to study the cook-book under your pillow as diligently as you may feel disposed. It is pleasant to know that fashionable young ladies are possessed of such domestic and literary tastes. Good morning, Miss Waters."

Dr. John passed out of that abode of luxury sick at heart.

"I came very near losing myself in that trap. What confounded fools men are!"

The thought was rather humiliating, and Dr. John was unable to shake it off during the day; and when he turned his horse's head homeward it was with a feeling of disgust and loneliness never before experienced.

"Pretty much all alike, I'm afraid," he continued softly to himself.

Just then a little figure in the middle of the street attracted his attention. A child, of all appearance not a day over five years, with uplifted arms stood, heedless of danger, looking straight in his face. Quicker than I can tell, Dr. John had jumped from his carriage, seized the little creature and placed her on the seat beside him.

"You were in great danger, my dear," said the doctor, looking down into the singularly sweet and intelligent young face. "What made you stand in the middle of the crowded street?"

"Are you a doctor?" was the only reply vouchsafed.

"By profession, yes, little miss, and by name John Hessian. Have you any commands for his highness?"

"If you are a doctor, I want you to go home with me, and if you are not, please tell me where I can find one. My sister Kate is sick—awful sick—and she hasn't got any money—neither has she; but she will die if somebody don't come."

"I am a doctor, and will go home with you, little darling," said our friend, involuntarily drawing the sobbing child toward him. "Don't cry; I can help her if anybody can."

Before they arrived at the residence of the sick girl, Dr. John had discovered, by skillful questioning, that the child's name was Florence Britton—the sister's name was Kate Britton; that Kate wrote stories, and made reports, and sometimes was out late at night taking notes and preparing articles for the press, that she had not been well during the winter, and for the last three weeks had been unable to attend to her literary duties, and was now suffering from brain fever. The room which the doctor entered was plainly and neatly furnished, and bore unmistakable marks of refinement and womanly taste.

"Kate," said the little girl, climbing into the bed where her sister lay moaning with pain—"sister Kate, I have brought a doctor to see you. I found him in the street, and he says he can make you well. Look at him, Katie—he is very kind."

"Cuddle right down beside me, Flory darling; there, that's a good little girl. Go to sleep, don't mind sister Kate—she's only got a headache. Sky your prayers," murmured the girl, even in delirium, thoughtful of her precious charge.

Here was a case to rouse Dr. John's energies—a case which appealed to his sympathy and respect—a case, so far as he was able to judge, of utter loneliness and destitution. So, like the good man he was, he set himself to work in good earnest. A good nurse was procured, and the articles were brought into the house, and over all he watched as if the sufferer had been his own sister. The fourth day the invalid awoke to consciousness, and looked at Dr. John straight in the face.

"Where am I?" said she, attempting to rise.

"At home," he replied. "Please be very quiet."

"Where is Flory?"

"Asleep by your side. Don't ask any more questions."

"Who are you?" she continued, apparently oblivious to the command.

"John Hessian at your service, and at present your self-constituted physician, who will be obeyed! Now drink this beef-tea—take Flory's little hand in yours and go straight to sleep."

With a sigh of relief, a smile—a momentary attempt to keep her eyes open a little longer, and the invalid was sleeping as quietly as an infant.

Four weeks from that day, Miss Kate Britton rode out in the doctor's carriage, almost as well as ever.

Dr. John looked unutterable things, as he jumped into his gig and took his seat beside her. Very like the day a month ago when he had something particular to say to himself—only now he evidently had a communication to make to another.

"It will be safe for me to resume my writing to-morrow; will it not, doctor?" inquired Kate, the first to break the silence.

"I feel better and stronger to-day than I have for a year."

"No, little girl," replied the doctor. "It will not be safe for you to resume your writing in six months!"

"Oh, doctor, you are only joking now; I know you are," said Kate, noting the look of amusement in his expressive eyes.

"No, Kate, indeed I am not joking. You shall never go back to that drudgery again, if I can help it."

The hot blood mounted clear to Kate's temples. "Dr. Hessian," she continued, assuming a business-like manner, "but for you I should have been in my grave!"

"In all probability," broke in her companion with more truth than modesty.

"Well," she continued, "you have saved my life, kept my darling little sister from starvation—cared for us both as though we had been your own kindred! But how can I ever—"

"There, child, stop right where you are. Never, if you have any regard for my feelings, allow that word to slip from your lips. I want to take you and Flory to my home, and make your happiness my care. I want a wife and a sister; will you be the first? Perhaps you don't love me exactly—but I know I can make you love me!"

"But I do love you!" said Miss Kate under her breath.

"All right, then! Will you go?" She went.

Dr. John scarcely ever talks to himself now.

### Ladies of Olden Time.

History and tradition offer many types of beautiful womanhood. The grace and loveliness of Greece, the more heroic grandeur of old Rome, the social and personal quality, so to speak, of the white-armored Scandinavian women, the domestic activities and courtly ladyhood of the medieval *chateaine*, all these, and many more, are as pictures, wherein we see represented the ideal womanhood of perfect after its kind, and all beautiful. In saying this we must, of course, allow for the difference of custom between then and now, and not judge according to the religion of our 19th century drawing-room.

Now the rule is for men to pay attention to women, and to prevent their doing the most trifling act for themselves, and "serving" is the last thing our ladies think of; then—though this "then" is very wide, both in race and chronology—the distinctive quality of womanhood was her service, and the more lovely and perfect the lady—the more thoroughly she performed the assigned functions of her state, and the more inextricably her ladyhood was connected with such performance. Queens and princesses bound up the wounds of, and poured out wine for their lords and knights; and in that pretty story of "Walther and the Lady Hildegund," Walther is represented as falling in love with the lady while she is serving him with wine.

Also, in the story of "Beowulf," Hrothgar's queen, the noble Wealtheow, advanced from her seat to bear the cup to her husband, and gratefully "bade him to be blithe at the beer-drinking, he who was dear to his people." Then she went round the hall, offering the cup, and falling in love with the lady while she is serving him with wine.

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### American Cookery.

It is a blessed thing that the frying-pan is fleeing before the march of civilization, even if in its flight it leaves many a Partisan sting in the stomach of aid-to-day. Nowadays only the country-farmer breakfast, let us hope, fries things—corned beef, it is said, with the rest—and ends itself, and perhaps the delicate traveller, with pickles and pie. The frying-pan has made many martyrs, but of the two utensils, so far as we ever made a bona fide saint, although more than one dyspeptic, I fear, canonized solely by the frying-pan, has mistaken a change of stomach for a change of heart. So the hotel breakfast is frequently good; not so much because it takes an unusual degree of perverse talent to spoil a chop or a boiled egg, as because the breakfast is cooked to order, seldom fried, and eaten generally with its first natural flush upon it.

The misfortune to the urban breakfast of our day, it would seem, is that in too many kitchens it has jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. And to burn in boiling is the unpardonable sin of cookery. But with breakfast, unfortunately, the *raison de la grande table* is too apt to end its success, since we take for granted that on the tables of man or woman truly wise there's no such thing as supper, or at least that those with whom evening costume has linked the twilight sadness of tea and preserves take little thought to themselves as to the tea wherewith they shall be drugged, or the preserves wherewith they shall be depressed.

The acute observer who has boarded long at a hotel may, through many experiments and by a series of hungry inductions, learn with some degree of exactness when his favorite dishes are just done, and arranging his dinner-hour accordingly, he may dine almost as well as he has breakfasted. This, however, is possible only when the cook is good, which is far from being always the case. Cooking, indeed, is like love—not quite unpurchasable, yet hard to buy, so noble is the art, so yet, in fact, are no other arts. To state it mildly, about half the cooks, male and female, are bad; and if yours of the hotel is one of them, your dinner will be the usual culinary misadventure, and even your breakfast will have the peculiar imbecility of cookery, which is gross.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

The London *Milk Journal* says: "In England, the system of associated dairies steadily gains ground, and better factories on this principle are being opened. The quality also of the butter is steadily improving, and bids fair to rival that produced in Holstein and Mecklenburg, which now stands first in that market."

### Fashion for Men and Women—Gentlemen's Underwear—Ladies' Dresses.

*Harper's Bazar* gives patterns and descriptions of gentlemen's under-clothing, and adds:

The French yoke shirt is now universally worn. There is a fancy among venders wrinkling the bosom, but the greater number prefer the old fashion of buttoning the bosom. A fashionable shirt front has no pleats, but is merely doubled linen with an inner layer of muslin, making three thicknesses. A row of stitching, or perhaps three or four small cord stitched near the edge, are the approved ornaments. These plain bosoms are easily made, easily ironed, resist the starch well, and will wear better than pleated bosoms that are altered thick and thin. When pleated bosoms are preferred, two wirt pleats at most three, are used. To keep the shirt front smooth a linen loop with a button-hole in it may be attached to the end of the bosom and buttoned to the waistband of the drawers. New York Mills' muslin and the Wamsutta brand are commended for shirts. For shirts entirely lined the party wandered over the qualities of linen for the body of the shirt, and very sheer linen for the bosom. There should be a separate supply of cuffs as well as collars. Square cuffs of three thicknesses of linen are buttoned on outside the narrow wristband of the sleeve.

### LADIES' COSTUMES.

The importations of Fall costumes show many handsome dresses with novel trimmings. Skirts of costumes for the street and house are unchanged in shape, and some, we regret to say, are long enough to drag slightly behind. Instead of the promised simplicity of trimming, they are heavy with flounces, pleatings, bows, and other ornaments.

### OVER-SKIRTS.

Over-skirts and polonaises abound, but there are many handsome dresses without them, or, at least, with but a scarf-like semblance of them; they will last through the Winter season, but indicate abandonment. In their new shape they are not literally over-skirts draped over an under-skirt of similar shape, as they now are, but are parts of upper skirts and intricately draped breadths, designed, it seems, to display the elaborate trimming of the skirt beneath. For instance, many dresses have merely their front breadths, while the back widths are arranged with the waist; others have the under-skirt trimmed in front, with an over-skirt behind; while by far the greater number have an apron-front over-skirt with scarf-like breadths hanging like sashes, or intricately draped, twisted, and tied, in a manner that defies description.

Polonaises are arranged with the same scarf-like breadths behind, and have sleeves, belts, and position backs. The effect of the complete costume is similar to that now worn; the front is plain and without gathers, while the back is very bouffant. Dresses of past seasons can be easily changed to the new styles.

### BASQUES AND VESTS.

The basque remains the favorite corsage. It is made with and without tulle pleats. There is a fancy for putting the position pleats in the side body seams, leaving the middle seam plain. The seam down the middle of the back is universal, and newest French corsages add an extra seam, beginning on the shoulder half way between the neck and armholes, and extending to the end of the basque. This makes three seams down the middle of the back, and the side-body seams make five; beside body seams, leaving the middle seam plain. Some modest object to cutting up the corsage in this fashion, but it makes a most shapely waist. French blouse-waists will remain popular.

Vests will also continue to be worn. In many cases they are separate from the basque front. The basque is then turned back in revers that meet in a point on the forehead, are fastened there by a single button, and recede below, leaving the vest in relief about the neck and waist. Revers of velvet are used on woollen and silk dresses.

Bretelles also reappear on many new dresses. They are of velvet, bias, cut very narrow at the waist, and extending wider toward the shoulders. They cross over the shoulders, and pass down the back in similar shape. This trimming is usually becoming, as it gives the appearance of broad shoulders and a tapering waist.

### SLEEVES.

New sleeves are simple and pretty, having all the comfort of a coat sleeve, with the graceful effect of a flowing sleeve. They are, in fact, closely fitted coat sleeves with the wrist turned back from the outer seam in a triangular revers, while a broad, flat, gathered ruffle is inserted in this opening, and left to hang in the way under-sleeves are now worn.

### ABSENT-MINDED PEOPLE ARE FUNNY.

Sir Isaac Newton wanted his servant to carry out a stove that was getting too hot. A fellow stole his dinner before his eyes, and he afterwards thought he had eaten it because he saw the dishes empty. A Scotch professor walked into the middle of a horse pond while pondering on Final Causes. Ben Franklin punched down the fire with the finger of a young lady sitting at his side, and severely burned the lily white piker. A gentleman in Troy received a letter in the dark, used the letter to light a lamp, and looked about for it to read. Pere Gratty, one day in Paris, thinking he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back after it. Neander, the church historian, used to go to his lectures in his night-cap and night-gown, and sometimes walked in the gutter. But all these cases do not equal that of the man who takes a paper year after year and always forgets to pay for it.

Mr. James New, of Norwich, Conn., named his first-born something; it was something new. The next he called Nothing; it being Nothing New.

### The Indians in St. Louis—An Interview With Spotted Tail.

The *St. Louis Democrat* contains the following account of the recent visit of Spotted Tail and his companions to that city:

At dinner Whiteash-in-his-Eye called to him a waiter, who said "Ugh!" as a delicate compliment, and handed him a bill of fare. The chieftain pointed to the first item and said "Ugh!" The waiter said "Ugh!" and returned with a cup of coffee. Now, even though a cup of coffee is a good thing, it is hardly a meal for a man. So the brave said "Ugh!" again, and pointed to the second item. The waiter said "Ugh!" retired, and returned with a cup of green tea. A third interchange of "Ughs" resulted in a cup of black tea, and a fourth in a cup of mint tea. In despair the brave uttered an angry "Ugh!" that made the waiter turn pale, and pointed to the last item on the bill, evidently being anxious to get as far away from the teas as possible. The waiter flattered "Ugh!" and hurried back with a tumbler of iced tea.

The other, warned by the example and fate of their comrade, attacked the bill of fare in *medias res*. One struck "pay eat," under the head "broiled," and had an abundant if not varied meal of mutton chops, veal cutlets, broiled chicken, pork chops, sirloin steak, porter-house steak, Boston steak, &c. Combining their information, the remaining members of the party wandered over the bill of fare, taking every division by stars, and none of them long. The result was eminently satisfactory to the aboriginal stomach, which is capacious and has no prejudices as to the succession and relative proportions of soup, fish, game, entrees, boiled, roast, game and dessert.

One erratic brave owed his maternal distention to a judicious compound of: 1, coffee; 2, cantelope; 3, ice cream; 4, Irish stew; 5, steak; 6, Worcester-sauce; 7, mustard; 8, melon; 9, fried potatoes; 10, mackerel; 11, Graham bread; 12, iced tea; 13, fried eggs; 14, sliced tomatoes, and, 15, buttered toast, and his bosom was rent with emotion when he found that the waiter shook his head when the line "Ugh!" Guests having friends to dinner will please give notice at the office—*Ugh!*

Yesterday afternoon the *Democrat* reporter waited on Hon. Spotted Tail to interview him. Mr. S. T. was found in his room reclining on an elegant velvet *fauteuil*. He wore a crimson-silk dressing gown, patent-leather slippers and a velvet skull cap. His form was massive and vigorous, and his countenance open. The distinguished gentleman from Dakota having uttered a guttural "Ugh!" inspired probably by a sight of the reporter's closely shingled hair, the following conversation took place:

Reporter—Are you satisfied with the result of your journey?

Governor Spotted Tail—Smoke-all-the-day is a great brave. He will take care of his children. He will give us guns and gimlets. His chief, Little Phil, is not like him. He hates the red man. He gives him guns, but the right end is not first.

Reporter—What is your opinion of the contest between Grant and Greeley?

Colonel Spotted Tail—Smoke-all-the-day is a brave; he has seen foes; his heart did not melt. Squash-with-the-Short-Horn is a woman. His tongue is loud. Brown-Crab-with-the-soft-shell loves the fire-water. His knees are weak.

Reporter—I gather, then, from your conversation, sir, that you do not eat crow?

Dr. Spotted Tail—Na-na, the sheep, eats the grass. He-he, the ass, eats the thistle. The red man eats the partridge, Wanawan; he does not eat crow, Caw-caw. The great spirit took Caw-caw, the crow; he painted him black, that he might work in the dark and not be seen. He made his bill sharp to tear. He made his eyes keen to see a foe. He made his wings strong to fly. If a warrior eats Caw-caw, the crow, his spirit will go into him. The warrior will be black to do work that is not clean; he will be sharp, to tear the prey; he will be swift, to fly. Spotted Tail and his tribe cannot eat crow.

Reporter—How do you like our city?

Major Spotted Tail—It is a good town. Heap squaw, much scalp.

The *Democrat* reporter finally arose and took his leave. Professor Spotted Tail assured him that the *Democrat* was his favorite organ, and desired to have it mailed regularly. It made no matter by which mail it went, as they captured a mail train daily.

### Necessary Rules for Sleep.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death, by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished and they cannot sleep.

The practical influences are three: 1st. Those who think most, who do the most brain work, require the most sleep. 2d. The time "saved" from necessary sleep is invariably destroyed to mind, body, and estate. 3d. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed as soon as regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and efficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulation just given.

### Facts and Figures.

A St. Louis man advertises for "a girl to work in hair." He is evidently a bachelor.

A blacksmith in Essex, Pa., inform his patrons in a notice that "No horse will be shod on Sunday except sickness and death."

Connecticut is credited with the laziest fisherman. The individual in question is a "fiftenth amendment," who ties his fish-line to his dog, and when he gets a bite kicks the dog.

"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "how do astronomers measure the distance of the sun?" "Why," replied young hopeful, "they guess a quarter of the distance, and then multiplies by four."

There is a Shawnee divine whose name is Rev. Dr. Whitefeather. If this thing goes on, we shall have Rev. Dr. Up-atree, and Right Rev. Bishop Black-as-a-crow, and the Hon. Mr. On-the-fence.

Sir Charles Lyell declares that the entire continent of North America will be washed away into the ocean in four and half million years. And yet the people make an interest in real estate!

Springfield Common Councilman surprised his contemporaries by his knowledge of sinful games the other night, by responding "pass" when his name was called on a yes and nay vote.

He who betrays another's secret, because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness at one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

"Would you take the last cent a person has for a glass of soda water?" asked a Kanakoo youth. "Yes," responded the unthinking proprietor; whereupon hopeful pulled out the cent and got the drink.

The Cedar-Rapids folks complain that there is no sidewalk leading to the cemetery, and their editor out there consolingly assures them that, if they will only have patience, they can all ride some day.

The *Christian Review* believes that ministers are bound to obey the Ten Commandments as well as laymen, and that they have no right to work seven days in the week. As they cannot take Sunday as their rest-day, they should set apart some other day.

There is a man in Portland who supports his family in handsome style by simply tying an able-bodied cat by the tail to a clothes-line every night, and then going out in the morning to collect the soap, shaving cups, brushes, etc., thrown into the yard by angry boarders in adjoining houses.

Dr. Gross, the celebrated surgeon, was once dangerously ill. Soon after his recovery, he met one of his lady-patients, who remarked to him: "O doctor, I rejoice that you are out again! Had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor; "but now I fear they will die by the Gross."

Two neighbors living in Westchester county had a long and envanous litigation about a small spring, which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making a fuss about a little water?" "Your Honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!"

Love and romance by telegraph are one of the institutions of this enterprising age. Mr. Soudamoor, Superintendent of the Government Telegraph in Great Britain, in reporting on the effects of employing male and female operators, says that it not only "raises the tone" of the men, but leads to friendships, and even matrimonial engagements at opposite ends of the line.

The milkman is a great institution in Rio de Janeiro; his cart is on legs instead of wheels. The cow herself is driven round to the houses to supply the customers, always accompanied by a calf, sometimes a year old, muzzled and tied to her tail. This method would seem to insure fine milk; yet we learn that it is quite necessary to watch the operation of milking to make sure of it.

The first Japan tea, of any consequence, received in this country was in 1850-60, when we imported 863,306 pounds. From that small beginning our imports of each succeeding year, till in 1870-71 the shipments from Japan reached 13,449,157 pounds, or about 27 per cent. of all the tea we imported in that year. The quantity imported in 1871-72 has already reached 11,452,173 pounds.

The appearance of the late American iron clad *Stonewall* steaming into one of the harbors of Japan created considerable astonishment on board a Dutch craft that was crawling slowly out, and the skipper, thinking that any thing strange upon the water must be English, hailed her with "Vat steep is dat," and was puzzled for the rest of his voyage by the hoarse response from a Yankee officer, "No sheep, but a ram."

A fellow of eighteen summers invested in a banana on the cars recently. He carefully removed the peel, and put it on the seat by his side; then he broke the fruit up in small bits, eating it anxiously as he did so. When this was done he picked up the peel, shook it in his lap, and finally threw the pieces out of the window, remarking as he did so: "That's the best of them prize-packages I ever bought, and it's the last one, you bet."

The American Congress is not the only august—or is it august?—body whose members sometimes get drunk. A writer in the *Graphic*, himself a member of Parliament, describes some disgusting and disgraceful cases of the sort, in one of which during the present session the tipsy member, endeavoring to speak without recognition from the speaker, a friend went round in front of the gentleman and pushed him down into his seat, which operation was facilitated by the state of his knees.