

The Elk County Advocate.

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1872.

NO. 33.

VOL. II.

POETRY.

(Original.)
FLOWERS.
BY MRS. J. J. OWEN.
The lively blossoms opening up
In forest and in mead,
A lesson of contentment teach,
If we but rightly read.
Each little bud, each humble grass,
Is suited with its place,
Nor ever wishes it had run
A more ambitious race.
The tiny violet that grows
Within the shaded dell,
Is satisfied its quiet lot,
It hath been appointed well.
The modest daisy lifts its face
On yonder sunny hill,
And envies not the flow'rs that fair
Just such as he has in his lot.
A slender flower of beauty rare,
A lily of the vale,
A portion of its fragrance gives
To every passing gale.
By scenting thus, with truthful eye,
Each lesson of the field,
Not one we find will ever fail
A noble thought to yield.
Not one but daith some precept teach,
To help us on our way,
And guide us when the light,
Where shines unending day.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE SAVINGS BANK.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

Charles Lynford was a young mechanic in good business. At the age of 26 he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Eustis, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him but her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift, learned in an economical household, under the stern teachings of necessity.

It is well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it hard to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She did not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, foreseeing that a time would come when their family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, now in so flourishing a condition, might be less so.

Accordingly one day she purchased of a tin peddler, who came to the door, a little tin safe, such as children frequently use for a savings bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantelpiece so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

"Hello, Carrie, what's that?" he asked curiously.

"Only a little purchase I made today," said his wife.

"But what is it meant for?" he asked again.

"Let me illustrate," said his wife, playfully. "Have you a ten-cent piece with you?"

Charles drew a dime from his waistcoat pocket. His wife, taking it from his hand, dropped it into the box through a slit in the top.

Charles laughed.

"So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie? Has my little wife become a miser?"

"No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night."

"What! drop a dime into this new-fangled arrangement of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well; that will be easy enough. A dime a day is not a great sum. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly-commenced hoard?"

"Lay it up for a rainy day," Caroline answered.

Charles laughed merrily.

"And what will a dime a day amount to?" he inquired.

"In a year it will amount"—commenced his wife seriously—

"O, never mind—spare me the calculation. It sounds too much like business, and I get enough of that during the day."

"But you do not object to my plan?"

transferred to a bank of more pretensions, where interest was allowed. When the sums deposited there became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them, and invested in bank and other stocks, which would yield a large percent. Of her mode of management her husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present, and not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which he had been unusually favored by health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income; but that, on the other hand, he had saved nothing. Twenty-five cents alone stood to his credit.

"Running pretty close, Carrie?" he said laughingly; "I take credit to myself of keeping on the right side of the line. But then I suppose you have saved up an immense sum."

"How much do you think?" asked his wife.

"Oh, perhaps a hundred dollars," said Charles Lynford carelessly, "though it would take a good many dimes to do that."

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture.

So things went on till at length came the panic of 1857—a panic so recent that it will be recollected by many readers of this sketch. It will be remembered how universally business and trade of every kind were depressed at this period—among others the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered.

One evening he came home, looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face.

Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She had expected that her husband's business would be affected.

"What is the matter, Charles?" she asked, cheerfully.

"The matter is, that we shall have to economize greatly."

"Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?"

"I should think they had. I shall have but half a day's work for some time to come, and I am afraid that even this will fall before long. You have no idea, Carrie, how dull business of every kind has become."

"I think I have," said his wife, quietly. "I have read the papers carefully, and have been looking out for something of this kind."

"Do you think we snail be able to economize?" asked her husband.

"I think we shall be able to do so. Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and shall not need any more for a year at least. That will cut off considerable expense; then there are a great many little superfluities you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently, which I can do very well without. Then we can live more plainly—have less pies and cakes, and I have no doubt it will be an improvement so far as health is concerned."

"What a calculator you are, Carrie!" said her husband, feeling considerably easier in his mind. "I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on half our usual income—for the present at least. Put, and let your countenance again change, 'suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you could reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my powers," said his wife, smiling; "but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?"

"Why no, I didn't think of that," said her husband. "I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks."

"His wife smiled.

"And in those few weeks," she added, "business might revive."

"To be sure," added her husband.

"Well, I guess it'll be all right—I'll not trouble myself about it any longer."

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford had given expression proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded, the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure entirely failed, and he found himself without work of any kind—thrown back upon his own resources.

Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it actually came upon him, and he again returned home, in a state of disappointment. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon him.

"And the worst of it is, there is no hope of better times until spring."

to a legacy?" demanded Charles in amazement. "A dime a day surely has not produced this?"

"No, but two times a day has, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time."

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the spring business revived, as he had anticipated, and he was once more in receipt of his old income.

More than two-thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantelpiece, and never fails to receive a daily deposit.

The Beard Question.
We read in the English papers that a certain reverend gentleman has set himself to attack the modern practice of clerical men wearing the beard and mustache. His principal point against these hirsute appendages is, that, while beard and mustache interfere with distinct utterance, impeding clear and effective speech, both together, or even one or the other separately obstructs the play and expression of the mouth, and thus hides and hinders the manifestation of feeling."

The position taken seems to us to be a false one. The gentleman will find it difficult to prove that the wearing of the beard affects the utterance or impedes the speech. On the contrary, we believe it to be demonstrable that the muscles of the throat are stronger where they are protected by their natural covering, and the bronchial organs are less liable to disease. If such be the fact, the voice, also, must necessarily be stronger, and more capable of the varied effects which, taken together, go to constitute successful oratory. As to whether the beard obstructs the play of the features or not, that is a mere matter of individual opinion. To us, it adds to, rather than detracts from, the expression of the mouth; but, even if it were otherwise, it would be of less consequence than the reverend gentleman ascribes to it. The mouth is by no means of the supreme importance he seems to imagine. Cicero was better advised when he declared that the eyes bear sovereign sway in oratory. It is a question, too, whether the loss of the grave and reverent appearance imparted by a full beard would be compensated by the more perfect exhibition of the muscles of the mouth, even if the latter were of the imputed consequence. A worthy clergyman of Queen Elizabeth's time once wrote a tract on wearing a very long beard—"that no set of his might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." We commend this sentiment to the consideration of the author of the new crusade against man's natural ornament.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Dressing for the Hair.
The frequent use of "oils," "beard's grease," "arcturine," "rosemary washes," &c., &c., upon the hair, is a practice not to be commended. All of these oils and greases are manufactured from hard oil and simple lard. No "beard's grease" is ever used. If it could be procured readily, it should not be applied to the hair, as it is the most rank and filthy of all the animal fats. There are many persons whose hair is naturally very dry and crisp, and in most families there is a want of some innocent and agreeable wash or dressing which may be used moderately and judiciously. The mixture which may be regarded as the most agreeable, cleanly and safe, is composed of cologne spirit and pure castor oil. The following is a good formula:

Pure fresh castor oil, 2 oz.; cologne spirit (95 per cent.), 16 oz. The oil is freely dissolved in the spirit, and the solution is clear and beautiful. It may be performed in any way to suit the fancy of the purchaser.

A cheap and very good dressing is made by dissolving four ounces of perfectly pure dense glycerine in twelve ounces of rose water. Glycerine evaporates only at high temperatures, and therefore under its influence the hair is retained in a moist condition for a long time.

As a class, the vegetable oils are better for the hair than animal oils. They do not become rancid and offensive so rapidly, and they are subject to different and less objectionable chemical changes. Olive oil and that derived from the cocoanut have been largely employed, but they are inferior in every respect to that from the castor-bean.

The Wonders of Astronomy.
New, or temporary, stars only make their advent at long intervals, suddenly blazing forth in the sky with a brilliant light exceeding that of the brightest planets, being plainly discerned in the presence of the moonday sun, and, after a short career, disappearing almost as suddenly as they came. A remarkable fact in their history is the rarity of their occurrence. Only twenty-two such stars have been recorded in the last two thousand years, counting from the Chinese catalogue of Mantuanlin, which goes back to 150 B. C. The present century numbers but two on its records, those of 1848 and 1866. Not only do new or temporary stars make their appearance from time to time, but stars recorded on ancient catalogues have disappeared from the heavens in such numbers as to form a family called lost stars. Therefore, the class of temporary stars may be much larger than is generally supposed, as only the most recent ones have attracted notice. When the science of astronomy has made further progress, it may be established that all temporary stars are variable ones whose changes extend over so vast a cycle that we are yet ignorant of their true periods.

From New Zealand comes the intelligence that the administration of kerosene has had a most decided effect in the cure of chronic rheumatism.

A Long and Healthy Life.

Doctor Barnard Van Oven, a medical writer of great talent, says: "There can be no doubt that health is the natural condition of man, and that we ought to pass through life in a state of vigor, enjoying every day of our existence. It is imperiously our duty to study the best means of promoting so happy a condition. If we think the Great Creator of all for the life He has bestowed on us, we should endeavor to retain His gift in the fullest perfection. It would be well for mankind if the principles of physiology, and the laws of hygiene as deduced therefrom, formed a part of every course of education; for then men, being acquainted with the great causes of disease, and the best means of preserving health, would so conduct themselves as to secure the one and avoid the other."

It will, perhaps, seem incredible to many persons that health or length of days should be at all under our own control. Numbers of worthy people are so disposed to look upon everything that happens as a dispensation of Providence, that has to be submitted to whether or not that they will hardly like to be told of laws which regulate health and life, and by obedience to which the one may be promoted and the other lengthened. There is, however, no reason to doubt the fact; and every one may decide the question for himself, by living strictly in accordance with those laws, and making the satisfactory result.

Life lives and grows by the functions of digestion, respiration, circulation, and secretion. The food is converted into blood, and becomes vitalized, and in this state is propelled to every part of the system, to nourish and renew, and to remove such matters as, having performed their functions, have become effete, and would prove noxious if not removed.

In infancy and childhood, the nutritive or building-up process is ceaseless and rapid; anything which tends to check it, such as deficient nutrition or bad quality of food, is not only to be carefully avoided, but is highly blamable. Children require to be plentifully fed with suitable food; if the appetite be cheated, there will be imperfect development, and disease, if not deformity, through all after-life. When, however, the nutritive process has ceased, and the body has attained maturity, and the normal relation of the action ceases. The blood-vessels are only called upon to replace what the absorbents remove, and for a period the normal condition of the frame may be regarded as one approaching to a perfect equilibrium. During this state of maturity the body should be kept in a state of activity, and the continued exercise of some parts, or the disuse of others, may occasion a greater or lesser degree of development. Hence it is that persons in middle life should be careful to control their appetite, and rigidly refrain from eating too much. Middle life is, however, the period when people are disposed to think that they ought to indulge in creature comforts, their position in life is generally taken by that time, and so a well-spread table tempts them into the daily practice of taking more than they want, and ill-health is the inevitable consequence.

At the age of fifty there is usually an increase in the bulk of the body, by deposit of fat chiefly on the trunk; but at the same time the face shrinks, the eyelids become loose, the crow's feet appear, and here and there Time traces a furrow on the countenance, which henceforth he will plow deeper and deeper. The muscles, too, fall away, and the skin becomes dry and harsh. Except in rare cases, the hair turns gray and loses its gloss, crispness, and curl, or becomes thin and falls off. As age advances, so do these characteristics mark themselves more strongly; the plasticity which once gave freedom and ease to all the movements of the body and limbs is lost in a continually increasing rigidity of the age of forty. The trunk diminishes in consequence of the absorption of fat; the muscles become stringy and fibrous, and a piping treble; the eye needs artificial assistance, the hearing is blunted; in short, all the senses lose more or less of their delicacy with age.

There is something in this which makes a long life appear undesirable; yet we have seen proofs in ancient and modern times that old age is not by any means incompatible with cheerfulness and a capacity for enjoyment.

Doctor Van Oven gives tables of 7,000 persons who lived ages from 100 to 185 years. A noteworthy instance of what simple and regular living will effect is afforded by Cornaro, the Venetian, who had almost killed himself by excesses at the age of forty. He then became strictly attentive to his diet and course of life, and lived sixty-four years longer—to the age of 104.

"How few really die of old age!" observes Doctor Van Oven. "Parr's death at 152 was premature, induced by a foolish change from the simple diet and active habits of a peasant to the luxurious ease and exciting foods and drinks of a country gentleman. His body was examined by the great Harvey, who found a goodly amount of sound condition, that, but for intemperance and inactivity, he would, in all probability, have lived many years longer." An English gentleman named Hastings, who died in 1650, at the age of 100, rode to the death of a stag at ninety. Thomas Wood, a parish clerk, lived to 160, and could read to the last without spectacles, and only kept his bed one day.

J. Witten, a weaver, was never sick, never used spectacles, died a year before his death, and lived 100 years, at the age of 102. Francis Atkinson, a porter at the Palace Gate, Salisbury; it was his duty to wind up a clock which was at the top of the palace; and he performed this duty until within a year of his death (at 102). He was remarkably upright in his deportment, and walked well to the last. Margaret McDowel, a Scottish woman, who died at 108, married thirteen husbands, and survived them all.

Cardinal de Salis, who died in Spain, in 1785, at the age of 110, used to say, "By being old when I am young, I find myself young now I am old." I led a sober, studious, but not lazy or sedentary life; my diet was ever sparing, though delicate; my liquors the best wines of Xeres and La Mancha, of which I never exceeded a pint at a meal, except in cold weather, when I allowed myself a third more; I rode and walked every day, except in rainy weather, when I exercised for two hours. So far I took care for the body; and as to the mind, I endeavored to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to the divine commands, and keeping (as the apostle directs) a conscience void of offense to God and man." J. Jacob, a native of Switzerland, when 127 years old, was sent as a deputy to the National Assembly of France; he died the following year. Others might be mentioned, but we have only room to add that, within the past two centuries, and a half, ten well-certified cases of individuals in England and Wales living to ages ranging from 152 to 200 years, have occurred; and here, in modern times, we have a specimen of the length of days commonly believed to belong exclusively to the patriarchal ages.

Doctor Van Oven points out the good that may be accomplished by a proper regimen faithfully followed. This consists in certain general rules, which we give in his own words:

1. Do not take food except when the appetite commands it; when, if do not recruit the system but when the system has become exhausted.
2. Let the quantity of restorative nourishment be proportioned to the degree of exhaustion which previous labors have induced.
3. Select such food or foods, drink or drinks, as your own experience and the general usage of society point out as best suited to your habits, and easiest of digestion.
4. Let the food and drinks be varied and mixed, and when in health do not torment yourself by too close an attention to any dietetic rules.
5. Take vegetable infusions, as tea, coffee, and fermented liquors, in moderation; but avoid distilled spirits altogether, except under the guidance of the physician.
6. Avoid active exertion or study immediately after taking food.
7. Let prudence govern the passions.

To which may be added, that it is essential to the health and strength of all persons to have from six to eight hours of sound sleep. A steady observance of these simple laws will insure the highest health it is possible to attain.

A Dangerous Visitor.

The City and Country, Nyack, N. Y., says: On Sunday morning of this week, a hooded adder, of large size, was killed near the well on the premises of Mr. E. L. Wright, in this village. These serpents are among the most poisonous of all the reptiles, and are of the same family and almost identical with the Cobra de Capello of India.

On the continent of America they are met with on the dry and arid plains of Texas and along the Mexican coast, but are exceedingly rare in this side of the Mississippi river. After having been discovered, this adder, finding that he could not escape, reared his head about a foot from the ground, inflated his hood enormously, and then struck his fangs into his own body three times in rapid succession, and in less than five minutes he was perfectly dead and as rigid as a board. Miss Jennie Wright came very near treading on him, and it was exceedingly fortunate that he did not strike. The fangs were five-eighths of an inch in length and exceedingly sharp. The length of the reptile was about three feet, by three and a half inches in circumference; color a tawny orange with strongly marked black rings. It is said that there is no antidote for their bite, and that they are numerous in from thirty to forty minutes after having been bitten.

Wedding Dresses.

A New York fashion writer says: The wedding season is at hand and the modistes are busy with froufrou. At one house seven dresses are ordered by a bride; eight by another, ten by a third, and the outfit of a fourth will have twenty dresses; the bridal dress of the last is now in the loom at Lyons, and is expected to be satin of marvellous richness. In contrast to this is the refined simplicity of a dress prepared for an artist-bride in Philadelphia. Its graceful train of soft white faille falls in simple folds, unbroken by trimming, and with a row of pearls around the bottom; the overskirt of Malines tulle, doubled to hide a defined edge, is draped on each side by sprays of orange blossoms. The basque with corded edges has antique sleeves and Malines plaiting, without a shred of lace. Corsage bouquet and chaplet of orange flowers. Long tulle veil, the edge undefined by a hem. A very handsome dress for a church wedding has a bodice with puffed train trimmed with a tablier of tulle plaitings and a flounce of point lace that is carried by a trailing spray of orange flowers. Long revers turned toward the back are added on the train, and an apron trims the front.

Pearl and illusion are the fashionable colors for brides' evening dresses. A lovely peach-colored dinner dress, made with puffed sleeves, has alternate flounces of thread lace and pearl silk richly embroidered with black. The entire costume is wrought over with jet sprays, and a Watteau spiral of white lace, with black velvet bows, extends from the neck to the end of the train.

Two years ago a Connecticut man received a gross insult from a neighbor who lives a quarter of a mile or more from him. After long meditation, he has now purchased a peacock and anchored them in a field adjoining his neighbor's back yard. The neighbor has advertised his house for sale, and he is satisfied.

The Indian at Home.

A correspondent writing from Columbus, beyond Omaha, on the Pacific Railroad, says: "At Columbus, we found 'Lo,' the 'noble red man, the son of the warriors. He was here in various forms—warriors, squaws, and papooses. The 'Parrot Reservation' is only twenty miles from this town, and this explains why the Indians are seen here in greater numbers than in places more to the eastward. The Indians gather around every train, and the squaws, each with a papoose of her own or a borrowed one, good-naturedly solicit money. They use but few words, but these they often repeat: 'Pappoose—thirty cents—give it to her.' 'Pappoose—thirty cents—give it to her.' The Indian appears to better advantage the farther off you view him. 'Distance lends enchantment,' &c. As Indians appear now around railroad stations, they are an unwashed and an unclothed exhibition of humanity. Many were encamped near by, and from these tents came those that hovered around our train. One little Indian girl, scarcely ten years old, had caught up a little child and tied it upon her back, that she, too, I suppose, might call to the passengers, 'Pappoose—thirty cents—give it to her.' The Indians, we find, are not held in very high estimation by the people in the West, and our conductor declares that he has been unable to find the first man who could tell what an Indian was good for.

The Indians have ceased to show any hostility to the railroads. Only once, I believe, have they attempted to throw off the train, and that was by others, not by the Indians themselves. Once they tore up the track, and thus threw off a freight train. Afterwards the old chief who did it explained that he supposed that if he tore up the track in one place it would put the railroad company under the necessity of going back and relaying the whole track. But when he saw the trains running as usual the very next day, he said, 'White man too much for Indian,' and that he should not trouble the trains any more. There is one conductor on the Union Pacific who, about three years ago, was attacked by a band of these red men, scalped and left for dead. He had left his train—a freight train—for a few moments, and had gone only a short distance from the station. Fortunately he was soon found by his men, tended upon by others, and restored to consciousness, and finally he fully recovered.

Although there is now no danger from the Indians, each train, as a precautionary measure, is provided with the best arms and a good supply of ammunition. Even this precautionary measure will not long be needed where there are railroads and the activity of business which railroads develop.

"Vive le" Humbug!

Mr. Barnum tells us that he likes nothing so much as to be humbugged, and for ourselves we are disposed to think that Mr. Barnum is right. Certainly there can be no question of the fact that we constantly lend ourselves to the deception practiced upon us by others—that we actively and often consciously aid others in comfortably deceiving us. Somebody wanted to make money in the manufacture of base-ball goods a few years ago, and to that end he set about persuading people that the game was a national one—a healthy, manly, and surpassingly agreeable pastime. Straightway everybody put on the picturesque cap and pantaloons that mark the base-ball player, and people by tens of thousands were ready—possibly some of them still are—to maintain the truth of the manufacturer's assertion, despite their own and others' breaks and bruises. Skating rinks flourished for a time by reason of a like voluntary self-delusion on the part of the victims, and the thousands of wrecks and people who persist in thinking themselves happy at ultra-fashionable watering-places every summer, are countless.

We all deceive ourselves in one way or another at somebody else's behest and for somebody else's benefit, but we awake from our self-delusions sometimes, and growl or grin, lament or laugh over them, as our humor happens to be. Perhaps after all this willingness to be humbugged and to help at our own humbugging is a fortunate thing. Certainly it is so to city people. Without it we who dwell in cities would find life unendurable. The milk with which we temper our chocofoes (if we may thus adapt the name to the thing), does it make our help as expert humbuggers to need it pass muster? And the rich yellow of wrecks and people who persist in knowing processes by which dealers can deceive the very dullest in the matter of butter—but our bread must be buttered, and it is well if we can persuade ourselves, as most of us can, of the truthfulness of the brand "Pure Orange County," put on the package by a dealer or whom we have caught in fibs innumerable.

After all, the milk we get from the rascal at the door, and the butter we buy of the man whose brands are as truly works of fiction as any poems or novels ever were, are yellow and richer, and sweeter to the taste, than are the "unimproved" milk and butter we get when, for certainty's sake, we run away on a vacation and take country board in Orange County itself, and actually see the cows milked and see our host's daughter do the churning. Let us do the best of it then, and instead of growling, let us cry, "Vive le" humbug!—Heath and Home.

Facts and Figures.

A little boy put a lighted match into a nearly empty powder-keg to see what would happen. He will not do so again, as his curiosity is satisfied, but the girl who sits next him in the school thinks he looked better with his nose on.

Put not your faith in him who predicts a hot season—he sells ice; nor in him who predicts a cold one—he owns a cheap clothing establishment; nor yet in him who declares a wet one—he lends umbrellas; nor a dry one—he sells beer.

Among the oldest relics at the Berks county, Pa., fair last week were a lady's belt three hundred years old, which served for two weddings; a dark glass bottle two hundred and sixty years old; a brass tea-kettle two hundred years old, and a German copy of the New Testament three hundred and forty-five years old.

According to Haller, woman bears hunger longer than man; according to Plutarch, she can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older and never get bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions (on the contrary, they will run after lions!); and according to Gunter, they can talk a week.

There are now 157 churches and chapels in the city, of which the Congregational, Unitarian denomination have 58, the Congregational Trinitarians 24, the Baptists 19, the Roman Catholics 18, the Episcopalians 10, the Presbyterians 7, the Universalists 6, Jews 3, German Lutherans 2, Swedenborgians 2, Adventists 2, and Swedish Lutherans 1.

That was not a bad reply given recently at a barn-raising in Pennsylvania to a young man who had been relating his more than wonderful exploits in his quarrels of the globe. At the close of one of these narratives he was not a little set back by the remark of an old codger: "Young man, ain't you ashamed to talk so when there are older liars on the ground?"

Several days since a Chinaman entered the Western Union Telegraph office at San Francisco, at noon, with the following despatch to a friend at Dutch Flat: "Ah Jim; Ah Foo die at ten o'clock. He under ground now." The operator sent the message, and sat him down to muse upon the celebrity practiced by the Celestials who bury their relatives in less than two hours after death.

An old woman, who died the other day at Lowell, was giving orders for her black silk gown, and they must not take out the buttons as they did when Sally Smith was laid out. "For," said the old lady, deprecatingly but earnestly, "what a figger Sally will cut at the resurrection with out any back breath in her gown."

A gentleman from Alabama, while riding to South Deerfield, Mass., on the Ashfield stage, a few mornings ago, had an example of woman's rights that must have astonished him. He was seated on the top of the stage, and as it stopped in Conroy was filling his pipe with tobacco for a quiet smoke. At this point a lady, as she may be called by courtesy, got aboard, choosing also an outside seat, and her first move was to snatch the pipe out of the Alabamian's hand and throw it away.

Texas is an active, pushing and flourishing State. Railroads are projected that will give it the proper facilities for reaching the seaboard, where, in time, increased shipping accommodations will give the wealth of its rich interior counties to the world. The chief interest of the State will always rest in its probability, in its agricultural and stock raising. We notice the formation there recently of agricultural, stock raising and industrial associations, which is a step in the right direction.

A Papyrus has been found in a tomb by Mr. Harris, editor of the London *Hieroglyphic Standard*. As described it forms a roll 131 feet in length and 1 foot 4½ inches wide. It dates from the reign of Ramesses III. (the Ramsinit of Herodotus) and contains valuable information relative to the political and religious civilization of Egypt at that distant period. It is written in hieratic characters—a mixture of hieroglyphics and signs for letters and syllables. The text is an allocation from Ramesses III. "to his people and all the men on earth." Ramesses therein recounts how he re-established the ancient Egyptian worship, rebuilt the temples, and endowed them with munificence. The religious movement alluded to relates to the period of Moses, to the monotheistic worship founded or restored by him, and comprises all the events which terminated in the ruin of monotheism in Egypt and in the exodus of the Jews. This papyrus is, consequently, held to be of the highest interest for the study of the Mosaic religion and legislation.

The monopolists in California are determined to kill the goose that laid their golden egg. The entire wheat crop of the State is estimated to be worth \$27,000,000 to the farmers, but it has fallen at the mercy of a combination of interior freighters, San Francisco speculators and a shipping monopoly. It costs less to ship a car load of wheat from Council Bluffs, Ia., or St. Paul, Minn., to New York, 1500 miles, than it does over the Central Pacific lines, 200 miles. And when the cargoes are landed at Vallecjo or Oakland, it costs from five to six dollars per ton more to ship it by way of Cape Horn to Liverpool than it did five years ago. The wheat crop of California in past years has been conveyed to Europe at less than the average of \$17 per ton. This year freights are kept up to \$23 and \$24 per ton, and only so because a combination has monopolized the shipping. The effect of this on the farming interest must be more disastrous than a season of flood or drought. It sweeps away from the profits on this one crop \$5,500,000, at the lowest estimate, and puts that sum into the pockets of the combination who are robbing them.