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Truthful James to the Editor.

(YREKA, 1873.)

Which it is not in style
To produce needless pain
By statements that are
Or that go in the grain,
But here's Captain Jack still a livin', and Nye
Has no sleep on his brain!

On that Caucasian head
There is no crown of hair,
It is gone, it has fled!
And Echo sez "where?"
And I ask, "Is this Nation a White Man's, and
Is generally things on the square?"

She was known in the camp
As "Nye's other squaw,"
And folks of that stamp
Hez no rights in the Law,
But is treacherous, sinful and slimy, as Nye
Might hev' well known before.

But she said that she knew
Where the Indians was hid,
And the statement was true,
For it seemed that she did;
Since she led William where he was covered by
Seventeen Modocs, and—ah!—

Then they reached for his hair;
But Nye sez, "By the Law
Of Nations, forbear—no more;
And I looks to be treated, you hear me?—as a
prisoner, a prisoner of war!"

But Captain Jack's
And he sez "It's too thin.
Such statements as those
It's too late to begin.
There's a Modoc Indian agin you, O Pale-
face, and you're goin' in!"

"You stole Sixty-two's squaw
In the year eighteen-two;
It was in 'Sixty-Four
That Long Jack you went through,
And you burned Nasty Jim's rancheria and his
wives and his passpoozes too.

"This gun in my hand
Was sold me by you
'Gainst the law of the land,
And I grieves it is true!"
And he buried his face in his blanket and wept
as he hid it from view.

"But you've tried and condemned
And hanged the Indians,
And he panned and he hemmed—
But why this ruseme?
He was sloped 'gainst the custom of Nations,
and out of like a rose in its bloom.

So I asks without guile,
And I trust not in vain,
If this is the style
That is going to obtain—
If here's Captain Jack still a livin', and Nye
Has no sleep on his brain?"

—BRET HARTE.

MOONLIGHTING CATTLE.

It was a dry season—word of fearfully known in its true meaning to an Australian squatter. The sun had licked up the few remaining spots of muddy water, scorched the grass, and tarred everything but the bare earth to a sort of rusty blue. The plains, filled with great cracks and holes, and destitute of a vestige of any green thing, had been scraped and trodden like fresh-dried flowers-beds, and the summer-storms which mocked us on the horizon every night, were only too sure signs that this sort of thing might last for months yet. What with the shepherds giving up their flocks in despair, or worse still, losing them for want of energy to walk round them, I had had a hard time of it; and it was not until the first of the month after another, shifting sheep station, sinking holes in the river-bed, trying to keep some life in the wretched stock that staggered and tottered along across the dusty plain, followed by some cranky, dejected shepherd, whose whole soul was bent on the calculation of how soon his time would be up, and himself at liberty to go and drink his cheese at the public-house in the township two hundred miles off.

The wild cattle, brutes that had nearly lived long enough to have forgotten the hot iron on their sides, and that laughed to scorn all attempts to head them to the yard, had long been a nuisance on the run. They had by long impunity so increased that the scrubby zionni Mount Breakneck were full of them, and their numbers were always being recruited by stragglers from the quiet cattle of the place, which, in these dry times, often wandered a dozen miles from their own camps to look for better pasture, or followed the beds of the dried-up creeks, scrambling up the sand in the faint hope of coming up to the water, which, even in the worst seasons, is generally found running below.

It was just Christmas time, and in consequence steaming hot. The thermometer registered 100 in the verandah of the "Coorum Humpy," or squatter's house, which, built of weather-boards and raised from the ground on piles, was, except perhaps the huge wood-shed lower down the creek, the coolest place for many miles. We—that is, the cattle overseer and myself—in our little bachelor's quarters, had been trying, in defiance of flies, mosquitoes, and the tarantula spiders that dispersed themselves on the rafters, to sleep all day, and to fancy that we were enjoying our Christmas; and, in default of anything else, had been brewing large jorums of lime-juice and water, to drink the healths of divers people who were at that moment snoring peacefully beneath the bedclothes under the influence of Christmas cheer at home, while big coal fires glowed in their bedrooms, and the landscape was cold and white under its load of snow.

Jack, after moralizing on his hard fate, and describing the dances that his people always had on Christmas eve, was suddenly brought back to a practical sense of the duties of this life by the black bullock-driver putting his head in at the window and saying, "There plenty me been see run cattle a big fellow mob I that been come down along o' water this little fellow myall scrub. I believe me and you go look out that fellow."

Now the gentleman who condescended to take our fat cattle at four pounds per head, and who retailed them to the good people of Sydney at fourpence per pound, had been grumbling fear-

fully about their quality, lately, and had even threatened to transfer his custom to our next neighbor, between whom and us there was war and much chaff, so that a change of getting a really prime lot for Christmas was not to be despised. And if, after we had got them, they were found to be too wild to drive to market, that was the butcher's lookout—my, might even put a pound or two into some of the very empty pockets of my mates and myself, for seeing them safe over the range which was the particular bane of all drovers, with its precipitous track, and the prickly scrub which ran right into the road. At least it was something to relieve the eternal monotony of counting two flocks of sheep, morning and evening, and we were equal to the occasion.

Springing off the bed and putting a spur on the right foot, while my mate put the other on his left—an ingenious and wholly Australian way of dividing our forces—and rolling up the sleeves of our, to say the truth, not very clean clean shirts, we dispatched the Quondong, our black friend, for the working horses, and making the courtyard re-echo to the sound of our stock-whips, gave the signal for the stock-men to turn out, with their blankets on their saddles, and, with many growls and much lighting of pipes, swagger down to pick out something that had still a little flesh on his bones, to carry them to the camp we proposed making that night at Hungry Jack's Gully, some eight or ten miles away.

The only water-hole accessible to the wild cattle was separated from the scrub by a mile of level plain, cut and gashed by the sun's heat into a thousand holes and fissures; and the cattle, as soon as they perceived their movements, used to steal across this following stealthily in one another's wake, like Indians on the war-path; and, having drunk enough to last them till next night, would scamper back again across the plain till they gained the friendly shelter of the scrub; and these sorties into an enemy's country must at least have had the charm of excitement in them, as the least sound, such as the distant gallop of a mob of wild horses, or a possum scuttling up a tree, was quite sufficient to entail a headlong *scare quip* of about a mile at racing speed. The only thing to be done with these brutes, whose every faculty was sharpened by thirst and aided by the unnatural stillness of the bush, was to get a lot of, say a hundred, quiet cattle and post them inside the scrub's downland, and do our best to drive the wild ones in to them, and then trust to luck and good horsemanship to keep them.

And so, in about an hour from the first alarm, we found ourselves well on to the plain, driving our wretched "coaches," as they are called, before us by the last rays of a red lurid sun, which threatened to sink suddenly behind Southern Cross or any other friendly stars, to show us the way to where our little bush-yard of strong scrub on the left, in a secluded glen, was our base of operations.

Every man mounted on a stout little horse of about fifteen hands, in a big circle snaffle, blanket strapped across the saddle, quart pot and hobbles hanging behind, and short pipe in mouth, we rode along, keeping close to our rather rocky edge.

Crawling through the belt of myall, whose drooping branches fringed the scrub, and carefully threading the tall pines that lay behind—guided always by the black fellow, whose eyes seemed only to begin to be in their element as the darkness drew in, and who was mounted on an old white horse, celebrated in the best of small stables for his high qualities in scrub-driving—we at last reached our little sapling yard, and throwing down the rails put our coaches inside; and after watching their attempts to knock it down or jump over it, they found it was hopeless, we lit a fire behind, and putting on the quart pots in the best of small stables, and bark, and our frugal supper of tea, damper, and very salt beef.

There were eight of us, all told; my mate Jack B—, the overseer; two stock-men, great authorities on all matters of bush life; three of those nondescript, straight-haired, slab-sided fellows who seem to have been born in Indian breeches and cabbage-tree hats, and who, united with the most reckless courage on horseback with a calmness of philosophy, and a grim humor, only to be found in the backwoods of America or the Australian bush; your humble servant myself, and last, but by no means least, Quondong, the black tracker, a half-civilized darkey, whose whole life was spent in seeing things through a white man's eyes, and the faintest trace of any living beast being to him an open book to be read at a gallop. We drew lots with pieces of stick as to who should keep awake, walk round the yard occasionally, and wake the rest of the party when the moon rose. Close at hand two possums sat up on a warty wart, jumping from branch to branch, and spitting and chattering like two cats every now and then the faint cry of "More-pore!" the Australian night eucalypt, came softly out of the intensely black scrub behind me; while far away in front, through a gap in the pine trees, I could see Malilly Plain stretching into the distance.

Having secured and saddled up our horses as quietly as possible, we threw aside the ship-rails of our yard, and led the coaches draw out, and kept back by Quondong, and went silently down a mile or two to where the myall again began to fringe the edge of the plain. Here we stationed our two boys in an open place as we could find, behind a thick patch of prickly "mulga," and leaving the cattle in their charge, followed each other silently along the outer edge of the scrub, the trees still keeping us in shadow of the moon's slanting rays.

Presently we came to one of the beaten tracks used by the wild cattle on their midnight expeditions to the water, and Quondong, jumping down and carefully examining the recent hoof-marks, informed us that a mob had only just gone down, amongst which several large tracks showed the presence of the much desired fat bullocks.

Silence was now the word; our hob-

bles should not rattle; and even our pipes were put out, so that the cattle, whose noses get as keen as red-deer's, should suspect nothing till we had time to see them first, and form our plans for surrounding them.

Suddenly a halt, and a few hurried words from old Jack, and we found ourselves within a couple of hundred yards of a mob, that had already heard us, and were now all together in a close ring with their heads up, waiting for the boldest to begin his dash to the scrub.

Now was our time. Sitting close to our saddles, and cramping our hats on our heads, we darted at them in single file, and, ringing them up as close as we could jam them together, set them galloping in a circle contrary to our own, till the poor brutes were so confused that they did not know in which way the scrub lay. Every now and then one would charge headlong out of the dense mass, but by the time he had made up his mind which horse-man to attack, another would have taken his place, the superior speed of our horses enabling us easily to pass up in a much larger circle than the cattle could manage; and yet we almost brushed their horns in our mad gallop, and still kept circling on in the half-light, looking neither to the right nor left, but only intent on keeping our circle unbroken.

I know many exciting things in life—the first start from a cover, with a good dog and a straight, and a jealous fire all riding for a start—the last few yards of a long and weary stalk to a royal stag, when your hand trembles, and a hot and cold perspiration breaks out all over you alternately—the finish of a well-rowed boat-race; but I can confidently recommend to any one who has never tried it, the excitement of driving a mob of wild cattle. The slightest mistake of your horse would bring an infuriated mob of cattle over your devoted head, while you still keep galloping madly after a flying figure whose hat, blown back off his head, flaps and flaps in front of you, with his head down, and his eyes staring at the saddle like wax, his little horse scattering the black earth behind him; and by your side a moving panorama of snorting heads and flashing eyes, with a rattle of the long horns that would instantly be down upon you if you allowed them a moment's breathing time.

But this cannot last; the place is too good, and Jack's wary eye has already shown him that the cattle, for the present at all events, are his own. With a dexterous sweep he puts himself at the head of the mob, and, without once stopping to form line, we seem to fall by instinct into our places, and by the light of the moon, now rising in all its glory, thunder across the plain towards the coaches, looking like an army of phantoms, as no one speaks, and no sound is heard but the steady gallop of our game little horses, and the heavy laboring breath of our captives, that find the pace a little too hot for them. But they have not time to stop. Before we can realize it we are upon the same cattle, which have been silently brought as near to us as possible by the boys in charge, and, shifting round the other side, we await the charge of the new-comers, that often try to force their way straight through the little herd, and break away on the other side; but here the coaches themselves come to our assistance. Crawling like an army of camp, and thoroughly out of temper with the whole thing, they meet the charge of the strangers gallantly, and with hoarse grumbings, close round their ideas, and their curiosity as to what has brought all these other beasts in their domain, they give it up as a bad job, and in half an hour's time are a mile or two from their own haunts, and ready themselves to act as coaches for fresh victims.

And now, having recovered our equanimity, we scrutinize our captives, and find ten fat bullocks among them—old beasts that have lived, with impunity through a life longer than is appointed to bullock, and whose hides bear a big "A. T." the brand of the previous owner.

I think I need not describe all the expeditions we made that night—how "Scrub Bill" and his mate Tommy both got falls in the treacherous melon-holes, and how, with right breaking suddenly, I found myself disconsolately on the plain, with a good pigskin saddle between my legs, and the tail of old "Schemer," that had carried me so well, vanishing in the darkness, to the sound of many trampling hoofs. Every raid we made into the enemy's country was successful, and we found ourselves masters of some seventy or eighty beasts, which we had now to steer to the station.

Cattle-driving has a peculiar charm. The old stock-troopers, who used to scour the border-country for cattle, as they pricked along with their spears a good fat lot, belonging to some North-umbrian farmer, must have felt much the same as we did, warily watching our hard-won charge; although we indeed had stock-whips instead of spears, a decided advantage in cattle-driving, for it would take a good long spear to get within reach of an Australian scrubber.

All round us were troops of wild horses and foals, in much the same state as the cattle, in companies of twenty or thirty together, each constituting the harem of some old horse, that would allow them to approach within two hundred yards of us, and then dancing in between, with his long mane and tail flying in the wind, would round them up and drive them before him like a flock of sheep, stopping every now and then to trot a little nearer to us, and snort, and strike the ground in defiance of our steeds.

And now away in the distance we see the dim shadowy line of the head-station creek-tracks, raised by the mirage above the line of the true horizon, and looking like a faint cloud hanging in mid-air. Lower and lower it drops as we approach, till it joins the earth, and the huge zinc roof of the wood-shed begins to glitter in the rays of the sun.

In another half-hour the massive rails of the stock-yard, closing behind our charge, give us good security for their safe keeping; and breakfast, with its hot tea and fried steaks, makes up

for our frugal supper of the night before.

There! it looks simple enough on paper, but let me tell you that if you have a tolerable seat on a horse, have as many spare necks as other people, and want to combine amusement with profit, there are worse ways of spending a night than "moonlighting cattle."

Hogs' Intelligence.

Hogs often show great intelligence and aptitude to learn. A forester had a Chinese pig, which followed him like a dog, came at call, ran up and down stairs and from room to room. It learned to bow, and performed several tricks. It was very expert in hunting mushrooms; and, when told to keep watch, it would remain at its post until called away. When its owner said, "I'm going to kill you," it would lay down on its back and stretch out its legs.

It is said that when Louis XI. was sick, every means was taken to divert the sadness of his mind, but do what he would, he could not be made to laugh; at length a nobleman thought of teaching a pig to dance, and bring it before his majesty.

It was not long before a pig could hop about very well at the sound of a bag-pipe, they then dressed it with coat, pantafoons, hat, sword, &c.; in short, all that the court gentlemen of the times were accustomed to wear, and introduced it into the presence of the king. The animal bowed, danced, and followed all orders in the most artistic manner, until, getting tired, it became so awkward that the king roared with laughter, to the delight of his courtiers.

An English gentleman carefully trained a hog for hunting. "Slud," forso the hog was called, was very fond of the chase, and was ever on the alert when the huntsmen were preparing to start; but the dogs could not endure its company, and their owner was never able to make use of both at the same time. "Slud" could locate a bird from a great distance, and would dig in the ground to show where it had been. When the bird hopped it followed like a dog.

Hogs have been trained for draught. A countryman was in the habit of riding at St. Alban's market in a small cart drawn by four hogs; another countryman, on a wager on a bet that his hog could carry him on his back four miles in one hour. These facts are cited to show that the hog is a more intelligent animal than we give him credit for. However, every kind-hearted person will disapprove of teaching dumb creatures to perform tricks.

Music Among the Indians.

It can hardly be regarded as surprising, writes a humorist, that we have Indian wars, when we reflect how persistent the male sex is in their unwarlike and savage. There was Slimmer, a peddler, on his way to the Pacific coast, he stopped over night in a village belonging to the Shoshone Indians. Slimmer amused his entertainers in the evening by playing "Kathleen Mavourneen" upon an accordion. When he had squeezed out the true three or four hundred times, the Shoshone chief told Slimmer he would give anything to possess such an instrument as that. Then a happy thought struck Slimmer. He had six hundred pairs of bellows, which he was taking out to a settlement in Oregon, and without a grain of conscience, he disposed of them on the spot to the chief at two hundred and fifty per cent. advance on the cost. That morning Slimmer left. For the next two days the chief remained at home, working one pair of bellows after another in a vain endeavor to evolve "Kathleen Mavourneen" from the noise of the bellows, and, when he had strained his nozzles, and burst three or four blood-vessels, his wives took a hand. Ten all the members of the tribe tried; and the medicine man seized one pair and fled to the woods, and howled over it and screeched at and sat on a fence and worked the handles up and down until he fainted, and when he awoke he found "Kathleen Mavourneen" disturbed the impressive solitude of that vast wilderness. They caught a white man and drove a stake through him, and built a bonfire on his bosom, and made him try; and he even failed to organize a concert upon the Mavourneen basis. And now, whenever you meet a Shoshone Indian anywhere, he always asks if you know a man named Slimmer. They are looking for Slimmer. They want him. They want to lead him out to some retired spot and remove his entitle, and chip him off little by little until they work down to his skeleton.

Sailor Suits.

Sailor toggery is more popular than ever both for boys and girls, and if we may credit fashion journals, it is to be still more so this summer. The three years old and upward wear pique dresses made with a sailor blouse and one gored skirt, trimmed with bands, collar, cuffs, pockets, and sash of blue Chambray. These cost \$6. Pale buff linen sailor dresses, with brown, white, or blue accessories, cost \$5. The navy blue flannel suits for the sea-going traveler, made for cool mornings in the country, are trimmed with white braid, one wide and two narrow rows, and cost from \$6 upward. Pale blue and white cashmere trimmings are also used in these dresses. Boys not yet in trousers wear pique, linen, and flannel suits made with sailor blouses and knit skirts. Price \$5.50 for pique dresses slightly braided.

The sailor jacket of white loosely woven cloth, with stripe or polka dots of color, is the favorite wrap. It is double-breasted, with revers; the back is close-fitting and slashed. The revers is faced with blue, blue, or brown silk to match the figure in the cloth. The band around the square is of the same silk. Price \$12 for sizes large enough for girls from four to seven years old. Deep navy blue cloth saques with white piping and silvered buttons are sold for girls from nine to fourteen years of age; Price \$12.50.

The Boston Transcript says that persons who send poetry to the newspapers should always retain copies. If most of them would retain the originals perhaps it would be just as well.

Settling a Duelist.

The Comte de B—, a colonel in the line, distinguished for his gallantry in the field, as well as for the length of his service, was ordered to Martinique with his regiment in the year 179—. At that period the rage for dueling was everywhere prevalent, but in no place more so than in the West India Islands, where the civilian and the military man alike endeavored to establish his reputation by the questionable test of "an affair." Among the officers quartered in the garrison of St. Pierre was one, a Captain G—, whose delight consisted in fighting or fomenting duels, and who measured every man's character by the number he had fought. He was a man of brusque manner and arrogant bearing, but of undoubted, though misapplied, courage.

It happened one day that conversing with Comte de B—, the subject of dueling came on the tapis, when the colonel observed, that although he had never been his chance to be engaged in a single affair. The words appeared to act like wildfire on the mind of his inflammable companion. "What!" he exclaimed—"What! you never had a cause for quarrel?" "Never!" replied the colonel, calmly. "Eh bien, done," cried Captain G—, "etia une!" and he raised his hand, while his eyes gleamed with ferocious pleasure, he struck M. de B— a violent blow on the cheek. The latter eyed him for a moment, nor attempted to return the blow, then pointing significantly to his sword, he left the spot.

The consequence was inevitable—the preliminaries were arranged, and the same evening the parties met. It was decided to fight with small swords—indeed, dueling with pistols was rarely if ever practiced in the French service. The Comte de B— came on the ground, wearing upon his cheek a patch of black taffeta, as if to conceal the place where he had received the injurious blow. They were both expert swordsmen, but the colonel, though no duelist, was a perfect master of his weapon. His antagonist was soon at his mercy, but he contented himself with inflicting a severe wound in his sword-arm, and having disabled him for the moment, he took out a pair of scissors, and, clipping off a corner of the patch, very coolly observed, "C'est un peu mieux!" (It is a little better). As soon as Captain G— recovered from his wound, he received a second message from M. de B—, and a second meeting was the consequence. Again they met, and again the colonel obeyed the summons, wounded his adversary and clipped off a corner from the taffeta on his cheek, accompanying the act with the same observation. For the fifth time the Comte de B— invited his enemy to the field, and, with a stern determination equal to the perseverance which dogged him, Captain G— obeyed the call, and their swords crossed again, but the colonel's aspect was changed. After a few passes besaw his advantage, availed himself of it in a moment, and in the next his sword had pierced Captain G—'s heart, who fell dead to the ground. The colonel sheathed his weapon, turned round to his friend, and, pointing to the remainder of the patch. Then, glancing at the dead body at his feet, he quietly observed, "Now it is cured."

The War in Java.

By advices from Java, via China and Japan, further details of the war in Java are at hand. On the 8th of April the Dutch troops, to the number of about 800, landed in another attack on the mud fort, but the ships threw shells into it; but after bravely standing fire about twenty minutes, the Dutch were again obliged to retire. The Dutch loss in the day's action was said to be two officers and seven men killed and eighty wounded; the Achinese loss was believed to have been very great. On the 10th the Dutch troops, to the number of about 1,500, marched upon the fort to storm it, and, after maneuvering for a while, they made a rush into it and found it deserted. When the Achinese left, or where they went, was not known. The Dutch flag was hoisted and a guard left, and the force returned to their encampment. The fort contained twelve large guns, and it was to be blown up. The troops then commenced their march through the jungle, fighting their way. On the same day (the 10th) they stormed and captured a small fortress, and also a church, which was stoutly defended, and then pushed on toward the Sultan's palace, which was strongly fortified, indeed the strongest place in Acheen. On the 10th, the Dutch loss was nine killed and thirty wounded. Capt. Engelaar, of the Coehorn, also died that day of sun-stroke. On the morning of the 14th, the attack on the Sultan's castle was made. The conflict was very severe, and the Dutch succeeded in taking a portion of it, only standing ground. In this action their General was killed, being shot through the breast. This calamity seriously affected the spirits of the Dutch Army, who had great confidence in him. It was reported that the Achinese force under numbers in and around the castle attacked numbered 10,000, and that the total force of the Achinese is not less than 40,000 fighting men. Many of the Dutch in the expedition had, it was said, begun to despair of its success.

PROPAGATION OF SOUND.—The quality of sound rather than its volume, regulates it distinct to the ear. A least may be heard one-sixteenth of a mile; a wren, weighing half an ounce—and a middling-sized man would be as heavy as four thousand of them—could be heard about as far. But if the voice of either bore a proportion to the mass of matter employed in its production, a man could be heard one thousand miles, favored by a brisk wind. A vessel at sea a few years since, when one hundred and sixty miles from land, heard distinctly the thrilling music of a band playing on shore. There must have been a peculiar condition of the atmosphere at the time, while the broad surface of the sails were equivalent to the great external ear to arrest and converge the aerial undulations.

The house in Murfreesboro, Tenn., in which President Polk was married, is now used as a stable.

Catching Shad with Fly.

Until very recently it has been the generally received belief that shad could not be caught with a hook and line, and their application to shad fishing was looked upon as impossible. It has been proved, however, that they can be taken with hook and line if the right bait is used, and hundreds have so been taken at Holyoke, Mass. Concerning the discoverer of the practicability of catching shad with hook and line, there is some doubt, but the Springfield Union is inclined to award the discovery to Thos. Chalmers, a Scotchman. Discovering that shad taken contained in their maws large numbers of a peevish kind of mill-ler, he made a "fly" closely resembling it, and after repeated experiments succeeded. Keeping his secret he took more than eleven hundred shad during 1871. The secret finally leaked out, the Holyoke people fished extensively last year and were remarkably successful. The common practice is to use a large trout hook, to which the "fly" made of feathers is attached, in the manner familiar to all sportsmen. The line should be about 300 feet long, the two feet next the hook being of fine wire or cutgut. If wire is used, or if the line is heavy, a float should be attached. The sportsman, if he be at Holyoke, stands on the bridge, and strikes the fish as it enters, lets it float along down the river. Presently a shad sees it, and jumps for the counterfeiter miller with all the avidity of a trout, but on finding that he has caught a Tartar, dashes off like lightning. There is no use in stopping him now, but give him all the line he wants, and he will soon swallow the hook and line out. When the fishing began the impatient sportsmen were wont to haul in as soon as the shad had bitten, but in every instance the fish's tender gills gave way, and the shad went back into the river with a flourish. But after a shad has been "played" for a minute or so, he can be drawn in without difficulty.

Drunkenness Among the Hindoos. A correspondent of the London Times writes that the spread of habits of drinking among the educated natives has alarmed the orthodox and the reforming parties of Hindoos alike. Temperance societies and memorial petitions to the Government, and the Supreme Government show the earnestness of the respectable natives of Bengal and Bombay. The liquor duties, except beer and light wine, which do no harm, would bear a considerable increase, but Government has not taken advantage of this budget to make any change. The Bengal Legislature has passed an Act to bring the cultivation and preparation of intoxicating drugs, as well as the sale, under the Board of Revenue, and to enable it to make more stringent rules and licenses. But in a country like this, abstinences by creed and climate, the natives call for something like a permissive law, and in the rural districts, at least, there can be no such objections to that here as are raised in the West. Brandy kills off the rich absentee Hindoo Zemindars in Calcutta at a rate which the native papers lament, while the Mussulmans seem to prefer opium and other drugs.

Is She in Your Vicinity? She must be on her travels somewhere, and will call on you for a consultation. She is a woman who sells the recipe for moles on your face and corns and bunions on your feet. She is so lady-like, so sensible, so unobtrusive. She only sells as a favor to you. But ladies liked to do so sensible a lady a favor, as well as themselves, so they bought it. It was only a dollar a bottle, and fifty cents more if you were New York and in the city. It would disappear in two weeks. Has any one seen that estimable woman? For the ladies think there must be a mistake in the mode of the liquid application. They would like to ask her a question about it. If she is on her travels in your vicinity with her mole and corn recipe, you will ask her. She was to be in this place again in five months, says a local paper, but we doubt if she comes so soon. She is too sensible. One of the most amiable swindlers about is that well-mannered woman who sells her little bottles at only a dollar, and twelve shillings if you take two.

Fecundity of Fishes. It is said that probably about 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 codfish are taken from the sea annually around the world, and that the quantity seems small when we consider that the cod yields something like 3,500,000 eggs each season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod! Other fish, though not equalling the cod, are wonderfully productive. A herring six or seven ounces in weight is provided with about 30,000,000 eggs, making all reasonable allowance for the destruction of eggs and of the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon said that if a pair of herrings were left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield a fish-bulk equal to the globe on which we live. The cod far surpasses the herring in fecundity. Were it not that vast numbers of the eggs are destroyed, fish would so multiply as to fill the waters completely.—Scientific American.

Origin of "Chalking the Hat." The origin of "chalking the hat" was due to Admiral Reseille, in the days when Congressmen were lumbering over distant States in stage coaches. At the annual adjournment of Congress, Admiral Reseille would ask his friends of both houses over his stage lines after the following fashion: "Mr. C., I suppose you are going back to Lexington? I will pass you through on my coaches." "All right; but how will your agents along the route know this fact?" "Just give me your hat." Upon the tile being passed over, this Napoleon of the stage, taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, would dash off in brilliant white upon the black ground a peculiar hieroglyphic impossible to counterfeit, and hand it back to the owner with the remark: "Just show that to my agents along the route."

The estimated cost of Chicago's new Grand Pacific Hotel was one million dollars. The actual cost was \$1,000,000-875.94.

The Granada revolt is ended. After five hours' fighting the carbineers laid down their arms and surrendered to the citizens.

A thrifty sheriff in Indiana, when he has an idle jury on his hands, sets them to work mowing the grass around the court-house.

The Indiana editors are about making an excursion to Wyandotte Cave, and have invited the Press of Louisville, Ky., to join them.

The St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger thinks "sky blue is a pretty color for ceilings, but not so tasty for country milk at eight cents a quart."

A Peoria man has a nice looking library, all made up of Patent Office reports, with the backs neatly labeled with the names of great authors and their works.

A Kansas paper asks its readers why they will pay five cents a half-pint for peapants, when they can make lots of money by raising them at fifty cents a bushel.

A Portsmouth man contracted to build a barn for a specified sum and all the cider he could drink. It took him five months to build the barn, and he drank four barrels of cider.

The toppers of Salem, Ind., were considerably riled to see their names conspicuously posted in every saloon, with orders from the town officers forbidding any one to sell them liquor.

Mr. Truesdell says he never made a better bargain than that which collapsed at Dixon, Ill., and sent so many people to their death. This being the case, he would better go out of the business at once.

Before flowering, the beet contains from eight to ten per cent. of sugar; in proportion as the seed forms the sugar disappears, so much so that, when the seed is ripe, there is no trace of sugar in the beet.

A man who had his new hat exchanged for an old one in a barber's shop advertised, that unless it is returned he will forward to the wife of the person who took it the letter found concealed in the lining of the old one.

A poor widow, now living in the southern part of Delaware, has had eleven children, seven of whom were terribly afflicted, being deaf and dumb, and most of them, in addition, almost as weak in mind as idiots.

The farmers of Carroll county, Iowa, passed the following pithy resolution the other day: "Resolved, that the increase of Congressional salaries in these hard times is an infernal outrage upon the working people of the country."

A father in Massachusetts, who grew impatient the other evening at the prolonged stay of an ardent admirer of his daughter, entered the room and invited the young man to remain to breakfast. The young man declined the invitation.

A California paper insists that \$600,000,000 of a trip from the East to California, and says that it "includes 110 cost of transportation and may stay at every one of our great scenic attractions."

A Western Methodist has been collecting tobacco statistics among his brethren. He found that eight leading members in a certain place paid in one year \$195 for tobacco and \$20 for support of their pastor, and were too poor to take a religious paper.

It is said that when a man is perfectly helpless from intoxication, ice water poured down the spinal column and back will give such a shock to the nervous system as to perfectly overpower his intoxication. The effect will be that in two minutes time he will be enabled to walk as well as he ever could.

Ohio newspapers and periodicals number 411, with an average circulation of from 500 to 6,148, and an aggregate annual circulation of 93,522,418, or 35 for each acre of the State. There are 396 weeklies, 53 monthlies, 25 dailies, 10 semi-monthlies, 9 tri-weeklies, 5 semi-weeklies, 2 bi-monthlies, and 1 quarterly.

Of the Connecticut State Senators, 4 are farmers, 5 manufacturers, 4 lawyers, 4 merchants, 1 butcher, 1 auctioneer, 1 surveyor, and 1 carpenter. Of the 241 members of the House, 115 are farmers, 13 are lawyers, 5 clergymen, 21 merchants, 6 physicians, and the rest are divided up among various callings and pursuits.

Gen. Mencham thinks Capt. Jack the best of the Modocs after all. He says he was the first and most persistent advocate of peace, but whenever he talked in its favor some of the tribe would throw a shawl over his shoulders or put a woman's bonnet on his head, and to their taunts and jeers he at last yielded.

Even burglars are sometimes handy to have around. This was the case the other day at the jail at Springfield, when it was found impossible to open a locked door. Locksmiths were sent for, and worked hours without success upon it, and finally the sheriff called an old burglar, who was in custody, to try his hand at it. He opened it in a few moments.

A reporter for a Western paper, speaking of a certain fair creature, remarked that "the position and color of her hair would lead one to look upon it as though it was spun by the nimble fingers of the easy hours, as they glided through the bright June days, whose many sunny rays of light had been caught in the meshes, and were contented to go no further." This is better than saying the girl's hair was red.

It was the old fashion—and not a good fashion, either—for Congressmen to give West Point cadetships to the sons of their most influential constituents. In view of what we have hitherto said about political corruption, it is pleasant to record that out of 11 appointees now being examined for a mission to West Point, fifty-two were chosen by competitive examination. The poor lad thus has as good a chance as the rich one.