

## HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher

i wer attend

sorrow.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

## Two Dollars per Annum.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1873.

Caldwell of Springfield. New Jersey, 1780.

VOL. III.

on the right Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here

ran a wall-You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.

Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago

Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment :

you've heard Of Caldwell the parson, who once preached the

word Down at Springfield ? What, No ? Come

that's bad, why he had All the Jerseys aflame ! And they gave him

the name Of the "robel high pricet." He stuck in their

For he loved the Lord God-and he hated King George !

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day

Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their way

At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms

Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew

But God-and that one of the hireling crew Who fired the shot ! Enough !- there she lay And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away

Did he preach-did he pray? Think of him as you stand

By the old church to day :-- think of him and that band

Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat

Of that reckless advance-of that straggling

retreat ! Keep the phost of that wife, foully slain, in

your view-And what could you-what should you, what

would you do? Why, just what he did! They were left in the

Iurch

Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed

out in the road With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw

down his load At their feet! Then, above all the shouting

and shots, Rang his voice-"Put Watts into 'em-Boys,

give 'em Watts!" And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow

Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago. You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball But not always a hero like this-and that's all.

BRET HARTE.

in the lot." And Judge Jeffcott picked out another walnut and helped himself

yond the pastor's understanding and In a very few months afterward there was a darkened chamber in the Jeffcott beyond his office. She listened to no word he said, and when her child, a Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church mansion, and within it the shadow of white death.

A small cottage and about three hun-dred dollars a year was left to Lizzie, and the same to Mrs. Mason. The two All the long night the good clergyman thought of and prayed for this poor woman, drunk with overmuch sorrow, women made their home together, and for many years Lizzie lived a life so full of sweet and helpful deeds, that I have and the next day he renewed his efforts for her husband's pardon. But all no hesitation in calling it a great life. failed, and in three weeks Luke Dayton After I came to America I never supsailed away in a convict ship. posed I should hear of her again ; but one day, in the log cabin of a stock-

Punishment does not prevent crime ; the world was just as bad after the flood raiser near San Antonia, I lifted a newsas before it, and Judge Jeffcott's game paper and saw her name. It was durwas no safer after Ralph and Luke had been transported. The fact recon-ciled the Judge to what he had done, for ing the Crimean War, and she was among that noble army of women whose names the angels shall call out before while Elizabeth lay at death's door with brain fever, he had felt something very assembled worlds, saying, " Come up higher."

near akin to remorse. Suppose that the good woman who found her stealing had treated her as a But Elizabeth did not die, though she came back to life but the shadow of her former self. All her fresh, sweet comecriminal, instead of as a little child! Suppose she had made her amenable to liness was gone ; she walked as if tired with a hard journey, and her eyes were the very homes of some dumb accusing the law of the country, instead of to that higher law of Love! Suppose she had sent her to prison, instead of giv-ing her a home. Let those who dare,

For a little while every one helped follow out this supposition ; for me, I and pited her, but friendship is made weep and wonder when I consider how many little children bearing in their arms divinest gifts fall and perish by for great sacrifices-chronic benefits kill it-and the poor woman found out this truth soon enough. Three years after Luke's departure, a the way, because there is no one to be-

lieve in them, and no one to help them. letter from him came to the clergyman who had stood his friend in all his dis--N. Y. Ledger, grace and trouble. It was raining heaviy at the time, but he hastened at once

to Elizabeth's cottage. She had not been seen there for several months ; so I do not like pork as an article of diet, but as a means of promoting an he sought her at her sister's, who lived appetite I have no hesitancy in recomat a little fishing village three miles nding it.

distant. He never regretted the journey. Elizabeth was very ill; but when she be found out. Every few days an insane man would be raving around with a saw the weary, wet messenger, with the letter in his hands, she turned her face to her pillow and wept such sweet soft as she had not shed since her tears

found out about it, except that the pig belonged to one of the neighbors. One trouble touched her. It was not a letter of much hope or of the neighbors ought to be ashamed omfort, but little she minded that; of himself, whoever he is. I never "for you see, sir," she said solemnly, "I know Luke is dead, and all these knew what that pig wanted around our house. He seemed to be looking for For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church, But I am very glad that you thought enough something in the flower beds, among the potatoes, in the poultry yards, and once or twice he walked in at the front of a poor, broken-hearted girl, to come three miles through the rain to comfort loor. He was looking for something, and me. I feel as if I knew better now he found everything, I should think, what God's pity for me must be like." except the cellar drain; but he still And for my part I think it was the

best sermon he ever preached. It might be a year or more after Elizabeth's death, when, one winter evening, Judge Jeffcott's housekeeper went into a small garden to bring in some fine linen and laces, bleaching there. A little girl was just getting over the stone wall, with the bundle in her arms. Something in the wretched little face touched the woman's heart, and she made no alarm.

he must find the place. He was willing enough to look for it, and I chased him "Do you know that you are stealing, SMITTEN WITH REMORSE. "I tell you 'No,'sir. The poor are bad that I can send you to prison?" "I am so hungry," that was all the child said. Then putting out her arms

over the currant bushes and over a table cloth spread out to bleach, and in among in a blind, uncertain way, she reeled the dahlias and over the onions, and everywhere else, but he didn't find the French Anecdotes of Franklin.

Throughout the year 1790 there ap-peared occasional anecdotes of Franklin in the *Moniteur* of Paris. As Franklin was a resident of Paris for some years, between 1776 and 1785, where he was received with enthusiasm by the best classes, and as his memoirs were not translated into French until the present century-it is fair to suppose that these anecdotes were those with which lie used to amuse his French admirers. Regarded in this line they will be in-teresting, whether they have or not ap-peared elsewhere than in the *Moniteur*. One day, when Franklin was a printer in Philadelphia, he said to one of his employees, a skillful workman, who never came to his work before Wednes-

day of the week: "Francis you do not think of the future. If you would keep steadily at your work, you might lay by a sum that would enable you to live comfortably by and by." To this the workman answered: "I have made my calculation. I have an uncle who is a druggist in Cheapside, London. He has determined to work hard for twenty years, when he will have laid up four thousand pounds sterling, and then he proposes to live like a gentleman. His idea is to purchase pleasure at whole-sale. I rather have it at retail. I prefer half the week for amusement during twenty years to the whole week when I

am twenty years older." After the Declaration of Indepen-

dence in the United States, each State commenced the task of drawing up and passing new laws and a form of government to replace those which they had destroyed. During this time there were tedious and bitter debates in the Penn-Who owned the particular pig which remoted my appetite most could never sylvania assembly, and at the end of two or three months they found themselves just where they started. Meanwhile, everything went on as usual in the community ; there were no troubles, hatchet and a gun and a dog, inquiring who owned that pig, and nothing was ever no public disorder of any kind, and one day Franklin said to the representatives cr deputies : "Gentlemen, I would call your attention to the fact that while we are here in a state of perfect anarchy the people are conducting their affairs just as usual. Take care ! If our disputes continue much longer they may and out that they can do without us." Franklin explained, by the following

apologue, how we may correct by time and patience the faults of character and manner. "I was," said he, "in an iron-monger's shop one day, when a man came in to buy an axe. The workwore a sadly disappointed air. It finally occurred to me that the pig thought the fence ought to be fixed, and, as I wanted man had not polished it much, except to do something to satisfy him, I went out the next morning and collected all the broken boards and things I could just at the blade, and the buyer expressed a desire to have it polished all over. That would be a long task, the workman said, and he had no one to find and fixed the fence, and after it was all done the pig was following me toward the house for breakfast. I did not know where he got in, and he did not know, but I made up my mind that he must find the place. He was million turn the grindstone. The buyer offered to turn it himself, and soon the two were hard at work. "After a little while the buyer wanted

much if it isn't so polished."

The English.

to examine the progress of the polish-ing, and seemed rather disappointed. Very soon he examined the axe again, and, seeing that only a few small spots others, again, there may be a total abwere polished after all his trouble, he exclaimed : 'Faith, I'll take the axe as

Hair, and Its Uses.

6 Hull

Civilization in Dress.

The Modocs.

NO. 21.

irresponsible tyrant we call fashion, and

Incidents of the Journey to Fort Kinmath.

Boyle's Camp, the last remaining camp of the Modoc expedition in the To be sure, men have discarded heat, and keeps the head warm in many absurdities, though they have re-nter and cold in summer. It wards tained more. They hold to their stiff vicinity of the theatre of war in the lava beds, was broken up on the 13th inst., and the troops there, together off the effect of the sun; and we find negroes exposing themselves without head-covering to its burning rays in tropical climates, without the slightest with all the Modoc captives, baggage and stores, were marched to Fort Klamath. The journey occupied five days. hats, their tight-fitting military uniform, The Modocs-men, women and children-were transported in seven wag-ons, with guards before and behind each wagon. In the front wagon were and all the mysteries of seam and gusset and band, which are mere symbols of the art of cutting out and not necessary to the comfort of shape. But even with the follies they retain they can Captain Jack and Schonchin, in mana cles-the former robed in a red blanket with a clean white handkerchief bound move about with ease and unhampered. Women, on the contrary, torture them-selves in the name of fashion with around his head, and bearing himself around his head, and bearing minsen with characteristic dignity. There were two bands of Modocs among the Indians—Captain Jack's party and the Cottonwood Modocs, including Bogus touching fidelity. They would as soon forego their nationality as their stays, sive heat. The mustaches of black-smiths show by their color the dust which they stopped as a natural respira-which they stopped as a natural respira-Charley, Curly-headed Jack, Steamboat tor, and which, if inhaled, would have of garments all hanging from the waist. Frank, Shacknasty Jim, Curly-headed Doctor, and Hooker Jim. These are been injurious. The mustache is bene- It is to keep these up, and lessen their heavy weight, that they put themselves the warriors who deserted Captain millers, bakers, masons, to workers in into cages which destroy all grace of Jack after his last fight and came in materials, and even to travelers into line and all comfort of movement, save and surrendered themselves. A bitter in walking. The beauty of simplicity is a thing dead and done with in their feeling exists against them on the part of Captain Jack and his warriors on accode. Heads are loaded with false hair count of what Jack calls their treason, against bronchitis and sore throat. It stuck about with lace, feathers, flowers, and it was found necessary on the and colored glass ; ears are pierced that march to place soldiers between them of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, en-thereof, may be hung into the holes; to prevent an attack upon them by thereof, may be hung into the holes; health is destroyed, and the tender Captain Jack and his men. On the way a very serious accident was avoided vital organs which nature has so seduby the promptness of Bogus Charley, lously protected by the outer casing of Steamboat Frank, Hooker Jim, and ribs are compressed and crushed that Shacknasty Jim, whose squaws and the waistband may be reduced to sevenpapooses were in one of the wagons teen inches; and the highest efforts of which, at a certain point on the route, millinery genius are directed to the was upon the verge of rolling over t most elaborate method of sewing one bit of stuff on to another bit of stuff, rocky ledge. These Indians rushed forward and by main strength held the wrgon in its place, and so prevented the catastrophe. Twice on this journey did to the confusion of anything like a leading line or an intelligible idea. We laugh at the Chinese "golden water-hilies," the Papuan head-dress, the Hindo nose-ring, the African lip-disthe traditional stoicism of the Indian character disappear ; first, on the occa-sion of this danger to their wives and tender; we laugh while we look in the children, when these warriors exhibited glass and complacently brush out frills, in their manner the most anxious soliciand congratulate ourselves on looking tude for the safety of those dear to stylish" and "well got up." But our them, and again, later, when they stood highest efforts culminate in partial around the body of one of their numnakedness in the middle of winter, if ber, Curly-headed Jack, who desiring to die and be buried in the old land of the Modocs, committed suicide at about we are women, in black broadcloth in the dog-days, if we are men-in absurd lengths of silk trailing after us as we half-past eleven the next day in the walk in one case, in a ridiculous pennon camp at Lost River Bridge, eighteen meandering at our backs in the other ; miles distant from the lava beds. The warrior shot himself with a pistol in the they culminate in fashion, not in use or beauty or simplicity ; but while we do head, and died in about an hour. His mother and female friends filled the thus dress without personal convenience or artistic meaning, we have no true camp with their lamentations, while his ivilization in the matter of our clothes. fellow-warriors looked upon him with Modern millinery is neither art nor tears streaming from their eyes. But nature. It is our translation of the Captain Jack and his followers, on the primitive man's delight in rags and contrary, gazed contemptuously toward the mourning group. The dead war-rior was buried with the usual Indian gaudy colors ; and there is no essential difference between the two. What difobservances. Nothing of any moment occurred from this point except the wrecking of six wagons on the fearfully ference there is consists simply in con-

A Bit of Romance.

Mr. R. M. Boatwright, of St. Louis, has lately received intelligence that his dians were lodged in a stro and sp cious stockade, which had been previbrother Alexander, whom he supposed to have been killed twenty-six years ously erected for the purpose, and ago, during the Mexican war, is alive and well, he being a resident of Goliad and well, he being a resident of Goliad County, Texas. The story is thus told to take place at the fort. by the St. Louis Democrat: In 1846, Mr. Boatwright, while on a Effects of Smoking Upon the Blood and visit to southern Illinois, where he formerly resided, took the war fever

neither comfort nor beauty has a word

The Dublin University Magazine, in Our guide and ruler in dress is that discourse upon human hair, says: 'It is not the less useful because it is ornamental. It is a bad conductor to say. winter and cold in summer. It wards

injury, and some tribes of wild Arabs, who wear neither tarboosh nor turban, are said to rely solely on their bushy heads of hair as protection against sunstroke. The mustache is a natural respirator, defending the lungs against the inhalation of cold and dust. It is a protection of the face and throat against cold, and is equally in warm climates a safeguard for those parts against excesficial to those who follow the trades of Egypt and Africa, when they are exposed to the burning sands of the desert. Full beards are said to be a defence

is asserted that the sappers and miners joy a special immunity from affections of this nature. The growth of hair has been recommended to persons liable to take cold easily. It is stated that Walter Savage Landor was a sufferer from sore throat for many years, and that he lost the morbid disposition by allowing his beard to grow, according to

the advice of the surgeon to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The writer adopted the same course for the very identical reason, and with fair success. But he is bound to state that he has seen individuals with long, flowing beards, whom those ornaments did not save from attacks of bronchial and laryngeal disorders. The curling nature of the hair is attributed to a large proportion of oily substance, which prevents the ab-sorption of water. The effect of dampness in destroying the curl of the hair is well known, but it is not so well known that the state of the hair participates in the state of the general health. In many instances, strong curly hair becomes straight if the possessor be out of health, and the condition of the hair with them is as great a test as the condition of the tongue. The state of the hairdepends much on that of the general health. In perfect health, the

hair is full, glossy, and rich in its hues, in consequence of the absortion from the blood of a nutritive juice, containing its proper proportion of oily and albuminous elements. In persons out of health it may lose its brilliancy of hue, and become lank and straight, from the presence of imperfect juices, in

sence of such nutritive elements, and the hair constantly loos faded out and

base of each is the same.

ventional acceptance ; but the æsthetic

rocky roads. During the afternoon of the fifth day the Indian procession reached Fort Klamath, where the In-

to a fresh glass of wine, with the air of a man who dismisses a disagreeable subject.

"In your capacity, Judge, you only see the worst of them. This Ralph Hurst, for instance, whom you only know as..." "A thief, and a would-be murderer..."

" Is nevertheless a most devoted husband and son, and the soberest fisherman on the const."

"Parson, I am astonished at you! Why I have had four gamekeepers flogged in less than three years; and I have hardly dared, for three times three, to call a feather or a foot of game on the Jeffcott estate my own. Transportation is too good for such rascals, and if I had the making of the laws-'

"Don't say it, Judge ; you know you would not. I acknowledge Ralph has given you great provocation ; but what about Luke Dayton? It is his first known offence, and he swears he never lifted a gun against a fellow-creature.'

"And pray what does he call my hares and pheasants? And what right have such men as he with guns at all? And what do those great lazy hounds mean, sleeping all day long under his kitchen settle

" Luke has had a hard time this winter, Judge. His mother is blind and feeble, his wife and child have known both cold and hunger."

"Well, sir, you have done your duty We will consider the subject closed, if you please. Fill your glass." "No, thank you, Judge. Luke had some hopes, and I must now tell him that they are false. Besides I must see Elizabeth, who is almost beside herself

with grief and anger. "Anger? Well, I like that. Why, I ought to have given him fourteen years, and I made it seven, for her sake

Seven years means forever to Elizabeth Dayton. She will break her heart before they are over."

"Pshaw! She has too much sense to have so much sentiment. However, I am sorry enough for her; and if you can help her, use my means freely," and the Judge took out his purse and lamps, he said abruptly, and yet in a sad offered the clergyman a sovereign for her.

A piece of gold for a broken heart However, her friend took it, and then went to seek her in the little seaside town. A dreary rain was dropping on the cottage, which had a lonely, sorrow-ful look. Something more than solitude brooded over it ; for sacred is the place, however humble, in which a mighty grief sits down.

Elizabeth read with love's quick instinct the verdict in his hesitating step and silent face. She was walking rapidly up and down the earthen floor, but she stopped suddenly, and gave him one searching, imploring look. He shook his head, and then put out his hand to take hers, but she flung it passionately

away. "Don't speak !" she cried. "I know all you are going to say about patience and submission and God's will. 1 will never believe it, sir. I would not think so hard of my Maker, I know He is as angry as I am to-night. And if He can't comfort me, it is far beyond your power. Oh, Luke! Luke! my husband ! my husband !" And she wrung her hands, and swayed her body backward and forward in a very agony of uncontrollable grief. It was such sorrow as lifted her be- | slowly dying man.

The good woman put down the linen, and lifted the child. She carried her fast. into her own clean, white room and nursed her until she was strong and

well. In the interval, she had discovered that her name was "Lizzie," and that she was the child of Luke and Elizabeth Dayton. Then some good angel put it into Harriet Mason's heart to keep and train the child in the way she should go. "If I tell the Judge," she should go. "If I tell the Judge," she argued, "he will send her to some reformatory prison; and if I turn her loose, she will soon be fit for nothing else; I will e'en try and make a good woman of her."

No particular effort was made to hide Lizzie. The master saw her weeding in the garden and busy about the house, and, perhaps, sometimes thought that Mrs. Mason had been fortunate in her little hand-maiden.

It is true that Lizzie's good qualities had needed patient cultivation. Sometimes her protector had almost regretted the charge she had assumed : sometimes she had got weary of the girl's lying and pilfering, and felt inclined to wonder if the poor were really "sinners above all others." But the reward promised to those who do "not weary in well-doing " came. First a compensating love sprang up between the old woman and the young one. Good ac-tions brought what they always doboth thanks and usage, and when Lizzie was sixteen there was no daintier cook and no neater housemaid in the

parish. Soon after Mrs. Mason fell sick with typhoid fever, and before she was out of danger the Judge took it. To the two invalids Lizzie was everything, and think she fully repaid, during that hard three months, the kindness that had sheltered her.

One evening, when the Judge was beginning to notice with a child's eagerness all the incidents of his daily life again, he asked Lizzie her name, and learning it, he continued the catechism until she wondered. After a short silence, during which she was busy drawing the curtains and lighting the

voice "Lizzie, do you know that it was I who sent your father over the sea ?"

" Yes, sir. "And what do you think of me ?"

"Nothing hard now, sir. Perhaps I did once, but Mrs. Mason has made me see that if you had not done it both father and mother might have been alive, sinning, suffering, and working hard in the village yet. Now they are happy in heaven, and I don't think, sir, they bear you any ill feeling, and so I am sure I do not, sir. You have been very good to me." "I did not know you an hour ago,

Lizzie, but I shall be none the worse to you for this talk."

If I was writing a romance I should say that Judge Jeffcott, smitten with remorse, educated and adopted Lizzie.

But I believe he never once thought of such a thing. He felt kindly toward her, and ordered Mrs. Mason to pay her for all her past services, and give her good wages for the future. He prized her admirable cooking, and the light and comfort that followed her up and down the house, and this the more because he never recovered from his at- fact that the Governor General did tack of fever, but gradually sank from not issue a proclamation inviting the the lean and slippered invalid into the people to observe Dominion Day as a

hole he came in at, nor did I. However, I had an appetite for my breaksaid Franklin, "we like to see them

Who Owns that Pig ?

Then Maria came out and stood on the back steps, like a female Napoleon, and issued orders and proclamations and general directions with the rapidity of chain lightning, and, with a beautiful and implicit trust in Providence, threw fire-bricks and coal-shovels and sadirons and stove-wenches and broken crockery with her left hand, and if her ight hand knew what the left was doing it knew a pile more than I could keep track of. The pig upset a hen-coop and stepped on three chickens and made a maniac of the old hen, who blamed me for the whole affair and acted accordingly, and then the pig got into the corn and refused to come out under any circumstances, although I had given up the idea of finding where he came in, and had opened the gate and let down the bars. Maria went into the house for some furniture to throw, and I tried to set the dog on the pig. The dog had learned to regard the pig as one of the family, and could not understand my allusions, and finally got out of patience and inserted a fine set of natural teeth in my leg. He did not get the wrong pig by the ear, but it amounted to the same thing so far as I was concerned. Maria came out with a broom, and explained the situation to the dog, and the dog went into the corn after the pig, and came back in thirty seconds a bankrupt community. I had appetite enough for a week. Finally I borrowed two boys from a neighbor, and the grocer's man, and we drove the pig out, after he had tramped down all the corn. and he made for a place in the picket

fence where there had never been a hole, and made one and got out. My appe-tite would have justified me in eating that pig, but circumstances would not allow. There used to be some poetry about "Who is my neighbor?" and that's what I want to know-the neighbor who owns that pig.

The June Drought.

Perhaps no better idea of the "plentiful lack" of water in certain portions of the country can be derived than from a reference to the rain fall of former years. Thus, at Albany, for eight years before this year, the average rain fall for June has been just short of eight inches, while this year it was but 1.42. In the eight years named the amount of rain reached as high as 7.48 in 1870, and was 3.04 in 1865. In June of last year in New York city the rain fall was 4.04. This year it was but 1.28. For all this century, this last month was the dryest June, and its fearful marks are left all over the Middle and New England States. Hay is almost a ruin. Oats and rye are absurdly low and light, and corn is unable to give expression to its feelings under the present deprivation of water.

Upon a wager a compositor in the office of the Milwaukee Wisconsin, as that paper asserts, who was told the facts as a matter of news, set up 1,800 ems without copy, using his own language, and corrected the proof, all inside of seventy-four minutes.

Canadian papers note regretfully the public holiday.

wife.

dead it is ! I won't Lother any more about the polish.' So with our manners,'

#### The Proposed Balloon Voyage to Europe. polished, but we have no patience to

The New York Daily Graphic has turn the grindstone ; and, indeed, provided an axe cuts well, it doesn't matter the following announcement :

In response to many inquiries relative to the balloon voyage to Europe by Franklin went one day to see the mills of a great manufacturer at Nor-wich. The owner took him all over the ces of the *Daily Graphic*, we have to stablishment, saying : " Here we make

fabrics for Italy; here for Germany; these are for the islands of America First-It is not our intention to give any exhibition of the balloon previous to its departure. It is now in process of construction by the Domestic Sewthese for the Continent," and so on. During the exhibition, Franklin noticed that the operatives were half-naked or ing Machine Company, and as soon as in rags, and turning to his guide, he said : " And where, pray, are the goods that you make for Norwich ?" it is ready the party will sail without unnecesary publicity. Second—As the Graphic Company

Franklin " assisted " once at a literary furnishes the means requisite for carreunion where several original articles rying out this remarkable enterprise, were read, and not understanding well those who may wish to contribute for the French when read or declaimed, that purpose may make donations to Wise and his companions, so as and wishing to show himself polite and Prof. appreciative, he resolved to applaud whenever he saw Madame Boufflers, a to reimburse them to some extent for their time and the risks they encounter. friend of his, show marks of approba-Third-The balloon will carry a limtion. After the reunion, his little son said to him: "Papa, you applauded ited number of letters and small packages. Those who wish to avail themeverything, and more than anybody else selves of the opportunity to send letwhen they praised you!" Franklin ters or packages to friends in Europe used to describe his embarrassment and should make early application. the effort he made to recover himself.

Fourth-The balloon will have a carrying capacity of several tons, so that as many as eight or ten persons can take passage in the car, without inconveni-"H. W." writes to the Louisville ence or overweighting. Such leading Journal: The English Women are the journals as would like to send represenpoorest dressers in Europe; and yet tatives on the voyage will do well to English society is singularly exacting. apply immediately. As the list will soon be filled up, this proposition will A lady goes to a common ballad concert at St. James's Hall, happens to wear a remain open for ten days, in order that light Paris bonnet, and is required to journals at a distance may be heard take it off in a dressing-room, paying from.

the waiting-woman sixpence to keep it, In conclusion, we may state that, albefore she is allowed to take the seats though the balloon will be the largest she has paid for. She goes in and finds the hall filled with scrubby, ill-dressed ever made, we expect to have everything ready for the start before the 20th of women, each having a bit of ribbon August. stuck to her hair, and each considering herself in full dress. Of course no

### Sans Gloves-Sans Corsets.

gentleman is admitted at Covent Garder The latest French-made dresses are or Drury Lane without a swallow-tailed lresses no more; they are mere drapings coat and a white cravat ; not then until with the fearfully low necks, absence of he has paid sixpence to a hag who turns all sleeves, strap going over the naked down his seat for him or opens the door shoulder, joining the dress at the small of a box. Go where you will this petty tax is encountered. Why? Because of the back and pit of the stomach. The skirt is strangely and wonderfully hung. It caps and folds ; it is caught high at the country is too full of people, and living has to be got at for the overplus in someway. If a London cabby cheats the hip, or in the back, and is shaped tightly about the entire figure. From you out of sixpence, he thinks he has beneath this drapery streams out a twodone a good thing, but if he does you yard train. Out-door costumes are for half a crown, he feels proud of himmade, so far as the drapery is concernself, of his vocation, and of his country. ed, in the same style.

A pretty bar-maid swindled me out of These fashions demand revolving pe hapenny on a glass of sherry the other destals and what dancers term the "slow movement." No dress of this kind could be taken on its owner's back in a hurry anywhere. Of course, corsets, and a good many other articles of underthus protests: "His grave is nearer the wear hitherto deemed indispensable, pole than that of any other white man. Esquimaux may have lived and died further north; nobody call tell what will have to be taken off for the "Empire" waist. At a very swell wedding reception lately the high-toned belles animal or human inhabitants will be held their arms like trussed fowls, to found on the unknown lands near the prevent the silk and lace suspenders North Pole ; but no other known grave is so near that unknown portion of the earth as that of Captain Hall. Let his that did duty as dress-waists from falling off their shoulders. The same briand eightpence." When I had eaten party were, to the number of a the oysters and paid him the money, he body remain there undisturbed." dozen, photographed, and if I were to rang it on the counter, and could hardly

send a copy up to Connecticut, I'd not realize that the transaction was genuine only be prayed for in the churches as one lost, but I'd be liable to indictment A resident of Manistee, Mich., who for sending indecent pictures by mail. has now forty-eight children living, is

The dry weather has injured on the point of marrying his fourth the prospects of Connecticut tobacco.

and joined Capt. Coffey's company of volunteer infantry, bound for the seat of war in Mexico. At the battle of Vera a matter of course, affect the health and in the family burying-ground, in Frankdark-eyed senorita, a daughter of the the charms of his beautiful nurse, and His letters to his relatives having misthat his family had removed from Franklin County, he ceased writing to them. In 1849 he went to California, and after-ward settled in Texas. Several years after the close of the war the family in Franklin County heard rumors that Alexander was still living, and agents were sent to California and to Mexico, but failed to learn any tidings of him, and he was given up for lost. A short time ago Mr. R. M. Boatwright happened to see a letter written by his brother to an old friend in Franklin County, and recognizing the name, was rejoiced to find that his brother who was mourned as dead for twenty-six years, was still

# Brain.

Says the London Lancet : " What Cruz he was severely wounded in the activity of the brain. If, then, we as-shoulder, and not being able to bear certain the physiological effect of tobacco removal, was placed in the house of a upon the life-fluid, we shall be in a fair Mexican lady, near the battle-field. As way for deciding the question, especially he did not rejoin his company, and was if we find individual cases confirming not heard of at the close of the war, he the views thus arrived at. There is was placed on the list of the dead, and nothing stronger in medical evidence his land-warrant issued to his father, than the agreement of physiology and who erected a monument to his memory in the family burying-ground, in Frank- clearly explained the influence of smok-In County. Boatwright, however, did not die. He was tenderly nursed by a to quote his graphic account. His scientific eminence entitles his evidence lady at whose house he was left, and to respect, and lovers of the weed must when, after many months of suffering, recollect that it is a smoker to whom he was restored to health and his wound they are listening: 'On the blood the healed, he found himself a captive to prolonged inhalation of tobacco produces changes which are very marked he married her and settled in Vera Cruz. in character. The fluid is thinner than is natural, and in extreme cases paler. carried, and some one informing him In such instances the deficient color of the blood is communicated to the body altogether, rendering the external surface yellowish, white, and puffy. The blood being thin, also exudes freely, and a cut surface bleeds for a long time, and may continue to bleed inconveniently, even in opposition to reme-dies. But the most important change is exerted on these little bodies which float in myriads in the blood, and are known as the red globules. These glo-bules have naturally a double concave surface, and at their edges a perfectly smooth outline. They are very soluble in alkalies, and are subject to change of shape and character, when the quality of the fluid in which they float is modi-

fied in respect to density. The absorp-A St. Louis clerk tried to get up a tion, therefore, of the fumes of tobacco necessarily leads to rapid changes in them; they lose their round shapes, they become oval and irregular at their edges, and instead of having a mutual One morning, while at Lucas Market, his attraction for each other and running together, a good sign of physical health, they lie loosely scattered before the eye, and indicate to the learned observer as clearly as though they spoke to him, and said the words, that the man from whom they were taken is physically de-pressed and deplorably deficient both in muscular and mental power.' Tobacco modifies the circulation in the brain, as in other portions of the body. Hence, it would be remarkable indeed if it did the duty of the Polaris relief expedition be to bring home the body of Captain not exercise some influence upon the Hall. Against this the Worcester Spy mechanism of thought.'

> Since 1871 endeavors have been made to have a railroad bridge built across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie; in 1872 a charter for crecting the piers in the river was obtained from the Legislature, and on Monday last the subscription for erecting the bridge was headed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company

with \$1,100,000-\$550,000 in the name of Mr. A. L. Dennis, one of the direc-The Troy Times says that on Friday afternoon last, as Mr. Alexander Cloakie was at work in a field with others, near tors of the road, and \$550,000 in that of Mr. J. Edgar Thompson, its president. that city, he was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The sun was shin-The books have been opened for further subscription, and it is probable that work on the bridge will be at once being brightly at the time, and not a drop gun.

corner in the chicken market one day last week. He has been driving half the clerks wild with envy by a magnificent cluster diamond ring. hand reposed on a chicken-coop, and a curious crackler went for his ring, plucked out and swallowed the largest gem in the cluster. It is unnecessary to say that he bought that coop of chickens at the dealer's price. He says he will have that diamond if the family is compelled to eat chickens all summer. Many papers are urging that a part of

living."

of rain fell where he was,

day, and I saw joy unspeakable beam out of her lovely, thieving eyes, as I turned away, and she felt sure of having bagged her plunder. They do their robbery on a small scale. In London a penny is a big thing. I asked an oyster-man to open me a dozen of his oysters, "A dozen, sir? says he. "Yes," I said, "a dozen." "Do you know, sir," says "a dozen." "Do you know, sir." says he, "what they cost?" "No," said I, "I don't; what do they cost?" Then, rather melodramatically, he said: "Two