The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher. NIL DESPERANDUM. Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. III. RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1873. NO. 39.

Go and Learn a Trade.

I'll sing a little song to-night,
And ev'ry word is true,
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentleman, for you!
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

CHORUS.

The "coming man" is he who lives
To see his fortune made,
Whom ev'rybody will respect,
Because he learned a trade.

Your education may be good,
But time is flitting by.
Instead of working don't be fooled;
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent,
So go and "learn a trade."

The country's full of "nice young men,"
Who from their duty shirk;
Who think 'twould crush their fam'ly pride,
If they should go to work;
Take off your coat (your father did),
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do.
Be faithful to your "boss;"
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss.
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

ONLY A CHILD.

Of all poor men the most to be pitied is the poor rich man. The man in absolute poverty can be helped; but for the man who is poor, with his coffers full of gold, there is no earthly help—none, unless something can get down into his heart and open the way for the incoming of sunlight and warmth. Such a transformation I once knew, and I will tell you how it was wrought. It was done by only a little child.

Rufus Grote was really and truly a miser, though he had probably never acknowledged that fact to himself. At the age of sixty, he lived in a close, small, shabby house, in a narrow street, though where the streets were broad he owned a whole row, the rental of which yielded what might have been a munificent income to any man.

In early life Rufus Grote had been disappointed, so while yet a young man, he had shut himself up within his shell, and through all the years of his manhood he had neither asked nor given love or friendship. He took his usance, even to the pound of flesh, if it was due him by the bond, and he was as ready to discharge all bonded obligations.

When people who knew Rufus Grote wished to point to a man without a heart they pointed to him. They declared that he loved no human being—not even himself. That he did not love himself was evident to them from the fact that he gave to himself not a single comfort of life which he could avoid giving, and at the same time live.

One evening, just at dusk, a coach stopped at Rufus Grote's door, and a lady dressed in black, and accompanied by a child, alighted therefrom, and plied the rusty iron knocker.

The miser answered the summons, and demanded to know the applicant's business.

"Uncle Rufus," said the woman, "I am Mary Sandford, and this is my child. Will you give me shelter until I can find work?"

Mary Sandford was the only daughter of Rufus Grote's dead sister. He had heard of her husband's death, and he had shudderingly asked himself more than once if it might not be possible that his widowed niece would call upon him for assistance. And now that the dreaded blow had fallen what was he to do? Had he followed the first impulses he would have turned the woman and child away with a word, but that would have been inhuman. He was caught in a trap. He had to open his door wider, and let them in. And when they were in, he was forced in common decency, to go out and buy a loaf of bread and some cheese.

Mary Sandford was over thirty-five—a slight, pale-faced, pretty woman, and what of beauty she possessed was due more to the reflex action upon her face and manner of her native goodness than to any outward form of feature.

Her child—a girl of nine years—was called Flora. She was a plump, dimpled, sunny-haired, and sunny-faced child, with the light of a tender, loving heart sparkling in every feature. She was really and truly a thing of beauty, and a perfect joy.

After eating the bread and cheese, and drinking cold water with it, Mary Sandford told to Rufus Grote the story of her husband's death—how he had suffered long, and how he had left her in destitution.

"But," she concluded, as she saw a cloud upon her uncle's face, "I am not come to be a burden upon you. Mrs. Maynard will be in town in a few days, and will give me work."

"Ugh! What kind of work?" grunted Rufus.

"I shall keep house for her."

Later in the evening, by the dim light of a single tallow candle, little Flora crept to the old man's side, and climbed up into his lap. For a moment he had thought of putting her away, as he would have to put away an insinuating cat, but he did not do it. So she kept on until she had both hands upon his shoulders.

"You are my Uncle Rufus," she said, with a quivering, eager smile.

"I suppose so," answered the man, forcing out the reluctant words.

"I haven't got a papa any more. Mayn't I kiss you before I go to bed?"

The little warm arms were around his neck, and the kiss was upon his cheek. The child waited a moment as though for a kiss in return, but she did not get it, and she slipped down and went with her mother to the little dark room where Rufus Grote had given up to their use his own hard, poor bed.

For himself, the best had planned to spread a blanket upon the floor in the living-room. He had slept so before, and he could sleep so again.

The soil of Rufus Grote's heart was like the soil of other hearts. A seed once forced through the crust would find root there—either good or evil. In all his manhood's life so bright a thing had not crept upon him before—so warm a thing as that childish kiss had not touched his cheek He did not think of it so much until he was alone in the dense darkness, and then, when he could see nothing else, he could see that sunny face, and the musical chirrup sounded again in his ears. At first, he would have been glad to believe that the child's mother had instructed her in this, but when he looked over all the circumstances, he knew that it could not have been; and, in the end, before he slept, he was glad that the little child had come to him of her own sweet impulse.

Upon that hard floor, with only a single blanket for bedding, Rufus Grote did not sleep so soundly as was his wont. He dreamed, and in his dreams he saw a cherub, and felt cherubic arms about his neck, with kisses upon his cheek. And he said to himself in his dreams:

"Surely I cannot be such an ogre if these sweet beings can love me!"

In the morning Rufus Grote was up very early. He had thought, the night before, that he had bread and cheese enough for breakfast; but after the night's rest—perhaps after the night's dreams—he took new thoughts. Without exactly comprehending the feeling, the sense of utter loneliness and selfishness had given place—just the glimmering of a place—to a warmer sense of companionship and fraternity. He put his hand up to the cheek where the impress of the child's kiss had fallen, and a new resolution came to his mind. He went out to a neighboring street corner and purchased tea, and sugar, and butter, and new warm breakfast-rolls, and a small can of milk. He had just deposited these articles upon his own table when Mrs. Sandford made her appearance.

"Good morning, Uncle Rufus," she said.

Had the host caught that sound when he first arose it would have startled him; but it fell very softly upon his ears now. He had been exercising, and had earned the salute.

"Good morning, Mary," returned Rufus; and, so exceedingly odd was it, that the very tones of his own voice surprised him.

"What can I do for you this morning, uncle? May I get your breakfast for you?"

"I will light a fire," said the man, "and then, if you please, you may make a cup of tea."

The fire was lit, and then he showed where his dishes were.

Mary Sandford was an accomplished housekeeper, and she could accommodate herself to circumstances very narrow. While she was busy, a ray of fresh sunshine burst into the room, lighting up the dingy walls, and making golden with its light the atmosphere of the place. It was little Flora, bright, joyous, and jubilant, thinking only of love in this first hour of her waking from sweet, refreshing sleep. Without a word, only a ripple of gladness dropping from her lips, she went to where the old man had just sat down in the corner, and crept up again into his lap.

"I can't reach your cheek, uncle," she laughed, "without getting up; you are so big, and I am so little."

And then she kissed him as she had the night before; but not as on the night before did Rufus Grote.

With a movement almost spasmodic—so strange was it for him—he drew the child back to him, and imprinted a hearty kiss upon the round cheek.

And the words—"Heaven bless you, little one!" fell from his lips before he knew it.

Verily, the crust was broken. But had any good seed fallen upon the heart?

What an odd scene for the miser's home! A really good breakfast, a table tastefully laid, the fumes from the teapot fresh and fragrant, and the surroundings cheerful.

After breakfast Rufus Grote was forced to go away on business. And on that day he concluded arrangements for the leasing of a building which was to return him a thousand a year; and he meant, when the business was done, that he would be poorer than ever, and live on less than heretofore, so that he might lay up more and more.

On this same day one of his houses was vacated—a dwelling in one of the broad streets.

He saw his agent, and ordered him to let the house as quickly as possible.

That evening, while Mrs. Sandford was out, Flora came to Rufus Grote's side, and looked earnestly in his face.

"Uncle," she said, with quaint seriousness, "don't you want me to get into your lap?"

"Why do you ask that?" demanded the old man.

"Mamma said I mustn't. She said you wouldn't like it."

"What made her think I shouldn't like it?"

"Because she said you weren't happy—and she cried when she said that her little girl mustn't make her Uncle Rufus dislike her."

"And what did you say to that?" asked Rufus Grote, with awakening interest.

"I told mamma that I would put my arms around your neck, and hug and kiss you, and see if I couldn't make you love me. And if you loved me I knew you would let me sit in your lap."

When Mary Sandford came in, half an hour later, she found her child in Uncle Rufus's lap, her sunny head pillowed upon his bosom, and his strong arms entwining her.

The good seed had fallen, and had taken root!

Three days afterwards, Rufus Grote saw his agent, and told him that he need not hurry about letting the empty house.

On the evening of that same day Mary Sandford came in with a letter in her hand, and found Flora nestled away in her uncle's arms.

"Uncle Rufus," she said, "I have received a letter from Mrs. Maynard. She will be at home the day after to-morrow."

"And she wants to take charge of her house?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Wait till she comes."

And the old man held the little child in his arms until it was time to go to bed.

On the following morning Uncle Rufus told Mary that he wanted her to take a ride with him during the forenoon.

And she said she would be at his service.

And later, a fine coach drew up before the door, and Uncle Rufus came in and bade Mary make ready, and to make Flora ready also.

They rode along, and when they stopped Uncle Rufus handed them out before a house with great chestnut trees growing in the yard, and upon the footway.

And he led them into the house.

And in the broad, handsome parlor he turned and spoke, holding Flora by the hand.

"Mary," he said, "this little child has promised to make her old uncle happy, and I will not give her up. This house is mine. If you will come and help me take care of it, I will live in it. What say you?"

What could she say?

She saw the new light upon her uncle's face; and when he took the child in his arms, and held the sunny head close upon his bosom, she saw the blessing of the coming time. She said, with a burst of tears:

"Dear uncle, if Flora and I can make you happy, you may command us both."

There was great wonder when Rufus Grote appeared a well-dressed, smiling, happy man.

And in the mansion, beneath the shade of the great chestnut trees, were peace and joy.

An angel, in the shape of a little child, had touched a human heart long buried in cold darkness, and brought it forth to love and blessing.

The Chase of the Season.

The moaning winds of November, carrying sadness to our hearts and high plug hats under country wagons, are here. It behooves every man to take care of his health, and hang on to his hat. But as some will be apt to neglect their hats in their anxiety for their health, we have thought fit to give the following advice for their recovery: When you feel your hat lifting, immediately plunge your hands into your hair and give it a twist. This will attract the attention of everybody to you, and make you feel as if you were not quite alone in the world. Then, as soon as the hair lifts from your eyes and enables you to see your hat skimming along the road, start after it. Don't trot after it, but gallop, and while you gallop, smile. A smile goes a good way on such an occasion. It outs off other smiles by showing what an excellent joke chasing a hat is, and that you like it. Don't turn out of the way for other people. Some of those you meet may not take that interest in the affair a neighbor should, and if you can knock them down and step on them they will become thoroughly engrossed in the subject at once. As soon as you see the hat stop, immediately slacken your gait; you can renew it again as soon as it starts up; and when you get right opposite it, immediately prostrate yourself upon it, and then get up and go for it again. Never neglect to fall down upon it when you can, as that gives the beholder better satisfaction, and at the same time relieves the chase of much of its monotony. Don't forget your smile. This is one of the most attractive features of the whole performance, and should not be omitted on any consideration. The moment you stop smiling, people will think it is all an accident, and losing their tempers will commence to jive you. When you have the hat fairly within your reach, give it a good kick, and then chase it again, and when you are surfeited with the amusement, jam it down on your head without smoothing your hair, and dart into the first store to warm yourself.—*Danbury News.*

The Bankrupt Law.

A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* thinks that in the present state of business it may be a relief to the community to know what the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the Bankrupt Law to mean with reference to sales and mortgages made by a person who, within six months after, goes into voluntary or involuntary bankruptcy. In the case of Tiffany against Lucas, the court says that "all sales are not forbidden. The interdiction applies to sales with a fraudulent object, not to those with an honest purpose. * It is for the interest of the community that every one should continue his business, and avoid, if possible, going into bankruptcy; and yet how could the result be obtained if the privilege were denied a person who was unable to command ready money to meet his debts as they fell due, by making a fair disposition of his property in order to accomplish his object. It is true he may fail, notwithstanding all his efforts, in keeping out of bankruptcy, and in that case any sale he has made within six months of that event is subject to examination. * * Two things must concur to bring the sale within the prohibition of the law; the fraudulent design of the bankrupt and the knowledge of it on the part of the vendee, or reasonable cause to believe that it existed."

SWEETNESS.—A tender-hearted little girl once came in from the woods and showed a face covered with mosquito-bites. "Why did you not drive them away?" said the mother. "They would not go," said the child. "Why did you not kill them?" "It would not have been right," was the answer. "But I have seen you kill them at home," urged the surprised mother. "Yes, mamma," argued the child, firmly, "if they come into my house and bite me, I kill them. But if I go into the woods, that is their house, and I have no right to kill them."

A Mutton Millionaire.

The Pastoral Prince of New Mexico.

The Kansas City *Times* has interviewed Senor P. C. Armijo, of the great sheep and wool raising firm of Armijo & Baca, of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Armijo is a young man, the son of the head of the house. The family have been engaged in the raising of sheep and wool for exportation East for several generations past. They are unable to estimate their herds accurately, but a rough guess aggregates the actual number at something over half a million. Years ago, when Kansas City was the shipping and trading point between New Mexico and the East, Mr. Armijo, Sr., used to ship his thousands of fleeces from this city by river to St. Louis. It seems almost incredible for people living East of the great plains to realize the vast extent and innumerable herds of sheep raised yearly in the mild dry climate of New Mexico. The families claim nearly two million head of sheep, which are scattered over a range of country more than three hundred miles square.

In reply to a question whether the Indians troubled their immense herds, he replied: We are not troubled by Indian depredations to any serious extent. The Indians are troublesome at times, but we scarcely ever miss what they drive off or slaughter. They seldom kill our flocks wantonly, and only take for food when they pass one of our herds. He related an incident, in 1835, when the Apaches and Navajoes drove off 35,000 head at one raid, and thought that not less than 30,000 head had been stolen by Indians since then. The Indians drove off about half that number between 1861 and 1865. "But," said Mr. Armijo, "we hardly miss them."

The Mexican sheep-raiser generally handles his herds in flocks of about three thousand head. Each of these herds is under the personal superintendence of a major domo or overseer, who is assisted by shepherds, for whom the sheep have a fond affection. At night these immense flocks collect close together around their shepherds, and sleep peacefully guarded by well-trained dogs.

These shepherds are paid from $10 to $15 per month the year round, the overseer about $25 per month. These herds roam at will over the boundless dry plains of New Mexico, without shelter all the year through. They require no feeding, the short nutricious *gramma* grass, peculiar to New Mexico, affording good pasturage in winter as well as summer.

The Mexican sheep is smaller than American sheep, but are more healthy and hardy. They clip about two pounds of wool to the fleece; their wool is short and fine, and from all that can be ascertained by tradition handed down through several generations, were Spanish merinos brought from Spain by Cortez's expedition.

These great sheep raisers are now engaged in shipping large herds of sheep to Colorado. Mr. Armijo last season drove about twelve thousand head to Denver, and signifies his intention of doubling his drove next season. He says that with proper care and attention, sheep in sufficient numbers may hereafter be raised upon the plains of Kansas and Colorado to supply the entire world with mutton and wool. During the conversation he related an incident of a man who, three years ago, purchased 4,500 head of sheep from Armijo and Baca at the low price of $2 each. To-day that man has 20,000 sheep, worth $40,000, to say nothing of the enormous profit accruing from the sale of wool during that time. And again, he demonstrated the profits accruing from the purchase of 5,000 head. A man buys this number, and in six months he finds himself possessed of 10,000 sheep, one-half of the 5,000 increase being ewes and the other wethers. Here is an increase of 100 per cent. in six months in natural increase. The fleeces on the 5,000 head will be worth 50 cents each, and the 5,000 lambs can be sheared in the fall, yielding two pounds each. The increase of sheep is more than compound interest twenty times compounded. Mr. Armijo says that, allowing for losses, there is nothing in the world to prevent a man from getting rich at sheep raising in five years.

Compensation for Slaves.

The question of the general government of the United States paying for the slaves of the South, liberated by Lincoln's proclamation, is now agitated, and will probably come before Congress at its next session. Hunter, of Virginia, in a late address discussed the subject, and a number of Southern papers have taken it up. Mr. Hunter says: "When the private property in slaves was taken by the United States for public uses, a claim accrued to the individual owner for just compensation under the fifth article of the amendments to the Constitution." The Richmond *Whig* says: "We cordially indorse his views, and hold that the Southern representative who fails to urge the claims of our despoiled people in proper season will be recreant to his duty and faithless to the trust reposed in him."

The number of slaves emancipated was 4,500,000, and Mr. Hunter proposes, as a preliminary movement, that the general government loan the old slaveholding States $400,000,000 without interest, this sum to be again "loaned to the old slaveholders in the same manner after the model and strictly upon the precedent of the act of June 23, 1836, depositing the surplus revenue of the United States with the different States upon the terms and in the manner therein specified."

The question, if it does come up before Congress, will attract no little discussion and attention.

A NEW YORK STATE GRANGE.—A State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry was fully organized at Syracuse, New York, by C. P. Bieman, of Iowa, General Deputy at Large. Representatives were present from all parts of the State. The following officers, among others, were elected and duly installed: George C. Hinckley, of Fredonia, Master; George Sprague, of Lockport, Secretary. New Jersey has also organized a State Grange.

Love in the Olden Time.

Among the early settlers of Hopkinson, R. I., were the Wells families; many of them lived in the south part of the town, near Ashaway, and the immediate neighborhood was known nearly a century ago as Wellstown. About the year 1800 Thompson Wells lived there; he was a farmer, a prudent, saving man, strictly honest, and was blessed with two pretty daughters, Lois and Sally. These girls made Wellstown an attractive place; they had admirers many, and one day a stranger came to town, a young man of splendid address, Mr. Beriah Wells, of Lenox, Mass. He was invited to Wellstown, and among the first things which he did was to fall greatly in love with Sally Wells, and she fully reciprocated his affection. When he left for his home it was Wellstown talk that Sally was engaged, and, in fact, the dear girl encouraged the belief. Wells, however, acted strangely. He did not communicate with her or see her during the whole year; so, in about a twelvemonth, Sally was receiving visits from a young man from Woodstock, Conn., who had just opened a school at Westerly, Mr. Lindon Fuller, a gentleman of fine scholarship, and he found himself every Saturday at Wellstown, spending two days each week with Miss Sally, and greatly in love with her; the result of a short courtship was an engagement of marriage, and the time announced for the wedding, and necessary preparations made. Right at this junction Mr. Beriah Wells, the first lover, made his appearance at Wellstown. He knew nothing of the contemplated marriage, and at once made known to Miss Wells that he had not forgotten her, and had come expressly to renew the engagement, and take her back to Massachusetts as his wife. Here was a dilemma. The truth was, she loved him best, and she told her father so at once, and sought counsel and advice from him. He talked with his friends and neighbors, and it was finally agreed, without her knowing their conclusions, that the two lovers should be informed how matters stood, and, in their presence and other witnesses, Sally Wells should say which one she loved best.

Mr. Fuller was sent for. It was arranged that Mr. Sheffield Wells, a friend and relative of the family, should ask the question. So in the big front room they met, and Sally was asked her choice of the two men for her husband, and she promptly replied that Beriah Wells was her choice. Mr. Sheffield softly repeated the question three times, she each time giving the same answer. Mr. Fuller's appearance betrayed the deep agitation under which he was laboring in hearing her decision, but his bearing towards her, and all present, told well that Lindon Fuller was a true gentleman. After a short interval, Beriah Wells stepped forward and asked the attention of the company. He stated that under all circumstances he could not marry Miss Wells. He admitted it to be his fault in not visiting her, or communicating with her for a year; he owned that he loved her and had come to seek her hand in marriage. Yet, the fact of her marriage with Mr. Fuller having been announced and preparations all made, he feared that the marriage of himself and Miss Wells would render their life unhappy, and he could not enter into such a covenant. Here was dilemma number two. Sally's feelings may be better imagined than described. Mr. Fuller could not marry her now, for she had publicly chosen another. So they all parted. Fuller at once dismissed his school and went home to Woodstock. After a fortnight's time Miss Wells' father, without advising her, sent one of his neighbors to Connecticut, with instructions to find Fuller and have him come at once to Wellstown. In two days the messenger returned accompanied by him. Mr. Wells spent the afternoon with him, advised him to renew the engagement with his daughter, fully believing it would be for their mutual happiness to be married, and speaking for himself and family, he would rejoice to see them so. That evening Lindon and Sally were pledged in marriage again. The next day Bariah Wells was sent for, and he and Lois stood up with them at the wedding. It passed off finely, Fuller and Wells treating each other in the kindest manner. A few more weeks passed, and there was another wedding at Wellstowa; the same company were there. Beriah was bridegroom and Lois the bride. Lindon Fuller and the charming Sally, his wife, stood up with them. "And, in fact," Beriah would often say afterward, "Lois was always his choice." More than sixty years have since passed away, and so have Fuller, Wells and their brides.—*Providence Journal.*

Elephants.

Elephants, at times, show much solicitude for, and attachment to, each other, and many instances are on record in which, when one of these animals has been wounded and disabled in a hunt, a comrade has come to the rescue. In one of these hunts, a male elephant was seriously wounded. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female, regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the wood, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and returning to his side, caressed him. Whenever he attempted to walk, she placed her flank, or her shoulder, to his wounded side, and supported him.

Artificial Wants.

Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and who does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

Treatment of Fruit-Trees that Bear Every Alternate Season.

As it is a common occurrence for many fruit-trees to yield a crop of fruit only once in two years, the inquiry is frequently propounded, "What is the cause, and is there a remedy for it?"

The presentation of a few pomological facts touching this subject will assure us beyond all doubt that the fruitfulness of a tree—aside from certain causes beyond the control of mortals—is subject to familiar pomological laws, which every intelligent pomologist understands. It is understood that the fruit buds of an apple tree, from which the crop of apples must be produced during the season of 1871, were formed in the growing season of 1870. If there had been any occurrence to prevent the formation of fruit buds in 1870, the tree, of course, could not produce fruit during the season of 1871. It is well understood, also, that when a tree is growing rapidly it cannot yield a bountiful supply of fruit; and when every branch and twig bends with a heavy crop, the spray and the buds cannot be expected to make more than a small and feeble growth. Hence so large a proportion of the vital energies of the fruit tree bearing a heavy burden of fruit is employed in the development of the crop, that the buds for the crop of the succeeding season cannot be properly unfolded; therefore the season following the year of an abundant crop is appropriated solely to the development of fruit buds; and as there is no fruit requiring the energies of the tree, the whole vital force is concentrated in producing wood and fruit buds. The next season, whether the year be odd or even, nature having made preparation in buds, there will be a bountiful crop of fruit; and if none of the buds or young fruit are broken off, all the vital powers of the tree will center towards the full development of the fruit, to the serious neglect of the crop of buds.

An intelligent friend has a valuable apple tree, which yielded a bountiful crop of apples once in two years. He expressed a desire that promologists could have sufficient skill to make that tree bear a moderate crop of fruit every season, rather than a heavy crop one year and nothing the next. As the variety was so excellent they greatly desired a small supply, at least, every season. He was assured that if he would whip off all the blossoms on one-half the tree-top, the portion defoliated would yield a supply next season. As he knew that if the tree produced fruit on only one-half the top, there would be more than his family could use, he reluctantly tried the experiment, in the success of which he cherished no confidence, and whipped off every blossom to be seen within the area of about half of the tree. The result was just as it always will be under similar circumstances — there was a supply of fruit the following season on the part of the tree from which the blossoms had been removed, while the other portion of the branches yielded no fruit.

The same result could have been attained by whipping off one-half or more of the blossoms over the entire tree. By removing the blossoms the specimens of fruit would have been greatly lessened. Hence the energies of the tree would have been adequate to the perfect development of the limited crop, and also to the preparation of the fruit-buds for the crop of the succeeding season.

Some pomologists have assumed that the fruitful year always occurs on a season designated in the calendar by an uneven number, and the observations of others have been confined to trees that have yielded fruit during the season represented by an even number in the computation of centuries. Thus far in the progress of scientific pomology no plausible reason has been adduced to show why the fruitful season may not occur during a year designated by an even or an uneven number. The fact that fruit trees, which have been accustomed to yield a crop on what we denominate to be an "odd year," have been so managed as to produce the accustomed supply on an "even year," assures pomologists that the fruitfulness, or want of productiveness, is not influenced either way by the season represented by an odd or an even number. There is one fact connected with this subject which most people have not failed to observe—namely, when the blossoms or the young fruit, or both, have been destroyed by frost, the trees the following season will be unusually fruitful.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Deviations of the Compass.

A deviation of the compass has frequently been observed on vessels carrying petroleum, and this irregularity is attributed to the sheet-iron tanks containing the oil. The greatest deviation is shown where the vessel heads east or west; but there is none when the heading is north or south. A Boston sea-captain, who had been troubled with this deviation, in comparing his position as obtained from observation, with that derived from his "dead reckoning," gives the following ingenious method for regulating his course: Having tried the four compasses in different parts of the vessel, he found that there was a deviation of fifteen degrees east, or say one and one-half points. He then placed one compass near the mizzen-mast, and one on a plank laid across the stern boat-davits. These two agreed, and by them he corrected the binnacle compass. He kept the compass on the plank at the stern, and every time the vessel's course was changed, day or night, he noted the difference between it and the binnacle compass, making corrections accordingly.

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS IN TEXAS.—Captain J. Elgin reports that the Indians are as bad as they have been since the war, if not worse. All the Indians are off from their reservations, excepting Satanta. They are headed by Big Tree, and have stolen nearly all the horses on the Little Wichita River and the West Fork. Seventy-five or a hundred Indians crossed the Little Wichita the other day. A party of thirteen stole two horses in Jacksboro. It is reported that a surveying party, camped outside of Jacksboro, were fired upon by Indians.

Facts and Fancies.

Quoth a Western plagiarist—"Sweet are the use of advertisements."

Columbus, Ga., has a Methodist minister who conducts three churches.

Minnesota exports annually about $50,000 worth of ginseng for the Chinese market.

Pilot Temple, the well-known trotting stallion, has been sold at auction for $5,500.

An Iowa town offers a bounty of two cents for every rat's tail left at the Mayor's office.

The best salesmen are those who sell their customers not what they want, but what they don't want.

The *Staats-Zeitung* summoned the foreign-born population of Chicago to the polls in nine languages.

A teacher in Cairo, Ill., lately thrashed a small boy nearly to death because he wouldn't multiply 63 by 7.

A jealous Milwaukee wife fired two revolver shots at her husband, neither of which took effect, but he has quit flirting.

The Providence *Journal* says that not a single dollar has been diverted from the Sprague estate as a settlement upon the wife or children.

The Lowell *Courier* remarks that no man can consider his literary reputation secure nowadays until he has written a comic almanac.

The Catholic ladies of Memphis decorated the graves of the priests who died at their posts of duty during the recent epidemic of yellow fever.

A love-lorn young lady at Dubuque does nothing all day long but sit and hold her hands. In the evening her fellow calls and holds them for her.

Most of the mustard sold by grocers is not genuine. It may contain a little mustard, but is composed mainly of wheat flour, turmeric, and sometimes capsicum.

During a single week the police of New York made 1,569 arrests. For the same period the Bureau of Records registered 465 deaths, 480 births, and 193 marriages.

Patents may be secured by American citizens in England, France, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The aggregate population of these countries amounts to 219,000,000.

A straw-burning engine was recently on exhibition at Vienna. From a series of experiments the straw fuel is found to be equal to about one-fifth its weight of coal in heat-producing power.

Mayor Hardy, of Selma, Ala., appointed Thursday, November 13, as a special day of Thanksgiving in that city for its escape from the yellow fever, and the day was generally observed.

Cholera raged to a terrible extent in Northern India in 1872. The registered deaths due to it were 165,458. Among the British soldiers stationed there the deaths were 615 in number.

An Iowa wife eloped with a young fellow recently, and as soon as she got intimate enough with him to have free access to his pockets stole $700 therefrom and traveled triumphantly back to her husband.

Swindlers of both sexes are reported to be busy in various districts, collecting money from charitable but foolish people, under pretence of the subscription being in aid of the Memphis and Shreveport sufferers.

Leather jewelry, which obtained some popularity a few years ago, has been revived this season, and will, no doubt, become fashionable. The new styles are odd, and for that reason will find favor in the eyes of many.

The tribunal at Santiago de Cuba, before which the prisoners captured on the Virginius were brought, condemned Bernabe Varona, Pedro Cespedes, Jesus del Sol, and Gen. Ryan to death, and they were shot on the morning of the 4th.

Anna B. Bassett, of Boston, who sued her husband to recover $620 which she "loaned" him after their marriage in 1866, has lost her case on the ground that no contract between husband and wife for the payment of money has any validity in law.

The island of Jamaica has been visited by tropical rains such as she has not experienced for fifteen years. The rivers rose twenty-five feet above their natural level in twelve hours, and there was considerable loss of life and property in consequence.

The Philadelphia Centennial "Committee on Plans" have awarded $10,000 to the authors of four architectural designs, but remark that "no one of the designs can be considered as representing entirely satisfactorily what is required for the Centennial buildings."

Prisoner—to learned magistrate—"Has any one a right to commit a nuisance?" Learned magistrate—"No sir, not even the Mayor—no, sir, not even the Governor." Prisoner—"Then you can't commit me, for I was arrested as a nuisance, and you've decided that I am one."

A good lady, who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting, asked, "Is that a member of the family?" "Oh! that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

The Supreme Court of Maine has held that where husband and wife are sued for an account against the wife only, she being in a separate business, the husband is not liable. A woman conducted a millinery establishment, and the husband was jointly indicted with her for a debt contracted in the course of her business. The jury found a verdict in accordance with the ruling of the Court.

The Pennsylvania State Centennial Committee has issued an address saying that although it has been deemed best to relax the efforts of the committee for a time, owing to the financial troubles, it is hoped that the impression may not be created that the programme as heretofore set forth is not to be followed up to a successful result, and that no thoughtful citizen, whether in public or private life, will fail to do his part in this noble work.