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## "Keep a Stiff Upper Lip."

There has something gone wrong. My brave boy, it appears. For I see your proud struggle To keep back the tears. That is right. When you cannot Give trouble the slip, Then bear it, still keeping "A stiff upper lip!"

Though you cannot escape Disappointment and care, The next best thing to do Is to learn how to bear. If when for life's prizes You're running your trip, Get up—start again.

"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Let your hands and your conscience Be honest and clean; Scorn to touch or to think Of The thing that is mean.

Be bold on to the pure, And the right soon firm grip; And though hard be the task, "Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Through childhood, through manhood, Struggle bravely and stand By your elders, my friend; Only yield when you must, Never "give up the ship," But fight on to the last With "a stiff upper lip."

—Phoebe Cary.

## MY FEARINGS.

There are some people who aver that they have never been frightened. As I am far from being a strong-minded woman, I cannot say as much. Perhaps I am too easily alarmed. I am, for instance, afraid of a cow. It may be very silly, but I cannot help it. All the pleasure of a country walk through a fine landscape has been often spoiled for me because of a cow in a field. If I pass through them without fear of being tossed or gored, the recollection that I have got to come back again remains with me for the rest of the day. As for a bull, I would rather never see the country than run the chance of meeting with such a creature. A dog is thought to be a very harmless animal—a domestic animal—and the "friend of man." He is not, however, the friend of woman—or at least of a nervous woman like me. I should be afraid to write down how often I have been prevented from calling at a friend's house by the presence of a little poodle or terrier upon their doorstep. I should as soon have thought of disturbing an adder. The Romans (a people quite remarkable for their courage) used, I am told, to paint *Caecæ canem*, "Beware of the dog," at their front doors; but such a warning would have been unnecessary in my case. Every farmyard in the country has a dog, and that is why I don't like farmyards.

A widowed sister-in-law (the fat one) and myself once lived in such a place a whole summer, during which I lost more flesh than if I had been all the time in a Turkish bath. From sunset to sunrise I was in a perpetual fight, from fear of robbers; and when the days grew shorter, and the nights longer, the place became insupportable, and I fled from it. The usual nightly programme was as follows: My sister-in-law, who occupied the same apartment as myself, would fall asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and leave me to go away without being wakened by her snoring. She always reminded me of the irritating bellflower described in ghost stories, who will not wake while the apparition is peeping through the bed-curtains at you, and who, when all the lights are out, cannot be persuaded that they actually occurred.

If the wind was up, I at once began to picture to myself a band of ruffians effecting a forcible entry into all the rooms below-stairs, and giving shouts of triumph at the ease with which they accomplished their purpose. We could not afford to keep a man-servant, and even if we had done so, I should have always imagined him the accomplice of the burglars, or coming up-stairs upon his own account with a carrying-bag concealed in a scuttle of coals, as I had once read in a book. Our house pre- tended to no means of resistance, and I always placed the plate-basket and its contents upon the landing of the stairs, being in hopes that the gang might take what they came for, and go away without asking for my money or my life. On a particular occasion, being unable to sleep, I fancied that I heard the approach of robbers up the stairs. Being no longer able to contain myself, I with an effort roused Charlotte, who, however, pook-pooked the wide affair and dropped to sleep again, leaving me to my fears.

However, one very wet and dark night she got a pretty fright herself. It was a little past midnight. The drip, drip, drip of the rain was ceaseless, but for all that, as I lay awake, I could hear men's steps without, splashing in the pools it made, as the wretches walked round the house looking for the most convenient point of entry. Then I heard the back-door "go"—it burst open with a sort of muffled violence, like the sudden outpour of a waste-pipe—and then that "pit-a-pat" I knew so well, of feet coming up the stairs. Then a pause of frightful significance. "Charlotte!" cried I, in an agony, "but they are really here. They really are, this time. Wake, wake!"

"Rubbish," cried she. "I am wide awake, and I hear nothing." "They are just outside the door," whispered I: "they are listening at the key-hole, Hark!" "I certainly hear axes dropping," was her heartless answer, (she was a woman who enjoyed a joke, and her fat sides wobbled with mirth at this one); "but it's only the rain from the roof." "I tell you," said I, solemnly, "there are robbers in the house." Here something fell in the drawing-room beneath us with a hideous crash. In an instant, and before I could recover from the sort of collapse into which this shock had thrown me, Charlotte had flopped out of bed, seized the lamp, and was about to hurry from the room. "No," said she, pausing in the doorway; "it is better that they should not see me, but that I should see them."

It was certainly much better, considering Charlotte's very slight attire, that the robbers should not see her; but why she should want to see the robbers was quite unintelligible to me. "Stop!" cried I; but the fatal deed was done, and I was left in darkness.

Dreadful as it was to accompany her upon such an expedition, it seemed a thousand times worse to remain in the room alone, and trembling in every limb, I hurried after her. To reach the drawing-room, it was necessary to pass through the dining-room, which was pitch dark, but I could hear her breathing hard, and her stoutness made her very short of breath, as she made her way round the table that occupied the centre of the room. Fear lent me wings, and I hurried round the other way to meet her, and rushed into her arms just as she was feeling for the drawing-room doorway. Directly I did so, she uttered a shrill scream, and fell on the floor in a dead faint. I had forgotten that the poor dear did not know I was pursuing her, and she very naturally took me for the robbers. I suppose I fainted too, for the first thing I remember was hearing a loud purr close to my ear, which proceeded from our favorite cat, who, having knocked down the fire-irons in the next room (which was the noise we had heard), had come, as it were, to assure us that there was nothing the matter. That was the last night we spent in our country house, and I remained in town for three whole summers afterwards. Though fresh air and change, I was told, were indispensable, it is true, but one in which no burglary had been committed within the memory of woman. "There were no bad people," wrote my friends, who were aware of my nervous peculiarities, "within a hundred miles of them." When we returned to this country, I was inclined to believe that this was the case. A more beautiful and retired spot than the little village in which they dwelt, or one inhabited by a more simple and innocent set of people, it was impossible to imagine. It was situated in a wooded glen, through which a trout stream ran down to the sea; and upon the hill-top above it and the ocean, were the most picturesque church and churchyard, or anybody's eye ever beheld. From the house we could only see a glimpse of the sea, and the waves, like the murmuring hum of bees, but they were giant waves, and the rocks were torn and split with their fury into weird and horrid shapes. It was the grandest sea coast I had yet visited, and at all day long, besides my sketch book, or merely watching the white wrath of the breakers, and listening to the thunder in the caverns at my feet. I was not at all afraid of the sea—when I was upon the land. Indeed, I was actually alarmed at anything not understanding what some people say to the contrary unless there is a reasonable cause for fear. For instance, I am not afraid—at least I was not, until the terrible catastrophe occurred which I am about to relate—of supernatural apparitions. When I announced my intention, one evening, of going up the hill to sketch the churchyard by moonlight, there arose quite a rade rite in the drawing-room. "Surely not alone, my Anne?" Let one of the girls go with you," said my hostess.

"Why should I be afraid of a churchyard? No, I thank you," said I, proudly. "The miserable superstitions of the country do not affect me, I assure you." "But it is so lonely up there, my dear."

"What of that? Solitude and stillness are the accompaniments of such a solemn scene. I had much rather go there by myself."

I was resolved to exhibit my independence, as well as to do away with any false impressions my excellent hostess might have received from Charlotte or others with respect to my courage; but at the same time she need not have reminded me that it was "so lonely up there." I did not expect to find Disney churchyard the centre of fashion, or the scene of an excursion picnic at ten o'clock at night, of course; her remark was officious and unnecessary, and at the same time it made my blood run cold. However, when the moon rose, so did I, and sketch-book in hand, toiled up to the old church, which was a landmark used by sailors, which taught them to avoid the rocks at Disney Point. Whatever might be the matter, there was always a wind up there, and even in that still summer night it was wandering about the grasses, and in a low whispering into the ears of the stone statues of the church, which seemed to grin in malice at its news of storm and wreck to come.

I seated myself on my camp-stool just in front of the porch, and began what I intended to be a hasty sketch, just a few strokes, to be filled in at my leisure, for I felt the situation to be "uneasy," and already wished myself at home. My fingers shook a little, certainly not with cold, and though the architecture was said to be a "fine specimen of the perpendicular," it did not appear so in my sketch-book. "I had heard," said she, "that the statue of the man who was said to be a 'fine specimen of the perpendicular,' it did not appear so in my sketch-book. "I had heard," said she, "that the statue of the man who was said to be a 'fine specimen of the perpendicular,' it did not appear so in my sketch-book."

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I listened with beating heart, and the sound was repeated; and this time I felt sure it was as I had supposed. Doubtless, some woman had come to weep in secret over the grave of the sailor son or husband. There was no need to be frightened in such a case. It might be that I should be able to give her comfort. I rose, and moving

towards the wreck-corner, (as it was called,) could dimly make out a woman's figure kneeling at the head of a grave. In the presence of so great a sorrow, I seemed to lose all selfish fear, and ventured softly to address her. She did not reply, not even so much as turn her head, though I felt certain she must have heard me; and since she was a woman, and did not speak, I felt there must be something wrong with her. As I drew nearer, I beheld a spectacle that overwhelmed me with pity. The unhappy creature before me was naked to the waist, and with her arms straight down by her side, was gazing on the grave beneath her with a look of indescribable despair. She shed no tears, but her eyes wore a look of hopeless woe and yearning beyond all ordinary sorrow.

"You are killing yourself, my poor woman," reasoned I, "to kneel there in such a plight. The dead you mourn can ask no such sacrifice as this that you should join them."

But again she answered nothing; and then, to my horror, I observed that she had dug another grave, at the head of that she was watching, and was already buried in it up to her waist! Was she then bent upon committing suicide, or was she herself an inhabitant of the tomb, like those around her, and were the graves in fact the graves of the dead at that wretched hour of night, as I had read of, but had not believed?

In an agony of terror, such as even I had never before experienced, I flung down my sketch-book, and rushed from the churchyard, and upon my return at that wretched hour of night, as I had read of, but had not believed?

"What is the matter, Mary Anne?" cried my amazed hostess, who was sitting up for me with her husband in the parlor, as I tore into the room shrieking for help.

"There is a poor young woman, with nothing upon her, half-buried alive in the wreck-corner of the churchyard. She has already lost her sight and hearing, for she took no notice of me at all."

"Impossible!" cried my hostess.

"But I assure you," I shrieked I, "not a moment is to be lost."

"Ah, bless you! we've seen her too," said my host, laughing. "It's the figurehead of the Bella. When the ship came ashore, we stuck it up at the captain's grave, by way of consolation to the crew. She has not got much on her, it's true; but I don't think she'll hurt."

The tract of country known as the Slate Range Valley is probably one of the most curious that southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered something like a year ago, and at that time the whole lower or central part of the basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large soda reefs, in others resembling the waves of a sea, and in others into others stretching out for miles in one broken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost unendurable. But one of the most singular features in connection with this section was the absence of rain for several days; the days were ever sunny and hot, the nights without dew and generally warm. For more than five years, it is said, by those who claim to know, there had been no rain there, until some three months since the spell was broken. Suddenly, and without any warning, rain commenced to fall, and for thirty hours came down steadily and unceasingly, unaccompanied by wind, but yet a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when suddenly a water-spout was seen, and its way through the valley. It came in a zig-zag course across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side, and coursing rapidly along them. The canyons and gorges were soon filled with water, and the water, with its fearful volume, and spread itself out upon the bottom. In a short time it was over, and denizens of the place now look for another dry season of five years.

The Masked Ball.

Nicholas the First was very fond of masquerade balls, and one night appeared at one in the character of the devil, with grinning face, horns, and tail, and appeared to enjoy his character very much. About three o'clock in the morning he went out, and throwing over him some furs, called a coachman, and ordered him to take him to the Quay Anglais. As it was very cold he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found the man had taken him in a wrong direction, for the Quay Anglais is one of the most elegant portions of St. Petersburg, while before him were only some miserable houses. Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the coachman paid no heed to him, and presently passing through a stone gateway, brought him into a cemetery, and taking a large knife from his sardle, and pointing it at his employer's throat, said: "Give me your money and your furs, or I will kill you."

"And do you give me your soul," exclaimed Nicholas as he threw off the furs and disclosed his personification of the devil.

The Russians are very superstitious, and the coachman was so terrified he fell senseless on the ground, and the emperor drove himself back to his palace.

Influence of a Dream.

The *Troy Press* says that the site of the State Street M. E. Church, in that city, was selected through the instrumentality of a dream. Dr. John Loudon, a prominent physician, who died upward of fifty years ago, was an intimate member and worker of the Methodist denomination, and about the time it was proposed to erect an edifice in the vicinity of State street, the good doctor dreamed that he saw a flock of wild doves alight on the lots at the corner of State and Fifth streets. The impression of the vision was so vivid that the doctor could not shake it off. He insisted that it was a good omen, and that the church should be erected on the lots above named. So strenuous was he in this that he carried his point, and the old State street sanctuary was erected, to give way in time to the beautiful edifice now located on the site of the old brick structure.

## Story of a Seed.

Once upon a time, away down in Georgia, a man planted a little seed. The sun shone warm on it, and the rain came and softened it, and it soon began to sprout. Day and night it grew, till it was high as a man's head. Buds formed all over it, and one night they burst into bloom. Beautiful cream-colored flowers they were, something like a morning-glory.

By noon the sun was too warm. The beautiful blossoms shut their leaves and hung their heads, and before night each cream-colored flower dropped off. Where each one had been was a little germ.

This little green germ grew and grew till it was as big as an egg, when it began to stretch its arms out, and a long beautiful fluff of cotton several inches long.

It was a cotton seed, of course. Then a man—a negro—came and tore the cotton from its boll, put it into a bag, and carried it to a room where were hundreds of pounds of cotton. In the room was a busy machine, and into that machine the cotton was thrown.

This cotton, you must know, is full of seeds. Very troublesome little fellows they are, for they have no idea of leaving their comfortable home and it's very hard to get them out.

"I'll tell you how the machine does it. As the cotton goes in it comes to a roller covered with wire teeth. These teeth catch the seed, and there appears a sort of grating, so fine that the seeds can't get through, so they just stay on the outside.

As the roller goes around it comes to a brush roller, which brushes off the seed as nicely as any brush can do it. Then the cotton is packed in a bale and sent to the cotton mills.

Now the cotton that came from the little seed away off in Georgia is by this time very dirty, and what do you suppose comes next? A bath! Not what you good for boys isn't so good for cotton. It gets—a beating. It is laid on a sort of net-work, and beaten with bundles of twigs. The dirt falls through the net-work, and then the cotton is called "batting."

The cotton from the seed I'm telling about don't stop at batting. It is very fine and nice, and it goes to the carding-machine. This machine lays all the threads one way by drawing it through sets of wire teeth. It weighs about 20,000 pounds. An object raised from the earth a single inch would, in falling that short distance, acquire a velocity three times greater than that of an express train. Such is the might with which the sun rules this earth.

George Washington's Hatchet.

Parson Weems, rector of Mt. Vernon parish, and of course intimately acquainted with Washington, first told the story of the little hatchet which is now known by every schoolboy. The following is the story as told by the parson:

When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was continually going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself lacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree which he had planted in the garden. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much wrath asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "Where is the tree that you killed?" said the old gentleman. "I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it."

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A Minnesota Trout Pond.

A trout pond started in Minneapolis last spring has become an attractive institution. On visiting the pond, a reporter was informed by the proprietor that they had already placed in position for hatching 135,000 eggs, from which they expect to save 100,000 at least. Already 15,000 have hatched out, in forty-five days—about the shortest time on record. It will be remembered that the trout pond at Lake Umbagog, in Maine, bred a million trout out of the streams about Lake City the past summer, and as soon as the season opens again they will endeavor to add as many more. This number of breeders together with the young fry which will be coming along, will enable them to supply the market about here in a few years; but until the stock is amply sufficient will they attempt it.

Laugh and be Healthy.

The physiological benefit of laughter is explained by Dr. E. Hecker in the *Archiv für Psychiatric*: The comic-like tickling causes a reflex action of the sympathetic nerve, by which the caliber of the vascular portions of the system is diminished, and their nervous power increased. The average pressure of the cerebral vessels on the brain substance is thus decreased, and this is compensated for by the forced expiration of laughter, and the larger amount of blood thus called to the lungs. We always feel good when we laugh, but until now we never knew the scientific reason why.

## The Sun's Might.

Prof. Proctor in a late lecture on the sun, said: Now let us consider the might that resides in the sun. If the sun were a mere quantity of matter you could scarcely recognize it. We see he is, there would still be a force necessary to the sun as a ruler over the earth. Let me give you an idea of how large the sun is. I am in the habit, in England, when I wish to speak of the size of the sun, of informing my audience that "this country (England) in which we live, which seems to us so large, is nevertheless small by comparison with the earth, for if the earth were one inch in diameter England would be a small triangular speck, which you could scarcely recognize. But I am afraid that to an American audience that comparison would be imperfect. In fact, I have heard that an American traveling in England found the country so small that he at once sought the central counties, and was even then afraid to go out in the evening for fear of falling off the little island. [Laughter.] We in England, whether it be the natural courage of our disposition or the effect of long habit, are not troubled with that mania. If even America is so small compared with the sun, that if there were a spot upon the sun as large as the whole of America, it would be quite invisible to the naked eye. Indeed, if an object as large as the earth were placed immediately before the sun, about three hundred times as large as the earth, it would nevertheless require a large telescope to make it visible; 107 times does the sun's diameter exceed that of the earth, and the surface of the sun exceeds that of the earth 107 times 107 times, or 11,449 times, while the volume of the sun exceeds that of the earth 1,250,000 times.

But the mass of the sun is not so much greater than the earth. It would appear as though the body of the sun were constituted of a material about a quarter lighter on an average than that which constitutes the earth, and the result is that the sun's mass instead of exceeding the mass of the earth 1,250,000 times, only exceeds it 315,000 times; but on the other hand, the sun's density is equal to that of the sun, then a half-ounce weight—one of those which are used to balance our letters—would weigh 4½ tons. A man of average weight would be drawn to the earth at a weight of 20,000 tons. An object raised from the earth a single inch would, in falling that short distance, acquire a velocity three times greater than that of an express train. Such is the might with which the sun rules this earth.

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## Remarkable Tale of Business Vicissitudes.

The January number of the *Spectator*—the well-known insurance review—contains the following story of an eventful career, as related by its Hartford correspondent:

One of the most striking instances of the ups and downs of life that ever came under the observation of your correspondent is afforded by the history of a gentleman, now an agent for some of our Hartford companies in a small town in New York State. At the age of twenty-three the man, now fifty-seven, started in business as a country merchant, in which, from that time till 1857—eighteen years—he was very successful, dealing largely in wool and produce, and also in real estate, of which he was a considerable owner. Immediately after the bank crisis in 1857, he entered into the banking business as half owner of the Bank of Canadaigua, Canadaigua, N. Y. In a few years he became the sole individual owner of the Bank of Canadaigua, the Bank of Ontario, the Bank of Canton, a Bank at Cortland, four-fifths owner of the First National Bank of Geneva, had a bank office at Marathon, N. Y., one at Herkimer, N. Y., and one at No. 139 Broadway, New York city, holding deposits to the amount of \$3,000,000. He also owned a fine private residence; \$200,000 worth in the best business blocks, and other first-class real estate. Then came reverses and heavy losses, after paying to depositors \$500,000 from personal assets, in May, 1868, he was compelled to suspend, owing \$500,000 to 2,000 depositors, scattered from Philadelphia to Omaha. Asking for a little time to convert, not to compromise, the credit of creditors proved too large, and he was put into bankruptcy, with \$600,000 of assets to pay \$500,000 of liabilities with. But the temptation to assignees and lawyers was too great, and the circumstance too easy to allow an administration of the estate for the interest of creditors. There was a splendid chance for sharpers, and they improved it, so that debts were only partially paid. Our hero's wife surrendered her dower right in \$200,000 worth of real estate for the small sum of \$800 at the solicitation of her husband, and a dwelling house in New York city, purchased for a married daughter, was put in with the rest. He has never asked any discharge from his indebtedness, and is still pushing the life and fire insurance business in his native town, which he himself built up, in the hopes of yet paying the last dollar. Is not this, on the whole, a remarkable history?

The Sun's Crust.

Professor Charles J. Young caused considerable discussion at the American Science Association's meeting at Portland, lately, by some unique theories regarding the sun. The eruptions which are constantly occurring on its surface render probable the supposition that there is a crust of some kind which retains the imprisoned gases, and through which they force their way in jets with great violence. According to the professor, the sun's atmosphere consists of a more or less continuous sheet of descending rain—that is, a downfall of the condensed vapors of those materials which we know, from the spectroscopic, exist in the sun. The continuous falling would be retarded by the resistance of the denser gases underneath; the drops would coalesce into a continuous sheet would unite and form a sort of bottomless ocean, resting on the compressed vapors beneath, and pierced by innumerable ascending jets and bubbles. It would have an approximately constant depth, because it would turn to vapor at the bottom as rapidly as it grew at the surface; though probably the thickness of this crust would continually increase at a slow rate, and its whole diameter grow less. In other words, Dr. Young would regard the sun as an enormous bubble, whose walls are forever thickening, and its diameter ever lessening, in proportion to the loss of heat.

A Banditti's Banquet.

The history of the robbery of Judge Emmett's house by the gang of ruffians just captured in their den in New York city, and as told by members of the Judge's family, shows that long impunity had made the robbers extraordinarily bold. There were four grown men in the family besides the servants. The robbers went to the room of each, frightened him to silence with a pistol, and then collected all the household goods in the dining-room where one bandit could guard all. When they entered the room of Mrs. Emmett the concentrated stare of four dark lanterns and four rough men bidding her to arise did not frighten her. One of the men seized her by the wrist to bind her. "Uphold me, sir," she exclaimed with such dignity and determination that the robber dropped her hand and all fell back a step. "Are you men? Do you dare to insult a lady?" she continued. "One of the robbers replied that they would not bind her if she would promise to make no alarm. She promised, and suffering her to put on a wrapper and slippers, they looked her securely in a room adjoining that in which the theifers of the family were bound. After they had blown open the safe and stolen everything of salable value they compelled a servant to show them the pantry and wine cellar. They spread a feast, at which the owners of the good cheer were imprisoned spectators. As they ate and drank the banditti mockingly drank Judge Emmett's good health and his family's. It was nearly six o'clock when they departed. Neighbors were then astir, and several of them saw what they supposed to be a gang of prize fighters trying to shove off a large boat left high and dry by the falling tide.

Colorado's gold and silver crop this year will amount to \$5,000,000.

## Gossip.

"Because I plainly express my opinion of the conduct of others I will not be called a gossip," said a plain-spoken lady friend. "Wrong-doers must submit to that one penalty—being 'talked over' by their neighbors. And so great is my own fear of popular blame that I walk very straight indeed to avoid it. Are not others similarly restrained? And is not Mrs. Grundy, the much-abused, a benefactress, therefore?" A popular journal acquiesces in this view of the matter. "Mrs. Grundy, with all her busy interference, is commonly in the right. When has she upheld a wrong, or a benefactress, therefore?" A popular journal acquiesces in this view of the matter. "Mrs. Grundy, with all her busy interference, is commonly in the right. When has she upheld a wrong, or a benefactress, therefore?"

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Having made an imprudent marriage, the son of a wealthy English family was disinherited, and fell into poverty, which killed him before his only child had entered his teens. Left alone in the world his unfortunate widow was obliged to place the boy, then twelve years of age, under the care of a distant relative—a sea captain—who gradually offered him a place on a steamer in the East Indian service. From the time of entering upon his duties on shipboard the widow's son was treated like the rudest cabin-boy, with a positive brutality of treatment by the captain, which the lower officers were not slow to imitate. So harsh, indeed, was his lot, that the common sailors commiserated him for it, and the steamer happening to be at San Francisco in August last, one of them was prompted to convince the young American sailor of California. By the same kind and humble friend he had a hiding place and temporary home secured for him with a lady of well-known benevolence in the southern part of the Golden City, who, after the departure of the steamer, had kindly offered refuge for him in a local drug store. Very soon the young sailor adapted himself diligently and efficiently to his new vocation, his old sailor-friend having promised to carry back the news to his mother in London, who, in a draught of intelligence calculating to make his future life very different from the past. The very first letter from the widow, after the arrival of the Indian steamer in England, informed him that a young American sailor named Grundy had just died, unrelenting toward the unfortunate mother to the last, but leaving her son a fortune of £10,000. Accompanying this motherly revelation was an epistle from the lawyer employed by the executors of the dead man's estate, assuring the grandson of his riches, and in a few more days the former cabin-boy will receive money to take him back to home and opulence far different from that in which he began his youthful exile.

No Panic About That.

Clerking in a dry goods store isn't so bad a business if you can be a clerk in Cladon's \$5,000 clerks began January 1, 1874, in Boston, at \$13,000. One of Stowart's old \$3,000 clerks doubles his salary in a Boston house this year. A bid by a New York house with a \$20,000 salary for a clerk buyer in a Boston house couldn't touch him. An old Boston dry goods employe has just gone abroad as a buyer for a New York house at \$35,000 a year and expenses. A New York firm is to-day trying to tempt a Boston cotton goods salesman into its employ at a salary of \$15,000. A wretched goods clerk in New York is anxious to get back to the fold and his old employers in Boston for \$3,200 a year.