

# The Elk County Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. III.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

NO. 51.

### Cupid's Pupils.

Small need for you nymphs to be trying  
Diana the huntress's whim.  
To send feathered arrows fast flying,  
Tricked out in topknotlike trim.  
Faint need for your aims to be steady,  
The string of your bows to be tough;  
For man's subjugation already  
You've already enough.

For down in each delicate dimple  
A world of sweet waywardness lies,  
And searchers, the sage and the simple,  
May read what is written in eyes.  
With red lips that rival the roses,  
A smile by which gods have been charmed,  
Next ankle—of course, one supposes—  
You've thoroughly armed.

Leave him to the lover of Psyche:  
His arrows are terribly true,  
And fatal to hearts that he strike; he  
Will surely do battle for you.  
His ally is each May-lily maiden,  
Tours the conquest would certainly be  
Were the arch gleam of glances love-laden  
Your sole archery.

### A NIGHT OF HORROR.

To have been in Paris during those  
last days of the Commune is an experi-  
ence never to be let go from one's  
memory. Years hence, when the ten-  
der grass is growing over the bloody  
trenches in the Champ de Mars, and  
fresh-faced daisies are smiling, and  
the heavens are gracious and sweet, and  
a gay crowd of children with chatter and  
laughter, I shall live over in dream  
those terrible days—I shall see the star-  
ving corpses at my feet, I shall shudder  
at the touch of my hands, and my blood  
will grow cold with horror, or hot with  
indignation, as I seem to hear again  
the brutal remarks of men from whose  
bosoms every kindly sentiment had for  
the time been driven forth. And more  
than all, that night of fire with its lurid  
scenes, its atmosphere of ghastly death,  
its nameless apprehensions.

We were four Americans, imprisoned  
in Paris, partly through carelessness,  
partly through our own ignorance, and  
all of us fraternizing in our dire ex-  
tremity.

Of the quartet, Mrs. March was the  
noblest queen—her daughter Diana  
really so. Roger, her nephew, was the  
escort of the party, and his cousin  
Diana's devoted lover. Lastly, the  
writer, an idle wanderer, caught in the  
great tide which surged Paris-ward,  
drifting happily into the good will of  
the Marches. Besides ourselves, was a  
Russian gentleman, who was there for  
no better reason than that having seen  
Diana's bright eyes the year before at  
St. Petersburg, he had followed them  
as the planets follow the stars.

But in the presence of tragedy love  
shrinks away from the world, and  
peace, and if he worships still, does so  
in silence and with lowered breath.

"Behold us then in our quarters in the  
boulevard Malesherbes on the after-  
noon of that fatal Wednesday, when  
the last extinguishing of lights was  
the thing that had remained to be  
added to the ghastliness of the week.  
The flames from the Tuileries ran up  
the sky like nothing so much as the  
rosy streamers of the northern lights.  
They spread out fan-shaped, in long  
tremulous lines, the lowest waves  
from palest pink to lurid crimson. The  
red light shone on Diana's white face,  
and gave it a strange new beauty.

And as the darkness came on the  
fantastic horrors of the scene increased.  
The boulevard was thronged with peo-  
ple. Some on the fluctuating wind  
came the clamor of the fusillade; now  
and then a shell screamed through the  
air, silencing all minor noises. At about  
nine o'clock we went up to the garret  
windows to see at a greater distance,  
and there all along the roofs which ran  
in long lines in either direction, we saw  
people busy watering the slates, and  
sprinkling wet sand about. So wide  
and brilliant was the conflagration that  
we could see the anxious faces—catch  
the fierce expression. From the streets  
below floated curses and roars.

"O, this wicked, wicked Paris!"  
sobbed Mrs. March, under her breath.  
"Don't you think, Mr. Erstein, it is a  
judgment upon them for their sins?"

I was spared an answer by an inter-  
ruption that, however as we were by  
me had gone through, nearly upset us.  
A party of eight gendarmes rudely  
broke in upon us, and demanded in  
harsh tones why two of our people were  
out upon the roof.

Our Russian comrade leaned quietly on  
the high-backed armchair when Mrs.  
March sat trembling.

"Messieurs, the young lady and her  
cousin went out but for five minutes,  
for a taste of fresh air."

"Fables!" ejaculated the leader.  
"It is best then, to do without fresh  
air for a season, though mademoiselle  
should lose her beauties; and so saying  
he approached his bearded and war-  
beaten visage close to Diana's proud,  
beautiful face.

Young Roger was between them in an  
instant.

"Stand off, sir! Insult the young  
lady at your peril."  
"Sacre!"

The Frenchman's musket was brought  
to a level. His tigerish eyes glittered.  
"For God's sake, gentlemen," said  
M. Ivanhoff, "think that you are about  
Roger, curb your temper. M. le Cap-  
taine, these ladies and this gentleman  
are Americans—here under the protec-  
tion of the American minister."

The Frenchman suddenly lowered his  
musket, scrutinized us all keenly, and  
said:

"It is well! Soldiers, *adieu!*"  
Tramp, tramp and clatter, clatter  
they went down stairs.

A dead silence fell on us for an in-  
stant. Then Diana breathed out:

"O Roger! she would have fallen,  
but his arms received her."

I saw Mr. Ivanhoff look at them, I  
noticed the expression of profound and  
hopeless despair which crossed his  
noble countenance. He turned away  
in anger, Diana sobbing on her cousin's  
shoulder.

She was a brave girl, this high-spirited,  
thoroughbred creature. This was  
the only time in all those fearful days  
that she broke down. And now she  
presently rejoined us in the rear saloon  
where we had gathered, and where Mrs.

March, poor lady, was trying to cheer  
us with that feminine remedy, a cup of tea.  
Diana smiled sorrowfully as we made  
room for her.

"You see, *mes amies*, my courage  
won't hold out much longer," she said,  
quietly.

Mrs. March looked at her an instant,  
and then started her tea. But instead of  
drinking it she set it down and turned  
white. Diana sprang up instantly.

"Are you ill, mamma?"

Mrs. March smiled weakly, gasped  
out a no, and fainted. This was the end  
of our pitiable attempt at hilarity. The  
mother and daughter went to their  
rooms. Within half an hour a thun-  
dering knock shook the door.

"Put out your lights and throw open  
your shutters!" was the order, and we  
were forced to obey. The ladies came  
down into the *salon* then, and there we  
watched the long night through. Mrs.  
March, doses uneasily, and Diana  
looked wretchedly anxious. We all  
crouched silently by the windows, and  
saw the flames break out here and there  
along the street, heard the execrations  
and howls of agony as some poor  
wretch caught in the act of setting fire,  
was led away to the next port. Then a  
shot and we knew it was all over with  
him.

Once a sharp piercing woman's shriek  
drove us all to the window instantly.  
There, in the side of a blaze which  
had suddenly sprung up, in the centre  
of the blinding, merciless light stood a  
tall beautiful girl, her black hair stream-  
ing on her shoulders, her face alight  
and noble.

"What have you in your pocket?"  
yelled the soldiers who had taken her in  
charge.

"Only a little kindling for my fire,"  
she said, with a sad smile.

They sprang upon her, they clutched  
at her like wild beasts, and down fell  
the hidden bottle of petroleum, and up  
went the most demonic yell that ever  
my ears. It was well that a bold  
officer had charge of her. The musket  
shot which rang out five minutes after-  
ward was kinder than those madmen  
would have been. Think of our tender-  
hearted women compelled to hear and  
know all this!

But worse was to come. It wanted  
only an hour of daylight when Mrs.  
March, moaning and wishing unceasingly  
about, help, uttered a wish for some  
cooling refreshing drink.

"Our own stores were exhausted, but  
there was a winery shop around the cor-  
ner. The seller knew us and would  
oblige us in our need.

"I will go!" said Roger March. M.  
Ivanhoff arose.

"Remember me, Roger, and let me  
have the pleasure of serving the ladies."

"Thank you," returned Roger, in  
the foolish pride of youth.

"I will place to care for my aunt," said  
Diana. "It is as much as your lives are worth  
to venture into the street."

Her tone was full of tender anxiety,  
her sweet face beseeching and sorrow-  
ful.

The countess saw and thought it was all  
for nothing. He went swiftly up to  
Diana, took her hand, bowed low over  
it, and turning hurriedly, went out  
with an exclamation Roger followed  
him.

We ran to the window to watch. The  
whole street was as light as day and  
we saw the two sides of the street  
stopped once, twice and allowed to  
pass on. They entered the shop. A  
little interval of silence and waiting,  
and they came out again, and arm in  
arm came down the street.

Just at that moment we saw in from the  
grand boulevard a squad of the Ver-  
sailles, fierce-looking, bloodthirsty  
men, their passions only whetted by the  
carriage in which they had shared.

It was under our bay-window that our  
friends were stopped and interrogated.  
We saw the bottle of wine plucked  
from Roger's breast-pocket.

"It is only wine, monsieur!" said  
Roger.

"Devil's wine!" said the commandant,  
and an ominous growl went up  
from the soldiers.

So, as I thought, Diana broke from  
my detaining hand and fled down  
stairs. I followed speedily, and was in  
time to see her fling the house door  
wide open. But too late, ah, forever  
too late for such heavenly meditation  
as she proposed.

In the space of an instant Roger was  
wrenched away from his friend and  
faced against the wall. The muskets  
were raised, the shot screamed through  
the air.

"My God, O my God!"

The cry came from Roger's lips when  
he stood unharmed. M. Ivanhoff had  
sprung forward, and interposing his  
own body, received the whole fire.

A cry rang out:

"Soldiers, hold your hands!"

"Captain Diderot, is it you?"

Felix Diderot was an old fellow-student  
and knew me well. He listened  
now with regret to my explanation.

"A cruel blunder. Guards, carry  
the man out!"

They took up M. Ivanhoff and laid  
him in the hall. Then the tide ebbed  
and we were alone—alone in the pres-  
ence of the great mystery which every-  
where hangs over our mortal being.

The pale gray dawn shone in. It fell  
on the gorgon-like and griffin of the mouth  
shape which, useless, but it does not matter,  
and it lay on the upturned face of the  
dying man.

Diana, kneeling on the marble floor by  
his side, blindly striving to stanch the  
blood which, flowing from his noble  
head, stained her white garments.

"I know the voice,  
"I die willingly, since it was to  
save him whom you love," he said,  
while his eager eyes looked their last  
upon her face.

But something rang out low and  
clear—something that even her heart-  
broken sob could not hinder.

"O Ivan, Ivan, it is you whom I  
love!"

A sudden illumination overtook his  
face.

"My love, my love!" he faltered.

"And so on the bridge of the snow and  
wonderful had become the floated out to-  
ward the other shore.

London has 117 square miles, 500,000  
houses and 3,250,000 inhabitants.

### The White Races of Africa.

An ancient white kingdom in Africa,  
of which we have many hints in Greco-  
Latin history, has been known at Ethiopia.  
These Ethiopians, who may be said to  
have perished before history was born,  
and who are described in the vague, ex-  
aggerated language of tradition, seem  
to have been a powerful and enterpris-  
ing race.

They are spoken of in the Hebrew  
Scriptures under the name of Cush,  
though it is probable that these Scrip-  
tural Cushites inhabited southern  
Arabia. The Sanscrit writers refer to  
them as existing in southwestern Asia,  
and as subsequently inhabiting eastern  
Africa. The first country is described in  
the Puranas under the name of Cusha  
parupa; the latter is called Cusha Dur-  
pa.

In Greek literature we have several  
references to them, both as to their  
power and to their aggressive spirit.

It is not impossible that the ancient  
Egyptians may have descended from  
this primitive stock, which once  
crossed the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb,  
and descended the Nile valley. As to  
the origin of races so utterly antedat-  
ing history, however, there is but little  
value in any conjecture.

There is an existing race to the south  
of Abyssinia, which it is possible may  
be descended from the same Ethiopian  
kingdom of the far past. This people,  
known as Gallas, number now from six  
to eight millions, and have extended  
their rule over a large portion of East-  
ern Africa.

They all ride on horseback, and  
armed with spears, swords and shields.  
They practice agriculture, and possess  
herds of grazing animals. Their relig-  
ion has arisen far in advance of the  
distinctive African races. They have  
priests, and definite ideas of a heaven  
and a hell. The serpent is one of their  
main objects of worship, and they re-  
gard this animal as the mother of the  
human race. Serpent-worship was a  
prominent feature in the old Egyptian  
creed, which seems to closely connect  
the religious conceptions of the Gallas  
with those of Ethiopia. In other fea-  
tures their customs resemble those of  
the early Asiatics, seeming plainly to  
point to their origin in some ancient  
colony of the whites.

It is, indeed, probable that Africa  
was widely traversed in ancient times  
by Asiatics, most likely the people of  
Arabia, who have never lost their in-  
fluence on that continent. They alone,  
with impunity, and have long possess-  
ed a monopoly of the African trade. The  
difficulty which Europeans experience  
in traversing Africa is, in fact, largely  
owing to the hostile influence of the  
whites, who fear a loss of their privi-  
leges.

Dr. Barth states that not less than  
250,000 Arabians were permanently set-  
tled in Bornu when he visited that  
kingdom, and this population seemed  
to have come from the east at a very  
early period.

Arabian traditions claim that ancient  
kings of Arabia marched armies through  
Africa to the ocean, and waged wars  
with Magribi or Mauritania. We have  
in the first book of Strabo a statement  
sustaining this tradition.

In support of these historical glimpses  
of an ancient civilized possession  
of Africa, are remains of arts and cus-  
toms in races apparently too savage to  
be capable of such a high civilization.  
The smelting of iron has been consid-  
ered an evidence of considerable  
civilization, and was not possessed by  
many nations of antiquity who other-  
wise ranked high. Yet this art is in  
common use in many parts of Africa.

Dr. Livingstone describes the smelt-  
ing furnaces of the Africans, in the  
region near Lake Nyassa, as being clay  
structures about six feet high and three  
feet in diameter. Their mode of oper-  
ation is primitive, yet they produce  
excellent iron, so good that the natives  
pronounce English iron rotten in com-  
parison.

Dr. Barth found this art to prevail in  
Central Africa, and the travelers who  
have explored the sources of the Nile  
speak of the skill of the natives in  
blacksmithing and other civilized arts.  
Dr. Livingstone found that the natives  
manufacture hammers, tongs, hoes,  
adzes, fish-hooks, needles, etc. He  
describes them as very skillful in spin-  
ning, weaving and in the manufacture  
of pottery. They employed admirable  
fish-nets, blacksmith bellows, iron  
weirs and baskets, and many other  
appliances of civilized nations.—*To-Day*.

### The Gentleman in Black.

About two years ago a Missouri river  
steamer left Fort Benton with a party  
of tough and well-to-do miners on  
board. There were also among the  
passengers three or four "bracemen,"  
and before arriving at Sioux City they  
had generally cleaned out the pockets  
of the miners. The boat stopped at  
Sioux City to "wood up," and found  
among others waiting to get on board,  
a ministerial personage, with the longest  
and most solemn countenance on him  
you will imagine. He was dressed  
in a suit of black, wore a white stove-  
pipe hat and "choker" collar, orna-  
mented with a black neck-handker-  
chief.

Well, he got on board, and the boat  
started down the stream. For two days  
he was unnoticed by the other passen-  
gers, but one of the sports at last  
thought he saw a chance to make some-  
thing out of the sad and melancholy in-  
dividual. The latter would once or  
twice a day step up to the bar and with  
a voice that was as mild and gentle as  
a maiden's, ask for "a glass of soda, if  
you please," and then he would pull a  
roll of bills from his pocket and take a  
quarter from their interior layers. Then  
he would say to the bar-keeper, as if  
under a financial obligation, "Thank  
you, sir," and walk off again as if about  
to commit suicide.

This thing had gone far enough, and  
the gambler I have spoken of at last ap-  
proached him.

"Would you like a game of seven-up,  
sir?"

"Seven-up? What is seven-up?"

"Please tell me."

"Why, a game of cards, you know,  
just to pass away the time; let us play a  
game."

"My good friend, I do not know any-  
thing concerning cards; I can not play  
them."

"Well, come along; we'll show you  
how to do it." And the mild gentleman  
after some further protests at last con-  
sented.

He showed him how 'twas done, and  
they played several games. The gen-  
tleman in black was delighted. Gam-  
blers want to know if he will play  
poker, five cent ante, just for the fun  
of the thing. Gentleman in black says  
he can't play the game, but they track  
him again to the poker commences. The  
gentleman in black loses every time.  
There are six men in the game; each  
one deals before the gentleman in black,  
and ante has been raised to a dollar.  
Gent in black deals awkwardly, and  
looks at his hand.

Next man to dealer bets five—goes  
around, and bets are raised to one hun-  
dred dollars. Gent in black sees it,  
and makes it a hundred better. Gam-  
blers look surprised, but will not be  
drawn—*They are a thousand!* All draw  
out except a Pike's Peak miner, who  
sees and calls him: "What have you  
bet?"

"I have—let me see—well, I have four  
ones."

The gamblers, who had suspected  
something before, now look wild, and  
the light begins to dawn in the miner's  
mind. He leaned across the table and  
said, in a most sarcastic tones he  
could command:

"Oh, you heave, heave yer? You  
got-durned sanctimonious son of a  
gun!"

The gent got up from the table and  
handed one of the gamblers an en-  
velope containing a five-dollar bill.  
"Here," he said, "I'll walk, New Orleans!"  
one of the most successful sharpers in  
the country.

### Do You?

Encourage your own. If you have  
any pride in the prosperity of your own  
city or village, patronize its merchants  
and mechanics in preference to those of  
any other place. You cannot expect  
prosperity to be attracted to your stores  
and shops, so long as you patronize  
the traders and artisans of other places,  
to their exclusion. See to it that your  
local and county papers are well sup-  
ported with subscriptions, advertising  
and job work. Nowhere does the pub-  
lic spirit of a place tell so conspicuously  
as here. A well-supported newspaper  
gives a village a good name far  
and wide. So long as your own State  
supplies first-class religious, political  
or literary papers, it is the duty of pub-  
lic-spirited men to support them in  
preference to periodicals, no matter  
where published in other States. We are  
not speaking for ourselves in this matter,  
for we have no cause to complain. New  
England people, at home and abroad,  
are giving the *Transcript* a liberal and  
flattering patronage, and our subscrip-  
tion lists to periodicals, no better  
some of the thriving villages of this  
State are not taking the interest they  
ought in their local papers, of which  
little can be expected so long as they  
are kept half starved. See how a little  
extra patronage will enliven them.—  
*Portland Transcript*.

### The First Patent.

Samuel Hopkins was the first person  
who ever received a patent from the  
United States government. It was  
granted July 30, 1790, and was for the  
manufacture of pot and pearl ashes.  
The third was to Oliver Evans, of Phil-  
adelphia, so famous for his inventions  
in high-pressure engines, of whose in-  
vention President Jefferson remarked  
that "it was too valuable to be covered  
by a patent, and there should be no pa-  
tent for a thing no one could afford to  
do without after it was known." This  
was said in December of that year. For  
many years afterward the Patent-office  
was but a clerkship in the State De-  
partment.

A Salem, Mass., newspaper recalls  
the fact that the Simons twins were  
arrested at Lynnfield, Mass., in Au-  
gust, 1831, for breach of the peace.  
While staying for a few days at the  
hotel, enjoying themselves fishing on  
the pond and shooting in the woods,  
with a young Englishman as an attend-  
ant, they were much annoyed by the  
eager curiosity of visitors, who dis-  
turbed their intended seclusion. Col.  
Elbridge Gerry, and a Mr. Prescott, of  
Stoneham, went toward them in a field,  
but were warned to keep away. Irrita-  
ting words followed, and the twins,  
after firing a blank cartridge, struck  
the Colonel with the butt of a gun.

### About Whales and Cables.

The recent break in the submarine  
India cable between Kurrachee and  
Gwadar, is a case of the same kind  
winding in the cable unusual resistance  
was experienced. After persevering the  
body of an immense whale, entangled  
in the cable, was brought to the surface,  
found to be firmly secured by 21 turns  
of the cable, which had partially en-  
tangled. Sharks and other fish had par-  
tially eaten the body, which was rapidly de-  
composing, the jaws falling away on  
reaching the surface. The tail measured  
12 feet across, was perfect, and covered  
with barnacles at the extremities. Ap-  
parently the whale was, at the time of  
entanglement, using the cable to free  
itself from parasites, such as barnacles,  
which annoy them very much, and the  
cable hanging in a loop over a sub-  
marine precipice, he probably with a  
fillip of his tail twisted it around him,  
and thus came to an untimely end.

### Singular Custom.

There has been some excitement of  
late about the case of a shepherd in  
Somersetshire, England, who was sen-  
tenced in the summer to six months'  
hard labor for stealing his master's  
lamb. His defense was that the lamb  
was "surplus" lamb—the results,  
that is to say, of some exceptional fe-  
cundity on the part of certain ewes—  
and that they were a customary shep-  
herd's perquisite. The evidence be-  
fore the magistrates went against the  
existence of the custom, and the shep-  
herd was convicted accordingly. His  
return to liberty was made the occasion  
of a demonstration, and the man was  
presented with a purse of money, to  
which, it is said, Mr. Morley, M. P.,  
contributed.

### The Old Women of Hanwell.

In the course of a description of a ball  
at the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, a  
writer in the London *Daily News* ob-  
serves:

"There are two ball-rooms, but that  
on the ground-floor is set apart for the  
old women and the less vigorous of the  
young, who, though able and undenia-  
bly willing to foot it to the best of their  
ability in the waltz and polka, were not  
equal to much exertion—not that any  
woman of the company would confess  
herself to be old. Among the male  
lunatics the tendency seems to be to  
overstate their age when they are asked  
the question (a hale, pipkin-faced old  
gentleman confidently informed me  
that he was born in the year 1485), but  
the women err in the opposite direction;  
with the majority of the sex it seems to  
be one of the few compensations of  
madness that they are impregnable to  
the assaults of time. On the previous  
occasion mentioned, I had seen women  
old enough to be grandmothers lively  
as kittens, and joining with a will at a  
round game of 'Puss, puss, give me a  
drop of water,' and other companies of  
still more venerable dames going in  
heart and soul for kiss-in-the-ring; but  
they did not kiss each other—they were  
not mad enough for that."

"There were lots of dolls about, and  
a boy-sailor doll was exhibited for this  
branch of the service, his place of re-  
pose during the time he was off duty  
being a soft couch of grass in the cen-  
tre of the ring, and when the old girl  
dropped the handkerchief to another  
old girl, and the latter had hobbled after  
the former and brought her back, both  
old girls raised the sailor from the  
ground, and imprinting a smack on his  
wooden lips, laid him down again."

"I was delighted to recognize in the ball-  
room devoted to the aged ladies one or  
two patients who were vastly improved  
since the time of the summer fete. I  
immediately knew again one whose face  
was beaming with delight as she stood  
up for a quadrille. It was very fine to  
see her in a melancholy spectacle, and  
behaved in a manner calculated to cast  
a wet blanket on the whole festivities.  
Heaven only knows what it meant, but  
she hurried about hither and thither,  
tripping in the lawn and flower-paths,  
casually occupied in searching for  
something that was never to be found.  
I was afterwards informed that, no mat-  
ter where this old lady was, she so em-  
ployed herself, and that years devoted  
to the fruitless service had so honored  
her that she had become a household  
word."

She had evidently taken it into her mad  
head to be on the right track at the  
last—now with a quick, now with a slow  
step she proceeded—so bent that from  
the rear she looked like some four-  
footed creature in petticoats, with an  
every now and again she made an eager  
downward dart, only, however, to re-  
gard the nothing on the ground, to pick  
shake her gray head despondingly, and  
on again.

### Change of Color.

Sudden shocks occurring to human  
beings have frequently changed the  
color of their hair from black to white  
in a single night. A physician of Wis-  
lin, a strong, healthy, and less than  
middle-aged man, sent his wife and one  
daughter to spend last summer at a  
watering place. The day that he ex-  
pected a letter informing him of their  
return, there came a note that his  
daughter had been taken ill very sud-  
denly, and was already dead.

The shock was terrible, and instantly his  
hair became entirely gray. He had to  
visit some patients that same after-  
noon, and they scarcely recognized him.  
The other case was of a man of thirty-five  
years old, living in the Netherlands.  
He was one day passing the canal in  
Rotterdam, where he saw a child strug-  
gling in the water. He plunged in and  
brought it to land, but it was already  
dead. Bending over it to try to restore  
life, he discovered that the dead child  
was his own son. The blow, so sudden  
and unexpected, and coming upon him  
when he himself was so much exhaust-  
ed, turned his hair entirely gray, and  
left him scarcely recognizable.

### The Intelligent Storks.

A great fire once broke out in a little  
German town near where stood a tower  
about eighty feet high, which formed  
part of the fortification on the town  
wall. On the summit a stork's nest  
had been built for so many years that  
the building had received the name of  
"Stork's Tower." At the time of the  
fire there were three unfledged birds  
in the nest, and the poor little birdies  
were in great danger.

But the old storks soon showed their  
good sense and their love for their  
young, for by turns they flew off to  
some safe place just outside the walls;  
here they took a good dip in the  
water, and filled their beaks with as  
much as they could carry away; then,  
notwithstanding the smoke and flames,  
they flew back to their little ones,  
poured the water from their beaks over  
the nest, and the storks, in the same  
time shaking it from their feathers.  
Thus during the whole day did these  
faithful birds act as a winged fire  
brigade till toward evening, when all  
danger for their young and their nest was  
over.

### Badly Frozen.

Three convicts who  
escaped from the Waupun, Wisconsin,  
penitentiary, tell a story of fearful suf-  
fering. They were employed in the  
paint shop at Waupun, and made a key  
and a saw out of case-knives. Having  
sawed and unlocked themselves, they  
sawed the guard by pointing a broken  
key at him, which he mistook for a  
pocket pistol. In crossing the river  
they broke through the ice and all three  
got wet. But they managed to get to  
the shore on floating cakes of ice. They  
had nothing but prison coats on,  
and the thermometer was 12 or 13 degrees  
below zero. They reached Oshkosh  
after four days' hiding and four nights'  
travel, so badly frozen that one or two  
of them will lose their feet.

### The Accident that Happened to Lucy.

Everybody wonders how Lucy Lacy  
lost her lover. She is a very pretty  
girl as well as accomplished and intelli-  
gent. Dr. Hampton was a great catch;  
and when he came to Nortonburg,  
Lucy was not the only girl who deter-  
mined to "set her cap" for him, and  
Mrs. Grundy, who would not capitu-  
late him; but very soon the young  
physician showed a strong preference  
for Lucy, and pretty little Lucy was  
delighted. Every few days they were  
seen together, riling, walking, sailing,  
etc., and the little boys counted the  
dimes they made carrying water melons  
and things from the doctor to Miss  
Lucy. But all at once his attentions  
ceased. For a time he moped about in  
a very quiet way; then he began visit-  
ing Aviee Leight, and the village gossips  
wondered why it was so. But you see  
they didn't know anything of that  
buggy ride Lucy took with the doctor,  
the accident that happened, nor what  
came of it. Lucy knows why she lost  
him, and so does the doctor, but she  
will never tell, and he's a perfect gen-  
tleman.

You must understand the doctor had  
not fully declared himself, but he in-  
tended doing so, and concluded "I would  
be so nice to whisper these sweet words  
in her ear as they drove along the  
shady turnpike. He invited her to drive  
out with him, she accepted, and away  
they went.

They were very gay, quoting poetry  
and making love in that roundabout  
way that comes just before the declara-  
tion, when the doctor's horse backed  
his ears, shook his head, kicked, and  
did so many queer things that Lucy be-  
came frightened, and before her lover  
could prevent, jumped from the buggy.  
Dr. Hampton, after quieting his horse,  
went to her.

"Darling, are you hurt?" he kindly  
asked.

Lucy blushed.

"I believe I think I've sprained my  
—my foot. It was very foolish of me  
to do so, but I can walk to the buggy,  
and we must go home," she attempted  
to walk, but fell back powerless in her  
lover's arms.

"You are hurt," he said; "you must  
let me see your foot, and she put out  
her little foot clad in a neatly-fitting  
boot.

"Your shoe will have to come off,"  
he said; "The ankle is swollen quite  
badly."

"O no, no, go away," she said, as he  
began unfastening the shoe, "I shall  
not take off my shoe." But here the  
keen pain struck her again and she  
fainted, while her lover removed the  
tiny boot. But immediately he started  
back in amazement, for before his  
bewildered gaze were the five tiny toes  
of the injured foot protruding from an  
immense hole at one extremity of her  
stocking, while at the other was a little  
round peeping out as slyly as the  
five little toes; and then the doctor  
knew his little dream was over, for of  
all things he admired neatness in a  
woman.

When Lucy recovered, he carried her  
downward path, only, however, to re-  
gard the nothing on the ground, to pick  
shake her gray head despondingly, and  
on again.

### Man 500,000 Years Old.

The New York *Nation* condenses from  
an English scientific periodical some  
interesting speculations of Dr. Alfred  
Russell Wallace on the probable anti-  
quity of the human species. They  
may well startle, it says, even those  
who have long since come to the con-  
clusion that 6,000 years carry us but a  
small way back to the original homo.  
In fact, in Mr. Wallace's reckoning,  
6,000 years are but as a day. He re-  
views the various attempts to determine  
the antiquity of human remains  
or works of art, and finds the  
bronze age in Europe to have been  
pretty accurately fixed at 3,000 or 4,000  
years ago, the stone age of the Swiss  
lake dwellings at 5,000 to 7,000 years,  
"and an indefinite antediluvian period."  
The burnt brick found sixty feet deep  
in the Fife alluvium, indicates an anti-  
quity of 20,000 years; another frag-  
ment of seventy-two feet gives 30,000  
years. "A human skeleton found at a  
depth of sixteen feet below four hun-  
dred buried forests superposed upon  
each other, has been calculated by Dr.  
Dowler to have an antiquity of 50,000  
years." But all these estimates pale  
before those which Kent's cavern at  
Torquay legitimates. Here the drip of  
the stalagmite is the chief factor of  
our computations, giving us an upper  
floor which divides the relics of the  
last two or three thousand years from a  
deposit full of the bones of extinct  
mammals, many of which, like the  
reindeer, mammoth and glutton, indi-  
cate an arctic climate.

Names out in the stalagmite more  
than 200 years ago are still legible; in  
other words, where the stalagmite is  
twelve feet thick and the drip still  
very copious, not more than a hun-  
dredth of a foot has been deposited in  
two centuries—a rate of five feet in  
100,000 years. Below this, however,  
we have a thick, much older, and more  
crystalline (i. e., more slowly formed)  
stalagmite, beneath which again, "in a  
solid breccia, very different from the  
cave-earth, undoubted works of art  
have been found." Mr. Wallace as-  
sumes only 100,000 years for the upper  
floor and about 250,000 for the lower,  
and adds 150,000 for the immediate  
cave-earth, by which he arrives at the  
"sum of half a million years that have  
probably elapsed since human work-  
manships were buried in the lowest  
depths of Kent's cavern.

### Touching Tribute.

Chang and Eng are, or is, dead.  
They, or he, were, or was, associated  
together most intimately in the man-  
ifold walks of life since 1811, or there-  
about. In their death they were not  
divided. Indeed, they were never di-  
vided at all. Chang and Eng was a  
very harmonious baby, boy and man.  
They deeply sympathized with each  
other in every vicissitude through  
which he was called to pass. The most  
intimate, even the most unbecom-  
ing relations existed between Chang and  
Eng. He lived together and he died almost  
simultaneously. No two brothers were  
ever so intimate with each other as  
Chang and Eng. For more than sixty  
years they were so closely associated  
and so entirely sympathetic that the  
touch which awakened sleeping Chang  
also aroused Eng. The caresses, it is  
said, that Chang bestowed upon Mrs.  
Chang were equally enjoyed by Eng,  
though Mrs. Eng was not on such  
terms of equality. When Eng got into  
a rage, the wrath of Chang and Eng  
was kindled. When Chang mourned,  
Eng lamented. When Eng rejoiced,  
Chang was happy.

Chang and Eng was a farmer, and he  
died at their home, in Mount Airy,  
Surry county, North Carolina. The  
Chang part lost his hold upon time on  
Friday night last, and on Saturday the  
Eng part of him breathed his last.  
Chang had been unwell since last fall,  
and sought consolation in the flowing  
bowl. It is said that one cup of kind-  
ness answered for both Chang and Eng,  
which fact made bibliomania economi-  
cal for the brothers, though it appears  
that Chang chose in most cases to be  
the medium between the liquor and the  
brethren. But, after all, in summing  
up between the two brothers, now that  
they are no more, we deem it proper to  
say that in the little differences that  
may have arisen between Chang and  
Eng our sympathies were always with  
Chang. Chang ever appeared to us to  
have more energy than Eng. Chang,  
we believe, has long been accustomed  
to do the work of the concern, and Eng  
to have taken the lion's share of the  
loss. In proof of this assertion, we  
cite the dying of the firm. We are not  
sure that Eng would have ever died of  
himself. There isn't the slightest reason  
to believe that he would have. In  
point of fact, Eng never had any hold  
on the business. Eng may have been  
interesting from a scientific point of  
view, but there was always, to our  
thinking, something lacking in his  
character.

A well-organized gang of train rob-  
bers has been discovered in the West.

### Items of Interest.

An Irishman being asked in court for  
his certificate of marriage, showed a big  
scar on his head about the size of a  
small shovell.

A marriage in a buggy lately took  
place in Virginia; but the vehicle soon  
afterward overturned, and the bride  
became a little sulky.

An old lady from the country, with  
six unmarried daughters, went into  
Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting  
for the Patrons of Husbandry.

Why are young ladies at the breaking  
up of a party like arrows? Because  
they can't go off without a beau, and are  
all in a quiver till they get one.

In Cayton, the marriage ceremony  
is performed by trying the couple  
together by the thumbs. In this coun-  
try they are usually put together by the  
ears.

A gallant, in noticing a grocery kept  
by a woman, says: "Her tomatoes are  
as red as her cheeks, her indigno as blue  
as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot  
as her own temper."

In a late severe gale a lady asked a  
neighbor if he was not afraid his  
house would blow away. "Oh, no,"  
was the answer, "the mortgage on it  
is so heavy as to make that impossible."

Mr. Jones carries his money in his  
hat, and the other day, when he saw  
the entire supply of hats blown away  
by the winds of heaven, he bitterly re-  
marked: "That's what you get with your infernal  
inflation."

"Anna, dear, if I should attempt to  
spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond  
the first syllable?" Anna gave it up,  
whereupon William said: "Because I  
came to you, of course, and I cannot go  
any further."

It is a curious fact that all the Presi-  
dents of the United States were born on  
each but one Christian name. The  
moral thus taught to parents is obvious  
—do not thus name your children re-  
cklessly in naming your babies.

A young man, at his sister's evening  
party, began to sing. Why am I so  
weak and weary? Then a little brother  
brought the performance to a close by  
yelling out: "Aunt Mary says it's  
because you come home too late every  
night."

We have static and hydrostatics,  
pneumatics and rheumatics; but none  
of these exactly represent the feelings  
of young ladies when they see a new  
bonnet or a new baby, or hear of  
another ball or a fresh party—this is  
ecstasies.

An editor who had been keeping a  
record of big bees, announces at last that  
the best that beats the best that beats  
the best is now beaten by a best that