

The Elk County Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1874.

NO. 4.

The Reaper.

Grin Death, the reaper, came along
With sickle bright and keen,
"I'll reap to-day and bind," he said,
"Where least they think, I mean."
An old man heard—with tottering steps
He walked to meet the foe—
"Four scores of years have bent my form,
I'm ready now to go."
"Old man," quoth Death, "I'll call for you
Some day not far away,
I now must reap among the oaks,
Their chief must fall this day!"
A little child whose tender frame
Was stamped with quick decay,
Exclaimed, "O Death, please take me now,
The chief, O, let him stay!"
"The chief I'll have this day," said Death,
"His form," all be mine own!
This child will breathe a fleeting breath
And I'll seek his home.
"The strongest must know that I am king
And feel my conquering power;
I strike them down—like tender plants
They wither in an hour."
The weep child's eyes were wet with tears;
The old man groaned and sighed;
Death smote the strong man as he slept,
And strength and beauty died.
Quoth Death, "I sometimes pass the old,
And sometimes spare the weak;
For when I crave a victory,
The strongest then I seek."

DEATH OR MARRIAGE.

The ancient clock in Deacon Sherman's old-fashioned kitchen was slowly chiming the hour of nine. It was no smart toy, no trifle of bronze or alabaster, but a tall, square, solid relic of the last century, looking not unlike a coffin-case set on end, in the corner—a clock that had lasted through four generations, and, judging from appearances, was quite likely to last through several more. Deacon Sherman cherished the old heirloom with a sort of pride which he himself would have scarcely confessed to.

There was a great, ruddy fire of chestnut logs in the red brick fire place; and the candles in the brightly-polished brass stands were burning brightly from the high wooded mantel, where they shared the post of honor with a curious sea-shell and a couple of vases, each containing a fresh orange, from the hedge that skirted the clover-field behind the barn. At the window, a curtained chintz shut that were tens of thousands of stars that were shining brightly on that autumnal night, and on the cozy rug of parti-colored tape a fat tortoise shell cat purred away the slowly lapsing minutes. But the tortoise she cat was not the only inhabitant of the farm-house kitchen.

"Timothy!" said Mary Sherman, decidedly, "if you don't behave yourself, I'll—"

"What she would do, Mary did not say; the sentence was terminated by a laugh that set the dimples around her mouth in motion, just as a beam of June sunshine plays across a cluster of red ripe cherries.

Mary Sherman was just seventeen—a plump, rosy girl, with jet black hair, brushed back from a low forehead, and perfectly arched eyebrows, that gave a bewitching expression of surprise to a pair of melting hazel eyes. She was rather dark; but the severest critic would not have faulted with the peach-like bloom upon her cheeks, and the dewy red of her full, daintily-curved lips. Evidently Mr. Timothy Marshall was quite satisfied with Mary's peculiar style of beauty.

"Come, Mary," said Tim, moving his chair where he could best watch the flush of the freight upon her face, and picking up the thread of the conversation where he had dropped it, when it became necessary for Mary to bid him "behave himself"—"you might promise me a share of the old clock and your father will soon be home."

"Promise what, Tim?" said Mary, demurely, fitting a square of red in her patchwork, and intently observing the effect.

"Nonsense, Mary! You know what very well. Promise to marry me before Christmas! I tell you what, Mary, it's all very well for you to keep putting a fellow off, but I can't stand it. What with your father's forbidding me the house, and that romantic Tom Stanley's coming here every Sunday night—"

Mary gave her pretty head a toss. "As if Mr. Stanley's coming here made any difference in my feelings, Tim!"

"No; but, Mary, it isn't pleasant, you know. I'm as good a man as Tom Stanley, if I don't own railroad shares and keep an account at the Hamiltonville Bank; and I love you, Mary, from the very bottom of my heart! Now this matter lies between you and me only; no other person in the world has a right to interfere between us. Come—promise me!" He held both her hands in his, and looked earnestly into the liquid hazel eyes.

"Do you love me, Mary?"

"You know I love you, Tim."

"Then we may just as well—Hush, what's that?"

"There was a portentous sound of drawing bolts, and rattling latches, in the porch-room beyond—a scraping of heavy boots along the floor. Mary rose to her feet with sudden scarlet-suffusing brow and cheeks.

"Oh, Tim, your father!"

"But he mustn't find you here, Tim! Hide yourself somewhere, do!"

"What nonsense, Mary!" said the young man, resolutely standing his ground. "I haven't come to steal his spoons. Why should I creep away like a detected burglar?"

"For my sake, Tim. Oh, Tim, if you ever loved me, do as I say! Not in that closet; it is close to his bed-room; not through that window; it is nailed down tight. He is coming—he's coming! Hide, Tim, quick!"

"And in the drawing of a breath, she had pushed Timothy Marshall into the square pendulum case of the tall old clock, and turned the key upon him. It is not a pleasant place of refuge, inasmuch as his shoulders were squeezed on either side, and his head flattened

against springs and wheels above, and the air was unpleasantly close; but Tim made the best of matters, and shook with suppressed laughter in his solitary prison cell.

"Well! a jolly scrape to be in," thought Tim, "and no knowing when I'll be out of it. Mary's a shrewd little puss, however, and I can't do better than to leave matters in her hands."

"So you haven't gone to bed yet, Mary?" said Deacon Sherman, slowly unwinding the two yards of woolen scarf with which he generally encased his throat on an evening.

"Not yet, father," said Mary, picking up the scattered bits of patch-work with a glowing cheek. "Did you have a pleasant meeting?"

"Well, yes," quoth the deacon, reflectively, sitting down before the fire, greatly to Mary's consternation—she had hoped he would have gone to bed at once, according to his usual custom—"it was to be toldly pleasant. Elder Husker was there, and Elder Hopkins, and—well, all the church folks present. Why, how red your cheeks are, Mary! Fired, ain't you? Well, you needn't sit up for me, my dear; it must be getting late."

The deacon glanced mechanically round at the clock. Mary felt the blood grow cold in her veins. "Twenty minutes past nine—why, it must be later than that!" she thought. "Can't the old clock be stopped?" The old clock had stopped; nor was it wonderful, under the circumstances. "I would it up this mornin', I'm sartin," said the deacon, very much disturbed. "I never saw my clock stop since I was a boy, and I don't know how to set it. Your aunt Jane used to say it was a sign of a death or a marriage in the family before the year was out."

There was a suppressed sound like a check behind the clock-case as Deacon Sherman fumbled on the shelf for the clock key. "These springs must be out of order somehow," said the deacon, desirously. "How scared you look, child! There ain't no cause for being scared. I don't put no faith in your Aunt Jane's old-time superstition. Where in the name of all possessed, is that key! I could 'n't declare I left it in the case."

"Isn't it on the shelf, father?" asked Mary, guiltily, conscious that it was snugly reposing in the pocket of her check-annum dress.

"No, nor 'tain't in my pocket neither. And down went the deacon, stiffly enough, on his knees to examine the floor, lest perchance the missing key might have fallen there.

"What I never knewed anything so strange in all my life," said the deacon. "It is strange," faltered hypocritical Mary.

"I'll have a regular search to-morrow, said Deacon Sherman. "It must be somewhere around here."

"Yes, it must," said Mary, tremulously.

"Only," the deacon went on slowly, resuming his place before the fire, "kind o' don't like to have the old clock stand still a single night. When I wake up, you know, it seems like it was some time ago, and in the stillness of the night, the deacon looked thoughtfully at the fiery back. Mary fidgeted uneasily about the room, straightening table covers, setting back chairs, and thinking—oh, if he only would go to bed!

As he sat there, his eyelids began to droop, and his head to nod somewhat. Mary's eyes lighted up with a sparkle of hope.

"Child," he said, suddenly straightening himself up in the stiff-backed chair, "you'd better go to bed. I'll sit up awhile longer 'til the logs burn out."

"But, father, I'm not sleepy."

"Go to bed, my child!" reiterated the deacon, with good humored authority that brooked no opposition; and Mary crept out of the room, ready to cry with anxiety and mortification.

"If Tim will only keep quiet a little while longer," she thought, sitting on the stairs where the newly-risen moon streamed in chilly splendor. "Father sleeps so soundly—and he is sure to go to sleep in his chair. I could just steal in and release him as quietly as possible."

She sat there, her plump fingers interlaced, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the floor, while all the time her ears were strained to the utmost capacity to catch every sound in the kitchen beyond. Hank! was that the wall of the wind? or was it something to her literally "nearer and dearer." Yes; she could not be mistaken now; it was actually a snore.

Mary rose softly to her feet with renewed hope. She now saw the floating shadow, she crossed the hall, opened the kitchen door, and stole across the creaking boards of the floor. The candles were burned out but the shifting lustre of the freight revealed her father nodding before the fire, with closed eyes, and hands hanging at his sides.

With a heart that beat quick and fast, like the strokes of a miniature hammer, drew the key from her dress pocket, and proceeded in spite of the nervous trembling of her fingers, to fit it into the lock. So absorbed was she in her task that she never noticed the sudden cessation of the heavy breathing—never saw the deacon start suddenly into wakefulness, and look around him. Love is blind, and it is equally true it is deaf. The deacon rose quietly up with a shrewd smile in his eyes.

Mary gave a little frightened shriek as a hand fell softly on her arm, possessing itself quietly of the key.

"Let me help you," said Deacon Sherman.

"Father, I—I found the key," faltered Mary.

"Found the key, eh?" returned the deacon. "Well, that's lucky; and now we can find out what's the matter with the clock."

Mary's heart, throbbing so wildly a moment or two ago, seemed to stand absolutely still as Deacon Sherman turned the key and opened the tall door of the clock case.

"Hal—lo!" ejaculated Deacon Sherman, as Mr. Timothy Marshall tumbled laughing into the room. "So you was the matter with the old clock, eh?"

"Yes sir," said Tim, composedly, "I

hope I haven't seriously interfered with the works of the clock."

"You've seriously interfered with me!" said the deacon, waxing indignant. "What do you mean, sir, by hiding in my house like a thief?"

"Indeed! indeed! father," cried Mary, bursting into tears, "it wasn't his fault. He didn't want to hide, but I put him there."

"You did, eh? And may I ask what for?"

"Father," faltered Mary, rather irrelevantly, "I love him, and he loves me!"

"Is that any reason why he should hide in the clock-case, miss?"

"No—but—father! I can never marry Mr. Stanley. He is so soft, and I—"

Mary's tears finished the sentence for her. The deacon looked down (not unkindly) on her bowed head and the tender arm that supported it. Apparently, "the couple true love," roughly though it ran, was overwhelming all his own worldly-wise arrangements in its tide.

"And so you two young folks really think you love each other?" said the deacon, meditatively.

"I love her heart, all my heart and soul," said Tim Marshall, earnestly, "I'm not rich, I know, but I can work for her."

"And I can work for myself too, father," interposed Mary, "with tears that about the softened stars."

"And you said yourself, sir," went on Tim, "that the stopping of the clock meant either a marriage or a death. Of course we don't want any deaths; so don't you think the most sensible thing we can do is to help on a marriage as soon as possible?"

The deacon laughed in spite of himself. "It's late," he said, "Come around to-morrow morning, and we'll talk about it. No, Mary, I'm not angry with you child. I s'pose young folks will be young folks, and there's no use tryin' to stop them."

And the deacon rebuked the pendulum, and set the iron tongue of the old clock talking again. Tim Marshall paused on the front doorstep to whisper to Mary.

"What shall it be, Mary?—a death or a marriage?"

And she in return whispered: "A marriage, I hope."

"My darling!" said Tim, "it's worth passing a life behind the clock-case to feel as I do now!"

How to Live at a Hotel.

A hotel thief who was arrested in London, has this memorandum on his person:

"Receipt how to live on six shillings a week. In the first place you must be possessed of a good suit of clothes. Secondly, you must have confidence in yourself, otherwise called 'plenty of chink.' Thirdly, you must provide yourself with a leather bag—about two shillings, well stuffed with paper. When you arrive at any place where you wish to stay a few days, walk into a hotel and ask if they have a bed at liberty for a few nights. If 'yes' is the answer, make yourself at home, and walk into the room and order dinner; ask to be shown into your bedroom, as you want to wash; come down again, leaving your bag upstairs, taking care to keep it locked up, so that they shall not see what it contains. Then dinner—roast beef, fowl, fish, pastry, cheese, etc., taking care to order half a pint of sherry; then they will think you know your way about and have plenty of money. After dinner call for whiskey and cigars, which is very nice. Sit for an hour or two, and then go out on business or a walk, as the case may be. Order tea for half-past five, with toast. After tea sit a while, then ring for brandy hot. Then take a walk, weather permitting. Come in again about nine, call for whiskey, hot, cigars and slippers. Pull off your boots and make yourself comfortable by the fire. Have another whiskey hot. Ring the bell for your candle and inquire number of your room. Retire to bed about eleven o'clock, taking care to order breakfast for nine, with ham or eggs or a nice chop, etc. After breakfast take a walk, and so on as before.

P. S.—The bag is the main point. It may serve you for a week; it has served me for eight days; but you must watch well the people with whom you are about. Sometimes they will ask if it is 'convenient for you to settle your bill.' If so, say 'Of course it is. I am just going to the post-office for a letter. Get my bill made out and I will settle it when I come back.'

Of course take care not to return for your bag, and be careful to put your comb and brush in your pocket every morning, as you cannot tell what may happen during the day, and you want to be off in a hurry; but, above all, keep a bold face on it, and when you meet other bag and proceed on your journey. You need never fear getting a night's lodging if you possess a bag, and if you don't happen to have one, don't despair, but go straight in and ask for a bed; they will not refuse. Order supper and breakfast and such like. After breakfast you should say, 'Can I have the bed again to-night, as I don't think I shall be able to do my business to-day?'

I have stayed three days and nights when I haven't had a bag, and I had but one half-penny in the world to bless myself with. But then, you will say, what are you going to do for a bag? Well, there are lots of bags at these hotels; help yourself to one when you depart and you are all right again. It is a month since I had a bag, but one half-penny laid me out for almost a year, the 16th of January, I have one half-penny in my pocket and a bag to be going on with, living like a fighting cock and seeing almost all the towns in England. Yours, etc., E. J.

ANCIENT CALIFORNIA.—Some of the cities of modern California are on the very sites where ancient races had their dwelling places and their burial mounds. The skeletons of an unknown race have been found in San Francisco sand hills, and workmen engaged in cutting down a street crossing at Van Ness recently unearthed the remains of nearly one hundred persons. The skeletons had been partially burned before interment. Mortars, arrows, heads, knives made from obsidian, and a shell car drop were discovered.

A Race for Life.

Narrow Escape of a Young Rocky Mountain Trapper.

In the Winter of 1865-6, a couple of Canadian voyagers, by the name of Nicholas and Jules Semineau, were caught by a terrible snow-storm while taking up their traps on the head of the Big Horn river in the Rocky Mountains. The storm lasted for several days, nor was there any hope of escape until the snow should become compact enough to bear their weight upon snow-shoes.

The two men were very strong, and, scarcely arrived at age. Hitherto their father had accompanied them upon their expeditions, but now he was at home at his rancho on the great Overland Route.

The traps, or lodge, of the brothers, consisted of a couple of buffalo robes stretched in front of an overhanging rock that overlooked the river.

Here were stowed their furs, neatly tied up in small bales, made up principally of skins of musk, otters and beavers, with a few pelts of the silver fox. Over these were laid robes which served them for a bed. A little fire was replenished from time to time by the dry bunches of pine and cedar, of which they fortunately had an ample supply. They were thus enabled to pass the day pleasantly, notwithstanding the raging of the elements without.

Up the canyon through which the river flowed, the wind sneaked and roared terribly. The icy face of the stream was soon cleared of snow, which drifted into the lateral canyons, gorging them completely.

In order to pass away the time, the young men busied themselves in making skates from the horns of an elk. The art of skating they learned while boys on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence.

Their meat running short, Nicholas concluded to have a run on his skates up the river, with the hope of killing an elk, which were numerous on the pine-covered slopes of the mountains.

It was not long before he had reached the top of the mountain, when suddenly he was gliding by rocky cape and snow-capped promontory, made by the arching bends and curves of the river. "Where the activities were gentler, forests of the yellow pine, cedar and juniper trees, with their green heads, now burdened with a weight of snow, the quick gaze of Nicholas searched in every shelter for the mighty antlers of the elk, or the blue coat of the black-tailed deer, the best of all veners.

It was not long before he had reached the top of the mountain, when suddenly he was gliding by rocky cape and snow-capped promontory, made by the arching bends and curves of the river. "Where the activities were gentler, forests of the yellow pine, cedar and juniper trees, with their green heads, now burdened with a weight of snow, the quick gaze of Nicholas searched in every shelter for the mighty antlers of the elk, or the blue coat of the black-tailed deer, the best of all veners.

He was now compelled to double on his course, the weight and impetus of the horns carrying them beyond him. Happily Nicholas preserved his presence of mind, and by his skill as a skater, combined with wonderful activity, he eluded the efforts made by the lions to seize him, and drew slowly toward home. Presently he saw the smoke curling from the rocky shelf, and he had not past his ears were greeted by the welcome crack of a rifle, and one of the lions tumbled over dead almost at his feet. The voyager again turned toward the rock. Jules had reloaded. His unerring aim stretched the remaining lion, and that the animal was saved. It was some months, however, before he fully recovered from the superhuman efforts made by him in his race for life.

The next summer he served as a guide, and it was while serving in this service that he related to the writer his thrilling adventure.

Disguis.

A sentiment worthy of analysis is the strange disgust felt by the poor for certain articles of food. During the famine in Ireland people would almost starve rather than eat "Indian meal." Australian preserved meat is an abomination to the inmates of British workhouses. The temple papers in the Cardiff workhouse, to show their dislike to this kind of food, lately rose up in revolt and assailed the house officials. The visiting committee having partaken of a repast consisting of an Australian mutton prepared as an Irish stew, declared it was "exceedingly palatable."

Gamblers in Tears.

"Gun" Clayton, a well-known gambler of Waco, Cal., was buried the other day, and his companions called upon a Presbyterian minister to preach the funeral sermon. He obeyed the summons readily, but upon following his guide to where the remains were, judge of his surprise to find himself in a gambling saloon, surrounded by men of the world, gamblers and others, whose ears were all unused to hear the voice of God's minister in such a place. The reverend gentleman was equal to the occasion, and preached a discourse that will be long remembered by all who had the good fortune to hear it. Many cheeks were bathed in tears.

A Memorable Day in Dayton.

Forty Women Marching on the 300 Bar Room.

Friday will be a memorable day in the annals of Dayton. The Women's Prayer League, in two divisions of about twenty women each, commanded by Mrs. Rev. Dr. Weakley, the wife of Presiding Elder Weakley, of the Cincinnati Conference, and Mrs. J. Harry Thomas, a handsome young married woman, marched upon the 300 bar rooms of Dayton through a drenching rain and sloppy streets. When the columns debouched from the English Lutheran Church, after morning prayers, the commotion in the streets was intense. The "saloonists" were instantly notified to stop their houses in order and to stand on guard. They were visibly agitated, a natural consequence of an assault to which no physical or even legal resistance could be offered.

Mrs. Weakley's column moved up Jefferson street to Fischer's, and marched directly to his door, which was shut in their faces. Then the women proceeded to knock in the nasty sloppiness, and began their devotions. In the meantime a considerable crowd gathered, curiously watching the operations, while the women prayed and sang by turns. Some of the spectators were visibly affected, but many made coarse side remarks, although no indignities were offered to the devotees. The spectacle was profoundly impressive. Fischer firmly refused to take the pledge.

Moving a door or two south, the women halted at Wynship's "St. Charles," which was full of men drinking. Mrs. Weakley offered him the pledge over the counter, which he declined, and proceeded to wait on his customers, who, unabashed, took their "shots" as though nothing unusual was going on. A gentleman next door invited the ladies into his office, where they sung and prayed.

A few doors below they drew up in front of Nick Clemens's restaurant and saloon, where the door was closed in their faces. They knelt in the street, and after devotions Mrs. Weakley went to the side door to interview Clemens. She asked, "Won't you give up the business?" Clemens sternly replied "No," saying that his place was quiet enough for the women. In the meantime a crowd had filled the bar room completely and drank copiously, while the women sung and prayed, making considerable noise. The crowd had now largely increased, and the police called a passage-way clear, and respectful attention was paid to the extraordinary scene.

The Becket House was next visited. Riobold, the proprietor, invited them into the gentlemen's parlor, where they prayed and sang, after which Mrs. Weakley was introduced to Mr. Beber, owner of the bar, who said he intended to continue his business until he found something better. Riobold invited the ladies to dinner, and some of them accepted. Hadlock, the heaviest lager beer seller in Dayton, was visited, he was cut and stern, and did not want his business interfered with. He went outside, with a pencil and paper, to take names to prosecute for damage to his business.

The Becker Brothers were visited with a similar result, and the ladies were permitted to occupy the saloon. The bar was surrounded with a dense mass of men, who occupied all the attention of five bar keepers. The ladies prayed, sang, and retired.

Marching the column under Mrs. Thomas marched into the little saloon of Harry Smith, on Sixth street, who had been advertising his place for sale for \$20 for a month past, and, after a little, he surrendered, the women congratulating him with feminine fervor. This was the only success of the day. Subsequently they visited the Rose Theatre, but were denied admission by all but Ross, who held a private conference with them in his back room. It seems that he wants to sell out.

A Dubious Label Suit.

In the Dublin Consolidated Chamber, an extraordinary case came before the court on a motion for leave to plead. The action is brought by Sir William Carroll, formerly Lord Mayor of Dublin, to recover damages laid at \$500 from Michael Angelo Hayes, a well-known Dublin artist, for an alleged libel. The summons and plaint set out that the plaintiff is a duly qualified medical man, and that the defendant, while he well knew this, did, in a caricature portrait, represent the plaintiff in the form and costume of a clown in a circus, with a leering and ridiculous expression of countenance, with his left leg and foot swollen to a ridiculous manner, in allusion to plaintiff's work, shortly before the publication, had an attack of gout. It also represented his left hand awkwardly and ridiculously extended, as if for the purpose of solicitation, and with his right hand in his breeches-pocket, from which a handkerchief or something of the kind is hanging, exhibiting thereon the word "Knighthood," with a note of admiration immediately under the said caricature false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory matter of and concerning the plaintiff, and as if uttered by the plaintiff, viz., the words following:—"Is there anything I can go for to fetch for carry for to get a lord mayor, a collector-general, a city marshal, an apothecary-general, a city treasurer, or a town councillor, or anything, anything?" The application was for leave to plead a traverse of the publication, a plea of no libel, and a plea of fair comment. Baron Dowse said he certainly thought the plea of fair comment was being carried to an undue extent. Defendant's counsel agreed to admit the publication, and the plea of fair comment was allowed.

There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.

Plain dealing is a jewel; but they that wear it are out of fashion.

The Matches We Use.

How, and of What They are Made.

The sticks of which matches are made are brought from Canada, where the making of them is a separate business. They are made by machinery which drives a block of wood upon a steel die that has numerous small holes in it. The wood is forced through these holes in the rounded form of the match sticks. They are twice the length of an ordinary match, and come packed in boxes. The first thing to be done with the sticks is to arrange them so that large numbers can be handled at once in dipping the ends in the mixtures that cause them to light readily. If the sticks were simply tied together in bundles, some two feet across, and the composition would be all in one mass upon their ends, so a machine had to be invented which should make them into rolls and still keep the sticks a little distance apart. This machine did its work with wonderful rapidity and accuracy; the sticks were applied to the machine which made them into large rolls, and with a belt of cloth between the layers of sticks; this cloth keeps the sticks just a little distance apart. When the bundle is large enough, some two feet across, it is bound securely and then taken to another room. The composition upon the ends of matches does not burn long enough to set fire to the stick, and before that is applied it is necessary to prepare the wood with something that will take fire readily and burn long enough to set fire to it. For the cheaper matches sulphur is used, but for what are called parlor matches they use paraffine, which burns without any unpleasant odor. The material is melted in a large vessel, and the roll of sticks suspended from the ends can be evenly and slightly dipped in the melted sulphur. Both ends are dipped, and they are then ready to receive the composition that takes fire when the match is rubbed. The principal thing in the composition is phosphorus. The phosphorus is mixed with dissolved glue, and whiting or some other powder to make a paste, and coloring stuff is added. The whole, after being stirred over a fire is put into a machine where it is more thoroughly mixed. It is very important that the composition be well mixed, as otherwise some matches will get more, and some less phosphorus than they ought to have, and will go off too easily, or with more difficulty than they should. After it is well mixed the sticks that have had their ends covered with sulphur or paraffine are dipped in it in the same manner as at the first dipping, only care is required to have but a small quantity of the mixture just at the very tips. The next step is to dry the matches, and they are taken to a room where they are placed upon racks; here there is a fan rapidly revolving, so as to constantly change the air and gradually dry the composition upon the ends of the matches. They are not allowed to become so dry that they are ready to take fire, as they have still to go through another machine, and if they were perfectly dry, disagreeable accidents might happen. Thus far the matches are in pairs, or "double-enders"—twice the length of one—and they have to be made ready for use. For this they are put into a cutting machine, which unrolls the bundle and carries the sticks over a knife which rapidly cuts them in equal parts, and the now complete matches slide into boxes on each side of the machine. All that remains to be done is to pack them in the proper boxes.

How to Make Hearth Rugs.

There is in every household a great quantity of worsted and flannel pieces, that are of small account and can be of no service for garments, but if saved they can be rendered of great use. A full in the manufacture of hearth rugs or mats, to lay before bureaus, sofas, or organs. Take a piece of hemp sack, and draw some pretty design in the center—a bouquet of flowers, a wreath, or some animal; mark a border with a chain or heraldic pattern; sew the canvas into a frame like quilting frames, only smaller, so as not to occupy too much room; have a hook made like a crochet hook or needle; one can be manufactured easily by taking a parafin brace and filing the end into the proper form; cut the scraps of cloth into strips of half an inch in width—if this fabric make it wider; pass the hook through the canvas with the right hand, have the cloth underneath the frame in the left hand, insert a loop on the hook, that will draw it to the upper side about three-fourths of an inch; leave about two threads space and close in another loop; regard the selection of colors, so as to shade them nicely, and keep the form of your pattern—it is very quiet, easy and fascinating work; work the figures first, and then draw the filling up or ground work with some dark color—black, brown or drab; after it is completed, shear the whole surface evenly, but not too close, and you have a fine, substantial, durable rug, that will last a lifetime, and do more service and be prettier than any imported article that would cost anywhere from ten to thirty dollars; and the best of all is that it is homemade.

No Place for Poor Men.

A Minnesota man, writing from Southern California, is not so enthusiastic about that region as Mr. Norðhoff. He says of the country around Los Angeles that the trees are generally so tall, and the grass is three or four inches high in places, though on the hills it is barely high enough to cover the ground. There are many places on high ground entirely bare of vegetation, owing to the want of water. The rains are from November to January, and scarcely a cloud the whole summer and fall. Everything is grown by irrigation. They can raise by water not only oranges, grapes, lemons, and all semi-tropical fruits, but wheat, barley, and all kinds of vegetables.—A Mr. Rose has 135 acres of grapes, and his wine crop for the year was nearly \$100,000. He also has 6,000 orange trees, and gets \$20 a tree for all that are in full bearing. The Minnesota man considers it a poor place for a poor man, and that there is no money in growing anything but fruits and sheep.

Items of Interest.

Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.

The tongue—the latch-key that lets out the mind.

Books, like friends, should be well used, not abused.

The fate of the child is always the work of its mother.

Nothing more precious than time, yet nothing less valued.

Plant the crab tree where you will, it will not bear pippins.

The ways of women—Anywhere from ninety to two hundred pounds.

Those large and awkward looking fans will not be in vogue next summer.

It is almost impossible to detect the new artificial flowers from natural ones.

One of the new collars is called the Empress. It is of linen edged with lace.

No less than eighteen different shades of green are shown in summer goods.

A sure sign of an early spring is a cat watching a hole in the wall with her back up.

Three sisters own and operate a Maine flouring mill, and they are making money.

A youth of Cairo, Ill., killed himself because he had been found out in a \$250 defalcation.

Tight sleeves and round waist continue the rule for all ordinary dresses intended for loose wear.

The sash ends are now worn very long, and almost reach the bottom of the skirt. Dows are out of fashion.

A New York bride recently startled the fashionable by dispensing with orange blossoms at the ceremony.

Black silk suits trimmed on the waist with revers of black velvet and black bows down the front are handsome and stylish.

The first thing a promising youth said to a dog presenting his nose at his heels, was: "Go away! Do you think I'm a bone?"

"Now, Johnnie," says grandma, "I want you to sit as still as a mouse." "Mouses don't sit still, grandma." Sure enough.

Judge John T. Brown was so remorsefully frightened at the certainty of being exposed as a defaulter in Alton, that he killed himself.

If you invest money in books, and never read them, it is the same as putting your money into a bank but never drawing either principal or interest.

A jurman remarked, "May it please your honor, I am deaf in one ear." "Then leave the box," replied the judge, "a juror must hear both sides."

Chinese laborers are reported a failure in Georgia. They have been employed in digging a canal, but have proved inefficient and will soon be sent off.

A new style of boys' trousers has been invented in Boston, with a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down the seams, and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

The late Dr. Livingstone's success as an explorer was largely due to his stern, self-reliant habits, his great power of organization and detail, and, above all, to the sway which he was able to exercise over the natives.

A lady aged seventeen is suing for a divorce, her husband being in the regular hospital in Georgia. They have been employed in digging a canal, but have proved inefficient and will soon be sent off.

An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered that she cared very little about what she ate, compared with what she read.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* states that he has learned from many years' experience in a machine shop, where over three hundred men are employed, that rag glued on a flesh wound is a very speedy curative, but a great protector.

It is said that if one part of sugar is dissolved in three parts of water, and hydrated with one-fourth part of calcium chloride, the resulting liquid will readily dissolve glue warm, and the solution will remain fluid on cooling, without having lost any of its adhesive properties.

Good talkers are becoming rare nowadays, and are occasionally to be met with. Of one whose conversation is very entertaining but rather disconnected, a witty lady once remarked, "Oh, yes, he's very clever, but he talks like a book in which there are leaves very little about what she ate, compared with what she read."

Put everything in perfect repair. If you are near a blacksmith and wheelwright's shop you can probably get the work done cheaper and better than by doing it yourself. But when you have to send several miles there are many things that can be repaired at home in less time than it is required to take them to the shop.

Maine proposes to authorize conductors to arrest gamblers who work their trains. An excellent idea; but there ought to be added to it a provision making railroad companies responsible for the losses of their patrons at the hands of professional gamblers, these gamblers being well known by the employes of all trains.

A man in Indiana has had lots of fun out of a valentine, in which he was depicted as "mother's pet." This set him in a rage; he got drunk; abused his mother, whipped his wife because he thought she knew something of it, was discharged from his place in the mill, made a disturbance on the streets, was arrested, fined about \$13, and sent to jail.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says, pertinently, if rather bitterly: "The object now seems to be to so arrange the schools and households of the land that the teacher may simply sit in judgment upon the manner in which the child has been taught at home. Children go to school, not to learn, but to show the teacher how much they have been taught during the preceding evening at home."