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## "Too Low, and Yet Too High"

He came in velvet and in gold;  
He wooed her with a careless grace;  
A confidence too raptly told  
Breathed in his language and his face.  
While she—a simple maid—replied:  
"No more of love 'twixt thee and me!  
These tricks of passion I deride,  
Nor trust thy boasted verity."  
They sat, with awful smiles and sigh,  
Resigned, resign;  
No mate am I for thee or thine,  
Being too low, and yet too high!"

His spirit changed; his heart grew warm  
With genuine passion; inborn by nature  
More perfect seemed the virgin charm  
The crown'd her maid the ripening corn.  
And now he wooed with fervent mind,  
With soul intense, and words of fire,  
But reverent-fraught, as if a queen  
Were hearkening to his heart's desire.  
She brightly blushed, she gently sigh'd,  
Yet still the village maid replied  
(Though in sad accents, wearily):  
"Thy suit resign."

Resign, resign!  
Lord High, I never can be thine,  
"Too low am I, and yet too high!"

## JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully,  
"It really is time to go; if you stay  
any longer I shall be afraid to come  
down and lock the door after you."  
My visions rose—a procession that  
always reminded me of the genius  
emerging from the copper vessel, as he  
measured six feet three—and stood  
looking reproachfully down upon me.  
"You are in a great hurry to get rid  
of me," he replied.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he  
had made his usual call of two hours  
and a half; having, in country phrase,  
taken to "sitting up" with me so literally  
that I was frequently at my wife's  
aid to suppress the yawn that I knew  
was coming a troop in the form of  
concealment prey on his drowsy cheek,  
he ventured to tell his love for my  
nature self, I remorselessly seized an  
English Prayer-book, and pointed  
sternly to the clause, "A man may not  
marry his grandfather." That was  
three years ago and I added, en-  
couragingly, "Besides, John, you are a  
child, and don't know your own mind."  
"If a man of nineteen doesn't know  
his own mind," remonstrated my lover,  
"I will like to know who should."  
But I will wait for you seven years, if  
you say so—fourteen, as Jacob did for  
Rachel.

"You forget," I replied, laughing at  
his way of mending matters, "that a  
woman does not, like wine, improve  
with age. But when you, John, this is  
absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like  
you—but my feelings toward you are  
more like those of a mother than a  
wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly;  
and before I could divine his intention  
he had lifted me from the spot where I  
stood, and carried me, infant fashion,  
to the sofa at the other end of the  
room.

"I could almost find it in my heart  
to shake you," he muttered, as he set  
me down with emphasis.  
This was rather like the courtship of  
William of Normandy, and matters  
promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again," said I, with  
dignity, when I had recovered my  
breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John,  
somewhat threateningly.

"Not just at present," I replied.

"The great, handsome fellow," I  
thought, as he paced the floor restlessly,  
"why couldn't he fall in love with  
some girl of fifteen, instead of setting  
his affections on an old maid like me?  
I don't want that upon my hands, and  
I won't have him!"

"As to your being twenty-six," pursued  
John, in answer to my thoughts,  
"you say it's down in the family  
Bible, and I suppose it must be so;  
but no one would believe it, and I  
don't care if you're forty. You look  
like a girl of sixteen, and you are the  
only woman I shall ever love."

Oh, John, John! at least five mil-  
lions of men have said that same thing  
before in every known language. Never-  
theless, when you fairly break down  
and cry, I relent—for I am disagree-  
ably soft-hearted—and weakly promise  
then and there that I will either keep  
my own name or take yours. For love  
is a very dog in the manger, and John  
looked radiant at this concession. It  
was comfort to know that if he could  
not gather the flower himself, no one  
else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had waded  
John to his threshold. Our own house-  
hold was sadly broken up, and I found  
myself comparatively young in years,  
with a half-invalid father, a large house  
and very little money. What more  
natural than to take boarders? And  
among the first were Mr. Cranford, and  
his son, and sister, who had just been  
wrecked themselves by the death of the  
wife and mother in a foreign land—one  
of those unaccountable accidents that  
leave the survivors in a deplorable  
condition, because it is so difficult to  
imagine the gay worldling who has been  
called hence in another state of being.

A letter on the subject, in which she in-  
formed me that the whole family were  
ready to receive me with open arms—a  
prospect that I did not find at all allur-  
ing. They seemed to have set their  
hearts upon me as a person peculiarly  
fitted to train John in the way he should  
go. Every thing, I was told, depended  
on his getting the right kind of wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cran-  
ford, at his particular request, touched  
me deeply.

"I hope," said he, "that you will  
not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has  
set his heart so fully upon you, and you  
are every thing that I could desire in a  
daughter. I want some one to pet. I  
feel so lonely at times, and I am sure  
that you would fill all the vacant  
niches."

I drew my hand away from his caress,  
and almost felt like hating John Cran-  
ford. Life with him would be one of  
case and luxury; but I decided I would  
rather be a boarder.

Not long after this the Cranfords con-  
cluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs.  
Shellgrove was in her glory. She al-  
ways came to luncheon now in her bon-  
net, and gave us minute details of all  
that had been done and talked of about  
the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," "Brother  
has such perfect taste; and he is actu-  
ally furnishing the library, Miss Edna,  
after your suggestion. You see, we  
look upon you quite as one of the  
family."

"That is very good of you," I re-  
plied, shortly; "but I certainly have  
no expectation of ever belonging to it."  
Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though  
I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these  
things, of course; but John tells a dif-  
ferent story."

I rattled the cups and saucers an-  
grily; and my thoughts floated off not  
to John, but to John's father, sitting  
lonely in the library, furnished after my  
suggestion. "Wait a moment," said I,  
"I will marry the family generally?"

The house was finished and moved  
into, and John spent his evenings with  
me. I used to get dreadfully tired of  
him. He was really too devoted to be  
at all interesting, and I had reached  
that state of feeling that, if summarily  
ordered to take my choice between him  
and the gallows, I would have prepared  
myself for hanging with a sort of cheer-  
ful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the  
evening in question, when I had finally  
got rid of him, with these feelings in  
my mind; and I meditated while ad-  
dressing on some desperate move that  
should bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at  
last. He too had reflected in the watch-  
case of the night, and next day I received  
quite a dignified letter from him, telling  
me that business called him from the  
city for two or three weeks, and that  
possibly on his return I might appreciate  
his devotion better. I felt in-  
expressibly relieved. It appeared to me  
that I had been somewhat constrained; and I  
scarcely knew what to make of him. If  
he would only give me up, I thought;  
but I felt sure that he would hold me  
to that weak promise of mine, that I  
should either become Edna Cranford or  
remain his darling.

"Mr. Cranford?" was announced one  
evening, and I entered the parlor fully  
prepared for an overdose of John, but  
found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave; and instantly  
I imagined all sorts of things, and re-  
proached myself for my coldness.

"John is well?" I gasped, finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such  
kind tones that I felt sure there was  
something wrong.

## Farming in Italy.

Anna Brewster, writing from Rome to  
the Philadelphia Bulletin, says: "A  
friend described to me the other evening  
the type of a veritable *Mercante di  
Campagna dell' Agro Romano*, or a  
Campagna merchant, as they call these  
remarkable farmers. He took for this  
a certain Signor Mazzolini. This  
gentleman works three farms which lie  
on the border of the sea between An-  
tium and Terracina. These farms con-  
tain about 50,000 acres of land. On  
this vast space are pastured 14,000  
sheep and lambs, 3,000 oxen and cows,  
700 horses and mules. Signor Maz-  
zolini has 9,000 acres sown with wheat,  
oats, corn, and beans. Yearly he gath-  
ers in from his great fields 62,000 sacks  
of grain; he sells 45,000 pounds of wool,  
190,000 pounds of cheese, and furnishes  
to the provision or meat markets 5,000  
sheep and lambs, 1,500 calves and 2,  
000 fatted hogs. The immense under-  
taking brings him in a rental of from  
450,000 to 500,000 francs. Now comes  
the most singular part of this veritable  
history. Twenty years ago Signor  
Mazzolini was nothing but a petty  
tailor. For fifteen years since these  
gigantic farming undertakings have  
been on the Campagna of Rome, or  
Argo-Romano. About 115 families have  
owned the whole tract, and their agents  
have worked the best lands. The prop-  
rietors and their agents never live on  
these farms. The only buildings are  
the *casale*, a very modest house, which  
is sometimes the ruins of an ancient  
Middle Age fortification, where the  
agent or master lodges at need; some  
very modest out-buildings for servants,  
small stables and granaries, &c. There  
are also some straw huts for the  
workmen and laborers. The cattle of  
all kinds live in the open air. Some of  
the very largest farms, such as the  
farms of the Campo Morto or Conca,  
have not as many buildings on them as  
as we would expect to find on the  
out-door world thereto."

His early years gave a strange bent  
to his genius. Andersen spent his  
childhood days in the kitchen and shoe-  
maker's shop where his father and  
brother worked. Outside were the nar-  
row streets, and the smell of leather,  
Odense, smelling strongly of leather  
and fish, and opening into the waters of  
the Skager Rack, which shone red in  
the evening sun.

The following is one of Mr. Charles  
Dudley Warner's spirited little picture  
sketches from life during one of his  
studies on the journey:

May I never forget the spirited little  
jade, the off-leader in the third stage,  
the petted belle of the route, the ner-  
vous, coquettish, mincing mare of  
Marthy Hope. A spoiled beauty she  
was; you could see that as she took the  
ground in the drawing-room, the boys in  
pretty head about, and her tail done  
up in "a very simple knot," like the back  
hair of Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. How  
she smiled, and sidled, and plumed  
herself, and now and then let fly her  
little legs high in air, in mere excess  
of larkish feeling.

"So, girl! so, Kitty," murmurs the  
driver, in the softest tones of admi-  
ration; "she don't mean anything by it;  
she's just like a kitten."

But the heels kept flying above the  
traces, and the driver was obliged to  
oblige to "speak harsh" to the  
beauty. The reproach of the displeased  
tone is evidently felt, for she settles at  
once to her work, showing perhaps a  
little impatience, jerking her head up  
and down, and protesting by her nim-  
ble movements against the more delib-  
erate trot of her companion. I believe  
that a blow from the cruel lash would  
have broken her heart; or else it would  
have made a little field of the spirited  
creature. The lash is hardly ever good  
for the sex.

The *Woman for Wives*.

The N. Y. Star comments the advice  
of Chancellor Crosby to the graduates,  
with reference to marriage, to avoid the  
fashionable and frivolous, and seek  
those who will adore their lives with  
domestic virtue; and yet, says the  
paper, how strange an advice, that men  
ought to ten pick a stylish, frivolous  
girl for a wife if she be pretty, in pre-  
ference to one with all the virtues and  
a homely visage. Men admire all the  
good qualities in woman, but they rarely  
take one to wife if she be possessed  
of the spirit of an angel, if she is not  
also blessed with a comely visage.

And the girls know this as well as we  
do. Catch them in the kitchen cook-  
ing when they can find a beau and have  
a good time in the parlor. Hence we  
say there is little or no encouragement  
of Crosby's pattern. It is only old gentle-  
men who have "had their day" and  
wish to settle down quietly, that seem  
to appreciate this kind of woman.

## Hans Andersen.

When the cable dispatch came to the  
effect that Hans Andersen, the Danish  
poet, lay dying, all literary journalists  
prepared to write a sketch of his life,  
or in some good fitting way to do honor  
to the good old man, and a shade of  
gloom passed into every household in  
which there had been children to reach  
the older people to love him. How-  
ever, the obituaries were unwritten and  
the tears unshed, for the next steamer  
brought word that the immediate dan-  
ger was over, and the old poet, although  
an invalid, was, it was hoped, several  
years of life before him. Later  
another story was told, which we have  
reason to believe to be true, that And-  
ersen had himself stated that, in spite of  
the enormous sale of his books in for-  
eign countries, these sales or his wide-  
spread reputation had never been of one  
dollar's pecuniary value to him, ex-  
cept in a single instance when an  
American publisher, unsolicited, lately  
sent him a copyright percentage on the  
sale of one edition of his works. And-  
ersen, now an old and feeble man,  
and although not in want, lacks manly  
comforts to make his few remaining  
years easy and pleasant. It has been  
proposed, that instead of waiting until  
the affection and homage of his friends  
in this country could evaporate the  
funeral notices and private sighs and  
lamentations, they should send him  
some solid, practical testimony in token  
of gratitude for the pleasure he has  
given them.

Andersen deserves, as no other man  
does, that title of the children's friend,  
the more because he will never, in all  
probability, be dead to them. Like all  
joyous, child-like natures, there is an  
immortal quality of life in all he says  
and does; morbid, melancholic men re-  
turn to the charnel-house, and mold as  
to their native place; but the Danish  
poet and his gay, happy kinfolk never  
can cease to be to us. He will go  
out of sight some day, but long after  
he is dust, the little chap who reads the  
"Hardy Tin Soldier" will know quite  
all that the man who tells it to him is  
above somewhere, telling stories as  
wonderful to other children about his  
knee. There is, too, a something oddly  
contagious, so to speak, in Andersen's  
genius and character; to the man who  
once has heard his story there is a slight  
tincture of the color and color of the  
out-door world thereto."

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of Crosby's pattern. It is only old gentle-  
men who have "had their day" and  
wish to settle down quietly, that seem  
to appreciate this kind of woman.

## A Rashful Man.

Charlie Johnson is a first-rate fellow,  
only he's terribly bashful. He called  
to see Miss Jones one night. He never  
would have been guilty of such an act,  
had she not met him coming out by  
church—cornered him right up by the  
steps where all the girls could see him  
—and made him promise to come round  
the next night—before she'd let him  
go. So the following evening Charlie  
arrayed himself like a lily of the field,  
and started for the Joneses. This hap-  
pened last winter. He got there about  
eight o'clock. It was quite dark.  
Charlie mounted the steps; rang the  
bell; and then—his courage failed him.  
He cleared the six steps at one leap  
and fled down the street. Bridget went  
to the door. Nobody there. Old Jones  
hauled Bridget and asked her who rang  
the bell. "Sure it's some of 'em of  
them lads that do be ringin' the bell  
every night, and-and then run away—  
bad luck to them, at art and art!"

"Once more to the breach, dear  
friends," was Charlie's soliloquy, as he  
slyly peeped over the top of the step,  
and all at once he re-ascended the  
front stoop and blithely pulled the bell.  
But nimbly did he again descend the  
steps and swiftly disappear up the  
street, reaching the quarter post in  
forty seconds.

Bridget at the door; same result as  
before. Bridget waxed wroth. And  
old Jones vowed he'd fix that infernal  
whelp; so he got a piece of stout  
broom-cord; tied one end of it to the  
iron railing on the further side of the  
steps, about two feet higher than the top  
step; then passed it through a hole in  
the flange work on the other side of  
the steps at the same height; brought  
the end of the string through the blind  
of the bay-window, thence into the pa-  
rlor; afterwards he went out and slack-  
ened the string so as to have it lay flat  
along the step where nobody would  
notice it in coming up—but where, if  
it were tightened up from within the  
house, after one had gone up the step,  
one would be somewhat apt to "notice"  
it in going down, especially if one were  
in a hurry. Then Mr. Jones sat down  
in the parlor; grasped the end of the  
string and waited for the bell to ring.  
Bridget not aware that the old gent had  
set the trap, had a "little something"  
fixed up herself. She repaired to the  
kitchen, took the boiler tea-kettle  
from the range; mandered up stairs  
with it; sat down by a window right  
over the front door; and waited, too,  
for the bell to ring. It rang.

The old man pulled the spring—  
Bridget emptied the kettle—and Char-  
lie Well, it didn't hurt Charlie much.  
That is to say, he was able in a couple  
of weeks to sit up and have his bed  
made; and inside of a month he could  
get around very nicely on a pair of  
crutches. To be sure, six of his eyes  
teeth were never found and his left eye  
looked as if he'd run a knot-hole into  
it. But he didn't mind such a little  
thing as that—still, he never seemed  
to care to go down to Jones' afterwards,  
as a sort of a coldness, as it were, had  
sprung up between them.

"Now ya when Charlie wishes to  
experience the static delight of a call  
on Miss Jones, he goes out and lays  
down in the road in front of his house  
and lets a hack run over him; it's just  
as much fun and not near so far to go.  
He thinks that by the time he can let a  
full grown omnibus drive over the  
bridge of his nose, without making him  
wink, he'll be able to stand another  
whirl down to Jones'."

A Well-Merited Rebuke.

For a place where the varied humors,  
characteristics, and moods of human  
nature are developed and exhibited  
commend me to a crowded horse-car in  
a large city. All the petty, mean, and  
manly traits are shown forth by men  
and women in these conveyances to  
their fullest extent. A few evenings  
ago I was crowded, and by dint of per-  
sistent crowding, made her way through  
the car to the front end. Here a gen-  
tleman arose and proffered her seat.  
Just as she turned to take it, without  
so much as thanking him, she concen-  
trated all the venom of a hateful dispo-  
sition in her remark: "If there were  
any gentlemen in the car they would  
not allow a lady to go the length of it  
before giving her a seat." She had not  
time to get seated before the insolent  
remark escaped her, when the gen-  
tleman who had offered her his seat, quick-  
ly slid back into it again and quietly  
remarked: "I think the ladies are all  
seated." The rebuke was so deserved,  
and withal so capitally administered,  
that a murmur of applause escaped  
from nearly every one in the car, and  
the crestfallen woman soon rang the  
bell and alighted.

A New Torso.

The Berlin Museum is about to come  
into possession of a Torso, a headless  
and armless Torso, but one of great  
significance, as it is a female figure,  
small, life-size. The position of the  
body indicates a dancer or bacchantine,  
even if the castinets on the right leg  
did not positively prove it. The char-  
acteristic form, the fall of the light  
drapery, the execution of parts, particu-  
larly the feet, pressed for the outline of  
the finest and most exquisite workman-  
ship. The artist selected for his work  
the best, finest-grained Parian marble.  
If it be the Grecian work, and out of  
which period, has not been decided.  
No similar statue is known to exist in  
any of the museums of the present day.

The Torso was brought secretly in  
Rome and no mention of the matter  
was allowed to be made until it was  
beyond the clutches of the Italian Gov-  
ernment. If it proves to be, as sup-  
posed, an original, the museum has se-  
cured a cheap prize for the outfit of  
4,000 thalers. The agents of France  
were treating for it at the same time,  
but the German agent was fortunate in  
not deliberating over the matter.

FATE OF KINGS.—Somebody has been  
summing up the fate of Kings and  
Emperors, as follows: Out of 2,540  
Emperors or Kings, over sixty-four na-  
tions, 299 were dethroned, 64 abdicated,  
20 committed suicide, eleven went mad,  
100 died on the battle field, 123 were  
made prisoners, 25 were pronounced  
martyrs and saints, 151 were assassinated,  
62 were poisoned, and 108 were  
sentenced to death. Total, 963.

## The Frying-Pan.

The Anti-Frying-Pan League is the  
latest movement, and the need for it  
is in the everlasting frying of meat, in  
the use of so much lard, and in the  
great number of doughnuts made.  
Frying has only one recommendation  
—that is, ease with which it is done.  
We are told by the apostle of the Anti-  
Frying League that farmers' wives are  
short-lived because they fry so much,  
and the children are short-lived be-  
cause so much lard injures their deli-  
cate stomachs; but it seems that farm-  
ers themselves are long-lived, not be-  
cause they eat hard, for their stomachs  
are strong, but it is to be presumed,  
because they have no frying to do.  
This is a little illogical, because we are  
told that frying is easy work, and it so  
happens that it is not true that farmers  
live longer than their wives. Take the  
country through, and quite as many  
old women will be found as old men,  
and the probability is there are more  
extremely old women than extremely  
old men. Women have many cares and  
excitements, but they are not exposed to  
unfavorable influences like men. Men  
and women rise and fall together. The  
trouble is not so much in frying as in  
what is fried. Fried apples and fried  
potatoes are unobjectionable, but fried  
salt pork the year in and out is un-  
doubtedly injurious, and it does not  
make much odds whether it is boiled  
or fried. Indeed, our people eat too  
much meat, and they would find it to  
their advantage to use more fruit, more  
sugar, and even more cake. The cry  
against lard is constant, but the article  
does not differ much from olive oil,  
which has been in use from the earliest  
ages, and the human stomach seems ab-  
solutely to need fat in some form to  
carry on digestion. There are instances  
where pie made with extra lard has  
been proved specifically medicinal.  
It is tolerably refrigerating for  
city people and literary people who  
think more about their virtuous than  
their habits, while if they should come  
out into the country and go to work  
they would quickly adopt many of the  
habits they despise; though it is to be  
granted they would retain some worthy  
of being retained.

A Neat Revenge.

Barleigh, the New York correspon-  
dent of the Boston Journal, writes as  
follows:  
An amusing incident occurred the  
other day on one of the trains from  
Boston to this city. The cars were very  
crowded. An elegantly dressed woman  
occupied an entire seat. Her bundles,  
bandbox, and bag were piled artisti-  
cally. She was oblivious to the fact  
that passengers were rushing back and  
forth to obtain sittings. More than  
one gentleman drew himself up in front  
of the imperious dame, and silently  
pleaded for the vacant spot. She fanned  
herself leisurely, lolled in the seat, and  
evidently thought that things were  
comfortable as they were. "Is this  
seat occupied, madam?" said a well-  
dressed gentleman, very politely. "Yes,  
it is," was the snapping reply. The  
man walked on. In half an hour the  
door opened, and in walked a tall, rough  
fellow, whose coat was a Polar bear, whose  
huge beard was uncombed and stained  
with tobacco juice. His clothes were  
filthy put on, and smelt of the stable.  
He was ungloved, and brawny, and  
weighed full 200. He ran his eye along  
the car, and came to the seat on which  
our lady was sitting. He made for it.  
With great deliberation he seized bun-  
dle, bandbox, and bag, put them plump  
into the lap of the lady, and sat down  
in the vacant spot like one who intended  
to stay. If looks could have annihilated  
a man, he would have annihilated the  
corporeal man in that car about that time.  
The man seemed very much at home. He  
whistled; he spit; he stroked his  
beard; he threw round his huge arms,  
and chinked inwardly at the evident  
rage of the woman. She left the car  
for New Haven, and had to stand  
before the gentleman who was refused  
the seat reappeared. To some gen-  
tlemen who seemed to take a great inter-  
est in the proceedings, he said: "Did  
you see how that woman treated me?"  
"Yes." "Did you see how she was  
so kind upon me?" "Yes." "Well, that  
man is a horse doctor that sat down  
beside her. He belongs to Bull's Head.  
I gave him a dollar to ride with that  
woman as far as she went." The car  
roared.

A Souvenir Extraordinary.

Mark Twain in one of his articles  
speaks of the lady who treasures a pre-  
cious slice of bread from which Dickens  
had taken a bite. This sounds like the  
broadest burlesque, but the following  
anecdote, which is literally true, and  
illustrates many people's foolishness  
for relics, shows that Twain was ex-  
actly burlesquing in his essay: The last  
time that Mr. Dickens was in this country  
he happened one morning to breakfast  
at the common table of the hotel where  
he was stopping. When he had eaten  
his egg-cup he dropped the empty shell into  
his broken shell and now kept by her as a  
souvenir of the great novelist.

Resuscitation of Drowned Persons.

The Massachusetts Humane Society  
has issued a card with these directions  
for restoring persons apparently drown-  
ed:—  
Convey the body to the nearest house,  
with head raised. Strip and rub dry.  
Wrap in blankets. Inflate the lungs by  
closing the nostrils with the fingers and  
blowing into the mouth forcibly, and  
then pressing with hand on the chest.  
Again blow in the mouth and press on  
the chest, and so on for ten minutes,  
or until he breathes. Keep the body warm,  
extremities also. Continue rubbing—do  
not give up so long as there is any chance  
of success.

Prizes for the best loves of bread,  
to be made by the students, is a new  
and hopeful feature of several female  
seminaries this year.

## Items of Interest.

An Arizona girl shot her lover, and  
then nursed him tenderly till he died.  
His last words were: "I forgive you,  
Mary; you did it with an ivory handed  
pistol."

Mr. Beecher has discovered a remedy  
for somnolency in church. It consists  
of sitting down at home in a rocking  
chair, about the time the second bell  
rings, and taking out a nap there.

The statistics of New Zealand for  
1872 show a population in 1860 of 76,  
300; in 1872 of 273,273. There was a  
falling off in the value of the gold ex-  
ported in 1872. In 1871 it was £3,787,  
520, and in 1872 £1,701,361.

State Senator Powell of Newport, R. I.,  
returned \$50, sent him in payment  
of services as member of a special com-  
mittee, with the statement that he  
never allowed himself to take pay for  
extra services as a member of the Legis-  
lature.

Kate Stanton asserts that the planets  
revolve around the sun by the influ-  
ence of love, as a child revolves about  
his parents. When the average youth  
was a boy he used to revolve round his  
parents a good deal, and may have  
been incited thereto by love, but to an  
unprejudiced observer it looked power-  
fully like a trunk-strap.

Conversation between an inquiring  
stranger and a steamboat pilot: "That  
is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; the  
highest mountain above Lake George."  
"Any story or legend connected with  
that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two  
lovers went up that mountain once and  
never came back again." "Indeed?  
Why, what became of them?" "Went  
down on the other side."

A countryman with his bride stopped  
at a Troy hotel the other day. At din-  
ner, when the waiter presented a bill of  
fare, the young man inquired, "What's  
that?" "That's a bill of fare," said  
the waiter. The countryman took it in  
his hands, looked intently at his wife  
and then at the waiter, and finally  
dove down into his pocket and in-  
quired, "How much is it?"

As for the comparative longevity of  
drinkers and non-drinkers, the English  
life insurance actuaries, whose business  
it was not to be mistaken in such a  
calculation, have found that among 1,000  
drinkers and 1,000 non-drinkers, taken  
at random at twenty years of age, the  
drinkers lived upon an average thirty-  
five years and six months, and the non-  
drinkers sixty-four years and two  
months.

San Francisco rejoices over the pur-  
tification of its laudal fluid, and it is with  
certain nervous pride that can only be  
experienced by the upright and law-  
fearing, that the residents of the place pro-  
pound the following commendation to all  
persons that have a suspicion of ver-  
dancy attached to them: Why is a San  
Francisco milkman like Pharaoh's  
daughter? Because he takes a little  
profit out of the water.