

# The Elk City Advertiser.

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## The Landlady's Daughter.

Three students one day crossed over the Rhine:  
With a landlady there they stopped to dine.  
"Dance hostess, hast thou good ale and wine?  
And where is that beautiful daughter of thine?"  
"My ale and wine are fresh and clear.  
My daughter, she lies on her funeral bier!"  
And when they entered the chamber there,  
To a shrine so black lay the maiden fair.  
The first from her face the veil did throw,  
And upon her he gazed with a look of woe:  
"O wert thou yet living, thou maiden fine,  
From this time forth should thy love be mine!"  
The second, he covered her face once more,  
And turned him away and wept full sore:  
"Alas! that thou dead art lying here!  
For thee have I loved this many a year!"  
The third from her face lifts again the veil,  
And softly he kisses her mouth so pale:  
"I have loved thee always; I love thee to-day  
And love thee I shall forever and aye!"

## A BAD HABIT.

"Indeed, Walter, you are doing very wrong to delay so much in your business," said Mrs. Applegate to her husband, one morning, as they sat later than usual over the breakfast table.  
"I know it's a bad habit, my dear," said Mr. Applegate, "but, then, it doesn't hurt any one but myself, and I can afford it."  
"You can afford it, Walter?" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment.  
"How you talk this morning! Surely, you do not know what you are saying."  
"I assure you I do," said her husband, laughing, "I am perfectly wide-awake and I know what I am saying."  
"Indeed, you are doing wrong," persisted his wife. "You promised to meet Mr. Gay at your office this morning at nine o'clock, and if you do not start at once you will not be able to get there in time."  
"Well, then, Mr. Gay can wait for a few minutes," said her husband, balancing his spoon on the rim of his coffee-cup, and looking at her with a smile. "He can afford to wait awhile for me. Besides, this is the arrangement to-day is entirely to his advantage."  
"Still it is wrong to make him wait if you can avoid it. He has his business to attend to, and after all may not have as much time to spare as you think he has. Besides, if you delay too much in your business affairs, you will lose the confidence of your friends, and you will be sure to suffer by it."  
"You ought to have been a man, Jennie," said her husband, laughing. "You would have been a splendid merchant. However, to please you I'll go down at once."  
So saying, Mr. Applegate rose from the table, and in a few minutes was on his way to his place of business. But he did not reach it promptly. Meeting a friend in the street, he stopped to talk with him on some unimportant matter; and when he started again for his office it was nearly half-past nine. He reached his place of business three quarters of an hour later than he had promised to be there, and found Mr. Gay waiting for him with great impatience.  
"Good morning, Mr. Gay," he said, as he entered. "I hope I have not kept you waiting."  
"I am sorry to say you have," replied Mr. Gay. "I have a great deal to do to-day, and cannot well afford to lose time."  
Mr. Applegate's conscience smote him, but he said, lightly, "Really, I am sorry, but I could not help it. I was detained on my way longer than I had anticipated."  
The business between them was soon transacted, and Mr. Gay took his departure with a very poor opinion of Mr. Applegate's habits of punctuality, which trait is, after all, in a merchant, a cardinal virtue.  
Mr. Applegate was a young man, and had not long been in business for himself; but he had been more than usually successful in his transactions, and had fairly laid a foundation for what promised to be a lucrative and extensive business. He had one great fault to contend against, however. He was extremely careless and was apt to delay too much. He took but little trouble on interest, and was too negligent, even of matters of importance. It was his principle never to do to-day what can be done as well to-morrow; and the habits which he had formed in his early youth grew upon him every year. His wife remonstrated with him frequently, but to no effect. Mr. Applegate had not a care in the world, and was too careless to attempt to change it. He had not experienced any inconvenience from it, and he laughed at his wife's fears as the effect of her inexperience and overcaution.  
It was not long after the occurrence related above, that Mr. Applegate had occasion to see the justice and force of his wife's views.  
In the course of his business an opportunity was presented to him of making an unusual speculation. A lot of goods were offered for sale at a low figure to any one who would take them at cash payment. The sum demanded was a large one for him to raise in twenty-four hours, the time given him; but one that he could have raised in a week or ten days without much inconvenience. Still the transaction seemed to offer so many advantages that he determined to make the effort.  
Among his friends was a merchant of great prominence, who had taken a decided interest in Mr. Applegate at the beginning of that gentleman's career, and had frequently offered to assist him if it should ever be in his power to do so. Hitherto the young merchant had refused from asking any assistance from Mr. King, as his friend was named; but now he determined to avail himself of his friend's offer. He accordingly called upon Mr. King, and, after laying the matter before him, asked him to lend him the amount for ten days.  
"I am perfectly willing to lend the

amount," said Mr. King. "If you are sure of returning it within the time named, I think you have an opportunity of making a handsome speculation in this matter; but I would like to have the money again by the twentieth, as I have a heavy bill to meet on the twenty-second."  
Mr. Applegate assured him there would be no difficulty in the matter, and added that it was probable that he might be able to pay the money before the expiration of the ten days.  
Thus the matter was settled. Mr. Applegate received the amount he needed, and made his purchase at once, congratulating himself upon the extraordinary good luck that had befallen him. When he told his wife of it, she urged him to at once set about collecting the money to repay the loan.  
"Oh, there is time enough for that," said Mr. Applegate, good-humoredly. "I have only to lay my hand on the money. There is no difficulty to be experienced."  
This did not satisfy his wife, who gave him no rest until he had deposited the sum in the bank, ready to be paid out on the appointed day.  
The nineteenth of the month came at last, and as Mr. Applegate was sitting in his office in the morning a friend came in and asked him to go that afternoon a few miles into the country on a fishing expedition. They would return after nightfall. Being very fond of the sport, Mr. Applegate at once consented. As he left his office for the excursion, he thought of the money he had to pay the next day, and his better judgment told him it would be as well to send Mr. King the cheque for it that day; but as he was pressed for time, he decided to put it off until the next day.  
The fishing was unusually good, and a pleasant day was spent. Mr. Applegate and his friend were so well pleased that they determined to spend the night there, and try the sport again the next morning. Mr. Applegate's conscience reproached him as he made this decision, for he remembered that he had promised to repay the borrowed money the next day. He quieted the inward monitor, however, with the thought that Mr. King would not be inconvenienced if he did not pay the money until the next day, and he went on with his fishing. The next morning he started for home, and found that Mr. King was already in the bank to be drawn out.  
He felt so little satisfied with himself, however, that he determined the next day to spend only a few hours in fishing, and to take the twelve o'clock train, which would enable him to reach New York before banking hours were over, and fulfill his promise. He did take the train; but, soon after leaving the station, the locomotive broke down, and they did not reach New York until nearly dark.  
The next morning he hastened to Mr. King with the cheque for the borrowed money. Mr. King received him very coldly.  
"I have come to repay the money I borrowed from you," he said to his friend. "Your bill is not due until to-morrow, I hope the delay will not cause you any trouble."  
As he spoke, he laid the check on the merchant's desk.  
"No," said Mr. King; "it will not inconvenience me in the least; but I am anxious to believe that it will do you harm."  
"Why?" said Mr. Applegate in surprise.  
"Because," replied his friend, "I have determined never to lend to you again. I know the cause of your delay in this matter, and you have put it in the hands of one who shows so little regard for his commercial obligations. Believe me, Mr. Applegate, you will end in ruin if you continue on in this bad habit of yours."  
Mr. Applegate left the counting-house in silence, heartily ashamed of himself. He felt that he was justly retributed, and he deeply regretted having lost the good opinion of such a man as Mr. King.  
When he went home that night, he told his wife all that had happened, and promised her to try and do better in the future. The next morning he saw Mr. King, and made him the same promise.  
He kept his word; and though it was a hard struggle, he succeeded finally in conquering his bad habit, and after a few years was known as one of the most trustworthy and punctual merchants in New York. The result was that Mr. Applegate died a rich man.

## Are Detectives Useful?

Over a year ago, says the New York Sun, the discovery was made that near the small town of Cherryville, in Kansas, a series of atrocious murders had been committed. In a rough building situated out on the prairie a family named Bender lived and thrived, the main element of their existence being unwary travelers who, from stress of weather or other adverse circumstances, were compelled to go to their lunt in order to protect themselves from the storms. We have no account of the manner in which this singular hotel was conducted, as it was a peculiarity of travelers who stayed there never to go further, in consequence of which they never had an opportunity of relating their experience. From the local journals, however, some remarks upon this subject we have watched with interest, it seems that one at least of the family, an elderly lady called Kate, who had a gift of fortune-telling, grew gaunt and lean, while her brothers, her father, and especially her mother, were as fat as they were, in person, although they suddenly became phlegmatic in pocket. How long this kind of thing might have gone on in Kansas, the Bender family getting leaner and their pockets getting fatter every day, nobody would have known if it were not for a remarkable discovery. The brother of a Kansas Senator happened to partake of the hospitalities of the Bender family one night, and was never afterwards heard of until his brother, with some officers of justice, plowed up the Bender farm and excavated the remains of the particular missing man they were in search of, but also the skeleton of a large number of individuals of no marked characteristics, who had disappeared from society without causing a ripple upon its surface. This created great interest among the neighbors, who soon began to whisper that the Bender family was no better than it should be. The result was that the Bender family fled, and though nearly every day the telegraph brings news of the arrest of one of the family, no one of the family has yet been seen. Neither has the murderer of Nathan ever been brought to justice, while even now the police of Philadelphia are pretending to hunt out the mystery attendant upon the kidnapping of a small child. These and many other mysterious incidents that are mentioned in the detective police service of the different cities in the United States is woefully at fault. Large rewards have been offered for the apprehension of the interesting Bender family, the members of which even now may be enjoying the facilities for pleasure afforded by our first-class hotels.

## A Sad Fate.

A Missouri paper tells the following sad story: A family consisting of a man and wife and three children passed through Sedalia, slowly wending their way northward to their old home in Ralls county. Mr. Ressler was a well-to-do farmer who in an early day went to the State of California, and by hard work amassed what he considered a sufficient for a good start in farming life. He returned home to Missouri, married and settled down to regular farming life. This spring, when emigration commenced Texasward, the old fever which had taken him to California in 1851 began to rage, and although he had a good home he grew more and more discontented by his fortune in Texas. He was looking for cheap lands, and passed through Grayson county west into Cook, and out into the western portion of Montana county. This country, though wild, and subject to frequent droughts, was the most fertile of the Indians that infest the western border, is rather rich, and full of game. Mr. Ressler pitched his camp on a little stream, near a good spring, some four or five miles from any habitation, and little dreamed of danger. On the fourth day of their stay the oldest of the children, a young lady of seventeen, went to the spring for a bucket of water, but, alas! she never came back. One scream, like that of the surprised panther, was carried to the ear of the mother, who was at the camp, the father being usually absent from the camp, and the rescue of her first-born, only to hear the receding footsteps of the Comanches' ponies. The mother was paralyzed with grief and fainted away as soon as she realized the fate of her daughter. The father returned in a few hours and examined the locality of the spring, and found that about fifteen ponies had been hatched hard by, and the Indians had evidently crept up to the spring, and were lying in wait for their victim. Mr. R. cared for his wife, and at once started for the next neighbor, and the alarm was given that a young lady had been stolen. The frontier Texas is ever ready to jump into his saddle at a moment's notice, and a party of ten determined men were soon on the trail of the red fiends, which had taken a westerly direction. The superior horses of the Texas rapidly gained on the poor ponies of the Indians, and after traveling all night on a warm trail, came up with the Indians the next morning, just as they had come to a halt, and a fight ensued, in which the object of the chase lost her life. The father, who had been in the fight, and was the only one of the three killed had the gory scalp of the young girl attached to his belt. They had killed her just as soon as attacked. The father was almost distracted and absolutely frenzied with grief, and he realized that the Texas rapidly gained on the poor ponies of the Indians, and he could hardly be kept back. The young lady was buried where killed in the western wilds of Texas, and the family could no longer remain in the country that had caused them so much misery. The reporter asked what became of the scalp, and the father replied that he had buried it in a hole in the ground, and that he had buried it in a hole in the ground, and that he had buried it in a hole in the ground.

## Signs of Hydrophobia.

The following remarks on hydrophobia, coming from so high an authority as Dr. Burdon Sanderson, may merit attention:  
Persons are liable to be bitten by mad dogs under two sets of circumstances—first, when a rabid animal escapes from home and is at large; and secondly, when a dog not supposed to be infected is caressed by his master, or those who have to do with it at home. Consequently, it is quite as important that the public should be aware of those slight indications which afford ground for suspicion that the disease is impending, as that they should know the characteristic signs by which it may be recognized when it has declared itself.  
The premonitory indications of rabies in a dog are derived almost entirely from the observation of changes in his demeanor; consequently, although they may be too trifling to be noticed by a casual observer, they are fortunately sufficiently striking to arrest the attention of those who are in the habit of observing a dog, and of those who are familiar with its habits and individual peculiarities. A dog about to become rabid loses its original vivacity. It mopes about as if preoccupied or apprehensive, and seeks to withdraw into dark corners. From the first, there usually follows a period of depression, and a loss of interest in the most constant symptom of the disease—depraved appetite. Mad dogs devour filth and rubbish of every kind with avidity. Along with this peculiarity of behavior, it is of equal importance to notice that an infected dog from the first snaps at other dogs without provocation. This snappingness in most dogs is very striking. If a dog previously known to have no such habit snap indiscriminately at the first dog it meets in the yard or the street, it is probably not safe.  
If I have had in mind chiefly what is to be observed in dogs tied up or at home. A dog which is at large is also to be recognized if in a dangerous state by its demeanor. A healthy dog in its progress along a street or otherwise shows at every step that its location is a subject of anxiety, and it bounds which it encounters. The rabid dog, on the contrary, goes sullenly and unobtrusively forward, and is not diverted by objects obviously likely to attract it. This statement, however, is subject to the important exception already referred to—that it is excited by the sight and sound of an animal of its own species.  
Of the symptoms which accompany the final stage of the disease, the most important and characteristic are those which relate to the organs in which localization itself—the mouth and throat. Attention is often drawn to the condition of the mouth in an animal supposed to be healthy by the observation that it tries to scratch the corners of its mouth, as if attempting to get rid of the rosy mucus which is seen to be discharged from it. The dog that is tied up, it is to be noted, that the bark has entirely lost its ring, and acquires a peculiar hoarseness, which can be recognized by the most unobservant. As the disease advances, the discharge increases, the lower jaw hangs, as if paralyzed, and the animal has evidently lost its ability to swallow. Along with this there is often a loss of power in the hind limbs. If now the dog be watched, the peculiarities of behavior which have been already noticed are seen to present themselves in a much more marked degree than before. It is observed, first, that it is subject to paroxysms of excitement, in which it makes often repeated efforts to bite or gnaw all objects, such as wood-work, straw, etc., within its reach; and, secondly, even during the remissions its excitement is at once renewed by the sight or sound of another dog.  
It may be well to note that the disease occurs at all seasons; that the mad dog continues to recognize its master, and to manifest pleasure when kindly spoken to; that it does not shun water; and that, in many cases, from first to last, the wild fury which is commonly supposed to belong to the disease, is conspicuously absent.  
The most effectual means for checking the spread of hydrophobia are: First: To circulate information on the subject. Second: To enforce existing regulations as to licenses, and as to the destruction of ownerless dogs. It is to be regretted that the latter proposal of Mr. Fleming, that a short description of the disease be printed on the back of each license, has not been adopted. The disease originates, whether in man or beast, exclusively by contagion. The carriers of contagion are the ownerless dogs of large towns.  
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## A Wide Awake Man.

Many of the old residents of Terre Haute, an Indiana paper says, will remember an enterprising and very industrious barber, whose name was Edward J. Royce, who left many years ago for Africa. In making his first trip he took his goods out on freight, he being a passenger. The entire value of his invoice was not more than \$3,000. In less than eighteen months from the time he left Terre Haute, he returned with six thousand dollars worth of oil, dyewood, ivory and gold dust. Spending but little time in shaking hands and telling stories, he chartered half a brig in company with a white man, and about the time his friends in Terre Haute looked for a letter from him, he anchored his brig in the bay of Monrovia, laden with a good cargo, which was at that moment salable at his own rates. This was the beginning of the career in Africa of the most remarkable man, in many respects, the little Republic ever had within her borders. Following the tide of his good luck, he put off to England in the monthly steamer, where he purchased English goods. He could go wherever the English held the trade and furnish both kinds of goods—English and American. Crossing from England to America, he made the acquaintance of the great house of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York city, with whom he deposited a sum of money, and by whom he was introduced among the first-class merchants, which resulted in his purchasing a vessel and loading her for Liberia.

The isolated colonists of Liberia had not been accustomed to see a colored man thus march up the ladder of success; therefore all eyes were turned toward him.  
The poorer class broke loose from both the old parties and elected this man.  
At the house of ex-Governor Hicks, where he often dined, was the adopted daughter of the Governor, the pretty brown-faced Hannah, without kin or kith in the world. So in his business-like manner he courted her, and she married her. Hannah was born in Liberia, and could speak five or six of the native languages. Leaving his wife to manage home affairs, he bought an English vessel and cargo out and out, and made his first trip to the Gold Coast, where the schooner was had just been bought. This was another twenty thousand stroke in less than thirty-four months. Retaining, he landed at home in Monrovia, and sent vessel and cargo to England for sale, and both sold well.  
J. J. Roberts, the first President, and now the sixth one, has been a life-long enemy of Mr. Royce, and the feeling was entirely mutual between them. Mr. Royce was three times nominated and defeated for the Presidency before he succeeded in taking the chair. He was also Senator and Chief Justice of the Republic.  
Mr. Royce was elected President in 1868, the term at that time being two years. His party being strongly in the ascendency, they thought they could enact a law by which he could hold his seat without an election. Both he and all his friends and department were imprisoned for usurpation. He remained several weeks in jail, made his escape, and in an attempt to get to a British steamer, then lying in the Bay of Monrovia, was drowned. The body was recovered and delivered to his family and friends, and was buried in the waving palm trees in his lot in Evergreen Cemetery. The Government confiscated some of his property.  
Mr. Royce was the wealthiest man in Liberia, and his family will not want unless they become extraordinarily extravagant.

## Items of Interest.

The Delaware peach crop is expected to fill 800,000 baskets.  
In Turkey, when a man tells notorious lies, they blacken the front of his house.  
A Pennsylvania man dislocated his jaw in laughing at a joke in a borrowed newspaper. The moral is obvious.  
Blueberries, whortleberries and wild raspberries are not only exceedingly plentiful this year but also of remarkable size.  
It is calculated that the poultry industry of the United States amounts to \$31,000,000 annually, besides the home consumption.  
California has 77 Baptist churches, Oregon 53, Washington Territory 5, and Nevada 1, making a total of 136 on the Pacific coast.  
The strongest propensity in woman's nature, says a surly editor, is a desire to know what is going on, and the next to manage the job.  
An Iowa paper predicts that in five years every pound of Western flour will be sent East, in barrels of paper made from the straw the wheat grew on.  
A Western woman shot her husband's horse rather than have it sold. She took care of it after it was shot, and held its head in her lap nearly all day.  
The Superior Court of Cincinnati has just decided that a man who is security for another on a large bond is obligated to be responsible for defalcations which may exist before he was on the bond.  
Statisticians have decided, we believe, that a sentence to the penitentiary for life substantially means, under the conditions attaching to pardons in most of the States, an average imprisonment of from four to six years.  
It is now proposed to flood the Desert of Sahara and turn it into a great inland sea, 250 miles in length and 45 miles in width. The scheme, which originated in France, is pronounced quite practicable by competent engineers.  
If you have been picking or handling acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stain will disappear.  
A lady who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic, was astonished by his running in and propounding the following problem: "Ma'm, you had three butterflies and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.  
The Missouri State Lottery was originally planned forty years ago to build a plank or macadamized road from the town of New Franklin to the Missouri river, a distance of three or four miles. Millions of dollars have been placed in this lottery, and still the New Franklin road is not built, though the grant will probably continue for years.  
There is required to be built in Louisiana, before the city is safe, 1,500 miles of levee or fifty miles of cut-off canals. The necessary repairs at crevasses will alone take \$3,000,000, which, if paid for, the government will have to assume two-thirds of it. It is not likely to do this, and hence the repairs will be left unfinished.

## Dogs.

How much of what is said among people is understood by dogs? On one of the hottest days the unfortunate dogs confined in a city pond appeared to suffer intensely from the suffocating air. A gentleman, desirous of purchasing a watch-dog, went there, and after some examination decided to buy a young black dog, for which he paid a regulation price of three dollars. When the pound master went to tie a rope about the dog's neck in order that the gentleman might lead him away, it really seemed as if he knew he had been re-deemed. He jumped up as the master approached him, and leaped and barked and whined and whined as if desirous of being tied. When his new master led him out, all the other dogs seemed to go frantic, and broke out into a series of howls and yells that were painful to hear, not only because they were almost deafening, but because it seemed as if they knew they were being reserved for a worse fate.

## A Triple Suicide.

A triple suicide lately took place at Vienna under sad circumstances. Three ladies, the eldest appearing to be the mother of the two, took a bedroom at the Kummer Hotel. The next morning they went out for a short time, and on their return, after having taken a light repast, retired to their chamber. Shortly afterward several detonations were heard in that apartment, and on the door being broken open the three women were found lying dead on the floor, each with a pistol in her hand, and their skulls fractured by the bullets. Subsequently they were recognized as Mme. Gyorgy, the wife of a tradesman of Tordy, in Hungary, completely ruined by the late financial crisis, and her two daughters. No rings or jewelry were found on them, and the only property they possessed besides their clothes was the sum of forty-seven kreutzers (three and a half centimes each) in the mother's purse.  
Didn't Want the Ticket.  
A conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad tells the following: At an eastern station he received on board a fine-looking specimen of an old country gentleman. When he passed through the cars, the old gentleman handed up his ticket, which was duly punched and returned to him. After passing the next station, the conductor again called for the old gentleman's ticket. It was locked up in surprise, and very honestly informed the puncher of tickets that he had thrown it out of the window. "Why did you do that?" asked the conductor. The old man replied, "Why, I thought if you didn't want it, I didn't." The face of the old man was so honest, and his knowledge of railroad travel so evidently so limited, that the conductor accepted his word, and carried him to his destination.

## Apples in Massachusetts.

Complaints come from Massachusetts that the young fruit is falling from the apple trees. In the Boston Herald Republican says: "There may be enough left upon the trees to make a fair return, if they were safe and certain to mature in good condition. Unfortunately the fruit already upon the ground contains within itself sufficient larva of insects to render it worthless to insure not only the ruin of this year's crop, but of next year's, too. Anybody who will examine these little apples with a jack-knife will find inside of them and devouring the seeds the larva of the apple-moth, a tiny, pinkish worm not much larger than a pin's head. The egg from which this worm grew was laid in the blow of the apple, almost as soon as the apple was set after blossoming. The larva eats the seeds, and soon pushes out of the apple to find a new nest, usually under the scales of the bark of the tree itself, whence it issues at each season, according to Trimble, for another raid upon the fruit this year; it will get back, at all events, to spend the nine inclement months under the bark-scale, whence it will issue next summer to repeat the process. The remedy is first to pick up the apples that are rotting and treat them in some way to destroy their inhabitants; second, lest some of the larvae have already left the apples, to intercept them on their way up the trees. This may be done, according to the same authority above mentioned, by binding the stems of the trees with a sticky substance, such as tar, and dipping them in a solution of kerosene. Careful fruit growers jar these insects off the trees upon sheets in the early mornings of June and kill them one by one. The best that can be done now is to lessen the next generation by destroying the apples in which their eggs were deposited, and to keep the trees and descended into the ground. A drought like that of last summer is supposed to endanger those insects near the surface of the ground by parching, but there is manifestly no lack of them this year. The curculio, it is well known, ruins the plum completely and it destroys the natural beauty and much of the flesh of the apple and the pear. Little can be done in battling with either of these pests, unless whole neighborhoods will combine to pursue the warfare."

## Brigoli in Bliss.

A writer in the Chicago Times says: I saw one day in the dining-room of a watering-place, a very young lady loitering around Brigoli like moths about a candle. They were not parvines, not ill-bred, not under ordinary circumstances particularly shallow. On the contrary, they were of the social elect; they were naturally refined, graceful, elegant, among the best specimens that the metropolis can boast. But when I had observed them zealously competing for his awkward attention, blushing when he spoke to them, smiling up at him, making pretense to get near him and touch his coat, they were suddenly transformed into a very different set of people. They were now very much as the shoulder-bitter does when he comes up on the thirteenth round, with his face battered into a jelly. At last I saw two or three of the prettiest girls putting bon-bons in his mouth, and caressing his chin with their taper-fingers. That was beyond my endurance. I walked hurriedly away, and am conscious that, then and there, some of my ideals were rudely pulled down."

## A Big Wood-Drive.

Of Mr. Jones, the well known wood dealer of Empire City, says the Nevada Enterprise, we have the following particulars in regard to the big wood-drive now in Carson river: At a point above Markleville, a large boom was stretched across the river, and above this was about 100,000 cords of wood, filling the channel of the stream for a distance of eight or ten miles. At night the boom broke, allowing the wood to rush into the river below. The wood went "booming" down the stream at a terrific rate. It is said that in places a single stick would lodge against a rock in the center of the river, and a moment after there would be accumulated a sort of fury of wood extending up the river forty or fifty yards. This would suddenly swing round against the shore, and in a few minutes the channel would be gorged from bank to bank. Some of these gorges held so long as to dam up the river for a great distance and inundate the land on each side. When they finally broke there was a tremendous commotion and rush till another gorge was formed.

## How they Get a Horse Up.

When a horse falls down, says an exchange, fourteen men put their hands in their pockets and each another why they don't do something. Fifteen other men advise the driver that he is half mad, and two small boys stand by with their hands clasped and an expression of determination written on every lineament. Then several men ask why somebody don't hold his head, until one old gentleman volunteers to hold it. He steps forward calmly, bends over the prostrate animal and puts one hand gently on his ear. The horse, getting tired, raises his head suddenly, the crowd laughs, and the old gentleman seems to take no further interest in the proceedings. Then the horse, having had all the fun he can have, rises like a tidal wave, and the crowd disperses.

## Discharge of Compositors.

The Cincinnati Gazette Company dismissed all their compositors, and supplied their places with a full force of men not members of the Typographical Union. Three or four old printers left the Union and were taken back by the Gazette.