

The Elk County Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1874.

NO. 24.

Shadows.

Did you ever look at your shadow
Stretched out before the sun,
And think what a fine straight fellow
You were when all was done,
And torment some slender shadow
By blotting the two in one?
Did you say, with a jest and laughter,
"So, love, it still must be!"
The wife in her husband's shadow
Should hide entirely,
As a thing flung out of the sunlight,
Too sacred for men to see?
Did the lesser shadow resent it,
Or closer press with thine,
As often a sweet little shadow
Has swept along with mine?
Now the shadows have faded together,
And the sun has ceased to shine.
Now suns will rise in the heavens,
And shed as bright a ray
But the shadow that with my shadow
Had glided day by day
Is the shadow of a cross in the churchyard,
And it shadows all my way.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVER.

"Ah, James, my boy, give us your hand. Here I am, safe and sound, and you look a little seedy. Hum, well, you're blue, blue as a newt. How is business?"
James Bedford occupied the next office to his own, in Leverett's block. "Business is good enough. Did you have a good time? Might have written!"
"James, don't tear your coat-sleeve. No man could write under the circumstances. Let me unfold to thee—I am a married man!"
"You're what?" shouted James, leaping from his chair and scattering a half-pint of ink over the desk and floor.
"Married, by jingo! Give us your hand. The bride's at the house waiting to see you to tea at five."
"I don't believe it. Nor will I. Here an affianced lover like myself is totally forgotten for a month, and a man who never had a sweetheart brags of being married. Salem Mott, you're an unfeeling fellow—I believe in nothing."
"You will be more considerate of my honor when you hear the story of my adventures and see the beautiful wife I have. We left St. Louis—that is I and my precious face—in good spirits, innocent and happy. The Phil Sheridan had a comfortable party of passengers, and to avoid the confusion of immediately went to the hurricane deck. Here I sat for hours, smoking and thinking; thinking how delightful it was to get away from the cares of business and taking a pleasure trip. By-and-by this thing got monotonous. I thought that one thing over and over, and then began to think it all over again.
"But just at that time the steamboat sidled up against the wharf-boat at Allentown. A number of passengers came aboard. There might have been a thousand. I only saw one, and one sight alone would have made me proud of having seen the loveliest woman in the world. She was the most magnificent-looking woman you ever saw—no, you never saw her, but you will soon.
"I rushed down into the cabin—forward to the clerk's office—and saw her enter the cabin. Her cheeks were as ruddy as the bloom of peaches, and her skin as clear as singlass. And she was proud—as a queen—at least I thought so. Everybody made way for her—not for the jaunty traveling suit, nor the dainty shoes, nor the diamond cross hanging to the satin round her throat, nor the Paisley shawl, but for the princess that carried them.
"For two days I watched her; I was the worst case of lovesickness you ever heard of, and now I look back upon that complete episode of manhood as an optimum-ester dose upon a season of exaltation. I stood near the cabin door while she played upon the piano, while she sang I leaned over the railing and stork mad that had I then been informed that she was married, or even affianced, my life and my briefs would have come to an untimely end in the boiling flood about the rudder.
"There was a very handsome man who stood guard over her. He was not her husband. There was also a young lady companion about her own age. These three I had reason to suppose cousins from snatches of conversation which could not escape my ears from time to time.
"The evening of the third day was so eventful and wrought wonderful changes in my prospects. Soon after nightfall the band began to play, and those inclined began to dance. She danced like a sylph or a Psyche, or some other divinity, and all I could do was to look at her and endure a severe headache. Completely overwhelmed by my infatuation, I rushed out of the cabin and breathed the fresh night air about the wheel-house. A plank had been broken off from it about as high up as the railing, and I bent my face down close to the great flying wheel and let the cool spray dash against it.
"Scarcely a moment had passed in this refreshing occupation when who should hippity-hop down the narrow passage but my Queen of Love, her face wreathed in smiles and her eyes aglow. I was staggered, knowing that some mistake had been made and that I should make it worse by blunders.
"She had mistaken me for her cousin!
"Oh, you can't escape me, Charles! Stand still, I've something to tell you!" She made a plunge for my arm and caught her prisoner. She was torturing me with grace and beauty and the most charming abandon. "There is a man in there who looks exactly like you," she said. "I must know him. Introduce him."
"Like me?" I quavered.
"Yes, like you—I only better looking. Hasn't such an awful look in his nose—prettier month, too. I have seen him wandering around so lonesome-like all day. I pointed him out to Cousin Nell, and what think you she said?"
"Can't guess," said I.
"That's just like you. She said if you ran away from us again she would get this man to go home and play off a trick on your relatives. Think of that once, and come to your senses."

"Well, now, that threat was a source of great comfort. This girl was not his sweetheart, but in a fair way to become mine. What a glorious mistake this was! How to get safely out of it—that was the appalling problem. But every moment of my sweet; I didn't care to get out of it."
"Come," said she, "I want you to see him. He has the handsomest eyes in the Mississippi Valley!" (That's what she said, James!) "I'm quite in love with him." (Just then I stood erect.)
"I didn't say anything of course, but I didn't go to sleep. I was walking right over into the boiling wake had she asked it as a favor. But she didn't. I don't exactly remember how it was, but soon we were dancing. Didn't I dance, though? We just whirled! So we danced until she suddenly stopped and cried—
"Why, I can't find him. He has left his solitary seat. Then some one gave us an unmerciful thump and we moved out of the way. Her eyes sparkled. She turned red. Then we withdrew into corner.
"There—there—can't you see? Cousin's waiting with him! How did she get acquainted with him? See her look into his face—why it's downright bold. Aren't they pretty familiar for strangers? (I thought she seemed a little disappointed at this.) "I don't think he is so handsome after all. He has got a crook in his nose, hasn't he?"
"I saw the man who was my reflection, and to tell the truth, was a little flattered. We both wore clothes of the same pattern—even the same style of watch-guard.
"I saw there was disappointment in her face, and I was quite happy. My hand was still on her waist, and I attempted to draw her to the deck, for fresh air, I said.
"No, sir," she replied, "I don't want fresh air—yes I do, too. Come on."
"I have something to tell you, I said, as soon as we were under the shadow of heavy timbers. She looked up with a winning, innocent smile—
"Tell me."
"Don't you fall in love with that man!"
Then she looked mysterious and cunning. She pulled my beard. I couldn't help it, Bedford. I couldn't—it was how long very sweet—I kissed her hand. Bless your soul, James—if she didn't give me a pinch in return, with all her might. "There," she said, "that's for your impudence."
"Keep your seat," said Bedford, "and have another cigar. I didn't know how interested I had become."
"Oh, yes—It's a good fellow—
"Do! She edged up to the door and watched the progress of affairs in the brilliant cabin. Then I was quite ready to get on my knees and avow my villainy in concealing the mistake. I staggered up to her—the perspiration on my forehead and my knees knocking together. My heart gnawed at me with desperation. I sought for words. Everything swam around, and I felt faint.
"Cousin," I said, grasping her arm, though not roughly—I did not know her name—I—I—I—I—I am acquainted with this gentleman who like so well."
"Oh, yes—It's a good fellow—that he is—he's a lawyer in St. Louis. Name is Salem Mott. Lives with his mother—loves her pretty well—that is, I dare say he loves her—don't you."
"Me! I never saw his mother—has a pretty name—how you act! What is she?"
"He goes into society some with her; he is—basilful—perhaps a little deceitful in one thing."
"Is he? In what?" she asked rapidly glancing in the cabin door.
"Oh, no, I guess not deceitful; but he hasn't much property; rather ambitious though. His looks are against his making a matrimonial spec."
"Looks! He's better looking than you are. I do think he's handsome. See him laugh with that goose of a cousin of mine!"
"You are very complimentary."
"Well, I do think he is noble looking. Like you, dear cousin." Don't laugh, Bedford; this is what she said. He looked so lonesome and so sad I came very near creeping up behind him, taking him by the ear and offering him my services as a partner for the "Lancers." What would you have said?
"Me? Why, I would have said God bless your woman's heart! He is lonesome. There is no man on the boat so worthy or so willing I think to be your cavalier on your trip. Why, he would love you to death, I'm sure."
"Oh! oh! oh! Cousin has left him alone. Good-bye."
"She was gone—gone after her lady cousin—and I watched with beating heart for the outbreak of a coming storm. Ah, how I wished the mistake had been told by my lips. Now she would find me a guilty wretch. She would bring that cousin to wreak vengeance upon me. I crept up to the door-post of the cabin and looked in. The two young ladies came up near the door and stood silent a moment. I strained every nerve of hearing, and trembled. My sylph opened a pair of ruby lips, and rather testily said:
"You met him and danced with him—and—what else?"
"The cousin looked askance at her, and then glanced down the long room in silence. Finally she turned to the sylph and asked: "Danced with whom?"
"Why, with our lonesome family prototype. Can you present him to me?"
"Present him to you!" cried the cousin. "I am perplexed by what you say. I saw you dancing with him as graciously as though you had known him for years."
"Oh, don't pester me," replied the sylph, shrugging her matchless shoulders. "Come dear, don't bother me. I do want to know him so much—indeed I do!"
"Why, my cousin darling, I am

quite angry with you. I've kept company with Charles all the evening."
"What a fib that is. You are jealous! Fie, Charles and I have been together until this moment from the first; and just here the eyes of my late partner in the dance shot fire and confusion. Mutual fire was rising."
"Then we must quarrel, I suppose. One of us is wonderfully mistaken, and it is you."
"The other—the sylph—for she was much the more beautiful of the two—said, and muttered, 'It is you!' "
"To show you that it is not me, cousin, that has made a fearful blunder, let us go and ask. I know that Charles and I wondered very much at your performance."
"Performance! now that is too bad."
"I could have shaken the unwelcome truth out of her impertinence, although I knew she was correct, for my quasi cousin's eyes were filling with tears."
"Why, said she, 'he knows all about that man. His name is Salem Mott, and he is a lawyer, and he's got a mother in St. Louis, and he likes him ever so much, and—' and what a dainty handkerchief caught the falling tears."
"There, there, dear cousin, let us go and find out."
"How?"
"Ask that; how else would you?"
"Well, come on," said Sylph, looking up with a bright flash.
"No, you must come to Charles, said the other."
"Of course. Our cousin Charles. Here he is, out this way. I know he is catching spray from the wheel. Come on."
"No, no, that is Mott; there's Charles—don't you see him?—next the lamps on the other side."
"Oh, my head! my heart! Can it be? I tell you that's Mott, cousin. Of course it is!"
"Well, well, come, let us see. I'll ask."
"The two girls started off, brave enough. I could not hear all they said, but I guessed. The confident other cousin had almost reached the place where Charles sat in ignorant bliss, dragging the other girl with her, when her courage gave out. She was not quite sure of his individuality. She stopped dead, and she kissed her hand. "Suppose it should be Mott, after all. Do you want to ask your cavalier? She said, suddenly, addressing her companion.
"Of course I do, if I can find him. Ha, ha, ha! You have made an awful mistake. Come out on deck."
"Oh, you must," cried the other, piteously, following the lead of my destiny. "What shall I do?"
"So back they came to where I was hiding. I darted into a shadow. At the door they stopped.
"Oh, you must," pleaded the other.
"But suppose."
"Suppose what, darling?"
"It might be Mott!"
"Of course it is Mott."
"Oh dear, oh dear! send for Charles; what a fool I've been! Why don't you ask and get your Charles?"
"And upon my word she burst out crying, where other eyes could see her, attracted by the impulsive sobs.
"Just then the immovable photograph of myself left his seat in the center of the cabin and approached the twin. The dance, fortunately, was brought to a close, the big light was dimmed, and the music ceased.
"What happened next? I do not know. I stole into my berth, and at about three o'clock in the morning came to the conclusion of addressing her a note. I never write disagreeable notes twice. It appeared thus with the first writing. I'll read it to you, Bedford. It's in my pocket. By the way, I put the name and address next morning, getting them from the clerk:
"MY DEAR MISS MITCHELL: I am so thoroughly convinced that what I did last evening was wrong that I do not expect pardon. Nevertheless I ask it—hopelessly. It was not done maliciously; I shall give you the truthful cause in three words: "I love you;" and I can show you through your cousin Charles that it is not improper for me to address you thus. I beg you to meet me again, that I may tell you something of the admiration which led me to take advantage of your mistake. Had I gone to the wheel-house last night for any other purpose than to see your smiling face, I could not have seen you. I would have told you of your mistake at once. I could not. Until you inform me of the punishment I am to receive I remain your hopeful suitor,
SALEM MOTT."
"Hello there, Bedford! What on earth is the matter? You are ill!"
"Did she answer you?" gasped the young man, rising.
"Answer?" I shouted, "why, she is my wife, and new in my mother's arms."
"O, heaven!" he cried, as his head fell to the desk. "It is all explained."
"What is explained—did you know Miss Mitchell? Speak out, James; was she—"
"Yes, yes, she was; but it is well. It is all explained. Do you think I could have heard your story if you had spoken that name before?"
"O, Bedford! she cannot have done wrong. It is a mistake."
"No, no; it is no mistake. It is her beauty, Alton; her cousin Charles; her name; no letter for six weeks; Salem, it is no mistake. You have a good girl; a good girl," he continued wrathfully, "but false as Satan—false as Satan—false—"
"He wept bitterly. I closed the door that there might be no stranger witness to his agony. I was deeply moved. It was a cloud over my new happiness.
"Ah," he murmured, "that is why the wedding day was put off until winter. That is why no letters have come. It will kill me! Mott, you are innocent of my murder. I know you are, but—"
"Be calm, James; be quiet a moment, for there may be some dreadful mistake."
"No, no! I'm ruined, ruined, Go—leave me alone!"
"Quicker than a flash of lightning a

thought sprang full-born into my mind, and I returned from the door to Bedford's desk. He was so miserable.
"Bedford," I shouted, "what was her first name?"
"O, Agnes—Oh, Agnes," he gasped and caught his breath in the face of his misery. I squared myself in front of the fallen man and plunged my fists deep into my pockets. He did not notice me.
"Ho, ho, ho," I laughed again in his ear.
"What do you mean, fool?" he exclaimed.
"My wife's name is Laura."
"What?" Bedford jumped over two office-tables at a leap and fell fainting into the arms of my wife. She had been waiting an hour in my office—next hall door—and had heard my voice as I had heard the door to go out a moment before.
She jumped back, and the postman entered the office.
Bedford woke up speedily. The letter received that afternoon told him why "his" letters had been sent. His bride-elect had been my sylph's cousin; and Bedford had a happy band, too, and so a small romance is concluded.

TWEED IN PRISON.

How He Spends His Time—His Visitors and His Occupation.
A hospital steward, who has just left Blackwell's Island, tells the following story of Wm. M. Tweed, and his confinement and occupation there:
An assistant orderly's duties consist in waiting on the physicians, administering medicines, applying bandages, etc. In addition to this he is to keep a small book in which a record of all medicines ordered daily must be entered. Mr. Tweed, Donohue asserts, has never yet waited on a patient, and all the stories of his fatherly manner in binding up the wounds of patients and soothing their brows with patient applications of water must be set down to the imaginations of writers who have had imperfect and unreliable sources of information. His duties are performed by one of the convalescent inmates of the hospital. The record of medicines ordered daily, however, is duly entered in his little book. He records them once every two weeks from the doctor's book, which is left with him for that purpose. Sometimes this duty becomes irksome and it is omitted. As, for example, when the Grand Jury was expected to make their last visit, Mr. Tweed's book had not been written up for four weeks. Mr. Donohue's book, however, was brought into requisition, and Mr. Tweed copied the entries on the date of the visit.
Mr. Tweed rises about seven o'clock in the morning, and after reading the morning newspapers, of which he takes six, goes to breakfast. This involves a pleasant walk of a little less than a quarter of a mile to the Warden's house. After enjoying the sociability of the Warden's table until about nine o'clock, Tweed, meantime, has been carefully put in order by one of the prison chambermaids. At half-past nine his private secretary reports to him, and Mr. Tweed transacts business with him and converses with other visitors who may call until one o'clock. Then he leaves his luncheon and takes a leisurely promenade to the Warden's house again, where his midday meal is taken, followed by a siesta which lasts until three or four o'clock. His supper is brought down in a basket, by a prisoner employed in the Warden's house, about six o'clock, and given to the night-attendant of the prison, who sends it up-stairs to his room.
Mr. Tweed is waited upon every day by his sons, who bring him wines, liquors, and all the delicacies of the season, of which he always has an assortment. James Carey, the hero of the bogus express company, performs the duties of a valet for him. He blacks his boots, keeps his room in order, and in general makes him comfortable. The furniture of the "dismal cell" that overlooks the river to the east is of French walnut. There is a cabinet washstand, a desk, and three or four chairs. The ordinary same bed consists of a straw mattress covered with one sheet. Mr. Tweed is forced to lie on a spring-bed with two hair mattresses, a hair bolster, and two feather pillows. There is a patchwork quilt and a white counterpane. A green rep sofa, which when ordered was found to be too large to be taken into his room, stands just outside and serves as a convenient seat to lounge upon. A selection of standard books adorn the shelves of a commodious library, and the floor is nicely carpeted.
On Sundays Mr. Tweed replaces the old afternoon siesta in his spacious stable with a First-day loaf in the coal-yard. This is his favorite retreat when he wishes particularly to avoid visitors or exclude himself. He has learned to feel an affection for the place. Last Fourth of July he looked downcast, and his thoughts were evidently of the times when he ruled the great city. From which he heard the martial sounds of rejoicing in company with Keeper Rafferty he left the hospital at nine o'clock, and, after having his breakfast, went to his old resting-place in the coal-yard. There he remained all day. Several visitors called on him, but when their cards were sent to his room an answer was returned that he was attending the physician in an operation, and would not be at leisure during the day. He returned to the prison about six p. m. and immediately retired. He did not make his appearance again until the next morning at eight o'clock. On Sundays this is his usual hour of rising. Then he goes, as soon as he is dressed, to his breakfast. After that he returns to the coal-yard on the west side of the prison. Here he remains all day, only leaving it to go to dinner.
On a recent visit of the Grand Jury to the institution he remained in the hospital all day wearing his prison suit. After the Grand Jury had inspected the prison and had expressed their satisfaction with all they saw they proceeded with Tweed advanced to him with great cordiality, and in turn, grasped him by the hand. "How do you do, Mr. Tweed?" they exclaimed; "is there anything we can do for you? There is let us know, and we will see if it can be brought about."
He replied that he was getting along as well as could be expected, but was very much obliged for their kind offer and for the interest they expressed in his welfare.
He receives the evening papers about seven o'clock, and spends a couple of hours in their perusal, after which he retires. He occupies a great deal of his time in writing. After he has written several pages he often destroys them. He seems to be very cautious that nobody shall see what he has written. This extreme caution has attracted the attention of all who have seen him at work. What it is that he is engaged in can only be imagined. It is possible that this particular action is merely a peculiarity in the transaction of his business. When he first came to the prison he was seen to destroy a great many letters. These were not carelessly thrown into the stove, but burnt separately, with the greatest care. The

letters were torn in two, and each half placed in the stove, and watched until it was entirely consumed. He receives a great many letters which he also destroys as soon as they have been read. No one will ever know who his correspondents are, nor what they have had to say to him. He carefully studies each letter he writes, after he has finished it.
His summer suit consists of an alpaca coat, black pants, white cravat, and straw hat with a black band. He changes his linen every day. He no longer wears the great diamond which is generally associated with him. He carries an open-faced gold watch guarded with a black chain; wears plain gold studs and black rubber sleeve-buttons. A plain gold ring is on the little finger of his left hand. He has a "larceny" prison suit which he keeps carefully hidden under the bed. He has worn it just four times since his incarceration. The first occasion was when he was visited by the Grand Jury; the second when Sir Lambton Lord; the third was when the Prison Inspectors examined the prison; and the fourth was when the full Board of Commissioners of Charities and Correction visited the prison several months ago during a time of considerable public excitement on the subject of his prison life.
Over each cell in the prison and over each bed in the hospital is suspended the occupant's "tally." It is a record of his crime, name, age, nativity, religion, the number of months he has spent in prison, and his sentence. Over the head of Mr. Tweed's bed in the hospital was tacked a card bearing the following inscription:
WILLIAM M. TWEED,
State Prison,
New York,
12 years
\$12,000 fine.
The "P." indicated that he is a Protestant. In conclusion Mr. Donohue says that Mr. Tweed has always a kind word for everybody, both prisoners and keepers, and a better-loved prisoner is not on the island. On the other hand, he insists that he is surrounded by all the comforts that go to make life happy. He does nothing but what he pleases, and there are no rules—Mr. Donohue thinks, after his eighteen months' experience—who would readily exchange his freedom for such confinement as Mr. Tweed suffers. He goes where he pleases and returns when he pleases, and if he wished he could escape at any time, and he is never for hours before he would be missed by the prison authorities.
How to Find Water.
Mr. George Macy, of Ghent, was in Hudson, the *Star* says, a few days ago for the purpose of finding streams of water (if possible) on the Joel T. Simpson farm, this gentleman having recently erected several dwelling houses on the farm, and being desirous of locating wells for the use of his tenants. Mr. Macy brought to his aid the fork or two united branches of a peach tree, the ends of which he clasped tightly in each hand, and he walked about the premises in search of water. When a stream was crossed the peach tree rod would bend forward until the butt was perpendicular, and when Mr. Macy took a step over the stream the end would quickly return to its original position. It was quite an interesting sight to see the rod work in Mr. Macy's hands, as it was the first time we had ever seen this kind of manifestations. The gentleman informed us that he had found hundreds of streams in various parts of this county, and in the State by the use of this rod, and had never been disappointed with any of his discoveries of streams of water, as in every case good wells had been secured. The rod will not work in every person's hand; indeed, there are but few who are gifted with sufficient electric action to have the rod designate where streams of water are located. Mr. Macy relates many instances where he has been tested severely, but in every case good wells have been secured. He has concluded, however, to learn the fact that there are a great many mysterious things in the world, and that a simple peach tree possesses astonishing powers.
Product of Carbonic Acid.
A French writer thus estimates the amount of carbonic acid annually thrown into the atmosphere. He calculates the yearly consumption of coal throughout the world at 13,000,000 tons, containing about 98,000,000 tons of carbon, which he assumes is converted into 356,000,000 tons of carbonic acid. He calculates the other fuels and illuminating substances to yield about one-fifth of that from the coal, making in all about 427,000,000 tons annually, to which he adds a weight of gas no less than ten times greater, as the product of volcanic craters and fissures, whence he says it pours in torrents. If we take into consideration the amount of oxygen abstracted from the atmosphere by the respiration of animals, and also that which goes to form the carbonic acid above mentioned, it would certainly seem that in parts containing little or no vegetation we ought all to be poisoned. Fortunately, however, we have winds and plenty of plants to dispose of far more carbonic acid than is here calculated.

Items of Interest.
Vanderbilt says he'd give \$10,000,000 to be set back to thirty years of age again.
A Minnesota man set fire to his barn to drive out the mosquitoes, but he hadn't time to get on his three horses. The city tax of fifteen dollars per quarter on all Chinese laundrymen in San Francisco has been declared unconstitutional.
An old gentleman died recently at Allentown, Pa., who had been married four times, the ceremonies having taken place on his fortieth, fiftieth, sixtieth, and seventieth birthdays.
Frederick the Great kept an aid-de-camp who had a foot the same size as his own, to wear the royal boot until the word "broke in." Sometimes when he wore them too long he got kicked for his pains.
The great East river bridge is still going upward—at least the towers are. The Brooklyn tower has reached an elevation of over 220 feet above high-water mark. The New York tower is 123 feet high.
A man who drove through a camp of grasshoppers near Fort Dodge, Iowa, recently, declares that they covered a square-half-mile of ground, and formed a living, squirming, wiggling mass, over three inches thick on the average. Wherever they camp vegetation is totally destroyed.
Give me the boy who rouses when he is praised, who profits when he is encouraged, and who is less than he is defeated. Such a boy will be first by ambition; he will be stung by reproach, and animated by preference; never shall I apprehend any bad consequences from idleness in such a boy.—Quintilian.
A deposit of one dollar per week in a savings bank will accumulate in five years to \$300.34; in ten years, to \$705.87; in twenty years, to \$1,741.82—or nearly \$2,000. How many parents, who never saved a cent, might have put by a dollar a week to give their child a good start in life on attaining twenty-one years of age.
They tell of a landlord in Newport, R. I., who lately, wishing to get rid of a sick tenant, threw several pails of water upon the floor of a room above, and allowed it to run through upon the poor consumptive's bed. Afterward, when the tenant had been removed, he hoisted a flag upon the premises by way of rejoicing and to show his disregard of public opinion. The tenant has since died.
A good advertisement in a good newspaper is the best of all possible salesmen. It is a salesman who never sleeps, and is never weary; who goes after business early and late; who accosts the merchant in his shop, the scholar in his study, the lawyer in his office, the lady at her tea table, who can be seen in a thousand places at once, and speaks to a million of people every day, saying to each one the best thing in the best manner.
Rear Views of Pretty Villages.
The *Congregationalist* contains an editorial article treating a peculiarity of American villages. People who travel much by railroad are in the habit of asserting that "country towns are all back-yard." The *Congregationalist* says:
It used to be the habit in the country, when pains were taken, that it is now, and the ways of the people were more thoughtful as to petty expenditure, to paint the back side of the house—if it were not left wholly untouched by the brush—red, when the front and the ends were white, because red was a less costly color than white and lasted longer. This the prettiest who visit the villages of New England, who doubt if a tenth part of even the most pretentious mansions, and the most ornate cottages, will bear examination in the rear. Instead of being nicely finished in all their petty domestic details and conveniences, and kept snug and trim, with trim grassplots; with all the superabundant avenues and garden approaches well graded, clean swept and free of refuse, and everything wholesome and orderly, there is apt to be a look of general untidiness, as if all the residual rubbish of years had been dumped therein. Not unfrequently a railroad runs its tracks in such a manner as to expose the rear of plenty of houses to the eye of the traveler over it—whose sense of neatness is offended by square rods of back-yard lumbered up with every conceivable variety of second-hand, damaged, and invalidated articles known to domestic use, from a horsecart disabled by broken wheels and a stevedore's wheelbarrow, to the ghost of the baby carriage which survives two generations of children; interspersed with smashed crockery, rusty and condemned tinware, old boots, sardine boxes, disabled junk bottles, hoop skirts which would have outlived all usefulness if they had ever had any, chips, burdock, mullein, ashes, half-burned lumps of wasted coal, and all imaginable litter, trash, debris, and dirt.
Were the traveler to alight at the next station and take a carriage to any one of these habitations, he would doubtless be charmed with the neatness of the front approaches, and the "on exhibition" portions of these very homes, the staterooms of whose construction not thus conscientiously on public view had just disgusted him.
A Desperate Act.
A stone ginger-beer bottle, loaded with gunpowder and nails, and with a lighted fuse attached, was thrown lately into the bedroom of five brick-makers in a lodging-house at Miles Platting, near Manchester, England. A loud explosion followed, the force of which threw two men out of bed. The bed, which was overturned, was set on fire, but the flames were soon put out. The only lodger injured was a lad named Lines, who was rather badly scorched. The five men who were in the room are brickmakers employed in turning out machine-made bricks under a contract for the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railroad Company, and their doing so is known to have given great offense to the hand brickmakers in the neighborhood.