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America to Iceland.

We come, the children of thy Vinland,
The youngest of the world's high peers,
O land of steel, and song, and saga,
To greet thy glorious thousand years!
Across that sea the son of Erik
From his ventures dragon's prow;
From shores where Thorfinn set his banner,
Their latest children seek thee now.
Hail mother-land of skalds and heroes,
By love of freedom hither hurled,
Fire in their hearts as in thy mountains,
And strength like thine to shake the world!
When war and ravage wrecked the nations
The bird of song made thee her home;
The ancient gods, the ancient glory,
Still dwelt within thy shores of foam.
Here, as a fount may keep thy virtue
Where all the rivers turbid run,
The main growth of deed and daring
Was thine beneath a scented sun.
Not apart, neglected, exiled,
Thy children wrote their runes of pride,
With power that brings, in thy triumph,
The conquering nations to thy side.
What though thy native harp be silent,
The chord they struck shall ours prolong
We claim thee kindred, call thee mother,
O land of saga, steel and song!

BY ARD TAYLOR.

THE BOYS AT BEECHWOOD.

"The little chip made breaking in. That's what he's born for—wants toughening, you see, and I feel it's my duty to help on that part of his education myself."

"Duty!" and Kit gave a little snuff. He was standing against a maple, whose trunk was not straighter than his firm, boyish back. "I wish, Rigue Ramon, that your duty would make you take some fellow of your own size; you're always pitching into the smaller fry."

"Perhaps you'd enjoy my pitching into you."

"If you think so, try it."

"Anyhow, Kit, didn't I have a set-to with the deacon last year? And he wouldn't fight me; did he dare to do it?"

"I don't know about the 'dare,'" said Rigue. "Well, I do," cried Rigue. "I tell you, the deacon's a regular muf. He's a cowerer. That's why he wouldn't fight."

"Perhaps you think it looks like a coward to dive into twenty feet of water to fish out Tom Murphy's little boy. The rest of us didn't see it that way. Nonsense! You always hated Charlie, and you know it."

(Charlie and the "deacon" are one). Kit and Rigue were the two oldest boys of the twenty pupils in Dr. Vose's school. I suppose you might pick out a couple like them on the sidewalk of any city when the nine o'clock school-bell rings.

Kit was grey-eyed, frank-faced, and always in motion; Rigue had a pale face, very red lips, and a flash of the eye which matched the jet black of his curls. He had a figure all curves, which fell naturally into indolent graces of posture, a figure as flexible as that of a Japanese contortionist. Kit had joints of steel, had long, clean-cut limbs, and a spring in his gait.

"Kit jumps over; Rigue crawls through," said a younger boy, one day at a fence.

"This was the difference between the two. Kit was frank and open; Rigue, though not a really bad boy, was greatly spoiled by a rich mother, and was in danger of becoming a self-indulgent and not wholly trustworthy character."

"I say, youngster," he exclaimed, as a small boy stepped down from the piazza, and stood near, "where did you drop from?"

It was a pink-and-white face, which grew less white and more pink at the question. "Theruppon," Rigue grasped the small white arm, as he went on, "I look here! What's your name? Where did you come from? Speak out. You can talk, I suppose?"

"I'm Appleton—Bernie Appleton. My mother lives in Philadelphia."

"Philadelphia?" Rigue replied, to the quiet, well-bred little voice. "Well, now, I take it Philadelphia isn't a good place to raise infants. Is that why your mother sent her here? Hope she sent a high-chair along."

"Rigue!"

Kit's indignant protest was flung out in this interjection.

"Well, what?"

"Let the little fellow alone, can't you?"

"Why, yes; if you make such a fuss about it. There, go along then. If you're in need of anything, you've only to go to Kit over there. He'll nurse to all the babies in Beechwood."

"Hush up!" and Kit looked after the little retreating figure.

"I'll be whipped if the child has been taught to walk. Don't you see?" sneered Rigue.

"I see he's lame," Kit answered, coolly.

"Putting on airs," Rigue muttered. "Now, I suppose he'll go off and coddle that baby up. He'll adopt him directly, and we shan't any of us be able to touch a hair of his head from this time forth. Never mind. I'll have my chance with the young cub yet."

Bernie was the child whom Rigue declared needed "toughening," and his gentle reply to his questions only gave his tormenter a stronger desire to undertake this "part of his education."

As for Kit, Rigue was with him, roasting him, and he would take the little straggle under his wing. From the hour of this afternoon, when he found Bernie moistering his cambric handkerchief with hot tears, curled upon the hay, beside the nest of an astonished bantam, and comforted him with rough, kindly boy-comfort, from that hour the child had a strong defender. Bernie was a home-boy. He had been ill a great deal, and the widowed heart whose treasure he was had bled sorely at sending him among strangers.

"I should mind it less," Mrs. Appleton told Dr. Vose, "was my money to go to Kit over there. He's strong and strong. But I'll last year caused this lameness, besides giving a shock to his whole nervous system. He is an exceptionally sensitive child."

The good doctor smiled and consoled

her, and now he smiled again when he saw Kit's guardianship.

"Why don't you come with me, you little rascal?" asked Rigue; and when Bernie avoided him, he vowed again to "toughen him some day."

"Kit," the child answered, "I'm fond of going with you, but I don't want to go along by all means. Kit's training to superintend a foundling asylum. Good practice his is! But I'll be even with you before you're a hundred years old, my lad."

Rigue had a natural though thoughtless fondness for tormenting any creature that came into his power. He stoned frogs to "see 'em squirm"; he cut off wasps' bodies, to see how long they would live after it; and he did actually enjoy "breaking in" small boys. In addition to this, he disliked his own self, and because he suspected that the Appletons were of better blood and breeding than the race of which he came.

I do not mean that Rigue Ramon explained all this to himself, but it was the truth, and I must tell it to you in order to account for what follows.

There was at Beechwood a rough fellow—one Jack Casey—whose native village had become too hot to hold him, and who by reason of misdeeds had been sent, as a last resort, to Dr. Vose. He was a cross-faced fellow, with high cheek bones, heavy brows, and the coarsest black hair. It was Jack whom Rigue drew into his room one February evening, and shutting the door, addressed,

"Look here, Jack, to-night's our time."

"For what?"

"Don't be a goose! Time for seasoning that young moon-calf, Appleton. The doctor's gone in town, and Kit's banning with him. They aren't coming back till the ten o'clock train to-morrow, so we're all right. It's just the best kind of a night for our purpose, too. The thermometer is way down to nowhere, and I tell you we can have one good haze."

"It's the old plan you spoke of, Rigue?"

"Of course it is. I've got the rope ready. I brought it out of the barn just now, before Tom locked up. All you need to do is to get up and come along when I scratch on the outside of my door—so. Eleven o'clock, sharp. We must wait till Hoston is asleep, and the old lady and all the fellows."

Beechwood had been built for a family mansion. Afterwards it was remodeled for the school. There were no large dormitories, but many small rooms, and each one of the twenty pupils had his chamber to himself.

Away at the farthest end of the main building, opening off the hall, were two bed-rooms. One of these was Kit's, the other Bernie's. This will show why Rigue was waiting for Kit's absence before carrying out his project.

Bernie was asleep, with his yellow curls tossed about, and the moon shining through the window upon his pillow. A poor little kitten which he had adopted was curled up at his feet. Suddenly a rattle of the slider awaked him, and the child saw two figures standing at the side of the bed.

"Keep still. Don't scream if you know what's good for yourself," said a low voice. At the same time Bernie felt a black hand tightly round his mouth. "Here, now, either on your drawers and come along. If I'll be the worse for you if you try to make a fuss."

Poor, little, shivering, frightened child! More dead than alive, wondering what it all meant, wondering if he were ever to see his mother's face again, he felt himself led to the window ledge, and out into the dim hall and up to the open window.

Jack and Rigue had disguised themselves by means of hat-brims turned down and coat-collars turned up. Bernie had no idea, save that the house had been attacked by robbers, and all the rest killed.

But what were they doing to him? He saw a rope, and felt strong hands binding it about his trembling body and under the arms. Then he felt himself lifted to the window-ledge.

"Now be quiet, or you'll get your brains knocked out," said the taller of the two, and the next instant the little, delicate, lame, mother-loved boy was tossed out of the window, and held dangling in the terrible cold of that winter night between the heavens and the earth.

The tormentors lowered the child and raised him, lowered and raised again, in this horrible see-saw of torture.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong," sang Rigue, under his breath. "Hope he's enjoying this. He shan't be wondering if his little fingers got toughened a bit. Look here, Bernie Appleton," extending his head out into the night, "how do you fancy it now down there? Having a swing all for nothing, that's what you are, my fine lad."

Jack put out his head and looked down. "No answer came up from the child hanging below. It was a bitter night. The very stars had an icy glitter. The moon was about setting, and shone large and round across the frozen lake.

"I say, Rigue, it's fearfully cold. You'd better get the young one'll you?"

"Afraid? Bother! What's anybody afraid of?"

"Nothing; only what if we should haul him up a bit, and then let him down again?"

"All right. Heave away, then. There! Why pull, I say. Pull, why don't you, Jack?"

"I am pulling—pulling as hard as I can."

"So am I, and the rope don't give a whit. What's the matter down there, I wonder? See here, Jack, there's a trouble"—peering anxiously out and down—"Here's a go! That miserable rope is caught away down there, above the first story, on the lightning-rod."

"You don't mean it! What are we—"

Jack stopped. The two boys stared at each other through the shadows. Then Rigue exclaimed, "I know," and bent forward again, speaking in a loud, hoarse whisper,—

"Appleton!"

"Only silence followed."

"Appleton! I say, Bernie! you're

caught. Just put your arm out, can't you, and jerk the rope off that nail by the lightning-rod. It's close to your hand."

No answer. Through the clear night came the rush and shriek of the midnight train out from the city.

"Bernie! you can hear; come, just grab the rope and pull it off, and we'll have you back here, quick as wink."

Still silence, and that dead weight hanging away down below. A frightful possibility, a horror of dread came creeping over the minds of the two boys.

"O Jack, you don't suppose—it isn't—he can't be—dead!"

"What shall we do? He will be; he'll freeze there in ten minutes more. I'm going to call the master—call Hoston."

"Stop! Wait; no, I'll call the deacon."

Two minutes, and Charlie Newman, the sober, silent boy, whom Rigue called a coward, and whom he had for months ridiculed, was beside them at the window. The two bed-rooms were at their left hand; at their right was the roof of the wing—a steep roof having a dormer window opening out upon it. The window at which Bernie hung was just at the angle of the main-building and the wing.

"Can't we bring a ladder?" asked Jack.

"All fastened up in the barn. Besides, no ladder of Dr. Vose's is long enough to reach this floor."

"There's but one way," said Charlie; "I can go round and climb out that dormer window, crawl along over the eaves-tough, and unhook the rope that way."

"You'll fall and break your neck."

"Give me two or three yards of this rope to tie round my waist," and already Charlie had Rigue's knife and was cutting the rope. "Jack, come with me; Rigue, you hold on to that end."

O, what an age it seemed to Rigue as he stood there alone, grasping the rope from whose other end was suspended—what? A living or a dead child? Was he a murderer, and there's my hand on it."

"O, what a horror of trouble this mischief has got me into!" he cried to himself.

Then he groaned. He groveled on his knees before the window. He dared not think what the end might be,—the night with its fearful cold, the fright Bernie must have gone through, the little fellow's delicate look.

"They say he has been sick so much," thought Rigue. "O, why didn't I think of all this before! There, Charlie has got round."

Just across the angle formed by the main building and the wing was the dormer window, and Charlie's rather heavy figure. The boy whom Rigue had called a "muff" was risking limb, not to say life, in his effort to save Bernie, and to shield his tormentors; for, of course, it would have been the simplest thing to have aroused the family and told all. But that Charlie would do, even when he remembered how Rigue had abused him.

On top of the icy roof he crawled; on, little by little, where a misstep would send him far down; on to the very edge of the roof, came the brave boy.

O Charlie, do be careful," urged Rigue; and then, scarcely daring to breathe, he watched until he saw the shadowy arm outstretched, felt the rope strain under his own grasp, and then heard Charlie say,—

"Here, Rigue, it's all right. Draw him up."

All right! Rigue doubted that. The rope to be sure was straightened, but alas for that limp, motionless weight at the end of it!

An instant, and the child's helpless body was at the window; the next, Rigue felt a strong grasp drawing him backward, and a voice said, sternly, "Leave him to me. Ramon, go to your own room."

It was the doctor, who had come home on the late train, and who had reached his own house just in time to witness the final movements of this midnight torture.

"My own room? O, Dr. Vose, can't I wait and see how Bernie is?"

For reply Dr. Vose motioned with one arm towards Rigue's chamber; with the other he clasped little Bernie to his bosom, walking with him down the dim hall.

The house responded with the sound of feet that went and came in haste. Doors opened and shut. Across the snow-waste of the plain a horse and rider went rushing villageward. Then they returned with one pressing hard behind.

"It is the doctor," said Rigue to himself.

Then he stole out on the landing. People were hurrying back and forth in the lower hall. Presently two men came out, and stood whispering just below him.

"Had the child been a robust child?" said one of the two ("it is Dr. Farley," thought Rigue); "the result might have been different; but the little fellow was so delicate. With such a boy the fright and the fearful cold could scarcely be anything but fatal. Doesn't that make you feel that you should try to kill such a little fellow?"

"Kill, fatal," he was?—These fearful words, what did they mean? To Rigue only one thing—murder! He dragged himself back to his room, shut the door, and locked himself in there with the horror of great darkness upon his mind.

Hour after hour passed, and the winter dawn looked in on a boy slung prostrate along the floor, his eyes dilated with terror and remorse. No word of mine, no words of a far better narrator, ever can tell what that night was to Rigue Ramon.

"Rigue," came a whisper, with the first ray of sunshine at the door.

"Rigue, let me in."

"Well?" gasped Rigue, in frozen desperation, as Charlie faced him. The wretched boy had risen to unfasten the door, and now stood showing a ghastly, seared face with a hunted look in the eyes.

"Don't tell me, I know."

"Can you hear him away up here? It is awful. He thinks he's up in the air, and can't get down again. Poor

child! talks all the time about it, and pleads."

"Talks? Bernie? Why, I thought!"—Rigue seized Charlie's arm—"I thought he was dead!"

"O, no, indeed. Dr. Farley says it's a dreadful shock, but he thinks he'll be round again in time."

Even Charlie could not comprehend why Rigue should fling himself on his knees and cover his head in the bed-clothing. He did not know that lower deep in which the wretched boy had been struggling during these last hours.

"And Dr. Vose? What do you suppose he'll do with us?" asked Jack, an hour later.

"As though I cared what he does to me, if Bernie will get up again," answered Rigue.

And Bernie did "get up again." The first time he went out, it was to be wheeled in an invalid's chair up and down the verandah, with Rigue pushing him—Henriette, who whose face had come a new look. I think it grew better during that night of horror and the day following which had dawned after it.

"Of course Dr. Vose will expel Ramon," said half the world, and the restuary half replied, "Of course he ought to do it."

Dr. Vose, after an hour's talk in the library with Henriette the day after the trouble, came to another decision. As for Henriette herself, he scarcely thought what was to come to him now that he had been saved the worst doom.

"I tell you, boys," he said, the first time he went upon the playground, "you may say what you please. You can't any of you hate me worse than I hate myself for this performance; and whatever you do, I've made up my mind about one thing. I won't have a hand again in 'breaking in' small boys. That's all."

Rigue turned and was walking off, his head bent down. A voice called,—

"Ramon, I say." It was Charlie.

"Come back here. I, for one, am ready to hush up, so long as you've said so much. By-gones are by-gones, and there's my hand on it."

The other came up and shook hands, one by one, and Ramon rose himself off at last, to rush into the house and up to Bernie's room, where he threw himself down and whispered—

"I could have gone through a good flogging easier; they were so kind."

"Some one else is kind," and Bernie put out a little hand to stroke the black curls, for the two were fast friends now.

The playground Bernie was never seen without his "guardian," as the boys said, close at hand. "By-gones were by-gones," save for two things; of horror, the other was Bernie's starting up sometimes in his sleep, and crying out in terror, "Please let me down! Please don't drop me! O, I'm falling, I'm falling!"

"He will not get over that for years," Dr. Farley said. "It was a fearful shock. A little more and he would have been unsettled for all time. A narrow escape."

And this "narrow escape" was the first and last of hazing among the boys at Beechwood.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Word to Adventurers.

A friendly bit of advice to those who intend visiting the Black Hills gold region, says a correspondent, may not be out of place. The simple mention of the existence of gold in any new section of country, is enough to fire the imagination and unsettle the mind of a great many persons, who are always waiting for something to turn up. Somehow there is a fascination in digging gold directly from the earth instead of getting its equivalent by other forms of labor. The effect of the reports from the Black Hills, therefore, may be to create, especially in the West, a new gold fever, which, like all such diseases, must have its run. Reason and wholesome advice have little power to check the malady when once it has begun. Possibly they may be of use in preventing it.

To those, therefore, who contemplate an immediate rush to the Black Hills gold district, let me administer a friendly caution, based on two or three considerations. First, that the country is the recognized home of powerful bands of hostile Indians, who have sworn to repel any intrusion of the white man. This country is a part of their reservation. Until it is purchased from them by the Government they have a prior claim and a perfect right to protect it. Be assured that they will do it. That they have not met and opposed the present expedition is nothing in the object, which was not to settle but simply to explore. They knew also its great strength, and feared an encounter. Small parties of whites entering the Hills in defiance of the red man's right, as well as the laws of the Government, would and themselves between two fires, and would be pretty sure to be burnt by one of them. The scalp-dance is a favorite pastime of the Sioux, and a few unprotected miners might easily afford them material for this sport.

Secondly, though I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness and skill of our miners, and the correctness of their reports as to the extent and value of the gold field, yet it must be remembered that the yielding area, so far as determined, is not great; nor can it be any wider, any crininity how long it would last. The results thus far, though promising and satisfactory, have still been local and superficial. It would not be surprising if the field should prove both extensive and rich. But only further exploration and examination can establish the fact. Those who seek the Hills only for gold must be prepared to take their chances. Let the over-confident study the history of Pike's Peak. The Black Hills, too, are not without ready-made monuments for the same purpose.

Flogging Round the Fleet.

A well-known English gentleman—Mr. James Silk Buckingham—lately deceased, was about sixteen years old when he volunteered on board an English ship of war, where, however, he soon became disgusted with the severity of the discipline, and deserted. The scene which impelled him to take this course was the "flogging round the fleet" of a deserter.

The poor fellow had been impressed and torn from his wife and children. He had deserted, and, when recaptured, he struck the officer who took him. The merciful sentence of the court-martial was that he should receive twelve lashes at each vessel in the fleet. A boat from each vessel attended the execution, and Mr. Buckingham was in one of these. He says: "The prisoner was in the launch, one of the largest boats of his own ship, in the center of which was erected a triangular framework, made of handspikes of wood. To this he was fastened, by the arms being extended upward and outward, and his wrists bound tightly to the framework by cords, his body being perfectly naked to the waist."

In this boat there were about a dozen of his own shipmates, the officer superintending the punishment, a lieutenant of his own ship, and surgeon of the same, whose duty it was to see that the punishment was kept short of inflicting death.

"On reaching the leeward ship, the launch hauled alongside; and at least twenty boats, in one of which I was stationed at the bow, clustered round the vessel on the starboard side, a few yards only from the launch, so we could see every lash that fell, and hear every shriek and groan of the sufferer."

"From the ship there descended an officer, with two boatswain's mates, and an assistant surgeon. The naked body of the victim was exposed, and we heard the order given: 'The prisoner was to receive a dozen lashes from each ship. Boatwain's mates, your duty.'"

"The strokes of the lash fell heavily, and at what to me seemed long intervals (a minute between each at least). The very first brought blood; the sufferer restrained his utterance till about the fifth or sixth; but then the pent up agony burst in a shriek, enough to rend a heart of stone."

"At the end of the first instalment of a dozen lashes, the victim's back was one mass of lacerated flesh and blood; and over this spread a blanket, which, we were assured, was steeped in vinegar and brine, as some said to augment the suffering, as others contended, to prevent mortification."

"The boats now all fell into line each towing the one next behind at an interval of about a boat's length with the prisoner in tow, all pulling against a stiff head-wind to the ship next in order to windward, occupying from fifteen to twenty minutes."

"Here the same horrible scene was repeated, and so onward till about ten or twelve ships had been visited, there being six or eight more to go to; when the victim having given three times faint, and his voice ceased to give forth either shrieks or groans, he was reported by the surgeon to be incapable of bearing any further infliction, and was ordered to be rowed ashore to the hospital, before reaching which he was discovered to be dead; and some declared that he had received the last heavy flogging on his body after the spirit had quitted its earthly tenement."

Before the fleet sailed Mr. Buckingham deserted, and was fortunate enough to escape re-capture, and its consequent degradation, in a way which I will describe in a future issue of this paper.

Items of Interest.

There are 800,000 more women than men in England.

A California hotel has water tanks in the attic, and is proposing to cultivate fish there in sufficient quantity to supply boarders.

A lay pro asked his physician what he considered the best size for a man. "Exercise!" exclaimed the sturdy disciple of Esculapian.

A Roman Catholic priest of Darmstadt, Germany, has been sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for introducing politics into the pulpit.

"Grandma, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, my child, I'm getting old now, and can't take care of one, as I used to do, you know."

One-sixth of America's population of about 30,000,000 it is said cannot read or write; 5,000,000 out of a total school population of almost 13,000,000 receive instruction.

A gentleman who landed from an Erie express train in Brooklyn attracted universal attention by the magnificence of his diamond breast pin. He was supposed to be a hackman from Niagara Falls.

Quite a crop of carbuncles and malignant pustules appeared at Varennes, France, brought from the Beauce in sheepskins and hats, which were stamped out by iodine injections into the cellular tissue.

It is reported that some people at Port Henry, N. Y., use nitro-glycerine for catching fish. It kills everything within fifty feet, and from fifty to seventy-five pounds of fish are taken at a single explosion.

The kicking to death mania has extended to Ireland. A man named Nolan, in the county of Meath, recently received fatal injuries by being kicked by some persons who are not yet fully identified with the crime.

It is quite usual for a Colorado farmer to be aroused in the night by a knock on the door, and it is quite usual for him to open the door and show the stranger before asking any questions. The stranger is most always some one who deserves killing.

Bazine's bargain was apparently made with a steamship company at Genoa—a gentleman and a lady chartered a little steamer for an excursion along the littoral, with privilege to stop at any point for any time, to be paid at so much a day.

They tell of an Admiral's wife at Newport who walked to church, and found herself so stared at that when she returned she was somewhat disconcerted. Her black dress, she found out herself was walking.

Give a man the necessities of life and he wants the conveniences. Give him the conveniences, and he craves for the luxuries. Grant him the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegancies. Let him have the elegancies, and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together, and he complains that he has been cheated both in price and quality of the articles.

An eight-hour man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes, on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels. "How's this?" he exclaimed. "What's your supper?" "I don't know," replied his wife. "I began to get your breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at two p. m."

Benito Sarona of New Mexico, went to Arizona, recently, and stole two horses. He was followed by three frontiersmen. They overtook him, bound him to a sapling, whipped him till blood flowed, slit his ears, and left him tied in the wilderness. A man named Martinez released him, and in less than a week he stole Martinez's saddle, but gratefully left his horse.

A bequest of \$150,000, made two years ago by Dr. E. R. Johnson to establish a charitable institution for colored people at New Bedford, Mass., has failed of its purpose by the fact that one condition was that his daughter should leave no "heirs," when he probably meant "no issue." The daughter has died without children, but her mother is her heir and gets the property.

Mr. Higgin, Q. C., sitting as Assistant Judge at the Liverpool Assizes, on August 14, sentenced a young Wigan collier, named John Glover, who had all but kicked to death an old man of eighty-four, to ten years' penal servitude. Mr. Higgin had consulted Mr. Justice Archibald, who agreed with him that a very heavy punishment was necessary to put down this brutality in Lancashire.

A disconsolate widow in the western part of New York State, daughter of a former noted railroad officer, repairs to the tomb of her husband every evening at sunset, enters the vault, and seats herself in a chair formerly used by the departed, where she remains sometimes several hours, always an hour, and she has done this, with scarcely an intermission, for two years since her husband's death.

Boarding House Spirits.

Milwaukee has a boarding house that, to say the least, is not a desirable home for those who love quiet. Spirits have taken possession, and create a furious uproar. The phenomena have been described in many articles, and are of a various character. Eggs, sausages and crockery-ware fly about in the air indiscriminately. A currant pie took a walk about the room, and then deliberately burst into pieces, scattering the crust and fruit over the room. Shovels, dishes, many articles, and pairs and furniture seem suddenly imbued with life, and perform furious antics. A domestic in the employ of Mrs. Giddings, in whose house these demonstrations occur, is a somnambulist, and to her influence all the disturbances are attributed. When she is out of the house no manifestations occur, but when she returns they commence with redoubled energy. Physicians and spiritualists are much interested in the case.

London Newspapers.

The Danbury man does not have an exalted view of London daily newspapers, for in one of his letters he says: "They are rather slow concerns, are these London dailies. They crowd their advertisers into repulsive limits; they mix up their matter without any regard to classification; they publish but a beggarly handful of American news; they report in full the most insignificant speeches; they don't seem to realize that there is such an attraction as condensed news paragraphs; they issue no Sunday paper, and but one or two have a weekly; they ignore agriculture and science, personals and gossip; they carefully exclude all humor and head-lines, and come to their readers every week day, a sombre and mournful spectacle that is most exasperating to behold."

Salient Points of Character.

The world generally takes men at their own estimate of themselves. Hence, modest men never attain the same consideration which bustling, forward men do. It has not time or patience to inquire rigidly, and it is partly imposed upon and carried away by the man who vigorously claims its attention. The words, also, never has two leading ideas about any man. There is always a remarkable unity in its conceptions of the characters of individuals. If an historical person has been cruel in a single degree he is set down as cruel and nothing else, although he may have had many good qualities, all more equally conspicuous. If a literary man is industrious in a remarkable degree, the world speaks of him as only industrious, though he may be also very ingenious.

A Rapid Raise.

Captain Sutter, an ex-officer of Charles X's Swiss Guards, who had settled in California and founded a little colony, which he called "New Helvetia." In the year 1847, he entered into a contract with Mr. Marshall to have a saw-mill built for him on a branch of the Sacramento river. During the progress of the work, a little girl, the daughter of a settler, picked up a shining yellow lump under the mill race, and showed it to her father as a pretty stone. Marshall took it to Captain Sutter, who at once recognized the precious metal, made careful investigations and soon found that the whole country, watered by the Sacramento river and its numerous tributaries, abounded in gold. San Francisco was then a wretched village containing 400 inhabitants; and in a few years the population rose to 40,000; and it is now a magnificent city, the capital of the western world, the terminus of the longest line of railway ever planned or executed, and the rival of New York in the greatest contest of cities for the seat of government of America. And all this has been brought around in twenty years by a few tons of gold.