

The Elk County Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1874.

NO. 41.

A Persian Love Song.

Ah! sad are they who know no love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy lands.
And sailor they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, waiting, suffering much.
But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.
Oh, not for those small shaggy prey;
They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smile by night,
And nestle in his heart by day.

THE MUTINEERS.

"Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitudes of the Pacific.
The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first look-out of the morning. But the youngest whose station was in the fore to gallant cross-trees panned in the foretop, and threw a rapid glance round the horizon.
"Sail on the weather bow!" he reported. "A boat with sail set, coming right at us."
The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the captain, but all the watch below. The all-important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of a whole-boat alone upon the ocean, coming to board us in the morning, like the veritable barbarian—Neptune, of equatorial notoriety.
The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had at least a full crew. We backed the main-top-sail, and gave the order to hoist the ensign, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.
"They've lowered for whales and got lost from their ship," suggested one.
"Likely enough," returned another.
"The captain makes out eight men in her," said a coxswain, coming from aft.
Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.
"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea and some of her boats lost with her."
But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it and leaped on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a party on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.
The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the bark Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned and carried into execution, while he had charge of the deck.
It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the bark to the islands of the South Sea, and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.
"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bent.
"I have steered west-north-west, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due east from us."
"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart, and at night we can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."
The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was doing during the night, and at daylight we tacked back again. And the first glint of morning showed up the bark—recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel—running down across our course.
"Of course he won't pass near us if he can help it."
"No, I suppose he will avoid us; but I am going to signalize, at any rate. Haul the mainsail up," said Captain Bent, to the officer of the deck, "and set the ensign at the gaff."
The orders were obeyed; and much to our surprise the mutineers altered their course a little, with the evident intent of speaking to us.
"What can it mean, that he is so ready to speak to a stranger?" was the question that passed from one to another of the group.
"Now I think of it," said the mate of the Newcastle, "I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms."
"You've hit it," returned the captain. "That must be McGregor's object. There's a chart, much tobacco on board and a little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.
Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces when they came on deck and took the mates into their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The bark's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the sids, as if she had been one of our

own, and a sail thrown over her that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were conferring.
"What bark is that?" asked Captain Bent, innocently, after he had given his own name.
"The Newcastle, of Sydney," "Who commands her?"
"Watson," was the reply.
"One of our men had his leg broken yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I would like to get the service of your surgeon."
"Certainly, I'll come aboard, and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you to trade with you." And with a farewell wave of a trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under our lee, and then lowered his boat.
Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been sent adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor could, of course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men from her crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.
The boat was veered astern by the watch and the main-top-sail filled on a wind, just as if we had made arrangements for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usage of whole-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.
McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the fore for safe-keeping. After dark we lowered and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.
Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew; while at short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the bark, calling himself state of her, was amused by the first comers with a story that his captain had made a bargain for a quantity of gunpowder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing, he invited his visitor below, to drink and enjoy himself awhile. Our men managed adroitly to engage the attention of those on deck, and the second boat was silently and unobservedly hoisted before her approach had been observed by them.
The alarm was given by the cry "Boat ahoy!" but too late. As she touched the side, her crew sprang up to board her, and with all the advantages of surprise, McGregor's lieutenant was knocked down by our mate in the cabin; the few men who really had any heart in the mutiny were quickly disposed of; and in less than two minutes from the silent and unobserved hoisting of the quarter-deck of the Newcastle we were in possession of her former officers.
McGregor and the other principals in the revolt, still ironed, were carried to Sydney for trial. As our season was up, we kept company with Captain Watson to our port, there, where we were liberally rewarded by the owners of the recaptured vessel for our share in the business.

A Clean Apron.

A lady wanted a trusty little maid to come and help her to take charge of a baby. Nobody could recommend one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of a girl. One day she was passing through a by-lane and saw a girl with a clean apron holding a baby in the doorway of a small house.
"That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked for her mother. "Mother has gone out to work," answered the girl. "Father is dead, and now mother has to do everything. I should not like to come and live with me?" asked the lady. "I should like to help mother somehow," said the little maid. The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the little girl, went to see her mother after she came home and saw the end of it was that the lady took the maid to live with her, and she found—what, indeed, she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits, she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps her mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron; and who will say that it was not a good one?"

A Curious Character.

A singular trial has just been concluded in New Haven, Conn. The suit was brought by a farmer against his hired man, who claimed an offset to more than the amount of the plaintiff's claim. The plaintiff, some time ago, having lost his record books, made notes of his business transactions on separate sheets of paper, which he deposited as fancy inclined him. Sometimes they would be placed beneath the carpet, sometimes behind desks and doors, and wherever their secrecy was supposed to be unquestioned. Nearly all these papers the plaintiff brought into court to sustain his claim. There were such queer items as this: The hired man did something in opposition to the wish of his employer, the plaintiff, or pushed him hard against a door, injuring his feelings thereby. For some of these episodes the hired man was charged forty cents. For being "liquory" another charge was entered, and for falling down stairs, and thereby shocking the plaintiff, another amount was asked. As the hired man did not pay these charges, and thought he ought to be paid a certain amount for labor he performed, the suit was brought.

The President and the Horse Dealer.

Among the enterprising citizens who contributed to the St. Louis State fair was Mr. Dillon, who is a dealer in Norman horses. Mr. Dillon has recently imported a number of these animals from Europe, and had a "six-inch hand" attached to a ponderous vehicle on the fair grounds. Driving around the course, the horse fancier met old Sam Buckmaster, of Illinois, and induced him to accept a seat in the caravan. They drove several times around the track, and were the observed of all observers, but finally Mr. Buckmaster, seeing two gentlemen approaching, said: "There comes the President; I must get out and meet him."
"The President!" exclaimed Dillon; "why, that is just the man I want to see. I wanted to get hold of a man that is a good judge of horseflesh. Which is the President?"
"The gentleman in dark clothes carrying the umbrella," replied Sam.
"Hallo!" cried Dillon to the stranger; "come here; I want to see you."
The gentleman with the umbrella approached smilingly and shook Dillon by the hand, supposing that he was some acquaintance of other times.
"What do you think of my team?" said Dillon.
"They're very well," said the man in dark clothes.
"Jump in and let me show you your pace. Bring your friends along," shouted Dillon, heartily.
"You must excuse me. I don't want to be conspicuous," said the stranger.
"Conspicuous?" remarked Dillon. "Get in here and let me give you a ride behind these horses."
"No—no," cried he of the umbrella; "I must be going."
"Why don't you get in? I won't cut you," said the horse fancier.
At this the stranger and the friend turned abruptly away, and were lost in the crowd.
"Well," exclaimed Dillon to Buckmaster, who stood by dumbfounded, "I just thought that the president of a one-horse Missouri fair refused to ride behind my team. What a sop he must be!"
"President of the fair?" Buckmaster shouted in amazement; "don't you know who that was?"
"No," replied Dillon; "you told me he was the President."
"So he is the President," rejoined Buckmaster, "but not of the fair. Why, surely you knew him?"
"I'll be laughed if I did," Dillon said. "Was sure he was president of this fair."
"Oh, this is too much!" cried Sam. "Why, that was the President of the United States!"
Dillon grew very red in the face, and slowly gasped forth: "Was—that—Grant?"
"Certainly, it was Gen. Grant."
Dillon caught up his reins, dropped his whip and exclaimed, "Oh!"

The Exact Truth.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.
"His companion advised him to throw it out. 'It will make your wall untrue, Ben,' said he.
"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."
"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."
"O," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and I have no intention of doing so."
"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's character, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."
"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the closest eye could see that they quit work and went home.
The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had more and more untrue as it got higher, and the lie in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do their work over again.
Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue, till it brings ruin upon you. Tell, act and live the exact truth always.

A Rich Church.

The salaries of twenty-eight prelates of the Established Church of England amount to £152,900 a year, or nearly eight hundred thousand dollars; but to this you must add £38,000 for as many clerics. The annual patronage attached to these twenty-eight dioceses is valued at £901,165. This patronage includes canonical resident, archdeacons, and other clerical dignities. The value of the real estate of the Established Church of England may be estimated from its revenue, which at its lowest rate is £7,000,000, or thirty-five million of dollars annually. The Established Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) owns 1,250 churches, educates 140,000 scholars, and raises £140,000 annually for home and missionary purposes. Within twenty years 150 parish chapels, costing £500,000, have been endowed and erected.

The Falling Leaf.

The separation from the stem, which precedes the fall of the leaf, is said to be a gradual process, beginning early in summer and produced by the continued growth of the stem after the leaf has attained its full growth, which it usually does in a few weeks, the outside of the stem healing over the wound thus formed. The growth of the bud of the base of the leaf still further separates it, and a gust of wind, or the contraction of the leaf stalk by frost causes it to fall. The leaves of white oak and some other trees are not thus separated, but pushed off by the young growth of the next year.

Clothing for Cold Weather.

The usual dress is sufficient quantity, and often good in quality, but it is very badly distributed. There is too much at the trunk, and too little about the lower extremities. If one quarter of the heavy woollen overcoat or shawl were taken from the trunk, and mapped about the legs, it would prove a great gain. When we ride in the cars, or in the sleighs, where do we suffer? About the legs and feet! When women suffer from the cold, where is it? About the legs and feet. The legs and feet are down near the floor, where the cold currents of air move. The air is so cold near the floor that all prudent mothers say, "Don't lie there, Peter; get up, Jerusha Ann; play; play on the sofa; you will take your death cold lying there on the floor." And they are quite right.
During the damp and cold season, the legs should be encased in very thick knit woolen drawers, the feet in thick woolen stockings (which must be changed every day) and the shoe soles must be as broad as the feet when fully spread, so that the blood shall have free passage. If the feet are squeezed in the least, the circulation is checked, and coldness is inevitable. This free circulation cannot be secured by a loose upper with a narrow arch. If when the feet stand naked on a sheet of paper it measures three and a half inches, the sole must measure three and a half. I will suppose, says Dio Lewis, you have done all this faithfully, and yet your feet and legs ache. Now add your woolen, or if you are to travel much in the cars, or in a sleigh, procure a pair of chamois-skin or wash-leather drawers, which I have found to be most satisfactory.
I have known a number of ladies afflicted with hot and aching head, and other evidence of congestion about the upper parts, who were completely relieved by a pair of chamois-skin drawers and broad-soled shoes. Some ladies in every four suffer from some congestion in the upper part of the body. It is just to think that the president of a one-horse Missouri fair refused to ride behind my team. What a sop he must be!

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The statistician, and likewise the average woman all the way from fifteen years of age to the point when birthday anniversaries cease to be a time of merriment, may find in the following at least a passing interest in a table recently printed in England, to show the relations between matrimony and age. Every woman has some chance of being married; it may be one chance to fifty against it, or it may be ten to one, that she will never be married. But whatever the representing her entire chance at one hundred, her particular chance at certain defined points of her progress in time is found to be in the following ratios: When between fifteen and twenty years of age, her chance is one to six; when between twenty and twenty-five, she has fifty-two per cent; between twenty-five and thirty, eighteen per cent. After thirty years she has lost eighty-four and a half per cent of her chance, but still has a chance of one to six and a half per cent. Between thirty-five and forty it is three and three-fourths per cent, and for each succeeding five years is respectively two, one-half, one-eighth, and one-fourth per cent. Any time after sixty is one-tenth of her chance of a chance, a pretty slender figure, but figures often are slender at that age.

Plants.

It is well known that plants sleep at night; but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be wakened up and crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. De Candolle subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours; exposing it to a bright light all night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed at first; it opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes closing them in the middle of the day, and the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of sleep and want. But, after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night without any apparent ill effects.

Fish Breeding.

Seth Green, of Rochester, N. Y., publishes the following notice: Any parties in the United States or Canada wishing to experiment in hatching the spawn of the salmon trout and white fish will be sent a few hundred, on receipt of fifty cents (to pay for the package), by addressing a letter to A. S. Green, of the agency to experiment in raising the young of the California salmon will be given a few hundred by going to the New York State hatching-house for them, all applications to be made during the month of December. All kinds of fish will be distributed to the public waters of New York State the same as in years before.

THE CAUSE OF SUICIDES.

A Few Statistics—What Should be Done.
Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, of Bellevue Hospital, New York, and lecturer on nervous diseases in the Long Island College Hospital, read before the American Health Council a paper upon "Suicide in Large Cities, with Reference to Certain Sanitary Conditions which Tend to Prevent its Moral and Physical Causes." The doctor said that his observations upon the subject had been made for the most part in New York city. Comparisons have been made between that city and London and Paris. In all large cities the number of cases is governed, to a great extent, by the habits, tastes and moral culture of the people, and back of this the national characteristics. The French people, noted for their indifference to life and exaggerated morbid sentimentality, are celebrated for the propensity to end life with their own hands. Paris has been, and always will be, celebrated for the prevalence of this crime. The Parisians pursue it in an agreeable mode of securing relief from their troubles. It has been asserted that foggy weather induces suicides, although statistics go to disprove this, especially in New York. The months of April, May, June, July and August, the most pleasant months of the year, are those in which more persons take their lives than at any other time in the year. The gravity and stolidity of the English people rather shows in their favor, as regards this crime. In the city of New York, between 1866 and 1872, there were 678 suicides, the males predominating. For the three years, 1870, 71 and 72, there were 359 suicides, 132 being Germans. As regards conditions, 171 were married, 118 single, 43 widows and widowers, and 27 whose condition was not stated. The age of the oldest was 84, and that of the youngest, 10. The cause for the suicide of the latter was remarkable. She was detected in the theft of fifty cents from her mother, and seeking to escape from her shame she resorted to Paris green. Poison is the most popular mode of suicide, the preference being given to arsenic, Paris green, opium, carbolic acid and other irritants. Insanity causes the largest number of suicides, both men and women; drunkenness comes next, and disease of the brain. The ages at which suicide seems to be most often resorted to are between forty and fifty among men and forty-five and fifty-five among women. Since the greatest number of deaths in New York is by poisoning it is important to inquire into the causes why it should be so. When we take into consideration the looseness of the present laws regarding the sale of poisons, there appears to be no trouble for persons who wish these drugs to obtain them. It is needless to say that the opium habit, like alcoholism, leads to the most frequent resort to suicide. A form of suicide, which figures largely in American statistics, is jumping from an elevation. This is oftentimes the result of a momentary impulse, produced by the surroundings. In New York city there were twenty-one victims of this mode between the years 1866 and 1872. A most important duty in connection with this subject is the influence of the mode of life of the poorer classes. He alluded more particularly to the tenement-house system. The vices attending the organization of the working classes are spread by the contact of the vicious with the pure, and the depression of the tone, are powerful inducers of suicide. The prevalence of strikes and trades' unions, with their dangerous restrictions and foolish oaths of allegiance, are fruitful causes of suicides. Men are afraid to work in opposition to the threats of their fellow tradesmen, and when poverty stares them in the face they become desperate and commit suicide. A great percentage of the suicides in large cities are attributable to the organization of the working classes, and where suicide often follows. To diminish the number of suicides the doctor favored regular meals and habits, the abolition of immoral entertainments, advertising quacks, and sensational newspapers. Legislation should strictly regulate the sale of poisonous drugs.

The other day there was picked up out of the Seine a young woman of such surpassing beauty that crowds flocked to see her body at the Morgue, and photographs of her were scattered broadcast over Paris. The lovely unknown proved to have been an Italian, by name Lucretia Balbi, who earned her living as a model. Among the painters for whom she had sat was Henry Regnault, and for him the poor girl conceived the most ardent passion. "She never told her love," and he never suspected it; but from the day of his death, two years ago, she began to pine away in the deepest melancholy. Her character was staid, and her devotion to religion caused her long to hasten to suicide; but at length her mind seemed to have given way. She left a letter addressed to her brother, who also is a model. It is a very sad story, but there are no dark features in the case. What a wonderful thing love is, even in these prosal days!

AN ARGUMENT.—John Henry's father-in-law, aged eighty-five, took it into his head to get his life insured. "But, sir, you are too old for us to take the risk," said the agent. "Why so?" queried the old man. "Because speedy death is too sure a thing." "Well, I've been looking at your tables," said the father-in-law, "and I find there ain't one man dies at my age to a hundred that die younger." The insurance agent couldn't see it, but John Henry says he's a good logician, and he'll back the old man for fifty years yet.

Masked Burglars' Work.

An Old Man's Hoardings of Years Stolen—The Victim Left Bound and Gagged in Pockets.
For many years there has lived in Monroeville, Pa., an eccentric old man named Isaac Castor. He is a shoemaker and lives alone in a little house in an out of the way spot. He is over sixty years old, and for years has hoarded his earnings, using only enough money to procure the bare necessities of life. His income has never been large, but its accumulation for over a quarter of a century amounted to a snug little competency. He always carried several hundred dollars in his pockets, which fact was generally known, and it has been the standing wonder here for years that he had never been robbed.
On a Monday morning it was noticed that the old shoemaker's shop was not opened as usual, and that there was no sign about the house. This was so remarkable an occurrence that two or three citizens went to his house and broke open the door. They found Castor bound tightly in a chair, so that he could not use his hands or feet, and a handkerchief tied over his mouth. He was hastily released, and as soon as he could recover sufficiently from his excitement and alarm he told substantially the following story:
About an hour before daylight he was awakened by a man who entered the side of his bed. Castor sprang up, but was stopped by the man, who put a pistol to his head and told him to be still or he would blow his brains out. Another man, with a lantern, was going about the room searching every hole and corner. The old shoemaker at first thought the men were negroes, but afterward discovered that they were white men with blackened faces. The one man rifled the pockets of his pantaloons, which contained nearly \$900, but not being able to find money, he turned to the room, the robbers told the old man that he must tell them where he hid his money or they would kill him. Castor assured them that he had no more money; that his pantaloons pockets contained what he had in the world, and he begged them to leave him some of that, as he was keeping it to pay his funeral expenses when he died. The burglars, failing to force the old man into revealing the whereabouts of the rest of his probable treasure, and daylight being near, made their way out of the house. They then bound him to the chair and gagged him, and took their departure. They had effected an entrance into the house through a back window. Castor said that he could not be able to recognize the robbers; he could not distinguish their features, and their voices were strange to him. The general impression is that they are parties living in the neighborhood, as no strangers have been seen about the place. There is not the slightest suspicion now as to who they may be. Castor says that the robbers took every dollar he had in the world.

Mushroom Poisoning.

An interesting case was recently brought before one of the criminal courts of London, the grand jury throwing out a bill of indictment against a gardener who was charged with poisoning a fellow-servant by giving him poisoned mushrooms to eat. Although there was no reason to suppose that the mushrooms were given with any felonious intention, yet three persons were actually poisoned by them, and one died. The gardener could not distinguish the poisonous mushrooms from the genuine article of food. It appearing in evidence that mushrooms growing under trees are dangerous, the presiding judge gave great emphasis to the importance of such a warning widely known, and called attention to the following description given by Professor Bentley—though not an unerring one—showing the general characters by which the edible and poisonous species of fungi may best be distinguished: The edible mushrooms grow solitary, in dry, airy places, and are generally white or brownish; they have a compact, brittle flesh; do not change color, when cut, by the action of the air; juice watery, and odor agreeable; taste not bitter, acid, salt, or astrigent. The poisonous mushrooms, on the contrary, grow in clusters, in woods and dark, damp places, and are usually of a bright color; their flesh is tough, soft, and watery, and they acquire a brown, green, or blue tint when cut and exposed to the air; the juice is often milky, the odor comical, and the taste either acid, astrigent, acid, salt, or bitter. These characteristics are almost invariable.

Went to Her Death.

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The Slave Trade.

It is not alone piety which prompts thousands of Mohammedan merchants annually to join the pilgrims marching to Mecca. The charm of a profitable bargain is not unknown to these eagerly righteous wanderers, and they are by no means overscrupulous as to the manner in which they gain their money. While the more devout shed their tears and say their prayers at the shrine of the Prophet, those who have an eye to business capture slaves wherever they can, in the regions of Africa through which they pass, and sell them within the Dominions of the Sultan of Morocco, who takes one slave in twenty as his tribute. This trade, which is carried on within a few leagues of the French settlements in Algeria, is said to be by far the most lucrative indulged in by the caravans. Three thousand slaves are annually brought down from the Soudan, and not even the powdered gold, the incense, the precious stones, the indigo, or the rhinoceros horns, which the caravans sometimes get in Central Africa, are sought for with half the eagerness displayed in slave-hunting.

Items of Interest.

The poorest income on which a married couple can live is income-patibility. At Salisbury, N. H., Master Consh, aged fifteen, killed Master Consh, aged fifteen, with a club.
A society for the introduction of temperance literature in the public schools has been formed in Chicago.
The sale of onions has largely increased in Maine, those who would like alcohol if they could get it being, according to one theory, the purchasers.
In October the affectionate husband weeps to see his wife skip about the house flourishing a duster, and he says, "Kill him! There's another miller!"
A good meal, it is said, is served in a restaurant in the Rue de Trinite, Paris, for nine cents. The menu comprises a plate of meat, a plate of vegetables, dessert, and half a bottle of wine.
A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey got into the gutter. After bawling for some time one of them said, "Let's go to another house; this hotel leaks."
An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.
The lifting power of plants is well illustrated by an oak tree in South Hadley, Mass. A rock had a seam in it, and a fibrous root from the oak crept into the seam, grew and lifted the rock, weighing over a ton, to a height of one foot.
A Western man set fire to the prairie for fun, but after he ran seven miles and climbed a tree, with his pants about all burned off, he concluded the sport was a little too violent exercise to be indulged in oftener than once in a lifetime.
Good advice. When you use a postal card, always write the address the first thing. Tons of postal cards to the Dead Letter Office, because people write their message first and then forget to address the card.
In Hartford, not long since, when the estate of a bankrupt, upon settlement, only allowed a dividend of one-half of one per cent, the highest dividend was \$55 on a debt of \$11,000 to the wife of the bankrupt, and the lowest was four cents.
A bashful young man mortally offended the bride of his most intimate friend by stammering, when taken aback by a request for a toast at the wedding supper: "You, my friend, may you have a wedding once a year as long as you live."
A pistol to be used by Marietta Ravel in a play at a Troy theatre was loaded with a decidedly realistic bullet. A boy had been rat hunting with the firearm, and had left in a deadly charge. The discovery was made just in time, probably, to save the life of an actor.
Nineteen years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his young daughter go to a candy-pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the wagon, and entered the house and took her things as easily as if she hadn't been gone over a day.
Excellent paper pillows may be made of old letters—the stiffer the paper the better. Newspapers will not do. The paper should be cut into strips and rolled round an ivory knitting needle; it is then almost like a spring, and makes a much better cushion than the torn paper, being more elastic.

How He Started Out.

Henry J. Raymond, member of Congress, Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, but better known as the founder and editor of the New York Times, was the son of a New farmer. At the age of twenty he graduated at the University of Vermont. His father wanted him to go to work on the farm. But young Raymond had no inclination for farming. He felt if he could get a start in New York city, he had the habits of industry, and the brains which would enable him to do well.
Moved by his son's earnestness, the father raised three hundred dollars by mortgaging the farm, and with that sum the future journalist went to the city. There he studied law, and wrote for the newspapers, and was the first person, it is said, to write regular letters from New York to the country journals.
Horace Greeley, about that time, started the New York Tribune, and being acquainted with Raymond, he invited him to do his writing in the office. For some months he wrote at his borrowed desk, when, receiving a liberal offer to teach school in the South, he determined to accept it.
Thanking Mr. Greeley for his many courtesies, he informed him of his intended departure.
"I don't think," said the kind-hearted editor, who, like Raymond, was then struggling for bread and a position, "there's any particular use of your going 'way down there, Henry. You ought to do as well here, and New York's a better place for you. How many are you getting for teaching?"
"Ten dollars a week, and I can't earn as much here."
"O, well, you'd better stay. Write for the Tribune; I'll give you eight dollars a week."

ENGLISH ARMY.—Last year 743 soldiers were sentenced for desertion from the British army. Some of the reasons given for desertion by the men are curious. Forty-seven were annoyed by comrades or harshly treated by non-commissioned officers, and others forty-four married without leave, or had love affairs; eighty-seven were led astray by drink, or deserted from dislike to the army; eighty-one were persuaded by comrades or bad company; sixty-four alleged refusal of absence as the cause; twenty-nine deserted to better themselves; thirty went to various schools in Great Britain and America, and did not return; forty-three were tired of the army; eighteen deserted on account of whims and folly; and thirty-two gave no cause.