VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1874.

The Old Farm-House.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill, In a quiet, shady spot,

Just peoping through, half hid from view, Stands a little moss-grown cot. And straying through at the open door, The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care, Is placed by the old hearth-stone With witching grace, in the old fireplace, The evergreens are strewn. And pictures hang on the whitened wall.

And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall. More levely still, on the window-sill, The dew-eyed flowers rest.

While midst the leaves on the mose-grown The martin builds her nest, And all day long the summer breeze

s whispering love to the bended trees. Over the door, all covered o'er With a sack of dark green baize, Lays a musket old, whose worth is told In the events of other days :

And the powder-dask, and the hunter's horn, Have houg beside it for many a morn. For years have fled, with noiseless tread,

Like fairy dreams away, And left in their flight, all shorn of his might, A father-old and gray :

And the sofe wind plays with his snow-white And the old man sleeps in his easy-chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor, Light, airy footsteps glide, And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair, Kneels by the old man's side-An old oak greeked by the angry storm, While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

SUSY HOPE'S LESSON.

"H'm! Well, I suppose opposition would only make matters worse, but I you Susy Maxwell is a spoiled! I don't believe she was ever crossed in her life."

This was Montague Hope's comment when his favorite nephew, Walter, told him he was engaged to marry pretty Susy Maxwell, the daintiest, sweetest little blonde fairy that ever charmed away a

"I am sure I am not going to marry her to cross her!" was the warm reply, and Uncle Montague shrugged his bachelor shoulders and maintained a dis-

For many a long week after the honeymoon there was only peace and happiness between Walter and Susy. The young husband laving a good salary in a wholesale house, where he was salesman, had taken a handsome room in a fashionable up-town boarding house, and while Susy's handsome trousseau was new she had nothing left to wish for. Had the little wife been in a cozy home of her own, were it ever so tiny, she might have found happy employment to keep her still content. But in a boarding house, Walter away all day, she soon made friends with the other ladies, unfortunately for her, all possessing, wealth sufficient to gratify an inborn love of

Walter opened his eyes a little at some of the prices Susy insisted were requisite to obtain finery, but as long as he could afford it he gave liberally.

But Uncle Montague was right when he said that Susy was never crossed. It is true her demands in her old home were somewhat more moderate, but she had been the petted darling of aged grandparents, an orphan from infancy, and indulged in every wish. So, when the demands for money became unreasonable, and were refused, Susy developed an unsuspected capacity for pouting, and would sulk for days together, quoting ber new friends' opinions of Walter's

Matters grew worse and worse, till one morning, being denied a lace shawl upon which she had set her heart, Susy tearfully wished that she had never been married, or had taken Wayne Russell, who was heir to half a million. She was sorry a minute later, when Walter turned a set white face to her and said : "You only love the money you can

A burst of hysterical tears was the only answer, and then Walter was gone. Not to the store, but straight to Uncle

Montague's office.
"Uncle!" he said, abraptly entering the room, "is that Western position

"The one I offered to you before you were married (" "Yes! I want it! Now, to-day!"

"But you cannot take Susy. The salary is very large, and there are handsome commissions, but the travel is incessant !' "I know! Can I have it ?"

"What is the trouble, Walter ?" "I must have more money! wants more than I can afford to give her, and more than once has informed me that she married to do as she pleased so I am going to take myself off, and let her have all the money she wants.'

Uncle Montague reflected, and finally said slowly, "Well, you can have it." Preliminaries arranged, Walter went to the store, resigned his position, and hurried home to pack a trunk and start for Pittsburgh. Even then a soft word from Susy might have changed his resolve, but Susy was out, "gone shop-

"Since you care for nothing but money and fine clothes, I have accepted an offer to travel West, on a large salary and commission, and can remit to you enough, I hope, to make you happy. have refused the position before, as necessitated our separation, but now I have no hesitation in accepting it. If you can arrange it you had better return

to your grandfather's. WALTER."

If Walter could have heard the moaning cry that greeted the letter, he could never have carried out his hasty resolution. But he was already on his way Westward, and there was no one to comfort Susy as she wept and grieved. More than once she whispered in her sobbing:

'And I meant to tell him to-day. Oh, why didn't I tell him? He would never

All night the little blonde sorrowed, and in the morning she carried her troubles to her grandmother, and whis-

will write to Walter," said the old lady.

But writing to Walter proved a matter of difficulty. His new business kept him incessantly moving, and there was no certainty of a letter reaching him.

Every month a short letter reached Susy, containing a draft for money, and she sorrowfully hid them away, the very sight of them cutting her to the heart. Home was not home to her, with Walter away, the weary heart-sickness pressing sorely upon her.

One morning when her husband had been gone nearly six months, an uncle of Susy's died and left her \$20,000. Montague Hope heard of the legacy with

"I suppose madam will have a set of diamonds," he said, "or a fancy ward-robe from Paris."

To his surprise, late in the day, Susy came into his office. She had never been a favorite with the old man, but his heart softened as he looked in her

sad, pale face.
"Mr. Hope," she said, timidly, "I have come to ask a great favor of you." "Well, my dear," he answered gently, "I should be pleased to grant it. I am sure.

'You have heard of my legacy t"

"You know of this miserable separa-tion; that is all my fault. I have a plan to end it. I don't want to excuse myself, for I know that I was foolish and extravagant, but I am sure if we had not lived in a fashionable boarding house I never would have cared so much for expensive clothing. I am a good housekeeper, for my grandmother taught me how to cook and sew and keep a house in order. What I want is to buy a small house, furnish it neatly, and have a home of our own; and then" —the blue eyes were lifted pleadingly —"won't you let Walter know how

sorry I am, and bring him back. I would not trouble you about the house, but grandfather is so old that any unusual business troubles him." "You are a sensible woman," Uncle

Montague said, emphatically, "and I will help you with all my heart. I suppose you are anxious to get into your house as soon as possible?" " Indeed I am

"Well, I will call to-morrow and tell a cross word to Walter.

you what I have done."
Such a time as Uncle Montague gave upholsterers for the next fortnight! He bought a gem of a two-story house, 'modern improvements," and every day he brought a carriage for Susy to go with him to select carpets, furniture and household wares. Then he drove the workmen till every spot within the four walls was in shining order.

"We won't write to Walter till every-

thing is ready," he said.

And one sunny morning he escorted where a strong-armed servant was already installed, and made a little speech. me. I have never given him wealth, because I think he will be a happier, nobler man for leaning to depend upon his own exertions. I disapproved of his marriage because I thought you were a silly, spoiled child, who would mar his life's usefulness."

"You were right," said Susy, tearfully and humbly.

"I was wrong. The last two weeks have proved that. I had no business to encourage him in this wild-goose expedition, but as my atonement for my injustice to you I ask you to accept this house and all that it contains. You will find the piano a first-rate instrument, and the pictures, though few, are good. Your own money, if you will trust it to me, I will invest in secure stock that will give you a little income of your own.'

"How can I thank you?" sobbed "By growing rosy and happy, and giving me a corner of your fireside now and then. Now, my dear, I am going home to write to Walter."

But before the letter had accomplished its journey a telegram shot past it, carry ing terror to Walter Hope.
"Come home at once; Susy is danger-

Oh, the heart sinking, the bitter reentance! All the weary loneliness of the last six months were as nothing to this horrible fear. Susy, little, tender, loving Susy, ill, perhaps dying! Walter Hope had hardened his heart by saying to himself that Susy never loved him. But he knew it was false; Susy had loved him. He had taken her, a petted from her tranquil, happy home, put her where every hour there was temptation to some fresh extravagance, and then, when she, like a child, craved indulgences beyond his means, had roughly granted them while depriving

her of his protection and presence. And she had fretted herself ill. Oh, how the long journey tortured im! If ever he could reach Susy and hear her say she forgave him, he would never leave her side again, If her life was spared, and she still craved the extravagances of her friends, he would try by love and gentleness to win her to more reasonable wishes! Over and over again, n the long, tedious journey, he lived the few short months of his married life, every harsh word rising to torment him, and all Susy's winning charms reproachping," the servant told him.

When she came home a note upon her dressing table greeted her sight. Brief muning went on. He had led a busy life in the six months that poor Susy was fretting her heart away in self-reproachful sorrow, and had had but few hours for meditation. Long, hard-working days found him utterly weary at night, and in his rapid movements from place to place, the frequent changes from hotel

hotel, he did not miss home comforts as he must have done in a more settled Home had indeed never been more than a name to Walter Hope, who had boarded under his uncle's care since he was a mere boy. The privacy of one's own house, one's own table, were to him misty possibilities when he should have won a sufficient fortune to buy a house, But he felt with bitter force what a

desolation life would be to him if Susy A very pale, anxious face greeted Uncle Montague as he waited on the platform of the depot for the earliest Western train by which Walter could

return.
"She is out of danger!" he said, be-

"You nust come right home, and we fore other words of greeting were exchanged; "very weak yet, so you must meet her as calmly as you can."

Then, as the two drove across the city, Uncle Montague told Walter of

Susy's legacy, her present, and her good resolutions. "She is the dearest little woman in the world," the old man said, "and you must make her happy now. There is a good woman in the house now to keep it in order till Susy is well. Then, Walter, let her have the care herself. Even if her inexperience brings some temporary discomforts, love will soon teach her how to remedy defects, and she will find her happiness where true women seek for it ever, at home! God help those who have no such heaven of

The carriage stopped before the pretty stone house, but Walter scarcely saw the cheerful halls as he sprang up the stairs to Susy's room. Once there, he remembered his uncle's caution; and, opening the door softly, he went in with a quiet step. A very weak but a very glad voice spoke his name, and he bent over the pale face on the pillow, his voice low and tender, murmuring loving

"Our boy," Susy whispered. "I meant to tell you the day you went

"What a brute I was! Can you forgive me, Susy i"
"Hush, love; it is I who should ask forgiveness. But you will not go again,

"Never! The wee darling! She him curl his fingers round mine. How old is he, Susy!"
"A week old to-morrow. Walter let

me call him Montague. "I should have asked it."
So through sorrow and separation Walter and Susy found the road to happiness, and it would be hard to find a cozier home, a more gentle, loving wife, or a sturdier boy than greet Walter Hope every evening when he returns from his day's business. He colored with deep pain when Susy put into his hands every draft he had sent to her un-cashed, but he has invested them for

while Susy wonders if ever again fine clothes or jewelry can tempt her to speak

use of Montague Hope,

The Jockey's Race. San Francisco has this year been giving the same experience that every locality does every year, where horse racing exists. A paper gives a detail of how the thing is done: Two jockeys put their small heads together and lay out a campaign. Here is a horse that has no fast record, but is a good second to Goldsmith Maid. His want of a record permits him to be beaten without exciting suspicion, thus reviving Cali-Susy to the completely furnished house, fornia enthusiasm on their favorite horse. One jockey takes charge of Occident, the other of Fullerton. Occident wins the I am a rich bachelor, my dear, and first race, and up go the California hats. Walter's my heir, and dear as a son to The next is trotted to wagon. Occident behaves badly and Fullerton wins, making very extraordinary time. A week later the horses are brought together again. This time Occident behaves splendidly, and Fullerton is the one that cannot be managed. Occident wins to sulky, only one heat being in less time than Fullerton made to wagon the week before. Everybody feels glad that the gallant little brown horse won the race, but few have more confidence in ability to beat Fullerton than when they went on the ground. The race had every appearance of being sold. It does not follow that the owners of Fullerton and Occident had anything to do with bnying and selling. Probably they had not. Owners are not usually consulted by jockeys in these little matters. The arrange that among themselves. The thing the public has to consider is, if it is worth while to be victimized year after year by jockeys for the sake of witnessing a trotting race that is probably decided before either horse goes on the

Awful for the Man.

The Detroit Free Press is responsible

for the following: "Be you on the police force?" quired a dilapidated man, as he entered the Central Station, recently, and ad-dressed a sergeant. He was imformed that such was the case, when he continued: "I'm clean tuckered out. that wife of mine. I'm a fool—a blasted old fool, sir! I'm fifty, and she's twenty. She wants to gad about, and I want to stay at home; and if I say a word, it's the teapot, flatiron, or whatever comes handy. I've argued and scolded, and scolded and fit, and here I am. Look at this black eye! Look at me all over, mister police force! I was happy; now I am busted. wants me to go to every picnic, and ex-cursion, and festival, and dance, and it's killing me by inches. Then she wants a new dress to-day, a bonnet to-morrow, and so on, and I've got to get 'em, or have a fight. I've stood it all along, but I'm broken now. See that 'ere armsee where she put her teeth in thar morning, when I would not let her have money to buy a pair of high-heeled shoes. Just lay yer eyes on that air scar, mister police force!

"It's pretty tough," said the sergeant, as he looked. "Tough! Great heavens! its' awful perfectly awful! to bite in that way! continued the old man. "But the end has come. I've got relashuns over thar who wouldn't see me abused. and she's welcome to what's in the house. any one comes around here sayin' 've committed suicide or disappeared, just tell 'em how it is, mister police force—tell 'em I suffered and suffered, until I had to leave her to die. Tell everybody to beware of her; she looks nice, but she's a varago, a hippercrit—a regular yaller fox, behind the current

The sergeant promised, and the old man rolled down his sleeves and pursued his journey towards the ferry.

A Hypocrite.—A young man was re-cently reading albible lesson in his Sun-day-school class, at Ipswich, when the word hypocrite occurred. "What does it mean?" asked the teacher. "Well, I as the man said when Bridget, who was don't know," was the reply, "but I've scrubbing the front door, let fly a pail heard that Mr. — was one," naming a leading man in the church, with the air step forth," arrayed like the brideof one bestowing praise.

Something About Earthquakes.

Though far away from volcanoes, and in the sober temperate zone, New York and her neighborhood is not wholly deprived of the peculiar sansation by which an earthquake demonstrates the lack of absolute stability even in real estate. That locality can boast of no houses within the period since the acquisition of California. It might be suggested that we had taken her tendency to upheaval when we conquered our entire Republic of Mexico, and that we did not entirely surrender that when the forces of General Scott left her scorching plains. More likely, however, earth-quakes have happened here before the era of the Shaw press and the lightning telegraph. A shock was felt in New York city on the 8th of September, 1848, which, though distinct, did no further damage than to crack a few walls and nauseate some sickly stomachs. Northern New York felt a little quake on the 18th of March, 1853. At Buffalo and some other places a shock was felt October 23, 1857. New England was appeared from her mother's sight. Three shaken in quite a lively manner October of the children had been in the sleigh, 25, 1870, after a mild day, the thermometer rose suddenly. Presently a low rumbling noise was heard, like a heavy distant blast; houses trembled and windows rattled in the eastern part of New York city, belowFourteenth street. People thought a gas house had blown up or some such accident had occurred. was a genuine earthquake, though in very confined space. Next morning, about seven o'clock, a similar shock was felt in Brooklyn. The whole region from Cleveland to New York, Montreal and Bangor was quite thoroughly shaken October 20, 1870. The tremor seemed to progress from south to north, according to the majority of the reports, though some observers thought it had its motion in the opposite direction. In New York furniture was upset by the shock and solid brick buildings tottered as though they might fall. Long and Staten Islands and New Jersey had a similar experience.

On the 19th of June, 1871, the farmers heard the sound as of heavy trains of wagons driven rapidly over cobble pavement, and their houses were violently shaken, in some places breaking china and glass ware. Westchester, Long Island, Connecticut and Maine had another shake, with a northward current, July 11, 1872. So late as November 25, Essex county, Massachusetts, had its shake, perhaps the response of mother

earth to the late political convulsion. The late earthquake shock on the Hudson calls to the mind of a New York paper the above incidents.

A Boy's Composition.

THE COW. The cow has littler fun in 'em than all other animels roled into one. A cow wouldn't laugh if she dide, but cows moo wen they wants their cafs. The milk we gits for our te is pull out of cows, and then pumpt at with a pump til it is enoughf more. They give chees too, but weather a cow gives more than one chee to each cow isn't none to the other.

Cows is lots of kines, or veryities, like dogs, and horses, and hens. Some don't have no horns, and these is moolies wich can't tos dogs like the one in the house wich Jack bilt. If I was a cow Ide rather be a horse, for horses don't have to be

Once there was a feller, and he had a cow wich got burs in her tale, so it was all tangle, and he went to pick 'em out. He put his fingers threw the tarsel of the cow's tale like a cobm, and was a goin' to begin wen the ole cow she got afrade and begun to wakl away. feller he couldn't hole her, and he had to go too, a tryne all the time to pull his fingers out but coudln't for they was cot. Then he said wo, and he said holt, and steddy there, and no 'casion to hurry, and everything he could think of, but the ole cow she jus kep goin' round the faster and him a follerin'. Pretty soon a big dog come wich he knew was a sabbage dog, and after lookin' a minnit it

jined the percession wile studdin' how it So they kep a goin' and a goin' round -the ole cow, and the man, and the dog, the dog a smeln' the man's cafs and a maken' up its mine. The feller he didn't kno wether he'd rather have the dog bite him or bite the cow. But later on a other man he see 'em, and feeht a pail of slops wich he set down, and wen they come round to it the ole cow she stopt to have some, and wen her tale was the man's fingers come loos. Then he turnd roun to the dog, wich was a settin' down a grinnin', and he shook his fist at the dog, and he says, says he, thinkin' to fool the man that fetch the slops, you wuthless brute you mus take 'em by the tales. I never see such a awkward dog. If it's a goin to take haff a day to teech you how to drive a genteel cow like this un He sell you.

But it was the man that fecht the slop's dog.

Decisions in Grange Law.

1. No subordinate grange can subscribe stock to a joint stock company and afterwards assess its members for the purpose of paying the same; but can subscribe to the extent of its funds on

hand in the treasury.

2. There is no distinction between a dimit eard and a withdrawal card-a party holding a dimit is amenable to any subordinate grange in whose jurisdiction 3. Past Masters and their wives who

are matrons may be tried in the subordinate grange to which they belong, or in whose jurisdiction found. 4. Applications for dimit should be voted on by the grange, and a majority vote gives consent under the constitu-

5. Trading eards must be surrendered on application for dimit. 6. Dues can only be remitted to those who are unable to pay.

We must take things as they come, groom, into the morning sunlight.

Five Children Drowned.

A disaster so harrowing and unpre-cedented as to shock every sensitive heart occurred near Preakness, N. J., about four miles beyond Paterson. The small pond there was covered with a sheet of ice about an inch thick, and five children of Mr. John Dotterich, the proprietor of thrown down or cities destroyed by a large dairy establishment, ventured terrestrial tremor, but her history has upon it with a sleigh. They were four yet its positive record of several shakes girls, aged respectively sixteen, fifteen, upon it with a sleigh. They were four girls, aged respectively sixteen, fifteen, thirteen and eight years, and a boy, six years old, all healthy and blooming children, petted and beloved by their par-ents and relatives, and who, in their gay, rollicking mirth on the ice, little thought of the awful fate that awaited them. The pond was within sight of their home, and their mother was lovingly looking at their innocent sport when, at a spot near the center of the pond, the ice gave way, and children and sleigh were plunged into the water. They struggled des-perately for their lives, but their heartrending shricks were of no avail, and they were in a few minutes buried in the icy water. The eldest child, a bright girl of sixteen, gave a last agonizing cry 22, 1869. On Saturday evening, June and the other two were pushing from behind, but it seems that they all met the same cruel fate. Boats were got ready and all possible efforts were made to save them, but in vain, and for several hours none of the bodies could even be recovered. The agony of the mother, as she saw her children engulfed in the icy pond beyond all human aid, may well be magined. The neighborhood was in a feverish state of excitement, and the the arm below the incision. A small most intense sympathy for the afflicted family is felt everywhere.

That Peculiar Coroner.

All have heard of the coroner who eized an Egyptian mummy that was brought into town, summoned a jury, held an injuest on the mummy, brought in a verdict of "Death from causes unknown," and charged the county with the usual fee, with compound interest from the time of Moses. Well, that coroner is still in office, Max Adeler says, and he is still enthusiastic about his profession. Last Sunday night he was at church. The minister preached a very solemn sermon upon Noah's flood, and after it was over I met the coroner in the aisle and said to him :

"Very impressive discourse, Mr. Wheeler, wasn't it?" "Beautiful, sir! Beautiful," replied Wheeler. "And yet it seems to be kinder mournful, too."

"Indeed! Why it didn't strike me in that way. It was solemn, of course; but its tendency certainly should be to fill the heart of every truly good man with cheerfulness and hope."
"Oh, I know all that," said Wheeler: "but didn't he say there were several million people drowned in that flood?"

" I believe he did." "Well, then, I say that when I think of all that mortality, and remember that I wasn't coroner then, and ain't likely to when there's another such a freshet, it makes me sick. There ain't nothing cheerful about such reflections. I feel 's if I hadn't been treated right; 's if I'd

been robbed. I would like to know how Wheeler feels when he reads the story of the destruction of Sennacherib.

Terrible Cruelty.

A correspondent of the Levant Horald, writing from Constantinople, complains of the unaccountable clemency of the judges in the criminal courts, and states that, although more than a hundred murders have been committed within the past twelve months, not one of the murderers have been punished. An exemployee of the Custom House named Said has lately taken advantage of this state of things to perpetrate the following act of atrocity: A young lady of Bethlehem, newly married, was walking alone in a vineyard near the village when she was met by Said with a knife in his hand. Said, who is an impulsive character, having put out her eyes and sliced off her ears, mercifully cut off her head, and then took to flight, carrying off as a memento of the deceased every article of value he could find on he body. In the meantime some children. having witnessed this hasty proceeding from a distance, gave notice of the affair The operation of the law was swift, for the mudir of Bethlehem at once imprisoned the artless infants, and also the master of the vineyard. This action on the part of the mudir did not, however, meet with the approval of the Governor of Jerusalem, who caused the prisoners to be released. Said is still at large, and there s no immediate prospects of his capture, as nobody knows what has become of him; but the police think that "they have a clew.'

How the Sun Moved a Bridge.

During the recent building of a bridge in Holland, one of the traverses, four hundred and sixty-five feet long, was misplaced on the supports. It was an inch out of line, and the problem was how to replace it. Experiments proved that the iron work expanded a small fraction of an inch for every degree of heat received. It was noticed that the night and day temperatures differed by about twenty-five degrees, and it was thought that this might be made to move the bridge.

In the morning one end of the piece was bolted down securely, and the other end left free. In the heat of the sun the iron expanded, and toward night the free end was loosened. The contraction then dragged the whole mass the other way. For two days this experiment was re-peated, and the desired place reached.

We find no record that the heat of the sun has ever been employed in this way before; the contraction and expansion of iron bars by fire heat has frequently been used to move heavy weights over short distances. Broken walls and strained roofs and arches have been brought into place by simply heating iron rods till they expanded, then taking the slack by screws and nuts, and allowing contraction by cold to pull the wall or roof into

The United States Agricultural Bureau estimates the average value of hores in

Transfusion of Blood.

A highly interesting and delicate sura highly interesting and deflicate str-gical operation was performed in Bing-hamton, N. Y., the *Times* says, by Dr. J. G. Orton, upon Marcellus A. Hayes, aged twenty-eight years, who had been suffering from disease of the lungs during the past four years, and had become much emaciated and enfeebled. The operation known as the direct transfusion of blood from a healthy animal to the human subject having been agreed upon, Dr. Orton prepared an apparatus which, though simple in its construction, was well adapted for the purpose, securing safety to the patient, and facility in the execution of the delicate operation. A healthy six months' lamb, having been securely inclosed in a sack, was placed upon a table by the side of the patient's bed, and the cartoid artery exposed for about two and a half inches, and a ligature applied to this, arresting the blood current. About two inches below this a strong pair of forceps were applied, which securely compressed the artery. A small opening was then made in the section of the vessel thus secured, and a small glass tube of about one-eighth of an inch bore, three inches long, slightly bent, was inserted, and the artery carefully tied to it by a strong silk ligature. To the other end of the glass tube was attached some twelve inches of elastic tubing, to the other extremity of which was secured another glass tube, similar to the one just described. The vein usually opened in venesec

tion at the elbow was now exposed by dissection for about one inch, and a compress and bandage applied around opening was made in the vein exposed, and a funnel-shaped glass tube inserted into it and the vein secured to it by a ligature. This funnel-shaped tube thus arranged was filled with a weak solution of soda in water at the temperature of 98

In order to determine the amount of blood to be transfused, the blood from the lamb was allowed to flow through the tube into a graduated glass, four seconds being required to obtain an ounce of blood.

Everything being now ready, the for-ceps upon the lamb's artery were relax-ed, and after all air was removed from the tubes and the blood flowed briskly, the fore end of the glass tube was inserted into the one connected with the vein of the patient's arm, and immediately the pure blood of the lamb coursed freely into the system of the sick man. of \$1,995 a head, and fourteen bulls at By timing the flow it was estimated that an average of \$1,195. One cow sold for eight ounces of blood were thus intro-

The patient experienced at the termination of the operation a peculiar warmth over the whole body, and a sensation of fullness; this was succeeded by a slight chill, and this was soon followed a slight chill, and this was soon followed twining; but, if begun from the outby a decided reaction, his pulse becom- side, will speedily get tangled and into ing full and slightly accelerated. During the remainder of the day and up to last reports, the patient continued to feel very comfortable, and is encouraged to think that he will derive permanent benefit from this novel operation to which he had voluntarily submitted him-

A Printers' Tournament.

A printers' tournament, being a contest in type-setting, took place in ington, with the following result. There were eight entries in the first class, the

type nonpareil. Time, three hours :
The first prize, a solid gold composing stick, won by S. N. Bennerman, who set 5,070 ems; second prize, a solid silver composing stick, fall newspaper size, won by R. A. McLean, who set 4,998 ems; third prize, Menamin's Encyclo-

pædia of Printing, won by W. W. Mc-Collum, who set 4,720 ems. Second Class—Time one hour and thirty minutes—W. W. Malloney was awarded a silver composing-stick, news paper size, having set 2,278 ems. Frank A. McGill, a German silver composingstick, full size; 2,250 ems. H. W. Hart-

man, Harpet's Typograph; 2,187 ems. Long Primmer Class—Time one hour and thirty minutes—J. R. McBride was awarded the first prize, a solid gold composing-stick, breast-pin size, having set 2,128 ems. G. J. S. Hunnicutt, American Encyclopædia of Printing; 2,037 ems. H. C. Turleton, a thermometer;

The tournament took place in the National Republican office. The decisions were made in accordance with rules previously established, and none were present except the judges, referee, and proof-readers.

Resources of Alaska. Alaska promises to be a profitable bar-

gain after all. 200 miles down the coast is Kodiac I land, where immense pastures stretch out on every hand, balmly, and temperature even all The bay swarms with codfish and the brooks and small lakes with trout and salmon. Game is abundant and ducks and geese so plentiful that they can be killed with a club. Wild elk are plentiful on the main land, and several fur agencies established on the island have a profitable trade in bear, fox, otter and white ermine skins. Two tribes of Indians occupy the island—the Aleuts, who show a mixture of Russian blood, and the Koyuks, who possess all the traits of the genuine North American Indians. The former are thrifty and intelligent and seem pleased with the idea of a civilized settlement. The Icelanders found a true Arcadia in this region which has been regarded both inspitable and uninhabitable. It is not unlikely that the Icelandic race, after a thousand years of hardship and suffer ing upon a cold and barren island, will choose this new territory as their future

Luster Sheep, a New Breed.

At a recent exhibition in Bremen a fleece was exhibited from South Australia of a yearling ram, which was remarkable for its fine silky luster and softness, and the unusual length (over five inches) of the smooth, fine wool, as well as for its beautiful, almost dazzling whiteness. All were satisfied that a fine, firm yarn, and

very superior cloth could be made from It was stated that it was a result of in and in breeding of Negretti sheep with Leicester (Lincoln) rams; the number of generations required was not

Items of Interest.

NO. 45.

The construction of the Panama rail-road cost 81,000 human lives, destroyed by malaria-or one for every yard of the

An exchange says: If you have a boy and want to know what's in him, send him West with just money enough to get him there.

When a man cannot drive a horse well, he makes up the deficiency of education in that respect by severely pounding the poor animal.

A Texas man who died the other day left "the sum of five thousand dollars as a fund to defend persons who kill Southern railroad baggage smashers.

In a teachers' meeting in Ipswich, Mass., three hundred and forty words wer given out to be spelled. The only one spelt correctly by all was Tuesday.

The name of His Majesty of the Sandwich Islands is not pronounced King Calico, as some people suppose. The right pronunciation is King Kalakow-ah. Many men in New York have express-

ed themselves as ready to work for a mere living this winter. There are men mere living this winter. There are men in this section not willing to do that The advertisement of a Western stone-cutter reads: "Those who buy tombstones from us look with pride and

satisfaction upon the graves of their A New Orleans gentleman, writing from San Francisco, speaks of that city

as overrun with clerks and bookkeepers out of employment, although mechanics of various sorts command fair wages. A man whose wife hung herself in his presence, on being asked why he did not prevent the tragedy, replied: "I cut

her down three times last week, and I can't be always cutting her down. A Memphis jury having convicted a man of murder, now finds that the sup-posed murdered man is living. The question is whether the verdict shall be rescinded, or the man allowed to murder

his victim. At a recent "cheese fair," in England, the judge decided that American factories cannot produce cheese equal to the best cheese made in England, although they successfully compete with the medium qualities.

At a recent cattle sale at Paris, Ky., twenty-one cows were sold at an average of \$1,995 a head, and fourteen bulls at \$6,000, another for \$5,400, and still another for \$4,100.

A right and a wrong way of doing things, thus: A ball of twine, if opened from the inside, will run off enough, and give no trouble in the unconfusion. During the late bathing season an in-

seaside hotel, and with a considerable flourish signed the book and exclaimed: "I'm Lieutenant Governor of --That doesn't make any difference, says the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others." Lady Franklin has announced that the reward of £2,000, made some years ago by her for the recovery of the official records of her husband's expedition,

still holds good, and that over and above

she will be prepared to remunerate any

one who may succeed in recovering them for any outlay to which his research may subject him. An English farmer who has "used wheat as food for his horses for some time," tells the Mark Lane Express that he allows "ninety pounds per horse for the week, soaked in a cistern for forty-eight hours, in cold water. The water is then run off, and the grain al-

lowed to remain twenty-four hours to create fermentation." "How much is your candy stick?" inquired a boy of a candy dealer. sticks for five cents." five cents, ch? Now lem'me see, Six fer five cents, five fer four cents, four fer three cents, three fer two cents, two fer one cent, one fer nothin'. I'll take And he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment.

A Needed Railroad Reform.

The news that the great American deadhead has driven to despair all the managers of all the railroads, and compelled them to recognize him as a belligerent, is rendered less alarming by the further information that one great line has struck a blow at the sleeping-car monopoly and reduced its rates from \$2 for each berth to \$1.50. Sleeping and palace cars are always running and earnng money, their life is longer than that of other rolling stock, and they are always filled to their utmost capacity, so that there is no earthly reason why their occupants should be charged at the rate of \$2 a night, plus 50 cents or \$1 to the porter. Great as is their convenience for the business traveler who desires fully to economize his time, their expense is a tax by no means light on his pocket, and if so desirable a reform as a reduction can be brought about and made general the traveling public, east and west, will be deeply indebted to the Illinois Central Company.

What is Thy Name?

It is often the case that persons who write on the whole a legible hand sign their name so carelessly that a stranger can scarcely make out what it is. Our editorial experience has given indubitable evidence of this. Any of our readers who may have fallen into such a habit would do well to learn a lesson from the anecdote told of Rev. W. S. Potts, D.D.: When a clerk in Philadelphia, he took a bill to a Quaker, and had signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphic cartouches, sometimes seen on bank notes now. The Quaker, taking up the paper,

said, blandly:
"Friend, what is this at the bottom?" "That, sir, is my name."

"What is thy name !" "William S. Potts."

"Well, William, will thee please to write it down under here plainly, so that a witness in court could know it.

Ever after Dr. Potts wrote and lived so that no man could mistake a word or