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Sleep on Till Day.

Oh, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day;
No trouble as this, no danger as this;
Oh, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day,
Airs round thee trembling,
Love's sighs resembling,
Linger a moment, and vanish away,
Oh, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.
The pale stars are setting, the dawn rises gray,
The kind hours they laugh as they hasten away,
They know 'till the day soon, the beautiful day;
Crowned to-morrow,
End of my sorrow!
Meeting, with never a farewell to say;
Oh, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.
Yet life's but a vision too lovely to stay;
Sorrow passes, noon cometh, and pleasures decay;
Soon evening approaches and closes the day,
Then laid with praises
Under the daisies,
Smiling we'll creep to one pillow of clay,
And sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.
—Miss Mulock.

TWO SKETCHES.

I'm a black pig girl. You know—the kind that tells lies about their mother being sick, or dead, or something, and most on 'em never no mother; but Me and another girl lives with her. Jiminy (that's the other girl) sassed her, and didn't get nothing to eat, and she went to a house and begged, and the cook give her some, and she had a cook give me cold cabbage, I'd fire it at her head.

Duffy says mother give me to her. I wish mother hadn't a been so generous. I stay with her 'cause I ain't got no other place. Sometimes I think I'll take the pigs, samples and all, for wages, and she says she'll never let me go; but Duffy's old man is had up a good deal for variance, I guess they call it, and that's where he mostly stays.

Sometimes Jiminy's better than other times, and it's when she's coming out of her fits of goodness that Duffy beats her. I ain't never seen her just keep along about the same, and Duffy's give over beating me. Jiminy's awful queer. She calls me Sarah, and my name's Anne, 'cause she knowed a woman that took care of her when she was sick, and her name was Sarah. Nobody never took care of me, so I call Jiminy that.

I suppose if I got sick I could go to a hospital. I did know a girl who went there and died onst. Old man Duffy went when he fell off the dock, and she thought she got rid of him sure enough; but he come back all right; I guess she cut it all wrong, and she warn't none the worse for it, if she was.

I just have to laugh when I see the folks in the streets scared to death of a little mud. I declare I ain't in a fashionable, so's I don't have to wear a train. One time Jiminy and me put on style, with our hair fixed up, and went down Broadway like any children. If you got walking behind people, so's to hear what they're saying of it, it's about the best fun out. All the mothers is so scared of their young ones getting hurted a-crossing of the streets.

Now, my darling, do be careful, my darling; catch a cold, my hand, my darling, or you'll be run over."

Seems to me there must be more danger of everything if anybody's some-body's darling. Good lady! I ain't been run over, and I never took hold of Duffy's hand, only onst when Duffy's old man sit at the table, and he like he was a-going to chop her; then I held on fast enough, and holloed.

There's a young lady I know that's the most beautiful thing I ever seen. I wouldn't ask her to buy a pin not to save Duffy's neck. I don't know her to speak to, but she oftened down my way going into the big houses. Her like he was a-going to chop her; then I held on fast enough, and holloed.

There was one day there'd been a storm of ice and snow, and I hadn't much shoes on me; one was a rubber I found, and the other was a kind of a low shoe that was tied on with a string. My feet kinder hurt, that's true, but I suppose it warn't so bad as if I'd a been somebody's darling. Any way, I didn't think much about it, only they was bothersome to keep on, 'cause they was big; and along there come a young man with a good warm coat on him, and when he see me was just in front of a cheap shoe store—the kind where poor folks gets cheated, unless they're Jews. And what he do but up and took me into that store and got me a whole pair of shoes; and I know he warn't poor, for they was good shoes, and were my size; and I guess he warn't a Jew neither. When we come out of the store he stopped a minute, and says, "Feel better, little girl?" and puts 'till his hand in his pocket, and out comes a ten-cent silver; and I never thanked him nor nothing, but begun to cry. He was going to put it in my hand, and there come along a carriage, and in it I see my star lady, and he seen her too, and she knowed him, and smiled to him and bowing her head. The silver dropped on the ice in the street, so's I had to stoop

down to get it. He got very white-looking, and stood with his hat off, so's I'd thought he'd catched his death. He didn't say no more to me, but started off to walk very fast. I never seen him again, but I think of two, three, nights when Jiminy's asleep, and I think if they was come together, and was to see 'em going into a church, her all in white, with her face a-shining, and her look a-looking so proud of her, with the look on 'em some people do wear to their weddings, I think I'd give 'em—I'd give 'em—Oh, granny, I ain't got nothing to give but the ten-cent silver he give me, and Duffy's old pins.

II.—IN THE HOSPITAL.

She stood in the middle of her room, quite still, with her hands clasped tight together.

"Helen, my darling," he had said, "a great trouble has come to you. Try to be brave. Oh, if your mother were living now, she would help you better than I can. My little girl, my Helen, the man you love, the man whom I would have let you marry, is—an infernal rascal, Helen!"

She slipped from his protecting arm and stood alone. Then she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"I don't think I know what you mean. I have never heard you speak so. Is it about Henry? Is it my dear Henry?"

"He can never be anything to you again, my daughter. He is a villain. Oh, my precious child, my little girl, try to be brave. Don't break down."

He was walking wildly up and down the room. She was standing perfectly still.

"I am trying so hard to understand what you are saying to me, father. Who says this? Why do you believe it?"

"I know it. Money with which I trusted him has gone to the four winds. He is a gambler. He is worse than that."

"What has he done?" She sat down on a chair that was near.

"He has forged my name."

"Where is he?"

"He has left the country; he has run away. I must have been terribly blind and foolish not to understand that man. Your mother would have known. Nothing but some wicked trick will be known of all this but that I have broken the engagement. If my life could have saved you from sorrow, I would have given it."

She came and leaned over her father when he sat with his head bowed down upon his hands. She raised his face and kissed him.

"Father," she said, "I shall bear this; it will not kill me."

from a cut over the pale temple fell drops of blood on Helen's dress.

Then Helen remembered the hospital, and followed by the curious crowd, she carried the child toward the house. Her breath came hard, and as she paused a moment at the foot of the steps the door above opened wide, and a tall young man came quickly out to meet her.

"Oh, Dr. Larned!" she said, with something of the same relief in her heart that Juliet felt when she saw Friar Lawrence standing near her in the tomb.

"I have never," said Dr. Andrew Larned, when he described the scene to a friend—"I have never seen anything so beautiful as Helen Le Roy, standing pale and stately, with divine pity making tender her perfect face, and in her arms, held so gently, wrapped so carefully, that beggar child."

She followed him into the house, where, in a little room, a low white bed was waiting for some teach hospital.

"The horses trampled her down. She was running to bring me a bit of lace I had lost, and she fell before my eyes, and I could not help her. Oh, it is so horrible!" said Helen, with a little sob.

"She is not dead. Will you help me, Miss Le Roy?" He looked at her steadily. He knew that if she would but with some responsibility, she would conquer her emotion.

"I will do what you tell me."

"You have only to kneel down here and bathe these stains from her face, and here where the cut over the temple is hidden in her hair."

"I must leave you alone for a few moments, while I call the nurse and get some things that I shall need. Do not be troubled; there is nothing you can do for her but this." He watched her a minute, and then left the room.

As Helen watched she saw that the expression of the child's face had changed, and then the closed eyelids quivered and slowly opened, and two gray eyes regarded her with amazement. She spoke softly, thinking that the child might be frightened at finding herself in this strange place.

"You are with friends, dear; we will be very kind to you."

She seemed not hear or not to understand, but kept her eyes fixed on Helen's with the same look of wonder, until suddenly a beaming smile shone over her face—a smile of recognition and pleasure—and with a faint, glad voice she said:

"Oh, my beautiful lady, my star lady!" and then the light died away, and she lost consciousness again.

Dr. Larned, coming back to the room, found Miss Le Roy still at her post.

"She has spoken. She was conscious for a moment, and she looked at me as though she knew me, and was glad to see me. Oh, Dr. Larned, let me stay here and take of this poor little girl. If you only knew how I have longed to be useful in some way!" she said, with a sudden frankness that surprised herself.

And so their strange unknown little friend died, holding their hands in hers; but her prayer lived after her, and was answered, for these two have been blessed with perfect love and faith, in sweet companionship.

Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

We are so in the habit of modestly considering ourselves the youngest of peoples, says an exchange, that we continually forget it is a fault which we are every day outgrowing. We have some towns which credit claim anywhere the honors due to respectable maturity, and one of these, Weymouth, in Massachusetts, recently celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement.

Col. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., made an admirable address on the occasion, giving the interesting history of the place. In his introduction he referred to the town's cotemporaries, placing it in European perspective. "When the first European," he said, "made his home in old Spain—when the earliest rude hut was framed on yonder north shore of Philadelphia—the modern world in which we live was just assuming shape. Few now realize how little of that which makes up the vast accumulated store of human possessions which we have inherited from our fathers—which to us is as the air we breathe—had then existed. The Reformation had then begun. Luther and Calvin and Erasmus were in the struggle with Catholicism still tortured Eastern Europe. The thirty years' war in Germany was just commenced, and the youthful Gustavus Adolphus had yet to win his spurs. The blood of Saint Charles was but half a century old, and the murder of Henry IV. was as near to the men of 1622 as that of Abraham Lincoln to us. The great Cardinal-Duke was then organizing modern France; Charles I. had not yet ascended the English throne; Hamden was a young country gentleman and Cromwell an upstart English squire. While men still believed that the sun moved round the earth, Galileo and Kepler were gradually ascertaining those laws which guide the planets in their paths; Bacon was meditating his philosophy; Don Quixote was being read; Milton, not yet a Cambridge pensioner, was making his first essays at verse. Shakespeare had died but six years before, and indeed the first edition of his plays did not appear until the very year in which Weymouth was settled."

Trapping Grasshoppers in Algeria.

Gen. Chazuy, this past season, issued a circular to the generals of divisions and prefects in Algeria, directing them, in dealing with these public pests, to adopt the method which has been successfully used in the United States. This consists in systematic seeking and destroying of the grasshoppers' eggs, and also attacking the crickets on the march. It seems that before becoming full-blown grasshoppers, the crickets, about a month after they are hatched, begin to march, and this is done vertically to poles firmly fixed in the ground, the upper part being waxed or bordered with oil silk to a width of about ten centimetres, and the earth so heaped up under it as to leave no crevice between the silk and the ground. A second band is then set up, several do of which, 250 metres long, can be placed end to end and transversely to any point threatened by the invaders. All that has to be done is to wait till the column of crickets has reached the trench. Then it is covered in with earth, and nothing more is seen of the crickets.

The people of Cyprus take a band of silk from sixty-five to seventy centimetres long, 250 metres long, and fix it vertically to poles firmly fixed in the ground, the upper part being waxed or bordered with oil silk to a width of about ten centimetres, and the earth so heaped up under it as to leave no crevice between the silk and the ground. A second band is then set up, several do of which, 250 metres long, can be placed end to end and transversely to any point threatened by the invaders. All that has to be done is to wait till the column of crickets has reached the trench. Then it is covered in with earth, and nothing more is seen of the crickets.

About the Baby.

A baby is a very tender thing, people say; but most of them are very far from knowing how tender. Imagine how nervous you are in certain states—when reeling from illness, say; when the fall of a book or the slam of a door makes you quiver and feel faint, as if some one gave you a blow. That is the way a young baby feels at its best. A puff of wind will set it gasping, its little breath blown quite away. A noise makes it shiver, a change of summer air makes it turn death-cold. A baby is the most nervous of beings, and the tortures it suffers in going to sleep and being awakened by careless sounds when just "dropping off" are only comparable to the same experience of an older person during an acute nervous headache. Young babies ought to pass the first months of their lives in the country, for its stillness no less than its fresh air. But where silence is not to be commanded, baby may be soothed by folding a soft napkin, wet in warm water, lightly over the top of its head, its eyes and ears. It is the best way to put nervous babies to sleep. A dais towel would be wet and laid over its head, the ends twisted a little till it made a sort of skull-cap, and though baby sometimes fought against being blindfolded in this way, five minutes usually sent him off into deep and blissful slumber.

A Hard Place to Ride.

A man was found on a wheel truck of a passenger car at Reading, Pa., the other day, who said he had come all the way from California, and had traveled in that manner altogether. Such business as that is terrible to contemplate. Car is doubled up under a passenger car and exposed to the cold air and the dust, while being whirled along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to say nothing of the noise and danger, is something romantically fearful.

A well authenticated case of death from the sting of a hornet recently occurred in England. A woman who was stung by one in the neck fainted immediately and expired in a few minutes.

Kalakana's Kingdom.

The Sandwich Islands, otherwise called the Kingdom of Hawaii from the principal member of the group, ought to receive a little popular attention at this time when its ruler is the guest of the United States, the Boston Journal says, especially if it is true, as suspected, that our government will be called upon to ratify a closer connection with those far off isles as the upshot of the present royal visit. The islands are twelve in number, comprising in all a little over 6,000 square miles—about the size of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Two-thirds of this area belongs to the island of Hawaii, although Oahu is better known generally from its containing Honolulu, the capital city, which has about 16,000 inhabitants. The population of the whole group in 1872 was 58,897—about the same as that of our county of Plymouth. It will be seen, therefore, that the islands are very sparsely inhabited, which is necessary, of course, owing to their broken, volcanic surface. Mountains rise to the height of 14,000 feet above the sea level, and the soil is mainly composed of disintegrated lava and basalt. To return to the population, it appears by the last census of the inhabitants that there were 49,044 persons of the pure native race, of mixed origin, 1,938 Chinese, 880 Americans, 619 English, and the remainder hailed from other European countries.

The twentieth degree of north latitude runs through the group, so that they are in the same latitude as Cuba, while the climate is said to be even more favorable for the growth of sugar cane, cotton, and other products of a tropical character. There are good harbors, which would afford convenient coaling stations for our steam commerce with China and Japan. Last year the islands took from our goods to the value of \$1,000,000, and they, before they were sent, \$2,128,000 worth. Their export of sugar is about 12,000 tons, and it is said, might be easily doubled. Their other exports are coffee, rice, tallo, hides, beef, mutton and ship supplies. The government is that of a constitutional monarchy, the people having a voice in the election of their sovereign. The present king was chosen last February. He has a regular cabinet, all of whose members are American or English, and a council of sixteen members, one-half of whom are natives. The revenues in 1872 were \$964,356. There are hundreds of schools, in which knowledge is taught both in the native and the English tongues; numerous printing presses at work, and a half dozen newspapers, some in Hawaiian and some in the English languages. On the whole, it is a fair little kingdom for the vastness of the island, considering whether we want it annexed to the Union remains to be seen.

The Bear in Winter.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says: "One of the most curious characteristics of the bear is its habit of hibernating through the winter. During the autumn it becomes very fat, and about the end of October, commencing its winter house, ceases feeding for the year. A remarkable phenomenon then takes place in the animal's digestive organs. The stomach, no longer supplied with food, contracts into a very small space. A mechanical obstruction called the 'tapper,' composed of the liver and other extraneous substances, blocks the alimentary canal and prevents the ordinary passage of any matter. The bear continues in its den until the middle of April, in a dull, lethargic condition. If discovered and killed at any time in this period, it is found to be as fat as at the beginning. It is said, however, that if the 'tapper' be removed before the end of its hibernation, it immediately becomes extremely thin. During the hibernation the bear gains a new skin upon the balls of its feet, and during the same time also the female bear brings forth her young, from two to four in number. The latter act occurs generally from the middle of January to the middle of February. The pairing season occurs in the summer, from June to September. The period of gestation is about seven months, and the newly born cubs are scarcely larger than puppies."

A Kansas Law-Point.

At White Cloud last week they had a case the decision of which beats the celebrated judgments of Solomon. A person owing another money gave him a bill of sale of his safe. The time expired, the debt was not paid and the person holding the bill of sale took possession of the safe and removed it to quarters provided for the purpose. The former owner's books were in the safe, and he asked and received permission to unlock the safe and take them out. In relocking the safe he changed the combination so that no person but himself could open it, and upon demand refused to divulge the secret. On complaint of the owner of the safe this person was arrested on a criminal charge. Both parties engaged lawyers and the trial commenced. The attorneys for the defendant set up the plea that the combination of the lock was in the mind of the defendant and nowhere else and that the sole question was whether a man's mind was subject to a mortgage or bill of sale. Strange to say, the attorney for the prosecution admitted that this was the decisive point, and the justice of course dismissed the suit.

Farmers' Boots and Shoes.

A farmer who has been accustomed to wear thick boots for more than forty years past says that, before wearing the boots, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow or coal-tar, and dry it off; then the upper with castor oil, and about once tablespoonful to each boot; the oil then twice a week with castor oil, when one teaspoonful will be sufficient. If the weather should be rainy, or you are compelled to work in water during the day, wash your boots clean at night, hold them by the fire until quite warm, and stretch them out, and you will have no trouble about your boots getting hard and shrinking up, so that you cannot get them on. If the leather should become red give a coat of ordinary shoe blacking before oiling. The effect of castor oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering. I have stood in mud and water ten hours a day for a week without feeling any dampness or having any difficulty in getting my boots on or off.

Wasted Eloquence.

The Baltimore Bulletin has the following: "Some years ago a young lawyer of Baltimore, struggling for recognition in his profession, and achieving no very rapid or brilliant success in it, had a case fall into his hands that promised a pretty good fee. A gentleman's pocket had been picked of a watch, and the thief was in jail enjoying an excellent prospect of a protracted term in the reformatory, the evidence connecting him with the crime being very complete. The lawyer—'I might as well say who it was at once and be done with it—Mr. John L. Thomas, called on his incarcerated client and had a talk with him. 'Did you steal the watch?' 'Well, no, not exactly. You see I was in the crowd that did it, and it was passed to me. But I'll tell you what, Mr. Thomas, if you'll get me off I'll give you this watch in addition to the hundred dollar retainer you have already paid me.' The lawyer looked at the watch and found it a splendid piece, worth \$300 easy. It would appear that Townsend had gained a reputation even in those days, for Mr. Thomas's first step was to change the venue to the county. The case came up in the next session, and the prisoner, the counsel, the prosecuting witness, and all were on hand. Somehow or other the chief prosecuting witness, upon whose evidence the loser of the watch the prisoner's fate depended (while waiting for the court to reach the case), got to drink Townsend's whisky. At any rate, when the witness arose to testify, Mr. Thomas got at him by his whisky, which was only out of Christian charity that Mr. Thomas was induced to refrain from making him prove that he had stolen his own watch himself. The culprit was discharged from custody, and all drove into town in a condition of great happiness. Mr. Thomas went home quite pleased with the day's work. 'Well, John,' said one of his family, 'made a big fee to-day, didn't you?' 'Oh, yes,' replied Mr. Thomas, smiling and putting his hand in his vest-pocket. A shadow of doubt overspread his countenance, it deepened into a frown, and then with a look of blank dismay and disgust he sank into a chair. While coming in the bus his ready client had relieved him of both watch and fee. Several years afterwards, when Mr. Thomas had made a name in the profession and had become a prominent Attorney, he was in the habit of attending to cases in the criminal court the very fact that had served him such a trick. The man saw him, his countenance fell, and he pleaded guilty on the spot, and got ten years across the Falls. But you should hear Mr. Thomas tell this story himself."

FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

Aspirous King Makes Lots of Fun for the Money Changers.

As the members of the New York Stock Exchange were pleasantly occupying the time while awaiting the arrival of King Robinson by knocking off each other's hats, a commotion was observed at the door and a tall, robust colored man was carried in, borne rapidly to the front of the rostrum and placed standing upon the table. Everybody cheered lustily, and a report began to circulate that the monarch of the Sandwich Islands was present. He had a new and glossy silk hat on his head and a tin trumpet under his arm. With perfect composure he put the instrument to his mouth and blew a blast such as has never before been heard in that or probably any other stock exchange.

As soon as Vice-President Mitchell, who occupied the rostrum, recovered from his astonishment he ordered the bogus king out, but the more earnestly he insisted upon his retirement the more vigorously did the bogus sovereign sound his trumpet. He had taken off his hat and placed it at his feet, and appeared to be absorbed in a sort of musical ecstasy, from which he was rudely awakened by half a dozen brokers throwing their arms around him and bearing him to the door. Other brokers, not yet tired of the fun, resisted this attempt and tried to replace him on the rostrum. The rapping of the vice-president's mallet was not heard amid the tumult. When the sable visitor was finally shot into the street, his new silk hat had been flattened to the thickness of a pancake. The total cost of the entertainment was \$13.25; namely, \$2.25 for the trumpet, and \$5 to the colored representative of royalty, who refused to take the risk for a single cent less. It is not known whether Mr. Walter Neilson paid the whole sum or only a portion of it.

The Destroyer of the Vines.

The Phylloxera is a very minute insect, measuring, when fully grown, not more than 1-33d of an inch in length. Its most striking feature is its proboscis, which lies in a sort of groove on the under side of the insect, and with which it pierces the roots on which it feeds. This proboscis is very slender, and appears to be formed of three tongues, a slender one in the middle, and two, more slender and shorter, on the two sides of it; it resembles a brown thread bending round and inserting itself in the tissue. The base of the proboscis is a sort of flat and sharp-pointed blade, composed of brown parts which prolong themselves into the tongue. The animal raises this blade a little in applying its proboscis to its food. The length of the sucker is equal to about half that of the body of the phylloxera, which does not bury more than half of it in the bark of the roots. By this sucker the insect fixes itself to the spot which it has chosen, so that it can be made to turn upon it as on a pivot. In color the phylloxera, during the summer at least, is yellow, but in the late autumn it turns to a copper-brown tint, which lasts through the winter. The male and female phylloxera are very similar in appearance until the latter half of October. The insect hibernates through the other months, though previous to the commencement of hibernation the females who have laid eggs during the past season die off, leaving only young insects, which, as we have said, turn to a copper-brown color at this period, renewing their light yellow tint in the spring. The phylloxera does not increase much in numbers during the months of April and May, but an extensive reproduction of the insect is clearly marked in June and July, while it assumes prodigious proportions in August and September. In the latter months of autumn covering the root-systems in a continuous mass, so as to make them appear completely yellow with their bodies.

Convulsions in Children.

The lists of deaths of this disease are fearful, with a prospect of becoming more fearful, as the causes multiply. Constipation of the bowels is the universal, immediate, or exciting cause, while the fresh fermented bread, fried meats, or cakes, sweetmeats, confections, indigestible pastry, and abominable compounds of butter, lard, eggs, sugar, and starch, called puddings, are the predisposing causes. I have known, says the Science of Health, many a robust-looking child of two or three years, partake of a hearty supper of griddle-cakes soaked in butter and molasses, with salted ham, or mince-pie, and sometimes the accompaniments of pickles, old cheese, or dried beef, retire to bed an hour later, and die of convulsions before morning. But this is not the place to write a lecture against "murdering the innocents." Tepid enemata, repeated until the bowels are freely moved, the warm bath, fomentations, and sips of cold water, are the remedies.

Children who are predisposed to convulsive disease are more liable to have them developed during the period of dentition; but it is only necessary to keep the bowels open to obviate all serious consequences. Convulsive paroxysms often precede the eruptive stage of exanthems—small-pox, scarlatina, measles, and erysipelas. In these cases they are not alarming, and in the cases they are not alarming, and need no special treatment.

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The Sultan and Satan.

There is an Eastern story of a Sultan who overstep himself so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him, and told him to get up and pray. "Who are you?" said the Sultan. "Oh, no matter," replied the other; "my net is proof, is it not? No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good." "Yes," replied the Sultan, "but I think you are Satan. I know your face; you have some bad motive." "But," says the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow after all. I was an angel once, and still keep some of my original goodness." "That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent Caliph; "but you are the tempter; that's your business; and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray." "Well," said the other, "with a hint of impatience, 'if you must know I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers, you would have been sorry for it afterward, and penitent; but if you go on, as now, and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with your piety that you will be weary; and if you had missed one sometimes and repented of it, God loves your fault mixed with penitence, more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

Was Not Poisoned.

Dr. Corlieu, a French physician, has just come to the conclusion that the eldest son of Francis I. died of acute pneumonia, brought on by drinking cold water when he was hot. And yet more than three hundred years ago the autocrat's cup-bearer of the Dauphin was first put to the torture and then drawn and quartered for having poisoned the prince. The Dauphin had been playing at tennis at Lyons, and being very hot, told Sebastian Montecucoli to hand him a bowl of water, which he drank off. As he once sipped and died, and his cup-bearer was supposed, at the instigation of Charles V., to have administered poison. He was tortured, and of course confessed anything required of him, naming two of the Emperor's generals as having been his accomplices. From a report of a committee of physicians who examined the body, Dr. Corlieu says that the Dauphin perished through his own imprudence, and has thus removed a weight of ignominy from the memory of Sebastian Montecucoli, who is entirely vindicated.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

The title is turning. We have passed the point of dead low water and business is reviving. The Boston Post says, for instance, that within the last month a very noticeable change in manufacturing business has taken place—that the classes of factories now are those which are running on full time, and those which are increasing from one-half or two-thirds to their full production; and that no better gauge of the manufacturing interests of New England could be found than this.

At a recent meeting of English agricultural laborers at which the famous scholar, Prof. Newman, was to speak, the farmers and landed proprietors succeeded in shutting every hall, and when the meeting was called in the market place were, by the convulsion of the church warden and a riotous uproar, allowed to ring the bells throughout the speaking.