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Old Times.

There's a beautiful song on the slumberous air That drifts through the valley of dreams : It comes from a clime whe e the roses were, And a tuneful heart, and br ght brown hair, That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of szure and eyes of brown, And snow-white foreheads are there ; A glimmering cross and a glittering crown, A thorny bed and a couch of down,

Lost ho, es and leaflets of prayer. A rosy leaf and a dimpled hand, A ring and a plighted vow; Three golden rings on a broken hand, A tiny track on the snow-white sand, A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful

That sobs on the summer air. And loneliness felt in the festive throng Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along From a clime where the roses are

We hear it first at the dawn of day, And it mingles with matin chimes : But years have distanced the beautiful lay, And its memory floweth so swiftly away, And we call it now "Old Times."

THE CREW OF ST. CATHERINE'S.

On a bright August day in the year 1860, young Tom Bradstreet, in his little skiff, rowed up and down Lake Chewasset, looking at the University crews as they practiced for the race that was to the practiced for the race that was to and so did eleven—and so did twelve—and yet Tow did not sleep. He lev per and yet Tow did not sleep.

take place the next day.

On the right, beneath the edge of the green woods, Tom's glad eyes beheld the men of St. James, pulling their forty-two strokes, and flying along like an crickets and the arrow. Further off was the crew of Camworth, spinning toward the upper end of the water. To the left were the magnificent fellows of Holmon Hall; and last and finest of all, in the middle of the lake, coming, as Tom thought, like at three o'clock in the morning he heard "chain-sliot," were the giants of St. a hoarse half whisper. It was pretty Catherine's—their six long oars dipping loud, and it came from the adjacent as one, their six brown backs swaying like clockwork, and their magenta headkerchiefs rising and falling together.

Tom's heart leaped as he saw them. His admiration of this crew had made

The "stroke-oar" was a young Hercu les named Windham, as handsome and agile a fellow as ever led a race. This was Tom's hero. He had watched him with an enthusiasm that glowed and grew every day, till it amounted to a kind of worship, and he had haunted the race-course on his skiff, and hung about the boat-houses for a chance to hear the splendid champion speak, or perhaps win a glance of his eye.

Windham was too busy to notice his boy admirer, although he was very kind-

St. Catherine's crew came sweeping on. Tom, all on fire with excitement, leaped up and fixed his eyes upon his He could see his great muscles, his rich brown skin, his eager, handsome face, his magnificent motion. In a paroxvsm of ardor and delight, he leaped to his feet and swung his hat, and shouted

and hurrahed like a crazy boy.

As he did so, he slipped from the thwart, and pitched forward on his face. The skiff lurched. The large stone that was used sometimes to anchor it, rolled overboard into the deep water, entangling one of Tom's arms in the rope, as

it went down. In a moment the boy was helpless, dragged under the water by the running coils. The crew of St. Catherine's heard the splash, but rowed on, thinking it was only a boy's frolic. They shot past the skiff just as Tom disappeared beneath the surface of the lake.

"Hold on !" cried Windham; "backwater! stop her!" The boat, with its six strong men, rowed back to the skiff. The instant Windham's eye caught sight of the taut rope he saw the nature of the accident. Carefully raising himself, he stepped into the skiff and motioned his men to pull away. Then seizing the rope, he

drew it rapidly up, and soon the arm of

the drowning boy came in sight under the clear water. But the wet coil slipped -Tom was gone! Quick as thought Windham dived after him, while his crew, waiting on their oars at a little distance, kept anxious watch of the spot. Every man was ready to plunge in to the rescue, if it should be necessary. In a minute Windham came up. He had Tom in his arms. He placed him in the skiff, face down,

took in another man from the race-boat, and set him at work to resuscitate the almost lifeless boy, while he grasped the oars and made for the nearest boat-He had scarcely pulled a hundred

strokes when he met another skiff, containing two men. "See here!" oried he, "here's a boy that's nearly drowned. Do you know

"It's quite likely he's my nevvy, said one of the men, in a cold and heart-less tone. "That's his skiff you're in; let's see him," and the man rowed along-

"Yes, that's him," said he, peering over the thwarts. "He's allers gettin' himself inter mischief." "Where does he live?" roared Wind-

ham, full of wrath at the man's coolness. "Point out his house, will you?" "It's right behind yer-over there,"

pointing to a small cottage at the edge of the lake, close by. Windham turned abruptly, and shot toward the shore, with his eyes, ever and anon, fixed upon the helpless form that lay, with its sodden brown hair, in the bottom of the skiff. It was some time before Tom came to himself, so that he fully realized what had happened, and who were about him. The young man had carried him to the cottage and re-

vived him, and when, weak from ex-haustion, he opened his eyes, the first person he saw was Windham. The poor boy, in all his hard work, had never experienced much that was beautiful and gentle, and now the sight of the hero of his devotion standing by him and looking on his face, made him smile in spite of his weakness. The tears filled his eyes, and he feebly put out his hand. Windham took it in both of his.

"Did you get me out?" said Tom, in "I believe I did, Tom," said Wind-

ham. "Lie still now, and don't talk,

and you'll soon be all right again.' Tom gazed on his gallant preserver.
His look was more eloquent than a
thousand words. All his childish adoration and boy-idolatry of manly strength,
all he could feel of affectionate gratitude
specks in his arms and beauty fixed little owl." spoke in his eyes, and beamed from every feature of his face. How could he ever do anything for his hero, to show how much he thanked and loved him that tall, strong, self-reliant young

Windham was touched by the clinging look of the boy, and seemed to divine what was in his mind.

"There, I must go now, little fellow," he said. "Like enough you'll save my life sometime, and then we'll be even.

Good bye."

The night came on. Tom was out of pain, but very weak. He lay staring up into the darkness, thinking of Windham, and wondering what he could do to serve him when he got out again. To-morrow the race would be rowed, and then Wind-

ham would go away.

How deserted he would feel then The brave, handsome champion of St. Catherine's had kindled his heart, and him up.

"The broth is poisoned!" when he went the world would be empty and lonesome. Tom even thought of going secretly after him, and staying

and yet Tom did not sleep. He lay ner-vously awake, thinking and pondering

All was still save the chirping of the crickets and the voices of the frogs on the shores of the lake. The moon arose, and its pale beams came in through the tops of the tall spruce trees, and trembled upon the rough floor.

Still Tom thought and thought. Just room, occupied by his uncle and one of his uncle's cronies—the two men whom Windham had met upon the lake. These persons were caterers, or rather sutlers, His admiration of this crew had made him its warm partisan, and he never doubted but that its men would win the field assemblies. Like every one else, they had their preferences among the rivals of to-morrow, and had risked their bets on favorite crews,
"Maxwell! Maxwell! are you awake?"

said the voice. "Yes," replied another voice, in a horse whisper.
"When do the clubs eat breakfast?"
"About five o'clock."

"Be you sure that soup's doctored ?"

"Yes, no mistake."
"Good! a dose of that wil. settle
Windham—blast him! He's the backbone of his crew; and if we can only hearted, and ready, on occasion, to serve the poorest being that needed him.

Weaken him, they'll lose the race sure. It'll weaken 'em all, I'm thinking. We'll

rake in our money, eh?" "That's so !" There was a pause, during which Tom strained his ears to hear more. "Say, Maxwell, did ve shake the can

when ye put the stuff in? "Yes, I punched a bit of a hole, and blowed the powder in this little quill; then I shook 'em lively. I did so to 'em

They're fixed!' "And Betsy won't get the wrong ones? "She's more a conjurer than a cook if

she does. I hid all the rest of the cans. "Then we've got 'em sure!" By this time Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, with his eyes and mouth open to their widest extent. The horror of his discovery chilled his blood. His uncle, then, had arranged to drug the St. Catherine's crew! He sat a minute.

shuddering, and trying to think what to do. He did not hesitate long. His opportunity had come to do something for Windham! Carefully displacing the clothing that lay upon him, he put his feet out of bed. stood upon the floor. Then he noiselessly put on his pantaloons and his jacket. That was all. He did not dare to take his shoes. His hat was in

the lake somewhere. He crept towards the door. He feared that his uncle was awake. He raised the latch very softly, and felt the night It was moonlight air upon his face. without, and beautifully clear. closed the door behind him, but to his great alarm, the latch clicked. He thought he heard a stir in his uncle's room. Then he ran like a frightened deer. His body was weak, but his heart

was full of desperate resolution. Two skiffs, with their oars in them, lay upon the beach. Tom grasped the oars of his uncle's skiff, placed them in poat-house of the St. Catherine's crew. when the door of the cottage burst open, and his uncle leaped out, calling, in a terrible voice:

"Tom ! Tom ! Tom !" But Tom pulled furiously on, and uttered no sound. He heard his uncle rush toward his boat, and he heard his frightful curses when he discovered that

his oars were gone. The next moment Tom was hidden from view by the foliage at a bend in He knew that his strength must fail him soon on the water, and now turning sharply in, he ran his boat the bushes, and hiding his oars, took to the land and the forest.

He had a long run before him. head was dizzy, and his limbs trembled. He feared he should be too late. He heard in the distance the calls his enraged uncle and Maxwell, turned a resolute face toward the St.

Catherine's quarters and pressed on.

The crew of St. Catherine's had gathered for breakfast. Before them their plain and simple food, and they were all merry and hopeful. ing woman came in, bringing their hot broth. It was steaming and savory, and the men's sharp appetites welcomed it. The golden light of the coming sunrise rested like a glory on the fine muscular forms of the six young boatmen. had rested well, and were in splendid condition to win. Windham, handsome as a Spartan prince, sat at the tureen and ladled out the fragrant food. Somebody cried: "Windham,

about that boy you saved yesterday? Heard from him since?" "No; but I fancy he's all right.

little rascal was pretty well used up, The San Francisco Vigilance Committee. though.

"He's a devotee of yours, I believe."

"He? Why do you think so?"

"O, it's the same fellow. I've seen him standing about here, staring at you

Windham laughed. "I must send this morning and find out how he is. Jackson, here's your soup. Smith-Armitage-Wilbur-and your health along with it. Here's to our victory to-day!

At this instant quick, staggering steps were heard upon the porch without; the door was pushed open, and a wild little figure rushed in. It was Tom.
"Stop! stop!" he gasped, holding his hand to his side. "Stop! stop! Don't eat! don't!" and immediately he

fell down on the floor. The young men could not account for this strange visit. Was the boy crazy? His bare feet were covered with mud,

his clothing was torn, and his face and eyes looked ghastly and terror-stricken.

Windham sprang toward him.
"What is it, Tom?" and he passed
his arms around him, and tenderly lifted

"Poisoned?"

Every one started to his feet. "Yes," panted Tom. "It'll make you sick! "Twas put in a purpose—I—I'm so tired-I ran most all the way. Did I get here in time?"

"Time!" cried Windham; "you're right on the dot, my boy. A minute more and it would have been all day with us. Fellows, look here! This little chap ran all the way from his house to warn us against an enemy's meanness. He has saved us the race! Here's a hero for you. Look at him.

The young men gathered round Tom and shook hands with him, and praised him for his friendship and true grit. Windham placed him in a chair, and they gave him water to drink, and bathed his face. In a few words he told them what he knew about the drugged soup. Just then another step was heard on the porch, and the evil face of Tom's

uncle looked in. He was greeted with a cry of rage, and two or three of the young athletes rushed forward, as if they would tear the man to pieces. But he did not wait till they could lay their hands on him; for as soon as he saw

that his villainy was known, he took himself out of the way with all haste.
"Men," said Windham, after they had questioned the boy, and learned his brief story, "little Tom has paid his debt. He and I are quits. But we all owe him a good round reward. He is an orphan. That rogue of an uncle never has treated him decently, and it won't do now to leave him in reach of his revenge. The man shall be indicted for this business, but we'll take care of the boy. We can afford to start him in the world. What say you—shall we

adopt him?" "Aye, aye, aye!" burst out all the crew in chorus. And fortunately the generous purpose of these brave youths

did not end in boys' play.

Passing over the day of triumph on the lake, that made Windham and his classmates glad; passing over the trial and conviction of the two rascally sutlers, again we see our friend Tom, ten years older, a senior at St. Catherine's, and a

member of the University crew. He proved one of the first men of his class, and is to-day studying hard in his profession. If industry and faithfulness deserves reward, the world will yet hear of him in his chosen calling .- Youth's Compani on

The Story of the Fleas. A man has just died in Paris who had his hours of glory, and whose fame has reached the utmost parts of the earth. He was the colleague of the man who breaks paving stones with his fist, and of the man who swallows a sword-a juggler, known as "the man with the fleas." Jean Lesillia was a decided character. For many years he exhibited his learned fleas throughout France, making them do a number of astounding feats. Among other things he marshaled them into companies, massing them much like soldiers, then turned them into horses, and made them draw a tiny chariot across a table. It was really wonderful to see the seeming intelligence of these insects. One day he was going through his per-formance at the Clichy fair, when a big rushed up and seized him by the calf of the leg. Jean Lesillia had or-dered his fleas into their box, and held it in his hand. The nip of the dog at his leg made him turn in haste, and in his fright he dropped his box of fleas. Their natural instincts made them jump upon the dog for safety, and at the same time his own, pushed off upon the lake, and their master gave the dog a vigorous rowed with all his might towards the kick, which sent him howling away. It was not until he saw the dog running He had hardly taken a dozen strokes that he comprehended the loss of his pets. The crowd began to laugh in the heartiest manner; but it was no laughing matter to Jean Lesillia. His occupa tion was gone; he had been despoiled in a moment of his means of earning his daily bread for himself and children, and the poor fellow sank down upon the ground weeping like a child. is always touched by such exhibitions of feeling, and a subscription was taken up, which, after all, amounted to only one day's receipts. What was he, to do? It required a year's hard labor to train a new lot of fleas, and Jean Lesillia had not the means. When he had first done so he was a single man; now he was married and the father of several young children. He turned ragpicker, and during the winter worked to support his family. But the life did not suit him, and chagrin and the severity of the season soon brought him to his grave. He died in his modest garret, and the children he had so handsomely supported before the loss of his learned fleas are now objects of charity.

Followed.

He was a rich American in Paris who discovered that an upleasant looking fellow followed him every day from morning till night. He became uneas and diplomatic inquiry was made wheth-er the man who watched was connected with the police. As a result of much negotiation the unpleasant person was arrested, and proved to be a gatherer of butts of cigars. The rich American only smoked famous brands and only smoked good boys. We hope they will take his them half up, and it paid to follow him.

Referring to the notable days of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, Gen. Sherman, in his personal memoirs, tells how they were first started: In 1856 the Vigilance Committee took pos-session of San Francisco. Politics had become a regular, profitable, corrupt business. There was such a thing as a sheriff paying \$100,000 to be nominated to an office the nominal salary of which was \$12,000 a year for four years. James Casey, who was afterward hanged by the committee, published a small paper in the building occupied by Sherman as a bank. On one occasion a Mr. Slather, a banker and partner of Drexel, complained that Casey's paper attempted to blackmail the banks. "At that time," says Sherman, "we were all laboring to respect to the compared with the Virginia bituminous coal, and, from the testimony of iron workers, disform the testimony of iron workers, disform the testimony of iron workers, diswas \$12,000 a year for four years. James ed that Casey's paper attempted to black-mail the banks. "At that time," says Sherman, "we were all laboring to re-store confidence, and I went up stairs, found Casey and pointed out to him the objectionable nature of his article, and told him plainly that I could not tolerate his attempt to print and circulate slanders in our building, and if he repeated it I would cause him and his press to be thrown out of the window. He took the hint and moved to more friendly quarters." The rival journal, the Bulletin, published some documents showing that Casey had once been sentenced to a New York penitentiary. Casey informed the editor, James King, that he would "shoot him on sight." That evening, as King was walking home, Casey shot him and was arrested. The citizens, under the control of Wm. J. Coleman, formed a committee. The governor, in company with C. K. Garrison and Sherman, endeavored to sup-press the outbreak. On Sunday, May 22, 1856, the funeral of King took place. The governor called on Sherman, and they went up on top of a hotel, from which they could see the whole city.

"Parties of armed men in good order were marching by platoons toward the jail. Soon a small party was seen to advance to this door and knock, "The day was exceedingly

and a parley ensued. The doors were opened and Casey was led out." Also a prisoner named Cora, who had killed a beautiful, and the whole proceeding or-

derly in the extreme. In a very few days Cora and Casey were hanged by the neck, dead, suspended from the beams projecting out of the windows of the committee's room, without other trial than could be given in secret and by night." The committee held their sions, issuing writs of arrest and banishment. An effort was made to suppress them, and Sherman was appointed major-general in command of the mi-litia.

Advertising in Paris. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says: Nowhere is the system

of tempting the public to buy better, or,

rather, more fully carried out than in Paris. Many of the newspapers angle for fresh subscribers by announcing presents of watches, albums, and cheap jewelry in exchange for a year's sub scription paid in advance. Others an nounce that they have made special arrangements with various tradesmen, who will supply their clients with articles at prices which are considerably reduced, or, if we are to believe the advertisements, below market value. The large shops of Paris adopt the same line of business, and presents of all kinds, from pieces of music to air balloons, are offered to the people who daily throng the stupendous establishments heavily laden carts meet the eye in every conceivable place. One establishment of this kind, intent upon outstripping all its rivals, combines the club with its more commercial object. In it is to be found a room where light refreshment such as sirops and cakes, are gratuitously distributed, and so rigorously is the rule enforced that even the waiters refuse to accept any sort of remuneration. For convenience of those unfortunate male escorts who are inveigled to shop with ladies, the proprietors have thought fully provided comfortable reading and billiard rooms. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the place is crowded from morning till night with many customers, and not a few unscrupulous foreigners who neglect to qualify themselves by purchases for admission into the gratuitous part of the establishment. How can the shops afford it? is a common question with strangers who are confinually meeting with some new proof of this system of gifts. A little reflection will supply the answer. It is merely a system of advertising under another form to that in vogue in England and elsewhere. In France those monster placards which disfigure the streets of London are not to be seen, sandwich men do not circulate through Paris, and the only attractive notices are those exhibited by the Kiosques on the Boulevards, though the bare sides of houses are occasionally adorned with the advertising frescoes of certain tailors and clothiers.

Their Determination.

On a late occurence the Emperor of Russia was reviewing his fleet, when two sailors particularly attracted his attention, both by the precision with wich they performed several difficult maneuvers, and by the agility and daring which they displayed. The emperor was so much pleased that he immediately promoted one to be a captain, the other ne appointed lieutenant on the spot.

The men, however, were Jews, and there is a ukase forbidding Jews to wear an epaulet. The admiral of the fleet. who stood by, knowing that they were Jews, stated the difficulty to his imperial "Pshaw," cried the emperor, "that does not signify in the least—they shall

immediately embrace the Greek religion,

When this determination was communicated to the two young men, knowing that remonstrance would be in vain, they requested the emperor's permission to exhibit still more of their maneuvers, as he had not seen all they could do. This being granted, they ascended the topmast, embraced, and, locked in each other's arms, threw themselves into the

sea, and disappeared forever. those bad boys who were so very anxious to get up a fight, and has patted them on the head and told them

The Anthracite Coal Region.

The anthracite coal of Eastern Pennsylvania was first discovered, it is said, in 1770. In 1775, just a century since, says a writer, a boat-load was taken down to the armory at Carlisle, and in 1791 the great open quarry of this fuel near Mauch Chunk was made known. From its unlikeness to the Virginia coal, and the difficulty of igniting it, the Pennsylvania anthracite encountered much op-position. Tradition tells us that a bout-load taken to Philadelphia in 1803 was from the testimony of iron workers, distillers and others, was to be preferred to it for durability and economy. Oliver Evans, had, moreover, at this time tried the anthracite with success under the boilers of his steam-engine, and also in-sisted upon its advantages for domestic purposes. Notwithstanding these re-sults, the new fuel found its way very slowly into use, and in 1822 the total production of the anthracite mines was estimated at 3,720 tons, against 48,000 tons of the coal from Richmond, Virthracite region not less than 19,000,000 tons, besides about 2,500,000 tons for local consumption, while that of the Virginia coal field for the same year is estimated at 62,000 tons. The late Professor Silliman, who visited the anthracite region in 1825, and published his report of it in the following year, was the first to appreciate the real value and importance of this deposit of fossil fuel, which he then spoke of as a great na-

tional trust. The small detached basins of the anthracite region have together an area of only four hundred and seventy-two miles; but the immense aggregate thickness of the seams of coal, varying in different parts from fifty to one hundred feet, and estimated at an average of sevear, or more rate of consumption, for five hundred

and twenty-five years. Boys of the Olden Time. In a lecture before the New York Historical Society on the changes of a century, James Parton gave an account of his own schoolboy days, and his attendance at a public school where the boys expected to be whipped, as a matter of course, twice a day. Most vividly he remembered those scenes after the lapse of so many years-boys under the influence of a heroic but not successful attempt to smile, and some again rubtheir hands and other afflicted parts. Somebody asked Edmund Burke on what principles instruction was given at Eton College. "There they pointing to a grove of birch trees. "No licking, no learning," was wisdom as late as 1800. Montague described the rods used in the Paris schools in those days as being heavy and thick with blood, and Luther stated that he was flogged fifteen times in one morning. The methods of instruction, too. were crude as the discipline. Students were required to get off passages from

Locke on the Human Understanding, and other different works, and repeat them off without any elucidation on the part of the master, and without even being asked a question. At the present time they were indignant, and justly in-dignant, but they ought to be more in-dignant because children in some of the manufacturing towns were kept at work eleven hours a day, but in reading Robert Dale Owen's account of what he saw at the beginning of the present century, it would be found that in some of manufacturing towns of England children under ten years of age were kept at work fourteen hours, and that under circumstances of aggravation and cruelty. Every reform, he said, was carried on with excess, for it was not in man's nature to go just far enough and no further. Children should have the right of being prevented doing them-selves irreparable harm, and neglecting opportunities that could not be recalled peaceably, if it were possible, forcibly if not. Mr. Parton told several amusing anecdotes concerning the training of children. In one instance, when dinner was on the table, the child of a fond pa rent insisted on having its shoes and stockings taken off and being permitted to walk in the dish of nice brown gravy which was round the roast beef. And said Mr. Parton, the beef was removed and the child was permitted to have its

"Hurry, Doctor." A reverend doctor had rather a slow

delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the lunatic asylum: He was preaching, and il-lustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hanged, and reprieved under the scaffold. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold out no longer, but starting up from among the congregation, he shouted: "Hurry, doctor! for mercy's sake, hurry! They will hang the poor man before you get

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The Wealth of the United States -- The Aunual Increase and the Increase of the Peo-ple-Some Interesting Statistics.

David A. Wells, of Connecticut, de-ivered the annual address before the American Social Science Convention. In the course of his remarks he said the slowness with which capital increases even under the most favorable circumstances was illustrated by figures drawn from American experience. The wealth of the United States in 1870 was estimated at \$25,000,000,000. This represents, first, a value of \$620 to each individual; second, the surplus result of all the labor, skill and thought exerted, and all the capital earned and saved or brought into the country since it became practi-cally the home of civilized men. With capital increasing thus slowly, we should be careful lest by impairing its security we also impair its rate of increase. Though the idea of direct interference with the rights of property meets with little sympathy on this side of the Atlantic, many of the most intelligent people interested in the cause of labor reform, reasoning from the large nominal aggregate of the national wealth and the large advance recently made in the power of production, have adopted the idea that the amount of the present anginia, then its only rival. Fifty years and product of labor and capital is later, or in 1872, the official returns give enough for all, and that all that is necessary to the masses comfort essary to secure to the masses comfort and abundance is for the State to intervene, either by fixing the hours of labor or the rates of compensation for service, or the use of capital, and so compel its more equitable distribution. Admitting the desirability of a more equal division, it will be well to inquire what we have really got to divide.

The maximum value of our annual product does not exceed \$7,000,000,000, which the product of our agriculture returned by the last census with undoubted approximative accuracy at less than one-half that sum, or \$2,400,-000,000. Fully nine-tenths of this product, probably a larger portion, must be immediately consumed that we may live and make good the loss and waste of enty feet for the whole, makes this won- capital previously accumulated, leaving derful region of greater value than not more than one-tenth to be applied in Western coal fields, whose extent is the form of accumulation for effecting measured by many thousands of square a future increased production and demiles. Mr. P. W. Shaeffer, who has velopment. Stated in a different but calculated the cubic contents of these not less striking form, after 250 years of anthracite beds, estimates it to have been at the time when mining was commenced aged as a nation to get about three and equal to 26,361,070,000 tons, from which a half years ahead in the way of subsistone-half may be deducted for waste in ence. If now as a whole people we mining and breaking for market, and for should stop working, producing, and relosses from faults and irregularities in the beds, giving of merchantable coal 13,180,538,000 tons. If from this we subtract the amount produced by the mines from 1820 to 1870, estimated at 206,666,325 tons, we had still in store at condition of semi-barbarism; a result the latter date a supply of 25,000,000 it is well to think of in connection with in new th that the best way of increasing abundance and promoting comfort is to decrease the aggregate and opportunities of production. Few things are more transitory and perishable than capital. As embodied in the ordinary forms we see about us, its duration is not on an average in excess of the life of a genera-tion. Of all the material wealth of the great and rich nations of antiquity nothing whatever has come down to us except, singularly enough, those things which, like their tombs and public monuments, could never have been pos-

essed of a money valuation. If, again, we suppose our annual product equally divided among our present population, the average income of each ndividual would be \$175 per annum. this estimate be considered small it should be remembered that it is based on an estimate of national product greater both in the aggregate and in proportion to numbers than is enjoyed by any other nation our compeer in civilization, and that this sum, \$175, is not the sum which all actually receive as income, but the average each would receive were the whole annual product divided equally. We know it is not divided equally and never will be while men are born with different natural capacities. The average annual earnings of laborers and unkilled workmen for the whole country is not in excess of \$400, which, placing the family of each at four—two adults and two children-the census of 1870 calls it five-gives \$100 as the average that each member of that class duces; to which, too, each such individual must be restricted in consump tion. Clearly, then, the time has not yet come when society here can command such a degree of absolute abundance as will justify any class or indi-vidual, especially those who depend on each day's labor to supply its wants, in doing aught that tends to diminish abundance. Let the working man, therefore, strive for the largest possible share of the joint products of labor and capital, as it is his natural right to do, but if in so doing he restricts production and diminishes abundance, he does it at his peril. Street processions will never change the conditions of production and compensation. Idleness produces nothing but weeds and rust-products not marketable anywhere, though society often pays for them most

At Eufaula, Alabama, as a prevention gainst the bite of the buffalo gnat, the a journey to such a great altitude is like farmers are compelled to coat the ears, flanks and other parts of their live stock a meal. with tar and grease, and also to keep fires burning in their stock lots at night The Mississippi buffalo gnat is described as about half the size of a common house fly, and jet black. It has a hump back, or shoulder, like the buffalo, and hence its name.

THE TONGUE. - The Albany Argus exrcises itself after this fashion with the eccentricities of our English orthography: 'T-o-n-g-u-e spells 'tongue,' and the man who first spelled it so should have been hongue. A-c-h-e spells 'ache,' and that is all you can make out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells 'eight,' no matter how you deprecieight the idea; and that a-i-s-l-e should spell 'aisle,' and f-e-j-g-n 'feign' is enough to make anybody smaisle if the effort were not too peignful."

A New England agricultural society offers a handsome prize to the young lady who shall cook, on the fair grounds, the best dinner for a farmer.

Items of Interest. An object of interest-A note at ninety

days.

Every man should tell his own story; he can tell it better than his neighbor.

A Chinaman in Los Angles, California, upon being applied to for payment of a debt, replied: "If no havee, how can?"

In 1874 France produced 1,360,000 tons of pig (crude) iron, 760,000 tons of wrought iron, and 155,500 tons of steel. A Saratoga crocus put its head out of bud, the other morning, and said: You lilac everything if you say this isn't spring.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, which read the same backward and forward? Madam, I'm Adam.

A Racine merchant used the following words: "I'll be hanged if I advertise in any paper!" and the next morning he was found dead in bed.

A land patent was recently issued from the Marysville (Cal.) office to George Washington Christopher Columbus Whillenbergannanzi.

The Cincinnati Gazette has a paragraph about three ladies in that city who recently spent two hours in selecting one simple little straw hat.

"Do you know who I am?" asked a oliceman of a fellow whom he had seized by the throat. "Not exactly, sir; but I fancy you are the malignant collarer."

A Nashville preacher hopes his congregation will test their approval by clapping their hands-into their breeches pockets and hauling out contributions.

A Philadelphia judge took occasion the other day to remind the public that street crossings belong primarily to pedestrians, and only secondarily to ve-Hydrate of choral as a stimulant is

taking the place of opium, hasheesh, etc., in England, and to some extent in this country. It kills in about three years, on an average. A schoolboy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the

Italian system—the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light." A man hanged himself in Paris in the presence of his paralyzed wife, who was unable to move or cry for assistance, and who was obliged to witness the hor-

rifying sight of his death struggles, A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone: "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied

The Sar Francisco "Hawaiian prima donna," of whom the wonderful story of a ride on a shark's back is told, is the same Adelaide Miller who sang variety theatres in New York and Brook-

How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands! Mrs. Spinn was forever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread; but when he got killed in a railway col lision she sued the company for five thou sand dollars.

The crows are complaining, and not without caws, at the backwardness of the season. They say that if the farmers don't get their corn in pretty soon, they will have to organize a relief society and give concerts for the benefit of their deserving poor.

A passage in the Turkish Scriptures reads as follows: Take care that your final account shall be settled before you dis. Undergo here your indictment and your trial. Pass on yourself just punishment. Then will you pass into the future without further chastisement or fear.

The Golden Age having said that romance was better than rum, the Literary World retorts that a bad romance is more harmful than first-rate rum, inasmuch as it reached and demoralized a class—young girls—which is secure against the attacks of John Barleycorn. A celebrated physician was once call-

ed upon to prescribe for a nervous dis-

order. He wrote his prescription in three parts, as follows: "First, occupation; second, occupation; third, occupation." This same prescription is a re-medy for many of the ills to which flesh is When a man mistakes the height of a chair he is going to occupy, by about an inch and a half, it is remarkable the

amount of momentum he will acquire in

making that little distance. He will

strike that chair with nearly as much force as if he had sat down in it from the roof of a two-story building. One of our physicians who had been greatly annoyed by numerous questions concerning the condition of a certain patient, was stopped while on his busy rounds by a man with the old question:
"How's Mr. ——?" "Sick," replied
the physician. "Does he keep his
bed?" "Of course he does; you don't suppose he's fool enough to sell his bed

ecause he's sick, do you?" A curious fact is mentioned relative to the catastrophe of the balloon Zenith, in France. It appears that MM. Croce-Spinelli and Sivel had breakfasted as usual before making the ascent, while M. Tissandier, who had no appetite, merely took a cup of strong coffee. The inference may, therefore, be drawn that a bath—which should not be taken after

When a young man in Patagonia falls in love with a girl, he doesn't visit her six nights in a week and twice on Sunday, and feed her upon molasses candy and gum drops, and sit up until two o'clock in the morning burning the old man's oil, and that sort of thing. Not at all. Courtship in Patagonia is much more simple. He lassoes the girl, drags her home behind his horse, and that is all the marriage ceremony necessary.

A tramp went to sleep on top of a kiln near Baltimore, but woke up with his clothes on fire. In attempting to escape he fell over an embankment eighteen feet high, breaking some of his oones. Then he crawled along some fifty yards, leaving bits of his clothing and burned flesh, and reaching a bank thirty feet high—being by this time about naked—he jumped or fell over its brink. The shock crushed him badly, but he afterward crawled several yards and died, before he could reach a stream toward which he was struggling.