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The Shore and the Sea. ERS TIDE Old, old, Centuries old, How old a love is, who can say? It is an ancient day Since thou and I wert wed. The orbed sky bent down. A fiery, scornful crown, Not craven pale as now, Live-red to bind thy brow, Crested red and lonely

Only To coronet thy head. Thou and I, Beneath His eye. Existed solitary, grand. O only life! the life of sea and land! All puny heritage Of puny love and loss, Came mimic after us; Our mighty wedlock meant More than their supplement.

Ere these, we perfect were,

And are,

In pain and privilege. My own true-hearted ! Since first He parted Thee from me, Behold and see How dreary, mute, Bound hand and foot, Stretched, starved, I lie I hear thee stepping by,

And weep to see Thee yearn to me. Bound by an awful Will Forever and forever thou doet move An awful errand-on.

O love !

Steal up and say- is there below, above ; In height or depth, or choice or unis Of wees a woe like mine, To be so near to thine.

And yet forever and forever to lie still? -Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE MYSTERY AT THE FARM.

One morning Uncle Vernon said to his nephew Geoffry: "You have been studying too hard, my boy. You must go into the country for a few weeks and

reemperate. A few days after this Uncle Vernon received a letter in a cramped and strag-gling hand from Abraham Knolls, say-ing that he would receive the boy at his farmhouse and take good care of him.

Soon after Geoffry was on his way up the Hudson, landed at a long wharf, flanked by a wooden building, a village on the hill beyond, a group of idlers in muddy boots, watching the steamboat disgorge her cargo. In the foreground stood an old man carrying a whip, and peering about with keen eyes beneath bushy brows. Geoffry Vernon heard this remark :

'So you've took to summer boarders, hev?" from a clerk "Why, yes; my old woman thinks

old man, rubbing his horny palms to-Then Geoffry knew by intuition that

he was no other than Mr. Abraham Knolls, and a vague sense of homesickness stole over him.

They were soon on their way to the farmhouse, and the village and lake were left far behind. The way became more habit, at a spring brimming into a trough. A man emerged from the thicket, looking down the valley, and whistled a peculiar clear note. Then he approached the wagon. The horses pricked their ears; the yellow dog slunk ceneath the vehicle apprehensively. Mr. Knolls was evidently disconcerted by

this addition to the party.
"You back, Matthew! I s'pose there ain't no use in askin' where you've been last."
"Wandering up and down the earth,

daddy," was the growling response.
"This is my only son, Mr. Matthew
Knolls," continued the old man, turning to Geoffry.

The latter stared at the intruder, and decided that the son was a rough, surly person, with the bushiest beard and funniest hair he had ever seen, nor was his appearance improved by a cast in one eye. This scrutiny seemed displeasing to the object, who, scowling at Geoffry, inquired, abruptly: "What are you doin' with him?"

"A young gentleman from York, Matthew. Your mother wants to take summer boarders. The winter's been uncommonly hard on us here," said the old man, in a wheedling, deprecating

Through the gleaming the farmhouse lights appeared, shedding a dim ray among the black trees. A matron stood in the door, a large woman with a querulous smile, and behind her a stender girl, pale as a lily, with golden hair, blue eyes that dilated as her brother Matthew emerged to view, and a small, obstinate mouth. Homesickness pursued Geoffry from the close sittingroom, when supper was spread, to the parlor, a stiff and angular apartment smelling of varnish and dried leaves. In the chamber above the parlor, which was assigned him, low, plain, and clean, our traveler gazed dismally at the lamp on the table, and then out the window on the almost palpable darkness of night, where the stillness was rendered only the more lonely by the hooting of an owl or the trilling note of some insect.

'I am afraid it will prove an awful bore," soliloquized Geoffry, with a yawn. The door had a lock but no key. He extinguished the lamp, and sank into depths of a feather bed, which almost suffocated him by its luxuriousness. Sleep succeeded, deep and dreamless. He awoke with a start, his heart throbbing wildly. Hark! Was it the very silence, an oppressive influence, which had awakened him? He lay still and listened. The hooting of an owl was again audible; the curtain of the window flapped in the breeze. That was all. No; some object was moving slowly in the small room. For the first time in his life, fear, in a mysterious form, smote him, and the exclamation framed by his lips died away unuttered. The shape approached, bent over and touched him. Geoffry held his breath. Was it ghost or robber? Like a gleam of light the remembrance of Mr. Matthew Knolls and the yellow dog slinking under the wagon came to his

softly, and it seemed to Geoffry that the door was locked from the outside. Yes, he was a prisoner. After that the silent Geoffry fled, all the knights of romance muffled reverberation, like the swinging

of a massive portal, shook the walls.
Sunshine chased away every sinister shadow. In the sparkling, dewy freshness of the morning the farmhouse was a commonplace dwelling enough, sur-rounded by green meadows, dilapidated barns, cackling fowls, and browsing cattle. Even the morning brightness could not conecal traces of poverty, however, in the running to waste of impoverished land. Geoffry's door opened readily. He laughed at his fears, and when Mrs. Knolls inquired how he had slept, made a careless response. He was ashamed of his cowardice. The girl Milly served him at table, while her mother talked aimlessly, in a rambling fashion, of the fresh butter, weather, and scenery. Milly's face, of pearly whiteness, wore a repressed expression, and there were shadows beneath the cycs. A curious girl, Geoffry reasoned, going about like inized? If he was pronounced crazy in

ette, plucked a spray, dropped it, and ran down the steps to recover the flowers. Mr. Matthew Knolls was dragging a bag across the cellar floor. Milly touched Geoffry on the arm,
"Would you like to go over the

farm? Geoffry retained two vivid impressions of that day. The girl Milly, in a straw hat bound about with grasses, resem-

ble t Ophelia; yellow hair escaped in tresses on her neck, and the blue eyes wore a startled, troubled expression. She walked along quietly, petting the cattle, and followed by the chickens.

When they reached the brook a crimson flush swept over her face as a cheerful voice said:

"Good-morning, Milly."
The speaker, a handsome young man, in a red shirt, with a scythe over his shoulder, had so much the aspect of an eager lover that Geoffry moved up the hill slowly. He was surprised to see Milly place her hands over her cars, as if refusing to listen, and run after him. Geoffry observed her closely. Milly's inherent honesty and goodness were legibly written on the transparent fair-

ness of her face. "Your brother is not a farmer; his hands are too white. What is he?" demanded Geoffry, abruptly.
"He is mother's only son," she re-

plied, simply.
"Look here; 1 don't believe in ghosts, you know, but somebody came into my room last night, and then locked the

door outside. Milly plucked the daisies a moment in ilence. "Go away," she said, suddensilence. "Go away," she said, sudden-ly. "We did not expect him back when

we advertised. This was the first impression. The second was even more startling. Geoffry she'd like to try 'em a spell," replied the spent the afternoon following the brook above the house with a fishing rod. Watching the sunshine glance through the quivering leaves overhead, and the brown water swirl about rocks, where tiny plants dipped their blossoms in the spray, Geoffry wandered on until he discovered a man on the opposite bank. The man, wearing a velveteen coat, sat with his back to the observer, reading a newspaper. Geoffry was about to hail

He was so entirely overcome by this discovery that his wits forsook The watch stolen, forever lost down on the sea-board, worn boldly up here? The man had moved away. Geoffry crossed the brook just in time to see him enter the farmhouse. What was to be done? He spent an hour, flushed, excited and bewindered, the ing every possible aid of similar experience. Should he boldly claim the arrience. Should he boldly claim the arrience. Should take his part if he of this, and he dropped into the place of this, and he dropped into the place. flushed, excited and bewildered, recall cowed by the son. This son was evidently a bad man, possibly in league farm. The fowls were going to roost;

be a nightmare.

He went to his room and threw himself on the bed. He could not face these people until he had decided what to do. He declined supper on the score of headache. Mrs. Knolls made him sip tes, and left him for the night. At eleven o'clock he rose, imbued with a sense of dangerous adventure. He would recover the watch and go away. Cautiously he made a barricade before the door of the table and two chairs, then taking his hat and pocketbook, opened the window and slid to the ground. Milly was speaking in the

the cows were being milked. It must

kitchen. "I shall not desert mother, and will never marry John Townley. He's know. Then he rambled out, while an honest man, and we are not fit for Jim rammed the bottles back on the him.

"It's hard to be so poor," interpos the voice of Abraham Knolls. "Mat-thew's chose his own ways, Milly."

"If the city chap's abed, it's safe to turn the key on him," growled Mat-

The yellow dog sniffed at Geoffry, who patted the animal reassuringly. At the same moment a figure approached, raised the cellar door, and descended the steps. Geoffry followed recklessly, feeling sure that this was the man in the velveteen coat. The cellar was moldy and dark; the man groped among the barrels, and struck a match as he reach-ed a door at the end. Curiosity held Geoffry spellbound. The rays of a lantern fell on the inner cellar, where silks, laces, and furs were heaped in confu-The seals of the great watch dangled from the miscreant's pocket. Geoffry's eyes flashed. The lad sprang forward, dashed aside the lantern, and wrenched away the watch. Pure temper lent him requisite courage for the bold deed. As he rushed up the steps again a shrill whistle sounded in the cellar, followed by a responsive movement

in the house. He ran along the road, climbed the first hill, and paused to look back. A light was visible, flitting from window to window; a faint sound indicated the

mind. The shape moved away again after learning their secret! A second softly, and it seemed to Geoffry that the lamtern twinkled in the barn; somebody

house became permeated with sound; a of whom he had read trooping about him. He was alone in the night. If once Matthew Knolls overtook him, Uncle Geoffry would never know. A sob rose in his throat; he was in the clutch of brutal men afraid of his revelations. The sound of horse-hoofs struck sharply on his ear; he glanced wistfully toward the nearest house. Should he rouse the inmates? Instead, he ran on, hiding in a thicket as the horseman galloped up,

a thicket as the norseman ganoped up, and a doctor's gig passed.

"I am looking for a lad sent to us," said Matthew. "He's flighty sometimes, and his friends want it kept quiet. If you see him, pick him up, doctor."

"Dear me!" said the doctor, and

drove away.

Geoffry's heart stood still. The rider went on slowly and cautiously, thus checking advance, Would Matthew Knolls ride between him and the lake an old woman, or a machine wound up advance, the other would surely claim by stern duty to a task.

Advance, the other would surely claim him. Seven miles becomes a pilgrimage by stern duty to a task.

Lilac bushes shielded an open cellar when one is on foot and tracked by a door outside. Geoffry, smoking a cigar-mounted man. Geoffry knew that he and yet this measure required great alertness, for the rider paused to listen, and occasionally dismounted to examine the ground.

Oh, the darkness, the frightful loneliness, the danger lucking everywhere ! A misstep might harl him into the ravine below; a fall reveal his proximity to the enemy. Once Matthew wheeled about suddenly, and waded his horse in the rivulet to drink. Geoffry clung to the plank of the bridge, thus outflanked,

within reach of his whip.

Dawn, cold, pale, yet deepening, with
the village and lake close at hand. A
tavern on the edge of the wood lured the rider; the keeper, just then, accosted him. Five minutes for liquor, Mr. Matthew Knolls, while a lad ran down the hill waving his hat to the steamboat dready in motion, and sprang on board with the withdrawn plank.

Uncle Geoffry, sipping his coffee, was stonished by the advent of his nephew, who produced the watch. "I found it!" Then followed excited colanations.

The two Vernous, accompanied by a letective, returned to the Knolls farm-"There is a cool thief, with a cast in

one eye, who comes from these parts," said the officer. "He's a mendicant ailor, a burglar, and a pickpocket in town. I didn't know he smuggled and robbed on the border, though. "That is Mr. Matthew Knolls, and he must wear false whiskers," said Geoffry. At the farm all was peace. The cellars

ontained cider and vegetables; the son vous and dejected. Milly had gone to her aunt's until the wedding. Yes, she was to marry John Townley after all. "You must have been dreaming,

said Uncle Geoffry. Geoffry the younger held up the watch in dignified protest, "I did not dream this back, sir."

"Well, you have earned it." In after years when illness attacked a ensitive organization it came to Geoffry Vernon in the delirium of fear, when this darkness, gleamed a girl's face, like Ophelia's, yellow hair drooping on neck, and blue eyes forever terror-haunted.

A President Not Generally Known.

A Michigan paper tells the following story: A Front street saloon keeper is one warm day and said: "By cracky, Jim, but this is warm! I haven't been dently a bad man, possibly in league so warm since old Gen, Cass was Presi-with robbers. Geoffry returned to the dent of the United States." "What!" said Jim, "Gen. Cass never was President of the United States." "Why, yes he was," replied Preston, with well feigned astonishment. "I'll bet you the drinks for the house he wasn't," said the excited proprietor. "Done," answered the old man, and he drew forth his pocketbook, unfolded a page of the Congressional Globe of 1848-9, and proceeded to read that President Taylor, having died on Saturday, and Vice President Fillmore not being at Wash ington, the president of the Senate. General Cass, became President of the United States until the following Monday, pending Fillmore's inauguration. When the old man had finished reading, he looked around and said: "Come up, boys. Must excuse ignorance, you shelf, soused the tumblers in the rinse, and, as he wiped up the counter, remarked: "I have seen a good many mean men in my time, but for a first-cl ss fraud old Preston can take the money.

Even with the Judge.

Ex-Judge Morris was lately engaged n an important suit in a certain town in the State of New York, and it became his duty to cross-examine a witness who was an honest old farmer and not very well accustomed to the business. The witness answered by saying "I guess so" and "I think so," which nettled the judge somewhat, and he frequently said to the witness: "I don't want to know what you guess or what you think about it, I want what you know." Well, after a somewhat lengthy examination, Judge Morris settled back in his chair and said: "Well, I guess that is all," when the witness looked at him a moment, and, without leaving the chair, said : Mr. Morris, I don't want what you guess about this; I want to know if you are through with me?" The whole court applauded, and none more than Judge Morris.

Ex-Presidents.—Andrew Johnson is the third President of the United States whose remains are in Tennessee, and crash of forcing his bedroom door, then the lamp was stationary in his window. Heavens! if he were there facing Matthew Knolls and his confederate whose ramans at it tennessee, and the lamp was stationary in his window. Others in Nashville and creet a grand monument; but his family prefer a simpler grave in East Tennessee.

AMONG THE SEMINOLES.

How it is Cut Up--The Best Pleces--A Few

The New York Sun has been interviewing the cattle men and secures some valuable hints about beef. "Yes, sir, your surmise is correct," said one butcher, "Beef eating is decidedly a phase of American extravagance. Even the working classes must have their porter-house or sirloin steaks or their rib pieces for roasting. Yes, sir, in this particular they live beyond their means, as well as in many other things. It doesn't attract so much attention as the habit of buying expensive furniture, for that you see afterward in the auction rooms. Now, you can buy a chuck steak good enough for anybody for twelve cents a pound, or the round for from fifteen to eighteen cents, while you pay twenty-five cents a pound for sirloin and thirty cents for porterhouse steak."

"How much prime beef is there in an

animal?" "There's from seventy to one hundred

pounds in an animal giving seven hun-dred weight of beef. All the rest is the coarser meat.

"What is the result on prices?"
"Why, the natural result, of course.
There is a greater difference in price between prime beef and coarse—greater than there is anywhere else. In other places they make but three or four cents difference. We sell prime beef at wholesale for eighteen cents; the coarse meat of a good animal can be bought for nine, and sometimes there's a greater difference than that. Now the coarse meat of a good animal is a great deal better than the prime meat of a poor one. That's the reason I say poor people don't know how to live.

"The chuck, sir," said another butcher, " is the fore quarter of a beef with the ribs cut out. The fore ribs are sold with the rest of the prime beef, and at the same price. The animal is divided this way: They take the hind quarter and cut out the loin. That brings from sixteen to seventeen cents at wholesale. The ribs are next highest. They bring The about fifteen cents for roasting. round sells at about ten cents. The chuck out of a good bullock brings about seven cents a pound. These are wholesale prices. For inferior cattle ribs and

hind quarters bring about twelve and a Lalf cents; the chucks about six cents." The receipts at the abattoir yards are about 5,000 head of cattle a week, which are mostly slaughtered for use in New This is an average of about six York. hundred pounds of beef to the animal. One of the leading retail firms in the beef trade in Washington market subse-quently confirmed the opinion of the wholesale men. A light, active man, in light Dundrearys and an excitable frame of mind, was superintending the fitting of orders, while the son of another member of the firm acted as entry clerk.

"Jim, did you send those short loins to the Mountain House this morning had just been answered in the affirmative as the active man's attention was drawn off to the ice-house for a moment, and that of the entry clerk was attracted to the subject of this article. He said "Our trade is principally shipping, but isn't as brisk as it should be. Yes, sir; the sale for coarse meat is very slow. The only thing there is any ready sale for is the prime part of the carcass. As we buy the whole animal, we have to dispose of the whole of it, though we get loins, a good cut, first quality, twenty-two cents; short loins (for porterhouse steaks) bring from twenty-five to twenty-seven cents. The sides are worth twelve cents; the hips, eighteen cents. Ribs run from eighteen to twenty-two cents, according to who use them. We sell to a number of hotels. For example, there is a piece with the ends of the ribs cut off, and they are utterly useless, that is for a hotel, and the man that wants that piece has to pay for the loss of those ends. Rumps are worth from twelve to thirteen cents. Round stakes cut off them are worth fifteen cents if they are cut right through, and twenty cents if they are cut from the tender side of the rump. The chuck s sold for from eight to nine cents, in pieces weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds, but it is very hard to sell."

Strange Events at a Funeral.

A "burial scandal" is reported from Carcassonne, says a London paper, the character of which was strange as its sequel was deplorable. A funeral procession was on its way through the churchyard, when the officiating priest observed to the president of a local benefit society to which the deceased be- babies had real ladies as nurses. longed that the bearers walked too slowly, adding that if the body did not reach the grave as soon as he did he should just pronounce the absolution and go. Accordingly, having distanced the body by some paces, he gave the absolution, sprinkled the empty grave with holy water, and withdrew just as the bearers came up. He then took off his vestments, and returned to confront the mourners. A sharp altercation ensued, and, being asked why he had taken off "it has one great trial—I am not hallow-his sacerdotal ornaments, he said it was ed to kiss the children. Being royal in order to be able to answer all comers, and that he was not a priest at that mo-ment. On this a member of the benefit not to be able to kiss 'im is 'ard; but'' society angrily assured his unsympathetic paster that he should hear of this again, and immediately fell down dead.

Ex-Presidents of the United States.

Ex-Presidents of the United States are, in this generation, not remarkable for length of years. Except Fillmore and Buchanan, no one of our Presidents for thirty years has feached the allotted three score and ten. Before Polk, and after Washington, not one except Harrison, who died aged sixty-eight, left the world at less then seventy-three, Monroe. The series is noteworthy. Washington died at sixty-seven; but John eighty-three, Madison to eighty-five, Monroe to seventy-three, John Quincy Adams to eighty-one, Jackson to seventy eight, and Van Buren to eighty. At Fillmore at seventy, Pierce at sixty-five, Buchanan at seventy-seven, Lincoln at fifty-six, and Johnson now passes away at seventy. The first ten of our Presidents old woman shouted, executed a half fan-averaged seventy-seven and eight-tenths years of life. The next seven averaged the old man stood on his head, and the sassinate in never. He was too good a the costs have already reached twenty sixty-four and seven-tenths years,

Religious Fenst .-- A General Cleaning Up for the Year.

A correspondent who has been among the Seminole Indians in Florida gives us this description of the only religious ceremony of the tribe : The ceremony is undoubtedly one of purification—a propitiatory offering to the Great Spirit. Every year at the ripening of the harvest they gather all the people of their tribes, and hold a grand

pow-wow, lasting several days.

They burn and destroy all the filth and useless utensils of cooking, etc., and burn all condemned old clothes, purify themselves by sweating and washing; after which they elect chiefs, and transact such business as needs attention.

As my guide was at their feast last year, let him relate the story as he told it to me that night, by the smouldering camp fire, with listening Indians: Twas about the first of July; and me and Aleck thought we'd go out and kind of celebrate the Fourth among the Indians, seeing's we'd been invited. Well, we got out here; 'twas the same

trail we took the other day, but the flats was full of water, and 'twas just awful getting here. "The Injuns give us a shanty, and we turned loose our horses, and the next day the performance commenced. You see that cleared place there, about a hundred feet across? Well, that was all smooth, and was used to dance on, about that pole in the center, which was all hung with leaves and one thing and an-

"This house here, to one side, was a sort of sweat-house, and they had it stopped up tight, and a big kettle of wa--two or three of them-in one end.

"The women, they went round and collected all the old stuff and made a big heap of it, and then set it afire. Then they went out and got some kind of a root and made a strong drink, and that physicked them, you bet.
"This took about all day.

"Next day they got together on that level place, and danced about the pole. They didn't like it because we was there, and some of the Big Cypress fellows threatened to kill us, but Aleck had brought out a keg of real good whisky, and the promise of that, when they was through, made everything all right. "The women had them turtle-shells

strapped around their ankles, and they'd clap 'em together and make a noise you could hear a mile. First they'd dance kind of slow, then gradually quicken their steps till they would fairly wake things, and sing and howl fit to wake the dead. All these two days they hadn't had nothing to eat, and wouldn't give us anything, and, if we hadn't brought something, we should have starved. "Every once in a while one of the chiefs would get up and make a operation and then dive into the sweat-house, where they had got up steam by chuck-ing red hot rocks into them kettles of water. There he would stay till nigh about dead-for the house was all full of steam—and then he'd rush out and jump into that pond, there, stark naked, and

yelling like sixty! "All this time the old doctor seemed to be the master of ceremonies, and he was a-mumbling over big words, hard enough to choke a white man, and pretended he was conversing with the Great Spirit. Toward night of the second day they seemed to think they'd got things clean enough, with their sweating, and physicking, and dancing, and all the girls went off and got corn, and melons, and pertaters, and they had a reg'lar feast, and they eat and eat, till everybody had enough to make up for a two

"This is all the ceremony these heathen have, and they don't care no more for religion than a cat. If they are good when they are on this earth, they will go to a land of plenty where things is cheap and whisky and game is plenty. If they don't be good here they will go to the land of the bad spirit, who is half starved, and has no bears' oil or whisky. After the ceremonies was all over, they elected old Tustenuggu chief, instead of old Tiger Tail, who has been chief so long, and that came near making a fight; but it was proved that Tustenuggu was descended from old Micanopy, and had ought to have been chief long ago.'

Queen Victoria's Babies.

In London, a long time ago, I used to know the nurse of the queen's babiesan excellent, good person, clean and fat and rosy and loving. It might occur to the uninitiated that this person perhaps was a gentlewoman, and that the queen's was not so. This royal nurse was but another Peggotty, as humble in station as the good woman who was selected to care for the sacred welfare of the heir of Dombey. One day we congratulated her on the excellence of her place.

"That it is, indeed, ma'am, a good place," replied the woman, warmly; good for the likes of me; and yet," said she, her motherly bosom swelling and warm tears gushing to her honest eyes, ighnesses and me an 'ireling, I am not and here she brightened up considerably "I don't mind telling you, ma,am, for I don't think it will go any further, though hordors is horders, they can't prevent me from a-kissing of his little toes."

About twent∮ yearsago a negro woman vas sold from Baltimore to parties "way down South," her father and mother remaining on the estate from which she was sold, and where they still reside. During the war the old folks lost all trace of the girl and had given her up for lost until within a few years, when they heard from her in New Orleans. A them from an approaching boat. The hour of jubilee seemed to have come. | fellow for that.

The Spanish Miner.

A reviewer, speaking of Hugh James Rose's "Untrodden Spain and the Black Country," says: Decidedly the most characteristic part of Mr. Rose's book is his account of "the black country," or mining districts, of which he had considerable experience. The Spanish miner is as rough and reckless as those of his calling generally, but he as those of his calling generally, but he has many of the most sterling qualities of his country people, with more than ordinary Spanish light-heartedness. He works exceedingly hard, but he lives tolerably well, although but poorly paid, according to English ideas. Mr. Rose gives a vivid account of his day's occupation, from the start at early morning. pation, from the start at early morning, when he breaks his fast on cakes, cof fee, and aguardiente bought at the stalls set out along his road, to the more solid supper with his family of an evening, when he relaxes after his labor with music and merriment. He is fond of song, and improvises freely as he goes along to his work, choosing the subject of his monotonous refrain from any casual incident that may strike him. Like all Spaniards he insists on religiously celebrating any number of festas, al-though his manner of making holiday is apt to degenerate into debauch. For the morality of the mining districts is as low as may be, and the certainty that their lives will be short seems to induce the miners to make the most of them in their own way. Their work is often dan-gerous, for the native mine owners pay little attention to the internal economy of the mines, and the strongest consti-tutions succumb to the unwholesome atmostphere the miners inhale. The quicksilver mines of Almada are, of course, the most deadly. In these the salivation is excessive, and it is said to be almost as bad among the copper veins of Rio Tinto. In the lead mines, strange to say, the action of the mineral is more gradual; but pulmonary consumption, fever, and "lead colic" are the most fatal complaints. The miner seldom lives to a greater age than thirty-four, and it is a common saying with the girls in the neighborhood: "It is hard to marry a miner, for he must leave us so soon." That proper sanitary precau-tions might do much to prevent this mortality, is proved by the experience of foreign companies. But in Spain, as everywhere else, the workmen object to restraint and regimen, although death and painful diseases are the penaltics of neglecting them; and the native mine proprietors, with the national indifference, leave their people to do as they please. Although the miner takes his copa of strong liquor after his coffee, or corrects with occasional stimulants the corrects with occasional stimulants the foulness of the atmosphere he breathes, as a rule he is not addicted to drunkenness. He is content with poor with poor wages and is cheerful on coarse fare; and if he must be called superstitions rather than religious, at least he makes life endurable by cultivating a cheerful fatalism. These men of the 'black country' are naturally among the roughest and least educated classes of the population, yet Mr. Rose proof the population, yet Mr. Rose pro-nounces them to be "nature's gentlemen." He says, talking of the miner : "He could not say or do a rude thing. To walk with the stranger; to relieve him of any load he may be carrying under a burning sun; to offer you—and the offer is meant--a share of his simple meal, if you chance to come upon him when dining, is simply his habit.

A Good Guardian. A few years previous to the great fire

in Boston a man in the grocery business there was appointed guardian of three orphan girls, whose father had left for their supporta tenement house in one of the corners of the courts leading out of Pearl street. When he got control of the property the house was uninsured, value small, and income triffing. He had it insured, and made some improvements that-increased the income. the fire came, and consumed it with the other buildings in that vicinity. got the insurance money after a little delay, invested the money where it rapidly increased, and the land being wanted for business purposes, he sold it for two or three dollars more a foot than other land brought alongside of it. The proceeds of this sale he also invested, and when, a little while ago, he made a settlement with the probate court, it was found that the value of the legacy left to the children, now of age, had more than quadrupled. The judge complimented him for his good management, and said he richly earned the percentage which the law allows in such cases. The gentleman thanked the court, but said he worked for a reward greater than any human law could allow, and declined to accept any compensa-tion. The young ladies, in apprecia-tion of the generous conduct of their guardian, have presented him with a valuable watch, chain, and lock-seal.

Too Good for That. Some years ago there was a discussion

among some returning Californians on a steamer, which had just touched at Acapulco, concerning the moral character and general merits of a California refugee whom they had fallen in with in that torrid little port. One of the party was quite enthusiastic over the refugee as "one of the best fellows he ever knew," to which another replied that he was a murderer and an assassin who fled the State to escape the gallows This the refugee's friend denied; said he "wasn't no a'sassin nor nothin' of the kind." "But," said the other, 'don't you remember his shooting barkeeper up to Mavysville? "Yes." "And his stabbing a man in the back at Dutch Flat?" "Yes." "And his killing a faro dealer at "— "Oh, yes, I know about all them things. He's killed folks, of course. I know he kills, but Adams lived to ninety-one, Jefferson to eighty-five, promising soon to visit them, and from sassinates." Shades upon shades of birds would feed it. Soon afterward it that time the old couple went to the meaning, you see. Subtle distinctions became strong enough to fly, and flew wharf every time a boat arrived expecting to meet her, and showing keen disfellow was liable to do, and "sassinat man named Schriber, who picked the this point, a singular change occurs. appointment on finding that she had not ling," which would have been ungentled bird up and retained it in its possession. Polk died at fifty-four, Taylor at sixty, yet come. At last, however, they were manly and disreputable. That man was manly and disreputable. That man was manly and disreputable. appointment on finding that she had not ing," which would have been ungentle- bird up and retained it in his possession. rewarded for their watching as a buxom, well up in the refinements of the lan- once got out a writ of replevin, so the comely mulatto waved a handkerchief at guage. He knew where to draw the line | bird was brought into court, where it and just what shading to give it to save attracted considerable attention. A ver-

Items of Interest.

Married people will have no difficulty in getting along well if they always keep two bears in the house—bear and for-

bear. Cleanliness, in all the surroundings of a family mansion, pays richly in many ways, in good health, moral elevation, personal comfort, and dollars and cents besides.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

It has been estimated that one plant of the red poppy bears 50,000 seeds; one sow-thistle, 19,000; one corn-cockle, 2,500; the charlock, 4,500; groundsel, 6,500; and the black mustard, 1,500.

"Burning incense, Mr. Brown?" said Mrs. Farrintosh, as she passed Bro wn in the act of lighting his post-prandial cigar. "No, ma'am," said the practical Brown, "I am burning twenty cents."

A gentleman in Kingston, N. Y., has cured his hen of a mania for hatching. Stones, clubs, basins of water were in vain; but when firecrackers exploded u nder her she concluded to come off.

Two hundred thousand Americans, not one in five hundred of whom ever saw prairies, mountains, cauyons, falls or other Western sights, are over in Europe hoofing it around through heat and dust.

During a recent tornado in Minnesota two sheep were carried fully a mile by the wind, and finally landed in a tree top, where they were found pinned to-gether by a board that had been driven through their bodies.

The Maine Farmer suggests that farmers, by building on adjoining corners of their farms, might organize little "farmer villages" which would give them the advantage of society and make their children much more contented with farm life.

A Jefferson (Me.) farmer had a cow and a calf struck by lightning during a thunder shower, and, supposing them dead, they were dragged off into a pasture. In the morning, having occasion to visit the pasture, he found both cow and calf as lively as if no thunder shower had occurred the night before.

Shortly after ex-President Johnson's trial he said to a friend who was congratulating him on his narrow escape : "Yes, and when I die I want to be buried quietly, and hope the same wretched set of scribblers who have just been writing me down on impeachment won't be allowed to write up the funeral.'

In no country in the world is there so arge a consumption of animal food as in the United States. The average to each person, as derived from statistics of meat consumption in the leading pound per day; while in continents meat per head is only from two to three ounces per day.

Men have often been puzzled to explain, even to themselves, why they liked tobacco smoke. But the scientists have found out just what it is, and it is no wonder we like it. Tobacco smoke is, they say, a mixture of cyanhydric, sulphurated hydrogen, formic, acetic, propionie, butyrie, valerianie and car-bolic acids, half a dozen kinds of alkaloids and creosote.

A girl has recently gone through a remarkable attack of catalepsy at a pub-lic hospital in Paris. She fell into a lethargy, and her respiration became almost imperceptible, but her color and pulse were natural. Soon afterward her muscles became hard and stiff, and during six days she lay rigid, taking no food, and being wholly unconscious. Her recovery was slow, and attended by relapses into a cataleptic condition.

Postage in the United States. In 1792 the first postage act was passed

in the United States. Every separate sheet of paper, large or small, without reference to weight, was considered a letter, and two or three small pieces in one envelope paid double or triple postage. The lowest rate was six cents to places within thirty miles, eight cents to places within sixty miles, ten cents to places within one hundred miles, and so on up to places within four hundred and fifty miles, the postage then being twenty-five cents. In 1799 a new law was passed changing the rates. The lowest rate was eight cents, and the low-est distance forty miles. In 1816 the minimum rates were again reduced to six cents, and the distance to thirty miles, only five rates being established. Eighteen and one-half cents carried letters four hundred miles, and for a longer distance twenty-five cents was charged. These rates continued until 1845, when the first material reduction took place. Five cents became the postage for letters carried a distance of less than three hundred miles, and ten cents for a greater distance. At the same time the drop letter system was introduced, the postage on such being fixed at two cents. In 1845 the half-ounce weight was made the standard instead of the number of sheets. In 1851 the single rate was made three cents for all distances under 3,000 miles, and six cents for greater distances, if prepaid, this being the first induce-ment held out to prepay postage. Un-paid letters were charged five and ten cents, according to distance. In 1855 prepayment was required, the rate as to listance remaining the same. In 1863 the present rate of three cents, prepaid, for all distances, was established.

A Funny Trial.

An amusing trial took place in Quincy, Ill., last week. A man named Murphy found a nest containing six young mocking birds, which he took home with him. Five of them having died, he took the times that amount,