

The Elk County Advertiser.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. V.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1875.

NO. 27.

The Family Record.

"Ay, write it down in black and white—
The date, the age, the name;
For home his never seemed so dear
As since our baby came.
No child before was half so sweet,
And never babe so wise;
And John, the neighbors say, indeed,
It has his father's eyes."
"Say, wife, I'm sure they're like your own;
The rogne's his mother's boy;
How strange that such a tiny form
Can cause such boundless joy!
And you will have him named for me?
Come, think it over again;
For 'John' is but a homely name—
'Nay, do not drop your pen."
"For 'John' shall be his name, my dear.
It is his father's own;
And though a hundred more were given,
I'll call him that alone.
His father's eyes, his father's face,
His father's form, I'm sure;
God grant he have his father's heart,
Life's hardships to endure!"

"Well, there, 'tis written down at last;
The record is complete.
Henceforth we'll lay our loving hearts
Beneath our baby's feet.
Ay, wife, our home's a humble place—
We're humble folks—that's true;
But I'm a king with boundless wealth
In that young rogne and you."

"So, baby, wink and blink, my boy,
Your mother's eyes—'Nay, John,
They are his father's eyes indeed;
That I insist upon!"
"Well, be that as it may, his mouth
Is waiting for a kiss.
He's like you there, at least, my dear.
Say, do I judge amiss?"

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Mark Coleman was an industrious, hard working young man, who had begun the world with nothing, but who had very firmly settled in the means to erect a small house and shop of his own. He had been for some time attached to an estimable young woman, as poor in the world as himself. Their union had been so long deferred, that both parties grew impatient for the time to come. They were finally able to procure a small sum of money, and they resolved to wait no longer. But a small sum of money remained to furnish even those two rooms. But, scanty as was the furniture which this sum would procure, they adhered to their first resolution, and they waited until more could be procured without obtaining it on credit.

One day a visitor was announced at their humble home—no less a personage than the wealthy Mrs. Ives.
"You seem to be settling out right in the world, my dear," she said, as she looked around their room. "I suppose you intend to be rich one of these days, and I think you will succeed."
"We hope some day to be better off than we now are," replied Mr. Coleman. "I know you have made it differently from most young people," he added, casting his eyes around the scantily furnished apartment, "and the most of our neighbors think the worse of us for it. But the fact is, we have both of us set out with the determination never to contract a debt."
"I doubt not you will soon be able to finish your house and furnish it neatly," said Mrs. Ives, kindly and approvingly. "I admire your spirit of honest independence, and should be sorry to do anything to wound it. But we have some furniture in our garage, which has been stored there for some time, and if you will accept the loan of some chairs and a table until it is convenient for you to purchase those which will suit you better, it will gratify me very much to let you have them."
This offer was made with so much kindness and delicacy, that Mr. Coleman could not refuse it, or feel wounded by it. After Mrs. Ives had left, he exclaimed:

"That is what I call a kind-hearted, true-hearted woman. She has made me think better of all the world than I did half an hour ago."
This delicate act of kindness had stolen the bitterness from the heart of the proud man—for proud he was, and it had taught him to think more charitably of all his race.
Years passed on, and Mark Coleman's dreams of wealth were more than realized. His house was soon finished, and neatly furnished, after which he had no reason to complain of the shyness of his neighbors. But he did not remain there many years. He removed to a larger place, where he could extend his business operations. After the first few years wealth flowed upon him as rapidly as he could desire. But it is not our purpose to follow him through his course.

Our tale now passes over a period of some years. In a pleasant village, many miles distant from its opening scene, stands an old, dilapidated dwelling, of that peculiar hue which the suns and storms of three-fourths of a century impart to the natural color of wood. This dwelling is inhabited by a poor widow and her invalid granddaughter, a girl of fourteen. The couch of the invalid is placed in the most comfortable corner of the only comfortable apartment the dwelling contains. A stand is placed close by the side of the bed, covered with a clean white cloth. On this stand the widow is preparing to place their simple evening meal.

The family were very poor. This was evident from all the sufferings of their humble home, and from the tone of the young girl as she asked again and again:
"Will the food we have last longer than to-morrow?"
"I think not," was the reply of the widow.
"Does not your faith begin to fail you yet, grandmother?" she asked, as she looked at her grandmother's countenance.
"Why should it, my dear? We have

not reached the extremity yet. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity,' you know."
But the faith of the young girl had not been strengthened and developed by a life of discipline and trial. She knew not how to trust in an hour so dark as this. All the evening she tossed restlessly upon her pillow. Withdrawing the curtain which shaded the window near her bed, and looking out, she suddenly exclaimed:
"Oh, grandmother! brilliant lights are gleaming from the windows of the great house on the hill. What does it mean? The house has been shut up ever since we lived here."
"This reminds me," said her grandmother, "of what Mrs. More told me to-day. She said that a wealthy gentleman had purchased the house, and was moving in."
Alice gazed a few minutes longer at the bright light gleaming from the windows, then, sinking back on her pillow with a sigh, she said:
"I'm cheering and looks over there! How different their home from ours!"
Her aged parent read what was passing in her thoughts, and said:
"Alice, my child, do not envy the inmates of yonder mansion. Our sorrows, I trust, are preparing us for a brighter home than that. There is no mansion on earth, however pleasant or richly furnished it may be, into which sin, suffering, and death have not free entrance. But into the home towards which we are journeying, neither weeping nor wailing can ever enter. How glorious will be the light of that place, which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, for the glory of God is the light thereof."
Another day wore away, and the widow's little stock of provisions was quite exhausted. As evening drew on she sat by the bedside of the invalid, endeavoring to sustain her by the repetition of those sure promises on which her own soul rested.

The gray twilight was fast deepening into the dark shades of night, and objects were becoming indistinct, when the widow perceived the figure of a man approaching her dwelling. She hastened to light her last candle, and had barely time to do so before a gentle rap summoned her to the door. The door being opened, a gentleman, apparently about sixty, entered the apartment, and, addressing the widow's courteous invitation to be seated.
"I hope you will not consider this call as an intrusion," he said. "I have now become a neighbor of yours. Yesterday I moved into the house yonder on the hill—perhaps you will think I lay claim to the privilege of making a neighborly call at an early day. But to this claim I believe I may add another, that of former acquaintance."
"Indeed," said the widow, in a tone of voice indicating some surprise, while at the same time she closely scanned the visitor, "I have never seen you before. How do you discover any familiar lineament there?"
"You do not recognize me?"
"I do not."
"Do you remember a young mechanic by the name of Mark Coleman, who was the neighbor you when you lived in B—?"
"Oh, yes; I remember Mark Coleman very well."
"Well, I am Mark Coleman."
"Is it possible! And you have come to reside in the large house yonder."
"I have," replied the visitor, "but you cannot possibly be more so than I was this morning, when asking one of my new neighbors who resided here, I was informed that it was Mrs. Ives, the widow of the late General Ives."
Mr. Coleman sat for half an hour conversing of the past and the present. His manner was very kind and respectful. When rising to leave he said:
"Now, Mrs. Ives, I have one request to make you. If I should consider it a duty, and also a great privilege, to return some of the kindnesses of former years, I beg you will not feel oppressed with the slightest weight of obligation on that account, but will regard it as no more than what is justly due."
As Mrs. Ives lighted Mr. Coleman through the little hall leading to the outer door, he pointed to a basket, which he impressed by her he had deposited there on entering.
"Hearing you had an invalid granddaughter," he said, "although it is my first visit, I have ventured to bring along some delicacies which may tempt her appetite."
Mrs. Ives took the basket to the bedside of Alice, and displaying its contents, said:
"See here! my child, we only asked for bread, and our Heavenly Father has given us luxuries which might tempt the appetite of an epicure. Shall we not trust him for the future?"
Since the time that Mrs. Ives and Mr. Coleman were formerly neighbors, Mrs. Ives had passed through a long season of bereavement and losses. Death had deprived her of her beloved husband, and not one of the dear circle of her children remained to her. Losses and misfortunes had also stripped them of their once handsome property. All that was now left to her was her grandchild, apparently a confirmed invalid, and the dilapidated dwelling which sheltered them. This had once been mortgaged to her husband, and now remained in her possession, because those who had claims upon the estate had not thought it worth looking after.

After the night of Mr. Coleman's first visit, the wants of Mrs. Ives and her granddaughter were abundantly supplied by him. Several weeks passed away, and winter drew near.
"I fear," said Alice to her grandmother one night, "that you will never get through the cold weather, in this uncomfortable dwelling."
"What! distracting again, Alice, when we have been so wonderfully provided for?"
"I know Mr. Coleman is very kind, and makes us as comfortable as we can be made here, but you are aged and infirm, and never spent a winter in such an mode as this."
Mrs. Ives was about to reply, when Alice, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed:
"There comes Mrs. More. I wonder what has happened. She must have some news to communicate, for nothing else would bring her here."
Mrs. More did not keep Alice in sus-

pense a great while, for she had not been seated long when she opened her budget of news.
"You know," she said, turning to Mrs. Ives, "that cottage at the foot of the hill, beyond Mr. Coleman's?"
"Yes, it has been shut up ever since we lived here."
"Who has bought it?"
"Mr. Coleman has bought it. As I passed the house to-day, I saw a large load of goods stand before the door, enough to furnish the cottage very neatly, so I suppose it will soon be inhabited. Every one is curious to know who is going to live there."
Mrs. Ives smiled as she replied: "If the goods have come, no doubt the inmates will shortly follow, so that every one's curiosity will probably soon be gratified."
The next day was one of those beautiful days which often occur in the latter part of November, and whose charms are partially expressed by the appellation of "Indian summer." In the morning, as Alice looked from the window, she called to her grandmother, saying:
"Mr. Coleman's carriage is driving up to the door, grandmother."
Mr. Coleman alighted from the carriage and entered the house.
"Come, Alice," said he, "don't you think you have strength to take a short ride? This day may be the last of our Indian summer."
Alice was pleased with the thought of a ride, though somewhat doubtful if she were able to bear the exertion.
"I think you can," said Mr. Coleman. "The driver and myself will place you carefully in the carriage, which is very easy, and your grandmother shall go with you."
All this was soon accomplished. As Mr. Coleman himself entered the carriage, he said:
"You had better take a farewell look at the old house, Alice, for it is not probable that you will ever see it again."
Alice looked at him with a startled air, which Mr. Coleman perceiving, said:
"Don't be alarmed, Alice. If you should wish to return, I promise to bring you safely back."
The carriage passed up the gentle ascent leading to Mr. Coleman's house, and down again on the opposite side, until it reached the edge of the woods, where Mrs. More, it drew up before the door of this cottage.

"How do you like your new home, Alice?" asked Mr. Coleman. "I hope it pleases you, for your grandmother has a deed of the place."
Mrs. Ives looked at Mr. Coleman in surprise.
"It is true, madam, and here is the document," said Mr. Coleman, as he took a paper from his pocket and placed it in her hands. "But we must not speak of this now, for Alice is growing tired."
So saying he led down the steps of the carriage, and gently lifting Alice out, bore her into one of the neat front rooms of the cottage, and placed her upon a bed, which had been carefully prepared for this purpose.
"Oh, Mr. Coleman!" said Alice, "how kind!"
"Now, no thanks, Alice," interrupted Mr. Coleman, "for there is no call for any. You see I am going to ask your grandmother to give me a title to the house you have left, in exchange for the deed which I have spoken of. As it is in full view of my own dwelling, and adds not at all to the beauty of the landscape, I shall consider myself quite a gainer, to obtain the privilege of pulling it down."
Alice and her grandmother spent a very comfortable winter in their new and pleasant home. In the spring Mr. Coleman proposed that Alice should spend the summer in a neighboring city, under the care of an eminent physician, who he hoped might restore her to health. The plan was carried out with the most gratifying results. Alice returned in the fall with health greatly improved, and with the prospect of a speedy and permanent recovery. As she was sitting by her grandmother's fire, one evening soon after her return, she said:
"It is just one year to-night, grandmother, since Mr. Coleman and I were married, and you are still in such deep distress. How very, very kind he has been to us. If you had been his own mother and I his daughter, he could not have been more kind. What can have led him to take so deep an interest in us?"
"I am sure I don't know, my dear. We were known to each other in former days, but I have no claim upon him for the many services he has rendered us."
"He seems to think differently. He will never let us even thank him, but seems pained if we attempt to do so."
Mr. Coleman did think differently, and we will listen to his account of the matter. An old friend from the city was paying him a visit, and chanced to inquire who lived in the neat cottage at the foot of the hill.
"Widow Ives resides there," was the reply.
"General Ives! Not the widow of General Ives, formerly of B—?"
"Yes, the same."
"Does she own that cottage?"
"She does."
"But I have been informed that she had lost all her property, and was left quite destitute."
"She did lose the bulk of her property. But she made a good investment many years ago, which now yields her enough to supply her with all the comforts of life in her old age."
"Indeed, I am very happy to hear it. I have been told that she is a very estimable woman, and should like to hear more of her history, particularly of this fortunate investment of which you speak."
"In reply to this, Mr. Coleman related the history of his own setting out in life, and dwelt upon the sincere and delicate kindness shown to him at that time by Mrs. Ives. He wound up his narrative by saying:
"The interest of that old furniture shall supply that excellent woman with all she needs, during the remainder of her life."
They find lots of hoes, axes and saws in the ruins of Pompeii, but not so much as the tip end of a base ball club. Isn't there a deep significance here somewhere?

Shooting at a Ghost.

A medium at St. Louis, according to the *Democrat* of that city, lately submitted to the test of being shot at by an expert rifleman. The medium was bound hand and foot in the box cabinet, and directly in front of the black curtains, has been placed a stand, where, by means of a vice, a small breech-loading rifle is fastened, after a load is placed in it, and leveled so that the ball will inevitably pierce the curtain's center, Mr. A. B. Cunningham, who has been requested by Mr. Finkens to fire the rifle, takes a seat directly behind the stand. Mr. Cunningham is a crack shot, with steady nerve, and his rifle carries only a small ball, but is loaded so as to send it easily through an inch plank. In order to prevent the ball lodging in the wall, a heavy plank is placed on the other side of the cabinet and directly in the way of the shot. The ball would not perhaps kill, but it would mar the beauty of any countenance that received it.
It is five minutes after nine o'clock when these preliminaries are finished, and the scene rarely begins. The lights of the main chandelier are turned down, although Mr. Finkens keeps a coal oil lamp burning near him, which sheds a dim glare on the cabinet and the black curtains, on which all eyes are fixed. In certain, on which all eyes are fixed, the gloom voices are hushed to a whisper, and the noises on the street become painfully audible. As the whippers die away the silence becomes oppressive.
"Sing something, it will help me," says a voice from the cabinet.
"Some one in the crowd strikes up the air—
Shall we gather at the river?
Then comes a knocking from the cabinet, the knocks chattering apparently against all the sides. The first is loud and authoritative, but the others become gradually more mild and gentle, recalling to the mind "The Raven."
Only this, and nothing more.
Finding that the knocking ceased entirely, and that the silence is disagreeable to the spirits, as well as to the company present, Mr. Finkens strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner." There is no response, and an apprehension is felt that the patriotic air has lost its power upon the disembodied. "Auld Lang Syne," as recalling scenes of the past, is next tried, but with similar want of effect on the forgetful spirits. The silence continues even when some one in the hall sings something about
I am a chief in the forest so wild,
followed by the "Old Camp Ground."
The repertoire of the American portion of the audience being exhausted, a German gentleman sings an operatic solo, his fine, powerful bass voice filling the room, and delighting all present. As it comes to a close, a quick, wild, painful cry is heard from the cabinet, and all is still again.
The spirits appear obstinate and moody, and the players of an hour pass away without anything more than a spasmodic knock. When about all hope is given up, the curtain is suddenly drawn aside, and a face appears at the window—the face of a girl with blue eyes and brown hair, just budding into womanhood. The face is distinctly seen by all present.
"Fire!" said the voice in the cabinet.
The rifle is fired on the instant.
The face remains at the window perhaps a minute longer, when it is concealed by the curtain, which is mysteriously drawn to again.
The rest may be told in a very few words. In fifteen minutes the medium is released, excited and exhausted with his labors. An examination of the cabinet shows that the ball passed through the seat opposite to the window, and it is found in the plank lying down, beyond the ropes are found as dense as when they were first tied, and on the door being opened, the medium is found securely bound. He ascribes the long lapse of time before the appearance of the spirit to the fact that an Indian agent, who he had seen in the cabinet, had asked when first placed in the cabinet. The spirit that appeared, he says, was his cousin.

Wonders in Your Body.
Suppose your age to be fifteen, or thereabouts.
You have two hundred bones and six hundred muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute; it pumps out, in twenty-four hours, 36,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.
Your lungs contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceed 20,000 square inches.
The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more.
Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.
Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 inches. Each square inch contains about 2,500 sweat-pores or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a draining tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the surface of your body of 88,541 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost seventeen miles long.

Size of Nails.
From the following table an estimate of quantity and suitable sizes of nails for any job of work can be made:
Twopenny.....1 1/2 inches...557 nails per lb.
Fourpenny.....1 3/4 inches...353 nails per lb.
Sixpenny.....2 inches...253 nails per lb.
Eightpenny.....2 1/4 inches...187 nails per lb.
Sevempenny.....2 1/2 inches...141 nails per lb.
Eightpenny.....2 3/4 inches...101 nails per lb.
Tenpenny.....3 inches...68 nails per lb.
Twelvepenny.....3 1/2 inches...54 nails per lb.
Twenty penny.....3 3/4 inches...34 nails per lb.
Spikes.....4 inches...16 nails per lb.
Spikes.....4 1/2 inches...12 nails per lb.
Spikes.....5 inches...10 nails per lb.
Spikes.....5 1/2 inches...7 nails per lb.
Spikes.....6 inches...5 nails per lb.

IN THE DETROIT POLICE COURT.

A Day with a Western Justice—His Honor's Peculiarities.
THE GOOSE QUESTION.
"Mrs. O'Leone, whyfore and for what valid reasons did you interfere with the police while they were driving geese to the pound?" asked the court of the next prisoner.
"Yer honor, s'pose you owned fourteen geese?"
"Yes, madam."
"And yer husband was dead, and yer children had nobody to love but the geese?"
"Yes, Mrs. O'Leone."
"And would ye stand by and see a policeman wid a red nose drive them geese to the pound, wid the children wiping their eyes for grief?"
"Madam O'Leone, you may return home. You must not interfere with the officers again, and I hope the officers will not get sight of your geese another time this summer. Give my respects to the children, shut your geese up, and the world will jog along as before."
AN OBSTINATE MAN.
A young man with red eyes and long hair came out in answer to the call for Martin Van Buren.
"Any relation to the President by that name?" asked the court.
"No, sir—I am the President himself," replied the young man.
"What?"
"I am Martin Van Buren, ex-President of the United States," loftily replied the young man.
"That's pretty good," said his honor, as he folded up a sheet of paper. "You are not over your drunk yet."
"I was never drunk in my life, sir!"
"What? Why, here's a warrant charging you with that offense, and here's the officer ready to swear!"
"Can't help that, sir. My position as ex-President of the United States of America should be a guarantee of my social habits."
"Young man, do you think I'm a fool?"
"No, sir."
"I thought you did. I thought so from your talk."
"Well, sir, I am Martin Van Buren, ex-President of the United States of America, and that ends it!" said the young man.
"No, it doesn't; I'll send you to the house of correction for sixty days, and more than that, I'll say that you are the cheekiest young man who has ever appeared at this bar."
"Martin Van Buren can stand it," was the reply, and he was removed.

IN CONSIDERATION.
His honor looked at Timothy Henderson for a long time. Timothy was worth looking at. If he had been wrecked on an island and lived there for a score of years alone, he could not have been more dilapidated in general look.
"Timothy, do you want to be sent up for three months?" asked the court.
"No, sir."
"You are willing to do most anything if I let you go, aren't you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, now, will you wash your face?"
"Yes."
"And have your hair cut?"
"Yes."
"And clean your finger-nails?"
"Yes."
"And get money enough to get shaved with, even if you have to steal it?"
"Y'es, sir."
"Well, you may go. I am here to enforce the law, but I don't believe you come under my jurisdiction."
"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN."
"Good gracious! but who brought this old woman in here!" exclaimed his honor, as an aged female, leaning on a cane, hobbled out.
"I did," replied one of the officers.
"Well, take her out to the avenue and pay her street car fare home. I don't propose to rob the cradle or the grave to fill prisons."
The old lady hobbled out, Bijah closed the court and the boys played Mozart's twelfth mass on their mouth-organs.—*Free Press.*

A Tramp in Close Quarters.
A tramp who was attempting to steal a ride from Ogdensburg to Rouse Point, N. Y., experienced a trip which was well calculated to make an impression on his memory that will not soon be eradicated. The splendid pair of tigers and zebras which formed a part of the show, which he had seen at Ogdensburg, were shipped that night for New York, by the way of Rouse's Point. The tigers were removed from their cage, placed in temporary boxes and put into a box car. The door of the car was left partly open, to allow a free circulation of air. The tramp in looking for a good place to stow himself away, came across this open car and crawled in. After the train started the tigers became uneasy from the rumbering of the cars, having remained in a quiet state there for two months, and tried to get out of the box. The tigers succeeded, and as he emerged from her coop the tramp shrunk back into a corner and remained the rest of the trip as rigid as a statue. The tigress, after making an examination of the car, in which she even lapped the face of the tramp, laid down at the open door of the car with her paws hanging over the edge of the doorway. In the morning when Herr Lingal came to look after his pets he discovered the tigress occupying the same position, and ordered her back into the box, and she obeyed. He then discovered the tramp, who still occupied his crouching position, with his clothes wet through with perspiration and speechless from his night ride with the tigers. It was a fortunate thing for him that it was the female that got out of the box, for she is as kind and tractable as a kitten, while the male would have killed him before reaching the end of the journey.

It is a wise provision of nature that men without brains never feel the need of them.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

What Has Been Done and what is Being Done to Make it a Success—What is the New York Herald in a Summary of what is being done at Philadelphia for the Centennial, says: The main exhibition building, which is longer than seven New York city blocks, is two-thirds finished. This building is to cost one million six hundred thousand dollars. Although the contract does not require its completion before the first of January, we learn that it may be done within a few weeks. Another building, known as the machinery hall, which will be one of the most important features of the exhibition, is so far advanced toward its completion that it will be ready next month. The art gallery, or memorial hall, is a permanent edifice, built by the State of Pennsylvania, and will cost a million and a half dollars. It is of granite, and will be a great advantage to the city long after the exhibition is over. The horticultural hall is a permanent building, and will remain as an ornament to Fairmount park. We understand that a larger space will be given to flowers and fruits than has ever been attempted at any previous exhibition. Over thirty acres of the park will be reserved for growing and agricultural applications have been received from Belgium, France, England, Holland, Australia, Cuba, Mexico and California for the display of their plants. This bringing together the fruits and flowers of the world into one comprehensive part is a grand and unprecedented undertaking, and we congratulate our friends in Philadelphia upon their action in this respect. The agricultural hall was only commenced on the 5th of July. As a notable feature of this department, the importance of which in an American exhibition cannot be overestimated, there will be a trial of moving and reaping machines on some of the adjoining farms. The United States government is also building an edifice in which to exhibit its own resources. This will cover an acre and a half.

A further building, called the Post Hospital, will be open and kept in constant service in the event of sickness or injury to any of the visitors to the exhibition grounds. The British government has begun to erect two buildings for the use of their commissioners. The Germans, Japanese, New Zealanders, Turks, the Egyptians and the Liberians have asked for space for representative national buildings. The Khedive will, it is believed, construct an Egyptian street in miniature. Liberia will build a Mohammedan mosque and a Christian church in juxtaposition. The different States of the Union will also build special buildings for the use of their representatives, and plans have already received from Ohio, New Jersey and Kansas; Missouri, Massachusetts, Nevada and Indiana have also asked for space for the same purpose. There is to be a woman's pavilion for the exhibition of woman's work, and a judges' hall for the use of those who decide upon the premiums. The National Photographic Association will display their photographs in special buildings, and many private parties will have galleries for their own business. There will be fountains, statues and various ornaments; a monument to Humboldt, by the Germans; a large fountain, by the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, a Jewish fountain; a monument, by the Presbyterians, to Witherspoon, and by the Unitarians, to Columbus. In the grounds there will be a double track dummy railroad, to run so as to enable the visitors to cover the long spaces so disastrous to international exhibitions. There are ten horse railways leading directly to the grounds, and six steam railways which are arranged to discharge their passengers at the gates.

The prospects for a full representation, a correspondent informs us, are very good, especially from foreign countries. We regret to learn that as much interest is not shown by some of our American States as by European nations. In the machinery hall we are surprised to learn that there are but thirty-five applications for space from manufacturers of silk, cotton, woolen, paper, twine and mixed fabrics. Unless we do better than this it is very certain that in the manufacture of these staples there has been a general falling off by the industrial and enterprising countries of Europe—by Belgium, England, Switzerland and France. We have no representation of the shipbuilding trade. Textile fabrics threaten to make a poor show. As to the financial success of the exhibition, the board informed our correspondent that they have no apprehensions. The agents report they are meeting with moderate success in gathering subscriptions, but at the same time we think the country should take the exhibition more seriously in hand. Thus far all that has been done has been the work of Pennsylvania. It is occasionally a strange help from the outside. The Centennial exhibition has gone beyond the control of a mere State. The honor of the country is identified with its success. Thus far wonders have been accomplished, considering the limitations surrounding the gentlemen who have undertaken the work. A little effort on the part of the other States, and the Centennial exhibition of Philadelphia will be made a success not only worthy of the country, but going far toward strengthening the reputation of American industry and American enterprise in foreign lands.

His Army.
We announced the disbandment of his grand army of ninety troops by the Prince of Lichtenstein. Some surprise is expressed at the existence of this sovereign prince, as it was thought that Prussia had "mediatized" all these relics of old Germany. But Lichtenstein was left for a reason. Prussia gave to every sovereign prince whose military power was absorbed a rank in the German army in proportion to the number of his troops. Lichtenstein would have received the grade of sergeant. Even Berlin they thought that too bad, and left him alone in his glory.

Mr. Grimwood, who sailed away with Donaldson, wrote a letter to the *Joliet Star*, which was published on the day he started on the fatal voyage, and it is noted as singular that the last word of that letter was "immortality."

A Horrible Death.

It is doubtful that there has ever been reported a death so terrible as that of John Schoven, which took place in New York. He was a German, over seventy years of age. He lived with his daughter, a young woman of eighteen summers, in a miserable, rickety tenement house. He was a man of unexceptionable morals, and loved his daughter better than his life. For some time back he had been in feeble health, his disease being of a nervous character, which required the administration of narcotics to produce the sleep and rest necessary for a man of his advanced years. It is written in general appearance. Neither the narcotic was a thin, colorless tincture of the consistency of hydrate of chloral and the appearance of water. It was kept in a little closet along with other bottles, among which was a small vial, containing crocote. On Monday evening Mr. Schoven, feeling ill at ease, requested his daughter to bring him the narcotic. The bottle which contained the narcotic and that which held the crocote were precisely the same in form and size, and also in general appearance. Neither bottle was labeled. The daughter, instead of bringing the old man the narcotic, brought him the crocote, and he, equally ignorant, poured out a spoonful and swallowed it.

The next moment the old man threw up his hands in terror and consternation, crying: "My God! my God! I have made a mistake. I am burning up. Help! for God's sake, help!" The fumes of the crocote at once led the girl to realize the situation, and crying and wringing her hands she dashed down the treacherous staircase, and frantically into the street and accosted an officer, who at once called in the aid of the nearest physician. Meanwhile the sufferings of the old man were terrible. It was as if his entrails had been pierced with red hot irons, or as if he had taken a cup of molten lead. His face became livid; his eyes seemed leaping from their sockets; his body became convulsed with spasms. Language cannot portray the agony of that old, gray-haired, dying man. "Water! water! My stomach, my heart, my very soul is on fire!" he shrieked in the torture of his death throes. The doctor came, and emetics were given in vain. In fifteen minutes the aged German was dead.

A reporter visited Schoven's residence. There was no carpet on the floor to muffle the step of the visitor. No pictures graced the wall. His face was livid; his eyes seemed leaping from their sockets; his body became convulsed with spasms. Language cannot portray the agony of that old, gray-haired, dying man. "Water! water! My stomach, my heart, my very soul is on fire!" he shrieked in the torture of his death throes. The doctor came, and emetics were given in vain. In fifteen minutes the aged German was dead.

Plaid and Striped Silks.
Plaid silks are not very largely imported, and it is hinted that stripes will be preferred. Plaid gros grains of light quality, to be used as trimmings, cut bias, and also to be associated with plain colors, are shown with grounds of the dark fashionable shades just mentioned, barred with brighter colors. The handsome plaids are what the French call cameo plaids, silks, with almost invisible plaids of light shades of blue, with a single color, with bars in bright relief. Green seems to be a favorite ground for such plaids; thus there are myrtle green grounds with vague, irregular plaids of light green and threads of crimson or of blue. Blue plaids have two shades of blue, with gray bars; brown plaids have lines of gold. When these plaids are used for basques and tabliers they will be cut bias. The richest plaids are those of dark fawn, barred with velvet. Brown, blue, and black prevail in these rich fabrics. There are also satins bars on faille foundations.

Andrew Johnson's Economy.
A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* says: Andrew Johnson was very close and saving in money transactions, carrying the economy he learned in the severe school of poverty almost to an extreme. His style of life at Greenville was exceedingly simple and non-expensive, remaining one of the first days of the republic, and we may add, the better days. He would often say: "My wants are few and easily supplied." When he had retired from the Presidency he had saved from his salary and interest accumulations \$65,000. This he deposited in the First National Bank at Washington, H. D. Cooke, president, upon an agreement to pay him six per cent interest. He did not even draw out the interest, and when the Cooke exploded he had in their bank \$73,000, the increase being the result of interest accumulations. Of this sum he received about fifty-five per cent, and the last time I saw him he told me that he meant to have the rest, if there was any law in the United States that would reach the case. "If I had my way," he added, "I would hang about a dozen defaulting bank officials who steal the people's money and call it a 'loan,' and then there would be less of that kind of robbery."

Spontaneous Human Combustion.
The question as to whether there is any such thing as spontaneous combustion of the living human body, is decided by M. Chassagnol, of Brest, after a thorough examination of all the conflicting accounts on record, absolutely in the negative. Many authors have affirmed that the body, on these occasions of alleged combustion, burned with a blue flame, and diffused an empyreumatic odor, but these characteristics are met with in many kinds of combustion; instances have also been sought for by M. Chassagnol among alcoholic drinkers, especially among women, but without success. The idea has been that the alcohol in drinkers takes fire; it is a fact, however, that dead bodies, or portions of dead bodies, burn but very slowly, even after having been steeped in alcohol for some days.