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Going Away from Home.

BY WILL CARLTON. And so you'll soon be goin' away, My darling little Bess ; And you ha' been to the store to-day, To buy your weddin'-dress ;

And so your dear good mother an' L. Whose love you long have known, M ast lay the light of your presence by, And walk the road alone.

So come to-night, with mother and me, To the porch for an hour or two. And sit on your old father's knee, The same as you used to do :

For we, who ha' loved you many a year, And clung to you, strong and true, Since we've had the young professor here, Have not had much of you !

But lovers be lovers while earth endures : And once on a time, be it known. I helped a girl with eyes like yours Construct a world of our own ;

And we laid it out in a carden snot And dwelt in the midst of flowers, Till we found that the world was a good-sized

And most of it wasn't ours !

You're heavier, girl, than when you come To us one cloudy day, And seemed to feel so little at home, We feared you wouldn't stay ;

Till I knew the danger was passed, because You'd struck so mortal a track, And got so independent an' cross God never would let you back !

But who would ever ha' had the whim, When you lay in my arms an' cried. You'd some time sit here, pretty an' prim, A-waitin' to be a bride !

But lovers be lovers while earth goes on. And marry, as they ought; And if you would keep the heart you've won, Remember what you've been taught :

Look first that your wedded lives be true, With naught from each other apart ; For the flowers of true love never grew In the soil of a faithless heart,

Look next that the buds of health shall rest Their blossorus upon your cheek ; For life and love are a burden at best If the body be sick and weak,

Look next that your kitchen fire be bright, And your hands be nest and skilled : For the love of man oft takes its flight

If his stomach be not well filled. Look next that your money is fairly earned Ere ever it be spent ;

For comfort and love, however turned. Will ne'er pay ten per cent. And, next, due care and diligence keep That the mind be trained and fed : For blessings over look shabby and chean

That light on an empty head. And if it shall please the gracious God That children to you belong, Remember, my child, and spare the rod

Till you've taught them right and wrong ; And show 'em that though this life's a start For the better world, no doubt,

Yet earth an' heaven ain't so far apart As many good folks make out.

DID HE DESERVE IT? Australia. He was a happy-go-lucky

sort of lad, and, from all accounts, a rather graceless one. It was his business, in company with half-a-dozen other stockmen, to watch

a small river called the "Wirrum," flowing into the Murray. The pasture, or "run," extended for

many miles along the south bank of the stream. No fences inclosed it. To the southward it stretched off to the almost boundless deserts of sand and "scrub, where roam the wild black tribes, the aborigines of this strange southern continent. The stockmen are in the saddle all day long, and lead a rough life, full of adventure and peril.

One day a wild young bullock belonging to Billy's "division" made a "bolt;" that is to say, he put up head and tail, uttered a vicious bellow, and dashed off over the hills toward the In a moment Billy was following him with a whoop and a hallo, his long whip coiled, ready for a stinging

But the wily brute gained covert in a ravine full of tangled grass-trees, which led out of the valley on to the desert. To turn him back, Billy was obliged to make a long detour over the hills. the meantime the bullock returned to the plain, and ran from thicket to thicket, during in and out of the tangled scrub, where it was impossible to follow him on

Half a score of miles are soon gone over in such a chase. The half-wild Australian cattle are very fleet, and have remarkable endurance; but Billy overtook the runaway at last. Tired out and breathless, the steer stumbled and fell heavily. There he lay palpitating, with the whites of his wicked little eyes

glaring at his pursuer. "I'll teach you a lesson!" cried Billy, galloping alongside and leaping off his his horse, "I'll take the quirks out of you, sir!" and the heavy lash came cruelly down with a sounding crack, which made the hair fly up in a long line, and drew a wild bellow of pain

from the prostrate animal. The wild, rough boy had no pity in his heart. One stroke by no means satisfied his temper. A score of lashes fell fast and heavy, and when his arm ached, he rested a few moments, then com-menced afresh; and, to tell the truth, kept flogging the poor animal till the hair was nearly all off its back, and not

only the hair, but the hide with it. Just at this stage of the performance, an unexpected event happened. Billy's horse—a native-bred and rather wild creature, named Blinker-finding master's attention occupied, concluded to forage for himself, and so trotted briskly away. No very good understanding existed between Billy and tagonism he trixt them,

the thickets and sand-knolls.

To add to the lad's discomfort, a

It continued to rain—as it rains only in Australia—for an hour or two. A violent wind drove the blinding sheets of water. Billy could only remain where he was, and wait for the shower to pass. When at length the tornado slackened, it was late in the afternoon, and owing to the black, rolling clouds, it was rapidly growing dark. The boy crept out from his shelter, however, and set off at a round pace, knowing that if he would reach the ranche that night, he had no

His thoughts were occupied rather with the prodigious flogging he meant to give Blinker than with the course homeward, and it is not surprising that in a little time he found he had lost his

He was on an almost level plain, sur rounded on all sides by scattered scrub and by bare sand-hills that looked bewilderingly alike. Along the whole dim horizon there was no mountain to serve as a landmark. Billy was puzzled and lost, but not frightened. He ran on ata venture past thicket and hillock, till it had grown dark; so dark, indeed, that he could scarcely see, and had no longer the least idea towards what point of the compass he was going.

The desert is not a comfortable place to be lost in, and Billy's sensations were far from pleasant. To fall into the hands of the blacks and be kept a pris-oner, or perhaps be roasted and eaten, were among the chances of remaining long in the locality in which he found

On horseback there was little danger of being caught by the natives. On foot, however, few Europeans would care to try a race with these long-legged blacks, with their boomerangs whistling about his ears.

A kind of large black snake, very active, and a deadly biter, is common in the scrub. Billy dreaded the snakes almost as much as the blacks. Then, almost as much as the blacks. Then, too, he was wet, and the night was

and to pass the night.

close at hand, he presently saw a large three hours more, as he thinks, then rock half hidden by the shaggy grass-trees. Pushing through the shrubbery, he found that the rock overhang on the

lower side, offering a partial shelter. Here he sat down and determined to remain till daylight. It was a dreary evening, and the slow hours dragged on a still drearier night.

At first Billy was not inclined to sleep. Once a kangaroo passed at a little distance, making the ground jar heavily at each of its unwieldy leaps. Later, he heard the low, shrill "pheet" of a snake close at hand, and hastily threw stones, Billy Merriam was a "cattle-boy" at stock farm in the "bush" in South sticks and dirt, to frighten off so unde-

sirable a visitor. Two or three times he fancied he heard a queer sound of snuffing further up under the rock, and concluded that there was a burrow of wombats behind over a herd of eleven thousand cattle, the bowlder, who were dissatisfied be-that had their pasturage in the valley of a small river called the "Wirrum," large animals, Billy had very little fear

of wombats. Towards morning he grew drowsy, and at length fell asleep. At broad daylight he awoke. Starting hastily, a sudden rumble caught his ear, and, turning, he espied a big mottled tail disappearing in a rather large black hole, that seemed to lead back under the rock. He concluded the animal was a wombat that had probably been observing him curiously.

"I'll dig you out of here some day," was Billy's mental comment. Then he bethought himself of his situation, and sat up to consider it. He felt hungry, and by careful search he found a few dirty crumbs of "damper" in his leather pouch, and ate them one by one.

While thus engaged, a sharp snapping of twigs drew his attention. It came nearer, and a moment later there burst through the trailing leaves the lean, black paws, and gray, wolfish head of a native dog.

At sight of him, Billy jumped up in sudden apprehension. The dog snarled, then barked noisily. Immediately there arose a low, peculiar cry, apparently not a hundred yards off. It was answered

from all about—"Cooe! cooe!"

The blacks were abroad on a hunt. Billy's heart almost came through his ribs. If he ran, the dog would follow him, and the whole pack of natives would soon be at his heels.

He glanced helplessly around. The wombat hole met his eye. The blacks were coming. There was no time to think twice. Billy instantly resolved to take his chances with the wombats, and dived into the hole.

The dog snapped and tore at his boots. but he wormed his way in. The hole led straight back under the rock eight or ten feet, into the very heart of the hil-lock, where it expanded into a sort of

den as big as a baker's oven. Seeing him coming, the wombats sniffed noisily, and went scrambling further back under the hillock. Here Billy had the satisfaction of being able to turn

The dog was still worrying his heels but taking a stone, he struck at the originally belonged to Baron Von Lichbrute's head with such effect that it enstein, a rich landed proprietor in Sax-Meanwhile, he heard a jabbering out-side. The blacks had come up. Several other dogs rushed successively into the hole, but on getting within range of Billy's heavy boot heel, beat a speedy

retreat.

generally settled with a few sound cuts cagerly, but in a jargon quite unintelli-

The horse took no notice of Billy's angry shout of "Whoa, Blinker!" other than to display both his hind hoofs, and move away at increased speed.

Billy threw down his whip and set off after his faithless steed, exhorting him to stop, in very strong terms. But Blinker, having got the start, kept it, and the boy soon lost sight of him amidst the thickets and sand-knolls.

gible.

Presently the hole darkened. Something had been pushed up into the mouth of it. At first Billy thought that the blacks were stopping it up; but a moment after an ominous crackling, accompanied by a smothered roaring, began. The natives had placed a fire at the entrance of the burrow.

It flashed to Billy's mind that he had beard that the natives captured wom-

"scud" had arisen. It began to rain furiously. To escape a drenching, he crept under a grass-tree, the long, drooping leaves of which depended nearly to the ground.

"aud to the lad's discomfort, a bats by smoking them out. An agony of terror seized upon him. Ten times rather would he have preferred a race on the open plain, with the whole tribe after him. heard that the natives captured wom-

At first very little smoke worked back to where he lay, and he hoped that he might yet escape suffocation. Mean-time, he could hear the blacks shouting, singing, and beating on the rock with their waddies, to frighten out the wombats, probably, for they evidently had no idea that there was larger game in the burrow. As soon as the first bundle of leaves

and grass wis burned out, another was brought. Billy now thought of driving out the wombats, and of saving himself by sacrificing them. But on his trying to seize the animals, they retreated into smaller holes leading off from the main den, where it was impossible to reach

Gradually the smoke found its way back into the burrow; yet by holding his face close down to the earth, Billy managed to breathe. But it grew more dense. His eyes began to smart, and it was difficult for him to breathe. A horrible death stared him in the face.

Under ordinary circumstances I am sure that Billy seldom prayed. But he sure that Billy seldom prayed. But he thought he was at death's door. Suffocation had its fearful grip on his throat. "O Lord," he cried out, his nose pressed into the dirt, "take pity on me! O, dear Lord, put out that fire, and drive away those heathen niggers!" and then, fairly beside himself with terror, he was the little and a constant its answer.

he repeated it over and over with all his The effect of this petition on the blacks outside seems to have been instantaneous. The jabbering and shout-

ing ceased at once as if by magic. There

was a moment's silence, then a scamper-With his mouth to the ground and his eyes tightly shut, Billy lay and listened. An utter stillness had taken the place of the noisy jollification. The fire of dry grass burned out, and the hole began to

The wombats came out of their lethargy and commenced to sneeze prodigi-He had, however, a bit of "damper" ously. They even tried to creep out bread in the leathern pocket of his past him, but Billy drove them back. jacket. This he ate while peering about for some nook or sheltered spot, where he might creep to escape the cold wind and to pass the wight.

An hour or two passed, and the boy out, when a slight noise on the rock consults to pass the wight. vinced him that some of the blacks were still near the place; so he waited two or

> very cautiously crept down to the mouth There was no native in sight, and after watching and listening for a long time, the boy ventured to come forth. Glancing guardedly backward over the rock, he saw, set on it, a broad wooden platter, well loaded with fried tadpoles. another containing bulrush roots, and a large piece of scorched kangaroo meat.

It is quite evident that the blacks had taken Billy's voice for that of some sort of divinity, whom they thought it was best to propitiate with a generous meal, and then le ve to his own devices. Without attending to the savage

offerings, or in the least understanding them, the boy first assured himself that the coast was clear, then took to his heels, and soon left the rock far behind.

That this singular deliverance was in answer to Billy's prayer, may perhaps be questioned by some people; but all readers will agree, I think, that physically, at least, it was a good thing for him that he prayed for deliverance. Without prayer he certainly would not have escaped.

He wandered about in the scrub until it was nearly night, when he fortunately heard the guns fired by a party of the stockmen, who were out searching for him. They had become alarmed at his not coming in, and still more by Blinker's coming home riderless late the pre-

vious evening. So Billy escaped unharmed at last but either the fright or the smcke, or perhaps both combined, brought on a feverish attack which lasted a fortnight or more. Ultimately, however, he re-covered his health, and, I am sorry to say, celebrated his convalescence by giving Blinker a most outrageous beating. So, while his prayers saved his life, it is very certain his almost miraculous es-cape produced no beneficial effect upon him otherwise. Did he deserve his merciful escape ?- Youth's Companion.

An Ancient Sword.

The Buffalo Express says: There is in the possession of John Ende, a harness maker, one of the most ancient relics owned in the city. It is an antique two-edged sword, made in 1365, one hundred and twenty-seven years before the discovery of America. The weapon is about two feet and a half long, and exceedingly well preserved. The blade tapers off to a sharp point, and consists of a thick piece of well tempered steel, about an inch and a half broad at its widest part. Several figures and devices have been cut in it, but they are nearly obscured by the stains of rust. The date, however, is very distinct, be ing cut in deep on both sides of the blade. The hilt is entirely of metal and strengthened by coils of copper wound tightly around it. The hand is protected by a simple iron cross-piece. the sword is genuine is proved not only by its appearance but by its history. It originally belonged to Baron Von Lichony, and was given to one of the ances tors of its present owner as a pledge of a patent right to sell salt among the a patent right to sell salt among the baron's tenants. It has been in his family for several generations, coming down from son to son with the privilege There is no need to remark that he Mr. Ende left his native country for

Perils of Strangers in Italy.

The London Times says: Since the commencement of the present year several cases have occurred of English travelers in Italy having suffered arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. A Rev. Mr. Allies and his brother, walking along the road near the Cantine on this side of the Great St. Bernard, were stopped by two Carabinieri, questioned somewhat rude-ly, and Mr. Allies imprudently answer-ing in kind was handcuffed and his brother told to go about his business. Refusing to leave his brother, he was arrested also, though without, as far as I remember the circumstances, being handcuffed in the same manner. They were taken to Etroubles, kept in prison all night, and the next morning were handcuffed to each other and marched off like common malefactors to Aosta. There, after being put to considerable trouble, they were admitted to bail until an action brought against the Rev. Mr. Allies for resisting the public authori-ties and using improper language to them was decided; an action in which he was finally condemned to pay a fine of one hundred francs. As Englishmen are one hundred francs. As Englishmen are not required to exhibit passports when traveling in Italy, they were, of course unprovided in this respect; but the Rev. Mr. Allies, who is a Roman Catholic, had his bishop's "celebrate" with him, and they had other papers, all of which, however, were considered insufficient by

the Carabinieri. The next case was that of the Rev. David Kay, a Protestant clergyman. He was traveling in a public conveyance, and on its stopping for a short time at a place called Avenza, near Carara, he got out to stretch his legs. As he was walking up and down, the suspicions of some over zealous gendarmes were aroused. They questioned him, but his answers were not satisfactory; they demanded his papers, but unfortunately he had none, and so he was obliged to suffer the inconvenience of being locked up all night, to be taken before the authorities the next morning and released. In all the next morning and released. In all probability he was the victim of a ludicrous mistake. The police accused him of refusing to give his name; but it is quite possible that on giving it they may have misunderstood him to say "Che," "what?" and on repeating the question he may have answered "Kay, Kay," twice over to emphasize it. This would have exactly the same sound as che, che, words which, when pronounced quickly is to be her grandfather; but then he's rich, and of course that's all she married him for. Poor girl! Money isn't everything, and she'll live to regret her rashness. Gracious! is this butter never coming?"

(Dash—dash—dash—splash—splash—splash—splash)

"Another fire in Chicago! Well, no wonder; them people there are so wicked I should think the Lord would feel like have exactly the same sound as che, che, words which, when pronounced quickly together, are not only the equivalent for "pooh-pooh," but being in very common use in that part of the country as an offhand expression of dissent, may have seemed to the police a contemptuous manner of setting their brief authority at maught, and sufficient to merit imprisonment for the night.

An Old New Branswick Turtle. The St. John (N. B.) Telegraph says:
The veritable father of the turtles in this province has made his appearance.

"O-oh! it's a dreadful wicked city—I expect some day it will be all conflagrated." in Kings county, with the weight of centuries upon his wrinkled shell. A few days ago, while Mr. Edward McLeod nebeccasis he found a shell turtle, and with a natural desire to secure it for further examination, took some trouble to eatch it. He expected to find an or- her sleeves, and, reaching her long arm dinary shell turtle, but he secured a down through the neck of the churn," she walking dictionary of dates. The back brought up the golden butter by ladlesof the turtle was quaintly inscribed with fuls, until at last it lay a shining, irregufacts and figures graven thereon long lar mass in the white wooden bowl on years ago, and apparently added to from years ago, and apparently added to from With enviable case and skill she work.

With enviable case and skill she work and the salt in, Scarcely discernible, except upon close ed the buttermilk out and the salt in, examination, were some hieroglyphics of now and then pausing to pick out a tiny the ancient denizens of the forest. The speck until it was arranged to suit her bow and arrow was the most conspicuous taste, and then, with a placid, self-satisamong these, and it was evident that the | field air, she placed a damp cloth over it shell had borne other aboriginal devices, and carried it down to the cool cellar. now nearly obliterated. The marks much more plain. The first of these in-scriptions reads: "Caughtin 1790, after a great freshet." The next chronologi-pitcher." cal record is: "Caught in 1801," and have been caught and marked by its captors. The intervals between the dates

inscriptions. It would seem that this turtle was no fraud, marked as a hoax by some modern reprebates, for men of fourscore living at Millstream remember having heard their fathers speak of this marked turtle, which even in the days of the early settlers was considered an old

The First Schoolmaster in New York.

Adam Roelandsen enjoyed the distinction of being the first schoolmaster in New York city. From some cause, possibly because "people did not speak well of him," he could not make a living at his vocation, and so took in washing. But he did not succeed in his laundry enterprise either. There is a curious lawsuit on record which shows how he demanded payment of Gillis De Voocht for washing his linen. The defendant made no objection to the price charged, but refused to pay until the end of the year. The court decided that Roeland sen should continue to wash for De Voocht the remainder of the year. Meanwhile the schoolmaster built himself a house, thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and eight feet high, which was rooffed with reeden thatch, had an entry three feet wide, two doors, a pantry, a staircase, a mantelpiece, and a bedstead. This latter was built into the wall, like a cupboard in a partition, with doors closing upon it when unoccupied. It was a great economy in the matter of rooms. A sleeping apartment in one of the small Dutch taverns of that date often accommodated several travelers at night, while during the day it was only an ordinary public room, quite unencumbered in appearance. But schoolmaster Roelandsen was unable to compensate the builder, and he finally committed a grave offense, for which he was chastised at the whipping post upon the water's edge, and banished from the Dutch dominions.

In the Russian army Prince Woron-soff was commandant of the regiment of Hussars of the Guard and was pro moted, General Mayendorff receiving the place made vacant. But Mayendorff is a German, or of a German family, and There is no need to remark that he frequently arose and listened intently to hear what the sax-listened intently ages were about. They were chattering him and still retains it.

Churning.

Oh! dear me, hasn't that butter come yet!" she exclaimed, as she pushed away the little boy who had for the last hour been leisurely lifting the dasher.

She sat down with a great jar and a heavy sigh, lifted the cover and peered in, and then, snatching at an old Weekly Index, she leaned back to—

(Does word deely work dark work their progeny, for the word abandon their progeny for the word abandon their progeny

read—dash.)
"Pull-back dresses going out of style,
eh?" she soliloquized, as she got her

eyes on the paper.
"Well (dash) I think (dash) it's high "Well (dash) I think (dash) it's high (dash) time for (dash) a change."
"There's them Hodgkin girls," she continued, after a short pause, "they look just like a pair of wild ducks with the feathers all pulled off except from wings and tail."

Then she dashed away vigorously for archite as it she thought the had these

awhile, as if she thought she had those Hodgkin girls under the dasher-Dash -plash-plash-dash-and then she ex-claimed :

"Well, here! So poor Susan Dayton's dead, is she? Well, I've been expecting it. Poor thing! She's just starved her-self to death for that heathen husband of hers. I don't believe he had a particle of affection for her. She never name decent clothes to wear, and was always afraid to tell him if the flour was out or if she even wanted a paper of pins. Now if she even wanted a paper of pins. Now nurshing of the she wolf, whose heart proves gentler than that of the human that of the human than the crime is less common than off. I shouldn't wonder if he went right off and married the widow Benton. I've

(Dash—dash—splash—plash splash-dash.) "Dear me! won't this butter ever come. Johnny, bring me a knife and let me scrape down the cream. Well, I guess it's coming. Mollie, put the bowl

and ladle to soak in cold water." "Now let me see; where was I reading," she continued: "Well done! If that Minnie Bates hasn't gone and married that Captain Howard! Old enough

wonder; them people there are so wicked I should think the Lord would feel like burnin' 'em up. Now, when I went down there to see my sister Prudence, lence but simply die from the want of one o' them hotel waiters laughed in my face because I asked him for cowcum-bers, and at the Grand Pacific Hotel

plash-swash-swash-swash. "There, it's coming !" she said, as she leaned over the churn; "where's the ling hospitals.—New York Herald. was rowing along the banks of the Ken- bowl, Mollie ? Johnny, bring the salt, and I'll have this butter down cellar in

less 'n no time." Then she took off the cover, rolled up

ed the buttermilk out and the salt in,

now nearly obliterated. The marks made by the early white settlers were ing, "that buttermilk is so rich and

Mollie filled the pitcher, and, taking from time to time the turtle appears to it in her hands, the good old dame put it to her lips for a long draught, and as tors. The intervals between the dates she set the pitcher down she smacked range from three to five years. The shell her lips and feelingly remarked: "Old is almost completely covered with these Bet can't be beat for giving the awfulest, goodest kind of buttermilk.

A Palatial Hotel.

The Pacific Hotel of San Francisco is brought into notice again by the failure of its patron, the Bank of California. The hotel is the most magnificent structure of the kind in the world. It is 350 feet by 275, and contains 1,000 rooms, not one of which is less than sixteen feet square. The dining-room is larger than any private residence in New York, with half a dozen exceptions. It is even larger than six city lots in New York, and counting the breakfast-room and the private dining-rooms, they are equal to thirteen city lots in that city.

As to the cost of this hotel, the figures are almost appalling. Mr. Sharon him-self informed me that the building and ground had already cost nearly \$5,000,-000. He said he did not expect the property would pay as an investment. It will, he thinks, be a credit and an actual benefit to the city. This is all he wants. He can afford to build one hotel, if it only costs \$5,000,000. But why Mr. Sharon, who is a Senator from Nevada, should have such an extraordinary interest in San Francisco is rather strange. He is supposed to live in Nevada, where his colleague, Mr. Jones, is supposed to reside, but he does not live there. On the contrary, he has a very charming house in San Francisco, and never goes to Nevada, except on a business trip, from one year to another. However, he goes quite as often as his colleague

The furniture in the Palace will cost \$1,000,000. This is the sum laid apart for it. The mirrors alone will cost \$100,000, and the chandeliers \$45,000. The silver will cost \$60,000 and the linen \$75,000. Mr. Leland estimates that the furniture in each room will cost \$1,000. This of course does not refer to the par lors or reception rooms, each of which will require from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The furniture throughout the hotel, like the building, is to be severely plain.

The St. Louis Times gives the followng specimen of a wedding notice : Take away his little latch key, He will need clears no more Life is real, life is earnest. From this sad and fatal hour

Civilized Infanticide --- The Remedy.

No animals are known to abandon Index, she leaned back to—
(Dash—read—dash—rock—dash—rock
—read—dash.)

"Pull-back dresses going out of style, sh?" she soliloquized, as she got her eyes on the paper.

"Index, she leaned back to—
inseparable trait of animal "moranty to furnish these to the last extremity if need be. Even those who hold that humanity is only the latest step of progress from animal life must admit, therefore, that a growth which seems all in the diseparable trait of animal "morality" rection of improvement has at least produced one result which is a degradation, and puts man below the animals in benevolence, for all human races rid them-selves of the burden of a superfluous progeny with more or less deference to forms. It might be superfluous to speculate as to the precise point of pro-gress toward humanity at which mothers find the maternal instinct less powerful than certain conventional considerations of good repute, or even of common com-fort, but it is certain that the point is touched at an early stage of the growth of every society, and grows as the civilization is higher. In the semi-barbarous settlements of Asia, where children are exposed at the edge of the village at off and married the widow Benton. I've seen him stop on the street and speak to her more than once, '?

in civilized China, where there are recognized receptacles for the little wretches; and in China it is still less common proportionately to population than in Europe. In Europe this vice has been treated in different ways. It has been recognized and provided for, and stringent enactments have been the Centennial exhibition. For all that framed to repress it. In the Latin it will be held. framed to repress it. In the Latin countries they have provided that the "exposure" of the infants should relieve the unhappy mother without the destruction of the child, and the vast foundling heart the Centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the Centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the Centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the Centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the Centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the Centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the Centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of the child, and the vast foundling heart the centennial et al. A satirical work of foundling hospitals have done great service in that direction. In England foundling hospitals were looked upon, not as preventing murder and saving children, but as affording facilities for evil, just as the known existence of a receiver of stolen goods may be looked upon as an incentive to theft. They were so restricted, therefore, as to be inthe English form of baby murder called baby farming, by which little ones were In 1874 the United States furnished five per cent. of the importations into Brazil, and received forty-six per cent. lence but simply die from the want of proper care and nourishment, the profit to the murderess being that a child may die in its first week, and she will collect bers, and at the Grand Facine Hotel they tried to make me eat pie with a fork; and one o' those piratical hackmen would have cheated me out of seven cents if I hadn't stood up for my rights."

die m its first week, and sne win conect the board money for several months. In this country we have generally gone a step beyond England, and have murdered the mother by malpractice before the birth of the child. But this seems to be the country we have generally gone as the birth of the child. But this seems the birth of the child. is hope, therefore, that public opinion will turn favorably to the best result yet chieved by society in this direction the establishment, as part of the public

The Shakers Dying Out.

The New Lebanon correspondent of the Boston *Iournal* writes as follows: It is much more probable that the recent rapid decrease in their numbers has been so startling that they do not wish it to be known outside. As all the members of the society would have to meet together in the public service, it would be easy to estimate their numbers. A comparatively large proportion, especially of the younger brethren, have the society within a few years, and there seems to be little doubt that the solid ranks which used to fill the floor of the meeting house would be terribly depleted if they could be seen there to-A number of outlying societies have been given up within the past halfdozen years, their members being called in to man the battlements of the central citadel. Weak families have been consolidated with stronger ones, and even with this aid they are compelled to call in hired workmen from "the world" to help them manage their large farms and gardens. One family which, twenty years ago, could send twenty-five or thirty men into the fields during the haying season, now is able to muster only two. The aid of mowing machines and tedders and horserakes and forks, however, makes them almost as competent as the largest number. The time has been when they boasted that in due course they would own all the fertile valley at their feet, and turn the pretty little Presbyterian church in its center into a sheep pen. In those days they refused to sell an inch of their land, deeming the suggestion almost blasphe-But for many years they have mous. only held their own, and now even that seems to be denied them. This year they have sold many of their outlying

farms and others are for sale.

Offering to do the Fair Thing. A story is told of an accident on the New London railroad. An intoxicated man was sitting on the track when the engine tossed him down an embankment. The conductor backed his train to pick up the dead body. The victim was found alive, however, only somewhat bruised, and taken to Norwich. The conductor kindly offered to take the man to his home, a few miles away, in a hack, but he insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home. The conductor pressed the matter, when the Milesian, who had stood the battling of the cow-catcher so well, bristled with "Go away with your kirridge, I'll go home by myself, and if I have done coins, no two of which are alike. The any damage to your old engine, bedad, I'll pay for it on the spot."

His Last Cent.

"Have you any five-cent cigars?" Yes, sir," replied the clerk. "Hav you any for ten cents?" "Yes, sir." Have you any for fifteen cents?" sued the would-be purchaser. "Yes, sir, we have," said the clerk, at the same time handing out the box. "Would you take a fellow's last cent for a cigar ?" rather indignantly queried the custom-er. "Yes, I would," snappishly return-ed the clerk. "Well, there it is," solemply said the stranger, as he deposited one cent on the counter and walked off with his fifteen-cent cigar.

Items of Interest. Oxen are a dollar a head in Eygpt. Nevada expects to produce this year bullion to the value of \$25,000,000.

Massachusetts expects to foot up 1,700-000 inhabitants by the census now being

Buffalo has decreed that no married woman shall be a teacher in any of its public schools.

Lawyers have a clear majority in the Indiana Senate, and farmers a quorum Edmond About calls France a sick sol-

dier of God needing to be cured through the lapse of time.

"Whence came our aborigines?" asks the Baltimore Sun. Where are they going? is a more practical inquiry. French immigrants complain of the

treatment they receive in Ven Nobody is so well off as at home. A Rochester paper suggests to Mr.

Frost, who is languishing in the jail of that city, that he had belter thaw out. The African locust has appeared this

summer in Germany, and laid waste the crops on the Berlin and Anhalt railway. "I had my money and my friend; I lent my money to my friend; I asked my money of my friend;

I lost my money of my friend;
I lost my money and my friend.

At Ramseys, N. J., recently, a dog by digging gained access to a hen coop and killed twenty-eight chickens and two

The school commissioners of Memphis have succeeded in placing all the

A satirical writer in a German paper

observes that if people go to the apothe caries because they are cheap, then doctors must be frightfully dear. When freedom from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air, her skirts, pinned back so very tight,

made her appear exceeding spare. When a man sees a cat moving unsuspectingly along, within easy range, he will involuntarily look around for a stone, however good and noble he may be.

of the exportations from that country. There is a lake in Lagrange county, Ind., called Wall lake, confined by an embankment evidently artificial, and is thought to be the work of the mound

builders. When a Canada girl loves she loves like a hand-engine going to a fire. In a

breach of promise suit the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to The elevators in the new Palace Hotel, landing on the roof, where a fine place is prepared for the guests to promenade and enjoy the extensive view of the city,

suburbs and harbor. A little boy in Amity township, Berks county, Pa., although seven years old, measures but thirty-two inches in height. He has grown but little, if any, since he was two years old. He is said to be

very bright and intelligent for one of his A hen belonging to a citizen of Beaver, Pa., is said to be as fond of catching mice and to be as expert in that art as a cat. She will pass a long time watching a hole, and spring on her prey the moment it appears, almost always with suc-

A farmer in Des Moines, Iowa, while driving his cow to pasture by a rope tied around her neck, was thrown down by a sudden movement of the animal, and turned a complete somersault, breaking his neck and driving his head violently into the earth.

after having a glass of liquor, asked the bartender if he could change a \$20 bill. The gentleman informed him that he could. "Well," said the tall one, with a sigh of satisfaction, " I'll go out and see if I can find one.' An enraged woman, with a knife in her hand, pursued her lover, of whom she was jealous, through the Paris streets.

A very tall and shabby-looking man,

People jeered at his flight, and, ashamed, he turned and waited for to come up when she plunged the knife in his throat and he died in three minutes. This illustration of Sankey's melody is

given in the London Times : Weary, working, burden'd one, wherefore toil

you so?

Cease your doing; all was done long, long ago.
Till to Jesus' work you cling by a simple faith.

Doing is a deadly thing—doing ends in death. A youth named Stanislaus Morell was instantly killed by lightning while feeding a horse in a stable in the town of Clay, N. Y. On removing his clothes the perfect image of a tree was found indelibly stamped upon his left side. The trunk, limbs and leaves of the tree were of a red color, and were as perfect as could be drawn with a pencil. No other

mark or wound was visible. A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body selected that which unites the head to the body and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it: the latter preaches through his'n and then ties it up. This is pretty much

all I can think of about necks. There is in Dallas, Texas, a chain fourteen and a half feet long, and consists of one hundred and fifty different silver coin of almost every country on the globe is represented in the chain, which is linked together with small silver wire. It was found in the Indian Territory, recently, and at one time was, doubtle the talisman of some mighty monarch among the red men.

A queer civil funeral, that of Cloris Pontonnel, the little son of a wine merchant, took place in Paris the other day Two persons carried the coffin and about twenty friends followed. At the grave the boy's father delivered the following adress : " Adieu, my son, adieu citizen, for you were a citizen of the future-not baptized! Now, thou hast returned to nothingness, for there is no soul. come manure as there is need of it for good wine,